

LYNX
A Journal for Linking Poets

XXV:1
February, 2010

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Haiga by an'ya

BOOK REVIEWS

Spreading Ripples by Anna Holley and Aya Yuhki. Hardcover with dust jacket, 5 x 8 inches, 96 pages, English and Japanese, kanji and romaji, ¥2000E. Order from Japan: letters@banraisha.co.jp

The Toddler's Chant by Stanford M. Forrester. Bottle Rockets Press 2009. Perfect-bound, full color cover, 8.5 x 5.5 inches, 96 pages, color photo inside of author, foreword by Michael Fessler, \$14.00. Order from Bottle Rockets Press, P.O. Box 189, Windsor, CT 06095

Waiting in Silence / Wachten in Stilte by Ion Codrescu. 't schrijverke, 2009. Perfect bound, 3 x 4 inches, 48 pages, color cover, and endpages, English and Dutch. Contact max@verhart.org to order.

Shells in the Sand by Gerard J. Conforti. AHA Books, pob 767, Gualala, CA 95445. Perfect bound, full-color cover, 8.5 x 5.5, Preface by Pamela Miller-Ness, Introduction by Cor van den Heuvel, 90 pages. Order from Lulu.com

Twenty Years Tanka Splendor, edited by Jane Reichhold. AHA Books, 2009. Perfect bound, color cover, 90 pages, \$10 ppd. AHA Books, P.O. Box 767, Gualala, CA 95445.

Scarlet Scissors Fire by Jane Reichhold, 2009. AHA Books. Gualala, California. ISBN: 978-0-944676-46-2. Perfect bound, 5.75 x 8.25inches, 116 pages.
Poems, Preface. Cover and Book Design by Jane Reichhold.

FINISHING LINE PRESS ANNOUNCES

KICKING THE RAIN by R.G. Rader

LETTERS:

Paul Conneally, Don Ammons, Red Slider, Michele Harvey, Dick Pettit, Paul Mercken, Stanley Pelter, Shiki Kukai Team, mar, Hidden Legacy LA,

ARTICLES

THE FIRST LIBRARY OF THE SKY by Clelia Ifrim

UKIAHAIKU FESTIVAL WORKSHOP by Jane Reichhold

~*~

A HUGE THANKS

to

Allison Millcock

for all her work in getting the haiga into Lynx and getting them in right. Thanks also to all the artist/poets who worked with her. We hope you will continue to submit your haiga to Lynx by sending them to Jane@AHApotry.com

COLLABORATIVE POETRY

hand-woven sweater
of thicker threads and thinner –
note from a new friend

Patricia J. Machmiller

a week after the cold snap
the lawn fills with fairy rings

Billie Dee

TAN RENGA

Michelle V. Alkerton

Barbara A. Taylor

kitchen skylight –
a dark rectangle frames
the full moon

making me nervous,
those possums on the roof

—

cobwebs in corners
wave in sync
with the music

my feather duster
an impromptu conductor

—

a line of ants
across the kitchen table
moving breadcrumbs

the long winter
pantry shelves empty

bedroom invasion
tap, tap, tap against the blind
asian ladybugs

my old shaggy dog
raises one eye

TAN RENGA

Claudia Brefeld
Walter Mathois

Der Sichelmond
schneidet die Mistel
am dürren Ast

Drüben vom Wald
lösen sich Schatten

crescent moon
cutting the mistletoe
at the withered bough

over there – shadows detach
from the forest

Krokusspitzen –
mein Pinsel taucht
ins Gelb

Die Vögel zwitschern – im Garten
wachsen Maulwurfhügel

crocus tips –
my paintbrush dipping
into yellow

the birds twitter – molehills
growing in the garden

Sein kleiner Finger
in der Patronenhülse
neckt eine Ratte

die schwarzen Augen
des Dorfes – aufgerissen

his little finger
in the bullet casing
teases a rat

the black eyes
of the village – torn open

Flussabwärts –
ein Blatt streift
den Mond

morsches Holz
treibt ans Ufer

downstream –
a leaf touching

the moon

rotten wood
drifts to the bank

Klaviermusik –
sein Husten dringt durch
Schneeflocken

Käuzchenflügel streifen
die Dämmerung

piano music –
his cough pervades
snowflakes

screech owl's wings touch
the gloaming

Feine Schneeflocken –
vor dem Bürofenster
zittern zwei Krähen

der Bildschirmschoner
ein Paraglider

wispy snowflakes –
in front of the office window
two shivering crows

the screensaver
a paraglider

Am Brückenpfeiler

- Hase, ich liebe dich! -
Die Möwen kreischen

Ein Fährschiff löst sich
mit dumpfem Tuten

on the bridge pier
- honey, I love you! -
the seagull's laughter

a ferry puts out to sea
with a loud toot

... Zug fährt ab!
Eine Blechdose kullert
durch die U-Bahn

Auf volle Lautstärke
zwei Teenies rappen mit

...train is departing!
a tin can rolling
through the metro

at full blast
two teens rap along

Büroschreibtisch.
Sonnenstrahlen wandern
in den Feierabend.

Versperrter Ausgang –
ein Reinigungswagen.

office desk
sunbeams flitting
into the evening

obstructed exit –
a cleaning cart



Haiga by an'ya

AT THE WINDOW
Tomislav Maretic – Croatia
Sasa Vazic – Serbia

gazing at the sky
from my misty window –
nothing but drops

the sound of a gutter
from somewhere

sliding down the window

leaving winding lines
never meeting each other

waking up –
morning glories look
at my room

so look him mowing my grass
this fat neighbor

getting stuck between
the blinds' ribs – this crazy
buzzing fly

AT THE END (dawn)
Tomislav Maretic – Croatia
Sasa Vazic – Serbia

drop drip drop
drip dripping and a drop
right into my coffee

adding some milk –
the world is less bitter

vanishing act
of a mime enveloped
in a cloud of dust

stepping down
from the stage, the actor
seems different

getting into a dead end
after visiting my ex boyfriend

on the porch
two empty coffee cups
waiting for the dawn



Haiga by Melinda Hipple

RIPPLES

Patricia Prime
Catherine Mair

park bench – graffiti fades in spring sunshine

down from the valley the westerly parts our hair

on the hillside farm, white-faced cows graze
leaning on the bridge my reflection ripples
across the river – the wings of a Welcome swallow
moss slowly spreads across a haiku boulder
the scut of a rabbit disappears down a hole
6 little diving ducks lazing midstream
the silted-up jetty overgrown with grasses
playground - the hectic colour of the woman's hair

EXCLUSION ZONE

Catherine Mair

Patricia Prime

'more' says the toddler at the foot of the slide
library window – the children's stenciled horses
leaning over the swing her cleavage quivers
school holidays – the slight motion of the jungle gym
flicking his hands the man emerges from the loo
'dog exclusion zone', the statue's dog reclines at his feet
the sharp perfume of crab apple blossom
two long-haired dachshunds – one whizzes past us
the sound of rat-tail grasses brushing against sneakers
lying beneath the pink magnolia – a ginger cat

BLOSSOMS FLUTTER

The Last Light
Max Verhart
Paul Mercken
Bouwe Brouwer

the days shorten
she comes and tells me that
I'll be a granddad / mv

chimes blow on and of
on the rhythm of the wind / pm

the last light –
his thin hair
throws thin shadows / bb

in the balding tree
the remains of a kite / mv

African elder
his cane a token
of dignity / pm

white blossoms flutter
between yellowed furniture /bb

BLOSSOMS FLUTTER
Old Timers' Parade
Max Verhart
Paul Mercken
Bouwe Brouwer

the days shorten
she comes and tells me that
I'll be a granddad / mv

Old Timers' parade
Chryslers Fiats and Opels / pm

morning light touches
snail tracks –
a sudden crunch / bb

the vapour trails pattern
less and less visible / mv

swaying arm in arm
even the moon is wobbly
after the party / pm

rest home in dense fog
one sunshade rolled out / bb

August 26, 2009

Dwarrelende bloesems
Gaffelrengay
Max Verhart
Paul Mercken
Bouwe Brouwer

1. Het laatste licht

de dagen korten
ze komt vertellen dat ik
opa ga worden / mv

klokgelui waait aan en af
op het ritme van de wind / pm

het laatste licht –
zijn dunne haren werpen
dunne schaduwen / bb

in de kaal wordende boom
de resten van een vlieger / mv

de stok van ouden
betekent in Afrika
eerbiedwaardigheid / pm

witte bloesems dwarrelen
tussen vergeelde huisraad / bb

2. Oldtimersparade

de dagen korten
ze komt vertellen dat ik
opa ga worden / mv

oldtimersparade

chryslers fiats en opels / pm

†

ochtendlicht strijkt
over de slakkenroutes –
plotseling gekraak / bb

†

het condensstrepenpatroon
wordt voortdurend waziger /†mv

†

arm in arm zwieren
zelfs de maan is gammel
na de party†/ pm

†

rusthuis in dichte mist
ÈÈn zonnenscherm uitgerold / bb

UNDER THE LIMETREES

Jacques Verhoeven

Silva Ley

Written at an open air exhibition of objects in glass, ceramic, and bronze at ‘De Lind’, a promenade of lime trees (linden) in the centre of Oisterwijk, a small, cosy, tourist town in the south of the Netherlands, surrounded by nature reserves with moor land, woods and fens.

An archway of arts
under the lime trees
our eager stroll
 chatter about the shapes
 questions in the eyes
wings of dragon flies
the pond carries the fall
of sparkling glass
 figures in the air
 high salto's on wires
plaque in basalt
words of Liberation Day
a blackbird sings
 strange moment, as if
 our gaze turns to stone

day and night's view
now overwhelming sun
rivalry of spotlights
 black ushers in guard
 experience likes to wander
water ripples
the green skin lights up

in bronze reflection
 the 'sweet marble' column
 hides the hard expression
colours bind memories
a slow shuffle along
being home at last
 classic masks of gods
 bodies in buds and leather
unconnected figures
on cords between the trees
caged imagination
 sorts of thirst in mind
 downloaded worlds
fields seem turned over
the earth thrown out of gear
recipe carried out
 honey breads of crystal
 in houses of canvas
a thousand meanings
camera's do the work
quick looks, flashes
 vulva's of glass
 behind the family photo

aura's around the trees
power circles whirl
across the lanes
 sound waves of passers by
 silent signs neglected
sudden merry chimes
meetings in the town hall
subsidies shrink
 where's and why's come up
 never closed answers
for a moment loose
from offices and kitchens
queerness enjoyed
 seen and consumed
 turned into own body
a lofty mental test
temple illusions
laid around dull feet
 turn off the road
 stop at every view
focused on indicators
the names, the trend
the know-how muddle
 every depth measured
 girl's acrobatic dance

stars shoot away
cultures disappear
imagination moves
 searching the next
 the elements repeated

a treat of summer
this exhibition
wrapped in branches
aquamarine vases
 deep sea fish as frozen
a wall of bar stools
loud voices on a terrace
the display goes asleep
 lavender needs rain
 folded bodies stretch
high leaves rustle
birds land on pedestals
the sculptures smile
 the eyes are satisfied
 arts now kissed by night

A DIFFERENT LIGHT
Frank Williams
Doreen King

quiet sunday—
a dusting of snow wafts
across the cul-de-sac

stoking the fire
to last the night

as a small treat
the badgers are left
a trail of peanuts

my cordless doorbell's
two-toned ring

cell phone photos
starts the giggles
at the moonlit picnic

by the mirror pond

I change the wheel of my bike

no cause for concern
that quick-drying paint
dries a shade lighter

one side of the building
plastered with graffiti

the palace cat's
favourite place to be
is in an old bowl

on the beach in a row
four sunbathing girls

Prom evening
they hold hands
in a different light

from the PC trade fair
he emails her every night

caught in the glass
for their anniversary drink
both of them

Will's hedgerow yields
two kilos of blackberries

harvest over
I go for a stroll
to the sun & the moon

a fox dives under
the nearest car

with binoculars
the group watch a pod
of humpback whales

late evening swim
and the water still warm

a personal best,

from work to home
in twelve minutes flat

green-blue leaf buds
in the stillness of dusk

this morning
noticing the blossom
for the first time

he calls the three-wheeler
his baby robin

Composed: via snail-mail
Started: 9 February 2009
Finished: 11 August 2009

BRING EXPANSION
Werner Reichhold as Expansion
Jane Reichhold as Bring

ACT I

Scene: Fifth Avenue, New York, the office for distribution of hunting guns. Afternoon, inflation 2008, "Fannie May" up for grabs, endless spare time, endless?

EXPANSION:

As a thorough-going researcher under the skin of my cat's neck hair, I'm watching his long look telling me:

"I'm a Bengal green eyes at Nirvana and here a tick
Yes man, you're touching it – now go hunt for it" And breathing in deeply, his lungs and stomach are swelling – well, does he want to signal other troubling experiences, I, a lazy guy should take care of?

BRING: In a desire to bring care and caring to one being, you are put into the position of bringing death to a life form that wants desperately to live. Not only to live but to nourish her unborn children lying as eggs in her belly.

it understands itself through us if we come back
with discourses on nature during childhood and

early bardo between male and female life and death
surely we would still feel this was the Great Love

EXPANSION:

North/South, East/West we explored. Now lets look at the virtual net, 3-dimensional plus sound – do you see a forth dimension glowing, begging, seducing, to lead us astray?

temptress go ahead I listen

BRING: Who knew we would get information through the ends of our fingers? With only the movement of knuckles and wrists the whole world opens before us. And we thought the age of miracles was past.

another transformation of the psyche though
into the fairy tale's view, some call it rapture

would be pleasant of you in my mind to be so
someone who stands by her shut in the heart

EXPANSION:

The secretary, like always gives her thoughts for numbers wings – right? loaded with imaginations, leaving the sky scrapers' barely functional air-conditioned prison. Hot, no ladder. Fun or obligation – do we trust the News?

Dadalus do you try again waxed wings

BRING: What brings love to us, you might ask. A pill? That is not love but simple lust. Proximity? How many people near to us do we not even lick or like? Yet what is that definite twist the heart makes when you simply hear the name of one you love? Who put that ability to leap into your body?

The strangeness is really just a stillness where I am
waiting to release the proverbial birds into my body

the clouds were solid like mountains in the dream
I was taken away from the building in a sort of haze

when I first met K and she kept saying satisfy all the
month I had memorized much of both centuries

EXPANSION:

Night. Dreams come unmasked actively working. A comet passes by. In its ice ball the dust illuminated. Where to go with it, and why?

BRING: I went on vacation to get away from it all and found I was followed by broken porch steps, dirty windows, and toilets that would not flush away the memories of childhood rewritten into horror stories. Persons I did not know came out of my past to stand in the remote country grocery store and stare at me when I was barefoot in a ragged dress made from feedbags. I am old, as old as a comet, and

yet that older geezer ogled me as if I was naked. This is how a comet feels as it speeds over our earth and looks down to see telescopes and ordinary people looking up at it, and even worse, through it.

the doors in the house of gods torn off their planets
ever more developed in the notion of one's self

struggling to comprehend language as only words
walking down the dark corridors of windows lined

with the work clothes you had worn for five days
over by the yellow flowers a stranger had planted

EXPANSION:

Light-harvesting – that's what our eyes do. And behind them, into which corner do the neurons try to drag you?

BRING: Ah I give you wisdom. Without stretching out my hands, I give you instantaneous knowledge of all that you have ever known. All seeing brings us is the assurance that what we have always known is shared by others. Again and again we delight in this comfort and then forget what we have experienced so our eyes can bring us new satisfaction in the idea that we are complete.

the waitresses in white, meals al fresco
inspired me to much imitation in the face

of the pool's light like moonlight in water
stores up the energy of backs and fingers

down, across and into a wheat field of sunset's
late hot ashes wavering salamander glow

ACT II

Scene: An island where no one goes.

BRING: Do you know who puts the baby birds into eggs?

EXPANSION: Yes, but I refuse to tell you. In your case I'm jealous, your friend doesn't crow to me, except early in the morning when my dreams still are expanding into unpredictable areas.

BRING: Then may I ask you what three things should a suicide note contain?

EXPANSION: three virtual addresses: the one in hell, one in heaven, and one at a nest I'll return to soon (please don't forget to put some left over wool in the tree - I like soft landings.)

t-road she says 'stop'
to the left and to the right

a detour

BRING: If I said: “as if they sparsely spoke to each other occasionally collapsing we tend to confuse nature with our rages” how would you explain this?

EXPANSION: Sparsely, because I feel uncertain; occasionally, in case I gain surprisingly inside knowledge, confused by the fact that only one out of ten relationships are not collapsing at one time or another. (I am held back by self interest not to experience rage.)

BRING: If I am BRING on an inch of ground, what would you do to me?

EXPANSION: Go on following the path of a seducer, helplessly be its victim, stay irresistible; accept the fates with five or even seven reservations in mind.

BRING: Do you think islands are the children of cliffs?

EXPANSION: Probably. Howling with the wind, keeping my pants wet, making me feel a prisoner and try out only locals, volcanic stone erases the rubber on my tires, sending me arms over legs into a hole to start peeping with sandpipers, dig for silver and find only mothers of pearl, well – an island has its advantages: at least mentally, my continent swims doped like an island and the occupiers act accordingly childish.

BRING: Could pain come to an island?

EXPANSION: Only day and night, not in between where love reigns borderless (BBC represents a different opinion.)

BRING: Explain what an island is without the mention of water.

EXPANSION:

smell of fertility
its alphabet of ink blots
in a poem

BRING: In or out poems, do you think islands are lonely?

EXPANSION: Yo, but they are familiar with quantum leaps and turn loneliness into strength. All by themselves, they have a tendency to split territories wide open, gather far cries, inhale the breath of birds and stones, love and kiss bacteria and virus, light and sperm. By the stink of friends they call in money, drill for diamonds and boy, give me a break: how does that buy female features not yet imagined before?

BRING: Back off big Boy; I am asking the questions here. What would you do with an island and an orange peel?

EXPANSION: Fertilize the ground. Spit out the orange seeds and watch them sprout with the patience of an owl radiating mice.

BRING: So you answered your own question above that I refused to touch AND my question beautifully. Good work! Still I must ask you, “Do you think pieces of land can learn a language?”

EXPANSION: Yes, since for a long time, sign language is in use: Black oak trees hanging out function as teachers. The pear says 'you', the tomato plant writes an 'I', a rock stays for 'Hello,' the grass for beds and birthplace, the bush for hiding, the red poker lights up for quieting a hummingbird's thirst, a stump in moonshine writes 'never mind'; the bad news is there are double meanings, too, like sand signals love-seat and 'love's labor lost'. Sign language is the art of becoming at home with one's born-in gestures.

BRING: Maybe rocks are simply words spoken with a stronger tongue?

EXPANSION: I guess there are dialects: Granite embodies an Indian accent; wood pressed for many years has an oil-related flow like the musical Arabian spoken behind a veil, where the deep open throat enriches a meaningful echo to believe in. After sunset, even goddesses shyly appear as disciples eager to be at hand when asked by a strong tongue's softness.

BRING: Is this why buildings are said to have a certain number of stories in them?

EXPANSION: Yes, madam, try to get one for rent.

BRING: What would happen to a house that faced an island no one went to?

EXPANSION: Two artists are going to stay there. Over night, the island visits them and brings the message ever since expanding. . .

ACT III

Scene: Spring. Waterfall. Two people, closer than ever before, obviously out to risk getting even closer.

EXPANSION:

It's a waterfall, Lovey, swelling up. Bridal Veil they call it. Coming down in a rush, the fog above us waving a rainbow. Can you identify which of the colors contains the message most intimidating first you, and then possibly me, too?

BRING: Surely the purple – growing old. Will you want me when I bring you decaying fruit? Purple with bruises, soft and mushy? Filled with wild ideas that must find release once before I die even if they are no longer age-appropriate as our children would say. And you? I cannot answer for you. I have known you so long that I no longer really know anything about you.

new games slowly grew as wings form from atoms
smack into the window – do not follow my example

even the abstractions of old age form faces on the tablecloth
a dew drop quivers on a flower in a tremble of jello

EXPANSION:

Could this California morning glory we passed earlier stop you from worrying about a little spot when you tried on your white silken wedding dress?

BRING: What? You don't expect me to be perfect? That's a relief because my imperfections are the patterns of my character. They won't wash out no matter how many courses in religion or meditation I take.

as the sun was setting I walked a crooked speech to enter
the stream that has been rusting since you were six

the precise juncture truth comes with stirring wings
floating in their warm skins of verses of sobbing

a god's mouth held shut as you watch my sleeping
displacing water for the boat's fast appearance

EXPANSION:

We are crying. A few tears fall into the lake from our 2-person kayak. Fish come snapping after those drops in the center of a ring expanding.

BRING: I bring you Basho and his haiku about tears in the eyes of fish. And here you are putting our tears into the tummies of fish.

I have learned to lean on pictures to remember activity
the camera has a tiny light leak and the film films

when dipping the camel-hair brush in the polish
in order to leave you I offer my smiling and gasping

to know the next day I would ride the wind as

EXPANSION:

Thunder, the lightning connects miles of clouds like calling their children home to earth: One is supposed to become a diva in astronomy, the other shaped like a centaur returning to Berkeley University, neurons on his mind and what they may will learn to change – hope on the dark horizon?

BRING: Recently I read a poem that was fairly ordinary until the last line which was: “leaning into the thunder.” I have learned to lean into pain until its knees bend and it crawls away, but I still need to learn to lean into all the things that frighten me – all the things I fence off with words and bales of brownies.

tucking in
the waist band of shorts
a book of love poems
we have come to the shores
of the River of Heaven

SOLO WORKS

Ghazals

BRIDE OF THE MIRROR

Billie Dee

The saber-tooth cat purls to her cubs from the other side of the mirror.
Tar pits roil beneath calm waters – another side of the mirror.

Thistles and briars prick bare flesh, too many wounds to count.
The masochist's grin is upside down – squint-eyed before the mirror.

It's simple, the system for escape: knot the bedding, vault chain link.
Night guards are busy chopping their coke – white bride of the mirror.

Elephant ear, banana flower, the undergrowth crawls and shudders.
Mandibles, legs, compound eyes – fire ants fried with a mirror.

One minute the heat is Fahrenheit, the next it's Centigrade.
Our faces grow weary by degrees – we can't abide the mirror.

Dracula glides across the floor, into the dying night.
We glare at the moon with blood-flecked eyes – petrified of mirrors.

Liposuction, augmentation, tattoos removed by laser. Wigs look good
while the cancer grows – Billie, don't hide from the mirror.

A SUMMER AFTER CAVAFY

Billie Dee

The Aegean Sea dazzled – a shimmer in the eye,
But didn't compare with the deep azure of her eyes.

That summer I wore just a bathing suit and flip-flops.
The water seemed tame at first, assuring to the eyes.

A fleet of small fishing boats crisscrossed the afternoon.
God, there she is again – reflecting sky, her pure eyes.

Tried to hide my goofy smile – she seemed not to notice.
I watched from a corner of the tavern (unsure eyes).

I hardly recall that hot summer in the islands, but...
What? are these tears? or just a blurring of the eyes?

PAPER

Steffen Horstmann

Words are exiled from a country of paper,
Are burned in books, in the debris of paper.

A piano's sounds blossom in the ear...
Notes of music floating free from paper.

Men left behind mountains full of stumps.
Forests fell for a bounty of paper.

Dark waters form a pool of ink –
The harbor for a city of paper.

Sparks from the fire like uttered syllable –
In them one hears the plea of paper.

Saws are buzzing like steel insects,
Turning – in seconds – a tree to paper.

Stars glitter, the night's broken jewelry.
The moon's light turns briefly to paper.

This poem was crumpled & discarded, taken
By the wind to swirl in a sea of paper.

First published in The Meridian Anthology (2005)

WATER
Steffen Horstmann

A starlit bay where ghost ships sink in water.
Tonight the moon pours silver ink on water.

The gulf breezes caressed our sails,
Coursing where sunsets are pink on water.

An indigo sky above arid lands...
Whose denizens are burdened to think of water.

A dead river is scorched in sand,
Where vanished tribes knelt to drink its water.

The sea is reflected in Helen's eyes —
Blazing ships whose fires shrink in water.

Rainbows painted onto the sky's canvas...
Brushes drain colors into a sink of water.

The night listens to a cadence of seas.
Shooting stars cast white ink on water.

First published in Candelabrum (2005)

DO NOT LOOK FOR THE DEAD

Steffen Horstmann

Do not look for the dead, you will find them.
You are part of all that once confined them.

Do not make them recall their former world,
How their lives fell away behind them.

Why trouble the dead with your queries?
It's of their folly you will remind them.

They live in the silence, a music without notes.
You will not conceive how darkness has refined them.

You can make of them an audience, if you must.
Speak softly, the tremor of your voice will find them.

Is there in their eyes a garden of stars?
In what manner has their world designed them?

What is it you wish to obtain from their stillness?
Some aspect of the task now assigned them?

Please understand – you bring with you your world –
& the thought of how it once maligned them.

You are part of all that once confined them –
Do not look for the dead, you will find them.

First published in Pegasus (2007)



Haiga by Jerry Dressen

Symbiotic Poetry – Haibun And Friends

LAST DAY OF SUMMER

Marjorie Buettner

There is a peace which emanates from the trees today down by the lake, giving off a palpable sense of serenity just as we, while breathing, give off to plants that carbon dioxide which saves. We breathe in this peace, this serenity; it is a gift given at the end of the day when the work is done and the birds are still and the lake – a placid presence – shudders off and on with the bubbles of fish breaking the surface. It is here when the when of now becomes an open field full of sunflowers facing the summer sun. And it is here where the open wound heals, the breaking heart closes and the distance which separates unites . . .

as if I could
touch you once again . . .
last day of summer

THE POEM AS ANIMAL

Marjorie Buettner

I see it rolling on the floor in a spot of sunlight. It stretches and luxuriates, slowly closing its eyes.

Sometimes when I reach for it, it curls underneath my fingers and arches its back, sparks flying into the air – those times it is all mine. Other times it ignores me totally, pisses on my clothes and tries to escape into the wild. I remember, then, that this animal is by nature wild and untamable and I am hostage to its needs.

shortest day . . .
a zigzag of tracks
in the snow

WOODSMOKE
Marjorie Buettner

The baby we could have had lies in the folds of the earth and breathes a new air. It has a body that glides through the water like a whale at sea, singing to us in our sleep. It flies through the air like an eagle soaring on circles of wind, calling out to us nightly. The baby we could have had belongs to no one and is lost to the ancestors who reclaim the fire that burns during the coldest night of December then dissipates in woodsmoke rising to stars.

a young fox
pouncing for his catch
winter solstice

BLOODY FACEBOOK!
Terry O' Connor

I got an email from a friend with some photos. To look at the photos I had to give my name and email "This is a bit strange" says I, but low and behold when I gave my name and email it says "Congratulations on your new facebook acc", I'm all, WTF ?
Then it starts finding people from my email address book, I'm like WTF x 2 ?

But then I start to see all these people who I have not seen in ages and I'm like, ok, maybe???

A few months go by, me and my ex break up, I change my status to single and facebook only goes and sends out a status update to the whole world "Terry O' Connor is now single" I'm like WTF x 3 ?

Anyway, it's not so bad now. Me and facebook have been married for nearly a year now we have a family, a nice little place. It's ok.

Terry O' Connor
is eating a cheese sandwich
might go for a pint :)

WHEN THE SUNLIGHT

(excerpt)

Gerard J. Conforti

When the sunlight lights the sky, the birds sing with joy. When the sunlight breaks open the skies, the bare trees in winter reach for the warm. When the sunlight streams through the tree boughs, the flowers come out of the buds. When the sunlight is covered by a cloud, the rays of the sunlight spread out. When the sunlight brings the flowers to life the raindrops rest in their buds.

The rain ripples a pool of water in the sun

REMINDER

James Fowler

A gust of wind charges through the yard. The chimes shudder their response. In dream's dark kingdom, the tolling grows into a siren's scream: incoming, incoming, incoming. I stand beside the bed before I know I am awake. Outside the kitchen window, a moon-glazed cloud scoots past the naked oak. A trucker's beams adorn a distant ridge. Then they're gone. The moon pokes over the roof above me and sparks the snowy lawn. I feel like a dog offered a bone and give in to my body's shuddered response.

cold pillow
my wife rolls over
pats my shoulder

EVENING WALK

James Fowler

A pickup shrouds the drizzle's song. I shiver as it passes. The truck's wind riffs the feathers of a dead crow's left wing, splayed toward town. The gust lifts and whips a plastic bag around a sumac stalk, up and over, up and over, until it sheaths the stem. Beyond, shriveled leaves rush back into the trees. A squall whisks rain down my neck as I bend and unwind the bag. I slide the body into it with my shoe and step into the woods. In town, I slip the empty bag into the trash can outside the inn.

bare oak
a blue jay mimics
a crow

HARRISON PLACE, IRVINGTON

Ruth Holzer

When I was ten, we rented the first floor of a two-family house on a quiet, leafy street. We stayed there for years, enjoying the space after our cramped apartment. The landlady gave me part of the yard for a garden where I planted cucumbers and carrots next to her beets and potatoes. The dining room had a stained glass window that caught the evening sun and splashed the wooden floors red and gold. When the owners sold the house, we had to leave. I was already on my own, somewhere else. I came in one door and went out another.

young willow—
growing up
together

MELTON
Ruth Holzer

I had planned to stay in this cottage for a while, in the picturesque village on the River Deben. But the place was all topsy-turvy: the windows were set at crazy angles and had to be hammered open and shut. Wall-to-wall shag carpeting displayed a whorled design of purple cabbages. Each small chartreuse room was slightly tilted. The radiators clanged and remained cold, the chimney was cracked and useless. The water ran rusty. Night and day a peculiar smell permeated the air. When I looked over the fence, a fleshy sow stood up on the other side and stared right back.

roar of Phantoms—
Suffolk piggeries
safe from the Russians

LEAVING CAMPUS
Roger Jones

Load up the stereo, footlocker, duffel bag of shoes, pasteboard boxes full of odds and ends. Worry about summer work when you get home. Right now, sort out all the semester textbooks. A couple of keepers, but sell the rest back. You can probably get forty or fifty bucks for them – enough for gas and a couple of decent meals on the way home. Finish sweeping the floor. Pause a moment to nod to any lingering ghosts. On the way out, don't forget to lock the door.

burn of chlorine
in my nose
first dive

WAR GAMES

Shirley A. Serviss

My husband and I saw each other mostly at meetings or news conferences. Worked for competing media. Didn't share our sources. Rarely shared dinner. If I wanted to see him, I turned on the TV news. Instead of love letters, I found notes that read: Gone to train wreck. Don't know when I'll be home.

We spent holidays hiking: he far ahead on the trail; me limping behind on blistered feet, terrified of bears. At night, we played war games—moved armies and battleships around the board re-enacting famous fights.

No surprise our marriage didn't last. We were never on the same team.

check/mate
marriage
ends

LANDING ON DEATH

Shirley A. Serviss

We played Monopoly that summer—coffined in the close heat of my cousin's bedroom—rolling the dice, buying up real estate. She was on a losing streak in more ways than we knew, handing over pastel play money at the dictates of Community Chest, oblivious to the cancer limiting her mother's chances.

I was still older than she was that summer, tried to hide my budding breasts when we bathed together in the tub, couldn't hide my growing disinterest in Barbies. When I saw her dry-eyed in a navy suit at her mother's funeral the following year, I realized she had passed me, landed on a spot beyond my reach.

pushed from nest finding wings

SYNESTHESIA

Shirley A. Serviss

The problem with turning 50 is the numeral itself, not the baggy knees, wrinkled neck, the extra rolls around my waist.

I knew 50 better back in elementary arithmetic when I told myself the stories to make simple calculations more interesting. All I remember now is that it wasn't one of my favourites, not one I lingered over. It's a number I don't quite trust, like some member of the community I once knew something bad about.

Perhaps it robbed a bank. Fifty would be capable of such a crime, balaclava over the zero, the five holding a gun. Fifty-one could easily have driven the getaway car. Fifty-two is guilty of something too, although nothing quite so heinous. Perhaps it only harvested on Sundays, nothing that made the weekly paper.

It was a long time ago and I no longer recall. I only know there's nothing good about breaking into the fifties.

middle age
skin no longer
fits

HOOK, LINE, AND SINKER Richard Straw

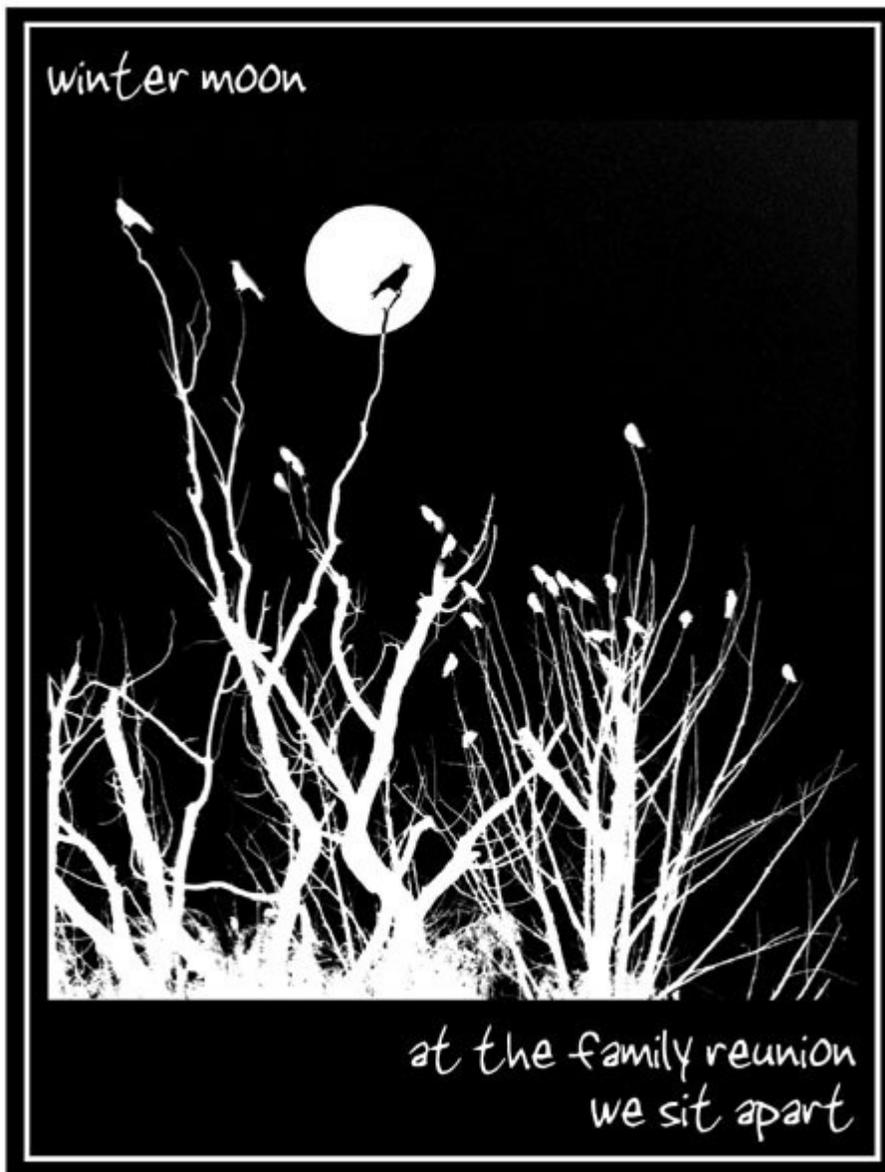
My wife's dented white Dodge Caravan with retreads, its back seats removed, has its rear-end filled with things my sister and her husband salvaged for me before our parents' estate sale:

- two desks for my kids (my small glass-topped bedroom desk and my sister's matching desk);
- two carefully done paint-by-number paintings my mom or I did of a cowboy crossing a canyon stream and another of a different cowboy (or the same?) serenading his sweetheart with a guitar by a Conestoga wagon in the moonlight;
- mom's hand-stitched 1949 "Home Sweet Home" sampler that had hung in the dining room near the swinging kitchen door;
- two green plastic Adirondack chairs into which dad had carved his and mom's names and phone numbers on the arms;
- another large green plastic front porch chair on which he'd carved "For Big Heads Only" after his cancer was diagnosed the previous fall;
- an empty greenish-blue craft-tackle box with mom's name on the front in black stick-on Italic letters;
- dad's weld-spattered lunch box and thermos with the faded company decals;
- our tackle box partially filled with soft lead weights, red-and-white plastic ball bobbers and pencil bobbers, hooks and lures of all sorts, a red hook extractor, small pliers, a wooden-handled kitchen knife, and a whetstone with a chewing tobacco advertisement on its front;
- our cork-and-metal bait box and rusted minnow bucket; and
- three Zebco rods and reels with hooks and leaders rigged and ready for the water.

On an earlier weekend trip to Ohio to help clean out the house, my sister set aside a vanload of boxes and picture frames containing our parents' old cameras, movie projectors, black-and-white photos, color photos, spliced reels of 8-mm and Super 8 film, and framed family photos, many of unknown relatives. That cache came from behind a living room couch, under beds, and from upstairs closets and

dressers. Before this last trip, I spent warm evenings alone in my North Carolina dining room, sorting through plastic grocery sacks of film packets and negatives from the 1950s to the 1990s.

his grin
as he holds up the prize
a tiny catfish



Haiga by Warren Gossett

Sequences

WINTER TANKA

Don Ammons

no snow
mild grey day
furrowed fields
muddy black
long rain puddles

the fjord frozen
covered with powdered snow
men with wide shovels
clear a rink for skaters
in the blue sky white gulls circle

scattered across
a blackboard sky
stars and stars and stars
the north one centered
the big dipper tilted

split log lengths
stacked neat against barn walls
evening silence
yellow light in rural windows
blue smoke rises from chimneys

cold room
iced window panes
on a writer's desk
closed covered computer
coffee dregs frozen in a cup

sluggish surf iced
beach and dunes frost
the sand hollow
where summer lovers laughed
layered with snow and silence

VEGAN'S PIE

Francis Attard

White Christmas
blanched almonds
vegan's pie

scarecrow in tatters
hat worn askew

Alpine heights
Icarus butterfly
at 10, 000 feet

on stilts about town
distributes pamphlets

bony fingers agile
ties reef knots
under the moon

“My Fair Lady”
restored digitally

on its first leg
leopard snake on doorstep
not turned away

glitters after rainfall
swamps a spider web

lies to sweep
under the carpet
along with the dust

memory recalls memory
in the analyst's couch

cuckoo flowers
sacred to the fairies
not to bring indoors

TV baseball
tranquility

STOWAWAY

Ed Baranosky

Lunar shadows,
At the still chained wheel,
The mooring snaps...
An off-shore breeze carries the scent
Of pine and tar and spindrift.

A curious deck cat
Haunts scurrying rats
Both evading the dog
Barking at sleepless gulls
Settling in the rigging.

A solo dory
From ship to anchored ship,
With muffled oars
Semaphores it's wares
Making silent rounds.

Between outcast,
Sea-hobo, and stowaway
There is but a thin line,
Within the world of corroded
Amulets and contraband

Harbor sounds drift
In with the slow rising tide
Easing into dreams,
The Southern Cross
Above swaying masts.

OPUS POSTHUMOUS

Carl Brennan

Rush-hour headlights
taillights skidding on black ice...
bright ornaments once
in a boy's dream of heaven
where Christmas trees never died

My final winter –
wondering how my stillborn

verses will greet me,
hoping their tiny souls
have acquired forgiveness

I see a frozen
wasteland where tears stop flowing.
Curious, hungry
creatures there can claim me...
I've wounded Love many times

With an oak bokken
I battle a sword-wielding
vampire at night
Sunrise will deliver me
hypothermia's mercy

SNOW SEQUENCE

Garry Eaton

along this street
only one porch lit
 evening snow

 snowy evening
the paperboy's tracks
half-buried

an old man
shovels the sidewalk
 falling snow

 hidden beds
the sheets on clotheslines sag
moist with snow

snowflakes glow
in passing headlights
 exhaust pipe swirl

 faint flurries
melt water flashes
in dark gutters

a streetcar pauses
for a lame dog to cross

snow snowing

BIRD AND WING TOGETHER GO DOWN,
ONE FEATHER
Chen-ou Liu

rippled clouds
blanketing Taipei below
winged migration

rainbow arch
hanging over the CN Tower
my mouth on hers

taking S from the chest
replacing another s
poet-husband doing chores

diving into my mind
carving out a full moon
as sunlight warms Taipei

IN THE NAME OF LOVE
Victor P. Gendrano

1)
She shot his head while he's sleeping
as she can't bear to share him.

With crumbling hopes of love and life
she gunned him again and again.

Then by his side, she killed herself,
murder suicide, it's reported.

2)
His mysterious disappearance
in the wilderness is over.

He finally admitted

to his loving wife and children,

he was with his other love
his soul mate in Argentina

3)

Their vow of love had remained
unbroken 'til the very end.

With a hint of Romeo
and loved Juliet's tragic play,

they committed double suicide -
euthanasia, medical term.

ON RAIN-DARK ROADS

Penny Harter

a cold front storms
into my dream tonight
and yellow leaves rain down
so far away the echo
of your voice

remembering your touch
I close my eyes
and let rain bless my face
how long until you take
my hand again

this autumn evening
passing cars splash by
on rain-dark roads
out my bedroom window
our translucent reflections

the full moon casts a
bronze halo on moving clouds
when I was a child I knew
the secret names
of everything

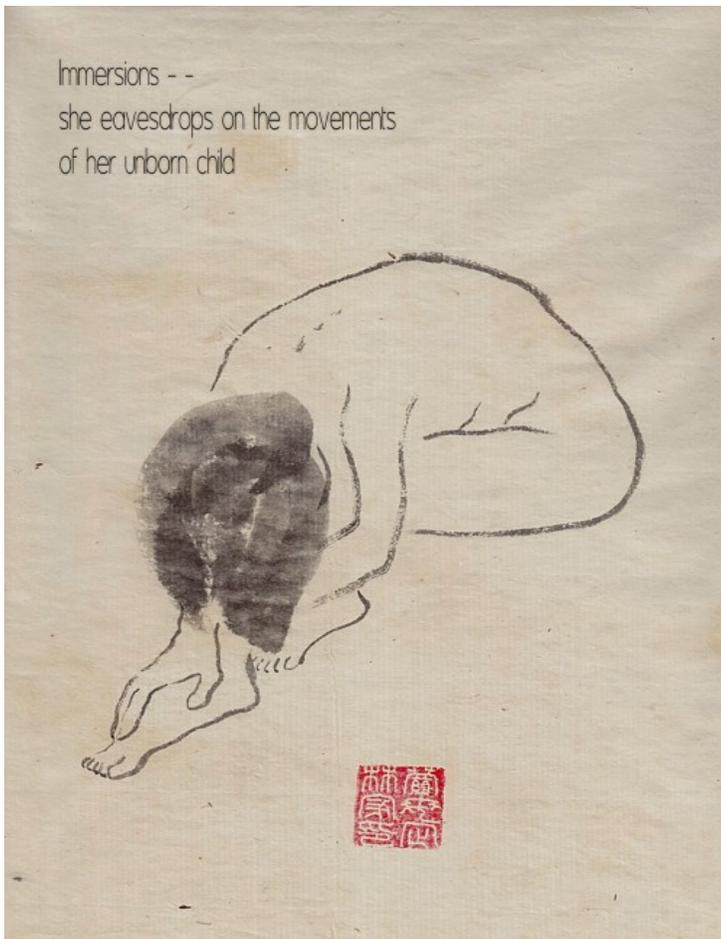
(untitled)

Elizabeth Howard

no road signs
hills, hollers, ess curves
third time past the church
like my life with you
winding roads going nowhere

kindergarten science
to feed baby birds
the towhead says
you have to chew worms
and spit them in the open mouths

flight late, luggage lost
we collapse
on a damp hotel bed
outside, a beach party
samba and bossa nova



Haiga by Romona Linke

ZUM ERSTEN MAL
Ramona Linke

Tag des Mauerfalls – Mutter spricht stundenlang kein Wort

zum Festhalten, ab sofort
die Freiheit

und fragende Blicke
über den Küchentisch

... ein leises Lied am Bett
unseres kleinen Sohnes,

sein Lächeln wischt
meine Tränen fort

zwei Wochen später: ich sehe meinen Vater, zum allerersten Mal

THE VERY FIRST TIME
Ramona Linke

the Fall of the Berlin Wall – for hours mother speaks no word

to holding on, from now
the freedom

and quizzical looks
across the kitchen table

... a quiet song at the bedside
of our little son,

his smile wipes
my tears away

two weeks later: I see my father for the very first time

AUTUMN NIGHT
Chen-ou Liu

one by one
drops from this middle-aged face
soak the page
I have nothing to offer
but sweat, tears, toil, and blood

I feel something
inside me fraying
something I've draped
my dreams in –
the chill of autumn dusk

as night deepens
dark secrets emerge
and gnaw at my heart
I cut it open
with the scalpel of words

nothing
in the inner chambers
of my heart
except scattered memories
and Lego blocks of words

gazing up
at the full moon
I offer a full cup
to entice her –
this autumn has come to me alone

BUS STOP
Francis Masat

a peeling Christmas ad
reveals a beach scene

two pirates duel
with rolled-up magazines

a girl stops traffic
for a motorized wheelchair

during a red light
the click of laptop

a woman twists and untwists

the same curl

an acolyte reaches out
to catch his cell-phone

a passing runner connects
a row of puddles

PUMPKIN SEEDS

Catherine Mair

a joker always
Selwyn takes the pronged fork
& chases the little boy
down the garden path.
'He doesn't want us,' the boy says

they married on the 31st
now she rings and says,
'It's not trick or treat,
my family's hair
is alive with nits.'

once we threw
pumpkin seeds
on a compost heap
the pumpkins were bountiful
& haven't been surpassed yet

HALLOWEEN SCARE

Patricia Prime

after a week of storms
the last day of October
Halloween
children walk the neighbourhood
with their baskets and bags

they clunk clunk
down the garden path
churn up the grass

she calls leaves have started to change
so little

in absence of a friend's wax-brown eyes
lighting a candle

flying further a pheasant's feather left
the color of its voice

lady pale on your ears a keyhole limpet

the dark
one word unspoken in a sea of lips

 coming closer
with the night train of my dream a whistle

still on a journey
my name is Stradivari tree-born

slightest touch shaking all over the gong

OSCAR'S EMERGENCY SURGERY

Richard Stevenson

Action Dachshund's down.
Blood tests reveal nothing more
than his baleful eyes.

Pills don't work:
he yaks himself inside out
but won't pass a stool.

He can't keep even
a teaspoon of water down,
eats only with his eyes.

Yet he's presented
beaded jewel work before,
passed socks, underwear.

This time a shoelace,
bits of plastic and towel block

militant bowels.

Horrendous vet bills
or a dollar fifty bullet?
a friend avers.

A week later
the dog's sporting his new
Buddha belly grin.

He's in stitches,
our wallets have been
disemboweled.

Not quite the progress
of a king through the guts
of a beggar, but ...

He's still only half
way down the dark chute himself;
we're down a few bones.

Three hundred a year –
That's one way to look at his
shaved belly smile.

The canine's supine,
catches a few rays between
itches and stitches.

Conehead Madonna:
he looks so angelic in
his post-op bonnet.

One week and he's back
barking at the mail man,
humping our male cats.

Trans-species perv –
but what's a dachshund to do
without a footstool?

His cone scrapes the path –
We should put him to work
shoveling snow.

Mongoose at bedside.
Would you take this damn thing off –
pretty please, he begs.

He looks ruefully
at my aromatic socks,
gives his head a shake.

TANKA X 3
Barbara A Taylor

in rubbish piles
outside the restaurant
overripe fruit, healthy greens
and poverty
in my face

a flashing santa
splashing gumtrees
ho! ho! ho!
mad electronic tidings
in summer's midday sun

blue irises bloom
on this, his final day...
all that remains
an iron double bed-head
on smoldering hot ashes



Haiga by Melinda Hipple

A PLAY WITH DEATH

Barbara A Taylor

staying alive
the grim reaper speaks
to young deaf ears

his conscience pricked
at the needle exchange

overflowing
an orphanage for babies
without a home

on every continent
lost count of hearts
in the quilts

cover up
not using a condom

a play with death
immune system's shattered
his struggle for life

COMING IN AGAIN

A. Thiagarajan

sunrise
even the deserted house
fills with shine

sunbath –
lying abandoned
the day's newspapers.

coming in again –
by the window breeze
few strands of her hair

strong winds –
sticking to a trembling leaf

a worm

sudden rain –
few deserted sand castles
lose shape

dawn
pushing up the incense smoke
the coffee aroma

open air concert –
mosquitoes hum ceaselessly
in serpentine weaves

vacation over –
the dog on the couch
chased by none

Single Poems

footprints frozen
in the ice a lonely trail
a path of hopes and dreams
the wind blows the shifting snow
pathways covered uncovered
CW Hawes

new silk sheets
pink and red flowers
I spread
setting the scene
for sleeplessness
Ruth Holzer

not having lived alone
before, I stare into gray sky
and falling leaves—so many
lives I've left behind
this chilly morning
Penny Harter

why do you preach
speech is silver

silence is gold
when you speak
dawn to dusk
radhey shiam

words speak to the head
and silence speaks to the heart
two kinds of knowing
you take my hand without words
yet questions run through my mind
CW Hawes

Jacques Derrida, French philosopher, mentioned in his book, The Post Card, that his first phone number in Algeria (ca. 1920) was 7 4+3 7

one foot closer to the sun
amaryllis sleepless young
pink pictured in his faith book
Werner Reichhold

mayflies
swarming in the last
rays of sunlight
Bhalachandra Sahaj

I watch leaping silvers
for a moment I think of
fishermen with
heap of dead fish
I feel so bad
radhey shiam

uncle's last moments
between a sip of beer
and a piece of pie
ayaz daryl nielsen

Dog is misspelled
the child discovered
the Great.
P K Padhy

I don't know
who is stranger
in this world?
I am surprised
to hear such things
radhey shiam

factory machines:
they stamp and press, mold and cut
identical parts;
weeping willow in the wind
never changes how it sways
CW Hawes

A lonely path
through impossibly bright forests
this dream called Autumn
The sylph struggling playfully
carried in my breast pocket
Carl Brennan



Haiga by an'ya

BOOK REVIEWS

The sinking/shrinking/stinking economy has made itself visible in poetry books, also. I cannot remember a winter issue of Lynx that had so few books to review.

Spreading Ripples by Anna Holley and Aya Yuhki. Hardcover with dust jacket, 5 x 8 inches, 96 pages, English and Japanese, kanji and romaji, ¥2000E. Order from Japan: letters@banraisha.co.jp

Spreading Ripples is a beautifully made book in the most professional Japanese style. Everything is absolutely perfect, including the poetry.

The poems originated, according to Aya's Postscript in 2005 after her collaboration with Anna Holley on the book, *White Flower in the Sky* when Anna informed her that she was undergoing treatment for breast cancer. Then began a series of exchanges of tanka on various subjects between the two women. Sometimes Anna would send several tanka on a subject and Aya would respond to only one of them. Other times the exchanges consisted of only one or two tanka. By 2006 the project was over. After printing the various series in magazines, over the next two years, Aya suggested to Anna that they put them together in this book.

All of Anna's tanka were written in English and translated into Japanese. Aya wrote her tanka in both Japanese and English. And thus, we have another marvelous book of tanka that easily cross the two cultures.

Aya Yuhki is now the Editor-in-Chief of the *Tanka Journal*, the organ of The Japan Tanka Poets' Society and lives in Saitama, Japan.

Anna Holley lives in Dallas, Texas. Her first book of haiku, *White Crow* (1991) was published by AHA Books and though now out of print, is available as an Online AHA Book at:<http://www.ahapoetry.com/wtcrowbk.htm>. Even as Anna was writing exemplary haiku she was also one of the first American women to write tanka. Since then Anna and Aya have collaborated on three books of tanka.

Anna's amazing ability to link the images in her poems is what attracted me to her work even when she was writing haiku. In addition, and this is what makes her tanka easier to translate, Anna has a spare, elemental style of stating her tanka so that there is not too much or too little information for the tanka in Japanese.

From the sequence "One String" – Anna writes:

dwindling
but still precious
this current
of my life flowing
back to its source

Aya responds:

matsumushi cricket
chirping
a silver strand –
tonight I free it
from its cage

and

rewinding
a picture scroll of memory –
could I relive
those happy days
with my dog

By reading through the three books of collaboration by this pair one is touched by the classic elegant beauty of Anna's tanka and the more modern vocabulary and thought in Aya's work. It is as if the two women had exchanged cultures; Anna being more 'Japanese' than Aya. Anna is the traditionalist whose linkage, and style, does not change although her life even though her inspiration has undergone major crisis. Aya has her finger on the pulse of modern writers and her work reflects that.

The Toddler's Chant by Stanford M. Forrester. Bottle Rockets Press 2009. Perfect-bound, full color cover, 8.5 x 5.5 inches, 96 pages, color photo inside of author, foreword by Michael Fessler, \$14.00. Order from Bottle Rockets Press, P.O. Box 189, Windsor, CT 06095

The spare open lay-out with often only one or two haiku to a page, with many blank pages and other pages given to an iconic religious figure, invites the reader to linger and to contemplate the poetry. Many of the poems relate to a religious life – one that seems to embrace more than 'just' Zen Buddhism, although that seems to be Forrester's longest and current religious orientation. Due to this, the haiku have a strong leaning toward Japanese images and way of seeing the world, and yet there is something so American, so East Coast American, so clearly Forrester's own way of experiencing his life.

Some of the sequences have titles and other sets form their own place within the book. The man is completely at home in arranging haiku. Perhaps from his years of editing the issues of bottle rockets (along with the book Stanford sent issues #20 and 21) shines through and illuminates The Toddler's Chant.

Worth the price of the book alone, is Michael Fessler's Foreword. Michael sheds light on Stanford the poet as well as the man behind the poems. Many times he, and he alone, gives the background or explanation for some of the poem. And he writes so well it is a pleasure to read what he has to say. Any compliments for the book could be quoted from Michael's words.

The title for the book is taken from this haiku:

Shiva's Temple –
a toddler chants along
in baby talk

Waiting in Silence / Wachten in Stilte by Ion Codrescu. 't schrijverke, 2009. Perfect bound, 3 x 4 inches, 48 pages, color cover, and endpages, English and Dutch. Contact max@verhart.org to order.

At least once a month I go through a debate with myself. I have such a desire to make one of these tiny hand-sized books of my own poems that I cannot get the thought completely out of my mind. I design the book, even pick out poems, and yet when the words come closer to the ink, I always veer away and make at least the traditional-sized book of 8.5 x 5.5. I love these little books and think they make such a great little gifts to tuck into envelopes or friends' hands. I do not enjoy reading them as the pages are so small, that my thumbs seem to occupy most of the space just holding on to the book. I find turning a page so fiddly that I will rarely read a tiny book from start to finish. I do love them when I can leave them lying around and on the spur of the moment, grab it, flip it open and read the poems on the two pages chance has chosen for me. Also, and alas, as I get older, the tiny 8 point fonts dim even that excitement. However, no other poetry form other than tanka and haiku lends itself to these little books. And I have such fond memories of the series of handmade booklets that Wim Loefvers made. Somehow it seems fitting that the tiny country of The Netherlands should stay the centerpoint of tiny books and I thank Max Verhart and Marlene Buitelaar for carrying on the tradition.

So even when Waiting in Silence / Wachten in Stilte is a tiny book, the poems by Ion Codrescu are giant. Ion has immersed himself into Japanese poetry and sumi-e, for so many years that one expects such fineness and expertise from him. Sometimes I think of Ion as a citizen that Japan has misplaced and forced him to grow up in Romania. It has been their gain, as Ion Codrescu, through his magazine Albatross, exposed and educated so many Europeans about haiku. For this I thank him with a deep bow.

And now I will take off my kid gloves. I am on a positive rant about people miss-using the haiku shape. I know we are finally accepting the impracticability of using the 5, 7, 5, count, but People! the haiku does have a shape! The lines should reflect the ratio of 5, 7, 5 syllables shouldn't they? You know, if changing the shape made better haiku I would be tempted to shut up and let people write their haiku in willy-nilly shapes. But! Take this from page 18:

cumulus cloud –
the spreading ink blot
on the apprentice's paper

Do you not think it would be better written as:

the spreading ink blot
on the apprentice's paper
cumulus cloud

This way the riddle technique would work perfectly – what is the “the spreading ink blot / on the apprentice's paper?” Answer: “cumulus cloud.” and written this way one could get rid of the punctuation. And see? – the perfectly shaped haiku. Editors, be alert. Writers, remember the source. Shape up or ship out and go back to writing free verse.

Shells in the Sand by Gerard J. Conforti. AHA Books, pob 767, Gualala, CA 95445. Perfect bound, full-color cover, 8.5 x 5.5, Preface by Pamela Miller-Ness, Introduction by Cor van den Heuvel, 90 pages. Order from Lulu.com

Shells in the Sand is a collection of four of Conforti's book, some of which were published as AHA Online books. In addition to "Spirits of the Wind" and "Sometimes the Rain," this contains the unpublished "A Dent in the Wood" and "All of Us Together."

Conforti's tanka have a strong personal flavor which is an acquired taste. Critics may complain about this or that but the fact that the man accomplishes as much as he does and to the degree of accomplishment he obtains is still a miracle in the light and knowledge of the disadvantages and obstacles he has to overcome just for his daily life let alone being a poet, too.

In spite of these (read his online books to get a feel for the problems he has – but rarely refers to in his poetry) he is a gentle loving soul with immense feelings of gratitude and thanksgiving. I know of no one who has suffered so much and yet remains so kind and thankful. His poems are gifts of love he has for his friends and family and it is an honor that he shares them with us. Thank you! Gerard!

Twenty Years Tanka Splendor, edited by Jane Reichhold. AHA Books, 2009. Perfect bound, color cover, 90 pages, \$10 ppd. AHA Books, P.O. Box 767, Gualala, CA 95445.

Yes! the Tanka Splendor Awards have been around for twenty years. Each year tanka from around the world were sent in to be judged and have the best ones compiled into an anthology. The poems were not ranked in the old patriarchal way of first, second and third prize but the 31 poems garnering the most votes were then published as examples of what was being written in those years and what was admired.

For ten years a booklet of these winners was the prize for the writers. At some point sequences were added and the prize book grew larger. In 2000 the contest underwent a fundamental change when it moved online. Gone were the tanka greats who judged each year (Sanford Goldstein, George Swede x 2, Jane Hirshfield, Larry Gross, Geraldine C. Little, George Ralph, Tom Clausen, Hatsue Kawamura, and Leza Lowitz) and by e-mail the contestants themselves became the judges. The resulting booklet became an e-book and they are still available at <http://www.ahapoetry.com>

For the twentieth year Jane bowed to the wishes for a paper book again. So here it is with this year's winners and lists of previous winners and judges. An Afterword recounts the complete history of this contest and announces that this is the last year. There are still a few copies of this book available and if you were ever a winner, and especially a winner during the online years, you should order a copy for your archive library.

Scarlet Scissors Fire by Jane Reichhold, 2009. AHA Books. Gualala, California. ISBN: 978-0-944676-46-2. Perfect bound, 5.75 x 8.25 inches, 116 pages.

Poems, Preface. Cover and Book Design by Jane Reichhold.

Review by: Ed Baranosky, poet and artist

Toronto, Canada - October 2009

"I don't think there is anything that is really magical unless it has a terrifying quality."

Andrew Wyeth 1917-2009

five poems

coming from witches stranger

than he who owned
that heart furred with light
stored in a storm of blood

This is probably a little oversimplified, but the first feeling I have of Jane Reichhold's collection of verse is that it has the look of tanka with the feeling of sijo. They differ from formal tanka in their comfort-level of seclusion, as internal voice monologues. The references are intense, but hinted at, as if one is overhearing a private conversation. In this way they act as discreetly framed paintings at an exhibition.

how many syllables
in the dark and light of suns
the clear birds
attack scarecrows who guard the farm
early evening grays cover the moss

But here we leave history behind to re-enter myth with sympathetic magic. In this grimoire of miniature spells, the words have an intrinsic power because the voice of the poet has an invisible yet unmistakable presence. It is the magic of an authentic mystic rather than a staged performer, though here is impressive performance and without a net. Poet's often walk in where Angels fear to tread. This is magic, but with an edge.

squirming basket of squid
I am peering down the long dark
snow on the ladder's rungs
here is the world, the forgetting
so much that was unacceptable

According to seasoned ingeneur, every great magic trick consists of three acts: The Pledge of something purportedly ordinary, The Turn to the extraordinary, and the revelation in the flourish dubbed The Prestige. This is the old gospel of competitive Victorian-era illusionists at deadly serious play.

pressure of ice
thick in the rock dripping water
restores the vacant
walk down into the catacombs
both inside and beyond ourselves

Scarlet; The Pledge, a kaleidoscope of images, phrases, and emotions, past, present, future, driven and blended by the poet; not so much to clarify, but to absolve the reader of assuming misunderstanding.

while I thought
about the diamond edge of the mind
this is a test
to hear a bell ring with the bell in it
no more madness ate in Basho's heart

Scissors; The Turn, the unresolved challenges our senses and we are drawn into alternate slices of possibilities. The roller coaster climbs to a peak of perspective.

she would rise and walk
a swirl in air from the gray clay
so fragrant and seasoned
there is one wonderful moment
I was the eldest son of the Emperor

Fire; The Prestige, the Zen arrow is released to find the target. It seems to end too soon and we wonder how it happened.

of bronze and blaze
dreams are fine but waking is better
the heart has no banks
from this slim palace in the dust
who goes to dine will find a feast

A stunning collection and vintage Jane Reichhold; a gift well worth reading.

it's just a piece
of the middle of the night
the entire metaphor
a stamped and folded envelope
in the darkness of ribs

FINISHING LINE PRESS

IS PLEASED TO ANNOUNCE THE PUBLICATION OF

KICKING THE RAIN
by R.G. Rader

In *Kicking the Rain*, R.G. Rader gives us unforgettable imagistic poems that are both passionate and sensual. His work has enormous depth and subtlety and often takes surprising ironic turns. This is a book not to be missed.

Maria Mazziotti Gillan
Winner of American Book Award
For All That Lies Between Us

From the title to the individual poems in this new and exciting collection, R. G. Rader's work is rich in imagery and music. In these poems, the dialectic of observation is immediate and direct, filled with tension and conflict that underscore the drive toward wholeness. R. G. Rader is a close and sensitive observer of the world and of the people around him; *Kicking the Rain* is a collection filled with insight,

intelligence, and art.

Adele Kenny
Poetry editor, Tiferet

These poems are shaped by their rhythms almost the way the smooth stones strewn along the bottom of a creek bed are shaped by the clear cold water running over them. There is a musical integrity, an honesty and clarity in the words that is a refreshing change from the stuttering opacity that seems to characterize so much contemporary verse. Nor are these poems, as is often the case, a visual nightmare; they were written not to dazzle the eye, but to mesmerize the ear.

Vincent Czyz, author of *Adrift in a Vanishing City*
Istanbul and New York City

R.G. Rader is an award-winning poet and playwright, actor, director and a professor of English and Theater. He is the founding publisher and editor of Muse-Pie Press, a poetry press founded in the early 1980's (www.musepiepress.com). His poetry has been widely published in journals and anthologies throughout the US and abroad, and he is the author of two poetry collections: *Neon Shapes* (Merit Book Award winner) and *Raising the Blade: Collected Haiku and Tanka 1980-2000* (poems that honor Japanese genres and published online by AHA Books (www.ahapoetry.com/raisbk3.htm)).

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February, 2010

LYNX
A Journal for Linking Poets

LETTERS FROM INDIVIDUALS

Hi there and happy new year! I was reading this by you Jane (in *Simply Haiku* I think): The poet's job is to experience this earth, this life, and report it to fellow inhabitants in a manner that allows the reader / hearer to experience the insight for him/herself. The poet is the journalist for the spirit world. Yet our vocabulary for this illusive realm is as vague and undefined as the average person's ventures into it are. Therefore, in order to talk of feelings, sensations, vision, hunches, parallel world experiences, we must employ the concrete images by metaphor and simile. Recently I've been studying William Everson's concept of "the earth as metaphor" in which he view all the physical elements of our universe as substances standing in for greater deeper, finer truths. The Bach Flower Remedies are a practical application of this belief. Distillations of the essence of flowers are sipped, not for any medicinal qualities of the plants, but for the emotions of the other world which manifest in them. I believe it is this method of thinking that made Basho the great poet he was. When historians say "haiku degenerated" after Basho's death I suspect this decline was because haiku was denied its right to be a

vehicle for poetry and poetical vision. I admit to finding most interesting the writing of persons, either Japanese or non-Japanese, who allow themselves to write as poets drawing on the devices of poetry and who are able to transfer ALL the previous poetic techniques into new forms inspired by the visions of poets of many cultures." I agree and thought you might enjoy these published by the Edward Bach Organisation Research Programme - 38

haiku:<http://www.edwardbach.org/Research/docs/haiku/haiku.html>

Much love, Paul Conneally

Hi Jane and Werner,

Your very nice card reached me this afternoon! Snail mail appears to be aptly named. You posted it the 16th. I received it today, the 29th, a day short of two weeks later. I have a picture of you and Werner being snowed in, but in spite of that hitching up the dog sled and mushing, mushing into town to mail Don his Christmas card. And here I was beginning to think no one cared!! And speaking of snow. We had a white Christmas, the first one in Denmark since 1995! It began falling a few days before Christmas, big, thick, feather-like flakes. It had stopped falling by Christmas day, but was piled and banked up. But, alas, it is almost gone now, only a few patches left. The stay over Christmas guest have left. I love the family, really, really do; but it is so peaceful and quiet now. Our son will be here over new year, just him, as his wife, a home helper, has to work. Then a new year begins. And I have so many poetic plans for 2010! Let me see, now, there is that 2,000 line poem in tanka stanzas for LYNX – only kidding! So, Jane, you and Werner take care, beware of falling book shelves, and ex-pat poets sending long poems. Don Ammons in Denmark

A small announcement, if you care to send it along through your lists and networks:

Out-of-the-Loop Press
Eleventh Annual Christmas Presentation
of
Red Slider's

THE BALLAD OF EMMA GOOD
(Nine days that shook the next millennium)

It is now playing at www.holopoet.com

The 2009-2010 Xmas offering will also include the first showing of the complete film script, Emma Good - The Movie, as well as the traditional ballad. The screenplay has a few surprises that I am sure readers of past presentations will enjoy. Our performance is also a little different this year. The work is in pdf format and will be installed in increments (starting Xmas Eve) that correspond to the nine days of the ballad's time-frame. This should make it easier for those who would prefer to read the work in smaller 'chunks' and read along at the pace of the story itself. I do hope you enjoy the show. Please pass this along to any and all who might enjoy the performance. Thank you, and to all, a good night, Red Slider

Dear Jane, I just popped down to get my mail, and in it were my TS prizes. Thank you very much! I'm delighted. I've just skimmed Carol Purington's book. Each page a gem. I'm familiar with her country. I spent many summers up and around Amherst (Summer rentals from the multitude of students made it cheap.) I do believe Emily Dickenson shimmers through her, (although Carol should know her exquisite poems are read and savored.) Thank you Jane, for all that you do. Wishing you and yours, health and joy. Kind regards, Michele Harvey

By dawn and by dusk
deer nibble the fallen apples
of October
This at least - that I have not lived
on yesterday's sweetness

Gathering Peace, Pg.76

Dear Werner: I realised afterwards that in the second paragraph I could give the impression that while on the surface seeming to accept Jane's caveat, as summarised in para 1, I was in fact covertly contesting it. Not at all. She's right, as stated in para 2. To make this, I hope, clear, I've made two small additions in para 2. I've taken the opportunity to polish in a few other places.....dick pettit

Jane Reichhold, in her renga article in the last issue, says I overestimate the extent to which 17th century rengistas composed unrestricted by existing templates or by placings of seasons, moon, blossoms & love verses.

Well, yes, I do, especially in the following: "It seems as true to say that players knew these ingredients should be put in somewhere, and inserted them either at whim or following the exigencies of composition; as it is to say that they had a seasonal template in mind on which they made conscious variation." This does exaggerate, and by just how much can found out by those who compare the available translated renga for any one or all of the seasons. Now to business.

In that essay, Jane also criticises the Omnipotent Sabaki, who often uses his/her power, knowingly or not, to cramp or inhibit the flow of the renga and the spontaneity of individuals. I was lucky enough to have John Carley as my first OS, than whom there must be very few as open-minded, creative and resourceful, both in analysis and persuasion. Even so, the shoe pinched occasionally, and later OS's caused chilblains and running sores: wrong choices, unconvincing rationales, lack of renga mind, and continual self-contradiction.

These experiences led to a different system for e-mail composition, which evolved with the help, to mention only the non-Brits, of Vanessa Proctor (Australia), Paul Mercken (Netherlands) and, above all, Francis Attard (Malta). In this system, no-one is in charge, though there is a convenor/secretary who may at times have a bit more weight.

First, a rota is made for the whole renga. Then, for each verse, the named player offers two or more (usually three) alternatives. The player following chooses one, and may suggest alterations. If there is disagreement over these between nos 1 & 2, other players may offer suggestions; but the author has the last word. The verse fixed (for the time being), the second player offers, and so on. Someone must be chosen for the hokku, and someone else nominated to choose verse 36.

This has worked well. Players who doubted their ability to produce for a spot on demand soon find they can offer two or three. This surplus, is in the spirit of renga: it shows that, while the feeling in a verse must be true, each verse is in persona, coming from a particular character and voice – even if, as often, that voice is the authorial. Occasionally the left-overs can be gathered to make a second renga.

Another advantage is that the player who follows has chosen the verse he/she is following. There is thus a commitment to it - he may even have thought how to follow when choosing.

There is value to all taking turns at being 'sabaki': everyone has a chance to estimate the quality of a verse, and to gauge the link. Also this work occupies people who might otherwise be bored or spend their energy less profitably.

Some loose ends, such as articles (a, an, the, & -), poor phrasing and even repetitions can be left

until the end, when there is a tidy-up, contributed to by all. Players polish or correct their own verses before giving their attention to those of others.

OBJECTION 1: There is no-one in charge, and so the renga may wobble between different ideas of renga. ANSWER: Yes, though this may not be a bad thing. Also a general consensus will often arise, especially when the same group comes together for the second time.

OBJECTION 2: As there is no authoritative figure in charge, the session more likely to be at the mercy of Nit-Pickers, Lovers of Argument, and Prima Donnas (available in both sexes). ANSWER: True, one just has to get along as best one can. It needs one or two peace-makers among the other rengista. However, the problem exists in sabaki-led groups as well.

Readers can weigh for themselves the possibilities of the renga as a poem shaped by a single mind, and one the product of a number. I can vouch that the latter is less anarchic than it seems, and I'm fairly comfortable with it. Dick Pettit, Denmark

Dear Jane, Reading Silva Rey's poems translated from the Dutch made me wonder whether perhaps you would be willing to publish the Dutch version of a recent biforked renga by Max Verhart, Bouwe Brouwer and myself. The Dutch version will appear in the summer issue of our journal *Vuursteen*, that is now in its 29th year. Yours Paul Mercken

Hi Jane

1 BIG THANK U. it (the review of his book, slightly scented short lived words and roses), was luvlee. One eensy weensy error; the illustrator was – da dum - one, STANLEY PELTER. c'est moi, stanley. C'est la vie. I am being 'stabilized' for the time being, until I go back to the cardiologist for the results of various tests like the one where they recorded every breath for 24 hours. An interesting possible for a quaint haibun! very best wishes. Hope to finish book 5 fairly soon. Stanley Pelter

The ongoing Shiki Monthly Kukai is managed by George Hawkins [eriegarden@gmail.com] and Shiki Kukai team who have a Special Request: We have an immediate need for new workers on the Shiki Kukai Team. Please write to us at st-kukai@haikuworld.org if you are interested. Experience with MS Excel would be helpful.

Jane san, firstly all my best for this new year! I don't know if you already remember me. Director of No-michi.com and President of ANAKU navarre haiku association. I have to tell you I enjoyed so much watching your video about haiku on commonwealth club. And I still enjoy it whenever I watch it. It is so excited to put a face and sound to your voice.

Next 23rd of January I have a poet meeting and I have been invited to talk about haiku and to a workshop after that, In barbarin, Navarre. I must say and invite you though it is in Spanish to the first international and national haiku magazine "hojas en la acera" entirely designed by me and in which the three Spanish haiku associations are working on. <http://www.hojasenlaacera.co.cc> (four numbers edited)

Espero el bus-
Otra hoja del tilo
Cae al alba

waiting for the bus-
another tile leaves

drops at dawn.

mar

www.anaku.info; www.bitacoradeunhaijin.blogspot.com; www.no-michi.com (under-re-construction); www.manuelymar.net/blog

An historic event, Hidden Legacy LA, performance and discussion with artists of traditional Japanese arts in the World War II WRA(War Relocation Authority) camps will take place on Saturday, April 24 2010, 3pm at the historic Koyasan Buddhist Temple in Little Tokyo. It will feature teachers and artists who taught and studied traditional arts in the WRA camps, with performances of Japanese classical odori (dance), nagauta shamisen (classical Japanese music with shamisen), biwa (5-stringed lute), koto (zither) and obon odori (festival dance). A discussion with the artists will follow the performances. This special program is a joint endeavor by Shirley Kazuyo Muramoto, the Japanese Cultural and Community Center (JACCC), Koyasan Buddhist Temple, and the "George and Sakaye Aratani Endowed Chair," Asian American Studies Center, UCLA.

HIDDEN LEGACY

**A TRIBUTE TO TEACHERS OF JAPANESE TRADITIONAL ARTS
IN THE WAR-TIME WRA CAMPS**

Sixty-four years have passed since the end of World War II and the incarceration of approximately 112,000 Japanese Americans. The story of the brave artists who practiced and taught Japanese traditional arts remains a hidden legacy.

This historic program features performances, photos, and the stories of actual artists who taught Japanese traditional arts in the WRA camps during WW II. How were arts practiced in such depressed circumstances? What impact do these teachers have on present day artists and students? Odori (Japanese classical dance), Japanese music of nagauta shamisen (classic Japanese song with shamisen), biwa (5-stringed lute), koto (13-stringed zither) and Obon odori will be featured in performances.

Saturday, April 24, 2010 at 3 pm

For reservations call Gavin Kelley: (213)628-2725 ext.133

Suggested donation: \$20 general

\$15 seniors and students w/ID

Koyasan Buddhist Temple

342 East First Street, Los Angeles



This program is a joint endeavor of Shirley Kazuyo Muramoto, the Japanese American Cultural Community Center [JACCC], Koyasan Buddhist Temple, and the "George & Sakaye Aratani Endowed Chair," Asian American Studies Center, UCLA.

BLOGS

<http://tobaccoroadpoet.blogspot.com> Curtis Dunlap's excellent source of news and information as well

as his famous “three questions” and now his feature showing poets’ favorite writing places. He also sends emails announcing his updates.

<http://lilliputreview.blogspot.com> – Issa’s Untidy Hut is a delightful site that is a pleasure to visit.

<http://taubenflug.blogspot.com> A blog in German by Udo Wenzel in Hamburg.

http://ghazalblog.typepad.com/old_man_blues It's a kind of companion to Gino's Ghazal Blog. Gino, aka Gene Doty

AtlasPoetica.blogspot.com AtlasPoetica.com ModernEnglishTanka.com

<http://beadsnjane.blogspot.com/> A lot about beading and only occasionally something about writing by Jane Reichhold.

CONTESTS

THE EIGHTH ANNUAL ukiaHaiku festival 2010 Haiku Competition

Postmark Deadline for Submissions: Friday, Feb 26, 2010

Festival Date: Sunday, April 18, 2010

Awards will be presented in the following eleven categories:

General Topics (Regional*)

- 1) Children, grades K-3
- 2) Children, grades 4-6
- 3) Youth, grades 7-9
- 4) Youth, grades 10-12
- 5) Adults

Haiku about Ukiah (Regional*)

- 6) Haiku about Ukiah, grades K-6
- 7) Haiku about Ukiah, grades 7-12
- 8) Dori Anderson Prize** — Haiku about Ukiah, Adults

Haiku en Español, Temas Generales (Sumisiones Regionales*)

- 9) Para menores de 18 años
- 10) Para mayores

International, General Topics, Adult:

- 11) Jane Reichhold International Prize***

Check it out at <http://ukiahaiku.org/>

Basho Festival Haiku Contest results

<http://www.ict.ne.jp/~basho-bp/eigo09.html>

English haiku first place winner:

Misty maple shapes

even revealed by the „,awn

remain mysteries

Paul Faust

The winning poem comes from William Appel of Japan:

Leaf
falling off
the mountain
William Appel

The five runner-up poems, each of which will receive a book from Jim Kacian's red moon press (page down a bit at this link for the titles), plus a 6 issue subscription to Lilliput Review and two copies of the chapbook upon publication, are as follows:

waiting for you --
the window changes
into a mirror
Jacek Margolak

Up the river –
a boat splits
the Milky Way
Eduard Tara

in and out
of the ambulance's wail
birdsong
Terry Ann Carter

HSA 2009 Mildred Kanterman Memorial Merit Book Awards for Excellence in Published Haiku,
Translation and Criticism

an'ya and Cherie Hunter Day, Judges

The First Place award is for Best First Book and is made possible by Leroy Kanterman, co-founder of the Haiku Society of America, in memory of his wife Mildred Kanterman.

First Place for Best First Book: “a wattle seedpod” – Lorin Ford

Post Pressed 207/50 Macquarie St, Teneriffe, Qld, 4005 Australia.

Second Place: “Empty Boathouse: Adirondack Haiku” – Madeleine Findlay Single Island Press, 379 State Street, Portsmouth, NH 03801

Third Place: "An Unknown Road" – Adelaide B. Shaw
Modern English Tanka Press, P.O. Box 43717, Baltimore, MD 21236

Special Award for Anthology: "dandelion clocks" – edited by Roberta Beary and Ellen Compton, Haiku Society of America Members Anthology 2008

Available from HSA Treasurer, Paul Miller, 31 Seal Island Road, Bristol, RI 02809

Special Award for Themed Haiku Collection: "it has been many moons" S.B. Friedman, Lily Pool Press (Swamp Press). Copies available from S.B. Friedman: 119 Nevada St., San Francisco CA 94110-5722.

Special Award for Chapbook: "Distant Sounds" – Helen Russell

Edited by Connie Hutchison, Ann Spiers and Ruth Yarrow. Handmade limited edition.

Special Award for Haibun: "contemporary haibun, Volume 9" – edited by Jim Kacian, Bruce Ross and Ken Jones, Red Moon Press, P.O. Box 2461, Winchester, VA 22604-1661

Special Award for Haiku Criticism and Theory: "Poems of Consciousness" – Richard Gilbert, Ph.D, Red Moon Press, P.O. Box 2461, Winchester, VA 22604-1661

In the competition for this year's Mildred Kanterman Memorial Merit Book Awards for books published in 2008, 43 entries were received. The judges comments will appear in Frogpond Volume 33:1 2010. Carmen Sterba HSA 1st VP

The Betty Drevniok Award 2010

Haiku Canada established this competition in memory of Betty Drevniok, Past President of the society. With the exception of members of the executive of Haiku Canada, the contest is open to everyone, including Regional Coordinators of Haiku Canada.

- Haiku must be unpublished and not under consideration elsewhere.
- A flat fee of \$5 Cdn (in Canada) or \$5 US (for entries outside Canada) for up to 3 haiku is payable to "Haiku Canada".
- Submit 2 copies of each haiku, each copy typed or neatly printed on a 3X5 card; one card in each set must include the author's name, address and telephone number in the upper corner, while the other card with the identical poem must contain no identifying marks.
- Postmark Deadline: February 14, 2010.
- Winners will be announced at the Annual General Meeting in May 2010. First Prize \$100; Second Prize \$50; Third Prize \$25 for haiku. The top eleven poems will be published in a Haiku Canada Sheet and distributed with the Haiku Canada Anthology.
- No entries will be returned. If you are NOT a member of Haiku Canada and wish a copy of the broadsheet with the winning haiku, include a SASE (business size, Cdn stamps) or a SAE and \$1 for postage and handling.
- Send entries to The Betty Drevniok Award, c/o Ann Goldring, PO Box 97, 5 Cooks Drive, Leaskdale, Ontario, Canada L0C 1C0.

Winning poems from the Kusamakura Haiku contest can be seen at:http://kusamakura-haiku.jp/backnumber/2009/english_e.html. The Grand Prize Winner in the English section was

gull –
the wind's way
with it

Scott Mason

MAGAZINES

Found this ad for Caressa Diamonds in the New Yorker. Their ad-writer knows his or her way around a renga – not always the case as we have seen before. Now if we just had the chance to explain the use of italics in the work to them. . .



The new issue of Contemporary Haibun Online has just been released. Good reading over the holidays.
<http://contemporaryhaibunonline.com/> Ray Rasmussen, Managing Editor,

the fib review, Issue # 5 is now on site at www.musepiepress.com

The Fib Review Issue #5 has been redesigned and posted to the Muse-Pie Press site. This issue features some outstanding Fibonacci poetry from new poets to award-winning poets. It has a diverse and rich blend of short and longer Fibonacci poems that represent works from the international community of poets representing Australia, Italy, New Zealand, the US, and the UK. Submissions for Issue # 6, due to be posted in April 2010, are now being accepted. Please send your submissions to musepiepress@aol.com. Be sure to put "For the Fib Review" in the subject line.

Dear haiku-friends, the monthly highlights on wortArt - January 2010 - are online with: haiku – Jacek Margolak, haiga – Carol Raisfeld, haiku-art-news In haiku friendship with best wishes for a healthy and creative year 2010. Ramona Linke

Modern Haiga 2009 print edition published. This 2009 final edition of Modern Haiga is a firework display of this year's sparks, each produced by artists and poets: Marnie Brooks, Mary Davila, Audrey Downey, M. Frost, Judith Gorgone, Dan Hardison, John Hawkhead, Colin Jones, Jacek Margolak, Ruth Mittelholtz, Elena Naskova, Linda Pilarski, Carol Raisfeld, Sarah Rehfeldt, Violette Rose-Jones, Alexis Rotella, Manoj Saranathan, and Liam Wilkinson. The full-color, letter-size, perfect bound paperback book is priced at \$34.95 and is available at our Lulu store, <http://stores.lulu.com/modernenglishtanka> and at our MET Press website, www.themetpress.com/bookstore/journals.html. Liam Wilkinson (chief editor), Linda Papanicolaou, Raffael de Gruttola, Carol Raisfeld, and Ron Moss. This is the final issue of Modern Haiga.

The new issue of Shamrock Haiku Journal, the online magazine of the Irish Haiku Society, is now available at www.shamrockhaiku.webs.com/currentissue.htm Shamrock is an international quarterly online journal that publishes quality haiku, senryu and haibun in English, and has a home page at <http://www.shamrockhaiku.webs.com> This issue has an ample selection of Slovenian haiku in English translation, as well as an international section, an essay, haibun and book reviews. Also, all the winning haiku from the IHS International Haiku Competition 2009 appear in this issue. The results of the IHS International Haiku Competition 2009 can be found here:
<http://irishhaiku.webs.com/haikucompetition.htm>

Shamrock Haiku Journal is calling for submissions from local, national and international haiku poets for the next issue, which will be out in early March 2010. Please submit your work to the editor at irishhaikusociety@hotmail.com The deadline for submissions is 30th April, 2010. See submissions guidelines at <http://www.shamrockhaiku.webs.com/submissions.htm> .Anthony "Anatoly" Kudryavitsky, Ph.D.Editor, Shamrock Haiku Journal Dublin, Ireland; e. irishhaikusociety@hotmail.com w. <http://shamrockhaiku.webs.com>

The Highly Anticipated Next Issue of The Best Damn Short Poetry Journal Ever
www.roadrunnerjournal.net

Hello Haiku Poets, Sketchbook is now accepting submissions for the next issue. We publish all genre: tanka, rengay, haiga, renku / renga or other eastern genre as well as western genre such as free verse, cinquain, fibonacci, tetractys, sestina, sonnet, etc. Send to: submissionseditor@poetrywriting.org An e-mail notice will be sent to you when Sketchbook goes on line. Karina Klesko and John Daleiden

The December issue of The Ghazal Page is now published. The direct URL is http://www.ghazalpage.net/2009/2009_december.html

and you can reach it through links on the main page. Enjoy!

The new issue of Haiku Reality is out. Please note: Haiku Reality has moved to a new address:<http://sasavazic.50webs.com/indexeng.htm> Contents: Haiku Contests, Essays, Criticisms, Analyses, Interviews: Verica Zivkovic: A Favorite Haiku, Dr. Rajni Singh: Haiku in English, Indian English Haiku and R.K.Singh, Matsuyama Declaration, Dimitar Anakiev: Haiku and Capitalism, Dimitar Anakiev: Basho's Sexual Life. Haiku Gallery: Marc di Saverio, Ed Baker, an'ya. Book Reviews: Zoe Savina, The House: Yolanda Pegli
Best haiku of the issue (selectors: an'ya and Jasminka Nadaškić-Đorđević)
<http://sasavazic.50webs.com/index.html>

Tanka Online is pleased to announce our latest update, featuring Indian musician and poet, Kala Ramesh. An interview with Kala by Amelia Fielden, "A Song in the Air: an Indian Musician's Path to Haiku and Tanka," recounts how Kala started writing the Japanese forms and also how her music background and the Indian concept of *rasa* shapes her poetry. *Rasa*, according to Kala, " means the aesthetic emotion — a flavor, the distilled essence of the mood created in the listener's mind . . . the residue left in our minds after we appreciate a piece of art." Check out Kala's interview, her inspiring tanka, and also the latest verses of our regulars--Jeanne Emrich, Mariko Kitakubo, Michael McClintock, Maggie Chula, Amelia fielden, and Tom Clausen – at www.tankaonline.com (<http://www.tankaonline.com>) . Warmest wishes for a Happy New Year! Jeanne Emrich, Tanka Online Webmaster

Prune Juice Journal of Senryu & Kyoka Issue 3 is now online at <http://www.facebook.com/l/152ea;prunejuice.wordpress.com/> under the editorship of Liam Williams. The Winter 2010 edition features new poems from the likes of Sanford Goldstein, Alexis Rotella and George Swede to name just three. Submissions for issue 4 (to be released July 2010) are now being considered. Please visit the submissions page for details. <http://www.facebook.com/l/152ea;Scribd.com>

Haibun Today - Call for Submissions:—First Quarterly Issue, March 2010 will become an online quarterly webzine in 2010 with issues in March, June, September and December. You can now find Haibun Today at <http://www.facebook.com/l/5270b;www.haibuntoday.com> as well as at its original <http://www.facebook.com/l/5270b;haibuntoday.blogspot.com> address. Full access to the Haibun Today archives will continue to be available via either site. You are invited to submit haibun and haibun-related articles and reviews for consideration in the March 2010 issue. Submission Guidelines are at <http://www.facebook.com/l/5270b;haibuntoday.haikuhut.com/pages/submissions.html>. Forward any submissions by email to Jeffrey Woodward, Editor, at haibun.today@gmail.com.

Atlas Poetica : A Journal of Poetry of Place will close to submissions on January 31, 2010 for issue 5. Poets who are planning to submit should get their tanka, tanka sequences, tanka prose, and articles in as soon as possible. Planned topics include: Vacation/Recreation, Women, Rainy Weather, and Microtanka. As always, we are open to book reviews, articles, announcements, and other items. We also collect international tanka resources, book notes, and other items which are published on a space available basis. Complete submission guidelines and a previous issue are available free online at: <http://www.themetpress.com/atlaspoetica/masthead.html>. Poets who are not familiar with tanka poetry of place are strongly encourage to read the sample issue carefully to understand what we seek. Please note: Atlas Poetica was published by Modern English Tanka Press of Baltimore, Maryland, for the first four issues. Those issues will continue to be available for sale through [themetpress.com](http://www.themetpress.com). As of 1

January 2010, Atlas Poetica will be published by Keibooks of Perryville, Maryland. A new redesigned website will be announced soon and will be the 'one-stop' up to date location for all Atlas Poetica archives and current information. Atlas Poetica was formerly published two times a year, but starting in 2010, will be published three times a year. Atlas Poetica is pleased to welcome Alex von Vaupel as our new technical director. Alex is a fine tanka poet in his own right, and will be serving as webmaster of the revamped site and assisting in other matters. M. Kei.

ARTICLES

THE FIRST LIBRARY OF THE SKY

Clelia Ifrim

In the year 2009, known as The Year of the Astronomy , was the project Space Poem Chain, organized by JAXA - Japan Aerospace Exploration Agency.*

Space Poem Chain or renshi (ren= linked; shi = poetry) is another form of linked verse based on the renga. It was written by poets from all the world, and it was initiated by the poet and critic Makoto Ooka, the one who has supervised the poems of the Space Poem Chain project. Renshi was the origin in the older poetry known as renga or renku, alternating 3 lines, 5 lines, and keeping the close links and the far off ones, known as the " perfume links." The astronauts Mamoro Mohri and Naoko Yamazaku have opened the Space Poem Chain, each with a poem. Selected poems are stored aboard the space module Kibo (Hope) of the ISS - International Space Station .

Thus, the foundation of The First Library of The Sky was laid.

I am very honoured and glad because in 2007 one of my poems was selected for the volume 2 of this project, named "The Stars." My poem is:

I have begun this travel on the morning when I was born.
A star from the depth of the sky is my guardian angel
watching with his own light, my body and my soul, and all my dreams.
At daybreak he sends me a dove at the window to teach me
to decipher the air signs of the sky home returning way.

Also, in 2009, I was again selected with the following poem :

The way of the earth-born ones is a love dream.
I have it from my parents and I will take it with me
in the blue eternal night, as a part of my life.

In his comment, the poet Kiwao Nomura, selector for The Third Space Poem Chain, says: "Ms. Ifrim, a regular, gives the impression of being the possessor of a deep and calm poetic way of thought .Again using simple words , she speaks only the love and departure. All excess has been pared away. Such a work seemed to be the most suitable for connecting to astronaut Wakata."

My poem is the link #24 and it was sent to astronaut Koichi Wakata who is on The International Space

Station. In the movie made aboard of the space module Kibo, Wakata-san says:

“Reading the 24th link written by Ms. Clelia Ifrim , I felt we've been given a gift from our parents and also the mother earth. When I looked out of the window of Kibo , the beauty of the blue planet struck me and I was overwhelmed with gratitude for the gift I received from it .” **

Astronaut Koichi Wakata has written the poem link 25 and his poem is “the first poem ever written by a human being in outer space,” and he sent it to the Terra. The poem written by Koichi Wakata-san is:

Afloat in the darkness before my eyes, the watery planet blueely glows
How strong is my affection for that ancient home of ours,
how deep my gratitude for the gift of life. /
Tomorrow, I will dare the blue sky and open up worlds unknown
for there we have our dreams ***

I'd like to remember other two Romanian poets who have participated in this Space Poem Chain project : Ecaterina Zazu Neagoe from Bucharest, who was twice semi-finalist, and Eduard Tara, from Iassy, who was selected with a haiku, in 2009.

And now, the link 26th, the last from the Space Poem Chain, a poem written by the poet Shuntaro Tanikawa:

Once again we are innocent newborns
infants tied by the umbilical cords of our invisible soul to this star, our home
seeking the answer hidden in the far off distance, asking, asking, without end.

* <http://iss.jaxa.jp/utiliz/renshi>

** News, 10 April 2009, JAXA

*** In August, Koichi Wakata came back on the Terra

UKIAHAIKU FESTIVAL WORKSHOP

Because not every one can attend this workshop, given by the Poet Laureate Committee of Ukiah for teachers in Mendocino schools, I have written up the points in the outline so others can read the material covered.

Jane Reichhold

SIX MISCONCEPTIONS PEOPLE OFTEN HAVE ABOUT HAIKU.

1. A haiku has to have 17 syllables.

This is true only if one is writing in Japanese. Since we write in English, our haiku end up being too long if we follow this rule when counting syllables. A syllable and the Japanese sound unit (what they are counting) are not the same size. We think of Tokyo as having three sound units (toe-key-oh) but for the Japanese the same word has four sound units. This ratio of difference holds true fairly consistently.

So we can write haiku in 17 syllables, but these poems will have more information in them than a Japanese haiku. If being succinct and brief is one of the goals of writing haiku, the idea of adding

adjectives and adverbs just to fill out a line count is counter-productive. If we want our haiku to approximate a Japanese haiku translated into English, we need to find another way of indicating the form. One way is to make the lines short, long, short – in a relationship to each other. This keeps the form and allows the author to pick and use the best words for the poem.

Still there are reasons to use the 17 syllable line count as a form construction device. When teaching children about syllables, it is an excellent way to get them to recognize these parts of speech. Also, even I, when working on a poem will occasionally count the syllables to make sure I have not gotten the line too long. There is a great difference between checking to see how long a line is and forcing the poem to fit into the syllable count.

The harm with the too-handy idea that a haiku is a 17 syllable poem is that it implies that a haiku must have this count to be considered. This belief forces the author to ignore the more important guideline that the haiku be as brief as possible. Since it encourages “padding” – adding unnecessary words just fill a line – the resulting haiku often loses its punch and freshness. It is time for our thinking and our teaching about haiku to reflect our increased knowledge and understanding.

2. A rigid form is harmful to beginning writers.

One of the reasons many of us so admire Japanese poetry is for its discipline. Even before they had a written language, 1,400 years ago, the Japanese composed their poetry in sound units with a five or seven count. And in spite of rebels and revisionists, most of their poetry today is in a firm form. Since our Western poetry has nearly completely tossed out all the rules with our interest in free verse, for some it is very comforting to return to a poetry form – even a borrowed one.

3. Haikus is the plural form.

“Haiku” is a Japanese word made of two parts. The hai can be translated as yes!, ashes, a cup, lungs, people, an embryo, funny, joke, crippled, and ku can mean verse or poem. Since the Japanese do not have a method of making plural nouns, haiku can mean one or many – like our words for deer, sheep and fish. Since we are borrowing their word, it feels wrong or somehow disrespectful to use our method of creating a plural by adding an ‘s’ to haiku.

3. Haiku is only for second graders.

There is the idea that since haiku lend themselves to being the earliest poetry form taught to children, that haiku are only for children or that they are not a serious poetry form. This is like saying because one is taught addition in grade school it has no purpose for mathematicians or adults in their daily lives. I think learning how to write haiku is more like the basic building blocks of other knowledge we learn early. Therefore it is even more important that teachers introduce it correctly. Another reason to teach haiku and haiku writing at all grade levels is that there is so much to learn. In contrast to free verse, haiku, and its related forms, offer avenues for exploration that can build on one another. I am still learning after all my years.

4. Haiku are jokes or stories.

Haiku are about one moment in time. That is the beauty of the genre that it lifts one second or instant of observation into importance. Jokes and stories need a narrative sequence of ‘this happened’ and then ‘that happened.’ Because some haiku are funny it is tempting to try to put jokes into haiku.

5. Haiku is an aphorism or a sentence.

Since the sentence is such a basic element of our speech, it is most easy to write a poem as such. But haiku is poetry and the haiku actually has two parts and if one is aware of them, and uses them correctly, the haiku will not come out as a sentence.

One part is called the ‘fragment’ because it is a fragment of a sentence. The second part is called

the 'phrase' and usually consists of two lines that are grammatically connected. An example would be:

breakfast coffee
the excitement of an ocean
in my cup

One can tip the verse over to have:
in my cup
the excitement of an ocean
(is) breakfast coffee

You can see how one must add 'is' to make the connection within the phrase. But you can also see how this haiku is now a sentence!

However, if you add the 'is' thus:
in my cup
(is) the excitement of an ocean
breakfast coffee

Then you have the two parts showing clearly. This is an important part of haiku writing – more vital than counting syllables to indicate the genre.

6. Haiku is not poetry.

When haiku were re-introduced in the States, in the late 1960s, the haiku gurus stressed that haiku were not 'poetry' and ever since haiku, haiku writers, and haiku poems have been shut out of the English poetry mainstream scene, except for brief interest shown by a few popular poets like T.S. Elliott, Amy Lowell, Jack Kerouac and Gary Snyder – none of whom were good haiku writers. I believe a study of haiku prepares the student of any kind of writing with greater proficiency. Understanding how differently haiku uses simile and metaphor, the attention to detail and exactness, and the focus on each little detail is the basis for excellent writing in any form. One of the reasons haiku is not seen as poetry is because it is very different to what we have come to know as Western poetry.

NINE WAYS HAIKU ARE DIFFERENT FROM WESTERN POETRY

1. Haiku are written in the present tense.

Haiku is not about telling a story, or relating an incident. It does not contain narrative, which is a departure for the way we talk to others and even to ourselves. This is always spoken or written or thought in the past tense. Haiku are written in the present tense so the reader gets the feeling that it is happening right now. No old news here. As the haiku is read or heard, what happens in the brain is what is happening – the situation is being recreated so it occurs right now for the reader. And that is the way our brains work when we read anything, even if it is written in the past tense. When we recreate the images in our brains, it is happening now in the nano-seconds of creation.

2. Haiku are written with as few words as possible – simple, easy to understand.

Though the haiku form is now over 400 years old, its briefness and compact size is perfect for Twitter and Facebook and text messaging. Practicing how say something quickly and accurately is certainly a skill the students of tomorrow's world will need.

3. Haiku contain an image from nature.

This is an idea that often gets lost in the amount of information one can study about haiku. The Japanese people, perhaps because they have a mild climate and lived more outdoors, or because they had a religious system that saw spirits and gods in rocks, trees, sky, mountains, they used images from nature as the framework for their ideas and thoughts. They also had the feeling that linking their thoughts, so fleeting and changeable, to something as enduring as the elements of nature, gave added importance and permanence to the poem. Now, as we attempt to reconnect ourselves with nature and the environment, the haiku becomes an important tool. If one takes the idea that a haiku needs an image from the natural world (this was for hundreds of years a rule in Japan) one looks more closely to that world for inspiration.

4. Haiku use images not ideas – things not thinking.

One of the reasons haiku seem fresh and different to us is because we are, at some level, tired of poets telling us what they did, how they felt and how we should believe or think. Haiku present the reader/listener with images and let him or her decide what to feel or think or experience. How refreshing that is! However, this old pattern of poets is very strong in us so it takes some exercise to get use to not telling the reader our thoughts, our beliefs or judgments in our haiku. Keeping to the use of images and not using abstract ideas or thinking is the first step.

5. Haiku have a limited use of pronouns.

Another way to free the haiku from old poetry patterns is to avoid the use of pronouns. In the example above, see how much stronger the haiku is as:

breakfast coffee
the excitement of an ocean
in the cup

Why did I have to use ‘my’? Yes, that is the way it happened, and accounts for my first version, but by removing the pronoun the haiku opens its meaning to include the reader’s feeling in experiencing the situation. Many haiku can be improved by removing the pronoun one way or another. How much more telling is ‘a tall woman’ than “my mother”? Haiku should be inclusive and exclusive.

6. Haiku avoid expressing judgments.

Western poetry is built on the author telling the reader what to think. The rose is beautiful and the snail is ugly. But who needs that? Finding beauty in a snail is a perfect haiku exercise. But we do not tell the reader the snail is beautiful. No, the haiku writer finds something beautiful or interesting and shows that image in the poem and the reader discovers, “Ah, how beautiful is a snail.” without being told what to do. Part of this side of haiku comes from the Zen Buddhist tradition that encourages us not to see anything as ‘good’ or ‘bad,’ but that it just ‘is.’ This ‘is-ness’ is celebrated in haiku.

7. Haiku have very little or no punctuation or caps

Traditionally the Japanese language did not indicate capitalization. Also, instead of dots or points to indicate punctuation, they had words. It would be as if we wrote:

breakfast coffee dash
the excitement of an ocean
in my cup period

This also explains how their 17 sound units made shorter poems – at least one or two sound units were used in punctuation. Since we agree that a haiku is not a sentence, it does not make sense to use our

punctuation system for it. We write sentence fragments and phrases without caps; why add them to haiku? Since haiku should be simple and direct, it makes sense to write them in the same way. Some writers will add a dash or ellipsis (. . .) to make the cut between the fragment and the phrase. However, if they have use the grammatical syntax properly, this is often not needed. The listener will hear the break without needing to see any punctuation.

8. Haiku are not rhymed.

Almost all the sound units in the Japanese language end with the sound of our vowels – a, e, i, o, u or the doubling of those same sounds. This means that one fifth of their words in a haiku could probably rhyme. How is that for easy? Some translations of haiku have tried making them into rhymed poems but that has another unwanted effect. Haiku work best when the images ‘open up’ or spread out so the reader is encouraged to work with them, to stay with them, to call up images from his or her storehouse of similar experiences. It has been found that we read a rhymed line, there is a feeling of ‘completeness’ or ‘finality’ or feeling that the poem line is ended and we do not need to think about it any more. This is good in other poetry but not for haiku.

9. Haiku avoid personification.

Part of the theory of ‘is-ness’ – a thing is what it is not the idea of something else – continues in the practice of avoiding the personalization of nature. This is such a fundamental and standard practice in our poetry that our language is peppered with examples of personalization that we no longer hear anything weird about:

the clock runs (without legs)

the sun smiles (without a mouth)

a breeze caresses (without hands)

Since studying Japanese poetry, we learn that we can use language differently – more directly and more accurately.

And this is only the beginning. There is so much more to learn about haiku I feel it could be taught every year, at every grade level and there would still be new aspects to explore.

If there is time:

A BRIEF HISTORY OF HAIKU

In the 1600s in Japan the first verse of the renga (then the most popular poetry form) was called a hokku but we would recognize it as a haiku. At that time poets began separating this very special first verse and collecting them as individual poems. Basho was the first rock-star popular writer and teacher of these short poems. Over the years the popularity of the form grew and waned. The highpoints came with the works of Buson, and Issa and some people would include Shiki – all called Haiku Masters.

In the late 1890s the first translations of hokku/haiku were done; first into French and shortly thereafter, into English. Though many poets explored the form, it did not catch on until the 1960s when haiku groups began to spring up around the country and the first anthology, *Borrowed Water* was published with the haiku of a group in Los Altos.

In Japan there are over a thousand groups of haiku writers with over a million members. There are very few countries that do not have at least a small group of haiku enthusiasts and the Internet has allowed them to unite and share their work in their own language and in English. Some have guessed that worldwide more haiku are written than any other kind of poetry.

BREAK

ELEVEN HELPS FOR TEACHING HAIKU IN THE SCHOOLS

1. MOST IMPORTANT: every child can be a poet

Poetry should be seen as being used by everyone in the same way that we all hum or sing songs even though we are not pop stars. We learn to sing by singing the songs we learn from listening to others. But the greatest joy in singing is when we make up our own songs. If a teacher can instill this idea in the students, give them the empowerment, and then the knowledge to also write their own poetry, think how much richer their later lives will be. And because haiku is short, and can be as simple as the person wishes to make it, truly anyone capable of thinking can make a haiku.

2. Poetry is learned by imitation.

Weeks before haiku comes up in your curriculum, begin writing a haiku every day or so in the upper corner of the whiteboard. Leave it there long enough for it to be read several times and pondered. You might consider finding a selection of haiku that reflects the current season. By changing these offered haiku frequently, you are more likely to find one that fits to each child's interest. Only when the student's mind becomes a part of a poem, will there be the interest in reading more and then writing haiku. Give a student the task of picking the daily haiku and he or she will learn a bit more.

3. The student needs to not only know how to write a haiku, but also how to read it.

Sometimes just hearing a haiku read, with inflections and/or gestures, the light of realization to appear. If not, then telling a story of your understanding of the haiku – putting the images into an extended language – will fill out the unspoken parts of the haiku. Then with a small step and a gentle twist, you can show them how to do this very same thing themselves. You can turn the tablets around so that they write as well as they read.

4. Establishing the form as short, long, short.

It has been so convenient to teach that haiku is a seventeen-syllable poem about nature, but as you can see this rule cannot always be applied in English – so drop it. The instruction that can be followed is the suggestion that the haiku contain three lines of short, long, short in a relationship.

5. Enlarging the concept of 'nature' images.

You do not have to limit the beginners with the range of subjects in nature either. Just encourage them to use images they perceive with their senses: hearing, seeing, smelling, tasting, and touching, because this is nature, too. Even six to eight words, not in a sentence, can be enough for a haiku. This gives a "can-do" feeling for even the least word-happy student.

6. Haiku help the students to think outside of and beyond themselves.

Part of growing up is moving off the self-centered life of babyhood. A good practice is to work with poetry from outside of the person – and haiku is perfect for this. If the haiku the class are writing is in the manner of "my hat blew off/ I chased it / down the street," help them to move the emphasis from themselves to the action they are observing. Put the action in the poem in the present tense and move away from memory with "March winds / rolling down the street / my hat," or something even better.

7. If some students simply cannot get started.

It can be helpful to give them a first line. Most appropriate would be a phrase appropriate for

the current season: end of summer, falling leaves, first frost, pine tree, snow falling, melting snow, spring rain, daffodil, summer begins. It is always hard to get the first word of a poem down on that empty paper but by naming an element of the season, their minds will already have begun a journey though their own experiences.

8. If others simply cannot produce anything.

You might be prepared to offer them a haiku unknown to them with the last line cut off. By just giving them the beginning two lines could be enough to take them to an experience they may have had and permit them to finish the haiku in their own way. If their line is different from the original one, the poem is considered their own.

9. Be gentle and accepting of whatever the student writes with honest intent.

We all do not write the same nor do we experience the world in the same way. Whatever a person writes is the very best he or she can do with the skills and experiences which are available for writing a poem. Value this not only you're your comments but with your heart. Teach the students to treasure their experiences and their haiku.

10. Do display the haiku.

Replace your previous haiku examples by writing one of the student haiku each day on the board or by placing the haiku corner low enough that they can write their own haiku. Seeing the verse in their own hand-writing is a powerful connection for students and shows them their own worth and achievement. Think of displaying the haiku in any of the ways as listed in the following section.

11. When the class begins to accumulate enough haiku.

Teach simple bookmaking. The students can either make individual booklets of their own haiku or you can make a class project of an anthology so that everyone gets a copy of all the poems. The simple artwork of haiku writers in Japan, called haiga, encourages students to use brush and ink to make their own illustrations.

OTHER WAYS OF SHARING HAIKU

Here are some additional ideas of how others have shared their haiku.

It has long been a practice, when writing letters among friends, to include a current haiku, either as a date in the beginning, or as a closure. If the letter is well-written, and the haiku is well chosen, you have a perfect example of a haibun – (HI-BUN – a literary form combining prose and either a tanka or haiku). In this way, even letter writing can again be a true art form.

Haiku is a natural for the art form known as “mail-art” that is still practiced by a small group of artists. Instead of making pictures for a museum, these people use their envelopes as their medium of expression and commit their work and art to the vulgarity of the post office. Rubber stamps have played a part in this art form with carved block-print pictures and haiku. Others simply write a haiku on the backside of the envelope where it acts as blessing or prayer for the letter.

People who make their own greeting cards have realized that haiku is a natural for this, and even some commercial companies are interested in using haiku for their cards.

Some make little booklets of haiku by saving the envelopes from daily mail. These are recycled by folding, punching, and hand-tying them into weird little booklets. The result being a cover and about

eight or ten pages. Yes, there is writing and printing on the page, but the trick is to integrate this with the haiku or glue something over it – a stamp or a drawing – so each page is different. Sometimes the haiku is hand-written or one uses alphabet stamps.

Any gift is more personal if a hand-written haiku comes with it. There is an art to choosing the paper, the ink and even the scent so that all fit together and elevate the sense of the haiku, also.

Haiku are perfect for T-shirts – just the right amount of reading and worthy of being pondered.

Haiku have been written on tea bowls and even commercially on aluminum cans of tea. The Ochi Tea Company in Japan regularly has contests, open to English writers, to choose the haiku for their cans.

Haiku go to parties, especially ones held outdoors. It is a tradition in Japan to have a party on the seventh day of the seventh month (called Tanabata – TAN-NAH BAH-TAH) to write haiku on slender paper streamers and to tie them to a bamboo tree.

A variation on this is to write a haiku on a piece of paper and to tie it on a bell as wind-catcher.

Imaginative persons have written their haiku on banners and stood waving them on street corners, as the poet Paul Reys used to do.

Australia has adopted the practice from Japan of carving famous haiku on large boulders. These are placed in special places so passersby can walk from haiku to haiku.

Ty Hadman once told me that when his daughter was lying ill in a children's hospital, he dressed up in a tuxedo, and tied his haiku to strings attached to a stick with bells on it. He went from room to room jingling and making merry for each of the sick children. As a prize each child got to pull off a haiku to keep for his very own.

If we have time, I can also describe other Japanese genres that use haiku.

