

**LYNX**  
A Journal for Linking Poets

XXII:3 October, 2007

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INTERLUDE: SUNSET by Carl Brennan

UNTITLED by Gerard John Conforti

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RAIN SHADOWS by Glenn R. Frantz

ROYAL BLUE by Elizabeth Howard

ASKING PASSAGE by M. Kei

POEMS AT FORTY-THREE #3 by Sanford Goldstein

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OVER AND OVER AGAIN by R.K.Singh

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Victor P. Gendrano

c w hawes

Carrie Ann Thunell

Alan Reynolds

**BOOK REVIEWS**

Modern English Tanka 4, Summer 2007, Volume 1 Number 4. Edited by Denis M. Garrison with Michael McClintock, Contributing Editor. Modern English Tanka Press: Baltimore, MD, 2007. ISBN: 1932-9083. Perfect bound, 6 x 9 inches, 256 pp., \$12.95 US.

Reviewed by Jeffrey Woodward

small events by W.F. Owen. Red Moon Press: Winchester, VA, 2007. ISBN: 978-1-893959-62-0. Perfect Bound, 5 x 8 inches, 64 pp., \$12.00 US.

Reviewed by Jeffrey Woodward

The 5th Season. Selected, translated, and essayed by Robin D. Gill. Paraverse Press: Key Biscayne, FL, 2007. ISBN: 978-0-9742618-9-8. Perfectbound, 7 x 9 inches, 468 pp., \$28 US.

Reviewed by Jeffrey Woodward

summer drizzles: haiku and haibun by Bruce Ross. HMS Press, 2005. ISBN 1-55253-63-9. Perfect Bound, 6" x 9", 84 pp., \$10.00 US in USA/Canada; \$12.00 US abroad. (Available directly from the author at: Bruce Ross, PMB 127, 11 Bangor Mall Blvd., Ste. D., Bangor ME 04401.

Reviewed by Jeffrey Woodward

The Five-Hole Flute: Modern English Tanka in Sequences and Sets. Edited by Dennis M. Garrison and Michael McClintock. Modern English Tanka Press: Baltimore, MD, 2006. ISBN: 978-0-6151-3794-0. Perfect-bound, 6 x 9 inches, 116 pp., \$13.95 US.

Reviewed by Jeffrey Woodward

The Dreaming Room: Modern English Tanka in Collage and Montage Sets. Edited by Michael McClintock and Denis M. Garrison. Modern English Tanka Press: Baltimore, MD, 2007. ISBN: 978-0-6151-5083-3. Perfect bound, 6 x 9 inches, 120 pp., \$17.95 US.

Reviewed by Jeffrey Woodward

Ogura Hyakunin Isshu: 100 Poems by 100 Poets. Translated by Angelee Deodhar into Hindi. English translation of Clay McAuley from the Virginia Text Initiative. Available from Angelee Deodhar, 1224, Sector 42-B, Chandigarh, U.T. 160 036, India. No ISBN listed. Perfect bound, 5 ½ x 8 inches, 90 pp., free upon request from the author.

Reviewed by Jeffrey Woodward

Introduction to CYBERPOETRY An online book at [WernerReichhold.com](http://WernerReichhold.com)

Reviewed by Jeffrey Woodward

For a Sparrow, Haiku by Jack Galmitz. Illustrated by Miroslav Masin, ISBN 978-9989-928-63-5  
Published by Cultural Institution Blesok.  
Reviewed by Moira Richards

Baseball Haiku: American and Japanese Haiku and Senryu on Baseball. Edited with Translations by  
Cor van den Heuvel & Nanae Tamura. ISBN 978-0-393-06219-9. Published by WW Norton &  
Company.  
Reviewed by Moira Richards

Dew Pearls: 9 x 9 tanka poems by Magdalena Dale. ISBN 973-552-73. Editura Făt-Frumos, București  
Reviewed by Moira Richards

Simfonie în verde, Haiku by Adina Enăchescu. ISBN 978-9989-928-63-5, Published by Cultural  
Institution Blesok  
Reviewed by Moira Richards

Blue Smoke - a two voice improvisation. By Larry Kimmel and Sheila Windsor. Illus. by Sheila  
Windsor and Mark Windsor. Winfred Press, 364 Wilson Hill Road, Colrain, MA 01340 USA. Purchase  
Blue Smoke by Sheila Windsor and Larry Kimmel. 89 pp. 46, illus. from: Winfred Press,  
<winfred@crocker.com for \$17.00 ppd. or \$20.00 ppd. outside the U.S. OR Sheila Windsor, 72  
Victoria Avenue, Worcester WR5 1ED, England. Sheila\_windsor@hotmail.com (Paypal accepted) for  
£12 ppd.  
Review by hortensia anderson

Eos, Es Ist Rot, Überholt, Mario Fitterer, Mafora Verlag, 2007. ISBN 978-3929939-06-04.  
Reviewed by Werner Reichhold

Baubles, Bangles, & Beads: Threaded Tanka. Amelia Fielden, copyright 2007. Ginninderra Press  
Charmwood, AUS. ISBN: 978-1-74027-409-8. Trade paperback. 96 pages, 5.5" x 8", perfect bound  
Reviewed by M. Kei

The Parsley Bed: Haiku Stories by Ken Jones. Pilgrim Press: Cwmrheidol, /Wales, 2006. ISBN: 978-  
0-9539-9014-6. Perfect bound, 5 ¼ x 7 ½ inches, 122 pp. Send \$15; US, \$17 CDN, or 15 EUR in  
currency notes or £7.25 in a sterling cheque directly to the author: K. Jones, Troedrhwiwsebon,  
Cwmrheidol, Aberystwyth, Wales.  
Reviewed by Jeffrey Woodward

Stallion's Crag: Haiku and Haibun by Ken Jones. Iron Press: Cullercoats, Northumberland, England,  
2003. Perfect bound, 4 x 5 ½ inches, 104 pp. Send \$15 US, \$17 CDN, or 15 EUR in currency notes or  
£7.25 in a sterling cheque directly to the author: K. Jones, Troedrhwiwsebon, Cwmrheidol, Aberystwyth,  
Wales, SY23 3NB, UK.  
Reviewed by Jeffrey Woodward

The Embrace of Planets: 111 Haiku by Ban'ya Natsuishi. Romanian translations by Vasile Moldovan.  
English, French and Italian versions by various translators. Editura Fat-Frumos: Bucharest, Romania,  
2006. ISBN: 973-552-49-1. Perfect bound, 4 x 5 ½ inches, 90 pp., no price listed.  
Reviewed by Jeffrey Woodward

Border Lands by Jim Kacian. Red Moon Press: Winchester, VA, 2006. ISBN: 1-893959-58-9. Saddle stapled, softbound, 4 x 6 inches, 68 pp., \$12.00 US.

Reviewed by Jeffrey Woodward

The Salesman's Shoes by James Roderick Burns. Modern English Tanka Press: Baltimore, MD, 2007. ISBN: 978-0-6151-4396-5. Perfect bound, 6 x 9 inches, 96 pp., \$13.95 US.

Reviewed by Jeffrey Woodward

Contemporary Haibun, Volume 8. Edited by Jim Kacian, Bruce Ross & Ken Jones. Red Moon Press: Winchester, VA, 2007. ISBN: 1-893959-61-9. Perfect bound, 5 ¼ x 8 ¼ inches, 120 pp., \$16.95 US.

Reviewed by Jeffrey Woodward

shorelines: haiku, haibun, and tanka By Kirsty Karkow, Edited by Cathy Drinkwater Better, Introduction by Beverley George, Published by Black Cat Press. Soft cover, perfect bound, 132 pp, plus ends. Trim 5 in. x 6.5 in. Cover price: \$15.95. ISBN 0-9766407-5-9

Reviews of former books of Werner Reichhold by Jeffrey Woodward

## **ARTICLES**

THE SCHOOL OF DOWSING by John Martone

TANKA AS SONG by Jim Wilson aka Tundra Wind

## **LETTERS** from:

Carlos Colón, M. Kei, Martha Haldeman, Alexis Rotella, Edward Baranosky, Glenn R. Frantz, Ray Rasmussen, Clelia Ifrim, H4U, Dee Rimbaud, Alan Reynolds, Anatoly Kudryavitsky, Jeanne Emrich, SEITO Hyakunin Isshu, Darrell Byrd, Anthony Anatoly Kudryavitsky, Gilles Fabre, and M. Kei.

## SYMBIOTIC POETRY

### A PLATE BETWEEN US

Lynne Rees, Wales (lynne)  
Jim Wilson, USA (dharmajim)  
Moirra Richards, South Africa (moi)  
Karen Cesar, USA (karen)  
Raihana Dewji, USA (sbasil)  
CW Hawes, USA (chris)  
Kala Ramesh, India (kala)  
Josh Wikoff, USA (lemonkind)  
Norman Darlington, Ireland - sabaki (norman)  
with a hokku by Matsuo Basho (tr. Darlington):  
hiyahiya to kabe wo fumaete hirune kana

#### Side 1

how cool the feeling  
of a wall against the feet —  
siesta —basho

sunlight squeezes through  
the shuttered window —lynne

as she takes her walk  
the purling of a brook  
over rocks —dharmajim

\* \* \*

#### Side 2

yes, the earth moved  
for me too, lil' darlin' —moi

on clear winter nights  
I still listen for  
your footsteps —karen

oh, gone Samarra's dome  
its minarets! —sbasil

\* \* \*

#### Side 3

news at six  
another sluggish day  
on Wall Street —chris

fog travels among  
the speeding vehicles —kala

tarot cards  
spread by gypsy girls  
under a full moon —karen

\* \* \*

Side 4

we pile the bones  
on a plate between us —lemonkind

apple blossom  
and the softening  
of tractor ruts —lynne

silkworms dream  
of spinning to the stars —norman

Composed 5 June to 3 July 2007.

#### BLUE PETER CONSIDERS

Dick Pettit  
Diane Webb  
Frances Attard  
Frank Williams

Two blue moons  
in the drifting skylight  
of drunken dreams                      dp

Persephone's stone statue  
breathes in deeply                      dw

eavesdropping  
in the underground  
a whispered conversation              fa

the lip reader shares  
all the latest gossip                      fw

forecast is  
for heavy snow, deepening  
into night                      dp

Blue Peter considers  
tortoise hibernation              dw

as the leaves fall  
the forest slips into  
a natural limbo                      fw

on the verge  
neither can say a word              dp

coming to his sense  
he takes their keys  
out of the bowl                      fw

his rejected plea  
S W A L K                              fa

fresh cut roses  
scattered on the grass  
who will gather?                      dw

at dusk waves gently lap  
an empty shoreline                      fw

This junicho renku was begun on the night of 31 May 2007, the second full (blue) moon in the month. Blue Peter is a BBC TV children's programme. We wrote this by the revolving sabakimethod. The player whose verse is chosen chooses the next from the usually three verses offered by each of other three players. The discards are kept for possible further use.

JUNETEENTH  
Suhni Bell  
Cindy Tebo

slowly unraveling all the red tape

retirement dinner 'water available upon request'

once a year the koi pond refilled with luck

tiger lilies in the spot where the dog used to sleep

autumn breeze shadows scatter to the wind  
maracas from a shake or two of seed packets  
'our song' my middle-aged heart skips a beat  
graduation under green leaves the fallen ones  
tomorrow 12-steps retraced  
sketch of a rapist like the one from my childhood  
peeping tom her man in the moon  
panicattack spacesaround metighten  
booby trap after the mastectomy mom names her prosthetic  
summer drawl of the phoebe before summer begins  
juneteenth the white neighbor's flapping confederate flag\*  
sunrise along the rosa parks highway  
birthday wish i could earn frequent flyer miles for going crazy  
jagged memories of haystack rock  
progressive lenses the optometrist's illegible prescription  
dad's journal the slants of his letters have changed  
cicada chorus then the crickets cicada chorus then the crickets  
head injury the stars become pinwheels of pain  
wake-up call stirring insomnia in my coffee  
shades of depression surround Abercrombie's tree\*\*  
mulberry abstracts your barefeet  
wallpaper moods  
where the lines have parted  
i seem to be missing the director's cut  
cell phone diagnosis there's one test we haven't done yet

new vet a quack in the frog pond  
a twilight soup of hot flashes and mosquitoes  
school cafeteria fruit flies  
army recruiters those smiling faces stalking my son  
lost in cyberspace multilingual directions  
stock jock predictions it's suit and tie weather again  
closer than today yesterday's Alzheimer  
rebuilding the meadow towers of purple milkweed

\*Juneteenth [June 19th] is the oldest known celebration commemorating the ending of slavery in the United States. The Confederate flag has been described as a shameful reminder of slavery and segregation.

\*In Reference to a work by Gertrude Abercrombie entitled, "Charlie Parker's Favorite Painting."

DARK EARTH  
Patricia Prime  
Andre Surridge

stepping stones  
the river changes  
its melody

half-way across  
pausing to watch minnows  
basking in sunlight

close to the surface  
in shallow water

fluid notes  
from a kowhai  
tui song

mountain stillness

leaves fall on boulders  
and on water

as we climb the track  
towards the summit

as you wait for me  
the glimmer of sunlight  
on a mushroom

at the top  
cool air and clear views  
for miles around

taking it all in  
with a deeper breath

dark earth  
the heavy scent  
of humus

crackling of a fire  
to boil the billy  
for tea

you like your's strong and sweet,  
my preference is for black

autumn evening  
the Norfolk pines  
always green

heading home  
a hint of mist  
in the air

the rush of our feet  
brushing through ferns

MORNING TRAIN  
Patricia Prime  
Andre Surridge

running late  
to catch the morning train

worried it won't stop

told you so, his words  
at the shuttered window

moving carriage  
her eyes tracking  
back and forth

along a stationary line  
of motorway traffic

on the horizon  
shifting shapes  
become other things –

patterns that tend to lead us  
into daytime reveries

if he won lotto  
he'd definitely buy  
a yacht

sail off into the blue  
no matter what she said

he is back there  
on old man on the wharf  
in another time  
dreaming of his days at sea  
and of the girl's fine blue eyes

those eyes  
so deep a blue that a man  
might drown in them

rolling down his cheeks  
tears he quickly wipes away

## NIGHT PLAGUE: ZOMBIE HORRORS

Lewis Sanders

Carl Brennan

Night plague  
flesh eaters walk

in the old graveyard

Unconsecrated claret  
luring the thirsty homeless

Strange night lights  
stranger shadows shuffling  
in the night

Rafters creak  
only storm winds shaking  
the hanged man

The antique farmhouse  
cobwebs trembling everywhere

Scratching at casements  
the countryside's mystery  
pleads for admittance

In the village  
running men with shotguns

Regular guys  
shout the usual expletives –  
bars closing early

A woman screams  
a child cries for his mother  
night fog

Her last cigarette smolders  
a perfume in bloodstained grass

In the field  
where pumpkins grow  
shuffling zombie feet

A rustic's severed head kicked  
& kicked down a moonless gorge

Taste for raw game  
the dead woman kneels over  
the dead man

My god enthroned  
in my guts demanding  
more than prayers

Spreading the horror  
the once alive policeman

The disinterred Many  
littering every highway  
stop signs ignored

Old woman at the window  
here and there screams in the city

Rain changing to hail  
vague out-of-towners shambling  
through a crossfire

Army posts overrun  
there is talk  
of using nukes

Our sage president resigns  
Wall Street goes ballistic

The crisis spreads  
from Europe  
sudden blackouts

Newspapers readily torn  
bandage the infected bite

Seeking shelter  
in Notre Dame de Paris  
Death clawing at the doors

Just the latest uprising  
of hungry beggars –  
gargoyles remain calm

From across the Channel  
London in flames

Shakespeare's Histories  
a north wind disintegrates  
charred pages

Debris littered streets  
a lost dog shivering

Untold carnage  
a vagrant lycanthrope  
nearly fainting

Sudden moon  
illuminates the  
strange body

One ragged thing, then others  
Each shadow sensing your fear

Survivors wait  
to be rescued  
here and there a scream

Wave after wave of rawboned stiffs  
taking no prisoners

Running up the stairs  
fleeing the onslaught  
of the hungry dead

Poor rabid beasts  
seeing nothing but prey  
Welcome to my castle

Glaring red eyes  
from the midnight mist

Minor carnivores en masse  
inherit this earth  
graves in broad daylight

## SKULL VALLEY

Zack Lyon  
Richard Tice

dusty butterfly  
goes its own way

a sign shows the green valley . . .  
cliffs rising from deep snow

still no bus—  
snow deepens  
on the scowling gargoyle

deep spring: easily passing

the temple's fierce guardians

empty field  
where the shrine once stood:  
I enter the ancient portal

globe lights of the squid boats  
strung throughout the black ocean

far from home:  
beyond the snowfield,  
the Milky Way

student buses—an old man  
pruning the campus cherries

cherry harvest over—  
all of the starlings  
fat and sassy

among the cement houses  
red peppers dry on black tarps

street vendor selling  
deep-fried sweet potato sticks  
and kumquats

after the snowstorm—  
apricot branches covered with blossoms

sweep of tundra  
Mount Denali  
behind the veil

in and out of sleep—  
my mother's whisper

so much has changed:  
childhood home for sale again  
by another owner

cliff-dwelling wall—  
thumbprint in the mortar

a few seconds  
of a cat's night passage  
trapped in fresh concrete

not quite ripe—

moon among the apricots

picking mistletoe  
in the scrub oaks—no one  
under it anywhere

Stonehenge—  
after the tourists, grazing sheep

#### THE UNMADE BED

David Giacalone  
CarrieAnn Thunell

bus station hobo—  
four plastic seats  
and a tabloid pillow

on each dawn-frosted bench—  
a full sleeping bag

a young cop rousts  
the trestle couple—  
cooing pigeons

in my pupils—  
the mattress  
in the storefront window

snores from the dumpster  
at Executive Suites

dreaming of Dickens  
on an empty belly—  
one more vagabond

#### CALM MORN, WARM BED

CarrieAnn Thunell  
Steven Thunell

snow morning  
waking to the warmth

of his skin

tight stitches of the quilt—  
my wife in my arms

the radio plays  
Bach flute sonatas  
a sparrow joins in

snow melt  
from direct sun—  
her mouth on mine

dawn streaks his tousled hair—  
cold coffee on the bed stand

snow out of clouds  
water within ice  
this love

## WALKING BUDDHA

Francis Attard  
Dick Pettit

Walking Buddha with the right foot forward where my journey ends  
In my beginning Whitsun bells  
Under the stars light years away light years in between  
A life given to pleasure leaves no fine memories  
Waning moon its emptying profile praying mantis  
A live earwig struggles in the bottom of the bucket

Edge to a quest on a wild-goose chase not a wink of sleep  
Home on the range and bivouac in the canyon  
Vagrant's wartime tales celebrates his birthday in the pub  
A youthful audience fascinated and appalled  
New grammar grafts on a game of chess & talk of Greenpeace  
Few in the club tonight heads are intimate  
Wrapped up in elections name-calling headlines & cartoons  
They must toe the line wherever we move it to  
Back to front in the fountain waters reads PEACE  
RAW hands and faces marching into the wind  
Santa's cheeks flushed steadying the mind ballooned with spirits  
Uncle Jim's jokes keep the party up all night

Silent on the shelf laughing clown with its back to Darkness at Noon

Before you're hung           relieve yourself  
Right weight, second   helping of gooseberry pie   good for the stomach  
Conversation sinks       to schools and children's prowess  
Long time to elapse   before the cicada's song   each year's turnout  
The concert in her home-town   becomes a fiesta  
Diaries furnish points   to ponder & mention   in letters home  
Without a shirt           my PC keeps me warm  
Pilgrim's back watched   the day's common prayer   at the Wailing Wall  
A bright moon, and quiet   in Bethlehem tonight  
Freshly-baked bread   breakfast makes me new friends   away from friends  
The morning keeps fine   we do the walk to the shore

Tax assessor hears   of one silver coin found   inside a fish  
A golden handshake       water rates go up  
A nod is as good   as a wink, winnowing song   heard somewhere  
The blackbird's call's intrusive   time for a coffee  
Kind eyes       a shaved head among   the cherry blossom  
Looking out for the one   not yet welcomed

2006

Francis Attard  
Dick Pettit

Two thousand & six -   my first Euro note   used for a bookmark  
Should I send off   for the Back the Badger newsletter?  
Scratch three   and win a glittering chance   in our new promotion!  
Extra luggage weight       jade Hotei for a gift  
The security guys   gather round, laugh   and hand it back  
A mysterious bag       its moon & flowers

A new sculpture   going up in the square   represents eternity  
Chalk cliffs rising       osprey climbs a wave  
Two friends       newly kitted-out, striding   the springy turf  
Hung in the museum   entitled Gazebo  
Anything   can be a work of art   if you call it so  
Stars dissolve in haze   snowdrops droop in a vase  
Sunny leaves   hide the school party   in the sunken lane  
One side of Galileo's moon   in orbit round the Earth  
A gold sovereign   wafts behind the prices   on the business news  
Ghost in a suit of armour   shadow falls weightless at dusk  
I turn slowly   still nothing there   in the curving street  
The quiet of epitaphs   adds history to a graveyard

Crime series   burial in confident hope   of the life eternal  
A rider on a black horse   a balance in one hand  
No resolutions!   let's zap someone...   pour encourager  
Four seasons in all   time & change

A special song for the choir's fiftieth year with original numbers  
Much scattered in books dog-eared pages  
A hint there a longer reference here we track them down  
Tunnel's end in sight light-drenched  
"Nice to see you leave the bottle here and go right in."  
Pale & pickled a van Gogh moon  
A long fork stabs down into the jar at the last onion  
Bribe a silk tie with its blue penguin print

Pretty, wind-scarfed the sports-car driver with urchin for guide  
Jack next to the Queen rest of the hand hidden  
The tea and biscuits are all finished but no-one's leaving  
Next day's agenda in mind & a surprise for Friday  
They do the flower-piece with buckets coming in to deck the hall  
Pots of copper & bronze intensify the colours

#### THE MOWER'S BLADES

Jill Arthey  
Sarah Barker  
Margaret Dowdeswell  
Sue Dunne  
Alec Finlay  
Linda France (Master)  
Malcolm Green  
Beth Knowles  
Alicia Lester  
Ros Normandale  
Carole Reeves  
Tom Richardson  
Christine Taylor

Pink campion trembles  
under the weight  
of the hungry bee

the mower's blades hum  
speckling the washing green

I fear seeing  
your bright edge  
through glass

in my child's eye

the fox walks on two legs

haggis, mashed tatties and neeps  
but my fingers  
still frozen

a sliver of bone  
beneath hard earth

look how the flycatcher  
always returns  
to the same perch

we never say goodbye  
just in case

strapped in tight  
until the safety instructions  
are understood

what will he think?  
the car stinks of fish

a brain the size  
of Europe  
she takes holidays there

leave your boots by the door  
I'm dancing in the mud

different pines  
shed their cones  
at different times

harvest is gravity  
what must be

gulls skirl and screech  
their letters  
across the sky

not a word of Mandarin  
but she knows Chinese

to and fro  
to and fro  
the weft grows

we brush our teeth

in the freshet

clotted pastures  
pale clouds –  
Primula veris

a scent catches  
fills us up.

[www.renga-platform.co.uk](http://www.renga-platform.co.uk)

a nijuuin renga for Midsummer's Day at Garden Station, Langley, 21 June 2006

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## SOLO POETRY

### GHAZALS

#### I'VE BECOME

C.W. Hawes

I've become a saint by being a sinner;  
I've become a rogue by giving up religion.

My turban's the ground, my prayer mat the grass;  
wandering about like Shams, I've become a begging bowl.

Prostrating at the mosque, my religion got lost in a dark corner somewhere.  
Oh, yes, I became a rogue the moment I walked out the door.

Whirling makes me dizzy and the flute gives me a headache.  
I've become a drunkard sitting in the gate of the tavern.

That dark-eyed one, with the curly tresses, plies me with cup after cup  
and now I've become her favorite.

Only a rogue dares to love the Beloved;  
I've become a lover and therefore a rogue.

In a world of ice-cold blue sky, I lost my way;  
but in the spring of my old age I became a seeker.

I composed a song and then another to woo my Beloved;  
a wondering minstrel I've become: lover questing Beloved.

The sun is setting and Suleiman sings a song, dons perfume;  
he's become the wine glass eagerly awaiting the wine.

## SAILING

Ruth Holzer

A Sunday surprise, you invited me sailing.  
I didn't know very much about sailing.

Elderly fishermen lined the wharf,  
caught in a dream of their lost years of sailing.

Light chop, a breeze from the south;  
we agreed it was a fine day for sailing.

Your friend had already left with his boat,  
eager to seize every moment for sailing.

On the dock of the bay we wasted our time.  
Ruth thought it was far better than sailing.

## GHAZAL OF THE STARTLED SILENCE

Steffen Horstmann

It is the crevice a shadow crawls inside,  
The cage of ribs the heart stalls inside.

It is the depths of an abyss  
A stone endlessly falls inside.

An absence evolved from dimensionless Time,  
The lost spaces all sound dissolves inside.

It is the maze of secret rooms  
Masons built moving walls inside.

The emptiness of a pitch-black tunnel

The prisoner crawls inside.

It is the palpable void in abandoned cities,  
Bombed houses the rain falls inside.

The dusty journal in an attic,  
Notes the captive ghost scrawls inside.

It inhabits the abode of a sorceress,  
Housing only the darkest shawls inside.

## ACROSS THE BAY

Steffen Horstmann

A figure in black robes steers a ferry across the bay,  
Through shades of moonlight that vary across the bay.

Fish shine like knives in lucent shallows, a seagull's  
Shriek answers an echo's query across the bay.

Stone madonnas pray in a garden, rising at night  
To wander ruins of a monastery across the bay.

Blown leaves scurry in a ranting wind  
Laced with voices that carry across the bay.

Below an indigo ridge, fringed pines shade  
The hidden grave of a mercenary, across the bay.

The chanting echoes will cease only at dawn  
In the ghost-infested cemetery across the bay.

A white dove was released from its cage & sent  
Into the dark like an emissary, across the bay.

Pearls adorn the hair of a mermaid, emerging  
At twilight in the estuary across the bay.

It saw a comet's trail dissolve in sparkling water,  
The pelican whose flight is solitary across the bay.

10:30 A.M.

Elizabeth Snider

Dawn long past, a memory at mid-morning,  
I sit on the dock in the chair I made.

Maiden alone amid cricket screech,  
legs rub together, hot sound rings.

Rings around the roses, scent rises,  
hummingbirds and bumblebees pause.

Paws on my knees, she stares at me,  
her black muzzle peppered with gray.

Gray skies, clouds gather from the south,  
hang above the dock to shed their tears.

Tears smear my sight as I look down  
into eyes that dim and glaze with death.

Death creeps in the door at mid-morning,  
I sit on the floor with the dog, unmade.

#### NIGHT DESCENT

Richard Tice

sunset just ahead,  
shadow on the clouds just behind

hiss of cabin air  
no further than the curving glass

descending through haze  
above a moving freeway of fire

beyond the wing tip  
spikes of yellow from each street lamp

flight attendant's red jacket  
right down the middle of blue lights

#### HAIBUN

#### THE ROAD

c w hawes

The road is strewn with rocks. As though a giant was tossing pebbles no where in particular. The sky is ominously black. The clouds, roiling. I am sitting by the side of the road, my feet encased in cement. My fingers are Parker Duofolds empty of ink. My tongue, swollen and sprained from too much talk. My throat burns with acid reflux. My mind pondering the word problem which is the past.

scent of roses  
Sunday's crossword puzzle  
set aside

NOON  
Charles Hansmann

Time again, each morning when we wake -- and place too -- us, then me, you -- separate sides for swinging out our legs, a day taking place (we say, though meaning taking time) as approach succeeded by withdrawal, as if the highlight were exactly that, our lives meridian-centric, a countdown to a moment -- the gunfight in the western street, the church bell or the firehouse whistle -- and then a count away from it.

lunchers  
in the clock-tower shade  
eyeing their wrists

SELF-PORTRAIT IN PLATE GLASS  
Charles Hansmann

You pose on the sidewalk, aiming from the belly. Inside the dim diner, three Greeks by the TV (through your reflection you can just make them out) pose for the portrait they think you are taking.

arced in the gutter  
in the street-sweeper's spray  
a rainbow

## CAUSE AND EFFECT

Charles Hansmann

The chickens bock bock bocking in the early morning coop, the heat of the egg in my hand, I think hens sit on nests these cold dawn hours to keep their bottoms warm.

the rooster  
high-stepping  
frozen ground

## FOOTNOTE TO THE SCROLLS

Charles Hansmann

Be not overshadowed by God or gods; he, she, it, they are shadowless in adequate light. Be not aroused by thoughts that you should not exist; there's sex enough in your body parts to resist otherworldly temptation.

reading  
the fossil  
birdprints

## WORKING MAN

Roger Jones

Driving a hundred fifty miles north to my best friend Jay's father's funeral. Jay died years ago in an accident; his father was best man at my wedding.

It's early January. I go through many familiar small towns, but mostly the journey's farmland, quiet sunlit yellow grass, and soon, tall East Texas pines. I get absorbed in the landscape, reminiscing all the way.

I recall how Mr. L\_\_\_\_\_ believed in physical labor, the old-time work ethic. He considered my college studies a waste of time – wouldn't even stay in the room when I talked about them – but he liked me anyhow.

Arriving twenty minutes late, I straighten my tie as I walk through parked cars toward the chapel, hearing from inside the laughter of someone's shared anecdote.

open coffin  
a face the color  
of old coffee

## ON BERKELEY WAY

Tracy Koretsky

Walking south, I meet a woman walking north, both of us simultaneously drawn to the thingamabob left on the curb for trash pick-up. Four-inch-wide metal pipe, powder-covered, and white, it's shaped like the gums in a set of false teeth – both upper and lower. There is a bicycle seat of sorts, on the lower jaw, if you will, and two hand bars where ears would be if the frame were gums. The hand bars were covered in the kind of black foam they cover hand bars with in gym equipment.

The north walking woman shrugs. “It’s new,” she says. “Whatever it is.”

In my mind I contort myself into it, seating myself in the hinge of its maw, restraining my arms at right angles.

“Abs,” I say.

And she sees what I mean. She rubs her back like a woman who knows what back pain feels like.

I see what she means.

“You don’t need a thingamabob to work your abs,” I report, like a well-informed modern woman who may have occasionally from time-to-time engaged in self-loathing over the matter of her tummy.

And I see that she sees what I mean and we both laugh together at ourselves.

“That’s why it’s on the curb,” I say, and she says, overlapping, “That’s where’d it’d be at my house.” And for a moment I imagine that we are both thinking of some stupid thing that we bought once.

Two blocks from home, I see a young man ambling west, his arms full of groceries, his head through the thingamabob.

students back –  
I vow  
to write more haibun

## DOG STAR

Ray Rasmussen

tea kettle whistling–  
steam clouds  
the windows

Thursday night. Another wife-daughter fight with raised voices, crying, doors slamming; I grab my jacket, call the border collie and bolt into the frigid night. The ravine trail is barely visible, the stream frozen...

beneath  
the skin of ice—  
dark waters

An owl calls. I pause, wait for the next call, and let the silence sink in. Branches sweep toward a star-filled sky. The dog presses close, warm fur, her tail wagging...

Sirius  
on the horizon—  
a nudge toward home

[Note: Sirius is known as the dog star and is in the Canis Major constellation. Not including our sun, it's the brightest star in the sky.]

WHAT ARE YOU UP TO?  
Ray Rasmussen

The sun's rays filter through a stand of black spruce where 20 horses, each loaded with 150 pounds of gear, are hitched. Dave, a lanky outfitter, and I are unpacking them. We chat about the grizzly sow and cubs spotted earlier in the day, about how the horses are holding up, about the people on the trip.

men's talk  
the smell of sweat  
and manure

As I struggle with the ropes, Dave asks, "Ray, what are you up to these days?"

I think of telling him that since I've retired, I'm embarrassed to receive a monthly check without having to work. That I no longer wake up by an alarm clock, my mornings unfolding slowly. But I feel guilty about those who have to set their alarms, rush breakfast, fight traffic. During the day I write and when the light is right, I grab my camera, wake the dog and go for a walk. I exchange e-mail with writers, meet pals for lunch, and visit my lover. I do a daily workout, experiment with cooking, and chair a committee to enhance my city's park system. But I view most of these activities as luxuries in a world stressed by war and poverty.

Finally I say: "Well, I write and do some photography."

Dave replies, "Oh, is that right. Do you sell your photographs?"

"Some, but not enough to pay for the film."

So, there it is. I can't simply sit on the back stoop and admire the lawn growing, the shadows lengthening.

"Well," Dave grunts as he hefts a 150-pound load off the horse, "must be nice to have time to pursue your interests."

Yes, how many times have I heard, "Now you have time to become the poet you always wanted to be?"

We slide back into easy chitchat. The horses don't like being corralled, and I don't either. In earlier times I was "a young man doing edge sports," "a professional," "a dad," "a leader" and "a teacher." Now I'm "a retiree" which carries undertones of "geezer," hints of "useless."

We release the horses and follow them as they race out the gate. They kick up their heels, roll in the black loam, shake it off and begin to graze. I wish that the rawness I feel could as easily be shaken off, that the wildflower meadow could be entered so easily.

monkshood bloom  
the whine of mosquitoes  
seems diminished

AHAPOETRY.COM  
Jane Reichhold

The whole weekend and my daughter's visit had gone over the keyboard and into our several computers. After twelve years it had been the time to clear the cobwebs out of the ahapoetry.com website and she had the will and patience to get me started on the job. Every day after she left I spent all the available "good work" hours going over each of the 1,044 files. By Friday night, and with no calls for help, I was ready to upload my gift to the universe.

I called Heidi to get the final set of instructions on the procedure to hook up to the server. While eight hours away, on the top of her mountain, she raked pine needles blown down from the first rain of autumn. I could hear the scratch, scratch of the rake as she talked on the phone, guiding me to fill out the menus. One field of light, called the remote host, was filled in by default and she admitted that she did not really know what else should be put into that option. I was so determined to get the job finished, well at least up on the web so I could see what additional fixes the pages needed, she agreed that I should try making the connection with the information I had.

In the perfect style of computers, one small lack and nothing worked. I gave up for the weekend and fell into bed with the waning moon. As the morning sunshine nudged me awake I had one more dream.

There was a poisonous rat loose in the house. Everyone in the family was afraid of it. The rat would magically appear in the room, run from corner to corner, only pausing to look at someone as if they were meat for dinner. After calmly observing the rat's appearance several times with due regard for its danger, I noticed that each time it disappeared it leapt into an electrical outlet.

The next time the rat was running around the room, I stepped over to the light switch and to my good luck it chose just that outlet for its exit. Without thinking of the consequences, I grabbed the rat by its throat. Then I remembered that its bite was poisonous, so I grabbed its upper lip and pulled it down to its chest and with the power of my thumb, held it helpless.

As if watching a slide show, the next scene showed a celebration of the riddance of the rat. Some guy from NPR was interviewing me as we bustled around setting up a table and chairs for a party. He asked me how I felt when I realized that the live rat I had caught in my bare hands was poisonous. I replied, "Phau! That is spelled p-h-a-u." and I woke myself up.

My first thought of the new day was the correction needed in the remote host address.

work of days  
slides through the month's mouth  
ripening fruit

## WHERE DID YOU GO? OUT...

Richard Straw

Rain or shine these summer days, I ride my coaster-brake bike, a red Schwinn. It has matching wire baskets over its rear tire and a combination speedometer/odometer on its handlebars. Wherever I go, I use its rearview mirror to watch for any familiar cars that might trail me on my town's tree-lined streets.

I discovered an abandoned limestone quarry on the north end of town earlier this summer. It isn't far from the Workingman's Friend gas station that stands right where our old home once was, next to the Jesus Only Tabernacle.

Other kids bike to this quarry, too. They ride fast over its grassy humps and along its weedy paths, then swim in its dangerously deep cold water. One kid on a rock screams warnings to the others about mining equipment below the surface and to watch out for snakes.

I keep to myself though, not because I fear those kids or whatever else might hurt me here. I worry that, if I make friends with anyone, my parents might find out that I've disobeyed them and left our safe residential neighborhood on the other side of town. I never know whose blue-collar parents might work with mine.

bike

release...  
a tiny bass darts  
into shadows

## STILL

Jeffrey Woodward

As if the warmth of the sunlight never visited us before, as if this budding green were the first and leaf a name hitherto unknown or as if a sky devoid of clouds were a fictive world of clarity destined to remain the darling of the perfect-bound pages of a popular novel... Here in this public park and garden hideaway of some few acres, here with the midday urban traffic an audible hum never faraway, here with the man who fetches a stick from his golden retriever and here with the young mother whose toddler cries higher, higher above the rusty crick and creak of a swing... Now is the time for a deathless song, for a flute and voice, but no such song is forthcoming. Now is the time for a taste of

that forbidden fruit of our father's father or of his father before him, but no such fruit offers itself in this, our manicured garden. Now is the time for all good typists to abandon their salaried cells and sterile assignments and here they are, even so, blinking their eyes to adjust to the novelty of a plain and unadorned light. As if, in the end, another hour than this present ever could or did exist, as if a minute were a stone or a cloud or anything you please other than an indecipherable whisper of a soothing breeze or as if, in the beginning, one were able to foresee anything other than what is, for now, this end....

still,  
for a time,  
in the blossom shade

## IN THE COMPANY OF THE CLOUDS

Jeffrey Woodward

Befriend the clouds. Study their movements throughout the four seasons and throughout the myriad changes of their day. Every cloud distinctively one and no other; every cloud constant only in change.

Do not forget the child, an eager companion of the clouds. Do not forget a fair weather afternoon with a bed of grass – hands folded behind the head, eyes fixed on the heavens – what did you see?

make of it  
what you will ...  
cloud-viewing

Clouds high, clouds low; clouds hurried, clouds slow. a massive cumulus cloud folding in on itself, folding out to greet you: now a ridge and path to a peak's summit exposed, now the scales from neck to tail of a dragon. Or, for a time, lazily with a stem of grass for a straw, gazing into what little is there and what soon will not be:

leaving little  
to the imagination –  
a wisp of cloud

Befriend the clouds. Penetrate the secret of their nature and thereby discover your own. Let another balance the account and number what is lost and what is found.

... and if  
the sky clears –  
alone

## THROUGH THE CALM

Jeffrey Woodward

What became of that young man in his proverbial garret? And why? I wake, sweating profusely, and sit up in bed. The chilly gray first light of early spring and a mourning dove's deep cooing only are there to greet me, still disturbed by the vivid color and action of a dream, of a memory really, of 20 or more years ago.

Staying up all night, devoting evenings to drinking coffee and excitedly discussing our most recent finds –

now a sinuous lyric neither of us had read before, now a painting previously overlooked in some master's oeuvre, now an Elizabethan ayre or an etude for piano perhaps – driven by shared ambitions and reciprocal rivalries, desirous of creating an art to equal that of our shifting enthusiasms. 20 or more years ago relived vividly with eyes closed – another all night session, our excited talk ending only with utter exhaustion, the two of us sitting on his tiny balcony on an early May morning as quiet

and still as Eden's very first morning, a quiet gradually deepening with our realization that nothing more might be said, nothing more need be said:

a magnolia  
through the calm  
cascades

20 or more years ago until, soon after, we slowly drifted our separate ways, my own increasingly irregular efforts to renew the friendship forestalled by his gentle evasions: 20 or more years later – the nightmare's segue from that brilliant May morning of boundless promise and peace to a dire winter

solstice some two or three years later, a winter solstice of discovery of such deep betrayal, when I received a tearful telephone call from the brother who found him, the segue now from the trance of sleep to this gray, abiding light:

my friend only in a dream  
forgets his suicide to bring  
tidings of blossoms

## SEQUENCES

### GIRL WITH A PEARL EARRING

(from a Vermeer painting)

Edward Baranosky

You feel unseen eyes  
Boring into your back,  
Your shoulder  
Turning toward the mirror,  
A silent word on your lips.

A sudden gesture,  
The naked teardrop earring,  
The contrapposto

An unforeseen classic pose  
Stopped in mid-question.

The hazy light  
Muting old Amsterdam,  
Lights your eyes.  
But there is only one pearl;  
A Malay pirate wears the twin.

The artist's hand  
Caressees the canvas.  
Lost in paint,  
The imprimatura of dreams  
Becomes invisible.

Your almost smile stops,  
A blush rises quickly  
And fades slowly,  
The sight of your self  
Reflected in his eyes.

LITHOGRAPH BY KAETHE KOLLOWITZ, 1942  
Edward Baranosky

Black lines of liquid light,  
Flailing arms grasp for resistance  
Into the night wind,  
No Pieta in this scene, no  
Immaculate Easter anguish.

Children will always be  
Children, no secret here to reveal,  
Or comforting liturgy.  
But my weakness is still in my faith,  
Kneel with me, Mother.

Am I not food,  
Clenched in this infant's fist?  
Time passes seaward.  
The crayon traces the anger  
Between chattering teeth.

Who do you think gasps

For unforgiving air  
So far from birth?  
Am I not the toxic source  
For my dying son?

What do they say I am?  
Don't human impressions  
Linger past music?  
These embers of burned bread  
Are too late for small hands.

INTERLUDE: SUNSET  
Carl Brennan

Lighter than dreams  
the ornate sarcophagus lid  
I brush aside.  
My family ranged around me  
stops their indistinct whispers

To me they've bequeathed  
this tomb's unspeakable calm.  
Here the silence wakes  
a memory of dead glory:  
Yes, I marshaled armies once,

routed pagan hordes –  
my mind and sword unresting,  
the cause pronounced just;  
my name bruited, a byword  
for matchless strength of purpose--

"Dracul"- much revered  
wherever Christ's ensigns shone...  
Something intervened  
between myself and the sun,  
withering all my glory

in its quick cold  
embrace: as roses touched by frost  
or this transformed hand...  
So the honor of my name  
suffers eclipse. Still I live

as a peasant lives –  
fulfilling appetite,  
obedient to thirst–  
an iron chain of urges  
constraining my thoughts, my will;

as a townsman too,  
with the wolf and bat Remorse  
penned in discreetly;  
but most as an old soldier  
whose only pastime remains

the difficult hunt...  
Let my deer secrete herself  
in deepest vault  
or mountain fastness, with armed  
sentries posted round the clock–

I will find her.  
Born to bleed, my quarry shall bleed.  
Call her Lucy,  
her cries taste delicious. Pity  
any who disturb our sport

UNTITLED  
Gerard John Conforti

Like day and night  
coming and going  
the days are the same  
and the nights too  
so alone with myself

the bowing winds  
I feel the cold winds  
freezing my face  
into icy eyebrows  
and melting by the fire side

if I could change  
my life around I wouldn't  
it was meant to be  
and people do get me wrong  
when some will understand

GARDEN AND MOUNTAIN  
Glenn R. Frantz

by abandoned roads  
    alone  
    among the hills  
white-wing butterfly

we stand still to hear  
stone-piled fence  
silent speaking  
to our right and left

someone is walking...  
nothing but flat  
field... i lie  
down on burning rocks

now having taken  
fleeing into  
wandering  
slowly he walks back

silent the garden  
among the pale  
white mountains  
of stranded boulders

a voiceless flower  
    brushes,  
    singing faintly  
a white butterfly

when i raised my head...  
suddenly the hand  
    of leaves  
inquisitive breeze

over and over  
garden and mountain  
in a frozen  
awakening time

RAIN SHADOWS  
Glenn R. Frantz

out over the lake

rain for you today  
nearer and nearer  
uneven shadows

after the shower...  
quick, quick, out  
and seek  
a single droplet

After bells had rung  
also hidden  
as rain drops  
in the cool evening

nightlong in the cold  
water lapping  
the fallen  
branches of the pine

ROYAL BLUE  
Elizabeth Howard

vacation over  
we drive winding roads  
toward home  
ours the only vehicle  
the only headlights

lights sweep across a sign  
Royal Blue  
once mined and clear-cut  
now reclaimed  
a wildlife area

we cruise ess curves  
on a foggy road  
thinking of home  
family and pets  
mail and mower

all at once  
a bull elk looms  
in a hairpin turn  
the wheels spin  
our mouths metal

## ASKING PASSAGE

M. Kei

asking passage  
of the briars,  
I step deep into  
the hollow forest

trash tells me  
that other feet have  
trod this trail,  
but today  
I am the first

windchimes  
tall saplings  
bare of leaves  
sway and rattle  
their branches

a moss carpet,  
greening before  
the trees  
acquire new leaves  
and close the forest roof

two dark birds  
hopping through  
the underbrush,  
slated-colored, like storms  
without names

last year's  
brown weeds  
slowly sink beneath  
a rising tide  
of new green

"nothing in haste"  
the brambles remind me,  
gently, slowly,  
ease through  
the difficult parts

robins  
the blackness of  
their heads  
proclaims

the mating season

yellow blooms  
of woodland strawberries  
darkened for just a moment  
by the flicker of  
a bird's passing shadow

woodland hiking  
the youngest shades  
of green being born

shining like a mirror:  
the end of a discarded  
beer can  
before the weeds  
cover it

try as I might,  
these boots  
trammel green things;  
the crack of sticks  
rebukes my heavy ways

stones at the root  
of tall trees  
covered in moss;  
the bones, sinew, and skin  
of earth himself

something large  
and not human  
laid down in these weeds,  
made a nest,  
and rested a while

looking back,  
the trail I have left  
is ragged  
and wandering,  
a stranger to this land

a sunny thicket  
blinded,  
I cannot find my way  
in shadows  
unless I too am shadow

that trail

through a tunnel  
of greenery  
wasn't made for  
human beings

an orange stake  
labeled "control point"  
flagged with  
blue and white ribbons  
in the middle of the woods

discarded soda cans,  
"Moon Mist" flavor  
next to the stake  
that calls itself  
"control point"

again that  
barking birdsong  
I know so well,  
but never have I seen  
the one who sings it

walking through  
tall weeds beside  
the highway,  
the white bones of  
a deer skeleton

surprisingly human  
these vertebrae,  
leg bones scattered  
in all directions

hollow ribs,  
empty of marrow,  
hollow vertebrae,  
empty of will,  
all things come to this

no skull nor pelvis,  
but an empty soda bottle  
where a heart should be,  
the bones disturbed  
before I ever found them

today  
I take a path  
never taken

that can never be  
taken again

tall brown weeds,  
their toppled stalks  
point the path of  
the prevailing winds

the remains  
of another dead deer  
the stench drives me back  
to view gnawed leg bones  
and a torn pelt

a nest of dead grass  
where the doe first lay,  
her leg bones torn away  
and licked clean by  
something hungry

those first bones  
were so very small  
without the dead doe  
I would have never  
known the fawn

a bramble rose  
snags my sleeve  
a reminder of  
this living world  
about to bloom

a faint perfume  
from a tree with  
pale flowers,  
this too is a thing for which  
I have no name

clumps of  
yellow blooming weeds  
in this field  
it is I am who am  
useless and unwanted

I want to go home now  
this forest no longer  
gives me passage,  
brambles and deadfalls  
block my way

thorns grab  
my clothes and  
hold me back,  
but this rock  
offers me a place to rest

this cool breeze,  
this bed of wild  
strawberries in bloom,  
bird calls all around . . .  
perhaps I shouldn't leave

in these  
freshly toppled weeds,  
I recognize my own trail  
and follow myself back  
to whence I came

after the woods,  
the bleeding hearts  
planted by  
a previous tenant  
are pleasantly domestic

pungent green air  
the smell of the woods  
clings to my shirt

my black boots  
still in the shower,  
drying off  
after hiking  
through the woods

### POEMS AT FORTY-THREE #3

Sanford Goldstein

(these unpublished poems  
were taken from my tanka diary of 1968;  
in the sixties and seventies,  
hardly anyone knew tanka,  
though some of mine got through –  
now I am 81)

seeing my dad  
alone in the kitchen  
drinking beer,

I realize something of  
what being seventy may be

I avert my eyes  
in the college corridors  
these days,  
not wanting to play the phony  
ready to agree, ready to make a point

my mind  
so full of thought these days –  
even at breakfast,  
don't want to see my kids  
beside me playing with their food

sometimes  
like my dog under this chair,  
I want to sit,  
to rest, at the feet  
of a master

what's happened to  
not to think, not to think?  
these days  
my skull's riddled  
with thought and doubt

can't sit still  
this summer day,  
walk for coffee,  
scribble some poems,  
take notes and toss my book aside

that face  
caught in my car's lights,  
was it lonely  
or did I make it so  
this summer night?

my kid  
squirting his gun  
at bugs  
at red and white flowers  
this summer afternoon

#### DRIFTING WITH A CRYSTAL BALL

In this first sequence I have linked the 5 tanka with two things. One with the repeating "I dream" in

every fifth line. And the second link is with the various shapes and textures that are considered dreamlike.

Terra Martin

these feathers  
lazily afloat now  
drifting down  
in wispy curls  
I dream

field poppies  
the crossroad aflame  
the rising phoenix  
in love's ashes  
I dream

Queen Anne's lace  
intricate, delicate  
a survivor  
seamlessly  
I dream

the dandelion seed  
as if a crystal ball  
borne on the wind  
carried by a wish  
I dream

late summer light  
on a granite stone  
ears of wheat  
in a golden harvest  
I dream

#### CROSSROADS OF LIGHT

In this second sequence I have linked all the verses that involve light changed a few of the lines around so that light/dark themes interplay touching on metaphors of light and dark with the bible and devil

suggested.  
Terra Martin

a sliver of light  
shows the way  
branches parting  
to a leather bound  
book

late summer light  
on a granite stone  
ears of wheat  
the gold of harvest  
stored in a seed

the dandelion seed  
as if a crystal ball  
borne on the wind  
to the land  
of the midnight sun

northern lights  
in a dance of veils  
like a roused genie  
you quicken  
my desire

rising phoenix  
at the crossroad aflame  
devil's sunset  
forgiveness scattered  
in love's ashes

#### TEXTURES OF TIME

I have linked all the textures of  
nature threading them throughout to create an emotional translation of a situation by suggesting a  
beginning, middle and end.

Terra Martin

rough hewn bark  
the cracked pigment  
of a canvas  
between furrows  
a tilled smile

Queen Anne's lace  
intricate, delicate  
a survivor  
I sew the seams  
torn by thorny words

white heather  
across the moor  
a bridal dress  
waits by an open  
window

a tangle of roots  
and alligators  
in murky waters  
our veiled secrets  
wavering

an hour glass  
on a granite stone  
trickling time  
the gold of harvest  
stored in a grain

#### DANCING SPIRITS

In this 4th sequence I have taken the original single tanka (which is the first one in this sequence. Then I have built a whole new theme around it. Using feathers as the introduction and moving the second tanka into drum beats, third into Dallin's bronze, fourth to an elder and fifth finishing with a wooden flute. It took on a native Indian element from tanka 2-5.

Terra Martin

these feathers  
lazily afloat now  
drifting down  
in wispy curls  
I dream

the beat of a drum  
steadily  
as the spirit moves  
I let the rain

wash over me

the open arms  
of Dallin's bronze  
Appeal To the Great Spirit  
I plant next year's  
seeds

an elder  
dances in a circle  
awakening the past  
I tell the stories  
of how we met

a soothing tone  
from a wooden flute  
I come of age  
and am nurtured  
by sweet memories

#### WAVES OF GRASS

This fifth sequence is a variation on the 4th sequence "Dancing Spirits" I start off with the same tanka and move in yet another direction.

Terra Martin

these feathers  
lazily afloat now  
drifting down  
in wispy curls  
I dream

the pink crystals  
of the fragrant grass  
a rosy sparkle  
when friends mention  
your name

quaking grass  
it's lantern-shaped tail  
silver and white  
so tender the love  
I hide

switchgrass  
upright and open  
in a haze  
I invent things to do  
to stop thoughts of you

pampas grass  
with it's slender strand  
waving a flag  
I try to come to terms  
with this piercing love

COUNTY FAIR  
Linda Papanicolaou

show barn –  
the blue-ribbon heifer's  
polished hooves

a gingham cover  
on each pickle jar

two farmers in their  
John Deere caps discussing  
ethanol

corn dogs  
my fingers sticky pink  
with cotton candy

grandmother almost  
wins the raffle

midway lights  
stretch out beneath  
the ferris wheel

ARK  
Linda Papanicolaou

zoo fence –  
the lions' outdoor  
habitat

a group of city children  
in their camp T-shirts

this way to the seals  
rhinos polar bears – that way  
zebras tigers wolves

penguins chimps giraffes but  
no more elephants – they died

how silently  
the animals line up  
at feeding time

the silverback gazing past  
people making monkey faces

FÜR GEORG JAPPE

The German haiku poet and artist Georg Jappe died on March 15, 2007. He was an avid bird watcher as well as one of Germany's best early haiku poets.

Jane Reichhold

vom Zaun  
um neues grünes Gras  
ein auffliegender Vogel

from a fence  
around new green grass  
a rising bird

gegen den Himmel

die Form seiner Flügel  
sein Gedicht

against the sky  
the shape of his wings  
his poem

Ei-gesprenkelt  
braun und ganz dünn  
sein Buch

egg-speckled  
brown and very thin  
his book

Worte als Zeichen  
in die Zukunftweisend  
wir fliegen nicht allein

words as signs  
pointing to the future  
we fly not alone

ANDIJK  
Alan Reynolds

Andijk,  
small Holland town  
whose houses ride big farms  
across broad polders diked against  
cool sea.

Eyes tear  
as bikes bite wind  
and pedals churn  
through fields that dream they're still beneath  
that sea.

A hawk  
we see, don't hear  
preys meters to our south  
and ten above us as she hangs  
to stoop.

Green hangs

near Blue today.  
And Grey, soft-edged as Spring,  
takes wing and kisses wet flat land  
to life.

'False light' -  
sun shopped through clouds -  
bathes ewes who show their new black lambs  
old paths up dikes to freshest grass.  
Crows wait.

MISTRESS  
Alan Reynolds

He walks  
their balky dog  
through rain to a phone cell  
to check how she spends Christmas Day.  
Alone.

No crowd,  
just her, her phone.  
No spouse, no child's delight.  
No prize. No party feast for four.  
Alone.

He talks,  
half soaked, alert,  
the phone cell light with love.  
Wet rubber boots, dog left outside  
alone.

At home  
his wife puts kids  
to bed, and says, 'sleep tight'  
and goes upstairs to take a call  
alone.

AUTUMN  
Ashley Rodman

autumn cold  
a dark fish skims  
my toes

falling leaf  
the starling flock

changes shape

the crisscross  
of popcorn strings  
autumn begins

the warmth  
of morning blankets  
having you back

evening mist  
yellow leaves cover  
the red

an open door  
autumn clouds  
the kettle

dark house  
a wrinkled pumpkin  
in the window

late autumn  
silence in the trees  
wakes me

gold mums  
young cousins gather  
the centerpiece

OVER AND OVER AGAIN  
R.K.Singh

Short nights and long days  
sleep loss rustles a friction  
echoing in bed  
the cycle of cravings  
over and over again

Rises with  
the lingering shadow  
of the dream:  
the serpent of love  
tickles between the thighs

The body that died  
and the body that quivered  
with menstruation  
is me in dream fear and hope  
shake love to light the flame

The cocktail of drink  
drug and meditation –  
nightly yelps  
tease unshared guilt  
the hell of silence

REBIRTH OF A WILDLIFE SANCTUARY  
(a sequence in English and Spanish)  
CarrieAnn Thunell

a heart  
beat away from me  
my mate conducts  
of bamboo chimes

I with spade  
and he with shovel  
turn the turning Earth  
Gaia is greening  
beneath swallow song

in the  
garden  
a greening community

quickens—

together we plant

a western red cedar

springtime

nursery—

we search row after row

of perennials

for native plants

to build a habitat

the lawn replaced

with a sprinkling of flowers

native trees and shrubs—

rabbits and birds attend

the opening ceremony

we

sit

beneath our cherry tree

amidst

the contentment

of bees

RENACIMIENTO DE LA RESERVA NATURAL  
CarrieAnn Thunell

un golpe del corazón

lejos de mí mi compañero

realiza el viento

a su jardín

de carillones de bamboo

yo con pala

y con él con pala

palas la Tierra de la vuelta

Gaia llega a ser verde

traga abajo la canción

en el jardín

una comunidad vueltas a verde

germina—

plantamos

un cedro rojo

tienda de jardín de la primavera—

buscamos las muchas filas

de las plantas perennes

para plantas natives

para construir un habitat

el césped reemplazó

con flores dispersadas

árboles y arbustos natives

los conejos y los pájaros asisten

la ceremonia de apertura

nos sentamos

abajo de nuestro cerezo

entre

el contento

de las abejas

THE PEACE IF MUSIC –  
Diana Webb

proliferation  
of great white poppies,  
a fountain plays

mute swans glide by,  
their ebony marks

she knows  
but does not speak,  
showing the way

into the wood  
leaf by mellowed leaf

at bedtime,  
'Please can I do  
a moon rubbing?'

that first date,  
his highly polished shoes

just a a slip on the ice-  
within days  
two burials

here on this spot  
their shared ancestry

a picture of girls  
in Victorian dress  
their hair in ringlets

today a different ribbon,  
this one's for hearts

through diamond panes  
of the church window  
magnolia blooms

Gregorian Easter chant,  
the peace of music

## SINGLE POEMS

the power cut  
blinds us with darkness  
that was always there  
like a cherished belief  
demolished

William Hart

jammed in traffic  
by the entourage  
of a bigwig

we coin sarcasms  
to speed his passing

William Hart

his poet's mind  
formerly a kingdom  
now stalks two rooms  
bewildered by memories  
of flying

William Hart

Please judge me not too harshly  
for leaving my shanty place.

I longed for a land paved with gold  
where no one ever sleeps hungry.

Have you heard of sex for food,  
please judge me not too harshly.

Victor P. Gendrano

it is almost closing time  
here at my favorite bar

I ask for yet another drink  
this one for the road I said

I did not tell anybody  
that today is my birthday

Victor P. Gendrano

the visiting son laments  
his loss of their backyard tree

where as a teen he carved a heart  
to express his very first love

his widower dad explains  
twice there I tried to hang myself

Victor P. Gendrano

as I brush mom's golden hair  
she keeps talking to unseen friends

she accepts me now as a friend  
in the hospice where she lives

sometimes I wonder if she knows  
I am her least-liked daughter

Victor P. Gendrano

He searches for his daughter  
in the desert of broken dreams.

She joined others to try their luck  
to cross the border north of them.

Above, he hears a vulture's shriek  
somewhere close by a feeble cry.

Victor P. Gendrano

I could not help but help her  
the old lady with a walker.

Guiding her slowly to the car  
she rewarded me with a smile.

Right then and there from distant past  
she is my late wife and mom.

Victor P. Gendrano

this early spring night  
with the waning half-moon shining  
through the thin clouds  
I wonder whether you will  
try to hang on like the snow

c w hawes

my hand  
caressing your cheek your breast  
this afternoon  
the hands of the clock  
stroking the time to part  
c w hawes

sunrise  
and no breath  
of wind  
in the stillness  
chanting of prayers  
c w hawes

### OLYMPIC COASTAL BEACH by Carrie Ann Thunell

Hiking down to the beach  
on the wild wet Olympic Coast.

Sunlight shines on water  
sparkling like diamonds on each wave.

Bright blue sky yields to dusk,  
sun sinks past rising opal moon.

### MOONLIT NIGHT by CarrieAnn Thunell

Moonlit night, ocean waves  
swirl in silver phosphorescence.

Kayak dips, bobs and glides  
between jagged sea stacks in dusk.

The incoming -tide swells  
engulfing wet cliffs and my heart.

MY WILL  
Alan Reynolds

All Will  
and no talent.  
All I share with Shakespeare  
is thinking on bad nights we both  
are dead.

## REVIEWS

Modern English Tanka 4, Summer 2007, Volume 1 Number 4. Edited by Denis M. Garrison with Michael McClintock, Contributing Editor. Modern English Tanka Press: Baltimore, MD, 2007. ISBN:1932-9083. Perfect bound, 6 x 9 inches, 256 pp., \$12.95 US.  
Reviewed by Jeffrey Woodward

Denis M. Garrison, in his lead editorial "Looking Back and Moving Forward," celebrates with this fourth issue of Modern English Tanka the completion of the quarterly's inaugural year, noting that over 2000 poems by 100 plus poets appear in the 1000 odd pages of the first volume. Even this reviewer confesses his awe of such numbers, of the sheer labor of the editors and of the breakthroughs, such as electronic and print-on-demand technology, that has so empowered what once operated under the somewhat patronizing name of the "small press."

Each issue to date, while devoting most of its pages to its *raison d'être* (the presentation of the best tanka in English), has reserved significant space as well for a book-review section to keep its readers apprised of the most current releases on the tanka scene and for an essay section where questions of tanka theory and criticism are debated. Essays in MET 4 include the how-to and practical (Jean LeBlanc's "Teaching Tanka"), the speculative and cerebral (Michael McClintock's "Tanka in Collage and Montage Sets") and the programmatic (Carrie Ann Thunell's "Toward an Aesthetic for English Language Tanka"). The limits of a review forbid my engagement in a thorough discussion of the expository prose merely cited here, but some brief comments on contributing editor Michael McClintock's "Tanka in Collage and Montage Sets: Multivalence, Duende and Beyond" may be of service in rendering to the reader who is unfamiliar with prior issues of MET the tenor and level of the critical debate in its pages. While the importation of the Spanish aesthetic of *duende* strikes me as wholly gratuitous in relation to tanka, McClintock's effort to establish a critical vocabulary for the phenomena exhibited in tanka sets is laudable and his prose concise and clear. On one of the key concepts of the essay, for example, McClintock quotes Garrison's definition

"... the term "multivalency" refers to "the property of words to react to one another, interact with one another, to be fungible and suggestive. A multivalent tanka is one with dreaming room." To this vital kernel of thought I would add this extrapolation: I think the presence ... of "multivalency" is what gives a tanka the power to combine with other tanka, or with other short forms, to form larger

structures ..." (p. 17)

From this "kernel," McClintock turns his attention to formulating definitions for what he terms tanka collage, "an assemblage of tanka with other short forms ... intended as an aesthetic whole (p. 21)," and tanka montage, being "two or more tanka composed or arranged as a set, intended as an aesthetic whole....(p. 21)" McClintock further stresses the aesthetic autonomy of every tanka in the set, that is, the unity of each tanka as a complete poem when removed from the sequence. Employing analogies with other art forms -- the plastic arts (collage), in this case, and cinema (montage) -- has been a favorite diversion of poets for ages but analogies rarely afford an equation. A brief consideration of the elements of collage only will call into question the application by McClintock of the term here. Visual collage is not concerned only or even predominately with combining "forms" (the essayist refers to an "assemblage" of tanka with haiku, sijo and so on) but with often disparate materials -- wood, paper, stone, fabrics --- and with the alteration and re-contextualization of these "found items." Granted that bald fact, McClintock's peculiar use of the term is of dubious value, for the combination of tanka and other short verse-forms really has nothing in common with the juxtaposition of materials and textures or the shock of discovering a discarded or "found" item in an entirely alien and aesthetic context.

What of the many tanka herein? With nearly 60 poets presented in MET 4, one easily anticipates a wide variety of style and quality and one's expectations are abundantly met. One finds tanka stripped down to the bare essentials, poems that strike closer to the sketch of haiku than to the larger canvas of traditional waka:

Genji,  
I plan  
to meet no one  
in the space  
after

Sanford Goldstein  
(p. 73)

Pleiades...  
what  
a foolish  
lovely thing,  
desire

Gary LeBel  
(p. 104)

The reader will discover tanka that very craftily meet or approximate the standard 5-7-5-7-7 structure such as this graceful vignette by Patricia Prime -- very quietly balanced upon such subtle slant rhymes as "desk / sex" -- which might inspire one to complete the proto-narrative with any number of denouements.

the lamp is in place  
by the notes on the desk  
for a short story  
that tells of forbidden love

a tale of perfect sex

Patricia Prime  
(p. 140)

The reader may discover Terra Martin -- a new voice, hitherto unheard, but one that speaks with an elegance and charm that domesticates nature in a manner not dissimilar to the writings of the women in the Kokin Shu or Shinkokin Shu:

summer slowly  
opens her kimono  
to reveal  
the peony blossoms'  
fragrant dew

Terra Martin  
(p. 113)

Or, again, the reader may turn the page and be startled by the breathless enjambment of Annette Mineo's tanka and share in the poet's eagerness to reach the climax of its dramatic imagery:

how boyish  
to tease the swan with  
your fake gesture  
of food so he rears up and  
splashes his great white desire

Annette Mineo  
(p. 122)

Modern English Tanka, under one year of guidance by Garrison and McClintock, establishes itself as the premier journal of tanka in English. No other journal rivals either its catholicity of taste or its in-depth coverage of the contemporary tanka scene. One looks forward to its sophomore season with great delight.

small events by W.F. Owen. Red Moon Press: Winchester, VA, 2007. ISBN: 978-1-893959-62-0.  
Perfect Bound, 5 x 8 inches, 64 pp., \$12.00 US.  
Reviewed by Jeffrey Woodward

This collection of fifty haibun exhibits a predominately retrospective point-of-view and nostalgic tone while the book's title, small events, accurately highlights W.F. Owen's fascination with the mysteries of the quotidian.

Owen employs varied prose styles but two predominate: first, a matter-of-fact anecdotal narrative which is relaxed and freely admits the demotic speech of a familial storyteller or neighborhood

raconteur; second, an expressionistic paragraph of elevated diction and rhythm which largely eschews punctuation and heightens tension by running, breathlessly, from beginning to end. The first has deep roots in American oral folklore and literature (Anderson, Hemingway, Steinbeck and Saroyan); the second is reminiscent in places of Kerouac, in others of Faulkner. To indicate, within the limits of a review, the power of which Owen is capable in either style, let me cite one sterling example of each. In the haibun, "dog tags" (p. 45), the casual and understated relation of an anecdote intensifies the tragic and serious subject under discussion with startling economy:

"A friend tells me that his brother's dog tags were among hundreds found on a recent trip to Vietnam by two Florida businessmen. His brother was listed MIA after his helicopter was shot down during the 1968 Tet Offensive. Stamped into the metal tags are his name, serial number, and blood type. The businessmen bought over 600 of the tags in the back alley shops of Ho Chi Minh City. Some cost just a few pennies.

his brother's dog tags  
found after thirty years  
washing off foreign soil"

An exemplar of Owen's expressionistic run-on style with the subtle complexities and fluid undertones of which it is capable when deftly used would be the haibun entitled "clothesline" (p. 38):

"In the backyard strung like half-cooked spaghetti between rusted poles I return semi-stiff and bleached white holding and being held the connective tissue of family and neighbors born from the despair of rolling blackouts baking in longer days casting broken shadows on a wilted lawn like Mercator lines on an antique globe artificially carving the land -- joining it -- these towels are my flags of white and stripes faded and new raised and pinned by early light to a reveille of sparrows lowered at dusk by mourning doves I am a throwback to decades before homeowner associations archaic like five-cent Coke in hourglass bottles ten cent movies with all-day suckers real buttered popcorn and giant dill pickles a time when newspapers were only black and white.

summer wind  
a dragonfly grips  
the clothespin

Owen here takes full advantage of his associational method, often employing a clause in his prose with the purposeful ambiguity commonly reserved for a "pivot word" in haiku. The relation of prose to haiku as well is neither too close nor too distant, adding resonance and depth to the work as a whole. Owen's obsession with the revelatory properties of the commonplace, whether of an immediate present or distant past, betrays its limits in the exclusively autobiographical character of this volume. Even where the author apparently departs from his own life and experiences, the haibun in question, upon closer examination, can be read within the first person context. Such is the case with what might be called two 'found haibun' -- entries respectively upon the death of a condor ("adult condor no. 8," p. 32) and the unidentified body of a Native American in a morgue ("02-827," p.51) -- apparently based upon local news events. The flat journalistic reportage, in each case, is shadowed by an intimately personal haiku. The dead condor, for example, receives this ironic colophon:

clear skies  
watching the salmon spawn

with my adopted son

Owen's most imaginative and radical venture away from his own person does not demonstrate his talent at its best. The haibun at issue, "quake" (p. 37), finds a personified city of San Francisco addressing the reader: "1906, I am burning. Children running, crying, pushed together like cordwood around Lotta's Fountain .... Stay away from my buildings! The liquefied ground eats some, but others are shedding bricks ....." Happily, the haiku that serves as postscript sheds this ill-conceived and verbose preface:

aftershock  
the picture on the wall  
straightens

While the author, whether upon a determined aesthetic or personal affinity, restricts his haibun largely to the realm of autobiography, limits can constitute not only weaknesses but strengths. Owen, within the narrow compass he has chosen, writes crisply and evocatively, thus instilling in his reader his own sense of the marvelous within the everyday.

Haibun in English, even more so than haiku, renku or haiga, has few, if any, hard and fast rules. That Basho did not devote himself to haibun seriously until late in his life and never sought to formulate rules for its composition is an historical fact that may account for the questionable status of haibun in English. This same circumstance also accounts for a similar lack of strict aesthetic definition of the genre in Japanese literature. No better proof of this might be cited than to point to the dearth of accomplished haibun practice among the immediate disciples of Basho, to say nothing of succeeding generations of Japanese haibun.

Reading Owen's collection, one is granted a kaleidoscopic view of his childhood in Texas, his military service and stint as a scuba instructor in Hawaii, his later career as an educator in California as well as being introduced, albeit briefly, to his intimate friends and family members. The reader, in short, leaves this book with a close acquaintance with its author.

The book is tastefully designed, like every Red Moon publication I have examined, with an attractive cover and nicely balanced typography that makes for both a legible and attractive text. Such production values honor the good work of the author and make small events a bargain for any reader interested in the future of English-language haibun.

The 5th Season. Selected, translated, and essayed by Robin D. Gill. Paraverse Press: Key Biscayne, FL, 2007. ISBN: 978-0-9742618-9-8. Perfectbound, 7 x 9 inches, 468 pp., \$28 US.

Reviewed by Jeffrey Woodward

Robin D. Gill, in this initial contribution to his encyclopedic *In Praise of Olde Haiku (IPOOH)*, announces his ambitious design for a 10 volume series, with two titles devoted to each haikai season (New Year, spring, summer, autumn and winter) and twenty individual topics covered in each volume, for a total of 200 topics overall. The 468 pages of *The 5th Season*, therefore, represent only half of the projected material on the New Year season alone.

Gill, however, is quick to disavow any notion that he is compiling a saijiki or haiku almanac: "IPOOH

is too limited to be called a proper saijiki, because only 200 themes (40 per season) would be insufficient to fully flesh-out the year even if they were chosen for their importance, which they are not (p.19).” Gill proceeds to explain that the limitation is self-imposed and that he aimed at an in-depth survey with many haiku on a few chosen themes as against a cursory overview with few haiku on many themes. The compass of a book review will not allow a through survey or even a broad overview of Gill’s stated design for the entire project. What can be done, however, is to comment upon one chapter -- one, that is to say, of the book’s twenty themes. I choose, randomly, Chapter 13, “First Dream,” and will focus only on its opening illustrations and Gill’s commentary (pp. 291-298). Gill’s format mirrors that in Blyth’s *Haiku: commentary as well as occasional editorializing, some translated haiku, further comments, and yet more haiku*. If Gill’s general model is Blyth, Gill shares something of Blyth’s maverick style and iconoclastic manner: his scholarship and broad reading as well as a cozy self-assuredness and quirky impatience with opinions that contradict his own.

The opening of Gill’s discussion of the “first dream” of the New Year, conventionally viewed as a foreshadowing of the year to come, begins as follows:

“The treasure ship (takarabune) was two things; first, an imaginary entity, a huge boat full of wealth and magical devices, and, second, a picture of the same sailing toward you, placed under the bed or pillow as a charm for propitious New Year’s dreams...” (p. 291)

Following this fairly factual preface, Gill turns to the consideration of some twenty or more haiku on the motif of the treasure ship, many of the haiku being offered in multiple alternate translations. Perhaps one example of Gill’s method will suffice to convey the peculiar flavor of his style, the presentation, in this instance, of a haiku by Sh ha:

yagotonaki ippitsu kaki ya takarabune  
(extraordinary/elegant one-brush [jotted]-drawn:!/ treasure-ship)

Following the romaji transliteration and literal translation above, Gill offers the following versions with commentary.

treasure ship  
and the brush-stroke  
has no end

how important  
this drawing in one stroke  
my treasure ship

one brush stroke  
this is the real thing  
a treasure ship

"First of all, yagotonaki (more commonly yangotonaki) means something done because it cannot be helped, so I imagined Sh ha, having forgotten to buy a charm, drawing his own:

having no choice  
dashed out in a brush-stroke  
my treasure-ship

ah, the elegance  
of a treasure-ship drawn  
with one stroke

Looking up the term, I also found connotations of extraordinary and elegant. Hence, the additional reading. But, the Chinese characters by which it is written ... do evoke a drawing made without stopping to replenish the ink. I have been amazed to find Japanese calligraphy that seems to have been created by what we might call a fountain-brush. There is magic in a brush that never leaves the paper until its work is done. (Note: I have two letters from Shirakawa Shizuka, Japan's leading expert on Chinese characters and his ball pen (not brush!) never leaves the paper -- the complex characters resemble tornados! -- In case you wonder why I wrote him, it was to obtain his opinion about a Shi-ching poem where Waley and Pound have a woman delighted to have rolled a man in the dew, while Japanese translators have the sexes reversed.) It is a good way to draw pictures with your eyes closed. Be that as it may, there is a good chance Sh ha may be praising his friend Buson's drawing rather than describing what he did." (p. 293)

This excerpt, rather lengthy for the discussion of one haiku, is fairly characteristic of the author's proceedings throughout this book. The reader gathers immediately that Gill's interests and studies are wide, for the introduction of a seventeen-syllable verse prompts Gill to digress upon a philological point, to shift from the factual observation of the presence of Chinese characters in the text to a further parenthesis upon Japanese calligraphy in general, to veer yet again to a personal anecdote regarding the author's possession of the marvelous cursive of a Japanese scholar, to turn slightly farther away from the haiku yet in explaining why he first queried the scholar upon a Pound and Waley version of a Chinese text and to return, at last, to poor Sh ha only to reflect that the haijin's intent, after all, may only have been to praise the art of his friend Buson.

I admire the author's display of learning but his digressive mode -- worthy of Tristram Shandy -- is neither conducive to clarity nor instructive for the general reader who, not knowing, for example, whom Buson might be, is suddenly introduced to him without any forewarning. Gill's reading is expansive and impressive at times, if one can tolerate his many stylistic idiosyncrasies --- his insistent digressions, his typographical whims, his delight in and indulgence of his eccentricities. I can recommend the book to the prospective reader -- with that one proviso in mind.

summer drizzles: haiku and haibun by Bruce Ross. HMS Press, 2005. ISBN 1-55253-63-9. Perfect Bound, 6" x 9", 84 pp., \$10.00 US in USA/Canada; \$12.00 US abroad. (Available directly from the author at: Bruce Ross, PMB 127, 11 Bangor Mall Blvd., Ste. D., Bangor ME 04401.  
Reviewed by Jeffrey Woodward

Bruce Ross, well-known author of the haiku manual *How to Haiku* (2002) and editor of the popular anthologies *Haiku Moment* (1993) and *Journey to the Interior* (1998), divides this latest collection of his own writings evenly between an introductory section of 50 haiku and a closing section of 18 haibun. "Gone in Sleep" provides a ready entry into the world of Ross's haibun.

The prose opens briskly and objectively while adopting a tone appropriate to a tour guidebook:

“Chicago, for all its breathtaking skyscrapers and densely multi-racial population, lacks the hustle, bustle, and buzz of New York City ...” This breeziness proves deceptive, however, for only two sentences later the poet introduces his true subject which is not a world-class city but something much closer at hand:

“Chicago features clean streets, with only a few of its homeless visible. Just outside a breakfast place was one of them he looked up at me from his seated position with bright eyes and the most dazzling smile I had ever seen, as if a light had gone on in him, as if I were his best friend but I walked by and into the place, to return to the street only after breakfast.

a warm breeze  
the beggar’s dazzling smile  
gone in sleep”  
(p. 77)

The chatty and easy-going prose assumes a powerfully ironic tenor in the stark contrast between a breakfast establishment and the street, a comfortable visitor from out-of-town and a homeless resident.

Meanwhile, the earlier perception of the poet, “he looked up at me ... as if I were his best friend,” can now be rejected as having no more substance than the “warm breeze” in which the “dazzling smile” of the homeless man and his illusory friendship with the poet is definitively dissolved, “gone in sleep.”

Occasionally, like most writers, Ross allows his emotive investment in a motif to override his critical judgment. “Old Stone Walls” is instructive in this regard:

“The long abandoned monastery lies in the hills of western Portugal. We wind our way single file through the narrow, low passageways, entering the various living areas in turn, with bowed torsos. In a courtyard we are told that one of the monks’ vows was not to write or speak anything unless it was as beautiful as silence. I linger in one corridor and almost melt into the stillness.

monk’s quarters  
light and shadows  
on the stone walls”

This clear and precise paragraph depicts a very colorful scene, indeed, and imbues it with much atmosphere, until one, led by Ross, enters the courtyard. There, the relation of a vow “not to write or speak anything unless it was as beautiful as silence” induces the poet to “linger in one corridor and almost melt into the stillness.”

Objective detachment is abandoned and the sentimental phrase “almost melt” -- motivated, perhaps, by an uncritical acceptance of the conventional equation of silence equals beauty -- is allowed to damage what would otherwise be one of the collection’s finer haibun.

This criticism points less to any shortcoming in Ross as a poet than to the inherent difficulties of the haibun genre in which a single writer must master and wed two opposing modes of discourse: prose and verse. This act is akin to that of walking on a trapeze wire where one may more readily fall than cross safely.

One final haibun, “Winter Desert,” may illustrate, by positive contrast with the above, this author’s

range. Here, the reader discovers Ross on the Arizona-Mexico border in the Tohono O'odham Reservation:

“Mile after mile, the desert landscape, uniquely covered with giant cactus, saguaro, organ pipe, senita, some forty feet tall .... The fantastically shaped saguaro take on human form: two large cactus arms held up in prayer, a big, and little saguaro, parent and child, spine-to-spine, the arms of a cactus twisted in ecstatic dance. The cactus have survived to their own ends in this place and the Indians have made peace with this.

as close together  
the stand of saguaro  
Indian gravestones”  
(p. 67)

Ross's independent haiku, while centered upon nature, often limit their ambition to objective description. Concise and exacting descriptive writing is not easy to attain by any means but were haiku criticism, like figure skating or diving, to admit the concept of “degree of difficulty” (perhaps it should!), description would be on the low end of that scale as compared to the symbolic, the metaphorical -- the haiku, in short, that conceals an entire universe beneath its simple descriptive veneer.

These haiku show how ably Ross can present his subject:

singing its heart out  
to no one in particular  
morning blackbird  
(p. 10)

seaside motel  
the only window  
filled with fog  
(p. 55)

Each poem is clearly constructed and would likely prove acceptable to any haiku editor. Nor is there anything precisely to fault. Ross's contentment with deft surface description is everywhere on display.

The critical difference between such “free-standing haiku” and the haiku that Ross employs in his haibun, perhaps, lies in the broader context of the haibun's prose. There, his descriptive haiku freely adopt new connotations and, reciprocally, add depth and resonance to the paragraphs in which they are embedded. Ross, on occasion, promises more

off center  
the empty clay pot  
beside the doorstep  
(p. 36)

but close examination of this arresting but enigmatic artifact reveals no means to penetrate its world. The reader is in want of the fuller context that Ross, with his excellent haibun prose, provides.

summer drizzles is neatly, if plainly, produced with a simple black drawing on the cover and with legible type. It is an interesting read and well worth the price, especially for the student of the quiet, but growing haibun movement.

The Five-Hole Flute: Modern English Tanka in Sequences and Sets. Edited by Dennis M. Garrison and Michael McClintock. Modern English Tanka Press: Baltimore, MD, 2006. ISBN:978-0-6151-3794-0. Perfect-bound, 6 x 9 inches, 116 pp., \$13.95 US.  
Reviewed by Jeffrey Woodward

Michael McClintock, in an "Afterword..." to The Five-Hole Flute, proposes as "the singular niche and role" of tanka in English its potential "...to introduce into English literature a kind of short poetry that fully measures up to the achievements of the more traditional, longer poetic forms. Tanka appears ready to accomplish this by, first, peeling away the extraneous, and non-essential and, secondly, unlike the haiku, with its inherent and peculiar limitations, by giving full play to the majority of devices available for poetic expression in English" (p. 100).

The Five-Hole Flute, with 33 sequences by a baker's dozen of contributors, fairly demonstrates McClintock's optimism for the growth of this genre. Diversity in structure is everywhere in evidence with collaborative sequences by two and three poets, cinquain sequences, composite tanka and haiku sequences and even tanka 'sonnets.'

Some flavor of the stylistic variety in this anthology might be conveyed by comparing three of the volume's most ambitious works: Dennis M. Garrison's "Last Run to Eden," McClintock's "Peaceable Men" and Pamela Miller Ness' "Limbs of the Gingko."

Garrison's sequence relives or reinvents a youthful journey by train, a wistful one at that, with intimations of the intimacy and final absence of a lover.

"... Each train I'm not on / seems like / the last run to Eden," the poet says in setting a bleak plains scene, but then

westbound at last  
all I own in a duffel bag  
breathing different air  
I leave far more  
than Iowa behind"

(p. 20)

Each subsequent tanka advances the action episodically until, with the incontrovertible realization of loss, Garrison powerfully contrasts the prairie's broad vacancy with that of the loved one's face:

heading home  
for a funeral of sorts  
riding the rails  
across a golden prairie

windblown and empty

night train  
passing in flashes  
your face  
for an instant  
a dark mirage

(p. 22)

“Peaceable Men” is prefaced by McClintock with a quotation from the Meditations of Marcus Aurelius, “Each thing is of like form from everlasting and comes round again in its cycle” (p. 45), a conventional formulation of the ancient cyclical as versus the modern linear view of history. The direct reference to Aurelius signals to the reader the likelihood that a meditative poem is to follow and, indeed, McClintock’s sequence of 26 tanka proceeds in exactly that fashion, marrying, in its meandering way, both the public and private aspects of a modern life.

“Peaceable men say / ‘war solves nothing,’” McClintock begins, and “one wonders / whose ashes still silt / the rivers of Europe.” With that introductory tanka, the reader is launched into the complexities of an urbane and modern life, a life wherein the boundaries between public and private often blur or vanish:

to remind me  
of the way things really are  
in this world,  
by the house I keep some pots  
empty, to catch the rain”

(p. 45)

The poet’s cognizance of social deprivation, “of the way things really are / in this world,” suddenly gives way before unfavorable judgment of an old friend:

my poet friend  
becomes a monk again,  
changing his name,  
moving away --  
the same old shit

(p. 46)

There are striking personal moments and lucid vision:

when you told me the truth  
there was that part of yourself  
that came with it,  
that I then owned,  
bright as the day

(p. 47)

Yet even in such intimate moments, “the way things really are” is never wholly lost and one senses that any temptation to withdraw automatically calls forth from this poet, at least, an invitation to the public

world to intrude:

wanting to go  
into my room  
and be alone, yet  
leaving the door  
open a crack

(p. 50)

In “Limbs of the Ginkgo,” a four-part sequence of 30 tanka, Pamela Miller Ness mourns the slow descent of her father, a scholar of American Literature, into dementia, a nursing home placement, and death. The sustained elegiac note as well as the intricate architectonics lends to this work by Ness a greater degree of formality than is possessed by the confessional voice of Garrison or the meditative voice of McClintock:

We feed the ducks  
you & I  
and  
the laughing little boy you  
have begun to become

(p. 59)

That tanka invites the reader to “Part I: Alzheimer’s Waltz” and introduces, without hesitation, the theme of loss. Later, in “Part III: A Pattern of Lace,” the nursing home confinement, memory loss and death are presented episodically in two tanka with only one “background” or atmospheric poem intervening:

Late summer sun  
through your window  
blinds.  
In your empty eyes, all  
the words we’ve said...

(p. 64)

Collecting  
your clothes from the Home  
I uncover  
my unopened envelope.  
Autumn’s end.

(p. 65)

Other excellent work graces this important anthology: Amelia Fielden’s “A Season in Ube,” Garrison’s “How Stone Is Made” and “Heaven and Earth, Horatio” or Sanford Goldstein’s “downtown: a quarter-note string.”

Isn’t one common aspect of poetic vanity, East and West, to anticipate and to defeat the inexorable approach of physical dissolution by living and breathing eternally through one’s art? Let the philosophical sobriety of the opening tanka of McClintock’s “Aegean,” then, serve as a colophon for this groundbreaking collection:

closing my book --  
I note how the clock has moved  
remorselessly away  
from the time the day was whole  
and I was immortal  
(p. 54)

The Dreaming Room: Modern English Tanka in Collage and Montage Sets. Edited by Michael McClintock and Denis M. Garrison. Modern English Tanka Press: Baltimore, MD, 2007. ISBN: 978-0-6151-5083-3. Perfect bound, 6 x 9 inches, 120 pp, \$17.95 US.  
Reviewed by Jeffrey Woodward

Michael McClintock, in his preface, informs the reader that this anthology constitutes “a companion volume to *The Five-Hole Flute*.” The sub-title of this book is explained by the co-editor, McClintock, when he defines a tanka collage as “an assemblage of tanka with other short forms” and tanka montage as “two or more tanka composed or arranged as a set (p.10).” It may be most efficient to follow this editorial lead, then, and look at representative samples of “collage” and “montage” respectively.

Turning, first, to “collage” then, Margarita Engle’s “Teacup” (pp. 47-48) affords an arresting example wherein tanka and haiku alternate in a “call-and-response” structure reminiscent of tribal and folk music:

fountain  
the pathway  
circular

journey’s end  
the glazed clay  
in my hands  
remembers the heat  
of a kiln

Michael McClintock’s “The Ibis” (p. 86) relies upon the understated association of various images to achieve a quiet elegiac unity:

where three drowned  
the living water  
sparkles in the morning

once I was young  
and once at Lake Okeechobee  
spring arrived  
winter-thin and very late  
with an ibis in the willow

a perfect bird  
come to earth from soaring  
the halls of air alone --  
that is how I saw you,  
that is how I loved you

Turning now to what McClintock defined as tanka montage, i.e., the assemblage of two or more tanka, Jeanne Emrich, in "Like a Seal Woman" (pp. 37-38), skillfully constructs an elliptical sequence by loosely adopting the Celtic legends of the Selchies, the seal people, who may change shape, shed skin and live as humans.

almost winter ...  
like a seal woman  
I want only to slip  
out of my skin and  
call myself "she"

Her work acquires a visionary quality and high lyric intensity in such moving passages as

an ambulance  
arrives in winter darkness --  
I try to remember  
what was sworn to me  
by grasses, by clouds

Less tightly woven together as a unit, but similar to Emrich in its subtle nuances and fine rhythms, is Gary LeBel's "Splendid Arrows" (pp. 77-78). From the tenderness and intimacy of

in the child's hair  
and winter woolens,  
how much sweeter  
could it be,  
the scent of an acre?

to the cool reserve and objectivity of

like splendid arrows  
aimed at earth's center,  
cormorants dive  
into the thick brown slurry  
of the tainted river

LeBel, within the narrow compass of five tanka, deftly shifts the character, pace and tone of his voice with the finesse of a master ventriloquist.

The compass of a review allows for only the broadest survey of an anthology and this limitation is further exacerbated by the nature of the matter here collected. Extracts from a sequence cannot do justice to the author. There are many other excellent titles herein by authors that tanka aficionados

have come to love and respect, e.g., Sanford Goldstein, Beverly George, and Larry Kimmel. There are also a handful of sequences by Tom Clausen, Robert Hill Long and Denis M. Garrison, in particular, that are worthy of close reading but whose length (up to 40 tanka in the instance of Tom Clausen's confessional "A Work of Love," (pp. 20-29) precludes discussion here.

The Dreaming Room, with its tasteful design and even editing standards, can be highly recommended as a needed addition to the personal library of tanka writers and lovers of tanka everywhere.

Ogura Hyakunin Isshu: 100 Poems by 100 Poets. Translated by Angelee Deodhar into Hindi. English translation of Clay McAuley from the Virginia Text Initiative. Available from Angelee Deodhar, 1224, Sector 42-B, Chandigarh, U.T. 160 036, India. No ISBN listed. Perfect bound, 5 ½ x 8 inches, 90 pp., free upon request from the author.

Reviewed by Jeffrey Woodward

Ogura Hyakunin Isshu – 100 Waka by 100 Poets compiled by Fujiwara no Teika in the 13th century, is a critical document in the history of Japanese literature. Donald Keene asserts that the small anthology "constituted the basic knowledge of Japanese poetry for most people from the early Tokugawa period until very recent times.... Teika was the arbiter of the poetic tastes of most Japanese even as late as the twentieth century."

Angelee Deodhar, who translated Teika's classic from the Virginia Text Initiative English version into Hindi, has undertaken the laudable task of educating readers of Hindi in Japanese literature. This single-minded and disciplined project by Dr. Deodhar now includes three volumes. Two collections of haiku -- If Someone Asks: Masaoka Shiki's Life and Haiku, and Classic Haiku: A Master's Selection -- preceded the current text.

I confess an ignorance of Hindi and apologize to the translator of Ogura Hyakunin Isshu for that limitation. Since I have no competence to judge the fidelity of Dr. Deodhar's translation to the original or the poetic craft displayed in her Hindi version, I invite the readers of Hindi to study and give me their versions of three waka.

Even for a time  
Short as a piece of the reeds  
In Naniwa's marsh,  
We must never meet again:  
Is this what you are asking me?

-- Lady Ise (p. 7)

To the dim cottage  
Overgrown with thick-leaved vines  
In its loneliness  
Comes the dreary autumn time:

But there no people come.

-- The Monk Egyo (p. 16)

Is it forever  
That he hopes our love will last?  
He did not answer.  
And now my daylight thoughts  
Are as tangled as my black hair.

-- Lady Horikawa (p. 27)

The book itself is attractively produced with a sturdy red-and-white perfect bound cover that reproduces a portrait of Fujiwara no Teika against a decorative floral background. The English and Hindi versions face each other, on opposite pages, with a spacious distribution of three tanka per page. All printing and shipping charges in this educational project of Angelee Deodhar's are personally underwritten by the translator and members of her family, a testimony to the good Doctor's love of and commitment to Japanese poetry. Copies are distributed freely. Her selfless and continuing effort is deserving of financial support, either via a private foundation or governmental agency. Hopefully, some enlightened party, whether at home in India or abroad, will step forward to insure this translator's ability to continue her good work.

Introduction to Cyberpoetry  
An online book at [WernerReichhold.com](http://WernerReichhold.com)  
Review/Preface by Jeffrey Woodward

How rarely do we discover in one person the combined gifts of the artist and poet? The Tang landscape painter Wang Wei, the Edo literati-painter Yosa Buson, the Renaissance sculptor Michelangelo, the Romantic engraver William Blake or the Dadaist sculptor and collagist Hans Arp – few other names come to mind. Werner Reichhold's early educational background and training in Hamburg and Berlin – in a Germany still overshadowed by the great war, foreign occupation and reconstruction – centered upon the fine arts. From 1955-1995, in group and individual exhibitions, his reputation was primarily that of a professional artist. He came to poetry gradually it seems, during a long process of maturation and in an adopted homeland – California. The rarity of such gifts might be further weighed with the knowledge that his poetry is a consequence not only of removal to an alien environment but also of immersion in a second language –English. The artist's long-time marriage to an accomplished American sculptor, ceramicist, and poet, Jane Reichhold, may have eased this transition somewhat.

The parallels between the creative life of the author of Cyberpoetry and that of his elder countryman, Hans Arp, are quite remarkable in this respect. Both men first received recognition for their sculpture, though Hans often publicly stated that he was a poet first, an artist second – a formulation, perhaps, inverted for Werner. Both men wrote poetry in their native German as well as in an adopted tongue –

French for Hans, English for Werner. Both men benefited from a long marital collaboration with another artist – Hans with Sophie Tauber, Werner with Jane. I queried the poet about these similarities and was delighted to discover that in Hamburg in 1953, as a youthful twenty-eight year-old art student, he made the acquaintance of Arp, with whom he felt a true affinity and the famous artist kindly showed a personal interest in his early drawings.

If I have dwelt at length upon the poet's fine arts' training, career, and affiliations, I have done so only to emphasize that, from the large drawings and installations to the poetic language of the printed page, there is a marked continuity in the work of this man. The line in his drawings, for example, is rapid and forever shifting, the hand and eye allowing chameleon-like transformations as well as a repeated return to certain motifs, only representational in passing, that hints at personal obsession. A close reading of his poetry demonstrates a similar nervous energy, an unwillingness to admit of any fixed referent – a contextual environment, in other words, as susceptible to immediate and constant permutation as is the artist's graphic line. Haiku and tanka are the two poetic forms most often recognizable in Werner Reichhold's work, though he is scarcely a practitioner of either form in a rigidly traditional sense. Haiku and tanka are employed, instead, along with free-verse, prose, ghazals, dialogues and even riddles, as foundational elements or building blocks of the larger compositions that he designates as inter-genre sequences (the use, in one text, of these many differing compositional structures) or symbiotic sequences (similar heterogeneous texts but framed with one or more collaborators). To state the above, however, is neither to dismiss nor excuse the poet's haiku and tanka styles. Let us look closely at two haiku for sake of illustration:

summer is hiding  
    in a single cloud  
    her absence

From "Unnamed Visible" (1993)

on our plate  
    a painted swan takes off  
    the white of porcelain

From "Swim of a Narrative" (2001)

The sensory perceptions are sharp and the language craftily framed. Ambiguity and paradox tempt the reader with an array of possible meanings. The haikai spirit of casual effort and playfulness dominate. I offer these observations to dissuade representatives of haiku orthodoxy from any easy dismissal of the poet's individual style as idiosyncratic. He writes in the manner that he does, in brief, not by accident or ineptitude but by design. That he can write a perfectly sound and traditional haiku is evident from the examples above.

The defender of a poet may easily prove to be his betrayer as well. I've cited two of Reichhold's "haiku" in isolation, having forcibly torn them from the sequences in which they appear. No representation, in fact, could be more unfair to this particular poet's stated aims. The subtitle of this book, after all, is inter-genre sequences, and not selected or collected poems.

An excellent introduction to the poet's methods and concerns is afforded by an early symbiotic sequence written with his wife Jane, "Blackbird Shadowing the Barbaric" (1993). Here, after the Baroque manner, the sixth stanza of Wallace Stevens' celebrated poem, "Thirteen Ways of Looking at a

"Blackbird," is appropriated and playfully glossed by Werner and Jane, the initial word of each "3 liner" being determined by a borrowing from Stevens' stanza. The work as a whole adopts the form of linked verse, with an alternation of three and two verse units, but without any concern for the requirements of moon or blossom stanzas, seasonal words or any of the other major or minor arcana of this highly regulated art. The outer form of renga is employed but emptied of its conventional contents. Hence, one would not be too far astray in describing this practice as a cannibalization of form. One sees three collaborators at work here: the passive text of Stevens, now "reconstructed" and recontextualized, with that of the voices of two living poets.

Where adherence to haiku or tanka conventions is largely illusory, where the semblance of these forms lies only in the retention of their standard lineation of three or five lines, one may perceive a logical aesthetic progression from the usurping of the outer form for new purposes, as in "Blackbird Shadowing the Barbaric," to what only a few years later, in "On Stage" (1995) and "In One Space Chill of a Split" (1996), is transformed into a desire to animate the now vacant and static typographical form by simultaneity and a multiplication of variable readings of a text.

How is this achieved? In standard haiku or tanka, multiple readings (or what was classically termed "surplus meaning") result largely from an understated and fragmentary text, from ambiguity that is derived from restraint, limitation and design. The nonce form that is explored in these two titles – a form that Reichhold dubs a helix, for "the poem can be read both ways, first vertically and also horizontally" – seeks to expand contextual relations exponentially.

garden tendrils	characters
growing they become	trapped
part of the house	within their stream

snake skin bent	the pair
a laughter moves it	making eggs
almost	
shedding	alike

Earlier this year, "Hours on My Path" continued this general line of experimentation and introduced a further degree of sophistication:

like a heron in no action	upstream dozing	the raft's man spilling
in spilling spasm		
Midsummer over willows		

pebbles in my sponge	like tears on an albatross	I greet the fetal shoreline
as if there will be learning		
on the longitude of sailors		

The careful reader will readily recognize, in the left-to-right horizontal line as well as in the top-to-bottom vertical composition of the third column, mimicry of haiku – two haiku in this instance. If the reader follows this same movement continuously, however, from left-to-right and top-to-bottom without interruption, he discovers that the five lines that constitute two haiku simultaneously equal one tanka. "Hours on My Path" moves through twelve such "stanzas" with a mercurial shifting of person, place, and thing and of their intimate complex of contextual relations. One must admire the coherence of an artistic and poetic career that spans two continents and six decades as well as the continued verve and

resolution that Werner Reichhold brings to the written word –both in his native German and in his adopted English. I have only managed to pass lightly over his artistic achievement in these prefatory notes. I invite the reader to enter and partake of Reichhold's vision now and to allow his poetry to fulfill the promise that a commentary cannot.

For a Sparrow, Haiku by Jack Galmitz. Illustrated by Miroslav Masin, ISBN 978-9989-928-63-5  
Published by Cultural Institution Blesok.  
Reviewed by Moira Richards

Jack Galmitz's latest book of haiku comprises five inter-leading sections that seem together, to hint at a spiritual journey by the narrator. The first poem in this collection reads of turbulences,

Inside of me  
Bison are stampeding  
Across caves

pg 7

and yet the last poem ends the book on this note of calm optimism,

A winter night  
The shape of my heart  
Is the shape of a rose

pg 148

Many of the hundred-plus haiku in between those two examples witness the daily life of the narrator, but Galmitz winds a thread of introspection through them that takes the entire collection into something more than mere record. So, a poem such as this slipped in after a few scenes observed by the poet,

The temple bell sounds ...  
A parade of hell-beings march  
Out of my soul

pg 29

or this ambivalence within a trail of travel poems,

A man on a bike  
Slowly peddles uphill –  
A god strapped to his back

pg 50

and later, following a few images of autumn's arrival,

Perhaps  
It's because I'm afraid  
Sweeping leaves away

pg 98

Miroslav Masin illustrates the book with some two dozen delightful scribbles that look nothing like a sparrow and yet capture in their few lines and dots the very essence of these small creatures. Rather like the way that the haiku in Jack Galmitz's For a Sparrow convey intangible experience in a mere

dozen or so words.

Baseball Haiku: American and Japanese Haiku and Senryu on Baseball. Edited with Translations by Cor van den Heuvel & Nanae Tamura. ISBN 978-0-393-06219-9. Published by WW Norton & Company.

Reviewed by Moira Richards

Baseball Haiku includes some two hundred haiku written about the game of baseball. The editors have gleaned the poems from the works of fifteen Japanese poets and from twice that number of northern Americans including George Swede who is introduced here as, “One of the world’s most accomplished haiku and senryu poets.”

The poems in the collection have been written over a time span of about 120 years; the most recent penned in the early twenty-first century. The earliest was written by Masaoka Shiki in the late nineteenth century –

like young cats  
still ignorant of love  
we play with a ball

(pg 145)

koi shiranu   neko no furi nari   tama asobi

I don’t understand much about ball games of any sort. Perhaps my attention wanders when it should not, perhaps this is why the poems of Brenda Gannam caught my eye when first I flipped through the book ...

handsome pitcher  
my eyes drift down  
to the mound

(pg 86)

But most of the contributors have played the game of baseball and many of them effectively show through their poetry, the emotions of the sport – its disappointments and also its allure -

the boy not chosen  
steps over home plate,  
picks up his books

(Edward J. Rielly pg 53)

struck out  
the long walk home  
in the dusk

(Michael Ketchek pg 123)

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

(Cor van den Heuvel pg 12)

Other poets in the anthology who have not played baseball, convey with their words the beauty and excitements the game offers to its spectators...

the night game  
at the bottom of the stadium  
the brightest spot on earth

naitā no soko gekai nite mottomo mei

(Yamaguchi Seishi pg 157)

Over  
the outfielder's loneliness –  
the summer moon

gaiyashu no kodoku ni kakari natsu no tsuki

(Suzuki Murio pg 169)

This book of baseball poetry is one to be enjoyed by everyone not only, although perhaps especially for, the aficionados of the sport. No. These poems lead me to suspect that baseball is something far more than mere sport.

Dew Pearls: 9 x 9 tanka poems by Magdalena Dale. ISBN 973-552-73. Editura Făt-Frumos, București  
Reviewed by Moira Richards

Magdalena Dale's collection comprises nine sets of nine tanka poems written in both Rumanian and English that are, as inscribed by the poet inside the book's cover, "a string of pearls from the nature of my country, Romania." Four of the nine sections celebrate the four seasons and the others are themed around subjects such as the sea, the moon, and ancient time pieces.

The juxtaposition used in all of the poems in two different languages allows the reader to appreciate the interesting problems and differences that arise from translation - for example, variances in word order, and the usage of articles. It can be difficult for a poet to find the best word in their second language for a particular place in a poem and so the accompanying originals give excellent insight into the poet's vision and also to the rhythms of the tanka as originally conceived.

Here, a couple of examples of Magdalena Dale's work in which the English renditions are both useful as providers of clues to help readers to appreciate the poetry of another language and also effective

short songs in their own right.

gânduri de noapte  
se zbat neputincioase,  
fluturi negri  
cu aripile frânte  
de vântul neprielnic

nightly thoughts  
struggle helplessly,  
black butterflies  
with both wings broken  
by the hostile wind

Tanka 9, Section II  
În Toiul Verii / Height of Summer (pg 26)

noapte de vară  
prin fereastra deschisă  
o adiere ...  
lumina blândă-a lunii  
din nocturna lui Chopin

summer night  
through the open window  
only a breeze...  
the soft light of the moon  
like in Chopin's nocturne

Tanka 7, Section VII  
Sonată Pentru Vioară și Pian / Violin and Piano Sonata (pg 74)

Simfonie în verde, Haiku by Adina Enăchescu. ISBN 978-9989-928-63-5, Published by Cultural Institution Blesok  
Reviewed by Moira Richards

The preface to *Simfonie în verde* is an interesting reminder of the history of literature and the arts in Eastern European countries and of the relative isolation and repressive conditions from which the region's poets have only emerged in the last twenty years. Adina Enăchescu is a poet celebrating these new freedoms.

She divides her book into four sections according to the seasons and presents each poem in Rumanian followed with English and French translations on the same page. Even I, who am unable to speak more

than one of those languages, am able to glean some sense of what poetry can lose and also gain through the process of its translation from the richness and limitations of one language to the different limitations and richness of another. Here are three of Adina's winter poems in which she combines observation with wry commentary...

Anul Nou –  
lumini și umbre  
bogați și cerșetori ...

The New Year –  
lights and shadows  
rich people and beggars ...

La Nouvelle Année -  
des lumières et des ombres  
des riches et des mendiants ...

(pg 91)

Ghetuțe goale  
de Moș Nicolae –  
poate la anul ...

Small empty boots  
by Saint Nicholas –  
maybe next year ...

Des petits brodequins vides  
En même temps avec le Vieillard Nicolae –  
L'année future peut-être ...

(pg 93)

Iarnă veselă –  
deși de zăpadă  
omul mi-a zâmbit ...

Joyful winter –  
although he's made of snow  
the man smiled at me ...

Hiver joyeux –  
quoiqu'il est de neige  
l'homme a souri pour moi

(pg 101)

Blue Smoke - a two voice improvisation. By Larry Kimmel and Sheila Windsor. Illus. by Sheila Windsor and Mark Windsor. Winfred Press, 364 Wilson Hill Road, Colrain, MA 01340 USA. Purchase Blue Smoke by Sheila Windsor and Larry Kimmel. 89 pp. 46, illus. from: Winfred Press, <winfred@crocker.com for \$17.00 ppd. or \$20.00 ppd. outside the U.S. OR Sheila Windsor, 72 Victoria Avenue, Worcester WR5 1ED, England. Sheila\_windsor@hotmail.com (Paypal accepted) for £12 ppd.

Review of Blue Smoke by hortensia anderson

Blue Smoke by Sheila Windsor and Larry Kimmel is a collection of 100 Cherita - a six line form created by ai li, June 1997 consisting of a 1 line stanza, a 2 line stanza and a 3 line stanza which was copied from a participation renga started in Lynx by Elizabeth St Jacque earlier. While influenced by traditional non-narrative Japanese forms such as the haiku and tanka, Cherita is a Malay word for "story."

Although the cover of the book claims the collection to be "a two voice improvisation," I don't believe that there exists a name yet for this experimental piece. The phrase "collaborative contradictions" occurred to me as I savoured it over and over but the words "laboratory" and "contrapuntal" also came to mind.

Windsor and Kimmel are not only "well-known poets" as they admit in the preface. They are the poet-scientists, the poet-musicians, the poet-historians referencing the greats such as T.S. Eliot and Shakespeare as they skillfully go about breaking ground as wordsmiths themselves.

There are two poets in Blue Smoke. There are countless voices. And yet, it is as if the piece were penned by one author. To help you out, verses in normal type are by Kimmel, those in italics by Windsor. But, quotes in Kimmel's verses are in italics and those in Windsor's are in normal type. And, wonderful confusion, the first word in the poem is a one word quote, in italics because it is Kimmel's verse - what better word to start such a magnificent oeuvre than:

"light?"

It is followed with the two line stanza from which the title comes:

in the casino where she stood  
a twist of blue smoke

And they're off and running. (Quite literally, since they allowed themselves a mere half an hour per verse.)

Blue Smoke is vivid and bold. The colour "red" is mentioned - a lot. "cloak of red" "red-ribboned river" "a red feather boa." It's also printed in the last line of a Kimmel verse:

AstoriAstoriAstoria

There is much humor in Blue Smoke:

an uncle

left his spleen  
in San Francisco

died, \_\_\_\_\_ never knowing  
                                  how close he came  
                                  to musical fame

as well as breathtaking loveliness:

pillow book

                  slips to the floor  
                  a stream of dreams

                                  his ink black body  
                                  silken cool by moonlight  
                                  in moaning rolling waves

Writers will have a blast with Blue Smoke - I thoroughly enjoyed reading only the three line stanzas as if they were one poem. Or, mixing Windsor's one and two line stanzas with Kimmel's three line stanzas. As if this weren't enough, Blue Smoke has a generous amount of artwork by Sheila Windsor and Mark Windsor which both accompanies and actually becomes part of the piece (page 58 verse). I am certain there is much in Blue Smoke that I failed to "get." However, those who don't understand the multitude of references, levels and perspectives, will thoroughly enjoy Blue Smoke nevertheless - for this reviewer, a mark of excellence in a skillfully executed piece.

Eos, Es Ist Rot, Überholt, Mario Fitterer, Mafora Verlag, 2007. ISBN 978-3929939-06-04.  
Reviewed by Werner Reichhold

Mario Fitterer, represented in magazines and anthologies since 1979, has seen publications of his own books since 1990. With Eos - Es Ist Rot, Überholt, Mario shows the reader a new way how to construct a whole book combining short poetry and prose. The verses – one, two, three, four and five-liner - are thematically combined into sequences alternating with one to three pages long pieces of highly poetical prose. One can state that Fitterer is a poet taking on subjects, or subject matter not seen approached in this manner before by other German writers.

For the short prose pieces it is obvious that Fitterer developed a language and style that pulls the reader deep into his mostly tragically colored experiences. The roots of this attitude toward life are anchored in European tradition. Fitterer's work shows little traces to the oriental school approaching goals by embedding oneself into a concept of oneness.

Throughout the whole book - in prose as well as in verse - Fitterer uses letters in lower case, and herewith trying to guide the reader into carefully planed additional irritations.

This may be fun to experience for some people, for others it merely works as a disturbing factor tried out by writers in the early 1920th and then soon abandoned.

One hesitates to bring up a thing that I feel is missing, and that is that Fitterer's book is one of those publications that deserved a preface - written by a critic who could have introduced this powerful poet

to readers of main-stream poetry without mentioning the Japanese genres at all.

Baubles, Bangles, & Beads: Threaded Tanka. Amelia Fielden, copyright 2007. Ginninderra Press Charmwood, AUS. ISBN: 978-1-74027-409-8. Trade paperback. 96 pages, 5.5" x 8", perfect bound  
Reviewed by M. Kei

Given that the majority of poets writing tanka in English are novices or emerging poets rather than experts, the usual job of the book reviewer is to let the reader know whether this particular work is worth his time and money. Sometimes, though, he gets the opportunity to review Amelia Fielden, which is a very pleasant chore indeed. Baubles, Bangles, and Beads: Threaded Tanka contains over 400 tanka arranged into sequences, making it one of the biggest collections of tanka in English.

If this were an ordinary book it would suffice to quote a few verses illustrating the author's voice and range and urge the reader to rush out and buy it, but Fielden has not delivered an ordinary book. On the contrary, she has set herself (and the reader) a challenge by delivering a book composed entirely of tanka sequences: 40 of them, to be exact, containing 444 tanka. Books of sequenced tanka are rare in English and the form is still undergoing development. As a consequence, even the terms are contested, with endless inventions of new terms to describe tanka in groups.

Fielden has contributed her own term, 'threaded tanka,' which she defines as "sets, under titles which relate to their various themes", but she also goes on to refer to them as sequences, strings, clusters – and not – leaving it up to the reader to define them if desired. "I see these poems as beads threaded into different lengths by my mind and pen." Perhaps it is the critic's duty to make sense of it all, not the poet's, yet given that Fielden is one of the best translators in the field as well as an accomplished poet in her own right, the reader can't help but wish she might shed some light on a subject wherein she is well-qualified to comment.

Nonetheless, the metaphor of beads on a string is a suitable one, and is reflected in the cover design and the selection of the poems themselves. Most of the tanka are threaded like beads and only rarely does some other structure manifest itself. Sometimes this lack of structure works very well indeed, but sometimes it doesn't. It works best with the shortest threads.

AUTUMN:  
SEASON OF MISTS AND MELLOW FRUITFULNESS

across the sky  
shrieking cockatoos  
swoop and swivel  
like cavalry maneuvers  
for an old-world battlefield

blue morning  
in the April park  
a meeting  
of nostalgic friends who  
can't turn back the clock

poplar days  
autumn's gold awards  
for living  
hopefully through all  
the changing seasons

I feel the chill  
in your gnarled hands  
one last time  
tidying our garden  
before the longest sleep

In short sequences like this, it is possible to contemplate all the verses at once. The eye flits back and forth among the verses, pausing where it will to linger and absorb. There is sufficient white space so that the verses themselves do not distract the reader by crowding upon the page.

Unfortunately, in the medium and long sequences, the tanka are crammed five, six, and seven to the page in a ruthless effort to keep the cost down. While sparing the wallet is always appreciated by the buyer, it is a disservice to the poems. The font is small and all the verses are left-justified and marched down the middle of the page in a column. This means that it is difficult to contemplate each verse as an individual entity; the drive for economy has suborned autonomy and made them appear to be stanzas of a long poem. Fielden's very excellent poetry deserves to be 'framed' with white space and placed mindfully upon the 'wall' of the page as the works of art they are.

Among the long sequences, the best is "These Sliding Shadows." Many of the tanka in this sequence are knockouts:

here she stands  
in the old album  
my best friend  
his next wife between him  
and my pregnant belly

blue orange yellow  
a single trembling petal  
magicked  
into wisps of vapour  
as he drops the match

for my birthday  
he inscribed a book  
'with all my love' –  
what then did he give  
to the girl he married?

blossoms falling  
as chill breezes blow  
I remember  
flimsy ball-dresses and

not caring about the cold

Not all the verses in this sequence are about an intimate relationship. There are verses about a friend with cancer, the effect of age on friendship, new cars, dragonflies, and more. This and indeed almost all the sequences manifest an awareness of the creeping nearness of old age and death, with nostalgia for what has been lost, whether it be wasp waists, husbands, friends, or old sins. This is what the Japanese call aware – the awareness of the transience of everything. Fielden has given aware a distinctly Australian voice.

flaming hair  
like a scarlet tulip  
the classmate  
whose ashes we scattered  
over spring flowerbeds

in the Club  
at the corner table  
Jean's husband  
with a photo of Jean  
where she always sat

ferries glide  
in and out of the quay –  
forty-five years  
is a flicker of light  
in these sliding shadows

The threads that tie this sequence together are the strands of the author's current life, leavened with memories of the past and burdened with the foreknowledge of death. It attains structure by forming a psychological portrait of the poet. The poems need not be read in any particular order because they radiate from the poet's heart like spokes in a wheel, permitting us to wander among them at will as we get to know this person.

In Baubles, Bangles, and Beads Fielden has raised the bar and vaulted for it, and if she fell short of all that she intended, she has still laid down a challenge that few are able or willing to even attempt. For the casual reader, Baubles provides a great deal to enjoy and admire, but for the poet, it instills the restlessness of challenge. Baubles joins other notable tanka sequences such as Goldstein's *At the Hut of the Small Mind* and Garrison and McClintock's *The Five-Hole Flute* as must-read works in the genre.

*The Parsley Bed: Haiku Stories* by Ken Jones. Pilgrim Press: Cwmrheidol, /Wales, 2006. ISBN: 978-0-9539-9014-6. Perfect bound, 5 ¼ x 7 ½ inches, 122 pp. Send \$15; US, \$17 CDN, or 15 EUR in currency notes or £7.25 in a sterling cheque directly to the author: K. Jones, Troedrhiwsebon, Cwmrheidol, Aberystwyth, Wales.

and

*Stallion's Crag: Haiku and Haibun* by Ken Jones. Iron Press: Cullercoats, Northumberland, England, 2003. Perfect bound, 4 x 5 ½ inches, 104 pp. Send \$15 US, \$17 CDN, or 15 EUR in currency notes or £7.25 in a sterling cheque directly to the author: K. Jones, Troedrhiwsebon, Cwmrheidol, Aberystwyth,

Wales, SY23 3NB, UK.

Reviewed by Jeffrey Woodward

The Parsley Bed generously collects 35 haibun and 75 haiku of the Welsh poet, Ken Jones. Divided into five roughly equal sections (each division consisting of five to eight prose entries with a brief postscript of a dozen or more related haiku), the many haibun, by their great variety of subject matter and tone, demonstrate the impressive scope and indelible prose style of one of the foremost practitioners of this genre today.

Whether Jones assays an elegiac mode as in “Clinkers” (a memory of a distant childhood and more distant father), a wry and black vein of humor as in “End Game” (a recounting of the author’s dealings with a

cantankerous crematorium manager and his chiseling of his own gravestone), a topographical survey as in “Consuming Light” (a homage to Van Gogh upon a visit to Saint-Rémy) or a character sketch as in “Per Ardua ad Astra” (an intimate close-up of a retired mechanical engineer named Uncle Jack), the author time and again demonstrates a mastery of conception and execution, however unpromising the material, at first sight, might appear.

Space limitations prohibit more than a cursory survey, but two haibun, in particular, may suffice to show Jones at his best. “Posts” concerns itself, Jones informs us, not with “gate-posts, boundary posts and other posts that have something obvious to do” but with their long-abandoned brethren:

Particularly in wild places they are welcome companions. Well-weathered, they have been left alone long enough to have developed a bit of character. When plodding across the moor, one can see one of these fellows approaching from quite a distance.... It is an honour to salute such a venerable but well set-up post.

Against the sky  
a slotted post  
its bright blue eye

But beware of clapping one of these ancient too heartily upon the back. Many have been retired longer than their useful employment. And they rot from the bottom upwards. (p. 43)

This intimacy with “Posts” continues for another hundred words or more and two further haiku, with increasing humor, as the author describes the “old salts you meet on the sea shore” and denies any anthropomorphism in his willingness to “go out of my way to see how some lonely old post is getting on.” Whereas Jones assures his reader that “the whole point about posts is that they’re only posts,” one need not leap far to see in

Blockheaded posts  
their thin shins  
gnawed by the tides  
(p. 44)

an image or reflection of the human condition.

The second haibun, “The Knife Grinder,” achieves near perfection in its prose rhythms and in the vision it relates. One might lay stress upon the word vision insofar as this work, while presenting its subject in a matter-of-fact and realistic way, gradually assumes an oneiric character and remarkable grandeur in its 300 odd words:

“Down by the gate I recognize the tricycle contraption from his previous visit, some four years ago. The same old pig-tailed hippy, with his faded army surplus fatigues and shamanic accoutrements of bead and bone. Last time I’d turned him away. Who needs a knife grinder in this outback, where every man and woman has their own means of keeping their edges sharp – or dull – as needed? But this time it is different...

Hollow knock –  
the rattle of wind chimes  
made of bones

I sit him in the kitchen, put on the kettle, and go out to the barn to sort out my own blunt edges....

There’s something about him. I spill tea – as out of the corner of my eye I glimpse a gothic devil’s face. But then, as he pauses at the door, an archaic smile.” (p. 83)

Then, later:

“Through the window I watch him set up the tricycle in the yard.

Peddling away  
in a shower of sparks  
spittle on the blade

“Lovely scythe you have,” he says.

“No I don’t.”

“Up in the rafters it was,” says he. “A keen edge to it again. In three or four years – it all depends – I’ll be back for you, boyo.”

He turns the corner  
but his evening shadow  
lingers on the road (pp. 83-84)

One is tempted to apply the term allegory or dream-vision here for the figure of the title recalls medieval representations of a visit by Death personified, often in the trappings of some commonplace disguise. The “shamanic” beads and bones, the “gothic devil’s face” that is inexplicably transformed into “an archaic smile,” the “sparks” from the sharpening of the “lovely scythe” that our poet denies any knowledge of possessing, even the shadow that “lingers on the road” after the knife grinder departs: every image is intimately connected to a vision of death’s near approach as is the antagonist’s promise, “I’ll be back for you, boyo.”

While *The Parsley Bed* constitutes this Welshman’s fourth collection of haibun, Ken Jones has developed a public reputation in haiku circles, at least on this side of the Pond, as being recondite and obscure, cold and intellectual, austere and inaccessible. What lies behind such misapprehension is the reception – sometimes begrudging in its praise, sometimes scarcely veiled in its hostility – first accorded to the next title under discussion.

*Stallion’s Crag*, published four years ago, offers a tripartite design that opens with the title work, a 6000 word haibun that revolves around the mountain of Pumlumon (or Plynlimon) in central Wales, moves on to a little anthology of 60 haiku, and concludes with a selection of shorter haibun. While the individual haiku and shorter haibun have much to commend them, the discussion, due to

space considerations, will be limited to the ambitious title piece, the work that led to such misunderstanding on the part of so many North American reviewers.

Many of the complaints of obscurity and austerity originate with the specifically local subject matter of Welsh topography, folklore, and history so central to Stallion's Crag. Jones immerses his reader with few preliminaries in the barely inhabited wilderness of Pumlumon, of the deforestation of its mountainous expanse, of its gradual depopulation through foreign (English) occupation and, of critical importance to the author, the central role of the mountain in the tragic history of the last Welsh war of independence led by Owain Glyndwr, Prince of Wales, in the early 15th century:

"I soon dismissed this bleak, featureless wasteland when I first came here as a youth in search of excitement. Even today there is only one car park, unofficial and usually empty. Instant drama begins further north, on Cadair Idris. There, if you spend only a night on the summit you will at least awaken either mad or a poet. Pumlumon takes longer. Half a century in my case." (p. 12)

"Either mad or a poet": the two terms are inextricably connected from ancient times, from Plato's divine frenzy – no, even further back, to the intimate tribal connection between shamans and poetry across many ancient cultures.

Jones, however, haunts the waste of Pumlumon as a modern-day Welshman, an avowed Buddhist and sometime hermit, a poet, the tribe to whom he swears fealty being one that vanished, for all purposes, with the tragic heroism and legendary exploits of a 15th century prince.

"Some local shepherds refer to "the Prince" as if he were still a local resident. Perhaps he is. "Myn Duw, mi wn y daw" ("My God, I know he will come") sings the national pop star, Dafydd Iwan." (p. 19)

The motif of the hermit, long dear to Chinese and Japanese literature, is often evoked in these pages, often with reverence, often with a wry and self-deprecating sense of humor on the poet's part:

"My way, however, lies west up the wild valley of the Gwerin. Its entrance is guarded by a crag, surmounted by the only pine in a dozen miles. Dramatically bonsai'd by the westerlies, it has survived the sheep by growing out of a deep cleft .... As to that solitary pine, my hermit name is Coedn ar yr Mynydd ("Tree on the Mountainside") --- I Ching hexagram 53. There is a wonderful word *disgwylfa*, for a place of watching and watchfulness ..." (pp. 26-27)

Or, later on, in a brief scene or ironic self-portraiture:

"How interesting, but what do hermits actually do?" she asked, balancing a wine glass in one hand.

The main concern of this one is not to be in the same place and time as the clouds of midges which share my habitat.... In fact this hermit's job description is a blank; just bare attention, *disgwylgar*, to be all here and not somewhere else, and to let the mountain do the rest." (p. 39)

The alleged obscurity and coldness of Stallion's Crag might be judged largely a by-product of what, for many, is an unyielding, forbidding and alien landscape, of the desolate but exotic Welsh tenor of the work overall. However, allusions that the author makes to Welsh or Zen Buddhist matters are not particularly arcane and, where one verges upon the questionable, Jones commonly provides an immediate aside to aid the uninitiated.

The Parsley Bed and Stallion's Crag, together, present some of the finest English-language

haibun to date, work that is truly groundbreaking, and both are essential reading for the person who wants to understand what the genre is and what it might yet become. Both books are nicely produced as trade paperbacks while Stallion's Crag, with its crinkled rice-like papers and 'watermarked' "solitary pine" as a background for the tasteful typography on every page, is one of the most aesthetically pleasing haikai books in print.

The Embrace of Planets: 111 Haiku by Ban'ya Natsuishi. Romanian translations by Vasile Moldovan. English, French and Italian versions by various translators. Editura Fat-Frumos: Bucharest, Romania, 2006. ISBN: 973-552-49-1. Perfect bound, 4 x 5 ½ inches, 90 pp., no price listed.  
Reviewed by Jeffrey Woodward

Great fanfare has preceded the name of Ban'ya Natsuishi, in the international haiku community, for many years now. He is an established leader of haiku circles at home in Japan and abroad, having co-founded the World Haiku Association and contributed significantly to the critical debate on "keywords" as a modern alternative to a strict compliance with the traditional seasonal requirements of haiku. The Embrace of Planets collects over one hundred haiku by the poet with accompanying translations into Romanian, English, French, and Italian by nearly a dozen translators. Presentation of a Romaji transliteration of a Japanese original and translations into four other languages on a single page impedes, at times, a sequential reading of the text. Ban'ya Natsuishi divides his book into six sections that vary widely in length from six to 45 haiku. Unity of purpose, where it can be said to exist, is accomplished upon a simple topographical theme ("Fantastic Italy" or "Genoa: A Sword of Light"), by the repetition of a motif that establishes atmosphere ("Wellington: The Capital of Winds"), by an autobiographical proto-narrative of an eye operation ("Right Eye in Twilight") or by the clash of contrasting religious and cultural icons in a single landscape ("Macedonian Road"). While "Wellington: The Capital of Winds," by virtue of the dual repeated motifs of "seaweed" and "capital of winds," more closely approximates a sequence than most of the other groupings in this volume, the shorter "Macedonian Road," with its eight haiku, takes its place in the foreground as the one truly unified series in The Embrace of Planets. The poet achieves this unity of purpose and perfect economy by carefully balancing, in contrast, the cultural and historical contradictions of his topos as a crossroads of Islamic and Christian influence:

On the road  
leading to the mosque –  
a dog sleeps soundly

The crescent moon  
and the cross align together –  
night in the capital  
(p. 56)

Natsuishi, also, hints at the darker past of the region:

Into the mosaic  
a swastika faded away –  
wind from the lake  
(p. 55)

While the poet wishes for peace amid the clash of cultures, a deeply felt pessimism, at the end of “Macedonian Road,” frustrates his willingness to believe in its future:

Even in the clouds  
a mute and a deaf person  
arguing with each other  
(p. 57)

“A Future Waterfall,” with its 45 haiku, exceeds the other sections of *The Embrace of Planets* in ambition and perhaps in daring but, despite the poet’s admitted talents, reads very unevenly. If “A Future Waterfall” has a unitary theme or formal progression of some kind, that coherence escapes this reviewer. This lack of a larger context explains the weakness of certain of the haiku; they do not relate to their textual neighbors and yet have insufficient value to stand alone:

On Sabbath Day  
traversing the sea –  
a coincidence  
(p. 10)

For the irascible professor  
a certificate  
for crossing the Equator  
(p. 23)

Though “A Future Waterfall” may fail in terms of the grand architectonic design, individual haiku in the group clearly demonstrate the brilliance that brought Ban’ya Natsuishi fame:

Long, long ago  
a fountain  
at the bottom of the sea  
(p. 15)

A remarkably potent and primeval vision, this, though the English translation cannot replicate the marked rhythms of Natsuishi’s original: “Kaitei no izumi no mukashi mukashi kana.”

Individual poems of this superior quality are common enough to make *The Embrace of Planets* a significant collection, despite reservations about Natsuishi’s lack of ability to “plot” the larger sections. The poet, also, finds some consolation, even in the face of pessimism about the current state of affairs, in his abiding faith in the lasting grace of poetry itself:

Armed with  
four thousand years the menhir  
listens to birds  
(p. 25)

*Border Lands* by Jim Kacian. Red Moon Press: Winchester, VA, 2006. ISBN: 1-893959-58-9. Saddle stapled, softbound, 4 x 6 inches, 68 pp., \$12.00 US.  
Reviewed by Jeffrey Woodward

This attractively produced, shirt-pocket sized volume is that relative rarity in its genre, the book-length haibun. Jim Kacian – co-founder of the World Haiku Association, former editor of Frogpond, owner of Red Moon Press – presents, in *Border Lands*, a modern staple of haibun literature: the travel journal. Not content to assemble a disparate collection of individual pieces, the author demonstrates an ability too

often lacking in poetic circles of Eastern and Western persuasion – the disciplined skill necessary to construct a book. The poet is summoned to this journey to the Balkans, to Serbia, to attend the funeral of a distant friend's father and, in fulfilling this obligation, surveys an ancient culture torn apart by ethnic and civil war. Though the rite of burying the dead is the very cause of Kacian's pilgrimage, the funeral itself, although the pivot or centerpiece of the narration, plays a truly marginal role in *Border Lands*. The author, instead, is concerned with the journey proper – the going out, the coming back. He states why in his very succinct foreword to the book:

“Once in a great while we are fortunate enough to witness something of great significance outside our usual ken. The rest of life is preparation for such moments. The question is not whether or not we will be able to cross the line once we have come to it, but what we will be when the time has come and if we are able, to cross back.”

Kacian, who carries with him not only a backpack but a justifiable anxiety about crossing a country at the brink of war, is quickly immersed in a landscape physically ravished by a history of exploitation:

“These mountains, stripped of their hardwood forests by Venetian shipbuilders at the behest of merchants more than five centuries ago, are mere karsts now, the bones of mountains, yet they appear no less impenetrable... and depopulated by the current conflict:

“Darkness is overtaking us. We still have fifty miles to sustain before we stop. The first sickle of the waxing moon is dead ahead, and nearly nestled in its arc, the steady gleam of a planet, red, Mars....

ancient road  
wearing away  
my share

We have arrived in Z.'s native place. It is now a farming village, a few hundred souls, but once it was a sizeable market town. The church is dedicated to Sveti Sava, patron of travelers and poets. A small waterfall flows down the ancient steps, worn in the center by innumerable feet...

The poet follows briefly with a sketchy description of the village and preparations for the burial:

lighting a votive  
for the living  
with one for the dead

Then, with the simple words, “And then it is done...,” Kacian shifts boldly away from the motive that directed his narrative through the first half of *Border Lands* and directs the reader's attention to what, at first, appears as nothing more than a tourist's detour: a previously planned meeting with another friend to climb in the Alps. While the segue is abrupt and unexpected, the poet, with a steady hand, guides the reader, in this fashion, through the first steps of the journey home:

“The air is light and incredibly bracing. It smells of snow and rock, old and unsullied. We can’t breathe enough of it in, after the smoke and catarrh of the keening. We speak in great fogs which dissipate instantly... I want to carry that with me all the way down the mountain, back through the city, through the country, through the air, all the way back home.”

This trip to the Alpine summit acts, also, as a purification ritual after the preceding immersion in war, death and desolation. Kacian is preparing himself for the “coming back”

returning home  
the chessmen have maintained  
my lost position

The irony of the haiku is self-evident and requires no exegesis. It foreshadows, in a quiet but moving way, the final return, as well as serving to highlight the ambivalent position of Kacian who is caught up and inexorably changed somewhere between the anxiety of a strange land and the comfort of home, between the going out and the coming back:

“The next morning we arrive at the airport in plenty of time, then sit in a smoky bar without saying much. The airport is brightly lit, generic, not any place specific but a place between places; really, no place.”

The structure of *Border Lands* can be summarized quickly. The narrative proceeds episodically from one brief prose notation to the next, not one of which exceeds two pages, while these several entries are linked together by the intermission of three to four haiku that expand upon the prose exposition.

*Border Lands* challenges the reader to follow its author’s example and to question his own honored values and assumptions, to measure his private and local vision against a public and universal reality. In doing so, Kacian eloquently but modestly illustrates his personal courage and his indelible artistry.

*The Salesman’s Shoes* by James Roderick Burns. Modern English Tanka Press: Baltimore, MD, 2007. ISBN: 978-0-6151-4396-5. Perfect bound, 6 x 9 inches, 96 pp., \$13.95 US.  
Reviewed by Jeffrey Woodward

This Edinburgh author brings to the 75 tanka of this, his first collection, a commitment to urban landscapes and motifs as well as a thoroughly schooled modernist rejection of the poetic, a determination to admit nothing that is “pretty” or graceful, nothing aesthetically pleasing. He is fixed, instead, upon the pointedly anti-poetic in diction and image.

One notes James Roderick Burns’ bias, first, in the stress laid in his language upon the ugly, the deformed and the scatological where “a fat worker rests his gut” (p. 10), someone stares through “dirty windows” (p. 11), “a red-eyed waiter” stands near “theatre toilets” (p. 57), one views a “dusk / like spilt molasses” (p. 72) or a “shit-studded wharf” (p. 48).

The tenor of *The Salesman’s Shoes* as a whole is marked by the author’s resignation to a dreary, hapless and sullied urban existence, a view that places him closer to T.S. Eliot or Philip Larkin, for example, than to most tanka poets – traditional or contemporary. It may be deemed, therefore, an irony that is “keeping in character” that Burns’ tanka adopts the strictures of the 5-7-5-7-7 form and rarely

varies from the syllable count. Unfortunately, the author's tanka often read like academic mimicry. All of the trappings of the form are in place but Burns' practice demonstrates little true understanding of his chosen vessel's restrictions and capabilities:

Lighting up a fag  
and idly scratching his arse  
in the vast scrap yard's  
wilderness of metal bones  
stands unreconstructed man.  
(p. 49)

The writing here is poised and balanced on the surface, despite the dated idioms of "fag" and "arse." Yet, upon examination, the reader discovers a simple sentence of a flat journalistic quality that lacks any poetic intensity – intentionally, one suspects – and offers only the sophomoric observation of Burns' discovery, colored by his barely veiled distaste for a common laborer, of "unreconstructed man."

Where the perceptions that inform Burns' tanka are not immersed in the soilure of the urban landscape that the poet inhabits, they veer off to the observation of discrete phenomenon often without discernible meaning:

On my coffee cup  
Warning – contents may be hot.  
Beyond the terrace  
a wren takes flight, instructions  
stamped on the back of its wings.  
(p. 69)

Crazy moth barrels  
round the paper shade, drops out  
like a flake of soot –  
I raise the window and smile  
thinking of you dressed in white.  
(p. 43)

The comparison, in the first tanka, of a coffee cup's "warning" and a wren with fanciful "instructions / stamped on the back" is trite whereas, in the second tanka above, the collation of a "crazy moth" drawn to its death by a lamp with that of a woman "dressed in white" is, at once, eccentric and absurd. Nor can one characterize the use of the slang, "barrels / round," as efficient or justified by the subject.

The title poem of the collection, again, verges upon the fantastic and freakish

In the corridor  
the elderly salesman's shoes  
wait despondently  
like lizards on a creek bed  
for some long-vanished polish.  
(p. 13)

While one might admit the peculiar simile of old and unpolished shoes compared to a lizard on a dry

creek bed, the anthropomorphism of the shoes waiting “despondently” verges upon the unintentionally comical.

James Roderick Burns, one suspects, might write a clean and balanced expository prose, for he demonstrates often in this volume the prerequisite talent but, in the arena of tanka, the form has mastery over Burns and not vice-versa.

Mourning characters  
at the end of a novel  
there is always this –  
print ghosting on a blank page  
and the smell of fresh coffee.  
(p. 81)

The above tanka closes out *The Salesman’s Shoes* with some promise, at least, that this young writer, with time and experience, might someday acquire that mastery.

Contemporary Haibun, Volume 8. Edited by Jim Kacian, Bruce Ross & Ken Jones. Red Moon Press: Winchester, VA, 2007. ISBN: 1-893959-61-9. Perfect bound, 5 ¼ x 8 ¼ inches, 120 pp., \$16.95 US. Reviewed by Jeffrey Woodward

Eight years into Red Moon’s highly successful series of annual haibun anthologies – and with how many years of nascent haibun activity in English preceding this? – one is forced to conclude that haibun in English has few, if any, hard and fast rules. Well-intentioned journal editors who solicit or reviewers who comment upon the genre may inform the reader that haibun’s requirements include any possible combination of the following guidelines: prose plus one or more haiku; use of present tense; use of first person; a subject chosen from one’s common everyday existence; a revelatory or “aha” moment; and on and on.

Unfortunately, the curious reader who conducts even a cursory review of the literature will soon discover that exceptions outnumber cases of conformity to every guideline cited and that, moreover, the exceptions quite often are not weaker for this lack of adherence. Practice precedes theory in poetry and so poetic success in the face of a critical failure and lack of consensus should not greatly surprise. An absence of critical and heuristic clarity is lamentable, certainly, but the failure is not wholly that of the English-language haikai community. Basho came to prose relatively late in life and left no explicit rules of composition for the practice of a haibun genre that he invented. That his followers were unable to build upon his successes and that haibun in Japan suffered a long decline is evidence that a proper aesthetic for haibun has yet to be elaborated in Japan as well. Granted that one is more likely to confront a unicorn than any consensus on the structure and nature of haibun, what shall we make of an anthology which collects over 60 haibun by 45 contributors? Can we delineate any tendencies? Can we collate these disparate works and categorize them based upon shared methods or manners? Three methods dominate this collection – naturalism, reverie, and expressionism – but the demarcations between them often blur in individual works.

Most commonly in evidence in this anthology are haibun that I loosely define as naturalist in style, their chief intent being a realistic depiction of everyday persons, places, and things – present and past. The authors of such works show a fondness for the strictly domestic as in Hortensia Anderson’s “Claire” (p. 9), a scene which sympathetically portrays a learning-disabled child, or C.W. Hawes’ “In a Little While” (p. 42), a touching snapshot of a separation in progress. Because the focus in such vignettes is intimate, immediate and close-at-hand, even when, as is often the case, the present gives

way to the intrusion of an overpowering recollection of the past, the diction generally leans to the prosaic and, in this relaxed state, admits slang and other idioms frequently excluded from formal written discourse. Yvonne Cabalona's "Transition" (p.17) demonstrates the dangers of this laxness when, for example, her cat, pouncing upon leaves, "snaps, crackles, pops" (an unfortunate cliché) or when she observes the "8-to-5'ers"

returning from work. Collin Barber, similarly, succumbs to the lazy temptations of the common tongue and weakens an otherwise impressive haibun, "The Long Way Home" (p. 14), with such careless constructions as, "Though I wasn't involved in this scene, I get the feeling that somehow I've done something wrong" (*italics mine*). Not every haibun that shows fidelity to the detailed description of the naturalist mode shares these common shortcomings, however. Gary LeBel's "The Frenchman's Line" (pp. 54-57), which belongs to the naturalist tendency as well, is unique in this collection and rare for haibun, in general, in eschewing the poet's immediate life-experience or meditations in favor of an avowed fiction – an episodic tale, in this instance, of "an iceman's day on a New England river." Haibun wherein the poet is engaged in a state of reverie, dream, or trance appear less frequently than the naturalist vignette but are by no means rare. Contemporary Haibun 8 affords some remarkably fine examples. In Adelaide B. Shaw's "Unfocused" (p. 89), her deceased father "moves slowly" into her dream and she accepts his presence, as if he had never died, but wonders why he has been so long absent, while noting, significantly, that his "image is unfocused and slightly faded," that he comes in the form of "the young man of his early photos."

Lynne Rees, in "The Next Wave," presents a vision of death which, in contrast to the elegiac tone and slow movements of Shaw's vignette, betrays great anxiety with an accompanying vision of destruction on a rapid and massive scale:

"I dream about my mother's house, a rush of surf where Silver Avenue used to be, waves spilling over a neighbour's fence, gardens drowning. I hold her away from the window to protect her, the waves tremendous now, pummeling the glass, spitting through the broken seals in the window frame. The next one will crash through. I pick my mother up, her body small and pale like a baby's, and run to another room.

welcome hug  
each time I come home  
my mother is shorter"  
(p. 86)

One of the more captivating, albeit obscure, examples of reverie or dream occurs in author Bamboo Shoot's "Journey" (pp. 12-13) with this arresting beginning:

"4.00 am. I woke too early, and found myself locked out of sleep. Reading, a reliable hypnotic when I was interested, now failed me when I was not... I went to the open window to watch the day begin. But the garden was still unlit... I dunked a tea-bag, returned to bed, opened my book—and re-awoke to find I'd almost missed it."  
(p. 12)

The elevation of diction shows such fascination with language as sheer material on the poet's part that it is reminiscent of the dramatic use of impasto, say, in the early painting of Cézanne. An example of the exaltation follows immediately in the next paragraph:

"The chorus was already packing up and drifting away to the day jobs; but there, centre-stage, halfway through his Why didn't you wake me earlier routine, was the sun: a sullen blood-dusked eye glared at me out of multicoloured sheets. Slowly, the eye became a globe of crusted gold-melt and saffron

calligraphy was fired onto porcelain of the palest blue . . . .

(p. 12)

If there was any doubt as to the trance-like state behind this haibun, the writer Bamboo Shoot advances from atmosphere to an explicit statement of the hallucinatory nature of the work with:

“suddenly, from a different window, I was stealing down a broad oak staircase, quietly drawing the bolts on heavy doors, and running barefoot across a graveled drive—out into the ankle-deep grass of fields...”  
(p. 12)

Throughout this haibun, Bamboo Shoot’s urge to press language to the limit results in confusion of subject and object – an ambiguity that at times is clearly the author’s purpose, while, at others, seemingly carries the poet away with the reader in a lovely but uncontrollable torrent. I’ve not read Bamboo Shoot’s work elsewhere but this writer is someone I certainly hope to read more from in the future.

The third method, after naturalism and reverie, which is readily in evidence in this collection, is what I’ve termed, perhaps with undue liberty, expressionism. Such prose has a place midway between naturalism’s fidelity to the descriptive and commonplace and reverie’s frequent flights from the strict definition of the everyday object. Expressionist haibun, as I employ the term here, refers to a prose that shares naturalism’s interest in anecdotal narrative, but rejects its prosaic diction for a heightened poetic diction a la reverie.

Jamie Edgecombe’s “Music of Decline” (p. 16) describes a nightclub scene as clearly as any naturalist vignette but the tone of the phrasing and the atmosphere that it creates places this haibun much closer in spirit to reverie: “Caught between the whisky mirror's logo—familiar eyes . . .” or “One woman brandishes a sky-blue-camisole; the other, a silk-scarf that snakes to her neck's nape...” Similarly, Gary LeBel’s “Vowel” deftly employs some very graceful turns to depict a cormorant in its natural setting:

“I had watched the bird yesterday as I do today, admiring its ancient look in silhouette, its trailing wake of a long and slender sentence without a period, and I stay until the diving accent grave of a lone, warm vowel slips quietly away into the river's ink.

trusting in tides—  
in the lightless depths,  
the cormorant”  
(p. 54)

“Birdlings Flats” by Jeff Harpeng probably illustrates the expressionist method at its best. From the opening sentence, the reader discovers himself in the presence of a poet who is master of the rhythms of his language and of the possibilities of his material:

“A spit of greywacke, gravel, and stone ground round as river-rock, infilled with sand and further inland soil, stretches south from the underbelly of that burst volcanic boil, Banks Peninsula. This stony spit landlocks an inlet, endstops gray water: Lake Forsyth.”  
(p. 33)

Harpeng’s frequent compounds, his densely layered images and earthy atmosphere are deeply embedded in the English language and reach as far back as to the kennings of Old English for their expressive power

“We have spent a few windswept hours on the beach, hand mining wet stone for green, for ferrous faults: fate lines. We settle for some rounded quartz, abraded cloudy by sand. I find my white stone. It fell out of the book of Revelation, the stone with my secret name underneath. Both obverse and reverse are without text.  
(p. 34)

Or as far back as to the King James Version of the New Testament, perhaps, for the apt symbol of the “white stone” and “secret name” that is promised to the Elect. Harpeng, for reasons not made explicitly clear to his reader, participates in the apocalyptic vision without, however, being rewarded with a fulfillment of its covenant. One may record, again, as many have for the previous seven seasons, that for the reader with an interest in haibun in English, no better guide to current developments is available than Contemporary Haibun, the undisputed standard in this genre. The consistently high level of much of the writing is amply complimented by the beautiful design and modest price that one has come to expect of Red Moon Press.

shorelines: haiku, haibun, and tanka By Kirsty Karkow, Edited by Cathy Drinkwater Better, Introduction by Beverley George, Published by Black Cat Press. Soft cover, perfect bound, 132 pp, plus ends. Trim 5 in. x 6.5 in. Cover price: \$15.95. ISBN 0-9766407-5-9

The second poetry collection by Kirsty Karkow—a name familiar to readers of literary journals in the U.S., abroad, and online—has just been released by Black Cat Press. *shorelines: haiku, haibun, and tanka* contains more than 100 individual haiku, tanka, poem-sequences, and haibun inspired by Karkow's life on the coast of Maine. The book also features a full-color cover painting and monochromatic watercolor illustrations by the poet as well as an introduction by HaikuOz: Australian Haiku Society president Beverley George.

"As in water poems, rivers, creeks, and the ocean permeate the imagery throughout much of the collection, providing a sense of connection and honest purpose," wrote George in her introduction to *shorelines*. "The poet is at one with her landscape and her recording of it is precise."

"Kirsty Karkow has followed up her first book, *water poems*, with this elegiac masterpiece," wrote poet Dave Bacharach, judge of the 2006 TSA International Tanka Contest. "Each poem is a small, self-contained gem; yet together, they coalesce into a totality of feeling—*shorelines* is to be read and reread."

Winfred Press editor Larry Kimmel noted, "the undertow of her inner-life that truly engages the reader. These are strong poems by a strong woman."

*shorelines* comes two years after Karkow's popular first collection, *water poems: haiku, tanka, and sijo*—now in its second printing. Renowned poet and translator Jane Hirshfield called Karkow's earlier book, "Various as dappled light, a wonderful alloy of Asian forms and contemporary speech and perception.. Moving and deft."

*shorelines: haiku, haibun, and tanka* is available directly from the poet. The cover price of \$15.95 includes shipping for the USA and Canada. \$20. includes shipping to other countries. Send cash, check, or money order, in U.S. funds, made payable to "Kirsty Karkow," to: *shorelines*, c/o Kirsty Karkow, 34 Indian Point, Waldoboro, ME 04572.

Reviews of former books of Werner Reichhold  
by Jeffrey Woodward

The work in the Landzeichen (1980) monograph – wherein you invent a new Land Art through photomontage, a marriage of existing landscapes and rusty iron sculptures, "dream landscapes of what could be" – demonstrates clearly your recognition of the temporal quality of art, even of the monumental and pre-historical works "weathered away" across the globe. Why, then, not sanction a dream or trance where natural material and human artifact are subject to the caprice of time? Unless I mistake the above as fundamental to your thought, Werner, this very cognizance of mutability stands behind your determined use of disposable materials (cheap, non-durable, plastic, cloth, wood, found-objects and even mercantile products) from the Installation 1975-1985 catalogue forward. To extend Leonardo's prescription that one might seek inspiration from gazing fixedly at the stains on old walls, here the drawings – predominately studies for the installations? –prepare an intuitive trance or dream image for objectification. I'm struck by how often the line in the graphics allows permutation after permutation, how "transient" your seeing is, how obsessively it returns to allude briefly to this or that internal organ or exterior body part as a motif.

You will pardon me if I construe Handshake (1989), Tidal Wave (1989) and Bridge of Voices (1990) – with their mix of haiku, drawing, installation, collage, photograph and photomontage – as a triptych or trilogy; their methods are so intimately intertwined. While the ready analogies of renga linkage or material juxtaposition in collage come to mind, they are only rough analogies and do not properly describe, in my estimation, the interplay between the varied elements of these books: written word, photograph, collage, line-drawing or even the cursive of your signature. I might point out haiku that I particularly admire for their originality:

falling  
ocean in a cloud  
rain

where the normative three-line lineation thinly disguises what a later haiku's typography renders transparent:

king  
as far as one can swim  
salmon

i.e., the insertion of a descriptive clause between a noun (rain / salmon) and its customary companion and modifier (falling / king). It is a beautiful verbal construction and, far from avant-garde, strikes the modern ear as so strikingly new precisely because it is so ancient: Old English alliterative poetry, classical Welsh poetry, Old Norse court-meter and the 'pillow-words' of Japanese waka, employ a similar rhetorical strategy.

To admire one haiku or drawing or photomontage, however, in isolation from its total plastic and verbal context, really does no justice to your work, Werner. Such an approach is rather like the standard monograph practice of presenting painting or architecture for explication by showing numerous 'detail' reproductions but, in this case, without a summary overview of the whole. Again, I offer an apology for the time-constraints that limit my remarks upon your fine work. I wanted,

however, to acknowledge your generous gift in some way and considered even a casual observation preferable to silence.

## ARTICLES

### ARTICLES

#### THE SCHOOL OF DOWSING

John Martone

shabby clothing  
and cool out the one man  
walking on  
Santoka/ Corman

Hazel rod in hand, someone is walking. The hazel rod draws him in wider circles until it begins to vibrate. It draws his eyes down to the earth, for whatever he is looking for is here now, right before him. It may be water, or some long buried thing. It is the secret.

Dowsing – its broadest sense – could be the original art from which all the others derive. It is certainly older than the Neolithic cave paintings that depict it, and perhaps it was dowsers who discovered those ice age caves. In China, images of dowsing go back three millennia, and other cultural practices are clearly related to it. The yarrow rods of the Yijing are dowsing rods of a sort, and the oracle bones and oracle bone characters accomplish a similar purpose: they lead us into life. One might even say that the tuning experienced in tai chi is a kind of dowsing. In Japan we have something like the dowsing rod in the Shinto tamagushi, a branch of the sakaki tree placed on the in the Shinto shrine, as a means of connecting the worshipper to the kami. Motohisa Yamakage describes its use:

2 When you receive the tamagushi, our left hand supports the leaf part and the right hand holds the branch stalk. Proceed to the front of the shrine, bow deeply, and then turn the tamagushi three-quarters clockwise. You should offer tamagushi in such a way that the root of the sacred sprig is facing toward the shine. Then you bow two times, clap two times, and then bow again. (198-199)

William Barrett's researches suggest that dowsing is all-but a cultural universal: he finds dowsers in Calcutta, Malaysia, Melanesia, central Africa – virtually wherever people have lived. Usually, the dowser looks for water, but not always. In fact, one of the earliest European text to deal with dowsing, Agricola's *De re metallica*, has the dowser looking for metals. In the mines of the American west, according to Walker Wyman, Cornishmen were renowned mineral dowsers: "These people had long believed in the forked stick for locating minerals, and brought the belief with them. The rod was guided by pixies, "the fairy custodians of the treasures of the earth," they said." (47)

One can dowse for anything. Tom Graves wrote:

Once you start serious work in dowsing, you'll soon find that all the 'objects' you deal with appear to have minds of their own. All of them – people, plants, minerals, metals, stones, places on, above and below the ground, even concepts and ideas – in their role as images in dowsing can be awkward, cantankerous, unreliable, even treacherous; as images they all have a sense of mind and purpose. Not necessarily 'mind' in the usual sense of the word, in fact, rarely so, but since they all exist as ideas and images in the mind, they can all act as at least semi-independent entities

3 within it. Since in dowsing you're operating in the mental world, the world of the mind, you have to observe and be responsive to their reactions and needs if you're going to get reliable results from them. (107)

Graves probably doesn't know much about Hua Yen Buddhism, but his belief in the world's sentience resonates with that faith. That dowsing is such a widespread cultural practice probably has something to do with that belief: we are not alone, we are not cut off from the world around us. That all of us are sensitives by nature is a belief that our hierarchical, anthropocentric outlook has certainly done its best to discredit. St. Francis and Issa Kobayashi may have talked to the creatures, and George Washington Carver to his plants, but for most of us, language is a distinctly human province. Few westerners subscribe to anything like the traditional Japanese notion of kotodama, the power of words to communicate with nature itself.

praising  
Buddha  
mouths  
gaping  
wide  
frogs  
(Lanoue 23)

Today, it is as hard to find a dowser as it is to find a poet. Society holds both in contempt: they are con-men or fools, wasting their time on an antiquated superstition and for crediting both humans and the environment with greater powers than reasonable people suppose. I don't know whether dowsers bother any longer to validate their results in a scientific sense. I do know that poets would do well to reinvigorate the connection to

4. their dowsing brothers and sisters. Let sensible people shout all the louder that these arts are antiquated superstitions – in the same breath these folks are saying that art waters our roots! The connections are straightforward – The dowser walks in tune : Dr. Williams drove, but Basho, with the world Santoka and Sakaki walked and walk even now The dowser finds water/ : Poets find poems water reveals itself Poems reveal themselves The dowser is a sensitive in- : The poet is a sensitive instrument... strument who, with the aid of the dowsing rod makes the earth's energies visible. The dowsing rod is unpre- : The brush, stylus, or pen traces dictable... a link to the world. What I want to stress first is being in movement – dowsers and poets should both be great walkers, who walk mindfully on the earth, and who do not know in advance where their work will appear. Both are creatures of the outside, of the Dao. You might go so far as to say that poets, like dowsers, follow the water-cycle –

chilly  
the clouds  
in a hurry  
\*\*\*  
no more houses  
to beg from now  
in the mountains  
clouds  
\*\*\*

5 begging while walking  
and the sound of water  
everywhere yet

\*\*\*

raining as it will  
getting wet as one will  
getting on with it  
(Corman 11, 33, 48, 58)

The poet finds the poem. Finding requires innocence, since what one finds is usually quite ordinary, nothing unusual. We do not like to think of ourselves in terms of innocence, as geo-locators of poetry rather than 'makers.' Children are the best at finding. But for poets like Tom Clausen, adults go decades without finding anything at all –

bike ride  
as fast as I go  
the moon on the water  
(Clausen 17)

Finding is also (horrors!) unproductive. Finding is not work; it leaves one refreshed rather than exhausted. Finding is not something for which one can take very much credit; since what one has found is what matters. Finding is a matter of luck, of having time to waste, of not being distracted by busyness. As Laozi puts it –

The multitude all have a purpose.  
I alone am foolish and uncouth.  
(Lau 25)

I think anyone who reads this will know that sense of encounter, of being drawn into the life of some small, ordinary thing and vanishing there. There is water, the dowser

6 would say, but “there is life” is what comes to a poet, and what takes shape, conceived and born at once, is a poem.  
on the kasa

a  
dragonfly has settled  
for a walk  
\*\*\*  
in the mountains  
all day long the ants also  
coming along  
(Corman 5, 57)

I find the sharpest expression of the dowsing/poetry kinship in the calligrapher's art. Once I had the privilege of watching Mochizuki Suizan's render his modern versions of the oracle bone characters. His ink-heavy brush circled and hovered over the paper on the floor until it was seized like a dowser's rod, plunged and made the character for tortoise: 龜. The 'one-line' painter Kaz Tanahashi is drawn to the brush instead of the pen because the former is more difficult to use, idiosyncratic, unpredictable. "Aren't weeds, twigs, and rocks already brushes?" (116) His work reminds us that the Chinese term for 'nature,' ziran [自然] is actually best translated as 'self-so' or 'spontaneous.' In the case of Paul Repts, one is sometimes hard put to tell which comes first, the calligraphic image or the poem that arises with it on the page. In each of these cases, calligraphy renders visible a play of subtle energies. Dowsing as Dao-sing. Words are always – at least potentially -- the most "self important" medium of any art, compared to anything drawn or handmade, where the material stands out on its own, where you have an object, rather than an abstract 'trace.' Because the holograph poem, the haiga, makes energy visible (as Frank O'Hara said of Pollock's painting) it persists and has a new vitality in this electronic age. Poetry is only poetry when the

7 words overcome that potential "self importance" – when the life appears. Walking – the physical act which brings an awareness of breath and time passing; and the brush or pen (dowsing rod) – all of it as sensitive instrument, can only extend the reach of poetry from its roots which must not be forgotten. This can only be health for us. --john martone 2007

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#### TANKA AS SONG

Jim Wilson aka Tundra Wind

A number of friends of mine have expressed an interest in the tanka I am writing. Accordingly I have created an email list for the purpose of sharing the tanka with others.

My intention is to send out about one tanka each week. Since this is the first mailing I decided to make it special by including two tanka.

Almost all the tanka I write are also songs. So I will send out both the standard Tanka version as a poem, and also include the song version. The two Tanka included here use the same melody.

I have had difficulty finding a music program that is easy to paste into a document. So I have decided to use a system of musical notation called "Common Character Musical Notation" which uses only the characters commonly available on a regular keyboard that everyone with a computer has. This way I don't have to bother with cutting and pasting and extra fonts, etc. I have tried out this system with several musicians and they have found it easy to access. For the musicians on the list: each note consists of three fields. The first field designates the octave with a number: 4 = Middle C, 5 = the octave above Middle C, 4 = the octave below middle C, etc. Thus 4A = A 440, 5A = A 880, and 4A = A 220, etc.

The second field, already demonstrated above, designates the specific pitch in the octave by using the 7 standard capital letters. The third field designates duration as a function of the pulse. Thus 4A1 = A 440 for one beat. 4A4 = A 440 for four beats. Etc.

If anyone wants a full explanation of Common Character Notation email me and I will send an attachment.

#### Tanka

On this quiet night,  
a night of many spirits,  
hours before the dawn,  
there are voices in the wind  
and songs sung among the stars

#### Tanka Song

(4) (4A1 4A1 4A1 4G1) (4A4 )  
On this qui - et night  
  
(4A1 4B1 5C1 4B1) (4A1 4G1 4A2)  
a night of ma - ny spir - its  
  
(4A1 4A1 4A1 4G1) (4A4 )  
hours be - fore the dawn  
  
(4A1 4B1 4C1 4B1) (4A1 4G1 4A2 )  
there are voi - ces in the wind  
  
(4A1 4B1 4C1 4B1) (4A1 4G1 4A2 )  
and songs sung a - mong the stars

#### Tanka

The grove of redwoods,  
silent, an ancient stillness,  
soothing and serene.  
I once saw a goddess there,  
eyes of night and starlight hair.

### Tanka Song

(4) (4A1 4A1 4A1 4G1) (4A4)  
The grove of red - woods  
  
(4A1 4B1 5C1 4B1) (4A1 4G1 4A2)  
si - lent, an an - cient still- ness  
  
(4A1 4A1 4A1 4G1) 4A4)  
sooth - ing and se- rene  
  
(4A1 4B1 5C1 4B1) (4A1 4G1 4A2)  
I once saw a god - dess there  
  
(4A1 4B1 5C1 4B1) (4A1 4G1 4A2)  
eyes of night and star - light hair.

Mode: A – B – C – E – G – A

## LETTERS

. I am very saddened to hear about the demise of the Participation Renga. Just wanted you to know that I send these links (below) at the end of April. Perhaps you never received them. I had been hoping with the renga "Smoking Gun" to try to coax Zane Parks, Jeanne Cassler, and Emily Romano into responding, since they seemed to have enjoyed the similar enjambment renga - "OPENEDOOR." Nevertheless, I support your decision. Even if you had gotten my links, that would have meant just Paul and me had responded. That is hardly enough to continue the feature. Love and Blessings, Carlos Colón

. . .I'm very pleased to report that Bay Weekly, a well known weekly newspaper serving the Chesapeake Bay region, has featured my tanka in its summer supplement '101 Ways to Have Fun - Summer 2007.' Coming in at #5 on their list is 'Pen a Poem.' It features tanka exclusively, and reprints three of my poems from Heron Sea. I am not only pleased they asked to reprint my work, but that they put writing poetry so high on their list of fun summer activities. I am an advocate of making poetry accessible to ordinary people, and I think they did a lovely job with the article. M. Kei

. . .Lorraine Harr recorded herself reading the haiku she wrote for four of her books. I had them put on CDs and will sell the four for \$12. If you're interested let me know. I have a limited number now, but can always have more made. The books recorded are: Tombo, The Red Barn, A Flight of Herons and Cats, Crows, Frogs and Scarecrows. I put each book taped on a separate CD and I'm selling the set of 4 for \$14 which includes the shipping. Martha Haldeman, 2316 NE Dekum St., Portland, OR 97211. -  
Martha Haldeman

. . .My book Lip Prints will be out soon. Denis Garrison of MET is putting out several of my books, Eavesdropping which is available now (it's a revision of Clouds In My Teacup –I took the clunkers out. Ouch (senryu) will be out any day, and then Lip Prints and another which I'm working on, mostly tanka. All Lulus. They turn out beautiful books and I'm happy with the quality of Eavesdropping. Please give my best to Werner; I hope his health and yours are getting better and better. Warmly, Alexis Rotella

. . .Evelyn Yates passed away about a two weeks ago. A memorial is being planned by her sister and nephew on September 27 from 1 - 3 p.m. at The Great Hall of the Arts, and Letters Club, 14 Elm Street, in Toronto. You may recall, I shared a table with her at the Small Press Book Show (for ten years).And she attended most of the renga seminars of the Canadian Author's Association. I believe she read/featured at the Art Bar, once, before the Imperial Library Pub.She was assembling her second collection, but it is not clear yet what her family intend to do with it, as such it's out of my hands (so far). I might be able to finish the editing to get it published. I might be reading at Evelyn's memorial. Not a venue I expected. Nor look forward to. Her favorites Rilke, Rumi, perhaps Basho, of course her own work from Karumi Moon. I haven't seen her newest collection; she was secretive about it, but she did mention it was all but finished. I will set up a table for her at the Small Press Fair, in October/November, I already asked the organizers. Evelyn Yates worked as secretary assistant at the Addiction Research Foundation in Toronto and for 35 years where she wrote and edited articles for medical journals. She didn't consider herself a writer until she retired. Edward Baranosky

. . .I recently discovered Lynx, and was pleased by the variety of poetic forms and activities represented. Here's a baker's dozen of haiku-like poems of my own, for your consideration. A note about how these were composed: They are derived from a collection, which I found in a second-hand bookstore, of English-language translations of classical Japanese haiku. The translations adhered (mostly) to the 5-7-5 syllable pattern, but were printed so that the middle line was split into two shorter lines; thus each haiku occupied four lines. I composed my own four-line poems by taking a first line from one haiku, a second line from a different one, and so forth. Thank you for reading my work!  
Glenn R. Frantz

. . .I am submitting for your consideration several haibun that are presently unpublished. As you know from my participation on your forum, I do workshop my haibun. My bio: Ray Rasmussen lives in Edmonton, Alberta, Canada. His haiku, haiga, haibun and articles have been accepted for publication in Modern Haiku, Frogpond, Contemporary Haibun, Simply Haiku, Heron's Nest, Road Runner, Bottle Rockets, Contemporary Haibun Online, Haigaonline, Tinywords, Haiku Harvest, the World Haiku Review and other venues. He is the technical editor and designer of the Contemporary Haibun Online website. His web site designs are currently used by Simply Haiku and Roadrunner online journals. In a previous life, Ray thinks he may have been a university professor. Presently he enjoys the writing, photography, and wilderness hiking. Sincerely, Ray Rasmussen

. . . I hope that my message will find you in the best health. I am Clelia Ifrim from Romania and after many years I write you again .My husband, poet Dumitru D.Ifrim passed away on July 13, 2005. I send you an essay about one of his haiku:

#### THE MIRROR AS A MAXIMUMS SPACE IN HAIKU

The maximum space in haiku can be given by the kireji. It divides the poem in two parts. It is as a mirror set in the inner of the poem. A pause of action. Non-action. The mirror participates only through its reflection. It is a maximum space for that anywhere it is placed, it has the attribute of a central space. The two parts of poem are reflected into it .The beginning and the end in the same place. It is a habit of reading twice a haiku. It is actually a returning at the first word, at the beginning of the poem. But you can return provided that you pass through the centre, through this mirror . The last word from the haiku is linked to the first. The mirror creates their link. They are twin words, namely they are depending on each other. Their relationship is made crossing this space of the centre. I have chosen a haiku by Dumitru D.Ifrim published in the Ko magazine, spring- summer 2006 :

Wilderness of beach -  
sea foam arranges on the sands  
a spring wind drawing

The beginning and the ending are unloading themselves in the pause of kireji. The last word and the first word together are a drawing of solitude, “a wilderness drawing.” The kireji, the pause is an empty place, a mirror that reflects this drawing. A maximum space, there , at the end of the earth, on the seashore where is the beginning of another mirror . Clelia Ifrim

. . . I thought your site's visitors might appreciate a link to a new project I've launched called Haiku for You. It's a collaborative internet art project centered around haiku images. I hope you enjoy it! Cheers, H4U

. . . I'm sending you a pdf. review copy of The Book Of Hopes And Dreams. It's a charity, poetry anthology, published to raise money for the Medical Aid (Afghanistan) appeal of the Glasgow-based charity Spirit Aid, which is an entirely volunteer run organization, headed by Scottish actor and director, David Hayman. As a volunteer organization, Spirit Aid are able to ensure that 90% of all the funds they raise go straight to the projects they are involved in (unlike most of the bigger charities whose admin and advertising budgets swallow huge percentages of all donations). The Book Of Hopes And Dreams, which is a celebration of the human spirit (even in times of great adversity) has captured the imagination and hearts of some of the greatest living poets of our times; all of whom have freely contributed work to this anthology. There are contributions from Margaret Atwood, Lawrence Ferlinghetti, John Heath-Stubbs, Carol Ann Duffy, Simon Armitage, Tony Harrison, Alasdair Gray, Edwin Morgan, Penelope Shuttle, Anne Stevenson, Jon Stallworthy, Alan Brownjohn, Ruth Fainlight, David Constantine, Moniza Alvi, Cyril Dabydeen, Elaine Feinstein, Vicki Feaver, Michael Horovitz, Tom Leonard, Robert Mezey, Lawrence Sail, Jay Ramsay, Charles Ades Fishman, Geoffrey Godbert and Ian Duhig, amongst others. I would be grateful if you could review this book on your website, or, if a review is not possible, to give

it a plug. The book costs £9.99 and is available from all good bookstores in the UK. It can also be bought outside the UK via the publisher, Bluechrome or from UK Amazon. I hope that what you see in the PDF copy will inspire you to buy a hard copy of the book, either for yourself or friends and family. I hope also that you will be inspired to help to spread the word about the book, especially as Bluechrome are a small, independent publisher who do not have the sort of advertising or publicity budget that the major publishers have. Anthony & Fiona (the co-proprietors of Bluechrome) and myself are relying solely on the internet as a means of spreading the word about the book. We hope that those who come across

it will not only be inspired by the stellar cast of contributors, but by the ethos and the book and the charity it supports. We truly believe it is one of the best anthologies to have been published this century. Not only is it stuffed to the brim with the work of award winning poets, but it's message is resoundingly positive and optimistic. Something we all badly need to hear these days. Not only that, but every copy sold will go towards providing mobile clinics, doctors, nurses and medicines for the people of the far flung, mountainous region of Baglan in North East Afghanistan, where the population hadn't received any medical care whatsoever for 25 years, until Spirit Aid raised funds for their first mobile clinic. In reality, at least six mobile clinics are needed to provide even basic medical care for the people of Baglan. With your help Spirit Aid will get closer to making that a reality. I do hope you can help to spread the word about The Book Of Hopes And Dreams. A review, an advert or a link in your internet zine would really help. If you do an email newsletter, maybe you could give it a mention there. There's a lot more info about The Book Of Hopes And Dreams on my website. If you do manage to do a review, please email me the webpage that it appears on. Thanks very much for all your support. All the best, Dee Rimbaud.

. . . Thank you for your welcome note last winter, and for your invitation to send new cinquains to Lynx. I have included sixteen of them here in the hopes that a few will be acceptable. My big news at the moment is book news – I finally have a book with an ISBN: my book Sometimes In Balance was published in June! It is available for world-wide distribution via Lulu.com who ships directly to people's homes if they order the book from them.\* You can see details about the book, including an introduction by Jerry H. Jenkins, by browsing for my name in Lulu or, more easily, by just clicking through via my own site to the right Lulu pages. Best regards, Alan Reynolds

. . . Doghouse Books presents Morning at Mount Ring: Haiku and Senryu Poems by Anatoly Kudryavitsky, to be launched by Shizue Ogawa, Tokyo University, Japan, as a part of 20th International Gerard Manley Hopkins Summer School. Wednesday, July 25th, 4.30 p.m. St. Paul's Secondary School Monasterevin, Co. Kildare, Ireland. DOGHOUSE Books, PO Box 312, Tralee GPO, Co. Kerry Ireland. Anatoly Kudryavitsky

. . . Just a quick announcement about some good reading at Tanka Online: Tanka Online at [\\_www.tankaonline.com\\_](http://www.tankaonline.com) (<http://www.tankaonline.com/>), is now featuring guest poet, Laura Maffei, the founding editor of the print journal, American Tanka, and whose first collection of tanka, drops from her umbrella, was released in 2006. Visit soon to read Laura's tanka and an insightful interview about her experience as both a poet and a leader in the tanka movement in the West. Jeanne Emrich

. . . The new issue of Contemporary Haibun Online edited by Ken Jones, Jim Kacian and Bruce Ross is now online. Featured are: Hortensia Anderson, Ken Arnold, Ed Baker, Sharon Trevelyan Dean, Izabel Ganz, Jerry Gill, Clyde Glandon, Robert Hecht, Ellen Kombiyil, Mary Mageau, Andrea Miller, Sabine Miller, Linda Papanicolaou, Zane Parks, Patricia Prime, Ray Rasmussen, Moira Richards, Adelaide Shaw, Richard Straw, Dave Tilley, Jeffrey Winke, Jeffrey Woodward, Rafal Zabratynski.

CHO accepts submissions any time during the year. Usually you will receive a response from our editors within one month of submission. Ray Rasmussen, managing & technical editor, cho

. . .Announcing the 6th Tanka Poetry Contest for high school students – The SEITO Hyakunin Isshu– Deadline for submissions: November 9, 2007. For further information.

. . .The Southern California Haiku Study Group is offering for sale it's recently released 2007 Anthology – RATTLE OF BAMBOO - A HAIKU ANTHOLOGY SCHSG 2007 price: \$7:00 each + \$1:00 S&H inside USA. (8 bucks) (cash,check or M.O.) to Darrell Byrd, 1806 Hamilton Ave., El Centro, CA 92243 Email inquiries: Darrell Byrd. The booklet features Sumi-e Cover Art. by Ann Bendixen, Yuki Teikei Haiku Society, The haiku are presented by Margaret Hehmen-Smith, Jerry Ball, Tom Bilicke, Darrell Byrd, Linda Galloway, Deborah P. Kolodji, David Priebe, Wendy Wright. Thomas Conroy, Billie Dee, D'ellen, Victor Gendrano, gk, Nardin Gottfried, Gloria Jaguden, Terry Johnson, Anne Jones, Janis lukstein, Michael Mc Clintock, Naia, Victor Ortiz, Carolyn Thomas, Kathy Wilson, John Wong. Thanks on behalf of the dedicated members of the Southern California Haiku Study Group. Darrell Byrd

. . .The new issue of Shamrock Haiku Journal, the online magazine of the Irish Haiku Society, is now available at [www.freewebs.com/shamrockhaiku/currentissue.htm](http://www.freewebs.com/shamrockhaiku/currentissue.htm) Shamrock is an international quarterly online journal that publishes quality haiku, senryu and haibun in English, and has a home page at [www.freewebs.com/shamrockhaiku](http://www.freewebs.com/shamrockhaiku) Shamrock Haiku Journal is calling for submissions from local, national and international haiku poets for the next issue, which will be out in early December 2007. Please submit your work to Dr. Anthony Anatoly Kudryavitsky, Editor. The deadline for submissions is November 31st, 2007. See submissions guidelines. Please note that haibun submissions are closed until January 2008. Anthony Anatoly Kudryavitsky

HAIKU SPIRIT WEEKEND is to be organised in association with - haiku ireland - next November 16-18, 2007 in Duleek, near Dublin, in a superb location: Annesbrook House.

#### About the Weekend

This weekend is dedicated to haiku (and related forms) and will offer participants various activities to learn more about haiku and opportunities to discuss share, appreciate and enjoy the Way of Haiku in a peaceful and comfortable setting and in a friendly and organised atmosphere. Activities will include workshops, ginko, kukai, group discussions. The venue will be fully dedicated to the programme and will also host a Haiku Library with plenty of haiku books and journals, for the duration of the weekend. See the provisional Programme and Library listing below for more information.

The weekend package includes:

- All workshops and activities
- 2 full board nights' accommodation on a sharing basis (please note there are double rooms and rooms for 3 to 4 persons)
- 6 Organic meals to be served:
  - o 2 breakfasts
  - o 2 lunches
  - o 2 dinners
- Free tea/green tea/coffee

- There will be the possibility to buy wine for dinner, and hot whiskies and/or Irish coffees for dinner/evening activities.

**Weekend Fee** The package price for the weekend is [€220/€210 for - haiku ireland - members]. A non refundable deposit of €50 per person is required. Due to limited availability, please book as soon as possible with the attached booking form (Word document) to be sent back to [gilles.fabre@irb.com](mailto:gilles.fabre@irb.com) Although priority will be given to persons staying 2 nights, a 1 night package including Saturday morning workshops up to Sunday afternoon activities (2 lunches, 1 breakfast and 1 dinner) may be arranged. Contact me for information on this.

**About the Venue**

Annesbrook's foundations were set in the 1600's and it has grown through the 18th and 19th Centuries most notably when the Gothic dining room was added for the Prince Regent (later George IV).

Annesbrook is set in the Boyne Valley in the heart of archaeological Meath only 7 minutes from world-famous and historical Newgrange and less than half an hour from the Hill of Tara, Monasterboice, Trim Castle, Kells and important archaeological sites.

The 19th Century 2 acre walled garden provides most of the organic vegetable and fruit produce served for the meals at Annesbrook. The Orchard also dates from the 19th Century and contains many old varieties of apple including 'Blood of the Boyne' which until very recently was thought to be extinct.

To know more about Annesbrook, visit the site at: [www.annesbrook.com](http://www.annesbrook.com)

**Transport Car:** 40 minutes away from Dublin city centre

**Train:** 10 minutes from Drogheda train station (Taxi: app. €10)

**Bus:** Bus 103, departure from Berefords Place, Dublin 1; stop at Annes Brook Gate.

**Plane:** 30 minutes from Dublin airport. Taxi from Dublin airport: app. €30.

**Note**

Pick-ups from city centre/airport/Drogheda train station will be arranged as much as possible. It is important to fill in times and points of arrival and departures in the Booking Form. More information on Bus/Train routes will be provided after booking.

**For More Information** Do not hesitate to contact me for any further information or query. Hope to see you there to enjoy and share the Way of Haiku together! Gilles Fabre

**Atlas Poetica** : A Journal of Poetry of Place in Modern English Tanka welcomes international submissions in any language, provided they are accompanied by English translation. In addition, we will be including a list of international resources and short announcements relevant to poetry of place tanka on a space available basis in each issue.

Nederlands Modern English Tanka Press kondigt een nieuw tijdschrift aan. Atlas Poetica: A Journal of Poetry of Place in Modern English Tanka richt zich tot een internationaal publiek en zal twee maal per jaar verschijnen. In het formaat 8.5" x 11" zal het tijdschrift tanka's, waka's, kyoka's en varianten daarvan presenteren, evenals sets en suites. Opgenomen wordt uitsluitend poetry of place: gedichten waarin landschappen of plaatsen een rol spelen. Het uiterlijk landschap is met het innerlijk landschap van de mens verwoven. Atlas Poetica streeft ernaar, de diversiteit van het leven in de meest

uiteenlopende omgevingen te tonen en zo een poëtische atlas van de tanka-wereld te vormen. Inzendingen in andere talen zijn zeer welkom, mits vergezeld van een Engelse vertaling. Zowel traditionele als innovatieve teksten kunnen in aanmerking komen voor publicatie. De deadline voor het eerste nummer is 1 januari 2008. Raadpleeg voor gedetailleerde informatie.

Deutsch Modern English Tanka Press kündigt das Erscheinen einer neuen Zeitschrift an. Atlas Poetica: A Journal of Poetry of Place in Modern English Tanka wendet sich an eine internationale Leserschaft und wird halbjährlich erscheinen. Im Format 8.5" x 11" wird die Zeitschrift Tanka, Waka, Kyoka und deren Varianten sowie Serien und Sequenzen dieser Formen präsentieren. Aufgenommen wird ausschließlich poetry of place: Gedichte, in denen Landschaften oder Orte eine Rolle spielen. Die äußere Umgebung ist mit der inneren Landschaft des Menschen verbunden. Atlas Poetica strebt an, die Diversität des Lebens in den unterschiedlichsten Umgebungen zu zeigen und so einen poetischen Atlas der Tanka-Welt zu gestalten. Einsendungen in anderen Sprachen sind sehr willkommen, sofern eine englische Übersetzung beiliegt. Sowohl traditionelle wie innovative Beiträge haben Aussicht auf Veröffentlichung. Einsendeschluß für das erste Heft ist der 1. Januar 2008. Detaillierte Informationen bietet.

Suomeksi Modern English Tanka Press on tyytyväinen ilmoittaessaan uuden aikakauslehtensä, Atlas Poetica: Aikakauslehti Paikan Runoudelle Modernissa Englantilaisessa Tankassa. Aikakauslehti tulee julkaisemaan 8.5" x 11" formaatissa tanka/waka/kyoka-runoja ja sen variantteja, sekä runojoukkoja ja runoelmia kaksi kertaa vuodessa. Kaikki runot tulevat olemaan paikan runoutta, runoja joissa maisema tai kulttuurillinen paikka on merkittävässä asemassa. Atlas Poetica tähtää runouteen jossa sisäinen ja ulkoinen ympäristö ovat yhteydessä, ja josta on nähtävissä luonnollisen ja inhimillisen kokemuksen monimuotoisuus. Tanka sekä traditionaalisessa että innovatiivisessa muodossa ovat tervetulleita, kuten myös submissionit muilla kielillä kuin englanniksi, kunhan niiden mukana lähetetään myös englanninkielinen äännös. Ensimmäisen julkaisun deadline on: 1. tammikuuta 2008. Lisätietoja. M. Kei, Editor, Atlas Poetica

**FINIS**

A collection of poems by American poets Jane and Werner Reichold. Reichold, Jane and Reichold, Werner, "Symbiotic Poetry," The Haiku Foundation Digital Library, accessed November 22, 2019, <https://www.thehaikufoundation.org/omeka/items/show/4725>. Symbiotic Poetry book. Read reviews from world's largest community for readers. As English writers explore foreign poetry genres they are no longer writi... Let us know what's wrong with this preview of Symbiotic Poetry by Jane Reichhold. Problem: It's the wrong book It's the wrong edition Other. Read, review and discuss the Symbiotic Abound poem by Kurt Philip Behm on Poetry.net. "Symbiotic Abound. Poetry in its essence, renders itself obsolete. Transporting the reader, beyond words though profound. Casting off its burden of expressive supplication. Pure thought and pure feeling, symbiotic abound. (Villanova Pennsylvania: October, 2016) Rate this poem:(0.00 / 0 votes). 116 Views.

