

ATLAS
POETICA

A Journal of Poetry of Place
in Contemporary Tanka

Number 6 Summer, 2010

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M. Kei, editor
Alex von Vaupel, technical director

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Atlas Poetica : A Journal of Poetry of Place in Contemporary Tanka, a triannual print journal, is dedicated to publishing and promoting fine poetry of place in modern English tanka (including variant forms). *Atlas Poetica* is interested in both traditional and innovative verse of high quality and in all serious attempts to assimilate the best of the Japanese waka/tanka/kyōka genres into a continuously developing English short verse tradition. In addition to verse, *Atlas Poetica* publishes articles, essays, reviews, interviews, letters to the editor, etc., related to tanka poetry of place.

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Developments in World Tanka

I am pleased to welcome new poets to *Atlas Poetica*, especially gogyohka poets Tim Geaghan and Terry Ingram. Gogyohka is a Japanese poetic form derived from tanka; it is composed of five short lines without regard to syllable count and can address any subject matter and treatment; in short it is the Japanese equivalent to contemporary tanka in English. *Atlas Poetica* welcomes all forms of tanka and its variations, so gogyohka joins kyoka, tanka, and waka as part of our world of poetry.

Invented by Enta Kusakabe, gogyohka is read and written by half a million people in Japan. In 2006 Mr. Enta came to the United States to spread the practice of gogyohka; like many Japanese poets he was unaware of the burgeoning tanka community in English. In 2008 the Gogyoha Society was founded. Tim Geaghan is its Managing Director. He is also the founder of Gogyohka Junction, a major resource of poets interested in gogyohka.

The founding document of gogyohka in English is Enta's book, *Gogyohka*, translated by Matthew Lane, and published in 2006 by Shisei-sha of Tokyo. (See Patricia Prime's review in this issue.) Enta writes, "We Japanese write only one or two ideas in our short poems. It is better to be as compact as possible, the shorter the better. Short poems do not have many words; and when it makes the reader feel much through so little, it will be valued as a good poem."

In addition to the new voices in the journal, the AtlasPoetica.org website has also added a section of Special Features

in order to focus on particular tanka traditions around the world. The first two Special Features are already available: '25 Romanian Tanka Poets, One Poem Each,' edited and translated by Magdalena Dale with an introduction by Vasile Moldovan, and '25 Canadian Tanka Poets in French and English,' edited and with an introduction by Aurora Antonovic, with translations by Mike Montreuil and Huguette Ducharme. The third Special Feature, '25 New Zealand Poets,' edited by Patricia Prime, should be out by the time this journal appears in print.

Upcoming features include '25 Australian Poets,' edited by Beverley George and Carmel Summers, '25 Tanka on Lesbian, Gay, Bisexual, and Transgender Themes,' edited by Alex von Vaupel, and '25 Tanka for Children,' edited by M. Kei. For complete information on the Special Features and how guest editors can submit proposals, see the website at <AtlasPoetica.org>.

In keeping with Atlas Poetica's pledge to be a journal of poetry of place, the next issue will be devoted to tanka in translation, and other under-represented tanka traditions around the world.

~K~

M. Kei
Editor, Atlas Poetica

Colorado River Delta, Mexico. 80 years ago the river flowed through Utah, Arizona, and Mexico before pouring into the Gulf of California. Irrigation and urban sprawl now prevent the river from reaching its destination.

Cover Image courtesy of Visible Earth by NASA <<http://visibleearth.nasa.gov>>.

Letters to the Editor

Dear Kei,

Thank you for publishing 'frames in a film: Nobody Knows.' Unfortunately I neglected to cite the director of the film, Koreeda Hirokazu. It was most careless of me. I noted that the boy playing the lead role won best actor at the Cannes film festival for 2004, but it was extremely inconsiderate of me not to mention the name of this famous Japanese director. For those who found the poems moving, a video of the film is listed on Amazon.com—and of course I recommend seeing it to keep reminding us of the difficulties and anguish in our modern world.

Sanford Goldstein
Shibata, Japan

* * *

Dear M. Kei,

What timing that I bought *Atlas Poetica* and it arrived so quickly before this trip. I am writing this to you during our plane flight to a conference on the east coast. It is with a feeling of fresh flight, the new issue, I open it and feel in tune. Now preparing for another performance . . . Poets on Site on Earth Tour the World. Before leaving I encouraged poets to send poems in two languages for this performance and book, and am beginning to enter them, Tag a Log, Vietnamese, Spanish . . . This, so to your taste, I learn from your editorial.

I begin reading the sequences. On the van ride to the airport I read Federico Garcia Lorca's "duende" impressed with the lines about loving "the edge". This has always been my poetic sense, the naturally precarious. I feel as I read your atlas, that sense of departure. All the poems seem to share that leaving . . . travel so ignites. One large step away from the ordinary we sense that extraordinary fragility.

I write this to you, so as not to lose it, once the trip begins in earnest distraction, And so for now, before landing, I'll continue reading the markings on your giant butterfly . . .

at the beginning
I peek
at the last page
atlas moth
takes my breath away

Thank you!
Kath Abela Wilson



Letters to the editor may be edited for brevity, clarity, or grammar. Send to AtlasPoetica@gmail.com.

Selamat Pagi

Barbara Taylor

hello mister
you my special friend
selamat pagi!
when traveling alone
I find that life is crowded

western sunlight streams
through a Tanah Lot sunset
here on this batik
I play gamelan music
to make-believe it's real

~Indonesia 1975

early morning
breakfasting with monkeys
at the table—
under keen surveillance
I hold onto my purse

at the border
passing fifty dollar bills
under the counter—
my visa's extended!
yeah! I'm stayin' on

on the temple visit
objecting to group tours
thirty-six singles . . .
I'd be happier at home, alone
with my laptop instead

she aspires to be
like a female komodo
bearing offspring
when and how she wishes
without his lying words

pretending
to be invisible
along the path
a bearded dragon stretches
in yoga pose



A Fish Tale

Bob Lucky

a kingfisher lights
on a branch overhanging
Phewa Lake—
the reflection of mountains
shattered by feathers

Walking around Pokhara, my wife and I are struck by how many people are carrying fish, two or three on a line, a plastic bag full. Chalk sketches of fish appear on menu boards. "Fish Fry" is the special of the day regardless of the cuisine. After a lakeside lunch at Mike's Restaurant, my wife asks the waiter about the fish. "Half price on Friday," he says, refilling my coffee.

~Pokhara, Nepal

England Varieties: a tanka string

Sanford Goldstein

at the pub
called the Bishop's Finger
I bend forward
in ladling my large
bowl of thick soup

the world
of the crowded young on
this London night street
it is not for them that I write
these fragile poems of exile

my Japanese friend
eating his first pub salad
tells me
to say something
and I speak in clear English

behold
The Family Reunion in
a front row seat—
how Eliot's lines bind me
to my own un-seeing

from a pub table
I see a Dickens' gallery
of walkers,
one in a huge black coat,
one, his long legs doing a jig

and why was it
I didn't write on my own
of old men sitting
at tenement-red windows
looking out in elbow-despair?

pray
for penitence
whispered in wings
on the silent chapel
in St. Paul's

again
eating soup and bread
at St. Giles
in Edinburgh,
a sad wish to join the High Kirk

Picadilly beatniks,
these I observe on
my night walk,
all that sixties past
cast in a richer, brighter light

the sweater
I bought made from seaweed-
eating sheep,
its strength opening up
whirls of textured worlds



~Goldstein, cont.

at the Lost Sock
in magnificent Edinburgh,
my friend and I
drink our yogurt,
eat our heavy-forked salad

at midnight
my Japanese companion
gives a British coin
to the rag-clad beggar
we ignored in the morning

picture
taken by the audio person
at Edinburgh Castle,
I *sayonara* my way
and she says *arigatō*

how
but for the fickle fates
I might have been
that old man in knickers,
blinking away in thick specs

on London's subway
sometimes lovers kissing,
sometimes quarreling,
drunks in a sprawl while foreigners
guard their wallets against a wall

angel
playing your bagpipes
on a chapel wall,
sing your tunes for
this playful sinner

again
and again the organ
at St. Giles
echoes through my condo
kitchen-old recorder

tonight
it's Cock-a-Leekie
soup time,
and I cut the leak,
prepare to float the capon

having written
twenty-one tanka letters
since my London return,
I am left with the bagpipe image of
an angel on St. Giles chapel wall

over the high-rise
on that busy London street
a Brobdingnagian Gulliver
pilgrim staff in his right hand,
that image returns in Japan

~United Kingdom



And, Sometimes In Me

Terry Ann Carter

home from China
each rounded leaf
reminding me of moon gates
this summer night
fanning against my skin

where can I find
a bamboo bird cage
like those in Shanghai markets
the slow scuttle
of clouds

finally finding
my treasure
in an antique shop
the owner wearing
new red shoes

nothing lives
in the wooden cage
only a memory
of a creature
who sang before dawn

and, sometimes in me
a great desire
to lift open the little door
of the bamboo bird house
let something fly free

~Shanghai, China

Deception

Patricia Prime

Where is that bluebell wood where
we, three feet tall, found everything
mountainous? The sky blue beyond
comprehension and the path through the
trees full of interesting objects: daffodils,
sticks, rocks, the twitter of birds, so that
we never really got to where we were
going. When we retraced our steps,
nothing looked the same. We wished for
the stones of Hansel and Gretel to lead
us to the gingerbread house. Then took to
the trees, easy to climb with footholds
and handholds at accessible intervals.
High up we spotted the familiar a long
way off and never trusted the path again.

up ahead
a squirrel darts
dainty-toed across
a clearing, barely making it
with a wave of his bushy tail

we stood about
watching, expectant
a sudden laugh
rising up, or better,
a last word to keep us safe

~New Zealand

Midwest : Dawn

Terry Ingram

even in
the center
of the continent
there are regions
that time forgot

As railroads
joined in the north
the keelboats and showboats
drifted away
churning flotsam and eddys

the confluence
of three rivers
forms a crotch of earth
that marinates
in the country's heart

after Lincoln
there wasn't much:
inbred fundamentalism
the Popcorn Capital
a famous poolhall

once there were
mound builders
along the river
noted by the voyagers
who then floated on

Miles was from
East St. Louis.
He soon left.
A smart and talented man
in more ways than one.

~East Saint Louis, Illinois, USA

merely detained
by the Mississippi
hardy souls
left the trees
traversed the great plains



stragglers
stalled
under the canopy
their far west
was still the east

Two Days in Key West

Francis Masat

I

meditation class
eyelids flutter
as I watch
a mosquito feed
on my neighbor's foot

staring at a mangrove
my eyes move up a root
that transcends my thoughts—
shining in a million leaves
the simplicity of life

old Cuban plaza—
a broken chain
where the fountain was
a homeless woman naps
by a "FOR RENT" sign

a toad's shadow
lengthens
shortens
lengthens
shortens . . .

April 15th—
jasmine
carried on the breeze
the KW Symphony plays
"Festival at Baghdad"

circling a pond
the stars return
welcomed
by a tree-frog chorus
in dissonant harmony

II

dawn—
hibiscus raise new blossoms
all the same
iguanas replace
the hummingbirds

new leaves!
on an old branch
once thought dead—
one ring-necked coo
joins another

under a cloud
a hawk circles
with the vultures—
from the mangroves
a heron's croak

garden meeting—
a butterfly
catches the speaker's eye
a palmetto roach
catches mine

too few for Key West—
purple dawn red gold orange
lemon opal noon
sand fuchsia coral turquoise
blue green jade indigo night

black velvet air
I reflect
on the channel markers
reflecting
on the waves

Gloria . . . gloria!

Bobbette A. Mason

*Gloria Menzel died about ten years ago.
This tanka captures moments in time.
Four women, four friends, four honorary
pall bearers walked her home from
Immanuel Church on the Green to a
country cemetery in New Castle,
Delaware.*

the loom is threaded
 come throw the shuttle
 and weave with me
protagonist . . . dame
 returning for chemo

sterile paper gowns
 crones weaving whole fabric
 from strands . . . shared story
connections treasured
 parallel lives 'til now

the loom stays threaded
 the shuttle still
 four friends . . . final phone call
find field flowers, lush lilies
 come . . . walk her home

~New Castle, Delaware



Downwards Facing Dogs

Gerry Jacobson

early
morning yoga class—
one athletic
woman reaching
nine downwards facing dogs

back to
yoga after a break—
ooohh . . .
the stiffness in joints . . .
reluctance to move

balancing
on one foot
in Lord Shiva's
dancing posture—
elegantly wobbly

yoga in
a suburban garden
feeling
the Earth beneath
and all her profound beauty

noticing
pain in my shoulder
regretting
that I tried too hard
in Twisting Cobra

I love
yoga nidra . . . lie down
blanketed . . .
the teacher talks
softly . . . I fall asleep

~Canberra, Australia

A Cup of Grace

Britton Gildersleeve

Honey pools in spoons
light and sweetness on the tongue.
Flowers wreath a cup.
Tea steeps, steam coils, dreams float.
In the garden, bees flicker.

London. Mother shops.
She buys a Wedgwood tea set.
One room, two women,
a tray. Our words gleam, polished.
Familiar. Tea, death, memory.

Queen of the tea room,
my grandmother sits
straight in her tall chair.
She pours from a pot, low-voiced.
I curl beside her, listening.

My niece grows older.
I make tea, Panyang Congou.
She watches, silent.
Four minutes for brewed.
She stirs milk into her cup.

Pumpkin bread and tea.
That desperate year
the love of women saved me.
It poured from chipped china pots
we carried with us, homeless.

The music of spoons
in fluted cups. Voices float,
spiral like thin steam.
My mother, her mother. I
am listening, still listening.

Once we shared black tea
milk, sugar, stories of sons.
Between us, trust bloomed
in cups. Women shared stories,
linked lives, over a table.

*~Tulsa, OK; Dhahran, Saudi Arabia;
Algiers; London; Gravesend, Kent,
England.*

Cambric tea, milky
sweet with childhood promises.
Steeped in tea, my sons—
who grow, leave, return for tea.
Here we drink our tea strong. Black.



Gullah Fragments

Gary Severance

live oak trees
in gated plantations
landmark southern time
when sailing ships brought Gullah
to the barrier islands

bending in the fields
in gay colored turbans
women with burlap sacks
picked sea island cotton
for gentlemen's garments

carved voodoo tokens
strung over palm shaded graves
turn in the ocean breezes
blowing freely across
clipped island fairways

blue trimmed windows
of abandoned elders' homes
ward off stalking spirits
on once sacred ground
"Prime Land for Sale"

spreading live oak trees
draped with lines of pewter rain
grew through southern time
when Gullah slaves dug trenches
in dripping indigo plantations

~Hilton Head Island, South Carolina

Outliers

Dru Philippou

The mountain rises at dawn in crimson
isolation. White butterflies sail against
wisps of blue air. A gray jay fills the air
with soft whistles and wind stirs the lupin
by the water. Untold insects, where the
red and purple berry shrubs are glazed
by a few drops of rain, drone through the
day. A world rarely visited, but still a few
footsteps here, slowly filling with dust.

nesting duck
startled into
whirring wings . . .
water ripples
in the shadows

Further into a meadow, forget-me-nots
stare like a child's wonderment at the
world. A mullein sends up its single stalk.
Nature smiles at neither flower nor
weed.

fragrance
carrying in the wind
the breath of pines
along an unmarked trail
of a purple mountain

~Taos, New Mexico



Sea Cats

M. Kei

the only person
allowed to interrupt
the captain:
the ship's cat
strolls through the muster (1)

~*Toolbox*. Kalmar Nyckel. *Wilmington,
Delaware, USA*

inspected,
approved, & marked
as property
by the ship's cats,
I join the crew (2)

~*Timmynocky and Toolbox*. Kalmar
Nyckel. *Wilmington, Delaware, USA*

the glassy waters
of the Christina River—
the cook
and the ship's cat
first to rise

~*Toolbox*. Kalmar Nyckel. *Wilmington,
Delaware, USA*

at the dock
an orange cat
with a white bib
inquires of us
for his breakfast (3)

~*Stray cat*. Skipjack Martha Lewis.
*Knapp Narrows, Tilghman Island,
Maryland, USA*

a polydactyl cat
walks the bulwark—
he, too,
is the offspring
of sailors (4)

~*Stray cat*. Skipjack Martha Lewis.
*Knapp Narrows, Tilghman Island,
Maryland, USA*

playing
"red light, green light"
with the strange cat
she creeps closer
when I'm not looking

~*Marina cat*. Kalmar Nyckel.
Portsmouth, Virginia, USA

prancing
to make the bell
on his collar jingle,
the tomcat
announces his arrival

~*Timmynocky*. Kalmar Nyckel.
Wilmington, Delaware, USA

shipyard cat
black, scruffy, and friendly,
but not ship-broken
so he must stay
ashore forever

~*Luke*. Kalmar Nyckel Shipyard.
Wilmington, Delaware, USA



~Kei, cont.

lunchtime
the ship's cat
takes her seat
on the benches
with the rest of the crew

~Toolbox. Kalmar Nyckel. *Wilmington,
Delaware, USA*

aloof at first,
come lunch time
the ship's cat
decides to make friends
with the new crewmen

~Toolbox. Kalmar Nyckel. *Wilmington,
Delaware, USA*

raising
the black flag
of his tail,
the cat named 'Pirate'
loots my plate

~Pirate. Howell, Michigan, USA

the marina cat
scruffy, unwashed, and unfed
but friendly
to the tourists
and their picnic baskets

~Stray cat. City Marina, Havre de Grace,
Maryland, USA

outranked
by the ship's cat:
her seniority
gives her first choice
of the prime berths

~Toolbox. Kalmar Nyckel. *Wilmington,
Delaware, USA*

as if the bunk
weren't short enough already,
now I'm
shortsheeted
by the ship's cat!

~Timmynocky. Kalmar Nyckel.
Wilmington, Delaware, USA

lucky the crewman
the ship's cat chooses
to sleep with
on a January night
with sleet coming down

~Timmynocky. Kalmar Nyckel.
Wilmington, Delaware, USA

a quiet night
the ship's cat
twines
around my ankles
and under the windlass

~Timmynocky. Kalmar Nyckel.
Wilmington, Delaware, USA

➤

~cont. Kei

a nose
explodes in
sneezes—
even the ship's cat
has allergies

~Toolbox. Kalmar Nyckel. *Wilmington,
Delaware, USA*

the freshly varnished
grand staircase:
perfect paw prints
all the way down
the steps

~Timmynocky. Kalmar Nyckel.
Wilmington, Delaware, USA

trapped
in the sail loft
the ship's cat
tangles ankles until
someone lets him out

~Timmynocky. Kalmar Nyckel.
Wilmington, Delaware, USA

the younger of
the ship's cats makes
a flying leap
and boards the vessel
as the gangplank falls away

~Lagan. Kalmar Nyckel. *Wilmington,
Delaware, USA*

ship check:
crew,
cats,
and mooring lines
all accounted for

~Toolbox and Timmynocky. Kalmar
Nyckel. *Wilmington, Delaware, USA*

two ship's cats
tabby and tomcat
the sure-footedness
of never being seasick
or married

~Toolbox and Timmynocky. Kalmar
Nyckel. *Wilmington, Delaware, USA*

Clew Garnet
followed her heart—
her feline romance
ended just outside
the shipyard gate

~Clew Garnet, R.I.P. Kalmar Nyckel.
Wilmington, Delaware, USA

do sailor cats
dream of Fiddler's Green
where every day
brings bowls of cream
and slow-flying sparrows?

~Toolbox and Timmynocky. Kalmar
Nyckel. *Wilmington, Delaware, USA*

➤

~Kei, cont.

rhinestones
on a pink leather collar—
somebody's pet for sure,
but still, she hunches down
and watches the ships in harbor

~Housecat. *The Netherlands.*

Lagan!
what a horrible name
for a ship's cat
no wonder she jumped ship
in Philadelphia (5)

~Lagan. Kalmar Nyckel. *Philadelphia,
Pennsylvania, USA*

the ship's cat
tagged and identified—
if found,
please call the ship's cell phone,
we want him back

~Timmynocky. Kalmar Nyckel.
Wilmington, Delaware, USA

"Stand by lively!"
enough time
to bend down
and pet
the ship's cat

~Timmynocky. Kalmar Nyckel.
Wilmington, Delaware, USA

just me
and the ship's cat
know what
the top of the world
looks like (6)

~Toolbox. Kalmar Nyckel. *Wilmington,
Delaware, USA (7)*

(1) *Toolbox was born in a toolbox in the
spring of 1997 when the ship was under
construction and is the longest serving crew
member. She is officially a warrant officer
with the title of 'Captain's Assistant.*

(2) *Timmynocky was one of Toolbox's kittens.
Both cats have now been spayed and
neutered. 'Timmynocky' is Swedish for
'thingamajig.'*

(3) *Previously published in Slow Motion :
The Log of a Chesapeake Bay Skipjack.
Baltimore, MD: Modern English Tanka Press,
2008.*

(4) *Previously published in Slow Motion :
The Log of a Chesapeake Bay Skipjack.
Baltimore, MD: Modern English Tanka Press,
2008.*

(5) *Lagan, an item left on the bottom of the
sea with a buoy to mark its location. She was
a shelter cat adopted by the ship.*

(6) *Previously published in Gusts :
Contemporary Tanka. #5. Lethbridge, AB:
Tanka Canada. Spring/Summer, 2007.*

(7) *The Kalmar Nyckel is a replica of a 17th
century Dutch pinnace that brought
Scandinavian settlers to America in 1638.
See her Wikipedia page for more information
<[http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/
Kalmar_Nyckel](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Kalmar_Nyckel)>.*

for my sister

(Bev— Jan. 4, 1940— Dec. 31, 2009, Erie, PA)

Marilyn Hazelton

almost a circle
her birth and death
writing her obituary
summons back
winter's light

from Detroit
I travel toward death
toward memory
asking if I will be
on time

outside my door
in Allentown
I scatter seeds
tufts of fur
tell the story

beside me
on the midnight plane
a girl back from war
speaks of morale
among the dying

a flock of gulls
at the airport
densely white
lift to the left
then plunge again

daylight
becomes fairy tales
we gather
circled and mantled
by white

clouds stream
beneath the wing
like children
learning riddles
chanting rhymes

why
am I here?
beneath winter's ground
a seed
waits

~Midwest, USA

Cleveland shuts down—
the lakes call snow
to cover snow
thick with desire
for a blanket of ice

In the Footsteps of Captain Cook

Mary Mageau

Buffeted by sharp winds, we stand high on the Plains of Abraham. Our father enthusiastically points to nearby Quebec City telling us, 'This is the place where my family line began in North America. On these hills lie the origins of your French Canadian roots.' He leads us to the edge of a bluff where we gaze at the mighty St Lawrence River, flowing far below. In the National Battlefield Museum, I admire the first chart made of this section of the river in 1759. It had been meticulously surveyed and drawn up by a young British warrant-of-master, James Cook. Is this the same Captain Cook who made three great voyages of discovery?

on exhibit
an old sextant and compass
encased in glass
essential for navigating
by sun and stars

The lure of travel draws me to Hawaii, Fiji, New Caledonia, Norfolk Island, New Zealand and finally Australia. In each place, a statue or commemoration is dedicated to Captain James Cook. He discovered, named and claimed nearly all of Oceania on his quest for the Great South Land. In his journal of 1770, while aboard the *Endeavour* Bark, Cook writes, 'the pale-coloured waters of a wide bay suggest that a large river must flow into it. I have named this place, Morton Bay.' He was right, for near this bay on the Brisbane River stands Queensland's capital city, my first Australian home.

Notes: Rex and Thea Rienits, The Voyages of Captain Cook, Hamlyn Publishing Group Ltd. (1968) p. 60



Trip to the Danube— a tanka sequence

Norman A. Johnson

over harvest fields
stretching away to mountains
wet with recent rain—
in Carpathian shadows (1)
life survives since eons past

here on the Danube (7)
our fishermen row small boats
searching dark waters;
our travelers take breakfast
serene on the upper deck

on to Bucharest (2)
vibrant city once again
Paris of the East
bustle of the city streets
breathing the air of freedom

day on the river
we relearn to write our names
but in Cyrillic
certain smell of history
follows on this enterprise

the People's Palace (3)
monument to vainglory
blight on Bucharest
this storied city— Behold
now: the wrath of the people (4)

Bulgaria's pride
lost in shame the citadel (8)
forsaking patrimony
but in the valley roses (9)
sere monks chant their ancient lays

leaving the city, (5)
unfolding panoramas
speeding to the shore;
from club cars see donkey carts
bearing the weight of the land

on board dinner show
crew members perform a skit
clever song and dance
our navigator scans the
river traffic in the dark

Constanta, some say (6)
here was a great agora
Roman ships at bay
they wonder at amphora
silent— all are made of clay

Oh Spirit of the River
run deep, run dark
guide us through shallows
keep us from harm
bear us on thy laden breast



~Johnson, cont.

here on the Danube
we approach the Iron Gates (10)
slowing for the locks—
think of a single pebble (11)
in another time and place

again on the river—
Hungarian guide proclaims
the impossible:
we learn some Hungarian
today in less than one hour

suddenly ashore
vibrant Serbian city (12)
seemingly peaceful
removed from shadows of war
at dinner—jazz musicians

reparation school (13)
boys and girls laugh and chatter
miracle of aid
they sing for us in English
sunlight streams through the skylights

amid harvest fields (14)
three swans raise wings in prayer
as seen through a glass;
in the ravaged countryside (15)
fields lie fallow with neglect

Port of Budapest (16)
we left our ship and captain
man to remember
he spoke seven languages
revered by all his fine crew

peasants ply their dance
alive in cathedral square; (17)
we buy rosaries
in the busy church bazaar,
steeple bells toll the hour

(1) The Carpathian mountain range forms a natural barrier across northern Romania. Viticulture historians believe that in the mini ice age of 100,000 years ago hardy vines, ancestors of present day grapes, hung on in the southern slopes of these mountains while the rest of Europe was in the grip of the ice. In the ages that followed the vines were slowly propagated across Europe.

(2) In the period between the two World Wars, the city's elegant architecture and the sophistication of its elite earned Bucharest the nickname of the "Little Paris of the East". Legend has it that Bucharest was founded by a shepherd boy name Bucur.

(3) During the communist period the dictator Ceaușescu almost drained the wealth of the country in building the huge edifice that he called "The Peoples Palace". The building is now used for government offices of the republic and a music center, among other things.

(4) Ceaușescu was violently deposed by the Romanian revolution of 1989.

(5) There is a modern train running from Bucharest to the port of Constanta on the Black Sea that was once used by the communist bureaucrats.

(6) Constanta was a busy Roman trading center in the 2nd Century A.D. Archeologists unearthed port buildings now preserved as a museum. The land has risen in 2000 years so that what was the Roman dock is now some distance inland.

➤

~Johnson, cont.

(7) Constanta is now connected to the lower Danube by a canal that avoids the delta. This makes it possible for the river cruise ships, not licensed for the open Black Sea, to navigate right from the port up the Danube.

(8) Veliko Tarnovo was Bulgaria's ancient fortress capital. The Bulgarian empire was lost in various wars.

(9) Sofia, the current capital of Bulgaria, is located in a valley that is particularly suited to the cultivation of roses that produce a rose oil used in perfumery. This attar of roses is a significant Bulgarian export.

(10) The "Iron Gates" is a gorge in the lower Danube that ever since ancient times was a serious impediment to river navigation. The problem was finally overcome by the recent construction of river locks.

(11) "A Single Pebble" is a John Hersey novel about the Yangtze river gorges in China. It describes how human "trackers" were used to haul boats up river with long lines. They had to walk up narrow paths cut into the cliff side where a single slip could mean death.

(12) Belgrade, the capital of Serbia, is a very cosmopolitan city.

(13) Many public buildings were built in upper Croatia with funds provided as reparations after the Serbia-Croatia war of the early 1990s. One of these is a strikingly modern elementary school in a rural area some distance inland south of the Danube.

(14) Returning from the aforementioned school to the river I saw the swans in the open country.

(15) There are some sections of Croatia that have still not recovered from the effects of the war.

(16) In Budapest, the Hungarian capital, exploring the city on foot, we chanced upon a small festival in a church square. The people had set up a small open stage where they were putting on traditional country dances in costume. There was a small bazaar to benefit the church.



Near the Great Northern Loading Dock

Jesse DeLong

Heard over the thins
of a grassland in autumn,
a train whistle drifts.
Night wind scatters leaves, lifts steam
beside a pitch rise of pines.

An eagle roots its
beak under the broken ribs
of a ditch bank deer, raising
its head only to watch the
last trail of skeletal carts.

A firefly lost in
the swarming press of train light.
All that's left for these
rocks, after the still quiver
of tracks run: rain clouds, quiet now.

~Harlem, Montana, USA

Once Upon a Time

Patricia Prime

The large retail outlet Gamages contained one of the most extensive toy departments in London. Dad took me to select a birthday present, but it was hard to choose, surrounded by all the colour. Boxes of angular wooden blocks, plastic animals, regiments of tin soldiers arranged on a shelf, Meccano sets, dolls, furry teddy bears and clockwork toys. Lost in this magical world, I walked up and down the aisles, touching things: cheap synthetics, expensive Scandinavian wood, spindly fairy wings and cold plastic.

The woman behind the counter wound up a clockwork carousel for me and sent small horses spinning. It wasn't what I wanted. The shop was too hot, and I could feel the prickle of my jumper against skin. In the end I looked at the dolls on a high shelf. "That one, please," I said, pointing to the first china doll I'd ever seen. It looked like a boy so I named him Michael. Dad appeared from the back of the shop where he had been studying the Dinky cars. He paid the bill and we walked hand-in-hand into the pale sunshine.

left out all night
in winter rain
my doll lay
where I had left him
beside the park swing

his eyes blank
the rose-red mouth
and bud of nose
congealed
into a sticky mess

rain on my forehead
falling into my girl mouth
I couldn't understand
in the dark morning light
what had happened

~London, England

Dream Walk: A Summer Tanka Trio

Carmella Braniger, Randy Brooks, Natalie Perfetti

jar of sun tea
warming on the step
so sweet, so patient
barefoot
on a porch swing

rb

early afternoon sun
new bike tires
you push forward
my hand resting
in the small of your back

cb

back home for now
in the neighbor's pool
sun dappled waves
scatter rays of light
across our changing faces

np

before the sun
a rooster crows
we walk these ruins
the dead below our feet
always ahead

cb

photo of us
when we were close
ancient temple
this fallen pillar
more sacred

np

thirty years
seem like yesterday
flags along the drive
the cemetery flowers
already on your grave

rb

sundown
the shadow people
behind us
not ready
to move on

rb

•

minotaur
suddenly
without notice
to the labyrinth
we are lost

cb

>

~Dream Walk, cont.

we spiral
down the mountain
a dance without rhythm
this chaos
our luxury

np

valley of bones
oh God
you find me so eager
for flesh, sinew
and lover's breath

rb

fresh squeezed
orange juice
bittersweet
yesterday's kisses
linger on my lips

cb

the same half-moon
I saw this morning
twilight chill
hearing her laughter, yours
from the distance

np

by moonlight
a text message
and me
all fumble thumbs
to say yes, yes

rb

soft light
scarred altar
in shadow
i light a candle
for you, the one lost

cb

•

clouds over the cathedral
a tentative palm
on wet stone
renewing what was lost
to us

np

hills and hills
the day's travel
brings us to
a stone henge
our circle incomplete

np

taking hands
to say grace
our arms stretch
across the empty chair
at the head of the table

rb

homecoming
your face
warm against mine
these days turning
slowly into years

cb

➤

~Dream Walk, cont.

cloudy morning
bickering about
our future
in sudden sun
i am warmed

np

this heat
even in the shade
of a tree
we hold our breath
our words

rb

tea steeps
in the hold
of a glass jar
canopied, i wait
for deeper reds

cb

•

sandals in the doorway
i strip
to sun darkened skin
welcoming the cool
into my limbs

np

zoo butterfly
we gather
around to see
your tongue working
into honeysuckle

rb

summer sun
in and out of clouds
goosebumped skin
i swim you
out to the deep end

cb

spanish moss
drapes each oaken limb
without roots
can you just hold on
to me?

np

fireflies clicking
through cornfields
your face bright with fireworks
each sigh holding
hunger for more

rb

soon as the rain
stops
the heat returns
and I open
my dog-eared novel

cb

>

~Dream Walk, cont.

July baseball
in the park
the final victory
leaving us
without direction

cb

•

a new road map
in his weary hands
the unknown
the paths i chose
not to follow

np

not following
the GPS voice
i take the road
around the lake
where we met

rb

laptop on the floor
moonlight
i follow your lead
between
our white cotton sheets

cb

summer morning
the printer out of ink
then, your hands
knowing just how to save me
from blank pages

np

email down
after a night of storms
i know you
won't pick up
my call

rb

dawn
window panes sweating
your trace
on the pillow still lingers
softly

cb

morning heat
a pair of sunglasses
in the sand
my hand and yours
touch

np

•

July's breeze
on my arm
the floating ashes
of distant emergencies
brush close

np

>

~Dream Walk, cont.

who needs earth
for another step
see, it's easy
to air walk
for summer love

rb

all's quiet now
by the fire
you put more marshmallows
on a stick
start another story

cb

rain clouds threaten
the spaces between
the trees
yet on my skin
only the fire's heat

np

summer festival
one boy red rovers
over
to the cluster
of teenage girls

rb

in line for the ferris wheel
behind me
your breath on my neck
the promise
of reaching new heights

cb

once more, your steps
along the gravel path
to the beach
summer constellations
fill the night sky

np



Just Sitting There

Amelia Fielden

When I board the bus from the pre-dawn street, my gaze stumbles on the first occupied seat. By the window sits a bulky young woman. Pressed against her is a small white and tan dog, smiling. I offer the back of my hand to the dog while a fellow passenger observes:

“if that’s a Jack Russell, it’s pretty quiet”

“yes,” responds the young woman, “at the shelter she was just sitting there, like she was waiting for me.”

‘can this be love?’
the shelter terrier
rides to town
with her companion
wearing a matching sweater

~Seattle, USA

The Black Pearl in Her Perfect Navel

James Tipton

Martha Alcántar, translator

Museo Larco Herrera—
the erotic pottery
she loves it so much
we must leave
immediately!

*Museo Larco Herrera—
la alfarería erótica
¡Ella la ama tanto
que debemos salir
inmediatamente!*

~Lima, Peru

Just as the rainy season
began in earnest
I headed north with little money
thinking about
your heavy breasts.

*Justamente cuando
la temporada lluviosa
comenzó con ganas
me dirigí al norte con poco dinero
pensando en tus senos pesados.*

~Chapala, Mexico

When at last I found
a woman whose eyes
were like the eyes
of my Golden Retriever
I married her.

*Cuando al fin encontré
a una mujer con ojos
como los ojos
de mi Golden Retriever
me casé con ella.*

~Chapala, Mexico

Another sultry night
in the tropics—
so perfect for making love.
I wonder what she is doing
back in Colorado.

*Otra noche bochornosa
en el trópico—
tan perfecta para hacer el amor.
Me pregunto qué está haciendo ella
allá en Colorado.*

~Puerto Vallarta, Mexico

Because I will not live forever
I worry that I will never
make love to each of those
happy young women
washing clothes in the river.

*Porque no voy a vivir por siempre
me preocupó que nunca
haré el amor a cada una de aquellas
mujeres jóvenes felices
lavando ropa en el río.*

~Puerto Vallarta, Mexico



~Tipton, cont.

That young Mexican waitress
stands much too close
to show me the black pearl
newly mounted
in her perfect navel.

*Esa joven mesera Mexicana
se pone demasiado cerca
para mostrarme la perla negra
recientemente montada
en su ombligo perfecto.*

~Ajijic, Mexico



Capitals

Paul Mercken

in Berlijn
is iedereen gelijk,
in de metro
geeft een jongen
een zwarte de vinger

*in Berlin
everybody's equal,
in the metro
a boy gives a black man
the finger*

Brussel—
het paleis van justitie
een labyrint
waarlangs
gevangenen ontsnappen

*Brussels—
the palace of justice
a labyrinth
through which
prisoners escape*

kerstdag—
alles is dicht
in Boedapest,
mijn dochter en ik
bezoeken de zoo

*Christmas—
everything closes
in Budapest,
my daughter and I
visit the zoo*

At the Volcano's Rim

Natalie Perfetti

beneath the Santorini sun
my fingers trace its heat
in the sand
the startling serenity
of life at the volcano's rim

evening sun's rays
spill over the ridge
again for the first time
i whisper the island's
ancient name

the boat, crashing
through wave after wave
until i learn
to relax my body
into the rhythm of the sea

dusk falls
across the beach
memory fades to myth
and still
the sound of the waves

~Santorini, Greece

is this island
in the waves
Atlantis? though lost to me
nothing is ever lost
to the earth



from the harbor
leads the winding road
through Santorini's cliffs
my journey to
these ancient questions

No Man's Land

Alex Von Vaupel

Between the city of Utrecht and the village of Groenekan, there is a small margin of green land, the Ruigenhoekse Polder. There are some farms and allotments, and Fort Ruigenhoek, one of the fortresses of the New Dutch Waterline. The defenses known as the Dutch Water Line (Hollanse Waterlinie) originate from the 17th century. They are designed to mobilize our biggest resource, water, to keep out invaders, by flooding the land surrounding the economic heart of the country. In the 19th century the Line was expanded to the east of Utrecht.

Today the local government is making the Ruigenhoekse Polder into a recreation area. There is an elaborate plan to develop both nature conservation projects and facilities to attract visitors to enjoy the natural beauty. The paths and the bodies of water that have been created all follow the rectangular shapes of the original fields and canals.

true to Dutch form
even the water
has straight angles

Boundaries, defense lines, they exist in order to be breached. It's what I do. I live in the margins, in the no man's land between categories, not female, not quite male either. I change, I transgress, I travel. Some days it's hard work, and I just want to get away. Perhaps that is why I feel so at home here in this green haven precariously clinging to the edge of town.

wind
and water
understand
how to get around
my shape

grass, poppies,
nettles,
with these pioneers
i am at home
in no man's land

the ducks
at least
are not alarmed
at this strange new bird
in their midst

I come here almost every night, on my way home from the late shift at work. This is a good place to meditate and regenerate before going home. I like to find a spot off the main paths, at a time when there are few people around. I am not the only one who finds refuge here. The Ruigenhoekse Polder is a sanctuary for wildlife, especially water fowl. The birds don't seem to mind my presence much. Often coming very close to where I sit, but generally ignoring me, they go about their business as usual. Even the mosquitos, hovering around me by the waterside, have made no attempt to chase me away. In two months I have not once been bitten.



~von Vaupel, cont.

just me here
watching the sunset
even the mosquitos
leave well enough
alone

surrounded
cars, trains, airplanes
in every direction
but here
only wind

There is a dreamlike feel to this place at night when the tourists have gone. The creatures of this land share a secret life that the daytime visitors can't understand. Still, every now and then, there is the sound of a car or a train passing. Reminders of the urban world that continues to encroach on the countryside. Reminders that the real world is never far away. Eventually I will have to go back.

the drone of an airplane
far away
drowned out by the splash
of swans landing
in the lake

silence
that moment, once
before the watershed
being
nameless

this hour is mine
when the sun paints the sky
pink and purple
coaxing the shy moon
to come out

I never grow tired of watching this mystery, of the day dying and the new day being born. Some days, a couple of white storks whose nest is nearby, come to hunt for mice in the field where I sit. The myth says they deliver babies. Others say storks bring people wisdom, the gift of spirit, and good fortune. If only things were that simple. One of them looks old, feathers tattered around the edges, the white looks smudged up close. The old stork can stand for hours watching me, as if questioning. Did he not deliver me 32 years ago? Why am I here?

landing
right next to me
the stork
surprised
to find me here

awaiting the storm
finding comfort
in the quiet presence
of my companions:
migrating birds

At the end of this summer, I will have the surgery that completes another step in the process of becoming me. Until

➤

~von Vaupel, cont.

then, these long summer nights, all the big questions are revisited. But this time I only need one answer: the quiet agreement of the land, the wind in the grass, the water, the birds and the bugs.

The real journey is only just beginning. I can't stay here much longer. I'm going to find out what lies ahead, beyond this summer, beyond this no man's land.

wings flapping
black and white
the movie reel of my life
ending
beginning

at sundown
a blanket of mist
rolls over the lake
softens the edges
of all my questions

black and white
the stork's feathers
my note book
all around us
shades of grey

sudden cool
first dew drops
on my feet
time to put my boots
back on

~The Netherlands

A Year Gone with the Wind: A Tanka Sequence

Chen-ou Liu

I gaze
with my shadow
at the spring moon
that used to perch
on our shared dream

I dust
out photos taken years ago
wondering
if there's a Gobi Desert
in a corner of her heart

drinking alone
under an autumn sky
in my glass
I see her moon face
of three loves ago

snowing outside
I sit at a window
drinking coffee
the old self walks into
the summer of '67

~Canada



***Cemetery Ridge, Gettysburg National Battlefield,
Gettysburg, Pennsylvania***

***On the 147th Anniversary of the Battle of Gettysburg,
July 1st through July 4th, 2010.***

Bruce D. Reed

One Thirty P.M.
in Eighteen Sixty Three,
July Third
The order, "Form your Brigades!"
General Pickett complies.

a Marylander
I have no allegiance
blue or gray
at Gettysburg I side with
the brave and the dead

tell me,
how does a man lead
others to die
believing there is nothing
up there but cannon?

names in books
"the Angle," "the Clump of Trees,"
"Cemetery Ridge."
nothing to learn from that
you must sit in the grass

Cemetery Ridge
I sit in brown weeds
cicadas singing
I can see the objective
but not the cannon

haunted still
standing on a rock
lichens grow there now
once covered in bodies,
piles of human debris

in my
small shelter
I wonder
could I have stood up
and charged into those guns?

subdued
leaving Gettysburg
I stop—
photograph a bluebird
on a bronze soldier's head

beyond the cannon
there is a stone marker
I leave a daisy
hat held high, Armistead fell
through death he kept his vow

I walked the path
of that famous charge
climbed over the wall
today I suffer from
"Pickett's Poison Ivy"

~Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, USA

Men

I met him
on one of his many travels
the young adventurer
the sky in his voice
the sea in his eyes

~André SurrIDGE
Hamilton, New Zealand

he used to brood
on rainy days
when he couldn't work—
that's when life
caught up with him

~Marje A. Dyck
Canada

Our guest Mr. Aprile—
such a dandy the Italian shoe designer
so elegantly dressed
with a mustache
like Salvador Dalí.

~Alexis Rotella
Bronx, New York, 1940s

The Cerne Abbas giant lies
in grass carved to the chalk bed
his white naked penis
large enough to contain
a couple making a baby.

~J. Zimmerman
Cerne Abbas, Dorset, England

the Tome Steps—
once they led
to 1925
and boys
with bright futures

~M. Kei
Port Deposit, Maryland, USA

Irish
he wears his hat
at a tilt
in keeping
with the planet

~André SurrIDGE
Omagh, Northern Ireland

brave new world:
three tall young fathers
with three prams
pushing along lake paths
scented by plum blossom

~Amelia Fielden, *Seattle, USA*

o nouă povete de dragoste
scrisă pe nisipurile de aur:
pretutindenea
urme de femeie,
pașii bărbaților nicăieri

a new love story
written on the Golden Sands;
everywhere
footprints of women,
men's tracks to nowhere

~Vasile Moldovan, *Bucharest, Romania*

Fair Weather

early spring
the pink tips of emerging
magnolia blossoms—
twisting the end of
her first lipstick

~Elliot Nicely
Amherst, Ohio, USA

the warm spring breeze
has made a hole
in me
and planted
something green

~Paul Smith
The Old Hills, Worcestershire UK

in the meadow
a little
 marimba. . .
the day fades
to crickets

~Peter Newton
Bread Loaf/Ripton, Vermont, USA

from the setting sun
a shimmering red-gold path
that ends where lake meets land
and lingers till the last
burning ember drowns

~Bob Brill
Marco Island, Florida, USA

snow day
in January—
getting
the best parking spot
at the beach

~M. Kei
Cape May, New Jersey, USA

Paddling up the stream
Navigating by sunset
Alone and lonely
Confined to my old canoe
I shut my eyes to focus.

~Michael M. Marks
Tuscarawas River, Ohio, USA

eating pistachios
in the afternoon—
a bumblebee
keeps me company
amongst these yellow flowers

~Marje A. Dyck
Canada



Planned topics for next issue include tanka in translation from around the world.

Margarita Engle

Panama Canal
a butterfly floats
high above
the slow ships
and heavy locks

~Gamboa, Panama

beneath
a hammock moon
insomnia
howler monkeys guard
the cloud forest

~El Valle, Panama

children
of squatters
play
nameless games
on vanishing streets

~Mexico

shantytown
in the tropics
laundry
like sails
shacks moved by wind

~Venezuela

another death
in the family
I walk
outdoors
beneath migrating birds

~California

spider web
in the breeze
trapping
jasmine petals
instead of flies

~California



P. K. Padhy

tomorrow man may
fly to Mars and beyond
I wish all to settle
and flourish as human alone—
no caste, no religion

~India

on the white-land of Antarctica
a serene gathering of penguins,
the veteran leads the mass
to the curvilinear point
where ice meets the sea

~Antarctica

LeRoy Gorman

up front an honest face
promises a plan
for the environment
in back two rivers join
& run for the sea

shelved books
with backs to us
how much
they have to say
on the human condition

in town now
the retired farmer
paces a small yard
his old dog
shits everywhere

to your window
a bird brings
broken things
does it not know
you are dying

side by side
our sons' graves
like wheels of their chairs
still racing
in their short lives

for Mike & Blanche

deep in a closet
the still-life of daisies
our mother painted
when we were children
of the universe

behind clouds
the moon is full
& I am twenty again
interviewing strippers
for a story never written

where has all
the social welfare gone
big cars race past
fast enough to leave
this world

~Canada



J. Zimmerman

All night the foghorn
booms over the Golden Gate—
ships move safely
in and out of fog
as you once guided me.

~San Francisco, California, USA

Slowly he leans
too far from his punt
elongates . . . toes slipping . . .
then the splash
and the drifting empty boat.

~Oxford, England

Mel Goldberg

the ballerina on the music box
spins electronically
before her mirror
her painted eyes
see how the world turns

~Chicago, Illinois, USA

ceremony
is a language we can believe in
like steam
rising
from our morning coffee

our lives merge
no word for us
not wife, not husband
we move to rhythms
of time passing soundlessly

you say my eyes
are the windows
to my soul
if I thought they were windows,
I would look through them myself

the news
inures me to killing
yet I am surprised
at my door
a crushed beetle

~Ajijic, Jalisco, Mexico

I feel
alone and desolate
when
I connect
with stars

~Sedona, Arizona, USA

after the summer draught
the wind
shakes the dust
from
the scarecrow

~Olda, Iowa, USA



Bruce England

Where there are gunshots
people duck and hide in place
or run if they can
and everybody knows
the nearest emergency rooms

*~East Bay, San Francisco Bay Area,
California, USA*

Susan Constable

morning rush
a memory of my mother
in high heels
bending to pull a weed
reaching up to smell the rose

~Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada

no reason
for you to phone that day
an autumn bloom
on a long-neglected rose
brought in from the rain

~Abbotsford, British Columbia, Canada

he studies the map
from the passenger's seat—
off course
we hear one goose honking
louder than the rest

~Rock Creek, British Columbia, Canada

daffodils
remind me of my father
the colour
dripping from my paint brush
when I learn of his death

~Abbotsford, British Columbia, Canada

winter fog
hangs around the house
on moving day
her son turns the key on a past
she no longer remembers

~Parksville, British Columbia, Canada

sifting dirt
through a wire screen
we talk and plan
separate our idle thoughts
from a couple of good ideas

on cooler nights
I think of my mother—
in this quilt
a swatch of wedding dress
beside her gingham apron

silver flashed
in the otter's mouth
last night
a thin slice of moon
slipped into a cloud

sparkling
among wispy clouds
distant stars
these middle-of-the-night poems
that lose their shine by morning

the leftover moon
caught among branches
a dream
almost within my reach
before it fades away



~Constable, cont.

wishing
I were that blue heron
again
rising from this rocky shore
balancing dusk on my wings

ocean salt
spatters the windows
by winter's end
I peer through a haze
of might-have-beens

mountains rise
beyond windswept waves—
on this grassy knoll
surveyor's tape now flutters
where I sat to grieve a son

orphan
widow widower
why not
a word for those
who lose a child?

years after his death
we exchange memories
across the table
a glimpse of our son
in his sister's eyes

one autumn night
you left the world behind
different now
I stand beneath the moon
that drew us into dreams

~Nanoose Bay, British Columbia, Canada

Kath Abela Wilson

he tells me the story of his cat
how she found him stray in his backyard
knowing no cat language
it took him weeks
to teach her "meow"

~Eindhoven, The Netherlands

May day in Tehran 2010
what did the institute cat learn
at the math conference
such affectionate goodbyes
to international visitors

~Tehran, Iran

my mum is an Egyptian cat
born in a pyramid
she is the bast of Bubastis
always told me about lovers
look into their eyes for the truth

~Port Said, Egypt

*(Note: my Maltese mother really was
born and lived her whole childhood in
Egypt. Bubastis is the Egyptian ancient
center of worship of the feline goddess,
Bast.)*



Ava C. Cipri

so tight
the eye of Horus*
in her palm
the stolen sun
from the gift shop

*(Egyptian falcon god of light, his left eye
was the sun and his right eye the moon.)*

~Carnegie Museum, Pittsburgh, PA

Nuit*
in cat pose
exhales
night's vertebra
of vaulted stars

*(Egyptian goddess who embodied the
sky.)*

*~Carnegie Museum, Pittsburgh,
Pennsylvania, USA*

wakened by vendors
selling wares . . .
your marionette smile
the 5 am moon crests
in the iris of a dog

*~Charles Square, Prague, Czech
Republic*

marsh loon
 margins sky
a plaintive oboe
 reels in
 night rain

~Pound Ridge, New York, USA

afterwards
the three-tier necklace
pearls scatter . . .
I palm each dark world
before night claims mine

~Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, USA



Barry Spacks

Colorado snow
old stores stark as movie props
against a heart-blue sky
long slow day quiets the mind
across the valley, mountains

~Crestone, Colorado

when all's been taken,
oh for an old pair of shoes
an old tossed-out pot
a woman one hundred five
holding a child's hand

~Port-Au-Prince, Haiti

Tim Geaghan

Out on the dock
The waves slapping at the rocks
You can look out
and remember
Even New York won't last

The women tapping in heels
the man lost in his tambourine
and the rising tide
of "I'm so Grateful!"
almost made a Baptist out of me

Every seat
on the train
is filled
except the one
next to mine

Black marker reads
on white subway tiles
"I ♥ Carlos"
and crosswords down the stairs
I M I S S C A R L O S

Ah, vanity—
the girl across the train car
isn't checking you out
She's checking her hair
in the window

In fashionable glasses
her crossed legs
perched like chopsticks
A woman reads Jane Eyre
and eats sushi alone

The birds perched
on the highest branches
of the tree
outside the housing projects
are singing in unison

On the rock wall
a cross-legged young mother
pinches the skin
above her eyebrow
and watches her baby sleep

Back in Brooklyn
Go down the stairs
to the train platform
and hear steel drums
playing "White Christmas"

Two square heads
in a candy apple Ford
huddled in the cab
in front of the heater vents
while the tailpipe smokes

When my landlord's not looking
I snip a few sprigs
of rosemary and sage
from his meticulous garden
Nothing's free from him

The Mexicans just laughed
when he told them
he was American
"No, no, no—
We're Americans."



~Geaghan, cont.

First of February
Paper hands
lined up at the Cash Advance
shined by the wind
clutch their benefits checks

Blowing snow
turns a city night amber
The only sounds
a set of wind chimes
and the old school's industrial heater

~Brooklyn, New York, USA



Robert Kleffel

That woman beggar
and my wife
have something in common—
they both go to the same salon—
to get their roots done.

~Ajijic, Mexico

Kiersta Recktenwald

Summer upon us
in bloom earlier this year
Gun-blue dragonflies,
and the air clear and stingless
from here towards Blabon Hill's cliff.

~Stream Road, Vienna, south of
McGurdy Stream, facing Chesterville,
Maine, USA

Cool, your pondside camp;
take back such keen memories
and revive with those
gem-sparkling delectations
what new seasons cannot stay.

~at Camp Wego on Locke Pond,
northwest of Chesterville, Maine, USA

Blabon Hill stands firm
north of the Chesterville Marsh,
a small treasure box
having withstood great glaciers
and the nearness of our lives.

~on Stream Road west of the bridge in
the middle of Chesterville Marsh, Maine,
facing north towards Blabon Hill on a
sunny day

Hear how the new loon
that has brightened Flying Pond
calls to his airmate
while the low skyline reddens, . . .
we standing as if gilded.

~on the rise overlooking Flying Pond,
Maine, facing west at sunset in late
summer

Marje A. Dyck

tracks in the sand
of those who
have come and gone—
silent snow geese
passing overhead

~Dore Lake, Saskatchewan, Canada

another
long, cold winter
ahead
for the moment a
warm cup of chamomile tea

~Saskatchewan, Canada

snow flowers
bloom on the cedar
falling and
falling
the twilight snow

~Dore Lake, Saskatchewan, Canada

Colorado river sand
between the threads of
our woven blanket—
mountain's shadow
darkens the water

~River Island State Park, Arizona, USA

buttes and mountains
for miles and miles
50's music
on the radio
gives back my youth

~Montana, USA

Patricia Prime

wet from the ocean
they walk close together
their bodies whisper
of the pleasure in the day's
whole blue radiance

I choose a table
in the centre of the café
surrounded
by empty tables
and order raisin toast

it's the simple things—
the slight sense of nausea
when you find yourself
bobbing about in a small boat
gazing into the ocean's depths

with a knife
I slice through the thin skin
of tomatoes
the spurt of juice more replete
than other vegetables

lovers
stretched along the grass
while, blade by blade,
the sun moves
over Albert Park

she lies splayed
in sprawled recline
long-limbed
her belly displayed
for the midwife

~New Zealand

Cynthia Rowe

admiring
missionary dresses
at the market
my French friend tells me
frills are not my style

~Noumea, New Caledonia

near the temple
the girl threads beads
for the tourists
I place extra coins
in the begging bowl

~Bangkok, Thailand

the garden
more yellow than green
when you lived there
these days the rain
tends the plants tirelessly

~Cairns, Australia

through the patina
of grandmother's mirror
I see
her eyes
looking back at me

~Melbourne, Australia

a falcon
rising skywards . . .
by the open door
an outworker sips
mint tea from a glass mug

~Paris, France

Bob Brill

walking slowly homeward
barefoot party girl
shoes in hand
sipping from a paper cup
jostled in the morning rush

~San Francisco, California, USA

from the high ledge
of an office building
a falcon dives
after a pigeon
far below

the old man with the sax
fills the subway station
with wailing blues
echoing off the tiles
and down the tracks

~New York City, New York, USA

black night
lightning flash
willows fused with light
gone
black night

~Ann Arbor, Michigan, USA



Paul Smith

in my hometown
monochrome
memories
flicker across
an invisible screen

~Pershore, Worcestershire UK

in the moment
a heron steps out
of the reeds
another world
is born

*~Upton Warren Nature Reserve,
Worcestershire UK*

sitting here
beneath
the willow tree
I dream myself
a new beginning

~Worcestershire Countryside Centre UK

these mirrors
hold secrets
the night
would never
tell

wrapped in silence
I am
earth
sky
sea

beyond
closed eyes
the birds
are singing
some sacred song

I see it glisten
in her eyes
from time to time
that place
where time has no meaning

~Worcester UK



Vasile Moldovan

în așteptarea
celei dintâi ninsori
deodată
din senin această binecuvântată
ploaie de iarnă

*in wait of
first snowfall
suddenly
this blessed winter rain
falling out of the blue*

punte îngustă
peste râul de munte;
după ploaie
câinele de vânătoare
așteaptă să treacă melcul
~Moldovan, cont.

Margaret Van Every

*foot bridge
over the rivulet;
after the rain
a blood hound waits for
the snail to cross*

nici țipenie
în livadă după ploaie
doar o sperietoare
și două păsărele
făcând din nou dragoste

*not a living soul
in the orchard after the rain
only a scarecrow
and two birdies
making love again*

poarta larg deschisă—
abia trăgându-și sufletul
o bătrânică
își cară umkbra subțire
aidoma unei trestii

*wide open gate—
an old woman
out of breath
is carrying her shadow
as thin as a reed*

~Bucharest, Romania



So this is Troy,
a heap of rocks and rubble
and by the gift shop
the horse that brought it down.
Who among us would fall for that ruse?

~Turkey

On the border
between Bucharest and Budapest,
expelled by Customs
we wait in a pasture at night
for the return train.

~In 1968

Armstrong
the Raptor Centre owl
lets us probe
his feathery head—
walnut skull beneath the puff.

~Ivy Cottage, Groombridge, Kent, UK

The white horse of Uffington
outcropping the chalk downs
three millennia.
Every seven years
some polishing; no mowing.

~Uffington Village, England

The widow sits serenely
by his photo
indifferent to the crack and pop
of human flesh
on fire.

~Cremation in a public park in Bali

André Surridge

outside your house
hoping to catch a glimpse
of you
I'm an unseen spirit
on Google Earth

~Knaresborough, England

one glass
becomes two
then three . . .
now the sky is full
of dancing moons

~Hamilton, New Zealand

Perugia . . .
we take the escalator
to yesterday
a journey through the life
of this ancient city

~Perugia, Italy

earthquake —
after fourteen days the rescue
of a young man
who sipped water
from a broken pipe

~Haiti

ancient cathedral
I creep into its silence
the coolness
makes my body tremble
with remembered sin

~Paris, France

thirty-five
years old her first time
out of the city
she cries on the bus
at the sight of green fields

~Auckland, New Zealand

he died
suddenly from an aneurysm
at forty-one
she goes from window to window
crying my son, my son

~Hamilton, New Zealand

this idea
for a play that won't move out
of the shadows
I strike a match & let it burn
all the way to fingertips

~Hamilton, New Zealand

silent awhile
I watch sunset
redden the sky
another day slowly
slips through my grasp

~Hamilton, New Zealand



~Surridge, cont.

outside the shrine
where Gandhi was cremated
hawkers sell
plastic machine guns
to eager young pilgrims

~Dehli, India

his last meal
torafugu . . .
the chef
commits ritual suicide
with his own fish knife

~Tokyo, Japan

soccer pitch
before the game starts
snowfall . . .
a robin redbreast lands
in the penalty box

~Manchester, England

dream-hole
this opening in the wall
of an ancient house
letting in swallows
a shaft of sunlight

~Stratford-upon-Avon, England

when I am dead
I will haunt Knaresborough
where I played truant . . .
look for me down Raw Gap
Water Bag Bank, Blind Lane

~Knaresborough, England

canal path
one flickering lamp
on a moonless night
something floating in the water
I walk a little faster

~Stratford-upon-Avon, England

cloudy day
she opens her umbrella
at the bus stop
the squawk of a magpie
as it flies overhead

~Christchurch, New Zealand

wood shavings
how warm they feel these
curls of pine
the little girl places them
on each finger and thumb

~Hamilton, New Zealand

when death calls
the playing cards will spill
from her hands
in the meantime she sits
by the window playing patience

~Hamilton, New Zealand

one should always
enter holy places
with reverence
as if they were snowflakes
falling on a mountaintop

~Hamilton, New Zealand



~SurrIDGE, cont.

when leaves turn
to dust I think of you
your ashes scattered
in the wind, now you are
everywhere & nowhere

~Hamilton, New Zealand



Angela Leuck

through the cloth
I feel the young priest's
moist, warm breath—
to him I confess
all my schoolgirl sins

turning young girls' heads
my aged father
drives downtown
in his new red
Dart Swinger

her Vogue dresses
and luxurious furs
the aunt in high heels
who leaves marks
on our new kitchen tiles

~Lillooet, British Columbia, Canada

70 years old
after her Vegas wedding
coming home
to the sign on her lawn
ain't love ducky

~Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, Canada

used to
pitching bales
my aunt hurls a rock
the length of the rink
and out the back door

~Humboldt, Saskatchewan, Canada

finding a tiny flaw
in the finish
of a lacquered box—
the woman
with the crooked tooth

new babysitter—
when I develop my latest
roll of film
pictures of her smiling
in a room full of boys

~Verdun, Quebec, Canada

bored in the country
she sends him
a long letter
written
on birch bark

~The Laurentians, Quebec, Canada

Amelia Fielden

night fishing:
pelicans white on black
under the bridge,
bills dipping in and out
in and out, in and out

~Budgewoi, NSW, Australia

Easter flowers
all shapes and shades, adorn
a cemetery
whose sky is copied
from the Sistine Chapel

~Toukley, NSW, Australia

a bedroom
where I could hear trains
day and night
innocent bedroom of Eve
before the serpent's entry

~Roseville, NSW, Australia

at the edge
of the station platform
a pigeon
unfolds its wings, flies off—
I wait for the tired old train

~Sydney, Australia

right about now
the promenade lights will come on
at Coogee Beach—
indescribable
the grief of looking back

~Coogee, NSW, Australia

vast expanse
of rippling river,
a single duck
cruising along . . . I ponder
the nature of loneliness

~Hawkesbury, NSW, Australia

how still this lake
yet the willows' reflections
tremble and sway—
can there be such a thing
as inner peace ?

~Seattle, USA

'senior spectacles'
on sale at the station
in Kyoto
going with the flow
of an aging population

~Japan

raindrops
through your azalea hedge
sparkling
in the light from street lamps:
a festive 'welcome home'

~Tokyo, Japan

James Tipton

On this high mesa
in western Colorado
the new Russian bride
in her black fur coat
pumps her own gas.

~Glade Park, Colorado

The old man
shining shoes in Baton Rouge
convinces me
that all the cotton in Heaven
is black.

~Baton Rouge, Louisiana

Translating tanka
into Spanish
she works hardest
on the ones that might be
about her.

~Jalisco, Mexico



Alexis Rotella & Winnie Dahl

Paris church
my friend wonders why the hairs
on her arms stand up . . .
and then the plaque
Marquis de Sade was baptized here.

~Paris, France

“Hello Mary are you my sister?”
“Yes John I am your sister”—
again through the thin walls
Japanese neighbors listen
to language records.

~Kyoto, Japan

In the dining car
a Japanese man clutches
his English book—
“please pass the salt,” he tells me,
“please is optional.”

~Osaka, Japan

On her way to chapel
the little girl
steps out of line—
hit her harder says one nun
to the other.

~Midwest, USA

Deborah P. Kolodji

thunder
then the sudden silence
before it rains
I burrow deeper under
my grandmother's quilt

~Pasadena, California, USA

brown tips
of a camellia bud
not yet opened—
is it cold laying there
in the wet dark earth?

*~Huntington Library and Botanical
Gardens, San Marino, California, USA*

censored copy
of Copernicus
in a museum case . . .
the words I wanted to say
yesterday

*~Huntington Library and Botanical
Gardens, San Marino, California, USA*



Peter Newton

late June. . .
sprawled on the dock
summer's still a teenager
dreaming big in the shallows
with its glint of little fish

~Lake Dunmore, Leicester, Vermont, USA

two sting rays
in sync glide under me
on their way
somewhere I'll never know
and always feel them there

~off Gulfport, Florida, USA



David Caruso

his face scarred
and his legs blown off
but his fatal affliction
was mental . . .
a suicide

*~from Vietnam all the way to New Jersey
and back again*

M. Kei

the purple
of the Wandering Jew
in her window
the Indian nurse
cleans her bedsores

~Waco, Texas, USA

I know she knows,
my mother,
that the open grave
was only a door
into another room

calling long distance
to order flowers
from her favorite shop;
the florist knows where
to find her grave

~Grundy Center, Iowa, USA

the skipjack
with her chines cut out,
rotten wood
now filled with
winter wind

~Chesapeake Bay, Maryland, USA

the sea and sky
the same hazy grey-blue-green
only the white hulls
of pleasure boats
to separate them

~Perry Point, Maryland, USA

brown
drowned river valley
houses
rotting at the
margins

the green tunnel
of Octoraro Creek
burrows into
the hills above
the Susquehanna

Independence Day—
I leave the spider alone
as she crawls
across the wall
above my desk

~Cecil County, Maryland, USA

maryland
on my mind,
I listen to
a few old
country songs

~Maryland, USA



Bob Lucky

years of round trips
between Hangzhou and Shanghai
coming to an end—
the one-way ticket weighs
heavy in my pocket

digging around
for supper in the graveyard
of leftovers—
a paper box of slime
with hints of sweet and sour

not dampened
by the evening showers
the night watchman
sings an old love song
in his dim-lit shack

this is the question:
to turn on the AC or
open the window—
with a swarm of mosquitoes
I win this war every time

it's nothing
but a sinus headache
the doctor says
I'll feel much better
when I leave China

~Hangzhou, China

Jacob Kobina Ayiah Mensah

alone
on Arno River
I windowshop
if I can
remember my history

in front
of Piazza della Signoria
I follow the birds
flying
in between the statues

copying
images
from the Gates of Paradise
I reshape
the competition

knocking
at the door
of Machiavelli
a waterfall
spouts forth

going in
or coming out
I am divided
in front
of the Medici family

~Florence, Italy

Scott H. Stoller

this old Polaroid
worn and faded
shows my father
gone long before his time
in the same shirt as I

in Palm Beach
wriggling in my hands
a sunfish—
no one needs to tell it
how or why

~Boynton Beach, Florida, USA

in borrowed rooms
she's missed too many sunsets . . .
glaring bus headlights
and late night TV movies
dim consolation

~Bowling Green, Ohio, USA

my brain scan
does not reveal much
pathological
just her fiery red mane
and unplaceable accent

~Mt. Lebanon, Pennsylvania, USA

as a child
monsters under the bed
and bogeymen
now the ghosts of lost loves and
skeletons in the closet

the new decade:
nobody comes
no place to go
the snowblower's filled
with stale gas

I have no desire
to return to my youth
absolutely none
for I've already slept
quite enough for one lifetime

~Upper St. Clair, Pennsylvania, USA



Sarah Allen

There once was a small
Mountain stream that lived its life
Always looking up
At the glass sky, but was kissed
Only by rocks on its bank.

If, when you awake,
I am not there, know that I
Will be back; the blue
Bird at my window flew high
And I just had to follow.

If only I knew
What it is that keeps the rose
Bud from opening
I would have more than empty
Cups and saturated sleeves.

~Provo, Utah, USA

Rodney Williams

in shore
a war canoe carved red
at anchor
out between islands
a white ocean liner

*~Paihia, Bay of Islands, North Island,
New Zealand*

flowing again
after seven years' drought . . .
a rowing club
walks the river's water-head
back down its dry straight

*~Wimmera River, Dimboola, Victoria,
Australia*

eyes stinging
from grit at gale-force . . .
sandpipers
between clumps of kelp
can still play hide-and-peek

*~Seaspray, Ninety Mile Beach, Victoria,
Australia*

a bike-ride north
towards the divide
at sunset
the west wind blows
my shadow longer

*~Baw Baw foothills, Gippsland, Victoria,
Australia*

Alexis Rotella

Back from Japan—
three days now
and I'm still
bobbing
like a marionette.

Neighborhood chit chat—
both of us pretending
that I don't mind
if his dog craps
all over my lawn.

~Arnold, Maryland, USA

This morning
a minnows and worms sign
on back of a truck—
and all day in my ear
peace and love to minnows and worms.

~Annapolis, Maryland, USA

Life is a gas
my 90-year old friend tells me
as she hangs onto her
pony-tailed 70-year old lover
who lives in a van.

~Berkeley, California, USA

Before entering
the cemetery
I surround myself
in a ball of golden light
(just in case).

~Central City, Pennsylvania, USA



ARTICLES

Atlas Poetica welcomes book reviews and non-fiction articles relevant to tanka poetry of place. We accept non-fiction submissions year round.

Review: *Floating Here and There: An Anthology of Bilingual Tanka by Ikuyo Okamoto, 120 poems in English and Japanese.*

Kadokawa Gakugei Shuppan Ltd.,
Tokyo, Japan, 2008.
ISBN 978-4-04-652039-5
\$15 USD
128 pp.

Reviewed by Patricia Prime

Floating Here and There is a bilingual tanka anthology by Ikuyo Okamoto. The poet is an accomplished tanka writer who has had a very successful career, having won several prizes for her work. There is a short biography at the back of the book that gives all the details. The tanka are printed one to three per page, with English translations and Japanese versions on facing pages. The poems are divided into sections; each section being divided into themes. The sections are Floating Here and There, Hometown,

Going on Trips (1), Going on Trips (2), Surroundings, and A Once-in-a-Lifetime Chance.

The voice in these tanka is very distinctive. In every case, the poet's language and mastery of chosen form, sweep you along, convince— on their own terms— though it would take a true eclectic to delight equally in all the work on offer. The collection is crammed full— page after page of tanka—disarmingly simple in execution. Sometimes the twist at the end of a tanka reflects the bathos of life, and of lived experience:

I floated
and I floated again
as if my back was pushed
by a power I couldn't see
. I'm now in grief of life

There are triumphs, too, clearly
observed, sharp and small—

in a tiny house for rent
the daily life
a narrow range of activities
opening a small window
I take a deep breath

The poet is hungry for experiences, no matter how mundane these might appear:

Oh spring!
to come
into my shivering heart
heartwarmingly
. witch-hazels came out

Ikuyo Okamoto is unafraid to serenade us with “throwing my old memories away / to the sea just like waste / I listen to the sounds of wind / which whips pine trees / in a lodging for the night.” The poet offers considerable honesty and a deal of expertise in the crafting of tanka. The subject matter - nature, dreams, memories, loneliness, family—is traditional, but the poems bring with them a new slant on old themes:

I became the same age
as when my father died
I burned a Bon fire
much bigger than usual
for my father to accept

Ikuyo Okamoto has a vivid, exacting eye. Her lyrical gifts are considerable and the tanka linger in the mind like fragile scraps. They seduce and beguile: “the place / where star dust is innumerable twinkling / over the desert! / probably a night sky / Pharaohs looked up at.”

Some of the poems are about Ikuyo Okamoto’s home in Japan, while others were written in foreign countries and there are sections on Italy, Australia and China among others. After the sections on travel there are those on topics such as prayer, moonflowers, spring and a

Vincent Van Gogh Exhibition. I liked the opening tanka about the painter:

in his Self-Portrait
his eyes have darkness in them
and his eyes cast looks
out of the canvas
far away

The tanka play with phrase and space seen as elements of equal force, recombining discourses from a myriad scattered hoards of intellectual concern. Lives as lived, travel, nature, the everyday are this poet’s themes. All this is subsumed in—expanded by?—a playful, inventive approach to language, individual words, and shape of the poem on the page.

It is obvious that this is a poet of impressive agility and insight. You may wonder where you are being taken. Ikuyo Okamoto might reply

happiness is brightening
the sky
of my hometown
beyond the mountain
where I give my heart



Review: *Slow Motion, The Log of a Chesapeake Bay Skipjack*, by M. Kei

Slow Motion : The Log of a Chesapeake Bay Skipjack

MET Press

Baltimore, Maryland, 2008

Price: \$16.95 USD.

ISBN 978-0-615-21265-4

Trade paperback. 164 pages, 6" x 9".

Reviewed by Richard Stevenson

From one of the oldest, most popular Japanese imagist court forms, speaking from the heart, connecting personal lyrical utterance to something in nature; often dividing, like the haiku, into a juxtaposition of observation and image, the English language tanka, has recently undergone much mutation. The traditional syllabication / lineation pattern, 5-7-5-7-7, has given way to short, long, short, long, long—and far fewer than 31 syllables; the thematic content has gone from personal/lyrical to sardonic/observational (kyōka) and, no doubt, to purely post modern syntactical/juxtapositional.

From renga/renku parlour games of two or more hands linking syllabic stanzas of 5-7-5 and coda 7-7; 5-7-5//7-7, etc, in specified and unspecified numbers of stanzas to independent haibun paragraph and haiku or tanka rejoinders; from utanikki travel journals; now, to poetic navigational log, the feisty little song, tanka, and its more recent, more austere cousin, the haiku, have

proven most adaptable and congenial home companions.

In M. Kei's capable hands, the log of an actual skipjack sailing trip is able to accommodate a narrative unfolding of the traditional occupational use of an oyster dredging sail boat, the *Martha Lewis*; local history, log observations on local conditions, personal observations, nautical lore, startling you-are-there imagist portraiture of a fragile ecological niche, a loving portrait of a vanished but noble "drudging arsters" way of life—even a little adventure in the form of a sailing race. I learned a lot—not just about the seascape and shoreline, islands, etc, of the Chesapeake region, or the flora and fauna, but about sailing a skipjack, about feeling your living through precise, gloved hands on the ropes. I'm a landlubber and didn't have to flub my way through arcane waterman diction, but fell to the rollicking syllables the way I might two centuries ago, listening to a real sea shanty and doing a jig. *Slow Motion's* a rollicking, rolling good read.

A prose introduction is followed by short page/half page introductions to the various legs of the journey, which synch up haibun style from Havre de Grace to Deal Island, through dated sequences of tanka mixed with haiku, through "The Lantern Queen" dinner-cruise-paddle-wheeler-jump-boats Interlude series, to "Further South," "Crisfield Watermen's Festival," "Shore Leave: Making a Living on Land," "Drudging Arsters," Epilogue and Notes.

Some tanka/links function more as exposition or direct utterance and don't resonate metaphorically or imagistically/epiphanically particularly:

slowly
overtaking the schooner
with tanbark sails,
we join the sun
in Annapolis

Yet the rhythm and tight control of consonance and alliteration give the landlubber's legs the rubbery interface with deck and water s/he needs and the language is physical, economical, terse throughout.

As editor of *Fire Pearls: Short Masterpieces of the Heart*, and *Atlas Poetica: A Journal of Poetry of Place in Contemporary Tanka*, M. Kei is as adept with the language as he is with his hands on the ropes, and he steers us capably past hazards of abstraction and syntax, cinching in the lines and pointing a gnarled finger at a marvel of nature and design when he wants to, or has a wry point to make:

autumn morning—
cormorants winging past
faster than we can sail

Such haiku mingle like cormorants with gulls, huddle in the shoals. Or float up in micro-minimalist senryu, with an observational wink, just in case you were taking all this Darwinian observation too seriously:

sails set
a deckhand
studies law

Occasionally an effect may seem strained or an allusion be a bit glib or too easy to resist:

every day
on the water
is the first day—
never will the wind
blow over the same shore

Though, again, the mouth music is marvelous.

Other times the seemingly offhand remark leads to an absolutely incandescent metaphor:

white workboats
the only color
on this heron-blue sea
wider than the dreams
of either shore

The whole here is definitely greater than the sum of the parts, and I'd recommend this book to any reader interested in haikai literature, particularly in the possibilities of utanikki, haibun, tanka, and haiku, and in mixed, hybrid linked forms.

The most important thing to note is that this is a satisfying read qua book; it's not a box of licorice allsorts, and it was written by a waterman who knows how liquid language can be; someone who's an ace with a rudder and a sail. It belongs on every would-be haijin's shelf, and should probably find itself on a few arster shuckers boat shelves too.



Review: *Gogyoka, Five Line Poetry, by Enta Kusakabe*

Gogyohka (Five-Line Poetry)
Enta Kusakabe,
Matthew Lane, translator.
Shisei-sha, Tokyo, Japan. 2006. 76 pp.
ISBN 4-88208-081-8 C0092.
\$US 10.
www.gogyohka.ning.com

Reviewed by Patricia Prime

The Japanese poet, Enta Kusakabe, established a gogyohka society and launched the monthly Gogyohka journal in 1994, thereby starting the gogyohka poetry movement. He now has a web site at www.gogyohka.ning.com which welcomes this form of poetry from around the world.

The word "gogyohka" translates as "five-line verse" and is an evolution of Japanese tanka. However, the form has no fixed syllable pattern and there are no rules about themes or content. The simplicity of the form and its use of the everyday vernacular make it accessible to any writer, whether they are children beginning the creative process or more experienced writers.

To many fans of gogyohka, Enta Kusakabe's handsome book *Gogyohka: Five-Line Poetry* will make a useful addition to their library. The collection contains the Translator's Preface, a Preface by Kusakabe and nine prose chapters entitled: My reasons for writing Gogyohka, Love poems, husband and wife poems, Poems by young mothers,

Poems of the heart, poems of the mind, Poems about the world, Nature poems, Humorous poems and Is Gogyohka possible in languages other than Japanese?

The poems in *Gogyohka: Five-Line Poetry* are mainly by Japanese poets, although there is one poem each by Barry Alexander and Matthew Lane who were asked by the author to write a five-line poem in English. Japanese poems and prose are translated by Matthew Lane. Several of the poems contain references to daily life, while others favor oddness, dark patches and the slightly surreal. Yet the poems manage to be light-hearted and offer traces of wit or humor.

In the first chapter Kusakabe writes of the way he first came up with the concept of gogyohka when he was age 19. He says,

Writing Tanka as a young man I began to feel that it was unnatural to express all of the different feelings and emotions I experienced in the same melancholic tone. There are times when you feel joyful, times of reflection, times when you are exhilarated, angry or at peace with the world. Thinking in this way, I developed a freer form of verse which allowed me to express my true feelings better.

Here is the first gogyohka he composed:

I want to hide
her finger
in the gentle
swell
of the flower's petal

The chapter on children's gogyohka contains some interesting, almost philosophical poems:

If only
all the people in the world
could
sleep together
on one giant futon

Takahiko Ri (5 years old)

Poems on the theme of love are the product of the next chapter and can settle on lies, questions, sulking, the body, sex, fulfillment, fate and loss. Here is one example from this chapter:

He is
buried in the ground
the rain falls
relentlessly
Will he start to grow?

Neko Temari

The notes often send the reader back to the poems to reread them in an unanticipated new light.

The "young mother" poems are the results of a new maturity that women often find themselves in once they have given birth:

Even while being scolded
he knows that soon
he will be forgiven
His mouth
is preparing to smile again

Yoko Ri

In contrast to the youthful zest of the children's poems, the mother poems signify emotional events filtered through the joys and difficulties that many new mothers face.

The well-crafted poems in "Poems of the heart, poems of the mind" show how this simplified five-line poem thrives on under-explanation:

Though I have drawn
the words
from the depths of my heart
there is a thorn
in my complacency

Yoshiro Fukushima

"Poems about the world" is a satisfying mix of economy, elegance, strangeness, lightness and tragedy:

"Let's roll"
The passenger's
bold
last words
reverberate around NY

Yumi Kouchi

Several of the nature poems step into surreal-like and surprising moments:

The bathtub
on a winter's evening
unwinding
in an instant
like twine

Keiko Miyazawa

is one such poem, quirky and thoughtful.

Humor is important in our lives and the section on humorous poems delivers some great examples of the way in which poets can use it in their poems. In the following poem there is the delectable pause at the end of line three, and the way the poet doesn't tell us everything:

Grandma
has become
a naughty girl
An illicit affair
at the old people's home

Noboru Kuboya

In the final chapter Kusakabe posits the question "Is Gogyohka possible in languages other than Japanese?" He goes on to show the reader that many famous poets' lines could be turned into short poems. He cites lines from Shakespeare, Emily Dickenson, and the following famous lines from Walt Whitman. He says of Whitman's poem:

In this case I have allowed myself the liberty of playing with the line length:

I celebrate myself,
And what I assume
You shall assume,
For every atom belonging to me
As good belongs to you.

The original is actually written in three lines.

I celebrate myself,
And what I assume you shall assume,
For every atom belonging to me as
good belongs to you."

Readers wishing to follow up on the way poets' lines may be transformed into five-line poetry may like to read Michael McClintock's essay, "Tanka in Western Tradition" (MET v2, N3, Spring 2008 and METY V2, N4, Summer 2008), where he similarly creates "tanka" by extracting lines from poems in the Western canon.

We owe a great debt to Enta Kusakabe as the pioneer who has opened up a new pathway for writers of short poetry. This book reminds us that our domestic lives and our interest in nature, landscape, society and emotions are of poetic consequence.



Special Features at AtlasPoetica.org

by M. Kei

The new AtlasPoetica.org website is home not only to back issues, submission guidelines, and general information on the journal, it is also hosting a 'Special Features' section introduced last issue. The 'Special Features' allow guest editors and others to present features of special interest, concentrating on different aspects of tanka around the world. Each feature presents one poem each by twenty-five different poets on a different theme. This

allows the tanka to be read and compared and contrasted both with each other, and with different communities of tanka, deepening our knowledge and appreciation for diverse tanka communities around the world.

So far three Special Features are hosted on the website. The inaugural feature was '25 Romanian Tanka Poets' in Romanian and English, edited by Magdalena Dale and Vasile Moldovan, and an introduction by Vasile Moldovan, and translations by Magdalena Dale and others. This retrospective provides a brief but informative history of tanka in English, as well as presenting a Romanian tanka and poets, including a number not previously available in English.

Of special note among Romanian tanka poets is Edouard Țară, who, writing directly in English or Catalan, has been honored in eight contests around the world. Rarely until now has his Romanian work been available in English translation. The following tanka is a particularly fine one which certainly illustrates why he has done well in competitions:

În tăcere adâncă
o distinsă vioară
printre vechituri—
vânzătorul așează
pe corzi umbra crinului

In deep silence
a distinguished violin
at the flea market—
the seller arranging
the strings in the lily's shadow

Translation by Magdalena Dale and M. Kei. Credit: Haiku—Magazine of

Romanian—Japanese Relationships. No. 32. București, Romania: Verus, 2004.

Haiku has been publishing tanka as well as haiku since its founding in 1990. A number of tanka poets associated with the journal have also been publishing bilingual Romanian-English editions of their work since the 90s. They have occasionally been published in English-language journals and anthologies, such as *Fire Pearls : Short Masterpieces of the Human Heart*.

Unfortunately, although *Fire Pearls* was widely read, most tanka books have very limited circulations, meaning that Romanian tanka poets have not been seen in English by very many readers. By making a collection of Romanian tanka available free online, many more readers are able to enjoy these fine poems. Hopefully they will seek out the originals and become more deeply acquainted with these fine poets and their literature.

The second Special Feature posted is '25 Canadian Tanka Poets in French and English,' edited and with an introduction by Aurora Antonovic. Translations by Mike Montreuil and Huguette Ducharme and others. The introduction provides a brief history of tanka in Canada, starting with Japanese-Canadians in the 1920s. It includes short biographies of the poets.

The following tanka by Melissa Dixon was written originally in English and translated to French for the Special Feature. It appeared in *Lynx* XV:3.

shimmering shapes
above the dark hills
northern lights
imagining I feel
magnetic fingers

les formes chatoyantes
de l'aurore boréale
au-dessus des collines sombres
j'imagine sentir
ses doigts magnétiques

The introduction concludes with a quote from Gabrielle Roy: «Nous connaîtrions-nous seulement un peu nous-mêmes, sans les arts ?» ("Could we ever know each other in the slightest without the arts?")

The third Special Feature is '25 Tanka Poets from New Zealand,' edited by Patricia Prime. With no translations or introduction, the poems speak for themselves without any need for editorial intervention. The tanka poets of New Zealand speak to us about home, about travels and foreign countries, and most especially about our common humanity.

The following poem by Elaine Riddell was originally published in 'Tanka Moments,' a *fine line*, Magazine of The New Zealand Poetry Society. Lambton Quay, Wellington, NZ, September 2007.

shut inside
I cannot see the sky
I know
only shadows of flying birds
on early morning walls

Future Special Features will include '25 Australian Tanka Poets,' edited by Beverley George, due in September, and '25 Tanka on Lesbian, Gay, Bisexual, and Transgendered Themes,' edited by Alex von Vaupel, due this fall. Later this fall, just in time for Christmas, will come '25 Tanka for Children' edited by M. Kei.

Anyone interested in guest editing a sequence of tanka poems for the Special Features section of the website should send their proposal to <Submissions@AtlasPoetica.org>.

Readers who want to receive announcements about the Special Features and other literary projects from Keibooks should subscribe to: Keibooks-Announce@googlegroups.com, the announcement-only email list that sends 0-5 announcements per month. (No forwards, no chat. Only Keibooks-related news.)





ANNOUNCEMENTS

Atlas Poetica will publish short announcements in any language up to 300 words in length on a space available basis. Announcements may be edited for brevity, clarity, grammar, or any other reason. Send announcements in the body of an email to: Editor@AtlasPoetica.org—do not send attachments.

* * *

Take Five : Best Contemporary Tanka, Vol. 2 Published by MET Press

Take Five: Best Contemporary Tanka, Volume Two (2009), is edited by M. Kei, Sanford Goldstein, Patricia Prime, Kala Ramesh, Alexis Rotella, Angela Leuck, and Collin Barber. The editorial team set out to read the entire field of tanka publication for 2009, regardless of source, without any dogma regarding definition, form or content. Over the course of fourteen months, they read over sixteen thousand poems from more than 140 different venues. The results form the second installment of one of the best new poetry series currently being published.

Slow Motion : The Log of a Chesapeake Bay Skipjack, by M. Kei, available from MET Press

Hailed as ‘waterman poetry’, *Slow Motion* is a boat log kept in poetic form. Compiled principally during two extended voyages made on the historic wooden sailboat, *Martha Lewis*, the tanka and other short poems within its pages chronicle the daily routine of the waterman. Presenting pictures of the early-rising routine of the men and women who make their living from the water, natural beauty, history, and the precious vulnerability of a vanishing world, it is a unique document that is both a work of literature and an ode to a special breed of people.

“The kind of poetry Hemingway would have written if he had written poetry.” —Capt. Greg Shinn

Buy at: themetpress.com
Read for free: Scribd.com

**R. K. Singh's Sense and Silence:
Collected Poems: 1974-2009**

Sense and Silence: Collected Poems: 1974-2009, ISBN 978-81-910588-2-6, a volume of the Indian English poet R. K. Singh's all previously published poetry collections and several new ones, particularly haiku, tanka, and haiku and tanka sequences, is now published.

Available to Indian readers, especially teachers and researchers, on 40% discount and free postage, the library edition of the poet's poems is priced at Rs.995/- and is available from: Yking Books, 18, Jain Bhawan, Opp. N.B.C., Shanti Nagar, Jaipur 302006, India. Others may like to contact the publisher for special discount via email to: ykingbooks@gmail.com

The contents of the book include:

1. My Silence
 2. Music Must Sound
 3. Memories Unmemoried
 4. Flight of Phoenix
 5. I Do Not Question
 6. Above The Earth's Green
 7. The Face in All Seasons
 8. Sexless Solitude
 9. The River Returns: Tanka
 10. Every Stone Drop Pebble (Haiku)
 11. Peddling Dream: Haiku
 12. The River Returns: Haiku
 13. Some More Haiku
 14. Some Haiku Sequences
 15. Some Tanka Sequences
- Acknowledgements
Published Prefatory Notes/Forewords/
Front-Notes/Some Comments

**Where We Go: haiku and tanka
sequences and other concise
imaginings, by Jean LeBlanc,
Published by MET Press**

Where We Go: haiku and tanka sequences and other concise imaginings by Jean LeBlanc, has been published as a trade paperback by MET Press of Baltimore, Maryland. You will delight in reading *Where We Go*. It is a poetic time machine! Robert Frost and Bash watch the Green Mountains change color in the morning light. Queen Victoria muses on the life of Tom Thumb. A young girl in New England imagines growing up to be Rachel Carson. *Where We Go* breaks the laws of physics and invites the reader to travel through time. Every poem is infused with a sense of place: Vermont, the Catskills, the central Massachusetts towns the author knows from her childhood. *Where We Go* will have you hearing voices, will make you Emily Dickinson's neighbor and Ralph Waldo Emerson's confidante. History was never this intimate, this alive. Don't miss this exquisite adventure in verse!

"Here is a collection of reflective, clearly-voiced poems, where history is often folded and pleated to include the present. Indulge yourself. Enjoy these inventive collaborations. LeBlanc's imagination is entrancing. Succulent tidbits involving characters from history and well-known writers, cleverly seasoned and placed on the page. Having started this book, I am unable to put it down. Light, lovely and luscious with serious undercurrents".—Kirsty Karkow, author of *shorelines: haiku, haibun*

This book is available from www.Lulu.com/modernenglishtanka. Information is available online at www.themetpress.com

Price: \$12.95 USD.

ISBN 978-1-935398-16-5.

Trade paperback. 100 pages, 6" x 9", perfect binding, 60# cream interior paper, black and white interior ink, 100# exterior paper, full-color exterior ink.

* * *

The Jewel in The Moment : random observations in Haikuish, by Richard Cody now available

The Jewel in The Moment, subtitled, *random observations in Haikuish*, *The Jewel in The Moment* is a modest and immensely readable collection of Haiku and Tanka by California poet, Richard Cody.

A slim and handsome 6x9 volume consisting of 81 poems, the book includes pieces which appeared originally in publications such as *Lynx*, *Short Stuff*, *American Tanka*, *Paper Wasp*, and *Mind Caviar*. Reasonably priced at only \$7.50 (plus S&H), *The Jewel in The Moment* is available for preview and purchase at Lulu.com.

Read the book that nobody has called some of the finest English language Haiku ever written!

<http://www.lulu.com/content/paperback-book/the-jewel-in-the-moment/7665294>

* * *

Call for Submissions: 25 Tanka on Lesbian, Gay, Bisexual, and Transgendered Themes

Alex von Vaupel is editing a Special Feature for the AtlasPoetica.org Special Features section. In keeping with *Atlas Poetica's* emphasis on tanka traditions from around the world, especially those that are little known or under-represented in mainstream tanka, von Vaupel will be presenting a Special Feature on Lesbian, Gay, Bisexual, and Transgender (LGBT) Themes. Poets of any orientation are invited to send up to twenty tanka on LGBT themes to the editor.

Submissions should be sent to: Submissions@AtlasPoetica.org with a subject line of : "LGBT Tanka".

* * *

Hortensia Anderson's The Plenitude of Emptiness—haibun

"Hortensia Anderson's collection of haibun, *The Plenitude of Emptiness*, has been published by Darlington Richards. I have my copy already dog-eared and it is brand new! The haibun are potent and profoundly moving. This is a must-read. You can purchase it on the [Lulu.com](http://www.lulu.com) website at <http://www.lulu.com/product/paperback/the-plenitude-of-emptiness/6484337>. Get this book!"—Denis M. Garrison

BIOGRAPHIES

Alex von Vaupel lives in Utrecht, Netherlands, with his many dictionaries and a balcony vegetable garden. His tanka appear in *Atlas Poetica*, *Concise Delight*, and *Prune Juice*. Two of his tanka won a Tanka Splendor Award (2009). He is an editor for *Take Five : Best Contemporary Tanka*, Vol. 3. Visit his website <<http://alexvonvaupel.com>>.

Alexis Rotella has been writing haiku, senryu and tanka for 30 years. Her latest books include *Lip Prints*, *Ouch* and *Eavesdropping*. Alexis practices acupuncture in Arnold, Maryland, USA.

Amelia Fielden has translated or co-translated 15 collections of Japanese tanka and published six books of her own poetry. In 2007, she and Kozue Uzawa, were awarded the Donald Keene Prize for *Ferris Wheel, 101 Modern and Contemporary Japanese Tanka* (2006). She divides her years between Australia, Seattle, and Japan.

André Surridge was born in Hull, England, and lives in New Zealand. He has won awards for tanka and his work has been published in *Atlas Poetica*; *Modern English Tanka*, *Presence*, *Magnapoets*, *Tanka Splendor*, *Eucalypt*, *Bravado*, *Kokako*, *Simply Haiku*, *Prune Juice*, *The Heron's Nest*, *paper wasp*, *Sketchbook* & *Take Five*.

Angela Leuck has edited anthologies and is the author of *Flower Heart*, *Garden Meditations* and *A Cicada in the Cosmos* (both forthcoming). She is the Vice President of Haiku Canada and co-founder of *Gusts: Contemporary Tanka*. She lives in Montreal. Visit her blog: A Poet in the Garden at <<http://www.acleuck.blogspot.com>>.

Ava C. Cipri, a native Vermonter, teaches writing at Duquesne University and creative writing workshops at the Pennsylvania Organization for Women in Early Recovery (POWER). Recent work appears in *2River View*, *cho*, *Drunken Boat*, *The Ghazal Page*, *Moonbathing*, *WHR*, and *Wisteria*, among others.

Barbara A Taylor lives in northern NSW,

Australia. Her poems appear in many international journals and anthologies. Poetry with audio is at <http://batsword.tripod.com>.

Barry Spacks of Santa Barbara, California, USA, has published novels, stories, CDs and poetry collections while teaching at M.I.T. & U C Santa Barbara. His most recent book, *Food for the Journey*, appeared in 2008.

Bob Brill has published fiction in *Lunarity*, *Bewildering Stories*, *Flashquake*, *M-Brane SF*, *The Cynic Online Magazine* and other journals. His poems have appeared in *Simply Haiku*, *Prune Juice*, *3Lights Gallery*, *3Lights Journal*, *Aphelion*, *The Battered Suitcase*, *Willows Wept Review*, and *Frogpond*. He is the featured senryu poet in the Autumn 2009 issue of *Simply Haiku*.

Bob Lucky lives in Hangzhou, China, where he teaches history. His work has appeared in various journals. He is moving to Ethiopia.

Bobbette A. Mason grew up along the shores of the Great South Bay. For twenty-seven years she set children free to make quality observations and take fanciful adventures which they recorded with drawings, data and creative writing. Retirement brought opportunities to explore the world of ideas, especially poetry.

Britton Gildersleeve grew up in southeast Asia, also living in the Middle East. She is director of the Oklahoma State University Writing Project, a federal non-profit. These tanka are part of a series about other homes. During her commute, she daydreams of returning, and writing the great American tanka cycle.

Bruce D. Reed lives and writes in Maryland.

Bruce England began writing haiku seriously in 1984. Other related interests include haiku theory and haiku practice and the occasional tanka. A chapbook, *Shorelines*, was published with Tony Mariano in 1998.

Dr. Carmella Braniger, a native of Ohio,

teaches creative writing at Millikin University (USA). Her tanka have appeared or are forthcoming in *Modern English Tanka*, *Atlas Poetica: A Journal of Poetry of Place in Contemporary Tanka*, *Eucalypt*, *Chrysanthemums*, *RIBBONS*, and *The Dirty Napkin*. Her chapbook, *No One May Follow*, was published by Pudding House Publications in 2009.

Chen-ou Liu is a freelance writer in Toronto, Canada, where he has been struggling with a life in transition and translation. His poems appear in many venues.

Cynthia Rowe's tanka and related forms have appeared in *Atlas Poetica*, *Modern Haibun & Tanka Prose*, *Yellow Moon*, *Eucalypt*, *Stylus*, *FreeXpresSion*, *paper wasp*, *Chrysanthemum*, *Kokako*, *moonset*, *Modern English Tanka*, *Simply Haiku*. She is currently President of the Eastern Suburbs Region, Fellowship of Australian Writers NSW and Editor, *Haiku Xpressions*.

David Caruso's interest in haiku and tanka began when he took a college course entitled "Buddhist Poets of Japan." His poems have appeared in *bottle rockets*, *Modern Haiku*, *moonset*, *red lights*, *frogpond* and *Take Five: Best Contemporary Tanka*.

Deborah P. Kolodji is the president of the Science Fiction Poetry Association and the moderator of the Southern California Haiku Study Group. Her work has appeared in *Ribbons*, *Moonset*, *Eucalypt*, *Modern English Tanka*, and other places. She has lived in Southern California for her entire life.

Dru Philippou lives in New Mexico. Her work has appeared in numerous journals. Awards include the Scorpion Prize: *Roadrunner Haiku Journal*; honorable mention in the Robert Spiess Memorial Haiku Contest, 2008; and honorable mention in the Jerry Kilbride Memorial Haibun Contest, 2009.

Elliot Nicely lives in Amherst, Ohio where the magnolia trees only bloom once a year during the first week of April.

Francis Masat's work appears in *Lilacs After*

Winter, *Taste of Key West*, and *Threshing*. He lives with his wife in Key West and is a 12th year 24/7 volunteer wildlife rescuer and co-editor of Key West's weekly Key-ku (haiku) column.

Gary Severance was born and raised in the San Francisco Bay Area. He was trained as a psychologist, practicing and teaching in Berlin, Kentucky, Ohio, and South Carolina. He is an avid runner, reader, and writer of short stories and poetry. Gary and his wife live in eastern Ohio and Hilton Head Island.

Gerry Jacobson has published tanka in *Eucalypt*, *Ribbons*, *Moonset*, and *Atlas Poetica* and in a book *Awakening Albion*. He dances and practices yoga in Canberra, Australia.

J. Zimmerman was born in northwest England. She lives on the West Coast of the USA. Her work has appeared (or is about to appear) in *Ribbons*, *Eucalypt*, *Heron's Nest*, *Modern Haiku*, *Moonbathing*, *Roadrunner*, *MET*, and elsewhere. She is co-editor of and contributor to Poetry at Ariadne's Web online.

Jacob Kobina Ayiah Mensah, born in 1968 in Ho, Ghana, and educated at University of Cape Coast. He is a vegetarian, artist, poet, journalist and teacher. He lives in Winneba, a centre of learning in Ghana.

James Tipton has been publishing poetry for forty years. His credits include *Haiku*, *Modern Haiku*, *frogpond*, *American Tanka*, *The Tanka Journal*, and *Modern English Tanka*. *All the Horses of Heaven* was recently published.

Jesse DeLong is an MFA candidate at The University of Alabama. DeLong lives in Tuscaloosa, Alabama, but discovered the Tanka form while living in Missoula, Montana.

Kath Abela Wilson travels the world with her professor husband. She is the creator and leader of the band of *Poets on Site*, a poetry performance group

Kiersta Recktenwald was born in Maine, USA, and grew up in Japan, where she attended Japanese public schools. Her interests are literature, philosophy and psychology. She lives

in the village of Vienna, Maine, USA, and attends classes at Colby College and at the University of Maine part time.

LeRoy Gorman's poetry has appeared in print since 1976. Since 1996, he has been editor of *Haiku Canada Newsletter* 1996 - 2006, *Haiku Canada Review* beginning in 2007, annual anthologies, broadsides. In 1998, he began to publish poetry leaflets and postcards under his pawEpress imprint.

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Terry Ann Carter was vice president of Haiku Canada and founder of KaDo Ottawa, a local haiku group that launches a broadsheet of poets' work at the Japanese Embassy each spring. She was the chair for the Haiku North America in 2009; her small poems appear in journals around the world.

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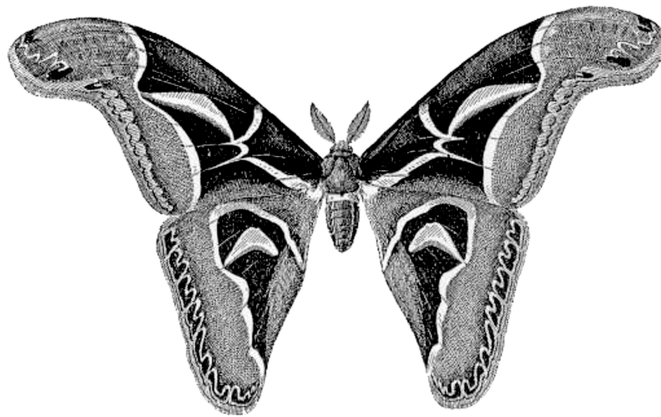
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