

# ATLAS POETICA

*A Journal of Poetry of Place  
in Contemporary Tanka*

Number 15

Summer, 2013



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in Contemporary Tanka*

Number 15      Summer, 2013

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Atlas Poetica

A Journal of Poetry of Place in Contemporary Tanka

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**Atlas Poetica : A Journal of Poetry of Place in Contemporary Tanka**, a triannual print and e-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/kyoka/gogyoshi 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. Tanka in translation from around the world are welcome in the journal.

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## *Pentptychs*

The publication of pentptychs in *Atlas Poetica 14* attracted quite a lot of attention. Poets have been moved to write pentptychs either alone or in collaboration with other poets. The result is two dozen pentptychs gathered together in this issue, along with two Letters to the Editor ruminating upon tanka, pentptychs, and the significance of the number five.

In addition to the pentptychs, a number of short sequences of four and six tanka were submitted, but the most dramatic is Sanford Goldstein's long sequence, 'Pen Pal on Death Row,' an account of his twelve-year correspondence with a convicted felon who was executed for his crimes. Goldstein is not the only one who tackles difficult subjects; Chen-ou Liu grapples with discrimination in Canada, and Lynda Monahan tackles child abuse. Nu Quang pays tribute to the Vietnam veterans who lost their lives.

Kath Abela Wilson finds redemption in Venice and dandelions, both writing by herself and in responsive sequences with others. Ignatius Fay muses upon 'Change.' The evolutions of our lives are on the minds of most of the poets contributing to this issue.

Many of the poets contributed collaborative works. The short sequences are especially illuminating; in such short works there is no room for poems that merely echo what was said before. Each tanka in a short sequence must be strong

enough to justify its inclusion. Anyone interested in responsive tanka can learn a lot by studying these short collaborations.

In a bit of happy serendipity, Genie Nakano, who has previously been seen in this journal, mistakenly sent me the contents of her poetry journal. She was terribly embarrassed, but I was delighted to see her unique voice displayed when she thought no one was looking. I persuaded her to let me publish a sizable selection. Other tanka poets are inclined to melancholy when confronting the tribulations of the world, but Nakano has a courageous joy even though she is fully aware of the 'talons of death.'

Another large spread is devoted to a newcomer to these pages, the African American tanka poet Matsukaze. Many of his poems pay tribute to the varied poets who have influenced him, but others reflect his Southern and urban heritage. Always willing to invent a word when a new one is needed, his images are vivid and unique. His voice expands the chorus of tanka today.

~K~

M. Kei  
*Editor, Atlas Poetica*

*New York harbor and the Jersey Shore, USA.*

*Cover Image courtesy of Earth Observatory; NASA. <<http://earthobservatory.nasa.gov/index.php>>*

## *Letters to the Editor*

*[Atlas Poetica publishes letters to the editor on a space available basis. The opinions expressed are those of the authors. The journal welcomes all thoughtful discussions of tanka and its related literature. —Ed.]*

### *The Importance of Five*

Dear Kei,

I'm wondering if you have hit on something pivotal in the evolution of tanka in the West, and by giving a name to the writing of sets of five tanka, it will change how the tanka world moves from now on. And maybe it will change how tanka poets feel about sets and sequences and strings.

You have done that for me. I was beginning to settle to writing sets of five tanka, myself and with others. Then, just absorbing the word 'pentaptych' and seeing your focus on sets of five in the last *Atlas Poetica*, I became even more sure of that way of writing. Now I find it impossible to write more than five tanka in a set, where I used to just write until I was done, however many that took. Now, it takes five. Naming a thing often makes it so. Or we name it because it IS so. (The chicken and the egg.)

It is the same inner process over the decades which led me from writing long poems as well as short poems, to writing only tanka. Now I find it hard to write a longer poem than five lines.

I have more questions than answers about this. So I want to write some

thoughts, and throw them out there to see what other poets think and feel.

Is there a common thread running through the gathering of five tanka together in a set?

Why does the pentaptych appeal so much? Why five of anything, even lines in a tanka poem?

Are we remembering back to being newborn, when the first things we noticed, aside from adult faces, were our own fingers and toes?

I think about watching newborns playing for hours and hours with just one hand or another, watching the fingers move.

I think of even the metric system, with its two-handed tens. And patterns of writing that rely on five paragraphs with the pivotal paragraph in the middle.

I'm not a musician but I'm betting that the same thing happens in music.

Is there an instinctive pull to the number five that we don't understand rationally?

Even the length of the fingers bears some kind of relationship to a tanka although in an opposing way but there's the middle finger (and I am trying not to be rude here!) standing out as does the pivot in a tanka with two fingers on either side. Ok, one is a thumb, let's not be picky.

There is still the shape of the hand. There is the shape of the tanka and I do love to keep to the old way of short-long-short-long-long, no matter the syllable count and even then I try and try to manage something that corresponds to the



Japanese 31, something from 19 to 24. The song matters. There are tunes which sing beautifully, and tunes which are discordant, even in poetry.

I have been listening to the song of the tanka since I was young, when I began to count tanka syllables on my smaller hands.

I had been ‘battered’ (that’s how it felt) in school with Shakespeare and Keats and many other English poets and authors and they didn’t thrill me. But in the school library I found some Ryokan poems. That did it. Then I found some Tu Fu and some Li Po, and it went on and on. There was that ‘click’ we have when we find something that our souls can understand. The same sudden knowing when we meet someone who becomes a friend. We almost know it instantly.

Eastern poets did that for me and as time went on, it became tanka which made the most sense.

Even so, I went on reading all kinds of poets and poetry, from Rumi to Frost to Larkin to Zephaniah, and probably a thousand others. I love most poetry. But all the time, when I read tanka old or new there was that ‘click’ inside.

All things evolve. So did my feelings about poetry, and so they still do. But now and then, something happens which brings us to a crossroads and makes us turn, or stop briefly and then continue on the same road.

Your use of the word pentaptych has done that. It shone a new light.

As did my discovery of Sanford’s first book, *This Tanka World*, back in the late 70s, in a Toronto library. Even he doesn’t

know how it got there. It was a reading copy so I sat in a corner and read it. And went back and read it again. Eventually I managed to get a copy of my own, many years later. And decades later, he was kind enough to give me an inscribed copy. (That book, and your *Heron Sea*, and Ryokan’s collection, go everywhere with me). The moment I first read Sanford’s book was another of those pivotal moments when the ‘click’ was almost audible here is someone whose poetry sings and I can hear the song, and I know some of it.

It wasn’t the old Japanese and Chinese poets I had been reading for so long, and loved, but a new song, from someone who spoke my own kind of language, who was busy with the same small five-line poems I loved to read and write, but in his own way, with a new kind of voice.

I am feeling again a new pull from somewhere inside, to the rule of five. There is a sense of completion in five sets, as there has been in five lines. A sense of a middle and two on either side, like the hand I still count syllables on, drawing me to try and make the sets/strings/sequences work like a single tanka with that pivot in the middle. I find that so hard to master. It looks easy when other poets do it by design or by accident but I struggle still.

So the same struggle will happen with the pentaptych if I try to make the centre tanka a pivot but it feels right, somehow, to try. That’s partly why your introduction of the word pentaptych for which I thank you brought me an image that made

➤

~Letters to the Editor, cont.

sense to tanka too. The old religious screen, with its main picture in the middle and the two, less striking on either side, still carries on in modern art. It applies so perfectly to tanka.

I wonder what other poets think? Do some feel as I do, the sense of completion when we reach five sets? Do others get that sense that tanka is about to hit another of those milestones?

Five does seem to be some kind of magic number. I'm wondering if it has that kind of depth that will cause us in the future to make even more rules of five for tanka and maybe even find some of us, as some have done already, writing five words . . . and shaping the letters as we shape our tanka short-long-short-long-long.

This came to mind. Not good, but a quick thought

dawn,	4 letters
singing	7
birds	5
morning	7
unfolds	7

Is that still a tanka? I think. Maybe, probably not. It depends on what we call a tanka.

I think all things expand and contract like seasons and tides and why not tanka? It evolved from those very early long sets between many poets, that we know about, and who knows what before that, down to individual poems, and back

again to sets and co-written sets I think it will just keep evolving and circling and coming back around to the kind of place it began. I'm simplifying. I understand better that way.

And I think that pentaptychs will become more and more the way we write for a time. Until the next crossroads. Who knows how far ahead that may be.

It makes me think that some evolutionary process is going on again in the tanka world and you have inspired it with your use of the word pentaptych, which focuses us back to five again, the way Sanford made us sit up and take notice of tanka in the West those decades ago. And back in time, there were more pivotal moments that changed the course, as there will be in the future.

I don't know if it is the same as this but something came to mind about evolutionary process. I have read many books by the biologist/zoologist/anthropologist Lyall Watson, who died not so long ago. In his amazing book *Lifetide*, he put forward some research which he called the 'Hundredth Monkey' theory which is still being debated today as part of discussions on evolution. Put simply he found that monkeys on some small islands were living mostly on the breadfruit which fell from the trees on the edges of the beaches. Of course the breadfruit was covered in sand which the monkeys ate too. But one monkey, one day, washed his breadfruit in the sea before eating it. Who knows why. But he did it from then on who wouldn't, if you were a monkey sick of eating sandy fruit? It took a

long time, but soon another monkey did the same, and then many more, until all the monkeys on that isolated island were washing their fruit in the sea. It took time monkeys, like humans, are slow to learn wisdom. Anyway, the curious thing about this research was that about the time the hundredth (or so) monkey had learned to wash fruit a monkey on another unconnected island, did the same thing. Which wouldn't be so strange, except that the same pattern kept repeating on other islands, all unconnected when one island's hundredth monkey began to wash the fruit, the habit spread to another island, and so on. It led to the Hundredth Monkey Theory.

So I wonder if tanka poets will do, or have done, the same thing. Will we all in time begin to write our sets in fives? As somewhere, lost in time, we began to write five lines?

I think we may, not just because we love the number five, perhaps from newborn hands, or because of the five lines. Not only because you have given us a great word to make us stop and think.

But something else. I get a stronger sense of a poet when I read more than one or two tanka. And when I read a set, I get an even better sense of the poet's voice and spirit. I much prefer several poems by one poet, all together, than individual poems or separated ones. I can hear the poet's song then, more clearly. It is one of the joys of *Atlas Poetica* that you group poems that way. It's one of the things I find disconcerting about some other journals. (Of course, the amount of space a journal

has dictates that too it must have taken courage to create a journal that large, which then has to be filled . . . brave, Kei.)

Why five then, and not sets of ten or twenty? Well that may be just me. When I have read five tanka I have heard the beginning of the melody of the song and then I want to hear another song or if I want to hear more of one voice, I will go and try to find a whole book of the poet's songs.

I've been rambling because the word pentaptych seems to matter: the image of it and the sense of something new settling in the tanka world. Let's hear what other poets think.

And thank you to the two poets whose work, among so many I like, inspires me the most, the ones who stood at the crossroads of my own tanka world Sanford Goldstein, M. Kei.

Joy McCall  
Norfolk, UK



*~Letters to the Editor, cont.*

## *A 27 Syllable Tanka*

Dear Kei,

I started writing tanka for two reasons. One of them is a good friend who is also a poet and a prolific tanka writer well known to readers of this magazine. Her name is Joy McCall, and she lured me into it seduced me, you might say after she had been generous enough to praise my “normal” poetry.

I use the word “normal” provocatively, because there is nothing normal about poetry: poetry is the abandonment of normality taking a leap into a territory that most people find more than a little odd and, if they are honest with themselves, downright suspicious. Who needs it? It certainly doesn't pay the bills. And it's not real life, is it?

But I digress. The second reason is mathematics. Although I “normally” write free verse, preferring more subtle rhythms and internal word play to traditional stanza forms, there was something about the strictness of the tanka form that appealed to me.

The syllable count that I was given initially was 4-6-4-7-6, and that is what I adopted. No messing: if that's what it was, that is what it would be. I discovered later that not only is this 27-syllable count not set in stone, but that Joy herself rarely used it. I regard her initial formula forwarded to me as more than fortuitous,

because, as she said, it suited me. I tried at one point to go 3-5-3-6-5, but although I came up with a tanka, it didn't feel right. Joy agreed with me. I am a 27-syllable person.

And while I understood that it was permissible to stray outside this strict numerical structure as long as the shape was retained, I preferred to be bound by it because it is a challenge. It is possible to avoid challenges, and I have probably spent my life doing that in one way or another, but this time I wanted to take it on, confront it face to face, because I thought I could. My two loves, words and numbers, combined in a beautiful shape with beautiful meanings.

Someone once said that  $2+2=5$  for sufficiently large values of 2. There is something appealing in that, but this time I was going to stick to basic maths because there was enough mystery involved in it already. What is it about 27 that suits me? Maybe one day I will find out.

At first I wrote tanka thinking it would just be a temporary sideline. However it has rather taken over my poetic output. I did not intend that, and I have no intention that it should remain the case. What drew me in was the opportunity to write collaboratively with Joy in series of five tanka.

In the beginning one of us would write a tanka “out of nothing” and the other would respond, compiling a set of five. Then the other would start a series. I liked the unevenness of writing two tanka in one series and three in the next. There seemed

to be a kind of balance involved. No-one was taking over.

Then Joy suggested using a picture as a starter. This gave us a new impetus: a new starting point, and therefore a new destination or rather, several new destinations, because this is an ongoing adventure.

I am a total novice as far as tanka are concerned, and I am sure I shall be corrected where I am wrong. But I believe they have a mind-opening quality. My wife is involved with something called Philosophy for Children, which is really about thinking skills. You can check out her website at <http://philosophy4children.co.uk>. This is a brilliant way of opening up learning possibilities by thinking differently, and I don't think it's going too far to say that tanka have something of that quality.

Joy and I have quite different life experiences and different philosophies, though we have much in common. By writing tanka we can open up our ideas to each other indirectly, without the clumsy confrontation that comes with plain discussion. In doing so we discover a lot more and convey a lot more. At the same time we discover more about ourselves. At least, I do! And with understanding comes a deeper friendship.

I have said nothing really about the innate beauty of the tanka form. Shaping a thought into a restricted number of syllables (4-6-4), and then opening it out (7-6) makes me think of a bud becoming a flower, or maybe a chrysalis becoming a butterfly. No doubt this had been said

before. The last line, for me and no doubt for others, is the key because it is a way into our own hearts: a revelation sometimes shocking, sometimes a delight.

All this is real life, but it is scratching the surface: a first view from someone very new to tanka. I could probably have said it better in 27 syllables. Now there's an idea.

Tim Lenton  
United Kingdom



# *One Night Stand*

**Alexander Jankiewicz**

She's sitting alone at a picnic table stroking the long neck of an unopened bottle of beer with her thumb. Then there is the gentle, circular rub with the tip of her right index finger on the cap. As soon as he nears the picnic grounds, he scopes the BBQ area for his friends. He notices her immediately. He knows everyone gathered around the other tables, but he has never before seen the woman with long, brown hair in the white skirt and red, spaghetti strap tank top. He grabs a beer from an ice cooler and then tugs on the shirt of someone he obviously knows. The man holding the oversized BBQ prongs turns around with a big smile already planted on his face for whomever it was that gave the tug.

"Who's that woman over there?" he asks with a nod toward the woman at the picnic table.

He's told that she's the cousin of a mutual friend, in town on a business trip. The friend with the prongs studies the man's face, knowing what he's thinking. She's absolutely beautiful.

"Be careful, buddy," the friend warns, "word's out she's a man eater."

"Be careful? What do you mean?" he replies.

His friends all tease that he has a "heart of glass" and that he's a "glutton for punishment" when it comes to women.

"Just be careful," the friend repeats as he flips over a piece of meat.

He can't take his eyes off her. He feels that she's the one: the woman he's been waiting for his whole life. He's had his heart broken so many times before that he knows she has to be the one. He walks toward the picnic table where the lone woman is sitting.

sunrise:  
a fragment of glass lies  
in a mud puddle  
next to a beer bottle cap  
which has known a better time

*~Chicago, Illinois, USA*



# *Bleak House : A Recollection*

Geoffrey Winch

by night we arrive  
alight apprehensively  
ring the bell cautiously  
nearby dogs bark  
our horses smoke in lantern-light

slowly the door  
adds a little extra light  
the gathering wind  
ushers us into the hall  
a host of portraits

passage leads to passage  
two steps up, three down  
countless corners  
a confusion of rooms  
all with two doors or more

a sitting-room  
walls papered with bemused birds  
a trout in a case  
gazes through the window  
into night

a cottage-room  
latticed window  
chintz velvet brocade  
ladies picture-framed  
haymaking in short waists

the upstairs gallery  
blazing logs  
a hundred fiery eyes  
in the tiled hearth-surround  
doors to a dozen rooms

museum of boots and shoes  
glasses pincushions scent-bottles  
Hindoo chairs  
brought here  
by no-one knows who

sofas boxes bedsteads  
pairs of courtly chairs  
three-cornered tables  
clutter of empty birdcages  
shadows, torn curtains

Mr Jarndyce's room  
unfurnished except for his bed  
year-round open window  
gasp in the ante-room  
his cold bath

*"And finally  
the Growler," he explains,  
"when I'm out of humour  
I come and growl here."  
"You must be here very seldom, sir."*

*"Oh, you don't know me!—  
it's the best-used room  
of the house.  
You are not aware of  
half my humours yet."*

*"When I am deceived  
or disappointed in the wind—  
and it is easterly—  
it is here  
I take refuge."*

*Dickens located his fictional Bleak House in rural Hertfordshire near St Albans north of London. The model for the house, however, was Fort House located on a cliff-top in Broadstairs, Kent, east of London, where the Dickens family spent a month every year from 1839 to 1851. After his death in 1870 it was renamed Bleak House.*

# Stone Circles

Autumn Noelle Hall & Claire Everett

## I. Beltany

*lichen maps  
palettes of slow-growing grays  
mirroring the clouds . . .  
ever the earth speaks of those  
heavens from whence it came*

sixty-four stones  
what remains of a circle  
cast by the sun god,  
ashes of Baal's Fire  
on the brow of the hill

*cup marks  
on the triangle stone, their  
meaning forgotten . . .  
what axe might man have had to  
grind? what quarrel with the gods?*

whose head was  
wrought in stone for ritual  
in the Tops Hill round,  
here, where the butting rams  
spark horns for sovereignty?

*singing outside this  
ring of dancers, a lone  
balladeer . . .  
come cattlemen, drive your beasts  
between these shielding flames*

Tullyrap  
'little hill of the fragments'  
from Beltany  
we will watch dawn crown you  
Queen of the May

*~County Donegal, Ireland*

## II. Lios na grainsi

*dovetailed standing stones  
one hundred thirteen strong  
a ring fort, Lios—  
who marked each radial measure  
from its central post?*

surely a god  
had a hand in it?  
an earthen henge  
to circumscribe  
these Stones of the Sun

*perhaps it was  
the underworld guardian,  
scythe-bearer Croim Duibh,  
whose name the Black Stone bears  
on thirteen-foot-high shoulders*



stones of welcome  
and their sloping counterparts . . .  
the door between worlds  
unlocked at Samhain's sunset  
when the veil is thin

a small stack of stones  
at the Reaper's side  
Eithne  
corn-child and concubine  
'the kernel of the grain'

*summer solstice  
first light igniting this  
fulcrum of fire . . .  
here the buried bones of beasts  
offered up to secure the living*

*handfasted  
beneath the witness of  
undying stars  
as contiguous stones  
wedded for millennia*

all day, the play  
of light, hide and seek  
between the stones . . .  
through the shades at dusk,  
the faces of the Fey

twelve megaliths  
like spokes in a wheel  
stand as sentinels  
to land, lough, and sky . . .  
still turning, the years

*~County Limerick, Ireland*

*bound by clay  
scads of sherds—stoneware broken  
intentionally . . .  
shades of moon-drunk dancers  
pledging toasts to their menhirs*

### III. Castleruddery

Lughnasa  
once more the Traveller comes  
to dispossess  
the Crooked One, let us feast  
on meat and cut the corn!

once more  
unto the Sacred Grove  
red winter sun  
tickling these bellies of stone  
and the Druid's leaping heart

*furrow and seed  
a shoulder-borne sheaf  
of golden wheat—  
the gift of the plow, Suicin,  
and his immortal bull*

*an arms-width apart  
enormous quartz portal stones  
recumbent, at rest . . .  
were bluebells blooming when their  
doorway opened to the East?*



~*Stone Circles, cont.*

perhaps the May  
had donned her veil of blossom,  
or the wren  
was flitting in the green  
sparking song from wand to wand . . .

*twenty-nine remain  
of the stones encircled by  
the earthwork ridge . . .  
a merlin on the winds of  
Cualu shadows their ring*

Wicklow,  
your ageless priesthood stood  
witness to each rite . . .  
the Staff and Silver Branch  
cut from the steadfast ash

*Castle of the Knight  
by trench, concentric-henged—  
spells within spells,  
just as cut marks on the stones,  
as yet, unbroken*

at day's end  
a candle on the workbench  
the mountains hunched  
watching the artisan  
shaping stone on stone

~*County Wicklow, Ireland*

## *String of Pearls*

**Marilyn Humbert**

The world is a blur.  
The sun a veiled diamond.  
Mists from the marsh, feathery filaments  
adrift across paddocks.  
Grassland is thick with wetness, bending  
beneath the clinging water's weight.

no wind  
in this veiled world  
lost in a dream  
music box lid ajar  
pearls spilling over the edge

They say you can't hide your true nature.  
Mist melts as the sun rises higher.

in the sun  
and the tall grass  
I sway in time  
to the shimmering light  
pearls about my neck

~*Sydney, Australia*



# *Pilgrim*

**Marilyn Humbert**

Darkness is my friend and protector. I hide in steep, rocky places far from my countrymen and gleam of Artemis. I step in silent shadows cast by star glint. The thick black cloak I wear denotes my status. A survivor. The cost has left me an outcast, changed and marked by battle. Tonight like every night I make my way to the temple.

in prayer  
I plead for peace  
salvation . . .  
walking this pilgrim's path  
crossed with shadows

The eyes of the others who are praying at the temple are accusing.  
Nothing is greater than the shame in my heart for the lives I have taken.

silence mocks  
the field of battle  
crow's cackle  
mingles with death's tread  
tears and blood

My days are filled with waking dreams, nights are a parade of half remembered faces.  
When will release come?

landing  
in a nearby tree  
a white dove  
my ears deaf to its song  
filled with the clash of shields

*~Battle of Thermopylae, about 480 BC, Greece*

# *A Place of Stillness*

Amelia Fielden & Genie Nakano

ah, ah, ah,  
a caution of crows flies over  
at 5 a.m.  
still absent of colour  
most of the suburb sleeps

*looking down  
on scarlet maple trees  
I lose myself  
dizzy with this world—  
you catch my hand*

*this coldness . . .  
don't leave me here  
take me back  
to ancient temple grounds  
where bare feet caress the floor*

shallow-rooted  
this love too ready  
to topple  
come famine or flood  
do I really care, though

the rubbing  
of sand between my toes,  
the sting of salt,  
sensual memories  
of a seaside childhood

*stampede:  
horses on the prairie  
kicking up hot dust  
streaming to the sky  
passing all horizons*

*swirl of a sari  
draped over full hips . . .  
an ocean of breath  
rises and falls  
as she graces the sand*

in this land  
so many lonely people  
'looking for love  
in all the wrong places'  
under Southern Cross stars

you were with me  
when I bought this silk jacket  
at Toji market,  
I wonder where you are now  
our story had no ending

*sitting  
in a place of stillness  
breathing in and out  
I watch and wait  
for new spring growth*

~Amelia Fielden, East Australia / Genie  
Nakano, California, USA

## *At the Crossroads*

Gary James Foster & Autumn Noelle Hall

giant redwood  
interior blackened  
fire scalloped  
still striving and sunward bound  
a girl raven-clad stands

*obsidian  
her feathers knapped blow by blow  
too heavy for flight  
grounded in the silent embrace  
of the great tree's heartwood*

white valley oak  
wild arms beat against the sky  
in bare defiance  
and yet, earth enfolded  
stalwart keeper of hearthstone

*no bark thick enough  
to withstand this beautiful,  
moss-slow strangling . . .  
when does one lay down arms  
and submit to the Keeper?*

mistletoe  
flush green and white berried  
life on lifeless branch . . .  
oak borne, midwinter given  
the Keeper's promise blooms

*bird-borne and free-born,  
these high-held greening globes . . . but  
below, row on row,  
trellised vines grow only  
at the vintner's pleasure*

manicured  
each arm pruned and poised  
symmetry-perfect  
sea-air and sun-swollen fruit  
earth's heady passion distilled

*arrogance refined:  
the transmogrification  
of wine into blood . . .  
man—given the grail—goes forth  
only to make water*

*~Northern California, USA*



# *The Land*

Gerry Jacobson

Healing  
Journey of healing  
Journey of healing the land  
Five hundred mile journey of healing the  
land

*moment mine . . .  
granite beneath me  
the sun has risen  
the sea never ceases  
the earth remains*

Whose land?  
My land  
My birth land  
My father's land  
My mother's refuge land  
My grandparents' refuge land

*in the chapel  
of St Michael  
I hear the silence . . .  
centuries of devotion  
the sadness of their grief*

Singing  
Singing the land  
Singing the wounded land  
Singing the polluted wells  
Singing the ancient churches  
Singing the graves of the ancestors

*Silbury Hill  
ancient earth mother . . .  
your foreground  
an endless stream . . .  
cars and trucks on the A4*

Dancing  
Dancing the land  
Dancing the wounded land  
Dancing the standing stones  
Dancing the hilltops  
Dancing the joy of my heart

*high up  
on Dartmoor the mist  
closes in . . .  
is this as close  
as I can get?*

Witnessing  
Witness the wounding  
Witness the tragic motorways  
Witness the ruined landscape  
Witness the belching power station  
Witness the vacant teenagers  
Witness the shrieking jets  
Witness the jokey blokey drinkers

*morning misty  
tents in a green field  
fire to ashes  
church on a rock  
I pick up my pen*

*five hundred miles  
from Carn Les Boel  
to Hopton on Sea . . .  
we fill our wornout boots  
with pink and white roses*

*~Southern England*

Walking  
Walking the land  
Walking the green land  
Walking the 'green and pleasant land'  
Walking the wet and windy land  
Walking the old and wooded land  
Walking the fields  
Walking the lanes  
Walking the bridleways  
Walking the ancient footpaths  
Walking the hills and the valleys

*away . . . away  
along the track . . .  
is England  
slipping away  
between my footsteps?*

Sitting  
Sitting the land  
Sitting at the side of the road  
Sitting in churchyards  
Sitting beside canals  
Sitting around the campfire  
Sitting outside the pub  
Sitting down for a cream tea



## *Rejects*

### **Keitha Keyes**

the homeless man  
sifts through rubbish  
for cigarette butts  
to savour  
as he sips his cocktails

he shambles  
from one alley  
to another  
clutching a bottle  
in a brown paper bag

the grace  
of an ibis  
gone  
with its head  
in the garbage

*~George Street, Sydney, Australia*

## *Louisiana Bayou*

**Joan-Dianne Smith**

eerie Bayou swamp  
cyprus float suspended  
as Spanish moss dangles  
our silent duck boat slips by  
this surreal Hollywood set

purple hyacinth  
admired elsewhere not here  
unwelcome species  
encroaches chokes plugs bayou  
foreigners invading our land

snoozing on tree branch  
barred owl opens soulful brown eyes  
looks straight at me  
a portrait of striped plumage  
then hoots *who cooks for you*

great white egrets rest  
in slow motion take flight  
rehearse choreography  
rhythmically soaring flapping  
a synchronized swan lake

*~Louisiana, USA*

## *The Breeze of Love*

**Pravat Kumar Padhy**

Like a bird she wishes to have her  
dream of freedom as she inhales the  
sublime love at an early dawn. Her  
tendered-eyed magical beauty sways in the  
gentle wind along the Gopalpur sea shore.

Perhaps she has to travel the early  
passage of time before mingling with godly  
feeling. The mystic change she correlates  
with the beauty of nature. As she steps into  
a different moonlit world, laced with  
myriads of smiles, poems of possessiveness  
and seeds of beauty sprout like little stars.

her love swells  
to an aesthetic height  
full moon night  
the romantic clouds sail around  
kissing the moon once and again

The melodious breeze sings songs of  
romance to the rhythmic tune of sinuous  
waves. The architect of nature secretly  
plants the seed of enchantment in her  
garden of life.

*~Odisha, India*



# *My First Visit to the Vietnam Wall*

**Nu Quang**

being built  
when I was cut off  
from the free world  
I pay the soldiers tribute  
with my words

June sun  
shines on the Wall  
at the foot  
of one panel a mini  
Stars & Stripes stands still

a slight breeze  
brushing my cheeks  
visitors' shadows  
pass through my own reflection  
on the black granite

I touch the names  
feeling the coldness of their bones  
those years  
they fought in the jungles  
I dreamed my youthful dream

I stroll  
from panel to panel  
a distant rumble  
of tanks  
on the day Saigon fell

time to say goodbye  
I tell the soldiers:  
I took refuge  
in your country,  
you suffered . . . I endure

*~Washington, District of Columbia, USA*



## *For the Family*

**Patricia Prime & Rodney Williams**

the soft felt robin  
my children gave me one Christmas  
years ago  
reminding me of snow & ice  
is now packed away in its box

*~Auckland, North Island, New Zealand*

*I re-play discs  
full of greatest hits  
cherished  
across a teen age  
before our kids left home*

*~Trafalgar, Victoria, Australia*

again I try  
to tell my daughter  
why I wear  
my wedding ring although  
her dad's been gone for 30 years

*~Greymouth, South Island, New Zealand*

*big sister gone too . . .  
left at this rented beach-house  
in a dish  
full of shells and stones  
a locket inscribed 'best friend'*

*~Mendocino, California, USA*

grass tickling our feet  
we leave the shaded deck  
for the garden  
a semi-circle of chairs  
set out for the family

*~Wellington, North Island, New Zealand*



*farewell  
for our son starting a job  
overseas —  
his aunt relieved by a vet  
with good news for her cat*

*~Carlton, Victoria, Australia*

# *A Lotus Bud Unopened*

**Jenny Ward Angyal**

reading river hymns  
in the *Rigveda*  
before I journey  
round the globe . . .  
the same pulse in my own wrist

crippled  
like my own son  
this beggar  
hitching himself along  
on calloused hands

distant temple bells . . .  
how clearly I hear the words  
in my dream  
*slip into the dance*  
*wherever you can*

untouchable  
a mother and child  
relieve themselves  
under the jewelers' billboard:  
*trust in God and gold*

my snapshot  
of an artist sketching  
Shiva  
carved in stone. . .  
what eludes our grasp

the path  
Gandhiji walked  
to his death  
fresh rose petals  
in his footprints

climbing  
the sacred hill  
in search  
of the goddess  
the way lined with garbage

barefoot  
I lay marigolds  
at the flame  
of a Great Soul  
still burning

*~India*

# *Change*

**Ignatius Fay**

sisters  
share a last coffee  
8 a.m.  
bundle up  
it's cold out there

with help  
all the packing done  
in two days  
fifteen centimetres  
of new snow

afternoon  
checking the mail  
heart attack  
lungs collapsed  
by the bitter cold

her sister's things  
sorted and labelled  
by destination  
for sale, good will  
gifts and garbage

coma  
irreversible  
brain damage  
still it is hard  
to disconnect

sorting  
the last odds and ends  
her brother wants  
the staple gun  
and vise grips, maybe

thirty years  
she lived with her sister  
alone and poor  
she must now move in  
with her daughter

she won't need  
most of the furniture  
for sale  
the man two doors down  
wants the dishwasher

recycling bin  
behind the liquor store  
boxes  
collapsed and stacked  
fill the truck

waking  
on her daughter's couch  
temporarily  
four grandchildren  
trying to be quiet

snowy afternoon  
shopping for bunk-beds  
soon  
grandma moves into  
her grandson's old room



conversation  
at the dinner table  
for a change  
watching any damned movie  
she wants

## *Ethiopian Orthodox Palm Sunday*

**Bob Lucky**

her rent  
toward a downpayment  
on a house  
her own living space  
in the basement

A naked woman in the roundabout, a nude dervish on a collision course with reality, imagines herself to be directing traffic. As I go around, my eyes mostly on the road, I think of my friend. The monkey, she says, grabbing her left breast and holding it like a small watermelon, bit my tit, and I have a lot of questions that are probably best not asked.

the future  
she will never be  
without this loss  
she would have been  
unable to move on

a child beggar  
tugs at my sleeve  
even knowing  
where the money goes  
I have to give

*~Ontario, Canada*

*~Ethiopia*



# *Pah Hill & Moon by Toss Woollaston*

**Patricia Prime**

reverie  
land under the moon  
a nocturne  
always there through the night  
waiting for the rising sun

What keeps Toss Woollaston's painting looking fresh is the combination of expressive painting and subdued, yet warm, colour that resolves the eye and mind into the essence of the scene. Woollaston limits his range of colours to give all parts of his work equal weight, removing much of the illusion of depth so sought after by most landscapists. He avoids sharp outlines, even in foreground fences and trees. He uses the same base colours in his watercolours and oils yellow ochre, viridian, permanent blue and Indian red.

The artist's lack of focus and sometimes muddy palette may puzzle viewers with a preconceived notion of what a landscape painting should look like but the artist has vision. He paints moonlight after it has been absorbed by

the earth. In this work he seems to have painted the earth itself, piled up into curvaceous mounds.

beneath  
a mossy boulder  
mushrooms in disarray  
they will not be moved  
by rain or wind

the full moon  
in its haze of gold  
becomes  
a Christmas ornament  
in the dark sky

I wonder  
following the moon's path  
how long the artist  
stood in this selfsame spot  
to depict this scene

*~New Zealand*

*for Doris*

Lynda Monahan

six years old  
when a big blue car came  
to take her away  
she remembers them saying  
*because you're so bad*

all those years  
in a residential school  
they send a cheque  
that does nothing to help her  
takes away none of her pain

for three weeks  
her mother was missing  
till they found her  
facedown in the river  
and nothing was ever said

*a starlight tour*  
the cops called it, laughing  
drove her brother  
outside the city limits  
left him in the snow to die

she looks for work  
but no-one will hire her  
on welfare now  
her sisters drug addicted  
alcohol calling their name

she writes her poems  
a hardpacked woman  
refusing  
to be what they make her  
rising above all of their names

*~Canada*



# *Tail Flip*

Kath Abela Wilson & Taura Scott

where did it come from  
her desire  
to be born  
on an island  
every year

*she sips espresso  
a gondola  
sighs  
another  
slips by*

everything  
moves her  
bells birds waves  
each a door underwater  
to her heart

*music thrills  
in her sway  
jingle shells  
riffle gently  
on a breeze*

lured by the ring  
of beginnings and endings  
above it all  
instead of looking out  
she looks in

*spiral steps  
she climbs  
in circles  
the clock  
out of reach*

at the top  
time stops  
will she too  
become  
a gargoyle

*from her perch  
she looks down  
her beating wings  
brush the lights  
of Florence*

a sudden sweep  
the flock  
inside  
her pulse  
quickens

*cobblestones  
a maze she travels  
the scent  
of limoncello  
in her hair*

windswept  
he leans into her  
small round mirror  
she's propped  
to see the sky

*a tail flip  
she surfaces  
out of the blue  
Venice  
in her veins*

*~Venice, Italy*



# *dandelions*

**Kath Abela Wilson**

when I was little  
and sometimes sick  
I would dream  
of the dandelion  
machine

big and black  
an oil burner  
it was a submarine  
in our basement  
with a spout

imagine a chute  
a tube that sprouted  
gold nuggets  
dandelions  
one by one

faster and faster  
out came  
propelled  
new galaxies  
tiny petaled suns

golden blooms  
there was no room  
to breathe  
I'd wake up  
naked and panting

recurring nightmare  
always ended  
the same  
I was smothered  
in flowers

one day I found  
my dream  
had stuck  
no longer would I  
ever need clothes

my skin  
turned gold  
to the touch  
the scent  
was dandelion

birds and bees  
landed all over me  
my friends  
reached to feel  
my new body

petals fall off now  
as I get  
a little older  
but always there's one  
left in my hair

someday  
I'll turn into  
a white moon  
like other ones I've seen  
I will float away

*~Staten Island, New York, USA*

*sofa*

**Kath Abela Wilson**

I wonder where  
its bones are  
curved wooden arms  
colonial replica my dad liked  
the civil war

the turned legs perched  
on pale fern linoleum  
I saw forest floor  
stared looking for sky  
at deep evergreen walls

photo portrait lost  
shows the family sofa  
I closest to dad  
it could not fit one more  
tipped over the next day

polished maple frame  
pillows imbued  
spring blooms  
summer autumn's prelude  
and the frost to come

I called my mom  
about the couch she coughed  
about it on my mind  
her mind past ninety amused  
and dad is gone

gilt framed  
above the couch  
an ancient river  
where gondolas glide  
from sight to out of mind

*~Staten Island, New York*

*Under the Tree of Dreams*

**Kath Abela Wilson**

she sleeps naked  
an eye closed to the past  
in her own shadow  
next to the tree of dreams  
the night wishes for her body

distant trees are old lovers  
with forgotten names  
she is the day eye open  
she poses only  
for the night to paint her

dreams spread  
the fragile dark  
mosaic of night  
they leave a puzzle  
for her waking

set in her place  
with purposeful languor  
a dream boat a mountain  
a cruise ship pulled in  
for gondola service

*~San Gabriel, California, USA*

# *Tuning Fork*

Claire Everett, UK & Kath Abela Wilson

grubbing a life  
in winter stubble  
until your breath  
lifted me on skylark wings  
made a flute of my bones

*rattles in the closet  
skeleton of a bird  
my dowry  
wrapped in old music  
of beauty and despair*

room to room you go  
cracking open the shutters  
while the blackbird  
you freed from the chimney breast  
sings in the yellowing oak

*we break through  
ceilings with our hands  
release the night  
trees grow inside where stars  
light every room*

on my pillow  
a feather shaken loose  
from a dream . . .  
a pair of brooding doves  
in the rafters of the night

*thigh-bone trumpet  
on our mantle  
ends and beginnings  
you played heralding  
that fateful day*

sweet silence  
the dance of molecules  
this tiny stirrup  
the musical bone  
he said I didn't have

*all your fault he said  
when he lost his temper  
it was the key a clef  
a staff that preserved me  
a lyrical intuition*

improvising  
with my air-sax when he  
wasn't listening . . .  
a sudden swirl of dead leaves  
whistle of a northbound train

*I had no strength to leave  
he was taken by the night  
shock of rising waves  
that splashed batons  
driftwood wands of day*

on a curlew beach  
the shell gleaming in my palm  
held to my ear  
that song for three voices  
I mistook for a duet

*twin stars  
I never would have known  
in this deep sky you  
scooped me up . . . one grain  
aglow in all that sand*



*~Tuning Fork, cont.*

ebb tide  
shale's soft percussion  
somewhere  
along that shore of stones  
one little plover

*simultaneous sky  
sunset and full moon  
storm surge and return  
unexpected spills the sea  
our fertile flood of time*

*~Claire Everett, Norfolk, Lancashire &  
North Yorkshire, England / Kath Abela  
Wilson, Santa Barbara & Pasadena,  
California, USA*



## *Politics/Poetics of Re-Homing*

**Chen-ou Liu**

a new immigrant  
in the land of Snow White  
I practice  
A, B, C . . . by talking  
to the bathroom mirror

Mom once said  
foreign moon bigger  
than ours . . .  
the harvest moon hangs high  
between Pacific shores

English teacher said,  
Just wipe "I used to be . . ."  
out of your mind  
walking home alone  
face-to-face with falling snow

to me, time is  
an endless stream of thens  
I turn away  
from this new Canadian  
to avoid his gaze

inner émigré  
rolling off my tongue . . .  
the professor's  
right eye flickers  
in a long shadow

red question mark  
added to the title  
of my last essay,  
We Are All Immigrants:  
The Past as a Foreign Country

the Dear John letter  
morphs into a plane  
this cold night  
my shadow and I  
ride the tandem bike home

English words  
nothing's wrong, I'm fine  
slip into  
our phone conversation . . .  
Mother's ocean-wide silence

roof icicles  
hold the first morning sun  
present  
becoming past  
becoming future

alone  
on Chinese New Year  
I raise my glass  
to invite the bright moon  
. . . a party of three

this attic reeks  
of smoke, sweat, and beer . . .  
I write  
a resume in a language  
my father can't read

click by click  
I send out my resume  
this breezy morning  
blue-winged warblers  
tweeting about spring

Mr. Lou  
your foreign credentials not . . .  
pinned by his gaze  
I am an immigrant  
with black slanted eyes

the Maple Leaf  
flapping in summer heat  
no Canadian experience  
no job . . . no job  
no Canadian experience

their coarse voices  
Wow! Chinaman s-peak-s En-gli-sh  
amplified  
by a room of silence  
. . . my Bruce Lee kick in the air

a hooded  
black teenager hops  
on the street car  
a Muslim girl and I  
stand beside him

in Search of Lost Time  
*a la recherche du temps perdu*  
new Canadian,  
old Quebecer . . . two solitudes  
in the Toronto sunlight

standing still  
three First Nations children  
in twilight  
my spring-roll stand  
at the Taste of Greece Fest



a Mohawk youth  
and an old Canadian  
shout at each other . . .  
we're here because we're here  
if you must have a reason

South Asians and I  
seated around a piece  
of plane wreckage  
in the Maple Land . . . waking  
to the smell of turkey

unemployed  
I stay drunk on writing  
love poetry  
maple leaves falling  
upon maple leaves . . .

life is best  
understood backwards  
he whispers . . .  
side by side two engineers  
working at Tim Hortons

not so-called news  
another Chinese jumps  
off the roof . . .  
on the nightstand, his dog-eared  
*Lament for a Nation*

new immigrant  
to the land of hungry ghosts  
of the Muse  
I write love tanka  
in crimson red

a crescent moon  
in the attic window  
at three a.m.  
my tanka drifting  
with first snowflakes

long hours  
after winter solstice  
finding my lines  
in the dripping sound  
of a roof icicle

from my tanka  
I look out the window  
a swing swaying  
in the back yard  
of a foreclosed house

swaying in dreams  
"Abandon your mother tongue,  
all who enter here"  
midway through life I'm stuck  
in a world of one color

sorry,  
you're overqualified  
for the job . . .  
I crush the morning sun  
in an icy puddle

old-age home  
in winter twilight  
I listen  
to his Hockey Night stories  
for minimum wage

Ajax night  
and Taipei morning . . .  
New Year's blue moon  
in the bedroom window  
of my childhood house

the memory  
of our body conversations . . .  
the white trail  
from her Air Japan flight  
splitting my spring sky

the look  
on my professor's face  
a red stain  
on the title of my poem:  
Language, I/anguish

using few words  
I carve the long face  
of my critic  
with bleeding eyes . . .  
this Good Friday night

our eyes locked  
on each other for hours  
at the airport . . .  
a middle-aged face  
in summer clouds in the lake

blooming fruit tree  
where we carved our initials . . .  
alone at dawn  
I stand in its shadow  
dreaming our midsummer dream

the harvest moon  
meets me at the window . . .  
echoes  
of Li Po's laughter  
in the corner of my mind

writing tanka . . .  
in the attic window  
the winter star  
that didn't move  
is long gone

Taiwan moon  
low in the Ajax sky  
the weight  
of my nostalgia  
measured in snowdrifts

first starry night  
in the Year of the Dragon  
for now  
writing moon tanka becomes  
my home in the Maple Land

*~Canada and Taiwan*



## *Pen Pal on Death Row\**

**Sanford Goldstein**

asked  
by a priest to be  
a death-row pen pal,  
for more than twelve years  
the prisoner and I wrote

I was supposed  
to bring relief to the prisoner  
did I?  
always in his letters to me  
advice over my aging, my dizziness

was it justice?  
the younger man got  
twenty-one years,  
Derek alone the death penalty,  
what truth did I learn if any?

about to travel  
West to join what he loved,  
the rodeo,  
what made you, Derek, follow  
that young man in this vicious crime?

two young girls,  
fourteen and sixteen,  
raped, strangled,  
those two slender bodies  
thrown down an abandoned well

Derek,  
you studied much philosophy,  
math, tales about the West,  
how could you be so vicious,  
a savage rapist and murderer?

told never to ask  
what his crime was,  
and once I did,  
do that one more time, he said,  
and he would never write again

how happy you were,  
Derek, when that pretty Canadian  
woman agreed to marry you,  
all plans made, the preacher, the time set,  
sudden her disappearance, never a letter sent

Derek's  
adopted aunt used to send money  
each month,  
later she stopped, abandoning him,  
never did he hear from her again

I regret,  
Derek, I did not come  
to see you,  
My Japanese friend calls me a wimp,  
is that what I was, precious Derek?



I should have visited you,  
Derek, during my three-month  
stay in Illinois,  
I was afraid a trip to your prison  
would have destroyed the image I had of you

how you wanted, Derek,  
to come to Japan to help a friend  
build my house,  
I knew but never said you couldn't  
ever get a passport and visa

I always thought  
prison was an effort to  
mend broken lives,  
isolated, you never got into  
the mess that goes on there

you refused, Derek,  
a plea for clemency,  
why, why?  
was it that you had nothing  
to plead clemency for?

never could I learn  
from Derek anything about  
the crime,  
I suspected he could never  
have been that brutal

Derek,  
my poor Derek,  
gone, gone,  
executed you were on this  
twelfth day of October

he went to his death  
without a gesture of pity  
for the girls' families,  
was that because he had done  
so little of the heinous crime?

the world  
seems less rich in truth  
with Derek gone,  
how joyous the greeting  
in each of his letters

seventy-four  
minutes were required  
as you lay there,  
how long to find the right  
vein for death by injection

seven days  
of mourning I set aside  
for Derek,  
I look at his death photo  
and tears seem to fall

*~Arizona, USA*

*\*a number of the details were changed to  
protect some of the persons involved and to  
protect myself*

# *Dust Rag Tanka*

Sanford Goldstein

home from Japan  
I have to make my new way  
in the States,  
I have to dust these cartons  
kept for two years in the basement

to the supermarket  
a broken mote floating  
in the walk of students,  
their bodies poised for praise,  
their shoes covered with sand

life's a funk,  
the long weekend's  
a bust,  
I have only this self  
for dusting, for rubbing out Japan

my dusty way  
to the warm living room  
comes next,  
I have this tarnished suitcase  
to store in a narrow closet

my life  
is this old dust rag  
removing layers,  
table tops and furniture legs,  
am I vacuuming this self back and forth?

trying for an angle  
to ward off tonight's  
loneliness,  
find a dusty key in a drawer  
now I can lock out the dread

I stay away  
from feelings,  
from feeling,  
I dust this ancient bedroom,  
I get the cracks between doors

up to the attic  
with my dusty leather  
satchel  
I will fling it in a corner  
beside a carton of books

I lock  
tonight's door  
on worlds,  
I enter this fragment of dust,  
I lose myself in self

my house  
becomes an enormous armchair  
for uncle-sit-by-the-fire,  
again I give into seventy-eight,  
I wait for no one to give relief

I start  
my usual weekend cleaning  
by rubbing bathroom tile,  
my bathroom wall becomes  
my eighth decade synecdoche

I dish out  
the week's chili,  
I pile saltines,  
I find a special rhythm  
in spoon lift, in cracker crunch

*~United States*



## *Changes*

**Sanford Goldstein**

will I be  
that dizzy and whirling,  
be that humped?  
only a two-day illness  
shuts down my entire routine

everywhere  
the old-timers break  
down,  
their eyes, toes, ears,  
all bedded with mysteries

a last phone call  
before I take to the skies  
fly into sunsets  
the land of the rising sun  
beckons this ancient me

my friend  
quiet as drowsy death  
on his sickbed,  
I fail to see a rosary  
to see a finger-pointing god

with your one bowl,  
your one robe, precious Ryokan,  
I want to be like you  
just hand me one sharp pencil,  
one sheet of paper for fives

*~Ohio, USA, and Japan*

## *Turning*

**Sanford Goldstein**

I waited  
for the century to turn  
and it did,  
you writers of tanka  
will have to turn too

poor cows  
it was man with his pills  
made you sick,  
not only you desolate cows  
man with his endless desires

yes sentimental  
at my night table with its lamp  
and me waiting,  
let the sleeping pill  
take effect and end my drowsy

water on the brain  
my sister tells me again  
and I stay silent,  
on my own side of the room  
I am wondering ambiguities

and did I live through  
those Vietnam years in newspapers  
and radio news reports,  
all the while waiting without knowing  
there was more than Zen circles

*~ Japan, Indiana, and Ohio, USA*

## *Transformations*

**Sanford Goldstein**

no time  
checking on preparations  
for the graduation,  
and still today I broom-swept,  
I found a clean dust rag

I imagine  
instead of tonight's moon  
Ryokan's face  
I wonder if it would desire  
sake and Chinese poems

made  
to pronounce from hearing  
only radio Japanese,  
like the manga comic book stonemason  
find myself listed among incompetents

smile more  
my Norwich friend  
tells me,  
I force my lips to concede  
sightless before me

waking  
to another sunny day  
of dizziness,  
my morning walk  
seems doubly unreal

*~Japan*

## *Forced out*

**Sanford Goldstein**

the bike and letters,  
letters from my now-dead  
wife,  
gone, all gone, dear mother,  
freshman year changed all

she took delight  
that secretary over the phone  
with the news she shed  
she read with enthusiasm  
that rejection letter for my poems

liver  
again infected now  
by her cancer,  
and still she remains,  
precious Marianne

not available  
my usual second floor  
table,  
find cigarette smoke on the third  
blurs my five lines down

bandaged  
faces red and black  
from cuts,  
I tumble along with them  
I stagger down the cliff by the creek

*~Ohio and Indiana, USA; Japan*

## *Living to Be*

**Sanford Goldstein**

over the years,  
Marianne, never a negative word  
between us,  
now nearing your end  
you talk of a last book coming out

dark along the river  
two monks with headbands  
and lit lanterns,  
all of us are crossing,  
each carrying a small red glow

my Norwich friend  
with her difficult wheel-chair life,  
I see her home in my mind  
there she has a Holy Room with candles,  
there a bronze statue of Ryokan

how I walked  
fast-pounding the Tokyo  
pavement,  
the pain in my right arm,  
the pain in my left toe

to touch  
the flower display  
of carnations,  
nothing phony in our Tokyo  
breakfast coffee shop

*~Tokyo and Shibata, Japan*

*shadow*

Sanford Goldstein & Joy McCall

leaves  
on the Japanese mountain  
age and turn yellow,  
why am I not a yellow  
walking shadow on this hill?

*in the mirror  
looking back at me  
not smiling—  
a woman with white hair  
and sad grey eyes*

render me stoic,  
you forces  
in a world of contra  
I do not walk with fists  
I wimp my old age through

*can I be  
indifferent to pain  
and aging?  
no stoic, I want it all,  
the sharp grief, the shining joy*

at times  
I see the uselessness  
of age,  
what remains for the pathos  
is this limping along

~Sanford Goldstein, Shibata, Japan / Joy  
McCall, Norwich, England

*leaving*

Sanford Goldstein & Joy McCall

and still  
I know what and where  
happiness can be,  
let the slips and stains  
be where they lie as I limp on

*it is time  
to leave behind me  
old futile dreams—  
the tree does not despair  
when the leaves have fallen*

so absent-minded  
nowadays in my dizzy  
spasms,  
memory seems to be buried  
in the ugly slush on sidewalks

*a long splash  
of dark blood in the snow  
and fox footprints—  
these small wild deaths sting  
more than my own wounds*

what's this new feeling  
at the tanka café where I wrote  
fifteen  
as if, as if, I am abandoned,  
a life gone when I leave Japan

~Sanford Goldstein, Shibata, Japan / Joy  
McCall, Norwich, England

*pieces*

Sanford Goldstein & Joy McCall

that precious dish  
someone pushed with his elbow  
fell to the floor,  
the boy of fifteen came for four hours  
and like putting together a puzzle, made it  
whole

*so quiet  
his ways and his voice  
beside me—  
he mends the shattered dish;  
he cannot mend his broken dreams*

pieces  
of logic float into  
my mind;  
now quite as lost as Job,  
I have to see what I can do right

*the mongrel dogs  
outside the gate with Job,  
licked his sores—  
sometimes my help comes  
from unlikely places*

like trying  
to put a jigsaw puzzle  
together,  
this gathering of taxes from here  
and from there and the unknown

~Sanford Goldstein, Shibata, Japan / Joy  
McCall, Norwich, England

*grim spirits*

Sanford Goldstein & Joy McCall

may the Norwich  
ghosts return before your house  
and remain,  
let them erase your pain,  
let them ease you into joy

*there are spirits  
some grim, some merry; walking  
these cobbled streets—  
still, I find more comfort  
in this living friendship*

when I was  
in elementary school in Ohio,  
a sign warned me:  
do not pick any flowers!  
and I feared a witch would fly out

*'step on a crack,  
break your mother's back'  
said the old rhyme—  
in Cleveland or Norwich,  
still those childhood terrors*

out on Halloween  
for trick or treat in big bags  
with my kids,  
how the treats piled up, and still . . .  
the bad witch put pins in the apples

~Sanford Goldstein, Shibata, Japan / Joy  
McCall, Norwich, England

*distant distances*

Joy McCall & Sanford Goldstein

*he writes  
'thoughts from abroad'  
and at once  
the only distance  
between us is in miles*

how close  
that woolen sock  
you put on,  
only last night and the warmth  
grabbed me and made me glad for you

*the old hermit  
dyed in the wool  
of solitude—  
from a thousand miles away  
speaks in my quiet room*

from China  
the pollution drifts in  
and stains our air  
I see peasants in their crowded streets  
vision a blur, mouths unable to open

*are we dumb  
in the face of ignorance?  
are we deaf  
to the voice of reason?  
are we blind to love?*

~Joy McCall, Norwich, England / Sanford  
Goldstein, Shibata, Japan

*circling smoke*

Joy McCall

the wax melts  
the room fills with the scent  
of dark coffee  
shadows dance on the walls  
smoky ash settles on the beams

for the tiny candles,  
I find *anagama*  
sake cups,  
smoke-stained from the pit-fire;  
fire and smoke circling my days

pale sake  
warming in the red cup  
one candle burning  
these small rituals  
calm the echoing space

by candlelight  
dark things move  
a small creature  
runs under the chair,  
soundless, traceless

tonight I lit  
all the small candles  
in the silence  
I did not ring the bells,  
let him sleep in peace

~the holy room, Norwich UK



## *Tennessee Miles*

**Joy McCall**

I walked miles  
along snowy roads  
in Tennessee,  
and as night fell  
I found a house

I climbed old steps  
and knocked on the door;  
dark cedars  
hung over the porch,  
dropping snow

house dogs came running  
children came laughing,  
and a bearded man  
drove me back to town,  
to look for the airport

there, I was lost  
in a vaulted room;  
shelves of books  
rose to the high ceiling,  
stacks of books covered the floor

in a corner  
of that empty library  
in an unknown town  
I read and slept and dreamed and wrote  
and woke again . . . in Tennessee

*~Tennessee, USA*

## *witches*

**Joy McCall**

solstice night  
I asked the witches  
about age and death  
they smiled sadly at me  
and went on dancing

witches, demons  
and all those dark ancient spirits  
stalk the streets  
in the guise of passersby,  
in the faces of citizens

worn stone steps  
down to the ducking stool  
on the old bridge  
the river passing below holds  
no memory of women, drowning

the women  
in a dark circle  
humming low  
no boy sacrifices these days  
but still the air heavy with death

into the henge  
where the crones all danced  
in the darkness,  
comes the dawn, and cold ashes  
blowing around the stones

*~Arminghall, Norfolk, UK*

## *trapped*

**Joy McCall**

in his cell  
he dreams of freedom,  
his spirit  
gone to ground, hiding  
in the long grass in the field

winter full moon  
and another young man  
in his grim cell  
hangs from the bars where dim light  
struggles through the dirt

solitary  
in his locked and barred cell  
he writes to me  
I am trapped; and he knows,  
paralysed, I understand

lifers live  
in the old hanging block  
where rats run  
and the floors hide old bones;  
some men don't sleep, some go mad

in prison, he says  
everything he loves  
has been lost  
all he has left now is more time  
and bitter regrets

*~Norwich Prison, UK*

## *release*

**Joy McCall**

*for Lee*

he walks through  
the last of the barred gates  
to freedom  
dazed, he looks at a world  
whose ways he has forgotten

his back to the long past  
he stands looking at trees  
and rainclouds  
unable to make sense of them,  
he turns to watch passing cars

in those dark halls  
he made a few good friends  
in the time  
now he leaves them behind  
those voices, those faces

he talks about  
his fear of freedom,  
his confusion  
inside, he did as he was told;  
outside, the world overwhelms him

holding close  
the son, almost a man now,  
he weeps  
they came so often to blows,  
they come now to love

*~Norwich, UK*

*bones*

**Joy McCall**

must I go  
to my dark grave  
without knowing  
the thin bones of his hand  
as it holds the pen?

ancient masks,  
skulls and cross-bones  
hang on his walls  
and migrate into ink  
under his skin

in times past  
I lay down in moonlight  
and sleep was easy  
now my bones ache, and under me  
the bed feels like old straw

sages broke  
dry bones to find omens  
in the cracks  
when my bones shattered  
they told only the past

dragon skin  
the ancient dark dzi bead  
tells its tale  
the pattern worn away,  
scratched by old bones

~Norwich, UK

*dark places*

**Joy McCall & Lynda Monahan**

*the stone rolled  
away from the mouth  
of the grave—  
there are dead dreams  
still waiting for the light*

in the dark cave  
of that long ago time  
you left us  
but memories hold on  
your name lives in our dreams

*dark places  
are calling to me  
these days—  
I need to hide away  
out of the limelight*

truths in me  
that others do not  
wish to know  
I resurrect them  
in the late night hours

*waking  
from a long nightmare  
before dawn—  
I cannot find the door  
that leads back to myself*

~Joy McCall, UK / Lynda Monahan,  
Canada

*caverns*

**Joy McCall & Tim Lenton**

we lit candles  
in the ruined church  
and wept  
where is the God  
to save us from ourselves?

*wax spills outwards,  
accidental patterns  
on empty air:  
prayer fills the vacant space,  
sending unexpected love*

the emptiness  
of deep pits and dark caves;  
the silences  
let me not rush to fill them  
with mindless broken words

*from the caverns  
of too reluctant hearts  
water rises:  
filling the flood plains where  
we build fortresses of sand*

candle flame dies,  
the winter tides erode  
unsettled sand  
holy water and dark earth  
are strange bedfellows

*~Norfolk, UK*

*a grey weight*

**Tim Lenton & Joy McCall**

*footprints in snow  
lead down ancient pathways  
among the graves:  
woodpeckers keep on knocking,  
trees unburden themselves*

a grey weight  
of fog among the pines  
on the hill  
the ghosts of the Iceni  
haunt the burial grounds

*absence takes shape  
among brittle brambles  
where blood runs white:  
once more I take narrow roads,  
and the ice closes in*

the ancient thorn  
down the sacred track  
gives no shelter  
I am lost in a place  
between heaven and hell

*dry bones hidden  
in dusty undergrowth  
beneath our feet:  
connecting now, I dig deep  
for one bright breath of life*

*~Upper Stoke, Norfolk, UK*

*on the edge*

**Tim Lenton & Joy McCall**

*bones of the wood  
break in returning snow  
beneath red sky:  
I hurtle ahead of screams  
from the wind and the crows*

the north wind howls  
through the jagged cracks  
and black rocks rise  
I fear the coming of night  
in this desolate place

*steps carved from rock  
mark the vanishing face  
of this sheer cliff:  
lost in mist, I try to snatch  
one fine firmer foothold*

five worn steps down  
to the pale sand that stretches  
to the curved sea  
the horizon, the siren's voice  
always calling my name

*tangible now,  
shapes form in the distance,  
creep within reach:  
I sleep in the shadow of  
those towering waters*

~Norfolk, UK

*hollow*

**Joy McCall & Tim Lenton**

in the dark  
can we find our way  
out of the ruins?  
the stone walls are crumbling  
and it is too cold to sleep

*ice changes things:  
fragile wilderness cracks  
under the strain  
and my soft dreams slide away,  
hit by refracted light*

sometimes a rift  
opens in front of a dream,  
and widens  
and careless, heedless,  
we fall, into the parched ground

*on hollow earth  
dead branches lie, released  
by last night's storm:  
friends fade away in the mist  
but are not forgotten*

I know the place,  
I walked there one evening  
a decade past  
there were low voices then,  
on the still, sad air

~Rosary Cemetery, Norwich, UK

## *The Masters and I*

**Nu Quang**

*Oedipus the King*  
ushers me to Western theatre  
I recite a line  
it resonates  
with my native language

learning to read Chaucer  
I open my eyes wide  
the Middle English  
blindfolds me to the land  
of The Canterbury Tales

“the play’s the thing”  
leads me  
to Shakespeare’s world  
right at its entrance  
I find gems

traveling  
from a Buddhist temple  
to Paradise Lost  
I constantly turn my head  
from East to West and back

pushing on through  
the open doors to those masters  
I pick up  
grains of their wisdom  
lock them in my own treasury

*~NIU, DeKalb, Illinois, USA*

## *Shushhh*

**Genie Nakano**

as night  
takes over the day  
and crickets start to thrum,  
she softly whispers  
shushhhhhhhhhhhhhhh

as thick trees sigh  
and a breeze bends  
all their leaves,  
again, she whispers  
shushhhhhhhhhhhhhhh

shushhh  
turns into a purring cat  
rolling over on its back  
a soft light rain . . .  
tiptoes across flower tops

the stars  
twinkle a lullaby  
and that rabbit  
inside the moon  
snuggles and snorezzz

shushhhh  
sets all worries out to sea  
as we drift away  
in a blanket filled with  
sweet fulfilling dreams

*~Lavaline du Houx, France*

## *Childhood*

**M. Kei**

casually  
my father's hand  
on my thigh  
creeping higher  
as he reads 'Miss Minerva'

staring at  
my shoes in fear:  
all I remember  
of Christmas when  
I was seven

clutching  
the car door handle  
the needle passes 40  
if he touches me again  
I will jump

the piano  
with the broken  
ivory keys,  
we both remember  
my father's hands

this is the poison  
I learned to live with,  
like a weed growing  
through the sidewalk  
of my childhood

*~Iowa, USA*

## *His Penny World*

**Matsukaze**

*inspired by Sanford Goldstein*

again  
my Hamlet-self will stutter  
through a day  
among loud people  
in this noonday bonfire

steeped in quiet  
nothing awry  
in bed on my back  
i, a Goldsteinian tanka poet;  
spilling tanka in between silences

reading Goldstein  
wish i could have sat at his feet  
drinking green tea  
absorbing life  
in his penny world

eyes  
and famished hands  
sorting through  
Goldstein's toy box hungrily  
eating his sad toys five lines down

*~Lake Charles, Louisiana, USA*

## Neal Whitman

the old Hopi chants  
and shakes a bead-wrapped rattle  
to bless the meal  
a void is filled in the hall  
where homeless men circle up

*~Unitarian Universalist Church, Monterey,  
California, USA*

a paisley blouse  
two dollars at the yard sale  
nostalgia  
for well-appareled April  
when she was a Flower Child

*~Huge Moving Sale, Van Ness Avenue, San  
Francisco, USA*

my old crowd  
was absent from our hangout  
I raised one finger  
“Black Jack, water back.  
Make it a double.”

*~Sly McFly’s Refueling Station, 700A Cannery  
Row, Monterey, California, USA*

the morning fog  
chills the heirloom tomatoes  
I bring them home  
my Love waits there for me  
our dinner, high on a hill

*~vacation condo rental overlooking Golden  
Gate Bridge, Sausalito, California, USA*

on our beach walk  
a soft gentle wind blows south  
thinking is folly  
when my heart fills with feelings  
as soft and gentle

*~Carmel Beach, California, USA*

we watch lazily  
at catboats on the bay  
bonded in pleasure  
I double-check  
that my cell phone is off

*~Half Moon Bay, California, USA*



## gennepher

stories of Old China  
you told me  
a young British sailor’s initiation  
I looked  
into your old hooded eyes

*~Wales*

*Told to me in Wales by my best friend who was  
many, many years older than I. His father was  
a Captain and as a teenage boy my friend  
went with his father on sea journeys. His father  
believed in tough love. This is referring to an  
old time execution in a Chinese village square  
where the young first time sailor was taken to  
and told to expect a treat.*



## Dawn Bruce

Good Friday  
the altar draped  
in black  
like those Greek widows  
weighed down by grief

*~Burwood Greek Church, Australia*

I pause  
in the shopping mall  
courtyard . . .  
shadow-lace spreads  
under a chinese tallow wood

*~St Leonards mall, Sydney, Australia*

through the lanes  
of this medieval town  
I walk arm in arm  
with my husband's ghost . . .  
midnight moon

*~Florence, Italy*

butterfly-like fingers  
play up and down  
his shakuhachi  
whispering soft breezes  
and the flutter of red leaves

*~School of Music, Canberra, Australia*

at the end  
of a long dry summer  
billows  
of red dust  
as he leaves me

*~country town in NSW, Australia*

fading into fog  
the building loses  
substance . . .  
news of her accident  
dissolves my day

*~Bayview, Sydney, Australia*



## Charlotte A

making coffee  
for my date  
the trembling  
of the kettle  
coming to a boil

through their curtains  
and across their mirror  
my headlights flare  
into my married lover's  
wildfire dreaming

*~Massachusetts, USA*

## Genie Nakano

is it the cold  
that leaves me lonely  
or my loneliness  
that makes the cold . . .  
I wish you were here

at lunch, Emily says  
at this point in life  
friends are all i need  
later, alone at night  
i agree whole heartedly

behold  
a golden winter pear  
my mouth waters  
as you bite into  
its sweet smooth skin

out of darkness  
rising from moist earth  
*matsutaki* sprout  
their pungent aroma  
uncovers their secret

all summer  
weekly practice, clap clap  
drum beats filled with song  
I dance in Obon Festival . . .  
dancing for the dead

stop  
scratching that spot  
leave it alone  
we all have itches  
learn to live with it

brush, comb  
all around his face  
Bodhi loves it all . . .  
he tilts his furry head back  
crooning to the moon

I planted  
bitter seeds today  
deep inside my chest  
an ancient cold spewed forth  
what will be, will be

letting go  
is not easy  
for the owl  
who clings to his prey  
with the talons of death

in bed today  
cough hacks the body  
stupor clogs the mind  
the fallen dew upon the grass  
i've gathered up the cold

looking through  
a muted glass window  
not quite noon  
i see your face  
we are oceans apart

zen master tells me,  
*dreams are of no value*  
*be present, here now*  
if he only knew what  
I dreamed last night

the orient express  
train ride of mystery  
i have yearned  
this journey with you  
anywhere is fine

for a dollar  
I set the caged bird free  
knowing full well . . .  
dozens more captured  
I watch this bird fly away

I feel so good  
this must be the end  
so i write a note to tell you  
how much I love you  
remember me this way

our room  
one side mine the other yours  
how kind you are to me  
the space for your shoes  
is all you care to claim

my secret garden  
is where everything thrives  
what is planted grows  
upwards towards the sun  
all I do is step inside

a window shade  
blows in  
blows out  
alive in this  
humid heat

how long does it take  
for a light to fill a room  
after you hit the switch  
Dad used to ask me this  
when I was 6 years old

i pride myself  
in traveling light  
leave with nothing  
come home  
with a stuffed suitcase

3 AM in a flannel gown  
slipping out the front door  
snapping photos of the sky  
for a haiga in my mind  
the air is moist the sky is red

after you died  
we read your journals  
stacks, files boxes full  
notes, poems, sketches of life  
dad, you paved my way

no pockets  
in this flimsy flowered sheath  
naked with nothing to hold  
a cold breeze blows  
on an august full moon

come dance with me  
in this autumn wind  
this is your only chance  
the wind is at our heels  
let's leap above the gust



*~Nakano, cont.*

the sounds  
of our house  
when I'm alone  
I'm not  
lonely any more

Fall weather in Spring  
a greyness in the skies  
wind chimes softly blowing  
I think of you Dad  
on this Father's day

on her 65<sup>th</sup> birthday  
she finds 10 grey hairs  
plucks them out  
puts on a red dress  
and salsas the night away

gentle waterfall  
have you been here all along  
mist upon my face  
you tease and tease  
my lonely aching heart

she rolls the petals  
in her fingertips  
airborne fragrance bursts  
while sweetness of roses  
settles into her hands

layers  
layers of skin  
the last one  
we drop . . .  
and then no more

stones pelt  
from her mouth  
my older sister  
turns  
even older

*~California, USA*



## Warren Gossett

savoring  
her kiss . . .  
this season's  
first strawberry  
amazingly red

black swirls  
of clouds assail the blue  
. . . curling into herself  
the bruised woman  
in group therapy

dandelion fluff  
on the spring wind  
my wheelchair path  
ends among  
the wildflowers

*~Idaho, USA*

## Marilyn Humbert

I hear your call  
from the ink-steeped night  
that time  
between waking and dream  
even the moon has lost its way

on her toes  
granddaughter spins  
a tiffany princess  
strung about her neck  
red wooden beads

*~Berowra NSW, Australia*

king tide tosses  
driftwood in piles  
on the shore  
shells and spume  
flecks of things forgotten

*~South Beach, Greymouth, SI, New Zealand*



## Jenny Ward Angyal

the last few seeds  
on the dandelion clock  
letting go  
I set my watch  
to the next season

a magnolia  
with my aunt's name  
how like her,  
these tongues of petals  
speaking out against the frost

I wake  
to the first scent  
of lilac . . .  
sixty years ago,  
six hundred miles away

an open gate  
calling me through . . .  
I follow  
the brook to its rising,  
bleached bones to their end

*~Windy Knoll Farm, Gibsonville, North  
Carolina, USA*

# Peter Fiore

September . . .  
you tell me  
you're returning to Japan  
not even a kiss  
goodbye

*~café, New York City; New York, USA*

over sake  
we talk names  
for a daughter  
we know  
we'll never see

*~café, Japan*

passed the statue of Baudelaire  
arm in arm  
a thin lavender mist  
under the trees  
a piano playing Ravel

*~Paris, France*

tennis in the Luxembourg Gardens  
in the falling dusk  
balls bounce off the court  
and hang there forever . . .  
yellow moons in a spinning painting

*~Luxembourg Gardens, Paris, France*

summer afternoon  
lacy white sundress  
blue cotton hat  
a smile in your voice  
and I get to love you

*~walking in the park*

mysteries are hard to explain  
natural disasters  
the origin of hate  
fear of the unknown  
come watch the clouds drift

*~in a park*

Autumn Leaves . . .  
the way Miles does it  
there are no sunburned hands  
only broken promises  
and restrained tears

*~listening to Miles Davis in a small café*

playing hockey  
with the neighbor's dog  
racing and tumbling across the ice  
under the moon  
till we were both breathless

*~on an ice pond*

morning after rain . . .  
in dark  
warm smelling  
hollows  
collecting mushrooms

*~in the woods*

why can't I be  
just an idler  
content  
to get by  
gazing at the moon

*~looking out the window at the full moon*

turning ourselves into birds  
under eternity's spinning skies  
all afternoon  
we test each other  
and make each other strong

*~the backyard*



## Carole Harrison

in this ochre dust storm  
a galah flaps  
rudderless  
where are the pathways  
dreaming me?

*~Wagga Wagga, Australia*

## David Caruso

children laugh  
on their way to school  
a once green leaf  
(once red-yellow, too)  
clings to life

*~Palisades Avenue, Bogota, New Jersey, USA*

school bell . . .  
the cold kiss  
of parents  
with important things  
on their minds

an article  
about the war  
in afghanistan  
it's long although i can stop  
reading whenever i want

*~Haddonfield, New Jersey, USA*

such fine rain  
i'll take manhattan  
to spend the afternoon  
walking these streets  
long past fifth lines

*~dreaming in Cherry Hill, New Jersey, USA*

that one wall  
the children of the town  
have chosen  
to urinate against  
summer after summer

*~a poor man's home, Bristol, England*

## Natsuko Wilson

a flurry of wind  
took away all the leaves  
on the tree top  
majestically appeared  
a love nest of squirrels

daybreak  
sleepy nymphs with big brushes  
of pink and blue  
begin painting as they please  
on a still dark sky

*~Ontario, Canada*

spirited high  
by the lingering sun, a bumble bee  
jumps one to the next  
leaving a trace of his memories, and mine  
on each white cosmos

on the passenger's seat  
of a convertible, a well manicured white poodle  
takes her ride  
admiring the colored leaves  
like an aloof lady

i was stopped  
with a cry by a pebble  
washed up by the sea  
with other countless pebbles  
alone, but saying something

*~Cape Cod, Massachusetts, USA*

sitting on the train  
which slowly proceeds  
into the deep mountains  
i turn the pages  
of a novel by Mishima

*~Nagano, Japan*



## John Stone

answering machine  
even the blinking light  
shies from your anger  
I push the button thinking  
what a koan you are

red tail hawk  
flies low over the yard  
fleeing from your wrath  
I admire his wings  
as you storm across the lawn

emergency room  
my blood a Rorschach test  
on the magazines  
you wave a shy goodbye  
as they take you away

*~California, USA*



## Aubrie Cox

seed moon  
at its apex  
the farmer  
sloshes across  
the flooded fields

shelving books  
on karma  
and reincarnation  
somewhere in the library  
the first rat trap snaps

black mold  
creeps up from between  
the floorboards  
they used to bury  
children in this house

a dark mass passes  
beneath our boat  
all the prayers  
Jonah must have  
learned by heart

evening downpour  
behind nursery glass  
so many cries  
for someone  
other than her

*~Illinois, USA*

## Chen-ou Liu

missing child poster  
on the telephone pole . . .  
hand in hand  
couples walk this busy street  
on a starry night

daikon peeled,  
pork belly washed and salted,  
carrots chopped . . .  
the taste of my childhood  
in a Toronto kitchen

*~Toronto, Canada*

Taipei 101  
an iconic glass tower  
dominates  
its misty landscape . . .  
a homeless man looking high

*~Taipei, Taiwan*



## Tzetzka Ilieva

the morning after  
in the parking lot puddle  
two earthworms  
pretending  
to be seahorses

*~United States*

# Susan Constable

arriving home late  
we hear cockroaches skitter  
when a light goes on  
this dance around the kitchen  
to the sounds of *Stompin' Tom*

*~Ofinso, Ghana*

sumi-e workshop  
I dip the tip of my brush  
into black ink  
listen to the patter of rain  
on fallen maple leaves

*~Seabeck, Washington, USA*

afterwards . . .  
the fog rolls slowly  
out to sea  
yet still it's hard to know  
exactly where I stand

two workmen  
in low-slung jeans  
pry pink tiles  
from the kitchen wall . . .  
I wait for the kettle's whistle

king tides  
rearrange the beach  
in December  
our plans for the coming year  
firm as castles built of sand

a dusting of snow  
softens distant mountains  
long before Christmas  
I sift icing sugar into a bowl,  
taste winter on my tongue

tongue-tied  
by your accusations  
I sit in silence . . .  
watch a flock of ravens  
cross the winter sky

so many doors  
waiting  
to be opened  
    what could I do  
    if I weren't afraid?

every night  
the same familiar tale  
I snuggle  
beneath the covers  
of my just-right bed

raindrops  
glistening on leaves  
long after the storm has passed  
    bubbles of light  
    in our champagne

my son says  
he wants my opinion  
I search  
for a few plump berries  
among the pale and sour

no frost  
on the road home tonight  
no falling rain  
    yet on every arbutus  
    the silvering of leaves

*~Nanoose Bay, BC, Canada*



## Ferris Gilli

I ride a pony named Baby  
her sweaty scent becoming mine  
as we race the freight train  
my authentic six-shooter  
spitting only burnt red paper

*~United States*

## Joy McCall

even by the fire  
with a blanket over me  
my hands are cold  
and that boy who promised  
to hold them always, is long dead

one night at the door  
a scratching of fingernails  
but no voice calling  
only a thick black cloak  
lying on the snowy step

the postman  
took a break from work  
to hunt rabbits  
snow fell, lying thick above  
burrows warm with breathing

for Shiki, too,  
the same struggle with pain  
and morphine,  
and the same brief joy  
in small unimportant things

I am one  
of the north folk, my sister  
of the south  
I hold hard grey flint in my hand,  
pale sand trickles through her fingers

*~Norfolk, UK*

# Paul Mercken

## Paul Mercken, Dutch Translator

Londen zag reeds  
de David Bowie show  
't chocolafestival  
'Let it be' in de Savoy  
en de Green Lady's veiling

*~Londen, GB, april 2013*

*London already  
saw the David Bowie show  
the chocolatefest  
'Let it be' in the Savoy  
and the Green Lady's auction*

*~London, UK, April, 2013*

Oxford torenstad  
waar's werelds jeugd Engels leert  
burger en toga  
ooit passeerden hier ossen  
nu mini's en BMW's

*~Oxford, GB*

*Oxford and its spires  
where the world's youth learns English  
place of town and gown  
once oxen passed here but now  
minis and BMWs*

*~Oxford, UK*

Nexus conferentie  
dovemansgesprek tussen  
'hoeveel is genoeg?'  
Skidelsky de ziener  
en de crisismanagers

*~Op 28 maart 2013 had de jaarlijkse  
Nexus-conferentie plaats in het  
Muziektheater aan het IJ in Amsterdam,  
een lezing en debat tussen prominenten in  
het gekozen veld, deze keer de titel van het  
boek van Robert Skidelsky en zijn zoon  
Hoeveel is genoeg? Het Nexus Instituut  
bevordert de Europese cultuur in de  
breedste zin van het woord.*

*Nexus conference—  
debate between deaf and mutes  
'how much is enough?—  
Skidelsky the seer  
and the crisis managers*

*~On March 28, 2013 there was in the  
Music Theatre at the IJ in Amsterdam the  
annual Nexus Conference, a lecture plus  
debate between top people in the chosen field,  
this year the title of Robert Skidelsky's and his  
son's book How Much is Enough? The Nexus  
Institute promotes European culture in the  
widest sense of the term.*

een blik in mijn tuin  
er ligt sneeuw tot aan de helft  
ook op het paadje  
om me bewust te maken  
dat er altijd grenzen zijn

*~Dat is de binnentuin van het senioren  
groepswoon complex De Grondslag te  
Bunnik, Nederland.*

*glance in my garden—  
snow on exactly one half  
even on the path  
just to remind me  
there are limits everywhere*

*~That is the inside garden of the senior  
group living complex De Grondslag (The  
Foundation) in Bunnik, The Netherlands*

Yamada haven  
nu begroeten ons  
zwarstaartmeeuwen.  
Hoezeer gelijkt hun krijzen  
op dat van een kat.

*~Japan. De zwartstaartmeeuw werd de vogel  
van Yamada verklaard op 1 oktober 1975.*

*Yamada port—  
now black-tailed gulls  
are welcoming us.  
How their shrieks  
resemble those of a cat.*

*~Japan. The black-tailed gull or sea-cat  
(its cry resembles the mewling of cats) became  
Yamada's bird October 1st 1975.*



## Spiros Zafiris

do not  
hyperventilate, poet, at the thought  
think: toe jam  
not: lady waiting in bed  
we know how it was; how it is

are those  
the specific moonbeams  
meant to address  
the tilt of your hat, dear one  
more are ordered, to light you whole

now, I near  
the precipice of nocturnal  
embers  
four-winged owls  
further distraught the page

at the banquet,  
I confronted a weary chap  
his forlorn droop  
enticed me to share a poem  
he smiled at the suggestion

the alarm clock  
subjugation was fading just as  
his vacation  
was to end; next to  
palm trees he wept

between each word  
of our hallway discourse,  
rose kisses  
and eager claim checks flared from  
our eyes to better teach our silent arms

*~Montreal, Canada*

# Matsukaze

bus stop  
i listen  
to an old  
paper tiger tell me  
how tough he is

sorry place  
the streets of Lake Charles  
unhappy people  
and their  
unheard voices

in this  
lobby-quietness  
training my  
replacement, thumbing through  
page after page of this fatigue

tucking  
myself and my tanka  
in a cold bed  
in a cold house  
for a small nap

38°  
in my tanka world  
a morning fist  
of thoughtsexperiencesresponses  
waiting to unfold

i am young  
bending my black blues  
around  
this Goldsteinian tune,  
my pores around 5 lines down

down  
in bombed soil  
voices  
of Boston victims cry  
for a spring-time justice

gathering her scent,  
my Euclidean woman;  
with her Van Gogh air  
and those colorful frocks with  
wide sleeves and rain on her breath

vivid jacarandas  
swelling in color,  
a pregnant woman  
bustles around the house  
humming the blues

evening  
amid this conclave  
of brittle leaves  
hushed speakings  
and dying embers in the grill

in bed after 5am  
peering down corridors of my birth  
in silence,  
ears eating soul;  
i spill black tanka-losophies

backyard  
cool April night misplaced  
grandmother  
stands ritual-like in prayer  
genuflecting over black bones

i'm home:  
hearing men's  
cornbread-and-sweet-potato laughter  
as they walk sideways  
under an urban sky

within  
your throat,  
an adulterer's  
wild laughter and jittery  
movements unexplained

arising  
my mendicant self  
in a corner  
shucking corn  
peeling multiple realities

resolving  
to hear tanka  
in every situation,  
my Goldsteinian self moving  
through day's corridors

reading  
about Margaret Thatcher  
mother says,  
"I think  
I'd like to be a Baroness."

reading  
news accounts of  
the 'Iron Lady'  
"let her rest  
in peace," grandma says

her house  
empty of lions  
but full of  
his subtle abuse and  
the cool indifference of family

stone lions  
arriving at the temple  
sheltered  
from a light rain  
a Beninian woman greets me

witching hour  
greedy hands grasping  
every sad toy  
by Goldstein, Takuboku, and Terayama  
exploring this tanka realm

morning  
my overture-self  
moving lento  
each limb a specific time signature,  
a mass of irregular beats

led down ancient  
corridors,  
M. Kei introduces me  
to 1,412 years worth  
of myself

my raw tongue  
lapping  
this long blues  
from your paper veins  
pre-dawn humidity

*~Lake Charles, Louisiana, USA*

## Katherine Raine

twisting pine boughs  
in a time-worn village  
an aged  
Japanese lady spits  
at my American face

the awake version  
of the dream where you must  
run to your loved ones  
on legs too heavy to move  
chronic fatigue syndrome

my friend sings covering  
his car with branches  
yes he's bipolar  
and yes I can't resist  
humming along with him

both demented  
his last visit to his wife  
their long stricken  
moment of clarity  
in which they say goodbye

his agony  
the keenness of our care  
flame-colored  
petals of bedside roses  
everything blazes

*~New Zealand*

## Tess Driver

she felt her breast  
the cancer ate silently  
they cut it out  
left her scarred and afraid  
no-one would love her now

*~Australia*



## Lorne Henry

from Bombay  
she laughs at Australians  
tanning on beaches  
her mother's saris  
set off her brown skin

after twenty years  
I see you at a concert  
but you turn away  
were my first impressions  
right after all

*~Australia*



# Rodney Williams

the sheen  
of blue-black plumage  
after rain  
ravens huddled  
in a bare oak

*~Trafalgar, Victoria, Australia*

one voice  
for freedom denied  
a visa  
at the writers' festival  
one chair left vacant on stage

*~Sydney, New South Wales, Australia*

bright  
in smile and mind  
now captain  
she awaits deployment  
beyond the wire

*~Afghanistan*

swifts  
massing late in autumn  
darken the sky  
a boy raises his shotgun  
to test the truth of their name

*~Leongatha, Victoria, Australia*

ghost stories  
in the high-plains hut  
quicken  
everyone's pulse  
a nightjar's shriek

*~Alpine National Park, Victoria, Australia*

album launch  
from the support band  
the girlfriend  
of the drummer plays  
games on her phone

*~Old Drouin Butter Factory, Victoria,  
Australia*

high above  
this most golden of bays  
the trill of parrots  
all the way from Peru  
as far from home as I

*~Telegraph Hill, San Francisco, California*

discarded  
in the car-park  
a syringe  
by her hospital bed  
friends sing *Happy Birthday*

*~Melbourne, Victoria, Australia*

## Patricia Prime

as I carry the box  
containing your ashes  
I can't resist  
looking at its contents  
small bones all that remain

*~Waikumete Cemetery, Auckland, New Zealand*

as for my will  
it is my rocking-chair request  
made before lights dim  
to donate all my poetry books  
to victims of oppression

*~Te Atatu South, New Zealand*

today the sea  
is the colour of bone,  
chaste as egg-whites  
balancing on whitecaps  
a flock of seagulls

*~Greymouth, South Island, New Zealand*

a late lunch  
under the veranda awning  
in a cool wind  
a large speckled bird, brown  
on white, cruises for crumbs

*~Katikati, Bay of Plenty, New Zealand*

in the strength  
of the breeze that bends  
the palm fronds  
late apples fall  
onto browning earth

*~Te Atatu South, New Zealand*

in the art gallery  
there is one painting I admire:  
Van Gogh's "Olive Trees,"  
its daubs of vivid colour  
as though painted yesterday

*~Auckland Art Gallery, New Zealand*

behind glass  
carvings are displayed  
in the museum  
a collection of netsuke  
no bigger than matchboxes

*~Auckland Museum, New Zealand*

on the trail  
cowering beneath  
a cracked boulder  
a nameless plant with soft leaves  
a snail half-hidden in its cover

*~Waitakere Ranges, New Zealand*

outside the school hall  
a man improvises jazz  
and the sky clears  
allowing the puddles to shine,  
the clouds to fuzz window panes

*~St. Dominic's School, Auckland, New Zealand*

I keep love letters  
in their envelopes  
in a drawer  
imagine him pressing  
them firm with a kiss

*~Te Atatu South, New Zealand*

in this world  
there are deeds  
no-one should do  
watching bomb blasts and mayhem  
at the end of the Boston Marathon

*~Auckland, New Zealand*

after a long day  
at the hospital  
finally  
I'm allowed a drink  
and something to eat

*~North shore Hospital, Auckland, New Zealand*

where people  
have vanished from  
the concert  
and the sounds of music  
new stars appear in the sky

*~Wellington, New Zealand*

at the Grey River mouth  
waves shatter into pieces  
and on the bar  
a trawler breaks up the skipper  
lost among the rocks

*~Greymouth, New Zealand*



## Jennifer Thompson

he becomes her  
in the way the sunset adorns  
a pale blue sky  
color by color  
they bloom

the rod  
that was never spared . . .  
spatula  
she flips her pancakes  
with a fork

*~West Virginia, USA*

## M. Kei

blue-grey  
the water, shore, and sky  
before spring  
works its  
ancient magic

the powerboats  
crisscross the bay  
at great speed,  
going nowhere in particular  
on the first warm day of spring

*~Furnace Bay, Maryland, USA*

the old lady of the bay,  
her propellor fouled by eel pots  
and her centerboard gone,  
adrift on a glassy sea  
while the sun slowly fades

*~Skipjack Rebecca Ruark, off Tilghman's  
Island, Maryland, USA*

ladybug  
on the bowsprit,  
you're cute,  
but you're no help  
in furling the jib!

at the top of the bluff,  
a great oak leans precariously;  
how many storms until  
there is no earth  
for straining hearts to hold?

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

dead houses  
haunt the living with  
their grey-white bones  
rattling within  
their shrouds of leaves

the smiling girl  
in a new yellow dress  
holds her skirt  
with a prosthetic hand  
and twirls

the grey-green river  
of trees in  
the summer haze  
asphalt forgotten  
in a passing moment

the black bones  
of a summer crane  
limned against  
the whiteness of  
a heavy sky

*~Maryland, USA*

## Bruce England

My dad taught me  
how to be courteous  
in someone's orchard  
you only pick apples  
lying on the ground

*~Chelan, Washington, USA*

Looking down the road  
there are faint trees on both sides  
a fog storm  
is rising towards us  
and cars are disappearing

*~Highway 1 between Monterey and Santa Cruz, California, USA*

Walking past me  
a teenage girl suddenly  
turns and says,  
"you want to kiss me  
don't you?"

*~Sunnyvale, California, USA*

Showing off  
her left hand, she chants:  
"I'm young!  
I'm pretty!  
I'm engaged!"

*~Mountain View, California, USA*

On a beach  
I hesitate changing pants  
a nearby mother  
removes her top  
bares her breasts

*~San Gregorio Beach, California, USA*

Still drowsy  
I pour  
hot water  
into a tin of tea  
instead of my cup

*~San Jose, California, USA*

In an ER  
a doctor staples  
my split scalp  
oow! so this is what  
pieces of paper feel!

*~Kaiser Hospital, Santa Clara, California, USA*





## 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: [AtlasPoetica@gmail.com](mailto:AtlasPoetica@gmail.com)—do not send attachments.

### **Rodney Williams** Publishes *a bird-loving* *man : haiku and tanka*

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poems that readers living in Australia will be able to interpret with their direct knowledge of local birds, beaches, forests and wildlife. But this is not to say that international readers will not also enjoy the poems, as many are broadly relevant to life.” Patricia Prime, editor, *Kokako* (NZ)

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# BIOGRAPHIES

**Alexander Jankiewicz** was born and raised in Chicago, IL, USA. He currently lives in Wamego, Kansas, USA.

**Amelia Fielden** is an award-winning, poet and professional translator. She has published 6 volumes of tanka and has collaborated with Kathy Kituai and Saeko Ogi, to produce 4 collections of responsive tanka, including the bilingual *Word Flowers* (2011). Amelia has also published 17 books of Japanese poetry in translation.

**Aubrie Cox** currently resides in Taylorville, Illinois, USA. Her poetry has appeared in journals such as *Modern Haiku*, *Eucalypt*, *Frogpond*, and *bottle rockets*. She regularly blogs and creates collaborative e-collections at *Yay Words!* <<http://yaywords.wordpress.com>>.

**Autumn Noelle Hall's** short poetry and photography have been featured in journals worldwide. Whether snapping a hummingbird's dance with her camera, hiking the pine needled slopes of Pikes Peak, she is ever gathering the stuff of tanka.

**Bob Lucky** teaches at the International Community School of Addis Ababa, Ethiopia. His work has appeared in numerous journals, including *Atlas Poetica*, *Modern Haiku*, and *The Prose-Poem Project*. He is co-author of the chapbook *my favorite thing*.

**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.

**Carole Harrison** is a photographer and

long distance walker, especially of the camino (s) in Spain. Retired from teaching, still dabbling in 'olde wares', she lives at Jamberoo on the south coast of NSW, Australia.

**Charlotte A.**, now transplanted from New England to Texas, is new to tanka-writing. Charlotte, a psychologist, is enjoying the discovery of how tanka can allow the deeper stories to reveal themselves.

**Chen-ou Liu** is the author of *Ripples from a Splash: A Collection of Haiku Essays* with Award-Winning Haiku and *Following the Moon to the Maple Land*. His tanka and haiku have been honored with 20 awards.

**Claire Everett's** haiku, tanka, haibun and tanka prose, have appeared in many short-form poetry journals worldwide. She is delighted to be the tanka prose editor for *Haibun Today*. She lives with her husband and children in North Yorkshire, England, and draws most of her inspiration from walks on the Moors and Dales and in the Lake District.

**David Caruso** began writing haiku and tanka after taking a course in Japanese poetry under the late Professor William LaFleur at the University of Pennsylvania. David lives in Haddonfield, NJ with his wife Maggy and their three children. He invites you to browse on over to <[DavidHaiku.com](http://DavidHaiku.com)>.

**Dawn Bruce** is an Australian poet, living in Sydney. She has three poetry collections, *Stinging the Silence*, *Tangible Shadows*, and *Sketching Light*. Dawn was on the editorial team for *raking stones* an anthology of Japanese genres. She is the convenor of Ozku haiku group, and member of Bowerbirds tanka group.

**Ferris Gilli** is an Associate Editor of the on-line and print haiku journal *The Heron's Nest*. Her work in haiku and related genres has won awards and appears in haiku journals since 1997. Ferris lives in north Georgia, USA.

**Gary James Foster's** background in Mandarin Chinese and Asian Studies led to travel in China, Taiwan, Japan, Korea, and India. He has just recently begun to weave the thread of his Asian experience and passion into tanka—a sublime art he is overjoyed to share with his life partner Autumn Noelle Hall.

**Genie Nakano** grew up in East Los Angeles barrios. An area where many Mexican immigrants migrated. Hence, many words are of Chicano slang. Yes, the story is biographical and true. I lived in a vibrant community and have many memories.

**Gennepher** lives in North Wales in the United Kingdom. It is the journey that is important not the destination

**Geoffrey Winch** resides in West Sussex, England. His poetry has appeared various US and UK journals. He is active in his local poetry scene where he also leads workshops and is currently working towards his fourth collection *'Alchemy of Vision'*—publication of which is anticipated in early 2014.

**Gerry Jacobson** lives in Canberra, Australia. He was a geologist in a past life and wrote scientific papers, but nothing beats the thrill of having tanka published in *Atlas Poetica*. Gerry's tanka and tanka prose also appear in *Ribbons*, *GUSTS* and *Haibun Today*.

**Ignatius Fay** is a retired paleontologist who has been writing short poetry in various Japanese styles for twenty years. The brevity of the forms and the focus on keen observation

continue to intrigue and attract him. He lives in Sudbury, Ontario, Canada.

**Jennifer Thompson** lives in West Virginia and works as a teacher. She studies poetry and photography. Her work has been published in *Kernels* online journal.

**Jenny Ward Angyal** lives on a small organic farm in Gibsonville, NC, USA, with her husband and one Abyssinian cat. Since retiring, she has given more time to poetry and is enchanted with tanka. Her poems appear in *Lynx*, *Moonbathing*, *Ribbons*, *Tanka Splendor* and <<http://grassminstrel.blogspot.com>>.

**Joan-Dianne Smith**, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada, is a psychotherapist and part time writer. She appears in *The Globe and Mail*, *Cahoots Magazine*, *The Dalhousie Review*, *Transition Magazine* and in *Christmas Chaos* and in *Torn: True Stories of Kids, Career and the Conflict of Modern Motherhood*. She published a book of poetry entitled *All Things Considered: Stella and Other Poems*.

**John Stone** is a working musician in Northern California. He sometimes writes things down. Sometimes they are published, sometimes not. He's cool with it either way.

**Joy McCall** is 68 years old and has written poetry, mostly tanka, for 50 years, publishing occasionally here and there. She lives on the edge of the old walled city of Norwich, UK. The poets she reads most often are Ryokan, Langston Hughes, M. Kei, Frances Cornford, TuFu, Sanford Goldstein, and Rumi.

**Kath Abela Wilson** is the creator and leader of Poets on Site. This group performs on the sites of their common inspiration. She loves the vitality and experimental micropoetic qualities of Twitter (@kathabela).



**Katherine Raine**, after working as a garden designer in several countries around the world (including Japan), is now settled on a farm in a remote corner of southernmost New Zealand. Her poetry, photography and meditation practices interlink.

**Keitha Keyes** has spent most of her life in Sydney but her heart is still in the Australian bush where she grew up. She is addicted to tanka and related genres. Her work appears in *Eucalypt*, *Kokako*, *Moonbathing*, *Simply Haiku*, *GUSTS*, *Ribbons*, *red lights*, *A Hundred Gourds*, *Take Five*, *Atlas Poetica* and several anthologies.

**Lorne Henry** lives in the rural area of Central Lansdowne (a dot on the map) in the mid-north coast area of NSW Australia.

**Lynda Monahan** is the author of three collections of poetry, *a slow dance in the flames*, *what my body knows*, and *verge*. She facilitates creative writing workshops and has been writer-in-residence at St. Peter's College and at Balfour Collegiate. Lynda lives in the Nesbitt Forest, Saskatchewan, Canada.

**M. Kei** is the editor of *Atlas Poetica* and editor-in-chief of *Take Five : Best Contemporary Tanka*. He is a tall ship sailor in real life and has published nautical novels featuring a gay protagonist, *Pirates of the Narrow Seas*. His most recent novel is an Asian-themed science fiction/fantasy novel, *Fire Dragon*.

**Marilyn Humbert** lives in the outer Northern suburbs of Sydney surrounded by bush. Her work appears in *Eucalypt*, *Kokako*, *Moonbathing*, *Simply Haiku* and *Atlas Poetica*.

**Matsukaze** discovered haiku and tanka 8 years ago. At that time haiku captured much of his attention. As of March 13th, he 're-discovered' tanka. After reconnecting with an

old friend who is very much a tanka guru, he decided to focus solely on tanka since then.

**Natsuko Wilson** was born in Japan and lives in Ontario, Canada. She writes for newspapers, mostly on travelling. She received an honorable mention in 2011 in tanka competition held by Association of Nikkei & Japanese Abroad. Since then she is enjoying her new interest in tanka.

**Neal Whitman** lives in Pacific Grove, California where, he and his wife, Elaine, are docents at the Robinson Jeffers Tor House in nearby Carmel. Neal has published tanka in *Simply Haiku* plus his haiku and haibun have been published in several journals.

**Nu Quang** grew up in Cholon, Vietnam. She lived under the Communist rule for ten years after Saigon fell. Now a naturalized US citizen, she writes from her background consisting of three cultures. Her poetry has been published in *Notes from the Gean*, *A Hundred Gourds*, *The Heron's Nest*, *Haiku News*, *Multiverses*, *Moonbathing*, *Red Lights*, *Lynx*.

**Patricia Prime** is co-editor of *Kokako*, reviews/interviews editor of *Haibun Today* and writes reviews for the NZ journal *Takahe* and for *Atlas Poetica*. Her poems and reviews have appeared in the *World Poetry Almanac* (Mongolia), 2006-2012. Currently she is one of the guest editors for the *World Haiku Anthology*, edited by Dr. Bruce Ross.

**Paul Mercken**, Belgian philosopher and medievalist, former treasurer and/or secretary of the Haiku Kring Nederland. Likes participating in international renga by e-mail and is learning Chinese. Just published poems in Dutch, *Bunnikse haiku's & ander dichtspul* (*Bunnik Haiku's & Other Poetry Stuff*).

**Peter Fiore** has been on the outer fringes

of the literary scene for over 30 years. He edited his own little magazine, *Mushroom*. His poems have been published in *American Poetry Review*, *Hearse*, and *Vagabond*. In 2009 Peter published *text messages*, the first volume of American poetry totally devoted to Gogyohka.

**Pravat Kumar Padhy**, born in Odisha, India, holds a Masters and a Ph.D in Applied Geology. Short poems appeared in *Lynx*, *Kritya*, *Notes From the Gean*, *Sketchbook*, *Atlas Poetica*, *Simply Haiku*, *Red Lights*, *Shamrock*, *Magnapoets*, *Bottle Rockets*, *The Houston Literary Review*, *The Hundred Gourds*, etc.

**Rodney Williams'** tanka have been published in Australia, America, New Zealand, Austria, and Canada; and on international websites. Before editing *Snipe Rising from a Marsh*, he had tanka appear in other ATPO Special Features, plus *Take Five* and *Catzilla!* (USA), *Grevillea and Wonga Vine*, and *Food for Thought* (Australia).

**Sanford Goldstein** has been publishing tanka for more than forty years. He is co-translator of several collections of Japanese tanka poets.

**Spiros Zafiris**, 63, is a Montreal poet, seriously into tanka since 2004, although in his first 2 books, *Very Personal* and *Midnight Magic*, circa 1979/1981 there are quite a few tanka and kyoka, written and published, well before he knew they were called that.

**Susan Constable's** tanka have appeared in numerous journals and anthologies, including *Take Five*. Her tanka collection, *The Eternity of Waves*, is one of the winning entries in the eChapbook Awards for 2012, sponsored by Snapshot Press. She is the tanka editor for the international on-line journal, *A Hundred*

*Gourds*. Susan lives with her husband on Canada's beautiful west coast.

**Taura Scott** was born in Illinois and moved to Southern California at the age of six months. She now resides in Pasadena, a suburb of Los Angeles. She has been published in several tanka journals and is currently co-writing a children's book on the environment. She is also active in local poetry and art groups.

**Tess Driver** lives by the sea at Aldinga in South Australia. Her poetry has featured in opera libretto, drama performance, radio and art gallery exhibitions. For many years she lived in England, Asia and America before returning with her family to live in Australia. She loves to travel and has published many poems and articles about her travels.

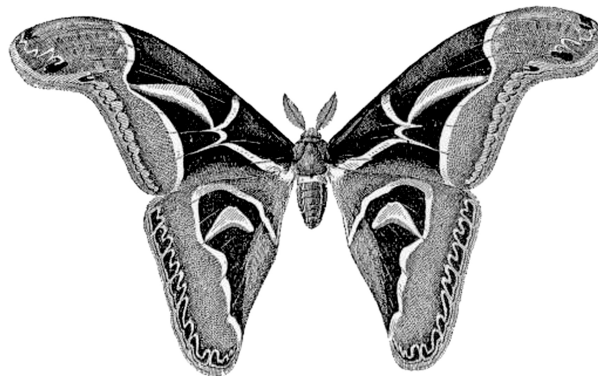
**Tim Lenton** has been concentrating on his poetry since retiring early from journalism in 2002. He won the Fish International Poetry Prize in 2007 and the Norwich Writers' Circle Open Poetry Competition in 2010. He lives in Norwich, the city of his birth, with his wife and has an adult son and two grandchildren.

**Tzetzka Ilieva** was born and raised in Bulgaria, but currently lives in Marietta, Georgia with her husband and two children. She started writing short poems a few years ago and has enjoyed it ever since.

**Warren Gossett** is a full-time artist, painting and selling oil landscape and still-life paintings and thoroughly enjoying Japanese short poetry. His poetry appears in *Simply Haiku*, *The Heron's Nest*, *Notes from the Gean*, *Haigaonline*, *Salamander*, *Haiku Harvest*, *World Haiku Review*, *TinyWords*, *A Hundred Gourds*, *Mainichi Daily News*, *Clouds Peak*.

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Our ‘butterfly’ is actually an Atlas moth (*Attacus atlas*), the largest butterfly/moth in the world. It comes from the tropical regions of Asia. Image from the 1921 *Les insectes agricoles d’époque*.

