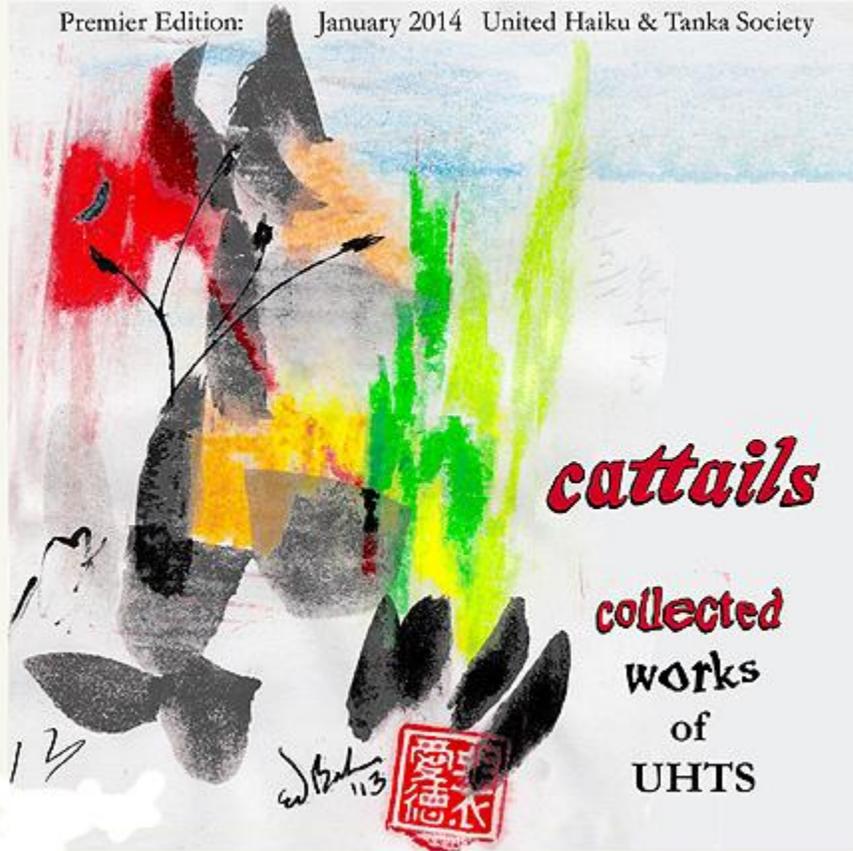


Premier Edition: January 2014 United Haiku & Tanka Society



cattails

collected
works
of
UHTS

cattails

Premier Edition: January 2014

Contents

Cover Page •
Editor's Prelude •
Contributors •
Haiku •
Haibun •
Haiga-Tankart •
Senryu •
Tanka •
Translations-Amelia Fielden •
Youth Page •
Coffeehouse •
aha Contest •
Samurai Competition •
Pen this Painting •
Book Reviews •
Artist-Ed Baker •
Website-Don Baird •
Poet-Beverley George •
White Paper-Linda Galloway •
White Paper-Dr. David H. Rosen •
In Memoriam-Laryalee Fraser •
Tribute-John Carley •
Video •

NOTE: This PDF version of the Premier Issue of cattails does not include the haiga, tankart illustrations, the art work from Ed Baker, as well as other photos. These files could not be found in the old UHTS website backups made before we moved to the new UHTS website

Copyright © 2014 and 2017 all authors and artists

cattails

Premier Edition: January 2014

Principal Editor's Prelude

Before I begin, let me say that we are only human and do our very best, but if perchance you do not see your accepted work here, or if you didn't receive a response, please don't hesitate to contact us right away. We receive submissions in the thousands, and emails do occasionally go awry. However, being online allows us to easily and quickly fix any errata.

Moreover, please note that the following prelude reflects this editor's opinions based on but one school-of-thought out of many. My main objective for *cattails* is to publish works that present as "Japanese short form poetry", as opposed to any "other short form poetry." See our detailed guidelines here.

Haiku and tanka (including related forms), are not without long-established precedents. I encourage that these be applied with modern flexibility. It is my policy to seek the work of contemporary poets with old-souls who don't try to break away from the original forms, but who strive to respectfully "extend" them. This means "yes" to occasional innovations (for which we created the "Coffeehouse" section), but it means "no" to forms that are primarily divergent by authors inventing "brand new" parallel or successive trends of their own.

Based on the above, it is my honor to present in this Premier Edition of *cattails*, collected works of the United Haiku and Tanka Society, the finest works received from authors and artists around the globe. We thank you and truly hope that support of the UHTS will continue to be expressed through the submissions you send our way.

—*cattails* Principal editor an'ya, USA

*Note: We just received word of the passing of John E. Carley, and our sympathies go out to his family. He and his contributions to our poetry world will be greatly missed. We have placed a tribute page for John in this edition of *cattails*. If you would like to add to that page, please send your tribute directly to the webmaster*

Note: After a great response thus far to our call for member-signature pieces, we will create special pages for these in the future.

Note: We have now created cattails press, and are returning to in-house publishing for our UHTS Annual Omnibus, and the commemorative "Premier Edition" (Details coming soon).

cattails

Premier Edition: January 2014

Contributors (213)

Thank you again to all who contributed to this premier edition. You will notice that *cattails* is a unique publication insofar as we do not use a standard style Contributor's reference, and here are the reasons why.

Over many years in the publishing business, and by following the statistics of our individual page counters, we have determined that most readers go directly to the index to read their own work. By doing so, they frequently by-pass the works of other poets and artists.

We realize that this is human-nature, but in *cattails*, we would like to encourage contributors to read everyone's work, not just their own. We believe this is how we learn about unfamiliar forms, while honing the forms that engage us, while at the same time making new acquaintances.

<i>Saeed Abassi</i> , USA	<i>Mari Konno</i> , Japan
<i>S.M. Abeles</i> , USA	<i>Michael Kowalewski</i> , United Kingdom
<i>Jimat Achmadi</i> , Indonesia	<i>Paula Leitz</i> , Canada
<i>Ramesh Anand</i> , India	<i>Darrell Lindsey</i> , USA
<i>Jenny Ward Angyal</i> , USA	<i>Erik Linzbach</i> , USA
<i>Zoran Antonijević</i> , Serbia	<i>Chen-ou Liu</i> , Canada
<i>an'ya</i> , USA	<i>Gregory Longenecker</i> , USA
<i>Aditya Ashribad</i> , India	<i>Bob Lucky</i> , Ethiopia
<i>Fay Aoyagi</i> , USA	<i>Carole MacRury</i> , USA
<i>Dawn Apanius</i> , USA	<i>Charlotte Mandel</i> , USA
<i>John Armstrong</i> , USA	<i>Johannes Manjrekar</i> , India
<i>Pamela A. Babusci</i> , USA	<i>Scott Mason</i> , USA
<i>Ed Baker</i> , USA	<i>Giselle Maya</i> , France
<i>Johnny Baranski</i> , USA	<i>Michael McClintock</i> , USA
<i>Don Baird</i> , USA	<i>Elizabeth McFarland</i> , Germany
<i>Danica Bartulović</i> , Croatia	<i>Joe McKeon</i> , USA
<i>Roberta Beary</i> , USA/Ireland	<i>John M. McManus</i> , England
<i>Brad Bennett</i> , USA	<i>RD McManes</i> , USA
<i>Margaret Bidart</i> , USA	<i>Robert McNeill</i> , USA
<i>Johannes S. H. Bjerg</i> , Denmark	<i>Radka Mindova</i> , Bulgaria
<i>Dubravka Borić</i> , Croatia	<i>Ben Moeller-Gaa</i> , USA
<i>Mark Brager</i> , USA	<i>Marianna Monaco</i> , USA

Alan S. Bridges, USA
Helen Buckingham, United Kingdom
Owen Bullock, New Zealand
Susan Burch, USA
Andy Burkhart, USA
James Roderick Burns, United Kingdom
John Byrnes, Ireland
Sondra Byrnes, USA
Pris Campbell, USA
Frank C. Carey, USA
James Chessing, USA
Sonam Chhoki, Bhutan
Thomas H. Chockley, USA
Marion Clarke, Northern Ireland
Glen G. Coates, USA
Bill Cooper, USA
Gordon Cosić, Serbia
Aubrie Cox, USA
William Cullen Jr., USA
Máire Morrissey-Cummins, Ireland
Ann Curran, New Zealand
Neelam Dadhwal, India
Norman Darlington, Ireland
Janet Lynn Davis, USA
Tatanja Debeljacki, Serbia
Raffael de Gruttola, USA
Emmanuel Jessie Kalusian, Nigeria
Angelee Deodhar, India
Chris Dominiczak, United Kingdom
Smajil Durmišević, Bosnia/Herzegovina
Marje Dyck, Canada
Robert Epstein, USA
Stephen J. Escobedo, USA
Claire Everett, United Kingdom
Seren Fargo, USA
Marisa Fazio, Australia
Amelia Fielden, Australia
Chase Fire, USA
Donna Fleischer, USA
Marilyn J. Fleming, USA
Lee Fraser, USA
Terri L. French, USA
Jay Friedenber, USA
William Scott Galasso, USA
Ron C. Moss, Australia
Liz Moura, USA
Gene H. Murtha, USA
Patricia Nolan, USA
Marija Novota, Croatia
Elliot Nicely, USA
Nancy Nitrio, USA
Swaran Singh Nijhar, India
Nola Obee, Canada
Polona Oblak, Slovenia
Clodagh O'Connor, Ireland
John O'Connor, New Zealand
Saeko Ogi, Australia
Sergio Ortiz, Puerto Rico
Maeve O'Sullivan, Ireland
Pravat Kumar Padhy, India
Ranjana Pai, USA
Linda Papanicolaou, USA
Belly Peterson, USA
peterB, USA
E. Martin Pedersen, Italy
John Perlman, USA
Robert Piotrowski, Canada
Marija Pogorilić, Croatia
Jasna Popović Poje, Croatia
Jenna Posey, USA
Patricia Prime, New Zealand
Tyler Pruett, USA
Goran Radićević, Montenegro
Carol Raisfeld, USA
Kala Ramesh, India
Mike Rehling, USA
Jane Reichhold, USA
Elaine Riddell, New Zealand
Edward J. Rielly, USA
Brian Robertson, Germany
David H. Rosen, USA
Raymond Roseliep, USA
Alexis Rotella, USA
Cynthia Rowe, Australia
Djurdja Vuklić Rozić, Croatia
Stjepan Rozić, Croatia
Claudette Russell, USA
Ken Sawitri, Indonesia

Linda Galloway, USA
Beverley George, Australia
Pat Geyer, USA
Bernard Gieske, USA
Richard Gilbert, USA
Merrill Ann Gonzales, USA
Brent Goodman, USA
Joyce S. Greene, USA
Surbhi Grover, India
Gwenn Gurnack, USA
Johnnie Hafernik, USA
John Han, USA
Devin Harrison, Canada
R. Hariharan, India
William Hart, USA
Peggy Heinrich, USA
Gail Hennessy, Australia
Elizabeth Howard, USA
Sue Neufarth Howard, USA
Louisa Howerow, Canada
Samantha Sirimanne Hyde, Australia
Alegria Imperial, Canada
Nada Jačmenica, Croatia
Damir Janjalija, Montenegro
Branka Vojinović-Jegdić, Croatia
Carole Johnston, USA
Alexander Joy, USA
Ritaj Kalaskar, India
Kirsty Karkow, USA
Earl Keener, USA
Patricia Kelly (Roswila), USA
Julie Bloss Kelsey, USA
M. Kei, USA
Vitali Khomin, Ukraine
Mariko Kitakubo, Japan
Kathy Kituai, Australia
Tricia Knoll, USA
Deborah P. Kolodji, USA

Ernesto P. Santiago, Philippines
Bill Seltzer, USA
Darcie Sepko, USA
Susan Shand, United Kingdom
Adelaide B. Shaw, USA
Keith Simmonds, United Kingdom
Sandra Simpson, New Zealand
Dan Smith, USA
Barbara Snow, USA
John Soules, Canada
Ljubica Šporčić, Croatia
Richard St. Clair, USA
Debbie Strange, Canada
Karen Stromberg, USA
Alan Summers, United Kingdom
Rachel Sutcliffe, England
Lesley Anne Swanson, USA
Irena Iris Szewczyk, Poland
Noriko Tanaka, Japan
Dietmar Tauchner, Austria
Hansha Teki, New Zealand
Diana Teneva, Bulgaria
Angela Terry, USA
Paresh Tiwari, India
Anitha Varma, India
Christine L. Villa, USA
Anita Virgil, USA
Erin Virgil, USA
Bette Wappner (b'oki), USA
Don Wentworth, USA
Angie Werren, USA
Joanna M. Weston, Canada
Neal Whitman, USA
Sara Winteridge, England
Jeffrey Woodward, USA
Helen Yong, New Zealand
Spiros Zafiris, Canada

cattails

Premier Edition: January 2014

HAIKU

cockleburs
along for the ride
my horse's tail

Joe McKeon, USA

tripod the great egret blinks

Gene Murtha, USA

july wind
rattling the veins
of fallen leaves

Robert Epstein, USA

with new eyes
looking at the moon—
a pumpkin

Marianna Monaco, USA

butterflies
the weight of their wings
on flowers

Emmanuel Jessie Kalusian, Nigeria

trailing lights
a meteor shower
bathes Virgo

Erin Virgil, USA

saskatoon bush
watching the berries
fly away

John Soules, Canada

caesura
frozen in the stream
the stream

Sara Winteridge, England

war is over
and corpses are everywhere—
the crows

Zoran Antonijević, Serbia

how to dress
for this funeral . . .
summer deepens

Polona Oblak, Slovenia

Silent Night . . .
Nana straightens the angel
with her walking stick

Anne Curran, New Zealand

Indian summer
the cicada's song
grows feeble

Johnny Baranski, USA

country church
birds in the rafters
warble with the choir

Devin Harrison, Canada

the colour we spill into his grave late autumn

Sandra Simpson, New Zealand

pear branches
tapping my window
a flower moon

Louisa Howerow, Canada

a nice day—
the neighbor's yard full
of children's laughter

*tako lijep dan—
susjedovo dvorište puno je
dječjega smijeha*

Ljubica Sporčić Croatia

the half—
inching of a worm
winter sun

Owen Bullock, New Zealand

underground stream
glow-worm light ripples
in the dark void

Elaine Riddell, New Zealand

hills mirrored in the lake a cormorant

Joanna M. Weston, Canada

thin ice
taking back
my steps

Claudette Russell, USA

*homeless
just squeaking by
winter mouse*

Barbara Snow, USA

winter seclusion—
the day's sole words spoken
to a white pine

Bill Seltzer, USA

autumn . . .
the old sparrowhawk's eye
blazes red

Claire Everett, United Kingdom

questioning my presence a wind in the woods

Tricia Knoll, USA

gardenia
an evening sun
behind her ear

Thomas H. Chockley, USA

first twilight
a weasel waits for the moon
near the threshold

Vitali Khomin, Ukraine

Ukranian:

*перші сутінки
ласка чатує на місяць
край порога*

Polish:

*pierwsza zmierzch
lasica czeka przy progu
na księżyc*

leaf by leaf
a lilac emerges
in birdsong . . .

Hansha Teki, New Zealand

rising sun
from the cracked pomegranate
a line of ants

Dubravka Borić, Croatia

thistle thorns
I reconsider my social climb

Dawn Apanius, USA

it's been a year
so I light a candle
winter rain

Neal Whitman, USA

white night—
a thickening stillness
in the cedar grove

Alegria Imperial, Canada

autumn storm
among the flotsam
a robin's nest

William Scott Galasso, USA

blackbirds swirl
your breath dissolving
into sleep

Lesley Anne Swanson, USA

bustling street . . .
from a graveyard
the smell of roses

Swaran Singh Nijhar, India

a murder of crows
my mother's sumi-e brush
darkens the water

John M. McManus, England

crackling logs
speak from our fireplace
winter stories

*pucketaju drva
u kaminu-pričaju
priču o zimi*

Ljubica Šporčić, Croatia

a tangerine
lodged in the toe
Christmas smells
Helen Buckingham, United Kingdom

solar eclipse
silhouettes of footers*
on the temple stairs

தூரிய கிரகணம்
நடந்து செல்வோரின் *
கோயில் படிக்கட்டில்

Ramesh Anand, India

**In South India, it is customary for devotees to make promises to the "Hill God" that they would visit by barefoot from the base to the top of the hill, if their wish is fulfilled. So, "footers" here denotes the same; nowadays most temples in hilltops have proper cement stairs to climb up, and most people climb during the night to see the "Hill God" in the early morning.*

Vermont forest—
a woodman's saw cuts down
the afternoon

*Jay Friedenber*g, USA

on a long way
with me in the dark night
these fireflies

एक दूर रास्ते में
मेरे साथ अंधेरी रात में
ये जुगनू

Neelam Dadhwal, India

an owl calls
into the darkness
both of us wait

Claudette Russell, USA

purple pansies—
each one the eye
of the next

Tyler Pruett, USA

cumulus clouds
flowing into snowy peaks
he finishes my sentence

Johnnie Hafernik, USA

one upright branch
refusing to bend
weeping cherry

Cynthia Rowe, Australia

kitchen table . . .
kneading scones Nana's hands
flour mine

Anne Curran, New Zealand

into fog
the parallel lines
of parting

Alegria Imperial, Canada

around the pine
a rope of twisted hemp
harsh autumn winds

Giselle Maya, France

long walk
the climb over
cattle gates

Erik Linzbach, USA

the clack
of a hockey puck—
day moon

Gwenn Gurnack, USA

voices from the past
calling over cow-dunged fields—
blackberry picking

Clodagh O'Connor, Ireland

harvest moon . . .
the cat's whiskers sparkle
with grain dust

Debbie Strange, Canada

the slow turn
of a carousel . . .
autumn twilight

Mark Brager, USA

May moonbow
angel-hair mist rises
from the falls

Elizabeth Howard, USA

winter sun
on the classroom floor
children's gloves

*зимно слънце
пърна пода в класната стая
детски ръкавички*

Diana Teneva, Bulgaria

winter rain—
water droplets cascade
over the leaves

Ritaj Kalaskar, India

morning jog
I share the sidewalk
with worms

Joe McKeon, USA

shawl weather
the house plants retreat
into themselves

Erin Virgil, USA

distant train horn
I wonder if you're
thinking of me

Chase Fire, USA

frost warnings
a lost dog notice
on every pole

Robert McNeill, USA

perched swallow—
meets my steady gaze
with equal curiosity

Darcie Sepko, USA

maple copse
spots on the leaf
hide a ladybug

Alexander Joy, USA

empty bucket
one little cricket
fills it with sound

Ben Moeller-Gaa, USA

lantern festival
the moon takes the color
of distant rice

John Han, USA

fallen leaves—
we shift from being us
to you and me

Sondra Byrnes, USA

leaf fall . . .
the passing of a friend
goes unnoticed

Carole MacRury, USA

a mountain peak
propping up the sky . . .
hazy moon

Keith Simmonds, United Kingdom

spring storm—
under the umbrella
a child in tears

*proljetni pljusak
dijete briše suze
pod kišobranom*

Marija Novota, Croatia

ravens fill
the trees with barks and caws—
soccer finals

Frank C. Carey, USA

patch of sun . . .
the old tabby cat
spread-eagled

Anne Curran, New Zealand

Black swan
the first to be erased
by summer dusk.

Alexis Rotella, USA

sky and sea,
her feet rushing
through blueness

*nebo i more,
stopala njena jure
kroz plavetnilo*

Smajil Durmišević, Bosnia and Herzegovina

late summer—
in an empty shell
the answer

Liz Moura, USA

marsh fencing
a red-winged blackbird scrapes rust
off its voice

Nola Obee, Canada

bare tree tops
before Angelus
sank to silence

*gola staba
prije Angelusa
utihnula*

Danica Bartulović, Croatia

sunrise
through my open window
the sound of Monday

Rachel Sutcliff, England

twilight
a seahawk sinks
into the sound

Gene H. Murtha, USA

winter quilt
threads of conversation
between us

Anne Curran, New Zealand

blind alley . . .
a bridge of light
to some place

Dietmar Tauchner, Austria

on this hot day
counting raindrops
on my fingers

Edward Rielly, USA

raft of vegetation
a young hawksbill turtle
sniffs the breeze

Bill Cooper, USA

darkened room—
curly leaves of a fern
adorn the window

*u tamnoj sobi
kovrdžavim listovima paprati
zakićen prozor*

Branka Vojinović-Jegdić, Croatia

thrum of rain
against the house
night rhythms

Máire Morrissey-Cummins, Ireland

still holding
the heat of the day
wild raspberries

Brent Goodman, USA

mid-summer
two white moths circle
each other

Brad Bennett, USA

turning days
I slow my movements
to that of autumn

Adelaide B. Shaw, USA

sheets of rain
a few sparrows huddle
among the leaves

ഇലകളുക്കിടയിൽ
പരുങ്ങും കുരുവികളുടേ.
മഴത്തിരശ്ശീല

Anitha Varma, India

first day of winter . . .
a raven enters my mind
darkening the sky

Chen-ou Liu, Canada

two rabbits
in the meadow
sprawling vines

Seren Fargo, USA

trilling
on its thin legs
robin on a spade

Patricia Prime, New Zealand

holding up in the summer heat marigold

Ernesto P. Santiago, Philippines

windy night
my breath nestles
in the cradle moon

Chase Fire, USA

we talk
about survival rates
winter sky

Rachel Sutcliff, England

swaying branches
a harvest moon fills
thinned dreams

Erin Virgil, USA

after the hacking—
bees and their intricate
investigations

James Roderick Burns, United Kingdom

postmortem
slew grass grows
between cracks

Tyler Pruett, USA

a hut's shaky
reflection in the lake—
frogs on its roof

*drhtavi odraz
kolibe u jezeru—
na krovu žabe*

Nada Jačmenica, Croatia

a pink rose petal
flutters to the table
war headline

Patricia Kelly (Roswila), USA

night on the couch . . .
the on-again off-again
of fireflies

Robert McNeill, USA

the rain
suddenly silent—
first snow

Sondra Byrnes, USA

fingerprints
on moonlit blinds
first date

Joe McKeon, USA

goldfinch
releasing its weight
on the clothesline

Ben Moeller-Gaa, USA

frosty roses
I begin to knit
a green poncho

*слана по розите
плетя
зелено пончо*

Radka Mindova, Bulgaria

evening light
tumbling through the hayloft
grandpa's stories

Thomas H. Chockley, USA

with clothespins
in her apron pocket—
an errant grasshopper

Darrell Lindsey, USA

high noon—
from the railway sleepers
a tar crow

Sara Winteridge, England

village pond—
the fisherman's grief
still drowning

Pravat Kumar Padhy, India

river stones . . .
from the far shore
a fading light

Mark Brager, USA

foreclosure
an empty spiderweb
catches dust

Alexander Joy, USA

the softness
of mother's lullaby . . .
autumn downpour

naviru rechi
mamine uspavanke . . .
jesenji pljusak

Damir Janjalija, Montenegro

cusp of spring
the hollows in his cheeks
filling with whiskers

Sandra Simpson, New Zealand

winter smile
reflecting a smile
on the face

Tatjana Debejacki, Croatia

From the puddle
a bird splatters
autumn's colors.

Alexis Rotella, USA

eucalyptus stand
winter monarchs peel
into sunlight

James Chessing, USA

Sunlight and fog
both in between
the pine trees.

Saeed Abassi, USA

morning at sea
an empty deckchair waits
for the first swimmer

Jasna Popović Poje, Croatia

mating season
cicadas swoop and glide
in the wind

Sue Neufarth Howard, USA

hoarfrost . . .
a small sailing cloud
hits the moon

Mark Brager, USA

outdoor concert rain spits on a forgotten bodhrán

Marion Clarke, Northern Ireland

overcast morning
migrating birds circle
back on themselves

Elizabeth Howard, USA

drum circle
young maple keys release
the rain

Bette Norcross Wappner (b'oki), USA

small town station
the morning train arrives
with snowfall

Polona Oblak, Slovenia

harvest moon
I sing to the child
inside her womb

John McManus, England

Carmel Beach
the sunset chases back
bystanders

Robert Epstein, USA

silos full
the scarecrow's hat
in muddy stubble

Joe McKeon, USA

heading west
surrounded by the cold—
I say goodbye

Stephen J. Escobedo, USA

August heat—
screams from the theme park
rise and fall and rise

Sandra Simpson, New Zealand

she pauses
with perfect posture
the autumn breeze

Jenna Posey, USA

the lurid red
of a Japanese maple—
time to part

Donna Fleischer, USA

a dewdrop
vibrates on the nasturtium leaf—
laughter of children

Barbara Snow, USA

trickling stream . . .
stones at rest gather
smoothness

Hansha Teki, New Zealand

a castle of sand
falls to the tide
harvest moonrise

William Hart, USA

sunset—
a tornado of swifts funnel
into the chimney

David H. Rosen, USA

impaled on a bulrush—the sky

Sara Winteridge (eider green), England

lonely road
she walks with me
wagging her tail

Surbhi Grover, India

the stillness
of hummingbird wings—
momentary

Nancy Nitrio, USA

windfall pears
the erratic flight
of yellow jackets

John Soules, Canada

wind gusting across the lake a loon's tremolo

Louisa Howerow, Canada

dry stream bed
orange poppies ride
currents of wind

Elaine Riddell, New Zealand

morning chill
long lines of pelicans
heading north

Peggy Heinrich, USA

on both sides
of the war zone
first snow

Roberta Beary, USA/Ireland

October snowflakes . . .
thoughts of home whirling
in my mind

Chen-ou Liu, Canada

Editor's Choice Haiku

still water . . .
a zebra runs away
from itself

stira jalarasi . . .
Vayakari dhainjaye zebra tiye
dekhi nija pratibimba

*Aditya Ashribad**, India

This Editor's Choice haiku is by Aditya Ashribad of class 12 from DAV Public School, Bhubaneswar, Odisha, India, a very adept young adult writer who heard about *cattails* from our UHTS Ambassador to India, Kala Ramesh. This moment is very simple and straightforward, but conveys more than immediately meets the eye. The zebra could be any one of us metaphorically speaking, and upon seeing ourselves for the first time in the sense of realizing who and what we are, will we too, run away? Beyond this, I'm sure that you have actually seen this exact scene in a *National Geographic Magazine* or film sometime in the past. An animal startled by its own reflection at the watering hole. Depending on what country you live in, you either see zebras on a regular basis or not, so for those of us who do not, this haiku, especially, is a treat.—*cattails* Principal editor an'ya, USA

ebb tide—
I stoop to explore
the edges of loss

Marianna Monaco, USA

This haiku by Marianna Monaco was destined to be an Editor's Choice from the first moment I read it. As the tide ebbs away, leaving that lacy edge, this author obviously stopped to explore. Albeit, not just to explore the edges of the tide going out, but to explore it more in depth—as “loss.” This is a somewhat complex perception, and Marianna allows her readers to also explore their own “edges of loss”, whatever they may be. Very cohesive short “e” sounds as well, in “ebb” “explore” and “edges.” Quite a beautiful haiku moment.—*cattails* Principal editor an'ya, USA

after the wildfire
I emerge from the well
with only my name

*dopo l'incendio
emergo dal pozzo
con soltanto il mio nome*

E. Martin Pedersen, Italy

There were so many wonderful haiku submitted, it was nearly impossible to select so few Editor's Choices. However, this one by E. Martin Pedersen from Italy, stood out as definitely a unique moment that certainly gave me pause. I often think of everything being "so pastoral" in Italy, but in this haiku, the realization of life "after a wildfire" is the same no matter where one lives, or perhaps worse. Stripped down to just "his name" is such an excellent "aha" in the last line. Both this haiku and Marianna's (above), involve "self" and are more personal than I usually select, however both are obviously by experienced authors as they are composed in a way that anyone can feel the true force of nature overpowering the human aspect.—*cattails Principal editor an 'ya, USA*

last embers
falling from the incense—
end of autumn

*Chase Fire**, USA*

Enjoying the visuals as well as the aroma, I chose this haiku by Chase Fire as another of my Editor's Choices. It's as if the end of autumn is captured in time and in juxtaposition with unmentioned falling leaves. Very nice short "a" and short "e" vowel sounds spread throughout the three lines. The glow of embers, the scent of incense both attach an emotional feeling to the "end of autumn" that enhances and deepens the season.—*cattails Principal editor an 'ya, USA*

*/** - Also see the youth page

cattails

Premier Edition: January 2014

Haiku Sequences

Dry Years

Marilyn J. Fleming, USA

sheeted windows—
her sage broom sweeps sweeps
—"a kerchiefed face"

black sunday—
a wall of rolling dust
squats in corners

devil winds
drifted over fencerows—
blistered hope

dry thunderstorms
sleeping in a dust bowl
—salty dreams

a dowsing rod—
the long legged rainmaker
sheds her skin

Another

Marilyn J. Fleming, USA

another summer
without the voice of my son
—clutching hope

another autumn—
red leaves cover cracks
in the sidewalk

ragged ghosts
of yet another should-have
—shrouds of ground fog

in the mirror
a fly on my face—
another and another

Green Thoughts

Scott Mason, USA

her first garden
she fancies the apple's
fig leaves

Hanging Gardens of Babylon
will wonders never
suspend

Victorian garden
we contemplate the folly
of empire

the gardens at Giverney
joining nymphaea
in reflection

zen garden
the furrows disappear
from her brow

Rescue kitten series

Marion Clarke, Northern Ireland

no longer
talking to myself
rescue kitten

tiny heartbeat
my husband cradles
the rescue kitten

new arrival
sleeping between us
rescue kitten

rescue kitten
walking through
another haiku

cattails

Premier Edition: January 2014

Haibun

Zip line

Angelee Deodhar, India

Zippered into a CT scan doughnut, I close my eyes and imagine the rain forest canopy over which my brother and nephew have been traveling in Costa Rica.

I watched the video and became a raptor, high above the foliage, ranging free not harnessed to a high wire . . . like those below . . . arachnids, suspended between time and space . . . soon he will leave for far cooler climes to chase academia in finance, but today he and his father have it all . . .

rain blanched light
going round and round again
in white water

naked lunch

Anita Virgil, USA

A tiny pair of spring azure butterflies flutter about each other in the warm air a foot or so above the driveway. "Oh don't I know how *that* is!" I murmur to them. In a moment, one settles down to the surface of the driveway where there is a fresh big splat of chalky white goose poop. Minerals for lunch! And sure enough, his flittering lady-friend—I assume it is the lady, so busy dancing and so slow to recognize some important things—comes down beside him at the white goose droppings. I leave the lovers to their sunlit dining room—to their naked lunch.

she tosses on a negligee—
adds pearls for
their brunch on the porch

Mrs Hinsby

Patricia Prime, New Zealand

in my hand
for a bottle of warm milk
a threepenny bit

Day one. I cling crying to my mother's skirt; cling to the railings when she leaves. Fingers blue with cold. I join the queue into the classroom. Inside. Roll-call. The teacher, Mrs Hinsby, sits me in a double desk next to a pretty girl with blonde curls. "Dorothy will be your friend. She will look after you, won't you, Dorothy?" (She remains my friend until after I leave the country thirty years later). The alphabet is chalked on the board. We follow Mrs Hinsby's pointer, reciting the letters. Then we chant the tables: the easy ones first—5-times, 10-times. Then there's reading. It's very slow and, as I can already read, I gallop through the pages while other children hesitate over simple words. When the bell rings for break, children rush for the door. "Sit, children!" barks Mrs Hinsby, "stay in your seats until I call your names and then you may go outside."

You can tell that this was all some time ago, the days repeated, ad infinitum, for six years, until that magical day, exams behind us, we were deemed ready to move on to grammar school or, for the less fortunate, the local comprehensive. But forever in my mind is that first teacher: her strictness and control, but also her empathy and love.

sweet shop
the bell tinkles
on its string

The Toad

Johannes Manjrekar, India

A cricket saws out its steady song in defiance of the restless traffic sounds. From my chair on the back porch only a small patch of sky is visible, but it has the moon in it. The moon looks full, though I'm never certain about this—is it maybe just a day away from spherical perfection? A parade of comic book images of werewolves, howling canines and bat silhouettes claims my mind before I become aware of the toad.

The toad is neatly positioned in a toad-sized patch of silver moonlight, sitting in the hunched-upright way of toads, unblinking, motionless. I know it will move when it needs to, yet I find its stillness a bit unnerving. "Do something, toad!" I say—not so loudly that the neighbours can hear—but the toad does not oblige. I wave a hand and jiggle a foot, but still the toad doesn't move.

A breeze springs up. It sends a leaf skittering and scraping across the porch tiles. The toad hops off into the shadows.

full moon—
a leaf haiku
is blown away

Thaw

Paresh Tiwari, India

I found him whimpering feebly beneath a pile of a now dead . . . abandoned litter. His mother had probably succumbed to the harsh cold-wave that engulfed us in a hazy white shroud.

He wouldn't have survived had he not been hiding beside his siblings. He was scrawny and had weak hind legs that refused to support his body . . . but his eyes were pools of molten chocolate. As I hugged him into my woollen jacket . . . he nestled closer and I could feel his heart beat in tandem with mine . . .

stashed away
in a rusted tin box-
crayon stumps

Refuge

Johannes Manjrekar, India

Herr and Frau Mildner lived on the second floor. I knew they had come as refugees from Poland, but had no idea what they had taken refuge from. Almost every day after dinner I trudged up the creaking, brass-edged wooden steps to their apartment with my chess set. Frau Mildner would switch off the tiny black and white TV set as we men settled down to our chess game. Herr Mildner was well into his seventies and I was eight. "You cunning old Nepomuk", Herr Mildner would say to me at intervals, and though I didn't know who Nepomuk was, I loved it when he said it. I don't know whether Frau Mildner understood chess. She watched all our games in warm matronly silence, but never once groaned or sighed or clicked at a stupid move. I won almost every time. One evening Herr Mildner went into a fury, swept up the board and chessmen and threw them on the floor. "Take your bloody chess set and get out!" he yelled at me.

Frau Mildner helped me gather up the chessmen from the floor. As I was leaving she gave me a hug and said, "Don't be upset, he still likes you. He just had a bad day today."

But I didn't go up to the Mildners with my chess set for a whole week after that.

my back porch
a toad navigates
the square tiles

Mamaw B's Spectacles

JT Blankenship (*nom de plume*:Terri L. French), USA

Mamaw Bernie was blind as a bat. She'd worn eye glasses as long as I'd known her. She called them her "spectacles" and she was always losin' them.

"JT," she'd holler "have you picked up mamaw Bernie's spectacles?"

"No, ma'am," I'd say, like I had a hundred times before, "I ain't seen yer spectacles." Why she thought I'd taken them was beyond me. They sure wouldn't do me no good. I could see a fly crap on a cow from a hundred yards. I did try them on once. They were thick as the bottom of an RC Cola bottle. Everything was a blur and I got dizzy and sick to my stomach. And later mama fed me nasty milk toast on account of I complained of feelin' poorly.

summer boredom
army men melted
with a magnifying glass

Mamaw B looked liked a mole wanderin' around the house, bumpin' into the end table and steppin' on Mud's tail sending him yelpin'. Now he tucks his tail whenever she's around. I confess once I did see her spectacles lying on top of the TV guide on the coffee table, but I didn't say a word. It was just too much fun watchin' her stumble around like Mr. Magoo. I 'spose I should ask Jesus to forgive me for that one.

vacation bible school
a penis shaped
with pipe cleaners

Editor's Choice Haibun

Only Connect

Hansha Teki, New Zealand

This afternoon I spent several hours in a quiet place on the cliffs above incoming waves looking out to Mana island with clouds swelling up from the horizon. For some of that time an aging Maori couple sat nearby also lost in silent contemplation of their own sublime emptiness. No words were exchanged but the depth of connection between us, the sea, the land, the birds and vegetation brings a stillness that the wind, the sound of birds and the relentless movement of the sea only deepens.

The wife of a close friend is in the inexorable process of the last stages of metastasized cancer of the liver. Many of us are going through the process with her in the only way that we can be present to the abiding human loneliness she is now experiencing more deeply.

ebb tide . . .
the undercurrents
of silence

Editor's Comments

Sometimes the most complex interactions we have with others revolve around birth and death. On the one hand, not one of us can avoid these two events, nor can they be experienced in a way that allows them to be fully shared with others. Yet, there we are in the midst of "the end", without words that matter, without explanations that truly have meaning. In the end it is the "silence" that most fully defines these moments, and completes the "sharing". This haibun brings this fact into sharp relief without a wasted syllable. Silence indeed takes a 'form' of it's own, and fills the spaces in and between.

—UHTS Haibun Editor Mike Rehling, USA

cattails

Premier Edition: January 2014

Haiga and Tankart

The following poets and artist had haiga and tankart published in the on-line version of this *cattails* issue. As mentioned previously, the files with the haiga and tankart could not be found in the backups of the original UHTS webpage. Our Apologies.

Angie Werren, USA

Mike Rehling, USA

John Byrne, Ireland

Ernesto Santiago, Greece

parting clouds~
the nodding approval
of a blossomed bough

Terri French, USA

Marion Clarke, Northern Ireland

Tatanja Debeljacki

Gordan Cosić, Serbia

Adelaide B. Shaw, USA

Samantha Sirimanne Hyde, Australia

Elizabeth McFarland, Germany

Angie Werren, USA

Debbie Strange, Canada

Sonam Choki, Bhutan
Michael Kowalewski, UK

John Byrne, Ireland

Marisa Fazio, Australia

Haiku: Ken Sawitri, Indonesia

Painting: *Jimat Achmadi, Indonesia*

Note: Hand drawing batik use a 'canthing tulis' to apply wax to cover ornamentation to keep it free from coloring matter during the dyeing process. For controlling the flowing of fluid hot wax, the 'canthing' often puffed before applying the wax on clothes. winotosastro

Irena Iris Szewczyk, Poland

spring gust
the dress of the bride
bellies out

Goran Radićević, Montenegro

tree branches
capturing the moon
for a moment-

Ramesh Anand, India
Ranjana Pai, USA

Elizabeth McFarland, Germany

Cynthia Rowe, Australia

Pris Campbell, USA

Sonam Choki, Bhutan
Michael Kowalewski, UK

Stjepan Rozić & Djurdja Vukelić-Rozić, Croatia

For an **Editor's Choice haiga**, I've chosen this one by Djurdja (our Ambassador for Croatia), and her husband Stephan. Most folks know that when it comes to haiku, I'm against "direct" personification, however in this particular case and placed with this particular photograph, it only enhances the moment. That, and the fact that I personally happen to know that there is a belief found anywhere in the Balkans, that everything has a "soul", which we are privileged to see in Stephan's great photo shot.

—*haiga editor an'ya, USA*

cattails

Premier Edition: January 2014

Senryu

thanksgiving dinner—
the family eats
itself

Sondra J. Byrnes, USA

slow traffic
the same jogger
waving

Adelaide B. Shaw, USA

geisha
loses face
at spa

Joe McKeon, USA

geothermal site
the sulphurous taste
of her lips

Cynthia Rowe, Australia

Seine boat cruise—
the steward asks in French
what translation we need

Sonam Chhoki, Bhutan

poems submitted . . .
not a clue how others
mark the time

S.M. Abeles, USA

meditation
I let go
what I lost

Owen Bullock, New Zealand

in an urn
 my uncle the jokester
 laughing as I sweep the floor

Edward J. Rielly, USA

she texts with the hand
holding the ice cream

Elaine Riddell, New Zealand

my reflection—time running out for a screen saver

Sara Winteridge, England

thunderclap—
she chooses pink tights
from the sales rack

Anne Curran, New Zealand

all the angst
locked inside
teenage diary

Rachel Sutcliffe, England

at the one room schoolhouse a thirst for knowledge

Paula Leitz, Canada

on the loveseat our first kiss from the dog

Gene H. Murtha, USA

recycling too the plastic begonias

Don Wentworth, USA

fireflies know nothing about your god

Ernesto P. Santiago, Philippines

season words—
how to deal with a goldfinch
in winter

Angela Terry, USA

walking on railing shadows look Ma! no hands

Patricia Kelly (Roswila), USA

couch grass
the doctor removes
a carcinoma

Joanna M. Weston, Canada

forgotten dreams
waking up
on your side of the bed

Susan Burch, USA

train toilet—
a green light for people
to pee on the seat

Sara Winteridge, England

sun in the clouds her ever-changing mood

Mark E. Brager, USA

having to share it
with everyone
full moon

Brad Bennett, USA

obit—
I right-click his life
after me

Roberta Beary, USA/Ireland

guilty—
I pick out chocolate
from a line up

Sara Winteridge, England

black Friday
my bank account
in the red

Bob Lucky, Ethiopia

on the radio
listening to my life
in old songs

Adelaide B. Shaw, USA

blind date
she flosses
three times a day

Chen-ou Liu, Canada

first date
I suck in my gut—
now what?

James Chessing, USA

waiting
for the fireworks
first star

Mark E. Brager, USA

birthday party
all 19 children want
the 1 blue balloon

an'ya, USA

greeting me
with a rude poke
jacuzzi

William Hart, USA

after the nightmare
noticing
the first snowdrop

Maeve O'Sullivan, Ireland

old rocker
grandpa forgets
his limp

Marion Clarke, Northern Ireland

social media
the things about myself
I didn't know

John Soules, Canada

after making love
saying what I wanted to say
before

Owen Bullock, New Zealand

dating site
the woman with four daughters
doesn't want drama

Gene H. Murtha, USA

faded crosswalk
an old man waits
for a lull

Brad Bennett, USA

gopher hold
a part of my life
I don't talk about

Gregory Longenecker, USA

his shorts
hang low—
my held breath

Joanna M. Weston, Canada

third marriage
recycling
monogrammed towels

Claudette Russell, USA

construction crew—
she cranes
her neck

Sondra J. Byrnes, USA

mist
someone who looks like you
then doesn't

S.M. Abeles, USA

mellow outside
still a girl on the inside
his glance lingering

Sue Neufarth Howard, USA

drought
the little girl pretends
to water the flowers

Bernard Gieske, USA

grocery cart
filled with life's essentials
under a viaduct

Joe McKeon, USA

entertainment
spying on
the neighbors

Claudette Russell, USA

now engaged
she still blames the dog
for farting

Gene H. Murtha, USA

modern man,
bravo—dogs in the house,
children in the street!

Smajil Durmisević, Bosnia and Herzegovina

the power is out
her frozen jelly sculptures
sweat in the freezer

Belly Peterson, USA

textile show
your tightly woven
lies

Rachel Sutcliffe, England

something like a slug
wriggling in my mouth:
first French kiss

Chen-ou Liu, Canada

hospital rounds . . .
audience
participation

Pat Geyer, USA

old wounds—
a mound of salt
for father's radishes

Terri French, USA

gusting wind
across the parking lot
her hair in dispute

Bernard Gieske, USA

end of term play—
the slain villain keeps
fighting the hero

Sonam Chhoki, Bhutan

charting
the maps of age
spider veins

Pat Geyer, USA

Valentine's Day
her pit bull and I
exchange stares

Chen-ou Liu, Canada

grandma's pie tin
the lingering tang
of cherries

Mark E. Brager, USA

old dog and I
needing to pee
at the same time

Adelaide B. Shaw, USA

the down's boy
beating me again
at tic-tac-toe

Richard St. Clair, USA

rejected love . . .
I bring myself an iris

Ernesto P. Santiago, Philippines

leftover baggage
the train departs
on time

RD McManes, USA

wrench in hand
waiting
for the next faucet
drip

Edward J. Rielly, USA

barren sky
in the dewdrops,
the times I've touched gold

S.M. Abeles, USA

rush hour
the metro rider
wears a clown suit

Sue Neufarth Howard, USA

committee prayers—
I plant flowers with bare hands
that fit your needs

Ernesto P. Santiago, Philippines

Editor's Choice Senryu

social media
the things about myself
I didn't know

John Soules, Canada

The memories we keep in the forefront are not always the most telling. You stare at your "timeline" and there you are, in a form that you had pushed back down into memory. Not that they are "bad" or "good", but still there is the "surprise" at how far you have come, or how little you have changed. Smiling at ourselves is a sometimes forgotten joy, and this senryu made me joyful.—*Senryu Editor Mike Rehling, USA*

missionaries
on bicycles
spinning their wheels

Gregory Longenecker, USA

So nice to see those "missionaries" pass by your home on a Saturday morning. You can just go out and rake the garden, rather than explain to a stranger that you won't be taking that "Bible Tract" from them for the umpteenth time.—*Senryu Editor Mike Rehling, USA*

brand management—
the holes in her
timeline

Sondra J. Byrnes, USA

So simple a thought, but "brand management" in the first line becomes the name for those "white lies" that fill the days, weeks, months or years in your resume. By giving it a better name, we believe that we have elevated the task.—*Senryu Editor Mike Rehling, USA*

night-train whistle the length of my regret

Roberta Beary, USA/Ireland

This is a perfect use of a one liner, not even sure this poem would work as well in any other configuration. Regret is what hangs in the air, it is the whine inside your mind that swells and recedes so slowly, but at every curve in your life, every crossing you pass by there is that whistle of regret. Is the whistle warning others, or for you alone? Hard to tell sometimes . . .—*Senryu Editor Mike Rehling, USA*

cattails

Premier Edition: January 2014

landlocked
the ship we built waits—
I watch
migrating monarchs
wheel into the wind

Sondra Byrnes, USA

we're two stubborn fools
whose marriage has survived
in spite of ourselves
lawn mushrooms punctuate
our Indian summer

James Chessing, USA

starfish
rapidly vanishing
along the coast—
grandma always reads
the obituaries first

Joyce S. Greene, USA

a family
of birds in the nest . . .
will my dream
in meditation
reach her broken heart?

Ramesh Anand, India

moonlit waterfall
plunges down the ravine . . .
my daughter
hurtles into adulthood
with such unruly hurry

Sonam Chhoki, Bhutan

I stand by
an open window
shivering—
beyond the warm glow
of a winter moon

Nancy Nitrio, USA

a golden lily
blooms among rocks, tree roots,
and poison ivy
dewdrops on the lily's lips
the manna it drinks at dawn

Elizabeth Howard, USA

zeroing in
on just what's important
I contemplate
birds crunching seeds
one by one by one

Lesley Anne Swanson, USA

live cedar trees
and carved mortuary poles
side by side
as we walk through the grove
two ravens call back and forth

Neal Whitman, USA

waves on waves
along the long shore
at the signpost
our close relationship dwells
under the crossed footprints

Pravat Kumar Padhy, India

What cacophony
these sea-gulls overhead!
The cool gray sky
gives this late autumn day
a ghostly preview of winter.

Richard St. Clair, USA

a thimble,
my Monopoly piece . . .
and for years
the only metal thing
I wore on this finger

Janet Lynn Davis, USA

late night
the moon prowls around
our window
shadows fall on your face
I memorize the light

Carole Johnston, USA

words and more words
another whole night is gone
to editing
except for all the errata
our marriage would be perfect

an'ya & peterB, USA

I still feel hurt
four years after your death
having been told
what you thought of me—
knowing you were deceived

Elaine Riddell, New Zealand

as if to catch
your eye I whiten
my teeth
a lighthouse beacon
to lead you back home

Susan Burch, USA

stumbling thru
a romance novel
at a yard sale
i scan the sentences
highlighted in yellow

Gene H. Murtha, USA

northern lights
across a full moon—
stepping
into the deep sigh
of forest shadows

Marje Dyck,, Canada

stubble fires
scarred fields under siege
we surrender
to the acrid breath
of smoking dragons

Debbie Strange, Canada

the full moon
over Memling Museum
twelve
unfinished black circles
in Verdier's wall painting

Chen-ou liu, Canada

*(note: Fabienne Verdier is a contemporary French painter,
known for her expertise with Chinese ink techniques)*

silence
found a tongue
to haunt me . . .
sweat between the breasts
of sloe-eyed strippers

Sergio Ortiz, Puerto Rico

I always
liked the green hour
just after dawn
the world's silence
the solitude of birds

M. Kei, USA

summer gone
a kaleidoscope of change
gives pleasure
filling me with images
for melancholy days

Adelaide B. Shaw, USA

thickets
of woolly white thistles
growing wild
by a country lane . . .
another free spirit

Ann Curran, New Zealand

a new snow
whitens the dirty streets
if only . . .
I could easily erase
all the errors of my past

Bernard Gieske, USA

Mississippi—
the fisherman
stands motionless
by the river
with a slow sounding name.

Alexis Rotella, USA

I wish my heart
would make elegant notes
instead of floundering
in the muddy stream of thoughts
that besieges my waking dreams

Patricia Prime, New Zealand

two days
of rumbling thunder
but still,
the eternal stillness
of pines soaked in rain

M. Kei, USA

if yearning
knew the secret depths
of her irises,
I would give my poor life
to know their secret

*kada bi čežnja
znala tajnu dubina
njenih zjenica ,
dao bih život bjedni
da znam njihovu tajnu*

*Smajil Durmišević,
Bosnia and Herzegovina*

how subtly
she instructs and encourages
in The Way
not knowing of emotions
that have no spoken words

Margaret Bidart, USA

in the graveyard
September winds strip
the trees . . .
lots of my school pals
already here before me

John Byrnes, Ireland

flake by flake
the mistakes of my life
buried
beneath a blanket
of newly fallen snow

Carole MacRury, USA

even now
decades later
i wait
on the tire swing
hanging in the elm

Gene H. Murtha, USA

old hawks in summer
find that magical thermal
riding it past clouds
up to heaven's hidden heights
where thunderbolts are reborn

William Cullen Jr., USA

(for Carlos Castaneda)

*King Midas,
Echo and Narcissus . . .
ancient myths
feel more real to me
than his promises*

Janet Lynn Davis, USA

the one
who never left
old flame
from a beat up Zippo
held beneath my blues

S.M. Abeles, USA

pink shell moon
rising over delta blues
on the radio
I feel a road trip
stirring in my bones

Carole Johnston, USA

vineyard
in its sweet smell
gilded vines
spread under the rainbow
after a short storm

*vinograd
po sladoru mirise
zlatno trsje
ispod duge se prostire
nakon kratke oluje*

Marija Pogorilić, Croatia

when there remains
one last tanka to write
must I not yet praise
the one who saunters on dew
whom lilacs call friend

Spiros Zafiris, Canada

the sting
from this nettle lingers
long afterwards
the scent of your skin
the colour of your eyes

John Soules, Canada

a stub of chalk
in the pavement artist's hand . . .
meet me, my love
at the vanishing point
just ahead of the breeze

Claire Everett, United Kingdom

gently rocking
on the front porch swing
knitting sweaters
I daydream of our last Christmas
and what size you would be by now

Joe McKeon, USA

fastening
my aquamarine earrings
I gaze out
at the vast azure sky . . .
my most loved tones, these blues

Amelia Fielden, Australia

i can't carry
your burdens & you can't
carry mine
scent of paperwhites
infuse the still air

Pamela A. Babusci, US

as we listen
to the "Shepherd's song"
in darkness
you find me constellations
of winter in the sky

Dawn Apanius, USA

clouds streak
the morning sky
i retreat
into my winter shell
and keep the fire going

Giselle Maya, France

cattails

Premier Edition: January 2014

Tanka Sequences

My Grandfather's Well/Djedov Bunar
A Pentptych

Djurdja Vuklić Rozić, Croatia

driving home
through a deserted village
I stop by
my grandpa's old well
the fruit trees older than me

*vozih se doma
napuštenim selom
svratila sam
do djedova stara bunara
voćke starije od mene*

in the meadow
no house just grey boards
to guard his well
fragrance of ripe apples
the restlessness of hornets

*na livadi
bez kuće tek sive daske
čuvaju bunar
miris zrelih jabuka
i nemir stršljenova*

ancient garden
just a large mulberry tree
where our dog once slept
everything else in my mind
is now erased by time too

*davni vrt
samo veliko stablo murve
gdje spavao je pas
sve ostalo i u mom sjećanju
vrijeme je izbrisalo*

the Great War
empires, generals, soldiers
all became dust
grandpa in love with a Russian
brought her home with her kids

*Veliki rat
carstva, generali, vojnici
sve posta prahom
djed zaljubljen u ruskinju
doveo je doma s njenom djecom*

upon their return
from the Urals he dug this well
when father was born
it still mirrors the destiny
that quenched my soul's thirst

*po povratku
s Urala iskopao je taj bunar
kad' rodio se moj otac
u njemu još ogleđa se sudbina
i utoli žeđ moje duše*

soft-spoken patience

Joyce S. Greene, USA

the art
of blowing gently
forms this bowl . . .
a single blossom floats
centered on her table

the art
of blowing gently
forms strong glass . . .
with soft-spoken patience
she teaches her daughter

the art
of blowing gently
forms a bulb . . .
at the top of my tree
an ornament Mom loved

Jewels

an¹ya, USA
Giselle Maya, France

a flock of birds
rise from the ground
in formation
how many wing beats
until evening falls*

*blue and white air
caresses noon fields
spring water
quenches the beans¹ thirst—
all my wishes take flight*

sounds echo
from an empty sky
then they appear
at the least a thousand
necks of migrating geese

*mountain oaks
a deeper wash of yellow
jewels
of incandescent dew
dawn this late autumn day*

while we watched
a lone cormorant dove
into the river
stealthily it vanished
through a wintry daymoon

*out of the wild
mule deer come to my land
at dusk
cat and i gaze in wonder
hidden by asters, still*

light and dark
sketches of life or death
for the fledgling
balanced in a tree fork
support is everything

cool summer soups
almost forgotten now
first snow
time for cranberries
and sweet potatoe pie

arching wide
an array of colors
to impress—
beauty is in the eye
of a curious peahen

**haiga in Ribbons*

Between the Rubble

Christine L. Villa, USA

huge waves roar
throughout the city . . .
over and over
just my urgent prayers
all through the night

after the storm
between the rubble
and stench of death . . .
I wait to hear a voice
on my cellphone

another coconut tree
uprooted from the ground . . .
my finger shakes
as I scroll down the list
of flood survivors

a midnight call
jolts me from my sleep . . .
am I dreaming
when you say you're alive
yet thirsty and starving?

(Dedicated to the Quisumbing family who were victims of typhoon Haiyan; there's nothing that love cannot rebuild)

Editor's Choice Tanka

step by step
our paths merge together
as water and wine . . .
in these unplanned moments
we sip eternity

Hansha Teki, New Zealand

Being a hopeless romantic and given that tanka originated as court poetry, this one by Hansha Teki of New Zealand, is one of my Editor's Choices. The rhythm being approximately s, l, s, l, l, right off qualifies it as a tanka rather than just a free verse or mainstream short poem. The content is poetic yet not overly done, nor does it lack either in substance or depth. Lines 1 and 2 set up the situation, line 3 gives us a pause plus a twist instead of simply being a run-on sentence. Lines 4 and 5 bring us back to the beginning which gives us closure. Literally "we sip eternity" of unplanned moments with its author.—
cattails Principal editor an'ya, USA

Sunday night date
two glasses of white wine
and a scrabble game
after forty one years
I still don't have the words

Joe McKeon, USA

Being poets, we too, can relate to playing a good game of Scrabble. Being human, we too, can relate to not being able to find the words to express our feelings to each other. Thus, this is one of my Editor's Choice Tanka composed by Joe McKeon from the USA. Immediately upon reading this tanka, I could tell that this author is as good at the tanka form as he is at haiku. Joe will be our "featured poet" for the first edition of *cattails* in 2014, so you can read more of his work. This "Sunday night date" tanka, has surprise content, clarity of thought, rhythm and smooth forward flow, a twist/turn from line 3 to 4, and is tied altogether in line 5. Thank you Joe for this fine write.—*cattails Principal editor an'ya, USA*

all that we have
strains against the guy ropes—
there was a time
the beat of your heart
was ballast enough

Claire Everett, United Kingdom

This Editor's Choice is by Claire Everett, a well established tanka poet from the UK who has her own tanka website. It has everything, the rhythm and flow of tanka, excellent content, beauty of thought, and sorrow to pull at your heart strings. The last line for me with the word “ballast” was the final clincher.—*cattails* Principal editor an'ya, USA

Tanka Translations

Translator: *Amelia Fielden*, Australia

These tanka are new compositions by four highly thought-of Japanese poets. The original Japanese texts are written in the traditional 5/7/5/7/7 form, but in translation it is not always possible to preserve the alternation of their short and long lines. All four of the poets have strong interest in the internationalisation of tanka, and have published the following bilingual tanka collections:

Kitakubo, 'On This Same Star' & 'Cicada Forest' (trans. Fielden)

Konno, 'Snow Crystal * Star-shaped' (trans. Fielden)

Ogi, 'Weaver Birds' & 'Words Flower' (trans. Fielden & Ogi)

Tanaka, 'Doorway to the Sky' & 'Breast Clouds' (trans. Fielden & Ogi)

For future details of these collections and their availability, please email Amelia: anafielden@gmail.com.

Mariko Kitakubo, Tokyo Japan

石畳に影を映しつ七百年昔の壁の間をめぐる

my shadow reflected
on the paved road
I wander
between walls
seven hundred years old

in Lyon

みどりなる扉ぬければ中庭も空も時間も止まつたままだ

I slip
through the green door
into a courtyard
where sky and time
are standing still

足裏を冷やせる遺跡 吹き抜ける風強ければクロノスならむ

the ruins
are cool to my feet—
this strong wind
blowing through the arena
must be the god, Chronus

Mari Konno, Fukui Japan

空ふかくしまはれてぬしものがふと零るるやうに初雪が降る

as if something
held deep within the sky
is suddenly spilt,
the first snow of the season
begins to fall

命からいのちを継ぎてこの星に水は巡りぬ四十億年

giving continuance
from one life to another life,
water has revolved
on this planet
for 400 hundred million years

巡りゐる命の水を穢したりホモ・サピエンスの生みし原発
;紺野万里

the revolving
waters of life
now polluted
with the nuclear power
created by homo sapiens

Saeko Ogi, Canberra Australia

ほ うき星の姿現す空のぞみ夜毎願ひを かけしあの年

gazing way into the sky
where Halley's comet appeared,
every night
I made a wish
that year back then

初夏の夜の夢よりさめて見る月の衰へる光(かげ)明るむ今朝に

the feeble light
of the moon I see
when waking
from an early summer dream,
will surely brighten by morning

診断の名手とされし母の手の吾が胸す べる絹の感触

my mother, reknown
as an expert diagnostician . . .
her hands
have the sensation of silk
slipping over my chest

Noriko Tanaka, Osaka Japan

帰るべき故郷の家もあらざるにまなうらになお椿降りつぐ
※訂正「また」→「なお」

no longer
in existence, a parental home
to which I must return—
behind my eyelids
camellias continue to fall

やす宿のドアのきしみに「猫いる」と騒ぐ人おり月のない夜

there's a squeaking
at the door of this cheap inn,
and people fussing
"there's a cat here",
one moonless night

マンゴーのかたちの鈴を鳴らしつつ女嫌いの心を思う

while ringing
a mango-shaped bell
I consider
the heart of the person
who hates women

Mariko Kitakubo, Tokyo Japan

石畳に影を映しつ七百年昔の壁の間をめぐる

my shadow reflected
on the paved road
I wander
between walls
seven hundred years old

in Lyon

みどりなる扉ぬければ中庭も空も時間も止まつたままだ

I slip
through the green door
into a courtyard
where sky and time
are standing still

足裏を冷やせる遺跡 吹き抜ける風強ければクロノスならむ

the ruins
are cool to my feet—
this strong wind
blowing through the arena
must be the god, Chronus

Mari Konno, Fukui Japan

空ふかくしまはれてぬしものがふと零るるやうに初雪が降る

as if something
held deep within the sky
is suddenly spilt,
the first snow of the season
begins to fall

命からいのちを継ぎてこの星に水は巡りぬ四十億年

giving continuance
from one life to another life,
water has revolved
on this planet
for 400 hundred million years

巡りゐる命の水を穢したりホモ・サピエンスの生みし原発
;紺野万里

the revolving
waters of life
now polluted
with the nuclear power
created by homo sapiens

Saeko Ogi, Canberra Australia

ほ うき星の姿現す空のぞみ夜毎願ひを かけしあの年

gazing way into the sky
where Halley's comet appeared,
every night
I made a wish
that year back then

初夏の夜の夢よりさめて見る月の衰へる光(かげ)明るむ今朝に

the feeble light
of the moon I see
when waking
from an early summer dream,
will surely brighten by morning

診断の名手とされし母の手の吾が胸す べる絹の感触

my mother, reknown
as an expert diagnostician . . .
her hands
have the sensation of silk
slipping over my chest

Noriko Tanaka, Osaka Japan

帰るべき故郷の家もあらざるにまなうらになお椿降りつぐ
※訂正「また」→「なお」

no longer
in existence, a parental home
to which I must return—
behind my eyelids
camellias continue to fall

やす宿のドアのきしみに「猫いる」と騒ぐ人おり月のない夜

there's a squeaking
at the door of this cheap inn,
and people fussing
"there's a cat here",
one moonless night

マンゴーのかたちの鈴を鳴らしつつ女嫌いの心を思う

while ringing
a mango-shaped bell
I consider
the heart of the person
who hates women

cattails

Premier Edition: January 2014

Youth Page

For this Premier Edition of *cattails* we have added a "Youth Page" to encourage more young poets, and although we have only three haiku for this edition, all very good haiku, two sent to us from India, and one from the USA. Well known poet Kala Ramesh has been workshopping with students from the Katha-CBSE initiative to improve their haiku, and it's most definitely working. All it takes is a good, patient and devoted teacher like Kala to make the difference. We hope to follow their lead and develop our own youth writing programs here in America, with the help of Chase Fire, our UHTS Youth Ambassador for the USA.

yawning wide . . .
I watch the leaf settle
on a bed of brown

*R. Hariharan, India
(grade 9, age 14)*

Hariharan's Editor's Choice haiku is indicative and a fine example of the quality of haiku being written by young people in India today. The moment combines nature and the human element together nicely. It utilizes an action verb, gives us color, and includes three different visuals of the author "yawning wide", the leaf that settled, and "a bed of brown" (perhaps soil or other leaves that have already fallen.) Thank you to Hari for sharing this moment with our readers. In future editions, we plan to feature more work from the youth of India and other places.—*cattails* Principal editor an'ya, USA

still water . . .
a zebra runs away
from itself

*stira jalarasi . . .
Vayakari dhainjaye zebra tiye
dekhi nija pratibimba*

Aditya Ashribad, India

(grade 12, age 17)

This Editor's Choice haiku is by Aditya Ashribad of class 12 from DAV Public School, Bhubaneswar, Odisha, India, a very adept young adult writer who heard about *cattails* from our UHTS Ambassador to India, Kala Ramesh. This moment is very simple and straightforward, but conveys more than immediately meets the eye. The zebra could be any one of us metaphorically speaking, and upon seeing ourselves for the first time in the sense of realizing who and what we are, will we too, run away? Beyond this, I'm sure that you have actually seen this exact scene in a *National Geographic Magazine* or film sometime in the past. An animal startled by its own reflection at the watering hole. Depending on what country you live in, you either see zebras on a regular basis or not, so for those of us who do not, this haiku, especially, is a treat.—*cattails* Principal editor an'ya, USA

last embers
falling from the incense—
end of autumn

Chase Fire, USA
(age 18)

cattails

Premier Edition: January 2014

कॉफी हाउस 咖啡馆 コーヒーハウス бифе casa di caffè Kaffee-Haus café
kavanu קפה בית кофейня خانه قهوه

The United Haiku and Tanka Society is in no way or manner responsible for my remarks on this page, nor do they necessarily share my opinions.

The opinions put forth here are solely mine, and are independently stated by myself as an Editor.

"no haiku were injured or harmed during the making of this page"

This *cattails* page is reserved for "contemplative" presentation of "**almost**" Japanese-style short form poetry and art; if you have not visited here before . . .

"please" review the previous Coffeehouse pages @ Last Issue to get up to logic-speed.

Submissions should be emailed to: cattailssubmissions@gmail.com with "COFFEEHOUSE" as the subject line.

Question: What does your local Izakaya/Pub/Hookah Parlor, your concept of "virtual", and the Salar de Uyuni , have in common with "your" poetry/art? . . . nothing (*maybe*).

We have 207 contributors inside this issue, and, we have over 500 individual pieces and article entries, there were approximately 3,500 individual items submitted.

Creating this first issue disappointed me with a lack of foreign language work submitted, I encourage you to always offer your work in your native font, alongside your English translation. We live in a time where the Internet allows us cheap/fast global communication, and our ability to share things like *cattails* and the UHTS, and our poetry/art.

This time around, for the Coffeehouse pages I am presenting a real mix of different items, with lots of pattern poems and sequences, some of which will help you to answer my question.

Don Wentworth is a Pittsburgh-based poet whose work reflects his interest in the revelatory nature of brief, haiku-like moments in everyday life. His poetry has appeared in *Modern Haiku*, *bottle rockets*, *bear creek haiku*, *Frogpond* and *Rolling Stone*, as well as a number of anthologies. His first full-length collection, *Past All Traps*, was published in 2011 by Six Gallery Press and was shortlisted for the Haiku Foundation's 2011 Touchstone Distinguished Books Award.

His second book, *Yield to the Willow*, is forthcoming in 2013 from Six Gallery Press.

For the past 24 years, he has edited the small press magazine *Lilliput Review*.

just beyond reach
just within reach
everything

without love,
dewdrops

ignored

the sound of one gull
overwhelms the sea

I will not bow,
so, as always,
creation
rises
up

no here there dragonfly

hazy distant moon
both of us moving
across the sky

still searching
for that one word—

weeping willow
at dusk

on the same branch
cherry blossom, snow dollop
I and I

Even
when no moon—
moon

One noble truth leaf after leaf after leaf

coming through cracks
in the cement everywhere
this poem

on the side
of the collapsing barn $\frac{3}{4}$
“Chew”

Don Wentworth, Editor Lilliput Review, 282 Main Street, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania 15201 USA

Nereid

Live bait!

borne on the breeze
her siren chant

her bikini reveals
man o' war tattoos . . .
tingle of spindrift

Straight up

or on the rocks?

she cocks her head

her scent
an ocean swells
below

snug harbor
a hint of salt
in her nape

her shallow moan
perchance
a petite death poem

Scott Mason, USA

More by Ed Baker

Art work from Ed Baker not available.

cooler today I form a plan
greater than my energy

Adelaide B. Shaw, USA

writing us hope in their long-distance aerogram

Anne Curran, New Zealand

a white singlet
on his toned, brown torso . . .
this Caribbean feel

Anne Curran, New Zealand

words lost in words my words mine

Anne Curran, New Zealand

the summer memories
fading adingdinging
a scent of autumn

Diana Teneva, Bulgaria

writing on the wall wet paint

Anne Curran, New Zealand

invidious the moth isn't
onionson the twelfth bracket . . . yes

Algeria Imperial, Canada

. . . more fractals by *John Armstrong, USA* **NOT AVAILABLE**

curled down
as if in fear . . .
her bare toes

Algeria Imperial, Canada

the summer memories
fading adingding
a scent of autumn

*летните спомени
избледняват бледняватаяватат
мирис на есен*

Diana Teneva, Bulgaria

fog rolling in
Sandburg's little cat
has halitosis

Nola Obee, Canada

Red winter rhododendron...
I, too, am still alive

David H. Rosen, USA

sunset the shouting of crows

Marje Dyck, Canada

Leaving home
going home . . .
endless journey

David H. Rosen, USA

confrontation the frost and the weed

Giselle Maya, France

through the needles of evergreens
a thread of winter wind

Robert Piotrowski, Canada

her coarse voice stalking us bent double

Anne Curran, New Zealand

Plum blossoms in spring
Cherry ripens in autumn
Old Man keeping track of

Ed Baker, USA

feet up this house growing whiskers

Anne Curran, New Zealand

caffeincaffeincaffein withdrawal

Alan Bridges, USA

the train whistle
for awhile behind me
for awhile ahead of me

an'ya, USA

Crab Apple Jam Artwork not available

Tankart with Prose

Claire Everett, United Kingdom

Autumn, we say, beneath the moon's full larder.
Light and darkness in equal measure.
Weighing need against want.
The scales and the books.
It's all about balance.
And here, with these first leaves ripe for burnishing,
all life hangs.

a john perlman series*

Feeder Round

the titmouse takes a single seed flees

titmouse takes a single seed flees

takes a single seed flees

a single seed flees

single seed flees

seed flees

good

good

speed

spared

last night' first

fall frost the porch's

flowers sheltered by

warmth of the

housewall

on a

windowsill a

dusk bouquet

of gold hibiscus

ends its one-day life

*1st bk *Kachina*, 1971 (OSU Press).

Several from Elizabeth Press inc. *Homing, Swath, Three Years Rings, Self Portrait.*

Eyes A Light (Self-published under Room Press.)

Epic intent : The Natural History of Trees (Potes & Poets)

Samizdat Sanctus (Room Press) short form

Art by Ed Baker not available

Writer's Wedge

spring runoff every sentence writes itself

summer getaway to the mountains
the creative process takes time

an autumn writer's retreat
wadded loose leaf paper
fills the waste basket

winter landscape
staring down
a blank
page

Scott Mason, USA

cattails

Premier Edition: January 2014

Ambassadors' News sent in from around the World"

(If you would like to become an Ambassador for your country, please contact us)

Kala Ramesh, India UHTS Ambassador, sends us these . . . courtesy of The Indian Express, an article titled "Japanese Whispers" by *Prajakta Hebbar*.

So it is finally out, the much awaited – at least by us – haiku anthology.

It had its book launch on the 21st, at Oxford bookstore. The bright red Oxford wall was a perfect cheerful backdrop for a morning of haiku book releases. The weather cooperated too. After days of roaring thunderstorms and nightly deluges, the sun was out so that walking down under the shady boughs of peepal, mayflower and banyan trees was a real pleasure.

Then there is always the pleasure of meeting the rest of the small haiku community – not to be mistaken for the far larger and more diverse poetry groups. Most of us know each other thanks to the indefatigable efforts of Kala Ramesh we meet every once in a while at some function or the other with lots of 'what's up with you?' and 'what are you writing now?'

This morning was special. Releasing a haiku anthology – whether ebook or print – is call for celebration and not least because haiku is so rare. Publishing poetry is hard enough – lots of publishers declare 'no poetry' in their guidelines. Publishing haiku the small and inconspicuous step sister of poetry – that is a Himalayan mountain. That Katha was willing to publish an anthology of Indian haiku, senryu, tanka and haibun, is a miracle in itself.

Picture one, the panel (NOT AVAILABLE)

The book release was purely nominal. Other books were released but the haiku anthology is an ebook, and not up yet, so all we could do was read the poems from it, asking most people to get up and read their own poems or someone elses. The cheerful, not too formal and mostly impromptu atmosphere,

accompanied by lots of laughter and appreciation was delightful. In a field like haiku the audience is usually comprised of other poets and aspirants.

Picture two – audience (NOT AVAILABLE)

Then we went out for a chat lunch and talked of haiku and haibun, ghazals and tapestry poems, book conferences and perhaps – the second *Katha* book of haiku.

Rohini Gupta

Mumbai, India

Anne Curran, New Zealand UHTS Ambassador, sends us this . . . courtesy of HaikuNewsZ .

The 7th Kokako Haiku and Senryu Competition.

Cash prizes totaling \$NZ300 with winners published in *Kokako* (April 2014).

Unpublished haiku and senryu only, not under consideration elsewhere.

Send 2 copies of each haiku

or group of haiku with your name and address *on one copy only*.

Post entries to: Patricia Prime, 42 Flanshaw Rd, Te Atatu South, Auckland 0610, NZ.

Judge is *Barbara Strang*.

Closes: October 31.

Cost: \$NZ5/\$A4/\$US4 for every 3 haiku.

Email queries to *Patricia Prime* or see *Kokako 18*.

The trantasman tanka anthology, 100 Tanka by 100 Poets, is now with the printer and will be published shortly. For any further information/enquiries please contact, *Patricia Prime*.

Milestone New Zealand-Australia haiku anthology

To celebrate the life of the late John Knight, *Paper Wasp* will publish a joint anthology of haiku by New Zealand and Australian poets. John was well known in haiku circles in both countries and, through Post Pressed, provided many poets with a publication outlet for which he is gratefully, and fondly, remembered. After consultations on both sides of 'The Ditch', it was agreed that a milestone *Trans Tasman anthology* should serve as the memorial publication to honour John's memory.

The anthology's size will depend on submissions and pages but *Paper Wasp* will ensure that it is an attractive and affordable publication in keeping with John's enduring legacy.

Submissions for the anthology are invited from haiku poets resident in New Zealand and/or Australia. New Zealanders and Australians living overseas are also invited to participate.

Poets are asked to submit a maximum of ten haiku, either published or unpublished, with a cheque for \$Aust 10. Those with an Australian bank account can deposit \$10 by bank transfer. That amount will then be deducted from orders for the final cost (including postage and handling) of the anthology. Poets must also include brief biographical notes to a maximum of 50 words as well as publication and/or prize details of previously published haiku. *Paper Wasp* reserves the right to make selections for the anthology based on established conventions of merit.

Please send submissions to:

Jacqui Murray/Paper Wasp
124 Balemo Drive
Ocean Shores NSW 2483

Or

Katherine Samuelowicz/Paper Wasp
14 Fig Tree Pocket Rd
Chapel Hill Q 4069

For information about bank transfers within Australia please email: jacquimurray@bigpond.com

Email submissions, with payments details, can also be sent to that address.

Deadline: 20 October 2013

NB: In view of the costs involved, *Paper Wasp* regrets it cannot concurrently sponsor the very popular Janice M Bostok Haiku Award in 2013. It will return in 2014.

Giselle Maya, France UHTS Ambassador.

Autumn is here with rain and sun, walnuts are ripening and poems are sprouting here and there in various notebooks. The grapes have been harvested. There is an abundance of fruit and vegetables in the farmers' markets.

I write haiku and tanka and haibun, at times sequences with other poets planned for winter mostly when my garden sleeps. This week we will put lavender straw around the rose bushes to keep them warm and discourage insects. The wild boars have come as they do every year, to roam and dig around the fruit trees and in the meadow.

A tanka book has come to my attention, published by Signatura, Agnès de Céleyran who has assisted with the translation into French. The book is a collection of 53 waka called *SEOTO le chant du gué* by the Empress Michiko of Japan. The Japanese version of the book is published by Daito-shuppansha, Tokyo. An English version exists also, I am looking for it. The tanka are beautiful, well-crafted, of great sensitivity. The waka speak of daily events, ceremonies and world events. I quote this waka from the book:

*yuki akaru
yuugure no heya
mono mina no
yasashiki kage o
mochite shizumoru*

*Au clair de la neige
dans ma chambre au crépuscule
chaque objet
avec son ombre
s'apaise*

Brilliant snow
in my room at dawn
each object
with its gentle shadow
at peace

*Azucareru
takara nimo nite
arutoki wa
wako nagara kaina
osore tsutsu idaku*

*Comme un trésor confié
mon enfant.
Parfois
mes bras l'enveloppent
avec une crainte respectueuse*

Like an entrusted treasure
my child
Sometimes
my arms encircle him
with respectful fear
~~~

*Maganashiku  
hi o terikaesu  
tenjishi no  
moji utaretsutsu  
kage o nashiyuku*

Délicatement  
sur le papier braille,  
le reflet du soleil  
compose  
l'ombre des lettres

Delicately  
on Braille paper  
the sun's reflection  
composes  
the shadow of letters  
~~~

*Mayo komete
akigo wa
mayu o
 tsukuru rashi
 tada kasuka naru
 oto no kikoyuru*

*Toute la nuit
les vers à soie d'automne
semblent oeuvrer dans leurs cocons.
 J'entends à peine
 un léger murmure*

All night long
the silk worms of autumn
seem to work in their cocoons
 I barely hear
 a slight murmur
~~~

French translation: *Olivier Germain-Thomas, Tadao Takemoto, Agnès de Céleyran*

English translation: *Giselle Maya*

There are haiku groups in France, I have started one in Apt-en-Provence  
There is one in Lyon and in Paris; in Nyons lives the haiku poet  
Patrick Blanche who has devoted his life to writing haiku. He has several  
books in print.

Tanka is not yet widely known here - it will take time.

My book *The Tao of Water* is both in French and English, as are  
*The Four Seasons, Cats, Sacred Trees and Insects*.

Salut, with all my wishes for the enjoyment of haiku and tanka worldwide,

---

*Djurdja Vukelić Rozić*, Croatia UHTS Ambassador.

It's a nice and exciting haiku Autumn here in Croatia.  
Congratulations to all awarded authors!

And a message of friendship,  
(my Mentioned tanka the National Space Society of North Texas/Fort Worth Haiku Society poetry contest.)

we are strangers  
in crowded streets of  
the same town  
but let's not be aliens  
in the vast Space

*stranci smo  
na prepunim ulicama  
istog grada  
no, ne budimo tuđinci  
u prostranstvu Svemira*

<https://sites.google.com/site/nssofnorthtexascontests/home>

The results of the contest

IRIS HAIKU MAGAZINE: Water for Life  
A LITTLE HAIKU CONTEST  
The judge was *Boris Nazansky*

We received 205 haiku (and three tanka which were excluded from the contest material) by 87 authors from 23 countries: Australia (1), Belgium (2), Bosnia and Herzegovina (1), Camerun (1), Canada (3), China (1), Croatia (32), France (2), India (1), Indonesia (2), Ireland (1), Italy (1), Macedonia (2), Malaysia (1), Montenegro (1), New Zeland (8), Phillippines (1), Poland (2), Romania (6), Serbia (6), South Africa (1), i UK (4)m USA (7).

After the first several readings, shortlisted for the awards were 48 haiku from 42authors from 14 countries. After new readings, for 20 equal awards I recommendfollowing 20 haiku, in alphabetical order:

*Ernest J. Berry* (Novi Zeland/New Zealand)

october chill  
dew on the lily  
by monet

*listopadska studen*  
*rosa na monetovu*  
*lopoču*

Translated by *Boris Nazansky*

*Helen Buckingham* (Velika Britanija/United Kingdom)

burglar ...  
caretaker?  
night rain

*provalnik* ☐  
*pazikuća?*  
*noćna kiša*

Translated by *Boris Nazansky*

*Owen Bullock* (Novi Zeland/New Zealand)

the anger  
of clouds, still  
in the water

*ljutnja*  
*oblaka, utihla*  
*u vodi*

Translated by *Boris Nazansky*

*John Carroll* (Australija/Australia)

shimmering  
water ☞  
transforming sky

*svjetlucajući*  
*voda* ☞  
*preoblikuje nebo*

Translated by *Boris Nazansky*

*Tracy Davidson* (Velika Britanija/United Kingdom)

drinking fountain  
one rust-colored drip  
still dripping

*česma*  
*tek jedno hrđavo objeno kapalo*  
*jo* ☞ *kaplje*

Translated by ĐVR

*Tatjana Debeljački* (Srbija/Serbia)

*bistre reke* ☞  
*grane na vetru*  
*i trepet topole*

clear waters ☞  
boughs on the wind  
and quivering birch tree

Translated by ĐVR

*Dan Iulian* (Rumunjska/Romania)

end of holiday ☞  
memory of mountain spring  
in a PET bottle

kraj praznika ☞  
sjećanje na planinski izvor  
u plastičnoj boci

Translated by *Boris Nazansky*

*Nada Jačmenica* (Hrvatska/Croatia)

*proljetno jutro* ☞  
*potok pretače dugu*  
*u slapovima*

spring morning☞  
the stream pours the rainbow  
inside the waterfalls

Translated by ĐVR

*Ivica Jembrih Cobovički* (Hrvatska/Croatia)

*Ribe držeću.*  
*Rijeka presuše.*  
*Mlin spava.*

Trembling fish.  
The river dries up.  
Sleeping mill.

Translated by ĐVR

*Ljubica Kolarić-Dumić (Hrvatska/Croatia)*

*bistri potočić ...  
popio vodu s brijega  
pa poskakuje*

a clear stream...  
drank water from the hilltop  
now hopping

Translated by ĐVR

*Tonka Lovrić (Hrvatska/Croatia)*

*u ogledalu rijeke  
duga  
ugledala dugu*

in the river mirror  
a rainbow  
gazing at a rainbow

Translated by *Boris Nazansky*

*Jacek Margolak (Poljska/Poland)*

rough sea  
the lifeguard dozing  
under the umbrella

*nemirno more  
spasilac drijema  
pod kišobranom*

Translated by *Boris Nazansky*

*Pravat Kumar Padhy* (Indija/India)

old lake –  
I feel closeness  
to full moon

*staro jezero* ☐  
*osjećam bliskost*  
*s punim mjesecom*

Translated by *Boris Nazansky*

☐ *ivko Prodanović* (Hrvatska/Croatia)

*potokom plovi*  
*velika mrlja nafte*  
*krik divlje patke*

sailing over the stream  
a great oil spill  
call of a wild duck

Translated by ĐVR

*Elaine Riddell* (Novi Zeland/New Zealand)

orange moon  
rising over rocks  
ocean swells

*narančast mjesec*  
*diže se iznad stijena*  
*ocean bubri*

Translated by *Boris Nazansky*

*Zrinka Supek Andrijević (Hrvatska/Croatia)*

*bistrina vode  
upila je u sebe  
svu okolinu*

clearness of the water  
inhaled into itself  
the whole environment

Translated by ĐVR

*Frans Terryn (Belgija/Belgium)*

At the holy spring  
a pilgrim treats his dog  
to a swig of water.

*Na svetom izvoru  
hodočasnik časti svog psa  
gutljajom vode.*

Translated by *Boris Nazansky*

*Saša Vačić (Srbija/Serbia)*

dried up source ...  
the moon's reflection  
bounces back

*presahli izvor  
mesečev se odsjaj  
vraća natrag*

Translated by the author

*Branka Vojinović Jegdić (Crna Gora/Montenegro)*

*planinski izvor ☐  
pijem gutljaj po gutljaj  
utrnulih zuba*

a mountain source☐  
I drink sip by sip  
my teeth numb

Translated by ĐVR

*Julie Warther (SAD/USA)*

rain garden  
searching for the source  
of the reflection

*ki☐ni vrt  
tra☐im izvor  
odsjaja*

Translated by *Boris Nazansky*  
Croatian Abassador, *Djurdja Vukelić Rozić*

---

*Rodney Williams*, Australia UHTS Ambassador.

#### **TRANS-TASMAN COLLABORATIVE ANTHOLOGIES IN HAIKU AND TANKA**

Exciting news from Down Under relates to a pair of anthologies: one currently in preparation, the other recently released; the first focusing on tanka, the second on haiku; both involving work by poets from either side of the Tasman Sea.

100 Tanka by 100 Poets of Australia and New Zealand has been edited by *Amelia Fielden*, *Beverley George* (Aust.), and *Patricia Prime* (NZ).

With a cover design by *Ron C. Moss*, and with a foreword by *Kiyoko Ogawa* (co-editor of *Poetry Nippon*), the publication features a single tanka by each of 76 Australians and 24 New Zealanders. Able to be ordered online through *Ginninderra Press* ([www.ginninderrapress.com.au](http://www.ginninderrapress.com.au)), the new collection takes its

model from the *Ogura Hyakunin Isshu (100 Poems by 100 Poets)* edited by *Fujiwara no Teika (Sadaie)* circa 1235. Already in print, this southern hemisphere-based tanka anthology will be promoted through a pair of launches in Australia early next year.

The first of these events will take place in Sydney on Sunday, 16 February. Further details could be obtained from *Beverley George* ([beverleygeorge@idx.com.au](mailto:beverleygeorge@idx.com.au)).

The second launch of 100 Tanka will take place in Canberra on Wednesday, 5 March. *Noriko Tanaka* – a Japanese poet and scholar who specialises in studies of the Man 'yousha – will be travelling from Osaka for this launch. *Amelia Fielden* ([anafielden@hotmail.com](mailto:anafielden@hotmail.com)) would provide further information.

Meanwhile, a second anthology of work by poets from Australia and New Zealand – this time focusing on haiku – is also under production through *Paper Wasp*.

To be edited by *Jacqui Murray* and *Katherine Samuelowicz*, this publication will celebrate the life of the late *John Knight*.

Haiku poets from the two countries involved who happen to be living overseas at present are still most welcome to contribute.

Up to ten haiku may be submitted, whether new or previously published. Details must be provided about prior publication or any prizes won by the poems offered. A brief biographical note (50 words maximum) must also be included with each contribution.

Electronic submissions – as well as enquiries about payment methods – can be emailed to *Jacqui Murray* ([jacquimurray@bigpond.com](mailto:jacquimurray@bigpond.com)). The entry fee is \$10 AUD. Please bear in mind that the timeline for submissions is very short, however, with the deadline of 20 October, 2013 fast approaching!

As a result of producing this new Australian/ New Zealand haiku anthology, *Paper Wasp* regrets that it will not be able to sponsor the *Janice M Bostok Haiku Award* in 2013. Yet its editors pledge that this popular competition will return in 2014.

**United Haiku and Tanka Society**  
***cattails* Press Award**

Among the plethora of submissions that are received today, most editors are on the lookout for anything fresh and startling; I too, look for these features. On the other hand, a haiku that appears to ignore the long and well-established guidelines—all of which evolved over hundreds of years in Japan—is likely entering into territory that belongs to another kind of poetry for another kind of publication. As editor for *cattails*, my preference is for the haiku that stretches the norm, yet is balanced and still able to portray and convey man's essential linkage to nature.

For the UHTS *cattails* Press Award, I received such a haiku written by Chris Dominiczak from the UK. It is extremely difficult to pare this award down to only one "winning" piece from over a thousand poems submitted to *cattails*. There were others I liked also (see Editor's Choices), but this particular haiku struck me as being the most memorable overall:

winter harbour  
a one legged man's trouser  
gathers the wind

*Chris Dominiczak, United Kingdom*

What an unusual way to write about wintertime! You can hear that cold wind howling, and see the man's empty trouser leg billowing like the sail of an ancient ship as it "gathers the wind." One can envision an old peg-leg sailor, now landlocked, standing at the end of a harbour dock, still yearning for the sea—the very thing that perhaps took his limb. This haiku doesn't just leave you in the harbour, it takes you right out to the open ocean. There are many possibilities this haiku may bring to mind; some may be quite different from my own. Nevertheless, no matter what this haiku tweaks in your imagination, it is wonderfully compelling! Thanks to Chris for sharing it with us and congratulations to him for winning the First UHTS *cattails* Press Literary Award.—*cattails* Principal editor an'ya, USA

*cattails*

**Premier Edition: January 2014**

---

**Call for Submissions**

**UHTS**

**2nd "aha" (Annual Hortensia Anderson) Memorial Awards 2014**

PHOTO OF HORTENSIA ANDERSON NOT AVAILABLE

These Memorial Haiku Awards are to honor the memory of a well known and respected New York based haiku poet, Hortensia Anderson. Results will be announced in the May 2014 edition of *cattails* online, and published in the July print edition. Thank you for your participation in honoring the memory of a wonderful person who dedicated so much of herself to the haiku community over the years . . . rest in peace Hortensia.

---

Note: To view the winners of the last "aha" contest, [click here](#)

DEADLINE: No later than 15 April, 2014.

SPONSOR: United Haiku and Tanka Society.

COORDINATOR: Marianna Monaco, USA.

ADJUDICATION: Names of the two judges will be announced concurrently with the winners.

ELIGIBILITY: Open to the public and all UHTS members, but not to UHTS Officers, Team Members, the contest coordinator, or judges.

AWARDS: First Place = \$100, Second Place = \$75; Third Place = \$50, HM = \$25, plus Award Plaques will be issued, and winning works will be published at this website, as well as other places online and in print. All rights remain with the poets.

SUBMISSIONS: There is no limit on the number of submissions, entries must be the original work of the author, be previously unpublished and not under consideration elsewhere for the entire time period it takes to complete the judging. This contest is un-themed, open to all age groups worldwide, any season is acceptable, and there is no specific syllable or line count requirement.

ENTRY FEE: \$3 per haiku, and no limit to the number of entries per person.

PAYMENT: Please use the UHTS Paypal button (below)

There is no Limit on the Number of Entries

*cattails*

**Premier Edition: January 2014**

---

**Results**

**UHTS**

**1st Yearly Samurai Haiku Competition**

PHOTOS NOT AVAILABLE

Congratulations to the winners of our Samurai Competition!

This yearly competition, sponsored by the United Haiku and Tanka Society, celebrates the Autumn Festival, which is the procession devoted to all things Samurai, including warriors wielding traditional Japanese weaponry parading through the streets. It occurs in Nikko Toshogo, Japan on the 17th day of October each year.

This competition was about "the strength or power of nature", and whatever it meant to each author. Entries could be about anything from flowers to a hurricane or anything at all that the poet personally perceived as a powerful force of nature. Note\*

**First Place**

jumper cables—  
snowflakes on my father's  
arched eyebrows

*Earl Keener, USA*

For First Place, is this haiku by a well known haiku poet, Earl Keener from the USA. Both b'oki and I chose this one, not for it's complexity, but for it's simplicity. The moment is immediate, there is power in the

jumper cables, but the real power is the ability of nature to completely take over our lives at any time. The reason for the father to have to use jumper cables in the first place is probably because of the cold weather. Man will ultimately win the battle, but not without first having to overcome the natural elements. A perfect fit to our concept of the power of nature.—*UHTS Samurai Competition judge an'ya, USA*

The power of nature and human nature are both represented here, but the power of love is the strongest, even if it comes through the connection of jumper cables! I like to think the image of someone's snowy eyebrows possibly turning a frown into a smile. Having frozen eyebrows is only a small sacrifice to help someone.—*UHTS Samurai Competition judge b'oki, USA*

---

### **Second Place**

the summons  
of unkept promises  
southbound geese

*Barbara Snow, USA*

Second Place is this haiku by Barbara Snow who has been published many places. She often writes a more philosophical type of haiku and manages actually to create clarity through ambiguity, a difficult task indeed. In this haiku, "the summons of unkept promises", was she talking about something in her own life, or about the "southbound geese", or both? Having left it open, her readers can easily and immediately relate to the moment, each in their own individual way. Once again, a strong haiku that shows the power of nature through Barbara's eyes.—*UHTS Samurai Competition judge an'ya, USA*

Nature has the power to heal. The movement of the geese here reminds me that its time to let go of stagnant energy/emotion and forgive or ask for forgiveness. One of the beautiful things about seeing a flight of birds is the power of their numbers. We are all here on earth together and no one should feel alone or hold grudges.—*UHTS Samurai Competition judge b'oki, USA*

---

### **Third Place**

leaning into it  
a giant sunflower  
levitates the sun

*Scott Mason, USA*

This Third Place winner by Scott Mason, is his usual well written haiku. It shows the double power of nature, in the sun and the sunflower which is known to rotate according to the sun. Scott presents this common scene, but in an uncommon way as it is the sunflower levitating the sun.—*UHTS Samurai Competition judge an'ya, USA*

To really see and feel the power in nature, one must be in just the right spot! How many times have you taken photos of something and walked around it so many times to find just the perfect view? No matter how small you think you are, you have the power to accomplish whatever you want. It's all in your perspective. That's also what I like about the power of a small, three-line haiku. If its written correctly, the message is there, even if you have to walk around it and read it several times.—*UHTS Samurai Competition judge bo'ki, USA*

---

### **Honorable Mention**

silent treatment  
the river surges  
beneath thin ice

*Brian Robertson, Germany*

For Honorable Mention, this haiku by Brian Robertson, a haiku poet you may already know. His juxtaposition is notable and I personally can remember my mother saying (to my brother) "you are treading on thin ice" whenever he was in trouble. This corresponds nicely with the words "silent treatment." The will of the river to still surge in spite of new ice, is a powerful image.—*UHTS Samurai Competition judge an'ya, USA*

Life has its different and difficult moments of silence. But going to water, even if frozen, can offer silence and peace in a meditative way. If you feel stuck like the boulders frozen in the stream, you can be assured that there is still a life force flowing freely to a new place. Remember to be patient, for soon the ice will melt.—*UHTS Samurai Competition judge bo'ki, USA*

\*Note: For our 2nd UHTS Yearly Samurai Competition, we will be calling for senryu, rather than haiku.

There is No Limit on the Number of Entries

*cattails*

**Premier Edition: January 2014**

---

**Pen This Painting**

**Paintings are not available**

Congratulations to *Julie Bloss Kelsey*, USA for her cute haiku that was selected to be placed with one of our talented UHTS resident artists, Cindy Lommasson's interpretive "autumn" sumi-e. Cindy is a Chinese brush painter whose studio is located in Portland, Oregon USA. Also visit Cindy's website. Click on the thumbnail above to read Julie's irresistible moment of a pre-schooler who hoisted what must have seemed to him, like a very heavy load.—*cattails Principal editor an'ya, USA*

For our spring edition of *cattails* "Pen this Painting", a lovely Japanese anemone haiga from one of our talented UHTS resident artists, Elizabeth McFarland, Germany. Feel free to submit either a haiku, senryu, or tanka by our deadline of 1 April 2014. Shortly after, only the winner will be notified via email, so all other entries are free to send elsewhere. The winner will receive a matted print. Good luck to each one of you.— *cattails Principal editor an'ya, USA*

# *cattails*

**Premier Edition: January 2014**

---

## **Book Reviews**

### **In this archived version, book covers are not available**

Note: You will notice that you do not find "negative" reviews here. That is not because we say wonderful things about everything offered to us to review, but rather that we won't write a review for a book we can't recommend. The purpose of this feature is to guide our readers to the books we have been exposed to that we "can" recommend. I want to tell you two things in every review, what to expect, and what "worked" for me in my reading of that particular volume. The rest is entirely up to you.

If you are an author/publisher who would like us to consider your work, please send it via post to:

Michael Rehling  
P.O. Box 169  
Presque Isle, Michigan  
49777-0169 USA

All reviews are written by me, except as noted. Please forward any independent reviews you would like included, to [cattailssubmissions@gmail.com](mailto:cattailssubmissions@gmail.com) with the subject heading (BOOK REVIEW).—*UHTS Book Reviewer Mike Rehling, USA*

---

*Cloud Catching Mountains, The Silent and the Spoken Word*  
by Linda Galloway and Ron C. Moss

Ordering: contact Linda Galloway, [xewe@att.net](mailto:xewe@att.net)

This may be one for the ages. Both Linda and Ron are excellent poets, of that fact there is no argument, but you can add a total lack of timidity to the resumes as well. When you have two strong poets, wonderful illustrations/haiga from Ron, and then frost the cake with a DVD, that is included in the cost, you get something really special. That is doubly true when the execution is as flawless as this one. It is

hard to pick this little book up and NOT buy it! Indeed this review is being written from a copy that I bought and paid for myself. I was not about to let it go.

Anyone who knows Ron C. Moss's haiga knows that they are indeed hard to beat. If you have seen his work before you can't get a better introduction than to spring for this book. No words are going to prepare you, but there is nothing but beautiful and "truthful" treatments throughout the book.

Linda Galloway is hard to match in her mastery of tanka. Her topics, and what I refer to as a "sparse generosity" in her word choices, makes me shake my head in awe. If you are not inspired to write tanka after reading Linda's work then you never will be. If you are already a convert to the form then you really are in for a treat. A perfect example is the opening poem in this volume, by Linda:

listening to the songs  
of the Humpbacked Goddess,  
I feel  
the first stirrings in the waters  
of my pregnant belly

Bam!!! What a moment. I could never get "pregnant", but the experience was shared completely. So, you say, they always put the best in the opening pages. Ok, may I share one more from the "back of the book"? Try this out:

starlight  
of cosmic origins  
gracing  
the cheek of the newborn  
at my breast tonight

I leave you to be the judge, but there is so much in the selections contained in this book that you will read it over and over, as I have, and see it all new again. By the way, Ron's illustrations just frost the cake beautifully and send Linda's images home to your imagination skillfully.

Not that Ron Moss needs an introduction, but if you have not read his work you are in for a treat. His haiku/haiga are at a level of unique quality that you just don't see that often. Many of us have had the pleasure of knowing Ron and enjoying his work over the years, but even if you "think" you have "seen it all", you are in for a thrill in this volume. Here are two examples of haiku:

tired of this world . . .  
suddenly moonlight  
through my window

curling to sleep  
the day's miles  
again in my bones

If you can't be with Ron in Tasmania, toiling over Photoshop, or fighting a brush fire (yes, he does that too), you can read his haiku and blend quietly into his spirit. You need only read his work once to get hooked. If you are already "hooked" this will only expand the experience, if you are not I guarantee this book will get you. Ron is the best "total package" I have experienced, and the contents of this book is just over the top good.

Now there is a surprise ending to this book that you don't want to miss. There is a DVD tucked into the back cover, you can play it on your computer and you will have the entire book, complete with the poetry of Linda and Ron, all the illustrations by Ron, AND an original flute accompaniment by Rick Wilson, who many of us know well. This was originally done for a reading that Linda and Ron did for the Pacific Asia Museum in Pasadena California. This is a wonderful addition to a flawless execution of the book, and makes this a volume that any serious poet of Japanese forms will want in their personal collection. In addition, this DVD would make a stupendous "teaching tool" that would captivate the attention of both adults as well as children to give a deeper appreciation to, and demonstrate the fullness of the tanka and haiku forms to anyone.

---

*100 Tanka by 100 Poets of Australia & New Zealand*

Edited by: Amelia Fielden, Beverley George, and Patricia Prime

Ordering: contact [ginninderrapress](mailto:ginninderrapress)

If for nothing else I would buy this book for three good reasons: Amelia Fielden, Beverley George, and Patricia Prime. You don't get better poet/teacher/scholars than this grouping who are the editors of this volume. Fortunately for them, there is much more than their reputations to recommend this volume to anyone who loves the tanka form.

Australia and New Zealand are both on my "bucket list" to visit, and as if I needed 100 more reasons to go they have provided them anyway. What a collection we are presented with, and a quality that only can come when each poet gets "one shot" to impress us, and impressed you will be. It seems unfair to pick "favorites", so I will call these four "examples", so that you get a taste for the poetry, and the location:

on the jetty  
at Noarlunga, a wreath  
of tattered flowers  
and a photo of the diver—  
wind chill from Antarctica

*Gail Hennessy, Australia*

every night  
I raise to my mouth  
your tea bowl  
whose idea was it  
to glaze it with the moon

*Kathy Kituai, Australia*

my new neighbour  
has erected  
a fence  
between us—  
April sunlight

*John O'Connor, New Zealand*

a gap between  
frequent aftershocks  
wax eyes feast  
on pink camellias—  
my heartbeat slows

*Helen Yong, New Zealand*

Simply stunning the work contained here, and each provides a small piece to the puzzle to life "down under." This volume has a cover and illustrations by Ron C. Moss, but even that beauty will not touch the work of the poets whose tanka is contained here, they are the shining light. Any student of the form will want to own this collection, not for the location of the poets, but for the clarity of quality that the editors have brought to the tanka form. As we say here in the States: "There ain't a clunker in the lot."

Well written and well chosen, this is one for any tanka lover to put on their shelves.

---

*Another Garden, Tanka Writings* by Jeffrey Woodward, USA

Ordering: contact [Amazon](#)

There is so much in this volume that missing some piece of it, after just one reading, is almost inevitable. Jeffrey Woodward has put together a *tour de force* of all aspects of the tanka form. There are stories told here, tanka wrapped and decorated in prose. There are some wonderful collections of tanka that stand on their own, and there is a section titled Introduction: Five Lines to Search for a Context, that allow you to think through, with the author, the tanka form.

Capping off this volume is an interview with the author by Claire Everett. If there is anything left to discover from Jeffrey after the rest of the book, this interview will add further clarity. This volume has too much to "list", but it is never too deep in the woods of theory that a novice could benefit from this volume on many levels. For those who read *Tanka Writings* I provide this guarantee, the least you will gain is an increase in your knowledge, but the best sections are the ones where the poet/writer presents concrete views honed by perfect execution.

---

*The Disjunctive Dragonfly, A New Approach to English Language Haiku* by Richard Gilbert

Ordering: contact [redmoonpress](#)

This the "revised and updated" version of the previously published volume by the same name. It became a "classic", and this edition only adds to that reputation. English Language Haiku (ELH), is a vibrant, and according to Richard Gilbert, a still evolving form. Whatever your personal thoughts on the state of ELH this volume is a stunningly well thought out and presented discourse, complete, in this edition, with many fine examples of "modern" techniques applied to ELH around the world. For any student of the haiku form, who finds the evolving nature of the form of interest, this book is a must have. It does not "settle" the discussion, but adds to the discourse in a way that will stimulate any student. I would caution that this is not a volume for the "beginner", in my opinion, but provides a jumping off point for those who have studied or written haiku, and are ready to engage in a discourse on the future of ELH around the world. Richard has taken an organized and thoughtful approach not only in presenting poetry that "breaks the mold" of traditional definitions and techniques, but provides an organized

review of some of those new techniques and provided many more examples in this latest edition. Any sincere student can find a comfortable mixture of discussion along with practical applications of each technique. Here are a few "examples":

a word that takes time defoliation

*Johannes S. H. Bjerg, Denmark*

with his going  
the birds go  
nameless

*Raymond Roseliep, USA*

plum blossoms  
a specimen of my dream  
sent to the lab

*Fay Aoyagi, USA*

Each of these examples brings a unique voice to ELH, and a highly individual view of a moment captured in haiku form. One observation I have made in reading this book is that I don't know where haiku is going to end up, but the work on the "edges" of the form is so exciting in that it opens up the readers mind to the age old question of "what is an haiku"? It may be that we are heading toward a time when there are many "schools" of haiku, each with their own definition, or maybe we have yet to define ELH as a form at all. Whatever your view is when you begin reading *The Disjunctive Dragonfly*, you might well be less settled in your thoughts when you end the book. That in itself is a tribute to the author, and makes this volume one worth reading, cover to cover. I purchased this one myself, and if you own the "older" version you "might" want to think about getting the newer version that includes many fine examples in each category.

---

*Tangled Shadows, Senryu and Haiku* by Elliot Nicely

Ordering: contact [Rosenberry](#)

This collection, by Elliot Nicely is a "gem" in every sense of the word. Small, elegant, and with haiku and senryu "cut" at just the right places. This is a Rosenberry Books etc. edition, and that means it is hand assembled in a way that is truly "one of a kind." This simple but truly elegant treatment suits the work perfectly. Elliot is a wordsmith to be appreciated, he has mastered his craft. His senryu have both wit and warmth, and his haiku fit the gemstone metaphor perfectly. Here are two of my favorites:

first date  
no fortune cookies  
with the bill

indian summer  
... the rest of  
our argument

My simple evaluation of the work contained in this "gem" is that the author has succeed fully in captivating the reader. You will want to meet the woman at the restaurant, and hear the "rest of" the argument. If you enjoy being "taken in" by a poet, and share his moments, then you will do well to have this book. The only thing that is missing here is "more"! I trust another volume is in our future.

---

*Western Brushstrokes* by Patricia Nolan

Ordering: contact [Rosenberry](#)

The book is over 128 pages long, filled with traditional brushstroke haiga, or sumi-e, and stunning haiku. The haiga are at the highest level, and pure art is worth seeing if you never looked at the poetry. The "trick" in high quality calligraphy is measuring the weight of the brush and the ink throughout the stroke, clearly Patricia Nolan has mastered the technique. I am only sorry I can't share it with you here.

The haiku have a wonderfully high consistency, and again "sticks out" at the reader from her haiku. It all seems to flow, just like the brushstrokes in sumi-e, so the title of this volume is a masterful choice as well. Here are four of my favorites, but by no means all my favorites since this collection is consistently of high quality:

dawn river  
otters tease my boat  
into the current

high water flows  
over obstacles  
    my pack feels lighter

imagine  
living with cranes  
always

expanding Tao  
along the trail  
trillium blooms

This volume seems to contain a lifetime of "best of" haiku, but I suspect, strongly, that we will see more of Patricia Nolan's work in the future. This collection gave me time to 'know' the poet, although I don't believe we have ever met. Through her calligraphy, and her haiku, I feel like I have made a friend. This Rosenberg Books etc., edition of her work matches the beauty of the art and poetry inside perfectly with its soft and elegant hand made texture.

*One Rock out of Place* by Jay Friedenber

Ordering: contact [Waterstone](#)

This is a small wonder that the author has assembled for us. There is a humor, a depth, and raw beauty to be found in a seemingly random placement that in the end seems to tell a story for the reader. The more I read, the deeper I got into the Jay's humor and insights, they captivated me for sure. This one:

late afternoon  
each tombstone  
in its neighbor's shadow

It hit me on several levels, maybe not what the poet intended, but I could not help seeing that death,

not life is the real leveler of us all. In death, the greatest and least in life are reduced to the rough justice of "equality" by the sun and the shadows. Profound, simple, and an image we may all have seen, but missed the meanings. Or this one:

cable TV  
on each channel  
a different apocalypse

Wow, talk about your "bad news day", but although it seems at first glance "exaggerated", I had to admit I have seen this precise set of images several times when channel flipping. Welcome to 24 hour coverage of International events. And then there was this one:

natural history museum  
the dead fly  
also on exhibit

We have all seen it. We may have all thought about it, but Jay put it into a perfect senryu. Clean, unlike the exhibit, simple, and not one word out of place.

This is a poet you will want to know better. The good news is, with this well executed book, you have the chance.

---

*Evening in the Plaza* by Jeffrey Woodward

Purchase Information: [Amazon](#)

Jeffrey Woodward is the founder of the Haibun Today website, and long time teacher, editor, and evangelist for the Haibun form. As such, the haibun included in this volume are at a level that matches all of his other efforts on behalf of the form. There is a "deftness" in his work that leads you into these short stories, of a few dozen sentences, pulls you in. The haiku in each haibun is never an afterthought, but completes the experience with a flourish. Anyone who loves the form, wants to know more about it, or just enjoys the story behind the haiku, will find the haibun in this volume compelling.

There is, to be sure, a liberal number of fine haiku that are also included in in this collection apart from the haibun. They exhibit the same "deft" touch that the haibun exhibit, and cement Jeffery as a teller of "small tales" par excellence. Here are a few examples, pulled at random:

the voice of the reeds,  
when the old man is quieted,  
rattles on

the end of the road  
but no one is home . . .  
spring darkness

a dead tree  
unabashed  
stands up

There is lot to enjoy here, and while Jeffrey Woodward already had cemented his reputation in English Language Haiku and Haibun long ago, this work, with simple but strong strokes lays another brick in the wall full of his contributions to both forms.

---

*Naked Rock* by Jane Reichhold © 2013. AHA Books. Flat-spine, full-color cover and photos, 74 pages, \$12. Available from Amazon

When I received Jane Reichhold's *Naked Rock* in the post, I immediately began flicking through the color photographs on each page opposite her haiku. The strange rock formations were a world away from the granite of the Mourne Mountains where I live and they make fascinating subjects for photography.

Often guilty of skipping the prologue of a book, I am pleased I took time to read the lyrical introduction to *Naked Rock*. This narrative poem provides a personal backdrop to the collection, describing how Reichhold met her husband and soul mate "in a portion of air", and in the introductory haiku the reader is invited to accompany the writer on a journey:

the way of water  
opening up a canyon  
follow

Over the next twenty-eight pages, the author becomes tour guide to the reader and we embark upon a photographic and poetic journey through the canyons, beaches and parks of Utah and California. Reichhold draws our attention to a series of images of unusual rock formations, accompanied by a haiku on the opposite page, each of which demands that we return to the photograph for closer examination. For example, the following haiku:

homage  
to a ghost potter  
Navajo rock

is paired with a photograph of a formation that appears to be an earthenware urn absorbed by the rocky face of a ravine.

The reader is encouraged to look closely at the color, pattern and shape of these bizarre formations and compare them to people and places that are familiar to us. Reichold's haiku highlight nature's role as "early artist", carving stone reminders of its force and strength and emphasizing the aeons of time over which these rocks have been standing. The final haiku in the collection concludes that at the end of our lives we will all eventually become part of the physical world:

still rock  
at the end of fall  
still rock

Rather than being a sad observation, there is acceptance of the cyclical nature of life on earth. *In Naked Rock*, Reichold embraces nature and the physical world and our place as part of it.—*Book Reviewer M. S. Clarke*, Northern Ireland

# *cattails*

**Premier Edition January 2014**

---

## **Featured Artist Spotlight on *Ed Baker, USA***

The featured Artist, is our long-time dear friend Ed Baker. Ed is a multi-talented individual who writes, paints, sculpts and probably has other hidden talents we don't even know about yet, he is one of the "last old school poet/artists" still producing.

Ed is the cover artist for *cattails* and also provided the original cover art for *moonset* as well. Ed can always be found in the Coffeehouse pages, the range of his work is best viewed and understood by spending time on his great website Bare Bones Bonz

born Washington, D.C. April 19, 1941  
here Washington, D.C. April 19, 2013

Google me as "Ed Baker Art Poetry" via the web, and/or on "images"

my not-recently updated website is:  
[Bare Bones Bonz](#)

here is a review of my recently published Stone Girl E-pic:  
[Stridemagazine](#)

and another one:  
[The Perpetual Brd](#)

John Martone's review of "Stone Girl":  
[Leafe Press](#)

and this On Eileen Tabios site:  
[Sit With Moi!](#)

if you come visit/bring a case of decent beer. . . we'll "order in", one kiss and I will tell you everything . . .

*cattails*

**Premier Edition January 2014**

---

**Featured Website**

**Spotlight on *Under the Bashō*  
([underthebasho.com](http://underthebasho.com))**

Our vision for Under the Bashō is contained in the following poem from the home page:

words

places

things

the Tao

zoka

yugen

Under  
the  
Basho

space

aloneness

haiku

I pondered at great length regarding what I would write for the Under the Bashō homepage introduction/vision. Had I been using a traditional pencil and paper set-up, the trash can would be full of

throw-away versions and none of my pencils would have the slightest bit of eraser left. Historically, I'm a person of few words when it comes to writing. Thus, this poetic description as Under the Bashō's mission statement became ideal. Succinct.

### **Words**

Whether long poems or haiku, we are folks who craft their works from words. We can choose any word, any phrase, and follow or bend rules as we please. We are in a creative world of expressive minds where there are no cosmic bounds. We learn from the past and carve out the future. Our tools are words. It's poetic wisdom that assists us in putting them together well.

### **Places**

Our words mixed with imagination will take our readers with us to just about anywhere. We travel the Universe; we point out tiny creatures often unnoticed; and, we put together images from diverse pieces of the Great Puzzle called existence-the Tao. We are able to experience bits and pieces of each other's lives, views and perspectives; we can observe the Universe through the lenses of poets' imaginations.

### **Things**

Often haiku and hokku include items such as swings, tractors, chimneys, streets, graffiti, lamp posts, cars, traffic, traffic lights, and on into the multitude of possibilities. Poems are written about sounds/noises, things we smell, and objects we touch or that touch us.

### **The Tao**

From time to time we journey into the esoteric and cosmic where we discover fresh fodder for haiku and the profundity that makes them memorable. The journey is limitless.

### **Aesthetics**

Often, poets study their craft by researching and reading. Others dig into their instincts and write more freely. Regardless of source, poets begin to develop a voice or style; and, one that can be recognized by peers. A few move away from strict forms of hokku and haiku, and create more freely-more atonal as we would say in music. But then there are the poets who enjoy writing within a form without pushing boundaries or disturbing what they perceive as a pristine style. Under the Basho embraces all styles.

### **Space**

This is such an important concept in writing haiku and/or hokku. Space is necessary-space for the poet: space for the reader. It is in the space(s) where folks search for meaning. Without it, all is "said a done" with nothing for the poet or reader to do other than write it/ read it and put it away. There is nothing

like an open, spacious poem!

### **Aloneness**

While we co-exist and have generous interplay between people such as family and friends, we are each on a very personal journey that eventuates our deaths. In a unique perspective, we are born alone and die alone. The journey is private. We will often see and feel that aspect in haiku, hokku, and modern haiku. Poets long for longing. They not only dream, they dream of dreaming. Aloneness is everywhere and often a companion of the poet.

### **Commentary**

Does this summarize our mission? Not completely. That would be like putting a small lid on a huge Universe. The possibilities within our vision statement (poem) are endless. Why limit them? Our vision statement, while in few words, is an embrace of a thousand dreams.

### **Styles**

Under the Bashō features the following styles: traditional (5/7/5); stand-alone hokku; modern haiku; one line haiku; and, concrete haiku.

Poems by staff as featured in Under the Bashō:

Webmaster, *Hansha Teki*, New Zealand

moonstruck—  
a river wanders off  
in the dark

sand garden . . .  
a chatter of leaves  
comes to rest

Editor, *Kala Ramesh*, India

monsoon pool—  
each raindrop wheeling  
out of themselves

valley mist . . .  
the mountains appear  
slope by slope

Editor in Chief, *Don Baird*, USA

refugee—  
the dusty tan  
of a baby's tear

this weed  
is also reluctant—  
autumn chill

It is the poets that make Under the Bashō a wonderful journal. Without each poet - each poetic concept - the journal is empty. We welcome differing styles and perspectives. We welcome newcomers as well as long standing professionals.

Blessings,

*Don Baird*

# *cattails*

**January 2014**

---

## **Featured Poet**

**Spotlight on *Beverley George, Australia***

I am honoured to be invited by an'ya, to be the featured poet for the inaugural issue of UHTS and delighted that this gives me the opportunity to comment on several aspects of this new venture from a personal perspective.

The first is that I applaud the encompassing nature of UHTS. It has long been my belief that one poetic genre can serve as a springboard for another. For one example, the disciplines of writing haiku can enhance the way we write anything else, from short story to a newspaper article and everything in between. Watching every word, cutting to the essence, immediacy of expression, are writing skills that can be widely employed.

The synergies of haiku and tanka are obvious to western readership, even though we recognise their intrinsic differences, and the different mindsets needed to write one or the other. There are a number of established print journals, including *Presence*, *Kokako* and *Blithe Spirit*, as well as quality online ones, which successfully combine several Japanese genres.

*Yellow Moon*, which I produced and edited through 12 issues, between 2000 and 2006, published eleven poetic categories in every issue. These always included four Japanese genres—haibun, haiku, tanka and varying forms of renga. I am personally grateful to an'ya, who published the winning tanka and judging comments from each issue of *Yellow Moon*, in the Tanka Society of America Quarterly Newsletter, and in the early issues of *Ribbons*, of which she was the founding editor. In publishing these, an'ya aimed to strengthen the ties between English speakers around the world, in exploring best practice for writing tanka.

I have no doubt that UHTS, with its emphasis on both haiku and tanka, will prove to be internationally welcomed and respected.

## A haiku pathway

My personal adventures in haiku began in 1997 when Pat Kelsall founded *Yellow Moon*. At that time I was writing short stories, articles and a range of western poetry genres, including fixed forms such as sestinas, sonnets, and odes. I had no idea, when I first began to write haiku, how all-consuming this diminutive genre would become, or how many opportunities and adventures it would offer.

In late 1999, Pat Kelsall asked me to take over the production and editing of *Yellow Moon*; a daunting task, but help was forthcoming. I invited Janice M Bostok, whose involvement with haiku stemmed back to the seventies, to become the senior adviser for haiku and related genres. John Bird generously provided a website, as he does to this day for *Eucalypt*; Matthew George, my son, came to the fore with graphic design expertise; and my husband, David, took on the onerous role of competition secretary, as the poems published in *Yellow Moon*, together with judge's reports and comments, were the winning and commended entries of competitions, judged anonymously. In all there were 21 judges for *Yellow Moon*, in the 12 issues I produced. And in this period 5,342 Japanese-genre poems were submitted to our judges.

2006 was a landmark year for me. This was the year I decided to close *Yellow Moon* with issue 20, and found *Eucalypt*, Australia's first literary journal for tanka only. I wanted to focus on one genre.

2006 was also the year I won the Tanka Society of America International competition; the Society of Women Writers NSW Inc. Poetry Prize 2006 and the WB Yeats Poetry Prize for Australia and New Zealand convened in 2005, with results announced in February 2006.

My haiku collection, *Spinifex*, was published by Pardalote Press, and my first book for children, *Sneeze Power*, was published by Blake Education. In 2006, Janice Bostok and I were invited by Michael Dylan Welch to submit 15 haiku each, along with many US poets, for inclusion in an interactive computer game called: *Haiku Journey*, published by Hot Lava, and now available through Big Fish Games. And in 2006, US composer, Robert Patterson, set one of my tanka and that of several others, including Dorothy McLaughlin, to music and voice, as *Tanka: Ancient and Modern*, on Luna Nova, New Music Ensemble. For good measure, I also became president of the Australian Haiku Society, a role that Australian haiku leaders of the time recommended should be a four year term, allowing a degree of continuity, while encouraging others to step in within a reasonable period, with fresh enthusiasm and vision.

During my term as president, the highlights were undoubtedly the conferences. In 2008, I attended Haiku Aotearoa 2, the New Zealand conference co-ordinated by Barbara Strang on behalf of The Little White Teapot Club, in Christchurch, New Zealand. A great experience.

The 3rd Haiku Pacific Rim Conference in Matsuyama, Japan, convened in 2007 by Minako Noma, created many indelible memories, not only at the conference itself, but during the week that preceded it, when I

travelled by train to several rural towns, at each of which I was met by local, volunteer guides. Matsuyama was the birthplace of Masaoka Shiki, and it was a remarkable experience to present a paper on haiku in Australia in a large hall at the Shiki Memorial Museum which honours this remarkable poet.

In September 2009, I convened the four day, 4th Haiku Pacific Rim Conference in Terrigal, Australia, for 57 full-time delegates from UK, US, Canada, Japan, New Zealand and Australia, and a varying number of day delegates, which brought the attendance to the Presentation of Papers Day to 80, and on 2 other occasions to 100. It is heartening to learn that many friendships and connections made at this conference continue to this day, and I remain grateful to the many people whose invaluable assistance made the event run smoothly.

Less than a month later, I was off to Japan to the 6th International Tanka Festival, convened at the Meiji Shrine, Tokyo by Aya Yuhki, editor of *The Tanka Journal*. It was an honour to present a paper on tanka in Australia, and to participate in various activities and excursions, at this well-organised and enjoyable event. It was yet another experience I could not have anticipated when I first became interested in haiku.

You can find accounts of the first three of these conferences on *Haiku NZ*, the informative and user-friendly web pages produced by Sandra Simpson, and hosted on the New Zealand Poetry Society website.

So many good things continue to happen. I was delighted to attend Haiku Aotearoa 3 in Tauranga, New Zealand, convened by Sandra Simpson and Margaret Beverland, in June 2012.

I have served three times as literary adviser to Mitsui Travel, on small tours to Japan, which focus on the travels of Matsuo Bashō, as well as other aspects of Japanese culture.

**Sharing haiku and tanka** Often it is the unexpected that makes our haiku and tanka worlds so appealing. Several years ago, two friends and I participated in a 'Five Lands Walk' an event organised by local council along several beaches. Neither friend had ever written haiku, but at the end of the day, while we were sheltering from rain, expressed an interest in doing so. The resulting sequence of two haiku from each of us, is a piece of writing I treasure to this day.

Most of us who write haiku and tanka for a while, experience the honour of having our work translated into other languages. This, and the joy that results from writing responsively with others, are two highlights made readily possible by our haiku and tanka worlds. Paramount, are the opportunities to form enduring and valued connections and friendships within our own country and around the world.

---

rocking the tray  
in our home darkroom  
bones and flesh emerge,  
the shape of backyard trees . . .  
my father watchful by my side

after five years  
this chance encounter —  
beneath the platitudes  
our silenced dialogue  
finds its hidden current

sakura  
and mountain pines,  
waka etched on rock . . .  
no way to understand you  
before I learn your landscape

out there  
in this war-torn world  
people who  
collect stamps, press flowers  
gather shells at daybreak

*credits 4\**

widening each day  
the winter river rushes  
over hidden rocks  
if you asked me to return  
I could no longer cross it

credits 5\*

a lightning strike  
splits our old apple tree  
I never dreamed  
the death that parted us  
would not be one of ours

credits 6\*

## Publications

### Haiku, Tanka, Linked and Free Verse:

*empty garden* [tanka] by Beverley George *Yellow Moon*, 2006, reprinted 2013

*Spinifex* [haiku] by Beverley George Pardalote Press, 2006\*

*Four Tellings* A collaborative haibun-renga by J Preston, O Bullock, B George & J Harpeng Teneriffe, PostPressed 2009\*

*Walking into Autumn* a haiku collaboration by John Bird and Beverley George illustrated by Carl Ripphausen. *Eucalypt*, 2009

*Drawing God and other Pastimes* [free verse and 2 tanka sequences] by Beverley George Picaro Press 2009

*Stone in the Pond* A collaborative haibun-renga by Beverley George, Jan Foster, Lynette Arden and M L Grace. Initiated and led by Beverley George. Produced by Allan Foster, 2012

*Wind through the Wheatfields*: Tanka by Beverley George writing with friends—André SurrIDGE, David Terelinck, Dy Andreasen, Giselle Maya, Janice M Bostok, Julie Thorndyke, Kathy Kituai, Kirsty Karkow, Maria Steyn, Meredith Ferris, M L Grace and Owen Bullock. Illustrations by Pim Sarti. *Eucalypt*, 2012

*This Pinging Hail*: tanka by Beverley George, illustrated by Tumi K Steyn. [chapbook] *Eucalypt*, 2012

*The Birds that Stay*: haiku by Beverley George, illustrated by Tumi K Steyn. [chapbook] *Eucalypt*, 2013

### Edited Print Anthologies (for other poets):

*Whispers from the Moon* (sonnets) *Yellow Moon*, 2002\*\*

*Reflections from the Moon* (sonnets) *Yellow Moon*, 2003\*\*

*Light Falling Softly* (odes) *Yellow Moon*, 2002\*\*

*Sonnets and Sestinas* *Yellow Moon*, 2004\*\*

*Tea Towel Tanka* (tanka for every day inspired by a Rengetsu exhibition) *Eucalypt*, 2008

*Grevillea & Wonga Vine*: Australian Tanka of Place edited with David Terelinck. *Eucalypt*, 2011

[plus 12 online *Eucalypt Challenges*: including 'Year of the Tiger'; 'Earth Hour'; 'Coining a Word'; 'Bats, Bugs, Crawlies and Bad Press'.]

Co-edited, with Amelia Fielden and Patricia Prime, *100 Tanka by 100 Poets of Australia and New Zealand: One Poem Each*. Ginninderra Press, 2013

### **Edited Literary Journals:**

*Yellow Moon* issues 9-20 2001-2006\*\*

*Young Yellow Moon* issue 1 winter 2001 - issue 8 winter 2005\*\*

*The Society of Women Writers* (NSW) Inc. newsletter 2004-2006. Bi-monthly. [members]

*Eucalypt: A Tanka Journal* issue 1, 2006 -

*Windfall: Australian Haiku* Blue Giraffe Press Issue 1, 2013 -

'Tanka: the Myriad Leaves of Words'- first published in *Five Bells: Australian Poetry* volume 13 no 1

### **Produced Conference Papers and Anthology:**

*Wind Over Water unabara wo wataru kaze*: an anthology of haiku and tanka by delegates of the 4th Haiku Pacific Rim Conference 22-25 September 2009 convened by Beverley George. The anthology was edited by Dawn Bruce and Greg Piko.

*Wind Over Water* Conference Papers of 4th HPR September 2009, edited by Carmel Summers

### **Books for Children:**

*Sneeze Power* by Beverley George illustrated by Luke Jurevicius, Blake Education, 2006 [AUS]

*Sneeze Power* by Beverley George illustrated by Luke Jurevicius, Sundance Publishing, 2011 [USA]

*The Preposterous Frog* by Beverley George illustrated by Tumi K Steyn. Kenilworth Tales 2010

*Araki & The Dreamcatcher* by Beverley George illustrated by Tumi K Steyn. Kenilworth Road 2013

[poetry published in *The School Magazine NSW*]

[\*\* indicates now out of print]

### **Articles: Haiku and Tanka:**

'Haiku and the Seasons: an exploration'

This article, first published in *Five Bells: Australian Poetry* volume 15 no. 1 Summer 2007-8 pp. 5- 9 can be read on the Australian Haiku Society website under Haiku Musings;

[[http://www.haikuo.org/2008/09/haiku\\_and\\_the\\_seasons\\_an\\_explo\\_1.html](http://www.haikuo.org/2008/09/haiku_and_the_seasons_an_explo_1.html)] as can a report on the 3rd Haiku Pacific Rim Conference, Matsuyama, 2007.

'Tanka: the Myriad Leaves of Words'

This article was first published in *Five Bells: Australian Poetry* volume 13 no. 1 Summer 2006 pp. 10-15;

in *Tomodachi*: the newsletter of the Australia-Japan Society of New South Wales (Inc.) May 2006; and in the online newsletter of the New Zealand Poetry Society - *Nau mai, haere mai!* as an 'article of the month' October, 2006. The section on *Yellow Moon* and *Eucalypt* was updated by the author, for the article's invited inclusion in *Simply Haiku* 2010. It appears on the [Eucalypt website](#) under Articles: as does a paper 'Tanka in Australia 2009,' presented at the 6th International Tanka Festival, Tokyo, October 2009

## Interviews

Tanka online:

Between us: an interview by Jeanne Emrich for Tanka Online is also available on the *Eucalypt* website at <http://www.tankaonline.com/Interview%20George.htm>

Simply Haiku Autumn 2006 vol. 4 issue3

An Interview with Beverley George by Patricia Prime is available here:

[http://simplyhaiku.com/SHv4n3/features/Prime\\_George.html](http://simplyhaiku.com/SHv4n3/features/Prime_George.html)

The Haiku Foundation THF Fundraiser Release December 1, 2013

Jim Kacian interviews Beverley George at the 3rd Haiku Aotearoa Conference, Tauranga New Zealand, 2012 <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=2hjDDaLeRil>

I have also been interviewed for the Australian poetry journals *Stylus*; *FreeXpresSion*; and by Kathy Kituai In conversation with two poets— with Mariko Kitakubo Canberra August 2011.

I was interviewed by Dominique Chipot for *L'Association pour la Promotion du Haiku*. Paris;

for *Imabari newspaper Shikoku*, Japan and for *Plum Tree*: a Newsletter for the Vancouver Haiku Group May 28, 2012 Issue no. 3. I have been interviewed on ABC radio three times; on matters relevant to haiku and tanka; and once about my book for children, *The Preposterous Frog*.

## Awards and Prizes:

Like most people who have written Japanese poetry genres for some time, I have been 'widely published' in 'numerous journals' and have also had the honour of having my work translated into other languages, a joy many of us share. So I will list only my major awards here.

## International Awards for Haiku and Tanka:

1st prize: The Third Ashiya International Festa [Japan]2004

1st prize: The British Haiku Society JW Hackett Award 2003

1st prize: The World Haiku Club Fourth New Year's Eve and New Year's Day Double Kukai 2003/2004

1st prize: The World Haiku Club R H Blyth Award for Haibun 2004

2nd prize: The Tanka Society of America's Annual International Contest.2005

1st prize: and an Honourable Mention The Tanka Society of America's Annual International Contest 2006

1st prize: [English section] Chajin [Paris] International Haiku Competition 2007

2nd place Kukai at 3rd Haiku Pacific Rim conference judged by Ehime Prefecture Newspaper  
2nd prize: 2nd Kokako International Tanka Competition [New Zealand] January 2009  
1st prize: Genkissu! World Wide Hekinan Haiku Contest [Japan]2009  
2nd prize: 6th International Tanka festival Tanka Competition [Japan] 2009] 2nd prize: 6th International Tanka Festival Tanka Competition [Japan] 2009  
1st prize: Saigyō Awards (for tanka) [US] 2010  
1st place in First Calico Cat Contest 2004 and in 11th Calico Cat Contest 2010  
2nd Prize: Kaji Aso Studio International Haiku awards [USA] 2011  
2nd Prize: Foreign Language Category 16th Kusamakura International Haiku Competition 2011 [Kumamoto, Japan]  
Joint winner: Basho Museum, Koto City, Tokyo annual haiku competition Foreign category 2011-2012  
Joint 1st Prize: Diogen Best summer haiku 2013  
1st and 2nd winning Rengay, written with David Terelinck, in the 2012 San Francisco International Rengay Contest

**Other pleasurable things have occurred:**

12 haiku were published in an interactive computer game, *Haiku Journey*, by Hot Lava (US) 2006, available now through Big Fish games. The haiku and relevant information for the game was arranged by Michael Dylan Welch.  
Haiku and Haibun were voted by readers 'best-of-issue' in *Presence* [UK] #22 and #26 respectively, and a haiku was selected by BHS to appear on a scarf for the Silks and Haiku exhibition at the St Pancras Crypt Gallery September 2011.  
A tanka was set to music by Robert Patterson on Luna Nova New Music; and my tanka and haiku have been read by professional actors on ABC Radio National.

**Other Writing:**

I have had a number of short stories published in mainstream magazines and my free verse Awards include: First Prize: WB Yeats Poetry Prize for Australia and New Zealand for both 2004 and 2005  
First Prize: The Vera Newsom Poetry Prize 2005. First Prize Society of Women Writers Competition 2006.  
Highly Commended Society of Women Writers Competition 2008.

**Judge for International Competitions**

Vancouver Cherry Blossom Festival Invitational 2012  
Co-judge 7th International Tanka Festival Japan 2012

**Reviews, Launch Speeches, Blurbs, Introductions and Workshops:**

I have written my fair share of these, and have been happy to do so. I am very grateful to all those who

have contributed in like fashion to my haiku and tanka pathways. I believe it is a way in which to share the delights and benefits of reading and writing these very special genres.—*Beverley George, Editor of Eucalypt, Australia*

**Publication Credits:**

\*1

*Presence 47 2012*

*The Birds That Stay, (Eucalypt) 2013*

\*2

*The Heron's Nest March 2007*

*Haiku Society of America Anthology 2007*

*The Birds That Stay, (Eucalypt) 2013*

\*3

*1st place World Haiku Club Double Kukai 2003/4*

*Spinifex, (Pardalote Press) 2006*

\*4

*Simply Haiku 6 (3) 2008*

*Take Five: Best Contemporary Tanka 2008 MET, 2009*

*This Pinging Hail, (Eucalypt) 2013*

\*5

*Editor's Choice moonset 1 (2) 2005*

*empty garden, (Yellow Moon) 2006; reprinted 2013*

*women's work: [Contemporary Women's Poetry], pax press, 2013*

*Presented on ABC Radio National Poetica November 2013*

\*6

*1st Prize: The Tanka Society of America's Annual International Contest 2006*

*Set to music by US composer Robert Patterson for Luna Nova New Music Ensemble 2008*

*Translated by Mariko Kitakubo. Performed bilingually in Tokyo and five Australian venues.*

*The Temple Bell Stops, (MET) 2012*

*100 Poets from Australia and New Zealand: one poem each Ginninderra Press, 2013*

*women's work: [Contemporary Women's Poetry], pax press, 2013 Presented on ABC Radio National Poetica November 2013*

# *cattails*

**Premier Edition: January 2014**

---

## **White Page\***

### **The Scarlet Comb: Poetics and Poetry of Shuji Terayama<sup>1</sup>**

by Linda Galloway

Shuji Terayama (1935-1982) was a central figure in the avant garde and counter culture world of Post-War Japan. His work was controversial, often shocking. Today he is a well known and popular tanka poet in Japan. He only wrote tanka early in life; the numbers limited. He died young at age 47 from kidney disease for which he failed to seek ongoing medical care until it was too late.

Talented in many artistic fields, he wrote tanka, novels, screen plays, literary essays, radio and teleplays. He was a photographer of note, hosted his own jazz laboratory, and produced jazz and poetry events. He created butoh pieces, an avant-garde dance form to evolve out of the existential despair of Post-War Japan.

He became a world acclaimed and awarded film maker, conducted guerilla street theatre, and founded the experimental, anti-establishment underground theatre, Tenjoh Sajiki, which featured runaways, street musicians and transvestites as cast members.

Although a strong cultural critic, Terayama did not engage in political reform unlike his tanka predecessors, literary socialist Toki Zenmaro and revolutionary anarchist Ishiwaki Takuboku, who believed "poetry could incite people ... to revolution" (Ueda 1983).

Terayama's theoretical poetics are different from those of the ancient classical Heian high court in Japan, and also from the poetics set by 20th century Japanese tanka poet, Mokichi Saito, whose tanka aesthetics are still widely practiced today.

Tanka writers, at least those poets from English language countries, write to a great extent about actual every day life events and subjective experiences. Mokichi Saito wrote in his essays on tanka aesthetics,

“tanka must be an expression of the poet’s inner life” and its “elements are realism, honesty, subjectivity ...” (Shinoda & Goldstein 1989).

In contrast, Terayama and the Japanese avant garde were influenced by phenomenology. Terayama believed, given the real world vs. the imaginary world, the world of the imagination was the real world. Further, the line between real and imaginary was tenuous at best and could be manipulated by the artist.

He proposed the “fiction of possibility” (kanohsai fukushon). He claimed that “fiction can create legitimate reality”...and that “the veracity of imagination trumps the typical bindings of factual experience.” (Ridgely 2010). He questioned the validity of “distinctions (the false versus the real, imaginary experience versus real life experience)...Imaginary experience is often a synonym for real life...real life is actually controlled by the imagination. Before they are...differentiated, these two act together, moving in mutual coordination.” (Sorgenfrei 2005)

In a word, the events and experiences in Terayama’s tanka are fictional (Kozue Uzawa, personal communication), although they may appear actual, except the surreal poems. In his poetry and personal life, Terayama, a Japanese citizen, created a false self, and fictional family circumstances. For example, he sometimes was Korean or a female actor.

farewell  
summer lights, and  
my homeland Korea –  
even from the roof  
the sea is invisible Uzawa 2008)

He wrote of siblings he never had.

a nipped bud, he will be absent for life –  
my little brother’s empty chair in school hell (Ridgely 2010)

in order to sew up  
the horizon  
my sister hid  
a silk needle  
in the sewing box (Uzawa 2008)

Terayama's parents also appear in many poems in curious circumstances.

I gently comb  
the turtledove  
with my dead mother's  
scarlet comb –  
its down keeps falling out (Uzawa 2008)

withering  
the sunflowers still  
in offering  
at my father's tomb –  
it's shorter than I (Uzawa 2008)

Terayama's mother outlived him. His father died of dysentery in the war, and the body was never returned to the family. Terayama also told people his father died of severe alcoholism.

Sorgenfrei (2005) reports that Terayama "romanticized an impoverished rural childhood". In his tanka he writes of his mother singing him lullabies, of longing for the past, and happily running back to his home town. His childhood can appear mythical, almost mystically enchanting.

birds banished  
from the sky,  
time, beasts  
all collected here  
in my arc-like toy box (Uzawa 2008)

His real life was quite the opposite. His mother was mentally unstable and guilty of severe child neglect and abandonment. Sorgenfrei (2005) writes she was a sociopath with serious rage issues. Terayama's father was appointed to the elite thought-police that terrorized and tortured anti-war intellectuals. Terayama experienced severe fire bombings in his childhood home town.

Although life facts and events can stray far from the realm of verisimilitude, his emotions did not. He expressed strong, even extreme emotions, especially anger and hate. His language can be strikingly bold, coarse or harsh. He wrote of cruelty and extreme violence. Images can be horror-filled, grotesque and ghastly.

Terayama's relationship with his mother was ambiguous at best. He told friends she was a whore to the American military (which she might have been). He also expressed genuine hate and anger for her and his lineage in his tanka.

Where is the razor my throat craves? Sunk in the sleeping body of Mother. (Sorgenfrei 2005)

let's sever  
my stinky blood relationship –  
the winter axe is placed  
upside down  
in a sunny spot (Uzawa 2008)

Also, unlike most Japanese tanka before the surrealist period and English-language tanka today, Terayama's poetic relationship with nature can be gruesome and violent. His images contain animal corpses, dead plants, and shooting birds. He enjoys one woods, for example, for its mark of violence.

just 'cause I love  
the tree with a bullet mark  
I take a walk  
through  
these cold woods (Uzawa 2008)

In his tanka he writes of his violence against humans, plants and animals, especially killing small birds.

That night I severed it with feverish saw teeth –  
a sunflower suddenly headless (Ridgely 2010)

it may be an angel –  
this small sparrow  
I shot  
then returned home  
smelling of gunpowder (Uzawa 2008)

Other tanka can be ghastly or filled with horror.

I was breathing  
in unison  
with a pregnant cow  
waiting her turn  
to be slaughtered (Uzawa 2008)

Rope that has yet to strangle anyone hangs in a bundle  
aging on the wall behind him (Ridgely 2010)

Violence and the shocking were standard motifs in the subversive Japanese counter culture of the Post-War avant garde. Yet, not all of Terayama's tanka are gruesome. His tanka can appear absurd, unexpected and surrealistic.

One tanka that strikes this writer as absurd is

a man, who knows  
my dead father's  
shoe size,  
came to see me one day  
...nightmare (Uzawa 2008)

Use of explicit detail is at the heart of tanka composition, but "his father's shoe size" does appear quite absurd in context of, first, a meeting with a man, and secondly, a meeting which was a nightmare.

Many Japanese tanka instructors teach that the ending of a tanka should not be predictable from the beginning. Indeed, this is true of many fine English language tanka. Terayama followed this dictum, but his tanka endings can be unusually unexpected.

when I was walking  
through the dreary field,  
under my arm  
a wall clock for sale  
abruptly chimed (Uzawa 2008)

Surrealism of the Pre-War period laid the basis for the avant garde of the Post-War and for some of Terayama's tanka. At times he expresses an ethereal connection with the cosmos.

this wind  
carrying carrot seeds  
connects  
the orphan,  
sunset, and me (Uzawa 2008)

Seeds are the beginning cycle of new life and of an orange plant like colours in the sunset. The sunset is the ending of a time cycle, the day. The orphan could be the lost, forlorn child Terayama thought he once was. The life bearing wind swirls over the earth catching up the phantasmal colours of the sunset, Terayama, and the forlorn orphan in one luminous union of being.

In the ancient high court, makurakotoba ("pillow words") were poetic epithets used commonly by tanka poets. Interestingly, Terayama has nouns and at least one verb which he uses repeatedly throughout

his tanka, e.g. axes, small birds (especially sparrows and swallows), sunflowers, clocks, a scarlet comb, and shoot. This writer does not know, if Terayama was emulating high court tanka style or not, but it would be interesting to speculate. He was well versed in tanka.

Does he repeat these words often elsewhere? In a book of his shintaishi, "free verse" (1998), he does not overly use any of these words, except the related colour, red. In one film scene he pairs a dead child with a scarlet comb.

What most of these words, except "clock", have in common is death, destruction, or killing, as the dead child in the film scene above. In his tanka, for example, the scarlet comb was the possession of his allegedly dead mother. He frequently shot small birds. Sunflowers were on his father's alleged grave, and Terayama decapitated sunflowers.

Could Terayama's style also be employed in English language tanka: fictional content, harsh or coarse language, and imagery of violence, the grotesque, absurd and surrealistic? The answer is probably yes.

There are numerous discussions about the nature of tanka in English. Denis Garrison, for example, in an article "Dreaming Room" (2007) retreats from the notion of tanka as "intrinsically biographical" and presents the case that tanka cannot reasonably be expected to be as objective as haiku. In other words, tanka is subjective. Is "apparently subjective" sufficient for tanka, as Terayama's fictionalized tanka are? Further, who would know the difference?

Could English language tanka diction be harsh or contain imagery that is violent, grotesque, surreal? One could ask why not? Historically they have not been so routinely, perhaps because the translated Japanese tanka available to and widespread for English speakers (cf. Library of Congress) were more neo-classical or classical, such as *Ink Dark Moon* (1988).

To continue with Garrison's "Dreaming Room", a tanka needs a certain suggestiveness and multivalency. Readers from different backgrounds should be able to discover their own unique feelings and meanings, such that the tanka speaks directly to the individual reader. The poet should not force his own notions upon a reader.

Terayama's tanka all display Garrison's criteria. Some might appear a little odd to some English speaking readers. First of all, however, his tanka are avant garde, and secondly, they are in translation. Furthermore, Japanese literary allusions and word connotations can be different from those of English.

Will English speaking tanka poets decide to include the poetics and stylistic structures as those of the modern Terayama? Will editors accept such tanka? It waits to be seen. Surely some will, and the discussion about what a tanka is will become all the more interesting.

1. People are welcome to cite this article with the bibliographical reference: Galloway, Linda. 2013. "The Scarlet Comb: Poetics and Poetry of Shuji Terayama". United Haiku and Tanka Society website/*cattails collected works of UHTS*; Premier Edition: January 2014.

## References

Chenieux-Gendron, Jacqueline. 1984. *Surrealism*. (trans.) Vivian Folkenflik. New York: Columbia University Press.

Chong, Doryum. 2012. *Tokyo 1955-1970: A New Avant Garde*. New York: MoMA.

Galloway, Linda. 2012. *Gendai, Kindai Japanese Tanka & English Tanka*. Asilomar CA: The Haiku Pacific Rim Conference.

Garrison, Denis. 2007. "Dreaming Room". *Modern English Tanka*. Winter.

Mokichi, Saito. 1989. *Red Lights: Selected Tanka Sequences from Shakko*. (trans.) Seishi Shinoda & Sanford Goldstein. West Lafayette, IN: Purdue Research Foundation.

Ridgely, Steven C. 2010. *Japanese Counterculture: The Antiestablishment Art of Terayama Shuji*. Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press.

Sas, Miryam. 1999. *Fault Lines: Cultural Memory and Japanese Surrealism*. Stanford CA: Stanford University Press.

Shikibu, Izumi & Ono no Koma chi. 1988. *Ink Dark Moon: Love Poems by Women of the Ancient Court of Japan*. (trans.) Jane Hirshfield & Mariko Aratami. New York: Scribner.

Sorgenfrei, Carol Fisher. 2005. *Unspeakable Acts: The Avant-Garde Theatre*

*Terayama, Shuji. 1998. Gogatsu No Shi/Poems of May; . (trans.) David Schmidt & Fusae Ekida. Lewiston: The Edwin Mellen Press.*

Ueda, Makoto. 1996. *Modern Japanese Tanka*. New York: Columbia University Press.

Uzawa, Kozue (ed.). 2008. *Kaleidoscope: Selected Tanka of Shuji Terayama*. (trans.) Kozue Uzawa & Amelia Fielden. Tokyo: The Hokuseido Press.

---

*\*Publishers Notation: This article is presented "as submitted" by the author, whose Style guide and Citation style, is different from that of the UHTS usual "house" style.*

*cattails*

**Premier Edition: January 2014**

---

**White Pages**

Gifted haiku poet *Dr. David H. Rosen* (aka *Dr. Nada*), wrote this 7 page treatise, which includes some of his own haiku.

*Spring: A Journal of Archetype and Culture, Buddhism and Depth Psychology:  
Refining the Encounter, Vol. 88 (summer 2013)*

We thank *Spring* for permission to reproduce it here in .PDF format.

**AT THIS TIME, THE PDF IS UNAVAILABLE**

Please visit the [springjournalandbooks.com](http://springjournalandbooks.com) website for more of their offerings, and ordering.

**Headlines:**

**UHTS Poet and UHTS Publisher create a New York Times Favorite Book**

UHTS *cattails* editor's choice poet, David H. Rosen, who is appearing in the White Papers of this Premier Edition of *cattails*, is the author of *The Tao of Elvis*, which was designed, illustrated and published by UHTS's print publisher, Rosenberry Books.

This Sunday, Sue Monk Kidd, in her Jan 12, 2014 "By the Book" New York Times interview, is due to name *The Tao of Elvis* one of her favorite books! Her interview is coming out prior to her book tour for *The Invention of Wings*, a new Oprah pick.

"Magnificent ... truly a work of art. It brings to mind the inspired illuminated manuscripts of the Middle Ages."

— Sue Monk Kidd,  
author of *The Secret Life of Bees*

*The Tao of Elvis* is available at RosenberryBooks.com 800.723.0336, WipfandStock.com (paperback) 541.344.1528, amazon, (warning: the amazon paperback "look inside" feature is incorrect), ebay (paperback), ebay (deluxe) and at etsy.com

David H. Rosen is the author of ten books, including the new haiku chapbook, *Clouds and More Clouds*; which is available from Lily Pool Press, it will also appear on Amazon later.

*cattails*

**Premier Edition: January 2014**

---

**In Memoriam**

**Lee Fraser - August, 1940 - October, 2013**

<https://memoryleaf.net/lee-fraser>

Laryalee Fraser, a respected and much-loved haiku poet, passed away October 16th, 2013 in Salmon Arm, British Columbia. A former newspaper reporter, Lary's retirement years were filled with gardening, photography and the joys of family, especially her grandchildren.

red mittens  
her laughter ahead  
of the snowball

winter dusk  
a grandchild draws  
my weary smile

playground path  
a leaf with a mind  
of its own

Widely published in journals throughout the haiku world, Lary leaves behind a legacy of poetry including haiku, haibun, tanka and haiga. An award winning poet, one of the highlights of her life was having her haiku etched in stone and placed along The Katikati's Haiku Pathway in New Zealand. Other honors were awarded by the Vancouver Cherry Blossom Festival for Best BC Poem and a Sakura Award.

almost sundown  
the day lengthens  
car by car

biopsy . . .  
but just for today  
cherry blossoms

the wiggle  
of a bee's behind—  
cherry blossom

As Lary bravely faced recurring illness her online presence diminished but she continued to share haiku on her blog, and with friends. As a former reporter, her interest in current affairs continued to be a source of inspiration and, on occasion, she would contribute to Haiku News.

apple harvest  
weighing the future  
of honeybees

arctic chill—  
I too, have caused  
a flower's death

election promises—  
I turn my tray of seedlings  
toward the sun

During the last year of Lary's life she organized her body of work for the benefit of family and friends. Her website, A Leaf Rustles is the gateway to her haiku, haibun and haiga with a link to her Picasso album, Poetry and Art. <http://laryalee.webs.com/rustles/title.htm> Many of her more recent poems are reflective and deserve special attention. These, and other poems never published can be found on her blog, Rustles: <http://laryalee.blogspot.com/>

I ponder  
the meaning of hope  
dandelion summer

box of keepsakes  
    hoarfrost  
reshapes the willow

late snowfall—  
I search for yesterday's  
spring feeling  
dusting off  
an old memory  
piano keys

all those doors  
I never opened . . .  
rosebud

so little time . . .  
a hummingbird on the edge  
of nightfall

between the sky  
and the spin of the earth  
this falling leaf

autumn sunset  
sometimes a dream  
is only a dream

inhale, exhale . . .  
the push of a leaf bud  
into sunlight

In her final days Lary derived great comfort in reading poetry and we shared our longer poems with each other. She enjoyed being introduced to Mary Oliver's work. Lary embodied the spirit of haiku and I know many, like me, were touched by her generous nature and encouraging mentorship. A kind and modest person, she gave much to others, yet found it difficult to accept recognition herself. It is a great pleasure to shine a light on her work now.

She will be missed.—*UHTS Secretary Carole MacRury, USA*

These poems, published and unpublished, appear here by permission of the estate of Lee Fraser.

**CREDITS:**

Red mittens: *The Heron's Nest* 9:2 June 2007

Winter dusk: *The Heron's Nest* 8:1 March 2006

Playground path: Rustles © L. Fraser

Almost sundown: *Simply Haiku* Vol.3 No. 1 2005 and Katikati Haiku Pathway

Biopsy: Best BC Poem, Vancouver Cherry Blossom Festival, 2010

The wiggle: Sakura Award, Vancouver Cherry Blossom Festival, 2007

Apple harvest: *A Hundred Gourds*, 3.1 December 2013

Arctic chill: *Haiku News*, Vol.2 No. 8 February 18, 2013

Election promises: *Haiku News* Vol.1 No. 20 May 28, 2012

I ponder: Rustles © L. Fraser

Box of keepsakes: Rustles © L. Fraser

Late snowfall: Rustles © L. Fraser

Dusting Off: Rustles © L. Fraser

All those doors: Rustles © L. Fraser

Inhale,exhale: Rustles © L. Fraser

So little time: Haiga 2010 © L. Fraser (Picasso)

Between the sky: *Mainichi Daily News*, November 2006

Autumn sunset: Rustles © L. Fraser

---

*cattails*

**Premier Edition: January 2014**

---

**Tribute**



*John E. Carley - August, 1955 - December, 2013*

If you would like to add to this page, please submit directly to the webmaster,  
with the subject heading "Tribute"

---

John was our past editor of renku in *moonset*, and a dear friend whose absence will leave a great void.

heart of the tree  
influencing its form  
January wind

*an'ya*, USA

---

.....Remembering John~ Toward the end of John Carley's life, he invited "beginners" to write renku with him. How lucky I was to join his merry band! John's brilliance, along with his kindness and humor were extraordinary. His courage was beyond measure. So this is for you, John, my first tanka.

beyond the dunes  
the edge of the world  
waits for sunrise  
i wave to you . . .  
you answer back

*Pat Nelson,*

---

wordsmith . . .  
empathies sparked mind to mind  
your bright legacy

*Beverley George, Australia*

---

Under His Wings  
Close to His Heart  
Love+Peace

*Merrill Ann Gonzales, USA*

---

John Carley not only loved renku and haiku, he loved the poets as well. He was a friend, a supporter, and a mentor to so many. The haiku community will be reaping the rewards of his kindness for a long time to come, and his support for renku made him a modern master of the form in English Language Haiku. He will be missed.

*Mike Rehling, USA*

---

I only met John about a year ago when I became interested in renku. His Renku Reckoner has been very instrumental in my learning the ropes in renku. I only emailed him once but he was very kind and generous with his time for this newcomer. I am saddened to hear he has passed on and extend my condolences to his loved ones.

*Richard St. Clair, USA*

---

A sad loss for the haiku community. I wrote ZIP haiku with John years ago. He was so kind and generous with his time helping newcomers like me.

The first ZIP haiku ever written:

slowly I search a field of flowers  
finding nothing but beauty

John E. Carley 1999

My condolences to his loved ones.

*Carol Raisfeld, USA*

---

I have links  
to magic memories  
of a man  
encouraging me to write  
inventive with his words

*Kirsty Karkow, USA*

---

To you, John

And there's a hand my trusty friend!  
And give me a hand o' thine!  
And we'll take a right good-will draught,  
for auld lang syne.

Goodnight dear friend. Thanks for the gift of your friendship.

*Go mbeannai Dia duit*

*Carole MacRury, USA*

---

John E. Carley, translator, creator of the zip form of haiku, renku master, author of 'the Little Book of Yotsunos' and 'The Book of Renku', died on New Year's Eve after a four year battle with

mesothelioma. As a renku sabaki, John was a superb composer, a generous teacher and an inspiration to many of us. It was my privilege to be involved with John in the writing of renku, including 'Early Morning Heat', which happily won the 2013 Einbond competition. As well, we collaborated on Yotsomunos and I enjoyed acting as copy editor for some of his delightful prose. John's warmth, his wit, his loving-kindness and dedication will always be remembered by those who had contact with him over the years.

new year, new moon—  
your footprints in the grasses  
green in summer rain

*Lorin Ford, Australia*

---

missing from the branch a prominent leaf

*peterB, USA*

---

the first sun  
shines brighter

*Bette Norcross Wappner (b'oki), USA*

---

On such sad news about John Carley, here is my tribute.

leaves of the book . . .  
travelling the blue atlas  
on ember clouds

I met John only once in March, 2002, where I was presenting a Naked Haijin Productions event with Karen Hoy, Paul Conneally, and Kevin Ryan at the: HAIKU ? INSPIRATION ? IMAGE - CREATION event in association with the Japan 2001 festival/ProArt.

I enjoyed writing a handful of renku including this one [in frogpond](#).

Another sad loss to the world of haiku and other haikai literature.

*Alan Summers, United Kingdom*

---

when we look  
upon heaven tonight  
the brightest star  
will be the one risen  
first over Lancashire

*Michael McClintock, USA*

---

wind dance—  
a blackbird parts  
from its song

*Hansha Teki, New Zealand*

---

a new silence  
at the game's end-  
New Year's Eve

*Susan Shand, United Kingdom*

---

The very first renga I ever published was one I wrote with John about a funeral, consider reprinting it in *cattails* as a tribute.

#### A SUMMER FUNERAL

a summer funeral  
they slowly dismantle  
the hanging basket

the soloist's final note  
lingers in the breeze

aqua minerale oh  
the sulphur burst  
upon my tongue

soothing babble  
of an unknown language-  
the infant sleeps

a darkness more profound  
than the absence of light

alone on the hill  
waiting for the sunrise-  
a rooster crows

*John E. Carley, United Kingdom*

*Deborah P. Kolodji, USA*

—originally published in *Lynx* , February 2003

---

New Year's drive~  
one eye glued to  
the rear-view mirror

year's first walk~  
so much ahead,  
so much to leave behind

*Norman Darlington, Ireland*

---

mountain top  
a dandelion seed  
takes the breeze

*Maria Steyn, South Africa*

---

# *cattails*

**Premier Edition: January 2014**

---

## **Video Page**

After this Premier Edition of *cattails* was completed, we began working on the next issue (four months away, in April/May), more information will be available in the upcoming eBulletin "*seedpods*", but we will be accepting videos for this page.

---