



May
2014
Edition

cattails

collected
works
of
UHTS

cattails

May 2014

Contents

- UHTS Main Website •**
- Editor's Prelude •**
- Contributors •**
- Haiku Pages •**
- Haibun Pages •**
- Haiga-Tankart •**
- Senryu Pages •**
- Tanka Pages •**
- Translations-Amelia Fielden •**
- Youth Corner Pages •**
- UHTS Contests •**
- Pen this Painting •**
- Book Review Pages •**
- Featured Artist-Ron Moss •**
- Featured Poet-Joe McKeon •**

Also, there are many other pages on the UHTS Main Website that are "not" included here in *cattails*, so, if you are looking for What to submit, or How to submit, How to Join, How to Donate, or wanting to see the *Seedpods* News Bulletin, know about the UHTS Officers and Support Team, visit Archives see our Members List, Omnibus details, the Calendar, and other information, please revisit the UHTS Main Website

NOTE: This PDF version of the Premier Issue of *cattails* does not include the majority of the haiga, tankart illustrations, or other photos. These files could not be found in the old UHTS website backups made before we moved to the new UHTS website

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cattails

May 2014

Principal Editor's Prelude

Happy International Haiku/Senryu Month from the UHTS

As usual, 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 timely response when you submitted work, please don't hesitate to contact us right away. We receive submissions in the thousands, and emails do occasionally go awry. However, being online (rather than in-print) allows us to easily and quickly correct any errata.

Welcome to the UHTS's second edition of *cattails*. After our successful first online edition in January of 2014, and with input from our readers worldwide, we are making some modifications, listed here:

Our Webmaster PeterB has revamped portions of the website to make it even easier for your viewing. He will continue presenting *cattails* in as simple and basic a format as possible for our global readers' access, and viewing on "any" sized device (portable/desktop/laptop), so, you will not need any special software to view or navigate *cattails*. We continue to ask for your input of "what" you "see" presented when visiting the multitude of pages at this website.

Also, our Social Media Officer Mike Rehling, has revamped the UHTS Facebook and Twitter sites, so that they are now directly related to the UHTS rather than just to *cattails*.

The UHTS now has its own in-house *cattails* press, and if enough orders are received for the premier edition, we will continue with the plan to print it. Our minimum is 50 pre-orders, and the price is \$24.95 plus shipping to your area; If you are interested, please contact us by email. Our next goal, is to print a Members' Omnibus at the end of the year.

We have added a video page, a calendar page, and a Youth Corner.

Our contests include the "aha" Haiku/Senryu Awards, the Fleeting Words for Tanka, and the Samurai Haibun Competition. The "aha" contest results are in this edition of *cattails*, and a call for submissions for our other contests included here as well.

After this edition, we will no longer be accepting Coffeehouse submissions, or tanka prose. However, we

are still accepting haiku, senryu, haibun, haiga, tanka, and tankart. Please, when you submit, use the proper subject heading and do not mix venues, send each genre individually. We cannot accept any submissions past our deadlines, so "please" pay close attention to our calendar dates.

On other notes, thank you to those of you who donated a little something to the UHTS cause, it "is" very much appreciated!

Our membership is almost at 400, and is still growing. If you would like to become a member, please let us know. Ambassadorship entails simply promoting the UHTS however and whenever you can and sending in a news blurb for our Seedpods e-bulletins; that's it . . . check on the Ambassador list to see what countries are still open.

We are limiting the book reviews to members' books only, and only for those published within the past 12 months. Please send books in plenty of time for us to read and review your works in depth.

The signature pieces you sent in, will ultimately be linked to your names in the membership list, creating a "personal page" for each of you. This project will move slowly and alphabetically as it is a monumental task.

We hope you enjoy this edition of *cattails* as much as we enjoy presenting your work.

— *cattails* Principal Editor *an'ya, USA*

cattails

May 2014

Contributors (207)

Thank you again to all who contributed to this second edition, many of you in multiple genre and numbers. 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 poets index, then read their own work. By doing so, they frequently by-pass the works of the 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 expose ourselves to unfamiliar forms, while honing the skills that engage us, while at the same time making new acquaintances.

S.M. Abeles, USA

Michele Alice, USA

Ramesh Anand, India

A. Jenita Annlina, India

an'ya, USA

Yukali Armstrong, Australia

arrowbow, USA

Angelo B. Ancheta, Philippines

Sherryl Anders, USA

Aditya Ashribad, India

Pamela A. Babusci, USA

Tomoslav Maretich, Croatia

Ananya Maskara, India

Akanksha Mansukhani, India

Constantine Mastor, USA

George Matey, USA

Nancy May, United Kingdom

Giselle Maya, France

Anna Mazurkiewicz, Poland

Joe McKeon, USA

Elizabeth McFarland, Germany

<i>Ed Baker, USA</i>	<i>Joe McKeon, USA</i>
<i>Leslie Bamford, Canada</i>	<i>John M. McManus, England</i>
<i>Aashna Banerjee, India</i>	<i>RD McManes, USA</i>
<i>Johnny Baranski, USA</i>	<i>Arnaz Raoiman Mehta, India</i>
<i>Ernest Berry, New Zealand</i>	<i>Radka Mindova, Bulgaria</i>
<i>Brad Bennett, USA</i>	<i>Ben Moeller-Gaa, USA</i>
<i>ooja Bharadwaj, India</i>	<i>Dipalika Mohanty, India</i>
<i>Vividha Bhasin, India</i>	<i>Ron C. Moss, Australia</i>
<i>Prachi Bhutada, India</i>	<i>Reiko Nakagawa, Japan</i>
<i>Mark E. Brager, USA</i>	<i>Peter Newton, USA</i>
<i>Joe Brennand, United Kingdom</i>	<i>Veronika Zora Novak, Canada</i>
<i>Janet Brof, USA</i>	<i>Daryl Nielsen, USA</i>
<i>Marjorie Buettner, USA</i>	<i>Nancy Nitrio, USA</i>
<i>Sondra J. Byrnes, USA</i>	<i>Nola Obee, Canada</i>
<i>Jesus Cameleon, Mariana Islands, USA</i>	<i>Rita Odeh, Israel</i>
<i>Robyn Cairns, Australia</i>	<i>Polona Oblak, Slovenia</i>
<i>Theresa A. Cancro, USA</i>	<i>Saeko Ogi, Australia</i>
<i>Terry ann Carter, Canada</i>	<i>Sergio Ortiz, Puerto Rico</i>
<i>James Chessing, USA</i>	<i>Pravat Kumar Padhy, India</i>
<i>Sonam Chhoki, Bhutan</i>	<i>Linda Papanicolaou, USA</i>
<i>Thomas H. Chockley, USA</i>	<i>Marianne Paul, Canada</i>
<i>Cezar Ciobica, Romania</i>	<i>Robert Piotrowski, Canada</i>
<i>Marcyn Del Clements, USA</i>	<i>Marija Pogorilić, Croatia</i>
<i>Glenn G. Coates, USA</i>	<i>Jasna Popović Poje, Croatia</i>
<i>Bill Cooper, USA</i>	<i>John Quinnett, USA</i>

Máire Morrissey-Cummins, Ireland

Shreya R, India

Ann Curran, New Zealand

Goran Radićević, Montenegro

Neelam Dadhwal, India

Raamesh Gowri Raghaven, India

Janet Lynn Davis, USA

Bhoomika Rahinj, India

Tatanja Debeljacki, Serbia

Carol Raisfeld, USA

Angelee Deodhar, India

Kala Ramesh, India

Jerry Dreesen, USA

Adheip Rashida, India

Brendan Duffin, Ireland

Vanessa Raney, Croatia

Marje A. Dyck, Canada

Elaine Riddell, New Zealand

Nikita Engineer, India

Rogellio Rodriquez "viento", Spain

Robert Epstein, USA

David H. Rosen, USA

Claire Everett, United Kingdom

Alexis Rotella, USA

Julian Ferrand, India

Aron Rothstein, USA

Amelia Fielden, Australia

Cynthia Rowe, Australia

Jan Foster, Australia

Claudette Russell, USA

Mary Franklin, Canada

Ken Sawitri, Indonesia

Terri L. French, USA

Kuheli Santra, India

Linda Galloway, USA

Ernesto P. Santiago, Philippines

Janice Gentle, Australia

Vessislava Savcova, Bulgaria

Beverley George, Australia

Rukimni Sanyal, India

Bernard Gieske, USA

Soumitra Saxena, India

Shaurya Giri, India

Valerie Gean Schaefer, USA

Brent Goodman, USA

Emily Jo Scalzo, USA

Surbhi Grover, India

Carl Seguiban, Canada

Gwenn Gurnack, USA

Ranita Shahani, India

<i>Chris Gusek, USA</i>	<i>Shloka Shankar, India</i>
<i>Johnnie Hafernik, USA</i>	<i>Chakshu Sharma, India</i>
<i>John Han, USA</i>	<i>Adelaide B. Shaw, USA</i>
<i>Nadine Waltman Harmon, USA</i>	<i>Pruthvi Shrikaanth, United Kingdom</i>
<i>William Hart, USA</i>	<i>Stuart Jay Silverman, USA</i>
<i>Michele L. Harvey, USA</i>	<i>Udai Vir Singh, India</i>
<i>Ruth Holzer, USA</i>	<i>John Soares, USA</i>
<i>Donald Horstman, USA</i>	<i>Barbara Snow, USA</i>
<i>Carol Horstman, USA</i>	<i>Nicholas M. Sola, USA</i>
<i>Elizabeth Howard, USA</i>	<i>John Soules, Canada</i>
<i>Louisa Howerow, Canada</i>	<i>Ljubica Šporčić, Croatia</i>
<i>Marilyn Humber, USA</i>	<i>Richard St. Clair, USA</i>
<i>Marilyn Humbert, Australia</i>	<i>Debbie Strange, Canada</i>
<i>Samantha Sirimanne Hyde, Australia</i>	<i>Jeffrey Streeby, USA</i>
<i>Alegria Imperial, Canada</i>	<i>Karen Stromberg, USA</i>
<i>Terrie Jacks, USA</i>	<i>Harshavardhan Sushant, India</i>
<i>Rishabh Jain, India</i>	<i>Priyanka Sutaria, India</i>
<i>Damir Janjalija, Montenegro</i>	<i>Rachel Sutcliffe, England</i>
<i>Alexander Jankiewicz, USA</i>	<i>Lesley Anne Swanson, USA</i>
<i>Yunsheng Jiang, China</i>	<i>Irena Iris Szewczyk, Poland</i>
<i>Carole Johnston, USA</i>	<i>Lech Szeglowski, Poland</i>
<i>Carol Judkins, USA</i>	<i>Barbara Tate, USA</i>
<i>Ritaj K; India</i>	<i>Dietmar Tauchner, Austria</i>
<i>Kirsty Karkow, USA</i>	<i>Barbara A. Taylor, Australia</i>
<i>Chieko Kawamata, Australia</i>	<i>Hansha Teki, New Zealand</i>

Donald Keene, India

David J. Kelly, Ireland

Vidip Khattar, India

Damir Janjialija, Serbia

M. Kei, USA

fusako Kitamura, Japan

Akemi Kobayashi, Australia

Pranav Kodial, India

Shrikanth Krishnamurthy, United Kingdom

Naoko Lamb, Australia

Chen-ou Liu, Canada

Cindy Lommasson, USA

Gregory Longenecker, USA

Bob Lucky, Ethiopia

Ajaya Mahala, India

Tanvi Malhara, India

Akanksha Mansukhani, India

Diana Teneva, Bulgaria

Angela Terry, USA

Thiermann, Jennifer, USA

Paresh Tiwari, India

Nina Trivedi, India

Anitha Varma, India

Leo R. Vinay, India

Shaira Vohra, India

Julie Warther, USA

Tyson West, USA

Neal Whitman, USA

Janet Whitney, USA

Jann Wirtz, England

Scott Wiggerman, USA

Mike Wood, Australia

Okuno Yoko,

Aya Yuhki, Japan

Spiros Zafiris, Canada

Dave Zerby, USA

cattails

May 2014

Haiku

summer break
wave after wave after wave
half the sun

*letnia przerwa
za falą fala za falą
połowa słońca*

*Irena Szewczyk
Poland*

float plane
carries its sound off with it
the cry of a loon

*Jennifer Thiermann
USA*

late evening
among the pond reeds
frozen moonlight

*kasna večer
među trskama
srznuta mjescina*

*Marija Pogorilić
Croatia*

bread crumbs
in the kayak's wake
squabbling mallards

Polona Oblak
Slovenia

lifting fog
a lotus on the lake
shines with dew

雾散后
湖面荷花含露
阳光下闪耀

Yunsheng Jiang
China
translated by Maggie (宣可欣 译)

breaking wave—
moonlight brushes
the spring shore

rompe la ola—
la luz de la luna roza
la orilla de primavera

Rogelio Rodríguez "Viento"
Spain

wolf moon
the snowflake
makes its shape

Cynthia Rowe
Australia

summer storm
in my hands only
the kite's string

лятна буря
в ръцете ми само
връвта от хвърчилото

Radka Mindova
Bulgaria

winter sunset
a friend passes away
in intensive care

Nancy May
United Kingdom

autumn evening . . .
changing the pattern
of fallen leaves

jesienny wieczór . . .
zmieniam układ
opadłych liści

Lech Szegłowski
Poland

afternoon sun—
not even a bird
to follow

Nicholas Sola
USA

a morning . . .
so cold as when
cranes depart

Anna Mazurkiewicz
Poland

the last sip
of a leftover year—
first crowing

Vinay Leo R.
India

moon sighting
a muezzin's call floats
over the mist

Paresh Tiwari
India

sweet scent
on a sunlit vine
wasp bait

slatki miris
suncem obasjanog trsa
mamac za ose

Marija Pogorilic'
Croatia

spring thaw—
the number she gave
not in service

Carl Seguiban
Canada

the wind taking away a long to-do list

Giselle Maya

France

fish pier
in hundreds of eyes
the sea dims

Peter Newton

USA

stepping
into a film noir at dusk
Beijing summer

Johnnie Johnson Hafernik

USA

spring drizzle
we're expecting triplets
on the ultrasound

Joe Brennand

United Kingdom

last cicada . . .
the silence crackles
around it

Hansha Teki

New Zealand

the snow
getting deeper
into our life's story

Ben Moeller-Gaa

USA

corn silk
brushing the wind
the edge of summer

Theresa A. Cancro
USA

swamp gums
in autumn watered earth
bush walk

Linda Galloway
USA

snow cover—
wrapped in a quilt I watch
Olympic skiers

Terrie Jacks
USA

open field . . .
the ladybug glides down
a blade of grass

Shloka Shankar
India

a wake-up call—
outside a spring bird
repeats it

John Han
USA

muddy field
a sacred ibis struts
among the egrets

Robert Lucky
Ethiopia

earth hour the darkness full of promise

John Soules

Canada

silky flower
the smell of mown grass
rising skyward

Tatjana Debeljacki

Serbia

rapid thaw
rocks shred the river

Julie Warther

USA

failed marriage—
the moon hidden
behind clouds

Nancy Nitrio

USA

leaf mulch
a nest of bunnies
halts the rake

Debbie Strange

Canada

late afternoon
above the summer heat
the gibbous moon

John Soares

USA

between two shells
the way he really is
hermit crab

Barbara Snow

USA

twilight . . .
a doe's gaze deepens
the stillness

Mark Brager
USA

waning gibbous . . .
the ticking wall clock indents
my loneliness

Anitha Varma
India

footfalls
darkness creeps up
twig by twig

ಹೆಜ್ಜೆಗಳು
ಕಡ್ಡಿ ಕಡ್ಡಿಗೆ
ಬೆಳವ ತಮ

hejjegaḷu
kaḍḍi kaḍḍige
beḷeva tama

Shrikaanth Krishnamurthy
India

night closing in
cave crickets chirping
in the shadows

Elizabeth Howard
USA

railroad cars
crossing a country road
the migrant's shadow

Chen-ou Liu
Canada

swollen linden buds—
a park vagrant snores
under the dog star

Tyson West
USA

ginko . . .
teasels comb the wind
for goldfinches

Claire Everett
United Kingdom

shiso leaf—
the taste of spring
on my tongue

Carol Judkins
USA

the sails set
on a long beam reach
too late for father

Leslie Bamford
Canada

pond holding sky holding swans

Louisa Howerow
Canada

midday sun—
even the shadows
in hiding

Shrikaanth Krishnamurthy
United Kingdom

forest home—
forcing a crooked wood
into the hearth

ବନ କୁଟୀର—
ଅସଲଖ କାଠାତେ
ଚୁଲିକୁ ପେଲେ

bana kuteera—
asalakha kaathate
chooliku pele

Ajaya Mahala
India

campfire
another marshmallow
lights up

Claudette Russell
USA

day-moon
the luminous eye
of a cow

Gregory Longenecker
USA

long day ahead
a red tail hawk catches
the first thermal

Gregory Longenecker
USA

lonely night . . .
clusters of stars
keep vigil

Shloka Shankar
India

triad of geese . . .
just wings and the will
to use them

Scott Galasso
USA

a smudged moon
in the desert sky
constant crickets

Marje Dyck
Canada

cherry trees
below the UN flag—
branches entwined

Pranav Kodial
India

morning frost . . .
everything depends
on your reply

Mary Franklin
Canada

pine branches
dangle petite pinecones—
a wind gust

Valerie Schafer
USA

shadows
in a burst of twilight
Luna moths

Alegria Imperial
Canada

morning stroll
the stick in a dogwood
begins to walk

Lesley Swanson
USA

winter storm watch
six to nine inches more
of meditation

Sondra J. Byrnes
USA

the entwining
tails of seahorse mates
twilight song

Bill Cooper
USA

riffling the air
on a spring morning—
grey pigeon song

Marilyn Humbert
Australia

silence . . .
in one crucible
the sea and I

Rita Odeh
Israel

new neighbor
after all his yard work
wild mustard

Robert Epstein
USA

koi swim
closer to the shore . . .
a light rain

Brad Bennett
USA

time change
the cockerel continues
to crow at dawn

Kirsty Karkow
USA

geese nibble on grass
and on a standing cross—
the dragonfly

Jesus Chameleon
Mariana Islands USA

nutmeg sprinkled
in a bowl of pumpkin soup—
evening chill

Anne Curran
New Zealand

snow mist . . .
not even the crow
answers

Carole Johnston
USA

new moon
no end to the depth
of a saxophone

Johnny Baranski
USA

supermoon
a sea-eagle rides
the tidal surge

Cynthia Rowe
Australia

low winter sun
sparrows settle on the roof—
detachment

Chris Gusek
USA

winter nearing—
she moves her chair closer
to the feeder

Ruth Holzer
USA

snow melt
those fleeting things
we wish for

Angela Terry
USA

fourth down
I knit Christmas stockings
a little faster

Frances Jones
USA

quiet wings
in the pre-dawn hush—
garden butterflies

Gwenn Gurnack
USA

new home
my wife evicts
a spider

John McManus
England

wind in the pines
the carriage horse's
braided mane

Polona Oblak
Slovenia

our conversation
at opposites also . . .
evening contrails

Michele L. Harvey
USA

calm twilight
a blossom circling
in its fall

Ramesh Anand
India

purple martins
dart up and down the creek
sockeye season

Neal Whitman
USA

moth wings . . .
I, too, follow
the moon's path

Mark Brager
USA

maple leaves
falling by ones, by twos—
the smell of mooncakes

Chen-ou-Liu
Canada

in from the cold
the aloe on our porch
and its spider

Scott Wiggerman
USA

night deepens
the fringe of naiveté
between friends

Angelo B. Ancheta
Philippines

silhouette
of a white horse
winter dusk

Giselle Maya
France

summer dusk
a wayward breeze winds
through the wheat

Bernard Gieske
USA

evening train
pine trees embrace
a snow moon

Máire Morrissey-Cummins
Ireland

no longer
is the snow silent—
woodpecker

Sherryl Anders
USA

rolling hills the curve of a fruit-picker's back

Cynthia Rowe
Australia

paper roses—
wind recycling someone
else's news

David J. Kelly
Ireland

harbour dusk
sounds that rock
me to sleep

Rachael Sutcliffe
United Kingdom

heart of winter
midnight embers
dwindle in the stove

Aron Rothstein
USA

grandfather's old shed
puddles and fresh dampness
as if the roof weeps

Ayaz Daryl Nielsen
USA

petals warmed
by dew warmed by sun
morning-glory

Stuart Jay Silverman
USA

crack of dawn—
the aimless wandering
of a seasoned monk

Rukmini Sanyal
India

worn-down soles
on a well-trod path:
year's end

Scott Wiggerman
USA

roadside ditch
plastic flowers
mark the spot

Barbara Tate
USA

stargazing
by the pond my dog
pees on stars

Carl Seguiban
Canada

into the gust
leaning a bit more
leaf-cutter ant

Bill Cooper
USA

climbing rose
a blackbird nests
among thorns

Elaine Riddell
New Zealand

changing leaf—
it makes me wonder
where you're going

arrowbow
USA

tunnel train . . .
a cloud of bats ride
the rumble

Paresh Tiwari
India

mountain top
the clouds unlock
a memory

John McManus
England

rainy day
an aroma of chestnuts
in the wind

Vessislava Savova
Bulgaria

stormy rain
by the stove dries
shabby clothes

pljusak kise
pored peci se susi
trosna odjeca

Marija Pogorilic'
Croatia

rippled lake—
the soft landing
of a loon

Nancy Nitrio
USA

lost my way
taking a short cut
distant thunder

Neal Whitman
USA

night's wail
the wind and rain tussle
back and forth

Bernard Gieske
USA

end of the tracks
pipistrelle bats skitter
through sunset

Michele L. Harvey
USA

the grace
of snowfall on cold roads
distance sirens

Thomas H Chockley
USA

sometime at night
my thoughts turn into
cricket songs

Dietmar Tauchner
Austria

morning mist
its power to hide me
from myself

Angela Terry
USA

rising tide . . .
a mollusc fleetingly
touches my toe

Shloka Shankar
India

two geese
with different wingbeats—
staying together

Ruth Holzer
USA

the slant
of each breakwater rock
twilight yoga

Bill Cooper
USA

gray clouds . . .
an eagle's wingspan
measuring silence

Paresh Tiwari
India

at sunset—
a falling acorn ticks
against branches

Brad Bennett
USA

barefoot afternoon
my feet sharing the sweetgrass
with a hill of ants

Lesley Swanson
USA

the white lotus
glides on pond ripples—
a fish leaps

Valerie Jean Schafer
USA

morning spring rain
a blackbird on the nest
shelters her chicks

Nancy May
United Kingdom

half-way across
the icy footbridge
Vespers bells

Mark Brager
USA

wild geese
an arrow points
the way

Barbara Tate
USA

winter morning—
dew-speckled spider traps
festoon the weeds

Elizabeth Howard
USA

Canada geese
under the rainbow
a new immigrant

Chen-ou Liu
Canada

spring rain
the snowman we made
no longer cool

John Soules
Canada

koi pond . . .
a skipping stone shatters
the moon

Sholka Shankar
India

river cliffs
answering one another
dog and echo dog

Elaine Riddell
New Zealand

into turbulence
a hundred years
of ridge crossings

Barbara A. Taylor
Australia

supper for one
a bare branch taps
at the window

Robert Lucky
Ethiopia

driving north
following the lead of
sandhill cranes

John Han
USA

lenten retreat . . .
a sparrow cocks its head
into silence

Hansha Teki
New Zealand

twilight lake
the sound of a paddle
approaching the shore

Polona Oblak
Slovenia

harvest sun—
old and young all busy
making a scarecrow

ফসলি সূর্য -
বুড়ো, বাচ্চা, সব ব্যস্ত
কাগতাদুমা বানাতে

Kuheli Santra
India

October leaves
how many years
of letting go

Jennifer Thiermann
USA

spring wind . . .
I reach for the clouds
with a kite

Vinay Leo R.
India

weaving
through my bicycle spokes
river reeds

Robyn Cairns
Australia

a hobo blows into town spring wind

Alexis Rotella
USA

autumn—
a young janitor sweeps
yesterday's rain

Anna Mazurkiewicz
Poland

shortest day
down to the sea
for a long look out

Peter Newton
USA

escape
from the urban haze
I breath blue skies

Johnnie Johnson Hafernik
USA

high summer
juice drips from every bite
of my peach

Brad Bennett
USA

migrating birds
my husband bids them goodbye
as to our sons

wędrownie ptaki
mój mąż żegna je tak samo
jak naszych synów

Irena Szewczyk
Poland

currawongs fly
down from the cold high country
I sort morning tea

Linda Galloway
USA

cicada's song . . .
I listen to the sounds
of bamboo growing

Anitha Varma
India

crescent moon—
the quiet sheen
of a raven's beak

Theresa A. Cancro
USA

the white lotus
glides on pond ripples—
a fish leaps

Valerie Jean Schafer
USA

glassy lake
smooth v-wake widens
a silent loon glides

Shirley Plummer
USA

sunrise
in a drop of dew
the goldcrest's song

Claire Everett
United Kingdom

half-way across
the icy footbridge
Vespers bells

Mark Brager
USA

chestnut moon—
birthday pudding makes
the baby smile

Pravat Kumar Padhy
India

end of winter
our old black cat
returns to the beginning

Brent Goodman
USA

morning fog
pierced by sharp
sunbeams

jutarnju maglu
oštrim snopom svjetlosti
probija sunce

Ljubica Šporčić
Croatia

herbarium . . .
mint-scented moon
and her laughter

Diana Teneva
Bulgaria

the butterfly—
it moves away from a flower
between stones

*la mariposa—
se aleja de una flor
entre pedradas*

*Rogelio Rodríguez "Viento"
Spain*

smell of rain
on the mountaintop
spring rain

*miris kise
na vrhovima planine
boje proleca*

*Tatjana Debeljacki
Serbia*

sun-drenched corner
the perfect curve of a dew claw

*Aron Rothstein
USA*

distant valley
a tune occupies my mind
rising moon

दूर वादी
एक धुन मेरे दिमाग पर सवार
उगता चाँद

*Neelam Dadhwal
India*

tending graves—
all of the fireflies
he never knew

Ernesto P. Santiago
Philippines

eucalyptus stand
winter monarchs peel
into sunlight

James Chessing
USA

salmon sky—
a wedge of geese
shifts its leader

Marianne Paul
Canada

my umbrella
flipped in the wind—
uncertain days

Adelaide B. Shaw
USA

plum blossoms
the hide and seek
of black ants

Jasna Popović
Croatia

the slant
of each breakwater rock
twilight yoga

Bill Cooper
USA

cattails

May 2014
Haiku Sequences

Wizened Willows

Anne Curran, NZ & *an'ya*, USA

june moonlight
the pout of full lips
from a billboard

up with the cows
squirting milk from a teat
into her pail

shallow trenches
my father's hands plant
potato seedlings

deep puddle
a yellow boot sucked
off one foot

wizened willows . . .
grandmother fast asleep
with her mouth open

new year's eve
friends and family toast
"bottoms' up"

fireworks display
the eyes of onlookers
bursting into stars

DAWN TO DUSK

Bernard Gieske, USA

night owl—
whiskers twitching
in the grass

across the sky
striking its blush
sleepless sun

day breaks
with the finch's song—
morning glory

summer breeze
the swing in the tree
feels a tug

weaving a path
through the wheat field
one thirsty beagle

flowing waters
cascade into a pool
splashing laughter

skinny dipping
escaping the heat
shouting a dare

cliff of intrigue
a boy plunges high
into the sky

cont...

shadows of dusk
a mockingbird mimics
Debussy's l'après-midi

into the night
the azure of quietude—
shimmering stars

Eppur Si Muove

A Winter Shisan by:
Tomislav Maretić, Croatia
Linda Papanicolaou, USA
composed online, September 2013-February 2014

1.
night chill—
a raccoon peers through
the patio door

the autumn rain's sound
lulling me into dreams

one finger enough
to stop its pendulum
grandfather clock

2.
eppur si muove. . .
with the very last breath

in the silence
of the moonlight
snowy owl

cont...

this diamond ring shines
through generations

3.
across the table
between two employees
a meeting of eyes

their road to the love nest
too muddy to pass

two—three balloons
rise into a cloudy sky over
the roofs of Paris

4.
an artist with his palette
brushes on the blue

white oleander
blossoms resisting
the summer dusk

something starts tugging
on the fisherman's line

Tom Maretić:
verses 2, 4, 6, 7, 9, 11
Linda Papanicolaou:
verses 1, 3, 5, 8, 10, 12

TEXAS ROOTS

Vanessa Raney, Croatia

Houston snow
to a seven year old
a white inferno

Tubing in Paris
where alligator rocks
grab at my feet

Austin glow-lights
rising from a river
darker than night

EC Commentary

Since we have three times as many haiku as any other genre, I have selected "five" Editor's Choices for this edition.

railroad crossing
we fancy ourselves
art critics

Barbara Snow USA

Here is an Editor's Choice moment composed by Barbara Snow from the USA. When I first read this one, it had the "feel" of a haiku, although no actual season word or nature reference was present. As a matter of fact, exactly what did it mean? . . . which reminded me to re-remind myself that half of a successful haiku, is up to the reader! So I reread it and finally realized that the depth of this write is amazing whether it qualifies as a haiku or perhaps sits on that fine-line between haiku and senryu.

Metaphorically speaking, the author could have come to that railroad crossing in her own life, but technically speaking, I asked myself what was she trying to say in the next two lines? Well of course, the answer is simple, but sometimes the simplicity of a moment, is what a reader misses, and in Barbara's haiku this was the case.

Imagine coming to a stop in your vehicle at the railroad crossing, maybe you are in a hurry to get someplace and the long train is taking what seems like forever as they often do! Then suddenly you realize that you are watching the "graffiti" on the sides of the cars, and here comes the punch line, you have become an "art critic"!

For me, this was an "aha" moment for sure and a very unique haiku/senryu that I am happy to share with all of our readers.

—an'ya, *cattails* principal editor

sacred chank—
a prayer echoes
off the walls

Shrikaanth Krishnamurthy
United Kingdom

This Editor's Choice haiku is by Shrikaanth Krishnamurthy who lives in the United Kingdom. It is about the "sacred chank" which is a type of conch blown in Indian temples and at homes to offer prayer to God. These kind of conch have a special hole drilled in them for blowing. With this haiku, I can hear it echo prayer off its own walls, as well as off temple walls or the walls in someone's home. A deep meaning and very nice sound haiku that gives us the visuals of this lovely shell as a bonus.

—an'ya, *cattails* principal editor

blue poppies
the temperature of twilight
on Tibetan snow

Thomas H Chockley
USA

Speaking of fine visuals, this stunning haiku by Thomas H Chockley from the USA, is also an Editor's Choice. The way that Thomas combines those "blue poppies" and "twilight on Tibetan snow" is wonderful. One can easily feel the raw temperature through the carefully chosen words in this haiku.

—an'ya, *cattails* principal editor

water streaming
from the moose's jaw
Rainbow Falls trail

Nola Obee
Canada

What an impressive scene created in this Editor's Choice haiku by Nola Obee from Canada. Even if you have never been or never go to "Rainbow Falls trail", there is no better way to visit there than this moment. Such a dynamic picture of this massive and magnificent creature with water streaming from its jaw in juxtaposition with the Rainbow Falls! Thank you Nola for sharing this one with our readers.

—an'ya, *cattails* principal editor

moon dust moths
their wings spread across
peeling bark

Robyn Cairns
Australia

By Robyn Cairns from Australia, this Editor's Choice haiku is breathtaking. The wings of moths are perfectly matched and although not as flashy as a butterfly, they are to me, quite special with patterns that would make for a beautiful sweater. "moon dust moths" on "peeling bark" is a great visual in itself as their wings blend into the bark.

—an'ya, *cattails* principal editor

cattails

May 2014

Haibun

A Sea Story

Giselle Maya

France

soft breeze
eternal
this June hour

Glad to be alone after a bus ride with students I walked along the shoreline of Cassis, found a rocky solitary spot, stretched out to take a rest in the sun.

Pleasantly relaxed I heard a voice nearby which said: "Aimez-vous les oursins?" ("do you like sea urchins?") Without thinking I answered "oui", as I thought the creature itself was meant, sat up and saw the head and shoulders of a young man in a wetsuit smiling at me from the sea.

Immediately he dove down into the turquoise Mediterranean, emerged with a dark spiky sea urchin in his hand. He climbed up the rock, opened the creature with a small knife and presented it to me. This is considered a delicacy—I had never tasted it, carefully I ate one small piece, colored orange and nodded in appreciation. He encouraged me to eat more.

He slid up onto the rock like a mermaid and we conversed on various topics.

from the deep
an unexpected offering
for the sun

Strangers

Paresh Tiwari

India

It is almost a ritual now, the moment I pull off my blanket and step gingerly on the cold floor, the wet nose of my Labrador welcomes and follows me till I take him out for his run. The dog, though big and burly is extremely gentle. In all his four years of existence, I have never needed to put him on a leash.

Today, five minutes into his walk, he notices something in the distance and uncharacteristically bolts. Sensing that he is no mood to comply and turn back, I break into a run fearing that someone might get scared or hurt. In the distance, I notice a stray pup – brown, malnourished, ribs sticking out in a trellis frame, a thin tail between his hind legs bent over in an awkward semi-circle and Simba sniffing him all over. The stray whimpers feebly; but holds his ground. Sized up, both dogs decide that they are not a threat to each other, then at first tentatively and then with increasing confidence they start playing together...running circles around trees, nipping at fallen leaves.

I stand looking at them as the first string of morning walkers start appearing on the road. With brightly coloured earphones jammed in their ears, they walk past briskly...scarcely noticing the trees, the flowers, the birds or each other.

joggers' park

... we slip past each other

in concentric circles

Increments

Glenn G. Coats

USA

I listen to the wind whispering, imagine
it's them speaking of their failing crops
while eating a scant evening meal.
I don't know who these tears are for.

Ray Rasmussen

My father gives me a chemistry kit for my birthday. I read the directions but ignore the warnings as I mix up the ingredients to make chlorine gas. I ask my father to take a sniff and his eyes water for days. He comes through the door after work with tears streaming down his face.

Years go by, decades, and I never see tears in my father's eyes. Not at funerals, not after he crashes his big Ford Galaxy, not when the big trout shakes his fly or when the lawn dies during a prolonged drought.

Now my father and I talk on the phone and I hear him start to cry. I do not ask, "Why are you crying? What's wrong?" I know the tears are for a business partner who is long gone, a company about to close, eyelets he can no longer thread, faces he no longer recognizes. My father's tears are for the oak once piled high—the logs that are left to burn.

moonlit water—
in the end he flicks
a cane pole

I walk the Island

Jeffrey Streeby

USA

At sunrise, we beach the old dory on frozen mudflats then spread out a dozen yards apart across the narrow island. As soon as the last man takes his place, we set off.

Everywhere the cover is heavy: stands of close-growing saplings; groves of old-growth cottonwoods, fat fox squirrels chittering in their crowns; small clearings—low places—muddy, thick with preacher's lice, cockleburs and ditchweed; a scattering of tall red oaks, most scarred by lightning. And all those broad thickets of wild raspberry, one after another, their canes, waist high, so densely coiled they shred our clothes to rags.

Though no one can see them yet, we hear deer ahead of us snort and stamp and then move off.

After an hour or so—blunt thunder of the first shots.

November afternoon—
in the buck's wild eye,
Darwin's hypothesis.

Our party took nine deer that day. I have a photograph in black and white that is dramatic as a Rembrandt—winter evening, end of the chase, deer tagged and hung by their heads from a derelict cattle shed's drooping purlins. And posed each beside his trophy, shotgun cradled in the crook of an arm, is a man cocky and self-conscious as any Night watch. Those nine—ice in their beards, their faces in my camera's flash bright against the early darkness, white clouds of their breathing fading shade by shade into that one November instant's chance chiaroscuro—are now all gone. Gone too, even the farm where the shed stood. Beside a tumbledown fence lost in old windbreaks, the abandoned field road fades. At its end, beyond a few rotting stumps of pilings, there is the Missouri always slipping away. In the channel rises a wooded island a few rods wide.

Sometimes, if memory serves, out of those groves and thickets there will come deer.

Déjà vu.

The moon visits on each river
its weight of metaphor.

Untitled

Janet Whitney

USA

I walk a familiar path in my imagination because the day is cold. Worn grass leads me to the pond. The waterfall is frozen, suspended against lava rock. Stiff cat tails, poking through ice, replace summer's water lilies. Leafless branches open to the sky. I am careful with my steps because a neighbor's dog, nearly blind, has fallen through the ice and died.

walking carefully
on winter's path
and still I slip

All Good Things Come to an End

David H. Rosen

USA

Willow, head on
blue monkey boy . . .
nearing doggy heaven

Five years ago we rescued a golden mutt, a "Pet of the Month." He blossomed like a flower that needed water, but we added gourmet food, walks and most important of all...love. We even found out his genetic make up: Golden Retriever (40%), Akita (20%), Rhodesian ridge back (20%) and others. This combination and the warmth of our home made for a friendly, loyal and meditative dog. He is the best dog that we have ever had. Like a descendant of Eastern royalty, he made "The Tibetan Book of the Dead" come to life. At first he flinched, so we assumed that he had been abused and/or dumped. There were no tags, so his exact age is not known. However, we kept the name Willow, given to him by the County Humane Society, as it fit his character.

Tragedy struck last year, when he suddenly fell a great height at night. He hit stone hard, broke bones and the sound we heard was a cry of death. He could not move and two Sheriff deputies helped us move him on a stretcher to our car. Then we spent hours at an Emergency Vet Clinic. The Vet told us that he might not make it. The next day he was transferred to a Vet Hospital. His treatment was outstanding, but we were advised that he might never walk again. Also, he was unable to wag his tail.

We visited twice a day for a week and gradually he improved. Once back at our house, an animal physical therapist got him to stand. A home care Vet. did acupuncture and we took him for Chinese Vet, therapy. Over several months Willow could go on daily walks and flirt with Ruby, a black lab down the street. He, also, became a therapy dog for emotionally distressed patients. I say this, as a psychiatrist and Jungian analyst.

Since dogs can only see blue, we got a stuffed animal (blue monkey boy) for him. This transitional object, like Linus's blanket, has been a comfort and symbolic of his healing experience.

Recently, Willow has slowed, been in pain and had difficulty walking. It's so sad for us , but we love him dearly and do our best to give him the best quality of life. He has shooting pains and new medication only does so much for his crippling arthritis. It seems that eternal rest awaits him. Still, we do everything so he enjoys each day and we pray for his soul.

Willow, head on
blue monkey boy . . .
nearing doggy heaven

The Interview

Nadine Waltman Harmon

USA

My heart's rhythm seems to match the fluttering of leaves on the magnolia tree outside the window of my two-storied classroom. The magnolia tree is old, possibly as old as this Old North Tower building on the college campus. Even the wooden steps I climb each day show their age. The wind blows and the leaves turn into the sun, making them shiny, as shiny as the green velvet dress I wore the Christmas I was seven years old.

secure on the stem
a fat green caterpillar
sheds its old coat

Miss Stroud, my English teacher, has given me an assignment, one that makes me nervous. I adjust the tie on my white blouse—the one I cross-stitched on the collar. I am careful to sit still so as not to undo the pleats in my white sharkskin skirt that my older sister sewed by hand. (She typed a term paper and earned three dollars for the fabric). I have never had such an assignment before and my sister, proud of me, wants me to look nice for the occasion.

Mr. Robert Frost, the poet, will speak at the college today and high school students from the teachers training college are invited to the lecture. My assignment is to interview Mr. Frost. Avoiding the envious glances of my classmates, I study the hand-sized Magnolia blossoms, their fragrance through the open window is sweet as honey, but different from the violets blooming in the river bottom land I call home.

in its sunny cage
an African gray parrot
learns a new language

Mr. Frost talks and recites his poetry for an hour. When the assembly ends I meet Mr. Frost in a back room of the assembly hall. We face each other, sitting on wooden folding chairs. The poet's chair squeaks when he adjusts himself. I see he is not as tall as my father, but much taller than I am. Mr. Frost looks older than my father. I want to ask his age but that would not be polite. I can always find more information in the library. His face is ruddy, his hair is a wondrous white reminding me how snow makes caps on top of the wooden fence posts surrounding our ranch. I keep both feet on the floor so my pleated skirt covers my knees. Mr. Frost wipes his brow and speaks kindly, urging me to ask questions.

He nods when I tell him we have been studying his poetry in our English class. I ask what he eats for breakfast. He smiles and says "raw egg in milk". I wonder if that's what makes his hair so thick.

in the tree top
waiting for winter
five red apples

I don't know what I'll remember about my interview of Mr. Robert Frost, the poet. But I know what I'm having for breakfast.

Keepers (EC)

JT Blankenship (nom de plume Terri French)

USA

We just got back from Carnis' visitation. Me, Daddy, and Mama was the only white folk there. Most white folk wouldn't give two licks about an old black man dyin', but Carnis was my friend. He's who taught me to cane pole fish when I was just four-years-old.

The black folk could be found fishin' off the Somerville Bridge nearly every day come Spring. The whole family would be there—little nappy-headed, barefoot children runnin' around laughin' and old folk sittin' on upturned plastic pickle buckets they'd pulled from the Pig Stand BBQ's trash.

Daddy let Carnis fish our pond on account of Carnis had once saved him from drownin' when he was a youngin'. He mostly fished for bream and sometimes snagged a snapping turtle that he'd take home to his wife who cleaned it and turned it to soup.

skimming stones. . .
a Skoal ring on
his Wrangler's

When Carnis pulled into the driveway Daddy'd let me jump into the back of his old pick-up and ride with him to the pond at the back of our pasture. Just before my fifth birthday, he brought me a six-foot cane pole that had been his boy's. He said it was high time I quit gawkin' at him and learnt to fish. First, he tied a ten-pound test line to his own pole which was twiced as long as mine. He tied it three feet from the end and secured it every six inches or so with black electrical tape, then knotted it real good at the end. He always brought along his rusted, red tackle box that held line, corks, scissors, pliers, hooks, and bandages—which I don't reckon were for the fish.

Sunday morning
a Jesus bug
walks on water

We threw our lines out near the fallen willow tree cuz Carnis said bream liked to find them hidey holes around weeds and stumps and such. Crickets were the bream's favorite food, but

small grasshoppers did in a pinch. Carnis made me bait my own hook. I still remember the crunch when the hook went through the bug's belly. I was happier than a tick on a fat dog when I pulled in that first fish. To my four-year-old eyes that fish was a whopper, but Carnis said she wasn't a keeper and made me throw her back.

"Let her git some meat on her bones, son. Yo Mama don't want no scrawny fish in her fryin' pan."

I was plenty ill with Carnis that day, but we caught plenty of keepers in the years we fished together. I reckon our friendship was the biggest keeper of all. I sure am gonna miss that old man.

tent revival
the preacher gets
tongue-tied

Trailmix (EC)

Angelee Deodhar

India

Yesterday from Torrey Pines past myriads of greens of the Golf course, into the scent of eucalyptus we walked on the Guy Fleming trail to a point where we could see the ocean, the lacy waves restless on the beach, spume on the rocks, people walking, paddle boating and fishing.

On this trail, once the only road to Los Angeles, from 1941 to 1945 there was a training camp for soldiers, now in the distance there is a busy freeway. Here we walk past the Mojave yucca against yellow sandstone, grey brown brush, tiny desert flowers, different cacti, scrub pines from which one blue jay emerges then another, the call of crows. After sitting on a wooden bench on which I trace the weathered design which is like the waves, we walk slowly, reluctantly leaving behind arroyo, mesa, the trail. A father carrying his child in a body sling passes us with a smile and a wave . . .

freshman year—
hiding in the tide pool
a shy lobster

Non-numerical one

Michael Rehling

USA

The breeze suddenly stops. My pulse stops for a brief moment also, or so it seems. Nature and human nature are one. The physical and the spiritual are one. And yet, and yet, we are drawn to making distinctions. It is the 'stress' of living.

summer meditation
the passing clouds too
have left the sky

A slow day

Adelaide B. Shaw

USA

snow gently falling
once bare trees
dress in ermine

There is no wind, just a steady descent of large flakes. My eyes grow heavy as I watch out my window. No sounds in the house, no sounds outside. Birds and squirrels have disappeared as has everyone else.

the day put on hold
cocooned by snow
I am invisible

(Tanka Prose)

Meeting Leigh

*Anne Curran
New Zealand*

Our group drives from inland Hamilton to arrive at Leigh marae on the coast. We gathered two terms ago to learn basic te reo Maori, and I had come to enjoy the group's companionship.

On a beautiful Saturday morning, we visit an adjacent bay to dive for New Zealand sea urchin, otherwise known as kina. This ensemble of divers dressed in black singlet and shorts lay about the rocks chatting and sunning themselves, intermittently slipping into the sea to fetch their catch.

After lunch I decide to walk to the cliff top to take in the ocean view: the island contours that sentry its horizon, its colorful, busy skiffs creating wake, and flashes of leaping silver.

seagulls
screeching over
the cliff top . . .
I lift my arms
my heart rises skyward

My paths cross with a solitary elderly Chinese woman from our group. She lifts her arms in acknowledgement of my presence, and smiles.

The Science of Regrets

Sonam Chhoki

Bhutan

A single translucent star in the dusk sky. A calf, newly weaned, calls out in desolate search. Blue pines on the hill shiver points of light. In my throat I feel a tightening knot of all the loves that might have been and were not . . .

year of drought
the silence
of the cow herder's flute

The Shekinah

Hansha Teki
New Zealand

Mount Sinai has its history of the nameless appearing as fire within a bush; and then again, not as a mountain-shaking wind, nor an earthquake and not even a fire, but as a gentle breeze. On Mount Carmel the nameless fell as fire and burned up the sacrifice, the wood, the stones and the soil, and also licked up the water in the trench. On another sacred mountain a shining cloud voiced the name of the nameless transfiguring the familiar before our eyes. Here, on this day, within my eyes, the peaks of the Southern Alps fold up as joined fingers from the bowels of below. They become playgrounds of light in enfolding clouds, hiding and revealing sun and moon and stars. The folds of the mountains muscled in snow and shadow, the soundless depth of fiords, the sheen of cascading waters among alpine trees unfold continuous streams of change. Countless are the poets who try to exhaust the nature of the scenes I behold yet fall prostrate in silence. Artists too find no further use for their tools and canvases after dashing off incomplete brush strokes in ink.

Shall I now, this day, strain to become at one with the ineffable, plummeting into the depths or soaring into the heavens? Must I too remain at peace with discontent as birds are with wings?

Night after night I strain against the stubborn rigidity of words and the finitude of my imagination as I seek to exhaust the ever-changingness of the day and the night within them.

through the mist
day after day bitten
to the core

My Memory Stick

Trica Knoll

USA

Seven hundred poems, nine hundred haiku all hanging on a hard—drive, backed up, a thought closet. My little bits of pixelated charges, the zings and zaps of a life lived. To quicken the universe with my love? These kilos and gigas of bytes, my ons and offs, the moments of oneness and the other times zeroed. What charge have they to carry on after me?

the hole the earthworm
brings up in the mud
these heavy rains

Unwanted

Alexander Jankiewicz

UAE

It's that time of month and she prays. This is not how it was supposed to happen. It was a mistake. She thought that he loved her. He said so, but then he ran away. She thinks of the happy stories her parents have always told her about when she was born. How much they wanted her. That's how she's always imagined it would be for her, too. She always pretended that her stuffed animals and dolls were her babies, that she would be just like her mother. Now, she waits... like a paper cut waits... to bleed. Alone.

the spring air
through an open window
taunts the youth
of a childless mother's
unanswered prayer

Another day

Shrikaanth Krishnamurthy
United Kingdom

She rises, her mind young as ever- her stiff joints disagree violently. Will power! The same that has kept her ticking her for seventy years. How much longer? Between prayers- her son's face.

gnarled banyan

its prop root afar

broken o

f

f

A quick walk in the park—a riot of flowers. Like the ones my son used to pick for me. Returning home, she picks up the newspaper- stories of war, famine, killing. As if nothing good happens in the world. She quickly turns to her favourite part.

solving the
cryptic crossword—
will he come?

An hour of watching soaps on tv; a game of scrabble; an indifferent lunch- eaten in silence. You are the best cook in the world mummy. Little kids come for music lessons. Saa- Paa- Saa. What a sweet voice he had! And a quick learner too.

an off note
rattling the gate
winter wind

What it is to be afraid

Sonam Chhoki

Bhutan

Long corridor. Doors on either side shut. He knocks on one. No response. He knocks on another, then another and another in a row. He hears murmurs of conversation. He is certain he has heard his name. Chairs scrape the bare boards. Clatter of feet. Keys turn in locks in a row. He flees the long corridor.

Outside. Men walk, heads bent, collars turned up in the rain. He crosses the road and looks back up at the window. Faces stare out in a row.

sun-struck the lizard pulsing boulder of silence

Dementia (Mild to Moderate)

Roberta Beary

USA/Ireland

My mother hugs me hard and tells me I am beautiful. She says, "I love you, I love you" in a voice that anyone can hear. She blows kisses my way. We hold hands and she turns her head and smiles at me. When I get up to leave, she asks me to stay for dinner. She grins and says there is a man she wants me to meet, someone who adores her. I demur and say I have to leave. She laughs, then says, "I won't hold it against you!" In my life, I have never known her to be cheerful. I have never seen her engage in banter. Or dish out compliments. I do not know this woman. I want my mother back.

long after . . .
the frailty
of silk roses

cattails

May 2014

Haiga and Tankart

Unfortunately, all haiga and tankart images are not included in this archived version of the May 2014 issue of *cattails*. They could not be found in any of the *cattails* computer back-ups.

Shloka Shankar

India

Artwork: *Bosko Blagojevic*

Canada

Donald Horstman

USA

Ramesh Anand

India

Damir Janjalija

Serbia

Damir Janjalija

Australia

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EC

Ken Sawitri
Indonesia
Painting: *Jimat Achmadi*
Indonesia

Shloka Shankar
India
Art: *Dwarakanathan Ravi*
India

Johnny Baranski, haiku
Terri French, artwork

Giselle Maya
France
Artwork: *Aisha*
France
Calligraphy:
Yasuo Mizui

Rita Odeh
Israel

Donald Horstman
USA

Debbie Strange
USA

Ken Sawitri
Indonesia

Samantha Sirimanne Hyde
Australia

Marcyn Del Clements
USA

Adelaide B. Shaw, USA

Rita Odeh
Israel

යළින්, හිම කල
තවත් වසරකට
ඔබගේ අඩිපාර මග

Samantha Sirimanne Hyde
Australia

an'ya
USA

Carol Horstman
USA

nasz miłość
czy będzie trwała?
grzmot z oddali

Irena Szewczyk
Poland

Beth McFarland
Germany

Photo: *Ron Rosenstock*
Haiku: *Gabriel Rosenstock*
Ireland

cocaí féir . . .
á, ní raibh ann
ach brionglóid

haystacks . . .
ah, it was all
a dream

cattails

May 2014

Senryu

on the threshold
of the Writer's Center—
taking a pratfall

Ruth Holzer
USA

insomnia—
the son she buried
inside my name

Roberta Beary
USA/Ireland

income tax to mail
the postal clerk sells me
a love stamp

Adelaide B. Shaw
USA

test results
not knowing if not knowing
is better

David J Kelly
Ireland

a path
to the young lovers' door—
rose petals

Mike Wood
Australia

hospital ward
the hum of machines
she no longer needs

Rachel Sutcliffe
United Kingdom

tiny skirt—
the carpenter grabs
a long plank

Mike Wood
Australia

dating again
nothing has changed
except me

Claudette Russell
USA

eggshells—
choosing the right
recycle bin

Sondra J. Byrnes
USA

thaw—
the home video I forgot
to label

Alegria Imperial
Canada

clap of thunder
the rock star's
indecipherable song

Richard St. Clair
USA

speed dating
every face looks
like my ex's

Chen-ou Liu
Canada

all the colors of a rainbow my perfect jump shot

S.M. Abeles
USA

our conversation longer than the candle

Julie Warther
USA

Yom Hashoah—
an armored bulldozer clears
the olive orchard

Brent Goodman
USA

home from holiday
welcomed at the door
by a cockroach

Elaine Riddell
New Zealand

cataracts
at least the moon
is larger

Brad Bennett
USA

gentle rain ---
neighbours argue
over beer

Mike Wood
Australia

wife scowls
also her identical twin—
i'm six pegs down

Pranav Kodial
India

power surge . . .
passing through
the candy aisle

Barbara Snow
USA

Parkinson's the late stages of desire

Gregory Longenecker
USA

Viagra billboard . . .
I wait
for signs of spring

Chen-ou Liu
Canada

watching you
reading it
spy novel

Rachel Sutcliffe
United Kingdom

my mother's hands
on my daughter's wrists
the way they shuffle cards

Julie Warther
USA

waning crescent . . .
she slips off
her little black dress

Mark E. Brager
USA

at the butcher's
the hunter brags about
yesterday's kill

Barbara A. Taylor
Australia

wafting
from the old bakery
my father's voice

S.M. Abeles
USA

last ray
of morning sun
the receptionist's smile

S.M. Abeles
USA

lining the bottom
of the parakeet cage—
his opinion

Sondra J. Byrnes
USA

keeping fit—
the bicycle ride
to the wine shop

Mary Franklin
Canada

kissing a frog—
all those things
that could go wrong

Angela Terry
USA

la-z-boy
dad disappears
and the chair snores

Barbara Tate
USA

hospital vending machine
the slow corkscrew
just stops

Peter Newton
USA

her private things—
disposing of them
in a see-thru bag

Ruth Holzer
USA

alzheimer's ward
forget-me-nots
beg for water

Bernard Gieske
USA

song fest
at the Senior Center
old chestnuts

Neal Whitman
USA

sorting through the bag
of Mother's clothes
her back brace like new

Marcyn Del Clements
USA

rainbow flag
mother tiptoes around
the subject

Roberta Beary
USA/Ireland

bereavement
the pianist stops
mid-rhapsody

Roberta Beary
USA/Ireland

oh shadow
where would you be
without me

Bernard Gieske
USA

meditation
relieves the pain
of the lotus position

Joe McKeon
USA

senior love
we make plans to merge
our bucket lists

Joe McKeon
USA

in-laws' visit
basement guest room
worth the money

Claudette Russell
USA

brother's love
conditional
at the moment

Jesus Chameleon
Mariana Islands, U.S.A.

warm front
quietly i undress
the weatherman

Brent Goodman
USA

walking out
of Sunlit ZenCenter . . .
which way to turn

Chen-ou Liu
Canada

Muzak
I remember the records
she kept

Gregory Longenecker
USA

old banjo man
full of pluck
to the end

Peter Newton
USA

night stars—the gap between
who I am and who I am not

Ernesto P. Santiago
Philippines

the talk of the town
slows to a trickle
double rainbow

Angela Terry
USA

these lovely names
nightingale and whippoorwill
people call me Joe

Ayaz Daryl Nielsen
USA

spinal center—
the assistant
jiggles the skeleton

Ruth Holzer
USA

Swiss cheese
the way she knows me
inside and out

Gregory Longenecker
USA

before another word is spoken plum blossoms

Mark E. Brager
USA

every morning
my face in the mirror
a fresh surprise

Adelaide B. Shaw
USA

going home
reunited with
my teenage ghost

Rachel Sutcliffe
United Kingdom

nuclear winter
snow
globe

Michele Alice
USA

withered lotus—
the wrinkles I see
in the mirror

Vinay Leo R.
India

my sake
the color of dusk
wandering poet

Neal Whitman
USA

digging around
in *Leaves of Grass*
for a haiku

Robert Epstein
USA

influenza
the pop star's
well-wishers

Peter Newton
USA

0 matches in my haplogroup spring fever

Roberta Beary
USA/Ireland

waiting room
rereading yesterday's
obituaries

Mark E. Brager
USA

dusk . . .
wishing on the first
firefly

Mark E. Brager
USA

thin ice—
I meet
her parents

Nicholas M. Sola
USA

we set up lawn chairs
to watch our neighbor's
house burn

Nicholas M. Sola
USA

twentieth birthday—
the boogeyman
grows with you

Nicholas M. Sola
USA

sand dollars
the currency of tides
in my pocket

Debbie Strange
Canada

we blow
our cares away . . .
pinwheel

Debbie Strange
Canada

mountain lupine . . .
the colour of wild
in your eyes

Debbie Strange
Canada

tranquil inlet
the boat-hire attendant shakes
a crab from his thong

Cynthia Rowe
Australia

scrimshaw
the sailor carves
his dreams

Cynthia Rowe
Australia

days of editing
periods and ellipses
take over my dreams

Johnnie Johnson Hafernik
USA

early light
the cat eyeing the squirrel
eyeing me

Johnnie Johnson Hafernik
USA

cemetery
looking for something
to hold on to

Robert Epstein
USA

Alcatraz
what hard labor it is
to get over myself

Robert Epstein
USA

before the season
of cherry blossoms
cherry blossoms

Robert Epstein
USA

new menu
consulting facebook
to see what I like

John Soules
Canada

class reunion—
old buddies share
diet coke

Shrikanth Krishnamurthy
United Kingdom

the void
after the breakup
tea fills it

Shrikanth Krishnamurthy
United Kingdom

bridge night . . .
I fall asleep on
grandpa's lap

Shloka Shankar
India

the sinister smile
of siblings in cahoots . . .
family dinner

Shloka Shankar
India

picking up the dog's poop
for the last time
how short life is

Karen Stromberg
USA

second marriage
getting closer to
the magic number

Claudette Russell
USA

reunion
not recognizing people
I wanted to see

Claudette Russell
USA

E7b5
James Brown slides sideways
across the bridge

Brent Goodman
USA

cancer call
the untrained eyes
look like rocks

Ernesto P. Santiago
Philippines

SENRYU SEQUENCE

winter diary for Bill: in memoriam

without you
days gather dust
heart half-shut

prickly ball
tossed from the sweet gum tree
seeds all gone

what to do
with these arms
this ache?

shall I tell
the all-night pharmacist
you're safe now?

You're the sparrow
running across
my frozen heart

piled snow curbside—
tonight we two might have caught
wisps of spring

through your long trial
these trees their crooked elbows
befriended me

tiny buds appear
above the caked ice
you're here

V for victory
one stout tree
with lopped-off limbs . . .

Janet Brof
USA

EC Commentary,

hospital ward
the hum of machines
she no longer needs

Rachel Sutcliffe
United Kingdom

Pathos is often underrated in senryu. This one speaks loudly with just a 'hum'. Having lost loved ones over the years this is the sound you want to hear least. It occurs when the fight is 'over' and signals, more than any alarm or flashing lights that what is 'wrong' is that the once vibrant is now silent. Put this one into the 'wish I wrote this' column for me.

—Senryu Editor *Mike Rehling*, USA

on eggshells—
choosing the right
recycle bin

Sondra J. Byrnes
USA

I am smiling about this one as I type. We humans try so hard to be reasonable and live sustainably, but in the end sometimes the 'pressure' of it all boils down to still having to make a 'choice' we are not entirely sure of in the end. You have to wonder, as a reader, which bin those eggshells did wind up in.

—Senryu Editor *Mike Rehling*, USA

last ray
of morning sun
the receptionist's smile

S.M. Abeles
USA

I have worked for many years for large corporations, and have always felt that the most important person in the company is the one that every visitor sees first. This job, that so many overlook the importance of, is one I tried to never overlook in any the companies I ran. By the way, the poet has left any description of this receptionist to the reader. Are they male, or female, young or old? But that smile is what we all remember, and take with us.

—Senryu Editor *Mike Rehling, USA*

rainbow flag
mother tiptoes around
the subject

Roberta Beary
USA/Ireland

There are few things that raise my ire more than prejudice, no matter the flavor it takes. Where would we be if people of all types and kinds did not 'stand up' for their rights? What makes us truly human, and humane, is not that we 'tolerate', but that we 'accept' our fellow humans. And yet, the generations often collide on these topics, and it takes acceptance on both sides to not just move the 'bar' out of play, but OUT entirely!

—Senryu Editor *Mike Rehling, USA*

cattails

May 2014

Tanka Pages

under the tree
hand-carved into a cross
the passing marked—
some dogs are mourned
more deeply than people

Marianne Paul
Canada

western sun
gilding the wings
of gulls
this ebb tide of my life
a peaceful place

Jan Foster
Australia

now and then
when my memory stalls
the word i seek
flies into my mind
in another tongue

Giselle Maya
France

first sparrow
the mulled sake cools down
without you
the first calendar page
is torn into pieces

Vessislava Savova
Bulgaria

dog watching
the sun disappear
behind clouds
wave after wave breaks
on an empty shore

*Pas mirno gleda
Kako Sunce nestaje
Iza oblaka
Talas se za talasom
Razbija o obalu*

*Biljana Kitić Čakar
Bosnia-Hercegovina*

released by children
symbols of peace in Ukraine
at the Vatican
a pair of white doves fall
to a crow and seagull

*Emily Jo Scalzo
USA*

sipping hot
cocoa by the window
snowflakes
usher me back to
the days of childhood

*Shloka Shankar
India*

again and again
I answer the same question
he remembers
what is it that bothers him
but not my response

*Elaine Riddell
New Zealand*

if I could wake
beside you in the morning
I would kiss you
until the sun went down
love you 'til it rose again

John Soules
Canada

an aged rose
sheds all it's petals
noiselessly,
one by one they go;
old memories

ಕಳಿತ ಹೂ
ದಳಗಳನೆಲ್ಲ
ಕಳಚುತಿದೆ
ಒಂದೊಂದಾಗಿ
ಹಳೆನೆನಪುಗಳು

Shrikaanth Krishnamurthy
United Kingdom

behind me
lies the Pacific
in its depths
the drowning specks
of hometown memories

Chen-ou Liu
Canada

The sun shining down
after days of sleet and rain—
squabbling sparrows:
Remembering that distant day
when sharp words came between us.

Richard St. Clair
USA

father,
son, daughter,
taking turns
carrying the picnic basket
to the end of the world

M. Kei
USA

the breeze
unbraids a willow
blond with catkins . . .
just another day when I
don't think about my mother

Claire Everett
United Kingdom

the first voice
I hear this morning . . .
a cardinal
calling, calling, as if life
depended on it

Janet L. Davis
USA

Granddad
always said, 'travel light',
leaving room
for love, laughter
and new destinations

Anne Curran
New Zealand

parents long passed
progeny independent
I enter
my seventh decade
vibrating with doubt

Amelia Fielden
Australia

a soldier's flag folded
in silence by your casket
birds soar into sky—
heavy hearts remain grounded
as your spirit is set free

Valerie Jean Schafer
USA
(Tribute to WWII Veteran Bernard L. Rice Sr.
8/28/1922 - 2/28/2014)

left on the tree
only rope marks
from a swing
this back and forth
of my resolve

Sondra J. Byrnes
USA

something
catches in my
throat
a swan against
the wind dark pond

Brad Bennett
USA

my husband
reading my diaries'
after I'm gone
the heartache of words
that were left unsaid

Susan Burch
USA

spiderlings kite
on a summer breeze
it is still
the way I hear you
spin childhood wishes

Louisa Howerow
Canada

the slant
of each breakwater rock
twilight yogamoon sighting—
a muezzin's call floats
over the mist

Paresh Tiwari
India

the salty edge
of palms the milky-ness
of spilled breaths
the shifting lines of dusk—
how does color deny rain?

Alegria Imperial
Canada

wind in my ears
the smell of the sea
laughter
from a kingfisher . . .
. . . I rest my paddle

Kirsty Karkow
USA

images
flicker on the screen
behind closed eyes
easy to pretend
it never happened

Jan Foster
Australia

cobwebs tangle
in the dusty corners
of my house—
like the burdens
weighing on my mind

Marilyn Humbert
Australia

my love affair
with obsession is over
no more writing
love poems under the moon
I now wander alone

Carole Johnston
USA

winter morning—
making love with our dog
in the bed
giggling all the way
who is kissing who?

Leslie Bamford
Canada

weighing
life's burdens against
its joys . . .
a night of freight trains
and starlit frost

Claire Everett
United Kingdom

long skeins
of grey sandhill cranes
glide overhead . . .
oh, may their rolling cries
herald an early spring

Mary Franklin
Canada

just inside
the monastery gate
it has sprung up—
an eco-cemetery
green in the lingering snow

Ruth Holzer
USA

his iron fists
shattered those summer nights . . .
her memories
come as if reflected
in the splintered glass

Chen-ou-Liu
Canada

questions
that slowly emerge
with dusk—
can i journey beyond
the margins of my mind?

Sondra J. Byrnes
USA

you were like the light
on those summer mornings
that opened the world . . .
the darkness of dementia
now rims your eyes

Sonam Chhoki
Bhutan

midwinter
and a waterfall trickles
under ice . . .
your open invitation
to come back if I want

Michele L. Harvey
USA

how long she endured
her pain and discomfort—
why do I complain
of the continued aches
that tell me I'm alive?

Adelaide B. Shaw
USA

a heron stands
at the water's edge
waiting for fish
we must break camp today
or perhaps tomorrow

Jerry Dreesen
USA

watching a fly
that's thrashing about
I come to think
of the struggles in
my own bowl of soup

Raamesh Gowri Raghavan
India

faint curve
snowfields to the horizon
my prairie home—
a chill runs the length
of my memory

Sondra Byrnes
USA

trailing my fingers
in the gondolier's shadow . . .
sleepless moon
I must be awake
in someone else's dream

Claire Everett
United Kingdom

the muse and I
live together for years
like two workers
who bunk in the same room . . .
snow flurries after Easter

Chen-ou Liu
Canada

Encased by warmth
of the beaming sun above,
I quiet my mind:
Bumblebees take nectar
from the azaleas.

Richard St. Clair
USA

rosemary from
your bridal bouquet
and funeral wreath
the scent of you
lingers on my hands

Debbie Strange
Canada

temari
from the silk scraps
of the kimono—
my mother-in-law stitches
family history into her quilt

Marianne Paul
Canada

describing her,
I wove my words through
Indra's Net—
'charming' became 'sparkling'
'fondness' became 'interconnectedness'

Spiros Zafiris
Canada

bruised smudges
on the horizon
your lies
change the climate
of our relationship

Jan Foster
Australia

on my roof
a thick blanket of snow . . .
will her three words
help my inner child
crawl from its hiding place?

Chen-ou-Liu
Canada

while watching
a farmer sow his seed
in tilled ground—
I pick the wild flowers
reaping what I've not sown

Bernard Gieske
USA

Sampaguita buds—
this string of prayer beads
falling apart
after years of normal use
I mishandle my faith

Ernesto P. Santiago
Philippines

in Sonora
a cactus in pink bloom—
how long
can i trap these
memories of you

Dave Zerby
USA

face pressed
against the cold window—
fresh snow
blue with moonlight where
a gardener works in secret

Sherryl Anders
USA

distant whitecaps
wild sea oats oscillate
along the dunes
a lone piper runs
through sand and ashes

an'ya
USA

my shoestring
unstrung again
some days
I just can't pull it
all together

Bernard Gieske
USA

she says
she'll win the war
with cancer
as if the battlefield
was on foreign soil

Michele L. Harvey
USA

the day he died
with black eyes narrowed
she told me
crows had eaten holes
in all her apples

Carole Johnston
USA

stenciled
on the sickle moon
winged shadows—
I leave the door ajar
and the windows open

Marilyn Humbert
Australia

spring sun
reversing at my doorstep
a quarter to three
this solitude that is part
of my daily routine

बंसत सूर्य
मुड़ता हुआ मेरे धर की दरवाज़े से
पौने तीन बजे
यह एंकात जो कि हैं हिस्सा
मेरी दैनिक नेमी का

Neelam Dadhwal
India

HOW SWEET THE ROBIN'S SONG

A TANKA SEQUENCE

Giselle Maya, France and Jann Wirtz, England
started February 16th, completed March 11th 2014

magical
linden blossom tea
steeping
asleep in a cocoon
of vivid winter dreams gm

skeletal trees stretched
against a rain heavy sky
February days
how sweet the robin's song
how white the dancing snowdrops jw

planting snowpeas
for the fifteenth year
forget not
where you have been
and where you are going gm

a family book
of five generations
for Mathilde
those sepia smiles
the last pages turned jw

let me just sit
and dream oh great spirit
on this woodland bench
the earth is greening
and I will tend it soon gm

cont...

a fine afternoon
I dig the last parsnips
think of first seeds
of earth air and water
and the slow-ploughing worm jw

when all will
end and begin again
from blue-green algae
a yellow columbine
can create itself from seed gm

from potential
the ten thousand things
stream into being
sparkling drops of dew
in the river of heaven jw

winter's end
the hidden spring calls
snowmelt water
you, warm in my arms
the gentlest being I know gm

fattening buds
on the old Magnolia . . .
not yet, not yet
hold back your Spring glory
from the winter's last glance jw

we dig
jerusalem artichokes
this cold day
flavor of crunchy roots
sliced and cooked in water gm

cont...

silence and mizzle
even the birds are quiet
this sunday afternoon
by the hedge those tiny suns
bright celandines lift my heart jw

I wake sometimes
when the cat touches my face
with a tentative paw
we drift into sleep together
entwined in snow-white dreams gm

before sunrise
the sound of windchimes
forecasts
another wintry day
yet ganders only fight in spring . . . jw

east wind
take me with you
into space
to gather words
for every season gm

after storm tides
beachcombing for driftwood
and cowrie shells
a book of short stories
jewelled with sea gifts jw

we are nothing
but a bunch of chemicals
he said
while building a bird house
for his ten-year-old son gm

cont...

the old man's shed
gathers dust and cobwebs
safe haven for mice
a place full of memories
and a thin drift of pipesmoke jw

memories
mother making preserves
father gardening
the child thought what will I be
and where shall I go . . . gm

the quiet life
I always wanted remained
a dream
until now in the Autumn
of my earthly days jw

a cat's paw
breeze ruffles the sea
sails fill
take me to that island
where Galadriel dwells gm

EC Commentary

the crows
are vanishing
at twilight
my child stretches
the end of play

Ramesh Anand
India

Such a simply delightful tanka by Ramesh Anand of India depicting a familiar scene, that I selected it as an Editor's Choice. The "crows" are vanishing at twilight", but no matter what country you live in, a child will always try to stretch out playtime. Minimal yet rhythmic in its presentation, this tanka is a little gem!

—an'ya, *cattails* principal editor

hard rain
tiny green toads sluicing
through the garden
tiny green tomatoes
bobbing in their wake

Elizabeth Howard
USA

This Editor's Choice tanka by Elizabeth Howard is a magical scene focusing strictly on nature, and her word choices are excellent. Those (tiny green) toads "sluicing" through the garden, and those (tiny green) tomatoes "bobbing" in their wake, are like a fairy-tale reminiscent of one of my favorite children's classics, *wind in the willows*.

—an'ya, *cattails* principal editor

sunlight
in an old garden
through the years
she searched for meaning
amongst the weeds and stones

Marje A. Dyck
Canada

Here is an Editor's Choice composed by Marje A. Dyck from Canada that focuses both on nature and human nature. It twists and pivots nicely in line three and leaves us to wonder if "she" ever did find that meaning she was searching for, but even if no meaning was found, just sitting in a sunlit garden must have given the person pleasure. Gardening, as many other hobbies, can be a spiritual pastime that soothes one's soul.

—an'ya, *cattails* principal editor

cattails

May 2014
Tanka Translations

UHTS Translator Amelia Fielden, from Australia, has translated into English, the following tanka, all on the theme of music, which were written in Japanese by poets of Japanese origin who are now living in Australia.

YUKALI ARMSTRONG

初孫をあやして歌うララバイは亡夫の好きな夕焼け小焼け

*cradling my first grandchild
I sing the song
beloved
of my deceased husband,
the sunset song*

CHIEKO KAWAMATA

タクト振る音を無くせし音楽家震災復興祈りレクイエム

*soundlessly
moving his baton the musician
conducts a requiem
to pray for recovery
from the earthquake disaster*

CHIEKO KAWAMATA

弦の響き指が踊るかピチカート心豊かな春の日の午後

*are fingers dancing
in the resonance
of the strings ?
pizzicato, this afternoon
of a soul-enriching spring day*

AKEMI KOBAYASHI

C音階やっと覚えて弾ける曲ドミファソだけでタップも出てくる

*after I've finally
learned the scale of C,
only the playing
of 'do re mi fa so'
provokes tap-dancing*

NAOKO LAMB

和太鼓に我が身太古のDNA目覚め腹より身を躍らせる

*awakening
through the taiko drums
to ancient DNA,
my body is set dancing
from the inside out*

NAOKO LAMB

庭出れば時折聞こゆ愛犬のつめ音空し逝きて数年

*sometimes, going out
into the garden, I hear
the hollow sound
of the nails of my pet dog
dead these several years*

NAOKO LAMB

病院の窓の明りに偲ばるるありし日の姉歌いし「聖夜」

*in the light
from the hospital window
is the memory
of my elder sister that day
singing 'Silent Night'*

SAEKO OGI

鍵盤に「花」のしらべを弾きだせば背後に兄の若き声する

*when I play
the melody 'Cherry Blossoms'
on the keyboard,
I hear behind me
my brother's young voice*

SAEKO OGI

ふるさとの歌の数々唄ひつつ友それぞれの想ひにふける

as they sing

a number of nostalgic songs

my friends

are sinking into

their respective reminiscences

For further details of the collection 'Music of the Heart' from which these tanka are drawn, and its availability, please email Amelia direct:

anafielden@gmail.com

cattails

May 2014

Youth Page

Overall, we were very impressed with our new “Youth Corner” submissions. Thank you to an excellent teacher Kala Ramesh, we are receiving many wonderful haiku from India, (see her article on page 2.) We have also received wonderful haiku from the youth of the USA and United Kingdom.

Principal Editor’s Favorites:

as if the moon
had a hundred moons . . .
lantern festival

Chase Fire (age 18)
USA Youth Ambassador

This haiku by Chase Fire our Youth Ambassador for the USA, is a fine example to set for all our other young contributors. It is as if this haiku was written by one of the “old Japanese Masters” in its content and lilting comparison. A super visual of all those lanterns that look like a hundred moons without actually using the word “like”; juxtaposition without direct simile. Thanks for this one Chase.

— *cattails* Principal Editor *an'ya, USA*

bombers moon
once here once gone

Pruthvi Shrikaanth
United Kingdom (age 7)

Another one of my Editor’s Favorites is written by Pruthvi Shrikaanth, a very talented 7 year old living in the United Kingdom. Also a haiku that could easily be by an old master in its content and simplicity. Given the choice of 1, 2 or 3 lines, Pruthvi chose a two-liner to best express this moment. More of his work is below; we hope he will continue writing and sending his fine submissions our way. We would like to wish this young man a very Happy Birthday when he turns 8 years old on May 24!

— *cattails* Principal Editor *an'ya, USA*

broken ladder
a spider weaves a web
into the web itself

Tanvi Nishchal
India

This Editor's Favorite haiku is by Tanvi Nishchal, a prolific young writer from India, It has good juxtaposition between the broken ladder and the spider web. To "see" the similarity in this moment took keen observation by the author. Thank you to Tanvi.

— *cattails* Principal Editor *an'ya, USA*

And here are some more fine haiku for your enjoyment:

ravens— the only sign of life
in a withered tree

Iqra Raza, India

still sky
a snake slithers
into the night

Tanvi Nishchal
India

icy night
all the city streets
clear of people

Pruthvi Shrikaanth
United Kingdom (age 7)

mountain sunrise
birdsong smooths the edge
of darkness

Chase Fire
USA

dark road—
cars brushing past
the pavement

Pruthvi Shrikaanth
United Kingdom (age 7)

yellow light
midst the green leaves-
laburnums bloom

Iqra Raza
India

a closed window
an insect struggles
and gets out

Tanvi Nishchal
India

last star . . .
the weight of snowflakes
on my lashes

Chase Gagnon
USA Youth Ambassador

moonlit field
a wolf howls
with the wind

Pruthvi Shrikaanth
United Kingdom (age 7)

morning moon
a stranger's scent
in my bed

Chase Gagnon
USA Youth Ambassador

forest rain
the roar of a lion
while birds chirp

Pruthvi Shrikaanth
United Kingdom (age 7)

Indian Youth Dabble in Haiku and Allied Genres

by Kala Ramesh
India

Haiku seems to be on the verge of a big boom in India. When an'ya asked me to write about the workshops I've had with students, I readily agreed. I personally feel the youth take to haiku like fish take to water, and I wanted to share their poems with you all! In the last two or three years I have conducted nearly fifty workshops in schools, colleges and public places, in literary festivals such as the Hyderabad Literary Festival; Prakriti Poetry Festival in Chennai; Bookaroo Children's Literary Festival in Delhi, Kashmir, and Pune; Writer's Bug at Mumbai; and Pune International Literary Festival. This is quite massive, considering the fact that poetry is difficult to sell, and haiku being new becomes even more difficult to get principals of schools and colleges interested. But it has happened and now I can positively say haiku is blooming in India.

Five very big organisations have included haiku in their activities:

- 1: The Central Board of Secondary Schools (CBSE)
- 2: Katha—a renowned publishing house in Delhi, the brain-child of Geeta Dharmarajan
- 3: Symbiosis School for Liberal Arts, headed by Anita Patankar
- 4: The Bookaroo Children's Literary Festival with Jo Williams, Swati Roy and Venkatesh
- 5: Muse India, an online poetry journal founded by Surya Rao

The haiku workshops at the Bookaroo Children's Literary Festival attracted more than a 100 children for each of the sessions. And in total not less than 1000 kids and their parents were exposed to this art form and at the end they even attempted their first haiku. My first brush with Bookaroo was in November 2012 at Delhi. It was held at the scenic Sanskriti Gardens. I had five one hour sessions there, divided into Haikuwalkathon! (a ginko walk), Haikucraze! (a one hour workshop on how to write haiku), and Haikuwall! Children loved to see their poems pinned along with Basho, Issa, Shiki, Buson and Chiyo-ni. One kid in Delhi came and told me she attended my workshop because she liked the sound of "haiku". One goal, many paths!

These haiku workshops were something very novel, that Bookaroo's organisers invited me to Kashmir, in May 2013. The haiku workshops went off well. Our hosts, the Delhi Public School treated us in a royal

fashion, the best of Kashmiri cuisine, sightseeing and I even got to see snow for the first time at Gulmarg. December 2013 at Pune, the Sakal Times Bookaroo saw huge crowds of excited children. The papers said 6,000 kids attended on each day of the weekend, and my haiku sessions were packed.

The British School, invited me to Delhi for a 15 hour module divided into 4 days in March 2013. The principal felt that young kids cannot take more than 90 minutes of any one subject, so we split the workshop into two parts, morning and after lunch sessions. At the end of the 15 hours, children had attempted both haiku and renku. I was even requested to hold a session for teachers and their principal joined in too to write his first haiku!

Frogs Leap In!

—A junicho

The ancient pond
A frog leaps in
The sound of water
the ducklings awaken
outside my window

the big house
far away from the city
painted yellow and red

a snowman stood
spray painted all over

smiling
my mom hugs me
seeing my finished artwork

a love heart for daddy
on Valentine's day

the moon's
rippling reflections
covered by swaying trees

a helicopter leaf twirls
its seed to the ground

a girl alone
on a mountain top
watching the clouds

the puppy begins to bark
at the tourists

beach-ball
soars through the air
over a hanging net

a huge chocolate bar
on the plasma TV

A live spring junicho composed by the students of The British School, Delhi - on 14 & 15 March 2013:

Sabaki: Kala Ramesh (Pune)

Basho. Tr. by Donald Keene, v 1

Ananya Maskara 11 yrs - vs 2,4, 9 and 12

Daniela Hall 10 yrs - vs 2,4, 10 and 12

Shaurya Giri 10 yrs - vs 3 and 12

Rishabh Jain 11 yrs - vs 5, 11 and 12

Julian Ferrand 10 yrs - vs 6 and 12

Shaira Vohra 9 yrs - vs 7 and 12

Vidip Khattar 11 yrs - vs 8, 11 and 12

Udai Vir Singh 11 yrs - v 12

To see children grappling with the theory of link & shift and to get such variety of images into their verses was fascinating. I had not heard of a helicopter leaf until they explained it to me. Many were a “coolaboration” between young minds. Love in renku is generally about adult love, but I deviated from tradition and had them compose “love” verses as they see them. I was not disappointed at all. The ageku found all the eight children laughing their way into the chocolate verse!

It was fun and I thank The British School for giving me this opportunity.—*Kala Ramesh, India*

More children's haiku:

shining sun . . .
the gurgling of water
in the forest

Shaurya Giri (age 10)
India

stars—
the campfire burning
down below

Ananya Maskara (std 6, age 11)
India

a moonlit night
the growl of a dog
awakens me

Udai Vir Singh (std 6, age 11)
India

people everywhere
amongst them I walk
finding my own silence

Ritaj. K (S.A.I.C.E)
India

In 2013, Katha, an NGO, and in the field of children's education, joined hands with the Central Board of Secondary Education (CBSE) to promote creative writing in schools all over the country. Nearly 600 schools opted for this program. There are around 9,000 CBSE schools all over India. I'm happy to say that haiku is one of the subjects offered at the Katha-CBSE initiative, and I'm their chief mentor. The regional level was handled by Johannes Manjrekar and Vidur Jyoti at Delhi and by Geethanjali Rajan and me at Chennai.

Your readers can check this out here: [I love reading, Katha: enhancing the joy of reading](#)

Katha Utsav 28th to 30th December that was held in Delhi saw around 24 students opt for haiku. It was a three day intensive haiku workshop, with participants ranging from 10 years to 17 year olds. A few

parents also joined the workshop and I loved the interaction. Plenty of good haiku came out of this workshop which Katha intends to publish as a book.

Let me begin with Surbhi Grover. Surbhi was a volunteer at the National Meet at Delhi and was in charge of the haiku session. Just half an hour into the workshop, she asked me if she could stay and take part. She got permission for all the three days. Just two of her haiku:

my grandma:
even the moon
has scars
lonely road
she walks with me
wagging her tail

Surbhi Grover

Delhi

still water . . .
a zebra runs away
from itself

Aditya Ashribad

Odisha

*(Published in **cattails**, January 2014 - as Editor's Choice!)*

ripe mango . . .
 she had it all
over her face

long journey . . .
under the thundering clouds
a lighthouse stands

Pooja Bharadwaj (std. IX E, 14 years)

Hyderabad

dry leaves rise
 as if winged . . .
a sprinting deer

A. Jenita Annline (std. VI B, 10 years)
Chennai

Swaran Singh, a student of the Cambridge School, Srinivaspuri, says: "The workshop was very interesting. It vibrated those strings of poetry for me that I never thought would be so interesting, as well as it also opened my mind to look at the world in an all together new way. Everything, the various activities, ginko walks, the imaginary balloon bursting, the Japanese instrumental music, etc. all made me realize that poetry is not just about writing—it's about the five senses and knowing our environment, nature and surroundings better. I just loved the workshop and I love haiku."

What is exciting is that haiku and its related forms are being taught as an elective in the Symbiosis School for Liberal Arts (SSLA), for the undergraduates in Pune. In January 2013 I was approached by SSLA to participate in their "floating Credits Program"— a 60-hour module for management students at Symbiosis Centre for Management Studies. I was given complete freedom to design my 60-hour course, and since I write haiku, senryu, tanka, haibun, tanka prose and renku, I could easily incorporate these genres into the syllabus. I've taken more than 140 hours with the students. The present 60 hours at SSLA, which is my third stint, is coming to an end on 15th April, 2014. The students are doing exceptionally well, but of course whether the haiku world comes to know them as haiku or tanka poets depends on their own dedication and perseverance. The ginko walk has been a hit with all the students and the hills and lakes of Pune make it an unforgettable experience.—*Kala Ramesh, India*

Young Voices - Symbiosis School for Liberal Arts, Pune.

—Put together by Akanksha Mansukhani & Harshavardhan Sushant.

Learning Curve

Haiku does not have to be written in 5-7-5 format and is pronounced the same whether singular or plural. Those were the first things that we learned in class. I'm sure we all wondered how three lines could be considered poetry. After all, how much could you say?

sunny day
my mother and I go
to the market

Can this be called a poem or a haiku? Soon it dawned on us that this art form is deceptive. It requires

awareness of the subject, which is why focus is given on actually experiencing the haiku. We sometimes played a game wherein we would write a haiku or a senryu based on a word prompt. One of the times, the prompt was “book”.

old age home . . .
I see the creases
in their spines*

The game helped us avoid run-on sentences by identifying the fragment and phrase. Haiku is not complicated. Its core is designed to be simple so that profundity can be passed on to all at least to some extent.

grocery shopping
my mother still gives me
the lightest bags

Harshavardhan Sushant
India

*Old age home written by: *Priyanka Sutaria*
India

I’ve this memory,
innocence in the face
of the baby,
spit ups and wet beds
the other side of it

firecrackers . . .
out of the smoke
a pigeon falls

Arnaz Raoiman Mehta
India

When I signed up for the haiku poetry class, I had expected us to be studying only haiku. However, we covered all the major forms of Japanese poetry in detail over a span of four months. We were given several opportunities to showcase our creativity and each person in the class had their own moments of

glory. I especially enjoyed the renku trips since as a class, we were extremely cohesive throughout the process.

dancing without
knowing who holds my waist
masquerade ball

remaining still
as the sea rushes past . . .
I see my feet

Aashna Banerjee
India

six months
away from home—
now everyday
I call my mother twice
just to hear her voice

Levels

I look at my ruined geography project. The clay buildings lying in thermacol rubble; my makeshift cliff collapsed on my makeshift sea, as though an earthquake did really take place. I look at the girl who caused these tremors, and the ones my hands are now suffering from. She is laughing. My vision goes white. I don't remember my fist locking and flying.

blazing sun—
the lion searches
for water

For three years, I haven't let my anger get the better of me. The temper that caused emotional hurt was addictive. I got rid of it. Now I hurt myself in ways that are actually productive.

needle out for a navel ring
 in needle

Priyanka Sutaria
India

a bonfire ablaze . . .
ashes collecting
at the brink of twilight
black and white against the wind
a zebra runs
fighting for breath

Bhoomika Rahinj
India

To be very honest, haiku class taught me how to be precise yet deep. It taught me how to communicate with the least amount of words possible. What I loved about the class was the way Kala ma'am taught all of us. She has always been very keen and enthusiastic to teach us something new, something that could stay with us, forever. I think this was one the best electives I have ever taken.

what a joke!
laughing continuously
exclaims the one who cracked it

with teary eyes
she stood glaring at the sight
choking and speaking . . .
it was not just any mug
it was my mom's, she says

Tanvi Malhara
India

I sit still as
the world goes by . . .
train journey

laughing with friends
about trivial things,
we think some more
with faces now solemn
and silence within

Chakshu Sharma
India

My experience in this course so far is heart warming and uplifting. Being a prose writer and a free verse poet myself, studying haiku and the various associated forms like senryu, and one line haiku provided me with a welcome change from the more familiar written arts. I am enjoying the pleasant experience of not only writing haiku, but applying the various techniques and the imagery I learned in this course to my own writing endeavours as well. I have also been able to incorporate these techniques in Hindi.
park bench
a notebook left behind
with ink smudges
summer evenings
playing cricket with grandpa . . .
now by his side
I feed him cornflakes
as we watch the highlights

Soumitra Saxena
India

I've always had this attraction to the Japanese culture. Learning haiku and other forms of poetry like senryu, tanka, haibun, haiga and renku made me feel closer to it. People express things beautifully through them and something intangible is created of what would otherwise be nothing. This is why I really appreciate what I have learnt here in this class.

things that mattered—
raindrops race to the ends
of the windshield

Lessons from the *National Geographic*:

I am very disconnected. People don't know me very well. I prefer not to talk to them. I'd rather just smile and walk away. I'm cold towards most people in my life. I don't know how to be warm. Technology has made my life easier. People refrain from talking to me if I have ear phones plugged in. I now see many others as well becoming increasingly cold towards each other, only living for personal motives. As I eat my favourite ice cream and watch television alone, I finally see the irony.

penguins gather in colonies of warmth

Adheip Rashida
India

one blanket,
 two sisters
bundledtogether

I've this memory
holding my mother's hand
in the hospital
not knowing if I support her
or she supports me

I loved writing renku. I am a shy writer and have never attempted to write poetry before. Though haiku was the start, writing renku gave me completely a different feel. Writing with a group, taking other person's thought and linking your thought to it is challenging, but in a good way. It gave me a sense of being a small but an important part of the whole. This class has given me more confidence to write and now I am able to read my work in front of people. Thank you so much for teaching us.

Prachi Bhutada
India

winter begins—
 freezing again
in the morning assembly

war cry—
my nephew gets ready
for the pillow fight

Vividha Bhasin
India

first sunrise—
just the edges
begin to glisten

I have this memory
of the walls closing in
as I sit alone
watching other's television
from my own balcony

Dipalika Mohanty
India

he loves me
 he loves me not
withered red rose

writer's block . . .
moonlight streaming
onto my page

Shreya R
India

Now coming to renku, you would think that eighteen year olds would be able to describe love especially if they have been or are in it. Well, when we tried, our fingers would itch our scalp.

After our creative force was jolted, the process was spellbinding. Each of us attempted every stanza though we had already contributed. There was no explicit connection, yet the renku flowed. The seasons seemed to blend into the human world.

We learnt about white spaces. They are like rocks in a stream. The reader uses them as markers to inject his/her own ideas. As a class we united, like we had never done before. Our thoughts connected not only on our page but also in our mind.

gushing pond
 a skipping pebble
joins the others

the last note
 still ringing
applause

Harshavardhan Sushant
India

gangly legs
entwined on a branch
she's the chimpanzee for today

after an hour's wait
the flight's cancelled on account
of the fog
keeping me away from home
for another three long months

Ranita Shahani
India

At first, when we started studying this course, I did not expect to learn as much as we have. I felt like I was getting bored of writing and these few months have introduced me to new avenues of creativity. The last thing I can do is be minimalistic. To concise my ideas and thoughts into three short lines is a very hard job. Haiku has a beautiful influence on your heart and soul. It brings you closer to nature and somehow, you seem to understand yourself better.

pick a man
who shares your goals
my grandmother says
as she adds salt
to the kheer

A Family that Never Was

I had a very happy childhood. Up until I was seven, I would sleep between my grandmother and grandfather. Every night we would solve a puzzle and every morning we would eat breakfast on the verandah. Every year I would fly to Chennai to meet my Masi. I also spent a lot of time at my Nani's house. As soon as I hit puberty, everything changed. Everything looked different and nothing seemed like true. In cars, in planes, at dinners. I started to question all of you, and in a way, all of me. Unsatisfied, I leave. I will never be the same again.

loud noises
ring through the house
again
my voice sounds
like that of a stranger

Akanksha Mansukhani
India

winter night—
every star
a different memory

Dead Laughter

I remember singing with you in class. Really softly, everyone else oblivious to our silent laughter when you messed up the lyrics. One hour phone conversations—talking about boys and school and food. Your mother would make the most delicious dosas ever.

I did not understand the value of friendship until you suddenly fell sick. It was nothing serious, they said. You'd be up and running in no time, they said. Unfortunately, this was not so. There was no laughter anymore. I did not know how to bring back that beautiful girl—my best friend. You lost weight, I died a little inside. Two years you were not yourself. One phone conversation—a four hour drive. Brain dead.

bright eyes . . .
there were no stars
that night

Nikita Engineer
India

A Chirpy Morning

—A Junicho composed by the students of Symbiosis School for Liberal arts, India

chirpy morning—
the silent bird flies higher
than the rest
/Harsh, India

chilled breeze forgotten
like blossoms were always there
/Dipalika, India

a familiar stranger
finally speaks
with her eyes
/Adheip, India

plates and hearts break
yet we never leave
/Akanksha, India

cuckoos squabble over a worm
in the tree's
short shadow
/Ashna, India

rain drops add up
to the brittle surface of the lake
/Soumitra, India

on an evening walk
the dog waits while
his master pees
/Arnaz, India

lanterns decorate the sky
as multi-colored stars
/Nikita, India

blue carpet
consistently renewed
by the morning glory
/Chakshu, India

I shake my pen
as the ink runs out
/Priyanka, India

with eager eyes
she steps outside
to face the world
/Tanvi, India

flying towards the winter moon
during my night sortie
/Vividha, India

A Junicho composed by the Students of Symbiosis School for Liberal Arts, as an introduction to renku in the 60 hour course module, which was started on 13th February and finished on 20th February, 2014, during class hours.

The names are in the order their verses appear. This being their 2nd renku trip, I asked each participant

to "act" the sabaki role after their verse was chosen. So all the twelve students got to know what it means to be a sabaki. It was an experiment and I think it helped them a lot to taste a sabaki's role in renku!

Harshvardhan Sushant

Dipalika Mohinty

Adheip Rashada

Akanksha Mansukhani

Aashna Banerjee

Soumitra Saxena

Arnaz Mehta

Nikita Engineer

Chakshu Sharma

Priyanka Sutaria

Tanvi Malhara

Vividha Bhasin

Moderated by:

Kala Ramesh

India

I would like to conclude this feature with:

shell shock

whispers in my head

louder than screams

Adheip Rashida

India

Youngsters seem to grasp the cut—the kire, making it look like child's play! We know it's not so! Could it be just beginner's luck? I hope not. All the sixteen students in my present session who opted for haiku as an elective have done well, not just in haiku, but in senryu, tanka, haibun, haiga and renku.

When I asked them how many would continue to write in these genres—all their hands went up spontaneously. It was my most satisfying moment.

Kala Ramesh

Pune, India

29th March, 2014

Sunaparanta Goa Centre for the Arts conducted a four day haiku workshop. On 26th April we had “Illuminating the Natural World” a collaborative session presented by Liz Kemp and Kala Ramesh—combining the art of haiku with visual art.

From the 27th to the 29th of April, Kala conducted a solo haiku workshop. Nina Trivedi, a grade 10 student wrote some excellent haiku, which are featured here:

rain forest
a canopy of green
hides the sun

surrounded by green
I see a spot of orange
a lone marigold

endless horizon
the golden sun slowly hidden
by a rising wave

Nina Trivedi, grade 10
India

cattails

**May 2014
UHTS Contests**

The UHTS sponsors three Annual Contests:

aha Fleeting Words Samurai

The winners of the recently closed *aha* Awards are:

FIRST PLACE

dad's violin
spidersilk spans
the silence
Ernest J Berry
New Zealand

What a beautiful composition to preserve wonderful memories. The association of spidersilk as violin strings is stunning. How gently nature has also brought two important elements of music and silence together. Perhaps found in an attic, one can imagine the silky strings glisten while flecks of dust dance in window light. The spider musician waiting still as the author's memories flow across the woodgrain where dad once rested his chin. For me, this is an upbeat verse reminiscent of pleasant times.

—*UHTS Contest Judge b'oki, USA*

It was no surprise to me at all when I learned who the First Place winner was in this contest; Ernest Berry from New Zealand must hold the Guinness Book record for the most haiku contest wins! Of course it is because he is such a prolifically fine haiku poet indeed, and this write of his is no exception. I can only add one little thing to what b'oki has already so eloquently said, that being, to point out the nice use of "s" alliteration. Congratulations and thanks for entering Ernie.

—*UHTS Contest Judge an'ya, USA*

SECOND PLACE

dandelion fluff—
the weight of his army
burial flag
Cezar Ciobica
Romania

Whether the hands holding this flag are of a weary widow or a tearful child, the weight is certainly felt in this verse. However, in contrast, nature can be soothing and healing in the harsh moments of our lives. The soft sunlight slowly caresses the coarse texture in the fabric of the flag. I can feel the breeze swirling memories of love and war, while weightless dandelion fluff lifts from the meadow carrying wishes and dreams of possibilities and new growth.

—UHTS Contest Judge *b'oki*, USA

Again, agreeing wholeheartedly with *b'oki's* well expressed comments, I can only further point out the obvious juxtaposition in this haiku by from Romania. Although there is much sadness to this moment, I enjoyed it very much.

—UHTS Contest Judge *an'ya*, USA

THIRD PLACE

on the tundra
caging a winter sky
caribou bones
Debbie Strange
Canada

In this snapshot, the author shows us how expansive this world is. From a wide-angle lens, we are brought into the closeness of what once held breath and life, yet now holds infinity . . . the heavens. We imagine the lush plant life and water from the summer tundra, but are also reminded of winter's perils and struggles of fighting for survival and giving in to the strength of Mother Nature. Through the stillness of the caribou's bones, we see the continuous movement of the seasons and the oneness of it all.

—UHTS Contest Judge *b'oki*, USA

This haiku of Debbie's struck me hard with it's content and exquisite wording. The caribou bones" as a cage for the "winter sky" is such a striking image. In her write up, bo'ki captures the wholeness of the moment so beautifully that I am just here to follow up.

—UHTS Contest Judge an'ya, USA

HONORABLE MENTION

happy hour
everyone in the photo
out of focus

Terry Ann Carter

Canada

Congratulations not only to our 1st, 2nd, and 3rd place winners, but to this brilliant Honorary Mention. Thank you for bringing a smile to our faces with the aha moment in line three! In such happy state of minds, its probable that the camera isn't the only thing or one out of focus. Can't you just hear the laughter, smell the appetizers, and taste the libations as they are clinked together, toasting to the celebrations of life! Well done!

—UHTS Contest Judge b'oki, USA

Yes this one did give us both a smile, and we were pleased to have a senryu in the winner's circle. I am sure that for many people, this is a "been-there-done-that" kind of moment. Thank you Terry for sharing it with our readers.

—UHTS Contest Judge an'ya, USA

Fleeting Words is our "next" contest . . .

cattails

May 2014
Pen This Painting



chimera sky . . .
my inner child awakens
petal by petal
Veronika Zora Novak
Canada

Congratulations to Veronika Zora Novak from Canada for her dreamy haiku that was selected to be placed with one of our talented UHTS resident artists, Elizabeth McFarland's delicate sumi-e. Beth lives in Germany and has a new website:

Click the thumbnail to read Veronika's moment and view Beth's haiga.

—an'ya, *cattails* principal editor



For our September edition of *cattails* "Pen this Painting", a colorful array of autumn leaves sumi-e from one of our talented UHTS resident artists, Cindy Lommasson from the USA. Cindy has a studio in Portland and you can visit her website:

Feel free to submit either a haiku, senryu, or tanka by our deadline of 1 August 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 of you.

—an'ya, *cattails* principal editor

cattails

**May 2014
Book Reviews**

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.

Due to the volume of incoming books, we are only reviewing members books published within the past twelve months, 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 cattailsubmissions@gmail.com with the subject heading (BOOK REVIEW).

—*UHTS Book Reviewer Mike Rehling, USA*

Below are the nine books I reviewed (plus three more by an'ya), for this May *cattails* edition, use you back button and the covers below, or, use the page-top index to see the review.

“bear creek anthology”

Edited by: *Ayaz Daryl Nielsen*

Construction: Paperback
Page Count: 82 pages
Publisher: CreateSpace
Publish Date: 2013
Language: English
ISBN-10: 1480001821
ISBN-13: 978-1480001824
Dimensions: 9 x 6 x 0.2 inches

Ordering: Amazon

This is a generous collection of the 'poets of bear creek', a haiku publication edited by *Ayaz Daryl Nielsen*. This is grouping of poets and poems that, like any anthology, takes the reader on a bit of a ride, but find many who speak the individual reader's tastes. I enjoyed the read, and the ride, that this anthology took me on. Just a couple of my many favorites:

Child at a petting zoo.

A tiny hand strokes my arm.

George Matey

USA

fishing expedition
retrieving poems
from cold storage
Constantine Mastor

USA

Definitely filled with a variety of styles and voices, but this grouping of poets kept my interest.

“Lighting The Global Lantern”

"a teacher's guide to writing haiku and related literary forms"

by *Terry Ann Carter*

CANADA

Construction: Paperback
Page Count: 198 pages

Publisher: Wintergreen Studios Press

Publish Date: 2011

Language: English

ISBN-10: 098654731X

ISBN-13: 978-0986547317

Dimensions: 10 x 7 x 0.4 inches

Ordering: Amazon

You absolutely should buy this book if you:

1. Will be teaching haiku to your students. This applies to any age, although the book aims at older students, if you are going to 'teach' anyone haiku this book is a must!
2. You wonder what haiku is, and where this sparse little form came from, and what the related forms are?
3. You already write haiku, and want to know more, as well as finding out more about haibun, haiga, tanka, and the other related forms.

This book, with information and lessons put together artfully by Terry Ann Carter, a fine haiku poet herself, as well as someone active in multiple venues supporting haiku over the years. Rather than fall into the trap of 'explaining' haiku to us as an individual, she has chosen to weave together many expert voices from every corner of haiku and it's related forms. If you are familiar with haiku you will know most, if not all of the contributors by name and reputation both, so this is a volume that escapes the built in trap of 'one person's opinion' that so many 'how to' books on writing haiku fall into.

Every one of the contributors is someone who has proven their ability to not only write sound haiku, but knows how to communicate their expertise to others. There are many fine examples of published haiku, as well as contributions by students. Not since the 'Haiku Handbook', by William Higginson and Penny Harter has there been a book that has attempted so much. This volume belongs on any haiku student's bookshelf. Included are many references so that you can independently research any of the forms covered. Are you wondering if you need it? You do! Buy this book! I did!

—UHTS Book Reviewer *Mike Rehling*, USA

“Beyond the Muted Trees”

Glenn G. Coats

USA

Construction: Paperback

Page Count: 98 pages

Language(s): English

Publisher: Pineola Publishing

Publish Date: 2014

ISBN-10: 061594986X

ISBN-13: 978-0615949864

Dimensions: 9 x 6 x 0.2 inches

Ordering: Amazon

I have always been somewhat baffled by fine haiku poets that do not ‘know’ what a haibun is, or what the ‘rules’ are for this form that combines prose and haiku/senryu. Glenn Coats knows haibun, and this collection of his work synthesizes in one volume some of best examples of haibun, by someone who clearly loves the form. Reading this volume will, at the very least peak your interest in haibun, and for most will send you off to ‘tell your story’ in prose and verse.

The ability to tell a story in seventeen syllables takes a lot of discipline, but the addition of prose not just to ‘explain’ but to enhance the experience for the reader is very tricky. A haiku does not require any explanation, so the prose has to add a dimension all its own to the presentation, and the haibun contained here accomplish that air with what seems an effortless flow. The feeling that I had after reading this volume was that I knew more about the author than even he meant to tell. There is something here for anyone who loves haiku, and seeks that added dimension. One of the ‘best reads’ you can have for any summer day.

“cloud eats mountain”

William Hart USA

Construction: N/A

Page Count: N/A

Publisher: N/A

Publish Date: N/A

Language(s): English

ISBN - 10 N/A

ISBN - 13 N/A

Dimensions: N/A inches

Ordering: Red Moon Press.

The author has given us collection of ‘jewels’ of haiku and senryu. Two examples that ‘got me’ were:

garden wedding
a grasshopper rides
the bridal train

bird’s nest
in a winter tree
chest x-ray

There are many more you will find for yourself in this collection. A clean and simple book of haiku, in the Red Moon Press tradition, you can carry this one in your jacket pocket with you and enjoy the read through all the seasons. The sign of a good poet is that they share their experience in a way to allow the reader to see it as their own. William Hart has accomplished that task in this well done selection of examples of modern haiku.

—UHTS Book Reviewer *Mike Rehling, USA*

“Clouds and More Clouds”, by *David H. Rosen*

David H. Rosen

USA

Construction: Paperback

Page Count: 68 pages

Publisher: Lily Pool Press

Publish Date: 2013

Language(S): English

ISBN-10: 1628908076

ISBN-13: 978-1628908077

Dimensions: 5.6 x 5.3 x 0.7 inches

Ordering: Amazon.

Holding this book in your hands you will want to explore it simply for the tactile feel and the wonderful images found throughout. With a foreword by Vincent Tripi, and illustrations by Alec Formatin Shirley, you will feel good about owning it even before you read it. Lily Pool Press has produced a lovely book from the paper and print to a unique cover. I was thrilled just to have received it.

Oh, and the poetry is worth the effort to produce the book! A few examples I especially liked are:

Worth trying
at least once
being nobody in Basserdorf

All leaves
fall
day my father died

Clouds
and more clouds
lone black bird

There is something revealed in each of the poems that puts you into the poet’s place at that moment. Stunningly simple, direct, and cleanly written this is one anyone who loves the form will enjoy owning.
—UHTS Book Reviewer *Mike Rehling*, USA

Some Measure of Existence”

by *Marjorie Buettner*,
USA

Construction: Paperback
Page Count: 86 Pages
Publisher: Red Dragonfly Press
Publish Date:2014
Language(s): English
ISBN-10: 193769352X
ISBN-13: 978-1937693527
Dimensions: N/A

Ordering: Amazon.

Well, what can I say? There is not a missed step in this entire collection. I remembered some of them from seeing them in other publications, but having this grouping all in one place was a consistent treat. First of all, the haiku and tanka are all wonderful stand alone poems. Marjorie is someone to whom any form is a ‘craft’, and she has honed the work in this volume to a fine point. You can tell a story in a haibun, but in each of these it is a contest to pick which is better, the prose or the poem? But then, why make that choice. This is one volume anyone who enjoys haiku or haibun will want to have on their shelf. You learn about ‘perfection’ in the work contained here. Enough said!

—UHTS Book Reviewer *Mike Rehling*, USA

“the sparrows dream”

haiga by *Steve Hodge*

Construction: Paperback
Page Count: 44 pages
Publisher: CreateSpace
Publish Date: 2014
Language(s): English
ISBN-10: 1496046269
ISBN-13: 978-1496046260
Dimensions: 8.5 x 8.5 x 0.1 inches

Available at Amazon

This is a collection of haiga arranged by the seasons. The photography is wonderful, and blends with the haiku in subtle and quiet tones. As a ‘Michigan’ boy himself Steve’s images ring true to me. A few of them I have ‘seen’ for myself, or did I? Anyway, this is a strong collection of great images, and they are combined simply and artfully with the haiku. The poems are within, and outside the images, and the choices were made with style, and neither tries to ‘overpower’ the other so they blend, as they should into the haiga. If Basho were here in this day we live in, I am sure he would have a Canon or a Nikon himself, and leave the berry juices to others.

The collection here is Steve’s first published haiga collection, and it is a thoughtful and worthy work for anyone who loves the form. The work here is arranged from New Year’s Day to New Year’s Day, and so the poets ‘year’ develops before our eyes.

—UHTS Book Reviewer *Mike Rehling*, USA

“Music of the Heart”

By *Amelia Fielden*
Australia

Construction: N/A
Page Count: N/A
Publisher: N/A
Publish Date: N/A
Language(s): N/A
ISBN - 10 N/A
ISBN - 13 N/A
Dimensions: N/A inches

“Music of the Heart”, an anthology of tanka on musical themes. Available only from Amelia Fielden, contact her at: anafielden@gmail.com

Written by 55 Australian poets and 77 Japanese poets, and complete with full translations in both English and Japanese, this is another gem of a book edited by Amelia Fielden and Saeko Ogi. A few examples in english:

the soul
of the orchestra is
in this melody,
and held within it
my tiny existence

Okuno Yoko

Moonglow playing
his slim neck bent over me
'our song'
still sung in my head
now in a minor key

Janice Gentle

I cannot personally attest to the translations, but the history of Amelia Fielden tells me they are as spot on as the translations to English are to my ear. An expert herself in both tanka and Japanese this collection gives a bilingual voice to the work of these fine poets. Tanka has its own lyrical quality to begin with, but when the topic is music the fit seems almost made for this form. Another collection of quality tanka in this volume.

—UHTS Book Reviewer [Mike Rehling](#), USA

“Haiku, tumbleweeds still tumbling”

by *Ayaz Daryl Nielsen*

Construction: Paper Back

Page Count: 38 pages

Publisher: CreateSpace

Publish Date: 2012

Language(s): English

ISBN-10: 1479138045

ISBN-13: 978-1479138043

Dimensions: 9 x 6 x inches

Ordering: Amazon

This is a well done selection of previously published works by the author. This simple collection that allows the poetry to speak for it, and it speaks well indeed. A couple of my favorites were:

the sound of
my new leather jacket
as I breath
kestrels hovering
so, too,
the moment

I fell in love with the spirit of the work here, and it did not fail me. This is wonderful grouping of haiku and senryu, and worthy read for any fan of haiku.

THE PRISM OF MOKICHI

the Collected Tanka of Mokichi Saito

150 Tanka translated by:

Fusako Kitamura

Reiko Nakagawa

Aya Yuhki

Editorial Supervisor

William I. Elliott

Construction: Perfectbound

Page Count:182

Publisher: N/A

Publish Date: 2013

Language(s): English/Japanese

ISBN-10: N/A

ISBN 978-44-86023-858-2

Dimensions: 5 x 7 x .375 inches

Ordering:

A lovely book of tanka in English and Japanese that literally speaks for itself. THE PRISM OF MOKICHI starts off with a Preface by Shiro Akiba, and is divided into chapters called 'The Mogami River with translations by Fusako Kitamura', Meanderings with translations by Reiko Nakagawa,'Silent Grapes with translations by Aya Yuhki'; followed by 'A Brief Survey of Mokichi Saito's Career by Fusako Kitamura, and Postscript by Aya Yuhki.

Here are a few favorites from each chapter:

grandmother

died and closed

her eyes

her slightly chapped feet

made me feel lonely

finally

recovering from illness

I walked

as far as the Mogami River

---the sound of evening waves

what a cheerful
voice is has!
I listen to
a kite crying
over the pine hill

Wild geese
no longer wing it
across the vast sky.
Snow is falling
everywhere, endlessly.

The sun's last
remaining light is still held
in the horizon.
As of today
the sun will sink on Africa.

I'll soon leave
Nagasaki.
I waken
in the dark dawn.
my heart forlorn.

my walk
in the red light
resembles
my delicate and fragile heart
of that secret night

in the mountains
there is not a lion
who will lick up
the tears I dropped,
the tears from my sorrowful heart

in the morning twilight,
I sometimes think
of death---
the death that comes
without exception
The Mogami River

Meanderings:
Silent Grapes:
inochi owarite
manako o tojishi
ohaha no
ashi ni kasuka naru
hibi no sabishisa

waga yamai
yoyaku iete
ayumi koshi
mogami no kawa no
yunami no oto

kaku no goto ku
tanoshiki koe wo
suru mono ka
matsuyama no ue ni
tobi naku kike ba

Karigane mo
sudeni watarazu
ama no hara
kagiri mo shirani
yuki furi midaru.

Sora no hate
nagaki yoko wo
tamochi tsutsu
kyo yori wa hi ga
Afurika ni otsu.

*Nagasaki wo
ware sarinan to
akatsuki no
kuraki i samete
kokoro sabishimu.*

*shakko no
naka no ayumi wa
hisoka yo no
hosoki kahosoki
kokoro nika nin*

*yama naka ni
kokoro kanashimite
waga otosu
namida wo namuru
shishi sae mo nashi*

*akatsuki no
haikumei ni shi wo
omou koto ari
jogairei naki
shi to ieru mono*

As mentioned above, these works presented in THE PRISM OF MOKICHI speak for themselves and one must trust that the translators have done their ultimate best. As readers and poets, we can only hope that they know how very much we truly appreciate their efforts.

—UHTS Book Reviewer *an'ya*, USA

Mint Tea From A Copper Pot & other tanka tales

by *Amelia Fielden*

Construction: Perfect Bound

Page Count:107

Publisher: Ginninndera Press

Publish Date: 2013

Language(s): English

ISBN-10: N/A

ISBN-13: 978 1 74027 8041

Dimensions: 8 x 5 x .250 inches

Ordering: ISBN

Setting the stage for *Mint Tea From A Copper Pot & other tanka tales* by Amelia Fielden, is the cover photograph taken by David Harris which shows Amelia with her grandchildren Haylie and Stephen Bleakley-Harris at Pearl Beach on the NSW Central Coast. Both of them very much resemble their grandmother! After seeing it, you can just image what kind of "tanka tales" Amelia has to share inside her book.

Here I must say that this is not just a book of "tanka prose", it is so much more than that, it is a book of "tanka tales", and it is almost not fair to just pick a few favorite poems without the tales, but to read the rest I highly recommend that you obtain this book for your own collection:

my grandchildren
call me from America
on Skype, perform
a piano duet---
more Christmas miracles

but the tales are not only about Haylie and Stephen, some are about the author herself:

in my youth
always the singing sea
in senior years
still pleasure in the surge
below the lighthouse

Some tanka are about friends:

ah, my friend
once more we are meeting
soon to part...
almost half a century
and still this pattern holds

and about loss with Amelia genuinely sharing her most intimate life experiences:

my almost son
would be thirty-nine
this year
every year, I light
his candles from the stars

I could just go on and on about Mint Tea From A Copper Pot, but I am sure if you know Amelia, you know that she is a prolific writer, terrific person, and excellent translator totally devoted to the tanka form that she writes so very well:

quiet courtyard:
as the sky exhales
a single leaf
falls onto my tanka
in last year's journal
—*UHTS Book Reviewer an'ya*, USA

Sloboda u izmaglici
Freedom in the Mist

Damir Damir
Montenegro

Construction: Thread-stitched
Page Count: 32
Publisher: *Odlican Hrcak*
Date: 2011-2012
Language(s): English/Serbian
English Translations: Sasa Vazic'

ISBN - 10 N/A

ISBN - 978-86-86451-38-5

Dimensions: 5 1//2 x 4 inches

Ordering: ISBN

This unpretentious little book entitled Freedom in the Mist by Damir Janjalija (aka Damir Damir, packs a huge punch from it's lavender color cover with the sketch of a ship to the fine " stitching---by stitching I mean it looks to be done on a sewing machine.

As far as its content, the haiku were well written, well translated, and hard-hitting:

first plum blossoms
at gunpoint toward the east
village graveyard

Cveta prva sljiva.
Ns puskomet istocno
seosko groblje.

and some were tender, as this one inspired by Chagall's painting "Lovers in Moonlight":

in moonlight
trembling shadows share
a silent kiss

Na mesecini.
Drhtave senke dele
nemi poljubac.

and my personal favorite from the whole book:

the scent
of the sea at dusk . . .
Indian summer

Mirisom ora
odise prvi sumrak.
Miholjsko leto.

—UHTS Book Reviewer an'ya, USA

cattails

May 2014
Featured Artist

Ron Moss
Australia

I would like to begin by thanking an'ya for inviting me to be the featured artist for this issue of *cattails*. I would like to make this more like a fireside chat with a brief synopsis of my life now as an artist and poet, and a selection of some of my current work and links to previous portfolios on the web.

A Little About Me:

I live with my wife Sharon on the Island of Tasmania which is part of Australia. Tasmania is a stunningly beautiful place nestled under the Southern Cross and battered by the Roaring Forties. Wild weather can happen over typography that changes from dry parched areas, to rainforests and wonderful beaches and mountains. The old growth forests are World Heritage and it's a constant battle by the conservation groups to stop the exploration and destruction of these ancient forests.

My full-time job is as a Digital Services Technician for the Tasmanian Archives and Heritage Office. My role is to digitize for access and preservation the heritage items such as artworks, photography and the extensive film collection. In the image below, I'm sitting with some of my screens and toys which keep me happy at work and help me do my job.

I'm also on call 24/7 as a volunteer firefighter and I'm the Second Officer in my local Sandfly Brigade, which is part of the Tasmania Fire Service. We attend all manner of fire and rescue incidents and I often write about my experiences in haiku, tanka and haibun.

There is a book due out soon that collects together all my previously published work on this theme. I have also created artwork in the past of some of these writings in a modern version of the tradition of haiga. Sample here:

<http://www.haigaonline.com/issue8-2/contemporary/rm/entry.html>

In this next photograph I'm receiving the National Medal for 15 years diligent service from Mike Brown, Chief Officer, Tasmania Fire Service.

I often use the following paragraph to best describe my approach to my art and poetry:

I consider myself a student of the Zen arts, which have fascinated me from an early age. I enjoy the distilled conciseness of haiku, the exploration of art and mixed media, and sometimes I like to combine the two, as in the ancient tradition of haiga. I try to bring a sense of contemplation into my work. Moments of stillness are important in our very busy lives and my path is to practice the way of art and haiku poetry.

My current Bio at *The Haiku Foundation*:

<http://www.thehaikufoundation.org/poet-details/?IDclient=566>

Artist Statement:

Humankind has been making picture marks as a form of writing since early times. In eastern art, poetry and inspirational writings are often accompanied with beautiful flowing brushwork that compliments the words. I often work in this way, and sometimes the pictorial elements of my images are poems as well, and they can follow a narrative theme. I am excited by the opportunity to be able to push the boundaries of creativity through modern digital techniques, using many forms of media in an instant way where I can change directions quickly. The next artwork is always the most exciting and I enjoy running with an idea and taking it in many directions.

Using all types of media and I'm always trying different ones to push my skills in other directions. I love painting and I enjoy watercolour and ink and by scanning and photographing these. I also like to build up many layers in Photoshop, including a lot of texture which I'm always collecting. I then work on the blending modes of layers to bring out colour and light. It always begins with an idea and I try to go in many directions and I work fairly quickly. My love of photography allows me to record different moments and use parts of images to create another expression.

A selection of current haiga explorations:

This is a somewhat classic approach that I use with white borders to create that 'white space' so often need in a busy photographic presentation. The picture was taken in New Zealand and processed to B&W using image software. All my photography is captured in digital and this allows a vast degree of presentation and image correction values. I often prefer to have the haiku off the image to give that feeling of space and contemplation. The use of my seal is to add an aspect of colour which is incorporated into the design of the haiga.

This image had amounts of empty space which allowed me to balance the hanging image with a similar look for the haiku. Most of all it is good to have fun with different elements and to keep pushing the design envelope so not to become stuck on one approach.

This one has three different images with a similar theme, and I wanted to present them with design elements that complemented the shape and tone of the B&W images. A one-line haiku seems to balance all these things together in a clear presentation style.

A strong contrasting image like this one lends itself well to a white frame and the darkness of the images allowed a white font to be placed inside the image. The elements of the haiku and image are left alone to work together to create a juxtaposition of image and words.

This haiga was completed using various Apps on an iPad and then imported into Photoshop to add some other elements. I wanted to this one to give a feeling of texture and age, along with a childhood memory and that feeling of time and distance.

I was aiming for a sumi-e like photographic presentation with minimal stripped back high key photography. The haiku also hopefully has similar elements and I used a classic approach of a seal to name the mood of the piece.

This was a favourite image that was created from original photographs of mine and combined with image software. Colours and emotion go so well together and I went all out to present this view of a classic haiku of Basho translated by poet, artist and author Steve Addiss. I sent this to Steve and he was pleased with the result and this seems a good place to finish this presentation of images.

Current Publications: 'Cloud catching Mountains' a full colour chapbook and DVD of my art with Linda Galloway's Tanka, and my Haiku, available from Linda at xewe@att.net

Current Affiliations:

Member of the Australian Haiku Society (haikuoz)

Member of the Haiku Society of America

Resident and Contributing Artist: A Hundred Gourds

<http://www.ahundredgourds.com/>

Artist –'Muttering Thunder' Website and Annual eBook

<http://mutteringthunder.weebly.com/>

Selected Links: www.ronmoss.com

Haigaonline Collaboration: One Tiny Feather

<http://www.haigaonline.com/issue15-1/collaborations.html>

Haigaonline presentation: Return To Stillness

http://www.haigaonline.com/issue12-2/ron_c_moss/album/entry.html

Haigaonline Presentation: Recurring Dreams

<http://www.haigaonline.com/issue14-1/ron%20c%20moss/album/entry.html>

Haigaonline Presentation: Mindfulness in Monochrome

http://www.haigaonline.com/issue12-1/ron_moss/album/entry.html

Haigaonline presentation: The Journey Home

http://www.haigaonline.com/gallery-sp2012/ron_moss/album/entry.html

cattails

May 2014 Featured Poet

Joe McKeon

USA

When an'ya approached me and asked if I would be interested in being a featured poet in this issue of *cattails* I was honored but more importantly, I was surprised! Until about a year ago I had never written a line of poetry in any form - let alone haiku, tanka or senryu. While I have a Bachelor's Degree in Psychology and a Masters Degree in Business I have no formal education in literature and the "poetry" I had read up to that point was mostly on greeting cards.

However, like many newly retired people I had a post-retirement "bucket list." One item on that list was to write a poem. I wanted to make it a good one so I joined an online site that supports and teaches new writers.

While on that site I was intrigued by an ongoing debate regarding what constitutes "proper" haiku. How many syllables? Is a nature reference required? What's the difference between haiku and senryu? Can everything that school children are taught about haiku be wrong?

I began to chat with one of the site's instructors and he convinced me to take his "Introduction to Japanese Poetry" class. I was hooked.

In the beginning it was all about solving the puzzle. I had spent my career analyzing and solving tough problems. Now I was faced with a new one. How could I write something meaningful in 17 syllables or less that conformed to the traditions of a centuries old art form? I reverted to what were, for me, tried and true methods. I researched. I read every article I could find. I compared the theory to the poems in respected journals, books and anthologies. When I thought I understood I began to write. The results were less than impressive.

Nonetheless I began submitting poems to journals. My first submission of ten haiku was rejected in its entirety. Undaunted, I tried to figure out where each poem was lacking. With each subsequent submission I learned more from the rejected poems than from those accepted. I still benefit from this process with each submission.

I continue to learn and hope the process will never end. In addition to *cattails* my work has been published in *Modern Haiku*, *Ribbons*, *Prune Juice*, and *A Hundred Gourds*. More importantly, I have begun an exciting new journey at a time in my life that I thought would be sedate and uninspired.

When asked what I do I no longer say "I am retired" . . . I now say "I am a poet".

my usual spot
the last stool at the counter
black coffee and pie
the waitress refills my cup
and asks how long you've been gone

she frowns
into the bathroom mirror
at her first grey hair
and asks me why I love her
as if I have a choice

winter commute
I take a window seat and stare
into the darkness
the man I said I would never be
looks back at me in despair

three tours of duty
would be forgotten except
for the dreams
I stare at the picture
of the girl with an accent

alone on the pier
the owl's query echoes

in the mist
it has been such a long time
since my heart skipped a beat

in the throes
of forbidden passion
she whispers
I hear the sirens song
above the crashing waves

clippity clop
her hansom cab disappears
into the mist
I chose to walk the well lit path
and still this fog exists

blind date
our conversation turns to
past loves
I slowly push away
the broccoli on my plate

flag draped casket
three volleys fill the air
with sparrows

winter's end
umbrella spines open
in the wind

winter commute

a yawn travels through
the train station

hopscotch game
a grasshopper takes
my turn

redwood forest
leafcutter ants trim
the shadows

headwinds shift
lead goose moves
to the rear

windsurfing
the taste of ocean
in each breath

city vacation
a rainbow in the mist
of a fire hydrant

heavy snow
the smell of hot soup
under a neon cross

flu season
the smell of alcohol
on my arm

pregnancy test
I count the days since
the harvest moon

heavy fog
the snap of an airport
shoeshine rag



I am and always will be eternally grateful to my teacher and mentor. May he rest in peace.

Mr. Alvin T. Ethington Jr.
1957 – 2014

moonless sky
one firefly lights
the path

Joe McKeon
USA

