

# *cattails*

**September 2014**

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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, How to submit, How to Join, to see the last e-News Bulletin, learn about the UHTS Officers and Support Team, visit the Archives view our Members List, the Calendar, and other information, please revisit the UHTS Main Website

*cattails*  
**September 2014**  
**Principal Editor's Prelude**

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Note: Our new submissions email address is [submittocattails@gmail.com](mailto:submittocattails@gmail.com)



**Happy International Tanka Month from the UHTS**

In addition to my Prelude below, please don't miss the UHTS President's Compass by Michael McClintock in our e-News Bulletin *Seedpods* edited by b'oki that comes out between *cattails* editions. If you would like to receive *Seedpods* in your inbox, please let our UHTS Secretary Carole MacRury know that you would like to become a member.

From this editor's viewpoint, it is an intelligent writer who evolves, yet learns from the source (Japan), and doesn't attempt to reinvent the art form to suit his or her own needs. I am very pleased to be receiving more submissions that reflect this.

One important note, when submitting to *cattails*, please be sure to include your signature and country as you want them to appear. Moreover, we encourage you to include a translation into your native language/type font whenever possible, as we would like "your" countrymen to be able to read "your"

work in “your” language, as well as in English.

We are most proud to say that the United Haiku and Tanka Society is a National based International society, with editors who focus on politeness and promptness. No long wait to hear back from us, and helpful suggestions to take or leave. The UHTS membership is free and has just passed 360. With this number of poets each submitting between five to ten pieces for every *cattails*, the workload is monumental, not only for our editors, but also for our Webmaster. Please report any errata or omissions that may occur in *cattails*, to PeterB.

Due to the large quantity and the quality of submissions, we plan to recruit additional volunteers in the future. Meanwhile, a warm welcome to our new UHTS resident Columnist, Marjorie Buettner, who joins our current resident Essayist, Linda Galloway. Another grateful welcome to our new UHTS resident Proofreader from the United Kingdom, Shrikaanth Krishnanmurthy. On the other hand, a heartfelt thank you as we say goodbye to Editor, Mike Rehling. However, we will continue publishing haibun and senryu, as well as haiku/haiga/tanka/tankart. Submissions for our January 2015 Edition open on 1 October, 2014.

Congratulations to the winners of our first Fleeting Words Tanka Competition and congratulations also to our current Pen this Painting winner. Don’t forget to read about, and submit for our next Samurai Competition for Haibun. All our contests are free to enter.

Now for your pleasure, we offer this September edition . . .

— *cattails* Principal Editor an'ya, USA

# *cattails*

**September 2014**

## **Contributors**

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Thank you again to all who contributed to New Year 2015 edition, many of you submitted work in multiple genre and numbers. You will notice that *cattails* is a unique publication insofar as we do not use a standard page number 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.

---

*Jimat Achmadi, Indonesia*

*Marianne Paul, Canada*

*Ramesh Anand, India*

*Hana Masood, India*

*Rose Anderson, USA*

*Matsumura, Japan*

*Angelo B. Ancheta, Philippines*

*Watanabe Matsuo, Japan*

*Rose Anderson, USA*

*Nancy May, United Kingdom*

*Payal A. Agarwal, India*

*Giselle Maya, France*

*Prachi Agrawal, India*

*Joe McKeon, USA*

*Jenny Ward Angyal, USA*

*Elizabeth McFarland, Germany*

*Aditya Ashribad, India*

*John M. McManus, England*

*Ed Baker, USA*

*Devin Meijer, USA*

*Johnny Baranski, USA*

*Jessica Miller, USA*

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<i>Roberta Beary, USA/Ireland</i>	<i>Gaarima Mishra, India</i>
<i>Brad Bennett, USA</i>	<i>Ben Moeller-Gaa, USA</i>
<i>Bhaavya, India</i>	<i>Radhika Mohite, India</i>
<i>Isaac Birchmier, USA</i>	<i>Liz Moura, USA</i>
<i>brett brady, USA</i>	<i>Robert Moyer, USA</i>
<i>Mark E. Brager, USA</i>	<i>Archana Kapoor Nagpal, India</i>
<i>Jonathan Bretton, USA</i>	<i>Sue Neufarth Howard, USA</i>
<i>Stephanie Brennan, USA</i>	<i>Uemura Noriko, Japan</i>
<i>Joe Brennand, United Kingdom</i>	<i>Tokita Norio, Japan</i>
<i>Dawn Bruce, Australia</i>	<i>Veronika Zora Novak, Canada</i>
<i>Helen Buckingham, United Kingdom</i>	<i>Ayaz Daryl Nielsen, USA</i>
<i>Marjorie Buettner, USA</i>	<i>Tanvi Nischal, India</i>
<i>Susan Burch, USA</i>	<i>Nancy Nitrio, USA</i>
<i>Andy Burkhart, USA</i>	<i>Nola Obee, Canada</i>
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<i>Pris Campbell, USA</i>	<i>Pravat Kumar Padhy, India</i>
<i>Theresa A. Cancro, USA</i>	<i>Ranjana Pai, India</i>
<i>Rohan Ch, India</i>	<i>Linda Papanicolaou, USA</i>
<i>Sanya Chandel, India</i>	<i>Marianne Paul, Canada</i>
<i>Sonam Chhoki, Bhutan</i>	<i>Shirley A. Plummer, USA</i>
<i>Thomas H. Chockley, USA</i>	<i>Jasna Popović Poje, Croatia</i>
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<i>Bill Cooper, USA</i>	<i>Patricia Prime, New Zealand</i>

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<i>Angelee Deodhar</i> , India	<i>Raamesh Gowri Raghaven</i> , India
<i>Charlotte DiGregorio</i> , USA	<i>Kala Ramesh</i> , India
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<i>Smajil Durmišević</i> , Bosnia-Herzegovina	<i>Igra Raza</i> , India
<i>Claire Everett</i> , United Kingdom	<i>Elaine Riddell</i> , New Zealand
<i>Amelia Fielden</i> , Australia	<i>Edward J. Rielly</i> , USA
<i>Mary Franklin</i> , Canada	<i>Rogellio Rodriquez "viento"</i> , Spain
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<i>Jay Friedenber</i> , USA	<i>Stjepan Rozić</i> , Croatia
<i>Chase Gagnon</i> , USA	<i>Djurdja Vukelić Rozić</i> , Croatia
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<i>Philip Gordon</i> , Canada	<i>Joel Shah</i> , India
<i>Brent Goodman</i> , USA	<i>Ken Sawitri</i> , Indonesia
<i>Gwenn Gurnack</i> , USA	<i>Božidar Škobić</i> , Bosnia and Herzegovina
<i>Daniella Hall</i> , India	<i>William Seltzer</i> , USA
<i>John Han</i> , USA	<i>Carl Seguiban</i> , Canada
<i>Michele L. Harvey</i> , USA	<i>Yesha Shah</i> , India
<i>Ruth Holzer</i> , USA	<i>Shloka Shankar</i> , India
<i>Elizabeth Howard</i> , USA	<i>Chakshu Sharma</i> , India

<i>Louisa Howerow, Canada</i>	<i>Anupam Sharma, India</i>
<i>Marilyn Humbert, Australia</i>	<i>Shaina Sharma, India</i>
<i>Samantha Sirimanne Hyde, Australia</i>	<i>Adelaide B. Shaw, USA</i>
<i>Ingrid Jendrzewski, United Kingdom</i>	<i>Radhey Shiam, India</i>
<i>Frances Jones, USA</i>	<i>Caroline Skanne, England</i>
<i>Jesal Kanani, India</i>	<i>Dimitrij Škrk, Slovenia</i>
<i>Kashinath Karmakar, India</i>	<i>Barbara Snow, USA</i>
<i>Arvinder Kaur, India</i>	<i>John Soules, Canada</i>
<i>David J. Kelly, Ireland</i>	<i>Rajat Srivastava, United Kingdom</i>
<i>Keitha Keyes, Australia</i>	<i>Debbie Strange, Canada</i>
<i>Shrikaanth Krishnamurthy, United Kingdom</i>	<i>Rachel Sutcliffe, England</i>
<i>Branka Vojinović Jedić, Montenegro</i>	<i>Barbara Tate, USA</i>
<i>Cliff Kalina, USA</i>	<i>Dietmar Tauchner, Austria</i>
<i>Lavana Kray, Romania</i>	<i>Barbara A. Taylor, Australia</i>
<i>Bob Lake, Australia</i>	<i>Hansha Teki, New Zealand</i>
<i>Michael Henry Lee, USA</i>	<i>Diana Teneva, Bulgaria</i>
<i>Kevin Lee Legge, USA</i>	<i>Angela Terry, USA</i>
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<i>Gregory Longenecker, USA</i>	<i>A. Thiagarajan, India</i>
<i>Bob Lucky, Ethiopia</i>	<i>Paresh Tiwari, India</i>
<i>Tawara Machi, Japan</i>	<i>Maria Kowal-Tomczak, Poland</i>
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*Prateek Malhotra, India*

*Delilah Walter, India*

*Radhika Mohita, India*

*Mary E. Wuest, USA*

*Charlotte Mandell, USA*

*Gergana Yaninska, Bulgaria*

*Marija Maretić, Croatia*

*Kojima Yukari, Japan*

*Thelma Mariano, Canada*

*cattails*

**September 2014**

**Haiku**

---

crop circles  
last night's wind left  
a message

*Barbara Tate*  
*USA*

winter sunset  
a friend passes away  
in intensive care

*Nancy May*  
*United Kingdom*

evening breeze  
the taste of Peking Duck  
on her fingers

*Chen-ou Liu*  
*Canada*

*(Note: Peking duck, is a dish  
that has been prepared since  
the imperial era, and is  
considered the national dish of  
China)*

strains of Vivaldi—  
the heat of the day remains  
in the stone patio

*Adelaide B. Shaw*  
*USA*

morning silence  
... even the thrush  
sings its praise

*Vinay Leo R.*  
*India*

step by step  
my shadow anchors me  
to the earth

*Hansha Teki*  
*New Zealand*

mid-June buzzing in the lamb's ear

*Julie Warther*  
*USA*

a pile-up  
... on the ants' pathway  
a fallen apple

*верижна катастрофа*  
*... на пътя на мравките*  
*паднала ябълка*

*Radka Mindova*  
*Bulgaria*

*(Tr - Diana Teneva*  
*Bulgaria)*

the silence  
of a stand of pine—  
screech owl

*Marianne Paul*  
*Canada*

ashes in an urn—  
the aimless drift of  
an empty polybag

*Paresh Tiwari*  
*India*

my arms  
sweep into wings  
new snow

*Michele L. Harvey*  
*USA*

open sea—  
a maple samara  
cruises on deck

*Đurđica Vukelić Rožić*  
*Croatia*

ice pond  
tiny cracks grow  
between us

*Joe McKeon*  
*USA*

nature walk—  
the blue heron's  
silent watch

*Nancy Nitrio*  
*USA*

lantern festival . . .  
a part of me still  
left behind

*Shloka Shankar*  
*India*

spring wind—  
the dog finds a smell  
on a stone

*Rogelio Rodríguez "Viento"*  
*Spain*

cicada winds  
our hollow promise  
to meet again

*Michael Henry Lee*  
*USA*

a simple life  
sweat pours from my brow—  
the fields must wait

*Kevin Lee Legge*  
*USA*

twitching  
in my lap  
cat dreams

*Ben Moeller-Gaa*  
*USA*

lake tide  
a duckling returns  
to the moonlight

*Ramesh Anand*  
*India*

Cassiopeia  
glowing in August darkness  
evening primroses

*Pipzi Williams*  
*Wales*

rapid thaw  
a salamander swimming  
in the cellar

*Elizabeth Howard*  
*USA*

winter dawn  
I complete all the wishes  
on my bucket list

*Joe Brennand*  
*United Kingdom*

Alfama stroll  
the air drips with laundry  
and the smell of fish

*Chen-ou Liu*  
*Canada*

summer storm  
-granny's embrace the best  
lightning conductor

*ljetna oluja*  
*najjači gromobrani-*  
*bakini zagrljaji*

*Jasna Popović Poje*  
*Croatia*

dog days—  
moonlight dripping  
down her bosom

*Carl Seguiban*  
*Canada*

from the flare  
of a horse's nostrils . . .  
gathering mist

*Veronika Zora Novak*  
*Canada*

autumn dusk  
deflated football  
on a closet shelf

*Edward J. Rielly*  
*USA*

winter's day . . .  
a blue metallic sky  
over the war zone

*Dawn Bruce*  
*Australia*

sunrise . . .  
a line of gulls pulling  
the tide behind them

*Pris Campbell*  
*USA*

early irises  
a half-grown rooster  
begins to practice

*Frances Jones*  
*USA*

otter play  
among möbius seaweed  
reflected sun

*Theresa A. Cancro*  
*USA*

misty day  
a river swallows  
the mountains

*Caroline Skanne*  
*England*

what we said  
beyond the firelight  
summer stars

*Brent Goodman*  
*USA*

April morning—sun hats have also sprouted

*William Seltzer*  
*USA*

in the woods  
I saunter deeper  
into my mind

*Shloka Shankar*  
*India*

invisible air  
is made visible to us  
swirling snow

*Neal Whitman*  
*USA*



moonlit night  
a wide-awake owl blinks  
at fireflies

*Anupam Sharma*  
*India*

day moon . . .  
blue sky siphoned  
from black

*Pris Campbell*  
*USA*

wild geese arriving . . .  
dream after dream I return  
to my village

*John J. Han*  
*USA*

forest fire season  
over the quiet village  
a moonlit white arch

*Nola Obee*  
*Canada*

step by step  
my shadow anchors me  
to the earth

*Hansha Teki*  
*New Zealand*

London train—  
the sun skitters  
off a colt

*Shrikaanth Krishnamurthy*  
*United Kingdom*

the last golden leaves  
descend into the distance  
abandoned redwoods

German:

*die letzten goldenen Blätter  
fallen in der Ferne  
einsames Redholz*

Romanian:

*ultimele frunze aurii  
cad in distanta  
rasinoase abandonate*

*Ana Prundaru  
Switzerland*

autumn stroll  
we pick blackberries  
out of the mist

*Rachel Sutcliffe  
United Kingdom*

blowing whistles  
through his thumb cupped hands—  
autumn park

*Gwenn Gurnack  
USA*

between two shells  
the way he really is  
hermit crab

*Barbara Snow  
USA*

her voice grows  
fainter down the trail  
monsoon rain

*Shrikaanth Krishnamurthy*  
*United Kingdom*

first light—  
still under the quilt  
I chase my dreams

*Archana Kapoor Nagpal*  
*India*

clarity  
on the edge of a flower—  
spring sunset

*Rogelio Rodríguez "Viento"*  
*Spain*

leaves swirl  
beyond the tree-line  
autumn twilight

*Marilyn Humbert*  
*Australia*

abandoned house  
a dusty spider web sways  
in and out the window

*Jay Friedenber*  
*USA*

Gran's eyes soft  
without her glasses . . .  
feeding a stray

*Anne Curran*  
*New Zealand*

homecoming—  
a scarecrow's open arms  
in the fields

*Arvinder Kaur*  
*India*

predawn jog  
the sound of the waves  
spur me on

*John McManus*  
*USA*

last swim  
the pond rippling  
with children

*Claudette Russell*  
*USA*

noiseless midday  
another leaf descends  
onto the pile

*bešumno podne*  
*na hrpu podno krošnje*  
*još jedan list*

*Stjepan Rožić*  
*Croatia*  
*Tr-D.V.Rožić*  
*Croatia*

dawn chorus  
bending the river  
to your song

*Mark E. Brager*  
*USA*

dark-eyed juncos  
visit my bird feeder  
I order in

*Louisa Howerow*  
*Canada*

sweater weather  
the woolly bear's  
center stripe

*Michele L. Harvey*  
*USA*

snow falling—  
a light slants down  
the hillside drive

*Edward J. Rielly*  
*USA*

harvest moon  
a cornfield maze  
closes the exit

*Barbara Tate*  
*USA*

coming storm  
less and less space  
between us

*nadchodząca burza*  
*coraz mniej przestrzeni*  
*pomiędzy nami*

*Maria Kowal-Tomczak*  
*Poland*

the campfire  
growing darker . . .  
summer stars

*Ben Moeller-Gaa*  
*USA*

my laundry  
hung on the balcony–  
heads turn

*Moje je rublje*  
*uredno okačeno–*  
*A svima smješno.*

*Božidar Škobić - Čika Boško*  
*Bosnia and Herzegovina*

hot coffee  
on new years eve  
chairs in a circle

*Joe McKeon*  
*USA*

rain cloud-  
the pole of my yacht  
poking into it

*nor de ploaie-*  
*catargul iahtului meu*  
*îl tot înțeapă*

*Lavana Kray*  
*Romania*

towers and cranes  
marking the skyline  
a red balloon

*Chen-ou Liu*  
*Canada*

backwater . . .  
wavelets rippling  
the moon

лагуна . . .  
вълнички диплещи  
луната

*Diana Teneva*  
*Bulgaria*

equalizer  
the steady rhythm  
of raindrops

*Shloka Shankar*  
*India*

group yoga-  
her first child  
turns in her womb

*A.Thiagarajan*  
*India*

spring wind  
the willow loosens  
its limbs

*Ben Moeller-Gaa*  
*USA*

her voice grows  
fainter down the trail-  
monsoon rain

*Shrikaanth Krishnamurthy*  
*India*

bare feet . . .  
a carousel horse  
spins dreams

*Veronika Zora Novak*  
*Canada*

a corn field  
rustles in the wind  
harvest time

*Kevin Legge*  
*USA*

gnats in the twilight shooting stars

*Thomas Chockley*  
*USA*

knowing her way  
around the graveyard  
an old dog

*Daryl Nielsen*  
*USA*

gnarled roots  
of the tree—one moves;  
a lizard

*Sue Neufarth Howard*  
*USA*

darkening pond  
the flash of a swan  
in November sun

*Brett Bennett*  
*USA*



winter rain—  
familiar spirits  
haunt my words

*Hansha Teki*  
*New Zealand*

predawn jog  
the sound of the waves  
spur me on

*John McManus*  
*USA*

last swim  
the pond rippling  
with children

*Shrikaanth Krishnamurthy*  
*India*

noiseless midday  
another leaf descends  
onto the pile

*bešumno podne*  
*na hrpu podno krošnje*  
*još jedan list*

*Stjepan Rozic'*  
*Croatia*  
*Tr- D.V.Rozic'*  
*Croatia*

dawn chorus  
bending the river  
to your song

*Mark E. Brager*  
*USA*

dark-eyed juncos  
visit my bird feeder  
I order in

*Louisa Howerow*  
*Canada*

sun setting—  
an alfalfa odor drifts  
through the window

*Edward J. Rielly*  
*USA*

watching for ravens  
in a grove of gray birch—  
April afternoon

*Ruth Holzer*  
*USA*

a red berry  
on the tip of her tongue  
spring drizzle

*Chen-ou Liu*  
*Canada*

a short winter day—  
preliminaries for now  
soon the championship

*Jesus Chameleon*  
*USA*

fallen kite  
it settles the wind  
to rest

*Pravat Kumar Padhy*  
*India*

morning porridge  
foraging wasps pulse  
in a windfall apple

*Nola Obee*  
*Canada*

shimmery stars  
the still sea mirrors  
their twinkle

*Anupam Sharma*  
*India*

cicada's song . . .  
the rising heat in each note

*Shloka Shankar*  
*India*

storm clouds part—  
a spotlight shines  
on autumn

*Adelaide B. Shaw*  
*USA*

evening sun  
the last rays catch  
a duck's wake

*Andy Burkhart*  
*USA*

winter moon  
playing cat's cradle  
with a cobweb

*Helen Buckingham*  
*United Kingdom*

a black butterfly  
on stomata riddled leaves  
descends gently

*Jesal Kanani*  
*India*

windy rain—  
this puddle moving swiftly  
going nowhere

*Đurđica Vukelić Rožić*  
*Croatia*

a flicker  
of the beekeeper's veil  
shimmering heat

*Claire Everett*  
*United Kingdom*

night lights...  
a boathouse floats  
on the Milky Way

*Vinay Leo R.*  
*India*

politely waiting  
for her number to be called  
the rising sun

*Angela Terry*  
*USA*

barren oak  
a stranger's initials  
next to mine

*Joe McKeon*  
*USA*

cool marble  
a cathedral offers  
relief from the heat

*Pat Tompkins*  
USA

shooting star  
not knowing what  
to wish for

*John McManus*  
USA

autumn sun  
a scampering squirrel  
and its shadow

*John J. Han*  
USA

letting go  
of this old branch

*Ed Baker*  
USA

rocking side to side  
we steer wide of the buoy  
autumn ripples

*Neal Whitman*  
USA

wild asters  
my coif decided  
by the wind

*Michele L. Harvey*  
USA

stooping . . . stooping  
alpine violets  
shorten the road

*Louisa Howerow*  
*Canada*

blackout  
dominoes by candlelight  
thunderclap

*večer bez struje*  
*domino uz svijeće*  
*zvuk grmljavine*

*Jasna Popović Poje*  
*Croatia*

starboard marker buoy  
the cormorants pass  
on either side

*David J. Kelly*  
*Ireland*

linden blossoms  
a tramp on the bench whistles  
to the pack of dogs

*Smajil Durmišević*  
*Bosnia and Herzegovina*

farmer's market  
we seek shelter from the rain  
with the radishes

*Brent Goodman*  
*USA*

a deaf boy  
planting dune grass  
breakers and gulls

*Bill Cooper*  
*USA*

dog days—  
moonlight dripping  
down her bosom

*Carl Seguiban*  
*Canada*

stooping . . . stooping  
alpine violets  
shorten the road

*Louisa Howerow*  
*Canada*

blackout  
dominoes by candlelight  
thunderclap

*večer bez struje*  
*domino uz svijeće*  
*zvuk grmljavine*

*Jasna Popović Poje*  
*Croatia*

sunset  
without so much as  
an apt goodbye

*Michael Henry Lee*  
*USA*

an autumn evening  
I'm in hurry - the moon  
hastens the same way

*jesenski večer*  
*hitim - luna na nebu*  
*hiti v isto smer*

*Dimitrij Škrk*  
*Slovenia*  
*Translated D.V.Rozic'*  
*Croatia*

cool marble  
a cathedral offers  
relief from the heat

*Patricia Tompkins*  
*USA*

dreamtime . . .  
a blue shadow haunts  
the shallows

*Mark E. Brager*  
*USA*

forest walk  
finding answers  
in the silence

*Claudette Russell*  
*USA*

daybreak—  
the baby robin's  
tiny beak

*Nancy Nitro*  
*USA*



white lilies  
for her funeral today . . .  
a March wind blows

*Mary Franklin*  
*USA*

flowing  
against the current . . .  
swallows

*Julie Warther*  
*USA*

clinic window-  
through the needle-eye crescent  
threads of cloud

*Sonam Chhoki*  
*Bhutan*

late honeysuckle  
the scent grandmother wore to  
her own funeral

*Pipzi Williams*  
*Wales*

ani- the super moon  
on a chimney

*і супер луната върху комина*

*Diana Teneva*  
*Bulgaria*

storm clouds  
sunset seeps through a rent  
in the darkness

*Elaine Riddell*  
*New Zealand*

winter night  
empty train carriages  
flash silver

*Dawn Bruce*  
*Australia*

summer nuisance  
a housefly orbits nothing  
in front of the tv

*Frances Jones*  
*USA*

hide and seek-  
the fragrance of her breath  
from somewhere

*Arvinder Kaur*  
*India*

autumn fly  
turning itself upside down  
on my mirror

*Edward J. Rielly*  
*USA*

wolf moon:  
the yoga teacher adjusts  
my embryo pose

*Maeve O'Sullivan*  
*Ireland*

Autumn winds. . .  
pampas plumes  
dry-brush the sky

*Terri French*  
*USA*

a flicker  
of the beekeeper's veil  
shimmering heat

*Claire Everett*  
*United Kingdom*

dry heat  
ash-throated birds scrabble  
for shade

*Philip Gordon*  
*Canada*

windless day  
a stormy cloud fading  
from the pond

*Ramesh Anand*  
*India*

autumn stroll  
we pick blackberries  
out of the mist

*Rachel Sutcliffe*  
*United Kingdom*

the butterfly  
it moves away from a flower  
between stones

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

*Rogelio Rodriguez "Viento"*  
*Spain*

blanket of snow  
the dog's paws paint  
the suburbs

*Payal A. Agarwal*  
*India*

summer heat  
on the window pane  
persistent mosquito

*Marija Maretić*  
*Croatia*

old museum  
a stray garden saurian's  
shiny skin

*Ken Sawitri*  
*Indonesia*

winter sunset  
a rowboat on the river  
carries my troubles

*Nancy May*  
*United Kingdom*

autumn rain—  
on the arriving bus  
a wrong number

*jesenski dež—*  
*na postajališče vozi*  
*bus z napačno številko*

*Dimitrij Škrk*  
*Slovenia*

autumn chores  
moving caterpillars  
from the bike path

*Ayaz Daryl Neilsen*  
USA

splash of paddle—  
a team of kayakers  
leave the shore

*Patricia Prime*  
New Zealand

after the rains  
push up en masse  
mushrooms

*brishtir pore*  
*aksonge matha chada dai*  
*chhatrak*

*Aju Mukhopadhyay*  
India

october leaves  
the darker colors still  
deepening

*brett brady*  
USA

on the southbound bus  
evening rain

*Johnny Baranski*  
USA

long walk home  
the leaves I've collected  
all slip away

*Gregory Longenecker*  
USA

downed tree trunks  
in the swelling river  
a stone sinks

*Philip Gordon*  
*Canada*

fountain shower—  
the wind splatters her face  
with rainbows

*Ramesh Anand*  
*India*

a wanderer  
like his father before him  
red dragonfly

*Johnny Baranski*  
*USA*

after school  
my mother's chili sauce  
three houses away

*John Soules*  
*Canada*

starshine  
children walk back home  
from work

તારા ચમકે...

કામ પૂરા

બાળકો ઘરે ફરે છે

*Mrunali Thakore*  
*India*

ice fishing  
my father tries to catch  
his breath

*John McManus*  
*USA*

crows above  
all paths leading nowhere  
in a wheat field

*Ivan Randall*  
*Australia*

summer's end  
the garden bench  
gathers leaves

*Rachel Sutcliffe*  
*United Kingdom*

marigolds  
bowing but not submitting  
to the breeze

*Ingrid Jendrzewski*  
*United Kingdom*

scrubbing  
away the day's dirt . . .  
my garden turned

*Anne Curran*  
*New Zealand*

at home  
with all that surrounds me-  
yellow butterflies

*Kala Ramesh*  
*India*

**Level Crossing**

*John Soules, Canada*

level crossing  
the blur of placards  
on the tank cars

level crossing  
the sound of sirens  
against the night

level crossing  
a fireman pulls on  
his hazmat suit

level crossing  
the fireball seen  
in dreams for years



**Journeys** (for the country of my birth)

*Chen-ou Liu, Canada*

Sintra at dawn  
a carriage horse  
clip-clop, clip-clops . . .

Lisbon heat  
taxis rattle and screech  
through cobbled lanes

Belem in twilight  
her sailor song tinged  
with love and regret

Ilha Formosa . . .  
sailors and I cry out  
in a fleeting dream

*Note: In 1544, a Portuguese ship sighted the main island of Taiwan and named it "Ilha Formosa," which means "Beautiful Island."*

## Editor's Choice Haiku

For Editor's Choice haiku, I have selected more favorites than in the tanka section because we simply receive many more haiku submissions than tanka submissions.

---

hint of cool . . .  
the old cat makes a rug  
of sunlight

*Claire Everett*  
*United Kingdom*

*Just as most editors do when selecting haiku, I look for something common presented in an uncommon way, and this one by Claire Everett from the UK, fits that bill. She could have just as easily said "hint of cool . . ./the old cat on a rug/in the sunlight, but instead Claire says hint of cool . . ./the old cat makes a rug/of sunlight." Quite a difference the fine-tuning in one's haiku, makes!*

*—an'ya, cattails principal editor*

---

bare aspens—  
a jay's fading notes  
stir the glade

*Carl Seguiban*  
*Canada*

*This haiku by Carl Seguiban from Canada, is similar in form to Claire's haiku (above) insofar as Carl could have just as easily said "bare aspens/a jay's fading notes/in the glade", but instead he chose to say bare aspens/a jay's fading notes/stir the glade", which made the difference. Once again, we experience a common scene presented in an uncommon way. A bonus in both Carl's and Claire's haiku, is that self is never mentioned in either.*

*—an'ya, cattails principal editor*

---

woodland pond  
amid floating blossoms  
a turtle's head

*Sue Neufarth Howard*  
USA

*This EC by Sue Neufarth Howard from the USA, gives us a strong wide setting in line 1 with repeated "d" sounds that it carries into the first part of line 2, where it shifts to repeated "o" sounds. Then in line 3, Sue gives us a visual "aha" via the appearance of a turtle's head in the middle of all those blossoms.*  
—an'ya, cattails principal editor

---

empty boat  
summer memories  
left to drift

*Claudette Russell*  
USA

*An EC by Claudette Russell from the USA that utilizes juxtaposition quite nicely. The "empty boat" (full of summer memories) is "left to drift" . . . all that needs to be said, is said, and those memories are left up to each individual reader.*  
—an'ya, cattails principal editor

sudden rain . . .  
my paper earrings  
change form

внезапен дъжд  
хартиените ми обеци  
сменят модела си

Gergana Yaninska  
Bulgaria

*This EC by Gergana Yaninska from Bulgaria, is a modern-day classic. Nature ruining or perhaps that rain enhances the shape of a girl's paper earrings. Nicely written interfacing nature with a human touch. Thank you to Gergana for also sending this in her native Bulgarian.*  
—an'ya, cattails principal editor

---

late night bus  
the lonely smell  
of street rain

Sonam Chhoki  
Bhutan

*A simple but impactful succinct 9 word/10 syllable EC by Sonam Chhoki from Bhutan, which starts out as any haiku might. However in the last line, Sonam invokes a powerful feeling of lonely, late-night desolation through a sense of smell with her words "street rain". It is truly a haiku able to transport you.*  
—an'ya, cattails principal editor

*cattails*

**September 2014**

**Haibun**

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**Haibun Submissions**

The UHTS bids farewell and thanks Mike Rehling, who served as the haibun and senryu editor. We are still accepting these forms, but please email your submissions to:

[submittocattails@gmail.com](mailto:submittocattails@gmail.com)

with the subject heading HAIBUN, or SENRYU.

**BEGONIA**

*Charlotte Mandel*

USA

Fallen from the plant on the dining table, the tiny flower spreads two petals, pale pink, on either side of the yellow-brown center. A bit of stem holds on. I lift the threadlike stem between thumb and forefinger, careful not to crush the already wrinkling soft-skinned miniature blossom. Is it still alive though no longer able to feed from the taproot?

Heartbeats  
silent  
on the monitor screen

Turned over, the petal-wings seem less shriveled, more rounded, edged as with a rolled hem. Odor of a cotton ball, taste of bitter weeds. My gentle fingers cause a tear.

Her face being scrubbed  
the child winces  
but does not cry

On the palm of my hand, the moth-like petals turn browner by each tick of the digital clock blinking its two-dotted eye. I place it back into the ceramic pot, onto damp earth shaded by a leafed stem bearing buds about to open.

My husband's ashes  
buried beside  
a tall pine tree

**SUNDAY AFTERNOON**

*Adelaide B. Shaw*

USA

After the main meal, families leave their cars at home and walk—pere, mere and les enfants. Dressed in their good clothes they walk along village lanes, city streets, country roads, wooded trails, mountain paths. Later the cafés will see them come in for an aperitif, *un café* or *un chocolat chaud*.

Today is drizzly. It is early November. We follow the custom, dressing warmly and walk through the village, smiling at families we don't know, saying Bon Jour. We leave the village and walk a dirt road past muddy fields and meadows, still dark green and brushed with mist. We follow the road which leads to a small aerodrome, a distance about two miles from our home. No one else is about. The aerodrome café, more restaurant than café with its white tablecloths and glass wall sconces, has other customers. We order our café and cognac and *chocolat chaud* for the children, fortifying ourselves for the walk back.

a drizzly fog  
blending shapes and shades  
into one

**On Being Wise**

*Adelaide B. Shaw*

*USA*

At my age I should know a few things. I do, but not enough to always be wise or to be certain. There are still choices to be made, pros and cons to be weighed, adjustment to and acceptance of whichever choice is made. Life is still a learning process.

heirloom roses  
bringing back the bush  
one bloom at a time



**ONCE UPON A TIME**

*Adelaide B. Shaw*

USA

Childhood memories are with me today. Summer memories. Hopscotch and jump rope on the sidewalk in front of our house. Tag, red rover, statues. Covering our fingernails with red rose petals. Dirty, sweaty faces and bodies. The Good Humor man, his jingle heard from blocks away. A hot street with close together houses on one side and factories, belching smoke and smells, on the other, the brick walls, after quitting time, good for bouncing balls against. Sultry nights, when it was too hot to sleep, staying up late on the porch with the adults sipping lemonade and iced tea or coffee, too worn out to play and content to listen to the adult talk of the War, the food shortages, the gossip about neighbors. Dragging my feet upstairs to bed and sleep to wake in the morning and begin another day.

daylilies

folding themselves

into the night

## **The Lesson**

*Janet Whitney*

USA

The beach is windy as the 14 year old boy is trying to light a fire. He has used up most of the kindling. His father approaches:

"Son, you don't know how to do this. Let me show you."

"Dad, I know how to light a fire. I don't need help."

"You do, son. You are doing it wrong. Don't walk away from me! Let me show you."

"Dad, I know how to light a fire!"

"Son, come back over here. I'm your father and you can damn well learn something from me. You are making me raise my voice! Come back over here!"

The boy is out of sight.

how to light a fire:

rub together one teen-age boy

with his father

**Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose**

*Raamesh Gowri Raghavan*

*India*

Déjà vu m'arrive tant de fois, mais pas dans le sens psychologique. La semaine dernière, nous sommes entrés dans Suzette, un nouveau restaurant breton dans Mumbai, offrant une gamme des crêpes. J'étais excité parce que je n'ai jamais vu une crêpe avant. J'ai demandé une "crêpe aux épinards, feta, basilic frais et tomates fraîches", en essayant mon français livresque au cours. Que j'ai reçu était une choc électrique.

J'ai vu des crêpes avant—elles sont appelées les "dosas" dans ma langue. Les bretons les préparent de sarrasin, nous Tamouls de lentilles. Je viens de payer 20 fois plus pour quelque chose que je mange chez moi trois fois par semaine! J'admets qu'ils n'ont pas du fromage feta et des épinards, mais je peux les mettre dans un dosa, n'est-ce pas? Les seuls choses français de cette affaire étaient les couteau-et-fourchette, le désespoir Houellebecqien, et peut-être le Chopin jouant en arrière. Et bien sûr —déjà vu.

les rizières  
... un buffle contourne  
le tour électrique

---

Translation:

The more things change, the more they are the same. *Déjà vu* happens to me all the time, just not in the psychological sense. Last week we entered Suzette, a new Breton-themed restaurant in Mumbai, offering a range of *crêpes*. I was excited because I've never seen *crêpes* before. I asked for a "*crêpe aux épinards, feta, basilic frais et tomates fraîches*", trying out my bookish French in the course. What I got was an electric shock.

I *have seen crêpes* before—they are called '*dosas*' in my language. The Bretons make them of buckwheat, we Tamils of lentils. I had just paid paid 20 times more for something I eat at home three times a week! I admit they don't have feta cheese and spinach, but I can put them in a *dosa*, can I not? The only things French about the affair were the knife-and-fork, the Houellebecq-ian despair and perhaps the Chopin playing in the background. And of course—*déjà vu*.

rice paddies  
... the buffalo skirts  
the electric pylon

## **The Burger**

*Raamesh Gowri Raghavan*

*India*

I jingled them in my hand. I had no fresh notes to crinkle. No soiled ones either. They were all that was - four nickel coins. I looked up at the counter, at my palm, at the counter again. It lay there upon the counter, encased in thin plastic. It too, was all there was. The choice was clear - either the acid in my stomach digested it, or the acid digested me.

The coins now jingled behind the counter. The plastic crinkled in my hand. I threw it away, and fingered the bun. Hard, stale crust, thankfully not mouldy yet. Cold, oil-oozing patty. Tomato slices, slightly rancid, their sourness accented by fermentation. Limp onion slices that failed to sting.

The onions failed to sting. My desperation did.

half-eaten sun;  
the street urchin  
sifts garbage

## Examination

*Shloka Shankar*

*India*

It seemed like the beginning of the end. Dark clouds were starting to gather just outside my classroom as if in consolation, or rather, to heighten my feeling of doom. I prefer to think of it as the former. The invigilator began distributing the question papers and I stared at it transfixed. Nothing made sense. This was it. I was sure to flunk again. Feeling like a headless chicken, I looked up and down in vain and saw the teacher glaring at me through lowered spectacles that were about to fall off the precipice of her nose. She walked up to me and asked me why I appeared so horrified.

"I'm fine. Just a little chilly today."

I don't think she bought into that, but she got back to her desk and continued to gaze upon us with a hawk-like expression. Peering into my blank answer sheet and question paper, I decided to give it a shot. The first question was an income tax problem. I had learned the formulas by rote and now it was time to solve Suresh's problem. I hoped for the bugger to rot in hell.

patterns  
how my life depends  
on them

Things were fine till Step 4 of my solution. And then, I blanked out. I started praying to all the pantheon of gods in the Greek, Roman and Hindu mythology. None of them came to my rescue. It was time for a meltdown. Hot tears poured down my cheeks and smudged the half solved problem on my sheet. Gawking dismally at the sheaf of papers with wrath, I finally decided to give up.

Returning my answer sheet with practically nothing on it, the girls in the front row 'aahed' and 'oohed' at this. I almost wanted to smack them silly, but I peacefully walked out instead and felt the first droplets of rain splatter on my face.

cow's lick  
making the same mistakes  
over and over

**Not like Fred and Ginger\* EC**

*Elizabeth Crocket*

*Canada*

I am laying in intensive care in the semi-dark after my second cancer surgery. I am hallucinating that I am on a stretcher that is racing down a highway at night and I am terrified. I am unaware that I am sobbing until I hear the kind and calm voice of my surgeon. He tells me this is hard work, it's not like in the movies, that people don't just dance off into the sunset. I hear myself mutter "like Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers" and he says yes, as he pats my shoulder.

invisible spider web

twirling

a single leaf

**Pressure Point**

*Keitha Keyes*

*Australia*

Under the bigtop the ringmaster's voice wafts in and out of the speakers. The audience settles. Ponies parade, acrobats tumble. The crowd is hushed as the trapeze artist swings into space. And again. And again . . . Soon it's my turn. My head is still pounding but I can't let them down. I have to make them laugh.

a clown

without his makeup

nobody

**Terminal Three**

*Angelee Deodhar*

*India*

On my way to Gate 39 A, at Delhi's domestic airport, I stop to peek into the Prayer Room. I have never seen a prayer room at an airport before. I do not know what to expect, perhaps a multi denominational niche or a mural with all the gods of the East and West depicted there.

There are two bare carpeted rooms, one for men and one for women. A sign instructs visitors to leave their shoes outside. Both rooms overlook the runway. No one is in either room . . . though I see a few cloth sling bags on the floor in the men's prayer room.

I wonder how often these rooms are used and by whom . . . muslims at prayer five times a day, passengers fearful of flying, others going for some urgent work or to see someone who is ill?

I bow my head in silence and pray for my sister in law who just had surgery for her spine. As we board, the young lady next to me reveals that she has come from London to see her mother who is moribund with a cancer of the neck.

basil tea

one by one by one

the stars fade

**Touch Wood**

*Angelee Deodhar*  
*India*

Coming to know that a friend's brother has succumbed to cancer, I re-live my own loss, when the father of my son passed away three years ago with a secondary in the brain. I put on meditational music on my laptop and let the sound of ocean waves wash over me...distant gulls scream from another shore. Do those who leave us hear them?

art class—  
a marble's path back  
to kindergarten

**Selerang Barracks**

*Angelee Deodhar*  
*India*

The arid landscape, an endless plain of fractured hillocks and cracked river beds as the distant horizon hovers on uncertain light, the whopping thrum of rotors scissors the sky and suddenly in a dust cloud kicked up by the helicopters' wash, all hell breaks loose . . . the speakers repeat the staccato gun fire from the four corners of our home theatre system.

Was it like this for my father, a prisoner of war of the Japanese in Malaya? But over there the jungles were lush with bungarus, mosquitoes and fever soaked dreams . . .

buying carpets  
the aromatics of Kashmiri  
saffron tea



## Content

*Shirley A. Plummer*

*USA*

The sight of a man with bare legs and sandaled feet, protected by a straw cape and pointed straw hat from the heavy slanting rain, was commonplace to Basho but is picturesque to me. Why can I not be satisfied with what is common here and now? A bicyclist on highway 101 would have to hide from this wind; but, he might be out in heavy rain . . .

envy in sun  
pity in wind and rain—  
bedraggled cat

## Snow Moon

*Marilyn Humbert*

*Australia*

chinese whispers—  
the glass sphere  
shatters

His eyes blink as he tells me the sky is punch-drunk, turning from green to army blanket grey to black.  
Clouds, rough woven by the wind, bank, tangled and bruised from the encounter.  
Now he is yelling-it's the time of mourning doves , and angels falling from heaven.

He no longer acknowledges my presence, whispering of clarity and knowing to the shadow lying across his bed as the voice in his head repeats, no one listens, over and over.  
I shut the door, the key clangs in the lock.

a crow stares  
from an ancient oak—  
snow moon

**Statuses**

*Shloka Shankar*

*India*

'Have you noticed something?'

'I may have. But what are you talking about?'

'Today, I realized that most relationship labels are just a farce.'

'Ha. Here we go.'

'No, I mean it. What do these stereotypes signify anyway?'

'Just that. Stereotypes.'

'This...this constant neediness that's thrust on us. Get married, raise a bunch of kids, retire, and then kick the bucket. What happened to living life on one's own terms?'

'Aren't you already? Not like you've jettisoned everything.'

'It's like Godot, you know?'

'Huh?'

'Exactly.'

moot point much ado about something

**Kitchen Junk Drawer**

*Pat Tompkins*

USA

Full of expired coupons for cereal, tea, soup, ice cream; saved string. Rubber bands, ties to close bags, bits of plastic that used to be part of something. Scissors and tape, stained corks, warranty cards for appliances and notions that no longer work. A dented funnel, matchbooks from restaurants that closed years ago; well-worn wishes, a rusty can opener. Crinkles of ribbon and metal rims from jelly jars; a broken ruler, just in case. Receipts for hopes pushed to the back, snagged on a bent nail.

gleaming kitchens  
in designer magazines:  
where are the crumbs?

## **Ticky-Tricky Trouble**

*Pat Tompkins*

*USA*

Under Human Follies, subdivision Playing God, introducing non-native species to foreign territory stands out for short-sightedness. One good example: speedy creatures in Hawaii dash across roads, into rock piles in parks or along edges of golf courses. Not slender squirrels or wayward weasels, but ferrety-furtive mongooses.

In Kipling's Jungle Book story "*Rikki-Tikki-Tavi*," the title character, a mongoose, is brave, loyal, and clever, as beloved by a family as a dog. In Hawaii, they are pests, not pets. When sugarcane plantations thrived in 19th-century Hawaii, so did rats. Mongooses were introduced to prey on the rodents. One problem: mongooses are active during the day, rats at night. They never actually meet up.

Besides the diurnal/nocturnal issue, mongooses don't need to chase rats, given the bounty of edibles available effortlessly, such as fruit and eggs. So instead of fewer rats, there are fewer native birds. Although mongooses are famed for their ability to kill poisonous snakes, snakes have always been scarce in the islands. For the mongoose, Hawaii is paradise. It has no natural predators there.

six, eight, eleven  
goslings on the fairway  
dandelions

**A Poet and His Reader(s)**

*Chen-ou Liu*

*Canada*

Attic Diary  
with a pen tucked in the spine  
the touch of moonlight

Sitting at his coffee-stained desk, I turn to the page where he left behind:

The know-it-all editor detailed places in red ink where she found the haibun loaded with hazy semantics, or where they suffered from what she called etymological fog. And she emphasized that the Craft of sketching lived experiences is Flaubertian W . . .

Work? But what will be left of a poet's life in the end? Published poems. An unfinished manuscript. Jotted thoughts shifting and transient as skin cells.

*words, always words . . .*  
his right hand grasping  
in the cold air

**My Little Death**

*Chen-ou Liu*

*Canada*

the year  
dying in the night . . .  
his blind eyes

"From the movies I'd seen, the scene I remember most vividly," my cinephile friend says, "is the one about making love. The man abandons his position, in which he is behind the prostitute, for the face-to-face position."

"So what is it about this scene?" I ask.

"Now, my wife is faceless to me. And this morning, when I woke up early to the sound of crashing waves and birdsong, I suddenly realized that I couldn't remember what I looked like."

the new year begins  
with the same rising sun . . .  
me in the mirror

**Obladi Oblada (21st December 2013)\* EC**

*Hansha Teki*

*New Zealand*

Just forty-five years ago today my best friend's body was found hanging from a wooden beam in the family barn.

Paul was an innovative artist who, at eighteen years of age, began a journey along a road to his own Damascus. I can still recall the images he created with his masterful understanding of chiaroscuro; images that he destroyed on his last day.

By that time his increasingly exclusive diet of speed pills had transformed his self-perceived identity to be that of the real and fully evolved John Lennon.

advent light . . .

the pendulum of shadows

creaks through me

**Harvest Night**

*Chase Gagnon*

*USA*

The cemetery gate holds the moon between its rusty bars like a soul trapped in the cage limbo, exposing the graves that pull satin shadows over themselves to keep warm in a dreamless sleep. The path that leads through these hollows is paved with pebbles, millions of years old that sit on just the other side of this pad-locked gate. I don't think it's been opened in years.

last birdsong of dusk

. . . this pulse

shaking my skeleton



**4 AM**

*Chase Gagnon*

*USA*

I stare into the coffee mug, into the blackness that's no longer bitter and think of life. I haven't been asleep yet. It's amazing how fast time can pass when you're gazing at the stars; a lifetime is nothing to them. I feel immortal with their light in my eyes that have seen so much death—but what is the death I've seen to the supernova that will kill them? Their perishing song will shine for millions of years. I'll be gone and forgotten in just a few, and my skeleton will have gnawed out of my wrinkled skin by then. But this morning, I watch them disappear into the lightening sky, while I sip coffee so black that my younger self would've cringed. I think it's just right.

my tiring life

caught between dreams . . .

a fan hums

## **Insufficient Funds**

*Chris Dominiczak*  
*United Kingdom*

I've been drinking mint and green tea for the last four hours. The light on her "chatbox" has gone from green to red. My finger's have been tapping my account number and password into the banks online service every 20 minutes.

They aren't picking me up until 6. I've donned a coat, put on some shoes and I'm heading to the ATM for a second opinion.

I hit the play button on my ipod. Within 20 paces of leaving my front door the heaven's open. I slide my debit card into the slot and tap in the pin number.

heavy breath  
i ascend into the shadow  
of the north face

On the way back home I squander through some excuses.

"Sorry Lads! . . . my money hasn't gone in, can't make it!"

"You're Joking!" the most probable reply.

There's no cars using the road as a thoroughfare at this hour just the odd taxi drop off. It's Friday morning, just after 12:00am, people are in the thrones of night. The lads will be nestled in their beds with their other halves.

A quilt and pillow laze by the desktop on the floor. I always sit on the floor. I've slept more times on the sofa than I have sat on it. I flick the mouse and the computer lights up. Her chat light still red.

The rucksack is making a short-term indentation on the sofa. The check list is unintelligible . Empty walking boots. A fishing rod taut in it's sleeve.

3:00 am. I tap my account number and password into the security box . . . and I'm in credit.

empty rucksack

i choose the largest pebble

then descend

**Two-Cents Worth**

*Terri L. French*

*USA*

The rough ocean waves have strewn broken shells and bits of sand dollars all along the shore. Should a fractured wedge of sand dollar still be called a sand dollar? I start estimating the worth of the various chunks. That looks to be about twenty-three cents worth, and that one maybe seventy-nine cents. That tiny slice would only merit a few pennies.

I sure hope my value is not dependent upon being whole.

day at the beach  
a seagull gives a sandpiper  
an earful

## In the Crosshairs

Terri L. French  
USA

*"Hi! handsome hunting man  
Fire your little gun.  
Bang! Now the animal  
is dead and dumb and done.  
Nevermore to peep again, creep again, leap again,  
Eat or sleep or drink again. Oh, what fun!"*

— Walter de la Mare, *Rhymes and Verses: Collected Poems for Young People*

I don't like hunting. I understand that indigenous peoples hunted for food. They used all of the animal—meat, fat, skin and sinew. Nothing went to waste. They understood that, like man, animals have spirits. They were thankful for and respectful of what the animals provided to them and never took more than they needed. So, I should say I don't like, nor do I understand, hunting for sport. The thrill of the hunt. The adrenaline rush of felling and butchering an animal.

And yet, I find myself—by no choice of my own—staying in a lodge festooned with the heads and carcasses of dead animals. Moose, elk and buffalo greet us in the lobby. A stuffed pheasant peers at me from the nightstand near my bed. A cougar poised mid-air above a deer in the dining room, its teeth bared, ready to take the doe by the neck. Only . . . the hunter got to her first.

At dinner the host places a large platter of venison burgers in the center of the long dining table. Its gamey scent fills the room. I notice that I begin salivating. As the platter comes my way. I hesitate before passing it on. At least tonight, I am a vegetarian.

Thanksgiving dinner  
the taxidermist  
stuffs himself

**California Dreamin'\* EC**

*Roberta Beary*

*USA/Ireland*

you want to die tonight and call to say goodbye. you're one continent away on the other coast. still i  
show up and bang on your screen door. footsteps crash. the door swings open. you're sleepy. or stoned.  
or both. look-away eyes dead center the wall. you say you're going for a swim. the water is calling you.  
you try to step past me but i block you. with a bear hug. not a grizzly bear. more like one of those  
dancing bears. the kind that wear a chain. you don't resist the hug. you don't welcome it either. and you  
don't hug me back. not yet.

daybreak

one by one

shorebirds

claim the body

## Editor's Choice Haibun

### Not like Fred and Ginger

Elizabeth Crocket  
Canada

I am laying in intensive care in the semi-dark after my second cancer surgery. I am hallucinating that I am on a stretcher that is racing down a highway at night and I am terrified. I am unaware that I am sobbing until I hear the kind and calm voice of my surgeon. He tells me this is hard work, it's not like in the movies, that people don't just dance off into the sunset. I hear myself mutter "like Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers" and he says yes, as he pats my shoulder.

invisible spider web  
twirling  
a single leaf

*Deceptively simple this one. But then I think to myself that to write this you would have to be rolling on a gurney into a second cancer surgery. Not so simple. Our surgeons seem so confident, like characters in a movie where it will all have ended well, just moments before the credits roll past on the screen. (As I wrote the words above, my wife came into my office to say that a friend's grandchild, stricken with cancer, is being released to go home. I am momentarily happy, and then she tells me the cancer has spread, and she is going home to die.) No, it isn't simple. We hang in this invisible web of our lives. Are we free? Are we trapped? Then it all turns on a breeze from a higher power, out of our control. Ginger Rogers did everything Fred Astaire did, only backwards, and in high heels. Who has it harder, the patient or the surgeon in this story? I am very happy the poet is here to tell her tale; simply, directly, and with a haiku ending that sums it up, oh so well.*

—UHTS Haibun Editor Mike Rehling, USA

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**Obladi Oblada (21st December 2013)**

*Hansha Teki  
New Zealand*

Just forty-five years ago today my best friend's body was found hanging from a wooden beam in the family barn.

Paul was an innovative artist who, at eighteen years of age, began a journey along a road to his own Damascus. I can still recall the images he created with his masterful understanding of chiaroscuro; images that he destroyed on his last day.

By that time his increasingly exclusive diet of speed pills had transformed his self-perceived identity to be that of the real and fully evolved John Lennon.

advent light . . .  
the pendulum of shadows  
creaks through me

*Titles in a haibun can add so much to the richness of the piece in question. In this fine example the title takes a song from the Beatles White Album and sets the tone for the entire piece. The first line of the chorus of the song in question is: "Ob-la-di, ob-la-da life goes on brah". That song was written by Paul McCartney, and the other Beatles hated it, and John Lennon despised it. Now comes this young man of eighteen, who sees himself as Lennon, who takes his own life, valuing it less than his 'brah' did. Wow, that just sent me into a tailspin. So many implications here if you have the time, or take the time. As a reader you have your work cut out for you!*

*Then we reach a haiku that caps the entire effort. The advent is that time of anticipation of the birth of a savior, yet prior to the birth that holds the keys to the resurrection, a rope swings and creates the moving shadows that mirror the chiaroscuro images of the artist, who has taken his own life. Indeed, this story creaks, like the beam used to end his life, through the reader as well, twisting and turning you as you connect with the story being told. If you have ever lost someone to suicide you can't help but be taken by the skillful detail in this fine and deeply sensitive haibun.*

—UHTS Haibun Editor Mike Rehling, USA

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**California Dreamin'**

*Roberta Beary*

*USA/ Ireland*

you want to die tonight and call to say goodbye. you're one continent away on the other coast. still i show up and bang on your screen door. footsteps crash. the door swings open. you're sleepy. or stoned. or both. look-away eyes dead center the wall. you say you're going for a swim. the water is calling you. you try to step past me but i block you. with a bear hug. not a grizzly bear. more like one of those dancing bears. the kind that wear a chain. you don't resist the hug. you don't welcome it either. and you don't hug me back. not yet.

daybreak  
one by one  
shorebirds  
claim the body

*It is a dream. I tell myself that over and over while I read this haibun. The construction of the prose in this one is dead on. When we dream, there are no commas, no pauses or semicolons, just the order of the words sans capital letters, and full stop at the end of each thought. Every image drags me deeper into the scene. The hug is so important that it must be described in detail, and yet it can't seem to reclaim it's object. I feel sad. But it is a dream. Right?*

*The haiku would be a stunner on its own, but it becomes the integral ending to the story. The time is daybreak, when our dreams end. We are all born in a womb of water, but before we return to the elements the flesh and bones must be reclaimed, a burial of sorts. But it is a dream. Right?*

—UHTS Haibun Editor Mike Rehling, USA

# *cattails*

September 2014

Haiga and Tankart

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Haiku: *Ken Sawitri*

Painting: *Jimat Achmadi*  
*Indonesia*

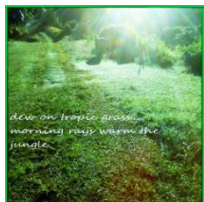


*Radhey Shiam, India*



Haiku: *Jesus Chameleon, USA*

Photo: *Pablo San Blaz, Spain*



*Shloka Shankar, India*



*Sue Neufarth Howard, USA*

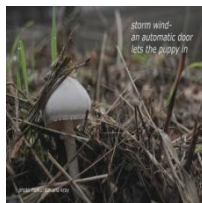


Haiku: *Paresh Tiwari, India*

Photo: *Rajat Srivastava, United Kingdom*



*Lavana Kray, Romania*



*Adelaide B. Shaw, USA*



Haiku: *Ken Sawitri*

*Indonesia*

Drawing: *Jimat Achmadi*

*David J. Kelly, Ireland*



*Shrikaanth Krishnamurthy*  
*United Kingdom*



*Haiku: Vinay Leo R., India*  
*Photo: Rohan CH., India*



*Ms. Neelam Dadhwal, India*



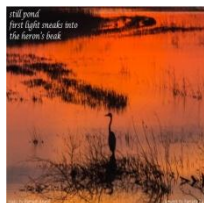
*Johnny Baranski, USA*



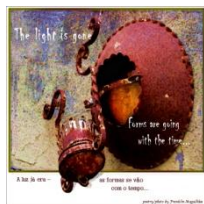
*Indonesia* \* **EC**



*Haiku: Ramesh Anand, India*  
*Artwork: Ranjana Pai, India*



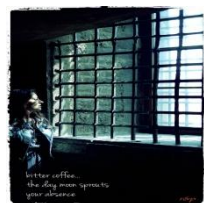
*Franklin Magalhaes, Brazil*



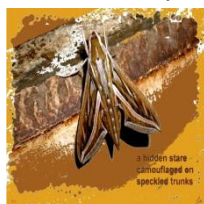
*Haiku: Paresh Tiwari, India*

*Photo: Rajat Srivastava*

*United Kingdom*



*Barbara A. Taylor, Australia*



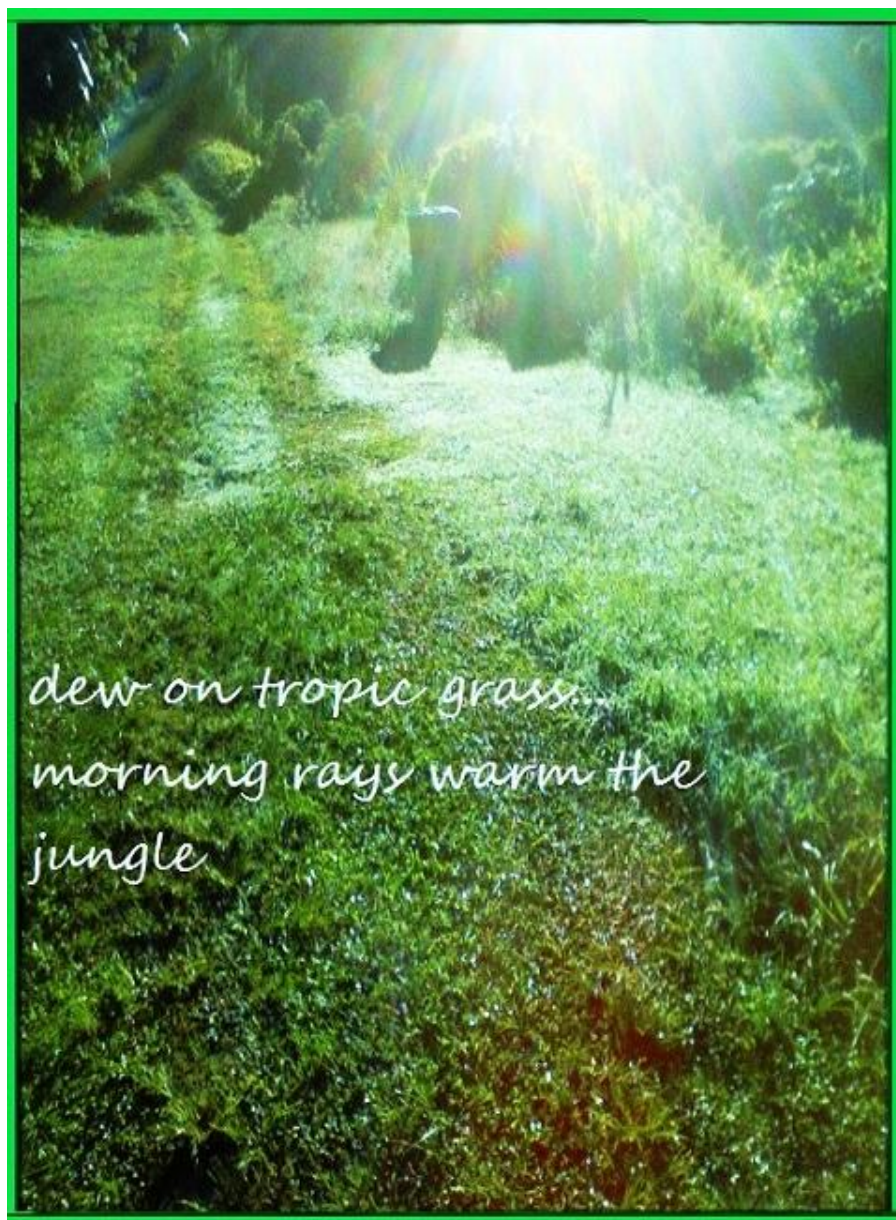
Painting by Jiniat Achmadi



*cloud peaks  
after the rain the sun lights up  
my blue walls*

*Ken Sawicki*

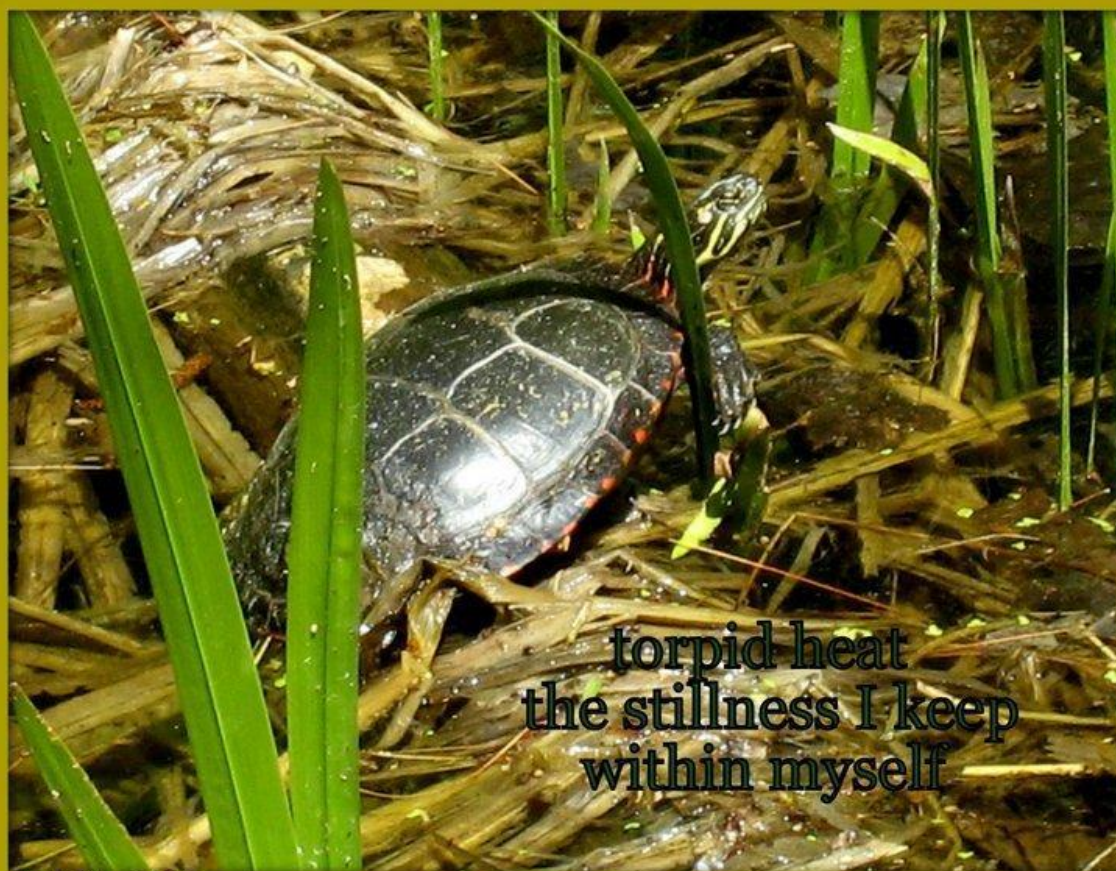






late night...  
I undo the clasp of  
a memory

r&p



Adelaide B. Shaw











light of dawn  
the day moon awakens  
one last dream

Haiku by Vinay Leo R.

Artwork by Rohan C H

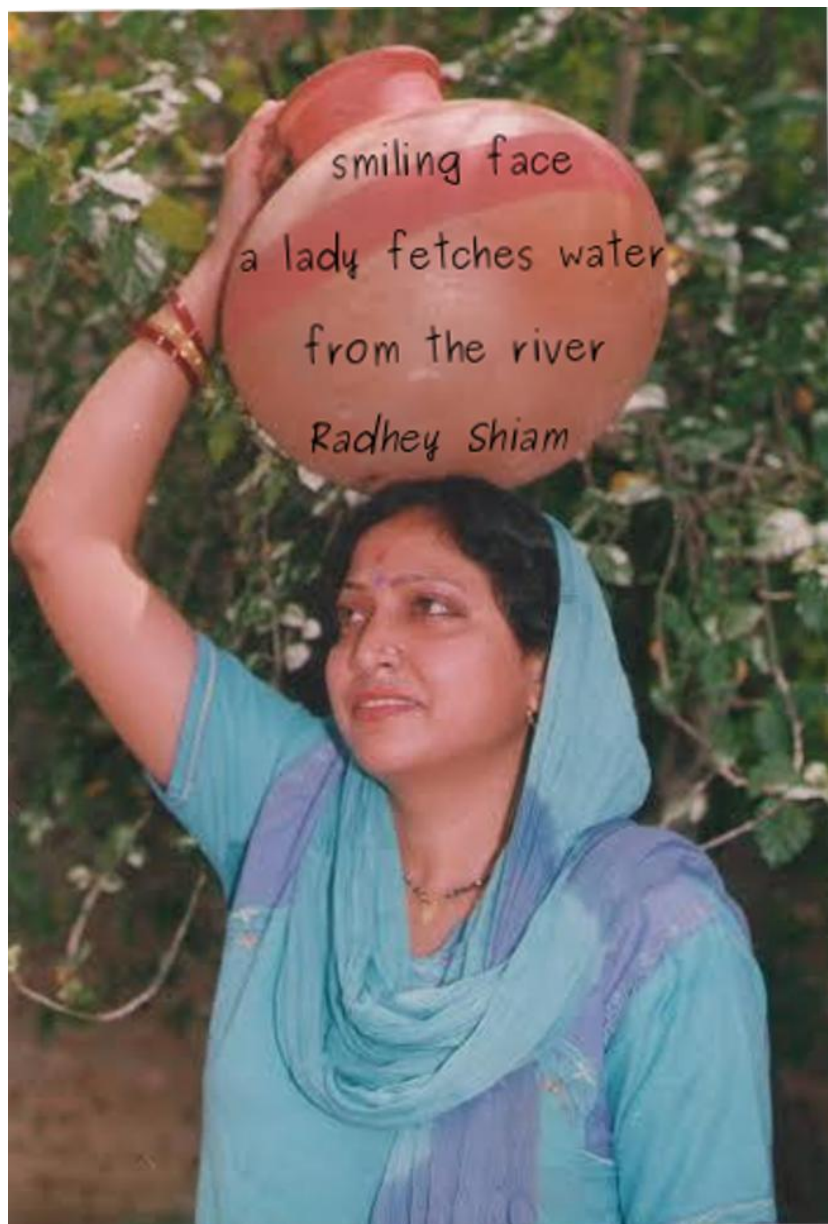


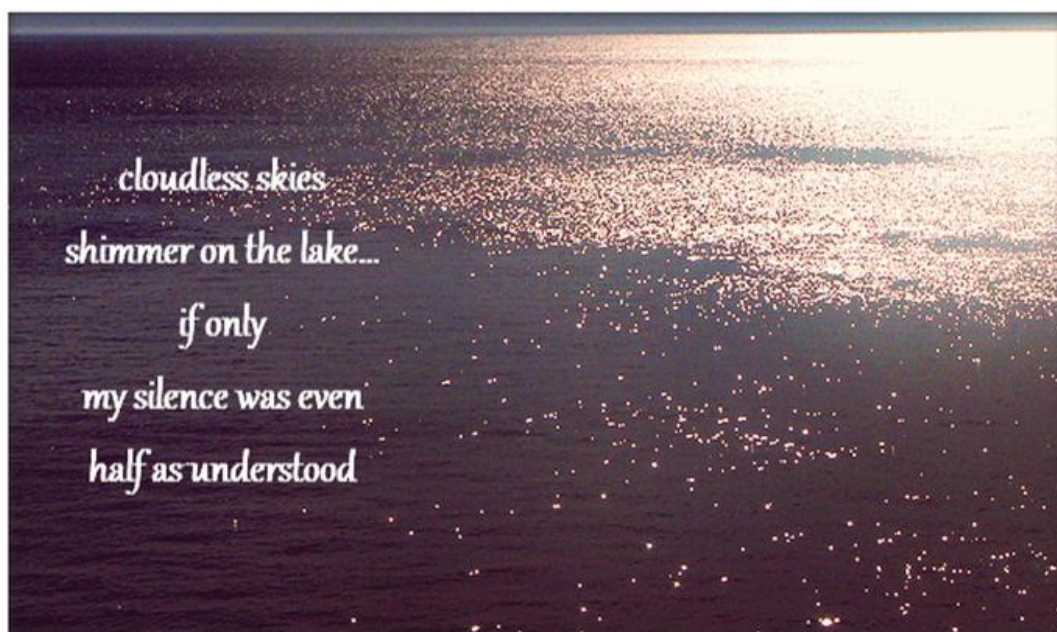




this moment  
you and I knowing  
no other

haiku: johnny baranski  
photo: terri l. french





cloudless skies  
shimmer on the lake...  
if only  
my silence was even  
half as understood

Shloka Shankar

*Photograph & Haiku by Sue Neufarth Howard*

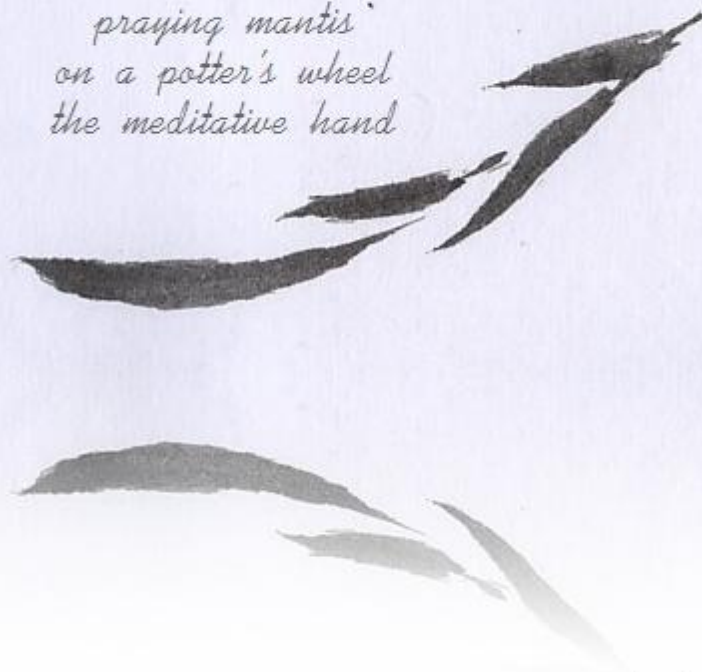








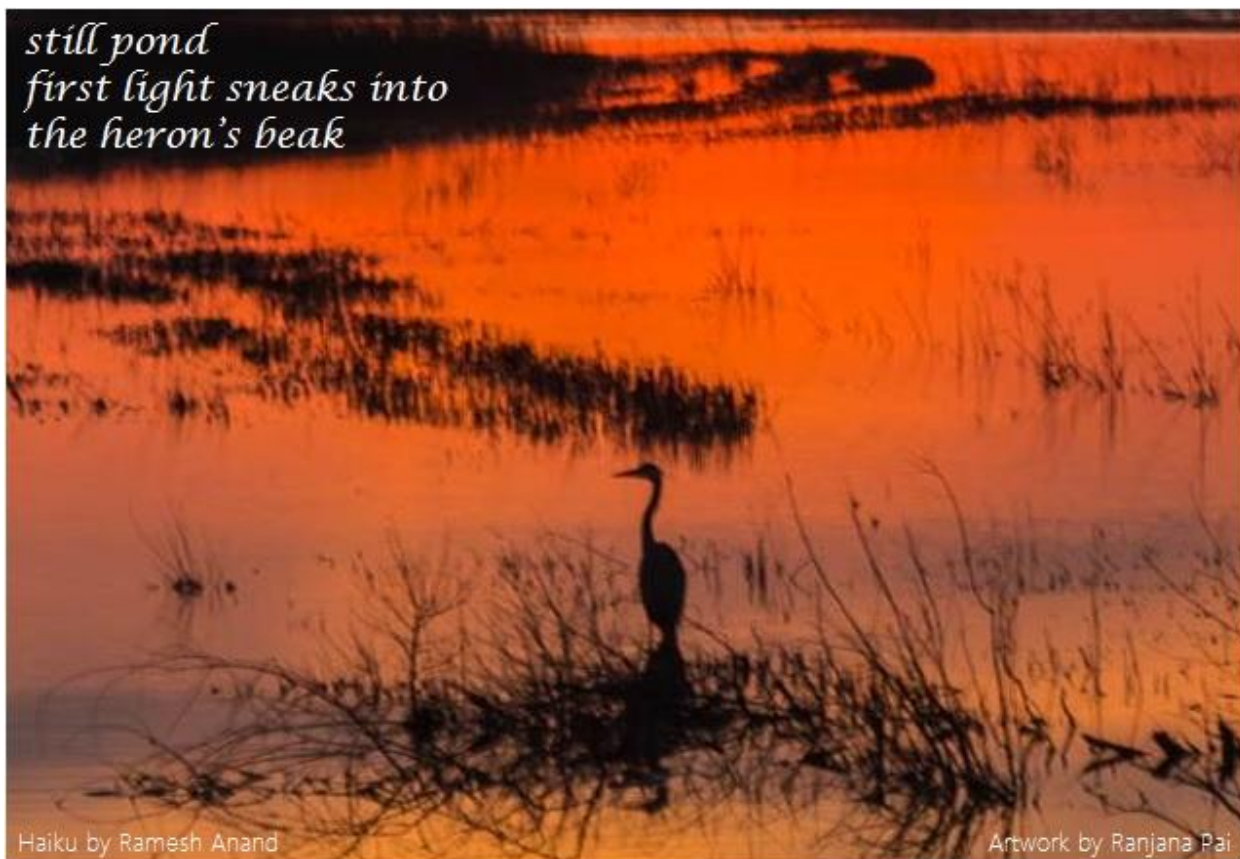
*praying mantis  
on a potter's wheel  
the meditative hand*



*Ken Saantri*

Drawing by Jimat Achmadi

*still pond  
first light sneaks into  
the heron's beak*

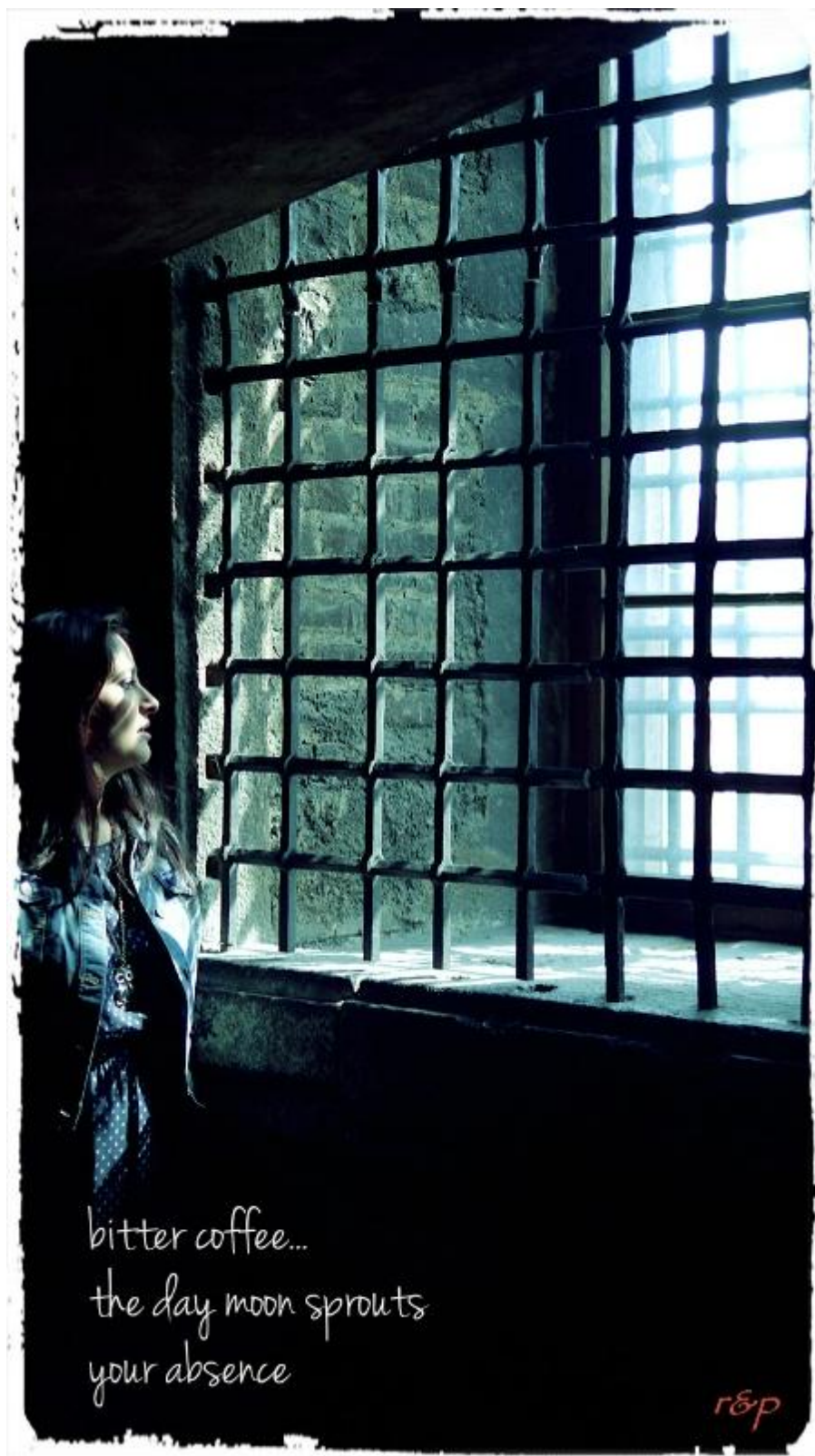


Haiku by Ramesh Anand

Artwork by Ranjana Pai







bitter coffee...  
the day moon sprouts  
your absence

*r&p*



*cattails*

**September 2014**

**Senryu**

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The UHTS bids farewell and thanks Mike Rehling, who served as the haibun and senryu editor. We are still accepting these forms, but please email your submissions to:

[submittocattails@gmail.com](mailto:submittocattails@gmail.com)

with the subject heading HAIBUN, or SENRYU.

---

house clearance  
the antique dealer values  
her lifetime

*Rachel Sutcliffe*  
*United Kingdom*

eye surgery—  
learning to see all things  
a little differently

*Edward J. Rielly*  
*USA*

scarecrow  
partial to  
flannel

*Claudette Russell*  
*USA*

alone\*

EC

he cleans the tokkuri  
one more time

*Cliff Kalina*  
*USA*

the librarian\*  
straightens it—  
the book on OCD

EC

*Julie Warther*  
*USA*

assisted living  
my husband helps  
with the dishes

*Barbara Tate*  
*USA*

Too troublesome  
a week of peace

*Barbara A. Taylor*  
*Australia*

make up bag  
the many faces  
of me

*Rachel Sutcliffe*  
*United Kingdom*

family secrets  
stirring grandma's gravy  
recipe

*Shloka Shankar*  
*India*

waiting for you  
the cursor and I  
both blink

*Yesha Shah*  
*India*

nudist beach at noon:  
on my Che Guevara t-shirt  
four breast prints

*Chen-ou Liu*  
*Canada*

high school reunion  
out of style phrases  
suddenly in vogue

*Carl Seguiban*  
*Canada*

let off  
this time with a warning—  
still crazy

*Ruth Holzer*  
*USA*

violin practice  
my ego hiding  
behind closed windows

*Edward J. Reilly*  
*USA*

subway tunnel—  
all the riders  
plugged in

*Brad Bennett*  
*USA*



long distance love—  
he wears the brand  
of her perfume

*Kashinath Karmakar*  
*India*

blind date—  
the perfumed night  
wasted

*Adelaide B. Shaw*  
*USA*

pulled pork sandwich  
that sauce on my napkin  
not quite a Pollock

*Angela Terry*  
*USA*

feeling the gravity  
of the situation  
falling water

*Angela Terry*  
*USA*

looking as young  
after ten years too  
the mall mannequin

*Yesha Shah*  
*India*

clearance sale  
the silver-mounted butterfly  
fails to take off

*Helen Buckingham*  
*United Kingdom*

angling lady—  
red nails among  
squirming worms

*D. Vukelić Rozić*  
*Croatia*

watching home movies  
nostalgia for  
what never was

*Pat Tompkins*  
*USA*

I'm bi-curious . . .  
a bat flitting  
over my friend's fence

*Chen-ou Liu*  
*Canada*

by the burning hearth my rekindled muse

*Shloka Shankar*  
*India*

cicada song . . .  
her high heels  
clicking towards me

*Mark E. Brager*  
*USA*

another day  
unbathed  
this internet affair

*Helen Buckingham*  
*United Kingdom*

carnival in town—  
a truckload  
of toilets

*Ruth Holzer*  
*USA*

on thin ice  
a man drinks vodka  
and swims . . . naked

*Neal Whitman*  
*USA*

oh, you're a poet . . . \* EC  
her rising tone  
in the last syllable

*Chen-ou Liu*  
*Canada*

wildflower seeds  
not meant for  
packaging

*Claudette Russell*  
*USA*

wedding night  
raccoons in the attic  
follow our lead

*Joe McKeon*  
*USA*

only seventeen  
but already straying  
beyond familiar lines

*David J. Kelly*  
*Ireland*

wilderness camp  
a young boy wears  
bear print pyjamas

*Elaine Riddell*  
*New Zealand*

belts  
with tight pants  
he apologizes again

*Cliff Kalina*  
*USA*

June wedding  
the man in the last pew  
whispers I do

*Joe McKeon*  
*USA*

lifting the skirt  
another branch snipped  
on the camellia

*Barbara A. Taylor*  
*Australia*

dwindling light  
your last words to me  
in a dream

*Gregory Longenecker*  
*USA*

birthday card  
my mother-in-law misspells  
my name

*Barbara Tate*  
*USA*

seeing right through you rainbow

*Mark E. Brager*  
*USA*

pro-choice rally—  
how tightly she cuddles  
a puppy

*Carl Seguiban*  
*Canada*

spring cleaning—  
our puppy licks the face  
of a garden gnome

*Keitha Keyes*  
*Australia*

the senator  
votes “present”—  
cherry blossoms

*Brent Goodman*  
*USA*

twilight\* **EC**  
how weak is her promise  
not to miss him

*Neal Whitman*  
*USA*

senryu workshop:  
dozing to the sound  
of my critic

*Chen-ou Liu*  
*Canada*

monsoon season  
the rickshaw driver suggests  
someplace close

*Joe McKeon*  
*USA*

almond-mint shampoo . . .  
the slow dance lasting longer  
than the song

*Brent Goodman*  
*USA*

Mother's Day . . .  
when no one's looking  
she nibbles her Fruit Loop necklace

*Julie Warther*  
*USA*

transit lounge  
caressing the screen  
to send my love

*David J. Kelly*  
*Ireland*

business travel  
the ragged wings  
of the monarch

*Gregory Longenecker*  
*USA*

last light losing myself in the funhouse mirror

*Mark E. Brager*  
*USA*

resume  
documenting  
why my mother is proud

*Claudette Russell*  
*USA*

openinghisgiftthestrangestangled

*Julie Warther*  
*USA*

paternity  
a rubber seals  
his fate

*Carl Seguiban*  
*Canada*

haiku reading  
the pop, pop, pop  
of bubble gum

*Chen-ou Liu*  
*Canada*

salted caramel . . .  
the things you know  
you know

*Vinay Leo R.*  
*India*

snow day  
the lively chatter  
of teeth

*Rachel Sutcliffe*  
*United Kingdom*

first impressions—  
a child  
reads her braille book

*Keitha Keyes*  
*Australia*

bucket list  
I cut another foot  
off my bungee cord

*Joe McKeon*  
*USA*

our gazes touch—  
on your face a dainty token  
of expectation

*dotik pogledov—*  
*na tvojem obrazu sled*  
*pričakovanja*

*Dimitrij Skrk*  
*Slovenia*

crematorium  
unnecessary words  
unspoken

*David J Kelly*  
*Ireland*

old journals—  
I can't believe  
I'm still here

*Ruth Holzer*  
*USA*



school for the blind  
all heads turn  
toward a distant bell

*Mark E. Brager*  
USA

first ESL class:  
half the man  
I used to be

*(Note: ESL stands for English  
as a Second Language)*

*Chen-ou Liu*  
Canada

camera phone  
inside I carry galleries  
of empty trees

*Brent Goodman*  
USA

## Editor's Choices Senryu

twilight  
how weak is her promise  
not to miss him

Neal Whitman  
USA

*Promises, we all make them, but they are so very much, in the moment. But then, the moment passes, just as the light from the sun has an infinite number of gradations. The clouds, the horizon, and our own moments and angles affect it. The sun intends to shine, but then a moment later it is gone. What does the poet see that hints at the weakness of her promise. We will never know, but we all have had unmistakable glimpses into the heart of another. That is why this little poem resonates so well.*

—Senryu Editor Mike Rehling, USA

---

oh, you're a poet . . .  
her rising tone  
in the last syllable

Chen-ou Liu  
Canada

*Every poet has been there, it happens a lot. If you say you are an accountant, or a gas station attendant there is immediate understanding of your role in our complex society. It just happens, but if you toss out the poet card you can never quite tell how it will be received. The other folks don't have an easy way to relate to us poets. This one nailed it with the tone of the woman being unmistakable in her confusion as to how to react.*

—Senryu Editor Mike Rehling, USA

---

the librarian  
straightens it—  
the book on OCD

*Julie Warther*  
USA

*My wife is a librarian, I need to get that out of the way, but we have all seen them tirelessly re-shelving books, and putting the stacks back in order. Our poet has had that perfect moment when the compulsive desire to straighten the books has hit the perfect volume in the stacks. Did the librarian see it too? You have to wonder, but this event is instantly relatable.*

—Senryu Editor Mike Rehling, USA

---

alone  
he cleans the tokkuri  
one more time

*Cliff Kalina*  
USA

*If you drink sake, you have seen the tokkuri. It is a tall slender bottle, with a bulbous top, that facilitates the warming and pouring of the sake. This little poem has many layers of possible meanings, and it is up to the reader to take it where they wish to go, but the fact that he is alone, and comes back to the tokkuri, allows for many fascinating ways to explore his intentions and the other actions that might be happening at the same time. Cleaning? Drinking? Lonely? Happy to be alone? A private moment? You will have to fill in the blanks, I know I did, over and over.*

—Senryu Editor Mike Rehling, USA

*cattails*

**September 2014**

**Tanka**

---

a monarch  
trailing another  
in the backyard  
the warmth of our bodies  
flushes against each other

*Chen-ou Liu*  
*Canada*

summer geese  
leave the lake in pairs  
empty-handed  
I give myself over  
to the day's longing

*Michele L. Harvey*  
*USA*

how close  
the herring-bone fern grows  
to a tree trunk—  
I never expected  
her marriage would flourish

*Amelia Fielden*  
*Australia*

this morning  
the open window  
of her eyes . . .  
I emerge from darkness  
with gold-flecked wings

*Hansha Teki*  
*New Zealand*

fading sunlight  
shadows elongate  
my yearning  
for one more day  
your face, flush with life

*Stephanie Brennan*  
*USA*

a cardinal  
among yew berries  
late autumn  
I take your advice  
completely to heart

*Brad Bennett*  
*USA*

at age five  
my first butterfly kite . . .  
did it start then?  
this lifetime obsession  
with impermanence

*Samantha Sirimanne Hyde*  
*Australia*

an eagle  
transforms into a speck . . .  
this distance  
that is between us  
now immeasurable

*Shloka Shankar*  
*India*

why did you leave  
me alone so soon . . .  
still I  
listen at the door  
for your tiny meowing

*Nancy Nitrio*  
*USA*

a small spider  
swaying in the wind  
holding on  
to a precious dream  
I almost gave up

*Vinay Leo R.*  
*India*

yellow leaves  
slowly drift on the breeze  
if only I could  
so gracefully let go  
when my season is past

*Thelma Mariano*  
*Canada*

trying to free  
a flailing black snake  
entangled  
in yards of bird netting . . .  
the snarls of my karma

*Jenny Ward Angyal*  
USA

while waiting  
for my coffee to brew  
I shuffle around  
the possible outcomes  
to last evening's events

*Marilyn Humbert*  
Australia

a few poems  
in the saki's\* diary  
when reading  
I remember my stories  
he always listened to

*chand ashaa'r-o-nazm*  
*saaki ke roznaame mein*  
*jo padhe maine*  
*mere daastan yaad aaye*  
*jo woh sunte reh gaya*

*Raamesh Gowri Raghavan*  
India

*\*The Saki in an Indian & Middle-Eastern bar or alehouse is a person who acts as bartender, waiter and more. Saki also refers to a personal servant employed by merchants and aristocrats to serve wine. The British short story writer Hector Hugh Munro used 'Saki' as his pen name. The saki is a recurrent theme in Urdu poetry, with many poems addressed to him. I have therefore left Saki untranslated, 'bartender' seemed odd.*

poplar heads scratch  
ciphers in a cloudless sky . . .  
what can your silence  
mean that you are loath  
to put into words

*Sonam Chhoki*  
*Bhutan*

the healing  
touch of words  
on paper  
another weight  
off my shoulders

*Caroline Skanne*  
*England*

just as my dreams  
seem to slip farther away  
there's magic  
in the darkening sky  
—a perfect harvest moon!

*Thelma Mariano*  
*Canada*

by the path  
a bunch of snowdrops  
nodding . . .  
once you'd have scoffed  
at an afternoon nap

*Mary Franklin*  
*Canada*



blue-hued hydrangeas  
as big as my father's fist  
crumble  
in the heat of the moment  
fall, harmless, at my bare feet

*Stephanie Brennan*  
*USA*

this winter morn  
the magnolia wears  
a bodice of buds . . .  
my demure mother  
as a debutante

*Anne Curran*  
*New Zealand*

one wayward iris  
with its stem awry . . .  
I reread  
the scribbled comments  
in my high school yearbook

*Jenny Ward Angyal*  
*USA*

reluctant  
to place the last piece  
of jigsaw  
this rare moment in time  
when I can see a solution

*Keitha Keyes*  
*Australia*

old wares shop—  
a wooden rocking horse,  
tail missing  
just like the one I rode  
half a century ago

*Samantha Sirimanne Hyde*  
*Australia*

do you still  
smile with your eyes . . .  
fading away  
in my frayed wallet  
one half of a memory

*Paresh Tiwari*  
*India*

the cold moon  
dispels bleak dreams  
memories  
awake within her eyes  
pulsate the warmth of lost love

*Anupam Sharma*  
*India*

mother's guava tree  
darkening into dusk  
this thought . . .  
she could be reborn  
in another family

*Sonam Chhoki*  
*Bhutan*

smooth jazz—  
fearful thoughts flee  
my spirit set free,  
I drop my worry beads  
in the donation jar

*Elizabeth Howard*  
USA

he's like a child  
and she's half his size  
this aged couple  
ambling into my black mood,  
my directionless life

*Claire Everett*  
United Kingdom

though my knees  
weaken at the beauty  
of her pouting lip  
I can't bring myself to take  
the training wheels off her bike

*Joe McKeon*  
USA

mid step  
the bush-stone curlew  
freezes . . .  
its round eyes peer  
until I turn away

*Marilyn Humbert*  
Australia

Here we meet aside  
At the cusp of wildlife,  
As fauna frolic,  
Indigenous to these parts,  
In the gates of the mountains.

*Isaac Birchmier*  
USA

holiday plans  
to share a family meal  
while we can  
how little we know of time  
that now may be all we have

*Adelaide B. Shaw*  
USA

the elements  
of a furious sky  
no prompting  
our diva cat jumps  
right into my arms

*Janet Qually*  
USA

overcast sky  
above a clear pond  
I search  
for unknown answers  
in my reflection

*Vinay Leo R.*  
India

a native ponga's  
wispy yet sturdy trunk  
with green headdress  
in the soil of my forebearers—  
I brave the winds of change

*Anne Curran*  
*New Zealand*

I study  
a small primate fossil  
in a museum  
my own molecules arranging  
and re-arranging themselves

*Linda Galloway*  
*USA*

sandpipers flee  
north for the summer  
i release  
the lines that bind my heart  
too closely to you

*Pris Campbell*  
*USA*

this old house  
how it lies awake  
at night  
tosses in its bed  
mutters in its sleep

*John Soules*  
*Canada*

laughter  
descends on the street  
with the darkness . . .  
in my damp basement  
alone with a house fly

*Chen-ou Liu*  
*Canada*

fallen leaves  
suddenly gather  
in whirlwind-  
going up in unison  
jingling through the air

*Aju Mukhopadhyay*  
*India*

your bonsai  
specked with blue pine shoots  
after you're  
long gone I pull out the weeds  
and mark my time to join you

*Samantha Sirimanne Hyde*  
*Australia*

sunshine  
and a burst of leaves  
on maples . . .  
my life here is better  
when seen from this window

*Chen-ou Liu*  
*Canada*

rain dripping  
on the gravestone  
deep silence  
rebounds the screams  
of slum orphans

*Pravat Kumar Padhy*  
*India*

the sound of waves  
constant as these swans  
mated for life  
I am a solitary bird  
skipping along this salt shore

*Giselle Maya*  
*France*

on the train  
leaving a ruddy town  
full of heat  
through open window I feel  
the fresh mountain air

*odlazim vozom*  
*ostavljam rumeni grad*  
*pun vreline*  
*i osjećam kroz okno*  
*svjež planinski vazduh*

*Branka Vojinović Jegdić*  
*Montenegro*

standing  
beneath the feathery rain  
of a fringe tree  
inhaling its pale scent  
somehow changes you

*Ruth Holzer*  
*USA*

on your sixtieth  
you tell me your best birthday  
was spent alone  
i am just partially offended  
i, too, love solitude

*Marianne Paul*  
*Canada*

reading his letters  
I imagine them being  
written to me—  
all the love my husband  
didn't put in writing

*Patricia Prime*  
*New Zealand*

my list of blessings  
family, friends and good health  
are all I ask  
    warm sunshine and gentle rain  
    would be welcome, too

*Adelaide B. Shaw*  
*USA*

in the restaurant  
I get a look of pity  
from an old woman  
who doesn't realize I'm  
sitting alone, on purpose

*Susan Burch*  
*USA*



Saint Francis  
set out on the patio  
watching over  
the garden below us  
the creatures who visit

*John Soules*  
*Canada*

letting go  
of a maya trapped  
in the room  
the silence I long  
to be myself

*Angelo B. Ancheta*  
*Philippines*

early rains  
in the noons's  
stillness  
does a garden  
Know this sound

*Neelam Dadhwal*  
*India*

my dreams are true  
meadows with bluebells  
and his embrace  
longing with patience  
brought a faithful love

*Đurđa Vukelić Rožić*  
*Croatia*

a golden sun  
absorbs sullen shades  
the shadows' game  
shifts shape as time spins  
our mortal life-cycle

*ek sunhara suraj  
udaseen chaayaon ko badalta hai  
parchaaiyon ka khel  
aakar badalta hai jaise jaise samay  
is nashwar jeevan ko ghumata hai*

*Anupam Sharma  
India*

tomorrow  
I will go to scythe  
the field  
and by the brook spare  
the flowers you so loved

*Robert Henry Poulin  
USA*

the street light  
catches an old man's sign  
spit gleams on cardboard  
the shimmer of his glass eye  
the shimmer of a clean quarter

*Philip Gordon  
Canada*

two grey herons  
hunched on the willow tree  
along a river—  
how the north wind lifts  
the tips of your white hair

*Marianne Paul  
Canada*

on a hot day  
sitting under ripe cherries  
in our village  
the thieves I know very well  
blackbird, jay, and my neighbour

*Smajil Durmišević*  
*Bosnia and Herzegovina*

my cat  
watches the water run,  
unruffled  
by the endless flow . . .  
how tight I wind my cuckoo clock

*Jenny Ward Angyal*  
*USA*

only the moon  
and twinkling stars  
were witnesses  
as we said "I do"  
on a little dinghy

*Payal A. Agarwal*  
*India*

inside the house  
a cricket singing  
in the darkness  
I imagine trees overhead  
stars through the canopy

*Elaine Riddell*  
*New Zealand*

emptying drawers  
in my late mother's house  
courageous I was  
until hospital bracelets  
where my son was born

*Đurđa Vukelić Rožić*  
*Croatia*

children  
playing in drizzle  
at the park  
while their elders fold  
into mundane gossip

*Ramesh Anand*  
*India*

## Tanka Sequences

---

### Miles from the Roof

Patricia Prime, New Zealand

*Giselle Maya, France*

you can spend  
an entire life  
in the company  
of cats, never  
finding the right one

*I have found her  
she is the tiger cat Anise  
with magical markings  
the loveliest creature I know  
gentle and self-sufficient*

Mitzi leans herself  
against the curves of my body,  
stretches one paw  
above her head  
claws ready to strike

*talking  
with a miniature tiger  
she listens  
my voice and intentions  
in tune with her fine ears*

he's not famous,  
I can't tell you his name,  
he's the stray tom  
with a bitten ear  
wandering through my garden

*green clay  
on his wounded paw  
a grey tomcat  
comes to the window  
to be healed*

*homeward walk-  
the white Persian  
asleep  
among purple  
jacaranda petals*

*cuddled  
in my arm  
she sleeps  
while I dream  
of Avalokiteshvara\**

*it's night  
and children walk the street.  
"Puss! Puss!" they cry,  
carrying torches  
searching for their lost cat*

*and don't forget  
the cat said to the dog  
that once long ago  
priests in long linen robes  
bowed to us, bearing gifts*

*\*Bodhisattva of compassion, Kannon in Japanese, Kuan Yin in Chinese*

**A Riffle in the Stream**

*Jenny Ward Angyal, USA*

sinking  
onto creaky knees  
she dams the brook  
with shining pebbles . . .  
time wells up and overflows

a west wind  
circles the empty house  
scattering  
petals on the grass  
she lets go her names

she comes  
to the end of her path  
through the wood . . .  
no trace of her footsteps  
on moss deeper than memory

**In the Name of Freedom**

*Janet Qually, USA*

an eagle soars  
on widespread wings  
instant awe  
a brave young lad  
becomes a patriot

our pasture fades  
in the morning haze  
a tall ponderosa  
so many reminders  
of you on deployment

evening contact  
from a distant land  
occurs at last  
smiles, blown kisses  
and many miles of love

at a foreign outpost  
the Stars and Stripes  
waves in the wind  
here on home shores  
the days are creeping by



## Tanka Editors Choices

---

a skyful of clouds  
coloured like wild rock doves  
the valley  
dripping nine different  
shades of summer green

*Paresh Tiwari*  
*India*

*This EC tanka composed by Paresh Tiwari from India is a breathtaking "shasei" (sketch from life or word painting), a fine comparison, and colorful depiction, plus good "o" and "l" and "s" sounds throughout. Lines 1 and 2 portray a skyful of clouds that are like the blue-gray color of wild rock doves, a simile which makes the description more emphatic and vivid. Following in line 3, this tanka makes a skillful turn to nine different shades of summer green (noted by its author) in the valley. So many tanka nowadays have "I" or "my" in them, but this one is purely nature and contains the beauty of thought that I personally look for and consider to be a memorable write.*

*—an'ya, cattails principal editor*

---

deer cross  
through a summer-worn field  
what care  
have they for the news  
or where men make their borders

*Michele L. Harvey*  
*USA*

*An EC tanka written by Michele L. Harvey of the USA, that given the political situations in today's world, is very hard hitting. Tanka need not be offensive, but being real is one of the typical Japanese writing methods. The majority of tanka we read are about love, but political situations (no matter how they*

*occur or what the cause) have also long been a topic for tanka. This write includes nature and shows how man (also a part of nature) complicates everything. This is not to say that some animals aren't territorial, they are, but for the most part, it is a problem that humans create and even kill for, and definitely the sensationalism that fuels our news media, is indeed a human trait.*

*—an'ya, cattails principal editor*

---

day after day  
we ride a crowded train  
shoulder to shoulder  
staring in different directions  
knowing we are going nowhere

*Joe McKeon*  
*USA*

*This tanka by Joe McKeon from the USA is courtly in its content, and well-written in its tanka rhythm of s,l,s, l, l. Two people headed nowhere with their personal lives, yet going the same direction on a crowded train. This concept and the fact the two are "shoulder to shoulder", sets up tension, question, and excitement. day after day we ride a crowded train In court poetry, metaphorically speaking, "catching a glimpse through the fence" (or in this case touching the shoulder) of a person that might ultimately become a lover, and with whom tanka may perhaps someday be exchanged, was and still is, quite popular.*

*—an'ya, cattails principal editor*

# *cattails*

**September 2014**

**Tanka Translations**

---

UHTS Translator Amelia Fielden from Australia, has translated into English, the following tanka, featuring various vegetables, written by 6 contemporary Japanese poets:

---

Tokita Norio (m)

トレーラーに千個の南瓜と妻を積み霧に濡れつつ野をもどりきぬ

*piling my trailer high  
with a thousand pumpkins  
and my wife,  
I came back home across fields  
soaking in the mist*

---

Kojima Yukari (f)

月ひと夜ふた夜満ちつつ厨房にむりっむりったまねぎ芽吹く

*for a night or two  
while the moon is  
growing full  
onion shoots sprout  
lustily, in my kitchen*

---

Tawara Machi (f)

自転車のカゴからわんとはみ出してなにか嬉しいセロリの葉っぱ

*massively  
popping up  
from my bike basket  
happy-looking  
celery leaves*

---

Matsumura (f)

二十世紀を見ることはなしわたくしの時間吸わせて甘藷にており

*I, who won't witness  
the twenty-second century,  
absorb  
the time I have  
in steaming sweet potato*

---

Watanabe Matsuo (m)

キャベツのなかはどこまで行ってもキャベツにて人生のようにくらくらとする

*however far you go  
into a cabbage, it is  
still a cabbage  
and . . . just as intricate  
as human life*

---

Uemura Noriko (f)

わさび和へ盛りゐるここは天球の鉢の底なるさむき三月

*mixed with wasabi \**

*and heaped up*

*March here is cold*

*at the bottom of the bowl*

*in the celestial sphere*

\* wasabi is Japanese horseradish

---

Note: (f) and (m) indicate the poets are female or male

For information, please email Amelia direct:

[anafielden@gmail.com](mailto:anafielden@gmail.com)

*cattails*

**September 2014**

**Youth Corner**

---

*Kala Ramesh, UHTS Youth Corner Editor  
India*

*This is my first issue as editor of the "Youth Corner" and I'm extremely happy to present 23 haiku written by students, ranging from ages 11 to 18. They are mostly my students, from the workshops I had conducted in various cities in India. The poems are untouched and presented to you as the children originally sent them to me. I thank Chase Gagnon (Youth Ambassador, USA) for sending me some haiku written by students from America. Hoping this feature soon attracts more submissions from all over the world!—Kala Ramesh, Youth Corner Editor, India*

---

**Editor's Choice – 1**

This is my editor's "Favourite Haiku."

stilted forest  
sunlight fades into mist  
where trees begin

*Francesca Cotta (18 yrs)  
India*

*Francesco Cotta had opted for world poetry as an elective at Symbiosis School for Liberal Arts, Pune and I was asked to introduce haiku to this batch of 16 students in October 2013. Just after a two hour introduction to haiku, she wrote this poem which has stayed on in my mind these many months. The imagery is strong and words used here flow well, creating a harmony between the words, the image and the art form.*

**Editor's Choice - 2**

blue ocean  
the waves against the rocks  
slowly fainting

*Prateek Malhotra (18 yrs)*  
*India*

*Prateek Malhotra is a management student studying at the Symbiosis Centre for Management Studies, Pune. Generally, we get to read more haiku focused on the visual, even though we know we use all the five senses to relate to life! Here Prateek has introduced a synesthesia of sight and sound – in L 3: slowly fainting. I can hear the sound of the waves tapering away.*

“fainting” is a very unusual word choice to use in relation to waves and I feel this brings the whole poem together. Great impact!

**Editor's Choice - 3**

dry as  
the peasants' lips . . .  
summer clouds

*Aditya Ashribad (18 yrs)*  
*India*

*India depends on rains for her agricultural needs. Summer is followed by monsoon, which is supposed to last for two months, but with such drastic climatic changes, we never get to see the heavy monsoon clouds . . . the parched land here is vividly portrayed by Aditya Ashsribad in Ls 1 & 2 – dry as the peasants' lips. The two images are effective and come from keen observation – I do like the zooming out effect, from a close-up of the farmers lips to the blown-up view of the sky.*

**10 Honourable Mentions (in no particular order)**

snow-peaked mountains—  
the tall bare trees  
by the river

*Sanya Chandel (13 yrs)*  
*India*

the sun  
rises to the mountains—  
light streams down

*Joel Shah (13 yrs)*  
*India*

cool breeze . . .  
a butterfly sits on blossoms  
but not on buds

*Bhaavya (11 yrs)*  
*India*

pre-harvest dusk . . .  
a sickle in  
the sky

*Aditya Ashribad (18 yrs)*  
*India*

bloody Sunday—  
he cuts the rooster  
to make a living

*Prateek Malhotra (18 yrs)*  
*India*



gusty wind  
forcing through the leaves  
a fruit falls!

*Gaarima Mishra (18 yrs)*  
*India*

bright blue sky . . .  
shades of green  
paint the fog

*Hana Masood (18 yrs)*  
*India*

cool ankles . . .  
tadpoles dart  
through the moon

*Devin Meijer (17 yrs)*  
*USA*

an old pond  
a fish leaps  
and breaks my solitude

*Prachi Agrawal (18 yrs)*  
*India*

maple leaf parachuting down upon soldier's graves

*Rose Anderson (18 yrs)*  
*USA*

The rest of the selection, each haiku special with its own flavour!

blazing sun—  
walking down the alley  
i look for the old peepul

*Iqra Raza (16 yrs)*  
*India*

the snow—  
hanging from my window  
the icicles

*Delilah Walter (14 yrs)*  
*India*

trekking—  
I follow the waterfall  
into the woods

*Rishabh Jain (12 yrs)*  
*India*

crinkled leaves  
in all different colours—  
heavy rain

*Daniela Hall (11 yrs)*  
*India*

buzzing bees—  
cherries redden the trees  
until they fall

*Shaina Sharma (13 yrs)*  
*India*

a glass jar—  
the firefly lights  
up the room

*Tanvi Nischal (17 yrs)*  
*India*

chilly noon . . .  
the clouds glow  
in saffron

*Aditya Ashribad (18 yrs)*  
*India*

sea of yellow. . .  
the mustard fields  
outshine the sun

*Aditya Ashribad (18 yrs)*  
*India*

water so still  
an upside down man walks  
on the clouds

*Radhika Mohite (18 yrs)*  
*India*

rocky land  
an ant survives  
a man's step

*Prachi Agrawal (18 yrs)*  
*India*

# *cattails*

September 2014

UHTS Contests

---

The UHTS sponsors three Annual Contests:

aha      Fleeting Words      Samurai

---

## **Fleeting Words Tanka Competition Winners:**

### **FIRST PLACE**

*okopnio je snijeg  
uzevši i tvoje stope  
s našeg dvora  
ptice hranim u tvojim čizmama  
ljuteći se na sunce*

even the snow  
that kept your frozen footprints  
is gone from our yard  
I feed the birds in your boots  
angry at the sunshine

*Đurđa Vukelić Rožić  
Croatia*

*This First Place tanka composed by Đurđa Vukelić Rožić from Croatia, was at the top of my short list the minute I read it. This gifted author manages to mention nature four times over with "snow (line 1), "frozen" (line 2), "birds" (line 4) and "sunshine" in line 5; she then adds human elements four times over as well with "footprints" (line 2), "yard" (line 3), "boots" (line 4), and "angry" in line 6. This fine tanka portrays loss, empathy, appreciation, anger, every Japanese nuance (in this judge's opinion), that any tanka reader could ask for! Đurđa's translation from her native language to English, kept the desirable tanka rhythm.*

—UHTS Contest Judge an'ya, USA

## SECOND PLACE

my love  
look for the moon tonight  
the rabbit's running  
from me to you  
across the winter sky

*Natalia L. Rudychev*  
USA

*A unique tanka by Natalia L. Rudychev from the USA took Second Place. The "moon rabbit" in folklore is a rabbit that lives on the moon, and this story exists in many cultures, prominently in East Asian folklore. In Japanese versions, this moon rabbit is seen pounding the ingredients for rice cakes with a mortar and pestle. The spectacular visuals in this tanka of a rabbit running across the winter sky, are wonderful. One can imagine lovers separated yet still connected by the same moon.*

—UHTS Contest Judge an'ya, USA

---

## THIRD PLACE

stealthy cats return  
to abandoned houses  
late night  
I claim my own space  
in a feral world

*Janet Qually*  
USA

*I chose this tanka by Janet Qually from the USA as Third Place, for numerous reasons, one of which is because of her reference to "feral world" meaning "wild world", but as related to cats and in keeping with the rest of this tanka. Janet's line 5 neatly tied all the rest of the lines together. Do we not all live in a wild world at times, and no matter where we live or what we live in, do we not all need to claim our own space? . . .*

—UHTS Contest Judge an'ya, USA

## HONORABLE MENTION(S)

*In no particular order, I felt all these tanka were equally worth Honorable Mentions.*

*In "Mother's eyes" line 5 is especially poetic, as are the last two lines of "I saw two geese".*

*"evening storm" presents itself in the way of an ancient waka, and "one red leaf remains" took me with it on another journey.*

*The "lone tent rimed in" definitely captured my attention with the lovely imagery of it's last line, and the use of juxtaposition in "the reaching sea" is its strength.*

*Thank you to everyone who entered this competition. Next is our Samurai Haibun Contest.*

Mother's eyes  
an open book and mine blind  
to the word "End"—  
on the wall of the sick room  
settles a butterfly

*Valerie Barouch  
Switzerland*

---

I saw two geese  
striving for the sea  
with miles to go  
they swallowed the west wind  
shedding songs like extra feathers

*Deanna Ross  
USA*

evening storm  
even when I'm home  
I'm not at home  
the shrouded August blue moon  
beckons me behind the hill

*Aruna Rao*  
*India*

---

one red leaf remains  
balanced on the brown grass  
by nightfall it's gone  
taken by icy winds  
on another journey

*Liz Moura*  
*USA*

---

lone tent rimed in  
night sky mountain vastness  
crying for the stars  
my earthbound spirit soars  
as goose wings shred the moon

*Bob Lake*  
*Australia*

the reaching sea  
thins upon the sand  
somewhere,  
between give and take  
lies the still point of my life

*Michele L. Harvey*  
*USA*

—*UHTS Contest Judge an'ya, USA*

---

Samurai is our "next" contest . . .



# *cattails*

**September 2014**

**Pen This Painting**

---

my poetry group  
gathers on the park terrace  
rainblossed leaves  
transform the concrete surface  
into a GREEK MOSAIC

Neal Whitman



sumi-e: Cindy Lommasson

Congratulations to Neal Whitman from the USA for his colorful and innovative tanka. It has been selected and placed with the delicate sumi-e by one of our talented UHTS resident artists, Cindy Lommasson. Neal will receive a jpg. of their collaboration to print out for himself. Cindy keeps a studio in Portland, Oregon, and you can also visit her website. Just click on the thumbnail to see Neal's and Cindy's wonderful collaboration.



For our January edition of *cattails*, this lovely landscape by our other talented UHTS resident sumi-e artist Elizabeth McFarland from Germany. Please visit her website. Submit either a haiku, senryu, or tanka by 15 December 2015, [submittocattails@gmail.com](mailto:submittocattails@gmail.com) with the subject heading "PEN THIS PAINTING"

Shortly after the deadline passes, the winner (only) will be notified via email, so all entries are then free to send elsewhere. The winner will receive a jpg. to print out.

# *cattails*

**September 2014**

**Book Reviews**

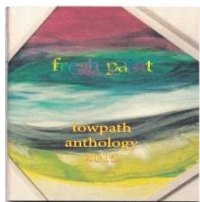
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All reviews are written by the *cattails* principal editor, or one of the UHTS Officers.

---



**freshpaint**

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2014 towpath haiku society

Price \$5.00 + s/h

Some have commented that my reviews are too short. I plead guilty, but in the case of this diminutive volume I offer an explanation. This is a short, small, and truly excellent anthology from a wonderful grouping of haiku poets. I call this the 'sweet sixteen' of haiku poets. You have here a collection of poets who meet, work, and live in the same geography. As you might guess, this collection works wonderfully. It is a small little book that you can put in your hands, and keep in your pocket. When you stop on your walk, or while waiting for a bus, or riding in a cab, you can pull this out, open to any page, and just enjoy. Here are few, chosen at random since they were all 'favorites':

dead bee on the step  
... not dead

*Mary E. Wuest*  
USA

scent of magnolia  
... rumbles  
of the midnight freight

*Ellen Compton*  
USA

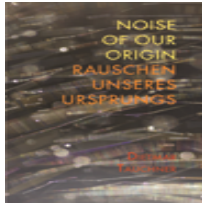
merry-go-round all lit up  
the galaxy

*Kristen Deming*  
USA

The cover by Kevin Beary gives it style, Red Moon Press adds the quality of feel and attention to detail, and Roberta Beary has given it her unmistakable flair as the editor. Short review, but "BUY THIS BOOK!" would have summed it up for me. It will be the most bang for the buck you will get this fall.

—UHTS Book Reviewer Mike Rehling, USA

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**Noise of our Origin**

*Dietmar Tauchner, with a foreword by Richard Gilbert.*

Note: After being written specifically for the United Haiku and Tanka Society by previous UHTS book reviewer Mike Rehling, this review was resubmitted and published at another .com without first-credits given to *cattails*.

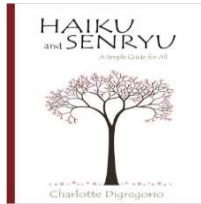
This is an infringement violation of the UHTS Copyright Policy which follows WIPO guidelines, therefore this review has been removed.

In the future, please send your books for review directly to:

UHTS  
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97492 USA

They will be reviewed by the UHTS *cattails* Principal Editor, or one of the current UHTS Officers.

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**Haiku and Senryu - A Simple Guide for All**

*Charlotte DiGregorio*

Note: After being written specifically for the United Haiku and Tanka Society by previous UHTS book reviewer Mike Rehling, this review was resubmitted and published at another .com without first-credits given to *cattails*.

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### **Last Bite**

HAIKU by *Robert Moyer*

ART by Guntram Porps & Mona Wu

<http://rosenberrybooks.com/hand-bound-editions/haiku/last-bite/>

Last Bite — Fine Edition — 9x12 in. hand-bound softcover

English Somerset & Japanese Echizen Washi cover, Echizen Washi flyleaves, archival, 2013.

Price: \$26.95

This is a book that truly qualifies as a ‘one of a kind’ for your bookshelf. It is a true creation by Rosenberry Books. Each copy is built for you and hand made. The type is clear and wonderfully placed on each page. Just touching this book will make you a better person, or so it seems! This entire effort began as an exposition the poet and two artists did for the Inter-Section Gallery in Winston-Salem, North Carolina. We are blessed that they chose to allow their entire exhibit to be placed into this volume.

First, there is the haiku of Robert Moyer. A long time haiku poet, his technique is well honed, and his haiku are enough to bring the moment portrayed to the front of your cerebellum. He is that good! Here are few for you to savour and ponder:

early morning  
a crow parks its caw  
outside my window

You can hardly think of a better way to share this image. Sometimes you don’t need to see a crow to be fully immersed in it’s presence. I smiled through this one.

10 years later  
in your voice on the phone  
salt air

Sometimes a moment becomes inextricably tied to a smell or a taste. You have to determine for yourself what that ‘salt air’ means, but the poet has recalled it even over the phone.

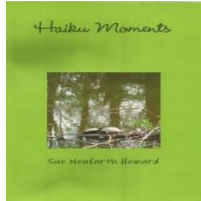
a thumb and finger  
slip into her mouth  
the last bite

What a potent image, and again fraught with meanings for the reader and the poet. Last bite of the fruit, or is this something else? There is a clear ambiguity, if you get my drift.

The next thing you will notice is that each poem has an image, and some have two, by the two artists who have contributed to this work. This is the hard part of this review. How do I tell you that Guntram Porps and Mona Wu have given Bob's haiku a run for the money! The images in the book are the best I have seen in any book on haiku or calligraphy ever. The attention to the reproduction of their fine art work makes you reach out and touch it to see if it is an 'original'. It isn't, but it could be, they are that faithful to the work of the artist. The poems are reproduced in ink and brush on the images by Robert and the artists themselves in a way that makes this volume truly unique. For some 'hints', and that is all a computer screen can do, go to the link at Rosenberry Books above and you will see for yourself, but when you actually see the work in the finished book you will be further astounded. It is truly something you have to experience. Again, I am stuck with words, and they are failing, but this is a one of a kind book. I will treasure this volume, and take care of it. It won't be on my bookshelf, it will be on my desk. Anyone who wants to see some of the best haiku, presented with images that would make Buson's chest swell with pride, should own this book. I am still stunned by the simple beauty of this work. Thanks to all, and for Rosenberry Books for bringing this to us. This one is a keeper.

—UHTS Book Reviewer Mike Rehling, USA





**Haiku Moments**

*Sue Neufarth Howard*

USA

Perfect Paperback: 37 pages, 9" x 6"

Publisher: 2014 by [www.lulu.com](http://www.lulu.com)

ISBN-13: 9781332725

Price: \$ 8.50

*Haiku Moments* by author Sue Neufarth Howard (a native poet and visual artist of Cincinnati, Ohio), is a perfect-bound modest size book of 37 pages, two haiku per page.

Nicely presented on smooth ecru color paper juxtaposed with a bright lime green shiny cover sporting a picture of two turtles; an appropriately chosen cover that especially extends the word visuals of this haiku:

the pond turtle  
head butts her newborn  
back under the bridge

If the book has a common thread, perhaps it would be about ponds and pond related subjects:

steps away  
twelve geese don't see me  
seated pond side

half-buried  
in the muddy bog  
meditative eye

Although there are just as many other nature subjects covered as well:

winged one

somewhere in flight  
one feather lighter

In addition, a few grayscale pictures are scattered throughout the inside pages, and a color photograph of the author with a lovely beaming smile on the back cover. I can sense this book was a labor of love. Thank you to Sue for sharing her haiku moments.

—UHTS Book Reviewer an'ya, USA

*cattails*

**September 2014**

**Featured Poet**

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*Debbie Strange*

*Canada*



I am grateful to an'ya for inviting me to be the featured poet in this issue of *cattails*. She was the first editor to whom I submitted work, and I was thrilled when an artist of her calibre chose to accept my haiku! This encouraged me to take the plunge and begin sending out my work. As a neophyte in the world of writing Japanese short form poetry, I was concerned that I might not have anything of value to add to the wealth of information provided by much more knowledgeable writers. Then, it occurred to me that perhaps my positive experiences with this genre over the past year might inspire other poets to embark on a similar adventure.

**The Pulse of Poetry**

I make my home in Winnipeg, Manitoba. I have also lived in Saskatchewan and Alberta, the other two prairie provinces, as well as on the west coast of British Columbia. Both the prairie and the sea play

integral roles in much of my writing.

Photography and art are important aspects of my creative life. An exhibition of my abstract photographs was recently held at the Assiniboine Park Conservatory in Winnipeg. A gallery of these images may be viewed on [crated.com](http://crated.com). I am currently assembling a collection of haiga and tanka art, and I often post these creations on Twitter. You are welcome to visit me online at: [https://twitter.com/Debbie\\_Strange](https://twitter.com/Debbie_Strange)

My other interests include singing, playing guitar and writing songs, tending a huge perennial flower garden, and exploring nature with my husband and our dog in a lime-green 1978 VW camper named *Ludwig Van*. Our camping trips provide wonderful inspiration for my photography and writing.

Though I've been a word weaver all my life, I am not a prolific writer. When I finally allow a fully-fledged work to leave the nest, I worry that its feathers might be singed, but I also feel hopeful that this might be the creation that takes wing and soars. I do not have a stockpile of perfectly rendered poems in my flock to send out into the world, but I do have a flourishing collection of fragments. This is my treasure trove, and within it are the pinions I need in order to fashion the wing of a new poem. I hope that words will always be thrumming in my blood through the pulse of poetry.

### **Turning Points**

In 2000, I became a member of The Writers' Collective of Manitoba. I entered their annual contests, and was thankful when I was lucky enough to receive recognition. I also sent in work for evaluation, and the constructive criticism given to me was invaluable. Through my association with this group, I gained a newfound confidence in my writing. As I learned to read my work aloud in public, my voice began to emerge from its cocoon, and this was the beginning of my metamorphosis as a writer.

I entered into retirement earlier than planned, due to the after-effects of an injury. The silver lining behind that cloud is that I now have more time to devote to writing and learning!

In 2013, I made a promise to my inner critic to answer calls for submissions, and to begin sharing my work, no matter how apprehensive I was. The first step I took in that direction was to join Twitter. Before long, I was a member of a thriving online short form poetry community, with too many excellent poets to mention here. That being said, it was serendipitous for me that the first two writers of Japanese short form poetry I discovered on Twitter were the well-known M. Kei and Chen-ou Liu. I admire their work, and I am grateful for the vast knowledge they share, as well as for their support and encouragement. They have helped change the course of my writing life.

### **Journeying into Haiku and Tanka**

M. Kei is an esteemed tanka poet, novelist, and Editor of *Atlas Poetica*, as well as many other publications. I had never heard of tanka, and encountering this form has been life changing for me. M. Kei published 100 of my traditional and experimental tanka in the *Bright Stars Tanka Anthology* series,

and I am indebted to him for leading me on my journey into tanka. The singer in me has fallen deeply in love with these short songs, and the practice of writing tanka daily feels like coming home.

Chen-ou Liu is an award-winning poet, and Editor and Chief Translator of *Never Ending Story – the First English-Chinese Bilingual Haiku and Tanka Blog*. I had been introduced to the “traditional 5/7/5” haiku in school, and Chen-ou has expanded my perception and understanding of this form.

**My first published haiku:**

sere grasses...  
summer threads  
unraveling

*kernelsonline 2013*

**My first published tanka:**

on sagebrush prairie  
the whirring grasshoppers  
and trilling larks  
sing a lamentation hymn  
for my sister's stone ears

*Notes from the Gean August 2013*

Looking back on my first publications, I see how my work has evolved. Brevity is a difficult concept to grasp for a self-confessed “adjective addict”, but I’m learning that less is more. The minimalist nature of Japanese short form poetry appeals to me. I like to see the black bones of a poem on the page, with nothing distracting from, or confining the words. The general lack of capitalization, punctuation, and complex line breaks makes for an austerity and starkness on the page that I find aesthetically pleasing.

I also discovered haiga and tanka art on Twitter, and this has become another new passion. Blending my photographs and art with my words satisfies both creative urges in me.

I am a member of the United Haiku and Tanka Society, Haiku Canada, Tanka Canada, the Tanka Society of America and the World Haiku Association. I subscribe to several journals, and as a result of this, I am continually being introduced to the work of a wide variety of poets with diverse styles. I have made

some observations as I travel this road. I find it refreshing that most journal editors do not care who you are or what you have published in the past. The most important thing is the work, and the only prerequisite is quality. Also, it is interesting to note that self-publishing is celebrated rather than frowned upon, as is often the case with mainstream writing.

A short time ago, I could never have imagined that I would have my work published in international journals. Some of the pieces have been translated into other languages, and this is a source of amazement to me. In closing, I will quote from my thoughts regarding inspiration, which Steve Wilkinson, Editor of *The Bamboo Hut*, so kindly published:

*My writing is mainly informed by experiences in both my emotional world and the natural world. Words are my solace and salvation. I am inspired by the very shape of words, their cadence, meaning and power. I breathe words, write words and sing words. In return, they bless me, heal me and save me.*

moonglow...  
a thousand jellyfish  
in an ocean of sky

a slate sky  
knows the calligraphy  
of trees

pussywillows  
the swollen bellies  
of feral cats

credits \*1

on the tundra  
caging a winter sky  
caribou bones

credits \*3

red-tailed hawk . . .  
on a telephone pole  
the prairie listens

credits \*5

broken spider web  
drifting between the roses  
you caress my face

credits \*7

---

asteroids  
collide and shatter  
in silence  
you taught me to speak  
with interplanetary lies

grandmother's  
tarnished teaspoon  
stirs memories  
in bittersweet cups  
I swallow her tears

a starling  
m u m u r a t i o n  
sifting the sky  
she recalls the moment  
her life changed shape

credits\*9

they called us  
to collect her things  
not knowing  
what to do with her teeth  
we left her smile in the trash

credits \*11

sister  
of the earth  
you sang to me  
until harmony  
sprouted on my tongue

credits \*13

on father's coffin  
the cowboy hat and polished boots  
of a prairie Gael  
the skirling pipes  
that sing him home

credits \*15

when I began  
to lose my hair  
I wove  
a shirt of myself  
for your shroud

credits \*17

gardening  
in the hat you gave me  
I am undone  
by faded ribbons  
and the scent of lilies

credits \*19

at the jubilee  
bohemian waxwings  
eating cherries

white bells  
ringing the changes  
lily of the valley

night drive...  
a deer leaps over  
the moon

credits \*2



transplanted...  
a bleeding heart  
in the surgeon's garden

credits \*4

blood-veined leaf  
on your upturned palm . . .  
these life lines

credits \*6

at dock's end  
a yellow ladder  
steps in sky

credits \*8

---

small songs  
rolling off your tongue  
like fog  
weaving between  
the bones of my heart

slipping between  
midnight's torn pages  
the morning  
rewrites our story  
in slanting light

the lake's black skin  
tattooed with starlight  
and aurora  
remember that night we dipped  
ink-stained hands into the moon

credits \*10

the seeds  
of forget-me-nots  
I planted  
in her mind's wilted garden  
could not recall her blooming

credits \*12

blue glacier  
calving into the narrows  
a bloodless birth  
our letting go of progeny  
that too soon drift away

credits \*14

at the stoplight  
she squeegees  
car windows  
her scrawny arms tattooed  
with poetry and addiction

credits \*16

blood moon  
and dwarf star  
how red  
the dimming day  
settling in your hair

credits \*18

with ink stick  
and wolf hair brush  
on rice paper  
I paint the unlikeliness  
of my married name

credits \*20

---

credits \*21



credits \*24



credits \*27



credits \*22



credits \*25



credits \*28



credits \*23



credits \*26



credits \*29



## Publications – Tanka, Sedoka, Haiku, Senryu, Haiga & Tanka Art:

*Acorn – a journal of contemporary haiku*

Number 32 Spring 2014

*A Hundred Gourds*

3:1 December 2013, 3:2 March 2014, 3:3 June 2014, & forthcoming

*All the Shells: The Tanka Society of America 2014 Member Anthology*

(edited by M. Kei) forthcoming

*Atlas Poetica – A Journal of Poetry of Place in Contemporary Tanka*

Special Features: September 2013, October 2013, February 2014 & June 2014

Number 17 & 18 2014

*brass bell: a haiku journal*

April, May, June, July, August & September 2014

*Bright Stars – An Organic Tanka Anthology*

Volumes 1, 3, 4 & 5 2014

*cattails – Collected Works of UHTS*

January & May 2014

*Chrysanthemum*

Number 14 October 2013 & Number 15 April 2014

*Chuffed Buff Books – Kigo: Seasonal Words*

forthcoming

*Gems – An Anthology of Haiku, Senryu and Sedoka*

(edited by Steve Wilkinson) July 2014

*GUSTS – Contemporary Tanka*

Number 19 Spring/Summer 2014

*Frogpond – The Journal of the Haiku Society of America*

37:3 Autumn, forthcoming

*inner art journal – An Online Poetry Journal Dedicated to Perception*

February 2014

*Jars of Stars*

February 2014

*kernelsonline*

June 2013

*Leaf Press*

August 2013 (*Riding Mountain Haiku*)

– a leaflet of 5/7/5 sketch of life poems reflecting upon my experiences  
exploring nature through the seasons in Riding Mountain National Park, Manitoba)

*LYNX – A Journal for Linking Poets*

28:3 October 2013, 29:1 February 2014, & forthcoming

*Lyrical Passion Poetry E-Zine*

August 2013

*Moonbathing – a journal of women's tanka*

Issue 9 Fall/Winter 2013 & Issue 10 Spring/Summer 2014

*Moongarlic E-Zine*

Issue 1 November 2013 & Issue 2 May 2014

*More Grows in a Crooked Row: Tanka Exchanges with 15 Canadian Poets*

(edited by Angela Leuck) forthcoming

*NeverEnding Story – First English-Chinese Bilingual Haiku and Tanka Blog*

December 2013, January & July 2014, & forthcoming

*Notes from the Gean*

August 2013

*One Man's Maple Moon 2013, Selected English-Chinese Bilingual Tanka*

(edited by Chen-ou Liu) September 2014, forthcoming

*Poetry Nook*

Volumes 1, 3, 4 & 5 2013/2014

*Presence*

Number 49 February 2014, & forthcoming

*Prune Juice – Journal of Senryu, Kyoka & Haiga*

Issue 12 March 2014 & Issue 13 July 2014

*red lights*

Volume 10 Number 1 January 2014 & Volume 10 Number 2 June 2014

*Ribbons – Tanka Society of America Journal*

Volume 9 No. 2 Fall 2013, Volume 10 No. 1 Winter 2014, Volume 10 No. 2 Spring/Summer 2014

*Skylark – A Tanka Journal*

Volume 1 Number 2 Winter 2013, Volume 2 Number 1 Summer 2014, & forthcoming

*Skyline – A Journal of Modern and Experimental Tanka*

forthcoming

*The Bamboo Hut – A Journal of Contemporary English Language Tanka*

Vol 1 No. 1 September 2013, Vol 1 No. 2 January 2014, Vol 1 No. 3 April 2014, & forthcoming

*The Bamboo Hut Press*

2014 – ongoing

*The Heron's Nest*

Volume 15 Number 4 December 2013

*The Mustard Grain – journal of global micropoetry*

Issue 1.1 August 2014

*The Zen Space – a space for zen words*

Autumn 2013 Showcase & Winter 2014 Showcase

*Under the Basho*

Autumn 2013

*Undertow Tanka Review*

Issue Number 1 August 2014

*VerseWrights*

2013 – ongoing

*World Haiku Association*

WHA 120th, 121st, & 122nd, Monthly Haiga Contest, May, June & July 2014

*Writers and Lovers Café*

Spring 2014, & forthcoming

**Awards for Short Form Poetry:**

*DIOGEN – Magazine for Culture, Art, Science and Education*

3rd place for haiga & Hon. Mention for haiku – 2013 Winter Contest

*Lyrical Passion Poetry World Tanka Competition*

Hon. Mention – 2013

United Haiku and Tanka Society

3rd place for haiku – 2014 AHA Awards

**Other Published Writing and Awards:**

Canadian Authors' Association, Manitoba Branch

Hon. Mention for poetry 1999 – published in *Pentimes* February 2000

Contemporary Verse 2 Thirty-fifth Anniversary Contest

3rd place for poetry 2011 – published in CV2 Volume 34 Issue 2 Fall 2011

The Writers' Collective of Manitoba

2nd place for poetry 2000 – published in *The Collective Consciousness* December 2000

Hon. Mention for poetry 2009 – published in *The Collective Consciousness* Winter 2010

3rd place for poetry 2010 – published in *The Winnipeg Free Press* December 2010

1st place for postcard fiction 2011 – published in *Bright Stars* 1 January 2014

1st place for poetry 2011 – published on *VerseWrights* 2013

1st place for fiction 2012 – excerpt published in *Bright Stars* 3 May 2014

3rd place for non-fiction 2012 – published in *The Winnipeg Free Press* December 2012

*VerseWrights*

June 2013 – ongoing

I have self-published four photography books, a nature book for children, and a family history.

**Readings:**

World Poetry Day Bash – McNally Robinson Booksellers 2012

Earth Day Celebration – Fort Whyte Alive April 2013

Library Out Loud – Millennium Library, monthly, ongoing – featured reader 2014

Thin Air – Winnipeg International Writers' Festival – Say the Word Audio Archive – 2013

Speaking Crow – various venues, monthly, ongoing

**Credits:**

- \*1 *Acorn* – Number 32 Spring 2014
- \*2 *Gems Anthology* – July 2014
- \*3 *cattails* – May 2014, AHA Contest, 3rd Place
- \*4 *Prune Juice* – Issue 12 March 2014
- \*5 *The Heron's Nest* – Volume 15 Number 4 December 2013 & *NeverEnding Story* July 2014
- \*6 *The Zen Space* – Autumn 2013 Showcase & *NeverEnding Story* – December 2013
- \*7 *Under the Basho* – Autumn 2013
- \*8 *VerseWrights* – June 2013 & *brass bell* August 2014
- \*9 *A Hundred Gourds* – 3.3 June 2014
- \*10 *Atlas Poetica* – Special Feature: Geography and the Creative Imagination – February 2014

- \*11 *Lyrical Passion Poetry* – HM 2013 World Tanka Comp. & *Bright Stars 1* – January 2014
- \*12 *Chrysanthemum* – Number 14 October 2013 & *NeverEnding Story* – December 2013
- \*13 *GUSTS* – Number 19 Spring/Summer 2014
- \*14 *LYNX* – 28:3 October 2013 & *Poetry Nook* – Volume 4 January 2014
- \*15 *Skylark* – Volume 1 Number 2 Winter 2013 & *One Man's Maple Moon 2013 Anthology* – Sept. 2014
- \*16 *Moonbathing* – Issue 9 Fall/Winter 2013
- \*17 *Presence* – Number 49 February 2014
- \*18 *red lights* – Volume 10 Number 2 June 2014
- \*19 *Ribbons* – Volume 10 Number 2 Spring/Summer 2014
- \*20 *Bright Stars 5* – August 2014
- \*21 *GUSTS* – Number 19 Spring/Summer 2014 (tanka only)
- \*22 *World Haiku Association* – 120th Monthly Haiga Contest May 2014
- \*23 *LYNX* – 28:3 October 2013 & *Poetry Nook* – Volume 4 2014 (tanka only)
- \*24 *The Zen Space* – Winter 2014 Showcase & *DIOGEN* – 2013 Winter Haiga Contest, 3rd Place
- \*25 *inner art journal* – February 2014 (tanka only)
- \*26 *brass bell* – May 2014 (haiku only)
- \*27 *Poetry Nook* – Volume 3 December 2013 (tanka only)
- \*28 *The Bamboo Hut* – Volume 1 Issue 3 April 2014 (tanka only)
- \*29 *Gems Anthology* – July 2014 (senryu only)

*cattails*

September 2014

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**A Second Look: Out to the Stars and Back**

Marjorie Buettner  
USA

A review of Thomas McGrath's *Death Song*, (edited by Sam Hamill, Copper Canyon Press, Port Townsend, Washington, 1991 Introduction by Dale Jacobson)

One doesn't often think of Thomas McGrath (1916-1990) as a poet of the short form, especially when considering his epic book-length poem *Letter to an Imaginary Friend*. However, his last collection, *Death Song*, (edited by Sam Hamill with an introduction by Dale Jacobson) is filled with haiku and tanka like poems. Many of McGrath's poems are small gems shining in the dark. Many of these almost haiku-like, almost tanka-like poems illuminate and inspire sending shivers of that transcendent feeling which often accompanies the reading of a good poem, uniting the reader and poet alike in the process:

**Cold Winter Night**

We cannot see them  
But even behind the mountain  
The moon has friends.

In the introduction, poet Dale Jacobson says McGrath's poetry "provides us an affirmation against the intense isolation and alienation of our time." If this were true in 1991, it is even more true today.



### **Riddle**

Dawn light . . .  
In the cold brook—  
Is it the sky falling?

Or a trout leaping . . .  
Snapping at a star?

In many of these poems McGrath echoes Basho:

### **The Owl**

A stone falls into the moon of the pond  
At the center of his rings of sound.

### **60 Below**

So cold tonight—  
The sounds of bells  
Fall like shot birds.

Even if these poems cannot be classified as haiku or tanka, there is still that transforming relationship between the poet and nature which is a key element in haiku and tanka. As Dale Jacobson says in the introduction: "Many of these shorter poems . . . are among the last McGrath wrote. It is danger, loss, and mystery that these poems explore—they put us in the vicinity of the unknown. Nature does not necessarily provide solace or secret comfort—but it is wild and unpredictable." So, too, the poet:

### **Warning**

So—  
You recognize my footprint . . .  
But don't think that you know  
Which way I've gone!

McGrath's "wild and unpredictable" nature invites the reader to explore as fellow travelers those distant and dangerous places that may in fact be right outside our door:

### **Waiting**

In November  
Something  
In the empty house  
Opens the door . . .  
To the night winds,  
To the moonlight  
To what no one remembers any more . . .

McGrath writes with his sense-impressions, recording what he finds in the world around him:

### **Memory**

The wild cries  
Fall through the autumn moonlight . . .

But the geese  
Have already gone.

### **Ho Ho, the Carrion Crow**

At first light  
The earliest crows  
Come by:  
Still looking for any  
Left-over darkness . . .

### **Winter Goodnight**

The first deep frost  
Of a cold autumn  
Beautiful! On the flowers and grass.

But I miss the last song  
Of my frozen cricket . . .

The mystery of nature and our relationship with it is still what inspires us and redeems us as poets and as readers of poetry:

**Some Things are Known**

Evening.  
The swallows  
Like shadows in the far meadow  
Diving  
diving . . .

Secret water!

Many of these poems are prophetic in nature and full of sabi and fulfill what the American Indians require of a Death Song:

**On the Ice Floe**

He was following a great white bear—  
Or dreamed it.

And now he is drifting on the cold vast deep  
Into the unknown sea.

**Poem**

I hear a heavy knocking  
In the midnight river.  
Something I've never known  
Is coming home.

**Long Remember**

The wind carries the breath out of my body—  
I hear its song grow distant in the deep woods.  
Still hunting for the last honey tree, I suppose.

In the end, his exploration of nature leads to self exploration and revelation:

### **A Promise**

All my life--noisy!  
Walking around the world in my heavy shoes!  
Now I grow lighter,  
And I begin to see  
How, in that farther sunlight,  
I shall move faster and faster  
Until my shadow runs on alone  
Without even an echo.

The echo of Thomas McGrath's poetry, like the cry of a loon in the night, reverberates and can be felt and heard throughout the poetry community and beyond. His voice will be heard out to the stars and forever back again:

### **Loon**

Something crying on the empty lake  
A cry with long legs  
A cry that goes far into the forest;  
Into the weedy bottom and deep of the lake;  
Out to the stars: and back.

—*UHTS Resident Columnist Marjorie Buettner, USA*

*cattails*

September 2014

White Page

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**The Gazing Space: Sign Language Poetry and Poetics**

Linda Galloway, PhD  
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The United Haiku and Tanka Society (UHTS), which publishes this journal, "*cattails*", supports the globalization of haiku, tanka, and related forms. UHTS is committed to publishing poetry in as many languages as possible. In this article English language haiku will be pictured in American Sign Language (ASL) interpreted by this author. Characteristics of ASL will be discussed first to dispel various misperceptions and prejudices against deaf people and their signed language. The ASL poetry will be compared to printed oral-auditory poetry, because this print form is by far the most widely found in the western, industrialized world.

Above all, ASL is a real complete language just like any one of the other 10,000 languages throughout the world. ASL is definitely not just a limited set of gestures, nor only finger spelling from the manual alphabet (Figure 1). Neurolinguistic research shows ASL is neurologically situated and processed by the brain in the same brain sites as auditory-oral languages (Bauman 2006). Language is an inherent cognitive function of the human brain, thus the neurological basis for all native and foreign languages (Galloway 1981). It matters not neurologically to the brain, Bauman cites (2006), whether a specific language is signed or oral-auditory. ASL is Language.

ASL is rich in immense complexity and versatility, and the language creates, just as any other language can, artistically acclaimed poetry, theatre drama, movement art and performance art. The production by performance poets Kenny Lerner and Peter Cook in the Flying Words Project (2001) is a brilliant example.

ASL has its own syntax, grammar, morphology, and vocabulary. Facial expression, body stance and eye movement are both very common and important. Facial expression, for example, can express syntactic information (such as a question vs a declarative) as well as semantic meaning. ASL is not a written

language. Usually hearing impaired people learn the writing system of the language where they live.

Most signs are not iconic, but highly complex hand formations (Suggs 2003). The meaning of a sign derives from hand shape, orientation, location, movement or non-movement, direction of movement, intensity, repetition or non-repetition, speed, rhythm, and size of expression.

Like other languages, ASL has regional, racial, gender and age-related "accents" and dialect differences. Sign languages from around the world are different from each other. An American standing in a room of deaf signers could tell which region a signing person comes from. New Yorkers, for example, sign especially fast (Suggs 2003). Just as spoken American English has Black English used by many Afro-Americans, so does ASL also have a Black Sign. American Sign Language and British Sign Language are mutually unintelligible.

Moreover deaf or hearing impaired people have the same intelligence levels as their hearing counterparts. Deafness can accompany other disabilities, but hearing impairment does not augur cognitive dysfunction, as the ignorant pejorative, "deaf and dumb," would imply.

Deaf people view themselves as a cultural group, not a disabled one. In fact "disability" can be a very relative notion Jennifer Nelson (2006) writes. She describes how some Africans who saw white people for the first time, thought the white people had a pernicious disease.

In her case, Nelson, a hearing teacher at Gallaudet University, lives in the dominant hearing culture which considers deaf people impaired because they cannot hear as well as she can. In the dominant deaf culture of Gallaudet where she teaches, she, however, is considered impaired because of her inability to see as well as everyone else.

ASL has its own linguistic word order, but a commonly seen form of ASL can use English word order, e.g., often in the manual interpretation of a speech. The haiku below are rendered in interpretative English glosses. Video interpretations of classical haiku by Jerome Cushman can be seen at "The Haiku Foundation" (2013). Haiku composed originally in ASL would have a different sign order from that of English word order. Video of original ASL haiku available to me are not allowed to be revealed, hence the haiku ASL drawings in Manual A.

To claim ASL poetry is not poetry at all, because it has no metre is nonsense. Japanese, the progenitor language of haiku, tanka and other poetry, has no stress accent variations on Japanese sound units. Therefore, there can be no metre in Japanese poetry. Yet no one asserts that Japanese has no poetry.

In addition, to assert that ASL poetry has no rhyme is as meaningful as remarking that an acclaimed photograph was not constructed with brush and paint. Yet literary critics mention the word "rhyme" or "rhyme equivalents" when analyzing ASL poetry. I would like to think that mentioning "rhyme" or sound

poetics has more to do with the historical hegemony of phonemic ideology in literary criticism that Bauman describes in his essay on the use of poetic line, "Getting Out of Line" (2006).

ASL poetry is a picture language. The "word" becomes a physical image. It lives and thrives magnificently in the three dimensions of space. Signed poetry can glide into mime or performance art with ease, and easily move back and forth between sign and sign with movement art. Orally recited poetry does not do this naturally. It cannot switch back and forth between movement and speech without obvious borders. Further, if a person recites poetry orally and engages in as vigorous movement art, as the very talented poets Peter Cook and his partner Kenny Lerner (2001) do in ASL, that oral reciter would be gasping or breathless to the point of not being understandable.

Everybody can enjoy watching ASL, even people who do not understand ASL may understand the message (Rosen & Logsdon 2010). Stunning video examples are ASL poems by the eminently funny John Maucare, "The Two Faced Friend," and "Don't Text and Drive" on-line.

ASL poetry uses three body parts to execute communication: the face, the right hand, the left hand. There is an interesting poetic technique that ASL can accomplish that spoken and printed poetry cannot. ASL can express two and even three signs or images at the same time (Rosen & Logsdon 2010). In the case of three simultaneous signs, facial expression imparts one sign while each hand executes a different sign.

In Deaf Gain (Rosen & Logsdon 2010) the video of Vivienne Simmons' "Tears of Life" is an example of two hands signing simultaneously something different throughout her poem. Her right hand recounts her thoughts about tears, while her left hand signs different ways to make the sign, "crying".

There is also a morphological element peculiar to ASL, which is not seen in published English poetry. This aspect can add poetic richness to deaf poetry. It is a natural part of the language and glides smoothly within ASL. To emphasize the importance of a sign, a person can make a sign larger. Apart from avant garde, surrealist and experimental poetry, printed English poetry does not intensify a word by making it bigger, e.g. by capitalization or increasing font size.

In recited poetry, intensity could be increased, for example, by shouting or slowing down the rate of speech. It seems, however, that the oral performer might need dramatic voice instruction for word intensification to sound normal. In contrast, ASL emphasis is linguistically natural and normal. Shouting or slowing speech could sound unnaturally awkward from the inexperienced reciter.

In general, ASL has many ways of creating signs. All these styles are what make ASL poems and poetics rich and aesthetically complex. In Appendix A (cf. Valli & Sternberg dictionaries), the reader can readily

see how signs vary by height, location, width, hand shape, sign shape, orientation, movement or non-movement, direction of movement (up, down, sideways, diagonally, toward the signer, out away from the signer). Signs can be produced by one hand or two hands. A letter from the manual alphabet can also form the handshape of a sign.

The body height of signs can create poetic effects. High, medium and low sign heights are, respectively, from the shoulder to above the head, mid chest, and waist or below. This cannot occur in printed poetry nor in orally recited poetry unless the speaker moves his body constantly up and down, hardly an aesthetic technique.

A high sign can suggest a pleasant mood; a low sign a negative one. Moving hand signs from a high to low position may re-enforce poetically the change in mood of a poem from happy to unhappy. For example,

cherry blossoms  
scattered about empty pots  
my daughter's death

(Galloway 2009)

"Blossoms," "scattered," "daughter" and death" are the focal words for this poet and represented in Figure 2. The poem mood moves from the pleasant image of cherry blossoms to the tragic image of a daughter's death.

The sign for "blossoms" is made high on the body around the nose. The verb particle, "scattered" and the noun, "daughter" move downward suggesting poetically a decline in mood to come. "Death", as performed by the poet was made especially low, below the waist, to intensify the depth of grief. The signs "empty containers" appear at medium height on the chest connecting the two movements of high and low locations.

The various ASL characteristics of signs, mentioned above, may recur in ASL poetry for artistic purposes. Not wishing to delve into the quicksand of prose vs. poetry one could say that the technique of recurrence is more often a literary technique of poetry than prose. In auditory-oral poetry, for example, phonological repetition such as assonance or consonance can occur.

The execution of sign traits can repeat in ASL poetry. The same sign, however, can also be executed in a way to vary and contrast for aesthetic purposes, e.g. Clayton Valli's ASL poem, "Snowflake" (Bauman et al. 2006). The standard sign for "snowflake" in the ASL dictionary is pictured moving vertically in front of the body. In Valli's poem, height variations and direction remain the same, but the standard location of



the sign are changed in two ways for poetic contrast.

In Valli's "Snowflake" (Bauman 2006), a snowflake falls early in his poem, a second falls at the end (Figure 3). The two are only in part similar to the standard dictionary form. All move from high to low, but here the similarity ends. Valli changes the dictionary vertical movement to a diagonal one. Further, the beginning snowflake appears on one side of the body, the last on the other side. This aesthetic variation and contrast add to the mastery of both the poet and his poem.

This poetic technique cannot be done in printed poetry, if one considers a sign in ASL to be an equivalent of a word printed and spelled in European languages, for example. Could a poet vary a word by changing the order of the letters? What is there visually to contrast, a "g" and a "q"?

There is a repetition technique allowed in ASL that editors would highly criticize in printed or spoken poetry in European languages. Online at [deaftv.com](http://deaftv.com), Jon Leonis Savage performs his acclaimed ASL poem, "Handshape S," in which every sign in the poem contains the hand shape "S" from the manual alphabet. The repetition of the letter "s" or the sound "s" in every word of an auditory-oral poem would be criticized by most editors apart from avant garde or experimental poetry. It is true, that phonemic alliteration, "the Anglo-Saxon Alliterative," was the basic form of Old English epic sagas as well as in all of the old Germanic sagas some 2,000 years ago. Times have changed.

Some phonemic repetition occurs as a poetic technique in auditory-oral poetry, but it may not be extensive as in ASL. Its presence serves specific poetic functions. The haiku examples below (composed by this author) illustrate the over-use of phonemic repetition in the first haiku and judicious editing in the second.

fiery fall  
fiddling a fallen finch feather  
from the forest

mid autumn  
a multi-coloured feather  
in the woods

Aesthetically pleasing alliteration appears in Williams' "first fall rain....face, " Tripi's "butterfly book" and Ross' "world....window" (Appendix A). In the first two haiku, the focal words contain alliteration. Similarly, "in the woods" instead of "from the woods" is selected," because "from" is not a key word. Further, alliteration of an insignificant preposition, e.g. "from," detracts phonologically from the central word, "feather".

One could suggest, Williams replace "first fall rain" with "first autumn rain" to decrease the amount of alliteration. The change, however, makes the first line too long in comparison to the otherwise three short lines. It also renders the metre crispness of the poem more clumsy. Ross repeats the "w" sound both at the end of the first line ("world") and at the end ("window"). This phonetic repetition ties the whole poem together from beginning to end acoustically.

At this point, more literary repetitions of various ASL sign traits could be discussed. The reader, however, is referred to Ella Mae Lentz' poem, "Dew on a Spider Web," in Deaf Gain online (Rosen & Logsdon 2010). Ms. Lentz is the first poet featured in this educational video. Readers are asked to find for themselves various sign traits in Lentz' poem. For example, among others, do sign characteristics repeat? Does movement contrast? Do sets of signs change in height? Does body side of sign location remain the same or contrast?

Finally, signed poetry has no line breaks per se as represented in poetry in oral-auditory printed languages (Bauman 2006). Bauman writes experiments show, "a line break cannot be a perceptual marker" whether heard or seen. He attributes line breaks to the old conservative tradition of phonocentric literary theory still alive in the post-modern period that dictates line breaks in printed poetry.

The nature of ASL poetry (Bauman 2006) is composition that is "visually centered as opposed to phonetically centered." Poetry can "be just as easily visual as phonetic," unlike the older phonologically, hearing-based philosophy of poetics practiced before now.

In signed poetry, hand movement flows uninterruptedly from one sign to the next (unlike the words of printed or spoken poetry). The visual-spatial-kinetic art of ASL poetry, Bauman decides, is more aptly a cinematic montage, like a film. Thus, given the cinematic properties of sign, we might better begin to muse about the compositional process of sign poetry as "cine-poetics."

Figure 1: ASL Manual Alphabet

(as reprinted by BAUMAN 2006) with permission of DawnSignPress

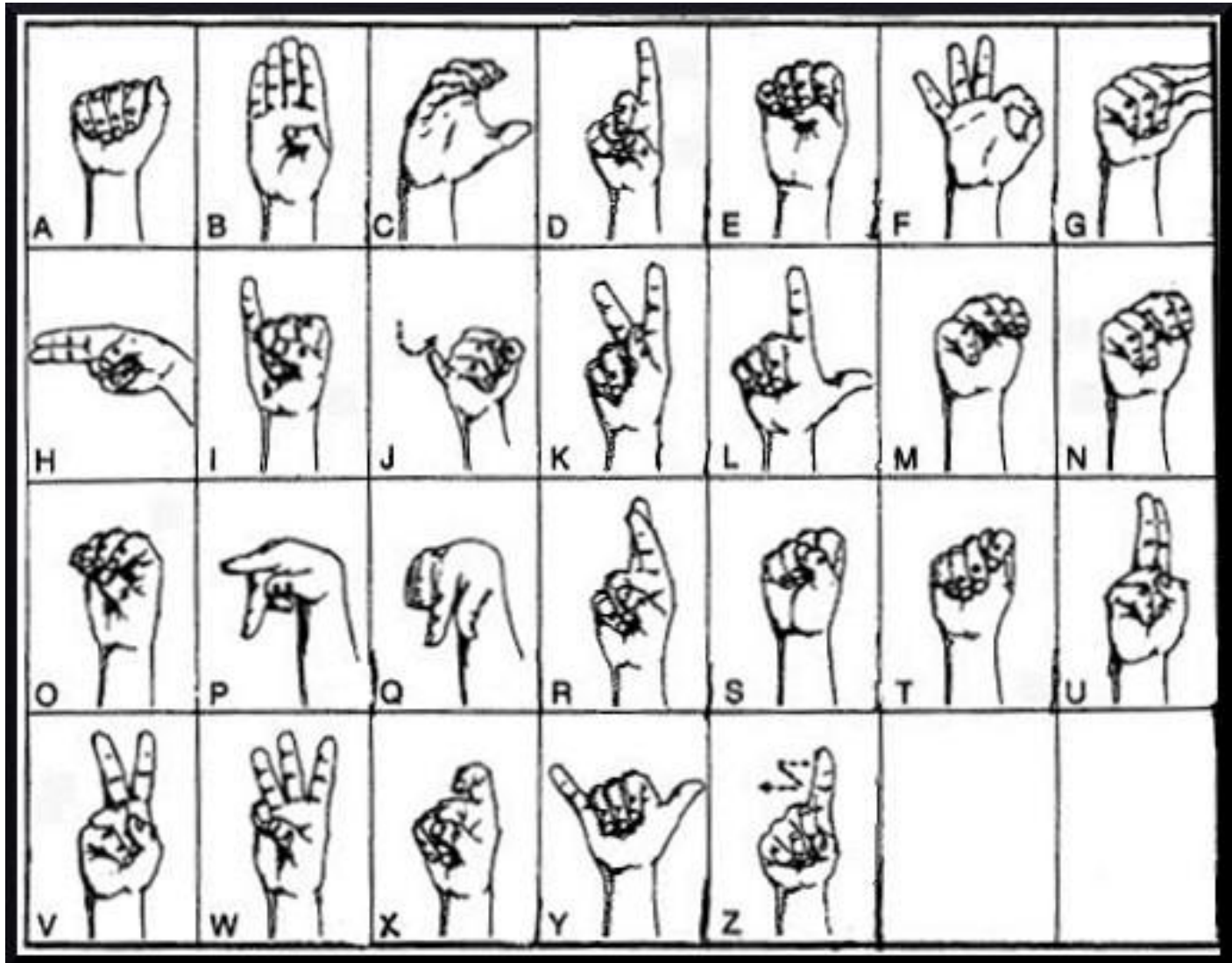
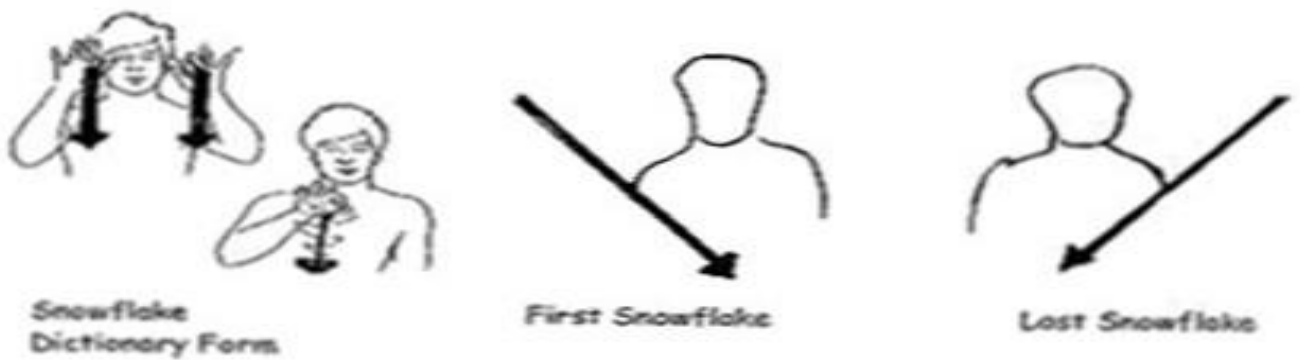


Figure 2: Poetic Sign Movement Technique from High to Low Galloway 2009)



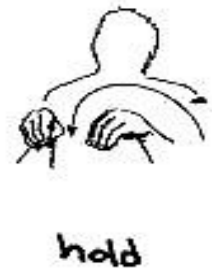
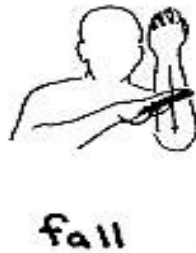
Figure 3: *Variation & Contrast Technique in Sign Direction and Location*  
"Snowflake" Poem by Clayton Valli



Appendix A: English Language Haiku interpreted into ASL

Presented in montage form in line with Bauman (2006). ASL has no articles and no sign markers on verbs or nouns to indicate tense, person, plural as English does

The first fall rain –  
holding my face  
up to it (Paul O. Williams 2008)



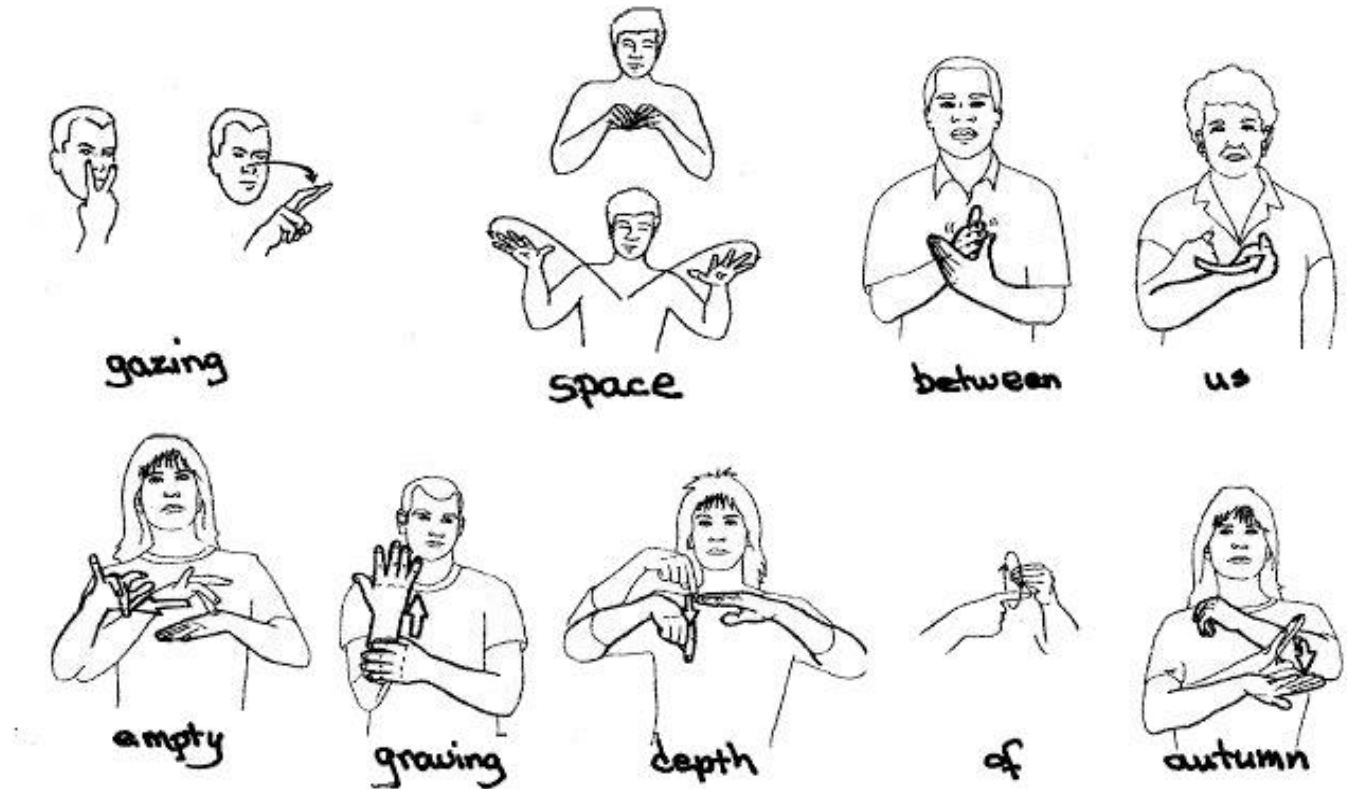
left open wide  
at the centre  
the butterfly book (Vincent Tripi 2001)



tired of this world  
suddenly moon light  
through my window (Ron Moss 2013)



the gazing space  
between us empty –  
deepening autumn (Linda Galloway 2009)



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