

January
2015
Edition

cattails

collected
works
of
UHTS

cattails

January 2015

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Not included on this page of *cattails* are other subjects over on the UHTS Main Website like: What to submit, How to submit, contest info, 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

January 2015

Principal Editor's Prelude

Happy International Haibun Month from the UHTS



A very warm welcome to our 2015 edition of *cattails* collected works of the UHTS, and a very happy new year.

There were a record number of submissions received for this edition (1,272), albeit only 387 were accepted for publication. Our membership has risen to over 400 people now and is still going strong each and every day. Please keep passing the word to your peers and friends, as we plan to soon become the largest international and most cohesive poetry society of its kind in the world.

When choosing work for publication, as principal editor of *cattails*, I look for Japanese style short forms that have been composed firstly and quietly considerate of sophisticated literary works that reflect the natural world through poetic beauty of thought. Works where it is obvious that the poet was thinking in depth about that which was within his/her heart/soul. The ones that searched out meaning by looking deep into history, culture, and literature, paying heed to those who have come before them and what they have left behind.

When you do send submissions, it is important to please include your name and country as you would like it to appear under your work. In addition, if you can translate your work into your native language, please include this as well. We are an international publication and proud of it. The UHTS feels that your countrymen should be able to read your work in your language.

The entries for our "Samurai Haibun Contest" were so many that it took the judge hours to read them all "twice", and the results are posted in this edition, congratulations to the winners. Congratulations also

to our Pen this Painting winner who was inspired by our resident artist Beth McFarland's lovely sumi-e landscape.

On another note, we are pleased to learn that several works published in previous editions of *cattails* are scheduled for reprinting in the 2014 *Red Moon Anthology*. Congratulations to those authors.

Our next UHTS contest is the "aha" Annual Hortensia Anderson Awards for haiku/senryu. Be sure to check here for details, plus click here for details on how to submit for our next "Pen this Painting" by our resident cover artist Ed Baker . . .

The United Haiku and Tanka Society has added a new regular feature, "cAt taLes" by resident Cartoonist Paresh Tiwari from India. Another new addition is our "Spotlight Feature"; each edition to focus on one of the UHTS Officers/Team members, beginning with Kala Ramesh from India. Coming aboard in 2015 is our new Haibun/Senryu Editor, Sonam Chhoki from Bhutan (allthingshaibun@gmail.com), and our new UHTS Book Reviewer, Linda Palamero from the USA. Lastly, we have added a FAQ for your convenience.
—*an'ya*, *cattails* principal editor

Note: let me say that we are only human and do our very best, but if perchance you do not see your accepted work here, or if you didn't receive a timely response when you submitted work, please don't hesitate to contact us right away. We receive submissions in the thousands, and emails do occasionally go awry or end up in spam. However, being online (rather than in-print) allows us to easily and quickly correct any errata, or add anything we may have missed.

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Contributors

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.

Prachi Agrawal, India

Ramesh Anand, India

Jenny Ward Angyal, USA

Valentina Rinaldi-Adams, USA

Elaine Andre, USA

Payal A. Agarwal, India

Jody Allen, USA

Yukali Armstrong, Australia

Sanjukta Asopa, India

Susan Auld, USA

Gavin Austin, Australia

Jimat Achmadi, Indonesia

Ed Baker, USA

Anne Benjamin, Australia

Willie R. Bongcaron, Philippines

brett brady, USA

Pamela A. Babusci, USA

Shreyas Sai Kumar, India

Chen-ou Liu, Canada

Poornima Laxmeshwar, India

Michael Henry Lee, USA

Gregory Longenecker, USA

G. R. Le Blanc, Canada

Darrell Lindsey, USA

Nancy May, United Kingdom

Radka Mindova, Bulgaria

Kimiko Miyahara, Japan

John Martone, USA

Giselle Maya, France

Elizabeth McFarland, Germany

Carole MacRury, USA

Aju Mukhopadhyay, India

Joe McKeon, USA

Alan S. Bridges, USA
Mark E. Brager, USA
Joe Brennand, United Kingdom
Max Babi, India
Diana Barbour, USA
Meik Blöttenberger, USA
Susan Burch, USA
Ralf Bröker, Germany
Sondra Byrnes, USA
Johnny Baranski, USA
Janet Butler, USA
Magdalena Banaszekiewicz, Poland
Brad Bennett, USA
Amanda Bell, Ireland
Joshua Paul Bocher, USA
Sondra J. Byrnes, USA
Rohan Kevin Broach, India
Kanchan Chatterjee, India
Theresa A. Cancro, USA
James Chessing, USA
Biljana Kitić Čakar, Bosna-Herzegovina
Bill Cooper, USA
Thomas H. Chockley, USA
Marcyn Del Clements, USA
Ann Curran, New Zealand
Pris Campbell, USA
Sandip Chauhan, USA
Sonam Chhoki, Bhutan
Nayaneeka Dutta Choudhury, India
Tatanja Debeljacki, Serbia
Pijush Kanti Deb, India
Aryaa Naik Dalmiya, India
Tracey Davidson, United Kingdom
Angelee Deodhar, India
Jan Dobb, Australia
Neelam Dadhwal, India
Ankita Datta, India
Robert Epstein, USA
Claire Everett, United Kingdom
Purvi Edara, India
Marianna Monaco, USA
Ananyaa Mehra, India
Sneha Mojumdar, India
Radhika Mohite, India
Smayan Mohanty, India
Vengunad Dhaatri Menon, India
Michael McClintock, USA
Gaarimma Mishra, India
Peter Newton, USA
Archana Kapoor Nagpal, India
Daryl Nielsen, USA
Simone Liane Noronha, India
Tanvi Nishchal, India
Al Ortolani, USA
Saeko Ogi, Australia
Maeve O'Sullivan, Ireland
Nola Obee, Canada
Mihir Oak, India
Marianne Paul, Canada
Jasminka Predojević, Croatia
Pravat Kumar Padhy, India
Patricia Prime, New Zealand
Faheem Quraishi, India
Goran Radićević, Montenegro
David H. Rosen, USA
Aron Rothstein, USA
Brian Robinson, USA
Izeta Radetinac, serbia
Dave Read, Canada
Geethanjali Rajan, India
Elaine Riddell, New Zealand
Chad Lee Robinson, USA
Pere Risteski, Macedonia
Cynthia Rowe, Australia
Stjepan Rozić, Croatia
Natalia L. Rudychev, USA
Claudette Russell, USA
Gabriel Rosenstock, Ireland
Ron Rosenstock, USA
Djurdja Vuklić Rozić, Croatia

Mary Franklin, Canada
Jan Foster, Australia
Marilyn Fleming, USA
Ben Moeller-Gaa, USA
Bill Gottlieb, USA
Raffael de Gruttola, USA
Gwenn Gurnack, USA
William Scott Galasso, USA
Linda Galloway, USA
Beverley George, Australia
Bernard Gieske, USA
Shivangi Garg, India
Johnnie Johnson Hafernik, USA
Sue Neufarth Howard, USA
Louisa Howerow, Canada
C.R. Harper, USA
Devin Harrison, Canada
Christopher Herold, USA
Diane Allen Hemingway, USA
Ruth Holzer, USA
Elizabeth Howard, USA
Marilyn Humber, USA
Samantha Sirimanne Hyde, Australia
Michele L. Harvey, USA
Peggy Heinrich, USA
Marilyn Humbert, Australia
Alegria Imperial, Canada
Dishika Iyer, India
Carole Johnston, USA
Damir Janjalija, Montenegro
Terrie Jacks, USA
Alexander Jankiewicz, United Arab Emirates
Yunsheng Jiang, China
Branka Vojinović-Jegdić, Montenegro
Alexander B. Joy, USA
Shubhangi Jagdev, India
Emma Jones, USA
Barbara Kaufmann, USA
Trisha Knoll, USA
Keitha Keyes, Australia
R. Rajasibi, India
Iqra Raza, India
Chakshu Sharma, India
Rajat Srivastavi, United Kingdom
Barbara Snow, USA
Tatjana Stefanović, Serbia
Karen Stromberg, USA
Kuheli Santra, India
Carl Seguiban, Canada
Yesha Shah, India
Adelaide B. Shaw, USA
River Blue Shoemaker, USA
Dimitrij Škrk, Slovenia
Ken Slaughter, USA
John Soules, Canada
Carmel Summers, Australia
Debbie Strange, Canada
Hanson Simon, Australia
Emily Jo Scalzo, USA
Božidar Škobić, Bosnia-Herzegovina
Adelaide B. Shaw, USA
Sandra Simpson, New Zealand
Shloka Shankar, India
Rachel Sutcliffe, England
Karishma Sawlani, India
Pruthvi Shrikanth, United Kingdom
M.S. Gaaviya Shree, India
Vishakha Sharma, India
Aashima Safi, India
Ken Sawitri, Indonesia
Jhanvi Tiwari, India
Barbara A. Taylor, Australia
Angela Terry, USA
Mrunli Thakore, India
Nina Trivedi, India
Barbara Tate, USA
Frank J. Tassone, USA
Diana Teneva, Bulgaria
Paresh Tiwari, India
Maria Kowal-Tomczak, Poland

Kashinath Karmakar, India

David J. Kelly, Ireland

Shobhana Kumar, India

Danielle Keating, USA

Mariko Kitakubo, USA

Momoko Kuroda, Japan

Mari Konno, Australia

Shrikaanth Krishnamurthy, United Kingdom

Lavana Kray, Romania

Fusako Kusumi, USA

Dietmar Tauchner, Austria

Anitha Varma, India

Sasa Vazić, Serbia

Kevin Valentine, USA

Tyson West, USA

Lolly Williams, USA

Joanna M. Weston, Canada

Neal Whitman, USA

Robert D. Wilson, Philippines

Julie Warther, USA

Jeffrey Woodward, USA

Spiros Zafiris, Canada

Ali Znaidi, Tunisia

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Haiku

Introduction

For your convenience, we have created introduction pages to each category that we publish in *cattails*, collected works of the UHTS. We hope that this will clarify for both old-timers and new writers specifically what is expected from submissions. For some of you, we realize that this is redundant but since there are currently so many different schools-of-thought on each of these forms—we offer ours also for your perusal.

Haiku is a succinct write equal to 3 lines (it doesn't matter how that equal is arranged, 1 line, 2 lines, or in 3 lines), but what does matter are the rest of the requirements, which are: that it captures a sensory perceived moment, and contains either a *kigo* (season word) that directly indicates a season, or other words that at least indirectly evoke a feeling of the natural world we live in. It has a 2-punch juxtaposition that equals a *kireji* (cutting word) which creates a conscious pause. Haiku no longer must always conform to the 5,7,5 syllable count; rather it should be somewhat close to a short, long, short rhythm for publication in *cattails*.

Haiku typically contains a setting, subject, verb, plus an “aha” moment, although there are exceptions in “question” and/or “statement” haiku, and haiku “sketches”.

If the haiku is zen-like, it still should be a s, l, s rhythm and should also include the above mentioned, or otherwise possibly be considered incomplete.

Most haiku in English consist of three non-rhymed lines of fewer than seventeen syllables, with the middle line the longest. In Japanese a typical haiku has seventeen “sounds” (on) arranged five, seven, and five. (Some translators of Japanese poetry have noted that about twelve syllables in English approximates the duration of seventeen Japanese (on).

Haiku have no titles, and metaphors and similes (if used) must be extremely subtle. An in depth discussion of what might be called “deep metaphor” or symbolism in haiku is beyond the range of actual definition. Direct personification in haiku should be avoided, so please keep your haiku as true to the reality of nature as possible. The UHTS does not publish anything that we feel might be offensive to the general public.

new year's day
still the same cobwebs
in the corners

Rachel Sutcliffe
United Kingdom

dying campfire
the night folds back
into darkness

Bernard Gieske
USA

heatwave
the grasses burst into
firetail finches

Jan Dobb
Australia

frozen dawn
in the hollows the scent
of last night's fire

Aron Rothstein
USA

hoop net
a lobsterman harvests
the sickle moon

Cynthia Rowe
Australia

the scent
of a carriage horse's heat
glistening snow

Chad Lee Robinson
USA

hummingbird
zipping up and down
the colour spectrum

Simon Hanson
Australia

withering fields
a gibbous moon
swallows the stars

G. R. LeBlanc
Canada

evening glow
ignites an agate
the hiss of surf

Barbara Snow
USA

easing in
and out of a culvert—
the autumn moon

Angela Terry
USA

on the beach
turtle on turtle
wave on wave

Joe Brennand
USA

your voice
visiting my nights
rain in elm leaves

Gavin Austin
Australia

a ray of light
breaking through rain clouds
job interview

Chen-ou Liu
Canada

petals
on the wind
spring prom

Terrie Jacks
USA

morning surf–
avocet tracks chase
a wave

Theresa A. Cancro
USA

thunder rolling
past the lightning flashes . . .
third watch

Elaine Andre
USA

the tang
of flowering currants–
south garden

Amanda Bell
Ireland

a candle
shares its brightness
long night

Faheem Quraishi
India

contrails
to all the places
I will go

William Scott Galasso
USA

moonlight
spilling across the river
poor-will will will

Louisa Howerow
Canada

lake reflections–
the no color sky
of winter

Adelaide B. Shaw
USA

caesura . . .
the dragonfly lingers
on a twig

Diana Barbour
USA

blue sky morning
the thorns of hoar frost
on a red willow

Nola Obee
Canada

threat of rain
all the windows
half-open

Alexander B. Joy
USA

storm clouds—
a field cow noses
her newborn

Carole MacRury
USA

dark alley
a trash can fire warms
the shadows

Joe McKeon
USA

dog days . . .
a long low growl
of thunder

Julie Warther
USA

winter twilight
the man and tree shadows
blur into one

Marilyn Humbert
Australia

morning stroll
returning home with me
a ladybug

Rachel Sutcliffe
United Kingdom

unlike
our feet covered by boots-
the trees are bare

Danielle Keating
USA

a poet's gravestone . . .
waves of reflected light
on pampas grass

Chen-ou Liu
Canada

winter winds
nothing left to slow it
through the trees

Michael Henry Lee
USA

pub patio
every table full
of finches

Ben Moeller-Gaa
USA

windowpane
frosty icicles
networking

Bernard Gieske
USA

upturned boat
a cascade of waves
on the shore

Nancy May
United Kingdom

creeping rust
the touch of sunlight
on a grackle

G.R. LeBlanc
Canada

an old tyre
swinging from the tree
autumn breeze

Payal A. Agarwal
India

sirens blaring . . .
plum branches hold the shape
of my night

Chen-ou Liu
Canada

between a kite
and the family farm—
manure wind

Meik Blöttenberger
USA

alone at dawn—
on its own shadow
a butterfly

Archana Kapoor Nagpal
India

sandy beach
mom's memory
washes away

Robert Epstein
USA

Japanese garden
a yellow iris opens
the way to the pond

Alan S. Bridges
USA

early darkness—
the dough yields its breast
to my hands

Alegria Imperial
Canada

cloudless night—
finding the map home
in the sky

Kevin Valentine
USA

goodbye kiss
the setting sun lengthens
our shadows

Maria Kowal-Tomczak
Poland

the roughness
of a cow's tongue—
dew showers

Shrikaanth Krishnamurthy
United Kingdom

first snow
covering what fall
left behind

Claudette Russell
USA

neap tide—
stars inch closer
to the shore

Carl Seguiban
Canada

a new date
on the memorial stone . . .
cricket song

Michele L. Harvey
USA

daily clouds
clinging from salt cave
to the shore

C. R. Harper
USA

the length
of our driveway—
a slug

Joanna M. Weston
Canada

maypole ribbons . . .
the dawn skirmishes
of swallows

Claire Everett
United Kingdom

telephone lines
golden at sunset
the shortest day

Adelaide B. Shaw
USA

early frost
a gazing ball reflects
white roses

Debbie Strange
Canada

flashlight on
a moth joins me
on my walk

Alexander B. Joy
USA

only my
imagination stirs
night wind

Dave Read
Canada

public garden . . .
a butterfly flutters past
the exit sign

Elaine Andre
USA

bottlebrush
its red stamens colour
the chapel steps

Patricia Prime
New Zealand

setting sun
the robin casts
a tall shadow

Barbara Tate
USA

hanging laundry—
above my fingers hovers
a dragonfly

Samantha Sirimanne Hyde
Australia

gentle touches
in the wee hours
summer rain

Aron Rothstein
USA

tea-red sunset
wind forages among
sugar maple leaves

Thomas H. Chockley
USA

winter gust . . .
shadows and I settle
into silence

Chen-ou Liu
Canada

rock fissure . . .
a bald eagle circles
her echo

Paresh Tiwari
India

Venice nightfall—
the waxing moon hovers
by the eruv

Sonam Chhoki
Bhutan

dog days
at the end of the run
drooping sunflower

James Chessing
USA

one yellow leaf
on a late summer gust . . .
touchdown

Gwenn Gurnack
USA

moon rings—
over the city a layer
of smog

Marianne Paul
Canada

migrating geese
names of the war dead
carved in stone

Johnny Baranski
USA

the lone bird feeder . . .
finches, juncos, chickadees
working it out

Barbara Snow
USA

grey day . . .
from a ladle the colours
of vegetable soup

Jan Dobb
Australia

night—
this jade plant's lobes
still turned to the window

John Martone
USA

baby's smile
a fragrance of soap
on the breeze

Mrunali Thakore
India

breaking through
the nighttime sound screen
cricketsong

Robert Epstein
USA

island life
a bird inhabits the moon
passing by

Natalia L. Rudychev
USA

between worlds . . .
in the swan's wake
a new moon

Mark E. Brager
USA

sinking sun
a fluffy cloud erupts
from the mountain

Cynthia Rowe
Australia

click of my tongue
our old horse flicks his ears
a snow-packed trail

Neal Whitman
USA

sunlit lagoon
a pair of swans swimming
wing to wing

Gavin Austin
Australia

wild sage
in thick purple bloom
the scent of dust

Angela Terry
USA

cloudy morning
a flash of bromeliad
brightens the day

Barbara A. Taylor
Australia

cold drizzle
a wild turkey chasing
the mail truck

Bill Cooper
USA

sunny day—
a sudden outbreak
of lawn mowers

Keitha Keyes
Australia

rural home
in many a corner
. . . black spiders

Samantha Sirimanne Hyde
Australia

red dawn
fishing boats chafe
against the pier

Joe McKeon
USA

cormorant
my totem animal and me—
deep waters

Devin Harrison
Canada

spring shower
baby elephants
blowing bubbles

Elizabeth Howard
USA

winter sleep
one item unchecked
on his bucket list

Tracy Davidson
United Kingdom

war news . . .
the dark underbelly
of autumn clouds

Paresh Tiwari
India

pieces of sun
trapped in the birches
wren song

Marilyn Fleming
USA

gentle breeze
a thousand wishes ripple
through the dandelions

Gregory Longenecker
USA

burnt-orange moon . . .
the smell of the campfire
popping pine-sap

Brett Brady
USA

hours before dawn
sparrows chirp pecking holes
in the darkness

Tyson West
USA

slipping in
with the hazy light
autumn

Gregory Longenecker
USA

glimpse
from a winding road
snowy mountain

Elaine Riddell
New Zealand

tasseling corn
a Carolina grasshopper
takes wing

Michele L. Harvey
USA

winter twilight
the man and tree shadows
blur into one

Marilyn Humbert
Australia

country road
a church bell keeps
its own time

Alan S. Bridges
USA

another egg
in the falcon's nest
rising moon

Debbie Strange
Canada

touch of dawn . . .
over the camellia petals
these dewdrops

Archana Kapoor Nagpal
India

noon sun
through the window
the diva's song

Tricia Knoll
USA

starry sky
the night heavy
with wishes

Claudette Russell
USA

sunken moon—
the door wide open
after her exit

Geethanjali Rajan
India

my father's fields . . .
barbed wire grown into
the heartwood

Chad Lee Robinson
USA

twilight
a windmill slicing
the blood moon

Meik Blöttenberger
USA

bluer
twig by twig
twilight

Alegria Imperial
Canada

zen garden
a thought circulates
around the stone

Maria Kowal-Tomczak
Poland

a heart
full amongst the wispy clouds
winter moon

Johnnie Johnson Hafernik
USA

supermarket
a crate of pumpkins
wait for faces

William Hart
USA

snowflakes
blown by wind
your kiss

Valentina Ranaldi-Adams
USA

in the sunlight
shimmering blue road salt—
now under my boots

Joshua Paul Bocher
USA

fresh leaves—
the clouds veer back
to threatening

Sandra Simpson
USA

every visit
she scrubs his grave marker
the dark sea

Oleg Kagan
USA

a nosebag
for the chestnut mare . . .
autumn deepens

Claire Everett
United Kingdom

mountain thunder
our breastbones resonate
with the mesa

Sondra Byrnes
USA

darkening pond
the flash of a swan
in November sun

Brad Bennett
USA

sycamore shade—
some family stories
shelled with the peas

Darrell Lindsey
USA

in full sun
a splotch of lichen—
my favorite colors

Peter Newton
USA

heavy skies . . .
as hills weep into valleys
salmon leaping

David J. Kelly
Ireland

morning breeze
the alchemy
of milkweed

Mark E. Brager
USA

dark alley
a trash can fire warms
the shadows

Joe McKeon
USA

tilting its head
at the frozen bird bath
a sparrow

Chris Gusek
USA

a painted lady leads me astray . . . mountain meadow

Kevin Valentine
USA

second only to the spider on this path today

Julie Warther
USA

two squirrels in a drizzle winterizing

Ed Baker
USA

first snowfall my tongue young again

John Soules
Canada

mother dying a train hurtles west

Maeve O'Sullivan
Ireland

cherry blossoms how easily life goes on

Shloka Shankar
India

paper boats
along the levee—
new diary

bărci de hârtie
de-a lungul pontonului—
nou jurnal intim

Lavana Kray
Romania

first rain
a poem arrives
word by word

ಮೊದಲ ಮಳೆ
ಪದ ಪದವಾಗಿ ಹುಟ್ಟಿತು
ಪದ್ಯ

Poornima Laxmeshwar
India

foreign land—
I sense the breeze
of intimacy

bidesh jaga—
mu anubhaba kare malayara
ghanisthata

Pravat Kumar Padhy
India

autumn deepens—
the flood water rises
to my cot

ਗਹਿਰੀ ਹੋਈ ਪਤਝੜ—
ਮੇਰੀ ਮੰਜੀ ਤਾਈਂ ਚੜ੍ਹ ਆਇਆ
ਹੜ੍ਹ ਦਾ ਪਾਣੀ

Sandip Chauhan
USA

hill sunrise—
on the buffalo's back
an egret

shaila surjoday
mahisher pithe
ekaki sarosh

Sanjukta Asopa
India

bay window
not a single wagtail
nor its chirp

durungawan
ni isang ibo'y wala
o kanyang huni

Willie R. Bongcaron
Philippines

sand maze
an august encounter
with the sea

*un dédale de sable
une auguste rencontre
avec la mer*

*Giselle Maya
France*

on one side stars
and you on the other—
every midnight

*на една страна
свездите, на друга ти—
во секоја ноќ*

*Pere Risteski
Macedonia*

leaving its nest
a hawk enters the fog—
Christmas morning

*napuštajući gnezdo
soko ulazi u maglu—
Božićno jutro*

*Saša Važić
Serbia*

desert night . . .
the scent of campfire
in the dying stars

amoru ratri . . .
kyamp fire-er ghraan
mumurshu taray

Sanjukta Asopa
India

leaves fly through
the brandenburg gate
your ashen hair

Blätter wehen
durch das Brandenburger Tor
dein aschenes Haar

Ralf Bröker
Germany

finished reading
I hear the lightness
of falling snow

吟罢掩卷
耳边传来轻盈
雪落声

Yunsheng Jiang
China 姜云生 中国 上海

after the rains
pushing up en masse
mushrooms

brishtir pore
aksonge matha chada dai
chhatrak

Aju Mukhopadhyay
India

an old painter—
yellow color taken away
by a butterfly

starom slikaru—
na krilima žutog leptira
pobjegla boja

Vesna Stipčić
Croatia
Translation: Đurđa Vukelić-Rožić
Croatia

late evening
frozen moonlight
on fresh laundry

kasna vecer
na tek opranom rublju
smrznuta mjesecina

Marija Pogorilić
Croatia

sunset—
bulbul songs scattered
in the sky

ಸೂರ್ಯಾಸ್ತ
ಚದುರಿದ ಬುಬ್ಬುಲ್ ಹಕ್ಕಿಗಳ
ಇಂಚೆರ

Poornima Laxmeshwar
India

soaked to the skin
moreover a magpie squawks
over my head

Mokra do kože.
Još mi i neka svraka
krešti nad glavom.

Tatjana Stefanović
Serbia

with a friend—
the cherry petal sailing
in my coffee cup

kafa s prijateljom—
lat trešnje plovi
u mojoj šalici

Branka Vojinović Jegdić
Montenegro
Translation: Đurđa Vukelić-Rožić
Croatia

new moon
a crisp coat and tie
for the recital

bagong buwan
isang ternong malutong
para sa musikal

Willie R. Bongcaron
Philippines

finished reading
I hear the lightness
of falling snow

吟罢掩卷
耳边传来轻盈
雪落声

Yunsheng Jiang
China 姜云生 中国 上海

windless day
the monarch butterfly swings
on tall grass

காற்றில்லாப் பகல்
சக்ரவர்த்தி வண்ணத்துப்பூச்சி
உயர்ந்தப் புல்லில் ஆடிற்று

Ramesh Anand
India

in the thick shade
of a large tree crown
my laziness dozing

*v debeli senci
velikega drevesa
drema moja lenoba*

*Dimitrij Škrk
Slovenia*

my son's cough
becomes longer and longer . . .
one fourth moon

আমার ছেলের
আরও আরও কাশি . . .
চতুর্থাংশ চাঁদ

*Kuheli Santra
India*

a white butterfly
among acacia blossoms
flowering wings

*behar leptiru
u beharu bagrema
beharaju krila*

*Izeta Radetinac
Serbia*

on the doorstep
wind brings a letter—
dry autumn leaf

na pragu suhi list
pismo skore jeseni—
poštara vjetra

Stjepan Rožić
Croatia

end of spring . . .
the dark scent lingering
in a carnation

kraj proleća . . .
taman miris okleva
u karanfilu

Saša Važić
Serbia

shriveled leaf
I leave the wind
to its vine

मुरझाया पत्ता
में छोड़ हवा पर
इस शाख की।

Neelam Dadhwal
India

october drizzle
the naturalist returns
the call of a falcon

ஐப்பசி தூறல்
பால்கானின் அழைபை இயற்கையாளன்
திருப்பி அனுப்பினார்

Ramesh Anand
India

summer evening
a leaf of ryegrass
rocking the snail

ljetno večer
u pazuhu mladog lista
ljulja se puž

Jasminka Predojević
Croatia

sickle moon . . .
a caged bird sings
to the sky

ਦਾਤੀ ਚੰਨ . . .
ਅੰਬਰ ਨੂੰ ਸੁਣਾਵੇ ਆਪਣਾ ਗੀਤ
ਪਿੰਜਰੇ ਦਾ ਪੰਛੀ

Sandip Chauhan
USA

spring fragrance—
a torn chrysalis
clings to the leaf

Geethanjali Rajan
India

heavy rain warning:
the absolute yellowness
of a starling's beak

Sandra Simpson
New Zealand

cold moon—
the softness of your breath
against mine

Shloka Shankar
India

red lipstick
on the white cup's edge—
winter sun

أحمر شفاه أحمر
على طرف الفنجان الأبيض
شمس الشتاء

Ali Znaidi
Tunisia

Haiku Editor's Choices

The four haiku I have selected as Editor's Choices all have something in common; they show an ordinary moment in an extraordinary way. While not using direct personification or telling readers what to think, a human element is there in each one of these haiku, but direct opinions and self are excluded.

—cattails principal editor, an'ya

lifting the lid
of its blue-shell world
. . . baby robin

Carole MacRury
USA

In this moment by Carole MacRury from the USA, it is immediately apparent that she is a seasoned haiku poet. The aha in line 3 is a stunning visual even though we have all seen baby robins and blue eggs before. It is just the way this particular baby robin is presented, lifting the top of its blue-shell world to enter the outside world.

—cattails principal editor, an'ya

village well—
women balance the sky
on their shoulders

Carl Seguiban
Canada

This haiku by Carl Seguiban from Canada has the same effect. It's not just that the women are balancing buckets filled with well water on their shoulders, they are also balancing reflections of the sky. So simple and yet how complex, a skillful write.

—cattails principal editor, an'ya.

a heron's eye
parts the river reeds—
autumn sunrise

Theresa A. Cancro
USA

Here we have a haiku by Theresa Cancro from the USA that is also very well-written. What visuals!, That heron's eye parting those river reeds, and while you are zoomed in on it, she reverses the zoom effect to a wide lens opening to an autumn sunrise. I can also see the sun's reflection in the heron's eye.
—*cattails principal editor, an'ya*

a ladder leans
into the scent of apples . . .
orchard fog

Lolly Williams
USA

Yet another fine write by Lolly Williams from the USA with great visuals, or should I say disappearing visuals as that ladder leans out of the picture and into the fog. However it isn't only the ladder leaning into the orchard fog, it also "leans into the scent of apples"; an ordinary moment shown in an extraordinary way.
—*cattails principal editor, an'ya*

cattails

January 2015

Haibun

Haibun Introduction

For your convenience, we have created an introduction page to each category that we publish in *cattails*, collected works of the UHTS. We hope that this will clarify for both old-timers and new writers specifically what is expected from submissions. For some of you, we realize that this is redundant but since there are currently so many different schools-of-thought on each of these forms—we offer ours also for your perusal.

Haibun is a Japanese genre that permits an author to express more than haiku via the addition of personal prose. It allows a wider scope of subjects such as nature orientation, literary allusion, intimate story-telling, and so forth. It is a terse, relatively short prose piece in the *haikai* style, usually either including both lightly humorous or more serious elements. The UHTS does not publish anything that we feel might be offensive to the general public.

A haibun usually ends with a haiku, but not always, some haibun start with a haiku. Some longer haibun may contain a few haiku interspersed between sections of prose. We believe that the secret to composing a successful haibun (the type we publish in *cattails*) is the "subtle pairing" rather than a "direct match" of the haiku with prose while linking and shifting, similar to the way each verse in a *renku* leaps away.

Haibun range from well under 100 over 300 words. In haibun the connections between the prose and any included haiku should not be immediately obvious, and the haiku should deepen and enhance the tone, or take the work in a new direction, recasting the meaning of the foregoing prose, much as a stanza in a linked-verse poem revises the meaning of the previous verse.

You can submit haibun directly to Sonam Chhoki at: allthingshaibun@gmail.com

When submitting, please title your haibun with your name and country on the next two lines, and feel free to send a translation of your haibun. If you don't translate all the text, feel free to just translate the haiku.

When the levee breaks

Sonam Chhoki

Bhutan

Late night my husband and I are driving on the Indo-Bhutan border in the Himalayan foothills. Early monsoon storm breaks. Lightning rends the green-black clouds. The wind swivels the heads of sal and areca nut trees along the highway. Windscreen wipers screech and struggle with the torrent.

An elephant crosses the road followed by a calf. I slow down and switch the engine off. Another mother and calf plod into view, then two other adults. The branches strewn across the road are no hindrance to them. We hold our breath. Without speaking we each know the other is thinking of recent news reports of elephants straying into nearby villages, breaking into huts, drinking the local brew and rampaging. Will these elephants turn their attention on us and decide to explore our presence on this isolated stretch of the border highway? They seem intent on a journey beyond this storm-torn place. Their unhurried amble seems almost to suggest as if they are somewhat disconcerted by this excessive display of the unruly elements. I still dare not switch the engine on.

A shaft of lightning hits a nearby areca palm. It crashes on the windscreen. Part of the windscreen glass slides away into the water gushing over the road. One of the elephants turns its head. We leap out, drag the palm off the car and make just enough space to wriggle through. In the roar of the downpour we drive into the night murmuring Om Tare Tuttare Ture Soha, the mantra to Dema, the Green Tara.*

border control search . . .
a young crow ruffles
through white orchids

** The Green Tara (called Dema by Bhutanese and Tibetans) is a Bodhisattva, representing compassion. She gives protection in times of physical, mental and spiritual hardship.*

PHOBOPHOBIA

Yesha Shah

India

They wheel me away in a stretcher even though I am perfectly capable of walking. The narrow corridors of the glitzy hospital make me claustrophobic. Inside the sterile OT, I realize I have tomophobia too. The anesthesiologist assures me that it's going to be my "best little nap ever". I ask him if he's ever tried himself what he is administering me. An idiosyncratic shake of his head is what I get. The image of my eleven month old at home, in her white summer "*kurti*" swaying her ringlets, floats in my mind.

catharsis

sharing my story

with a stranger

The Cane Cutter

Marilyn Humbert

Australia

In the late 1890's, a young man was captured by slavers while hunting for turtles among rocky outcrops in warm ultramarine water off New Caledonia's Belep Isles. He was one of many shipped to Australia to labour in far north Queensland's infant sugar Industry.

After the ripe fields were fired to chase off the rats and snakes, cutting commenced. Kanakas, muscles bulging, their machetes swung in a steady rhythm as the blackened stalks fell.

a breeze
ruffles the flowers
cane rain

At night when moths and insects circled candle lights, he sat cross-legged among red globes of ginger flowers, mourning the loss of freedom and his village home.

fireflies and stars
dance with moonshine
island night

In 1904, by Australian government order, he was repatriated back home along with 7000 of his Pacific Islander brothers, leaving behind a wife and son in Garradunga near Innisfail Queensland. This Kanaka* died a broken man in 1910 on Art Island, New Caledonia.

twilight melts
as the wind rises
nocturnal song

** Pacific Islander cane workers were called Kanakas*

Spring Morning

Diana Teneva

Bulgaria

Everything is green . . . light green, green, greener, the greenest. My entire garden is singing green. Trees are blooming. All around me, everything is sprinkled with apple blossom confetti. Flowers are peering through the blades of grass. Sun is shining brightly. The air is filled with spring sounds.

new love . . .
my dress rushes
after him

A Rainy Day

Alexander Jankiewicz

United Arab Emirates

The weather has talked me out of doing the yard work that needs to be done. Bored, I'm lying on the couch with my iPad. I realize it's become chilly, but I'm too lazy to get up and close the window. I check out YouTube instead and, somehow, end up watching music videos from the '80s. Forgotten songs I once hated become a patchwork quilt warming old memories. When the sky clears, the leaves look too nice to rake.

autumn colors
changing the landscape
of yesterday

FROM MY WINDOW

Adelaide B. Shaw

USA

Spring is gearing up. At the far end of the front yard, where it rises to meet the road, crocus splash yellow, white and purple. Stems on the lilac bushes are knobby with green tipped leaf buds. Daffodils, some just poking through the soil, some already at their full height with swollen flower buds ready to burst. Through the open window the breeze is damp, ripe with the fragrance of wet dirt, last year's leaves and manure from the field around the bend. There are busy calls from unseen birds and announcing honks from another gaggle of geese. There is, in this moment, everything that there is.

coffee brewing
the anticipation
before the first sip

At Clear Lake

Bill Gottlieb

USA

During my oil change I walk a mile or so to Clear Lake, to the exact spot I visited during your vigil, two days after you died. Then, I saw an anonymous flock murmuring in the sky; did they really form a D...? A pair of coots—a male, a female—diving under the water; yes, one seems to disappear—but then they're back together! There wasn't a moment that didn't make me weep, and I realized that this was the way it would be—this deep, possessing grief—for a long, long time. And my broken heart whispered, Accept this . . .

the waves
singing about where
they can't go

Today, 10 weeks later, a crow sits high in an oak covered with mistletoe, kissing me with a caw. A man in an electric wheelchair "walks" a white Scotty—a breed you adored. Three children turn an evergreen into a ladder. A row of trees by the police station wear new white badges of innocence. As I walk back to the garage the rising moon—four days before full—looks like a cookie. How you loved cookies! Did you take that bite? Can I taste it, too? Yes, this . . .

a gull so near
my head I thought it might
hear me remember her

Passing By

Peggy Heinrich

USA

On a visit to New York City, I find myself on East 68th Street in front of Hunter College. Soon after World War 2, I had entered Hunter, when a fee of twenty dollars was all that was necessary to register.

I hesitate in front of the large entrance patio, where small groups of students are hanging out, and consider going in. Why bother, I wonder. It will only make me sad at the passage of lost time. The huge elevators will be there, the classrooms and labs, but the students and teachers that I remember will be gone: the philosophy professor who wiggled his bushy eyebrows as he discussed Plato, the instructor who waved his arms to the music of *The Magic Flute*, Dr. Stein, who taught Shakespeare with a sharp voice and biting humour, Professor Freeman, from whom I learned the basics of writing a newspaper article,

the books we carried
now on Smart Phones—
leaves scatter on cement

For the love of Basho 2014

Giselle Maya

France

His indigo-dyed straw sandals, his brushes and papers carried over high mountain passes, struck speechless at the sight of Matsushima, his horse eating wildflowers by the roadside, perseverance in slowly sculpting his poem tale.

But how did Basho and Sora cook, what did they eat on this long journey?

The moon is prominent by its presence or absence; the finding and not finding of inns for the night; the silence of the temple Eihei-ji. Not a word about wild animals, such as foxes, deer, boar, lizards.

What kind of tea did they drink . . . *o-kusuri*, what medicines did they carry so many things for the reader to imagine.

left as a gift
at the mountain temple
a calligraphy

Suspended between Life and Death

Chen-ou Liu

Canada

On my way to work at the meat factory, a dewy green leaf is shaken loose and blown away from a maple tree. It floats along the sidewalk. Suddenly, a wind whips it about and sends it soaring skyward. Then, the wind stops and the leaf falls to the ground.

evening chill . . .
pressing the razor
against my skin

Talisman

Angelee Deodhar

India

A hot day, we drive past adobe huts and then stop at the road side stalls of Reservation Indians who are selling turquoise chunks, beads, and jewelry. I hold an agate worry stone wondering whether to buy it or not, then look at the smiling, hopeful weather-lined face of the old woman who is busy twisting silver wire into an intricate shape.

I pick up and put back a pair of sky stone silver earrings . . . remembering the Tibetan Market stalls of McLeodganj, Dharamsala, the Dalai Lama's abode . . . the only difference being the pine scented breeze there as opposed to the chinook here . . . I let her look at my *Dzi* and turquoise bead necklace . . .

another blue—
a kingfisher connects
sea and sky

6, rue Sainte-Foy, 1907

Ruth Holzer

USA

Eugene Atget photograph

silvery paper

Quartier de Bonne Nouvelle

fixed in salt of gold

In early morning, the four-story building appears to float upon an expanse of brilliant white. It's flanked by street lamps, the new electric ones that have replaced the old gaslights throughout the city. Half of the ground floor is given over to a shop: two doorways between oblong windows. A sign reads . . . and Company. The name obliterated.

City of Light—

shadow of the wrecking ball

on leprous plaster

The rest of the building is divided into apartments reached through a separate entrance to the left of the abandoned shop. One apartment on the ground floor, probably for the concierge. Who else would live in this lowly location, eye-level with the pavement? The shutters are open, the curtains drawn, flowerpots balance on the narrow sill.

Four windows on the first floor: black interior/shutters closed/curtains drawn/curtains drawn.

Second floor, four windows: two stout women staring over the iron railing/a man and a woman facing each other in tension or indifference/curtains billowing out of the window/shutters closed.

Third floor: shutters wide open, clothes hanging on the railing/one exterior shutter closed/ exterior shutters open, one interior shutter closed/interior and exterior shutters open, rags hanging on the railing.

Fourth floor, above the rain gutter: shade halfway down/shade halfway down/shade two-thirds down/shade down all the way. And above them, mansard rooms, four vacant mouths, no shutters, exterior or interior, no curtains, no shades, no railings. Home for some. Climbing all those stairs, carrying the necessary.

into the Metro

with his tripod and plates

a shabby man

The Muse

Paresh Tiwari

India

In a silence deeper and richer than words the charcoal stick captures her first contours, a gentle gray, softening the ski . . . caressing the wrinkles away, tracing the music of her hands, her fingers that end in unpainted crescents, he labours on each vein, till you could reach out and touch them.

Sheaf by sheaf, the grainy handmade papers of his sketchbook fill up, and yet each time, he forgets to add the gold band on her ring finger . . .

separation . . .
the rain cuts deeper
into the night

Indian summer

Magdalena Banaszekiewicz

Poland

The weather forecast says that this long and warm autumn will end soon. It is time for the last garden works. Every next autumn has been harder for us since our sons moved to the city. But with such beautiful weather we are eagerly taking the tools out of the potting shed. You look at me every moment. I know what you are asking for and I answer with the same caring glance. We are tired and sit down under the apple tree. I feel the cold wind blow on my back. More and more stars appear in the sky.

orchard dusk—
above us trembling
two autumn leaves

Then there were Four

Radka Mindova

Bulgaria

They are perfect but with no scent. The cold has preserved them and I have the suspicion that they will live long enough to see the snow. Nobody reaches for them. That boy in love who picked them for his girl, went somewhere. Every day I have a look at them—they always keep being five of them . . .

Indian summer—

I steal for myself

a rose

Моите есенни рози

Translation:

Diana Teneva

Bulgaria

Свършени са, но без аромат. Студът ги е консервирал и подозирам, че ще дочакат снега. Никой не посяга към тях. Онова влюбено момче, което късаше за момичето си, замина някъде. Всеки ден поглеждам към тях- стоят си все пет . . .

циганско лято-

сама крада

от своите рози

Lapsang souchong

Angelee Deodhar

India

The splotches from a leaky cloud sieve . . . large drops splatter to coalesce on the ground converting the grey brown to a darker color, washing dust off the leaves . . . I switch off the Shiva chants on my laptop to listen to rain songs, imbibe the petrichor, and my entire being responds as I step on the grass with bare feet, lifting my face to feel the coolness cleanse me of all negativity . . ., coming in, I side step a tiny frog too scared to hop away . . . after toweling myself dry, I drink sweet hot milky tea out of a "glass" glass as they do in the villages . . . I would like to drink it out of a small terracotta pot to get that special cicada muddy flavor . . . the glass of tea warms my hands enough to write . . .

cicada husk—
in the quiet of jungle babblers
a crow's raw voice

Gees

Shloka Shankar

India

'Will you just let me handle it?' he thunders.

'Fine. But remember I've been doing it for a long time now. And he still makes the same mistakes!' she adds in a tired voice.

'Son, how do you spell JUST?' he asks softly.

The little boy makes his I'm-thinking-really-hard face and answers, 'G . . . U . . . S . . . T'.

'See? He doesn't get the difference between G and J!' she says exasperated.

'Can you leave us alone? I know how to handle this.' He takes a deep breath and asks the boy to spell JUG.

'G...U...G.'

The little boy looks at his father's face and sees a touch of red starting to show on his cheeks. He imagines fumes coming out of his ears, too. He knew he was done for this time. They would make him write G and J all day long.

blunt pencil
the low hum
of the percolator

Reflections

Shrikaanth Krishnamurthy
United Kingdom

On our way back from Oxford, I say to my seven year old-"son, shall we drive into Stratford-upon-Avon?"

"What is there?"

I explain to him that this is the town where William Shakespeare was born 450 years ago today.

"You know Shakespeare was a great writer and poet. He is world-famous even today. He wrote so many dramas and poems. He was a playwright".

My son is quiet for the next half hour it takes us to get there. Getting off the car, we walk to Shakespeare's house. I again tell my son about Shakespeare . . .

"You know dad. Some of the boys in my school are doing a play- Twelfth Night".

After a moment of stunned silence, I remark that Twelfth Night is indeed by Shakespeare. My son retorts,

"How did you know that? Did you know it before I told you?"

light drizzle
barking at a dog
its reflection

That Call

Frank J. Tassone

USA

The phone rings as I zip up Frankie's jacket. It's Mom. She and Dad are at the oncologist for the results of Dad's biopsy and CAT scan. All she says are two words.

"It's positive."

I stop zipping my son's coat. The light off the tiled landing, the specks of lint and cotton on the burgundy carpeted stairs, Frankie's protests: Everything fades. I stand silent. For how long, I can't remember.

December cold . . .

Crying and trembling

In her arms

Morning Vine

Oleg Kagan

USA

My mornings are not much. Outside of the apartment is a courtyard I love in passing. Going to the car every day I nod to a distinctive Bougainvillea bush of purple petals surrounding one branch of white.

This time of year, however, all the petals are gone, leaving a grisly, desolate plant.

day after day
blossoms eaten by
Basho's horse

Christmas Eve

Dimitrij Škrk

Slovenia

It's late evening. The town is wrapped in fog that covers the moon and stars above me. I walk quickly down an empty street with a feeling of not being alone. Tracks of my breath disappear in the fog as the street lamps sink into the distance. I'm listening to a mysterious silence of evening warmth in the stove. In this room the air is full of a sweet fragrance of cookies and ripe oranges.

Christmas Eve—
looking for mothers gaze reflected
in a candle
beside this child with a gift
an empty chair by the table

Božični večer

Večer je že pozen. Mesto je objeto v meglo, ki prekriva luno in zvezde nekje nad menoj. Hitim po samotni ulici z občutkom, da nisem sam. Sledi mojega diha izginjajo v megli, kakor se v daljavi vanjo utapljuje ulične svetilke. Prisluhnem skrivnostni tišini večera v toploti peči in zapeljivi nasičenosti zraka, s sladkobnem vonjem njenih keksov in zrelih pomaranč.

*Božični večer—
iščem pogled matere
v gorečih svečah
Ob otroku z darilom
je pri mizi prazen stol*

Prisoner

Peggy Heinrich

USA

According to his novel, five teenage boys plan to rob one of the sailors who wander through their town at night. A small knife will scare him out of his money. In the scuffle that ensues the knife gets passed around and stabs a sailor who bleeds to death. The one holding the knife is incarcerated in Texas for Murder.

During the two years that I helped Tommy with his novel, a friend asked, "why would you want to help a criminal?" Another worried that I might be in danger since the novel is obviously auto-biographical. When Tommy wrote to tell me that he's being released, some of that fear crept into my bones.

through bars
staring at the moon
both of us

impromptu

Shobhana Kumar

India

Poetry reading. Poets bare their souls as pages morph into voices from faraway. Longing, loss, everyday and philosophy take turns, playing out different tones as they come. All the time, the eyes are scanning audience reactions.

warm sake
even after a bottle
empty words

Editor's Choice Haibun

I chose this haibun by Thomas Chockley from the USA as my Editor's Choice, not only because the prose is well written and the haiku is in juxtaposition, but because it is also an interesting story of other people's customs. This haibun lends a personal touch as we get to know "Li Er. Bob", and his "teachers."

Chongqing becomes such an intriguing place that one wishes to visit those shops in the area of Hong Ya Dongops to see what kind of treasure they could find. This haibun leaves us with an intimate understanding of what friendship truly is.

—cattails principal editor, an'ya

Guanxi in English

Thomas H. Chockley

USA

We're with Bob. His real name is Li Er. Bob has been one of our Spoken English students all year—in my class the first semester and in Barb's class the second semester. Bob has been more than a student. He's taken us to many places in Chongqing, ordered many meals for us, and even made sure a local tailor got our orders right. We're genuinely fond of him and have deeply appreciated his help as a translator and guide throughout the year.

Now it's getting close to the date when Barb and I will leave Chongqing to return home. I've told Bob that I want to buy some Chinese scroll paintings to take home with us. He takes us to a shopping area called Hong Ya Dong. We find a shop that strikes us as promising. Bob tells the shop owner what we are looking for, and soon we have picked out the two scrolls that appeal to us. Then, as Barb passes a table loaded with fans, she decides she really wants one. The shop owner takes our two scrolls to the register and puts them in boxes for us. Bob, Barb and I look through the selection of hand-painted fans. We find ones that we like. Bob tells us that he wants to buy us each a fan as a present. We object at first. But, we know that Bob's offer is his way of honoring our friendship. When the shop owner returns, Bob explains to him that the fans will go with our other two packages but that he will pay for the fans.

As the shop owner takes the two fans to the register, Bob quickly picks up a fan, puts it in my hand, and tells me to keep it out of the shop owner's sight as we leave. He and Barb go to the register to pay. I stand by the fan display slowly coming around to the fact that I am now complicit in a shoplifting episode.

The night before we are to leave Chongqing, there's a knock on our apartment door. Bob has brought us duck soup from the best restaurant in the area. He stays only a few minutes to say goodbye. We hug him tightly and tell him how much we will miss him as well.

park bench a bird observes other strangers

cattails

January 2015

Haiga and Tankart

Haiga and Tankart Introduction

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Haiga (which translates to haiku painting), is traditionally a combination of 3 art forms ie: brushwork, haiku, and calligraphy. Typically the brushwork is not a direct match to the haiku, however it is often in juxtaposition (or directly aside) the moment. For other types of contemporary haiga such as photographs, "sometimes" direct matches to the picture are acceptable for publication in *cattails*.

In modern times, this form is ranging from everything to photographs with computer fonts to multi-media and its ilk. Although not considered as true haiga by some, these forms are gaining in popularity.

Tankart is a made-up modern day term for a combination of tanka and artwork. It follows the same guidelines as haiga, although there is no formal Japanese word for "tanka painting" as haiga is for "haiku painting." The UHTS does not publish anything that we feel might be offensive to the general public.

Haiga and Tankart

Biljana Kitić Čakar
Bosna-Herzegovina

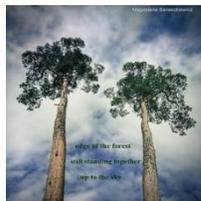


Day dying~
samurai katana
cut the sun

Natalia L. Rudychev
USA



Magdalena Banaszekiewicz
Poland



Tatjana Debeljački
Serbia

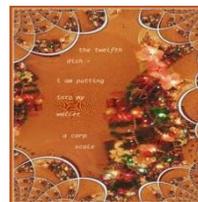


sunce miluje
zemlju pradedova
krsti blizance

Ramesh Anand India
Photo: Ranjana Pai India



Janina Kolodziejczyk
Italy



A Polish Christmas tradition
For fun, carp scales from a
fish dinner are inserted into
a wallet for good fortune
throughout the new year

Barbara Kaufmann USA



Ken Sawitri
Indonesia

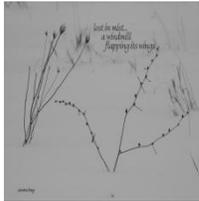


kuntum pepaya
cahaya pagi membasuh
pahitnya

Adelaide B. Shaw
USA



Lavana Kray
Romania *EC



*pierdută-n ceață-
fluturând aripile
o moară de vânt*

Sandip Chauhan
USA

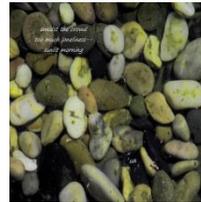


Elizabeth McFarland
Germany



Laura Williams

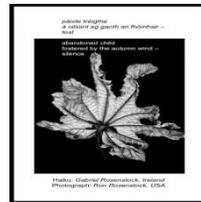
Samantha Sirimanne Hyde
Australia



සෙනග මැද
ඉමක් නැති තනිකම -
හිරු දිලෙන උදෑසන

Gabriel Rosenstock
Ireland

Photo: Ron Rosenstock
USA



*páiste tréigthe
á oiliúint ag gaoth an fhómhair-
tost*

David J. Kelly
Ireland



USA



Max Babi
India

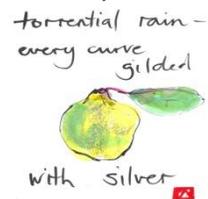


Ken Sawitri
Photo: Jimat Achmadi
Indonesia



deru mobil jalanan
suara cengkerik menawan
sunyi

Elizabeth McFarland
Germany



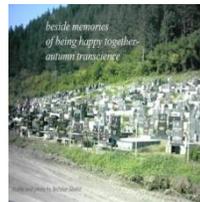
Elaine Andre
USA



Barbara Kaufmann
USA



Božidar Škobić
Bosnia-Herzegovina



Paresh Tiwari, India
Photo: Rajat Srivastava
United Kingdom



Debbie Strange
USA



Ramesh Anand
India
Photo: *Ranjana Pai*
India

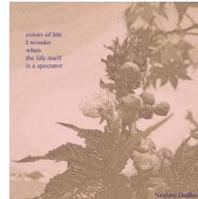


Lavana Kray
Romania



*liniște în cuib—
prin boabe de grindină
pui de ciocârlii*

Neelam Dadhwal
India



Shrikanth Krishnamurthy
United Kingdom



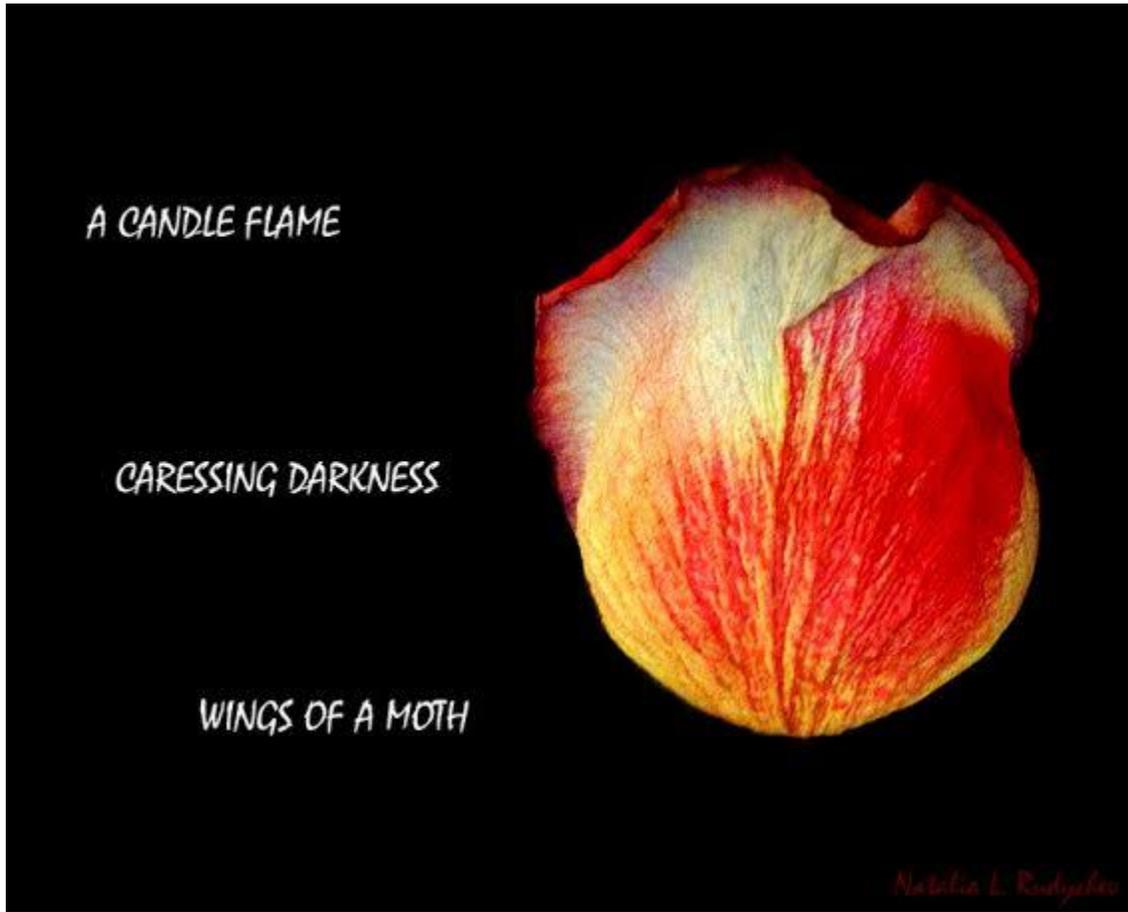
**My Editor's Choice haiga in this cattails edition is by Lavana Kray from Romania. An eloquently quiet piece where the artwork is not a direct match to the picture, but enhances it. The starkness of Lavana's art itself combined with the starkness of black and white is very striking.*

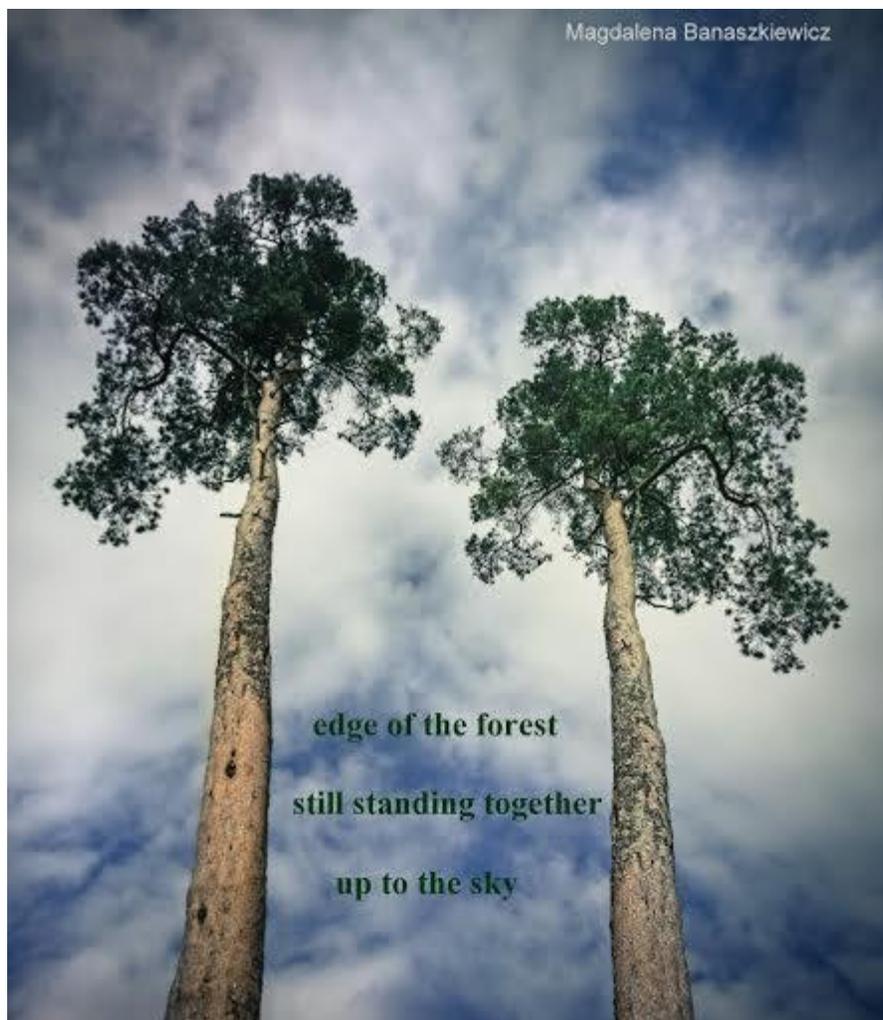
—cattails principal editor, an'ya

*Dan na umoru ~
Samurajska katana
Zareza Sunce*



Biljana Kitić Čakar





Magdalena Banasziewicz

edge of the forest
still standing together
up to the sky



sun caressing
the land of their ancestors—
baptized twins

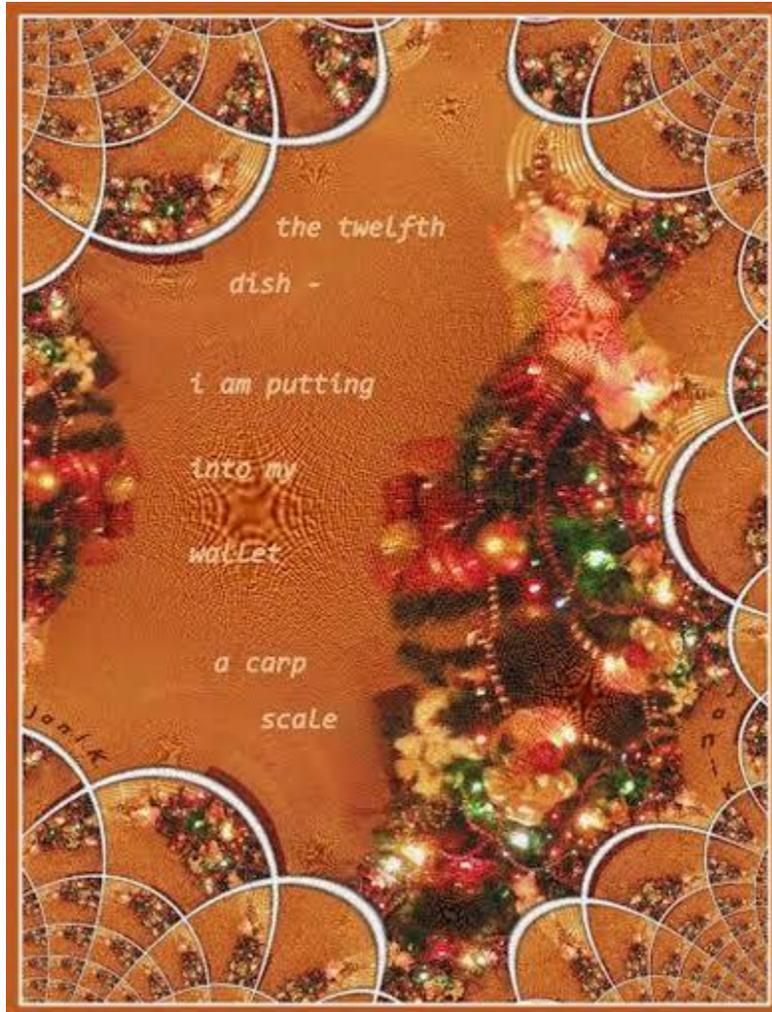
Tatiana Debeljacki

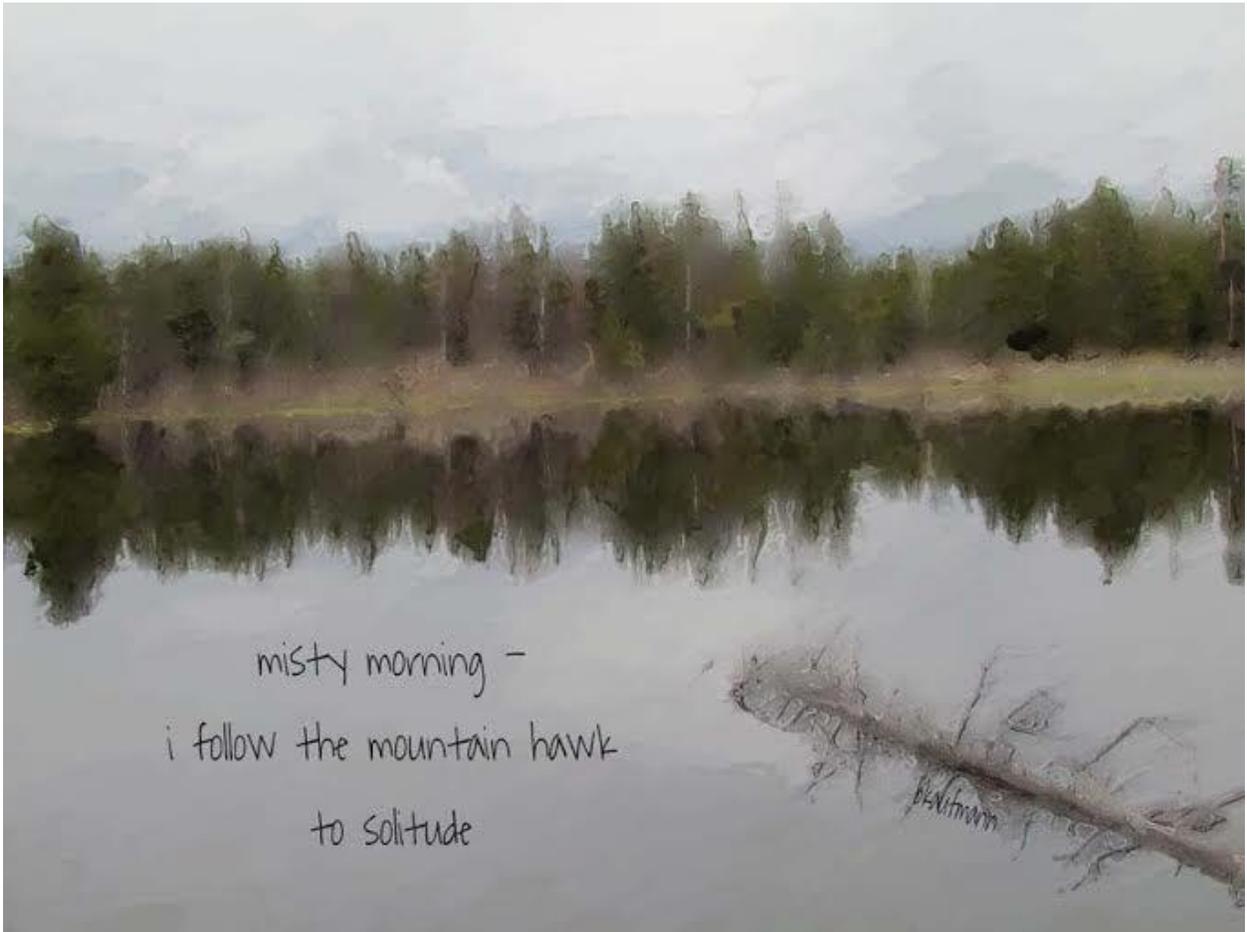
*spring dream
a rooster stirs the stillness
into dawn*



poem by Ramesh Anand

artwork by Ranjana Pai



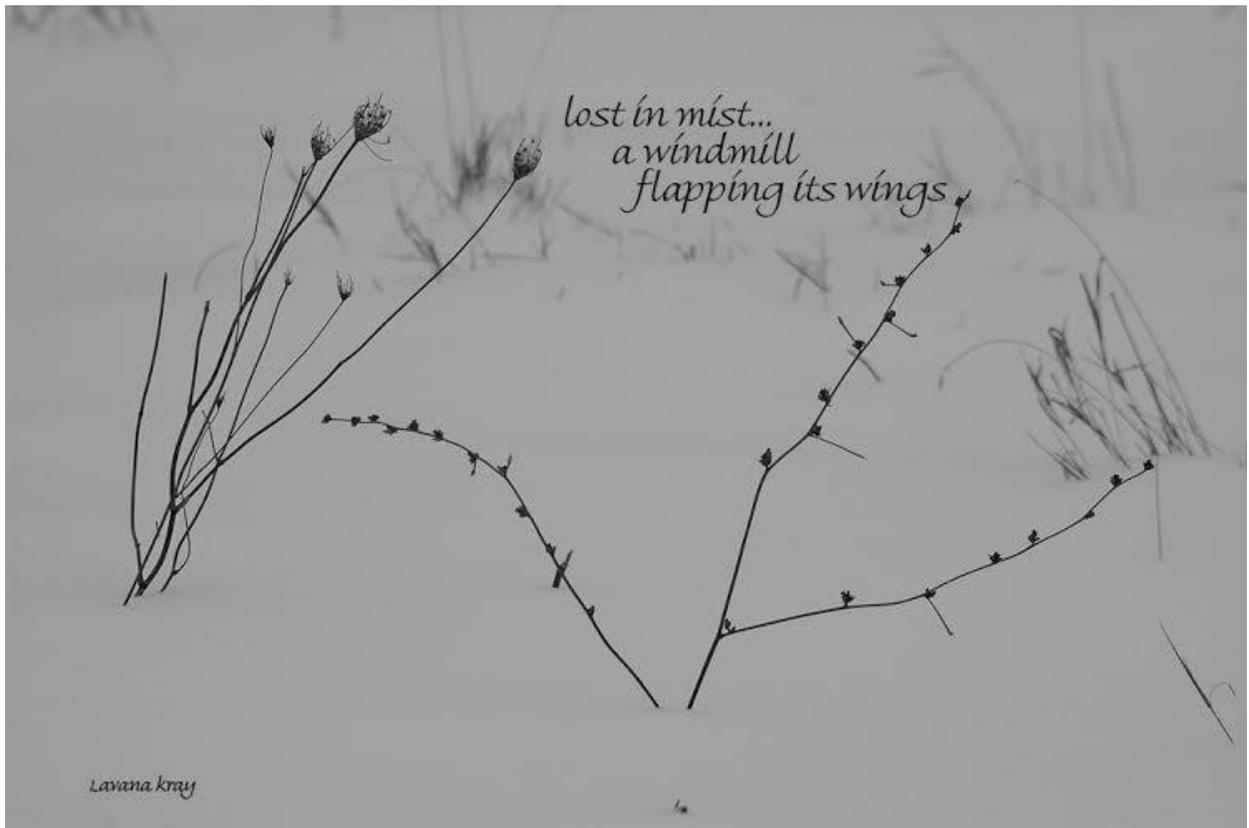


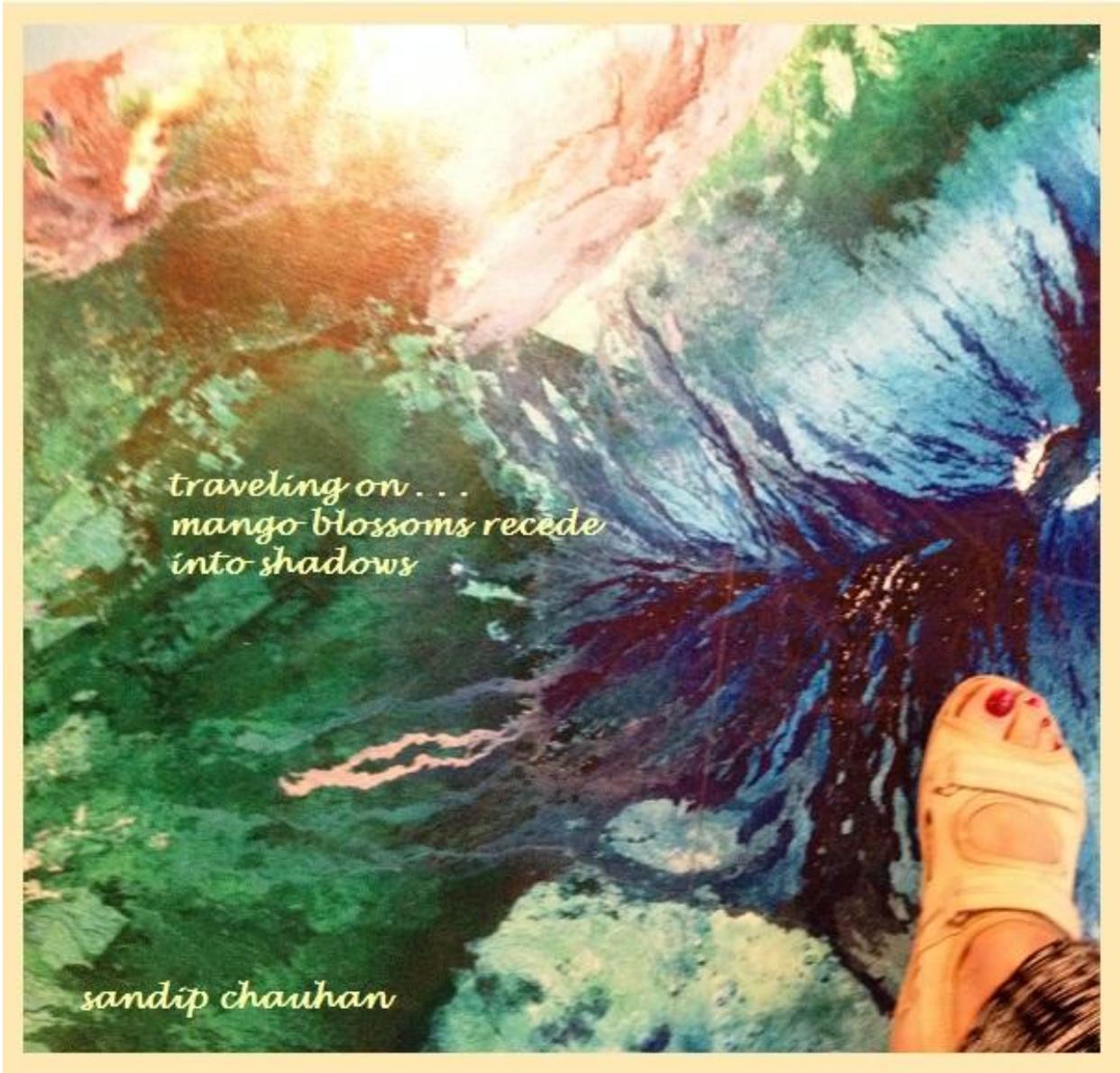
misty morning -
i follow the mountain hawk
to solitude





you charm me
with your songs and whispers
and words of love;
I shall follow you
to the sea and beyond





*traveling on . . .
mango blossoms recede
into shadows*

sandip chauhan



the
Woodpigeon's
call
becomes lighter





*páiste tréigthe
á oiliúint ag gaoth an fhómhair –
tost*

abandoned child
fostered by the autumn wind –
silence

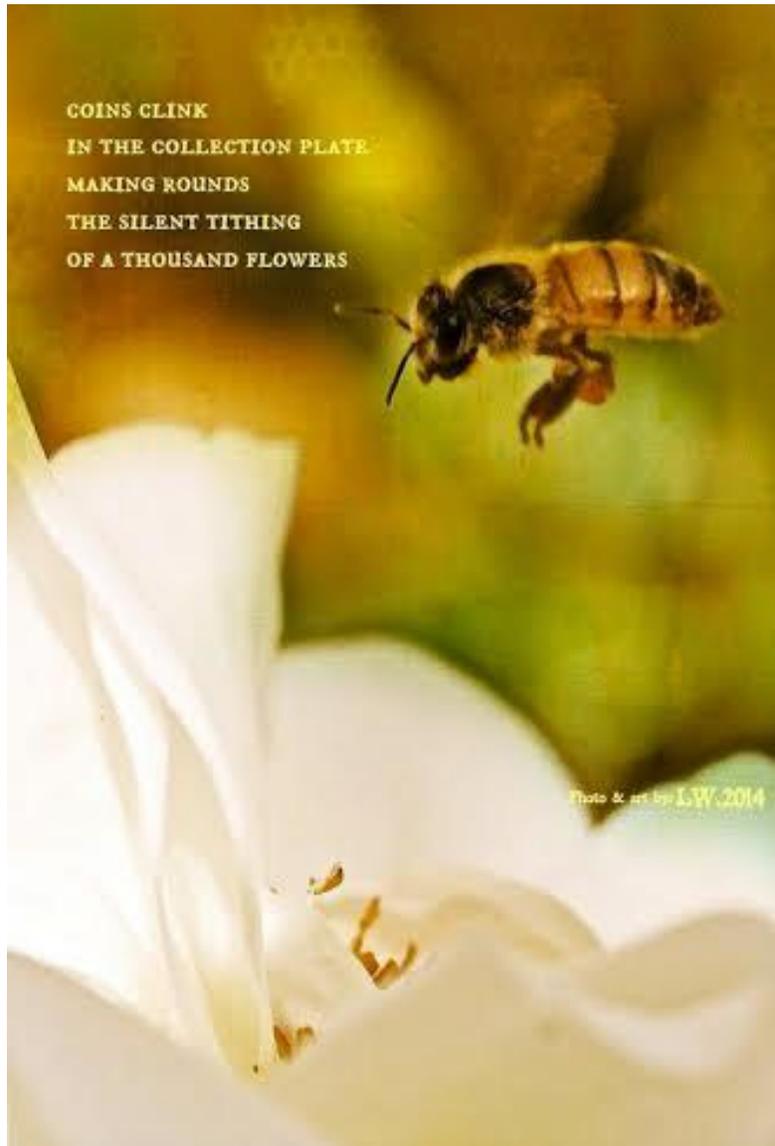


Haiku: *Gabriel Rosenstock, Ireland*
Photograph: *Ron Rosenstock, USA*

*late October
even more beautiful
in death*



@motto_sakura



COINS CLINK
IN THE COLLECTION PLATE
MAKING ROUNDS
THE SILENT TITHING
OF A THOUSAND FLOWERS

Photo & art by I.W. 2014

Photograph by Jhmat Achmad

whirring street cars
a bell cricket snatches
the silence



Ken Sawitri

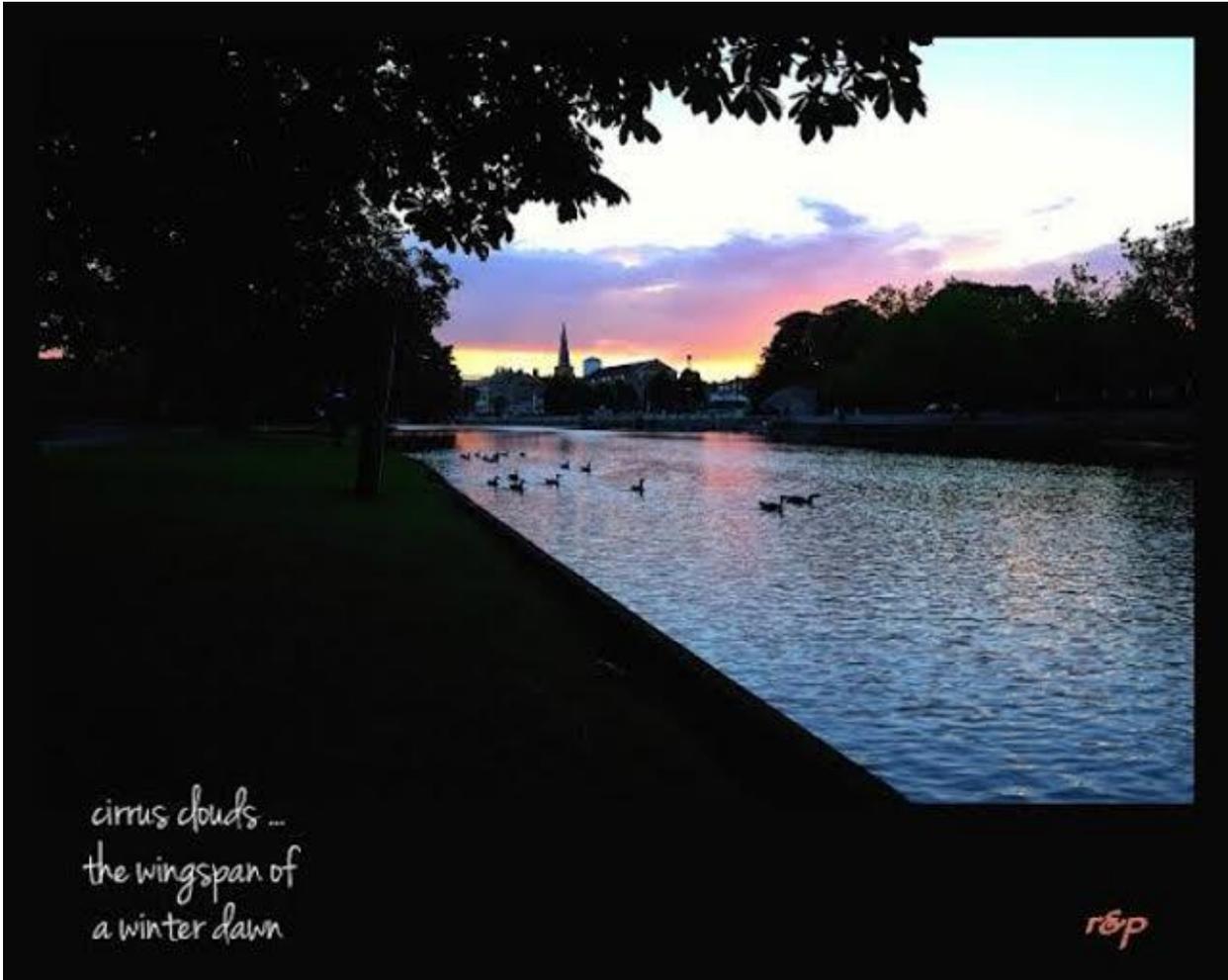


her perfume

filling the night air

lake moon

Katharina



*cirrus clouds ...
the wingspan of
a winter dawn*

rep

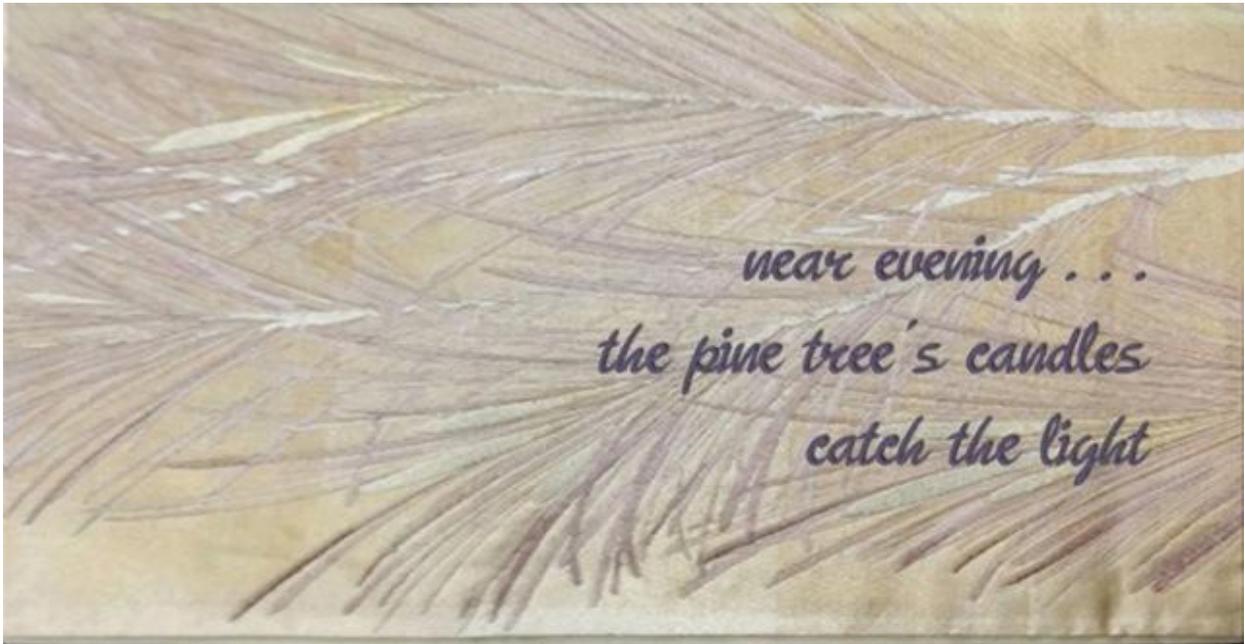


torrential rain -
every curve
gilded



with silver





*beside memories
of being happy together-
autumn transcience*



Haiku and photo by Božidar Škobić

a windfall
of ripe apples
we feed
the wild-eyed mare
our reddest sins



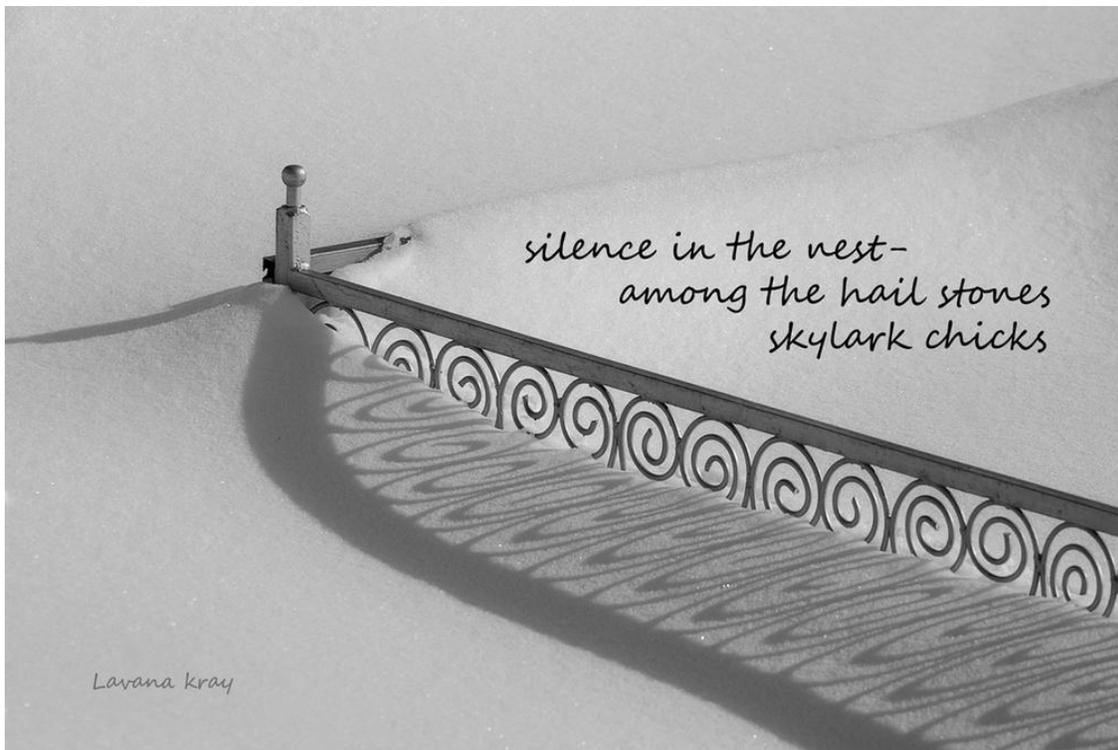
image & words
©DStrange

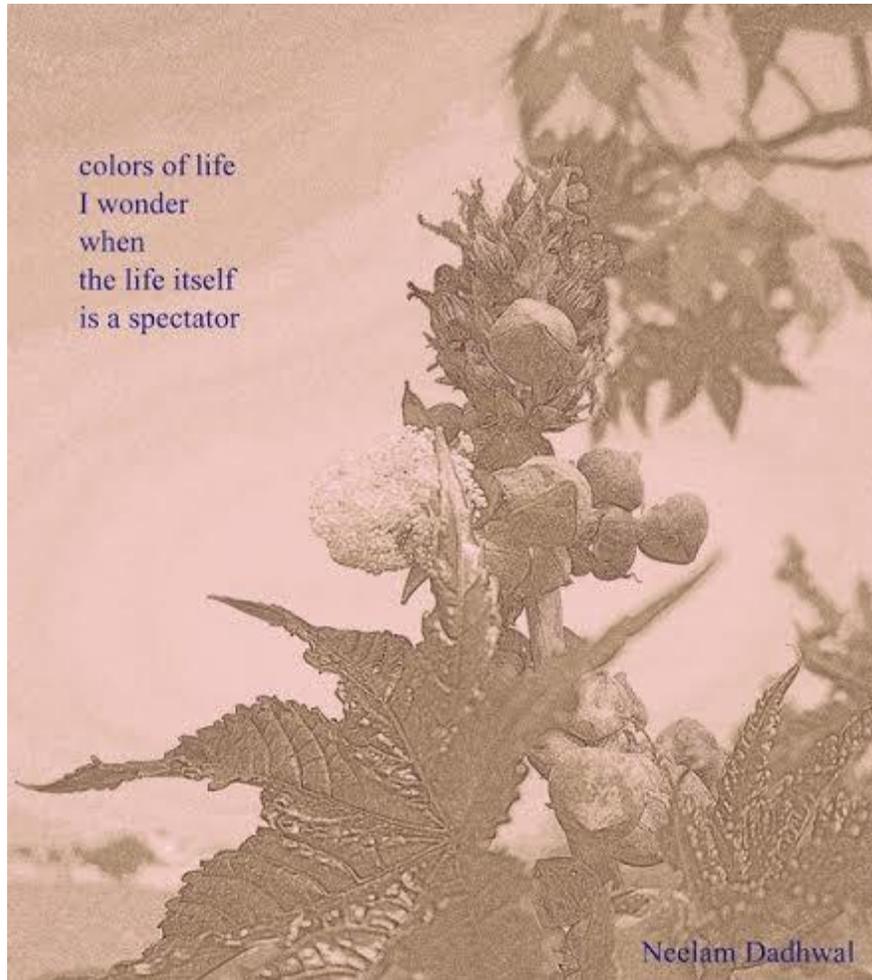
*festival wind
the street child relights
a bottle rocket*



poetry by Ramesh Anand

artwork by Ranjana Pai







tinkling rain
early spring tumbling
over stones

Shrikanth Krishnamurthy

cattails
January 2015
Senryu intro

Senryu Introduction

For your convenience, we have created introduction pages to each category that we publish in *cattails*, collected works of the UHTS. We hope that this will clarify for both old-timers and new writers specifically what is expected from submissions. For some of you, we realize that this is redundant but since there are currently so many different schools-of-thought on each of these forms—we offer ours also for your perusal.

Senryu is a cousin to haiku, however its mood is more humorous, mocking, ironic, cynical, satirical, or sarcastic, plus senryu does not necessarily require a season word or that 2-punch juxtaposition. Haiku focuses more on nature-nature and senryu is more about human nature, (however having said this—but not to mislead you,) both haiku and senryu can focus on people, so it's attitude that determines which is which. Haiku honors its subjects, whereas senryu makes fun of, or scorns human folly. The UHTS does not publish anything we feel that might be offensive to the general public.

A senryu may or may not contain a season word or a grammatical break, although it should stick to a short, long, short, (or close to it) rhythm for publication in *cattails*. Some Japanese senryu seem more like aphorisms, and some (but not all) modern senryu in both Japanese and English avoid humor and are more serious. There are also "borderline haiku/senryu", which may seem like one or the other, depending on how the reader interprets them. Many so-called "haiku" are really senryu, so it is up to the poet and editor to decide . . .

You can submit senryu directly to Sonam Chhoki at: allthingshaibun@gmail.com

exercise bike
the damned thing
just sits there

Dave Read
Canada

forest path
the woman's eyes glued
to an e-book

Sue Neufarth Howard
USA

seaside tryst
his hat more sticky-tape
than straw

Cynthia Rowe
Australia

nerd fitness
a parallel universe
all the rage

Angela Terry
USA

banana box
the cold-stunned turtle
raising her head

Bill Cooper
USA

billboard:
dentures \$99
cheap choppers

Terrie Jacks
USA

double black moon
a fourth scotch darkens
the decree

Thomas H. Chockley
USA

a spring in his step
when she calls him honey . . .
the boy next door

Anne Curran
New Zealand

slow freight cars
the fun of counting
long since gone

Adelaide B. Shaw
USA

prying eyes
I turn your picture face down
on the nightstand

Barbara Tate
USA

our fence
important to the dog
ignored by the cat

Simon Hanson
Australia

distant skunk
some memories
never fade

Joe McKeon
USA

long wait
knitting the tension
into a scarf

Rachel Sutcliffe
United Kingdom

last item
on her to-do list:
divorce papers

Mark E. Brager
USA

in her office
amidst all the clutter
still that smile

Bernard Gieske
USA

a coffee table
in the shape of yin-yang
my critic and I

Chen-ou-Liu
Canada

children's party
their outside voices
inside

Adelaide B. Shaw
USA

five days till Christmas
revising my gift list
I cross out his name

Peggy Heinrich
USA

tire tracks
in the mud
his divorce

Joanna M. Weston
USA

Sunday Service:
the new priest with a tie
and tattoos

Chen-ou Liu
Canada

greeted
like an old friend
outhouse flies

Gregory Longenecker
USA

Dutch alcoholics
clear litter in Amsterdam
and are paid in beer

Emily Jo Scalzo
USA

all those staples
on the telephone pole
unshaven weekend

Barbara Snow
USA

waterslide
I calculate my age
in dog years

Joe McKeon
USA

wastebasket
the file for my poetry
and prose

Diana Barbour
USA

senior's day—
a cloud of perfume enters
the restaurant

Kevin Valentine
USA

bad commute—
I fill the dump truck
with curses

Susan Burch
USA

eye clinic—
everyone pretending
to read

Sondra J. Byrnes
USA

midnight embers . . .
through the cat-flap a cat
that's not our cat

Jan Dobb
Australia

mouth open . . .
the dentist checks for
my payment mode

Ramesh Anand
India

a gentle breeze
halts the roadwork—
her billowing skirt

Carl Segiuban
Canada

moulting
my habits still cling
to me

Shloka Shankar
India

spewing lava
a volcano erupts
between us

Debbie Strange
Canada

bookstore
between written stories
the untold

Dietmar Tauchner
Austria

breakfast in bed
he sweetens my tea
with more lies

Tracy Davidson
United Kingdom

narrow alley
I begin to question
my assumptions

Gregory Longenecker
USA

in the forest
with my GPS
lost!

Raffael de Gruttola
USA

late night row
in the fruit salad
that one pip

Shrikaanth Krishnamurthy
United Kingdom

cataracts
the soft look
of hard rain

Marianna Monaco
USA

face lift—
the squirrel's teeth tweak
a pumpkin's grin

Susan B. Auld
USA

queued up
outside the opera house
pigeons and patrons

Johnnie Johnson Hafernik
USA

ninth-story patio
cat howling important things
another cat answers

Ayaz Daryl Nielsen
USA

rush hour
in every train window
a sleeping Buddha

Mark E. Brager
USA

our conversation
led to no conclusion
the tide is out

Neal Whitman
USA

the caboose
on this freight train of years
chugs around the bend

Peggy Heinrich
USA

remote control—
one by one I mute all
the politicians

Kashinath Karmakar
India

steering his own ship each spoke of the wheel

Julie Warther
USA

high mountain air a change in attitude

Karen Stromberg
USA

nearly full at dinner time the moon

Diane Allen Hemingway

USA

jogger's park . . .
again the girl in pink shorts
overtakes me

jogger's park . . .
abar lala shorts pora meyeti
amake charalo

Kanchan Chatterjee

India

rehearsals—
my Tarzan hollers
even in sleep

पूर्व प्रयोग-
मारो टारज़न राड पाडे
औघ मा पए

Yesha Shah

India

a surgeon in white
giving his sympathy
to a widow in black

kirurg v belem
izrazi sožalje
vdovi v črnem

Dimitrij Škrk

Slovenia

holding hands our age spots kiss

David H. Rosen

USA

your portrait
fell off the wall rearranging
layers of dust

*portretul tău
căzut din cui reface
straturi vechi de praf*

Lavana Kray

Romania

court lawyers—
penguins in the Antarctic
look fraternal

*Courter ookil—
Antarticker penguin
jeno Bhai Bhai*

Pijush Kanti Deb

India

evening sun
lengthens my shadow—
I'm slim again

*večerno sonce
mi podaljša postavo—
ponovno sem vitek*

Dimitrij Škrk

Slovenia

parting ways . . .
we text each other
a smiley

biday . . .
eke onnokey
shudhu ekta smiley

Kanchan Chatterjee
India

iCloud—
memory keeps fogging
my passwords

આઈ ક્લાઉડ-
સ્મરણ શક્તિ થી ધુંધળા થયેલ
મારા સંકેત શબ્દ

Yesha Shah
India

Editor's Choices - Senryu

For my Editor's Choices, I have selected only four senryu, however it extremely difficult because there were so many excellent submissions.

This first one by Barbara A. Taylor from Australia is very modern day as "selfie" has become a household word worldwide in 2014. However, it has an "older" feel to it since not as many people nowadays are smoking at all, and yet it has a "younger" feel to it as young people probably take the most "selfies"; thanks to Barbara for submitting her work.

—cattails principal editor, an'ya

the smoke ring
becomes a halo
for her selfie

*Barbara A. Taylor
Australia*

This next senryu selected was sent to cattails and written by Sondra J. Byrnes from the USA. It is a familiar happening to many of us, especially those who do the laundry. Oh those all-elusive missing socks! Where in the world do they go? Well now we know.

—cattails principal editor, an'ya

sharing my bed—
in the fitted sheet
a missing sock

*Sondra J. Byrnes
USA*

This senryu by Magdalena Banaszekiewicz from Poland made me just laugh out loud. Some senryu avoid humor entirely, but this one makes no attempt to, which makes it work. Her image of someone "spanking" the alarm clock (which is really what you want to do, and most likely have done yourself), it is blatantly hilarious.

—cattails principal editor, an'ya

Wake up!
I roll over and spank
the alarm clock

pobudka!
wymierzam klapsa (wymierzam = daję)
budzikowi

Magdalena Banaszekiewicz
Poland
Translation: Maria Tomczak
Poland

Here is a senryu by Dave Read from the USA that is satirical in nature. The juxtaposition of animals at the zoo and Dave's kids on exhibit leaves me shaking my head and thinking about how all parents can probably relate to this at one time or another while raising their own children. Thanks to Dave for his trenchant wit.

—cattails principal editor, an'ya

children's zoo
the first exhibit
my kids

Dave Read
USA

cattails

January 2015

Tanka

Tanka Introduction

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Tanka, meaning "short song" is the modern day term for waka which means "Japanese song", the traditional form of lyric court poetry which has been composed in Japan for over 1300 years. It was originally intended to be chanted aloud to musical accompaniment.

Tanka is a non-rhymed nature/human nature based melodic poem given its rhythm by writing to a pattern of short/long/short/long/long with varying breath pauses being made when read aloud. Rhythmically this s/l/s/l/l combines unevenness with alternation, thus providing a natural balance to offset its inherent fluidity. This rhythm or something close to it is acceptable for publication in *cattails*.

Notwithstanding, the difference in Japanese *on* and English syllables, the lyrical rhythm and songlike quality of a tanka whether written in either language are achieved from the top down. Beginning with line 1 and building tension with each line until reaching a climax in line 5—(one of three longest lines out of a 5 line short/long/short/long/long pattern), that needs to be the most significant and impactful line overall. The pathos of existence concept is frequently a key element in all Japanese poetry, but particularly in tanka. This form continues to be used primarily to convey personal emotion. However, in addition there exists an equally valid style of tanka that are simply "word paintings" or sketches from nature and/or life.

The ancient aesthetics that define and characterize traditional Japanese tanka can be used to provide concrete credentials for contemporary tanka if the poet has knowledge of the original constructing of those tanka.

There are a set of cultural values put in place by the poets of Japan, acceptable concepts which portray certain subtle principles of court poetry, (having been in place for over a thousand years), that are essential to know regardless the particulars of tanka conception that one comes to practice and the format they ultimately choose to follow.

The UHTS does not publish anything we feel might be offensive to the general public.

the dry rose
within a worn book . . .
hues of love
might fade but some moments
always remain fragrant

sukha gulaab
purani kitab ke beech main
pyaar ka rang
kam ho sakta hai par kuch pal
hamesha sugandhit rehte hain

Anupam Sharma
India

looking up
at a white cloud in blue sky
my heart leaps
toward the heavens
happy to be in this void

仰望
藍天上那白云
我心跃入天庭
神游
虛空

Yunsheng Jiang
China 姜云生 中国 上海

moonlight
shiny lines of rails
fade into night
whistle piercing emptiness—
while the train rocks memories

*soj mesečine.
svetleče črte tirov
izginjajo v noč.
žvižg prebode praznino—
vlak zaziba spomine*

*Dimitrij Škrk
Slovenia*

a moonlit night
the sea unloads its
anxieties
but desire carries on
like wave after wave

*chandni rati
samudra prakash kare tara
udmigata
kintu icha nirantra huye
lahadi pare lahadi bhali*

*Pravat Kumar Padhy
India*

on mother's stone
all the words she
didn't say
all the times I took
her for granted

*Pamela A. Babusci
USA*

robin, you may be
red-breasted and ready
for the coming freeze
I long for willows drizzling
green shadows in the stream

Sonam Chhoki
Bhutan

listening
to the bare silence
of falling leaves—
the weight of autumn
a plumb line to my heart

Sondra J. Byrnes
USA

you do not mind
whether or not I know
your name, oh bird
who comes to me this August dusk
your song enchants me ever more

Giselle Maya
France

my love sleeps
blissfully beneath
white flowers
laid out so neatly
in the quilt design

Shrikaanth Krishnamurthy
United Kingdom

too old for passion?
then I'm too old to settle . . .
scarlet wind
in the fork of the maple
the doves' abandoned nest

Claire Everett
United Kingdom

parroting
my own words back to me
my daughter grins—
happy to say a cuss word
without any consequence

Susan Burch
USA

after we eat,
will not my arms reach
for her comfort
a bowl of the freshest fruit
will not deter me

Spiros Zafiris
Canada

the searchlight
of the moon fully charged
by my heart
looks for you in the cold
of a midwinter night

Natalia L. Rudychev
USA

when my days
have run their course
will someone
consume a pint of ice cream
every night, out of grief

Ruth Holzer
USA

night arrives
on a raven's wings . . .
i wrap my bones
in the rubble of
your grey-brown silences

Paresh Tiwari
India

warm kisses
even they bother me
waiting for rain
in a town whose name
I cannot pronounce

Vreli poljupci
i to mi noćas smeta
dok čekam kišu
u gradu čije ime
ne znam da izgovorim

Tatjana Stefanović
Serbia

midwinter
ribbons of aurora
u n f u r l i n g
we tie up the loose ends
of our divergent lives

Debbie Strange
Canada

through its sheer drape
her curves in a red silk dress
unravel desire
yet I mourn my distance
from a thousand dead silk worms

Tyson West
USA

this autumn leaf
picked from the ground
programmed
to dry and curl
the fate of living alone

Peggy Heinrich
USA

I need a name
for the wainwright of stars
who unfurls
each fiddlehead to fern . . .
worthless, this cloistered tongue

Jenny Ward Angyal
USA

winter rains
drowning the city
for a week—
she left, he crawls
into a bottle

Chen-ou-Liu
Canada

clouded yellows
hover above sunflowers
it's just a dream
and the ghost in my bed
returns to his grave

Mary Franklin
USA

a crow's head
tilts with each pelt of rain
on the lily . . .
what hidden chords of music
does it hear beyond my ken?

Sonam Chhoki
Bhutan

winters long ago
we strolled hand in hand
our lives mapped out
only for them to be overturned
by your accidental death

Patricia Prime
New Zealand

moonlit shimmers
against the ship bow
the touch
of his moth-wing kiss
this tropical eve'

Marilyn Humbert
Australia

forgetting myself
when I look into your eyes
memory
inundates the estuaries
of an inspiring mind

River Blue Shoemaker
USA

the deceit
of what's left unsaid . . .
dust devil
slowly churns through chaff
left behind in the field

Michele L. Harvey
USA

behind me
the howling of a dog
begins to fade . . .
ahead, the autumn sun
so warm on my face

Ken Slaughter
USA

can't bring myself
to put a migration sticker
on the butterfly's wing
i know what it is like
to carry a burden

Marienne Paul
Canada

the moon rises
again your face appears
I close my eyes
where is the milky way
full of dreams holding on

Diane Allen Hemingway
USA

ocean waves
crash along the dunes
on vacation
broken seashells remind me
of our uncoupling

Diana Barbour
USA

the deep chill
of this winter night . . .
stitch by stitch
i weave your scent
in a patchwork quilt

Paresh Tiwari
India

the grip of cold
icy winds from the north
freezing all they touch
a time to recollect
the warmth of you in my life

Adelaide B. Shaw
USA

despite
the forecast for showers
two hours of peace
weeding to a blackbird's song
until the rain begins

Elaine Riddell
New Zealand

once again
so many seeds not sprouting
in my Eden
scattered in dust the moments
not showing how much I love you

Bernard Gieske
USA

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

Aju Mukhopadhyay
India

winter moon
on my wrinkled face
in the window . . .
peel off loneliness
in the form of tanka

Chen-ou Liu
Canada

sometimes
wishing the time away
sometimes
wanting it to stand still
. . . a river flows to the sea

Keitha Keyes
Australia

a sudden gust
rattles the tree dislodging
the fruit
how quickly false friends scatter
whenever an ill wind blows

Bernard Gieske
USA

mulling over
life's disappointments . . .
I wonder
if there are stars enough
to sequin my purse

Anne Curran
New Zealand

a falling tide
sucks at the shoreline
they speak
about war days now lost
to the tug of time

Pris Campbell
USA

the butterfly
sits on my finger
won't leave—
I, too, have difficulty
at times of moving on

Marianne Paul
Canada

crow shadows flit
through thorny locust limbs
All Hallows' Eve
sun changes to pumpkin
twilight dissolves to black

Thomas H. Chockley
USA

you rule
clipping her free will . . .
a strangler tree's
aerial roots dripping,
stifling the undergrowth

Samantha Sirimanne Hyde
Australia

the morning mist
shrouding me from my past
this tenth winter
my body in one place
my heart in another

Chen-ou Liu
Canada

on holidays
the two of us pack
our cameras
for different takes
on everything we see

Keitha Keyes
Australia

in time
everything slips away
I can stop you
no more than I can stop the sun
from sinking into the sea

James Chessing
USA

sparrows
in the hedgerow—
unheeded
I fall into step
with the quick of their wings

Jenny Ward Angyal
USA

watching
for shooting stars
with the dog
each one of us ready
with our bowl of wishes

John Soules
Canada

warm spring dusk
yet walking alone
it's winter cold . . .
I long to put my hands
in his fleecy pockets

Elizabeth Howard
USA

a broken moon
replaces tide after tide
in the sand
a ghost crab nibbles
away at my bones

Linda Galloway
USA

the goodbye
i never said
at dawn
a bull elk bugles
on the hillside

Debbie Strange
Canada

the summer night
casually breezes in
while we nurse
our coffees in the shadow
of a crescent moon

Patricia Prime
New Zealand

desolation
of another morning
wraps around me
along with the clothes
I wore yesterday too

Ruth Holzer
USA

too drunk for traffic:
the back roads from Lawrence lead
deep into cornrows—
between rivers, the fog
blanketing his headlights

Al Ortolani
USA

after all these years
I still keep the extra button
inside my jacket
who knows how deeply
your words will resonate

Brian Robertson
Canada

a monarch flutters
against the train window
I set it free
from my fingertips
and wing along with it

Ramesh Anand
India

trekking up hill
against wind like a howling
freight train
leaves whip around my face
this touch kindles a fire

Carole Johnston
USA

apartment life
a third floor window
frames only
a gum tree's canopy,
excludes a factory skyline

Beverly George
Australia

bumping side walls
a paper boat left blind
in runnels—
the way that the sun
so often misleads

Algeria Imperial
Canada

some insist
that what we call the spirit
continues on . . .
a flash of lightning
another, then another

Peggy Heinrich
USA

dead leaves
skittering towards me . . .
that part of my past
is a secret I keep
even from myself

Claire Everett
United Kingdom

anxious about
illness on the phone
with my mother . . .
I promise her the stars
to sequin her purse

Anne Curran
New Zealand

Editor's Choice Tanka

This tanka composed by Janet Butler from the USA is a fine example of the lyrical rhythm mentioned on our tanka introduction page. It builds from the top down with a crescendo in line 5, and we realize that the author once again may perchance meet her heart throb. The content includes nature elements with human interface and could have happened at any time in history or any place in the world to any two people.

—an'ya, cattails principal editor

early morning streets
gleam with their own freshness
of order and calm
I walk them with pounding heart
we did meet before by chance

Janet Butler
USA

It is very refreshing to see more tanka nowadays coming out of the Balkans. This one written by Banja Vojinović Jegdić from Montenegro and translated by Đurđa Vukelić-Rožić from Croatia, is quite like the old court poetry. It combines both nature and human elements, exudes the emotions of love and longing, to leave you with an anticipatory feeling.

—an'ya, cattails principal editor

for tonight
I open the window
let the moon in
to wrinkle my bed sheets
this time instead of you

i ove noći
otvaram širom prozor
da uđe mjesec
i umjesto tebe
izgužva postelju

Branka (Banja) Vojinović Jegdić
Montenegro

Translation: Đurđa Vukelić-Rožić
Croatia

A wonderful “short song” (tanka) composed by Debbie Strange from Canada, in which we not only hear the symphony played by two lovers, but where the lyrics of this write present in a musical fashion. I cannot stress enough the importance of lines 2, 4, and 5 being of nearly equal to create a melody like this author has accomplished.

—an'ya, cattails principal editor

your fingers
played a symphony
in my hair
when I was a cello
and you were the bow

Debbie Strange
Canada

This tanka is by a writer new to the tanka form, in fact, it is Jody Allen's first tanka, and already he has grasped the intent and style of this Japanese short poetry. How skillfully and clandestinely this portrays a human relationship through nature. In many countries and religions (though not all), the sun is “masculine” and the moon is “female”, plus I'm sure you all have seen images of the sun and moon kissing. There is no doubt that “romance” is the key element in this tanka and that it comes to a climax in line 5.

—an'ya, cattails principal editor

beyond stars
at midnight howl the wolves
of dawn
as the sun begins his rest
the moon starts to romance

Jody Allen
USA

cattails

January 2015

Tanka Translations

SPRING

a mild winter
for Seattle, then
in April
a freakish snowfall
lasting only one day

in the back garden
blossoming just for me,
a cherry tree:
spring's brief blessing
in a foreign land

this morning
a huge crimson peony
has opened—
is it the fullness of love
thrilling my heart so

SUMMER

in the dimness
a firefly winged with
love's sighs
softly alights
on my shoulder

lightning flashed
probed my heart
darted away . . .
on a certain night
last summer

when I eat
a ripe red tomato
picked from the vine
summer overflows
in my mouth

AUTUMN

wisps of cloud
lingering in a cooler sky . . .
where
have those worries
disappeared to ?

autumn has begun—
the insect cage I take
off my shelf
is a Japanese souvenir
with a robot cricket

tumbling onto
my clear plastic umbrella,
maple leaves
reflected on the rainy street
as the afternoon folds

WINTER

there's no room
for a heart of darkness
in this falling snow
it's one in the morning
and all is pure white

I notice a mistake
in the cable stitch—
my cardigan
glows redly in the light
from the fireplace

a fingernail moon
pares the winter sky
this night
when all living creatures
speak in a whisper

A seasonal tanka string by Fusako Kusumi, extracted from her book Aster Flower which was translated by Amelia Fielden and published in 2009. Born in Japan in 1932, Mrs. Kusumi is a scientist who has lived in the US City of Seattle for over 50 years. She writes tanka only in her first language, Japanese.*

—Tanka Translation Editor Amelia Fielden, Australia

** the alternative Japanese name for 'aster' is omoidegusa, which means 'remembrance plant'.*

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January 2015

Youth Corner

Welcome to the January 2015 edition of *cattails* collected works of the UHTS Youth Corner.

We received so many beautiful haiku that I decided to choose 5 to showcase as Editor's Choices. I also increased the Honourable Mentions to 11. The students, mostly from schools and colleges in India, have done exceptionally well. Thanks to Tom Painting (USA) for sending his student Emma Jones's haiku, and thank you also to Nancy Nitrio (USA) for sending her granddaughter Aaliyah Saleem's haiku. From the bottom of my heart I thank every budding poet who has made this feature a success by lending us their lovely little haiku.

—Kala Ramesh, UHTS Youth Corner Editor

The Tejas Award goes to our youngest contributor Aaliyah Saleem!

Tejas in Sanskrit means "fire" and/or "brilliance":

creeping up
the rocky wall—
vines

Aaliyah Saleem (5 1/2 yrs)

USA

The Editor's Favourite Haiku:

Choice 1

sunlight
catches a ride
tide pool ripples

Emma Jones (14 yrs)
USA

Emma Jones, a 9th grader, studying at the Paideia School in Atlanta, Georgia USA has several haiku awards to her credit. What I simply love about this poem is this line: "sunlight catches a ride." What an image, and India being a land of sunshine, I could relate to this effortlessly. Line 3 tells us where this ride is happening, taking us one step deeper into *zoka*, which means "the creative force of nature." From my experience I know children are able to catch the 'hai' in haiku, the fun element in this art form.

Choice 2

long journey
pausing for water
I drink the moon

Iqra Raza (17 yrs)
India

I often wonder why haiku poets have this obsession with the moon! A point to note: a good moon verse becomes even more difficult, for we've read them all! Iqra Raza is not new to Youth Corner. She has been sending us her work ever since she attended the Katha-CBSE haiku workshop conducted in December of 2013. A poet by instinct, she comes across as a very sensitive person. She wrote this during the workshop and I instantly loved it for the easy and natural flow of the words. It seems so effortless, the way haiku should be.

Choice 3

a lone frog croaks
three others join him
the whole pond croaks

Gaarimma Mishra (18 yrs)
India

This haiku immediately took me to Michael McClintock's (USA) classic haiku:

a poppy . . .
a field of poppies!
the hills blowing with poppies!

Yes, it's different. Away from the fragment /phrase clutch and that in itself is refreshing! I remember this 'orchestra' only too well when I was a school girl in Chennai. The frog song or the croak as many would call it, would go through the night, stop and all of a sudden begin again, as if they were joining a chorus. Very well captured indeed for a beginner! Gaarimma opted for "Haiku" as her elective at the Symbiosis School for Liberal Arts, Pune, India.

Choice 4

cobbled roads
winding through the city—
children fly kites

Ankita Datta (18 yrs)
India

This is a lovely haiku from Ankita, a student of Symbiosis, who is meticulous and showed keen interest in understanding Japanese aesthetics. Incidentally, this haiku reminds me of the International Kite Festival (*Uttarayan*) which is regarded as one of the biggest festivals celebrated in India. Months before the festival, homes in Gujarat begin to manufacture kites for the festival.

Choice 5

light filters
through the spider's web—
a woven iris

Purvi Edara (18 yrs)
India

This haiku is beautifully crafted. Using zoom lens to unfold a vivid miniature story, Purvi, a student of Symbiosis, takes her reader into what is behind the surface in a subtle way.

Honourable Mentions (in no particular order)

still mirror . . .
making holes in the sky
a stone skips away

Mihir Oak (18 yrs)
India

a leaf
twirls into the lake . . .
ripples in the sky

Vengunad Dhaatri Menon (15 yrs)
India

robins chirp—
two ponies nibble
apple halves

Pruthvi Shrikaanth (8 yrs)
United Kingdom

stormy sea—
the wind rocks the boat
off the shore

M.S. Gaaviya Shree (13 yrs)
India

sunny day
monkeys race for the last
mango on the tree

Smayan Mohanty (11 yrs)
India

hospital . . .
a mother cries
for her children

Shreyas Sai Kumar (11 yrs)
India

tinfoil boats
down the driveway
a child's rainy day

Emma Jones (14 yrs)
USA

five rupees
saved in a bargain sale
my aunt feels rich

Rohan Kevin Broach (17 yrs)
India

dance music . . .
the children all jump
like bouncing balls

Vishakha Sharma (14 yrs)
India

sunny morning . . .
the eagle races with
its own shadow

Sneha Mojumdar (15 yrs)
India

autumn morning
the vast forest doubled
by the lake

Sneha Mojumdar (15 yrs)
India

sunny hills . . .
peddling the cycle
I race the wind

Shivangi Garg (16 yrs)
India

The rest of my selections, each haiku special with its own flavour:

pale moon outside the window
I remember
grandma's face

Ananyaa Mehra (16 yrs)
India

darkness
unfolds like a song . . .
granny's wordless tunes

Iqra Raza (16 yrs)
India

new moon . . .
the twinkle
of festive lights

Shreyas Sai Kumar (11 yrs)
India

clock strikes twelve—
a mother's lullaby floats
through the room

Aashima Safi (18yrs)
India

blowing wind—
showers of leaves fall
into my path

Rajasibi R. (13 yrs)
India

thin clothes . . .
vanilla ice cream
with chocolate on top

Dishika Iyer (18 yrs)
India

traffic jam
I am still struck in
my thoughts

Tanvi Nishchal (17 yrs)
India

July sky–
ripples on the lake
ripples on her face

Aditya Ashribad (18 yrs)
India

autumn chill
cotton clouds
crochet the sky

Emma Jones (14 yrs)
USA

her reflection
clear in the waters
evening lull

Karishma Sawlani (18 yrs)
India

croaking frogs–
a dog seeks shelter
from the rain

Aashima Safi (18 yrs)
India

a *dhobi* washing clothes
the river bed
fades into darkness

Simone Liane Noronha (18 yrs)
India

midnight–
the koel's voice
lost in black

Shubhangi Jagdev (18 yrs)
India

an ant battles
its way across the path . . .
blanket of leaves

Nayaneeka Dutta Choudhury (18 yrs)
India

midnight . . .
she threw away her umbrella
and danced in the rain

Prachi Agrawal (18 yrs)
India

empty road
the first raindrops hit
the *chaiwala's* stall

Nayaneeka Dutta Choudhury (18 yrs)
India

mango blossom
painting the treetops white . . .
Kal Baisakhi

Gaarimma Mishra (18 yrs)
India

stony hill
green peeps
through the crevices

Gaarimma Mishra (18 yrs)
India

glistening dew
on a little spider's web—
sunrise

Radhika Mohite (18 yrs)
India

The day I exposed my class of 18 to haiga, there was a lot of excitement. Since they had already written 3 renku, they were aware about “link and shift” between art work and poem. Many did their haiga on their “smart phones” . . . and here I was using mine just to talk and send text messages!



Create your own kigo!

In the haiku course that is offered to undergraduates at the Symbiosis School for Liberal Arts (India), one of the assignments I give my students is that each student has to “find” one kigo word from their own experience, and one that resonates for them. It is tough and not all students are able to tackle this question. However, I received several exceptional entries, including one by Nayaneeka, which I’ve decided to share here with our readers at the Youth Corner.

—Kala Ramesh

My Own Kigo Word

by Nayaneeka Dutta Choudhury, India

The kigo word I have chosen to create, using a term used in Indian culture, is Mango Chutney. The word “chutney” has been derived from the Sanskrit word, *catni* which means “to lick”. In general terms it is a pickle of Indian origin, made from a family of ingredients such as fruit, sugar or spices, among others.

Chutney is a relish that can be made all through the year, using different ingredients, as and when they are available. Hence, “chutney” in itself is not a kigo word as it is not restricted to a particular season. This is why I have chosen to specify which chutney I am speaking about so as to be able to indicate the season I wish to classify it under.

Mangoes, in India, are available in massive quantities during the summer season when the tremendous heat and seasonal characteristics allow it to grow and ripen. Mango chutney is therefore, a seasonal word, as I am referring to the fresh mangoes available only in summer and not the processed or canned

mangoes found all through the year.

I think it is a good kigo word because it clearly defines the season which I wish to highlight. Even though “chutney” is an Indian term, and a pickle of Indian origin, it is known to people all over the world by the same name and is consumed in foreign countries as well. Hence, it is easily comprehensible. Along with that, the word “mango chutney” also allows me to bring forward an age old tradition and introduce to the world the culinary culture of India.

I want to end this collection of children’s haiku on a high. I am ecstatic to announce that one of my students, Jhanvi Tiwari, was awarded an Honourable Mention in the international 2014 ANNUAL MOON VIEWING HAIKU CONTEST, a competition held by the Australian Haiku Society.

Congratulations to Jhanvi for this lovely haiku!

hunter’s moon
a werewolf growls in
nani’s* stories

Jhanvi Tiwari
India

**Nani-maternal grandmother in Hindi*

cattails

January 2015

UHTS Contests

The UHTS sponsors three Annual Contests:

aha Fleeting Words Samurai

2014 Samurai Haibun Contest Winners

In the interim between haibun editors, the contest (below) was judged by an'ya principal editor of *cattails*, and approved by the forthcoming new UHTS Editor for haibun, Sonam Chhoki from Bhutan.

Overall submissions for the Samurai Contest were very good and it was difficult to choose winners, but the ones I did select were those where the haiku only enhanced or deepened the tone of the prose, and were not a direct match to it. Thus reinforcing my belief that the secret to composing a successful haibun is the "subtle pairing" of the haiku with prose to take the work in a new direction.

Sometimes the simplest haibun are the most effective as-in the first place write by Adelaide Shaw from the USA, and the second place haibun by Barbara Tate from the USA. However on the other hand, the third place by Christopher Herold also from the USA, is a more lengthy and complex piece. This type of haibun is also seriously effective especially if it's well-written (which it is), and read in depth (which I did.) The Honorable Mention written by Marilyn Humbert from Australia is definitely also a fine medium length haibun.

—cattails principal editor, an'ya

First Place

As mentioned above, I selected this haibun by Adelaide not only for its indirect match of haiku to prose, but also because of the ability of its author to be brief yet say enough to entice the reader. It shows a gentle possessiveness toward family, and an empathy for loved ones that have slipped away and those who will in the future. Adelaide's haiku is simply amazing in its juxtaposition and the anticipatory anxiety it creates. Its title THE CIRCLE is perfect for those who may feel (as I do) that "life is but a circle.

—cattails principal editor, an'ya

THE CIRCLE

Adelaide B. Shaw

USA

My circle is shrinking. For years it expanded. Yes, there were gaps when someone left, but others came. Always more. Grandma and Grandpa gone. A new uncle and twin cousins came. Aunts and uncles gone. A brother-in-law, a niece and nephews filled their spots. A husband, children, grandchildren and friends kept the circle expanding. It was a loose circle, but so wide for so long it was easy to ignore time and the slipping of someone's hand until it slipped away. And they do slip, some slowly and painfully—cancer, emphysema; some instantly—a lightning strike, a heart attack. It does no good to hold on tightly. I do anyway.

blowing bubbles
before they leave the wand
each one is mine

Second Place

This second place haibun by Barbara in its brevity takes the reader on a surreal flight as if they were also "the ravens" or able to rise on "eagle wings"; as if they too, could "walk on clouds" or "float free on rapids —then the haiku! The reader still feeling the lightness of flight, yet a different kind of flight as-in "tumbleweeds in a wind gust."

—cattails principal editor, an'ya

THE DRIFTER

Barbara Tate

USA

After a day at the Canyon I could fly with the ravens, walk on clouds to the Colorado, float free on rapids and rise on eagle wings. Wind becomes solid, I become weightless one with the canyon, one with the wind. I can fly, I can float, I can soar.

desert gusts—
with the tumbleweeds gone
a definite silence

Third Place

An excellent haibun by Christopher Herold with lavish language indicative of a seasoned poet (which he is), and most certainly to be applauded. Of omni-importance in haibun especially if they are lengthy, is correct punctuation, the proper use of grammar, and text that flows; this haibun has all of these attributes. Christopher is an intimate storyteller whose prose keeps readers on edge clear through to the end. Then the haiku twists to take his story in a new direction, recasting the meaning of the foregoing prose similar to a stanza in a linked verse revises the meaning of the previous verse.

—*cattails* principal editor, an'ya

Condor Canyon

Christopher Herold

USA

The trail is little more than a deer path, climbing through woods of maple, laurel, and alder. I reach a point where the sound of the river gives way to a persistent rush of wind across dry leaves that still cling to their branches.

Further up, the trees grow sparse, yet the path is becoming more difficult to discern. Tangles of thorny undergrowth crowd ever closer together. There is no way to go higher without bushwhacking, sometimes getting down on hands and knees to crawl. The top of the hill can't be much further. It's slow going. Each placement of hand and foot on the parched earth sending a puff of dust into my nostrils.

At last, scratched and dirty, I break through. The hilltop is a small hump no more than thirty feet across; bare ground surrounded by brambles. Even though the trail petered out at least a hundred feet below, with no easy access from then on, someone else has been here. In the middle of the clearing there is a broad circle of stones, each the size of a small fist. In the middle of the circle more stones spell out three words:

BEWARE OF MAN

The wind is strong here, gusting up from the canyon. When I approach the circle, a large black and yellow bumblebee zooms up, hovers for a moment, and then begins to fly around the perimeter of stones. When I step back the bee flies away, but an eerie feeling comes over me.

For as many as five thousand years before the conquistadors arrived, the land around here was inhabited by the Ohlone. Although there is something unsettling about this particular place, I feel

compelled to stay a while longer. Squatting down, I wait for a few minutes and then move closer again. Instantly the bee is back, circling . . . around and around. Plucking up courage, I step over the stones.

Immediately the bee goes away; the wind, too—gone—and suddenly I feel alone . . . or is it Ohlone? The stillness is immense. To the east, mountains are visible in the far distance, beyond a valley blanketed by a dull orange haze. To the south lie rolling hills of withered grass dotted with oaks. Westward, the dark blue of the Pacific Ocean stretches to the horizon. I turn to face north. As far as the eye can see, there is only the charred remains of a once great forest.

Lying down beside the words, I lace my hands behind my neck, and gaze up into a cloudless sky. The bee doesn't return, but way up high a bird is circling, growing larger and larger as it spirals towards me.

heartbeat slowing . . .
first one cricket
then another

Honorable Mention

I chose this haibun by Marilyn for various reasons such as the poetic text and an ability to describe the beauty of Australia; most especially is her hard-hitting last line of prose "Your arms, a cage." which lent a great visual leading right into the juxtaposition of her closing haiku. Congratulations and thank you to Marilyn and all the authors who are winners in our 2014 UHTS Samurai Haibun Contest.

—cattails principal editor, an'ya

Canvas
Marilyn Humbert
Australia

The banks of the lake are draped in velvet leaves and tiny yellow flowers of trefoil. Further from the sloping edges gums and pines group, climbing the surrounding hills. An occasional pelican paddles by.

From behind low-slung clouds, a sleek black shag dives and rises gracefully from the watery depths, yellow needle beak pointing skyward.

in twilight
the wind stirs—
autumn's voice

My sleep is disturbed with rattles and flaps of tent canvas. I turn to you. Blank faced, your eyes stare past me. Your arms, a cage.

nothing
except a sickle moon
lights the night

—UHTS Contest Judge an'ya, USA



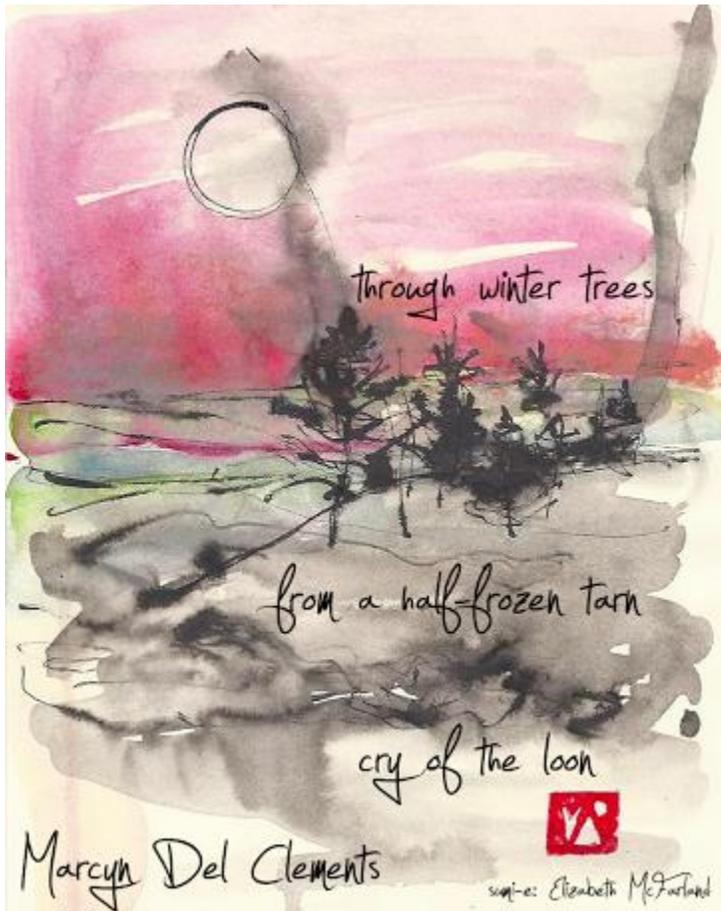
Note: For future reference in the year 2015, our three contests are:

aha (Annual Hortensia Anderson) Awards for Haiku/Senryu, Judge: b'oki
The Fleeting Words Tanka Competition, Judge: an'ya
Samurai Haibun Contest, Judge: Sonam Chhoki

cattails

January 2015

Pen This Painting



Congratulations to Marcyn Del Clements from the United States, the winner of the Pen this Painting by one of our resident artists, Elizabeth McFarland from Germany; visit Beth at her [website](#). After many years of editing, some of the most fun times for me have been when pairing artwork with the written word. This collaboration of an absolutely beautiful sumi-e landscape and a well-written haiku that enhances it, was just such the case here. Marcyn's haiku by placing a loon in the painting is an amazing extension of Beth's work. The haiga that it has become could easily be hanging on a wall in some

exclusive gallery. Thank you to both artist and author. Just click on the thumbnail to see this wonderful collaboration.

—*cattails* principal editor, an'ya



Our next Pen this Painting feature will be published in the May edition with its poetry counterpart. This piece demonstrates the brilliant uniqueness of artist/poet/sculptor Ed Baker; visit Ed at his [website](#). Please submit your haiku, senryu, or tanka with the subject heading PEN THIS PAINTING sometime before our deadline of 15 April, 2015. Ed is another UHTS resident artist and is responsible for the colorful cover of *cattails*. He is a genuine master of unusual mixed-media styles and a multi-talented artist as well as a multi-faceted person. A collaboration with this well known artist will surely be a boon

for any author's resume. Shortly after the deadline, the winner (ONLY) will be notified via email, and receive a jpg of the collaboration to print out.

—*cattails principal editor, an'ya*

cattails

January 2015

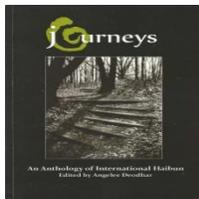
Book Reviews

Books sent in for review must have a publish-date within the past 18 months of the submission date.

If you would like to have your book reviewed, please send haiku, haibun or senryu books to our UHTS
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UHTS/ab
48081 Singletary Drive
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USA 97463



Title: *Journeys*

Author: A Haibun Anthology

Edited by: Angelee Deodhar

Construction: Perfect Softbound

Dimensions: 8 1/2" x 5 1/2" inches

Total Page Count: 251 pages

Publisher: Nivasini Publishers, India

Publish Date: 2014

Language: English

ISBN: 13: 978-81-929002-1-6

Price: \$18.00 + s/h (US)

Ordering: www.nivasini.com

This Anthology of International Haibun *Journeys* was Edited by Angelee Deodhar who also provided the cover design by Pinterest. Mr. Paresh Tiwari designed the informative separators in the book.

Interestingly the first 21 pages, contain Haibun Definitions as collected and presented on the website of Haibun Today by Jeffrey Woodward: *Haibun Defined: Anthology of Haibun Definitions* which is a plus for readers who are not already familiar with this form.

Journeys contains multiple haibun from 26 different poets, and Paresh's separators include a short biography of each author as lead-in.

I might also mention a bit about the Publishers of this Anthology, Navasini who state in-part:

"Nivasini is a not for profit publishing house that believes that words have the power to enrich, engage and evolve an individual and change the society. To this purpose at Nivasini our constant endeavour is to bring forth anthologies with specific themes. Two of our books, have been listed in the Bestsellers category at the Oxford Book store. that the proceeds from this book will go to Ananya Learning Center in Hyderabad."

In closing this review, here are a couple of my favorite haibun:

Fireflies

Robert D. Wilson

Philippines

fireflies . . .
on the water's surface
a house of mirrors

Standing guard in the wee hours of the morning before dawn on the bow of the repair boat barge I was stationed on, was eerie, to say the least. You could never relax. Stories were told in the chow hall of Viet Cong frogmen who travelled across the small bay we were moored in, using hollow bamboo reeds to breath through. Like ghost, they'd appear when a soldier guard was down. The only sound during watch was the faint lapping of waves against the barge's hull and the steady thump, thump, thump of my heart. In the distance, gunships sprayed the horizon with machine gun shells laced with tracers that lit

up the sky. More than once, I saw my reflection in the water. At that time of the morning, at nineteen years of age, a variety of thoughts and questions danced in and out of my mind like a person in an amusement park going in and out of the turnstile of a ride he wasn't sure he wanted to go on.

Hôtel du Soleil
Jeffrey Woodward
USA

a shining wind
throughout the day
but to what end?

The stationary, with its powder-blue finish, sits on the mahogany writing desk where the good maid left it. And nothing is traced there, neither sketch nor cursive, but only, if one holds that elegant paper to the light, a watermark that inscribes within a perfect circle the proud name of this fashionable hotel. It is as if a guest, by taking up one powder-blue sheet, might fold and seal within a matching envelope the vault of heaven.

deep spring—
lifting the veil
from the bride

—*UHTS Book Reviewer, peterB*



Title: *THE TANKA JOURNAL*

Author: The Japan Tanka Poets' Society members

Edited by *Aya Yuhki Japan*

Construction: Stapled soft cover

Dimensions: 8" x 5 3/4" inches

Total Page Count: 32 pages

Publisher: NIHON KAJIN CLUB Japan

Publish Date: 2014 No. 45

Language(s): English/Japanese

ISBN-10: ISSN 0918-7707

Price: ¥500 + s/h

Ordering: email ayayu-ki@sc4.so-net.ne.jp

Aya Yuhki, 2-5-7-601, Motoazabu, Minato,

Tokyo, 106-0046 Japan

Before reviewing *THE TANKA JOURNAL*, a little history:

"NIHON KAJIN CLUB or THE JAPAN TANKA POETS' SOCIETY, is the largest nationwide organization of tanka poets in Japan with a membership of about 5,000. It publishes, together with (*Wind*), *THE TANKA JOURNAL* twice yearly, as a rule, to provide an international forum for presenting tanka poems and related essays in various languages."

The Editor and one of the Translators who does such a fine job for *THE TANKA JOURNAL*, is Aya Yuhki a long and well established tanka poet herself that I have always personally admired, both as a poet and a person.

Here are some examples of what is published (keeping in mind that sometimes the rhythm of s/l/s/l/l may vary with translations):

Small Discovery
Kimiko Miyahara

trees of the hill
behind my house
being tinged with white,
I feel signs of spring
from the hidden buds

whiteness of the swan
soaring high
in the sky
reaches to an extreme
in the morning sunlight

the rays of the setting sun
near the winter solstice
flicker low,
I feel
my life remains short

every day
repeating small discoveries,
what do I find
as the last one
in my life

big waves,
sometimes
small waves
breaking against the shore
look in organic

Adrift

Carmel Summers & Marilyn Humbert

praising chestnuts
from their spiky shells
to roasted sweetness—
their warmth in my mouth
outside, the still chill of frost

*azure sky steams
in tropical heat
a lone eagle
drifts on thermals,
searching . . . like me*

I came to this land
to find answers
but instead
with each tree-lined laneway
the horizon wavers

*emus and kangaroos
weave through mulga scrub
distorted by mirage--
in the ghost gum's shade
I find peace from life's busyness*

my tourist guide
insists on a visit to
more ancient stones—
from my hotel room I watch
a low-hung, lazy sun

Sunflower Seeds
Mariko Kitakubo

fans
on the ceiling
are turning
in my silver spoon
I will miss them, too

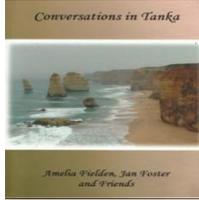
toes
wet with
dewy grasses—
I can not accept
the parting yet

remembering
every pure moment—
my mirror
is reflecting light
in Pasadena

I also
floated in the spring sky . .
. the sounds
of waves brought
my twin for me

suddenly
I miss you
when I eat
sunflower seeds
in Californian salad

—*UHTS Book Reviewer, an'ya*



TITLE: *Conversations in Tanka*
AUTHOR: Amelia Fielden, Jan Foster and Friends
Construction: Perfectbound Soft Cover
Dimensions: 8" x 5 1/2" inches
Total Page Count: 125 pages
Publisher: GINNINDERRA PRESS Australia
Printed by: Rainbow Press, Australia Publish Date: 2014
Language(s): English
ISBN-13: 978 1 74027 8744
Price: \$ unknown + s/h (AU)
Ordering: contact [Amelia Fielden](#)

As usual for Amelia Fielden, an interesting publication, and with Jan Foster (and Friends), even more interesting. *Conversations in Tanka* is impressive from start to finish—beginning with a beautiful cover design and photograph of the Twelve Apostles in Victoria by Allan Foster.

The Contents of this book is also impressive and besides the usual Preface and Introduction, it contains "Conversations in Tanka, Responsive Tanka, Tanka Chains, Tan Renga, and Rengay.

Rather than ramble on about the excellence of this book, I have chosen to let you judge by yourself with these examples.

Conversations in Tanka:

Silken Threads

Jan Foster & Amelia Fielden

knit one

purl two together

slip one . . .

the vagaries

of friendship

from a lone
and mostly happy life
into my dreams
comes this nightly chorus
'remember me, remember me'

among the reeds
black swans resting, preening
drifting . . .
perfect peace
in a minor key

black and white dog
paddling a pewter lake
round the shores
all the colours of spring:
a snapshot far from home

images
of firefighters
etched against
a backdrop of flames
the bite of fire

Russian ballet
the elaborate sets
the great leaps . . .
now to catch the bus home
to 'what's for dinner?'

old houses
in a small country town
reveal unexpected elegance
in stone and iron lace

seated on stools
outside limestone cottages
Maltese women
tattling with silken threads
to memorised patterns

Responsive Tanka:

Detours

Amelia Fielden & Saeko Ogi

to mark my place
I use a boarding pass
how timeless
this Tanizaki novel,
how transient this life

*holding a rail pass
I glide on the bullet train
through Japan's north
in search of Edo paintings
brought over from America*

cinnamon toast
in a foreign country
breakfast
with only myself
to consider . . . bliss

*what a feast
this authentic eel dish, today
just for me,
where she and I would come
on special occasions*

wisps of mist
deer grazing green summer slopes,
too early yet
for tourist convoys
Nara Park awakes serene

*those smiling lips
on the golden statue
in the dim light
of a small Nara temple . . .
as if he knew it all*

yellow iris
are coming into bloom
the day I leave,
as always missing
something here, something there

*on the way home
first steps into Korea
thrilling
this tour through a country
beyond my experience*

Tanka Chains:

'Where are you?'
Amelia Fielden & Mari Konno

a robot voice
is all I can get now
from your phone . . .
where are you, where are you
under concrete, under water?

*water, a great wall
attacks, washing away
everything
even a mother, then
from her arms, the baby*

baby cries
adult screams - almost
inaudible
against the raging
of a tsunami

'tsunami'
a Japanese word
has become
an international term,
in my everlasting grief

grief, anger
but never acceptance
of how
this nation was deceived
over nuclear power

power of plutonium
could cast a shadow
so black
over this planet
still in 20,000 years

years and years
since I first followed
Bashō's path . . .
how much of Tōhoku
would I recognise now?

now no ill effects,
they say on TV, keeping
their distance
from Fukushima
and its sufferers

sufferers
of three related disasters,
young and old
somehow putting their lives
in order again

again
I look up at an eclipse;
on the moon
so far away from us
is cast the cold shadow of the earth

earth-bound
I do not contemplate
lunar travel,
simply save my dollars
to explore my country

'country, my country' . . .
when those words escape my lips
suddenly
the rustling of young leaves
from before that day

Responsive Tanka:

Rare Moments
Jan Foster & Anne Benjamin

set on my path
I wasn't expecting
that kiss
sweeping away
all my maps

one eye shut
she stretches her pelt
along the hot bricks—
my cat shows more purpose
than I can find today

*with feline grace
she cruises the herd
. . . cougar
stalking her prey
in the nightclub*

outside
dawn extinguishes
neons—
blue-black crows
scavenge for left-overs

*I awaken
to the glare of day—
a rare and precious moment
of clarity
. . . I am alive*

car lights
string peak hour
with diamonds
through the rain, your words
radiate through the night

Rengay

Climate Change
Amelia Fielden & Marilyn Humbert

his discontent
surfacing frequently
koi carp gulp for food

flakes from paper hawk
grubs burrowing

the earth
feels hot to my fingers:
climate change

mosaic tiles
on the veranda
cool under foot

a preference for plain colours
shattered in Morocco

this journey
may bring me home
to peace, perhaps

cattails

January 2015

Featured Poet

Brad Bennett

USA



Seeds and Saplings

While I must have written some mandatory 5-7-5 haiku in elementary school, I certainly don't remember doing so. My first conscious haiku were written during a course I took in college on Asian literature. After reading Li Po, *The Tale of Genji*, and several other wonderful texts from China, Korea, and Japan, my classmates, teacher and I met off-campus for the last class so we could sip sake and write haiku together. That unique communal creative act launched my haiku journey.

For a couple of decades after college, I would visit haiku island only sporadically. Sometimes I recorded vacation experiences in 5-7-5 haiku and created a trip album upon return. To this day, my partner and I rarely take photos of our trips, but many wonderful moments are preserved in my haiku. Sometimes I wrote haiku with friends via email. I also wrote them in the eighties and nineties with my buddies in a men's group we called the "Mud Poets."

My first major artistic endeavor in my twenties turned out to be watercolor painting, not writing. During my thirties, my creativity started to shift toward poetry. But for years, I focused on free verse poems, not haiku. I would often write a few haiku to “warm up” my writing muscles, but they were merely short exercises before the “real” event. Who knew that haiku would eventually become my reality?

Branches from the Trunk

I purchased Robert Hass’s *The Essential Haiku* in the spring of 2001 and my haiku self started to emerge. By then, I was fully immersed in writing and reading free verse poetry, and I had enjoyed a couple of Hass’s chapbooks so much that I sought out *The Essential Haiku*. In between Mary Oliver, Ted Kooser, and Jane Hirshfield, I started reading haiku poets. Soon thereafter, I found Cor van den Heuvel’s *The Haiku Anthology* in early 2003. I remember where I read it—in the cheap apartment we were inhabiting while saving to buy our own home. I still pick it up many times a year to reread certain poets or open it randomly for some gems. Like many of us, finding that book was my exciting entry into the world of English language haiku. But it wasn’t until the winter of 2008-2009 that the balance of my reading diet finally shifted to haiku. I read Bruce Ross’s *Haiku Moment*, Patricia Donegan’s *Haiku Mind*, and Jane Reichhold’s *Basho: The Complete Haiku*, other translations of Japanese masters, and chapbooks and anthologies by current English language haiku poets.

My writing quickly followed my reading’s lead. I no longer warmed up with haiku—haiku became the main event. But I was still writing 5-7-5 and telling the reader far too much about what he or she should feel and think. More focused study of Donegan’s haiku techniques in “Appendix 1” of her Basho book and other manuals by Higginson and Harter, Ross, and Gurga helped me to drop some haiku baggage and travel this world so much more lightly. I stopped trying to tell the reader too much information about the images and me and started trusting him or her. Now I find great joy in hearing a reader’s response to one of my poems that hadn’t entered my mind before.

My timid entry into the haiku community started at the Haiku Circle in Northfield, Massachusetts in June of 2012. Though I was too shy to read during the open mic time, the workshops and readings were so inspiring. I read a few haiku at the 2013 Haiku Circle, and in 2014 I was honored to be one of their featured readers.

My first published haiku was lucky enough to earn "The Heron's Nest Runner Up" award in the Summer of 2011:

a drop of pond
at the end of a beak
setting sun

Since then, I have published haiku in a variety of print and on-line journals, magazines and books, and have won awards in several contests. My poems were recently featured on Cornell University's Mann Library Daily Haiku webpage (September 2014). I am so grateful for all the editors of all the haiku and short form publications for their un-paid and underpaid labors.

I used to go years without showing my work to others, even my life-long partner. Now I really enjoy editing and revising—I never thought I'd read myself writing that—and relish the feedback I get from my fellow haiku travelers. I've been a member of the Boston Haiku Society and the Alewife Brook Haiku Group and meet regularly with a small group of like-minded souls for oh-so-satisfying workshopping and studying. During recent meetings, we've examined Paul O. Williams' concept of the "unresolved metaphor" in haiku and we've written haiku inspired by photos by one of our group members.

I have been an elementary school teacher for over twenty years. So along with my own personal scholarly haiku journey, I have tried to introduce others to the life-changing benefits of haiku. I have been teaching haiku to third and fourth graders for two decades and I've introduced many students to Basho and Issa. Watching the kids dive into haiku surely inspires my own writing.

Buds and Flowers

Why have I become a haiku devotee? Several major reasons come to mind. First, I have always been a lover of the natural world. I think I was taking haiku walks long before I started writing them in earnest. Secondly, I was attracted to the *wabi sabi* essence of haiku. Finding beauty in the simple, the weathered, the natural, the imperfect, the everyday...that was what I wanted to celebrate. Thirdly, haiku is a way for me to get out of my head and into the world. I love the challenge of using concrete images but hinting at their emotional imprints. I am grateful that this effort usually takes me away from my own ego. Finally, the "way of haiku" has become a refuge for me. Now, I crave the haiku way—the way of observation, appreciation, pathos, connection, mindfulness, compassion, and creativity. I like the quiet that haiku

brings . . . the reading, the writing, the walking, the noticing, the word dancing. Haiku informs my perception, enhances my observation, and soothes my anxieties. Haiku has already given me far more than I could ever give it.

And juxtaposition is so fascinating. When I first started reading about juxtaposition in haiku, I thought of Hegel, Marx, and their process of thesis, antithesis, and synthesis. One could see the haiku as presenting the thesis and antithesis (some combination of two images) so that the reader can perform the synthesis (his or her meaning-making response). When writing haiku, I also keep the spark plug metaphor in my mind as I write. I am committed to trying to find the best distance between the electrodes in the spark plug: the images in the poem. Too close and the reader is bound to say to him or herself, "So what!" Too far apart and the reader might walk away mumbling, "Say what?!"

As do many of us haiku enthusiasts, I take a lot of walks. One of my favorite haiku inspiration spots is my local town reservoir. The water and environs are home to herons, swans, orioles and the like. The reservoir is also bordered by a garden, a playground, suburban houses, and a farm. The path sports a variety of couples, families, seniors, bird watchers, and dog walkers. This locale serves as a "liminal" space for me, a place where things and people and events meet, a potent threshold of sorts. These intersections and interactions have inspired many of my haiku.

I can't get enough haiku. So when the United Haiku and Tanka Society started *cattails*, I welcomed another wonderful Japanese short form publication. I have thoroughly enjoyed reading the three issues of 2014 and I am continually inspired by the haiku I read in *cattails* and many other journals, magazines, and books. I thank an'ya for inviting me to share a bit of my haiku journey; below are a few of my published and unpublished works.

fall into winter
the leaf and its shadow
frozen together

*(Acorn 30,
Spring 2013)*

crescent moon
my hand on the curve
of your hip

*(Modern Haiku 45:2, Summer
2014)*

first snow fall...
shaking out vitamins
into my palm

*(bottle rockets #30, February
2014)*

glass paperweight
on an empty desk
moonlight

*(New England Letters 40,
November 2013)*

Unpublished Haiku

fallen birch

mountain scree

a dog's bark travels
across the pond

a sharp-shinned hawk
rides a thermal

gibbous moon
slouching pumpkins
on the stone wall

the tip
of her umbrella--
the bottom of the fog

tidal pool eddies
an eagle turns around
on its branch

late December
the radiator hiss
ends with a ting

a teal umbrella—
koi suspended under
the moon bridge

snarled traffic
a wasp nest hangs over
the highway

dog slobber
on the tennis ball—
this August heat

chess with Grandpop
a sudden gust knocks
over a pawn

hot and humid
the roofer's nail gun
starts to whine

New Year's resolutions--
scraping the seeds out
of the butternut

storm clouds
three crows share
a streetlight

deep winter
the blue flame gasps
under the kettle

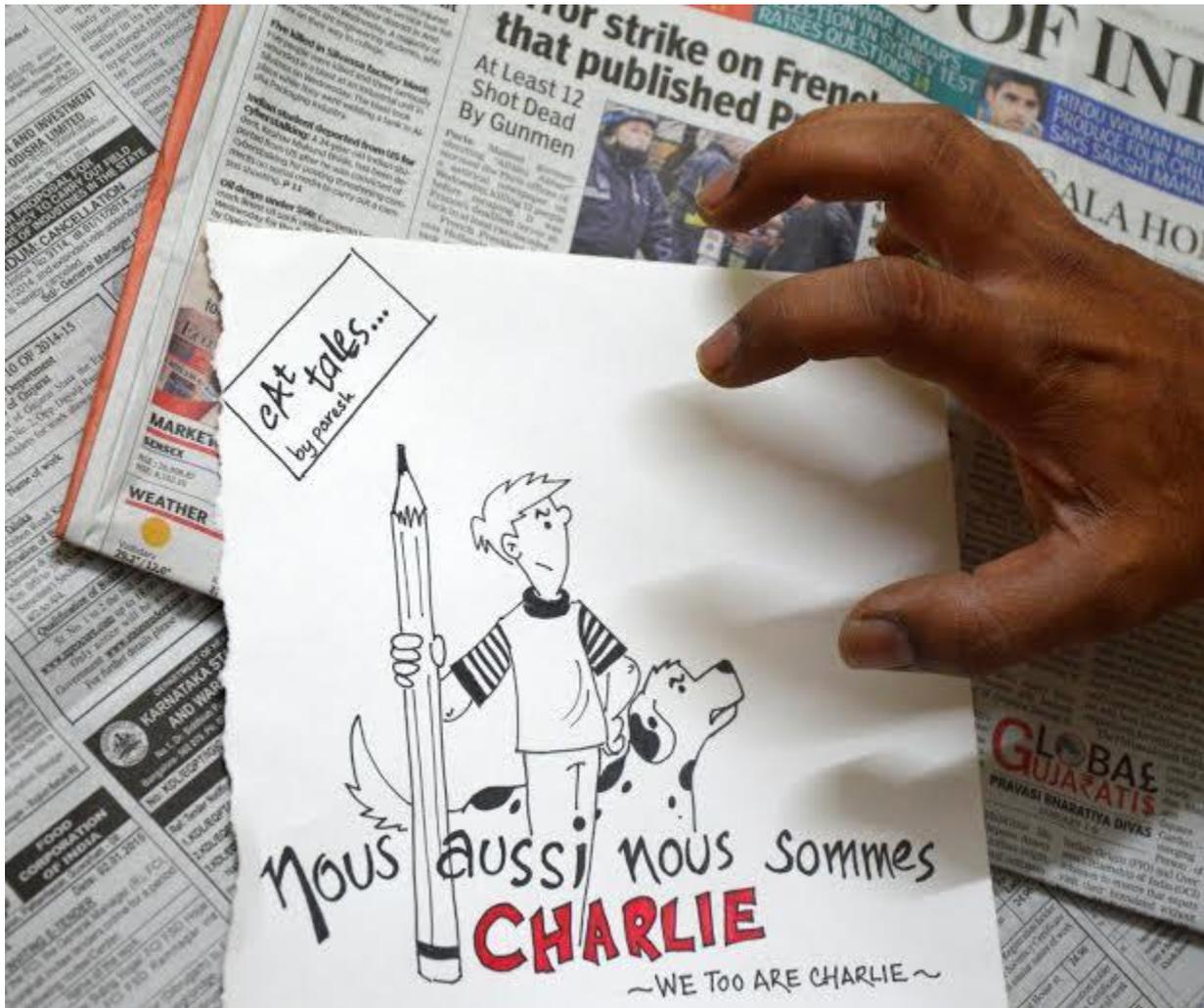
June sun
a goldfinch lifts
from the stream

deep into summer
bobbing a mint tea bag
up and down

cattails

January 2015

cAt taLes Cartoon



cattails

January 2015

White Page

The Call of Blossoms

UHTS Resident Columnist Marjorie Buettner

A glimpse into *I Wait for the Moon* by Momoko Kuroda translated by Abigail Friedman (published by Stone Bridge Press, 2014)

Abigail Friedman has performed a remarkable service for the haiku community by translating Momoko Kuroda's *I Wait for the Moon* published by Stone Bridge Press. In *The Haiku Apprentice: Memoirs of Writing Poetry in Japan* (Stone Bridge Press, 2006) Friedman admitted that "if I didn't write down what my Japanese haiku friends were telling me, no one in the west would ever know what haiku meant to contemporary Japanese. My haiku master, Momoko Kuroda, speaks no English and has never visited the U.S. If I didn't write down what she was teaching me, who in the west would know about it? So I started writing this book because it was my responsibility to do so." Friedman, no doubt, felt that same responsibility when translating Momoko Kuroda's haiku. A beautiful artistic relationship blossomed between Friedman and Momoko and the reader reaps a thousand petal rewards.

whichever the valley whatever the blossom petals dance in the air

Momoko Kuroda was born in Tokyo, August 10, 1938. She moved to Tochigi Prefecture in 1944 to escape the wartime bombing of Tokyo.

The early rising bamboo partridge calls to those no longer alive

When she entered college she also joined (through her mother's suggestion) a haiku group led by Yamaguchi Seison(1892-1988). She worked for Hakuodo, an advertising firm, until 1998 when she retired. In 1968 she began haiku pilgrimages, for which she is well known:

in this life, I've grown/accustomed to the lightning/accustomed to the journey

Her pilgrimages began with Japan's famous cherry trees:

as you pray/don't rush, don't mourn—/cherry trees are blooming
I roam this world/yet a bit longer—/cherry blossom pilgrimage

In 2012 at the age of 74 she completed a 30 year adventure leading haiku pilgrimages to Japan's four primary routes: The Shikoku, Saigoku, Bando and Chichibu.

my heart's desire—/a woman pilgrim/at long last!

After her mentor Yamaguchi Seison died, she started a nationwide haiku organization AOI which she leads.

suffused in moonlight—/image of the Buddha/entering Nirvana

Momoko has received the "Best Modern Woman Haiku Poet Award" and the "Haiku Poet's Association Best New Talent Award" for previous books. She also was awarded the prestigious Dakotsu prize in 2011 for *Sunlight, Moonlight*.

all have passed away—/from the depths of the bell/the call of blossoms

I Wait for the Moon is the first English translated collection of haiku. Abigail Friedman chose 100 haiku from over three thousand; Friedman translates and comments on each haiku. Not only has Momoko written 6 collections of haiku, she also has written essays and season-word compilations, books of haiku for beginners and a two-volume set of interviews with well-known haiku poets. Currently, Momoko's book is a number one best seller in Japan.

I wait for fireflies/I wait as if for someone/who will never return

Momoko Kuroda in Friedman's *The Haiku Apprentice* discusses the importance of kigo in haiku, revealing, as well, her true nature as a master of haiku:

"Do you know the true power of a season word? These words do not belong to the author of the poem, they do not belong to Basho or Issa or Kyorai. They belong to us. Seasonal words are our national treasures. They are like jewels, polished and made more precious by time. Some seasonal words have been in use since the Edo period. When we pick up one of these jewels and use it in a haiku, it is rich with history. They are the shared consciousness of our people. They capture the essence of Japanese life. I could not put this book down and I am grateful for Abigail Friedman for translating beautifully these wonderful haiku.

at this temple/by the edge of the lake/I wait for the moon

—UHTS Resident Columnist Marjorie Buettner, USA

cattails

January 2015

Spotlight on the UHTS Youth Corner Editor India

Words in and out of Raga by Kala Ramesh, India

Photos by Aryaa Naik Dalmiya, India

The evening of haiku, tanka, haibun along with Indian classical music went very well.

Aryaa Naik Dalmiya, Head of Creatives, at Gyaan Adab said:

"Thank you so much for the delightful program on Saturday. It was so mesmerising, I could see that the audience was transported into a different world. It was one of the best programs we've had so far. Gyaan Adab is really very grateful to you for making this happen and we are really happy to know you enjoyed performing here. I eagerly look forward to our next collaboration".

I had always dreamed of creating a platform for haiku, similar to the space we give to the performing arts. Performing "poetry" is popular in Indian regional languages, but haiku, as you all know, is just too short to be able to grip an audience. It is difficult to read haiku aloud effectively.

This event was an experiment, something never before tried in India. Event advertising posters, and invitations were sent out by the organisers promoting Gyaan Adab as a cosy place for celebrating literature:

"Through the cultural aesthetics of Japan and India, through poems and zen stories, Kala Ramesh along with the noted *bansuri* player Milind Date, will unfold dreaming spaces filled with imagery that capture moments that you know, but never gave them words. Discover HAIKU! Enjoy an hour of truth, nature and human nature coming together in a way you've never experienced before!"

This programme was most satisfying for me as an artist because approximately 60 people who love Indian classical music and poetry stayed on until the end. Milind Date a professional flutist effortlessly carried the evening with his mellifluous notes! I've since been asked by three organisers to repeat this performance, a thumbs-up sign for sure!

Gyaan Adab wants me to run a haiku workshop in January 2015 for their members. Gyaan Adab believes in the power of literature and the creative experience to entertain, educate, sensitise, inspire and transform. I thank Gyaan Adab's Founder and Trustee, Mr. Farook Merchant, their dynamic Director, and Randhir Khare, their Creative Head, Aryaa Naik Dalmiya, who took my idea forward, and took these photographs.

Thanks also to *cattails* principal editor, an'ya, for Spotlighting me in this edition; I am greatly indebted.
–Kala Ramesh UHTS Youth Corner Editor



The Director of Gyaan Adab, Randhir Khare welcoming Kala Ramesh and Milind Date



Both eminent personalities in their fields,
Kala and Milind mesmerized listeners



Milind playing and Kala reading
A seamless blend of poetry and music



Milind Date in melodious harmony



Kala Ramesh reciting haiku



The audience enjoying the beauty of words in and out of raga!

cattails

January 2015

Artist Showcase

Omid Asadi
United Kingdom



"My name is Omid Asadi and I'm a former engineer and champion boxer from Iran. Now I'm a UK-based artist who loves leaf carvings. I remember when I was a child, I used to draw with a needle on leaves or rose petals. I started leaf carving again about 2 years ago when I saw beautiful and colorful fallen leaves in our area (Manchester). My wife Elham (in photo above) is a professional artist and she helped me a lot to progress in my art, and I started picking those beautiful leaves for our house decorations. We visited an exhibition in the Manchester Art Gallery, called First Cut, and it was about paper cutting. Suddenly, I remember my childhood activity and I decided to bring those dead leaves to life.

People looked at the leaves but I "SAW" them, For thousands of years apples fell from the trees and everybody 'looked at them'; only Isaac Newton 'saw' it, because of which our life has changed forever.

Leaves represent our short life, but through my work you can see the life they left behind. I created this work with carving and cutting techniques on actual fallen leaves using a craft knife, a scalpel and a needle."

Be sure to visit Omid's [Website](#) for more of his leaf cuttings. [Facebook](#)

dandelion ...
with every tiny seed goes
the breath of a child
across fields over mountains
wherever wishes come true















cattails

January 2015

FAQ

As you know by the number of submissions we received for this edition (1,272), plus the current number of members (425), there is much worldwide activity at the UHTS.

Each *cattails* edition involves multiple email interfaces between submitters and editors. For all of us, computers are our key to creating, communicating, and viewing our work, but during that process "glitches and questions" sometimes arise.

At the UHTS we always work with you to overcome each of these as they occur, and looking back over 2014 we realize there are some very common problem areas that repeat, thus our FAQ page has been added to help find solutions. It will not only be a place to find answers to your questions, it is also a place for you to share comments that may help solve other peoples problems as well as your own.

This first-time presentation is relatively simple, but it's how we see this page being organized.

Use this button to contact us:

FAQ TIPS COMMENTS

If you are a Mac, Linux, Microsoft guru, or want to volunteer to help, contact [PeterB](#).

During the past year, some of the most common and repeat problems we encountered were:

(These are very concise answers, if you need "more" information contact us.)

Q: What should I do if my accepted poem isn't appearing?

A: Firstly, look again, because we do not list the page where your work is published (see our philosophy on this at the Contributor's Page), and if you still don't find your work, please be sure to contact the [editor](#).

Q: Why does *cattails* look different on my home computer, my friend's computer, my laptop and my phone?

A: Very complex question to answer, but it will depend on the size of each screen you view the site on, (2" to 60") ... "how" the webmaster built the site (as a liquid page or as a "set" page), and which Browser you are using (Internet Explorer, Firefox, Google, Oasis and Safari are the most common). The View "settings" of the monitor, and the version (age) of the browser can create unlimited viewing differences. Usually these are all at least "readable, and simply distorted. But, out-of-date browsers and various combinations of settings can make a page appear totally garbled.

Q: Why don't some of the foreign fonts show up on my computer?

A: If you see little boxes, or chicken scratch patterns where you think foreign text should be, it usually means your computer is not "loaded" with that particular font, however most font packages are free and easy to download. Again, contact us for "how to" do this and we will walk you through the simple process

Q: What does it mean when I see a square box or a red "X" instead of a picture?

A: Typically that would mean the picture file is missing. If you simply hold your cursor over the mark, you should see the picture file information appear at the bottom left of your screen. When a site first goes up, it is very easy to forget to load everything. If you experience this, please be sure and let us know.

Q: All of the pictures in *cattails* are so tiny I cannot see them.

A: To save battery power, and speed up computer loading time we use thumbnails of pictures. If you place your cursor on the picture you want to see up close, (mouse over it) and left click, the picture will open to its original size.

Q: How many times can I submit work, is there a limit?

A: We find that many people do not read the information (on the UHTS main page). Within reason, there is no limit on the number of submissions you can make, the "How to Submit" page covers this, and the "Form Definitions" pages as well as the Introduction pages that begin each section in *cattails*. These should help you align you with "what" we seek and accept for publication.

Q: How do I sign up for the Seedpods eNews Bulletin?

A: Seedpods is automatically sent to all members when it is released, by our Secretary Carole MacRury. Only UHTS members receive it, but, you can Join "for free" any time by following the instructions at the main UHTS website.

Q: Every time I submit, why am I asked to also send in a copy of it in my native language?

A: We like to have as much native language in *cattails* as possible because many readers from your country "see" the *cattails* pages online but do not read English. Our great Translator software (at the top of each page) is very good, but, still not as accurate or as friendly as your own interpretation of your own work in your own language. Even human translators lose a lot in translation, but we want to preserve as much of the original as possible.

Q: Why are there only three *cattails* a year ?

A: Wow, another very complex question to try and answer easily . . . but being all volunteer, no budget or income for funding, plus processing time would be the "main reasons". Our Editors receive, consider, and try to "guide" approximately 1,500 pieces of incoming work every 90 days. This amounts to an intense email back and forth with submitters. Once accepted, the pieces need to be coded and made web ready. The final product is then proofread numerous times and uploaded to the website. Some 5,000 emails, and 650 man-hours (81-8 hour days) go into producing each edition.

Q: Why are the *cattails* "forms definitions" so restrictive? Only a small portion of my work ever gets accepted by you.

A: Every online or ink-on-paper publication has Editor(s), and guidelines for acceptance, which is what sets them apart from the unedited, no-guidelines Social media sites where you can post "anything" any time.

Each Editor has some sort of "mindset" as to criteria (their opinion) for establishing those guidelines. Poets and artists also each have a "mindset" as to what and how they create. Finding a "match" is the key.

All art forms evolve or they die, the contents within *cattails* have evolved with a look back to the heritage and basics of each style that we present. We do not publish invented forms or short poetry, we publish only Japanese short forms, and what we perceive them to be. With the many outlets available for presenting work in 2014, finding a "match" for your type of work should be an easy trial and error task.

Q: an'ya workshops our work! Offering suggestions of form and content for fine-tuning, do all editors do this?

A: an'ya (as well as our other editors) are "working editors", and when they feel there is potential in a submission, rather than turn the poet away for one small detail, suggestions are made and of course, are always to be taken or to completely ignored. Open-mindedness helps us all become better writers, and sometimes another person will see something you have missed.

The above, were the top ten repeat-questions/comments we received in 2014, there were many more . . . but we wanted to use these as examples of what this page is all about, so, if you have a question or a problem with *cattails* . . . use the button!