



May
2015
Edition

cattails

collected
works
of
UHTS

cattails

May 2015
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Not included in *cattails* are other subjects at our UHTS Main Website: what to submit, how to submit, how to join, *Seedpods* e-news bulletin, contest info, officers and support team, archives, calendar, and more information.

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Principal Editor's Prelude

Happy International Haiku/Senryu Month from the UHTS



Greetings to all our readers, and apologies for being a little late with this edition of *cattails* collected works of the UHTS.

I would like to first announce that beginning in 2016 some of the founding officers will be retiring from the United Haiku and Tanka Society, while others are carrying on with some fresh faces coming in. We are very excited that the UHTS, *cattails* and *Seedpods* will continue to grow under their guidance—names and details to be announced later.

The United Haiku and Tanka Society now has nearly 500 members and is the largest and only international society of its particular kind, come join us.

Once again so many submissions; some were turned away but for the most part, very fine work. The forms we publish here are not without long established rules of tradition and we are extremely proud to serve the worldwide community.

My greatest fear as a editor, is leaving someone's work out, and if perchance this ever happens, please email me direct and I will have our webmaster correct the situation immediately. However, be sure to read *cattails* all the way through because sometimes if you don't see your work, it may be hidden somewhere special or be an Editor's Choice . . .

A few announcements, our current book reviewer has run into some health problems, so a well known writer Barbara Snow will be taking over. A retired librarian and leader of the Willamette Haiku Group in Eugene, Oregon USA, Barbara is very familiar with reviewing books.

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I want to thank our new Haiga and Tankart Editor Elizabeth McFarland for doing a wonderful job. Sonam is doing a fantastic job with haibun and senryu. Kala once again has done a fabulous job with our Youth Corner.

Both Linda and Marjorie have white pages in this edition and we much appreciate their time-spent to create these in depth articles/essays for your perusal.

Speaking of time-spent, a thumbs-up to both contest coordinator Marianna Monaco and contest judge b'oki; do not forget our next contest is "Fleeting Words" Tanka.

Thanks also to our time-saving *cattails* proofreader Shrikaanth Krishtamurthy.

Our Featured Artist and Poet this time are Gabriel and Ron Rosenstock whose work many of you are already familiar with, yet I'm sure you will be amazed at what they have put together for *cattails*.

Two of our favorite pages are The Ark and Apple Video presentation and the cAt taLes Cartoon which are both a real treat every time!

Peterb's FAQ page is becoming quite popular with those who need a little computer assistance. Computer programs are changing so rapidly nowadays, it is difficult to keep up unless you are a tech-ie.

The Pen this Painting is super great with Ed's artwork and winning haiku by Michael Henry Lee from the USA. Our next Pen this Painting is an exquisite sumi-e by talented Chinese brush artist, Cindy Lommasson from Portland, Oregon USA. Be sure to check it out because if your poem is chosen for it, you will receive a .jpg to print out and hang on your wall.

The spotlight for this editon of *cattails* is on all of your UHTS team members.

Happy reading and thanks to everyone who makes *cattails* a success and the United Haiku and Tanka Society a reality.

—*cattails* principal editor an'ya, USA

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**May 2015
Contributors**

Thank you again to all who contributed to this May 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.

Ramesh Anand, India

Cindy Lommasson, USA

Barnabas I. Adeleke, Nigeria

David G. Lanoue, USA

Valentina Rinaldi-Adams, USA

Phyllis Lee, USA

Payal A. Agarwal, India

Mike Montreuil, Canada

Adam Augustin, Poland

Nancy May, United Kingdom

Juliet Avery, United Kingdom

Susan Mallernee, USA

Yukali Armstrong, Australia

Kimiko Miyahara, Japan

Sanjukta Asopa, India

John Martone, USA

Gavin Austin, Australia

Giselle Maya, France

Jimat Achmadi, Indonesia

Marija Maretić, Croatia

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an'ya, USA

Ed Baker, USA

Diana Barbour, USA

Pamela A. Babusci, USA

Basho, Japan

Alan S. Bridges, USA

Mark E. Brager, USA

Dawn Bruce, Australia

Buson, Japan

Marjorie Buettner, USA

Robyn Hood Black, USA

Dubravka Borić, Croatia

Johnny Baranski, USA

Janet Butler, USA

Magdalena Banaszekiewicz, Poland

Amanda Bell, Ireland

Sondra J. Byrnes, USA

Kanchan Chatterjee, India

Theresa A. Cancro, USA

Lamart Cooper, USA

Jeanne Cook, USA

Corey D. Cook, USA

Anna Cates, USA

Marta Chocilowska, Poland

Paul Chambers, Wales

Vasa Mihailović, USA

Thelma Mariano, Canada

Elizabeth McFarland, Germany

Carole MacRury, USA

Beverly Acuff Momoj, USA

Joe McKeon, USA

Nishant Mehrotra, India

Marianna Monaco, USA

Mac Miller, New Zealand

Katsutoshi Miyakawa, Australia

Harumi Minagowa, Australia

Christina-Monica Moldovenay, Romania

James Meredith, Ireland

Kavya Manoharan, India

Sneha Mojumdar, India

Radhika Mohite, India

Smayan Mohanty, India

Vengunad Dhaatri Menon, India

Michael McClintock, USA

Peter Newton, USA

Archana Kapoor Nagpal, India

Daryl Nielsen, USA

Nancy Nitrio, USA

PeterNewton, USA

Daniel Népomuk, Puerto Rico

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Jesus Chameleon, USA

Glen G. Coats, USA

Thomas H. Chockley, USA

Ann Curran, New Zealand

Pris Campbell, USA

Sandip Chauhan, USA

Sonam Chhoki, Bhutan

Robyn Cairns, Australia

Tatanja Debeljacki, Serbia

Angelee Deodhar, India

Jan Dobb, Australia

Janet Lynn Davis, USA

Mary Davila, USA

Susan Diridoni, USA

Margaret Dornaus, USA

Igor Damnjanovic, Serbia

Mary Franklin, Canada

Jerry Foshee, USA

Amelia Fielden, Australia

Terri French, USA

Nakajo Fumiko, Japan

Ben Moeller-Gaa, USA

Ronald Grognet, USA

Mary Gunn, Ireland

Marisa Fazio, Australia

Saeko Ogi, Australia

Maeve O'Sullivan, Ireland

Nola Obee, Canada

Lind Grant-Oyeye, Canada

Polona Oblak, Slovenia

Bernadette O'Reilly, Ireland

Yuko Otomo, USA

Old Pajamas, USA

Bob Petras, Bob

Jasna Popović, Croatia

Shirley Plummer, USA

Patricia Prime, New Zealand

Marija Pogorilic, Croatia

Janet Qually, USA

Goran Radićević, Montenegro

Dragan Ristić, Serbia

Dave Read, Canada

Aalix Roake, New Zealand

Elaine Riddell, New Zealand

Małgorzata Skibińska, Poland

Chad Lee Robinson, USA

Natalia L. Rudychev, USA

Claudette Russell, USA

Raamesh Gwori Raghavan, India

Kala Ramesh, India

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Bernard Gieske, USA

William Scott Galasso, USA

Bernard Gieske, USA

Joann Grisetti, USA

Bill Gottlieb, USA

Victor Gendrano, USA

Johnnie Johnson Hafernik, USA

Louisa Howerow, Canada

Simon Hanson, Australia

Steve Hodge, USA

Devin Harrison, Canada

Ruth Holzer, USA

Elizabeth Howard, USA

Marilyn Humbert, USA

Carolyn Hall, USA

John Han, USA

Shannon Humphrey, USA

Samantha Sirimanne Hyde, Australia

Michele L. Harvey, USA

Peggy Heinrich, USA

Izumi Shikibu, Japan

Samantha Sirimanne Hyde,

Australia Marilyn Humbert, Australia

Dishika Iyer, India

Issa, Japan

Alexis Rotella, USA

Lakshmi Ramaswami, India

Gabriel Rosenstock, Ireland

Ron Rosenstock, USA

Djurdja Vuklić Rozić, Croatia

Barbara Snow, USA

Ron Scully, USA

Yesha Shah, India

Miriam Sagan, USA

William Seltzer, USA

Mariko Sumikura, Japan

Brent Savage, Canada

Aisha Shifa, Indonesia

Kenneth Slaughter, USA

Izumi Shikibu, Japan

Carl Seguiban, Canada

Irena Szewczyk, Poland

Yesha Shah, India

Vessislava Savova, Bulgaria

Magda Sobieszek, Poland

Pablo San Blaz, Marianna Islands

Adelaide B. Shaw, USA

River Blue Shoemaker, USA

aliyah Rose Saleem, USA

Mojgan Soghрати, Iran

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Terrie Jacks, USA

Yunsheng Jiang, China

Erin J. Jones, USA

Barbara Kaufmann, USA

Trisha Knoll, USA

Arvinder Kaur, India

Ono no Komachi, Japan

Maggie Kennedy, USA

Kashinath Karmakar, India

David J. Kelly, Ireland

Jim Kacian, USA

Krzysztof Kokot, Poland

Robert Kania, Poland

Janinna Kolodziejczyk, Poland

Shobhana Kumar, India

Barbara Kaufmann, USA

Wieslaw Karliński, Poland

Kashinath Karmaka, India

Chieko Kawamata, Australia

Akemi Kobayashi, Australia

Doris Kasson, USA

Shrikaanth Krishnamurthy, United Kingdom

Lavana Kray, Romania

Mary Kendall, USA

Keitha Keys, Australia

John Soules, Canada

Debbie Strange, Canada

Rajeshwari Srinivasan, India

Shloka Shankar, India

Rachel Sutcliffe, England

Dimitrij Škrk, Slovenia

Debbie Suggs, USA

André Surridge, New Zealand

Ken Sawitri, Indonesia

Jhanvi Tiwari, India

Barbara A. Taylor, Australia

Angela Terry, USA

Lisa Timpf, Canada

Noriko Tanaka, Japan

Barbara Tate, USA

Kenneth Thomas, USA

Zuzanna Truchlewska, Poland

Gin Suang Tung, Myanmar

Stephen Toft, United Kingdom

Diana Teneva, Bulgaria

Paresh Tiwari, India

Maria Kowal-Tomczak, Poland

Sasa Vazić, Serbia

Kevin Valentine, USA

Daniela Varvara, Romania

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Chen-ou Liu, Canada

Nicholas Virgilio, USA

Michael Henry Lee, USA

Lolly Williams, USA

Artur Lewandowski, Poland

Yuki Wathalet, Australia

Gregory Longenecker, USA

Neal Whitman, USA

G. R. Le Blanc, Canada

Julie Warther, USA

Cyndi Lloyd, USA

Dawn Wood, Scotland

Joyce Joslin Lorensen, USA

Naoko Lamb, Australia

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Haiku

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.

Haiku

in the pond
a white begonia
and old news

Debbie Strange
Canada

breaking dawn
the weight of spring
on long grass

Rachel Sutcliffe
United Kingdom

the howl of wind
mother's lecture on
missing curfew

Diana Barbour
USA

small fire's warmth
on a winter day
close and quiet

Aalix Roake
New Zealand

my birthday
the stars the way
they must be

Jim Kacian
USA

saying grace . . .
the field worker
wipes his brow
William Scott Galasso
USA

flea market
price-tags flutter
in the breeze

Patricia Prime
New Zealand

ebb tide—
the sheen of moonlight
shell to shell

Carl Seguiban
Canada

sinking sun
sparrow chatter dies down
until dawn

Payal A. Agarwal
India

sunburst—
a rain-soaked hummingbird
shakes off the wet

Kevin Valentine
USA

feeling
the wobble of the earth—
crickets

Ruth Holzer
USA

paper lantern . . .
the swirl of light beams
on a dark wall

Yesha Shah
India

Beach Preserve
four piping plovers—
two lightbathers

Ron Scully
USA

fresh-split logs—
in spite of everything
we keep making plans

Angela Terry
USA

geese honking
silence in between
cars honking

Bob Petras
USA

hops farm
a taste of beer
on the wind

Alan Bridges
USA

Thanksgiving
the scent of cinnamon
in grandma's Bible

Cristina-Monica Moldoveanu
Romania

a cricket
hurries along the path
vespers

Gregory Longenecker
USA

falling leaves
a little higher
the tree limb

Bernard Gieske
USA

fries with hot tea
heavy rains setting
the scene

Rajeshwari Srinivasan
India

harvest home
an ant carries the last
breadcrumb

Barnabas I. Adeleke
Nigeria

driving home—
corn fields on either side
part the waves

Maggie Kennedy
USA

wind-torn fence
this widening gap
'tween neighbours

Shrikanth Krishnamurthy
United Kingdom

March flurries—
debating again
the spring wreath

Susan Mallernee
USA

first rain
filling the rice terraces
a ploughman's song

Sonam Chhoki
Bhutan

morning snow—
warm hay in the barn
and feral kittens

ayaz daryl nielsen
USA

spring dawn—
a doe's breath flutters
dogwood blossoms

Theresa A. Cancro
USA

autumn downpour
along the driveway
toppling dahlias

Samantha Sirimanne Hyde
Australia

homecoming
all the way with me
my childhood moon

Kashinath Karmakar
India

at the strip mall
looking for handouts
a house sparrow

Louisa Howerow
Canada

spring runoff—
earthworms glisten
in cold mud

Sondra Byrnes
USA

early morning
the scent of a lindentree
wakes our town

Vasa Mihailović
USA

longest night . . .
the tick of fluorescents
warming up

Julie Warther
USA

autumn dusk
the slimmest shadows
of sycamores

Jeanne Cook
USA

a lone heron
at the edge of the lake
winter sun

Johnnie Hafernik
USA

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ice storm—
the cherry blossoms
shatter

Nancy Nitrio
USA

a leaf falls
of its own weight—
evening stillness

Carole MacRury
USA

spring restlessness
the overlapping notes
of bird songs

Carolyn Hall
USA

daymoon
filling the tidal basin
cherry blossoms

Ron Grognet
USA

another drop
of morning sunlight
fresh-pressed cider

Angela Terry
USA

the rail tracks
toward a harvest moon
thoughts of home

Chen-ou Liu
Canada

last year's fawn
frolics in fresh snow—
first light of day

Corey D. Cook
USA

brilliant plumage
mirrored in the pond
an Egg Moon

Joyce Joslin Lorenson
USA

tug-of-war
an earthworm remains
with the earth

Lamart Cooper
USA

Lake Mead
the surface erupts
with catfish

G.R. LeBlanc
Canada

late dusk—
a whippoorwill's song wraps
around its echo

Theresa A. Cancro
USA

bumper crop
a grasshopper sky
all that remains

Debbie Strange
Canada

fading light . . .
a crow settles upon
the scarecrow

Paresh Tiwari
India

cobwebs
slowly gathering
winter twilight

Ben Moeller-Gaa
USA

summer heat—
the pilings darken
with each wave

Carl Seguiban
Canada

squeals of glee—
my daughter's first fish
catches the sun

Kevin Valentine
USA

missing snow
I make and remake
a paper ball

Cristina-Monica Moldoveanu
Romania

two sparrows
scrabble along the gutters
melting snow

Barbara Kaufmann
USA

our silence
along the two lane highway
snow covered barns

Ben Moeller-Gaa
USA

urban living—
birdsong from the row
of shopping carts

Marianne Paul
Canada

lightning storm
I pen this haiku
between strikes

Diana Barbour
USA

soaring above
historic designations
maple and oak
ayaz daryl nielsen
USA

barren field
a trail of pine needles
shift south

Lamart Cooper
USA

new ivy plants
a white caterpillar
comes for free

Adelaide B. Shaw
USA

cliff-top walk
salt spray crusting
her lashes

Gavin Austin
Australia

cradling the scent
of a flowering plum . . .
next feathers

Lolly Williams
USA

autumn dusk . . .
the fading chirps
of a sparrow

Dishika Iyer
India

her bedroom eyes
turn away from me
cherry blossoms

Johnny Baranski
USA

a clucking hen
settles her brood
bedtime stories

Barbara Snow
USA

eastern wind . . .
beyond the crossroads
a single star

Mark E. Brager
USA

the first rim
of puddle ice . . .
crow call

Michele L. Harvey
USA

bottleneck—
riding the whoosh
of river

Marianne Paul
Canada

again this year
from the old stone wall—
spring slips through

Gregory Longenecker
USA

summer dawn—
by the fire-blackened trunk
a yellow columbine

Nola Obee
Canada

crazy leaves
on All Hallow's Eve
I gut a pumpkin

Anna Cates
USA

warm sand warmer
beach a generation
of baby sea lions

Beverly Acuff Momo
USA

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white moths
patches of moonlight
come and go

Simon Hanson
Australia

morning shopping
a stop for buttercups
before bread

Adelaide B. Shaw
USA

almost heard—
the tiny wings
of black insects

Marilyn Humbert
Australia

worn spot
under the swing—
fading light

Sondra Byrnes
USA

early retirement—
missing the cherry blossoms
by my workplace

Mary Gunn
Ireland

drifting clouds—
from one leaf to another
a raindrop

Archana Kapoor Nagpal
India

paper lantern . . .
the swirl of light beams
on a dark wall

Yesha Shah
India

leaning toward
the weight of their seeds
wild grasses

Maggie Kennedy
USA

testing the milk
on the soft of her wrist . . .
drought patch

Paresh Tiwari
India

long way home . . .
measuring this winter night
lamppost by lamppost

Chen-ou Liu
Canada

leaving behind
a trail of puddles
summer showers

Patricia Prime
New Zealand

grey morning
from a hollow the pink
of a possum's nose

Jan Dobb
Australia

no teahouse yet
three mats in a silk worm attic—
the sound of flying geese

Giselle Maya
France

March
the many colors
of spring wheat

Terrie Jacks
USA

the rubble
of what once was home . . .
deep autumn

Dishika Iyer
India

midwinter cold
a strand of her hair
clings to the soap

Paul Chambers
Wales

hard rain
tree frogs taking shelter
on the porch

Elizabeth Howard
USA

summer emptiness—
my footprints disappear
under rolling waves

Archana Kapoor Nagpal
India

finally found
in the melted snow
my *Suiss* knife

Kenneth Thomas
USA

moonlit night . . .
only the cold wind
wraps around me

Dawn Bruce
Australia

leafless tree
the siskins bathing
in a new light

Barbara Kaufmann
USA

moon-silvered lake
buoyed by the quiet air
the loon's laughter

Lisa Timpf
Canada

Sabbath Day—
by the frozen pond
willow sprouts

Jerry Foshee
USA

Good-bye . . .
our shadows still
holding hands

Nishant Mehrotra
India

rose garden
the cedar pavilion's
alluring scent

Barbara Snow
USA

ice fields—
chilling out
with friends

Lind Grant-Oyeye

another drop
of morning sunlight
fresh-pressed cider

Angela Terry
USA

burnt out car
in the late sun
a gnat swarm

Paul Chambers
USA

sultry night
a dog licking the face
of a drunk

Chen-ou Liu
Canada

hide-and-seek . . .
the leaf pile crinkles
with laughter

Paresh Tiwari
India

step by step
how bold her voice
first clogs

Bill Cooper
USA

snow-covered grass
the flitting shadow
of a bird

John Han
USA

clouds cling
to the tallest peak . . .
Father's Day

Michele L. Harvey
USA

porch swing
the back and forth
of treetops

Joe McKeon
USA

strutting along
the solid yellow line
. . . a road crow

Carole MacRury
USA

Christmas dawn
the old pine trimmed
with blackbirds

Mark E. Brager
USA

the silence
of departed geese—
a harvest moon

Steve Hodge
USA

two darts
an osprey follows
its own shadow

Neal Whitman
USA

snowfall piled
on top of snowfall
my mailbox frozen shut

Valentina Ranaldi-Adams
USA

loosened
by spring sunshine—
magnolia buds

Amanda Bell
Ireland

sickle moon—
scooping darkness
out of the well

Natalia L. Rudychev
USA

geocaching
the plane ticket home
her best trackable

Thomas H. Chockley
USA

a hawk's wings—
on the tawny undersides
moth markings

Nola Obee
Canada

turnstile—
the sheep are nudging
gooseberries

Samantha Sirimanne Hyde
Australia

cold day
I count the speckles
on a finch's breast

Frances Jones
USA

climbing
the no trespassing sign—
wild grapes

Julie Warther
USA

mullet splash . . .
glimpsing the sound
too late

Jan Dobb
Australia

Hina Ningyo—
the rainbow pales
by comparison

Jesus Chameleon
USA

bending flowers—
honeybees heavy
with nectar

Nancy Nitrio
USA

longest day
the ball game goes into
extra innings

Johnny Baranski
USA

fading mist
the drizzle of sugar
into my tea

Dave Read
Canada

oriental bazaar—
all colors of the rainbow
from hands to hands

*orientalny bazar—
przechodzą z ręk do ręk
wszystkie kolory tęczy*

Krzysztof Kokot
Poland

morning fog—
the meadow deep
in cowbells

*bhorer kuasha—
gorur ghantay haralo
prantar*

Sanjukta Asopa
India

spring snow—
the tattered blanket back
on the scarecrow

ਬਸੰਤ ਦੀ ਬਰਫ—
ਓਹੀ ਫਟਿਆ ਪੁਰਾਣਾ ਕੰਬਲ
ਮੁੜ ਡਰਨੇ ਤੇ
Arvinder Kaur
India

humming a tune
he forms another branch
on the bonsai

nucqç melodię
formuje kolejnq gałqzkę
bonsai

Maria Tomczak
Poland

spring runoff . . .
launching a paper boat
into the creek

ਬਸੰਤ ਜਲ-ਵਹਿਣ . . .
ਤੰਗ ਖਾੜੀ ਵਿਚ ਠੇਲ੍ਹੀ
ਕਾਗਦ ਦੀ ਬੋੜੀ
Sandip Chauhan
USA

Sirius rising
the alley cat's
bristled fur

*Sirius vzhaja
nasršene dlake
pocestne mačke*

*Polona Oblak
Slovenia*

lingering cold—
an old dog wags the snow
off his tail

ਲੰਮੀ ਸਰਦੀ—
ਬੁੱਢੇ ਕੁੱਤੇ ਨੇ ਪੁੰਛ ਤੋਂ
ਝਾੜੀ ਬਰਫ

*Arvinder Kaur
India*

heavy perfumes—
the last ray of sunshine
before a storm

*ciężkie perfumy—
ostatni promień słońca
przed burzą*

*Krzysztof Kokot
Poland*

on a hill—
at first sight of the sea
my deep sigh

*putujem brdom
povirilo mi more
dubok uzdisaj*

*Dubravka Borić
Croatia*

moss and ivy
growing on a rotten boat—
its cracked paddle

*po trulom čamcu
mahovina i bršljan—
raspuklo veslo*

*Jasna Popović, Croatia
Translation: Đurđa Vukelić-Rožić, Croatia*

in every breath
memories of sunset
a downhill walk

ஒவ்வொரு மூச்சிலும்
சூரிய மறைவின் நினைவுகள்
கீழ்நோக்கி நடை

*Ramesh Anand
India*

seaside storm
sand covers the emptiness
of a life line

*furtună la țăr-
nisip astupând golul
liniei vieții*

*Daniela Varvara
Romania*

peaceful port
among the masts
a sliced moon

*spokojny port
pośród masztów
plastry księżyca*

*Irena Szewczyk
Poland*

insomnia
with each cuckoo
closer to the dawn

*bezsenność
bliżej świtu
z każdą kukułką*

*Maria Tomczak
Poland*

falling twilight
visions of vampires sneak
into empty heads

*spušta se suton
noć vampira šulja se
u prazne glave*

*Marija Maretić
Croatia*

roof tiles—
the clatter of rain falling
in strong torrents

*Kiša je lila
jakim mlazevima crepovi
zveketali*

*Tatjana Debeljacki
Serbia*

scent of magnolia
white clouds hanging
from a tree branch

*Miris se širi
bijeli oblačići
gle magnolija*

*Goran Radičević
Montenegro*

daisies
under bare feet the earth
warmed by sun

stokrotki
pod bosymi stopami ziemia
ciepła od słońca

Zuzanna Truchlewska
Poland

shifting wind—
the crackle of peanut shells
under my feet

ਸਰਕਦੀ ਹਵਾ—
ਮੇਰੇ ਪੈਰਾਂ ਹੇਠਾਂ ਮੂੰਗਫਲੀ ਦੇ ਛਿੱਲੜਾਂ
ਦੀ ਕੜ-ਕੜ

Sandip Chauhan
USA

drenched in rain
a thrown newspaper with info
about the drought

zlana deszczem
wyrzucona gazeta ze wzmianką
o suszy

Robert Kania
Poland

a lost road
my footprints covered
in snow

*загубен път
стъпките ми покрити
със сняг*

*Vessislava Savova
Bulgaria*

glimmering light
from the pool's surface
a swirling mist

晨光熹微
池塘水面
轻雾袅袅升起

*Yunsheng Jiang
China*

lone walk—
the moon in puddles
I split to pieces

*samotny spacer—
na kawałki rozbijam
księżyc w kałuży*

*Magdalena Banasziewicz
Poland*

summer sundown–
a girl's red hair intensifies
the glow

*letnji zalazak sunca–
crvena kosa devojke
pojačava sjaj*

*Dragan Ristić
Serbia*

the mountain stream falls silent in his hands

górski potok cichnie w dłoniach

*Adam Augustin
Poland*

cold breeze
my shadow on the wall
seems so lonely

- سردن سپم
ام سایه ت نهاست چه
دیوار بر

*Mojgan Soghrati
Iran*

morning jog
the golden heart jumps
between her breasts

*poranny jogging
złote serduszko podskakuje
między jej piersiami*

*Artur Lewandowski
Poland*

still some scent
in the lavender bag . . .
winter deepens

*še nekaj vonja
v zavitku sivke . . .
zima se pogloblja*

*Polona Oblak
Slovenia*

river sunset
an eagle and I cross
the mountains

ஆற்று சூரிய மறைவு
ஒரு கழுகும் நானும் மலைகளை
கடக்கிறோம்

*Ramesh Anand
India*

carnival time
among masked dancers
a bare-boned girl

*vrijeme karnevala
na maskaranoj povorci
gologuza plesacica*

*Marija Pogorilić
Croatia*

childhood blanket
now I wrap in it
my mother's chill

*kocyk z dzieciństwa
teraz otulam nim
chłód mojej matki*

*Marta Chocilowska
Poland*

farm holidays
in the outhouse heart
a summer moon

*wakacje na wsi
w serduszku wiejskiego wychodka
księżyc w pełni*

*Artur Lewandowski
Poland*

petals fall—
we gather rosehips thinking
only of tea

*Mary Kendall
USA*

holiday snaps—
the lingering warmth
of a tom yum soup

*Jayashree Maniyil
Australia*

foxtail grasses
three are swaying gently
at mama's grave

三棵狗尾草
轻摇
在妈妈坟头

Jiang Yunsheng
China

a bridge bows
above the river—
a moon's circle

łuki mostu
ponad rzeką—
okrąg księżycyca

Zuzanna Truchlewska
Poland

bloomed lime
in its fragrant shade
honeyed thoughts

lipa v razcvetu
v njeni dišeči senci
medijo misli

Dimitrij Škrk
Slovenia

chain-link fence . . .
I capture the monarch butterfly
in a photograph

Cyndi Lloyd
USA

in and out—
the barn shadows
of swallows

Bernard Gieske
USA

vortex—
the endless twirl
of a dry twig

Yesha Shah
India

red stoplight
a ladybird exits
my auto

Juliet Avery
United Kingdom

first sun rays . . .
a black swan breaks
through the mist

Jayashree Maniyil
Australia

the shards
of my reflection
winter pond

Rachel Sutcliffe
United Kingdom

long day . . .
the lonely seagulls
deep arc

Kanchan Chatterjee
India

invalid lady—
she sends apricot blossoms
over the wall

Jerry Foshee
USA

wind shows itself whitecaps storm the beach

William Scott Galasso
USA

the beat of rain and the sluicing after

Jim Kacian
USA

thick fog I wake to a smaller world

Elaine Riddell
New Zealand

falling in clusters nameless yellow flowers

Shloka Shankar
India

full moon the sound of geese crossing

Ed Baker
USA

sandpipers
... chasing waves
being chased

Carole MacRury
USA

Dedicated to Mr. James Hackett

oriental bazaar—
all colors of the rainbow
from hands to hands

*orientalny bazar—
przechodzą z rąk do rąk
wszystkie kolory tęczy*

Krzysztof Kokot
Poland

morning fog—
the meadow deep
in cowbells

bhorer kuasha—
gorur ghantay haralo
prantar

Sanjuktaa Asopa
India

spring snow—
the tattered blanket back
on the scarecrow

ਬਸੰਤ ਦੀ ਬਰਫ—
ਓਹੀ ਫਟਿਆ ਪੁਰਾਣਾ ਕੰਬਲ
ਮੁੜ ਡਰਨੇ ਤੇ

Arvinder Kaur
India

humming a tune
he forms another branch
on the bonsai

*nucqç melodię
formuje kolejnq gałqzkę
bonsai*

*Maria Tomczak
Poland*

spring runoff . . .
launching a paper boat
into the creek

ਬਸੰਤ ਜਲ-ਵਹਿਣ . . .

ਤੰਗ ਖਾੜੀ ਵਿਚ ਠੇਲ੍ਹੀ

ਕਾਗਦ ਦੀ ਬੋੜੀ

*Sandip Chauhan
USA*

Sirius rising
the alley cat's
bristled fur

*Sirius vzhaja
nasršene dlake
pocestne mačke*

*Polona Oblak
Slovenia*

Haiku Editor's Commentary

summer drought
a farmhand's sweat
wets the sod

Barnabas Ikeoluwa Adeleke
Nigeria

Here is a well written haiku moment I've chosen for one of my Editor's Choices by Barnabas Ikeoluwa Adeleke our UHTS Ambassador to Nigeria. What a familiar experience this must be for those of us who have ever been through a drought, especially for a farmhand still working the sod! A succinct 3,4,3 write that says everything in just 8 carefully chosen words, and yet Barnabas has included a "wide setting", a subject and verb" and an "aha" . . . simply all that is necessary for a good haiku.

—*cattails* principal editor an'ya, USA

frogpond
the moon eclipsed
by a lily pad

David J. Kelly
Ireland

A classic haiku I couldn't resist for one of my Choices as Editor is this one by David J. Kelly from Ireland. Anytime a common happening is portrayed in an uncommon way such as "the moon eclipsed by a lily-pad", it's a haiku worth reading. Nice alliteration in this one as well as superb visuals. Thank you David for sharing it with our readers.

—*cattails* principal editor an'ya, USA

wind chimes
the first drops of rain
change their sound

*dzwonki wietrzne
pierwsze krople deszczu
zmieniają dźwięk*

*Janina Kołodziejczyk
Italy*

Another Editor's Choice haiku by Janina Kolodziejczyk who lives in Italy. Sound haiku are sometimes difficult to write, but in this case, Janina makes it look so easy. Who would have thought about the raindrops changing the sound of the wind chimes, but yes! obviously she was listening closely and using her keen senses to write this one.

—*cattails principal editor an'ya, USA*

morning run
geese on the soccer field
on dewy grass

*Erin J. Jones
USA*

I chose this haiku by Erin J. Jones from the USA as an EC because it shows how repetition can be effective in haiku writing. It is layered first with "geese on a soccer field" and then with "on the dewy grass"; perhaps even Erin was running on the soccer field which would even triple the layering. Very nice work.

—*cattails principal editor an'ya, USA*

autumn evening
my deck rail underlines
the sunset
*Shirley Plummer
USA*

For another Editor's Choice, talk about painting a wonderful word picture, here it is by established haiku writer Shirley Plummer from the USA. When you watch a sun set from your own deck, will you not always see it this way from this point on? Just like a watercolor hanging in a gallery exhibit. Thank you Shirley.

—*cattails* principal editor an'ya, USA

dizzying heat
upside down and sideways
the nuthatch
Joyce Joslin Lorenson
USA

For this EC a delightful haiku by Joyce Joslin Lorenson from the USA. Starting with “dizzying heat” in line 1 and then deepening the meaning in line 2, and a surprise in line 3. Nothing more to ask for in this one. Quite a serendipitous moment indeed.

—*cattails* principal editor an'ya, USA

mountains reflection
I turn the trail map
upside down

górskie odbicie
odwracam mapę szlaku
do góry nogami

Magda Sobieszek
Poland

Here for another Editor's Choice, another “upside down” haiku moment written by Magda Sobieszek from Poland. Again, line 2 enhances and extends line 1, and line 3 gives it closure and an unexpected surprise. Something to always remember when you are hiking the trail.

—*cattails* principal editor an'ya, USA

commuter train—
watching the landscape
pick up speed

Lolly Williams
USA

As mentioned in my prelude there were so many good haiku submitted, and here is yet another Editor's Choice written by Lolly Williams from the USA. I am sure a familiar scene for many of you, but Lolly wrote it down and made it a special moment for all of us. The landscape moving by slowly and then faster and faster as the train picks up speed, nice write.

—*cattails principal editor an'ya, USA*

country road
under the horse's hooves
wild apples

wiejska droga
pod końskimi kopytami
dzikie jabłka

Gabriel Sawicki
Poand

I have chosen this haiku by Gabriel Sawicki for numerous reasons, one of them being the excellent pivot in line 2. However, this haiku also speaks on many levels as it contains multiple senses ie: the sound of horse's hooves, the taste of wild apples before they fell, and the visuals of that country road.

—*cattails principal editor an'ya, USA*

rising moon
horses on the hilltop
wander into night

Gavin Austin
Australia

cattails May 2015

Thanks to Gavin Austin from Australia for this EC haiku also about horses. An extraordinary sight to see and savor in your mind's eye. Nice "h" sounds in line 2 allows this write to spill perfectly into the final line as the horses move out of the moonlight and "wander into night". It's very refreshing to have such skillful writers continually submitting to *cattails*.

—*cattails* principal editor an'ya, USA

cattails

May 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 to 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.

REMINDER: Please send any/all other submissions (within the "body" of an email), with the Subject heading for the appropriate form you are submitting to, in **all CAPITAL LETTERS**

You must include your Country, full name, and email address to be considered!

The Simple Creed of Submitting

Sonam Chhoki, Bhutan

When I read Bob Lucky's *Viewpoint* in the April 2015 issue of *CHO* I had a light-bulb moment. Here are a few thoughts I would like to share.

1.

Don't make your submission read like an Adobe Flash or Firefox notice:

Firefox 35.0.4 update available

There's a 'real' person whom you expect to read your work. Whether you're a first-time poet or the recipient of 60 or more awards make that human contact. :

Dear Editor or Dear T (if you know the person)

2.

State your name clearly as you would like it to appear: Molly or Mary Tudor, Anu or Anuradha Sharma, and be sure to tell us what country you are from.

3.

Send your submission to the correct email contact. It saves time.

4.

If an editor offers suggestions don't take it as an attack on you. You are of course free to decline. Writing is a craft that needs to be practised. TS Eliot said for a work to be significant the writer must achieve 'something outside' of oneself. He pointed out it is a fallacy to believe that, in subjecting one's writing to criticism, one loses one's individual voice.

5.

Don't send poems which are not your own original work. In this age of database the fallout can be catastrophic.

The Chill

Gabriel Sawicki

Poland

Winter came fast. On a quiet, early morning I clear the snow out of the driveway. I am not expecting any guests and I am not leaving home today. If my wife were here she would make me do it anyway.

Last night was extremely cold and it brought a lot of snow. It was quiet as if silence itself was falling out of the sky with the snowflakes.

Even in fur gloves my fingers are freezing. Each shovelful is heavier than the last one. I feel the weight of age on my back. I think I have become more hunched since last year. There's no one to tell me, 'Don't slouch!'

prick of a thorn—
her roses are buried
deep in the snow

Only Child

Barbara Tate

USA

I'm tired. Monday, the real estate agent suggests the house be cleared of personal possessions. Each day I make the 80 miles round trip to sift the residue of my parents' lives.

One more drawer to empty. A box on the right, garbage bag on the left, I pull out a footstool, ease myself down and wonder how I'll get back up. The glare of the 60 watt overhead doesn't help the headache.

empty husks
the locusts move
to a new field

In The Blink of an Eye

Ronald Grognet

USA

Mardi Gras was going to be special. A couple my wife and I had spent some time with during summer vacation had accepted our invitation for Mardi Gras and were going to follow it up with a cruise as well. I emailed them several days ahead asking for their flight information so I could pick them up at the airport. Later that day the husband, clearly in tears, informed me his wife had died suddenly of a stroke just two days earlier. By blinking her eyes, his wife had conveyed her wish for no extraordinary procedures and she quickly passed away. She may have had the stroke, but I was the one who couldn't speak.

late in the season

some leaves still cling to branches

—as if alive

What's Past Is Prologue

Chen-ou Liu

Canada

Sitting alone by the window, I look out at the maple swaying in the breeze. Out of nowhere, I feel the stab of a memory—she waving me goodbye at the airport. I hold on to that memory, the universe hanging on the branches.

spring sunlight
breaking between branches
the sound of my voice

SPRING DUSK

Adelaide B. Shaw

USA

A warm evening in May. In my patio, sipping coffee and watching the lowering sun light up the old stone well. Potted yellow begonias become luminous. Sprinklers on the golf course swish and swoosh.

noiseless

a maple seed twirls down—

the page remains blank

A TRIP

*Dimitrij Škrk
Slovenia*

I'm a sightseer, travelling often. Taking my trips far away. I wander in search of my dreams, in search of myself. A trip into my soul over countless illusions and blows until I dream again like a child touching the oceans with the wind, the vessels of ancient sailors and the fertile land of the fathers.

night in February—
towards a silver moon
a path in the snow

POTOVANJE

Popotnik sem, ki večno potuje. Odhajam daleč, v iskanju svojih sanj, daleč vase. Pot do moje duše me vodi preko neskončnih iluzij in nešteti udarcev, do sanj otroka, ki se z vetrom dotika oceanov, ladij davnih mornarjev in plodne zemlje očetov.

*februarska noč—
proti srebrni luni
vodi gaz v snegu*

(Translated by Đurđa Vukelić-Rožić, Croatia)

Crossroads

Marilyn Humbert

Australia

The bush track is edged with tiny white star shaped petals, tea-tree blossom, and dappled with magpie shadows. Around the bend, yellow flowers of banksia lift my mood even though the blooms are much smaller than their mainland cousins. Amongst the banksia trunks lined and wrinkled with age is an under—storey of bracken fern sheltered from the sou' westerly, chill with ice and snow from Antarctica.

alone
with my thoughts—
crossroads

The track veers left into the wind taking me closer to the crags overlooking the bay. White caps rumble in the shallows and the dark blue swells of deeper water writhe in seducing dance.

seagulls squabble
for the best fishing spot—
confused intentions

Time's Arrow, Time's Cycle

Raamesh Gowri Raghavan

India

They see much, these statues standing guard at Goddess Kamakhya's dark temple; there's a nose lopped off here, an ear eroded there, by wind, by time, by swords. Now they've become nesting sites for doves that mate, rear chicks and shed guano on these timeless sentinels. They see cows amble around bestowing sacred dung, they see the fresh blood of sacrificed buffaloes. They still stand, these statues, their thousand-year silence covered with vermilion and ash. They see the rag-clothed pilgrims shivering in the morning drizzle or wilting in the noon sun not unlike the oleander petals and mango leaves that they bring as offerings to the tantric Goddess. They see the priests in red vestments; arrogance writ large on their pouchy faces. They see the banana, papaya, margosa trees shelter a sacrificial goat. And they see me, eager tourist trapping them in camera stills.

monsoon showers—
the forest bursts into flames
blossom by blossom

An Unofficial Story (EC)

(for Oskar)

Chen-ou Liu

Canada

ink-black:
smoke trails a life
from the north tower

Another sleepless night. Winter moonlight on the empty side of her bed. From the bedside table, she picks up *A Place of Remembrance: The Official Photo Book of 9/11*. She stares at the book for a moment. Tears roll down her face as she rips out some of the pages. With a sigh, she puts the torn-out pages in reverse order. When she flips through them, dozens of people are flying through the windows back into the building.

A Cat's Life Cycle

Giselle Maya

France

June, 2 1999: born with a sister and brother in my house.

I bring a bowl of water for mother cat Kashi in labor
all three kittens beautiful tabbies
with magical Ms on their foreheads

three months of apprenticeship with mother
nourished by her milk learning how to use paws

to clean their faces, their ears
to hunt and appear when mother gently calls mrrraow
nibbling summer grasses and nepeta plants

a long pleasant life in a vast garden
full of little creatures to be chased
a bevy of moles and field mice
flowers, grasses, fruit trees
naps in the scent of sage plants

fifteen years and eight months later
an intestinal bug has felled the joy
of this wild free life—Anise is ailing
eats very little, is fading, does not complain,
goes out briefly to see her street and garden

she purrs when I hold her close
I talk to her, we both don't know
if this is her last day
our last day together

wild clematis
by the almond tree . . .
freshly turned earth

Note: This haibun is intended to be a lament, a song rather than a straightforward narrative passage.

A SUNDAY WALK

Adelaide B. Shaw

USA

It was a No Drive Sunday because of the oil embargo. We are living in Switzerland, and, with a few friends, we walk from our village to another for lunch at the auberge.

the long hike—
golden maples
wave us on

The road is wide but rough. Mostly used for heavy farm equipment.

the autumn breeze—
a new layer of scent
from the auberge

We congratulate ourselves. Who needs a car? Apparently others didn't either. The parking lot has several bicycles and the dining room is full.

crows
fly out of the corn stubble—
their jeering calls

Bands

Ruth Holzer

USA

Whenever I asked what she needed, she only wanted more rubber bands. What are you doing, eating them? I was often tempted to inquire, but she never had much of a sense of humor, and since my father died, it had vanished completely. So on every visit, I'd bring her several packages of them. When I was clearing out her things, I found shoe boxes full of unopened mail, neatly bound together by rubber bands that had grown brittle with age and fell apart at my touch. All those papers she didn't want me to see, convinced that I was stealing from her. All those statements and tax forms and un-cashed checks.

back to school—
my braids neat
in red satin ribbons

In the garden

Diana Teneva

Bulgaria

I love gardening. I grow all kinds of flowers, both simple and those requiring special care. When my mother passed away I was left her garden with a great variety, from the delicate snowdrop to the vibrant hydrangea. I always have to be careful, not to miss the transplanting deadlines and to watch out for plants that tend to overwhelm neighboring flowers.

yucca leaves–
the pinned butterfly
still beautiful

Every morning, still in the bed, I plan my day which always starts with watering the flowers. After that, the regular tasks of improving and learning follow. Finally the day ends with clearing away the faded and dead leaves and blossoms.

daybreak . . .
where to hide
from ourselves

В градината

Обичам да отглеждам цветя. Отглеждам всякакви – и съвсем простички, и такива, изискващи специални грижи. След смъртта на мама наследих и нейната градинка, където виреят най-различни видове – от нежното кокиче до жизнената хортензия. Винаги трябва да се внимава, не само да не пропусна сроковете на пресаждане, но и за цветя, склонни да завладяват пространството на съседите си.

*листа на юка–
набодената пеперуда
все още красива*

Всяка сутрин, докато съм още в леглото правя план на деня си, който винаги започва с поливане на цветята. След това следват неизменните задачи, водещи до самоусъвършенстване и самопознание, и най-накрая, за завършек на деня, следва чистене на градинката от увехналите и мъртви листа и цветя.

*зазоряване . . .
къде да се скрием
от себе си*

The Children of the Cave (EC)

Joann Grisetti

USA

Tunnels dug into the mountains surrounding Sasebo were used to build submarines during the war. The Japanese Navy could launch the submarines at night to avoid detection by the American planes. After the bombs at Nagasaki left so many people homeless, they moved in to these tunnels, some of the caves holding over a hundred families. Some lived in cardboard boxes, others had pieces of lumber, plywood or corrugated steel they had scrounged for walls. In mild dry weather, these shelters would be moved to the riverbanks, close to water. In cold and wet seasons, they were moved back into the caves. Small entryways were temporarily built around the opening of the tunnels to block cold and wet weather. Inside conditions rapidly became cramped and unsanitary. Little natural light got in. All water had to be carried in and all waste carried out.

floodtide

odor of waste

flows away

I toured one of the caves, while it was occupied, as part of a joint effort between the Japanese Girl Guides and American Girl Scouts to hand out gifts of paper, pencils, erasers and notebooks to the children living in the caves. Sanitary facilities were minimum or non-existent. Electricity was sporadic at best. The farther in one went the more damp it became and the less light from the opening.

a poverty

of rainfall

few blossoms open

Untold

Paresh Tiwari

India

For days I read about him, his obsessions, his muse, the colours he used, the trajectory his life took. I see him anew through the eyes of art critics and self-proclaimed experts and discover him in the words of biographers and columnists.

Later, in the stark white hallways of the gallery, I lose myself bit-by-bit in his world. How did he choose his subjects, why both beauty and its ugly underbelly? Why did he use paints the way he did—slashing and jabbing, almost as if hiding his own wounds, piling breath upon breath on the canvas until there was none left in him.

Would he have been a different man had he stayed with one woman?

autumn leaves . . .

in a discarded canvas

i discover Dad

ZERO IN ON WHAT YOU WANT

Mike Montreuil

Canada

Words are easy to say and yet so hard to act on. And what do I want? You? Perhaps. But that would leave me empty with nothing left to strive for.

Spring morning
a cardinal
sings to another

Now you're catching on. I see it in your smile. You understand the dilemma of having to choose a direction at the fork on the road.

wind storm
knowing our tree
may be blown down

banjo night

Kala Ramesh

India

"This still smells new!" my son-in-law commented, when he got into my one year-old car. I took it as a compliment, for I do maintain things well, until on his next visit, he gets me two car fresheners.

banjo night
notes spin around
the dancer

The Spaddagh River

Amanda Bell

Ireland

The Callow Water Scheme in East Mayo frequently issues boil-orders. As a result, local shops do good business selling large, square two-litre bottles of potable water. These accumulate quickly. When my daughters were four and seven we built a raft by cramming the space in the middle of a wooden pallet with empty water bottles, and launched it in the Spaddagh River, a small spawning stream running into the Moy.

It was late August; the air was thick with seeds and midges and the smell of cattle. The raft soon ran aground on a muddy bank where livestock came to drink. In their matching floral bathing suits, the girls daubed one another with fresh green dung, and draped riverweed about their heads and shoulders, transforming themselves into naiads.

scent of meadowsweet—
swallows readying themselves
for flight

Cache

Raamesh Gowri Raghavan

India

It is still too early to say what memories will crystallise around you. For now, it is the bedpan not emptied, the smell of ointments and pills in your room and your waning voice damning the world. But once my tears have dried and the puja flowers have withered, perhaps I will freeze you at an age when you looked better.

Will it be the black and white honeymoon photos taken on a boat in the lake in Matheran when you first let me down (couldn't you find any place cheaper?), and the mundan of our first-born where your mother made such a fuss and that stupid photo from the wedding of some cousin of yours where your middle-aged, balding face and paunch made me fall out of love with you for the first time?

And yes, the shaadi-ka-video, the cassette recording of our kid reciting nursery rhymes and certainly all the unrecorded fights (you never earned enough, drank too much and never bought me enough flowers) and that ne'er-do-well son you gave me who lamented loudly at the funeral and your sisters—let us not talk about your sisters. No I will not box you into anything; for you know when I too die, I wouldn't like being framed in an 8" by 10" surrounded by withered flowers.

frogpond

—a new croak

joins the chorus

Notes:

mundan: a ritual practised by Hindus when the child has reached its first birthday. The hair on the head is shaved off and offered to the Gods for allowing the child to survive this long.

shaadi-ka-video: a wedding video. However, 'shaadi-ka-video' has another meaning in Indian popular culture: a tacky job, amateurishly shot and edited.

Home Before Dark

Glenn G. Coats

USA

Fifty years pass by; Billy still lives at the foot of the Blue Mountains. He is not the oldest resident but has lived there the longest. Remembers when the road was dirt and there were only five houses on Bickel Drive. His wife still works at the foundry, likes the people and the money comes in handy. Billy retired when the Brick Yard closed for good so now he fixes things around the house and banks the coal stove at night. "Always has to have a project," his wife says.

Lots of young families and new babies in the neighborhood. Bicycles and strollers squeak up and down the road. Neighbors think Billy is an odd duck, waves hello one minute then ignores them the next, turns and walks away in the middle of a conversation. "The old coot is losing it," one of them says.

Billy pretends to like fishing for the sake of his grandson, takes him down past the rusted railroad cars where they use chicken liver to catch catfish in the Schuykill. In the spring after the snow melts, they hike up in the mountains where they fish skinny streams. "Brook trout are about the size of your hand," Billy says, "and too pretty to keep."

This morning there are five inches of fresh snow; all the hills and roads are rolled in white carpet. Billy can hear voices above the sound of snow blowers. He tightens the handle on his shovel then puts on a hat and scarf. He plans on clearing his walk then maybe helping Helen who lost her husband just three months ago. Not too cold and not much wind to speak of—a good day to do some work. "I'll be back before long," Billy calls to his wife. "Be careful when you step out the door."

patches of ice
the tractor still
where it stopped

THIEVING WORDS

Mike Montreuil
Canada

Her text seemed simple enough. Meet me at X's at 11:30.

April afternoon
thoughts turn to
funeral arrangements

Endless Path

Angelee Deodhar

India

Before my kidney stone surgery the doctors advise me not to move about. To allay my fears of one more operation, my tenth, I think of Santoka and imagine the weather-beaten face of an itinerant monk with a large sedge hat. I see the green mountains and from this hospital bed, tied to an I.V. line I go wandering on the eighty-eight temples pilgrimage of Shikoku Island.

In Matsuyama, my friends and I walked to Santoka's small cottage just below a dense, purple bamboo grove towering over yellow flowers that rippled down the stone embankment through shape-shifting leaf shadows.

The doctors can't stop me . . . they won't even know.

summer clouds
sliced by twin jet contrails—
a shrike's staccato cry

Changing The Calendar

Bill Gottlieb

USA

The first day of December, the month you died, the world's tilt spilling light, night enlarging. Eleven months later I'm a calmer mourner: nearly a year of tears has diluted loss; dust is just one note of my daily draught, chased today with rain, the fallen leaves like hankies dirtied by time. Yes, the orbit is almost complete—my first without you, in this system of distances illumined by the fusion of suffering and love, my hurtling heart behind dark bars, counting the moments until now.

tarp over the rotted deck
in a downpour

Released to dream

Sonam Chhoki

Bhutan

I have been browsing Leonardo da Vinci's drawings of water. His red chalk, ink and pen studies of 'Water Passing Obstacle' and 'Water Falling' have a cinematographic vision. The stylized swirls bubble and foam with a dark intensity. In other sketches his 'Storm over an Alpine Valley' and 'End of the World' are apocalyptic depictions of maelstroms. Of all the elements water exercised the greatest fascination for Leonardo. He called it 'vetturale di natura' ('vehicle of nature') and wrote: 'In time and with water, everything changes . . .' I am struck by how his portrayal of the movement of water have an inner rhythm that makes it evanescent and mesmerizing at the same time.

rain mists
golden dome of temple
disappears, appears

It is late winter. Snowy patches on the ridge. A lone eagle circles over the larch grove. Down in the valley it has begun to thaw. The ice that covered the old mule track is now a rivulet. I stop to let a herd of cows pass. The patter of their hooves on the melting ice draws my attention. Where the path slopes, water runs down in patterns of semi-circles and as these touch a stone or a twig they arch into shapes of the letter M. Wave after symmetrical wave streams by.

bare oak
outlining its shape
a flock of crows

I have often walked this way to my favourite weeping willow by the river. I do not recall seeing water rippling rhythmically down this gradient in sequence of semi-circles and the letter M. Today, in the stillness of a winter morning, it is as if Leonardo has given me a textual bearing for the improvised beauty of water markings on a familiar path.

much nearer
distant mountains
in the dawn light

Comic Cuts

Patricia Prime

New Zealand

childhood
the soft blur
of words and pictures

In a footnote to his latest collection of poetry, a friend writes about poring over collection of used comics: Archie, Little Lulu, Superman, The Green Lantern and Captain Marvel. My parents had a shop next door to a tobacconist/bookshop where my mum bought me a comic each week. The Beano, The Dandy, Eagle or Bunty, which I'd read in their tailor's shop after school and then she'd take it back and say I'd already had that one and exchange it for another.

My mum and dad hardly read at all, but dad read the newspaper and chuckled over the comic strips. "Funnies," he called them. I'm not sure where my love of reading came from, but I expect it was from my grandmother. Each Christmas she gave me a book Beauty, were among my favourites. I still have these books half a century later and they've been read by both my daughter and granddaughter.

bookbinder
repairing my bible
with red leather

Forgotten (EC)

Shobhana Kumar

India

For twelve days she tottered between excruciating pain and confused identity. Nothing had changed to the world: she was just a man who was possibly rabidly insane, and was best left to die. Inside, her severed hormones raged like a monsoon. She no longer knew hunger from pain; sorrow from thirst; the loss of belonging from sheer abandonment.

Finally, discarding the life like the shirt she had worn all along she emerged in a sequined sari, rapped her knuckles on the kiosk and demanded money.

half moon—
the unwritten pages
of my diary

Haibun Editor's Commentary

In his collection of essays, titled, *No Passion Spent*, George Steiner (born 1929) literary critic, essayist and philosopher explores aspects of reading and the relationship between the writer and the reader. He argues that 'latent in every act of complete reading is the compulsion to write a book in reply'. Reading each of these haibun I felt compelled to respond in some way.

The Children of the Cave

Joann Grisetti

USA

Tunnels dug into the mountains surrounding Sasebo were used to build submarines during the war. The Japanese Navy could launch the submarines at night to avoid detection by the American planes. After the bombs at Nagasaki left so many people homeless, they moved in to these tunnels, some of the caves holding over a hundred families. Some lived in cardboard boxes, others had pieces of lumber, plywood or corrugated steel they had scrounged for walls. In mild dry weather, these shelters would be moved to the riverbanks, close to water. In cold and wet seasons, they were moved back into the caves. Small entryways were temporarily built around the opening of the tunnels to block cold and wet weather. Inside conditions rapidly became cramped and unsanitary. Little natural light got in. All water had to be carried in and all waste carried out.

floodtide
odor of waste
flows away

I toured one of the caves, while it was occupied, as part of a joint effort between the Japanese Girl Guides and American Girl Scouts to hand out gifts of paper, pencils, erasers and notebooks to the children living in the caves. Sanitary facilities were minimum or non-existent. Electricity was sporadic at best. The farther in one went the more damp it became and the less light from the opening.

a poverty
of rainfall
few blossoms open

The Children of the Cave by Joann Grisetti, USA has a strong narrative that holds the reader's attention. Her use of unadorned language heightens the horrific predicament and conditions of the families. To quote an example:

“Little natural light got in. All water had to be carried in and all waste carried out.” Against this background, the gifts the writer hands out, “of paper, pencils, erasers and notebooks to the children living in the caves” take on a particular poignancy.

As this year marks the 70th anniversary of the bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, Joann’s haibun is all the more powerful and timely.

—*cattails* Haibun Editor Sonam Chhoki, Bhutan

Forgotten

Shobhana Kumar
India

For twelve days she tottered between excruciating pain and confused identity. Nothing had changed to the world: she was just a man who was possibly rabidly insane, and was best left to die. Inside, her severed hormones raged like a monsoon. She no longer knew hunger from pain; sorrow from thirst; the loss of belonging from sheer abandonment.

Finally, discarding the life like the shirt she had worn all along she emerged in a sequined sari, rapped her knuckles on the kiosk and demanded money.

half moon—
the unwritten pages
of my diary

The 2012 rape and fatal assault in Delhi of a medical student, Jyoti Singh Pandey, made headlines worldwide and focused attention on the rights and status of women in contemporary India. Shobhana Kumar’s haibun, *Forgotten* explores the twilight world of transgender identity. The haibun ends on an uplifting note and one hopes that in some way it symbolizes a new direction.

—*cattails* Haibun Editor Sonam Chhoki, Bhutan

An Unofficial Story

(for Oskar)

Chen-ou Liu

Canada

ink-black:
smoke trails a life
from the north tower

Another sleepless night. Winter moonlight on the empty side of her bed. From the bedside table, she picks up *A Place of Remembrance: The Official Photo Book of 9/11*. She stares at the book for a moment. Tears roll down her face as she rips out some of the pages. With a sigh, she puts the torn-out pages in reverse order. When she flips through them, dozens of people are flying through the windows back into the building.

The power of Chen-ou Liu's haibun, *An Unofficial Story for Oskar* lies in its closing sentence: "When she flips through them, dozens of people are flying through the windows back into the building." It is amazingly evocative image that has echoes of redemption and freedom from the tyranny of time.

—*cattails* Haibun Editor Sonam Chhoki, Bhutan

cattails

May 2015

Haiga and Tankart

Haiga and Tankart 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.

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.

You can submit Haiga or Tankart submissions and questions directly to Elizabeth McFarland at: haigahouse@gmail.com with either the subject heading "HAIGA" or "TANKART".

REMINDER: Please send any/all submissions as an attachment (*not embedded within the "body" of an email*), with the Subject heading for the form you are submitting to, in **all** CAPITAL LETTERS

You must include your Country, full name, and email address to be considered!

Haiga and Tankart

David J. Kelly
Ireland



Poetry: Jesus Chameleon
Artwork: Pablo San Blaz
Marianna Islands



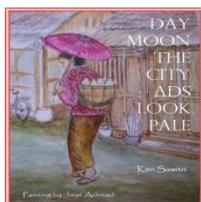
Carol MacRury
USA



an'ya
USA



Poetry: Ken Sawitri
Indonesia
Painting: Jimat Achmadi
Indonesia



Gabriel Sawicki
Poland



Debbie Strange
Canada



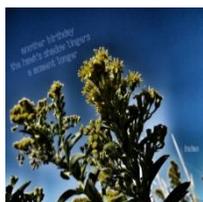
Lavana Kray
Romania



Photo: Magdalena Banaszekiewicz
Haiku: Maria Tomczak
POLAND



Barbara Kaufmann
USA



Marisa Fazio
Australia



głębszy błękit
jedna kropla deszczu
wpada w drugą

Natalia L. Rudychev

David J. Kelly

Pris Campbell
USA

USA



Shannon Humphrey

USA



For Kent

Wiesław Karliński
POLAND



*dzwonią dzwony
nawet stare schody
pachną świętecznie*

Samantha Sirimanne
Hyde
Australia



Ireland



Haiku: Zuzanna

Truchlewska

Photo: Małgorzata

Skibińska

Poland



*szkic węglem
pod palcami artysty
jej pierś*

Debbie Strange

Canada



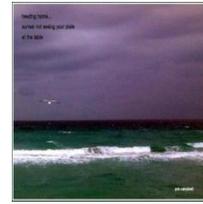
Alexis Rotella

USA



Wiesław Karliński

POLAND



Samantha Sirimanne Hyde

Australia



Photo: Ron Rosenstock

USA

Haiku: Gabriel Rosenstock

Ireland

See Featured Poet/Artist Page



*the flotsam
& jetsam of past lives . . .
cold dawn*

snámhraic & muirchur

ón saol roimhe seo . . .

fáinne fuar an lae

Haiku: Mary Kendall

USA

Marisa Fazio
Australia

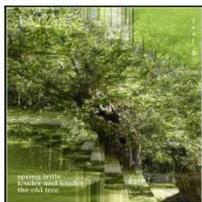


połowa marca
szpaki spóźniają się
dwa tygodnie

Photo: Debbie Suggs
USA



Janina Kołodziejczyk
Italy



wiosenne trele
głośniej i głośniej
stare drzewo

For my **first Editor's Choice** as haiga editor, I have selected Carole MacRury's haiga. Carole's haiku was an Editor's Choice in a previous issue of *cattails*. I remember reading it and enjoying how few, select words are needed to conjure up this familiar image. As I read, I immediately visualise exactly that blue of a robin's egg shell.

A deceptively simple image has been added, and we find our blue again. Not only that, the words are opened to resonate anew. We see that the robin has exchanged one blue shell for the next—this wonderful, dangerous and fragile sky. But of course we humans also share this dramatic blue shell of a world. Without any mention or depiction of people, the robin's story has been linked to ours . . . just with that picture!

Carol MacRury

USA



haiku: January 2015

EC in cattails

—cattails Haiga-Tankart Editor Elizabeth McFarland, Germany

For my **last EC** as tankart editor, I have chosen this piece by Bernard Gieske of the USA. His twist from lines 1-3 to lines 4 and 5 are very good in their juxtaposition, as is the white font on such an array of colors.

The art itself reminds me of a handpainted "Bopla" plate from Switzerland and takes me on a Cirque du Soleil journey into a fantasy world.

It also reminds me of a quilt sown stitch by stitch to create a story. All in all this tankart by Ben is quite a unique work of modern art.

Bernard Gieske

USA



—cattails principal editor an'ya, USA



*with practise
venturing beyond
the looking glass*

@motto_sakura

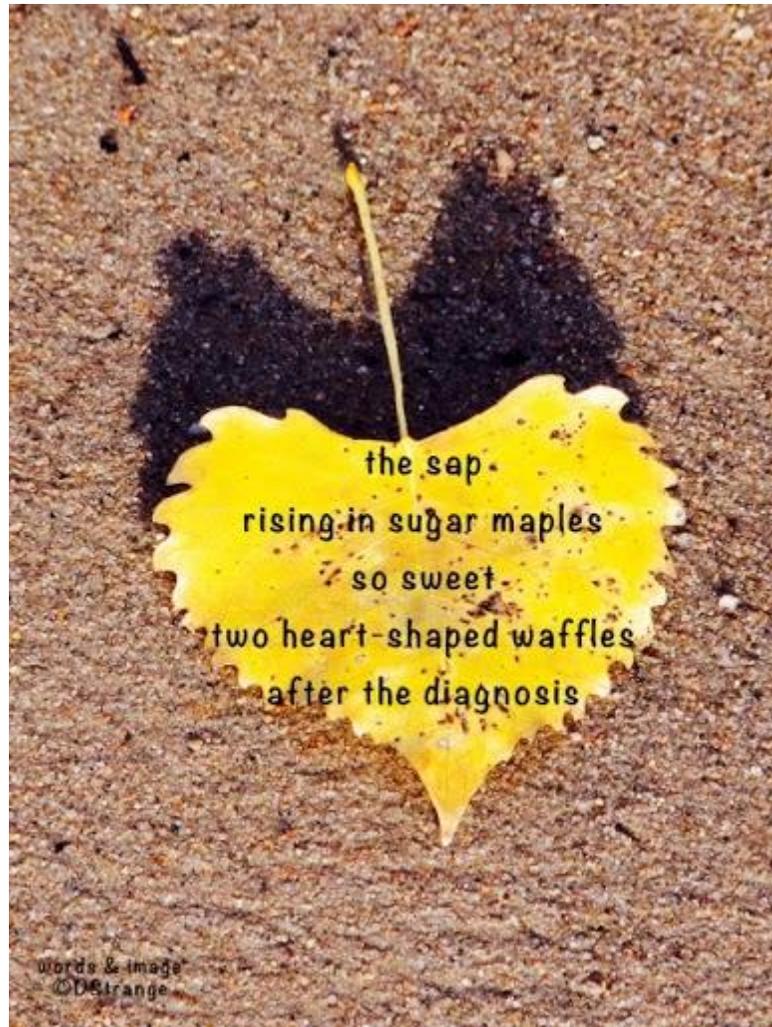
*a doused campfire
the hiss of an alpine lake
in its embers*



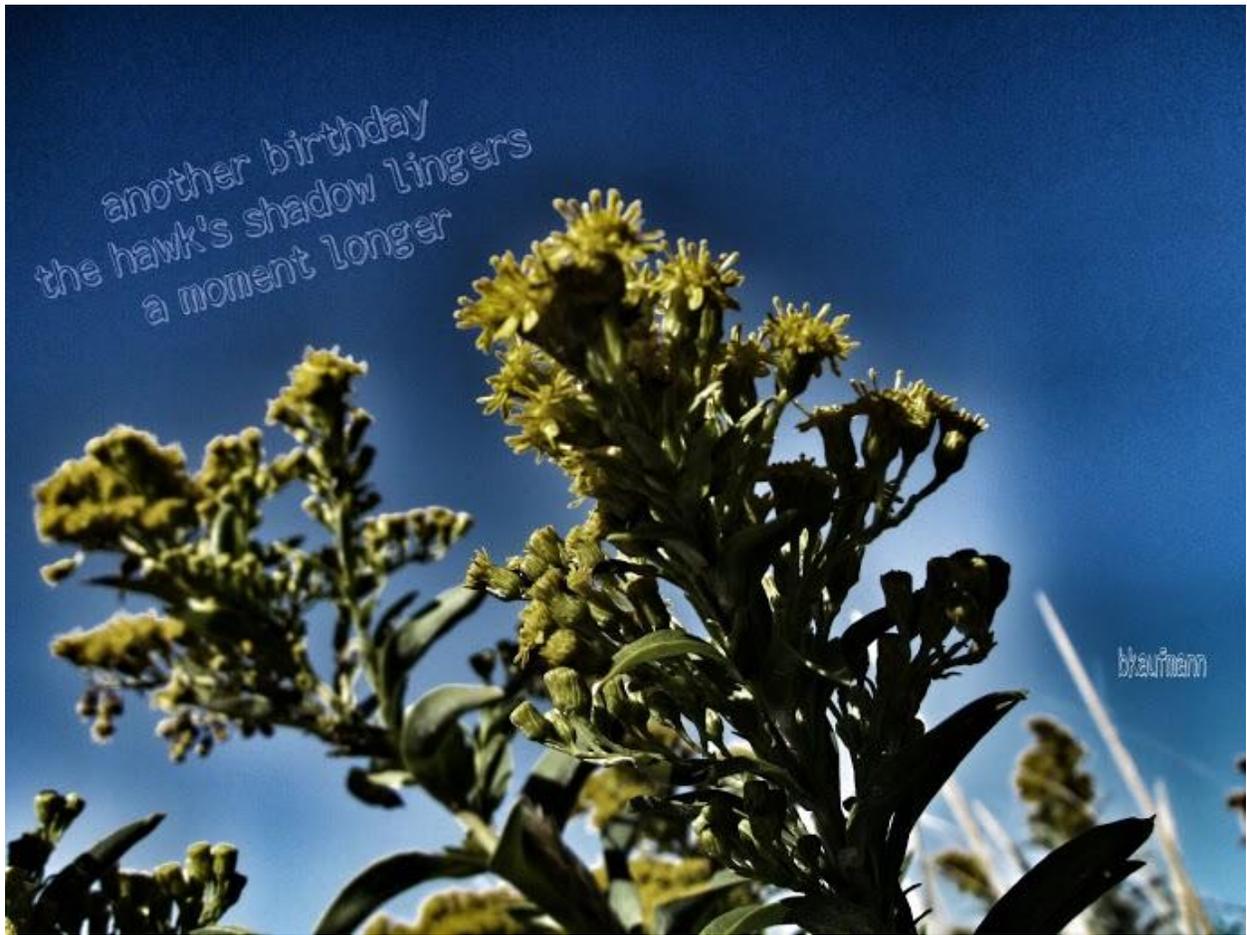
*be it hot or be it cold
love is a relative term*

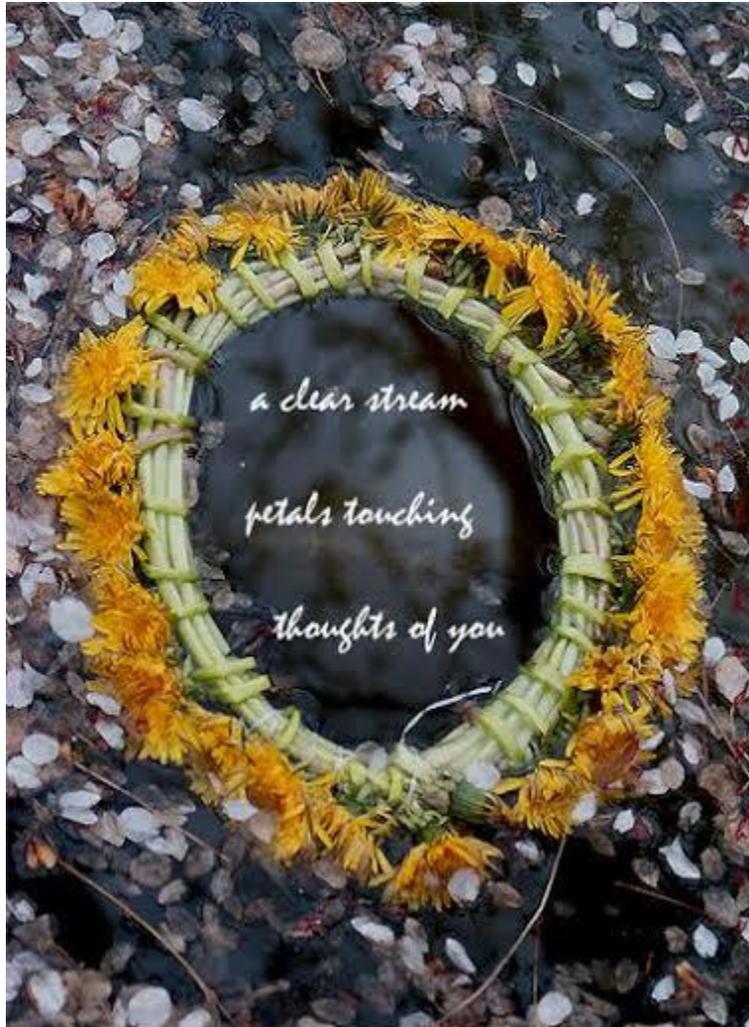


an'ya



the sap
rising in sugar maples
so sweet
two heart-shaped waffles
after the diagnosis

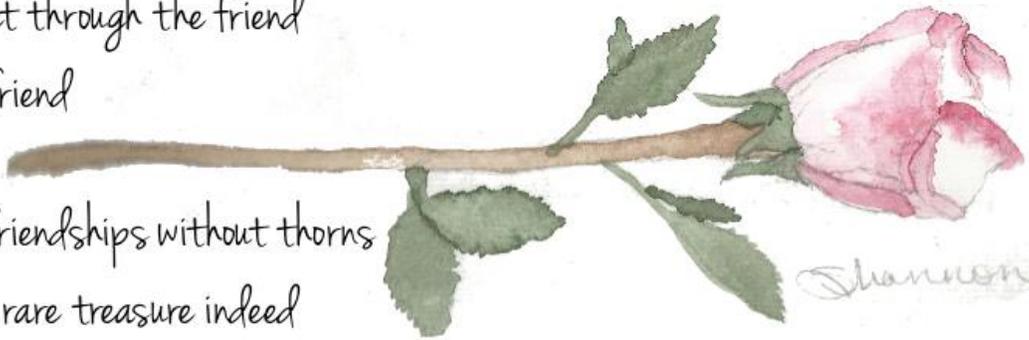




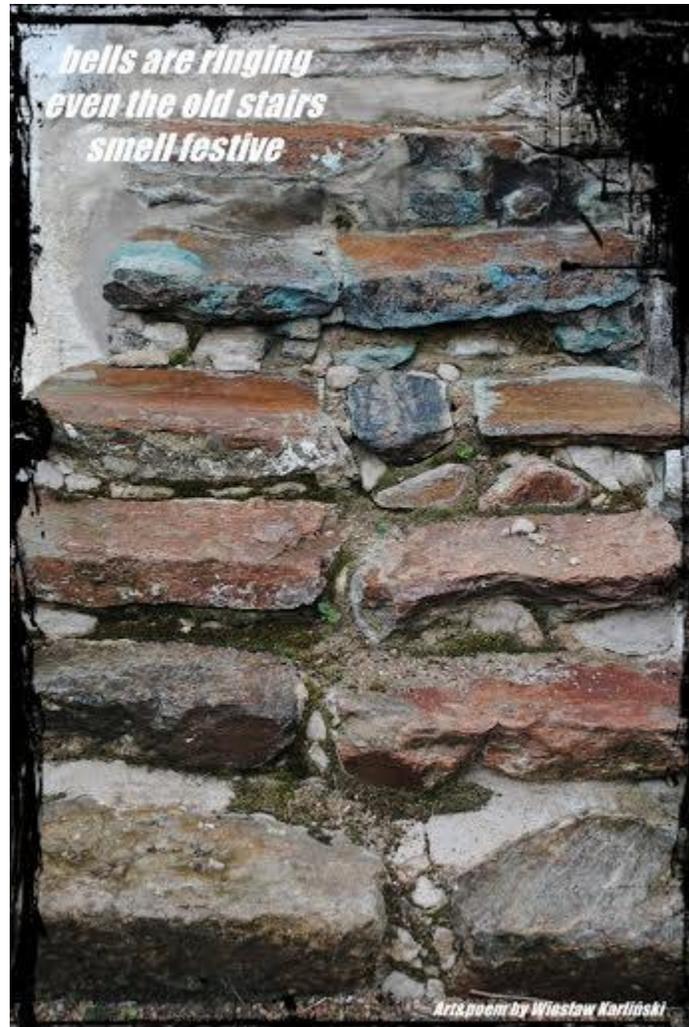
may party
we met through the friend
of a friend

and friendships without thorns
are a rare treasure indeed

an'ya



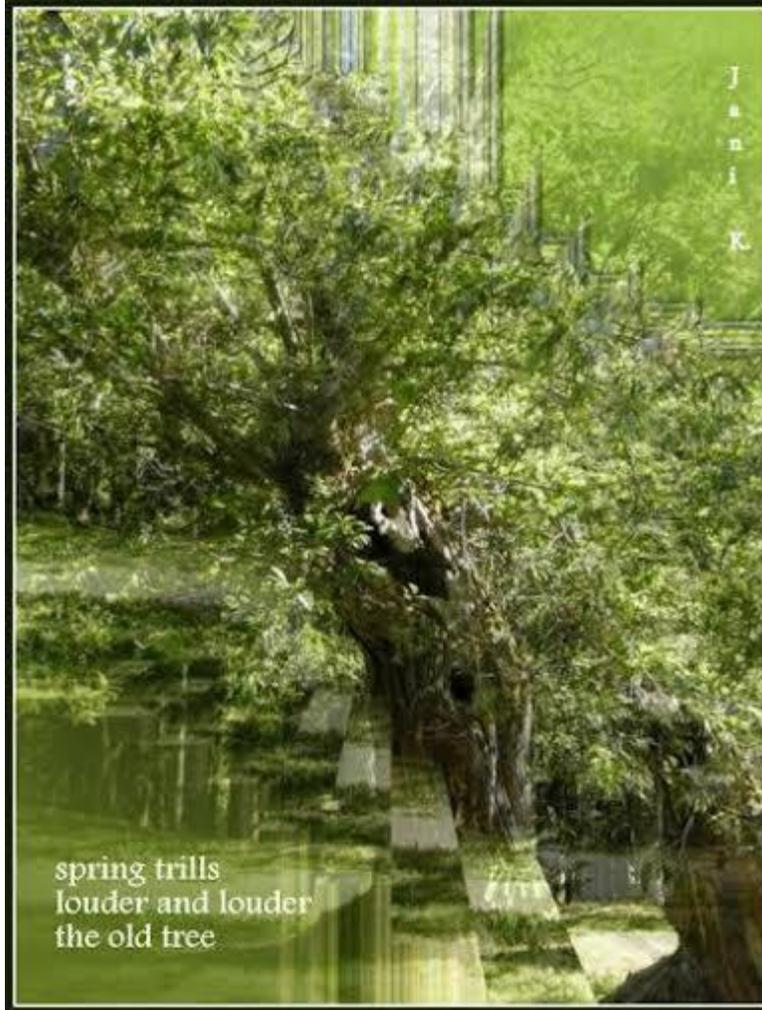
artwork Shannon Humphrey





another workday
the gardener opens a window
in her office





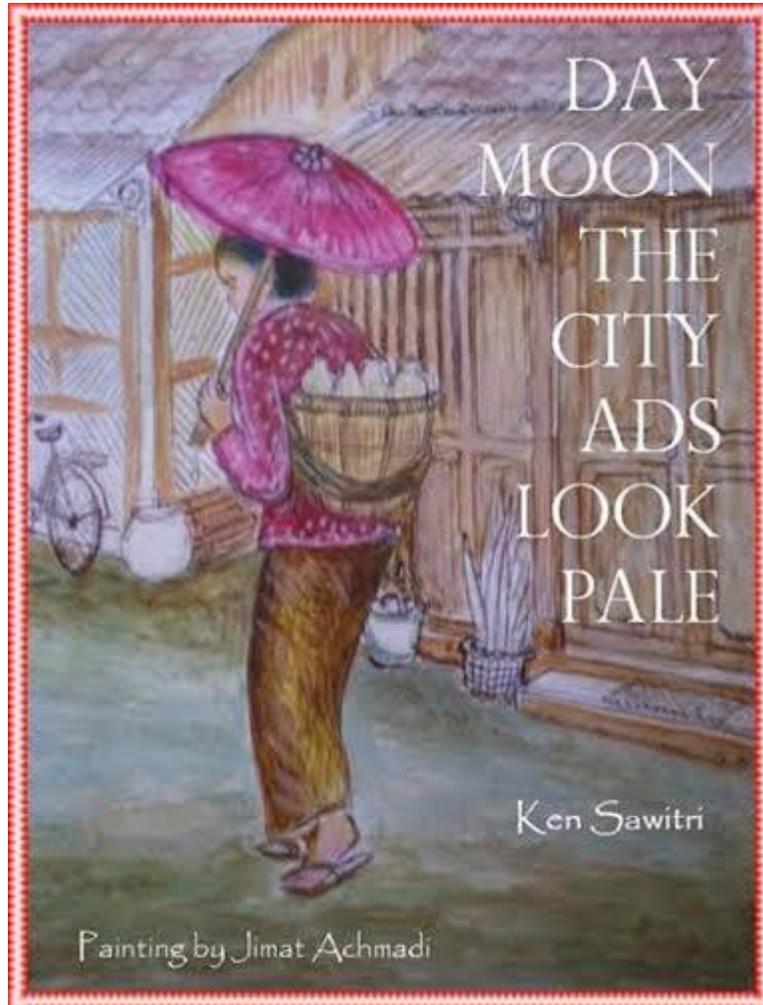
spring trills
louder and louder
the old tree

Janice

*papaya leaves
your fragrant scent
on baby skin*

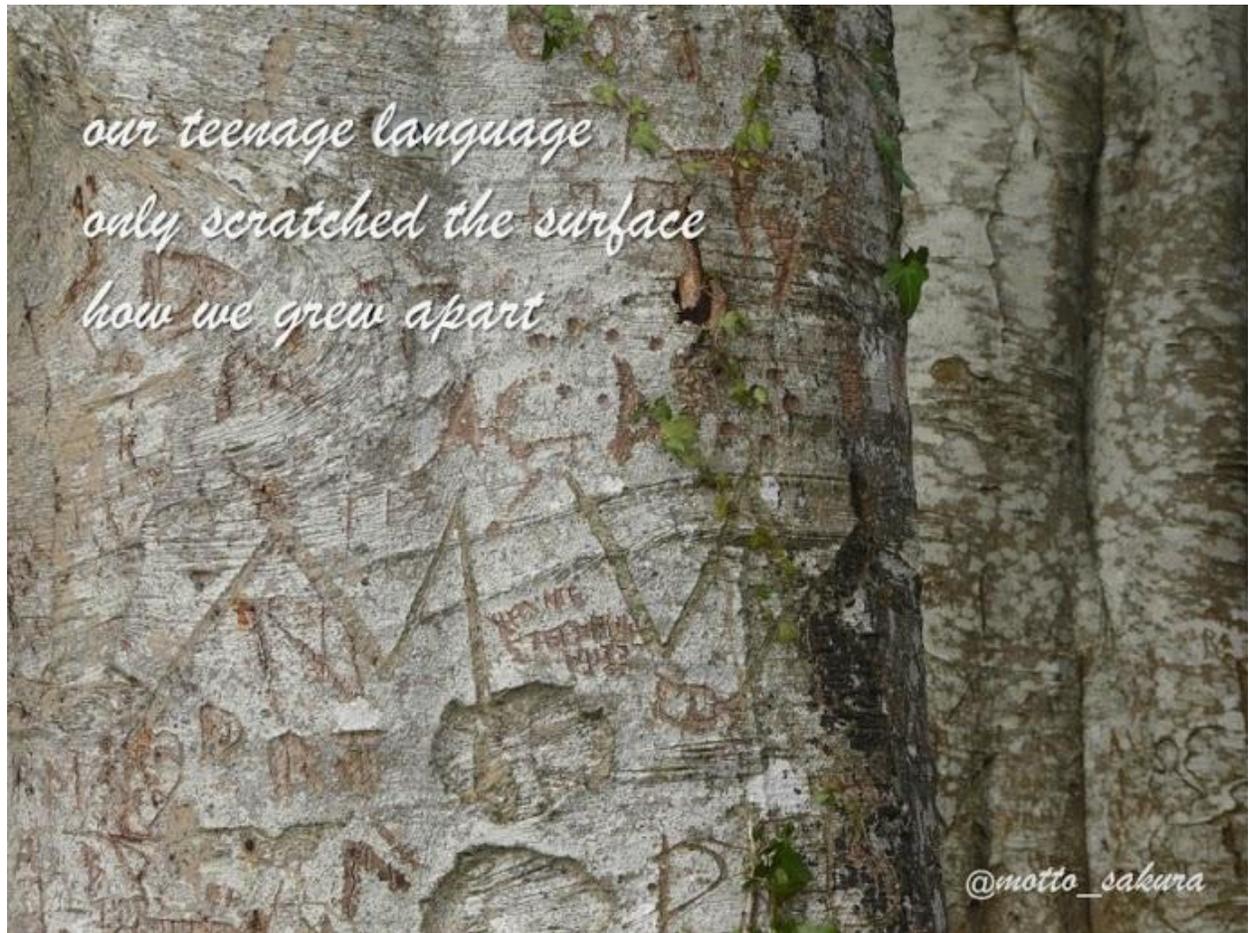


*Haiku: Jesus Chameleon
Photograph: PABLO SAN-BLAZ*









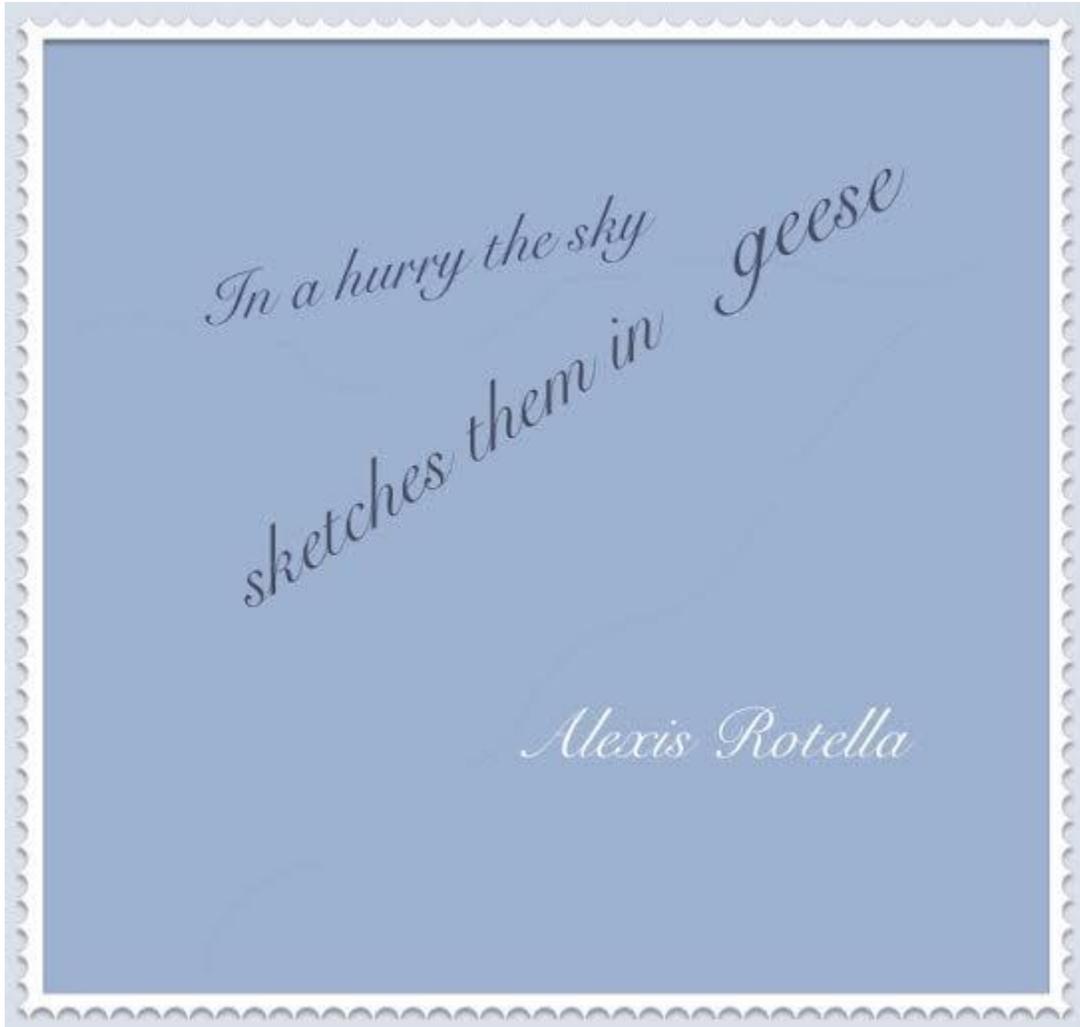


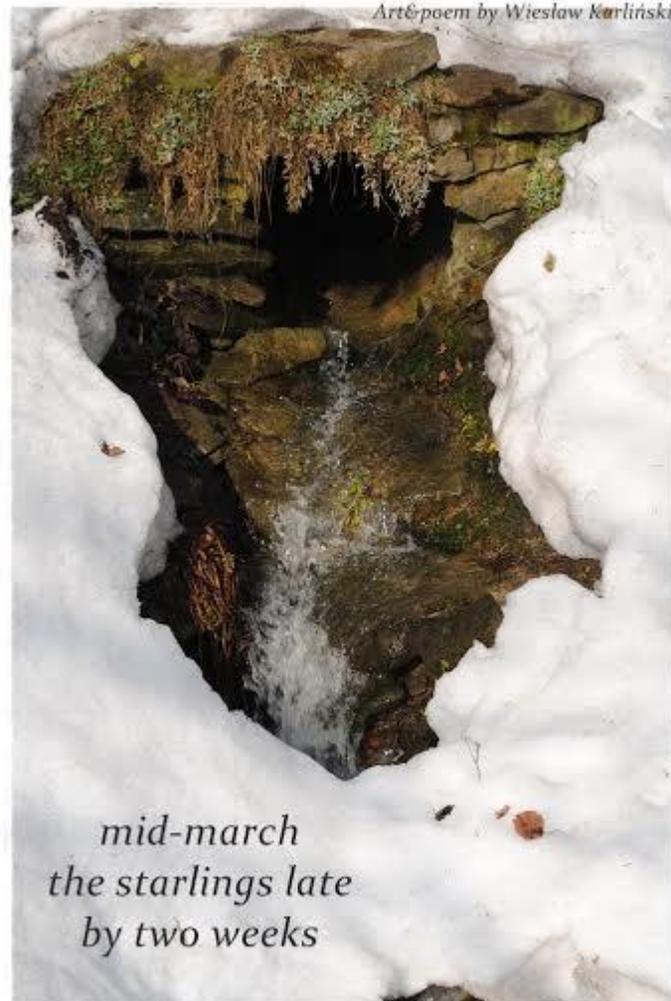
*a charcoal drawing
under the artist's fingers
her breast*



ANGLED SLATS
OF A VENETIAN BLIND
CHIAROSCURO
THE WAY YOUR HOLLOWS
CRADLE SHADOW AND LIGHT

WORDS & IMAGE
©DSTRANGE







hidden
beneath shifting sands
. . . the path home

(c) C. MacRury



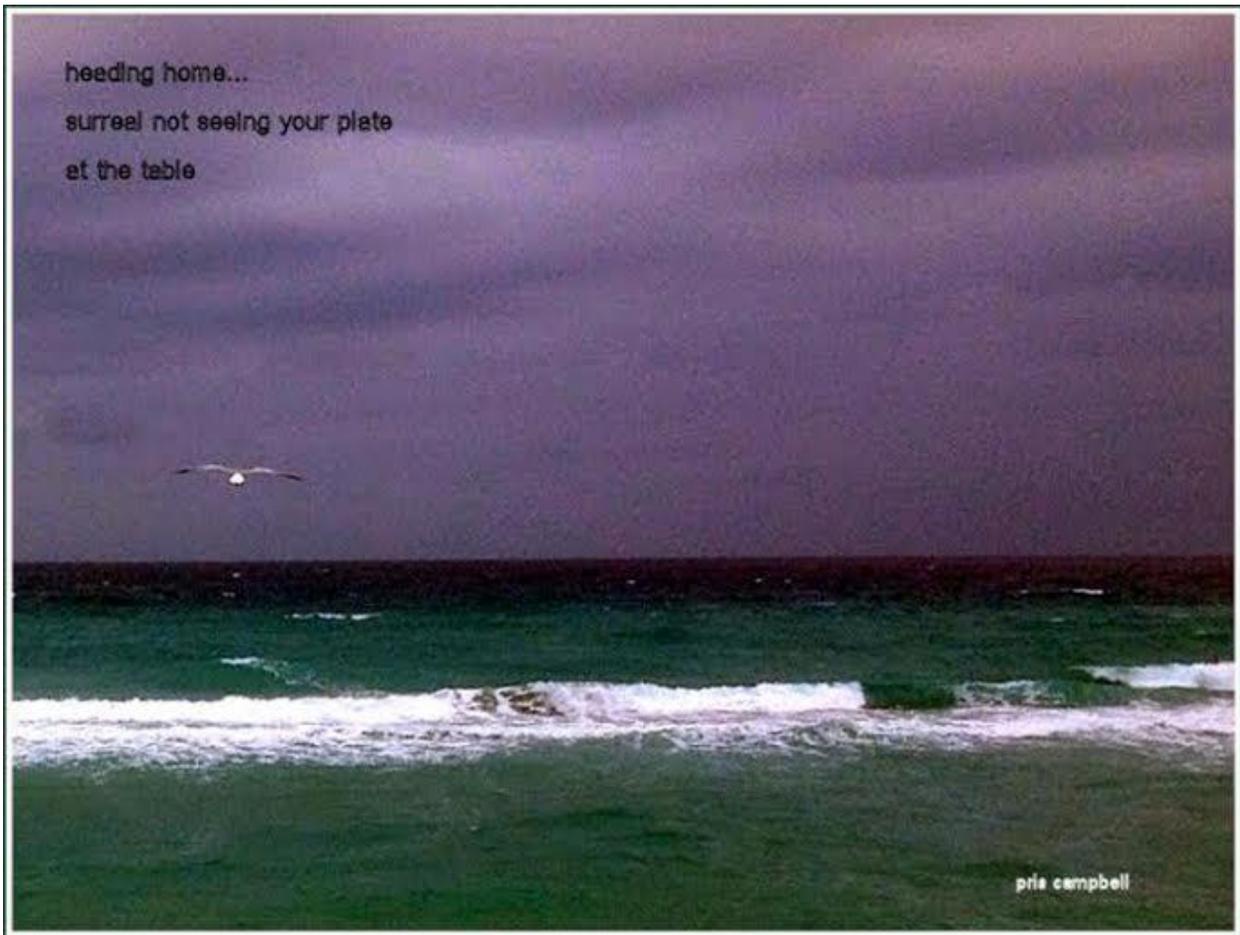
on the crossroads
the swinging harebells
point both ways

gabriel sawicki



*deeper blue
one raindrop falls
into another*

*haiku: Maria Tomczak
photo: Magdalena Banaszkiwicz*



*happy hour
I just take a sip
of fresh air*



ssh

photo: Sajotha Karunaratne





*curled tight
in a fetal position—
fiddlehead*

Haiku by Mary Kendall and Photo by Debbie Suggs

cattails

May 2015

Senryu

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 with the subject heading: SENRYU

REMINDER: Please send any/all other submissions (within the "body" of an email), with the Subject heading for the appropriate form you are submitting to, in **all CAPITAL LETTERS**

You must include your Country, full name, and email address to be considered !

election day
with the flip of a coin
I make my choice

Diana Barbour
USA

"Honey, I'm home!"
the first to greet Dad
is the dog

Adelaide B. Shaw
USA

warm breeze
my neighbour's lace panties
waving at me

ciepła bryza
koronkowe majtki sąsiadki
machają do mnie

Gabriel Sawicki
Poland

lit window
I see the other client
of my therapist

Miriam Sagan EC
USA

Independence Day
I talk big to a boy
taller than me

Chen-ou Liu
Canada

cattails May 2015

on the scarecrow
apparently un-fazed
crows

Simon Hanson
Australia

long receššion . . .
the nursery renovated
into a bakery

duga receššija . . .
jaslice preuredjene
u pekarnu

Đurđa Vukelić-Rožić
Croatia

New Year visitor
the aroma of her perfume
lingering still

Bernard Gieske
USA

arrivals gate
so many arms
open wide

Rachel Sutcliffe
United Kingdom

anniversary
he wears slightly
mismatched socks

Carolyn Hall
USA

in an instant
the fly's journey en

Mac Miller
New Zealand

Epiphany—
marveling at the arrival
of three more pounds

Julie Warther
USA

clouds at sunrise—
the uneven texture
of the climbing rock

Angela Terry
USA

wildflowers
her rebellious streak
even in the garden

Rachel Sutcliffe
United Kingdom

harvest moon
neighbor with a fiddle
in his garden

ayaz daryl nielsen
USA

slightest breeze
smaller and smaller
that balloon

Mac Miller
New Zealand

could have sworn
that angel spoke to me
cemetery walk

Simon Hanson
Australia

staycation
reacquainting myself
with the backyard

Diana Barbour EC
USA

lunar eclipse—
halfway through treatment
she picks out a wig

Ruth Holzer
USA

mother's dementia
and what I also don't
want to remember

Miriam Sagan
USA

brand new copies
of my book in the window
Goodwill store at dusk

Chen-ou Liu
Canada

cheshire smile
on the nightstand
grandpa's teeth

Barbara Tate
USA

longer days
too many letters
for 5 across

Lamart Cooper
USA

homeless man
drawing himself inward
shapes the night

Bernard Gieske
USA

April 15—
long post office lines
in the procrasti-nation

Julie Warther
USA

coloring the sky
with a reddish hue
election results

Angela Terry
USA

the heat broken
no more excuses to avoid
the week's ironing

Adelaide B. Shaw
USA

a two-year-old's gift
cellophane wrapping
the best bit

Simon Hanson
Australia

his daughter's smile . . .
the pastor gives a sermon
on love and lust

Chen-ou Liu
Canada

paving stones
stepping round the cracks
in our relationship

Rachel Sutcliffe
United Kingdom

the father
points the way
with a bone

Ruth Holzer
USA

another winter
asking, when did we grow old?
she blows me a kiss

ayaz daryl nielsen
USA

residue
from the first kiss
a poem

Lamart Cooper
USA

expired passport
so many
empty pages

Carolyn Hall
USA

cattails May 2015

fixed income—
outgoing tide sucking
the wet sand

Barbara Kaufmann
USA

shopping plaza
early crows searching for
fast food

William Seltzer
USA

Friday off
my boss finds me
on facebook

Dave Read
Canada

enemy lines . . .
my dog fetches the baseball
from the neighbor's rose bed

Gregory Longenecker
USA

Christmas party—
what's-his-name treats me
like a stranger

Carl Seguiban
Canada

working from home . . .
my child asks if she can
study from home

Ramesh Anand
India

Sunday Lauds—
men take the other path
to the cockfights

Devin Harrison EC
Canada

colors of a lime
muddled with Cuervo gold—
wasting away again

Angela Terry
USA

translucent moon
imagining what lies
you're hiding

David J. Kelly
Ireland

dance class . . .
all the questions
you side-step

Debbie Strange
Canada

backyard pond—
his cigarette stubs
the moon

Phyllis Lee
USA

editing my prose
or my personality—
helpful friend

Amanda Bell EC
Ireland

testing
for nerve damage—
he asks her to smile

Julie Warther
USA

smaller
in her sunglasses
my confidence

Dave Read
Canada

monkshood . . .
the vows you broke
last summer

Debbie Strange
Canada

snow melt—
old women gush
about signs of spring

Barbara Kaufmann
USA

surrounded
by forget-me-nots
War Memorial

Steve Hodge
USA

evening heat . . .
the freshly-erected headstone
cool to the touch

Mark E. Brager
USA

like Steinbeck wrote
the old sardine cannery
still stinks

Neal Whitman
USA

Great Stupa
I watch a dog
leave an offering

Gregory Longenecker
USA

the space it creates
on a crowded subway—
one tiny mouse

Carl Seguiban EC
Canada

crowded bus
above and around me
Tagalog gossip

Johnnie Johnson Hafernik
USA

Editor's Senryu Commentary

In his exploration of Japanese culture (*Empire of Signs*, trans. Richard Howard) Roland Barthes uses the word 'traces' to suggest 'a kind of faint gash inscribed upon time' to describe haiku. His insight could be borrowed to show how 'with a flash' these senryu 'reveal the invisible world' to the reader.

Sunday Lauds—
men take the other path
to the cockfights

Devin Harrison
Canada

Devin Harrison's senryu captures how the secular creates a separate rite from the sacred. It has an underlying wry humor but also an air of intimacy, even affection for this marking of a different reality.
—*cattails* Senryu Editor Sonam Chhoki, Bhutan

staycation
reacquainting myself
with the backyard

Diana Barbour
USA

Having never heard of staycation in Diana Barbour's senryu the concept was a revelation. She describes eloquently its social and personal resonance. "Staycation is a fun, recently invented word. One of those words that reflect the age we live in, especially following the economic disaster of 2008 and thereafter. It's the only kind of vacation I get . . ."

—*cattails* Senryu Editor Sonam Chhoki, Bhutan

lit window
I see the other client
of my therapist

Miriam Sagan
USA

Miriam Sagan's senryu seems to deliver a twist to the perceived role of the 'therapist' as trained and 'expert' observer of people with the lit window spotlighting the therapist's world to the poet.

—*cattails* Senryu Editor Sonam Chhoki, Bhutan

the space it creates
on a crowded subway—
one tiny mouse

Carl Seguiban
Canada

Carl Seguiban's senryu has a wonderful Issa-like humor and sharpness of observation.

—*cattails* Senryu Editor Sonam Chhoki, Bhutan

editing my prose
or my personality—
helpful friend

Amanda Bell
Ireland

Finally, the 'invisible world' that Amanda Bell uncovers in her senryu will strike a chord with many readers.

—*cattails* Senryu Editor Sonam Chhoki, Bhutan

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May 2015

Tanka

tanka 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.

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

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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.

REMINDER: Please send any/all other submissions (within the "body" of an email), with the Subject heading for the appropriate form you are submitting to, in **all** CAPITAL LETTERS

You must include your Country, full name, and email address to be considered !

cloud formations
and the intricate pattern
of butterfly wings
how can I not believe
in endless possibilities?

Thelma Mariano
Canada

after the passing
of a destructive storm
survival mode
I watch a spider
repair its home with silk

Janet Qually
USA

undressing him
in the muted evenings
of my golden years
I can't remember his name . . .
love, gone just like that

River Blue Shoemaker
USA

how beautiful
memories disappear
when waves break
in the abyss of time
upon a pebbly shore

Ali Znaidi
Tunisia

full moon
at the sunset point
I sense
the space between
our untold love

Ramesh Anand
India

on the way back
from a fruitless search
my torch catches
a shuffle in the shadows . . .
crossing the path, a kiwi

Elaine Riddell
New Zealand

to deadhead
or not to deadhead . . .
my reluctance
to step into a world
of withering blooms

Janet Lynn Davis
USA

on the seashore
I watch the ebb and flow
of tide waters
with so many things
letting go is hard to do

Ben Gieske
USA

behind your voice
the constant shirring
of cicadas
and our twenty years
of communication

Amelia Fielden
Australia

my favorite book
way too high to reach
you seemed
an easy read with the end
of text addendum a surprise

Janet Butler
USA

burnishing
what I remember
of you . . .
the broken piece
in my bedroom mirror

Shloka Shankar
India

a bunch
of rose scented letters
in her closet
all they exchange now
are monosyllables

Yesha Shah
India

I go and sit
by the water's edge
and sink
into chorus lines
of froth and spindrift

Patricia Prime
New Zealand

the tenth winter . . .
my attic room filled
with a bed,
a desk, rows of books
and snowy loneliness

Chen-ou Liu
Canada

on the window sill
in the sun with doves lined up
along roof tiles
my cat recovers her spirits
makes her own medicine

Giselle Maya
France

through thick mist
over the lake a kayak
glides silently
into the willow-lined shore
into the looming winter

Amelia Fielden
Australia

while you are safely
adrift on waves of snores
that crash upon sands
along your dreamland beach
I lie awake still

Joann Grisetti
USA

a woman seen
through the passing light
rail window
this sudden yearning,
so quickly is gone

ayaz daryl nielsen
USA

strong coffee
the streets a strange tangle
once I loved
every intriguing day
having no lover

Ruth Holzer
USA

ballet shoes
on the wall a lost dream
I never pursued
a performance of swan lake
reawakens my desire

Bernadette O'Reilly
Ireland

practising
in the church choir
my voice
seeking refuge
in that of others

Keitha Keyes
Australia

thorned roses
braided through her hair
the bloom
in her cheeks deepens
with my lover's glance

Pris Campbell
USA

the killdeer
feigning a broken wing
leads me
away from her makeshift nest
(I am still easily fooled)

Debbie Strange
Canada

may kingfishers
that bless me in my dreams
fly away
and spend this winter night
spinning colours around you

Stephen Toft
United Kingdom

he traces
wild climbing roses
up her arm . . .
no thorns piercing
the silk of her flesh

Anne Curran
New Zealand

a vulture
circles the lime quarry
in the end
is all life the silence
of one browning leaf

Paresh Tiwari
India

a swallow
calls through the conifers
at nightfall—
into our two wineglasses
I pour the last of the claret

Mary Franklin
Canada

my decision made
I look for confirmation
in the outer world
along the river bank
bulrushes nod in the breeze

Thelma Mariano
Canada

descending dusk
fills an empty nest
my longing
just for once to hear
those words come from her

Kashinath Karmakar
India

a jumbled heap
of lantana clippings
left to dry—
line by crooked line
I untangle my words

Janet Lynn Davis
USA

sunflowers
turning all day to face
the sunshine
isn't it natural that we
incline toward love

Yesha Shah
India

a heron
resting on the gatepost
in river fog . . .
I listen for the call
of my ancestors

Anne Curran
New Zealand

the way to church—
I change lanes to pass
a slow driver
we exchange glances
this holy morning

John Han
USA

an alley dog
stops barking at midnight . . .
the silence
of my winter dream
becoming darker

Chen-ou Liu
Canada

a forest boardwalk
crosses the murky swamp . . .
about the cypress knees
hollow eyes bubble up
winking at each other

Elizabeth Howard
USA

the camera clicks
photographing swans'
wings at all angles
on the ornamental lake
in hot summer sunshine

Patricia Prime
New Zealand

dusting
an old diary
from oblivion . . .
i trace the contrails
in the corners of my mind

Shloka Shankar
India

through the gobi
on an old russian train—
stripped of all
but history and my
reflection in its window

Sondra Byrnes
USA

at the start of fall
at the beginning of love
in a cage of rage
at the height of resignation
I escape into the leaves

Jesus Chameleon
USA

sudden rain
during our fight—
not thinking
we work together
to close the windows

Kenneth Slaughter
USA

the silent
glide of a pen
shields my face . . .
why is it so hard
to say it out loud

Mary Davila
USA

there are forces
we cannot control
plans not ours
roads stretched before us
for which we have no maps

John Soules
Canada

kite bones
of a paper tiger
stuck in a tree
an autumn wind swishes
what remains of its tail

Lolly Williams
USA

a jagged
rag of clouds hide
this spring moon
the wax and wane
of your nearness

Janet Butler
USA

a stray moonbeam
touches my oil painting
of a troubled sky
I lower the white blinds
at the bedroom window

Janet Qually
USA

a leaf falls
astray and the wind quickly
sweeps it away
sometimes my thoughts take me
places I never intended

Ben Gieskie
USA

upon their flight
fledgling swallows end summer
grasses too
sway in the afternoon sun
their necks bent with seed

Michele L. Harvey
USA

in springtime
when the winds are gentle
together we sway
and I know with certainty
that storms won't blow us apart

Adelaide B. Shaw
USA

in her house
each child a different
colour
the beauty of a rainbow
arcing the April sky

Diana Teneva
Bulgaria

first snowflakes
on the beggar's palm—
life's meaning
for him blown away
by the chill wind too

na pruženu ruku
padaju prve pahulje—
stari prosjak:
vetar mu oduvao
i smisao života

Dragan J. Ristić
Serbia

Mariana Trench
the deepest point of wonder
in the parting
neighbours and relatives say
he is such a good husband

Marijanska brazda
najdublja začudna točka
razilazjenja
susjedi i rođaci tvrde
da je baš dobar suprug

Đurđa Vukelić-Rožić
Croatia

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leaving
my solitude
all alone
I step out and stare
at wild violets

*ostavljajući
moju samoću
posve samu
izlazim i zurim
u divlje ljubičice*

Sasa Vazić Serbia

a single bee
among forget-me-nots
those blue eyes
will I ever live without
remembering his gaze

*tek jedna pčela
među potočnicama
njegove plave oči
hoću li ikada živjeti
bez da ih se ne sjetim*

Đurđa Vukelić-Rožić Croatia

this spring again
my garden unattended
last year's leaves
moss, weeds, and sparrows
also wait for your return

*i ovog proleća
moja bašta zapuštena
prošlogodišnje lišće
mahovina, korov i vrapci
čekaju da se vratiš*

Sasa Vazić Serbia

cemetery gate
crossing I leave behind
the world in bloom
enter a cold silence
of still cypress trees

*cmentarna brama
przekraczając ją pozostawiam
kwitnący świat
wchodzę w chłodną ciszę
nieruchomych cyprysów*

*Gabriel Sawicki
Poland*

despite this web
of gloom creeping down . . .
cloaked in loneliness
I walk to the park and wait
for her in my new suit

*Payal A Agarwal
India*

Tanka Editor's Commentary

the veena
mom played everyday—
an off note
as my fingers brush
years of dust away

ಅಮ್ಮದಿನ
ನುಡಿಸಿದ ವೀಣೆ—
ವರುಷಗಳ
ಧೂಳನೊರಸುತ
ಒಂದಪಸ್ವರ

Shrikaanth Krishnamurthy
United Kingdom

This Editor's Choice is by Shrikaanth Krishnamurthy who lives in the United Kingdom. It is written about his mother and around a musical instrument, but it's more than that, it's musical insofar as its tanka form is song-like with a melodic rhythm of 3,5,3,5,5. We feel all those old memories flooding back as the author's fingers brush "years of dust away." Thank you for this well written and memorable tanka.
—*cattails principal editor an'ya USA*

teenage summer
the tide swept my heart
out to sea
tossing love in wild waves
washing it back as broken shells

Robyn Cairns
Australia

Chosen for an EC is this tanka by Robyn Cairns from Australia. A summer perhaps we have all been through in our teenagerhood if we lived anywhere near the beach or in a coastal town, or maybe while

we were on a holiday vacation. Swept off your feet by the boy or girl of your dreams, only to have your heart broken. The metaphor and juxtaposition in this one are both excellent.

—*cattails* principal editor an'ya, USA

artist supplies
overwhelm my worktable
everything needed
waiting for the day I'm
overcome by desire

Terrie Jacks
USA

Terrie Jacks from the USA wrote this Editor's Choice tanka, and I chose it for the content and ambiguity. Was this artist waiting to be overcome by desire regarding her love life, or her art? Perhaps both. Written like a court tanka, it could have been a subtle message to a lover, after all Terrie didn't say "inspiration", she said "desire." Thanks to her for sharing it with us.

—*cattails* principal editor an'ya, USA

across the bay
a vagrant wind unsettles
the sea—
I too know no master
since you left my bed

Marilyn Humbert
Australia

For another of my Editor's Choices, this metaphoric and ambiguous tanka composed by Marilyn Humbert from Australia. An excellent twist to this tanka's meaning—the sea waiting for a "vagrant wind" as the person having "no master." Simple enough in its presentation but with an in-depth complexity of internal emotion and feeling. Thanks to Marilyn for submitting this one.

—*cattails* principal editor an'ya, USA

this winter night
out the train window
constellations
in a darkened coupé
I travel with them

*ta zimska noč
skozi okno vlaka
ozvezdja
v temnem kupeju
potujem z njimi
Dimitrij Škrk
Slovenia*

From Slovenia an Editor's Choice tanka composed by Dimitrij Škrk. I imagine being right on that train one winter night with this author, and his line "in a darkened coupé draws me into the depth of this tanka even more. Darkness inside and outside allows the reader to really see the constellations. Thank you Dimitrij for letting all of us travel with you.

—*cattails principal editor an'ya, USA*

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Tanka Translations

The first 8 of the following tanka were originally composed in Japanese by members of the Canberra-based Bluebell Tanka Group, led by Saeko Ogi. Numbers 9 & 10 are by well-known Japanese poet, Tanaka Noriko.

Yukali Armstrong
Australia

読書には赤ぶち眼鏡外出は虹色に替え加齢楽しき

*for reading books
my red-rimmed spectacles,
for going out
I change to rainbow-coloured ones—
ageing is quite fun*

Saeko Ogi
Australia

新曲を指に強ひればかすかにも脳の細胞立ち上がる気配

*when my fingers
are challenged by a new tune
I have a faint sense
of cells starting up
in my brain*

Chieko Kawamata
Australia

すれ違う時間の中で立ち止まり考えるとき今日は雨の日

*pausing amidst the bothers
of these passing hours,
I contemplate
the fact that today
is a rainy day*

Akemi Kobayashi
Australia

評判のコーヒー店に来てみれば我を名で呼ぶ同級の店主

*when I go to try out
a popular coffee shop
the owner,
an old classmate,
addresses me by name*

Katsutoshi Miyakawa
Australia

入梅に選定された街路樹の青い匂いが雨間にかほる

*the wet season begins
with pruned trees
along the street
perfuming the rain
with a green fragrance*

Harumi Minagawa
Australia

吹き抜ける団地の五階の夏風に川に冷やしし梨思い出す

*this summer wind
blowing through the fifth floor
of the housing complex
recalls to me pears
chilled in the river*

Naoko Lamb
Australia

山肌に朝日当たりて柔らかくルノアールの裸婦横たわりいる

*the morning sun
caresses the mountain's skin
softly
a nude Renoir woman
lies in repose*

Yukie Wathelet
Australia

君思い甲州ワインの封を切る山河はいまだ翠なりしか

*cutting the seal
on a bottle of Koshu wine,
I think of you,
wondering if the mountains
and rivers are still green*

Noriko Tanaka
Japan

蠟燭の炎のうえに手をかざしそこに生まれる微風を拾う

*shading the candle flames
with my hands
I gather up
the zephyr
born from them*

Noriko Tanaka
Japan

湯の中に動かぬ魚のゐるごとく夜更け己の足を眺めつ

*like a fish,
motionless, I soak
in the bath
at midnight
gazing at my feet*

—*cattails* Tanka Translator Amelia Fielden, Australia

For information, please email Amelia direct: anafielden@gmail.com

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cattails

May 2015
Youth Corner

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

As adults we know how difficult is it to write concrete poems, which is so essential to haiku. In addition, we must look for that two-image juxtaposition and the "kire", never mind all the other "rules" that surround haiku. How can anything get tougher!

The curtain opens—school kids just 12 and 13 years of age enter!

They show us it can be done and in a fun way too!

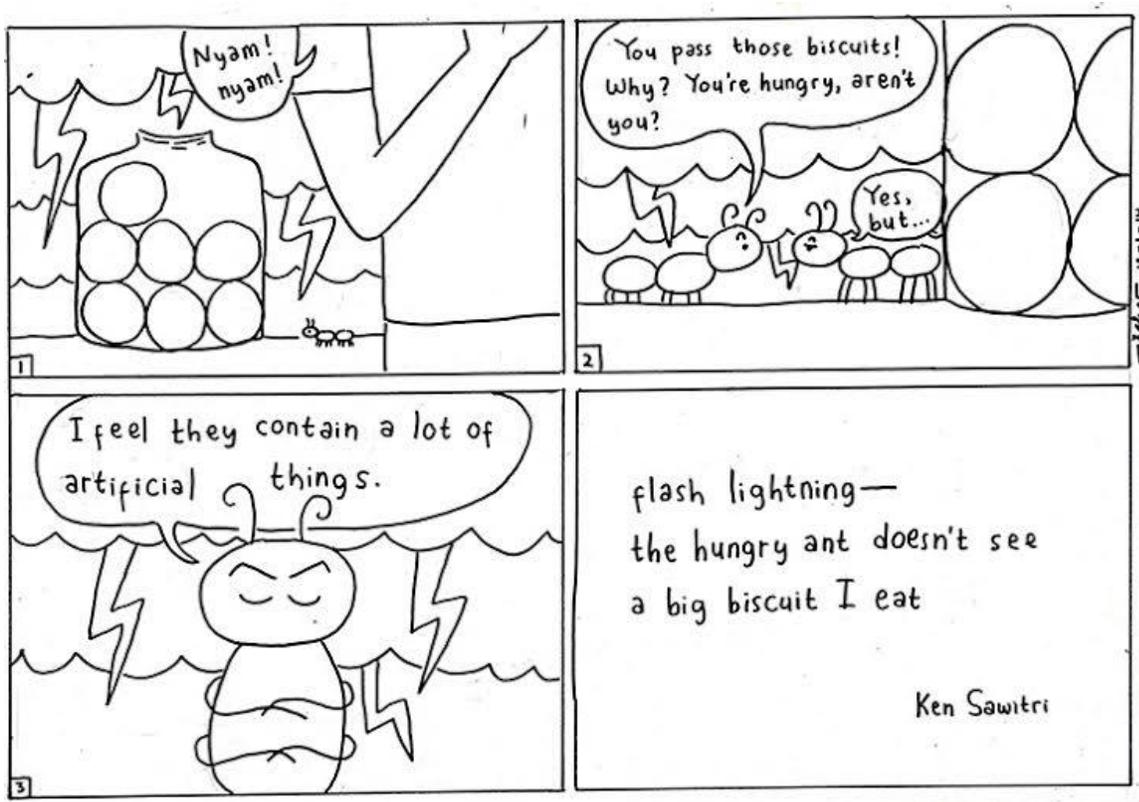
The students, mostly from schools in India, have done exceptionally well. What's especially noteworthy is that many of them, after a two-day workshop at PSBB Millennium School, tried writing haiku in their mother tongues. I've included just the Tamizh and Hindi haiku here, giving the English translation below.

Thanks to Nancy Nitrio who sent us her granddaughter's haiku, and to Aisha Shifa, for her cartoon strip. Hope this cartoon inspires more students to try their hand and mind and send us some good cartoons for the next issue of "Youth Corner."

Have a whale of a time enjoying this selection of children's haiku!

cattails Youth Corner Editor Kala Ramesh, India

The Tejas Award goes to our contributor—a student from Yogyakarta, Indonesia—Aisha Shifa (16 years). "Tejas" means "fire" and/or "brilliance" in Sanskrit.



Aisha Shifa loves writing, drawing and playing piano. award

Her comic drawings have been inspired by "Naruto" (Masashi Kishimoto), "Clovis" (Paulo Stocker), and "Old Pond Comics" (Jessica Tremblay). When she was 12, her comics were published in a book "Kompilasi Komisi #4 Penjuru" and chosen as one of the four favorite comics by Komisi Solo, a young comic artist community based in Surakarta, Central Java, Indonesia. exhibition

Aisha calls this comic "Where My Ants Come From" and links it to a haiku found here:

The Editor's Favourite Haiku # 1

I'm going to step out slightly and pick a school student's published haiku as my favourite. It was published in Wednesday Haiku on 25 Mar 2015 Yesha Shah & Sneha Mojumdar: Wednesday Haiku, #205

windy day . . .
the pages turn
to the last line

Sneha Mojumdar (15 yrs) India

Sneha, studying in Sanskriti School Delhi, wrote this haiku during the Katha Utsav haiku workshop I conducted in December 2014. I vividly remember exclaiming that it was beautiful when Sneha read it.

Noted haiku poet Pravat Kumar Padhy says:

"Sneha could unfold the happening in a windy day by expressing a dynamic occurrence reaching to the last line. An innovative way of arranging the words!"

Don Wentworth of Wednesday Haiku says:

"My very best to Sneha ... a deep bow from me to honor a spirit that cuts so quickly to the essence. And thank you for your wonderful work with your students, Kala. With this type of devotion, the future is assured."

The Editor's Favourite Haiku # 2

Bookaroo Children's Literary Festival asked me to teach "Rollicking with Haiku," a two-hour workshop for children between 12 and 14 years of age at Sanskriti School Pune. On 29th January 2015, after receiving flowers and warm smiles from their school staff I was taken to a class, where 40 pairs of eager and twinkling eyes greeted me with a cheery good morning!

Just to break the ice, at the onset of the workshop I showed them some mildly humorous translations of Master Basho's famous frog ku. One 13-year-old boy came up with this spontaneously:

frozen pond
a frog jumps in
and breaks his nose

Siddharth Mungale (13 yrs)

India

He created that moment and the way he recited it—the whole class almost chuckled, including their principal and teachers. I could sense that haiku had begun to churn in the minds of these youngsters. The learning had begun! *Devyani Mungali*, Principal, Sanskriti School Pune, later said: Students did not even drink water from their bottles in this two hour session. This indicates how much they enjoyed the workshop.

The Editor's Favourite Haiku # 3

colours of Holi
a pink flower appears
as an orange one

Lakshmi Ramaswami (12 yrs)
India

As part of the HaikuWALL India project, for which I have students paint their haiku with illustrations on their school walls, Lakshmi, just 12 years old, wrote this beautiful haiku on one of India's major spring festival called Holi, when we splash coloured water on each other.

What a fresh observation and how effortlessly she has worded it. I have come to a definite conclusion—children take to haiku in such easy and natural ways that most of the time it leaves me stumped—I'm clean bowled (borrowing an image from the land of cricket fanatics!)

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

looking into
my cat's eyes—
I see myself

Aaliyah Rose Saleem (5 1/2 yrs)
USA

cement wall
a boy leans against
his shadow

Kavya Manoharan (13 yr)
India

battle field
the cocks fight around
a narrow pole

Manjusa D. Dinesh (12 yr)
India

गरमी...
कुतों के नज़र मिलते
और लड़ाई शुरू

heat...
the dogs' eyes meet
and a fight starts

Spatika S. Gujran (13 yrs)
India

மழைக்காலம் . . .
கூவும் மயிலின்
தோகை விரிந்துள்ளது

a peacock calls
with feathers spread out . . .
monsoon season

Hiranmayi S. (13 yrs)
India

puddles . . .
a dragonfly skips
disturbing the sky

Spatika S. Gujran (13 yrs)
India

full moon—
the family has dinner
in the terrace

Shakti Kiran (13 yrs) India

jungle trail . . .
a tiger's shadow walks
along the tall grass

Rachana Aravindan (13 yrs)
India

summer day . . .
I splash water
on my burning face

Kirran Dheep Kaur (12 yrs)
India

hot breeze . . .
a turtle comes floating
to the seashore

G. G. Thirupthika (13 yrs)
India

Christmas eve . . .
a child gazes sadly
at the lighted homes

Meha Prabhu (13 yrs)
India

electric lines —
the birds sit
like musical notes

Manjusa D. Dinesh (12 yr)
India

full moon
high waves carry
the crab away

Manjusa D. Dinesh (12 yr)
India

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May 2015
Inspiration

In this *cattails*, we've added an "inspiration" page and would like to share this **link** with you.

<http://www.robynhoodblack.com/blog.htm?post=997737>

At the UHTS we feel it's ultra-important to encourage the "youth" of the world to write poetry, in our case, the Japanese short forms we all read, write and love.

Our *cattails* "Youth Corner" Editor for the UHTS Kala Ramesh is doing a splendid job of promoting this to young people, and we know you will enjoy this as much as we did.

—*cattails* principal editor an'ya, USA

cattails May 2015

cattails

May 2015
UHTS Contests

The UHTS sponsors three Annual Contests:

aha Fleeting Words Samurai

2015 aha Haiku/Senryu Contest Results

1st Place

filtered sunlight
a butterfly's nap
on my arm

Gin Suan Tung
Myanmar

Opening with this moment of filtered sunlight, one immediately knows they will be seeing sunlight in a unique way. Then in a delicate stillness, the presence of a butterfly resting, brings us the image of glowing stained-glass. A myriad of spring colors, open to the reader to decide which butterfly they see. And finally, we hold our breath so as to not disturb this gift of a butterfly's touch.

As if a portal has come to gaze in meditation, to let go of worries, filtering out the impurities of this world, or perhaps filled with warm thoughts of a loved one. The author has brought together these juxtaposed images beautifully. In English, we might translate 'rest' with 'nap'. And through the senses of warmth, light, touch, and color, this lovely haiku gives a wabi-sabi silence, a narrowing of focus straight down from the sun to a peaceful deep-feeling or yugen.

—UHTS aha Contest Judge b'oki, USA

2nd Place

blackbird song
my sumi-e bamboo grows
beyond the sheet

Maria Tomczak
Poland

The song of the blackbird is one of the most familiar and loved songs heard in any garden; liquid and rounded, as in the ink in a brush. Perhaps the artist is sitting in their garden just caught up in the melodious notes meditating or in the moment the blackbird takes flight with a loud flushing call, the artist's brush also flies off the page! In this light-hearted scene we see the contrast of the blackbird and ink to the white of the paper. We hear the contrast of song to the silence of sumi-e painting.

Altogether the elements flow nicely between a rhythm of the "b" alliteration. I especially appreciate this haiku for its tone of classical Japanese haiku. It can take us back as early as the 12th century with traditional Japanese ink painting. Zen masters have used ink painting on the path to enlightenment expressing hidden messages of great depth.

—*UHTS aha Contest Judge b'oki, USA*

3rd Place

mid-puddle
the toddler discovers
his superpower

Peter Newton
USA

With such an effective first line that immediately positions us in the middle of a puddle, we get the impression this isn't about an average puddle. Whether this puddle is from a recent downpour or a long night of loud thunderstorms, we quickly learn that the toddler in this scene can bring a variety of interesting events! And the aha moment opens up in the powerful last line like the sun bursts through the clouds after a rainfall.

Do you see colorful rain boots or Superman character boots? We see the facial expressions change from fearful to a devilish grin of temptation, to big smiles and giggles. I also enjoy the association of a splashing rhythm from the words ending in 'er'. This verse has excellent composition and balance. And it doesn't matter what age you are to experience the power that nature has to transform, strengthen, and empower us.

—UHTS aha Contest Judge b'oki, USA

Honorable Mention

Parkinson's
with care he pencils in
his wife's eyebrows

André Surridge
New Zealand

Straightaway we know exactly the core subject of this senryu. What a perfect place to have a long pause or kireji in this verse then between the first and second lines. Knowing the seriousness of this health challenge, we're then reminded that most daily tasks are taken with care. Again, we have another amazing aha in line three that brings the depth of love and devotion.

I also enjoy this verse for its effectiveness of how it can impact the reader from first time reading to the next. What could happen if she tremors and the eyebrow pencil makes a turn for the worse causing them to break out in laughter or in frustration? The eyebrows express a lot of emotion so she must trust him to not only draw them identical but to know her enough to mirror her essence. Well done!

—UHTS aha Contest Judge b'oki, USA

Congratulations to all winners. It was a pleasure to offer my comments. Thank you to everyone who sent in submissions for which we had many of this year. We offer them in honor and memory of Hortensia Anderson. I know she would have enjoyed them as much as we have.

—UHTS aha Contest Judge b'oki, USA

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

aha (Annual Hortensia Anderson) Awards for Haiku/Senryu, Judge: *b'oki, USA*

The Fleeting Words Tanka Competition, Judge: *an'ya, USA*

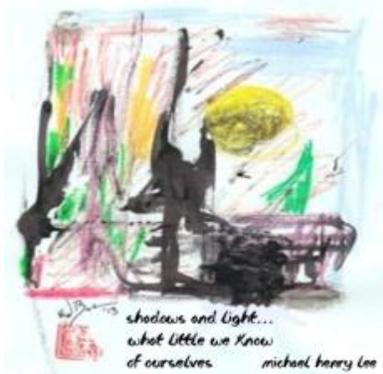
Samurai Haibun Contest, Judge: *Sonam Chhoki, Bhutan*

cattails May 2015

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Pen This Painting



Congratulations to Michael Henry Lee from the USA, winner of the Pen this Painting by one of our resident artists, Ed Baker; visit him at [Bare Bones Bonz](#), and his ["updated" site](#) . . . After many years of editing, still one of my very favorite things to do is to pair great artwork with the well written word. There were so many interesting entries to Pen this Painting this time, but Michael's haiku was the one that both Ed and I liked the very best.

—*cattails* principal editor, an'ya USA



Our next Pen this Painting feature will be published in the September edition with its poetry

cattails May 2015

counterpart. This time a colorful sumi-e by resident artist [Cindy Lommasson](#) to inspire you. Please submit your haiku, senryu, or tanka with the subject heading PEN THIS PAINTING sometime before our deadline of 15 August, 2015. 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 USA

Submit your **Pen This Painting** submission entry to: submittocattails@gmail.com with the subject heading "**PEN THIS PAINTING**". See the Pen this Painting guidelines page at: [penthis.html](#)



shadows and light...
what little we know
of ourselves michael henry lee



cattails May 2015

cattails

May 2015
Book Reviews

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

If you would like to have your (haiku, haibun or senryu) book reviewed, please send it to the UHTS book reviewer:

UHTS/Barbara Snow
28 Haubletonian Drive
Eugene, Oregon
97401

Tanka books are to be sent to: UHTS/an'ya
48081 Singletary Drive
Oakridge, Oregon
97463

REMINDER: Note: You must include your Country, full name, and email address to be considered!



Title: *Wasabi in my latte...* (Senryū poetry)

Author: Daniel Népomuk

Dimensions: 5" x 8"

Construction: Soft Perfectbound

Total Page Count: 91

Publishers: CreateSpace

Publish Date: 2015

Language: English

ISBN-13: 978-1511968751

ISBN-10: 1511968753

Price: See Amazon.com

Ordering: <https://www.createspace.com/5467978>

The book *Wasabi in my latte...* (Senryū poetry) by Daniel Népomuk who lives in Puerto Rico is a welcome change from some of the senryū books I've read to-date, and I can honestly say that I liked it a lot! His fresh and honest approach is quite titillating, the simple shapes of font illustrations add immensely to the overall feeling of the publication.

You can tell right off by the introduction in Daniel's book that he has definitely done his homework about the senryū form. He lets readers know how to pronounce the word, he explains the proper construction of this form, and even gives the meaning of the word senryū, "river willow."

Moving forward as I read, it quickly became my opinion that Daniel has also grasp the way to write a good senryū. One of the first in his book was this one that (being Irish) I can chuckle about and comfortably quote without prejudice:

During a calm night
the old Irish bartender
starts to fight himself

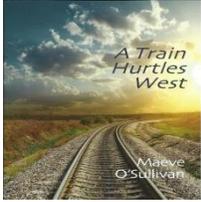
Here is what the author says of himself and about his book:

"Daniel Népomuk was born in 1979 and spent a great deal of his teens in New York City. *Wasabi in my latte...* is Népomuk's first poetry work in English. It contains verses that were inspired in the most unconventional ways as most of these Senryū were born from real experiences. If you liked this little book please spread the word. The funds obtained from it will go to charity (12%) and the rest will help me through graduate school".

And yet a couple more before I leave the rest of the reading to you:

A black Friday sale
changes unexpectedly
into a huge war

(Of all the needles
the rusty one pinched my skin...)
Hello! Meet my wife...
—*cattails* book reviewer an'ya, USA



Title: *A Train Hurtles West*

Author: Maeve O'Sullivan

Construction: Soft Perfectbound

Dimensions: 8" x 5"

Total Page Count: 54

Publishers: Alba Publishing, United Kingdom

Printed by: Essentra, Ireland

Publish Date: 2015

Language: English

ISBN: 978-1-910185-12-4

Price: US \$15

By Maeve O'Sullivan *A Train Hurtles West* is in memory of her mother Mairéad O'Sullivan (née O'Connor 1928-2014,) although there are some haiku about her father included as well, for instance:

muscovite glinting
in October sunshine&m,dash;
Dad's new headstone

Dad's songs on his old guitar restrung

and then these three out of many about her mother:

her umbrella blows
inside out again—
mother laughing

on the street some sweet jazz Mum would enjoy

lingering
in my small bathroom . . .
mum's perfume

And some of the others I especially liked:

a lizard scuttles
between two stones—
WWI monument

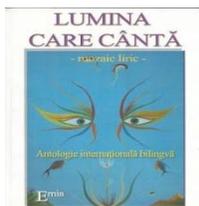
oak woodland . . .
the path introduces us
to alder catkins

eluding us
this spring afternoon—
purple sandpiper

I'll close with a little background about this author, Maeve is a Dubliner who works as a media lecturer in further education, and conducts haiku workshops for adults and children. She is a founder of Haiku Ireland, a member of the British Haiku Society, and a performer of poetry at festivals and other events with the Hibernian Poetry Workshop and the Poetry Divas.

As to what kind of person Maeve, is, in the front of her book it states "Donation: 30% of the profits from sales of this book will go to the charity Rigul Trust which funds healthcare and educational projects in some Tibetan areas of China.

—*cattails* Book Reviewer *peterB, USA*



Title: *THE LIGHT SINGING – lyrical mosaic - International Bilingual Anthology/LUMINA CARE CÂNTĂ - mozaic liric - Antologie internațională bilingvă*

Editors: Romanian Version: Olimpia Iacob/English Version: Jim Kacian

Illustrator: Paulina Popa

Construction: Perfectbound Hardback

Dimensions: 8 ½" x 5 ½"

Total Page Count: 84

Publishers: Editura Emia www.emia.ro

Publish Date: 2014

Language: English and Romanian

ISBN: 978-973-753-316-6

Price and Ordering: Contact Publisher

This lovely hardback book *THE LIGHT SINGING – lyrical mosaic - International Bilingual Anthology/LUMINA CARE CÂNTĂ - mozaic liric - Antologie internatională bilingva* edited by Olimpia Iacob and Jim Kacian is a very well done publication. One side of the book is printed in Romanian, and after turning the book over, the other half is repeated in English.

In the middle of the book where it's divided are two very delicate illustrations by artist Paulina Popa. For the cover was chosen the bright blue painting "Floating Eyes" by Gianpierto Actis'.

There are so many choices for me in this book, it is most difficult to choose examples, but a few of my personal favorites are:

Summer night:
we trace constellations
with our fingers

*Noa de vara:
urmarim constelatiile
cu degetele*

*Yuko Otomo
(USA)*

All five petals
of the cherry blossom
I put in her hair

*Cele cinci petale
ale florii de cires
I le-am asezat in par*

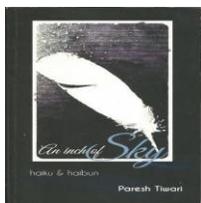
*Igor Damnjanovic'
(Serbia)
(translated by Djurdja Vukilic' Rozic'
Croatia)*

winter's bitter wind ~
a tumult of fallen leaves
decry autumn's end

*vant aspru de iarna ~
zarva frunzelor cazute
dezaproba sfarsitul toamnei*

*James Meredith
(Ireland)*

Congratulations to all authors in this book and kudos to its editors . . .
—*cattails* book reviewer an'ya, USA



Title: *An Inch of Sky A collection of haiku & haibun*

Author: Paresh Tiwari

Construction: Soft Perfectbound

Dimensions: 8" x 5"

Total Page Count: 119

Publishers: 20 Notebooks Press

Printed by: CinnamonTeal Publishing

Publish Date: 2014/15

Language: English

ISBN: 9789351963929

Price: Rs 300

An Inch of Sky is a good book filled with good haiku and haibun written by Paresh Tiwari from India, and includes some good-looking sumi-e by Paresh's mother Pratibha Tiwari. The foreword was written by Dr. Angelee Deodhar, with testimonials at the back written by Robert D. Wilson, an'ya, Alan Summers, and Kala Ramesh. I have high praise for this author also, and his introduction "Reaping Stars" is definitely worth reading, almost a haibun in itself. For having just come to haiku almost two years ago, it

is obvious to me that this man is a quick study and fast learner.

The book flows loosely yet seamlessly from season to season and here are some fine examples of his work that I particularly liked:

early morning
a tree's foliage bursts
into parakeets

fading daylight
an oarsman's ballad
drifts ashore

war mountains
a herd grazes over
no man's land

moonless night
a watchman's lantern
flickers the silence

and this is one of my personal my favorite haibun:

Pablo

He has no method to it; he squeezes out the tubes on to the palette and then tosses them on the floor. His paint smudged fingers obscure the labels, making it impossible for anyone but him to know what colour the tube once held. He knows them by touch now, by their contours, obtuse angles, weight, the way the caps close, he knows his paint box just like a lover knows his paramour.

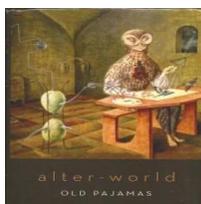
As the pale winter sun melts in through the Venetian blinds of his studio, he peers through cataract dimmed eyes at the blank life size canvas in front of him—waiting for the first caress of his brush, waiting to come to life.

REM . . .

do dragonflies dream
differently

A couple more haibun I enjoyed are titled "The Wind Horse and The Last Sliver of Sky", but those I'll let you discover and read for yourself.

—*cattails* book reviewer, peterB, USA



Title: *alter-world*

Author: OLD PAJAMAS

Construction: Hardback with jacket cover

Dimensions: 8 ½" x 5 ½"

Total Page Count: 40

Publishers: Blue Cottage Press

Printed by: Art Bindery

Publish Date: 2015

Language: English

ISBN: 0-970-2085-2-9

Price: \$10.00 (US)

Ordering: Limited Editions

This hardback book entitled *alter-world* and written by "Old Pajamas" is his usual gem. The minute you see the unusual artistry on its cover jacket which is "The Creation of Birds Remedios Varo (1957) Photograph: Robert Ward, you are immediately hooked to step inside.

This is a no-nonsense unpretentious publication without a preface, prelude, or any of the usual author tauting. Once you enter *alter-world* you will find various forms of short poetry, everything from detailed pattern poems to haiku, tanka, and so forth. Since this review is for *cattails* and we only publish Japanese short forms, I will stick to these, for example:

that you're in black
flower and scaly
while I'm paleness
blinking in the dark
enough enough for us

and among my favorites are these zen-like haiku all having to do with wind:

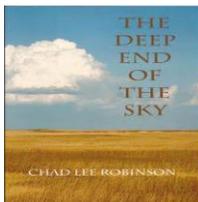
the swinging gate // a young red wind in the wings

a good drying day // // for fish in the wind

about the windiness screws loosen

These remind me of some of the fine old beat poetry by Cid Corman, Ed Baker and John Martone when haiku was at its peak in the western world, and now as things come around, there's more of this style is being written and appreciated by everyone. Thanks to a long-time friend of mine "Old Pajamas" for allowing *cattails* readers to also share part of his very own "alter-world" . . .

—*cattails* Book Reviewer, an'ya, USA



Title: *THE DEEP END OF THE SKY*

Author: CHAD LEE ROBINSON

Construction: Soft Perfectbound

Dimensions: 8" x 5"

Total Page Count: 46

Publishers: Turtle Light Press

Publish Date: 2015

Language: English

ISBN 978-0-9748147-5-9

Price and Ordering: see Publisher

By Chad Lee Robinson, *The Deep End of the Sky* is a Turtle Light Press Haiku Chapbook Contest Winner judged by Penny Harter. Over the years of editing, in several publications I have published many haiku by Chad who is a seasoned author, and I agree with Penny's choosing it.

The book's cover and fine interior design is by Rick Black and the front cover photo of Badlands National Park in South Dakota by Wing-Chi Poon. Within its covers are gems like this one a favorite of mine as I love meadowlarks:

meadowlark—
all you'll ever need to know
about sunrise

Also this one since both stones and mountains personally intrigue me:

prairie stream—
what I know about mountains
in these small stones

In addition, there are quite a few nice haiku in *The Deep End of the Sky* about farming:

evening moon—
the last bale of hay
ascends the conveyor

farm lights
hail the horizon
autumn dusk

snow before dark
the field bundled
into bales

Whether in three lines or one-line, so and so on continues more superb haiku throughout Chad's whole book:

out of the depths of the mountain bluebird

—*cattails* Book Reviewer, an'ya, USA



Title: *Shizuka*

Authors: Patricia Prime & Giselle Maya

Construction: Soft Perfectbound

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

Total Page Count: 100

Publishers: Alba Publishing UK

Publish Date: 2015

Edited, Designed, Typeset: Kim Richardson

Calligraphy: Nao

Printed: Bookpress.com

Language: English

ISBN: 1978-1-9100185-16-2

Price: NZ \$20 – US \$15

Ordering: GISELLE.MAYA@wanadoo.fr

Shizuka, the title of this book by Patricia Prime of New Zealand and Giselle Maya from France, is suggestive of “the work of two established poets coming together gently, in a peaceful meeting-place” says Beverley George Editor of *Eucalypt* who wrote the introduction.

Giselle and Patricia have been writing partners for several years and live in different hemispheres, but via the internet collaborations like this are entirely possible.

In the very front of the book, it states that Giselle's verses are in *italic* and Patricia's are in roman, and as you read to the last page, identities are well-established in your mind as to their individual styles of writing.

As to topics, love and nature images are often embraced much like the 8th century waka poets did in the imperial courts of Japan, and still do every year at the *Utakai Hajime* ceremony.

There are so many fine pieces in this book that I know you will enjoy for yourself. Here is but one sample sequence, my personal favorite from *Shizuka* written by these two well known and established poets, Patricia Prime and Giselle Maya:

In Tree Shade

by willow shade
where clear water flows
in the river
the first daffodils
proclaim the arrival of spring

*awakening
of birds and insects
lightly touched
by your gentle presence
out of winter solitude*

apple blossoms
that will scatter later on
in the year
are here now in the orchards
lining the motorway

*almost Gesha
midsummer night
when elves frolic
rice has been planted
in this floating petal world*

my morning walk
takes me to the Japanese park
where a man
practices tai chi among moss-covered
boulders and a stone Buddha

*seeking shade
between plum and almond tree
hammock knotted
ready for swinging lightly
into rose-scented summer days*

since the day
I saw the little red house
in Cass
I've dreamed of living there
surrounded by the mountains

—*cattails* Book Reviewer, an'ya, USA

cattails

May 2015

Featured Photographer and Poet



Ron Rosenstock, USA

Ron had a correspondence with Ansel Adams in the mid 1960's. He then studied with Minor White at M.I.T from 1967-71. He taught photography at Clark University, in Worcester, MA., USA, from 1972 to 2002. Ron's photographs are in numerous Museum collections. He recently had a major show at the Worcester Art Museum in Worcester, MA. USA, and the National Museum of Iceland in Reykjavik, Iceland.

Ron has had over 100 exhibits in the US and Europe. He has frequently been a speaker in venues around the world.

Ron Has been an international photo tour leader for forty years working in Ireland, Iceland, Peru, Morocco, Italy, Cuba, Bhutan, The Czech Republic, Santorini, Greece and Death Valley, CA. He has published six books of his photographs and has had his work

published in numerous photo magazines throughout the world.

Contact Ron at: www.ronrosenstock.com



Gabriel Rosenstock, Ireland

Gabriel was born in 1949, Kilfinane, Co. Limerick, in post-colonial Ireland. Poet, haikuist, essayist, playwright, author/translator of over 180 books, mostly in Irish (Gaelic). Member Aosdána (Irish Academy of Arts & Letters). Taught haiku at the Schule für Dichtung (Poetry Academy), Vienna, and Hyderabad Literary Festival. Prolific translator into Irish of international poetry (among others Ko Un, Seamus Heaney, K. Satchidanandan, Rabindranath Tagore, Muhammad Iqbal, Peter Huchel), plays (Beckett, Frisch, Yeats), songs (Bob Dylan, Kate Bush, Leonard Cohen, Bob Marley, Van

Morrison, as well as Lieder and Blues), he also writes for children, in prose and verse. Represented in Best European Fiction 2012 (Dalkey Archive Press) and *Haiku in English: The First Hundred Years* (W. W. Norton & Co. 2013). Books Ireland, Summer 2012, says of his novel *My Head is Missing*: 'This is a departure for Rosenstock but he is surefooted as he takes on the comic genre and writes a story full of engaging characters and a plot that keeps the reader turning the page.'

Where Light Begins is a selection of his haiku. *The Invisible Light* features haiku in Irish, English, Spanish and Japanese with work by American master photographer Ron Rosenstock. New and selected poems / *OPEN MY POEM* . . . (translated from the Irish) published in 2014 by PoetryWala, Mumbai, and in Ireland by CIC as *Margadh na Míol in Valparaíso/The Flea Market in Valparaíso*. Other English-language titles include *The Partisan* and other stories (Evertime), *Haiku Enlightenment* (Cambridge Scholars Publishing), *The Naked Octopus, erotic haiku* (Evertime), *Uttering Her Name* (Salmon), *The Pleasantries of Krishnamurphy* (Non-Duality Press), *Haiku, the Gentle Art of Disappearing* (Cambridge Scholars Publishing).

Gabriel Rosenstock's Blog address is: roghaghabriel.blogspot.ie

*Paro Taktsang—
titeann bláthanna as na flaithis
imíonn as radharc*

Paro Taktsang—
flowers fall from the heavens
and disappear



流水の
心 離れぬ
太陽の胸

*Ryuhyo no
Kokoro hanarenu
Taiyo no mune*

*ní chorraítear an croí
sa chnoc oighir: barróg
ón ngrian*

the heart
of the iceberg unmoved—
sun's embrace



Mariko Sumikura

那すら
出来うる限り
ながらえる
クルー湾

*moillíonn móimint
níos faide ná mar is féidir—
Cuan Mó*

a moment lingers
longer than is possible—
Clew Bay



*uaigh an ghaiscígh
is gan éinne á cosaint
ach néalta fáin*

warrior grave
none to guard it
but passing clouds



*luan a chuaigh ar strae
is a tháinig abhaile—
oileán acla*

a lost halo
has finally come home -
achill island



*Coill Shíofra—
is iomaí rud
nach bhfuil míniú air*

Sheefrey Wood—
there is much that remains
unexplained



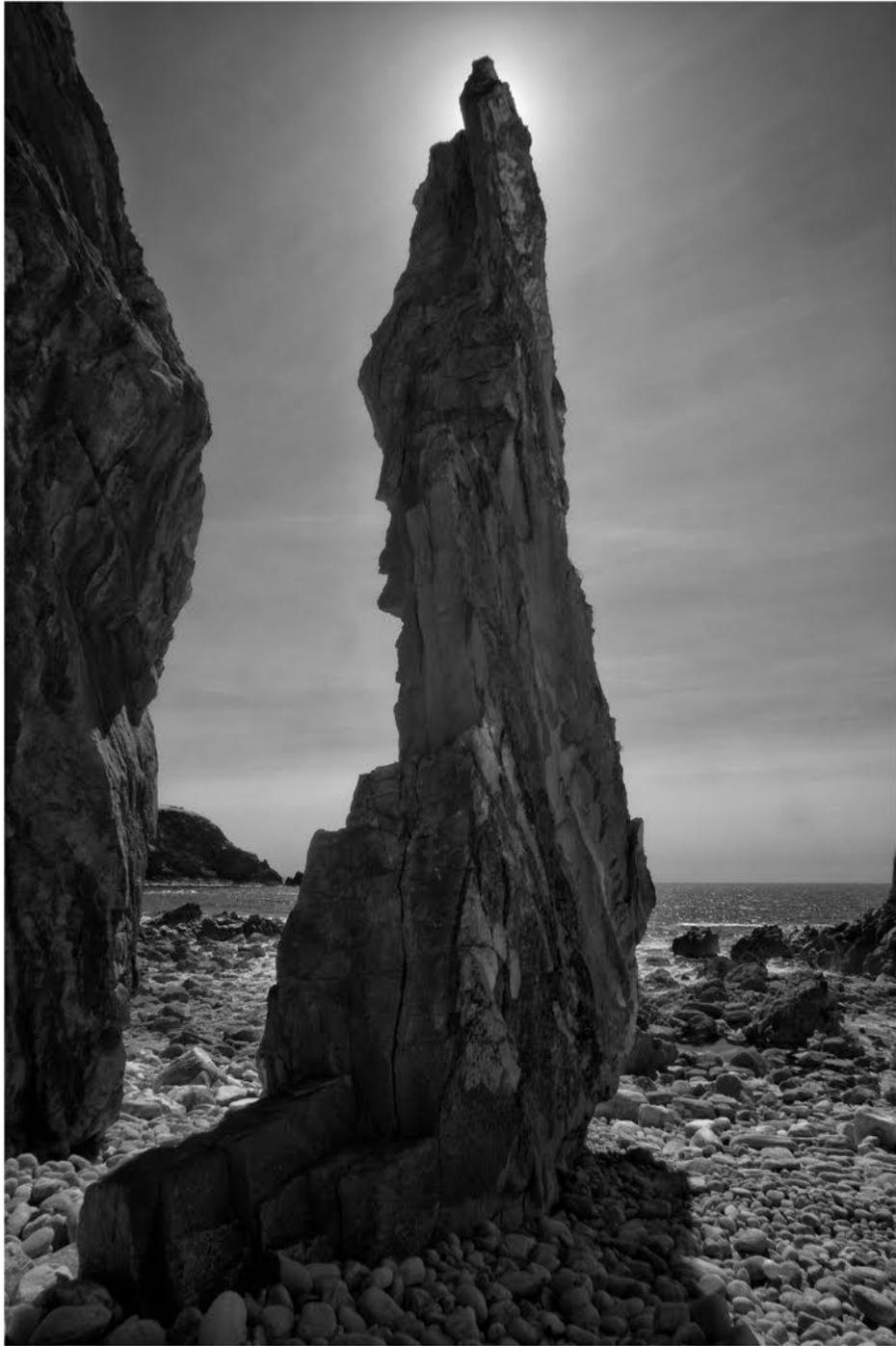
Larger versions of the thumbnail images appear, starting on the next page













cattails

May 2015

cAt taLes Cartoon

UHTS Resident Cartoonist

Paresh Tiwari, India



cattails

May 2015
White Page

The Death of a Spouse in Haiku, Tanka, and Haibun

Marjorie Buettner

USA

Jung has said the most important aspect of our life—especially as we grow older—is confronting that mystery of death, looking death in the eye if you will. Growing up without a father, I watched my mother move through her widowhood with fear and trepidation then graceful acceptance until 15 years later she was able to love again. The death of a spouse, of course, is hauntingly depicted in Buson's famous haiku. In Haruo Shirane's essay "Beyond the Haiku Moment: Basho, Buson and Modern Haiku Myths" (*Modern Haiku 16:1 Winter/Spring, 2000*) Shirane says: "The opening phrase, *mini nishimu* (literally, to penetrate the body), is an autumn phrase that suggests the chill and sense of loneliness that sinks into the body with the arrival of the autumn cold and that here also functions as a metaphor of the poet's feelings following the death of his wife."

the piercing cold—
in our bedroom stepping
on my dead wife's comb

Buson

In the attic trunk,
looking through his dead wife's things:
crying drunk

Nicholas Virgilio (Frogpond 6:3 1983)

The coldness of being abandoned in so many ways leaves the widower with irreconcilable grief and irredeemable regret. We are abandoned just as Basho's old woman:

now I see her face
the old woman, abandoned,
the moon her only companion

Basho

next morning
a box of condolence cards
cold pillow

Kenne Thomas

The coldness of grief and abandonment are felt by the widower but this does not mitigate the fact that our spouses are a mystery to us, as Doris Kasson admits, and in death they become even more of a mystery:

afterwards
clearing out his desk
I find him
in bits and pieces
the man I never knew

Doris Kasson (The Tanka Anthology)

Victor Gendrano knows the shadowed grief of a widower in this empathetic haiku:

I shadow
my shadow
to her grave

(Haiku and Tanka Harvest)

Grant Savage in his book *Their White With Them* expresses this grief with a beautiful tanka:

in a sunny meadow
contemplating your passing
the butterflies
on the flowers
cast beautiful shadows

Terri French, Pamela A. Babusci and an'ya witness this shadowing grief with their parents as well:

falling leaves
mother rocks
in father's chair

Terri French

autumn has taken on
a deeper shade of crimson
this year
missing my parents more
with each falling leaf

Pamela A. Babusci (A Solitary Woman)

from autumn skies
in this world and the next
rain keeps falling
my sorrow seeds the clouds
with perpetual tears

an'ya

We are left behind, then, without solace, to grow old alone, without, too the pleasure of enjoying nature:

left behind
to grow old in this world
without you,
the flowers I pick lose their beauty,
dyed with dark ink

Izumi Shikibu
(The Ink Dark Moon)

visiting
her lover's grave—
a dying chrysanthemum
casts its shadow
upon her heart

Pamela A. Babusci
(*A Solitary Woman*)

if only she were here
for me to nag . . .
tonight's moon!

Issa
(*translation: David G. Lanoue*)

Sometimes we have to witness the painful process of dying first before the inevitable death appears:

boxes of sleeping pills
stacked up behind him
day in and day out
my husband sleeps in
unapproachable wretchedness

Nakajo Fumiko
(*Modern Japanese Tanka*)

lonely man drifting the new year's miasma

Susan Diridoni
(*Frogpond 37:2 Spring/Summer, 2014*)

leaning on his cane
he looks like a character
out of Bashō . . .
weighed down at end of day
by the weight of his shadow

Margaret Dornaus—for Larry
(red lights 11:1, January 2015)

Our spouses change right before our eyes becoming like a caged animal:

the eyes
of a cornered animal
and my husband's eyes
in my memory
merge for a moment

Nakajo Fumiko
(Modern Japanese Tanka)

Memory is a palpable healing agent when going through the process of grief after a loved one's death:

kaleidoscope
I hold it against light
magically
they come into my sight
dark eyes of my dead lover

Kozue Uzawa
(Moonbathing no.4, spring/summer 2011)

After being left alone we see that absence is often a palpable presence as *Susan Diridoni* experienced:
shimmers the cremation heat the warm day receiving him

(Modern Haiku, 45:3, 2014)

Izumi Shikibu, too, sees this intimate connection:

for a moment,
he became smoke,
how intimate,
now,
the cloudy sky

(The Ink Dark Moon)

However, after they are gone, there is always that sense of survivor's guilt which defines:

all day she stood
holding his hand
the one she married late
the one she didn't know
was gone

Alexis Rotella

And where can they be found, our loved ones after death?

one by one,
at day's end,
the birds take flight
in all directions—
which could lead me to you?

Izumi Shikibu
(*The Ink Dark Moon*)

which star keeps you
husband so suddenly dead
that October night

Geraldine Little

(*"The Journey: Illuminations—In memoriam, R.K.L. "Modern Haiku 22:2 Summer, 1991*)

i traveled a moonbeam tonight searching for you

Pamela A. Babusci (dew-on-line 4, 2002)

Penny Harter express beautifully her desire to know where her husband is after death, gone to light after all:

Seventh Heaven (CHO: July 1, 2012, vol 8, no 2)

What do we know of one heaven, let alone all seven? Some of us think we have visited, our lives slipping sideways into death and back, our flesh grown phosphorescent.

moonless night—
the child fills her jar
with fireflies

We are iridescent, borne on currents of the atmosphere as we drift through a geography we think we know.

seaside road—
we scan the sawgrass
for a marsh fox

Seventh heaven—perhaps that's where you are these days, having migrated through matter dense and dark, becoming more and more translucent until in that high destination, you are light.

without looking
a star in my palm
the fortune teller finds

The Japanese have a way to heal beautifully what has been broken, it is called Kintsukuroi, that is, fortifying and strengthening with gold that which has been fractured. So, this is a meaningful metaphor for those poems which arise out of the death of a loved one. Turned to gold, the light captures the resilience and beauty of the work of art; in spite of our impermanence, in spite of our imperfections, all is gold. Therefore, the death of a spouse documented in these poems have a life of their own and enable, too, the loved one to live on. Penny Harter expresses this transmutation so beautifully in her translucent haibun, "One Bowl" (*Haibun Today* Volume 5, Number 1, March 2011) where a favorite bowl of her late husband's is used:

"One bowl, one spiral on a potter's wheel, one orbit of a planet round its host, pulling the spectra of a star's gaseous fire from red to blue, and black. One bowl, one arm of the Milky Way slowly wheeling through the unfinished round of sky in the iris of your eye. One . . . "

Our loved ones do live on, touched with that alchemical gold which heals all wounds. This is just a short sampling of the power of art to transcend grief and we are thankful, indeed, for these poems.

—*cattails* Resident Columnist Marjorie Buettner, USA

Acknowledgements

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cattails

May 2015

White Page

**Berry Black Night: Heian High Court Classical Tanka
Its History, Structure, Poetics, Legacy**

Linda Galloway, Phd

USA

Classical tanka was a prominent literary form and the pre-eminent poetic manifestation of Heian high court (ca. 800-1200 A. D.) This court remained in power for "four hundred" years. The tanka diction and images were greatly limited by the court's aristocratic poets. With the exception of some added images, the Heian tanka style was to remain unchanged for one thousand years until the Meiji Reformation in the mid-nineteenth century.

Classical high court tanka is called "waka" by some authorities. The term "tanka," however, is used in this research article. Eminent Harvard Professor Emeritus Edwin A Cranston (1993) maintains "waka" is a category designation for three poetry forms, the choka, the sedoka, and the tanka. Almost all English tanka translations in this article (i.e. if not otherwise accredited) are from the imperial anthologies and the almost 800 tanka in the *Genji Monogatari (The Tale of Genji)* from the *A Waka Anthology: Grasses of Remembrance Volume 2* (Cranston 2000) printed in two bound books amounting to over 1,200 pages.

In early days, the high court was located in Nara. In 794 it re-located to the peaceful city of Heian-kyo, present day Kyoto, predominantly under the control of the Fujiwara clan. The Heian court exercised only limited administrative control over regional provinces of Japan.

HEIAN COURT LIFE:

Court life was refined and elegant with a great flowering of tanka and the arts. Aristocrats were urban, sophisticated and well educated. They supported court gardens, the arts and culture of their time. A mark of social status for men was the ability to write both calligraphy and tanka, a talent which could bring court promotion and a lover.

Originally the language of government, business and literature was Chinese which only men were allowed to learn and use. It was felt unseemly for women to learn Chinese. Chinese ideograms were used for their sound value to render Japanese into writing.

In the ninth century a simplified script was developed, called “kana”. Unlike the ideographic Chinese writing system, kana was a phonetic syllabary in which one simplified character represented a single Japanese sound unit (i.e. a vowel or a consonant plus a vowel). Women learned this phonetic transcription and began to play a major role in Japanese literature. Kana (Makoto 1977) was also to produce many homophones which were to be used widely in tanka poetics (cf. below).

Classical tanka, central to court culture, was written by mid-level aristocrats, mostly courtiers and ladies-in-waiting. It was composed for private parties, banquets, personal literary collections, the exchange of love letters, diaries, hand-painted screens, and for the all important “uta-awase”, public competitions.

Early in the tenth century the emperor ordered a poetry anthology to be composed and edited, the *Kokinshu (Collection of Ancient and Modern Poems)*. This collection was to be the first of twenty more imperial anthologies to be commissioned. The two greatest in artistic value are considered to be the *Kokinshu (Collection of Ancient and Modern Poems)* and the *Shin Kokinshu (The New Collection of Ancient and Modern Poems)* in 1205.

Anthologies contain several poetry books organized by topic. The majority of poems are in two books, *Love and The Four Seasons*, which can be up to two-thirds of an anthology. Topics with lesser poems were e.g. felicitations, travel, parting, and laments.

TANKA STRUCTURE:

The structure of classical tanka consists of 31 sound units arranged in five groupings of five and seven sound units (5,7,5,7,7). There is no rhyme. Old Japanese has only five vowels (Shirane 2005, Keene 1998). It has no long vowels as does modern Japanese. Words end in vowels, thus rhyme would be exceedingly tedious if employed as a poetic technique. Any rhyme that might occur is purely accidental (Keene 1998).

Tanka has no metre, because Japanese words do not contain syllable stress. All sound units are of equal weight. Yet tanka does have a characteristic rhythm, which consists of alternating lines of five and seven sound units. This alternation is pleasing to the Japanese ear. (Tanka has no lines as western poetry does. This author will use the word “line”, however, as it is composition-wise simpler than the phrase, “sound units arranged in groupings of five and seven sound units”.)

The Heian court poets introduced new poetry features that were significantly different from the first extant poetry anthology, the *Man'yōshū*, from a century before. The *Man'yōshū anthology* was written in the vernacular about common everyday topics. Anyone from beggars and peasants to the emperor could submit poetry. Heian tanka, in contrast, were written only by court aristocrats.

Diction and themes of high court classical tanka were restrained and of great refinement. Images were limited and used over and over again without restraint. Today such repeated use would be considered undesirable and criticized as hackneyed cliché. With time, in the next centuries the number of images was expanded somewhat.

The author of this research article has extracted images from *Cranston's imperial anthologies (2006 Book A)* and from the nearly 800 tanka in the *Genji Monogatari (2006 Book B)*. The vast portion of images come from nature and are listed below in the Appendix by natural category. Other categories are limited, for example, "robe" and "sleeve" seem to comprise clothing images.

Classical tanka is "a royal genre whose use [takes] on high cultural value." Its vocabulary is limited to 2,000 words. The language is elegant, graceful and refined with no coarse or vulgar words. Neologisms, Chinese or any other foreign words are not allowed. Seasonal landscapes are bereft of "wilderness, wild animals, snakes, wild boars." Topics present an elegant and harmonious world. "There are no fires, earthquakes, famines, floods or droughts" (Shirane 2012). It is a gentle and intimate environment.

Vocabulary from villages and farmers is especially avoided. Shirane (2012), for example, names "classical birds" of court life vs. "commoner birds" from farms. Birds which figure frequently in high court tanka are the bush warbler, small cuckoo, plover, wild duck, mandarin duck and wild geese. "Commoner birds", for example, include pigeon, crow and chicken. Perhaps their undesirability was also due to their places on farmers' menus. Most birds and insects in the villages were pests.

The famous kana preface composed by Ki no Tsurayuki (872-945) for the *Kokinshū anthology* reads: "*Japanese poetry has its seeds in the human heart*" (Keene 1999). Although the source may be the heart, subjectivity is restrained. Classical tanka are written in an impersonal style and avoid what Keene calls "the jagged edges of openly expressed emotion." Most love poems are not sincere (1999).

Two women, Ono no Komachi (Shirane 2007) and Izumi Shikibu, however, are exceptional in their use of passionate language (Keene 1999).

Lonely and forlorn
as a drifting weed:
should flowing waters
beckon
I think I'd follow.

Ono no Komachi

I feel so wretched
I am ready even to
Abandon the world—
When I think that I was once
Intimate with such a man!

Izumi Shikibu

NATURE AND LOVE VERSE:

Shirane (2012) reports that climate included unpleasant winters with cold and snow and summers with extreme heat, high-humidity, pestilence and typhoons. Fewer poems involve these two seasons, and the ones that are included in tanka are of a more idealized climate than existed. The mild spring and autumn occur in more poems. In general, Heian poetry “creates a highly aestheticized representation of the seasons” not of how they were, but how poets thought they “ought to be . . . a model of elegance and the primarily literary representation of nature for the next thousand years.” (Shirane 2012).

The *Four Seasons* is a poetry book in all the imperial anthologies. A vast number of waka in the classical period and for the next thousand years involve the seasons. Nature in classical waka is a sub-genre of mostly what aristocrats could see at court, especially in the gardens. Poets pay especial attention to colour, scent and sound of nature images. The author of this research article has extracted images by season from Cranston's imperial anthologies:

“SPRING:

Spring haze (*kazumi*), warbler (*uguisu*), bird song (“one of most popular expressions of spring”), spring herbs (new herbs), young greens, lingering snow, plum blossoms, cherry blossoms, wild geese flying north to Siberia, wisteria, kerria (& other wild yellow designations), peach tree, knot grass, azalea.

SUMMER:

Cuckoo (*hototogisu*), orange blossoms, sweet flag, hareflower, firefly, fringed pinks.

AUTUMN:

moon (prime poetic season), Tanabata (& associated legendary characters & astronomy), first pine cricket voices, bush clover, wild geese flying south, male deer voices, dew, moon flower, lady flower, plume grass, fall foliage, chrysanthemum, falling leaves, fallen leaves, leaves on river waters.

WINTER:

cold weather, ice, snow, esp. falling snow, (plus related frozen water forms e.g. flakes, drifts, frost), pitiful plover cries."

Spring is the season with a few lingering snowflakes, and the time when wispy spring mists begin to show themselves. Birdsong is above all a most favorite expression. Wild geese are flying north to Siberia to lay their eggs, and the stunning purple of wisteria abounds.

Two frequent poetic images are the warbler (uguisu) and the cherry blossoms (sakura). The warbler is famous in early spring. Cherry blossoms are known around the world and symbolize the transiency and ephemerality of life.

Since I've made my dwelling
Out by the edge of open fields,
I hear the warbler's voice
Singing somewhere in the air
Its carol, morn after morn.

Ever amorous
for the cherry all in bloom
I often wonder—
Would we fail to feel regret
If the blossoms never fell?

The weather of summer with its unpopular steaming heat and humidity is a season with only one book in imperial anthologies. It is the time when fireflies dart about at night, and the persistent stridulations of the cicada are "the very voice of the hottest days" (Cranston 2000). The favorite Heian bird, the cuckoo (hototoguisu), with its striking voice and the sweet smelling flowering orange are common in summer tanka.

What I heard just now—
Might have been the first call?
Cuckoo, for the old,
Waking through the night, I find,
is a blessing in disguise.

Fragrance of the orange
Flowering at last in June
Wafts through the summer night
The memory of scented sleeves
Of someone long ago.

Of all the seasons, autumn is the time of sadness and loneliness, a time of “withering decline” (Cranston 2000). Wild geese are flying south for the winter. Conventionally, the first chilly winds blow, and the air is filled with the cries of fall insects. Male deer bell for a mate. All is covered in dew. The moon, foliage, and the chrysanthemum abound in fall poetry. The moon is a prime autumn image. The moon is mentioned in other seasons, but frequently is labeled as such, spring moon, summer moon, and winter moon.

When I see the gleam
Of moonlight spilling down
Between the trees
Then I know it's come at last,
Autumn that wrings my heart.

Foliage tanka are plentiful and appear in the various stages (spreading out in all their glory, falling, scattering, riding on river waters). The chrysanthemum is the prime flower of late fall. It appears on the imperial crest, and like leaves, chrysanthemums change color with the frost.

Helpless in autumn,
When the wind begins to blow
The bright leaves scatter:
To an unknown destination
Bound away, sad, on my journey.

Finally, winter has only a few seasonal images, cold weather, ice and down-drifting snow. One can easily visualize and reflect on the chilling image of a pond, like an eye staring at the moon in the winter sky.

The crying plover, whose voice is considered especially pitiful and vivid in cold winter nights, occurs frequently.

That shining
In the vast sky of the moon—
So pure
Now its gleam has turned to ice
The water that watched the light.

Off beyond the mist
Over Saho River sound
The plovers crying
Voices reach us unhindered
Through this wall of drifting white.

Love is the other book, which with the seasons, can comprise half to two-thirds of an imperial anthology book. Heian men and women were physically separated at court from each other. They might admire one another and send notes usually with *tanka* to each other by messenger. The only meetings were clandestine, secret encounters at night when men stole into women's residences to make love.

Love for Heian poets is not about the joy and delight of falling and being in love, as one might feel today. Heian people in love do not write about the lover. Rather, they write self-centered *tanka* about their own inner feelings of doubt and dismay. It is a lonely time filled with longing and despair. The typical love sequence progresses from admiring a potential lover, yearning to meet and make love, waiting for the lover's return, fearing the lover might not return, separation, and ongoing misery.

The time when we shall meet
Is still as far off as the clouds
Where thunder growls,
But though I only hear report of you,
My love will span the very sky.

Though there are days
waves do not rise on Tago Bay
along the Surunga shore,
There's not a day I do not yearn
with all my heart for you.

When pressed with longing
Fiercely through desire's hour
In the bead-black dark
I slip off the robe of night
To lie with it inside out.

Evening comes on:
Bend to dust the bedding
Where no one now lies,
Heave a sigh for my sorrows—
Tell me was I born for this?

Though I long for him,
He will go away from me—
What shall I do?
I shall think of him as a blossom
That fell before I was weary.

Now we never meet,
And longing alone grows deeper—
What was I about
When I thought to dye my love
In the depths of a waterless river?

Like the first wild goose,
I must cry across the world
Wherein so cruel
Awaits the sated, hateful heart
of the autumn of love.

I am forgotten,
Left to misery: the bridge
Of Uji broken,
Not for many a year now gone
Has my lover crossed to me.

POETIC DEVICES:

Uta-awase (competition) poetry judges selected tanka based on the best form and rhetoric. Thus, Heian poets' objective was to achieve the best formal structures possible with the poetic and stylistic devices allowed. Salient content or deep meaning was not important for literary judgement (Keene 1999).

The rhetoric and poetic techniques of high court classical tanka are numerous: colour, progression, *mitate*, *makurakoba*, *kakekotoba*, *engo*, homophones, sound effects, and word play. All of these provide tanka with a multitude of layering and meaning which increase poetic complexity, nuance and depth. Unless otherwise stated, Cranston (2000) is the source of tanka and explanation of poetic techniques.

Colour plays a strong role. Makoto in his book *The Colors of Poetry* (1991) wrote a very stimulating chapter on the appearance and use of colour in tanka. In older times, the Japanese language had many colour words. Old Japanese people knew the colours of flowers and were well acquainted with natural plant dyes. Pigments are named by their plant source. So important was colour that it was considered a basic attribute of plants.

Poets often designate objects which in themselves will evoke a particular colour. Makoto (1991) writes:

"Rather than lavender, for example, we invoke thoroughwort, hagi (Japanese bush clover), or arrowroot. In place of yellow we mention globeflower, *ominaeshi*, chrysanthemum. For pink, we have wild pink, peach blossom, cherry blossom, mallow, peony, silk tree, knotwood. For red we name camellias or lilies; for purple, wisteria, violets, iris. Blue will be suggested by Chinese bell flowers, morning-glories, hydrangeas, gentians; white by *ume*, chrysanthemum, orange blossoms, Japanese sunflowers (*deutzia*)."

In the tanka below the poet writes that the deep water of the ocean or a river is purple. He imparts that the surface water is purple too by using the word "wisteria". He creates a beautiful metaphor likening cascading water to waves of wisteria blossoms.

Under the water
Purple penetrates the depths—
See how it looks,
And how waves of wisteria
Cascade over rocks on the shore.

In the next tanka, the colour "white" is never mentioned. Yet plum blossoms immediately evoke the colour white, which is re-iterated with the words "snow" and "moonlight". The tanka artfully creates a masterful flush of white in the visual mind of the reader without using the actual colour word, "white".

Here around my house
The first blossoms of the plum
By day as snow
By night as moonlight play
These tricks upon my eyes.

It takes, Makoto writes, “an acute and refined sensitivity to name an object, then to make that name designate a color” (1991).

Progression is a general organizing principle (Miner 1985) found throughout the anthologies. Book topics in anthologies are presented in the same order. Seasons are listed in natural order. The sequencing in love books is always as it is actually said to happen in the course of a love affair: spying a lover, yearning, waiting, meeting, parting, longing, separation and depression (cf. *The Love Book* below).

Progression is strong in the temporal sequence of nature. In the books of *The Four Seasons*, spring is always the first book, and winter the last. Within a season, tanka events occur as they do in reality. The author of this tanka article researched the autumn books in Cranston’s imperial anthologies in order to provide an example of a seasonal progression.

AUTUMN: Temporal Sequence of Natural Events

first autumn breeze
cool wind
Tanabata
first pine cricket voices
bush clover (favorite fall flowering shrub)
wild geese flying south
moon flower
lady flower

purple trousers plant
flowering plume grass
bright fall foliage
falling, scattering of fall leaves
amidst falling leaves – chrysanthemums
fallen leaves
sparse leaves

last fallen leaves
withered chrysanthemums
brown leaves
river water carrying fall leaves
first cold rain
farewell to autumn

Mitate (personification) is a poetic device described by Keene (1999) which was used in the *Kokinshu* and later Japanese literature.

Shiranami no
Aki no konoha no
Uaberu wo
Ama no nagaseru
Fune ka to zo mi.

Autumn leaves floating
on the white-crested waters:
I thought they might be
Boats like those fishermen ply
Adrift on the river waters.

(Keene 1999)

Here the floating autumn leaves are taken for the boats of the fishermen.

Makurakotoba, a “pillow word,” is a pre-posed stock epithet often of five sound units. It can be used over and over again. When repeated in another tanka, it casts a web of recollection in the reader’s mind of other tanka in which it is used. A *makurakotoba* can act as an adjectival or adverbial modifier (Cranston 2000).

Chihayaburu
Kamunabiyama no
Momijiba ni
Omoi wa kakeji
Utsurou mono o.

Shaking-in-fury
Mountain of the sacred grove
Now ablaze with fall,
Shall not dwell upon your leaves,
That splendor soon to fade.

"Chiyaburu" ("shaking-in-fury") is an adjectival modifier of *"kamunabi"*, "the sacred grove".

When a *makuratoba* is used as a modifying adverb, Cranston prefers to call it a *"joshi"*, or *"jo"* for short.

Karikomo no
Omoimidarete
Karikomo no Ware kou to
Imo shirurame ya
Hito shi tsugezu wa.

Like scattered rushes
the wild tangle of my love—
Can she ever know
This yearning unless someone goes
To tell of my disordered heart.

"Karikomo no," Cranston (2000) remarks, "impinges on *"midarete"* (wildly tangled) in *"omoimidarete"* (wildly longing)."

Kakekotoba, a pivot word or phrase, is a poetic technique in which a word is used in a double way.

Azusayumi
Oshite harusame
Kyo furino
Asu sae furaba
Wakana tsumitemu

A catalpa bow—
Bend it strong, string it, it will spring
Rain fell today;
If it rains tomorrow too,
I'm off to pick young greens.

The pivot word, “*haru*,” Cranston explains, means “spring” in the sense of putting tension into the catalpa bow. It also means the season “spring”. Picking young greens re-enforces the meaning of season, as this task is one done in spring when the greens are young.

Enjo is the poetic device which makes poetic use of related words. A particular word will relate to the secondary meaning of another word.

“*Kumo no hatate*” (“the tips of clouds”) relates semantically to “*amatsusora*” (“celestial”) below.

Yugure wa
Kumo no hatate ni
Mono zo onou
Amatsusora naru
Hito o kou tote.

When evening comes
Beyond the borders of the clouds
I drift in thought,
For there is one I love who dwells
Amid the skies in heaven.

Word play is found to a considerable extent in classical tanka. The word “pun” will not be used because of its unliterary and lowbrow connotations in English, i.e. at least in this writer’s American dialect. It is unclear if this word has similar associations in other English dialects such as British or Australian.

Kokorogae
Suru mono ni mo ga
Katako wa
Kurushiki mono to
Hito ni shirasemu.

Exchange of hearts—
If only there were such a thing,
I’d let him know
What a painful thing it is
To love one-sidedly.

“*Kokorogae*” is used with the calculation that it will easily suggest “*kotomogae*” (“exchange of clothing”) in this love tanka.

Phonological techniques are also an important poetic device of Heian tanka. There can be repetition of the same sounds in different words which can serve to re-enforce meaning.

Hatsukari no
Hatsuka ni koe o
Kikishi yori
Nakazora ni nomi
Mono o omou kana.

Faint as far
the calling of the first wild geese
I heard your voice,
Since when I have been lost in thought
Drifting though the endless sky.

The sound unit “*hatsu*” occurs in “*hatsukari*” (the first wild geese) and “*hatsuka*” (faint). Geese cries are in themselves faint.

Sound can also be used in onomatopoeia, for contrast and for repetition, such as assonance, the repetition of vowel sounds.

Hototogisu
Naku ya Satsuki no
Ayamegusa
Ayame mo shirnau
Koi mo sura kana.

In the month of June
When the little cuckoo cries.
Sweet flag everywhere:
Oh, sweet tangle of my love
That knows no weave of pattern.

“*Hototo*” is the onomatopoeic version of the beloved little cuckoo’s cry. The assonance of the vowel “a” in the three middle lines provides according to Cranston, a “sense of exhilaration.” This essay writer thinks the repeated use of ‘a’ in addition amalgamates the three lines as a whole.

Also interesting, in this writer's opinion, is that the phonetically back, rounded vowel, "o" (sounding in a lower tonal region) sets the bird (*hototogisu*) phonologically apart from the three middle lines by means of contrasting vowel sounds with "a" (sounding in a lighter tonal range). Thus "*hototogisu*," the little bird, also becomes a prominent subject phonologically. Finally, the author of this article suggests that the repetition of "*ayame*" further unites the lines phonetically and semantically.

In general, poetic devices add a multitude of layering and meaning which increase the complexity, nuance and depth of a tanka. This fact occurs in the case when several techniques are used in one poem, as the following illustrates. (Commentary is a combination of Cranston's (2000), Keene's (1999) and this writer's own analyses.)

Hatsurai no
Naki koso watare
Yo no naka no
Hito no kokoro no
Aki shi ukeraba.

Like the first wild goose,
I must cry across the world
Wherein so cruel
Awaits the sated, hateful heart
Of the autumn of human love.

"*Hatsukari*" is an adjectival modifier (*makuakotoba*) of "cry". "*Watare*" functions semantically in two ways (*engo*). It can mean "keep on [crying]" or "cross [the sky]". Both the first wild goose and the poet keep on crying as they both cross the world/sky.

"*Aki*" is a pivot word (*kaketotoba*). It can mean "autumn" or "weariness" of the lover who has grown tired of the poet. "*Aki*" when it means autumn evokes the connotations of sadness and sorrow, because autumn is well known as "the saddest month", thus re-enforcing the overall tone of the poem and the poet's feelings.

In addition there are sound effects. "*Naki*" and "*aki*", two main words in the poem, "cry" and "autumn/weariness", contain the same sounds. This sound device further emphasizes the centrality of the topic of crying and of the theme of autumn, the saddest month, and the lover's weariness, which is the cause of the poet's sadness. "*Naki*" also relates to "*naka*" with the poetic use of consonance, the repetition of consonants and assonance with the vowel "a".

At this point in the research article, the end of Heian classical tanka presentation, it is time to return to the end of Heian history. As mentioned in the introduction, the Heian court exercised only limited control over regional leaders. As a result, provincial samurai warrior classes became more and more powerful towards the end of the four hundred years of Heian court.

In 1183 a *bafuku*, military government, was established in Kamakura by samurai.

The high court began to lose prominence. Heian aristocracy continued to maintain a tanka culture, but with the 1221 *Jōkyū* rebellion any power the nobility had ended. There followed four hundred years of endless regional samurai warfare until the Tokugawa clan asserted sovereignty over all of Japan with strong central rule in 1600.

LEGACY:

Heian tanka went on to have cultural impact especially with the four seasons in women's clothing, paintings, ceramics, lacquerware, furniture, ikebana (flower arrangement), sand stone landscapes, architecture, and the naming of tea ceremony utensils. Talismanic figures were created from plants and animals (e.g. crack-shell worm) from the four seasons. During the 14th and 16th centuries when the linked-verse renga flourished, the introductory seventeen sound units (hokku) of this poetry form had to include an old season word (Shirane 2012).

Hokku went on to become haiku which traditionally required a "kigo", season word, tracing back to the Heian days. The average season word has five sound units which makes it perfect for a five syllable kigo, one-third of the poem. In the Edo period well educated courtesans in the pleasures quarters took on tanka season names, e.g. Fuji (Wisteria). Sumo wrestlers were named after tanka images, e.g. Kasugayama, Mount Kasuga (Shirane 2012).

Yet the greatest influence of classical tanka was its historically ongoing form. Poets continued to write tanka unchanged for a thousand years. The same restricted Heian vocabulary, imagery, and structure were maintained as well as the diction, vocabulary, and grammar of Old Japanese, although some additional images were added through the years.

This formal retention is the equivalent of poets today returning a thousand years to write poetry in Old English (ca. 500 - ca. 1100) spoken by the Anglo-Saxons who had re-located from the European Continent to the island of Britain in the fifth century. An Old English sample is cited below from the unforgettable Old English saga, Beowulf, the Danish warrior prince who fights the monster Grendel, Grendel's hideous mother and a fire-breathing dragon (Heaney 2001).

*Swā ða driht-guman drēamum lifdon,
ēadiglice, oððæt ān ongan
fyrene fremman fēond on helle.
Wæs se grmima gæst Grendel hāten,
mære mearc-stapa, sē þe mōras hēold,
fen ond fæsten; fifel-cyynnes eard
won-sæli wer weardode hwīle*

So then the retainers lived
a blessed joy, until someone began
to commit bad deeds, an enemy from hell.
He was a cruel creature called Grendel,
famed borderland wanderer, he lived in swamps,
fen and strongholds; the cursed creature occupied
the homeland of a monster race for a while

(trans.) Linda Galloway

If a person today wanted to re-create Old English verse, then this individual would need to employ the alliterative line, common to all the old Germanic sagas. The alliterative line contains four heavily stressed syllables with a strong caesura (pause) in the middle creating two half lines. The two halves are united by alliteration in one or both of the stressed syllables in the first half, with the alliteration of the first stressed syllable in the second half. In the case of vowel alliteration, any assortment of vowels in a line fulfilled the alliterative requirement.

There are additional poetic devices used in Old English verse, but one will suffice to illustrate: compound nouns also known as “kennings”. They were used sometimes to complete the metre of a specific line, or to enhance the haunting image of misty swamps and fens such as “*misthleoþ*” (“mist-hleoþ”), mist-slope or “under *fenhleopu*”, “under fen-slopes”. Finally, a modern poet might choose to dictate the oral verse to a scribe to obtain a manuscript. Or a poet today could write the orally created poem in the runic alphabet (Krause 1966, 1970, Page 1999). The Anglo-Saxon runic alphabet was derived from the original Old Norse runic system (Krause 1970, 1966) of Scandinavia. The Anglo-Saxon version added three characters for three Old English vowels, not native to the ancient Proto-Norse (Page 1999).

Even the 14th century Middle English of Chaucer (1340-1400) would be challenging for modern poets to replicate. Chaucer’s “Prologue to The Canterbury Tales, which were begun circa 1387, is cited below (Lieder et al. 1955). At first blush many Middle English words may look familiar to modern speakers of English. Yet many Middle English words, their connotations or both can be quite different from Modern

English e.g. “*croppes*” (shoots), “*inspired*” (quickenened), “*corage*” (disposition).

Whan that Aprille with his shoures soote
The droghte of Marche hath perced to the roote,
And bathed every veyne in swich licour
Of which vertu is the flour;
Whan Zephirus eek with his sweete breeth
Inspired hath in every holt and heeth
The tendre croppes, and the yonge sonne
Hath in the Ram his halve cours yronne
And smales foweles maken melodye,
That slepen al the nyght with open ye
So priketh hem nature in hir corages
Thanne longen folk to goon on pilgrimages.

Then April with its sweet showers
has pierced the drought of March to the root
and bathed every vine in such moisture
by power of which is the flower brought about.
When Zephyrus also with its sweet breath
has quickened in every wood and field
the tender shoots; and the young sun
has run half its course in the Ram [Aries]
and small birds create melody
which sleep the whole night with open eye,
so nature incites their dispositions,
then people yearn to begin pilgrimages.

(trans. Linda Galloway)

Chaucer (1340-1400) wrote in French and English, the two vernaculars of England, as well as in Latin. If an individual wanted to write today in Middle English, this person would need to insert French words. French was of two kinds in the Middle Ages: the French which had been integrated into English (Anglo-Norman) during the three hundred years since the Norman Conquest in 1066. The second kind of French was the continental French spoken in France at Chaucer’s time which was also the language of the English king, court and courtly literature.

Chaucer also wrote Latin, the language in his day of the church and universities, as well as a mixed international lingua franca used for commerce and government. Chaucer was a diplomat to Italy and used Latin in his Middle English writing, although less than he did French.

Moreover, Chaucer used the speech styles of people from a vast span of social classes in England from nobility to the many commoners in *The Tales*, e.g. the earthy bickering of the Miller and the Reeve (Horobin 2013). In contrast, the “Prologue” of *The Tales*, is written in the very formal high style (Horobin 2013). There were also many different Middle English dialects at Chaucer’s time. Two of his characters speak in the northern dialect, scarcely comprehensible to southerners.

The metric form most used in *The Tales* consists of ten syllable lines usually of rhyming couplets. Chaucer also borrowed two French lyric forms (Cannon 2011): the eight-line rhyming stanza (ababbcbc) called “The Monk’s-Tale stanza” and the seven-line “rime royal” (ababbcc). In addition to replicating socio-linguistic and stanza differences, a poet today (to introduce some humour) might also consider writing on animal skin (velum, parchment) as the printing press was yet decades in coming.

In conclusion, Heian high court classical tanka with its “highly codified view of the four seasons would go on to be the model of elegance” (Shirane 2012), the primary model of tanka for the next thousand years. It would not be until the mid-nineteenth century that matters would begin to change radically.

At this point in time (the Meiji Revolution), poets’ emotional self expression and women’s sexuality would be explicitly explored. Commoners would write protest verse calling for social reform and Marxist revolution. Japanese poets, like Yosano Akiko and Saito Mokichi, would write in support of the Pacific War against the United States. Others later would denounce the Korean War and the Security Pact.

Surrealism would sweep nature from Shiki’s “*sketch of real life*” into enigmatic visions of the avant garde. A woman would take her silk needle to sew up the horizon. Shuji Terayama would be “swept up by life bearing winds and merge with the phantasmal colours of the sunset.” Wind, sunset, and Terayama would “become one luminous union of being” (Galloway 2013”).

APPENDIX: POETIC IMAGES

(Found by author In Cranston)

FLOWER & BLOSSOM

apricot blossom, aster, azalea, bell flower, blackberry lily, bog iris, bottle-gourd blooms, camelia, cherry blossom, Chinese *aoi*, Chinese bellflower, chrysanthemum, crimson safflower, damson blossom, daylily, flowering plumegrass, fringed pink, gardenia, gentian, halycon flower, hareflower, heart flower, iris, jessamine, ladyflower or maidenflower, leopard flower, lily, lotus, maidenflower or ladyflower,

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miscanthus blooms, moon flower, moon grass flower, morning glory or morning face, orange blossoms, peach blossom, periwinkle, plum blossom, plumeflower or tailflower, spearflower bloom, safflower, sunflower, sweet pink, sweet flag, tail flower or plumeflower, violets, wild pink, wild yellow (or yellow rose, wild rose, mountain rose, wild mountain rose), wisteria, wormwood flower, *yambuki*, kerria, (or (wild yellow, yellow rose, mountain yellow, wild rose, mountain rose, wild mountain rose)), *yugao* (or vine flower, gem vine)

TREE/SHRUB

alder, apricot, banana, birch, broom, box, cassia, catalpa, cedar, cherry, conifer, cypress, maple, jujube, oak, orange, peach, pear, paulownia, persimmon, pine or pine needles, mountain pine, pear, plum, *sakaki* (sacred Shinto evergreen shrub), spindle, walnut, willow, wisteria

PLANT (other than flower, tree)

aoi, (3 plants: holly hock, heart vine ,winter aoi), arrowroot, bamboo, blady grass, beach bramble, bottle gourd vine or evening face, box shrub, bracken, bur, caltrop (water-chestnut), clover bush, coral evergreen, duckweed, dwarf bamboo, evening face, bottlegourd vine, fern, forgetting grass, fruit, gemweed, grasses of remembrance, heartvine (not a vine), hedge, herbs, holly hock, ivy, jessamine, *kawatake* (mushroom type), *kaeanagusa* (river plant type), knot grass or knot weed or young grasses, lily pad, long seaweed, lotus, lotus root, maiden-weed, *masaki* vine (evergreen), miscanthus, moon grass, moss, *murasaki*, new greens, young greens , *nunawa*, oat, plumegrass (or tailflower, purple-root,

“purple trousers”, reeds, rice or rice seedlings, rope weed, rough fern, rushes, rush grass, safflower, salt weed, *sanekazura* (vine type), sea pine (not same as below), seashore pine, seaweed, seed, sedge, shore herbs, Spanish moss, straw grass, sweet flag, tailflower or plume grass, tuber, vine, water chestnuts, water grass, water oat, water root, wild fern, wild rice, winter *aoi*, wormwood, the green, *yadoriki* (parasite), young grasses (or knot grass, knot weed

BIRD

box bird, capital bird, cormorant, crane, crow, cuckoo (hototoguisu), duck, duckling, first wild goose, grebe (long-breathed bird), *kakko* (large cuckoo), *kaho* bird (kind of cuckoo), mallard, mandarin duck, plover, sea mew, snipe, song-bird, swallow, wagtail, water-rail, warbler (*uguisu*), wild geese (kari, karigane)

ANIMAL

bear, bream, cat., deer, fawn, filly, forgetting-shell, frog, horse, monkey, pony, songfrog, sorrel, stag, stallion, tiger, tiger pussy, white bait fish, wrack-shell worm

INSECT

bee, bell crickets, butterfly, cicada, cicada shell, cricket, empty cicada (= shell, husk), firefly, little bamboo crab (spider), locust, locust shell, mosquito, moth, pine cricket (waiting insect), pine beetle, spider, wasp

METEOROLOGICAL PHENOMENA

cloud, dew, dew drop, flying dust, frost, hail, hailstones, haze, hoarfrost, *kazumi* (spring haze) *kari* (autumn haze), (pond) ice, lightning, mirage, mist, monsoon, rain, (varies by season), raindrops, snow esp. falling, snow drift, snow flake, thunder, wild fire, wind, storm wind, year-end darkening

ASTRONOMY

Altair (a star): The Herdsman in *Tanabata* Legend, moon, crescent moon, waning moon, River of Heaven or River of Sky: Milky Way in *Tanabata* Legend, star, sun, Vega (a star): The Maiden Weaver in *Tanabata* Legend

APPENDIX B:

ADDITIONAL DATA FOR TEXT

1.CHOKA, SEDOKA, TANKA

The choka is a long form ranging from at least 6 lines up to about 148 lines. Five and seven Japanese sound units alternate with each other and end in two seven unit lines, minimally 5-7-5-7-7-7. It was dying out in the Heian period.

The sedoka, an ancient poetry form, has six lines consisting of two 5-7-7 duplicates, 5-7-7-5-7-7.

Choka (Cranston 1993):

5 Aoni yoshi
7 Nara no hasama ni
5 Shishijimono
7 Mizuku hegomori
5 Minasosoku
7 Shibi no wakugo o
7 Asarizu na inoko

In blue-earth
Nara in a narrow cleft
Like a wild beast
In a dripping trench he hides,
Water-streaming
Shibi the young lord—
Do not root him up, young swine.

Sedoka:

5 Uchiwatasu
7 Ochikatabito ni
7 Mono mosu ware
5 Sono soko ni
7 Shiroku sakeru wa
7 Nani no hana zo mo

I've a word for you
Over there so far away,
Something I would like to know:
That thing there,
The one that's blossoming so white—
What's the name of that flower?

Tanka: *Ono no Komachi* (Shirane 2007)

5 ito semete
7 koishiki toki wa
5 mubatama no
7 yuro no koromo o
7 kaeshite zo kiru

In desperation,
pressed hard by longing,
this berry-black night
I wear my robes
turned inside out.

2. IMPERIAL ANTHOLOGIES

The second imperial anthology, *Gosenshū*, has been deleted, because the quality is poor and much has been written in the former *Man'yōshū* style (Keene 1999) and not to the specifications of the Heian period. I have chosen Cranston's translations because of his erudite scholarship. Other authors' translations are not included with Cranston's because of differences in translation choices among people. Some images may have more than one translation, e.g. "pine cricket" and "waiting cricket". Where the author of this article discerned these, she noted them in the listings. It is possible that there are some she did not find because she is not native to Japanese culture.

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Spotlights

Shining the spotlight on all UHTS team members who work so diligently to keep your society running smoothly.

Michael McClintock, USA
President



Michael McClintock has been a poet, editor, essayist and critic in English language haiku, tanka and related literature for over forty years. He was Assistant Editor of *Haiku Highlights* in the 1960s and Associate Editor of *Modern Haiku* with Founder Kay Titus Mormino in the early 1970s. His collections include: *haiku and senryu in Light Run* (Shiloh, 1971) and tanka in *Man With No Face* (Shelters Press, 1974); and, most recently, *Letters in Time* (Hermitage West, 2005), *Meals at Midnight* (Modern English Tanka Press, 2008), and *Sketches from the San Joaquin* (Turtle Light Press, 2008).

During the past decade McClintock served as president of the Tanka Society of America (2004-2010) and as tanka editor for *Simply Haiku*; with Pamela Miller Ness and Jim Kacian, he co-edited *The Tanka*

Anthology (Red Moon Press, 2003), and he shared editing responsibilities for a series of anthologies published by Modern English Tanka Press (Baltimore, Maryland) including *The Five-Hole Flute* (2006), *The Dreaming Room* (2007), *Landfall* (2008) and *Streetlights* (2009). Currently, he writes the "Tanka Cafe" column for *Ribbons: Tanka Society of America Journal*.

Born and raised in Los Angeles, there McClintock pursued a career as Public Library Film and Recordings Curator, Principal Librarian, and Administrator. He now resides in Central California's San Joaquin Valley with his wife, Karen, an artist.

Additional reading about Michael McClintock:

"Wheeling Through the Cedars: an interview with Michael McClintock" by Jeffrey Woodward, from *Modern Haibun & Tanka Prose 1* (first published in *Modern Haibun and Tanka Prose 1*, Summer 2009), pp. 145-160; A link to the piece is at: [haibun today](#)

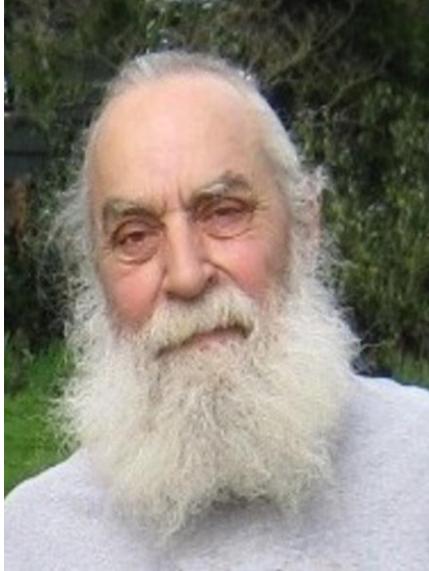
"Contemporary English-language Haiku and the Long View: an interview with Michael McClintock" by Janice Bostok, from *Stylus Poetry Journal*, December 2003; A link to the piece is at: [stylus poetry journal](#)

"Haiku in English", by Barbara Ungar. Stanford Honors Essay in Humanities, Number XXI, Humanities Honors Program, Stanford University, California, 1978. 76 p. Lib. of Congress card catalogue number 78-64829. Comparing and contrasting the work of Amy Lowell, Jack Kerouac, and Michael McClintock.

PeterB, USA

First Vice President

peterB retired at age 58 in 2001 to the remoteness of the Oregon Forest, he currently is the Vice President, UHTS Web Designer and Webmaster, and does odd-jobs around the office.



Raffael de Gruttola, USA
Second Vice President



Raffael de Gruttola is both past President and Treasurer of the Haiku Society of America. He was a founding member of the Boston Haiku Society in 1988. His first book of haiku: *Recycle/Reciclo*: a haiku sequence was published in 1989.

He provided HSA with two amendments that were approved by the Executive Board and passed a year later by the incoming President Francine Porad. Amendment One: that a second Vice President be nominated whose duty it is to run a semi-annual HSA Conference.

Amendment Two: that Regional HSA Groups be developed according to accepted regional guidelines throughout the USA. The first of these amendments was never realized. The second amendment was realized and now HSA has thirteen Regional Haiku Groups.

He has been invited to Japan on three occasions for Basho's 360th Birthday Celebration in Iga Ueno and two renku conferences in Kyoto and for the presentation of *Sculling Blackbirds*: a performance with original music by Allen LeVines, vocals by Yumiko Matsuoka, and danced by Emily Beattie at The Westin Miyako Hotel. This piece was an adaptation by DeGruttola, Karen Klein, and Judson Evans of a one act play called: *HAIKU* by Katherine Snodgrass.

He has collaborated with Carlos Colon on three concrete renku pieces: "Circling Bats, Wall Street Park and Autumn Leaves", and two portfolios of haiga: "Echoes in Sand" with images by Wilfred Croteau and "The Rattle of Bamboo Wind Chimes" with images by Peggy McClure.

He recently edited the first American edition of: *Nick Virgilio: A Life in Haiku*. He also has been a Review editor for *GUSTS tanka magazine* in Canada and Denis Garrison's *Ambrosia* publications.

Carole MacRury, USA
Secretary



Carole MacRury is an award-winning poet and avid photographer based in Point Roberts, Washington. She is involved in the arts community on both sides of the US/Canadian border, having been one of the organizers and haiku judges for the Vancouver Cherry Blossom Festival and the coordinator of the festival's Haiku Garden Workshops in 2008.

Carole has also served as Secretary/Treasurer for the Tanka Society of America. Her work has been anthologized and widely published in both US and international literary journals and won awards in Canada, US and the United Kingdom. Her photographs have appeared on the covers of *Modern Haiku* and the Tanka Society of America's journal, *Ribbons* and appeared in the literary arts magazine, *Stone Voices*.

Carole's first book, *In the Company of Crows – Haiku and Tanka Between the Tides*, was released in December of 2008. Her tanka collection, *The Tang of Nasturtiums* was one of the winners of the Snapshot Press e-chapbook contest in 2012 and is available to read online at Snapshot Press. More recently, three of her haiku were selected to appear in the 2014 Snapshot Press Haiku Calendar.

an'ya, USA
Principal Editor



principal editor of *cattails*, past editor of haigaonline, founding editor of the TSA's *Ribbons* Journal, and past editor for *moonset* Literary newspaper, see an'ya's extended bio at her new aperiodic online publication midnight moon.

Marianna Monaco, USA
Contest Coordinator



Contest Coordinator Marianna Monaco was born in the city of Brooklyn, raised in the suburbs of New Jersey, schooled in the great plains of Kansas, and has lived and written in the fog belt of San Francisco, and now, in the lush green Willamette Valley.

She discovered haiku in 1990, in the Green Apple Book Store in San Francisco, where she found Cor van den Heuvel's 1974 edition of *The Haiku Anthology*.

Marianna read contemporary American haiku poets long before she was introduced to Basho and the Japanese masters and 5-7-5. She's been reading and writing these small poems for over 2 decades.

Linda Galloway, USA
Research Essayist



After a career in academia, Linda Galloway turned to the haunting beauty and rhythms of poetry in retirement to become an internationally established and highly respected poet. She publishes regularly and has appeared in a number of important anthologies, e.g. two by Snapshot Press and in all four volumes of *Take Five: Best Contemporary Tanka*. She has competed successfully in international poetry contests she has entered, e.g. the 2009 Toyko Tanka Competition and the haiku competitions sponsored by the Haiku Poets of Northern California in San Francisco.

Linda has written a book with Ron C. Moss, celebrated Tasmanian poet and visual artist. Their book is entitled *Cloud Capturing Mountain: The Silent and Spoken Word* (U & Me Press) and contains poetry by both of them and Ron's magnificent art pictured with each poem. Linda has also written her own book, *From Star Nurseries to the Redwoods* (Nutshell Press).

Above all, Linda is a great fan of language and language learning. She was awarded two of the prestigious Fulbright Scholarships, and has, in her own words, studied over 20 languages "just for fun". Linda has taught and lectured about Japanese short verse at the university level in the US and was a tenured full professor abroad.

Linda produces multi-media Japanese performing arts programs at Asian museums and other large performance spaces. The events include haiku and tanka poetry, live music, original commissioned art, and butoh, an avant garde dance form which evolved out of the existential despair of Post-War Japan. She often performs with Karl Young, her friend and Master shakuhachi player. He accompanies Linda and her poetry with jazz improvisation on this traditional old Japanese bamboo flute.

Finally, Linda enjoys very much presenting papers at international poetry conferences. She has done so, for example, in Tokyo on "The History, Form and Spirit of American Tanka", in Australia on "Haiku and Sign Language: Poetic Structure and Form in Visual-Manual Space", and in the U.S. on "differences between modern Japanese language tanka and modern English language tanka".

Although Linda has been living in Los Angeles, California temporarily for the past some 30 years, her roots are firmly embedded in the land and culture of Vermont and New Hampshire (two US north-eastern states) in towns and forts established by the first British emigrants.

Marjorie Buettner, USA
Resident Columnist



Marjorie Buettner, USA
Resident Columnist

Marjorie Buettner has been writing haiku, tanka and haibun for over twenty years. She has been published widely and has received numerous awards for her writings. She has written two books of haiku and tanka, *Seeing It Now*, published in 2008 by Red Dragonfly Press and a collection of haibun,

Some Measure of Existence, published in 2014 by Red Dragonfly Press.

Marjorie writes book reviews for *Gusts*, and is one of three editors for CHO, Contemporary Haibun Online.

Bette Wappner (b'oki), USA
Newsletter Editor



Bette Norcross Wappner - With a career as graphic designer and advertising art director, Bette began writing haiku in 2002. She enjoys incorporating her haiku into moku hanga water-based woodblock prints, creating simple, English language contemporary prints called 'surimono'.

Bette's desire is to further her haiku and woodblock fine art concentration on surimono which is a Japanese term for 'a printed thing' that included short poetry written in old Japanese characters used in the ukiyo-e era. They were deluxe, fine-art woodblock prints with luxurious features of gold and silver metallic pigments and embossing. These prints were sold privately, given as gifts or announcements, or exchanged within poetry groups.

In addition to haiku, Bette also enjoys writing tanka and collaborative linked verse renku poetry. She was Traditional Haiga Editor for Simply Haiku online, and has been published in numerous print and online journals. Bette is married, has two children, and lives in Kentucky, USA.

<http://bettenorcrosswappner.blogspot.com/>

Amelia Fielden, Australia
Tanka Translator/Columnist



Amelia Fielden was born in Sydney 1941. Internationally awarded translator and poet.

Qualifications:

- Bachelor of Asian Studies (Japanese Honours), Australian National University, Canberra
- Graduate Diploma of Education, University of Adelaide
- Graduate Diploma of Translation, University of Canberra
- Master of Arts (Japanese Literature), University of Newcastle

Career: 1965 – 2003: teacher, researcher, translator.

Since retiring from full-time work as senior Japanese translator for the Australian government, Amelia has specialized in translating Japanese tanka poetry.

Publications (A): the following are Fielden's translated, or co-translated collections and anthologies of modern and contemporary tanka:

- On Tsukuba Peak by Kawamura Hatsue, publ. Five Islands Press, Australia, 2002
- Time Passes (Saigetsu) by Kawano Yūko, publ. Ginninderra Press, Australia 2002
- Vital Forces (Tairyoku) by Kawano Yūko, publ. Bookpark, Japan, 2004 (co-translated with Yuhki Aya)
- Behind Summer (Natsu no Ushiro) by Kuriki Kyōko, publ. Ginninderra Press, Australia, 2005 (co-translated with Yuhki Aya)
- As Things Are (100 Selected Tanka) by Kawano Yūko, publ. Ginninderra Press, Australia, 2005
- On This Same Star ('Will') by Kitakubo Mariko, publ. Kadokawa Shoten, Japan, 2006
- My Tanka Diary (Hizuke no Aru Uta) by Kawano Yūko, publ. Ginninderra Press, Australia, 2006
- Ferris Wheel : 101 Modern and Contemporary Japanese Tanka (the work of 56 Japanese poets) publ. Cheng & Tsui, Boston, USA, 2006 (co-translated with Uzawa Kozue Ferris Wheel was awarded the 2007 prize for translation of Japanese literature, the Donald Keene Award / America Japan Friendship Award by Columbia University, New York.
- Raffaello's Azure by Hazama Ruri, publ. Tanka Kenkyusha, Japan 2006 (co-translated with the author)
- Cicada Forest, an anthology of the work of Kitakubo Mariko, publ. Kadokawa Shoten, Japan, 2008
- Kaleidoscope, selected Tanka of Shuji Terayama, publ. Hokuseidō, Japan, 2008 (co-translated with Uzawa Kozue)
- Doorway to the Sky (Sora no Tobira) by Tanaka Noriko, publ. Tanka Kenkyusha, Japan, 2008
- Aster Flower (Shion) by Kusumi Fusako, publ. Tanka Kenkyusha, Japan, 2009
- s, USA, 2011
- A Bluish White Light, tanka poems about Fukushima Nuclear Plant by Yutei Sato, amazon kindle edition, 2013

Publications (B) : the following are collections of original poetry and tanka written in English by Amelia:

- Eucalypts and Iris Streams publ. Ginninderra Press, Australia, 2002
- Fountains Play, publ. Ginninderra Press, Australia, 2002
- Still Swimming, publ. Ginninderra Press, Australia, 2005
- Baubles, Bangles & Beads, Tanka Sequences, publ. Ginninderra Press, Australia, 2007
- In Two Minds, Responsive Tanka between Amelia Fielden and Kathy Kituai (Australian poet), publ. Modern English Tanka Press, USA, 2008
- Weaver Birds, Bilingual Responsive Tanka with Saeko Ogi, publ. Ginninderra Press, Australia, 2010
- Light on Water, publ. Ginninderra Press, Australia, 2010

- Yesterday, Today & Tomorrow, Responsive Tanka Diary written with Kathy Kituai, publ. Interactive Press, Australia, 2011
- Word Flowers, Bilingual Responsive Tanka with Saeko Ogi, pub. Interactive Press, Australia, 2011
- Mint Tea & Other Tanka Tales pub. Ginninderra Press, Australia, 2013

Related Activities

- tanka editor of Simply Haiku e-zine
- member of the Japan Tanka Poets' Society and its Tanka Journal, since 1999
- member of the Poets' Union of Australia since 2000
- member of the Tanka Society of America since 2000
- member of the Tanka Society of Canada since 2005
- English tanka published in journals world-wide, for example in Eucalypt (Australia), Kokako (New Zealand) Presence (UK), The Tanka Journal (Japan), Gusts (Canada), Red Lights, Ribbons, Magna Poets (USA)
- regular presenter of translation seminars and tanka workshops in Australia, Japan and USA
- participated in International Tanka Conventions in 2000 (Vancouver), 2006, (Honolulu) and 2009 (Tokyo). In 2009 was one of the judges of the associated English tanka competition
- appeared twice on NHK Tanka Forum television program with Kawano Yūko in 2000 and 2005
- an invited guest at the Imperial Palace, Tokyo for The Imperial New Year Tanka Poetry Gathering in January 2008

Personal Situation: married to Arthur, five children, seven grandchildren, two labradoodles.

Cindy Lommasson, USA
Resident Artist



Portland artist Cindy Lommasson holds a BA in Art from Portland State University, where she concentrated on ceramic art. Asian painting became her passion after studying extensively with artist-instructors Christine Lee, Terry Louie (Lei Danxin and Karen Fullerton between 2003-2007).

She began teaching Chinese brush painting in 2005 and now teaches in libraries, community centers, and private studios, and as an artist-in-residence at local schools. She has exhibited her work throughout the Portland area and her work has been juried into many group shows. Her newly revised [website](#) was made possible through the award of a Professional Development Grant from Regional Arts and Culture Council.

Statement:

In the tradition of Chinese brush painting (sumi-e), I strive for compositional simplicity and a sparseness of form. I want to leave something for the imagination of the viewer, so I don't paint every detail. Working spontaneously, I try to respond more to my own mood while I am painting, than a preconceived idea.

It's important for me to get into a calm frame of mind before painting, and I hope that viewers of my work will also feel tranquil. My current series of "dream journey" paintings follows a tradition that dates back to fourth century China, where reclusive artists painted imaginary landscapes, during politically unstable times, when it was not safe to appear in public. My interpretation of this artistic genre blends traditional with contemporary style.

Elizabeth McFarland, Germany

Resident Artist



Beth McFarland is originally from Ireland, and now lives in Germany near the Black Forest. She has been The succinct combination of both activities in haiga especially interests her, as well as the writing of collaborative renku.

Ed Baker, USA

Cover Artist

Ed Baker born Washington, D.C. April 19, 1941

Still here ! Washington, D.C. April 19, 2013



Google me as "Ed Baker Art Poetry" via "web" and/or "images", I also answer letters and emails, my not-recently updated website is:

[Bare Bones Bonz](#), and my "updated" site . . . [scribd](#)

here is a review of my recently published Stone Girl E-pic:

[Stridemagazine](#)

and another one:

[The Perpetual Brd](#)

John Martone's review of "Stone Girl":

[Leaf Press](#)

and this On Eileen Tabios' site:

[Sit With Moi!](#)

if you come visit, bring a case of decent beer. . . we'll 'order in'

Kala Ramesh, India
Youth Corner Editor



Kala Ramesh is a well known haiku poet who also writes in related genres like, tanka (five line poem), haibun (tight prose embedded with haiku), senryu, and renku (collaborative poetry). Haiku is a four hundred year old art form of Japan but kept fresh and live both in Japan, and now in India, the West and other countries.

Kala has more than 1000 poems published in reputed journals and anthologies, both online and print editions in Japan, Europe, United Kingdom, Australia, United States of America and India.

In the last 3 years Kala has taken more than 50 workshops in the art of haiku writing and has more than 165 hours of teaching haiku and allied genres at Pune's Symbiosis International University, for undergraduate students.

Books and Anthologies:

Haiku and My Haiku Moments: An Activity Book by Kala Ramesh, published by Katha, New Delhi, 2010 December.

Haiku & Haibun with Irish language translations by Gabriel Rosenstock, published by Original Writings, Dublin, 2013.

FIRST Katha Ebook of Haiku, Haibun, senryu and Tanka published by Katha, Editor, Kala Ramesh et al. 2013.

Anthologised in two prestigious publication:

Haiku 21: an anthology of contemporary English-language haiku (Modern Haiku Press, 2012)

Haiku in English - the First Hundred Years (W.W. Norton 2013)

Haiku in India - a Feature in A Hundred Gourds - 1st June 2013 The link:

<http://www.ahundredgourds.com/ahg23/feature01.html>

Awards:

Readers' Choice Poem of the Year Award and First runner-up, The Heron's Nest Readers' Choice Poet of the Year Award - The Heron's Nest - Volume VIII, 2006

Winner of the Snapshot Press Haiku Calendar Contest – 2009 with 3 of her haiku chosen as winners and 4th as a runner-up.

First Prize at the Akita International Haiku Award, September 2013.

Genjuan International Haibun Contest 2012 (Japan). An (Cottage) Prize for the haibun: The Blue Jacaranda

Haiku, along with My Haiku Moments: An Activity Book for Young Haiku Lovers, published by Katha, was awarded the Honourable Mention for Best Book for Children in The Haiku Society of America - Merit Book Awards for 2011

the unseen arc, Kala's tanka collection awarded the Snapshot Press eChapbook Award, 2012 (UK)

Editorial and Leadership Roles:

On the Board of Editors of Modern English Tanka Press's new anthology, Take Five: The Best Contemporary Tanka 2008/2009/2010. This anthology reviews all tanka (five line Japanese poetry related to haiku literature) published in English, during each given year and makes selections to showcase the breadth and quality of English-language tanka poetry throughout the world, including India.

Kala was Katha's in-house editor for 'Shah Abdul Latif': Seeking the Beloved' translated by Anju Makhija and Hari Dilgir, published by Katha, New Delhi. It won the Sahitya Akademi's Translation Prize in the English category, 2012.

Another first was the publication of KATHA Book of haiku, senryu, tanka and haibun in September 2013 with Kala Ramesh being the chief editor. It contains the work of 35 Indian poets! It was published on 21st September, 2013 at Oxford Bookstore, Mumbai.

Modern Haiku Editor, Under the Basho, 2013 Editor of Haiku and short verses —Muse India, from 2008 Deputy Editor-in-chief —World Haiku Review, from March 2008 Festival Director: 9th World Haiku Festival, (WHC) Bangalore, February 2008 Kala has guided children and adults in the art of haiku writing. She has organized haiku festivals every two years from 2006: three in Pune and one in Bangalore.

Founding member of "IN haiku" group. IN haiku was formed on 23rd February at the Haiku Utsav 2013 —mainly to get Indian haiku poets under one umbrella for promoting, enjoying and sinking deeper into the beauty and intricacies of this art form. From September 2014, Kala will be the Chief Editor of the *Youth Corner* at Cattails, a online journal of United Haiku and Tanka Society, USA.

Kala first learnt Carnatic music on veena from the noted vidvan Chitti Babu and later switched over to Hindusthani classical on veena, and passed the All India radio audition, securing the coveted B-high grade at 22 years of age. After her marriage she had the good fortune of learning Hindustani classical vocal music under Mrs. Shubadha Chirmulay, Pune, for over fifteen years, focusing exclusively on Pandit Kumar Gandharva's gayaki, known for the vigour and the effective throw of the voice from the nabhi [stomach]. Kala has performed in various music sabhas in major cities in India.

She is also familiar with Indian art forms like dance, drama and poetry and strongly believes each genre feeds into the other, enriching the root source of one's creativity.

Kala says: "What is exciting is that haiku and its allied genres are being taught as an elective in the Symbiosis School for Liberal Arts [SSLA], for the undergraduates in Pune. In January 2013 I was approached by SSLA to participate in their "floating Credits Program" — a 60-hour module for management students at Symbiosis Centre for Management Studies. I was given complete freedom to design my course, and since I write haiku, senryu, tanka, haibun, tanka prose and renku, I could easily incorporate these genres into the syllabus. The present 60 hours at SSLA, which is my third stint, came to an end on 15th April, 2014. I have had 165 hours with the students so far, with the enjoyment being mutual!"

Shrikaanth Krishnamurthy,
United Kingdom
Resident Proofreader



Shrikaanth Krishnamurthy is a psychiatrist from Bengaluru (Bangalore) India. He has been living in England for over a decade and currently resides in Birmingham, UK. Shrikaanth is a trained vocalist in Karnataka music (South Indian Classical music). He worked as the music critic for The Times of India for a period of two years when he reviewed live concerts. He regularly contributed article to music journals. He is also a songster-lyricist-composer (Vaggeyakara) of Karnataka Music and has 2 CDs to his credit.

Well versed in several languages, Shrikaanth writes poetry in four languages- Kannada, Sankethi, Tamil and English. He often employs ancient metres for his poems. He is also interested in linguistics. Early this year (2014), he became interested in haiku and tanka and started writing in these and in allied genres. He writes both in English and in Kannada. Many of his writings have been published or accepted for publishing in various publications including *cattails*, *Asahi Shimbun*, *World Haiku Review*, *Blithe Spirit*, *The. Bamboo Hut*, *Bottle Rockets*, *Under the Basho*, *Lynx*, *Haibun Today*, *Ribbons*, *Red Lights*, *Frogpond*, *Daily Haiga*, *Presence*, etc.

For Shrikaanth writing is not only a means of expression, but also a form of therapy to overcome day to day stress.

Paresh Tiwari,
India
Resident Cartoonist



Paresh Tiwari is an electrical engineer by profession, a creative writer and illustrator by choice, He grew up in the labyrinthine lanes of Lucknow, an atmosphere steeped in art, history and culture. He has from time to time, indulged in painting, sculpture, comic strips, poetry, and fiction. He took to Japanese Literary short forms in the winter of 2012.

His haiku, haibun, tanka, and haiga have been published in various international print/ e-journals and anthologies.

Paresh has won the Shiki and Indian Kukai, both peer reviewed haiku competition, multiple times and his haiku have been recognised in various Contests and Reviews, the most notable being a third prize in the Summer World haiku Review 2014 and an honourable mention at the Mumbai Tata Literature Live, Autumn Rain Contest 2014. His haibun won the Wordweavers 2014 Flash Fiction contest.

He has conducted workshops for spreading awareness about haiku and haibun at Hyderabad International Literature Festival –2014 and for the students of Literature at SIES College Mumbai.

Sonam Chhoki,
Bhutan
Haibun and Senryu Editor



Born and raised in Bhutan, Sonam Chhoki finds that the Japanese short forms resonate with her Tibetan Buddhist upbringing. She is inspired by her father, Sonam Gyamtsho, the architect of Bhutan's non-monastic modern education. Her poetry has been published in journals and anthologies in Australia, Canada, Germany, India, Ireland, Japan, UK and US and included in the Cultural Olympics 2012 Poetry Parnassus, BBC Radio Scotland Written Word program, Kikakuza 2011 and Genjuan 2014 International Competition Winning Haibun, Red Moon Anthology (2011-2013) and Journeys, an international haibun anthology edited by Dr Angelee Deodhar.

Barbara Snow,
USA
Book Reviewer



Barbara Snow had a career as a children's librarian at the public library in Eugene that was occasionally dotted with assignments at the reference desk.

cattails May 2015

Though introduced to haiku in the children's department of the library. especially Ann Atwood's lovely picture books, I never considered writing haiku until I retired. In 2001 I made a new year's resolution to write something everyday, and being a bit lazy I thought haiku might be fun...and easy, just three lines. Well, after two weeks, I found it was not so easy as I thought, and I didn't know what I was doing. Thus began my study of haiku: the Blyth volumes, all the anthologies in English, etc....everything I could find on the library shelves.

My haiku have been published in Frogpond, Modern Haiku, bottle rockets, Acorn, *cattails* and The Heron's Nest. And I've won the Winter Moon award, and placed in the ukiahaiku, AHA, and Porad competitions.

My concentration has been on haiku and senryu. I never tire of thinking in three lines. It's the way I see the world now. I do read the journals cover to cover to see if it's time to branch out. But so far, not yet. Or, maybe just a wee bit.

cattails

May 2015

FAQ

Down below the Q-A section, this time I am going to "**also**" address the biggest problems we face with our computers for 2015.

Here, are some current questions/comments we received since the last *cattails* in January, again, if you have a question or a problem with *cattails* . . . use the button!

Use this button to contact us:



Q:) What is the new delay-to-submit all about? I tried to submit my work in January and was told to wait until February 15th!

A:) This was somewhat addressed last issue (see FAQ re: why only three editions a year?). The staff needs some "breather" time between editions, so an envelope for submissions was created as a 'break period'.

Q:) What's with the Archives?

A:) Archives are like that shoe box of photographs in the closet that you are going to do something with someday . . . I am now going to put the archives by year into separate folders and try to get them up loaded . . . promise!

Q:) What happened to the UHTS and the *cattails* facebook and twitter pages? I cannot find them online and there are no icon or links on the *cattails* pages as in earlier editions.

A:) Facebook and Twitter (and other social media) was a contentious, hard sell attempt here at the UHTS, but we tried it. In the end, it proved to be a "bypass tool" for avoiding editor scrutiny or screening of what we would accept, and a way "around" the submission system.

Work that was not to our liking, and rejected, could then appear (and did appear) there along with "anything" that an amateur would care to post. We quickly learned that many do not feel the editorial process of . . . submitting work to an editor for acceptance or rejection, then, if accepted having to wait for it to appear in the next edition.

Many here in the UHTS felt that work posted there "is" public/published, and therefore ineligible for submission to *cattails*.

Both sites created much confusion, because people thought those pages "WERE" *cattails*!, or, that was "how" you presented your work.

So, angry social media posters accosted us for "not" answering their submissions at all, and, "why is my work not showing up in the online *cattails* edition? "I submitted it on facebook three months ago!!"

When someone would comment to a facebook posting in an insulting way, people responded: "How can this guy XXXXXXXX be a *cattails* judge and editor? I have never heard of him, you are insulting, and I will not be back!".

Many of the postings on these social-media sites then showed up in other publications, creating other problems. The Twitter/Facebook experiment was dropped after the May edition for obvious reasons.

Q) Sometimes i get "hung up" in older *cattails* pages from the last edition, how do I update to see the "new" page?

A) Simultaneously pressing control shift delete clears "cookies" and the "cache" on most computers.

Q) Where is/are the UHTS and *cattails* headed?

A) See the current Editor's Prelude comments.

Here is a very long treatise by PeterB regarding 2015 Audio/Visual, computers and HTML5:

By design and intention, *cattails* (and all of our other websites) are built to satisfy International viewers FIRST! (who have many concerns): Low Band widths, Low signal strength, hand-held mobile devices, battery powered, and many older/varied operating systems, (plus much more).

We do not ever expect (or want) you to use special software, add-ons, plug-ins, or apps to view our pages ! **so, "IF"** you ever have any problems with our site, on any device, please email [me](#).

Since 2010 our sticking to some very simple styling and publisher design rules, minimalistic basic school-kid level HTML5 as our base, and intentionally using NO JAVA, NO MICROSOFT, NO ADOBE, NO PDF, NO FLASH, NO CSS, and NO odd-ball file (types), formats, unusual "cutsey" font types, NO XHTML, AJAX, PHP, RUBY, GOOGLE, or other programming code languages, and thumbnails in "most" of our photo and artwork . . . our "entire" 125 page *cattails* website is smaller than 90% of the 6 (six) page websites world-wide! (see my "**BIG**" article below for particulars).

Other than all of us mastering our own computers, in 2015, Audio/Visual is sort of the "last frontier" that the WWW has had to deal with . . . making audio/visual the biggest insanity/problem/riddle (either as a user or a presenter) for us all, but, we all have been badly confused and mis-lead with the over 150 different A/V file types, players, and programs, that have been devised, tried and failed . . . for these past 25 years.

The result of all this is that our music and videos are now "stuck" in whatever system "we" have, creating a situation where there has been no true "answer" for world-wide **easy** video/audio viewing/listening/sharing (up until now !).

Three **VERY BIG WWW** "happenings" that never really got publicly announced . . . Firstly; back in November 2014, the W3C, Google, Microsoft, Linux, Unix, MacIntosh all made HTML5 the 2015 "Language of choice, and the standard of the Internet future" by making it the World-Wide-Web W3C standard Internet Law (obsoleting all earlier HTML editions).

Secondly, as part of that agreement HTML5-WEBM also became the world standard for Audio/Visual format from that date on (obsoleting FLASH) and almost every file type Audio/Visual that you and I now own!, making HTML5/WEBM "**the**" "universal" Audio/Visual program everyone world-wide will now eventually adopt for their use. That is an immense over-simplification of course, but, it puts us "**where-we-are**" beginning in 2015" with HTML5 and WEBM.

Thirdly, and the last problem still to be worked out, is getting Microsoft "sincerely" aboard.

'Free' open source universal Operating Systems, HTML5 apps, and software have made Macintosh, Linux, and Chrome all free "**no charge**" operating systems, and use "free", no charge open-source software. Microsoft OS still costs between \$99.00 and \$599.00 for a complete system, with each software add-on being fee-charged on top of that as well.

The new Microsoft 10 will be out mid-year 2015 as their "last" **windows** Microsoft OS ever !!! But, Microsoft will still use their proprietary use it-for-a-fee/never-own-it programs. The June 1, 2015 info I have, is a (target) release date of 29 June 2015 for Windows10, and a Windows 10 "rental" will go for \$49.99 per year, with a license-to-use costing \$199.99.

This is in keeping with their previous Windows "use-liscense" costs over the years.

Full installation	Price
Windows Vista Ultimate	\$399.95
Windows 2000 Professional / 7 Ultimate	\$319.99
Windows XP Professional	\$299.99
Windows 95/98/98SE/ME	\$209.95
Windows 8/8.1 Pro	\$119.99

But, HTML5 and WEB3/WEBM "is" here !

When creating HTML5 videos (like in the new Ark and Apple Videos Page) there are many things to consider for producing a good user viewing experience.

It's one thing to "create" the video and a format, but, it's another thing to make sure the video works! and is easy to see on all the various devices, that it is royalty-free (freeware), and plays without requiring an additional video player of some sort.

Finding the *perfect mix* that works for "everyone" is rough, but bear with us, we are determined . . . There will be a lag-time-period for this new WEBM to work smoothly, especially with older Operating systems, Microsoft, Internet Explorer, and (non updated) browser versions Knowing that not all of us have **new** systems, and may be unsure of our computer "skills", in the reference below, I will offer up a "training session" of sorts, and some "how to" what we all have for alternatives.