

September
2015
Edition

cattails

collected
works
of
UHTS

cattails

September 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

We are thrilled to announce that the United Haiku and Tanka Society is now **500 members** strong!

In this edition of *cattails*, once again are what we believe to be the finest Japanese short form works available worldwide. We offer a heartfelt thank you and deep bow to our members, all submitters, and faithful readers. We wish to express our utmost gratitude to those kind souls who selflessly donated a little something to help offset the renewal cost of our website for another year.

A few inhouse moves, we welcome our current proofreader, Shrikaanth Krishnamurthy, from the UK, as *Seedpods* Editor, although b'oki from the USA will continue in the capacity she likes best as judge for future “aha” haiku/senryu contests. The current running Samurai Haibun Contest will be judged by your UHTS Haibun Editor, Sonam Chhoki from Bhutan.

Our new UHTS Book Reviewer Barbara Snow of the USA has done a splendid job in this *cattails*, so congratulations to her. If your book is one of those that arrived after the deadline, it will be held over for review in January 2016.

Now I proudly present this September edition of *cattails* for your reading pleasure...
—*cattails* principal editor an'ya, USA

Note: if you have any questions or concerns or if your work is missing, please contact peterB our UHTS Webmaster only and directly at: whazammo@gmail.com

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September 2015 Contributors

Thank you again to all who contributed to this September 2015 edition; many of you submitted work in multiple genres 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.

Aashna Goyal, India
Adelaide B. Shaw, USA
Agnes Eva Savich, USA
Al Ortolani, USA
Alan S. Bridges, USA
Amanda Bell, Ireland
Ananya Sen, India
Anatoly Kudryavitsky,
Ireland
Angelee Deodhar, India
an'ya, USA
Aron Rothstein, USA
Astha Dadhich, India
Azadé Aria, India
Barbara Kaufmann, USA
Barbara Tate, USA
Bill Cooper, USA
Božidar Škobić, Bosnia &
Herzegovina
Brad Bennett, USA
Brent Goodman, USA

Magda Sobieszek, Poland
Magdalena Banaszekiewicz,
Poland
Margaret Bidart, USA
Maria Tomczak, Poland
Marianne Paul, Canada
Marietta McGregor,
Australia
Marilyn Humbert,
Australia
Mark E. Brager, USA
Mary Kendall, USA
Michael Henry Lee, USA
Mike Montreuil, Canada
Mojgan Soghрати, Iran
Myron Lysenko, Australia
Neal Whitman, USA
Nina Kovačić, Croatia
Nola Obee, Canada
Paridhi Sharma, India
Pat Geyer, USA

Brijesh Raj, India
Chen-ou Liu, Canada
Chris Gusek, USA
Claire Norman, UK
Claire Vogel Camargo, USA
Cynthia Rowe, Australia
dan smith, USA
Daryl Nielsen, USA
Dave Read, Canada
David Flynn, USA
David J. Kelly, Ireland
Debbie Strange, Canada
Diana Eileen Barbour, USA
Dimitrij Škrk, Slovenia
Đurđica Vukelić-Rozić,
Croatia
Emma Jones, USA
Gabriel Patterson, USA
Gabriel Rosenstock,
Ireland
Gautam Nadkarni, India
Gergana Yaninska,
Bulgaria
Giselle Maya, France
Gregory Longenecker, USA
Harleen Osahan, India
Hazel Hall, Australia
Iqra Raza, India
Jan Benson, USA
Jane Williams, Australia
Janina Kolodziejczyk, Italy
Jasminka Predojević,
Croatia
Jesus Chameleon, USA
Jimat Achmadi, Indonesia
Joanna M. Weston,
Canada
John Soules, Canada
Julie Warther, USA
Kala Ramesh, India
Peggy Heinrich, USA
Perry L. Powell, USA
Pris Campbell, USA
Rachel Sutcliffe, UK
Rajandeep Garg, India
Ramesh Anand, India
Richard Schnell, USA
Richard Stevenson, Canada
Rimas Uzgiris, Lithuania
Robert Epstein, USA
Rohan Kevin Broach, India
Rohan Dias, India
Ruth Holzer, USA
Safiyah Patel, USA
Samantha Sirimanne
Hyde, Australia
Samar Ghose, Australia
Sandip Chauhan, USA
Sandra Martyres, India
Scott Perretta, USA
Scott Wiggerman, USA
Simon Hanson, Australia
Steliana Cristina Voicu,
Romania
Steve Valentine, USA
Susan Burch, USA
Susan Summers, USA
Teresa Burt, USA
Thomas Chockley, USA
Thomas Martin, USA
Thomas Norman Crocker,
USA
Tracy Davidson, UK
Tricia Knoll, USA
Tyler Pruett, USA
Vandana Parashar, India
Vania Stefanova, Bulgaria
Wayne L. Miller, USA
Wiesław Karlinski, Poland
William Gottlieb, USA

Karen Stromberg, USA
Keitha Keyes, Australia
Ken Ronkowitz, USA
Ken Sawitri, Indonesia
Kevin Valentine, USA
Kiran Dheep Kaur, India
Kristjaan Panneman, The
Netherlands
Lakshay Gandotra, India

William Hart, USA
William Seltzer, USA
Zinovy Vayman, USA
Zoran Doderović, Serbia
Lamart Cooper, USA
Lavana Kray, Romania
Madhuri Pillai, Australia

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Haiku

Haiku 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.

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.

white ibis—
the crescent moon probes
scattered clouds

Theresa A. Cancro
USA

searing heat—
one husk of cotton
left in the field

John Wisdom
USA

apple moon
in swirling starlight
cider scents

Anna Cates
USA

frozen ground
a lamb stew simmers
on the stove

Patricia Prime
New Zealand

blank note page
a strand of spider silk
slips away

M. J. Lupp
USA

autumn leaves—
my saunter down memory lane
talking to echoes

Barbara Tate
USA

the leaf's descent
leaving my best years
behind me

Rachel Sutcliffe
United Kingdom

midsummer—
faded gorse flowers flatten
into seed

Amanda Bell
Ireland

golden hills
we snake our way
up the trail

Neal Whitman
USA

rolling fog
the bridge over the bay
split in two

Adelaide B. Shaw
USA

cabbage whites
waving summer all around
the garden

Thomas Martin
USA

morning mist—
the green tips of onions
cracking the soil

John Wisdom
USA

twilight sky
an oystercatcher stands
in its reflection

Chen-ou Liu
Canada

movement lesson
even the grasshopper
has a standing leg

Nola Obee
Canada

death of a friend
a lone seed departs
the dandelion

Bill Cooper
USA

convening
at father's grave
my thoughts

Emmanuel Jessie Kalusian
Nigeria

wind in my ears
the kite climbs higher
through falling leaves

Rachel Sutcliffe
United Kingdom

summer moon
coyotes doing what
coyotes do

William Scott Galasso
USA

lakeshore walk—
the scent of my childhood rising
from trodden mint

Amanda Bell
Ireland

spring awakening
the sound of gasoline
and cut grass

Jay Friedenber
USA

cloudy night
rain falls over the lake
instead of fireworks

Catherine LoFrumento
USA

an elk's shadow—
in a glen, the rustle
of oak leaves

Theresa A. Cancro
USA

muggy dusk
hidden in cattails
frog song

Anna Cates
USA

the bay today
a cobalt-blue glaze—
white gull-flecked

Neal Whitman
USA

starry night
a child swings higher
into Cassiopeia

Thomas Martin
USA

riverside
a hanging branch impales
the autumn moon

Susan Mallernee
USA

covey of quail
erupting from the brush
fire at dawn

Marilyn Fleming
USA

winter creaks
between forest gums
night deepens—

Marilyn Humbert
Australia

your footsteps
on the back stairs
heat lightning

Joy Reed MacVane
USA

deep twilight
the planets passing
earth's shadow

Joyce Lorensen
USA

thunderclouds
the decoy falcon
flying low

Stephen Toft
United Kingdom

three days drizzle
my heart free falling...
and then the moon

Carole Johnston
USA

pink and white blooms
drift in separate directions
our friendship

Cyndi Lloyd
USA

sea inlet—
plankton flow along
with the current

Jesus Chameleon
USA

equinox tide
the dung beetle spools
across quicksand

Cynthia Rowe
Australia

lake-light
a line of mergansers
ripples the clouds

Debbie Strange
Canada

playgrounds daubed
with coloured T-shirts—
summer landscape

Keitha Keyes
Australia

gently swaying
under the waning moon—
a scarecrow`s gloves

Susan Mallernee
USA

the moon hangs
in a web of clouds—
tangled dawn

Deborah Howard
USA

summer clouds
a wayfarer's shadow
resumes its journey

Barnabas Adeleke
Nigeria

weathered pier
the fisherman`s bucket
catching early light

Gavin Austin
Australia

slowing the bike
in full bloom a field
of lavender

Bill Cooper
USA

the riverbank
my reflection disturbed
by thoughts of you

Tracy Davidson
United Kingdom

silver maple
beside the driveway
mother's cane

Joanna M. Weston
Canada

brush fire
the old jalopy
haulin' ash

Johnny Baranski
USA

no breeze
to turn the pinwheel
summer heat

Dave Read
Canada

garden sundial
the bumblebee circles
a coneflower

Brad Bennett
USA

sudden storm
the swirling colors
in a koi pond

Ben Moeller-Gaa
USA

is that thunder
a street dust breeze lifts
then fades away

Frances Jones
USA

the ferry deck
an occasional glitter
of little fish

Simon Hanson
Australia

clay pot
one flower drops as
another blooms

Valentina Ranaldi-Adams
USA

dark thoughts
moths form a halo around
my cigarette

Austin Wallace
USA

mackerel sky
a whistling kite rides
the thermals

Cynthia Rowe
Australia

daybreak
a cock's crow drowns out
a cock's crow

Barnabas Adeleke
Nigeria

wetlands trail
the twists and turns
of a blackbird's call

Brad Bennett
USA

fireflies—
the light before dawn
burns steady

Terrie Jacks
USA

the first yellow leaf
tanagers and waxwings
outnumber berries

Nola Obee
Canada

moonbow...
a luna moth clings
to the porch light

Thomas Martin
USA

the migrant looks
at his hands and feet...
cries of geese

Chen-ou Liu
Canada

morning sky
wood smoke and river mist
rise from the valley

Gavin Austin
Australia

frosty breaths—
the busker's carol
a few lines short

Carl Seguiban
Canada

sudden sleet
an owl chick tapping
its egg tooth

Debbie Strange
Canada

ghost town—
the night comes alive
with mosquitoes

Carl Seguiban
Canada

spring coolness
the town crier's voice
falls into the river

Emmanuel Jessie Kalusian
Nigeria

noontime
cicadas joining him
in prayer

Willie R. Bongcaron
Philippines

same flowers
a butterfly I'll never
see again

Agnes Eva Savich
USA

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daybreak
the eerie silence erupts
into cuckoo song

Gautam Nadkarni
India

before the rain
magnolia petals
in may wind

Chris Gusek
USA

a Chinese lantern
hangs from the spring cloud...
window shopping

Chen-ou-Liu
Canada

deep slumber
the cockerel crows
sudden dawn

Richard Kay
England

blue moon
the fire season glazes
it orange

Tyson West
USA

summer sunset
with old friends we make
the light last longer

Gregory Longenecker
USA

smell of rain
the chirping and twittering
of unseen birds

Dawn Bruce
Australia

forest jaunt
the cracking of dried twigs
and old knees

Diana Eileen Barbour
USA

again this autumn
the maple bathes our bedroom
in golden light

Peggy Heinrich
USA

diseased ash trees—
removed and now I walk
this lonely street

ayaz daryl nielsen
USA

monsoon rain—
climbing the foothill
in battered shoes

Samantha Sirimanne Hyde
Australia

summer traffic
between us and the lake—
running the gauntlet

Leslie Bamford
Canada

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flower by flower
it masters the red yucca—
hummingbird

Scott Wiggerman
USA

fragments
of a hazy sun...
morning mist

Keith A. Simmonds
France

early fall
the scarecrow working
overtime

Claudette Russell
USA

harvest end
chaff blows aimlessly
across the road

Michele L. Harvey
USA

in the forest—
a blue butterfly flitting
sunspot to sunspot

Elizabeth Howard
USA

piled weeds
on a hillock of crabgrass
roosting pigeons

Skip Sorn
USA

heat wave
the highway exit swallows
car after car

Dietmar Tauchner
Austria

laughter ripples
across a mountain lake
the children skip stones

Amy L. Greenspan
USA

spring breeze—
carrying my scarf
away from me

Archana Kapoor Nagpal
India

savannah woodlands—
an African elephant
balances a tree trunk

Teddy Kimathi
Kenya

snowdust
some floats up some floats down...
Christmas sun

Brent Goodman
USA

empty field
the scarecrow remains
at his post

Diana Eileen Barbour
USA

standing rain
a playground swing hangs
from the clouds

Michael Henry Lee
USA

storm past
the mango limbs
in repose

Jesus Chameleon
USA

fern leaf fossil
a moment in spring
a million years ago

Simon Hanson
Australia

the sky ahead
is scarlet with dusk—
fading taillights

Yesha Shah
India

white ibises
invade a trash bin—
tipping point

Marietta McGregor
Australia

one owl's call
quickens my longing to sing—
my one note

Richard Carl Subber
USA

blizzard
buffalo clouds trod
the plain

Jan Benson
USA

longest night—
further under the snow
my Christmas tree

Archana Kapoor Nagpal
India

drifting downstream...
all these chestnut leaves
across the clouds

Brett Brady
USA

a butterfly
searches frosted fields
day moon

Michele L. Harvey
USA

silent lightning
the rhythm of crickets
intensifies

Agnes Eva Savich
USA

falling leaves
a little higher
the tree limb

Bernard Gieske
USA

wild violets
tap of light rain
on purple

Jeanne Cook
USA

day-long wind
flows through the dune grass
—shifting light

Peggy Heinrich
USA

in the dip
of a horse's back
two magpies

Marianne Paul
Canada

stream's eddy
some leaves are circling
others rush by

Priscilla Van Valkenburgh
USA

jazz festival
the patter of rain
on a canopy

Alan S. Bridges
USA

binoculars—
losing the bird
to tree leaves

Marianne Paul
Canada

the sound of frogs tonight new stars

John Soules
Canada

one bloom into another morning mist

Devin Harrison
Canada

memories of a firework drift toward the moon

Julie Warther
USA

wind shows itself whitecaps storm the beach

William Scott Galasso
USA

working the flowerbeds honeybees

John Soules
Canada

the path ahead
reshuffles its shadows
change of wind

Jan Dobb
Australia

the sun takes
a high mountain road
valley twilight

Sandi Pray
USA

harvest moon
passion fruits cover
the barbed wire

Rosa Clement
Brazil

redwood forest
my two year old finds
his inside voice

Joe McKeon
USA

tender shoots
covered with cloth
moonless night

Dennise Aiello
USA

my eyes tail
the falling kite...
twilight

Vandana Parashar
India

the sharp
bite of his letter—
hard frost

Karen O'Leary
USA

safely crossing
a puggle clings under
her mother's belly

Barbara A. Taylor
Australia

flash floods...
she carries her world
in a basket

Shrikaanth Krishnamurthy
United Kingdom

a flock of starlings
shapeshifts into dark clouds—
an autumn sky

Claire Vogel Camargo
USA

heavy snow melt
and a rabbit turns brown—
the year's end

Justin Davis
USA

amber dusk
the carousel horse
riderless

Mark E. Brager
USA

on the porch
concrete proof of life
snail trails

Claire Vogel Camargo
USA

bird-feeder
a possum munches
the moonlight

Jan Dobb
Australia

attic light
a brown recluse jumps
from its shadow

Joe McKeon
USA

sacred ground
a bumblebee tastes
every poppy

Sandi Pray
USA

in the jacket
I've not worn since last fall—
pieces of lake glass

Nancy Brady
USA

reading tombstones
with my older brother—
wind through pines

Edward J. Rielly
USA

the slowness
in slowness...
summer heat

Nishant Mehrotra
India

stitching together
our monosyllables—
a robin's song

Kashinath Karmakar
India

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late sun
dappled on the jetty—
a duck's wake

Elaine Riddell
New Zealand

cloudburst
the ancient path
water takes

Robert McNeill
USA

sunlit morning—
far-off surf sounds and rebounds
crisp autumn shadows

Bill Seltzer
USA

blackbirds
rummaging for apples
amid the frost

Ingrid Jendrzewski
United Kingdom

storm clouds
the flock's slender grip
on the wire

Carole MacRury
USA

first school day
reed grass bends in all
directions

Susan B. Auld
USA

gravesite
my tears drip into
a poem

Karen O'leary
USA

white clouds
a flock of cockatoos
breaks our silence

Jade Pisani
Australia

by my window
the tallest bamboo
bends the lowest

Duncan Richardson
Australia

recycling clouds
the bear changes slowly
into a lamb

Rose Clement
Brazil

a plover glides
over the cliff face
my open heart

Myron Lysenko
Australia

long day—
the quiver of my cat's tail
on a fence post

Sreelatha Nair
India

in the hair of a girl
posing with a cherry tree
a cherry petal

William Hart
USA

autumn breeze
my thoughts scatter
to scattered friends

Samar Ghose
Australia

from a green mound
to an even greener one...
the sheep trail

Sreelatha Nair
India

morning stroll
snowbroth the length
of my driveway

Barbara A. Taylor
Australia

last pine cones...
blue tits peck away
the summer

Shrikaanth Krishnamurthy
United Kingdom

small town
the loudness
of crickets

Elmedin Kadric
Sweden

afternoon stupor
the silent gyrations
of a skylark

Madhuri Pillai
Australia

his declaration
stunning late in the season
apple blossom pink

Beverly Acuff Momoi
USA

tide pool—
a newborn flatfish
circles its world

Carole MacRury
USA

unfurled petals
of the white-throated lily—
a half day-moon

Katherine Durham Oldmixon
USA

rainbow—
your small image
in a puddle

Mary Kendall
USA

hospital window—
a seagull and patient
sharing lunch

Marija Maretić
Croatia

sphinx moth
in the wildflowerbed
blessed milk thistle

Beverly Acuff Momoi
USA

hushed dawn—
an egret's wing tickles
the calm lake

Vidya S. Venkatramani
India

clearing skies
still the forest
speaks of rain

Aron Rothstein
USA

a lone cobweb
swaying with weeks of dust
summer afternoon

Payal A. Agarwal
India

the Sun
induces lotus buds to bloom—
a crimson sky

Aju Mukhopadhyay
India

spring night
laced with tattered clouds—
crescent moon

Rajandeep Garg
India

autumn morning
eucalyptus trees bathed
by rays of sun

Payal A. Agarwal
India

winter sunshine—
the public pool drained
of laughter

Kevin Valentine
USA

windstorm—
the spider's web let loose
a moth

Rajandeep Garg
India

dusky night...
a boat returns to the sound
of temple bells

Vandana Parashar
India

crepe myrtle...
bearing the burden
of blossoms

Gregory Longenecker
USA

tucked in
on my knuckle
a ladybird

Elmedin Kadric
Sweden

wild violets
tap of light rain
on purple

Jeanne Cook
USA

after the quake
that little moment of quiet
white butterfly

Barbara Snow
USA

the shade
of monarchs on milkweed
autumn dusk

Jeanne Cook
USA

still noon—
a peacock's cry singes
the grasslands

Vidya S. Venkatramani
India

the mute swan
tinged with a pink hue—
winter sunset

Ruth Holzer
USA

ozone layer...
the hole in the sky
left by a wren

Hazel Hall
Australia

beach stones
submerged in a jar
august deepens

Brent Goodman
USA

hidden pond...
wading into the stillness
of twilight

Kevin Valentine
USA

with each rise
in his harp strings—
shooting stars

bawa't alsa
sa himig ng kanyang alpa—
bulalakaw

Alegria Imperial
Canada

morning hassle
a herring gull's nest
on the roof

сутрешна кавга
гнездо на гларуси
на покрива

Gergana Yaninska
Bulgaria

a white kite—
it is only me
who sees it

— بادبادکی سفید
تنها، منم که
می بینمش

Mojgan Soghrati
Iran

summer day
my memories are blurred
by soft dust

jetni dan
sjećanje zamagljeno
mekom prašinom

Vesna Stipčić
Croatia

a frigid night—
the river by the orchard
covered in petals

hladna noć—
rijeka uz voćnjak
pokrivena latima

Ljubomir Radovančević, Croatia
Tr: Đurđa Vukelić Rožić, Croatia

carrying rain
from the city's edge
a subway train

*везе дощ
з-за межі міста
електропотяз*

*Nicholas Klacsanzky
Ukraine*

bay window—
I miss the wisp of scent
near the curtains

*ang durungawan
nangungulila sa samyong
sa kurtina'y iniwan*

*Willie R. Bongcaron
Philippines*

peacock feather fan
the same glisten and sparkle
in a dancer's eyes

*Wachlarz z pawich piór
Tak samo lśnią i błyszczą
Oczy tancerki*

*Zuzanna Truchlewska
Poland*

long shadows
after the siege has lifted
a lone crane

*långa skuggor
efter att flocken lyft
en ensam trana*

*Anna Maris
Sweden*

light has caught
a seagull by surprise—
fish in its beak

*nenadno svjetlo
uhvatilo galeba
s ribom u kljun*

*Dubravka Borić, Croatia
Tr: Đurđa Vukelić Rožić, Croatia*

high heat
the sea waves
with tourists

*upał
morze faluje
turystami*

*Magdalena Banaszekiewicz
Poland*

pacific ocean
an echo in the ear
a conch shell

*ശംഖിന് ചെവിയിലെ
മാറ്റൊലിയല്ലോ
ശാന്തസമുദ്രം*

*Rad Maythil
India*

autumn morning
a leaf in the street
faster than me

*jesenje jutro
list na ulici
brži od mene*

*Jasminka Predojević, Croatia
Tr: Đurđa Vukelić Rožić, Croatia*

cool breeze
in the warm bedding
only your scent

*chłodna bryza
w ciepłej pościeli
tylko twój zapach*

*Magda Sobieszek
Poland*

praying for rain—
the sunflowers' heads
getting lower

*modlitwa o deszcz—
głowy słoneczników
coraz niżej*

*Marta Chocilowska
Poland*

detaching clouds
the abandoned dog
returns home

*பிரியும் மேகம்
கைவிடப்பட்ட நாய்
இல்லம் திரும்பிற்று*

*Ramesh Anand
India*

a still day—
angry and tired
passers by

*još dan—
ljuti ili umorni
prolaze ljudi*

*Božidar Škobić
Bosnia and Herzegovina*

spring rain—
taking away blossom scents
from my orchard

*prolećna kiša
odnese miris behara
iz mog voćnjaka*

*Zoran Nikolić Mali
Serbia*

spring storm—
with different ears
we hear it

*春嵐違う耳持つ君とわれ
haruarashi/chigau mimi motsu/kimi to ware*

*Kay Higuchi
Japan*

sea ripples
flickering in the sun—
seaweed blooms

*more se mreška,
trepti na sunčev dodir—
cvjetanje algi*

*Smajil Durmisević
Bosnia and Hercegovina*

drying tea leaves,
factories blow smoke
over naked hills

*džiūsta arbatos lapeliai,
virš plikų kalvų
gamyklų dūmų kamuoliai*

*Rimas Uzgiris, Lithuania
Tr: Marius Burokas, Lithuania*

outdoor cafe
a young magpie hopping
between the guests

*bašta kafea
mlada svraka skakuće
između gostiju*

*Zoran Doderović
Serbia*

mountain house—
no one at the door but
a gust of wind

*кућа у планини—
на вратима нико сем
налет ветр*

*Dragan J. Ristić
Serbia*

autumn grass
first to settle on
my shadow

*jesienne trawy
pierwszy osiada na nich
mój cień*

*Irena Szewczyk
Poland*

summer holidays
in a silent classroom
crackling parquet

*ljetni praznici
u tihoj učionici
pucketa parket*

*Nina Kovacic, Croatia
Tr: Đurđa Vukelić Rožić*

from the ridgeline
to the Caribbean sea . . .
bougainvillea scent

ਪਰਬਤਮਾਲਾ ਤੋਂ
ਕੈਰੀਬੀਅਨ ਸਮੁੰਦਰ ਤੀਕਰ . . .
ਬੋਗਨਵੇਲ ਦੀ ਮਹਿਕ

Sandip Chauhan, USA

rain bubbles . . .
the village road becomes
a river

ਬਾਰਿਸ਼ ਦੇ ਬੁਲਬੁਲੇ . . .
ਨਹਿਰ ਵਿਚ ਤਬਦੀਲ ਹੋਈ
ਪਿੰਡ ਦੀ ਸੜਕ

Gurbachan Kamal, India
Tr: Sandip Chauhan, USA

winter wind . . .
mom lights the last piece of coal
in the hearth

ਸਰਦ ਹਵਾ—
ਮਾਂ ਨੇ ਚੁੱਲ੍ਹੇ 'ਚ ਮਘਾਇਆ
ਆਖਰੀ ਕੋਲਾ

Gurmukh Bhandohal, Australia
Tr: Sandip Chauhan, USA

evening prayer . . .
the temple's path is covered
with crushed flowers

ਸੰਧਿਆਂ ਆਰਤੀ . . .
ਮਿੱਥੇ ਫੁੱਲਾਂ ਨਾਲ ਢਕੀ
ਮੰਦਿਰ ਦੀ ਪਰਿਕਮਾ

Dilpreet Chahal, India
Tr: Sandip Chauhan, USA

the first garlic bulb
sprouted in the garden . . .
soulful *kirtan**

**devotional singing*

ਬਗੀਚੀ 'ਚ ਪੁੰਗਰੀ
ਲਸਣ ਦੀ ਪਹਿਲੀ ਤੂਈ . . .
ਚਸਭਿੰਨਾ ਕੀਰਤਨ

Harvinder Dhaliwal, India
Tr: Sandip Chauhan, USA

an earth-laden scent
from the gardener's bandana—
winter departs

ਮਾਲੀ ਦੇ ਗਮਸ਼ੇ
ਵਿਚੋਂ ਮਿੱਟੀ-ਭਿੱਜੀ ਖੁਸ਼ਬੋ—
ਜਾਂਦਾ ਸਿਆਲ

Amanpreet Pannu, India
Tr: Sandip Chauhan, USA

a broken cup
in grandma's tea set—
autumn leaves

ਇੱਕ ਟੁੱਟਿਆ ਪਿਆਲਾ
ਨਾਨੀ ਦੇ ਟੀ ਸੈਟ ਵਿਚ—
ਪਤਝੜ ਪੱਤੇ

Jaspreet Parhar, Italy
Tr: Sandip Chauhan, USA

derailed train—
the wheels collect
more tree fluff

*зійшовши з рейок
збирає потяг
опалий пух*

*Nicholas Klacsanzky
Ukraine*

above the lake—
branches entwined
in an embrace

*Iznad jezera—
Grane isprepletene
U zagrljaju*

*Biljana Kitić Čakar
Bosnia and Herzegovina*

lavender sky—
the moon touches gently
the Parthenon

*cer de lavandă—
luna atinge blând
Partenonul*

*Steliana Cristina Voicu
Romania*

pansies
surrounded by dry leaves
not giving up

maćuhice
opkoljene suhim lišćem
nedaju se

Jasminka Predojević
Croatia

new home—
on the broken doorbell
a cricket

нов дом—
до повредения звънец
щурче

Radka Mindova, Bulgaria
Tr: Maya Lyubenova, Bulgaria

fickle wind—
seeding my snowdrops
in the neighbor's yard

hirovit vjetar—
moje visibabe niču
u susjedinu vrtu

Đurđa Vukelić Rožić
Croatia

through the doors
of an umbrella store
dandelion seeds

*sklep z parasolkami
przez otwarte drzwi
nasiona dmuchawca*

*Zuzanna Truchlewska
Poland*

sweltering heat
in a stone tiger's shadow
dozing cats

*жега
в каменната сянка на тигър
дремещи котки*

*Vania Stepanova
Bulgaria*

open window—
the roar of a whistling engine
disturbs my dreams

*zvizduk lokomotive
kroz otvoren prozor
tutanj remeti san*

*Marija Pogorilić
Croatia*

carving skewers—
the moon dragged to the shore
with a fish net

*pește la gratar—
luna trasă la mal
cu navodul*

*Lavana Kray
Romania*

in the garden
under the lettuce
toad murmurs

*u vrtu
podno zelene salate
gundā krastača*

*Kristina Kroupa
Croatia*

quarrel over—
autumn rain absorbs
my warm tears

*koniec kłótni—
jesienny deszcz pochłania
moje ciepłe łzy*

*Magda Sobieszek
Poland*

birch shadow—
measuring the yard
all day long

*brezina sjenka—
premjerava dvorište
cijeli dan*

*Branka Vojinović Jegdić, Montenegro
Tr: Đurđa Vukelić Rožić, Croatia*

starless sky
on a july evening—
fireflies enough

*tamna julska noć
sa nebom bez zvezda—
svitac dovoljan*

*Dragan J. Ristić
Serbia*

Editor's Commentary

deserted shore
the wind sharpens its voice
over a conch

Adjei Agyei-Baah
Ghana

Such a lovely Editor's Choice moment composed by Adjei Agyei-Baah of Ghana! With excellent juxtaposition as “the wind sharpens its voice” “over a conch” on that “deserted shore.” The images in this haiku are personally pleasing to my mind's eye and the sounds are really remarkable to my ear. Can wind have a voice? I believe so in this particular instance as it blows over the conch which has a siphonal canal and has historically in many countries been used as a musical wind instrument during worship accompanied by not only ceremonial bells, but by singing. Conch have also been used on battlefields and for village to village communications. However, to be able to experience the voice of the wind via a conch shell in Adjei's haiku without any human intervention, is truly awesome.

—*cattails principal editor an'ya, USA*

drifting
between lanes
night fog

Dave Read
Canada

I've chosen this Editor's Choice haiku by Dave Read from Canada, not only because I like it but because it demonstrates exactly how a zen-style haiku with a only 5 words and a mere 7 syllables can work if it is correctly written and not just an incomplete short poem. For instance, notice that Dave has included a “wide setting” (between lanes), he has added an action verb (drifting), and also a subject (night fog). The “aha” is realized with the absent-mention of what we would normally expect on a highway (car/trucks/trailers) rather drifting on that highway between lanes, is just “night fog.”

—*cattails principal editor an'ya, USA*

night rainbow
as if my wooden canoe
sprouted wings

Joy Reed MacVane
USA

Here is another EC about night that I like written by Joy from the USA. This one demonstrates how to avoid blatant personification in your haiku. Yes there is personification because the canoe of course cannot have wings in a literal sense, however with Joy using the words “as if”, that personification is more “indirect.” The old masters used many poetic devices in haiku but they were skillfully hidden within. Rather difficult for modern day haikin to accomplish or for me to explain correctly, but Joy's haiku is a magnificent visual allowing readers to see an otherwise ordinary rainbow in an uncommon way.

—*cattails principal editor an'ya, USA*

childless
mounds of pollen lie
at my feet

Catherine LoFrumento
USA

This Editor's Choice haiku written by Catherine LoFrumento from the USA was easy to select and is easy to instantly see why. Haiku at its best is a combination of nature and human diametric. This is a hard-hitting and well written haiku that places “childless” and “mounds of pollen” in obvious contrast.

—*cattails principal editor an'ya, USA*

ripened grapes
the midday sun
closed inside

*dojrzewające winogrona
południowe słońce
zamknięte w środku*

*Maria Tomczak
Poland*

This Editor's Choice written by Maria Tomczak of Poland, immediately made my mouth water as I imagined the glow of midday sun closed inside grapes bursting with ripeness (red ones for me.) A succinct 3,4,3 count but with maximum impact and everything necessary to draw us right into Maria's moment. Very fine “d” sounds throughout which allows the haiku to flow freely and roll off the tongue easily.

—*cattails principal editor an'ya, USA*

new moon—
a willow lashes out
at the storm

*Julie Warther
USA*

Julie Warther from the USA has written this EC that is an excellent play on words. Starting with a wide setting, then moving into its subject of a “willow” in the “storm”, but it isn't the storm that “lashes out” this time. Here is the way to make your haiku stand out from other haiku, presenting things in a different light to your readers. Had Julie said new moon—/the storm lashes out/at a willow, the end-result effect would certainly not be the same. Thanks to Julie and the other haiku poets represented on this page whose work was selected for an Editor's Choice from over eleven hundred haiku submitted.

—*cattails principal editor an'ya, USA*

cattails

September 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.

HOLDING

Adelaide B. Shaw

USA

An old man, wearing a Yankee baseball cap, sits reading a newspaper. His face is tanned and cross-hatched with wrinkles like a well-used leather glove. I can't begin to guess his age. He could be older than I or younger.

drought cracked field
a dandelion root
holds on

Peanut League

Thomas Martin

USA

By some stroke of luck or justice all the kids who were chosen last, mercilessly teased through the years or were simply too fat or thin to field or hit a baseball, managed to get into the same seventh grade class. While the resulting “peanuts” team did not win a single game in the tiny grade school league, at least they finally played.

wild pitch
wilder swing
the catcher sweats

An Old Song

Kala Ramesh

India

As kids we learned addition and subtraction counting the kinds of trees in our backyard and the fruits in each. Those squirrels running up and down...the coconut, mango and banana trees were so much a part and parcel of the stories we concocted.

It's my father's 90th birthday and I'm back home for the celebration. Our maid who has been with my parents for more than 25 years announces that it's time to cut the bananas she has reserved for this family get-together. One branch holds more than 100 bananas—dozens and dozens neatly stacked. For days this raw vegetable is the flavour of all our meals! It's banana dry curry, bananas in gravy, rice with spiced bananas, mildly salted crisp banana chips...the list seems endless.

blossoms sway
an old song breathes
through my mind

Butterfly Weed

Al Ortolani

USA

Footsteps scrape concrete, vision failing for months, so much so that he walks with a stick, not a weathered wooden cane, but a walking stick sold at backpacking stores, telescopic, feathered for distance. He follows the sidewalk through his suburban neighborhood—two hills and then down towards the creek. Overhead the cicadas crackle and ping like thousands of dull brass bells. He has never noticed them so loud or so early in June. Deep purple clouds climb over rooftops from the west. There is motion, a flickering of the light in his weak periphery. Two white butterflies spiral above a well-mulched orange flower. Already they are at his elbow, both below the muscle of storm.

lichen stretches

gray on stone

morning's slow rain

Sometimes you like people better as you grow older...

Thomas Martin

USA

I considered my aunt, Sally, a gossip and a person consumed with envy. She liked to make fun of people, like she did when I cried after she gave my beloved hobby-horse to her daughter, Mary.

Years later she befriended my mother after the death of my father. They became inseparable...

a blue dragonfly
circling my aunt's farm pond
alights on mother's hand

BIRTHDAY

Adelaide B. Shaw

USA

On this afternoon of subdued warmth there is a restlessness that slips in between otherwise tranquil days, the knowledge that summer is gone and that the cool nights will become cold nights with snow and ice, that the days will shorten, and although spring will appear, its inevitability is not apparent at this age, not on this advanced anniversary of my birth.

late summer
a subtle browning
mixed with red and gold

Largan Stream

Amanda Bell **EC**

Ireland

Largan Hill, on the south side of Lough Conn, looks down to the east at Attiappleton Lake, and to the west at Lake Levally. The foot of the hill is in commonage, grazed by sheep and goats. The lane leading up to Terryduff tapers off here, diverging into sheep tracks which gradually merge with the bog, and the walker is faced with heather tufts, drifts of dancing cotton, and tracts of bog which betray themselves only by the shiver extending out from beneath the weight of your tread. Spongy hummocks of red and green sphagnum moss promise a firm foothold, but often deceive. Flat to the ground, star-shaped sundews lure flies with droplets of clear, gluey nectar.

stuck fast
beneath a starry sky—
night falls

Ascending the hill, the terrain becomes drier. Bog gives way to stone, moss to gorse, cotton to thorn. By ear, I locate a mountain stream. It is almost hidden in the scrubby undergrowth, except where it forms a short waterfall, landing on a large smooth stone at the head of a limestone pool. I strip to my skin and slip through the scratchy heather. Crossing the pool my bones ache with cold. I pull myself up to lean on the stone shelf, and watch my legs beneath the water.

limbs glowing amber
through ferrous water—
evening stillness

SHADOW WORLD

Barbara Tate

USA

He thought she was well enough to go to the counter and pour a refill of coffee. He thought today was a good day until she came back and sat at the wrong table.

sunset walk
looking for a pot of gold
at the rainbow's end

A Memory

Dr Brijesh Raj

India

Noon of a summer Sunday. I rush back guiltily from work for a much delayed lunch with the wife. Ahead of me two scrap dealers pull and push a heavily-laden handcart up a bridge, perspiring freely. I watch as a slightly yellowed, hemispherical marble temple top escapes its hemp moorings and rolls off. It's the detachable kind, that forms the roof of scaled-down temple replicas in Hindu homes. The old man shouts for the helmsman to stop. Staggering a little, he puts it back, amidst what appears to be the remains of someone's room. Old wooden side-table, marble altar, rusty trunk and a Fowler bed. Attached to it is a metal intravenous drip, fastened upright and sticking out like the Statue of Liberty.

Their load secured, the two continue along the empty road. I hurry away with a sharp reawakening of a memory.

last ride...
a koel sings in time
to her ambulance

A Safe Place

Ruth Holzer

USA

The weather map shows a blizzard moving up the east coast. Tomorrow the mid-Atlantic states will be under several feet of snow. How will I be able to get him to the doctor? Then I remember he's in assisted living, no doubt they'll have emergency transportation for the residents. Then I remember he's in a nursing home, doctors are on the staff right there. Then I remember that he's not around anymore.

daybreak...

wherever you are

I will take you home

Violin Days

Pris Campbell

USA

We are in the North Carolina waterway now, slowly moving south from the Chesapeake Bay, as fall appears in the tall trees alongside us. Albert and Suzanne motorsail in front of us in the only other boat we've seen as small as ours since we left Boston. The water is calm so Albert plays his fiddle, foot guiding the tiller, hair brushing his shoulders, while I wash breakfast dishes in a bucket in our cockpit.

A huge power boat races up, then thrusts into reverse to stop beside us. The passengers rush to our side, cameras clicking, until they roar away again, leaving our boats rocking. I wonder whose photo albums we'll be in, how many viewers will later say, 'how quaint'.

a log floats

beneath the jet's contrails...

somewhere a song

THE BLUEBIRD AND THE TREE

Dimitrij Škrk, Slovenia **EC**

Translated by ĐV Rozić, Croatia

Somewhere in the south, between the mountain and the river is a giant tree. A bluebird lives in its crown. I have seen it perched in the moonlight painting the tree and the southern world with its hue. In the shadow of its blueness I feel a warmth. Before it flies away, I see its eyes, which hold me.

I return to the large tree and gaze at the moonlight, to see once more the reflection of the bluebird and the promise it holds for happiness. I grow older beside this tree.

north wind
takes away the last leaves—
the scent of snow

MODRA PTICA IN DREVO

Nekje na jugu, med goro in reko, je mogočno drevo. V njegovi krošnji živi—modra ptica. Videl sem jo, skrito v mesečini, ki modro barva drevo in ta južni svet. V tem odtenku modrine sem začutil njeno toplino; in preden je odletela sem še videl njene oči, ki so me prevzele.

Vračam se, pod to veliko drevo, da bi ponovno uzrl odsev modre ptice, to razliko do sreče. A se le staram, ob tem drevesu.

*severni veter
odnaša zadnje liste—
diši po snegu*

The River Gloré

Amanda Bell

Ireland

The Gloré is a small trout stream in County Mayo. It converges with the deliciously named Pollagh to form the Gweestion, before entering the River Moy. The three rivers loop the town of Kiltimagh, where the Gloré runs through a wetlands sculpture park. Close by is the townland of Killeadan, immortalized by Antoine O’Raifteirí in a paeon to his lost home:

‘Were I to be standing in the centre of my people,
age would depart from me
and I would be again young...’

Exploring the Gloré River Valley last summer I came across a renovated three-storey mill, conceivably on the site of the mill mentioned by O’Raifteirí, and now housing the Labyrinth Center for Peace and Reconciliation.

The courtyard is decorated with a fine collection of mill furniture, and the mill turbine and millrace have been excavated of years of detritus. The river water runs gin-clear over pebble beds where brown trout spawn. The gardens of the restored mill contain an artificial lake stocked with goldfish, and, on a field raised above the river, an ‘archetypal energies quadruple labyrinth’. The labyrinth, laid out in pink quartz shipped from the Arizona desert, was created to ‘serve the highest spiritual purpose’ of all that walk it. At the centre of each spiral is a standing stone.

in wet grass
looking towards the stars—
far from home

Temple of the Ford Ranger

Al Ortolani

USA

Seeking refuge off a busy street, a parking lot in the rain. Sitting under the trees in the back of the lot, cell phone off, window down, rain falls from the walnuts onto the truck cab—the metallic drip, the call of the doves, the rubber swish of tires on 95th Street list away into the silence. It is as if there is a hollow spot in the morning, empty like the inside of a maraca.

rain drop

splashing into rain drop

into rain drop

Wash Down

Diana Eileen Barbour

USA

Saturday. Third day of vacation. The red lights of the alarm clock stab my eyes. 6:00 AM! Fifteen years a civilian I still wake at reveille. Time to start that long to-do list.

Through the open bedroom window, the damp, gray dawn creeps in. The absence of bird song, disquieting, depressing, yet that old Navy training drives me to get going. I move to get up. The sleeping cat at the end of my bed rolls over, curling himself tighter around my foot. He purrs. I feel the vibrations. So soothing. Perhaps the cat has the right idea. Falling into the pillow, unconsciousness quickly takes me back to sleep.

low tide

the trash men take away

pieces of my life

XXX

Gabriel Patterson

USA

Of all the informational editorials about cities,—*The 10 Most Expensive Cities, The 10 Most Inexpensive Cities* etc.—I have never come across *The 10 Worst Cities For Your Daughter's Self Esteem*.

This morning I drop her off at Girl Scouts summer camp, where the name badges her instructors wear proclaim titles like Sun Burst, Jedi Knight, Mother Earth.

On my way to work, I pass Larry Flynt's Hustler Club. Then, an airbrushed model winks at me from a billboard promoting a brand new topless pool. We moved here to boost our income. Our parental antennae are primed code red.

the midnight hour

a ladybug

curls my bicep

Otherhood

Marietta McGregor EC

Australia

"She wants the purple pram Mum so that's the one she's getting." My son and I are shopping. My first thoughts are that nana-hood is the best thing that will ever happen to me. Better than being a mother. I'll be a helicopter grandma. Can't imagine knocking back G&Ts while the little scion teeters on the brink of a vast new world of adventure and peril, about to eat the dog food, be ducked in the frog pond or otherwise go awol on my watch.

black tea one lemon slice hard rain setting in

I suggest, tentatively, that the black pram is quite ok for the six months or so it'll be needed (I'm buying on a pension). In my day we had umbrella strollers that tipped over backwards when you hung the shopping on the handle. We managed. Kids suffered a few bumped heads. But my son is adamant. My daughter-in-law gets what she wants – the purple executive model.

This is my first hint that being a nana means having no say in it at all. I learn this even more clearly later as things are done and said. Nanans can only watch the scrum from the sidelines wanting to scream: why are they being so STUPID? Anyway, I don't know that yet so I say let her have the purple pram because that's what she wants.

a flock of sparrows high in the sky an unexplained roar

And I start to get used to the new world of *otherhood*, as distinct from *motherhood*. I bite my tongue hard trying not to give advice unless asked. I pay for the purple pram (carbon fibre struts, is the bloody thing going to Mars?) then pick out a rag book, something acceptably retro and nana-ish.

There, I know my place, nana's proper spot. I'll be called when someone's ill, a bit of baby-sitting. Christmas might alternate, my house or theirs or the other granny's. I'd better start cultivating that air, some women have it naturally, of the beloved matriarch, a neat grey indomitable lilac-haired old bird who is steered to the softest chair in the lounge and brought a cup of tea and a cracker with hard cheddar. And who keeps her mouth well shut.

dry stone wall how long since it enclosed flowers?

Things a Superstitious Woman Keeps

Tricia Knoll

USA

First, my mother's palm-sized red leather box, faded to a dull rose from the sun that streamed onto her dresser. The box with her initials embossed in gold. She kept pearls inside. I gave the pearls away.

Then, there's the box of French and German bone china teacups and saucers my mother wrapped in newspapers headlining Saigon surrenders and Watergate. I imagine church ladies removing white gloves for cucumber and mint sandwiches, pouring English breakfast tea and picking up silver tongs to plop in sugar cubes. My crowd leans toward ergonomic shoes, organic cotton, and Zen sayings on rice paper tucked in deep pocket. I've moved those cups four times.

My daughter insists I keep her size zero white Nike baby shoes, the ones she outgrew before she started walking. I hold on to her Mien baby hat with the red pompons. The Lao woman who embroidered it said red yarn distracts evil spirits.

How about the Eisenhower silver dollar that circulated in western casinos? My father gave this memento for my first marriage in 1971. Heads up I win: the marriage ended twenty years ago, and we're still friends. I hope when I die my daughter takes my mother's moonstone ring off my right hand and my grandmother's wedding ring off my left.

the ant
bearing one white egg
a line of days

Sailing with the Stars

Pris Campbell

USA

Raging seas have surfed us faster than anticipated towards the buoy that marks the long turn into Atlantic City, New Jersey. Turn too soon and you hit shoals. We had planned our night run to arrive mid morning in order to easily see this crucial buoy. Now, still dark, the buoy sits in a sea of 'experimental buoys', lit up, too, so that it seems we are sailing into a sky of stars rather than this dark, frothing sea.

I quickly grab our hand bearing compass, get a magnetic reading on the fading glimmer of our last identified buoy then read the glow of light on the distant shore that is Atlantic City, scrambling below to chart where the two lines intersect-- our position. Time is of the essence.

Back on the pitching deck I hold the compass towards the course I've drawn between our location and our coveted buoy, pick out one faint light among the others and point.

"Are you sure?" R says.

The only thing I'm really sure of is my pounding heart but I say 'yes'.

Three hours later we drop anchor in Atlantic City harbor and sleep the day through.

casino lights
blink at the sun's belly
groaning halyards

Cryptics

Thomas Chockley

USA

dreaming in tongues
each hand dips
into the thought stream

She often came to sit here by the pond. She brought her newspaper to read and a pencil for the puzzle page. She enjoyed the morning coolness, the light reflecting off wind ripples on the water, and the egret that lately had taken to standing at the far side of the pond. Not this morning however. No, bright white profile standing in the water. This morning she could concentrate on the Sudoku puzzle. Except... Except there was a distraction, the scrape mark among the stones by her bench. Someone had taken a handful of stones recently. The layer underneath was still darker because the sun's warmth had not dried it out yet. Along with her own tracks, a smaller set came through the dewy grass to the bench but then continued to the pond. She followed the prints.

forms dissolve
in the morning mist
pieces of a reverie

There was a footprint at the pond's edge. Small, less than eight inches long she guessed using her outstretched hand as a rough measure. Definitely a left shoe. The ball of the foot print was deeper, but the heel marks—a deeper one overlaid at an angle by a second one—indicated that the wearer had rocked his or her foot in place.

Shading her eyes, she looked back across the water and observed a white feather thin as a sheet of paper floating in the water.

foothills appear
out of the morning fog
the taste of water

Dodging Traffic

Teresa Burt

USA

angry words...
lightning strikes
through the dead tree

I slam the door, grab my bike and ride hard. Anger pours from my eyes. I breathe fire. Burning muscles ache. I plow through stop signs, daring a fatal accident to happen. I want to die. She'll be sorry then! My pulse pounds through every vein. Five miles in, I begin to unwind my tangled thoughts. I keep going six more exhaling antagonism.

a light rain
washes tire tracks away...
flowers in bloom

AN ENCOUNTER

Nina Kovačić, Croatia

Translated by ĐV Rožić, Croatia

I arrive at Slovenia's capital in early spring for a sport competition and manage to snatch some time to spend with an old friend from student days. We have not seen each other for ten years! Life has taken us to different cities and today, into different countries. I recognize her smile in the main square under the statue of poet Prešern. She raises her hand and I hear a long forgotten "Zdravo!". We walk across Tromostje and our words flow, we talk simultaneously, breathe each other's words, touching every theme—our exams, trips, families, health, work, hobbies. We are cold. Our ears and fingers are chilled.

spring dusk
a bench under a chestnut
trembling shadows

We continue our walk beside the river, the old town, squares, bridges, open market and narrow streets. Hungry, our feet heavy and tired we discover a restaurant, or it finds us.

goulash on the table
from the kettle the warmth
of sweet smells

SUSRET

Došla sam na sportsko natjecanje u glavni grad Slovenije i uspjela ukrasti malo ranoproljetnog popodneva za susret s prijateljicom iz studentskih dana. Nismo se vidjele deset godina! Život nas je odveo u različite gradove, danas i druge države. Iz daleka prepoznajem osmijeh na glavnom trgu ispred kipa Prešerna. Podiže ruku i čujem davno zaboravljeni „Zdravo!“. Krećemo preko Tromostja i riječi same teku. Pričamo istovremeno, pijamo svaku riječ, prebiremo po sjećanjima—ispiti, putovanja, obitelji, zdravlje, posao, hobiji. Postaje nam hladno. Zebu uši i prsti.

*proljetni sumrak
na klupi pod kestenom
drhture sjene*

Nastavljamo šetnju uz rijeku, po starom gradu, trgovima, mostovima, tržnici i uskim ulicama. Gladne, teških i umornih nogu pronalazimo restoran, ili on nalazi nas.

*gulaš na stolu
iz kotlića se šire
topli mirisi*

Lost Dreams

Sandra Martyres

India

Hand-in-hand the couple sit on the steps of their verandah. They have just received news of the sudden death of their son in California. The details are yet to be made known by the authorities. He was a software engineer who moved to the US with hopes of making a fortune and taking his parents there.

The couple are too distraught to contemplate the long voyage to bring his remains back. The man sits in silence, his wife sobs quietly.

nightfall—
frogs croak in unison
breaking the stillness

Evensong

Hazel Hall

Australia

Nobody knows much about Mr Cross. Every Sunday the old man is there in the back row, his black cocker spaniel tucked under the pew, never moving, even when her master goes up to take communion. Some of the women complain, saying a dog shouldn't be in the church but Father John says He heedeth the smallest sparrow and the dog is all right.

We children love Mr Cross. He's kind to us and if you're lucky he'll give you a fresh egg from one of his chooks. Mum boils them for us after we come home from church. Mrs Thomas say he's a dirty old man. Dad says rubbish, he's a decent fellow.

It's rumoured that he has a wife but we never see her. When Mr Cross dies only two people are at his funeral. After the service, they stand in dripping rain while the undertaker drops clods on the coffin.

evensong...
a bird flutters above
a church

Tablature

Angelee Deodhar **EC**

India

The war forgotten, my father's colleagues of the RAMC*, went swinging to Count Basie's One o'clock Jump and April in Paris or to Duke Ellington, Benny Goodman, Woody Herman, and Glenn Miller's In the Mood. On YouTube I hear and learn about the swing era of th twenties, thirties and forties.

Did my Dad, as a prisoner-of-war, listen to these alien rhythms? Did he understand the swing time medium of fast tempos, or did he long for his own string and drum music, while a native instrumental *jugalbandi**** reverberated in his soul? They were so different from the frenetic beats of the congas and stringed instruments and the trombones.

I remember how moved he was each time he heard Taps***...

from the train
a blur of poppies amidst
ripening wheat

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Impound #12

Gabriel Patterson

USA

Resembling a model from a Banana Republic ad—clean shaven, silver vest over a light pink dress shirt and skinny tie—he stands pleading in the middle of the intersection as traffic slowed.

The recipient of his pleas is not a blonde with flowing golden hair. It is a tow truck driver whose mangled grey beard flows outward in all directions.

A gleaming silver Mercedes-Benz is tied down onto the rusted flatbed with tarnished chains.

caterpillar

towing

a leaf

I Held Her Hand

Peggy Heinrich

USA

The film was about a child with a damaged brain. I heard the woman next to me stifle a sob. When the lights came on, I asked her if the story had struck a nerve. She told me she had come to the United States as an English war bride. During her first pregnancy she had come down with German measles. "The baby," she said, "would never be normal." When I said how hard that must have been, she stared straight ahead. "At the time," she said, "all my mother-in-law would say was that they never had anything like that in her family."

outside

daffodils turning brown—

the shine on her tears

Culture Shock

Diana Eileen Barbour

USA

Chicago. The Barnes and Noble parking lot. I wait in the summer sun. A car horn honks. The young woman waves and parks. It's Judith. I haven't seen her in years. We run toward each other, meeting in the middle. We shower each other with air kisses and collapse into a bear hug. Arm and arm we walk to the store. At the entrance, we hear a boy say loudly: "Mommy, are those two girls lesbians?"

a ladybug
settles in my palm
first impressions

In the Looking Glass

Claire Norman

England

The detector beeps. Carefully I dig into the soft ground.

I bring my find to Jack, the leader of our metal detector group. He found that horde of Roman coins back in '95, the one with the rare Didia Clara denarius everyone got so excited about. I am his newest member.

Jack's eyes light with enthusiasm. 'It's part of a mirror,' he says. 'Probably Roman.' He brushes at the dry dirt clinging to it, reluctant to let it go. The corroded piece of bronze looks nothing like a mirror to me, nothing like anything really. But you have to know how to look. I take it back from him with renewed respect.

her reflection
trapped beneath the patina
april rain

At the Sacred Camel Gardens

William Gottlieb

USA

You loved to photograph these double-humped Bactrian camels, with their wide, wondering, woe-deep and peaceful eyes, their one-ton bodies covered with froths of fur, their dancing walk up to your proud place in the naked world—then the nudging head, tangle of real teeth, blunt slobber.

carry me across time
to when we were
together

Today, the young white camel Baraka—son of Everest, who died suddenly last year a few months before you, like a mountain melting into the near and distant night—trots over to cuddle and tough me and my nephew, whom I've brought to see the reverent herd. He tries to nibble our feet, and Stuart—their constant, caring servant and friend—gently knees him in his hardy head. There was a birth today, Stuart tells us. The newborn is well.

summer grass
darkening shadow
the length of a life

Lost and Found

Aron Rothstein

USA

faraway fields
wildflower seed on the wind
worlds from home

Arriving at night, a now occasional visitor to my native city, I look forward to waking early that first morning. Alone at the window I'm un-rooted; adrift and at home at the same time.

moonset on rooftops
falling back into
a New York morning

I had anticipated the hard edges of the city. In the dawn light, I rediscover the green leafiness of residential neighborhoods.

earthen squares
in a concrete landscape
trees

I find again those peculiarly urban signs of spring, lost to me through years spent in wilder places.

Park Avenue sun
miles all over
the shirtsleeve crowd

Walking; I settle into a remembered city pace. Broadway and 100th.

shop signs
the old neighborhood
new

A familiar sign; but the grimy comfort of that former den lost in the fluorescent light and sparkling tile.

Amir's Falafel

a regular 40 years back
I tell the young man

Late to meet a friend. Subway stairs yawn. I'm engulfed in the miasma of the platform, and there, unfolding in that near-forgotten space, I find the city of my youth.

waiting for the A train
in funky humid air
Rodenticide on the Tracks

The Mystery

Mike Montreuil
Canada

Winter has been dragging on for too long. At the feeder, a black-capped chickadee is chirping and eating the last of the seeds. I want to ask him if there is more than just eating and raising a family. If not, it seems like a terrible waste.

Easter—
the mystery
of resurrection

Joy Ride in Vermont July 2010

Zinovy Vayman

USA

No people in the post office of some small roadside town with dark red brick buildings erected before Pushkin time. No pointing has been required since the Civil War, such a high quality of the mortar and workmanship.

The white trash farm inhabited by fat children. I feel embarrassed not to buy their produce, their yellowing cukes, their fresh and frozen turkeys, their non-omega chicken eggs in a standard carton. The overweight boy described it as a day old dozen but his father remarked that they were not older than one week. *Oy, vey...*

The boy's mother is sitting in a truck. A donkey nearby, even a pony, a turkey looking like a peacock.

I have erased myself from their half-empty shelves store.

Cross Vermont Trail
the look-out bench honors
a dead man of my age

I step into some manure in the sleepy afternoon and our car gets filled with a familiar odor as the sun heats it up.

doing time...
then the afterlife
devoid of immigrant status

the Indians swept off...
the macho auto mechanic
checks her tires for free

un-manned farm stand
I stick my dollar bill
into folds of plastic

Peace of Mind

Giselle Maya

France

almost too bright to gaze at the Sun Goddess, Amaterasu-Omikami
dreams written and directed by the Elvenking and his son
lightning and thunder older than all the gods
earth mother who are your father and mother are we your children
close to where the spring chuckles and runs wild and free—a lizard's gaze
waiting for the rain to stop so he can prune olive trees day by day
just the right time to toss grains of phacelie green fertilizer on the earth
clouds into rain into springs to water these snowpeas
waiting for the sun to dry the earth to plant onions and roquette
too dark to see the wooden stepping plank i tumble onto the earth and laugh
silence deepens spinning cocoons in my one-time silkworm room
winter retreat tending the mind and the scent of soup on the stove
jonquils and primroses up early the rain's valentine gift
someone made a snow Buddha with a carrot smile

crisscrossing
my ascent to the dreaming room
new tiger kitten

To be alive is to have scars

Chen-ou Liu

Canada

Another day begins in this 50 square meter apartment. A patch of sunlight on the floor and coffee mug rings on the desk. Books are stacked from floor to ceiling. Loneliness so crowds this room that its walls are worn thin on the edge of bursting.

snow starts to fall...

I stare at a pile

of dirty dishes

Flossie

Marilyn Humbert

Australia

My granddaughter is just four weeks old. A black haired poppet with her father's mouth and her mother's nose. I watch her falling to sleep, brow wrinkling, eyes opening and closing for a moment as she settles.

moonbeams

drift on lake ripples

night currents

I move back to my spot on the sofa and sit pondering her coming years.

almost heard—

whispers of ladybird wings

on the rising breeze

Editors's Commentary

THE BLUEBIRD AND THE TREE

Dimitrij Škrk, Slovenia

Translation: ĐV Rozić, Croatia

Somewhere in the south, between the mountain and the river is a giant tree. A bluebird lives in its crown. I have seen it perched in the moonlight painting the tree and the southern world with its hue. In the shadow of its blueness I feel a warmth. Before it flies away, I see its eyes, which hold me.

I return to the large tree and gaze at the moonlight, to see once more the reflection of the bluebird and the promise it holds for happiness. I grow older beside this tree.

north wind
takes away the last leaves–
the scent of snow

MODRA PTICA IN DREVO

Nekje na jugu, med goro in reko, je mogočno drevo. V njegovi krošnji živi - modra ptica. Videl sem jo, skrito v mesečini, ki modro barva drevo in ta južni svet. V tem odtenku modrine sem začutil njeno toplino; in preden je odletela sem še videl njene oči, ki so me prevzele.

Vračam se, pod to veliko drevo, da bi ponovno uzrl odsev modre ptice, to razliko do sreče. A se le staram, ob tem drevesu.

*severni veter
odnaša zadnje liste–
diši po snegu*

Dimitrij Škrk's haibun with its mythical and mystical overtones is rich in symbolism. It brings to mind resonances with several literary works, for example, the Persian poet, Attar's *The Conference of Birds*, where the birds merge into the great Simurgh in their search for divine unity. There is also something of Beckett's *Waiting for Godot* in these lines

“I return to the large tree...”

And:

“I grow older beside this tree.”

The predominance of blue in Škrk’s haibun reminds me of the poet Georg Trakal’s use of blue as a talismanic color of freedom and release. When read aloud there is a beautiful cadence in the lines. I can only imagine how well it reads in the original language of the poet. The translator, DV Rozić has done an admirable rendering of the poem.

—*cattails Haibun Editor Sonam Chhoki, Bhutan*

Largan Stream

Amanda Bell

Ireland

On Largan Hill, on the south side of Lough Conn, looks down to the east at Attiappleton Lake, and to the west at Lake Levally. The foot of the hill is in commonage, grazed by sheep and goats. The lane leading up to Terryduff tapers off here, diverging into sheep tracks which gradually merge with the bog, and the walker is faced with heather tufts, drifts of dancing cotton, and tracts of bog which betray themselves only by the shiver extending out from beneath the weight of your tread. Spongy hummocks of red and green sphagnum moss promise a firm foothold, but often deceive. Flat to the ground, star-shaped sundews lure flies with droplets of clear, gluey nectar.

stuck fast
beneath a starry sky—
night falls

Ascending the hill, the terrain becomes drier. Bog gives way to stone, moss to gorse, cotton to thorn. By ear, I locate a mountain stream. It is almost hidden in the scrubby undergrowth, except where it forms a short waterfall, landing on a large smooth stone at the head of a limestone pool. I strip to my skin and slip through the scratchy heather. Crossing the pool my bones ache with cold. I pull myself up to lean on the stone shelf, and watch my legs beneath the water.

limbs glowing amber
through ferrous water—
evening stillness

Amanda Bell’s haibun is equally enchanting. Her use of specific names of places, like Lough Conn, Attiappleton Lake and Lake Levally and also of flora, such as ‘green and red sphagnum moss’ and ‘star-shaped sundews’ makes the landscape she describes, not only visually accessible but also physically palpable. One can feel the ‘spongy hummocks’ of the moss, the ‘scratchy heather’ and the coldness of the stream.

There are some beautiful details like: '...tracts of bog which betray themselves only by the shiver extending out from beneath the weight of your tread.' Another example is how her concluding haiku evokes the brackeny smell of bog water.

—*cattails Haibun Editor Sonam Chhoki, Bhutan*

Otherhood

Marietta McGregor

Australia

"She wants the purple pram Mum so that's the one she's getting." My son and I are shopping. My first thoughts are that nana-hood is the best thing that will ever happen to me. Better than being a mother. I'll be a helicopter grandma. Can't imagine knocking back G&Ts while the little scion teeters on the brink of a vast new world of adventure and peril, about to eat the dog food, be ducked in the frog pond or otherwise go awol on my watch.

black tea one lemon slice hard rain setting in

I suggest, tentatively, that the black pram is quite ok for the six months or so it'll be needed (I'm buying on a pension). In my day we had umbrella strollers that tipped over backwards when you hung the shopping on the handle. We managed. Kids suffered a few bumped heads. But my son is adamant. My daughter-in-law gets what she wants – the purple executive model.

This is my first hint that being a nana means having no say in it at all. I learn this even more clearly later as things are done and said. Nanans can only watch the scrum from the sidelines wanting to scream: why are they being so STUPID? Anyway, I don't know that yet so I say let her have the purple pram because that's what she wants.

a flock of sparrows high in the sky an unexplained roar

And I start to get used to the new world of otherhood, as distinct from motherhood. I bite my tongue hard trying not to give advice unless asked. I pay for the purple pram (carbon fibre struts, is the bloody thing going to Mars?) then pick out a rag book, something acceptably retro and nana-ish.

There, I know my place, nana's proper spot. I'll be called when someone's ill, a bit of baby-sitting. Christmas might alternate, my house or theirs or the other granny's. I'd better start cultivating that air, some women have it naturally, of the beloved matriarch, a neat grey indomitable lilac-haired old bird who is steered to the softest chair in the lounge and brought a cup of tea and a cracker with hard cheddar. And who keeps her mouth well shut.

dry stone wall how long since it enclosed flowers?

What I find appealing about Marietta McGregor's reflective haibun is how it addresses the changing dynamics within the contemporary family. She is clear-sighted and even-handed in dealing with the ambivalence of the situation. Her self-deprecating humor solicits the reader's sympathy and interest in her conundrum. She makes us realize how universal this is across generations and cultures.

—*cattails Haibun Editor Sonam Chhoki, Bhutan*

Tablature

Angelee Deodhar

India

The war forgotten, my father's colleagues of the RAMC*, went swinging to Count Basie's One o'clock Jump and April in Paris or to Duke Ellington, Benny Goodman, Woody Herman, and Glenn Miller's In the Mood. On YouTube I hear and learn about the swing era of the twenties thirties and forties.

Did my Dad, as a prisoner-of-war, listen to these alien rhythms? Did he understand the swing time medium of fast tempos, or did he long for his own string and drum music, while a native instrumental **jugalbandi reverberated in his soul? They were so different from the frenetic beats of the congas and stringed instruments and the trombones.

I remember how moved he was each time he heard ***Taps...

from the train
a blur of poppies amidst
ripening wheat

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**A jugalbandi is a performance in Indian classical music, that features a duet of two solo musicians. It can be either vocal or instrumental.

***"Taps" is a musical piece played at dusk, and performed during flag ceremonies and funerals, generally on bugle or trumpet.

In a year of anniversaries—70th year after the end of WW2, the Liberation of Auschwitz and the Bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, Angelee Deodhar's haibun deals with a lacuna in the common historical memory. As far as I know, there are not many accounts of Indian prisoners of war, who fought for their Mother Country. Therefore, the poet's motif of music to imagine what her father might have experienced during his interment in Malaya is deeply poignant.

—*cattails Haibun Editor Sonam Chhoki, Bhutan*

cattails

September 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!

cattails

September 2015
Haiga and Tankart

Jimat Achmadi
Indonesia



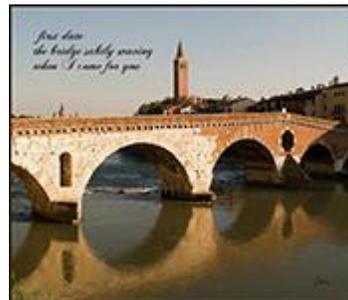
sinking moon
creeping time flows
into a hummer's beak

Đurđa Vukelić-Rozić
Croatia



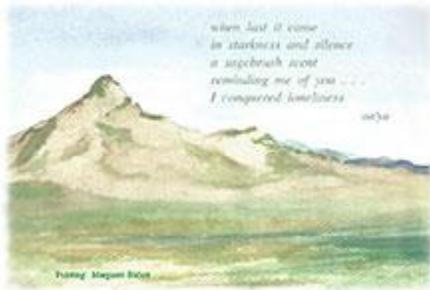
Janina Kolodziejczyk
Italy

Poetry: Ramesh Anand, India
Art: Safiyah Patel, UK



pierwsza randka
lekką faluje most
gdy idę do ciebie

Poetry: an'ya, USA
Art: Margaret Bidart, USA



David J. Kelly
Ireland



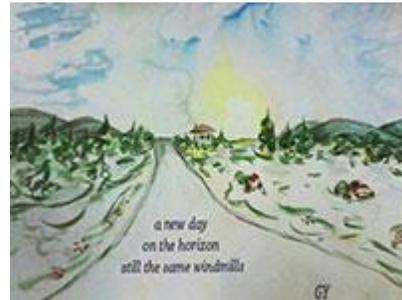
Poetry: Ramesh Anand, India
Art: Safiyah Patel, UK



Sandip Chauhan
USA



Gergana Yaninsky
Bulgaria



Poetry: Mary Kendall, USA
Photo: Ken Ronkowitz, USA



Bozidar Skobić
Bosnia and Herzegovina



noćni saputnik
i ne pita gdje idem –
osvetljava put

Vania Stefanova
Bulgaria



метлата хвърля
семето си...
късно лято

Jane Williams
Australia



Magdalena Banaszekiewicz
Poland



koniec burzy
dzielę się z tobą
moją tęczę

Poetry: Kevin Valentine, USA
Photo: Steve Valentine, USA

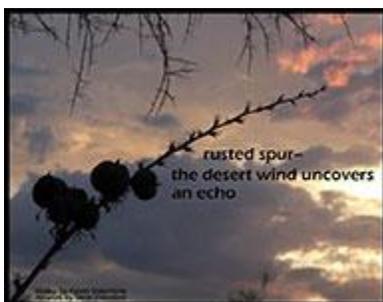


Božidar Škobić
Bosnia and Herzegovina



nebo govori
usamljen stari pjesnik –
sjedi i plače

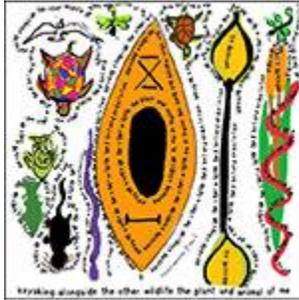
Poetry: Kevin Valentine, USA
Photo: Steve Valentine, USA



Kristjaan Panneman
The Netherlands



Marianne Paul
Canada



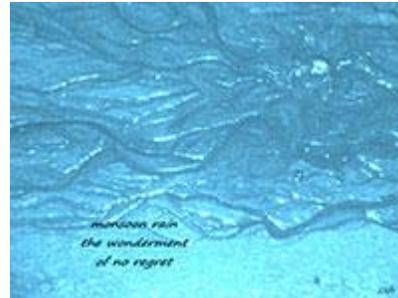
Poetry: Gabriel Rosenstock, Ireland
Photo: Scott Perretta, USA



Poetry: Ken Sawitri, Indonesia
Art: Jimat Achmadi, Indonesia



Samantha Sirimanne Hyde
Australia



Maria Tomczak
Poland



Debbie Strange
Canada



Debbie Strange
Canada



Samantha Sirimanne Hyde
Australia



Cynthia Rowe
Australia



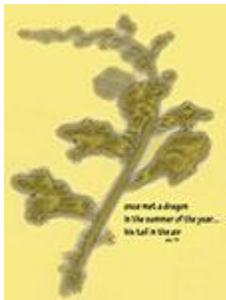
Đurđa Vukelić-Rozić
Croatia



Cynthia Rowe
Australia



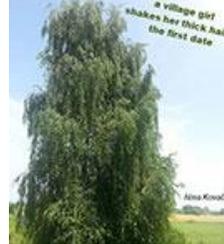
Pat Geyer
USA



Sandip Chauhan
USA



Nina Kovacic, Croatia
(Translated by ĐV Rozić)



seljančica
rastresla bujnu kosu –
za prvi spoj

Barbara Kaufmann
USA



Barbara Kaufmann
USA



Pat Geyer
USA



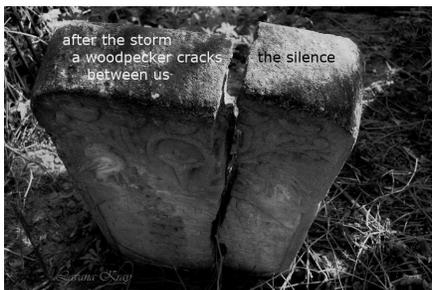
Adelaide B. Shaw
USA



Lavana Kray
Romania



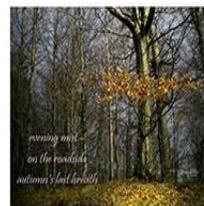
Lavana Kray
Romania



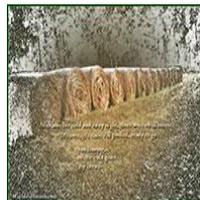
Adelaide B. Shaw
USA



Steliana C. Voicu
Romania



Magdalena Banaszekiewicz
Poland



Po kolejnej zimnej i deszczowej nocy nie było już złudzeń. To już koniec, już czas. Wszystko spakowane, gotowe do drogi.

odchodzisz...
na zimnej szybie
mój oddech

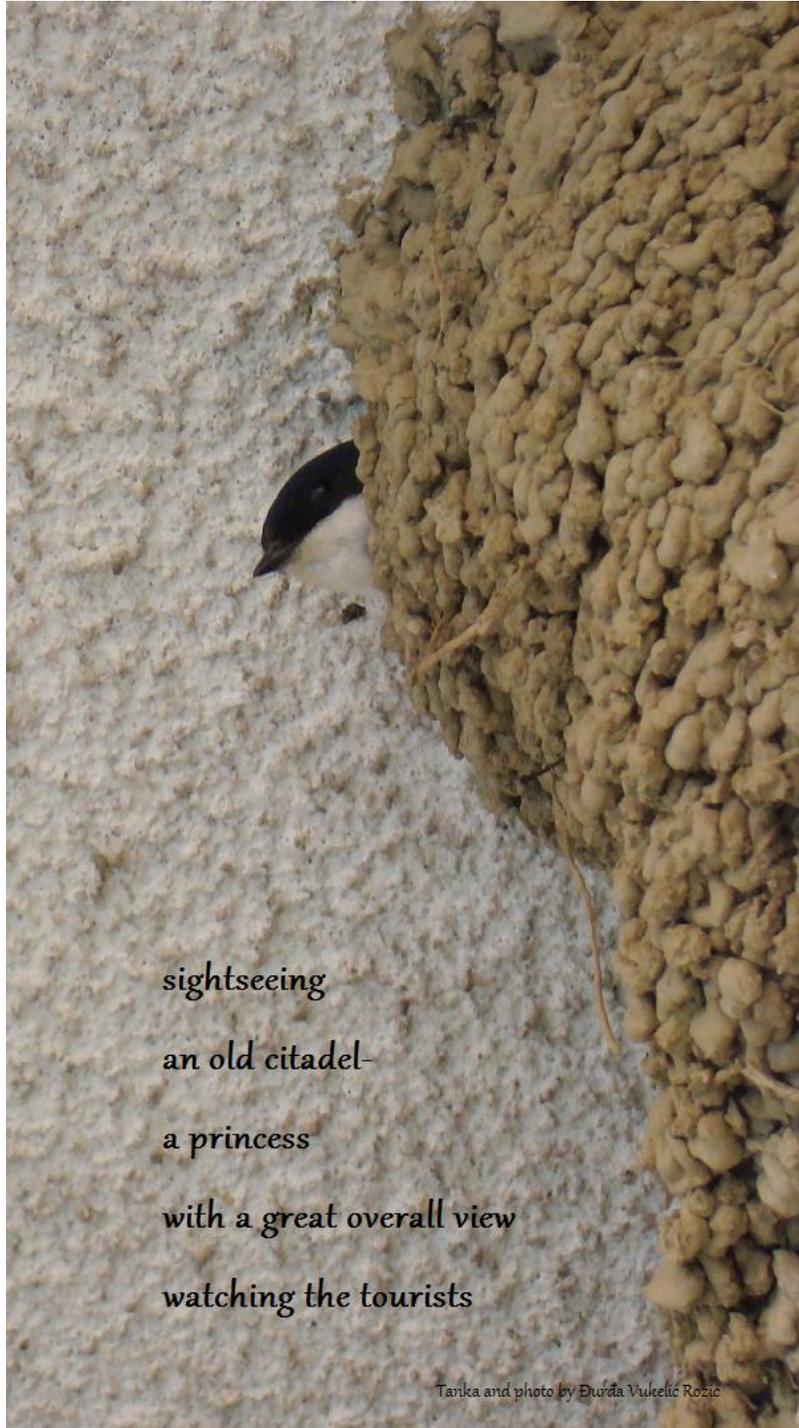
Shannon
USA



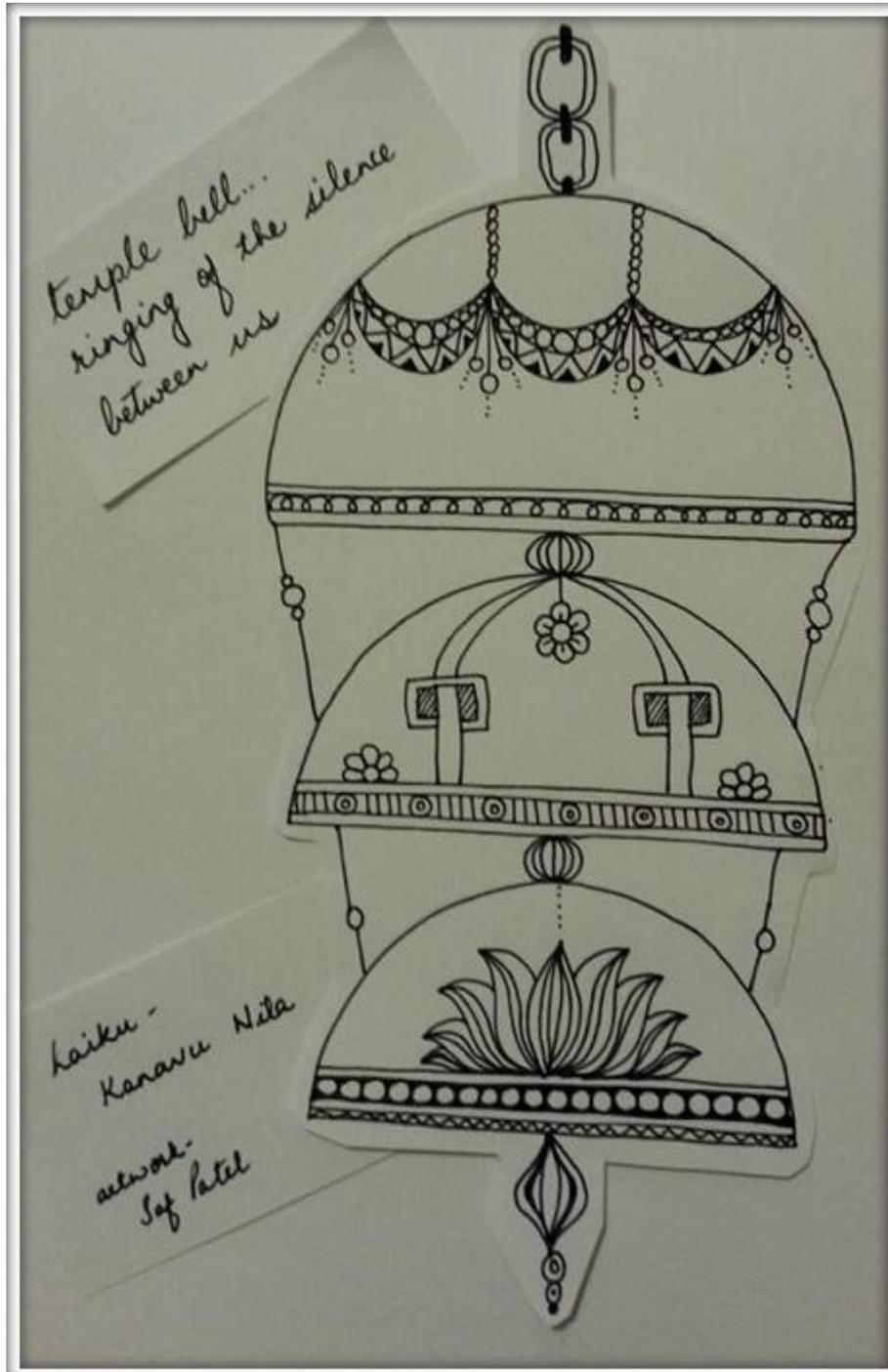


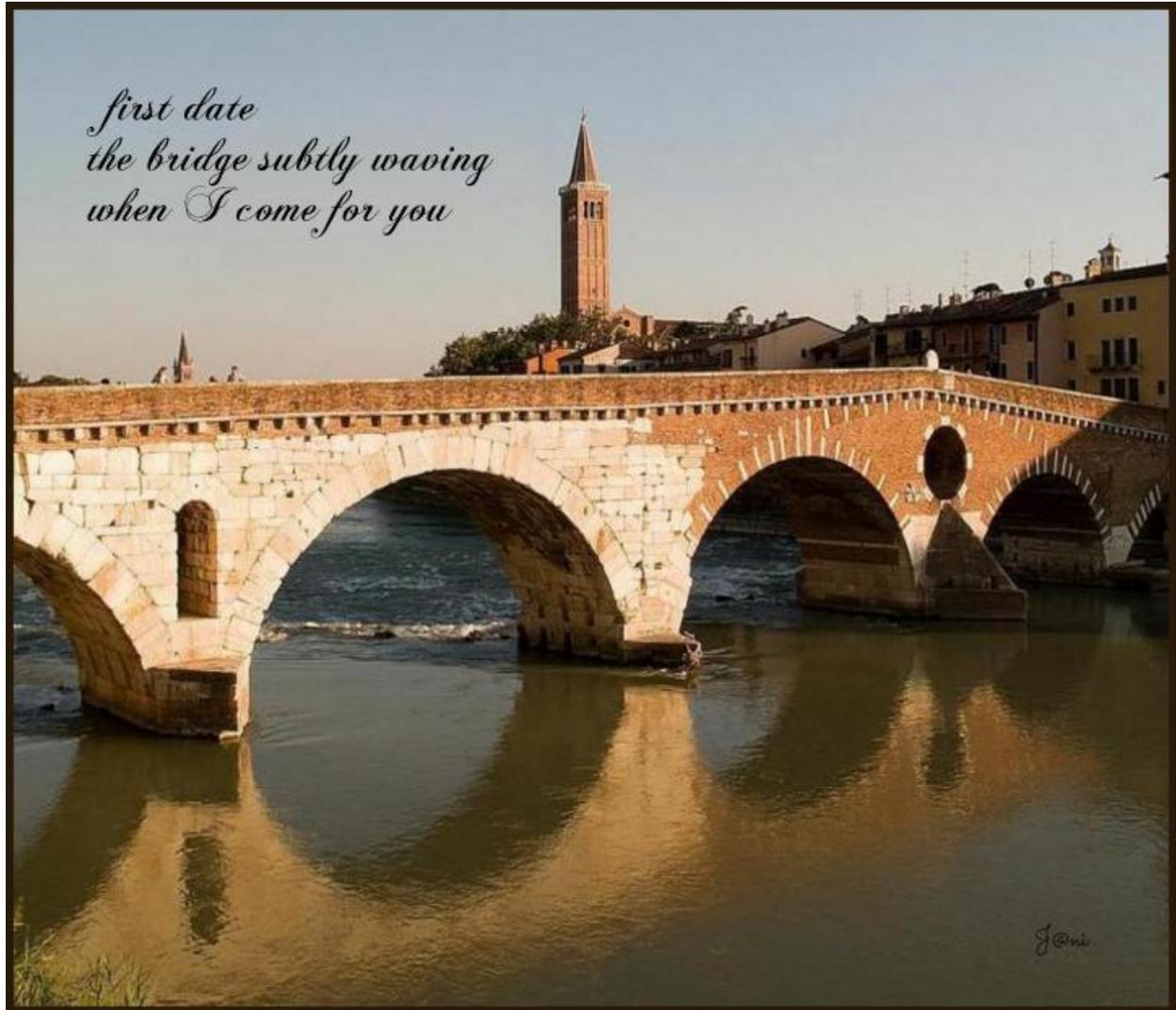
bulan tenggelam
waktu merayap mengalir
dalam paruh kolibri

Jimat Achmadi



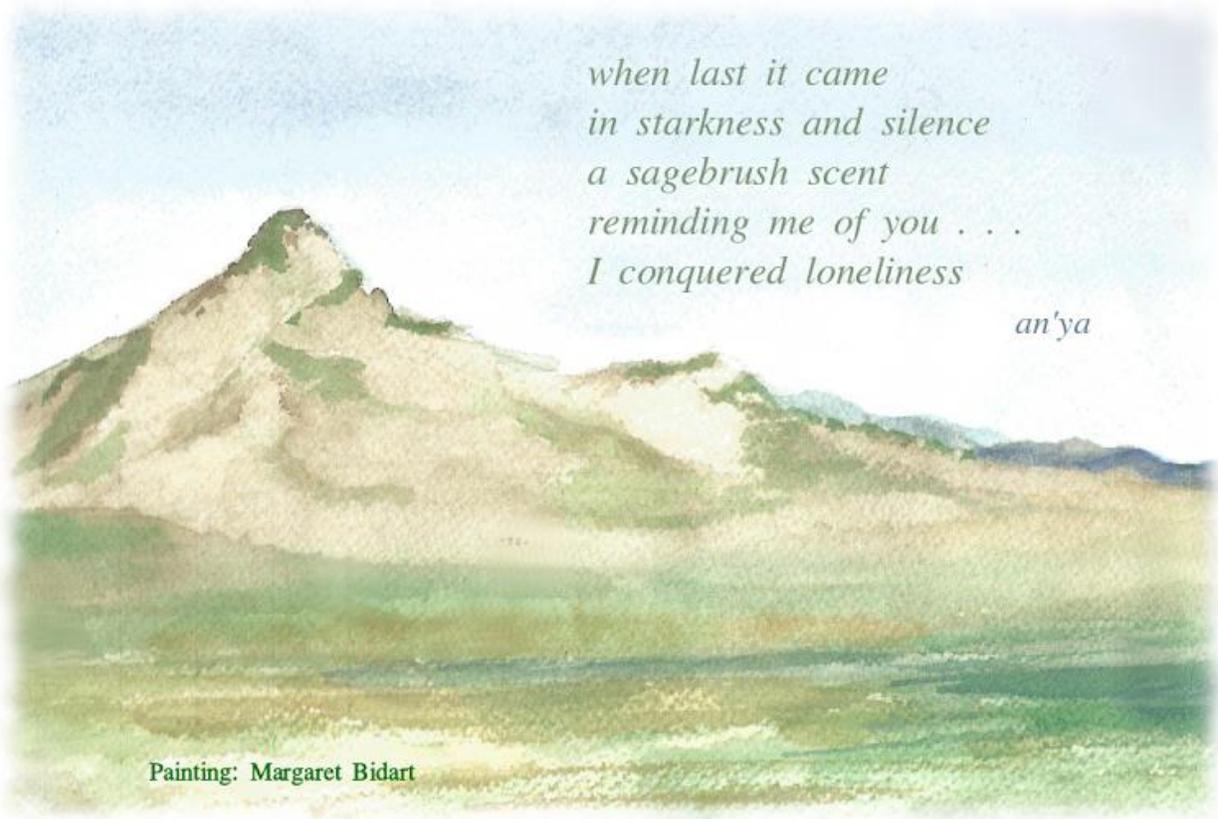
sightseeing
an old citadel-
a princess
with a great overall view
watching the tourists



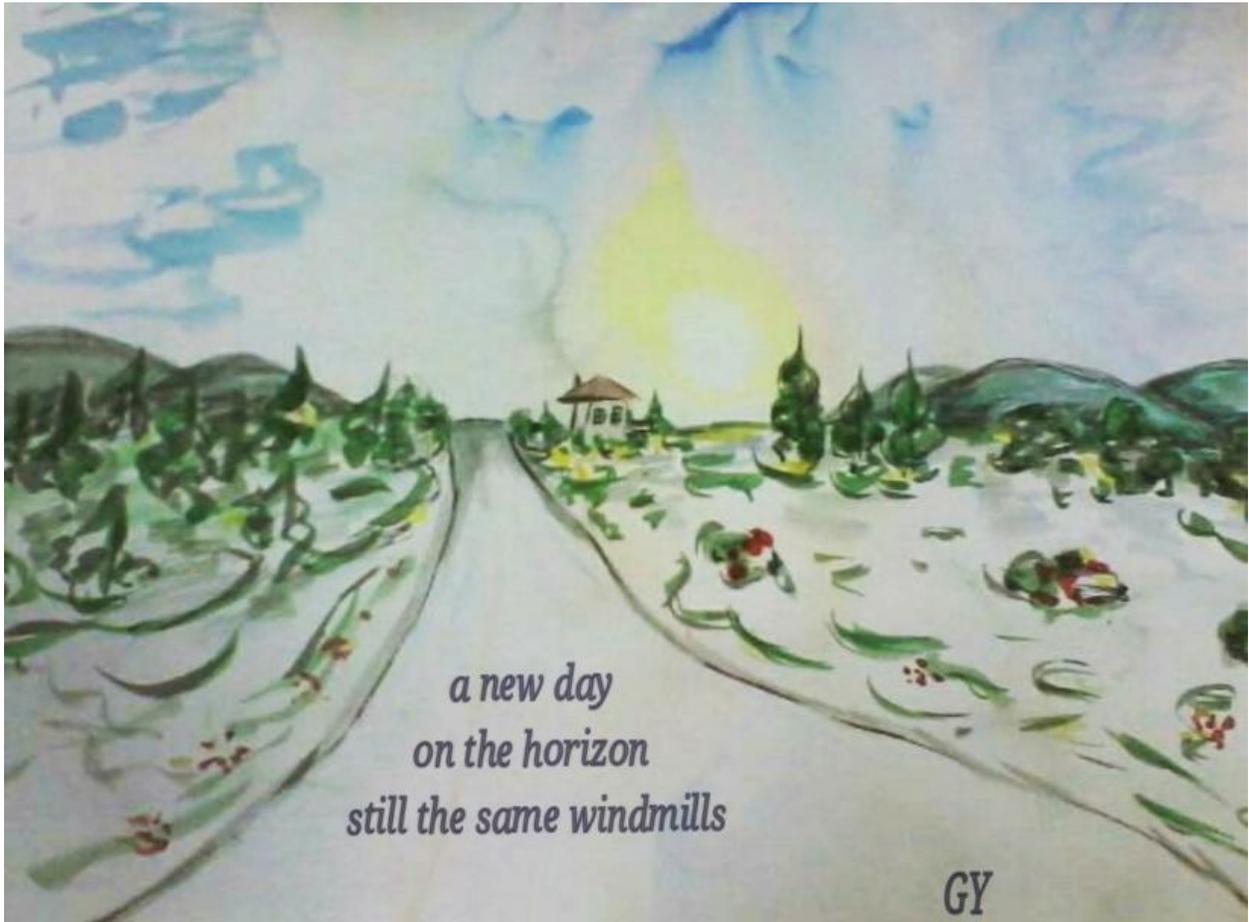


*when last it came
in starkness and silence
a sagebrush scent
reminding me of you . . .
I conquered loneliness*

an'ya



Painting: Margaret Bidart



*a new day
on the horizon
still the same windmills*

GY

*curiously ...
without casting a pebble
the still pool ripples*



@motto_sakura



the sun dreams of cloud fire night sky

haiku by mary kendal and photograph by ken rorkowitz

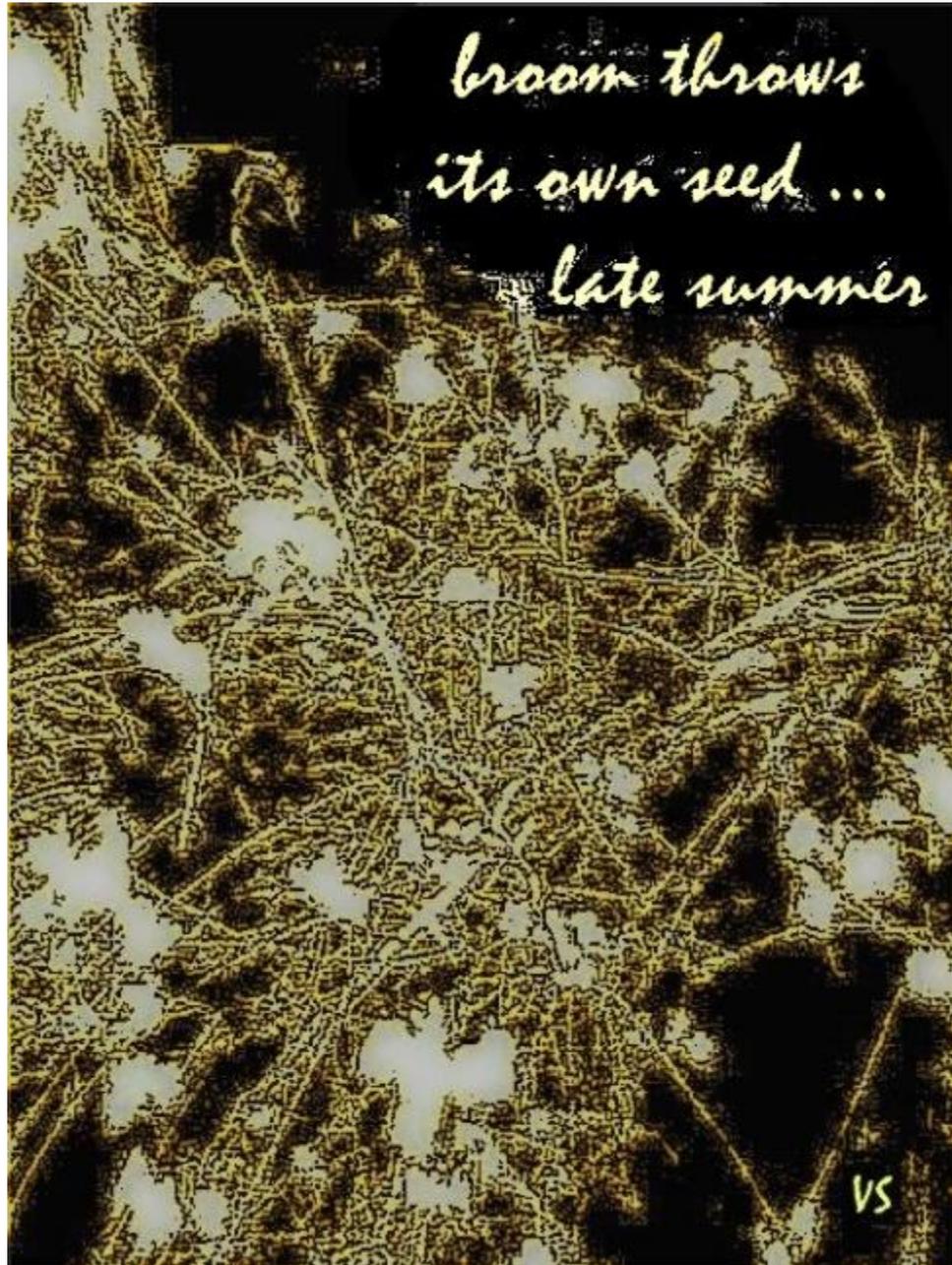


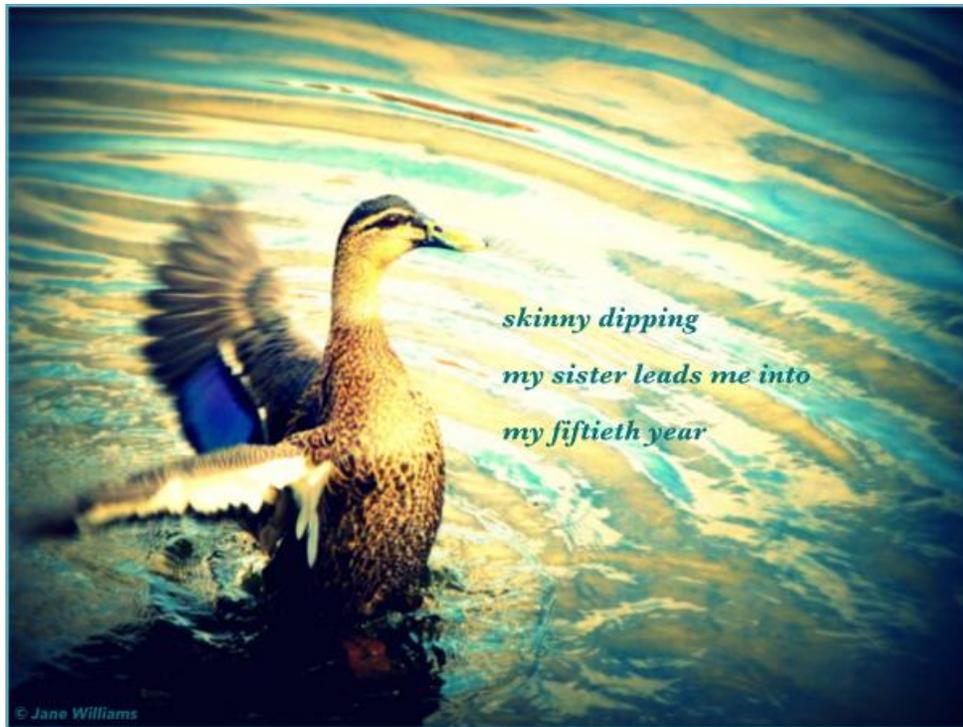
Haiku and photo by Božidar Škobić



*Night companion
without asking where I'm going—
illuminates the road*





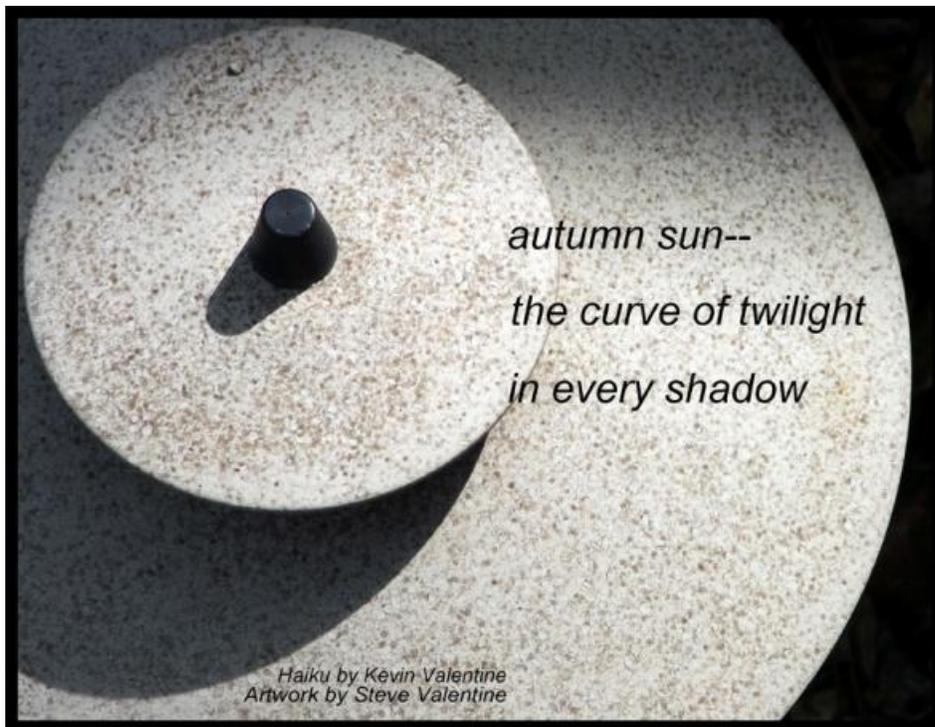


*skinny dipping
my sister leads me into
my fiftieth year*



*end of the storm
I share with you
my rainbow*

MCB

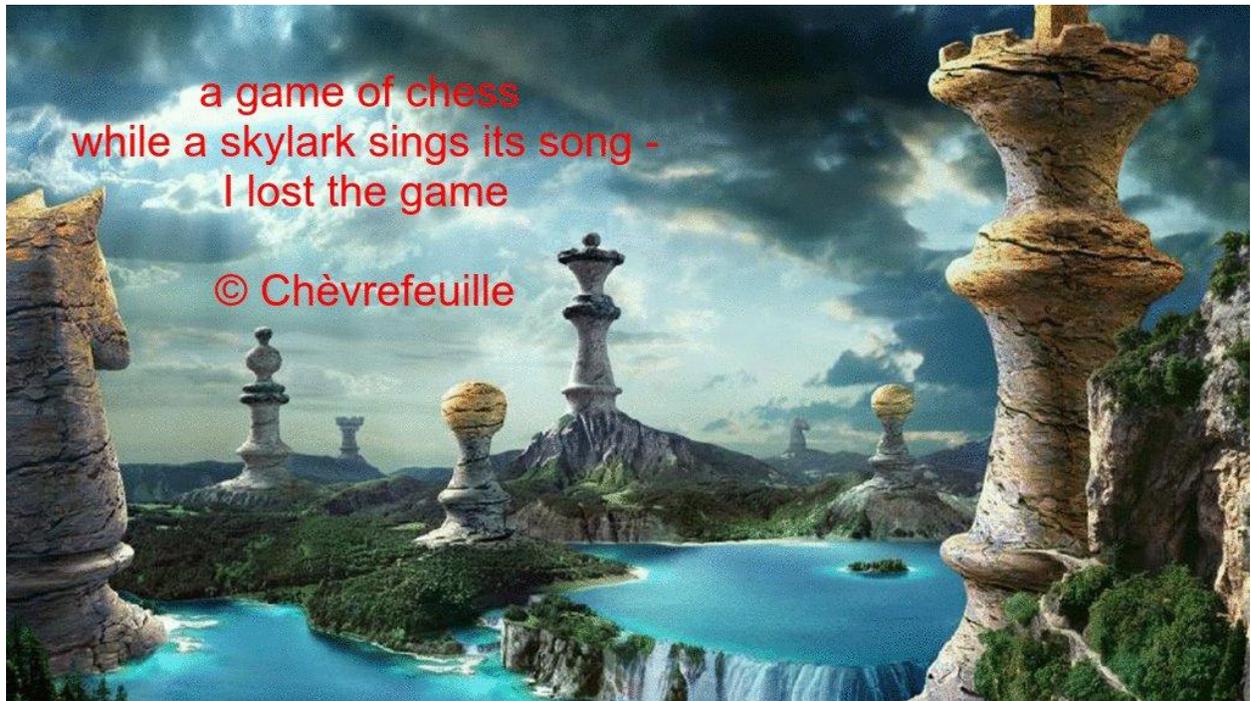


A photograph of a cloudy sky over a town with mountains in the background. The sky is filled with large, white, fluffy clouds against a blue background. In the foreground, the silhouettes of buildings and a street lamp are visible on the left side. The overall mood is somewhat somber and contemplative.

*the sky speaks
a lonely old poet
sitting and crying*

Haiku and photo by Božidar Škobić





clutching firmly!
the great blue heron
out-stares the void

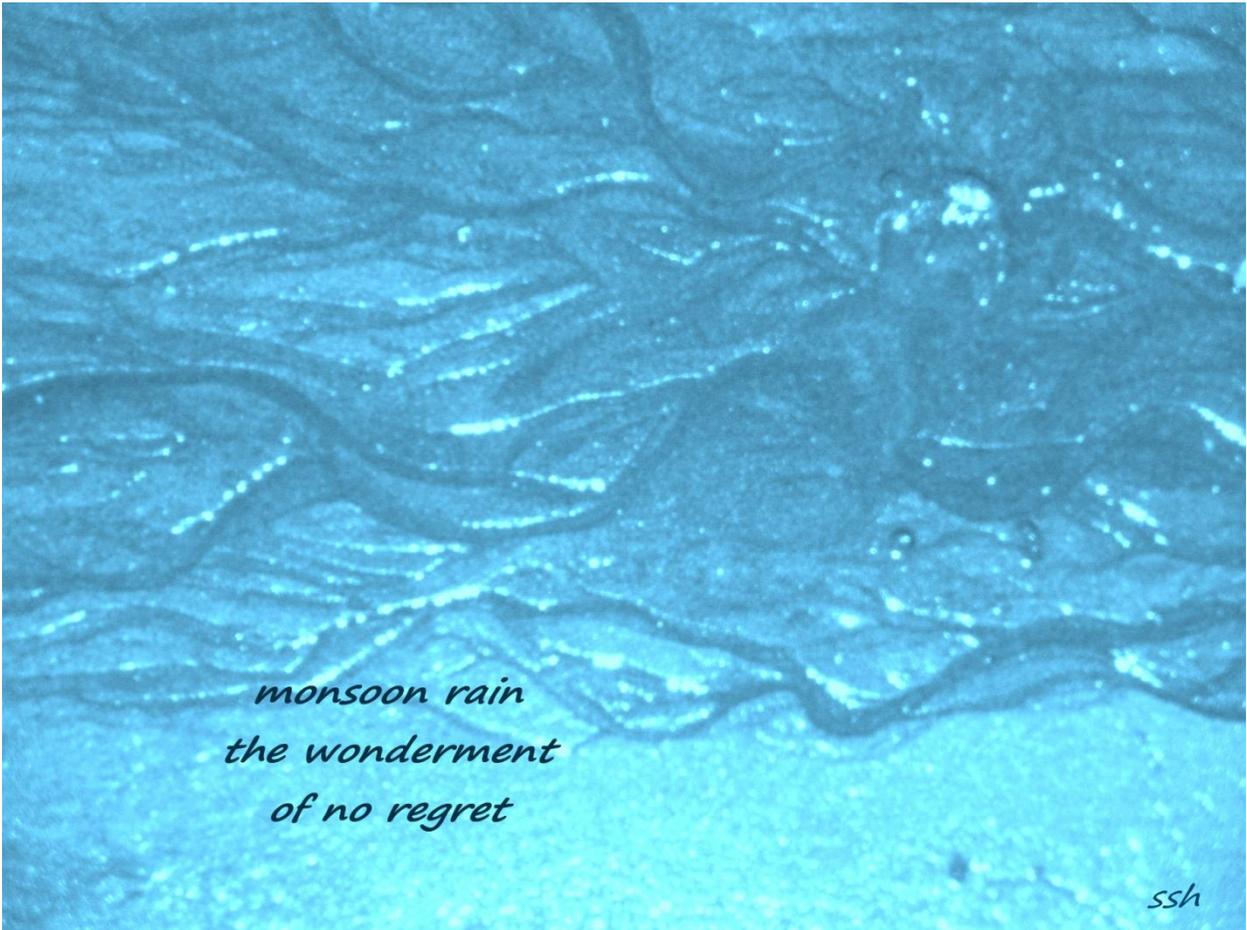
greim daingean!
sáraíonn an chorr réisc mhór ghorm
an folús sa stánadh

Gabriel Rosenstock
Ireland



Photograph
Scott Perretta
USA





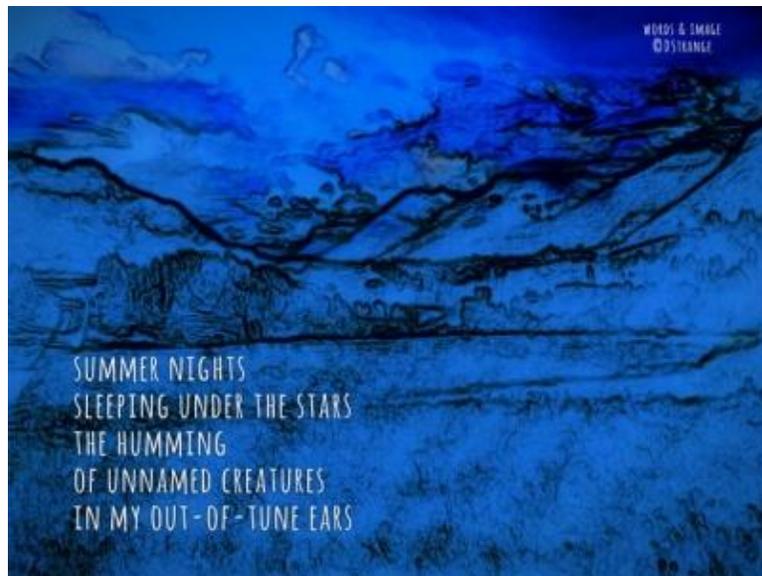
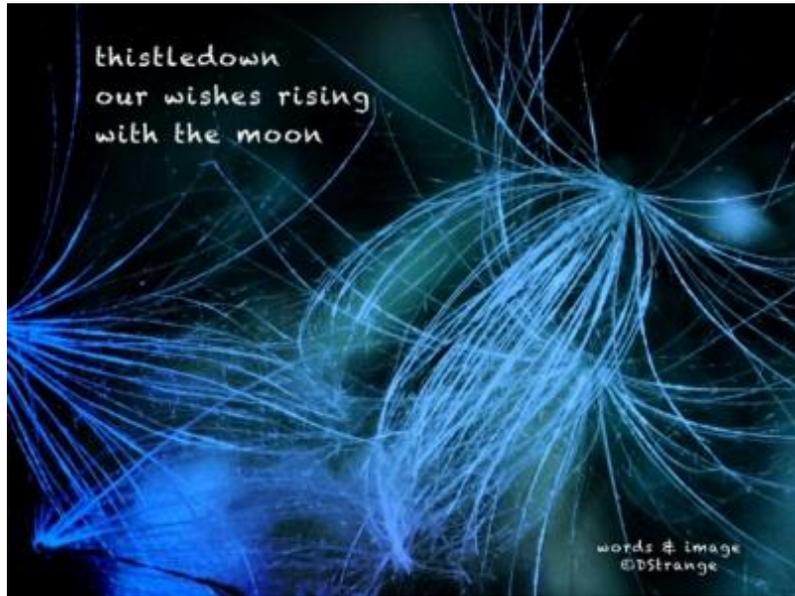
*monsoon rain
the wonderment
of no regret*

ssh

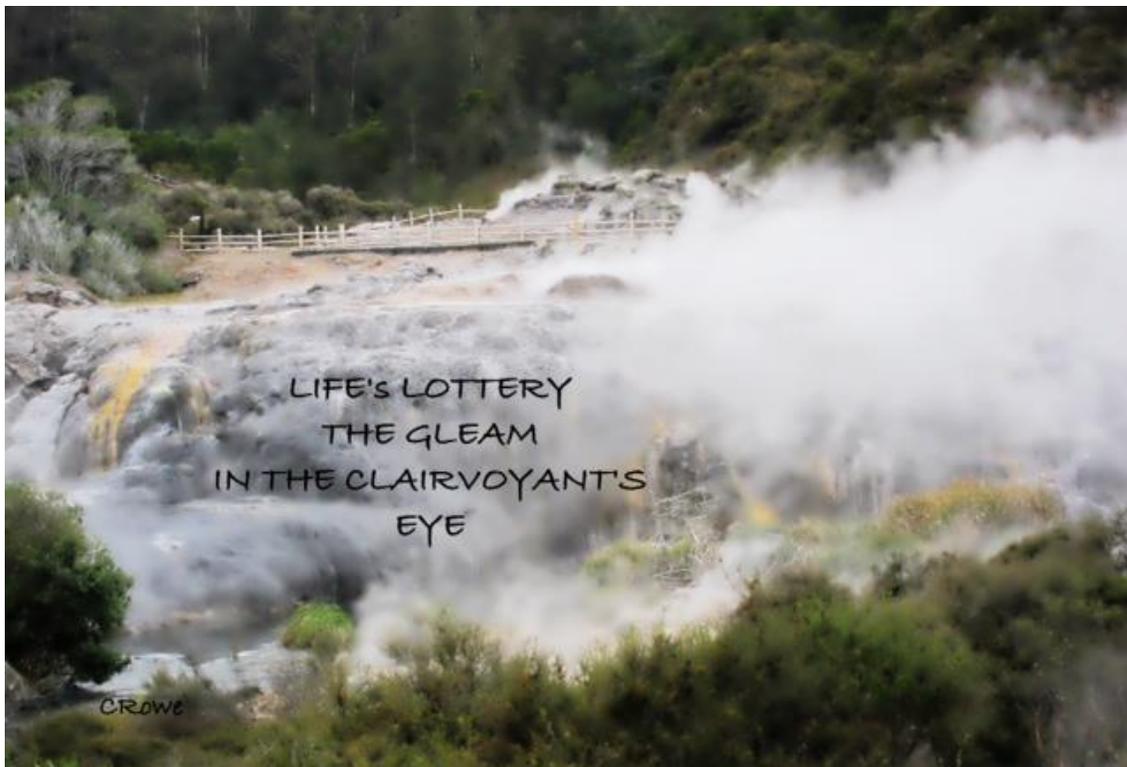


moonless sky
a crow separates
from the night

Maria Tomczak







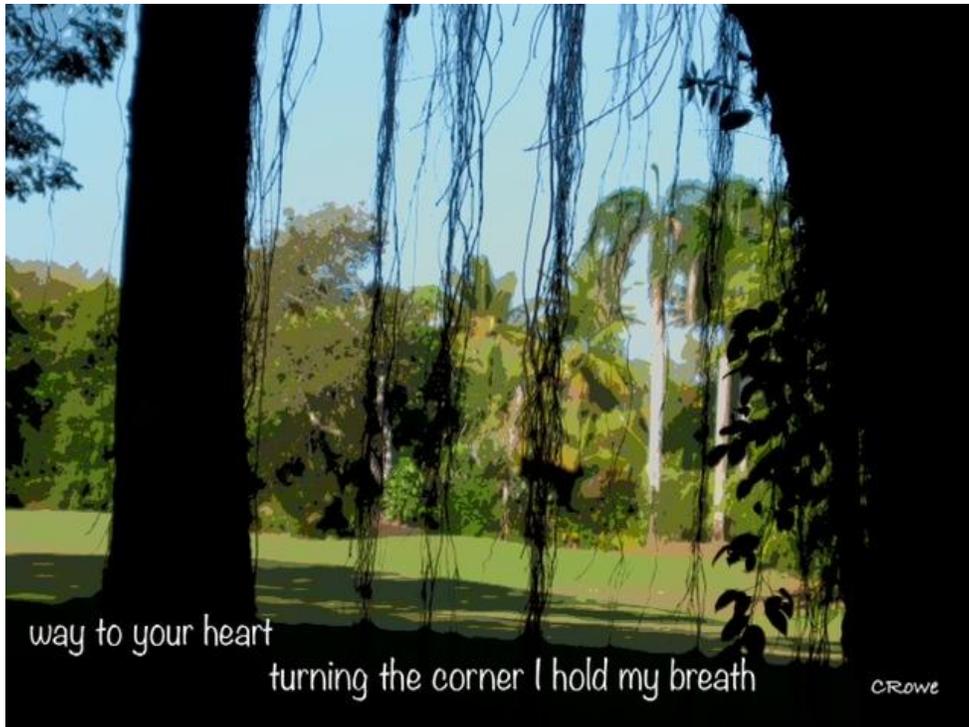


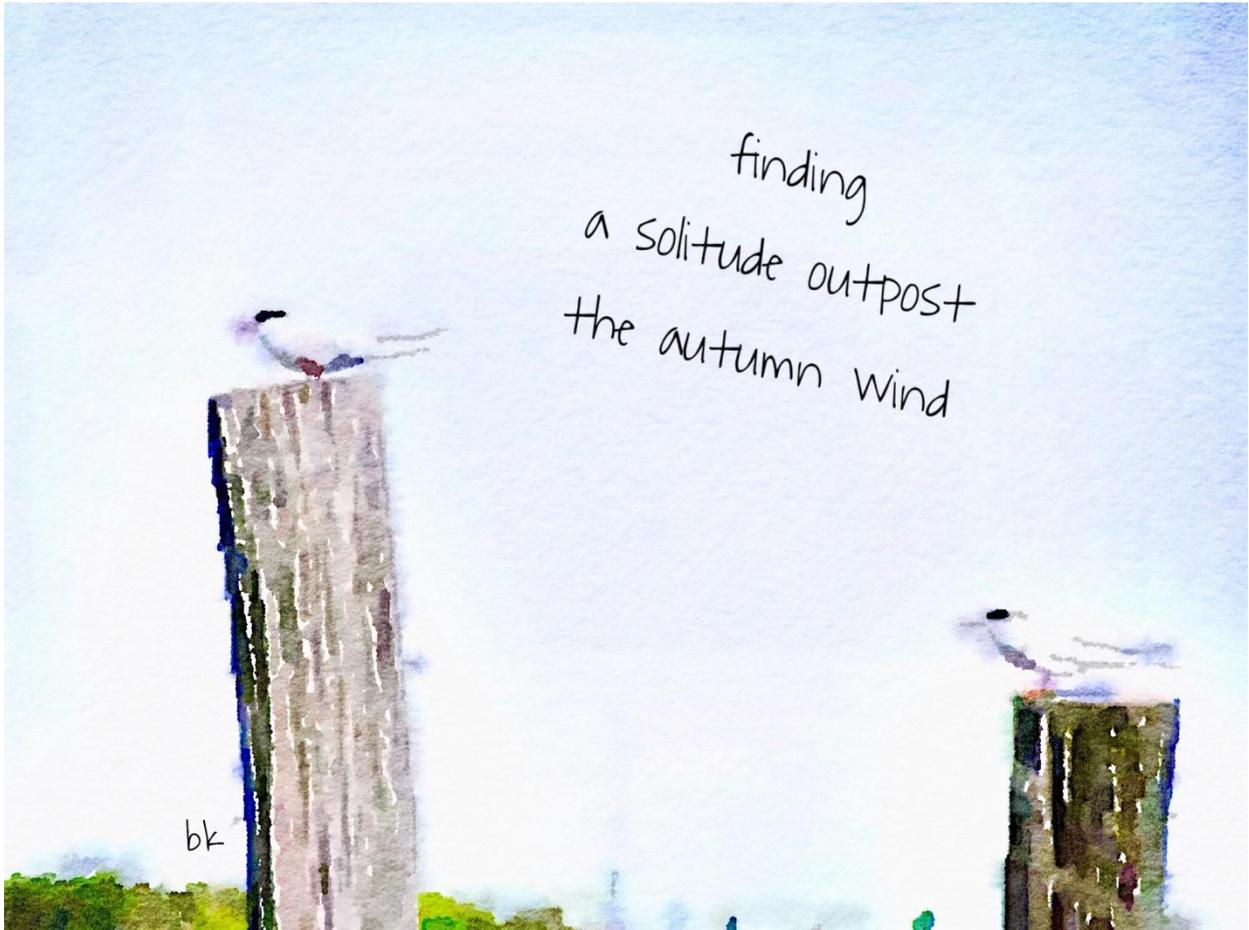
*tropical showers —
scattered coconut husks
by the sea*

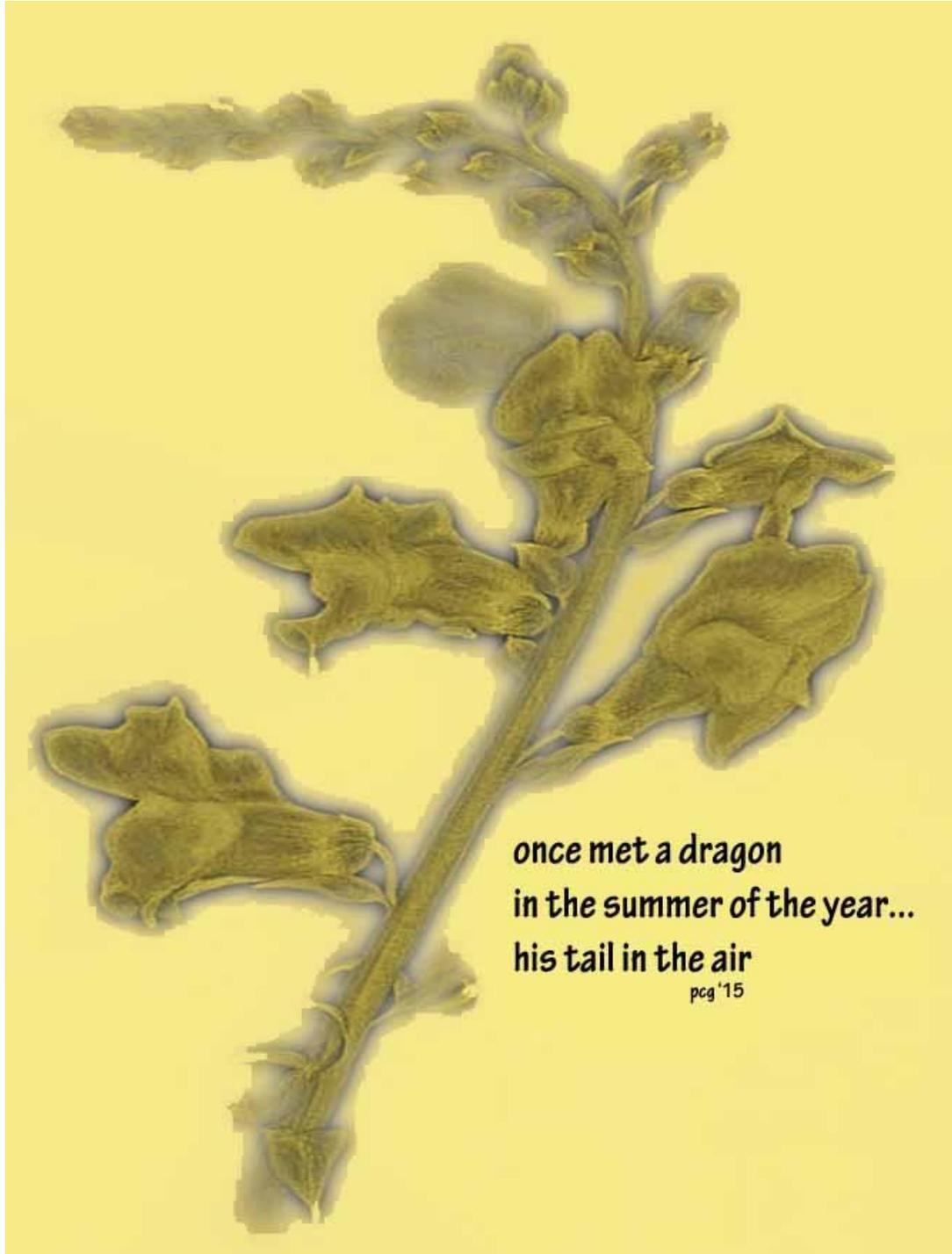
ਤਪਤ-ਖੰਡੀ ਫੁਹਾਰ —
ਸਮੁੰਦਰ ਲਾਗੇ ਤਿੱਤਰ-ਖਿੱਤਰ
ਨਾਰੀਅਲ ਦੇ ਛਿੱਲੜ









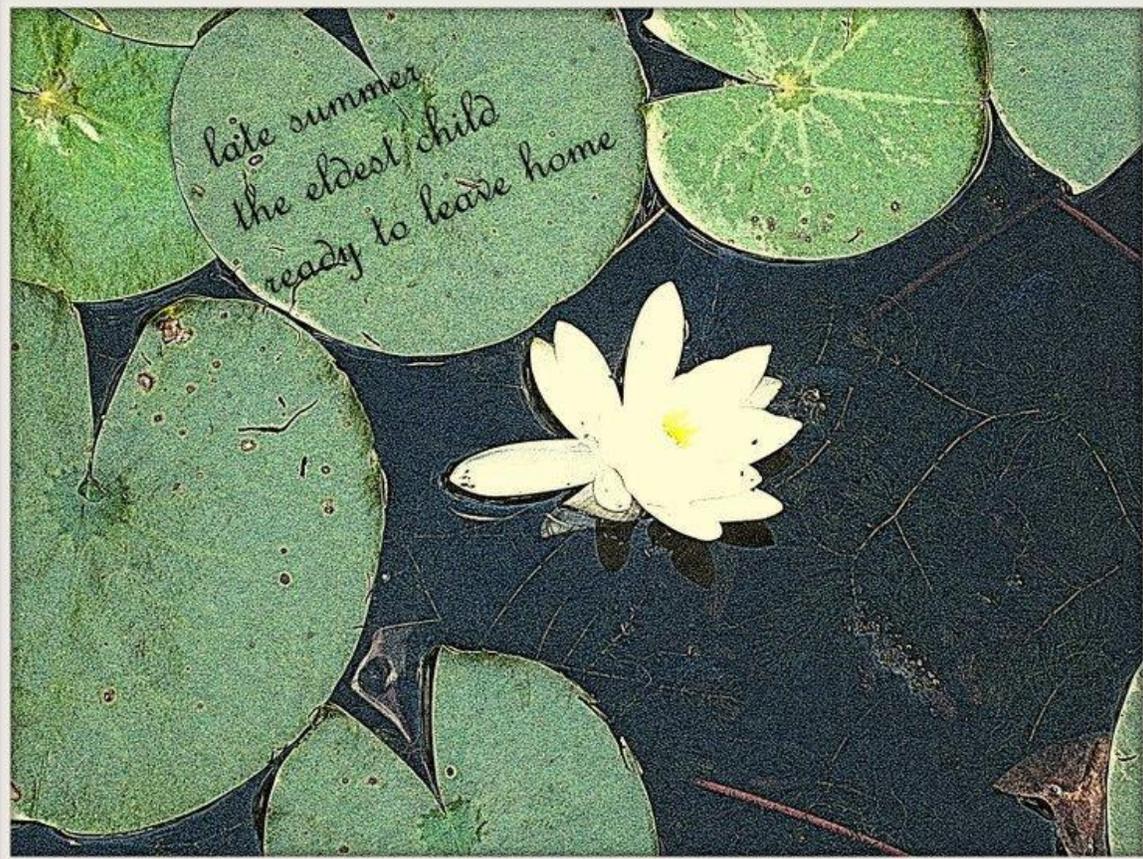


**once met a dragon
in the summer of the year...
his tail in the air**

pcg '15

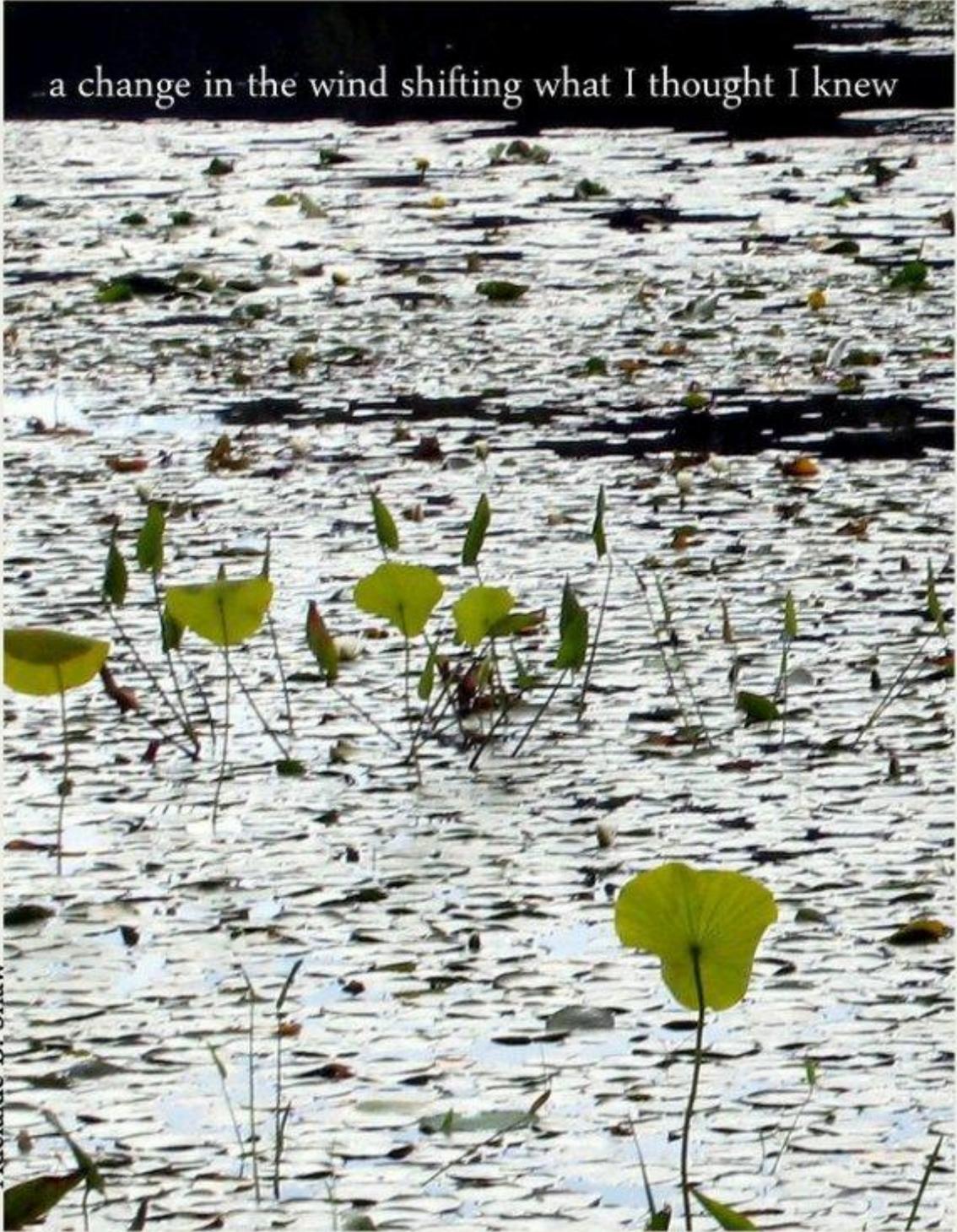






Adelaide B. Shaw

a change in the wind shifting what I thought I knew

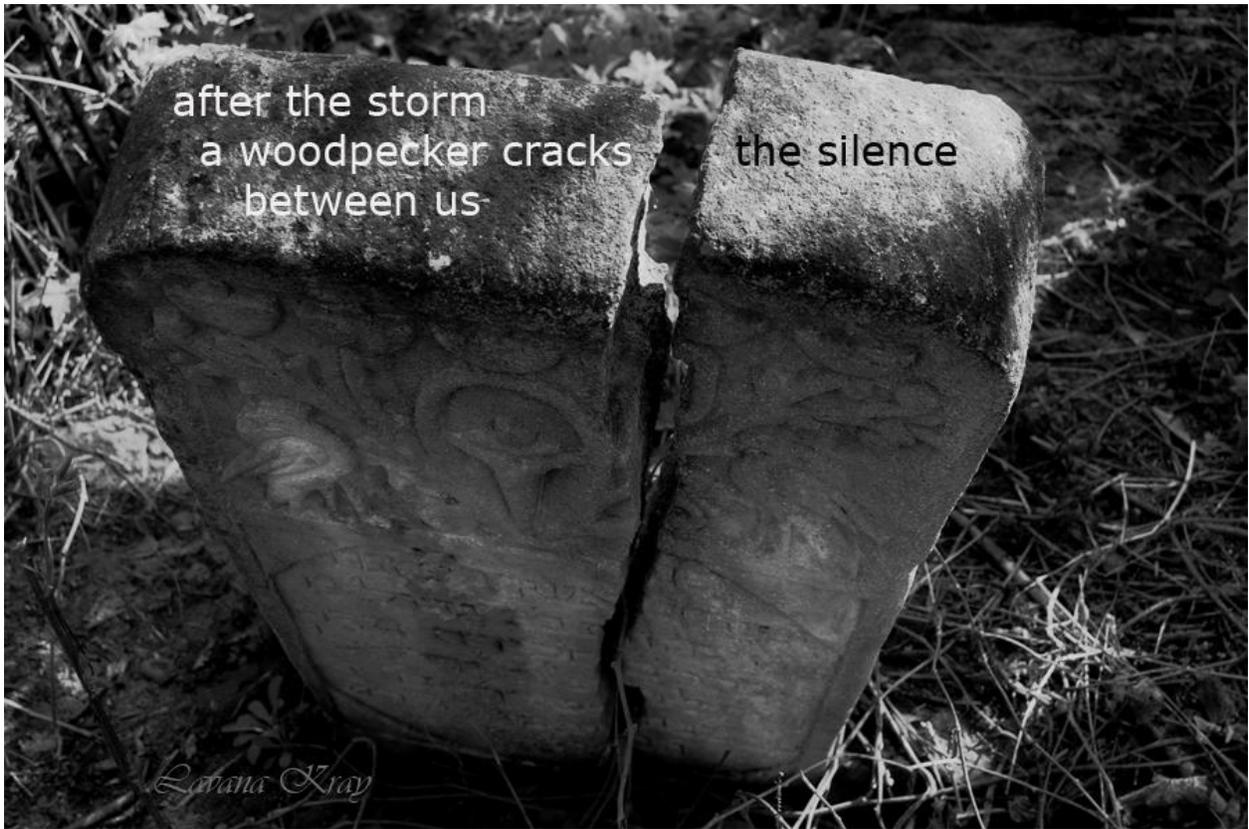


Adelaide B. Shaw

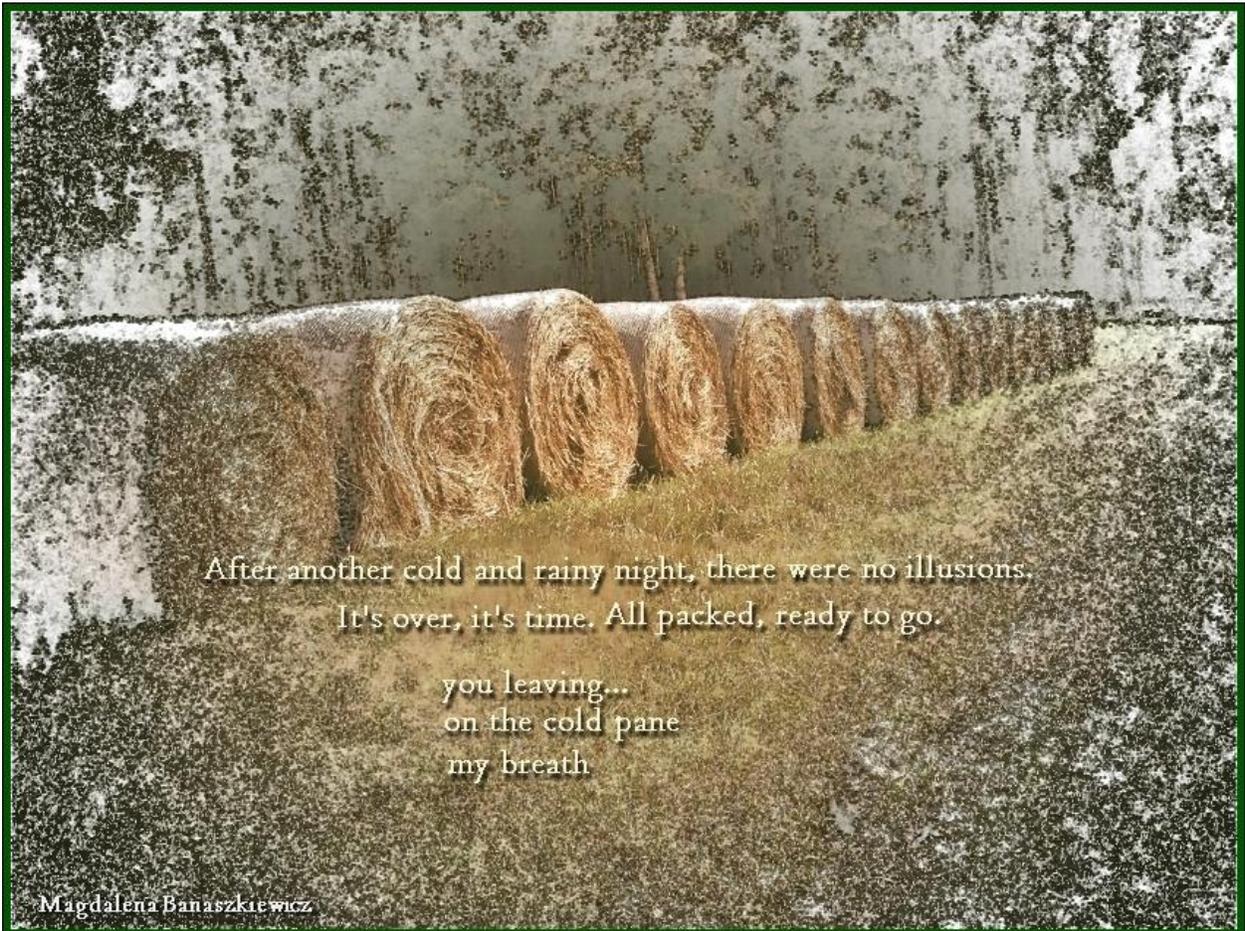


*evening mist -
on the roadside
autumn's last breath*

Photo © Jeanne M. Pica
© 2015







After another cold and rainy night, there were no illusions.
It's over, it's time. All packed, ready to go.

you leaving...
on the cold pane
my breath

Magdalena Banaszkiewicz



warm summer winds
have left a trellis
all atremble
the feel-good of his touch
fingers beyond her garden

an'ya

Shannon

Editors's Commentary

We sometimes think we've arrived and have finally learned enough. Then something comes along to jolt us out of our complacency and give us the privilege of knowing and experiencing more. My editor's choice is 'a change in the wind' by Adelaide B. Shaw.

The text refers to a familiar situation where our boundaries shift and we catch a glimpse of what might actually be out there. The silvery image of deep water with water lilies rising into view suits the haiku perfectly and adds depth to the words and situation described. My winner for this issue!



cattails

September 2015

Senryu

Senryu 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.

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!

summer concert
in the field
a cricket's song

Rachel Sutcliffe
United Kingdom

whale watching—
a humpback calf
waves a flipper

Richard Stevenson
Canada

hundreds of toads...
the orchestra pit
full of amateurs

Jesus Chameleon
USA

crape myrtle
the skinned knees
of small boys

Debbie Strange
Canada

both of us
searching among the garbage
white cat and I

Mojgan Soghrati
Iran

pint of beer
who cares if the moon
is full or not

Brad Bennett
USA

a rare plant
in the neighbor's garden—
her sister steals a shoot

Đurđa Vukelić-Rožić
Croatia

tongues flapping—
the red-faced jogger
outlaps his dog

Amanda Bell
Ireland

heat wave
a gyroscope of bees
at the bird bath

Karen Stromberg EC
USA

a wasp on the sill
munches a struggling bug
my vegan breakfast

Nola Obee
Canada

letting the grass grow midday nap

Neal Whitman
USA

everyone walks
in the same direction
park ginko

Chen-ou Liu
Canada

the tourist
taking a selfie
blocks my mountain

Brad Bennett
USA

clear night
I so want to be the man
you think I am

Perry L. Powell
USA

*some assembly
required*
fatherhood

Bill Cooper
USA

Father's Day
she gives me a break
from the kids

Dave Read
Canada

leaf blower—
shifting the problem
somewhere else

Keitha Keyes
Australia

dawn
trying to remember why
I set the alarm

Karen Stromberg
USA

arranged marriage
the new bride and groom
stand toe to toe

PeterB
USA

holidays...
alone with my reflection
in the window

Thomas Martin
USA

first ESL* class:
the acrobatics
of my tongue

Chen-ou Liu
Canada

she straightens
the fence-post—
her son's divorce

Joanna M. Weston
Canada

old journal
she continues from
the third tear-stained page

Wayne L. Miller
USA

too much wine—
rumbling of the midnight freight
slow and heavy

Adelaide B. Shaw
USA

deserted streets
rerun TV series
instead of siesta

*opustjele ceste
repriza sapunice
umjesto sieste*

*Đurđa Vukelić-Rožić
Croatia*

spirits—
the drunk sees them
in his glass

*Sandra Martyres
India*

bench in the park
beside the statue of Vasko Popa
a drunkard sleeps

*Klupa u parku.
Pokraj biste Vaska Pope
spava pijanac.*

*Zoran Doderović
Serbia*

start of carnival—
how sweet and light
cotton candy tastes

*Jesus Chameleon
USA*

outside HMV—
the cross-legged panhandler
makes an iPhone call

*Richard Stevenson
Canada*

86th street neon:
Drink Papaya for Health
Three Fried Oreos – \$4.00

Wayne L. Miller
USA

fish-eye view fireworks on the harbour
Simon Hanson
Australia

pension day—
groggy and well-fed
young postman

dan mirovina—
nacvrčan i nahranjen
mladi postar

Đurđa Vukelić-Rožić
Croatia

comic opera
in Sugarhouse Park
acorn woodpeckers

Neal Whitman
USA

Fourth of July
waiting in a casino
for a free t-shirt

Gabriel Patterson
USA

Golden Gate
tweaking the strands
a plucky harpist

Barbara Tate
USA

sightseeing
the tourist takes another
selfie

Rachel Sutcliffe
United Kingdom

he says: 'stay,'
but opens the door
to let me go

Mojgan Soghrati
Iran

first day after layoff:
my Chinese take-away
without a fortune cookie

Chen-ou Liu
Canada

without
a word to anyone
self check-out

Dave Read
Canada

no visas needed
the Coast of Bohemia
welcomes haiku-philes

Neal Whitman
USA

Alzheimer's...
blank spaces
in the Zen garden

Alzheimers
puste przestrzenie
w ogrodzie Zen

Magda Sobieszek
Poland

three-hour fire log
romantic ambience
on a timer

Adelaide B. Shaw
USA

second marriage
the presence of his
absent children

Madhuri Pillai
Australia

hot night
hotter words
frozen chicken dinner

Wayne L. Miller
USA

how things used to be...
looking for maple syrup
in the pasta aisle

David J. Kelly
Ireland

age spots...
tracing a roadmap
to the past

Barbara Tate EC
USA

rushed
their embrace
on the tarmac

Gabriel Patterson
USA

after the divorce
our patchwork quilt
starts to unravel

po rozwodzie
nasza patchworkowa narzuta
zaczyna się pruć

Maria Tomczak
Poland

All Souls' Day
flies sunbathing
on the cemetery wall

Задушнице.
Муве се сунчају
на зиду гробља.

Zoran Doderović EC
Serbia

gathering eggs
from broody chickens...
hen pecked

Keitha Keyes
Australia

the suicide's birthday—
does anyone play
her clarinet

Ruth Holzer
USA

shooting star—
the palliative care nurse
fetches pethidine

Marietta McGregor
Australia

chemo—
I decide not to deadhead
the lilies

Rajandeep Garg
India

bare winter eyes
she settles into care
memory unit

ayaz daryl nielsen
USA

AA meeting
how the different stories
end in the same way

spotkanie AA
różne historie
kończą się tak samo

Maria Tomczak
Poland

loud laughter
from the pub—
funeral passing by

smijeh se čuje
iz obližnje kafane
prolazi sprovod

Božidar Škobić
Bosnia and Herzegovina

wedding procession
a band plays passing by
an obituary

vjenčanje
tamburaši sviraju kraj
osmrtnice

Jasminka Predojević, Croatia
Translation: DV Rozić, Croatia

like coffee beans
days blend into each other
hospice vigil

Tracy Davidson
United Kingdom

CAT scan report
just a few slices
of my story

Samar Ghose
Australia

day surgery
rechecking the name
on my wristband

John Soules
Canada

one hand cradles
the shade of another
morning prayer

Lamart Cooper
USA

first kiss
the complex fragrance
of this bosc pear

Cynthia Rowe
Australia

cheese melts
between pizza slices...
first date

Brent Goodman
USA

public library
past all the guys on laptops
to her dating site

Robert Epstein
USA

gambit (declined)
giving myself away
in an early exchange

David J. Kelly
Ireland

sermon on lament
a robin's brief perch
on the electric line

Tom Chockley
USA

water feature
I lack the equipment
for such boys' games

Tracy Davidson
United Kingdom

summer crush
fuzz above his lip
tastes of peach

Susan Summers
USA

candlelit café—
enter
French perfume

Anatoly Kudryavitsky
Ireland

her new perfume...
the boyfriend prefers the fragrance
of fish curry

Gautam Nadkarni
India

Voyager 1
probes interstellar space
our divorce finalized

dan smith
USA

reunion...
old friends pretend
to remember

Thomas Norman Crocker
USA

Oh, muse...
words fall like rose petals
in a tomb

Rimas Uzgiris
Lithuania

my kitchen shelf—
side by side *wasabi*
and *herbes de provence*

w mojej kuchni
obok siebie wasabi
i zioła z Prowansji

Wiesław Karlinski
Poland

back home in New York
we bring *ema datsi* to
July 4th party

Richard Schnell
USA

morning...
the small explosion of
cream in coffee

Gregory Longenecker
USA

start of carnival—
how sweet and light
cotton candy tastes

Jesus Chameleon
USA

old men on the bench
each keeps
his own silence

Anatoly Kudryavitsky
Ireland

bags under her eyes
the waitress wipes up
water glass circles

Brad Bennett
USA

deepening cold...
our bodies spoon
against the dark

Mark E. Brager EC
USA

drowning out
the pleasures of the pie
his self-reproach

Robert Epstein
USA

seaside pub
a crab fisherman
comes out of his shell

Alan S. Bridges
USA

condolence visit
the tea she pours us
turns out salty

Gautam Nadkarni
India

falling temperature
a leaf bug climbs
the thermometer

Nola Obee
Canada

grape harvest warm in the backpacker's hand
Cynthia Rowe EC
Australia

raspberries
grandbabe's first
opinion

Jan Benson
USA

I see myself
stalking in a mirror
fly swatter cocked

William Hart
USA

senate hearing without listening

Brent Goodman
USA

the reaper's smile
draws me into the field
smell of hay

uśmiech żniwiarza
wyprowadza mnie w pole
zapach siana

Magdalena Banaszkiewicz
Poland

Piñon Mesa
hiking
cougar tracks

Claire Vogel Camargo
USA

the hint of brine
just beyond the tempest
in my teacup

Robert Epstein
USA

cattails – September 2015

lice
just saying the word
makes my head itch

Diana Eileen Barbour
USA

all ears
in the brush
a trio of jackrabbits

Scott Wiggerman
USA

tsunami sirens—
too late to get out of
this argument

Susan Burch
USA

infinity pool
releasing my grip
on the handrail

Michael Henry Lee
USA

sweeping the last blossom again this white butterfly

Mark E. Brager
USA

another cross on the calendar Good Friday

Myron Lysenko
Australia

popping open
the sound of summer
caragana pods

Debbie Strange
Canada

pilgrimage
the VIP queue
moves faster

Vandana Parashar
India

a nun
airing her wimple
on the bike

časna sestra
zrači mantijuna biciklu

Jasminka Predojevic, Croatia
Translated by ĐV Rozić, Croatia

live nativity—
searching far and wide
for the third Wiseman

Julie Warther
USA

trick-or-treat
a pumpkin seed zigzags
beneath the wainscot

Cynthia Rowe
Australia

running down
before the battery does—
cellphone chatter

Ruth Holzer
USA

driving into
the sunset...
radio static

Chris Gusek
USA

Galapagos tortoise
a tourist falls behind
the tour guide

Alan S. Bridges
USA

what is common
between Zen and football in Boston—
the Sixth Patriot

William Seltzer
USA

the penny so dirty
I can't tell
if it's lucky

Tyler Pruett
USA

old staircase
the creaking of
my knees

Dave Read
Canada

heat wave...
a car window open
the width of a bark

Ken Olson
USA

moon app
tells me it's waxing–
overcast night

Agnes Eva Savich
USA

a red canoe
drifts between pines
his last portage

Debbie Strange
Canada

the late train
a mix of revellers
and shift workers

Simon Hanson
Australia

miscarriage...
you thought that one
had my eyes

Perry L. Powell
USA

for now it's all hers penthouse maid

Gregory Longenecker
USA

slow to ask
for what he wants
scolded child

Gregory Longenecker
USA

in-flight headphones
a wordless battle
for the armrest

Julie Warther
USA

porch chores
her sudden urge
to study maths

Bill Cooper
USA

closed casket
the old grump
would've liked that

ayaz daryl nielsen
USA

outdoor video shoot
a dandelion floats over
the punk band

Myron Lysenko
Australia

lullaby
darkness tucked
behind stars

Lamart Cooper
USA

my dream woman
has black hair down to her waist
and speaks in poems

David Flynn
USA

far from home reaching for the remote

Alan S. Bridges
USA

monk and healer drunk
stumble down *Dochu La* hillside
laughing Buddhas

Richard Schnell
USA

plump red grapes
she feeds them one at a time
to herself

Robert Epstein
USA

driftwood...
her hair whips
in the wind

Agnes Eva Savich
USA

morning break—
the dock worker reads
a book of haiku

Kevin Valentine
USA

Editor's Commentary

heat wave
a gyroscope of bees
at the bird bath

Karen Stromberg
USA

The visuals of this poem are striking in the way Karen Stromberg uses the image of "a gyroscope" to suggest both sound and movement. One can almost hear the hum of the circling bees in the whirring of the "gyroscope".

—*cattails* Senryu Editor Sonam Chhoki, Bhutan

All Souls' Day
flies sunbathing
on the cemetery wall

Задушнице
Муве се сунчају
на зиду гробља

Zoran Doderović
Serbia

In this poem we have a Christian rite, which commemorates the dead. It evokes the transcendent aspirations of humans for the afterlife. In contrast the image of 'flies' brings to mind the physicality of death and decay. With the interplay of these two images Zoran Doderovic brings out the irony of the human condition.

—*cattails* Senryu Editor Sonam Chhoki, Bhutan

age spots...
tracing a roadmap
to the past

Barbara Tate
USA

Barbara Tate embeds two disparate images: 'a roadmap' and the human skin, to voice a poignant thought, which we can all relate to.

—*cattails* Senryu Editor Sonam Chhoki, Bhutan

grape harvest warm in the backpacker's hand

Cynthia Rowe
Australia

There is a whole backstory to this moment, Cynthia Rowe has captured, which intrigues the reader. Is the 'backpacker' a transient grape picker or has he/she stopped by a vineyard on the way to somewhere else? The 'grape' 'warm' in the hand is tactile and sensuous.

—*cattails* Senryu Editor Sonam Chhoki, Bhutan

deepening cold...
our bodies spoon
against the dark

Mark E. Brager
USA

Mark E. Brager uses 'spoon' in an original and unexpected way to deliver a striking visual and sonority effect. The image of rounding is echoed in the long 'o' of 'spoon' and creates an onomatopoeic effect.

—*cattails* Senryu Editor Sonam Chhoki, Bhutan

cattails

September 2015

Tanka Introduction

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 specific 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 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.

You can submit tanka directly to an'ya at: submittocattails@gmail.com with the subject heading: TANKA

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!

even sparrows
are strangely silent
in morning light
I cannot find the words
to describe what we shared

Thelma Mariano
Canada

morning stillness
before the sun's heat
a cool breeze
before the day intrudes
alone with my thoughts

Adelaide B. Shaw
USA

out of night
stars giving themselves
to me freely
perhaps only because
they've already moved on

Patrick Doerksen
Canada

at the hospice
my mother clenches
tightly my hand
as our pulses fuse...
her barely beating heart

John Wisdom
USA

polishing wood
and oiling its defects
chips, stains, knots...
will someone ever find
something lovable in me?

Anne Curran
New Zealand

diamonds of dew
stitched to the web
vibrate...
a lonely harp song
pierces my heart

Marilyn Humbert
Australia

the croak of a frog
then the answering call
of others...
between the two of us
deafening silence

Chen-ou-Liu
Canada

a clear lake
reflects the black swans
their necks
like question marks—
beaks dipping and dripping

Patricia Prime
New Zealand

wanting to
prolong the sunset...
in the wind
leaves carrying my message
from one tree to another

Nishant Mehrotra
India

we connect
through deep images
and amygdala
we have been here before
in each others' dreams

Carole Johnston
USA

the crow
gathers an evening...
a small shadow
underneath her wing
shapes the firmament

Thomas Martin
USA

among the rocks
clumps of Kentucky bluegrass
hair long gone
my fingertips have known
only his bare smooth skin

Cyndi Lloyd
USA

old headstones
with mossy shoulders
leaning against
one another's curves
we take comfort here

Debbie Strange
Canada

she is late
for our farewell meeting
at twilight
white magnolia blossoms
shroud my loneliness

Chen-ou Liu
Canada

my aunty
with her walking stick
wobbles along...
that's how I'm feeling
about a lot of things

Anne Curran
New Zealand

locking the door
to my parent's house
the last
of the colored leaves
beginning to fall

Gregory Longenecker
USA

walking
on my birthday
in the woods—
from a black branch
the redbird sings

Kenneth Slaughter
USA

when we were apart
how we racked up the phone bill
endlessly talking—
now it's just my two cents
added to yours...

Ruth Holzer
USA

cruise ship's spa bath
two people deep into
a conversation...
sipping my cocktail
wishing I could lipread

Keitha Keyes
Australia

endless words
spin fast around her
building a wall
no human can scale...
she doesn't notice me leave

Mary Davila
USA

our hearts
slowly dripping down
the glass panes—
it took many years
to see through it all

Shrikaanth Krishnamurthy
Birmingham, UK

your hand
resting on my arm
is tender—
the butterfly that sips
nectar from a blossom

Terrie Jacks
USA

I watch the sand
wrestle with each ocean wave
that recedes
my thoughts about you also
come with waves of emotion

Bernard Gieske
USA

at low tide
dark shells of live oysters
litter the shore
the sea, giver of life
also casts it aside

Thelma Mariano
Canada

this cloudless night
flirts with loneliness...
no wine left,
I shoot down the moon
with an arrow of words

Chen-ou Liu
Canada

countless times
my heart has gone over
the waterfall's edge
and each time you've caught me
in the deep blue of your eyes

Laura Williams
USA

I tell myself
it doesn't mean a thing
when you gaze at her
if I tell myself once more
perhaps I will believe it

Beverley George
Australia

the palms
of wrinkled hands
worn smooth
proof she caressed
all that she loved

daryl ayaz nielsen
USA

moonlight filters
through the Venetian blind—
ready for bed
I know the face in my dreams
will most certainly be you

Diana Eileen Barbour
USA

not enough
words for the subtleties
of snow—
all of my shortcomings
over a lifetime

Marianne Paul
Canada

a teasing remark
her coquettish smile
and twinkling eyes—
the flow of river rapids
still races within me

John Wisdom
USA

pink roses
left on my doorstep
love letters
I gently decipher
petal by petal

Pris Campbell
USA

her ashes
still snug in their case
my father
even now unsure
of what she would like

Michele L. Harvey
USA

stormy wind
snaps some branches off
an old tree—
today you rub salt
into my sore wounds

Yesha Shah
India

hours before dawn
icy limbs start falling
the power snuffed out...
I lie alone in darkness
as the cold settles in

Elizabeth Howard
USA

small vessels
evening primroses touched
by moonlight
their wind-borne seedlings
grow wherever they will...

Giselle Maya
France

memories ascend
from the bottom of his heart
in warm tears...
once again falling back
into the trap of her lies

Keith Simmonds
United Kingdom

"a needle
in a haystack"
this feeling
you rescued me
against all odds

Jari Thymian
USA

His name
in Mongolian script
on my wall—
jet lag widens the gap
between yesterday and here

Carol Purington
USA

too many doubts
swirling around and round
in this life—
water carving furrows
and gullies on a hillside

Samantha Sirimanne Hyde
Australia

alone at night
with the rise and fall
of march wind
today they return to me,
my old certainties

Claire Norman
United Kingdom

sunrise...
how many more dare I
sleep through?
all too soon the short days
and long nights of winter

Carole MacRury
USA

morning walk
at the cemetery
my dog races
around the gravestones—
is there life after death

Leslie Bamford
Canada

my heart goes out
to the weeping willow
I too feel
the persistent tug
of the springtide river

Laura Williams
USA

you're gone
now it's just
the wind
at my door
wanting in

Angela Leuck
Canada

every which way
tree leaves and sparrows
in the wind
surrender with grace
unlike many hearts

Alegria Imperial
Canada

it's taking
the breath away from me
a dandelion...
again I try to catch
one final glimpse of him

Archana Kapoor Nagpal
India

brown lawns
teased by a light drizzle
drying midair
your lips barely touch
the cheek I've offered

Janet Butler
USA

waiting for the train
after your long absence
no sight no sound
yet the platform throbs
in sync with my heart

Barbara Snow
USA

wallpaper—
how quickly it detaches
like the walls
of my existence
so bare without you

Elaine Riddell
New Zealand

in the forest
currawongs dart between
deep shadows . . .
secret thoughts flicker
across your inclined face

Gavin Austin
Australia

after crossing
innumerable bridges
over turbulent
rivers in stormy weather—
life moves toward the ocean

Aju Mukhopadhyay
India

at the well
that grants all wishes
I hear "now you"
and my sleepy lips move
whispering your name

Spiros Zafiris
Canada

sailing
over the holy river
at first light...
still on my study table
his long note of farewell

Archana Kapoor Nagpal
India

late summer
past the bloom of youth
this fading rose—
it's concentrated scent
a perfume to die for

Mary Gunn
Ireland

a champagne sky
deepens to burgundy
how transient
the rubaiyat that flows
into my poetry

Hazel Hall
Australia

the woman
who abandoned our home
years ago
her once perfumed-letters
like dead leaves in a box

John Wisdom
USA

your heart
the cardiologist says
is strong
how funny these words
after so many breaks

Cindy Crumrine
USA

Oh you silly fool
for you do not realize
love has its own wings
and it is unfortunate
I am so invisible

Alexandra Balevre
USA

thin twilight
along the shoreline
leaving behind
the silent reflections
of scattered seashells

Pravat Kumar
India

long night moon..
a snowflake entered
your chimney
and in all due course
succumbed to melting

an'ya
USA

I might not
be going anywhere
special—
but even so you are still
standing in my way

Ruth Holzer
USA

butterfly's birth
from its tight cocoon
a broken thread
in the flowering meadow
you reveal your secret to me

*v poku kokona
rojevanje metulja
pretrgana nit
na cvetočem travniku
mi zaupaš novico*

Dimitrij Škrk, Slovenia
Tr: *Durđa Vukelić-Rožić, Croatia*

summer evening
the sound of a violin
and silence of birds—
with your hand in mine
no words need be told

*zvok violine
polni poletni večer—
onemelost ptic
tvoja roka na moji
obsediva brez besed*

*Dimitrij Škrk, Slovenia
Tr: Durđa Vukelić-Rožić*

always beyond
the circle of her bedside lamp
darkness
but on the hospice wall
she sees a painted sunrise

*zawsze poza
kręgiem jej lampki nocnej
ciemność
ale na ścianie hospicjum
widzi malowany wchód słońc*

*Maria Tomczak
Poland*

after crossing
innumerable bridges
over turbulent
rivers in stormy weather—
life moves toward the ocean

*Aju Mukhopadhyay
India*

childhood orchard—
now under an apple tree
there's no shadow
just the rustle of fallen leaves
that mother once knew in spring

*sad z dzieciństwa—
teraz pod jabłonią
żadnego cienia
tylko w szeleście opadłych liści
że kiedyś była matka i wiosna*

*Magdalena Banaszkiewicz
Poland*

waking town—
from its lookout
on one leg
a stork's proud gaze
through the morning mist

*budi se grad—
s osmatračnice
na jednoj nozi
rodin nadmoćni pogled
na jutarnju izmaglicu*

*Branka Vojinović Jegdić, Montenegro
Tr: Durđa Vukelić-Rožić, Croatia*

I might not
be going anywhere
special—
but even so you are still
standing in my way

*Ruth Holzer
USA*

come in sunshine
you extinguish my shadows
with your light
in your eyes a reflection
of an everlasting smile

*ko prideš s soncem
v svetlobi izginejo
vse moje sence
v tvojih očeh je odsev
brezčasnega nasmeha*

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brezčasnega nasmeha*

*Dimitrij Škrk, Slovenia
Tr: Durđa Vukelić-Rožić, Croatia*

Editors's Commentary

wandering stars
all the things I know
not enough
to fill a basket with figs,
nor to make you love me

Claire Rosilda Norman
England

For one of my Editor's choices is this unique tanka by Claire Rosilda Norman of England. We all know that many tanka have a love reference of some sort in them, however to write about love and not be overly “quixotic” is a tricky thing. Claire has accomplished it here by making light of a serious situation (the way I read it anyway), albeit the angst in this tanka runs deep. Her “wandering stars” perhaps are metaphoric of a “roving lover”, and nothing she does or knows will make that person love her back. Tanka is more complex than haiku insofar as it makes use of a “twist/turn” rather than just simply a pivot, and Claire has also accomplished this quite nicely as well.

—*cattails tanka editor an'ya, USA*

a strangeness
in the foothills howling
at the moon
one more sleepless night
my mouth speaks wild sounds

Marilyn Fleming
USA

For another of my Editor's Choices, this tanka by Marilyn Fleming from the USA. Innuendo and ambiguity in a tanka are always something to strive for. Notice how this author doesn't “tell” us directly what is howling at the moon in the foothills as we can assume it, nor does she mention self directly, and yet in line 5 (the most important line in a tanka), she herself becomes wild and is unable to sleep for some unknown reason left to individual imaginations. Poetry of any kind and most especially tanka, is subjective and the outcome of this one is left up to reader interpretation.

—*cattails tanka editor an'ya, USA*

a tufted puffin
breaking the mirrored skin
of a silent sea
ripple after ripple
altering my outcome

Marilyn Fleming
USA

Here is yet another fine EC tanka by Marilyn who seems to have quickly captured the genre very well it seems to me as I normally don't select two Editor's Choices from one author. However, how could one really resist when again this author has composed a tanka that is so suggestive and enigmatic. It's also personal but not too personal, it's nature-oriented but twists to a human observation in the closing line. The rhythm is songful, Marilyn's words are carefully chosen, it pauses naturally, and the juxtaposition is open-ended. Having said all this, it's a wonderful write in this editor's opinion.

—*cattails* tanka editor an'ya, USA

cattails

**September 2015
Youth Corner**

Welcome to the September, 2015 edition of *cattails* "Youth Corner". I received many beautiful haiku from students who had taken my haiku workshop a year ago at the *Katha Utsav*, and felt happy that they had not forgotten what they learned about haiku in that two-day workshop!

On an even happier note, I want to share some news with regard to children's haiku!

I proposed to Tom Clausen the idea of showcasing children's haiku on the acclaimed Daily Haiku page of Cornell University's Mann Library, which he edits. I felt it would be a great incentive for each child in particular and for children's haiku as a movement. At Tom's request, I sent him about 70 of my students' haiku. Through the month of August, Mann Daily Haiku published the work of one of my students each day. This was a thrilling experience for these youngsters. You can see their work here: <http://haiku.mannlib.cornell.edu/category/author/kala-ramesh-students/>

For this issue of "Youth Corner" I have focused on one young poet, Iqra Raza.

Enjoy this collection of haiku specially brought to you for this issue.

— *cattails* Youth Corner Editor Kala Ramesh, India

The *Tejas* Award goes to Iqra Raza for her haiku and for her reasoning about why she wrote what she wrote! *Tejas* in Sanskrit means "fire" and/or "brilliance".

immigrants—
nana adds salt before he plants
the coconut seedling

Iqra Raza (age 17 yrs)
India

“I’m originally from Bihar. My Grandfather (*nana*) lives there. He loves plants and trees and we have coconut trees as well, and *nana* once told me that since coconut trees grow in coastal areas, which have plenty of salt in the water, he has to add salt in the soil when he plants a coconut seedling so that it grows well. My haiku is about this.”

my tongue shrivels
with the over-spiced curry...
midlife crisis

Iqra Raza (age 17 yrs)
India

When I asked her why this ‘midlife crisis’ as line 3, since she is not yet turned 18, she sent me this reply: “No, I am not, my mama is. She often puts in more spices than necessary and since I have Erosive Oesophagitis, it hurts. I have told my mum a hundred times, but to no avail. Then a friend told me about her mother over-spicing the curry too. I searched a bit and found about this ‘midlife crisis’. I also happened to come across a project (psychology) on midlife crisis which stated that over-spicing the curry is common, as, a feeling of ‘revenge’ sets in during midlife.”

The things I learn from these children are more than what I teach them!

Check out Iqra’s haiga at the end of this page.
— *cattails Youth Corner Editor Kala Ramesh, India*

The Editor’s “Favourite Haiku”

Choice 1

two grains less
in the earthen pot
birds chirping

Ananya Sen (age 15 yrs)
India



Ananya said that she clicked this picture herself from her balcony and this haiku wrote itself. Ananya took the two-day haiku workshop at the Katha Utsav in December 2014. Haiga is most effective when it links to the poem but also shifts away . . . but this attempt by Ananya is all her own. A two-day haiku workshop is too short to expose beginners to haiga! I like the way children boldly step out into the ‘unknown.’

— *cattails Youth Corner Editor Kala Ramesh, India*

Choice 2

stretched days...
a squirrel squeezes
into the shade

Rohan Broach (age 18 yrs)
India

I think this L1 with ‘stretched days’ is a fresh way of seeing a long summer day. I like the way Rohan has played with the contrasting word ‘squeezes’ in L2. Our Indian squirrels are nice and fluffy and one can picture this squirrel squeezed into the shade. Rohan has a flair for the comic and does well in senryu. He is one of the students from CBSE school who took the Katha Utsav haiku workshop in 2014.

— *cattails Youth Corner Editor Kala Ramesh, India*

Choice 3

summer holidays...
my brother and I fight
for the window seat

Paridhi Sharma (age: 17 yrs)
India

Paridhi has given us such a beautiful, resonant image using simple words. How effortless it all seems. I can easily imagine this scene being enacted in every house and in every part of the world. Giving one's haiku a global feel is not easy.

— *cattails Youth Corner Editor Kala Ramesh, India*

Choice 4

the earth rocks...
tears roll down her cheeks
as buildings shatter

Lakshay Gandotra (age 11 yrs)
India

Lakshay is a very gentle boy and loves to play with words. This ku in the wake of the recent earthquakes in Nepal will resonate with many of us in Nepal, India and the world. Simple words bathed in truth—it sure tugs at an emotional chord.

— *cattails Youth Corner Editor Kala Ramesh, India*

Choice 5

rainy day...
tadpoles swim around
popping bubbles

Astha Dadhich (age 18 yrs)
India

Astha Dadhich, a fresher at the Symbiosis School for Liberal Arts, has taken the 60-hour haiku course as one of her electives. She's just had four hours of exposure to haiku but loves nature and all things "Japanese." At the ginko walk on August 1st I took my class to Osho Teerth Park at Pune—here, what was once a barren patch of brown earth with a dirty stream down the middle has been transformed into a delightful garden enjoyed by thousands of visitors every day. I saw Astha closely observing the stream and she came up later and showed me this haiku. I think haiku is all about such observations and if we can get that curiosity going in youngsters then we've achieved the first goal.

— *cattails Youth Corner Editor Kala Ramesh, India*

Honourable Mentions

(in no particular order)

grandma's stories
wondering what
I will collect

Emma Jones (age 14 yrs)
USA

open umbrella—
the rain catches
my feet

Rohan Das (age 18 yrs)
India

steady drizzle...
people gather over
hot *pakodas**

Azadé Aria (age 18 yrs)
India

game of chess...
daadu sips tea before
he checkmates

Rohan Kevin Broach (age 18 yrs) India

morning prayer
my mother tries to
wake up god

Paridhi Sharma (age 17 yrs) India

bed sheets
warmed by the sun
my third cup of tea

Harleen Osahan (age 16 yrs) India

a frog
hides under a leaf...
falling pearls

*Aashna Goyal (age 14 yrs)
India*

sunlit driveway—
the sparrow gathers
broken twigs

*Azadé Aria (age 18 yrs)
India*

a metal screech
as cold wind blows
...empty swing

Harleen Osahan (age 16 yrs) India

a blue bird
hops around on the field—
thundering clouds

Aashna Goyal (age 14 yrs) India

winter sun...
we throw snow balls
on everyone

Kiran Dheep Kaur (age 13 yrs) India

video game...
a race against time
on a crowded street

Aashna Goyal (age 14 yrs)

India

**Pakoda* is a fried snack, popular in India



communal riots—
trying to find myself
in the ruins

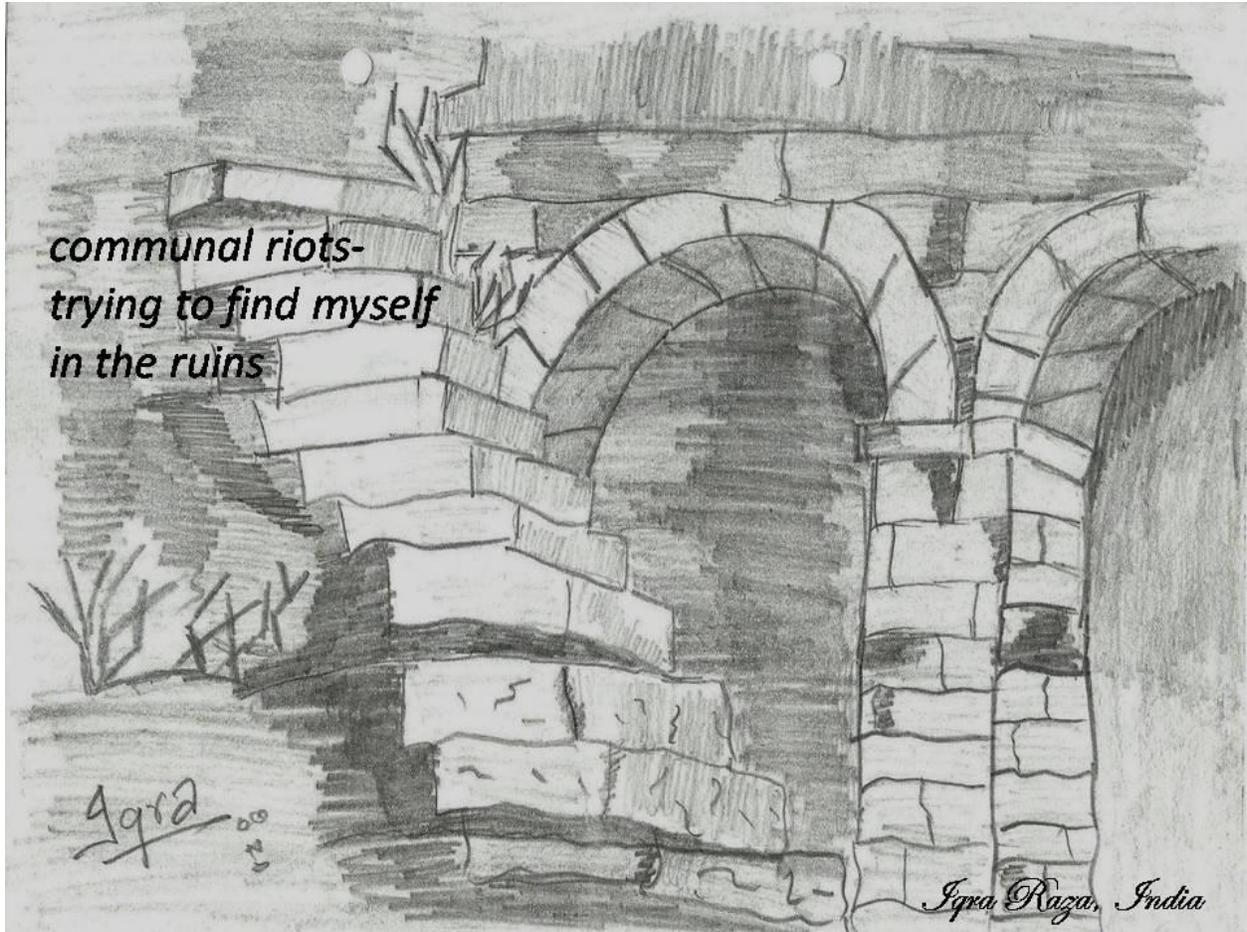
Iqra Raza (age 16)

India



two grains less
in the earthen pot
birds chirping

Ananya Sen



cattails

September 2015

UHTS Contests Winners

2015 Fleeting Words Tanka Winners

First Place

linden blossoms
softly falling between
our silences—
we are but two strangers
sitting on the same bench

*flori de tei
cad domol între
tăcerile noastre—
suntem doar doi străini
stând pe aceeași bancă*

*Steliana Cristina Voicu
Romania*

For First Place I've selected this lovely tanka by Steliana Voicu from Romania which is full of tension, and leaves an open-ended feeling for her readers. In Japanese court poetry, there was and still is, a popular poetic device which creates an anticipatory illusion after glimpsing another person, that they might ultimately become a lover, and with whom waka/tanka may some day be exchanged. Either this concept applies to Steliana's tanka, or possibly these two strangers sitting on the same "metaphoric" bench are not strangers at all, but already share a secret love.

Fleeting Words Contest Judge an'ya, USA

Second Place

passing days
the soft hues of sunsets
spring through fall
they always come back to me
you always come back to me

Anna Cates
USA

My choice for Second Place is a beautiful tanka by Anna Cates from the USA. Again through the use of another popular poetic device which is repeating a thought once in reference to nature (line 4), and then again in (line 5), but this time in reference to human emotion. Wonderful juxtaposition and well-written with an excellent song-like (lyrical) rhythm that best suits the tanka form.

Fleeting Words Contest Judge an'ya, USA

Third Place

in the midst
of falling blossoms
I feel the loss
of you beside me—
it's a bitter wind

Dawn Bruce
Australia

This Third Place tanka by Dawn Bruce from Australia, is a fine example of love and loss combined again with nature images ie: “falling blossoms” and “bitter wind.” A strong pause and excellent twist from line 4 to line 5 enhances this tanka greatly. Thanks to Dawn for providing readers with these “fleeting words.”

Fleeting Words Contest Judge an'ya, USA

First Honorable Mention

a lovely seabird
dips her wing in the wave
we drop anchor
rising from the spindrift
a rainbow too soon leaves us

Neal Whitman
USA

For my First Honorable Mention is this eloquent tanka composed by Neal Whitman which I'm sure was inspired by some special person as well as by nature. His use of innuendo in the tanka form is always a plus, and Neal provides this for readers via the natural world and in a most pure way. With the mention of a "seabird", "the spindrift" and that "rainbow", the visuals are remarkable and yes... too soon leave us...

Fleeting Words Contest Judge an'ya, USA

Second Honorable Mention

wishing seeds
cartwheel through warm air
how quiet
this fleeting moment
this belief in miracles

Debbie Strange
Canada

Second Honorable Mention goes to Debbie Strange from Canada for this fine tanka. Her choice of words "wishing seeds" and "cartwheel" allow readers wonderful visuals. Once again as in Anne's tanka, the poetic device of repeating a phrase firstly in nature and again in reference to human life, proves to be quite effective.

Fleeting Words Contest Judge an'ya, USA

Third Honorable Mention

how to thank
the dragonfly who landed
on my sleeve
let me glimpse into its world
left this poem as a gift

John Soules
Canada

A delightful tanka by John Soules from Canada for my Third Honorable Mention, which again combines a human element with a nature element. After all, if it were not for nature, the Japanese short poems would not exist for humans, so to “thank the dragonfly” or any other subject that gives us muse for our poems provided by anything else in nature, perhaps is something we all should do more often.
Fleeting Words Contest Judge an'ya, USA

Note

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

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

cattails

September 2015 Pen this Painting



Congratulations to Jari Thymian from the USA, winner of the Pen this Painting. Such an exquisite tanka to accompany an exquisite piece of brush work by one of our resident artists Cindy Lommasson; visit her Lotus Blossom Art Studio.

Jari's tanka isn't a direct match to Cindy's painting, rather it superbly enhances the image without even mentioning the word "flower" or "hummingbird"...this is the way a good haiga and tanka-with-art work the best.

Thank you to both artist and author.

—*cattails* principal editor, an'ya USA



For our next Pen this Painting, a stunning wintry traditional sumi-e by one of our resident artists and haiga editor, Elizabeth McFarland: visit her Ark and Apple.

The final collaboration will be published in our January 2016 edition of *cattails*, so please submit your haiku, senryu, or tanka to submittocattails@gmail.com with the subject heading PEN THIS PAINTING sometime before our deadline of 15 December 2015.

Shortly after this deadline, the winner (ONLY) will be notified, best of luck.

—*cattails* principal editor, an'ya USA



the curve
of petal to wing...
sweetness
doesn't always travel
in just a straight line

Jari Thymian



cattails

**September 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
USA 97401

Please send tanka, tankart and haiga books to:

UHTS/an'ya
48081 Singletary Drive
Oakridge, Oregon
USA 97463

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



Title: *Tiha glazba (Silent Music HAIKU)*

Author: Đurđa Vukelić-Rožić, Croatia

Dimensions: 3¾ inch x 5¾ inch

Construction: Soft Perfectbound

Total page count: 105

Publisher: Self-published 300 copies

Publish Date: 2015

Language: Croatian/English/Various

ISBN: 978-953-57651-4-1

Price/Ordering Contact: dvrozic@optinet.hr

How fortunate I am to receive these two small, but loaded, volumes by a celebrated European haijin on my first book-reviewing assignment! Đurđa Vukelić-Rožić, well-known in her native Croatia for her haiku, is also a teacher, editor and familiar name around the world.

The HAIKU volume has a generous count of 135 haiku, plus one sequence. The companion volume contains 80 senryu, 5 sequences, 11 haiga, and 6 haibun. *Silent Music: HAIKU* is dedicated to her Mother, and *Whose is this Planet?* to her Father.

Her poems are self-translated into English, but many in *Silent Music: HAIKU* are herein represented; interesting! Bette Norcross Wappner's small black and white block prints grace the book throughout . . . a total of 17 plus one repeated on the back cover.

I learned from Đurđa's bio-bibliography, which lists many publications and awards, that she is Founder and Editor-in-chief of *IRIS* the haiku magazine. She also writes and publishes humorous sketches.

I listed so many favorites, upon reading, that I couldn't believe it . . . and felt we were on the same wave length. Considering she writes humorous sketches, I can understand why I love her off-of-center point of view in so many of her poems, for example:

a twig
above my shoe, jolted
the forest

Clumsy me! As I sit here in the soft forest duff amidst the wild violets, I can identify with that.

And again, she turns adversity into a chuckle:

garden frost: four
magpies and my husband surprised
over my failed risotto

(Don't tell anyone, but I also once buried a lima bean casserole in the garden.)

Personification? Well, I guess, but I love it . . . more in the way of a novel view:

New Year
the Earth sneezed
fireworks

And here she takes me right into the club with her:

blues singer—
a glistening rainbow
in a drop of sweat

And do I detect a small homage to Issa?

you, harvest moon,
if I fall into a pond
will you catch me?

And again, that wry point of view, yet with melancholy:

autumn wind
a swing rocking
its shadow

Strangely, in *Đurđić's Whose is this Planet?* a thread of seriousness winds its way throughout her senryu. She clearly is moved by the hardships of recession (which she often spells rece\$\$ion), concern for the environment, and the next generation. For example:

retired—
empty trains of the rece\$\$ion
and dreams full of trips

But then, she can't help it . . . her humor just must burst forth:

open window
a cigarette catching
some fresh air

And, yes, there is this honest earthiness:

picnic—
a cow's dung covered
with fleas

It all depends on whose picnic, doesn't it?

Her "Sold House" sequence of seven senryu moves from:

a sold house
a mattress laying
on the daisies

on to recalling rough and rougher times, then finally:

scent of fresh paint—
a young painter whistling
to his own thoughts

It is not mentioned, so I assume all 11 haiga photos are by the author. The most successful for me was a black and white ground-level shot of blades of grass with a nice dimensional feel:

pop concert
her legs singing
to their arms

It's just ambiguous enough to imagine "Woodstock." Of her 6 haibun two recall some childhood years spent in Chicago, but my favorite was the tale of her first grade pride, "A Red Coat" . . . and her careless accident on a visit to a family farm:

life in the province—
an old sow acquired
a red jacket

Shades of Peter Rabbit! The printing of these two small but hefty books was enabled by her town of Ivanić-Grad, Croatia and she thanks the mayor and Department of Culture for their support. Evidence, I'm sure of the pride they take in Đurđić and her accomplishments.

—*UHTS Book Reviewer Barbara Snow, USA*



Title: *39 haiku*

Author: Robert Kania

Dimensions: 4¾ inch x 7⅞ inch

Construction: Soft Perfectbound

Total page count: 55

Publisher: *Wydawnictwo Kontekst*

Publish date: 2015

Language: Polish with English translations

ISBN: 978-83-62564-94-1

Price/Ordering Contact: www.wkn.com.pl

39 haiku by Polish poet Robert Kania is his first published book of haiku. He is the co-editor of the *European Quarterly Kukai* (online).

Haiku is a genre he began exploring in 2011. All 39 haiku in his book have been published previously in various international venues (kukai, journals, contests and competitions, etc.). Some have appeared as haiga with artist Tomasz Budziak, and a few have already appeared in anthologies.

In this soft cover volume Kania sets his haiku one to a page. Each haiku in Polish is followed below by the English translation. (Presumably Kania did the translations.) A warm commentary on the poems by Agnieszka Zulauska-Umeda (of the Haiku School in Warsaw) follows the last poem. Also included is a contents page with the complete publication history of each poem. Lidia Rozmus provided the cover art.

Since 2011, quite a short time, it is obvious Robert has been doing his homework. He displays a wide range of subjects in his haiku and reveals himself as a many faceted person. Some of my favorite revelations:

Here is Robert the romantic:

ruins of a castle
wild flowers
in the ballroom

late love
suddenly
greenery

Then Robert the artist illustrates the field and figure concept:

between one
and the other frog jump
early spring

Next, Robert, a tender observer:

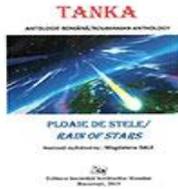
the loss
a mother listens for
her son's breath

and happily, Robert the humorist:

the river overflowed
and once again
fish in tomatoes

My summation: Robert, only 39? Not enough for me...more, more, more next time please.

—*UHTS Book Reviewer Barbara Snow, USA*



Title:

ROUMANIAN ANTHOLOGY

PLOAIE DE STELE/RAIN OF STARS

Authors: multiple (53)

Editor: Magdalena Dale, Romania

Translators: Magdalena Dale, Luminita Suse,

Vasile Moldovan

Foreword: Vasile Moldovan

Construction: Soft Perfectbound

Dimensions: 5½ inches x 8 inches

Total page count: 153

Publisher: Romanian Writers' Society Bucharest

Published Date: 2015

Printer: *Tipografia EDITURII ELISAVAROS*, Bucharest

Languages: Romanian and English

ISBN: 978-606-812-28-3

Price: contact Magdalena Dale

PLOAIE DE STELE/RAIN OF STARS is a stunning Romanian Tanka Anthology comprised of 113 fine tanka by 53 talented members of the Romanian Society of Haiku and published by the Romanian Writers' Society in Bucharest, 2015. It is translated for the most part by Magdalena Dale who herself is a fine tanka poet and from whose tanka, the title is taken:

În seara asta
privesc ploaia de stele
picuri luminoși . . .
amintirile revin
și dorul meu de tine

Watching

tonight's rain of stars

luminous drops . . .

the memories come back

and my longing for you

Magdalena Dale

Romania

It is quite obvious that this book is a labor of love from front to back starting and ending with its cover art depicting the sky “raining stars”. I want to extend special kudos to all translators (Magdalena Dale, Luminita Suse and Vasile Moldovan, who were able in nearly every case to keep close to the songlike rhythm and feeling of the tanka genre.

PLOAIE DE STELE/*RAIN OF STARS* is bilingual and following the alphabetical order of surnames, each tanka appears firstly in Romanian and then in English.

It's impossible for me to include any number of favorites here with so many excellent authors, but I highly recommend this anthology, and that you read some examples yourselves via:

evenimenteeditoriale.blogspot.com

—*UHTS Tanka Book Reviewer an'ya, USA*

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September 2015

Featured Poet

My Life as a Poet

Bernard Gieske

USA



Only a short time ago I started telling people, “I am a poet”. It sounds so final, as if I have made a career of it, which isn't the case. I was more comfortable simply saying, “I write poems”. Of course, that is what poets do. Maybe, I have arrived. If so, I owe my success with haiku and tanka to an'ya. She has guided me along the way and kept me on track. Nonetheless, I was a bit overwhelmed when she invited me to be featured here, but at the end of this biography, I am pleased to share some of my new work with *cattails* readers.

During most of my life very seldom did I deliberately read poems for poetry sake. I can count on my two hands the few periods in time that I actually composed poems. Now I realize that for anyone who listens to song lyrics, sings hymns, sees ads, or reads does not avoid poetry. It pervades our lives in many ways for the better. As art helps us see things more clearly or differently, poetry helps us tune into the world around and within us. With my poems I hope that is what I am doing, seeing with new eyes this world in which I live, taking a closer look, getting to understand myself better, sharing, and helping others along the way or at least providing them with something interesting and enlightening.

I never had the advantage of taking poetry courses. I remember trying to memorize “The Raven” in school. I never had an assignment to write a poem. Then, of course, there was Shakespeare. I played a man in the crowd with a one-line shout in our High School Play *Julius Caesar*. My main interests were: music, art, nature, reading, photography, and learning languages. These definitely influence my poetry.

It was only after I retired at the age of 70 that poetry grabbed me, never let go, and has now provided me many hours of entertainment and satisfaction during the past 9 years. I began reading about poetry and poetry books from the local library. I was fortunate to read Ted Kooser's *The Poetry Home Repair Manual: Practical Advice for Beginning Poets*. My idea of poetry until then was: It's something that should rhyme. Ted Kooser delivered me from that truncated view and launched me into other orbits. I was soon learning more about the various poetic forms and trying to write poems, following the instructions, composing a poem a day. What I like about poetry is that I can write it at any time and in any place, whenever an idea comes to me. As Picasso said, “Art is a happy accident”. I always carry with me a pen and paper. Always prepared for that happy accident.

Eventually, I worked up enough courage to submit poems by postal mail for publication but with little success. I explored the internet and learned a lot more about various poetic forms and prospective sites to submit my creations for on-line and printed publication, which proved to be much simpler, speedier, and cheaper. As I learned more about new poetic forms I kept composing new forms and exploring more opportunities for possible publication and eventually found quite a few which were interested in accepting my kind of poems.

Somewhere along the way I met up with haiku and the various other Japanese short forms. I don't remember the first encounter. Haiku interested me most because of its focus on nature and its short form. I clearly remember my first haiku published. It happened in June of 2007 with the help of an'ya and *moonset* Literary Newspaper.

sifting sands
between her fingers—
broken promises

This encouraged me to contribute many more haiku, senryu, and tanka to *moonset* until the last 2010 Final Issue. I often reread all these issues. Reading other people's poems helps me find inspiration and ideas.

My poems have ended up in quite a few places i.e. *foam:e*, *Poetic Hours*, *words-words-words*, *The Pink Chameleon*, *The Ghazal Page*, *Modern English Tanka*, *Write Me A Metaphor*, *Argotist*, *3LIGHTS GALLERY*, *Poet's Haven*, Shrive Memorial Library, *paper wasp*, *SP Quill Quarterly Magazine*, *LYNX*, *Sentinel Literary Quarterly*, *The New Verse News*, *Shamrock*, *Atlas Poetica*, *Frogpond*, *Prune Juice*, *Chrysanthemum*, *Magnapoets*, *miller's pond*, *Canadian Zen Haiku*, and *Eucalypt*.

I participate regularly in the Shiki Monthly Kukai and European Quarterly Kukai contests. I find challenges helpful in getting started composing anything. I haven't been a winner yet in these two but have a few 2nd and 3rd place finishes. In 2008 I won a haiku contest sponsored by Poetry.com. Because it provides a lot of challenges I also submit a good number of my poems to thestarlitecafe.com and have had some winners. I constantly remind myself that it isn't all about winning. Poetry is meant to be read.

Another site that I contributed to and became actively involved in was *SKETCHBOOK, A Journal for Eastern & Western Short Forms*, edited by Karina Klesko and John Daleiden. My first poems were published with the Mar/Apr 2009 issue. This kept me involved in the composition of the Japanese poetic forms as well as other short forms. I like composing Ekphrastic poems many of which were published by *SKETCHBOOK*. Two of the paintings I featured in poems were chosen as covers which can be viewed [here](#).

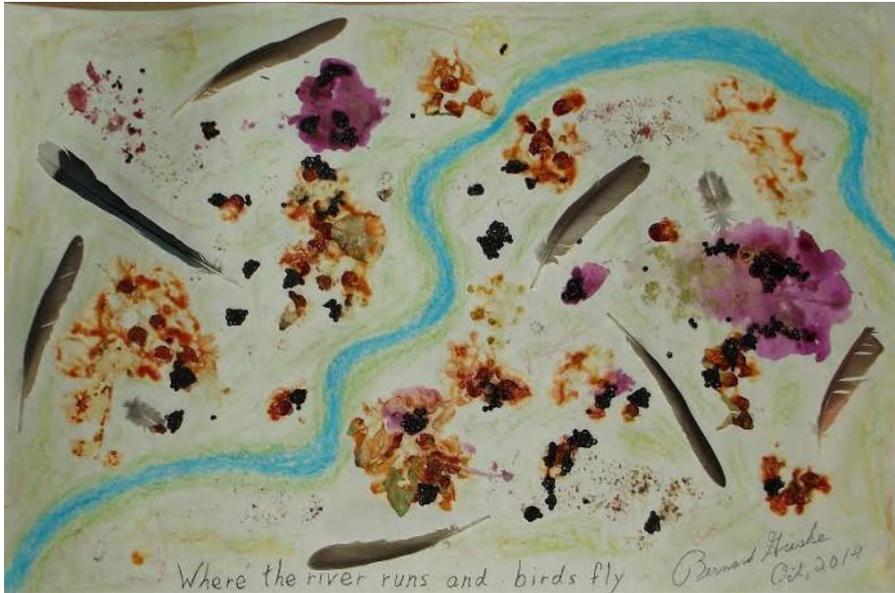
If you enter any issue and explore the contents, I am sure you will find more than enough at one time to enjoy. You will also find a lot of art and photographs.

During my time with *SKETCHBOOK* it was satisfying and encouraging to be a winner in some of its contests: Poem This Picture, Found Poetry, and the “swing” Kukai contest. I started writing a Guest Editor's Choice for the *Haiku Thread* for each issue beginning with the Mar/Apr 2011 issue and until its termination in May/June 2012 issue.

While reading poems in so many of the publications devoted to haiku and tanka, it was very interesting to find the same poets and getting to know and appreciate more of their works. Now, here in *cattails* I can continue to read and enjoy the poems of many of these once again. It has been a reunion of sorts. The artwork is likewise a special feature of *cattails* that I enjoy. Reading other poet's poems keeps me wondering just how they can write so many beautiful ones.

I hope that I am and will be together with all our poet friends:

still flying
where the eagles soar
where the streams flow



morning rain—
huddled in the bush
muted bird song

august heat
rising with the air waves
a flotilla of insects

moonlight
soft falling snow pillows
the bushes

autumn dusk
the hanging scent
of burnt leaves

sinking sun
fish here and there kiss
the water

spring dreams

cattails – September 2015

dandelion blossoms
ready for liftoff

climbing higher
up the mountain—
a cloud's shadow

spring dream
the bird calls for a mate
into the morning

autumn noon—
sweeping the field
cloud shadows

the day lily
only half open—rain
yes or no

at the pier
rocking in silence—
one last boat

after the rain
a fresh morning burst
of bird song



cattails

September 2015 Spotlight

cattails is proud to shine its spotlight on “sage stone”, USA



This gifted poet who writes under the *nom de plume* of *sage stone* was raised in a small Louisiana Cajun town about an hour outside of New Orleans but has lived in Northwest Florida for the past twenty-three years. She is also a retired professional photographer who has photographed thousands of clients from all over the world.

Austere Pentecostals, sage's parents raised her with no television, choosing instead to read books and memorize poetry and Biblical scriptures with her and her three sibling throughout their childhood. sage says: "my life has been one great pile of books."

In 2013, sage discovered tanka and haiku writing while studying Zen Buddhism, and through M Kei's Twitter account.

She found the world of Japanese short form poetry mesmerizing and began her fledgling journey to learn the art. M Kei, an'ya, Dave Read, Alexis Rotella and many others have influenced her. sage's most profound influence has been John Wisdom, a well known haiku poet, great friend and mentor through much of her learning process. In the last year, she has been published in *Modern Haiku*, *The Heron's Nest* and *Moonbathing*.

asting this first
plum of the season
I close my eyes
to drift in the sweetness
of a hundred summers

cattails – September 2015

this understanding
between flowers and me
how we spring
forth only to lie back
down in the same dust

banjo twangs
and magnolias steeped
in moonlight...
even my written words
have a southern drawl

a sudden storm
stirs the meadow pond—
from sediment
deep in my memory
an old heartache rises

meadow daisies
in my daughter's arms
a child of her own

dandelion fluff—
with just the right gust of wind
maybe I'll go too

meditation
the cat's purr slips
in edgewise

how many will
I outlive in my lifetime—
these sunflowers
bird-plucked and wilted
in this year's garden

this empty beach
all mine for the taking...
a pink-swirled shell
I select for my window
suddenly scurries away

a light mist
blankets the mountain
we cover
our feelings with small talk
about the weather

butterflies
among the lilacs
quietly
this late-summer morning
becomes a ballet

blackberry jam
splatters of summers past
on the recipe

hummingbird
a haiku comes from out
of nowhere

milky way
the feel of the meadow
under my feet

cattails

September 2015

FAQ

Down below the Q-A section for this edition, I am again continuing with my personal comments section on computer and publishing tips from a web publisher viewpoint.

Here, are the current questions/comments for the September 2015 *cattails* , again, if you have a question or a problem with *cattails* . . . use the button!

Q:) I had my haiku accepted for *cattails*, and my name was not correct (it was missing Phd after it)

A:) This has been a WebMaster/Publisher Policy of mine for many years, we never print titles (Mr./Mrs./Ms./Phd./Dr./Rev./Sgt./Prof./etc.), here, your credentials are irrelevant to both the art and the poetry world, and should not be used for status, one-upsmanship, or influence.

How does "that" work? . . . by PeterB

In the last May edition 2015, we went over some crazy information and specs about HTML5 WebM audio/visual as the new standard for the Internet, and we touched on the new Microsoft 10 release, and how "we" see the website being built (and why), here at *cattails* (that article is still available to (re)read on the UHTS Main page (left Navigation column, in "Archives").

Again I offer, "IF" you ever have any problems with our site, on any device, please email me direct (or hit the button!).

To start off September, we have some *GREAT* news to announce:

I am very excited and pleased to announce Raamesh Gowri Raghaven as the new UHTS/ *cattails* WebMaster.

NOTE: it is estimated that 70% of the worlds websites are built in XHTML !

Following up on my May commentary (here), our readers should know that there are many people out there with the ability to simply "build" a website . . . as you read in that May article, the WWW's full change to HTML5 (and away from all the earlier -now obsolete- incantations of HTML (like XHTML, HTML4, on and on) narrows the 2015 number of knowledgeable (meaning, "competent with HTML5") web builders; to then search through that small group for a person sharing my minimalist concepts (like we apply here) is near-impossible.

You can review Raamesh's Bio on the UHTS main page in Officers and Biographies, otherwise, I doubt that you will notice any change when viewing our pages (unless it is for the better), me? . . . I am on holiday!

In working with Raamesh, we have discovered (confirmed) some "new" things about the WWW; His being in India and myself being in North America showed us things are not like we think all around the globe. Which makes the input from you viewers all that much more important, his page views on a particular device are "different" than what my system says they are . . . so, which is correct?, we are all going to learn even more from this interchange.