



September  
2016  
Edition

*cattails*

*collected*  
works  
of  
UHTS

*cattails*

**September 2016**

**Contents**

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**Principal Editor's Prelude**

**Contributors Page**

**Haiku Pages**

**Haibun Pages**

**Haiga & Tankart Page**

**Senryu Pages**

**Tanka Pages**

**Youth Corner Page**

**UHTS Contest Results**

**Pen this Painting Page**

**Book Announcements**

**Featured Poet Page**

**Spotlight Page**

**Jane Reichold Tribute Page**

**White Page - Guliz Mutlu**

**cAt taLes Cartoon Page**

**[Ark and Apple Videos](#)**

**[Natalia Rudychev Videos](#)**

***NOTE: At this time, videos are not included in this version of the archived version of this issue of cattails***

# *cattails*

**September 2016**

## **Principal Editor's Prelude**

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*This tardy and final edition of cattails for 2016 comes to you with an apology and a fond farewell as we pass the United Haiku and Tanka Society torch. We are proud to announce that the UHTS now has 626 members! Thank you to everyone who has been ever so patient and understanding of us during this time of transition.*

*Needless to say, if anyone finds errata or has work missing (check thoroughly), please contact me (only) at [haikubyanya@gmail.com](mailto:haikubyanya@gmail.com) and I will have the Webmaster correct it.*

*We wish the new Principal Editor (Sonam Chhoki) and the team she has chosen to support her, the very best for 2017 in shaping an even bigger and better Society and online journal, while maintaining our original mission standards.*

*We warmly express our deepest gratitude to the original founders and support team members for allowing us to maintain the balance it took to run an operation such as the United Haiku and Tanka Society and cattails. Please visit the UHTS homepage for more details.*

*United Haiku and Tanka Society was formed as an International, US based, Society. Originally founded by Officers: Michael McClintock, peterB, an'ya, Carole MacRury, Linda Galloway, Raffael de Gruttola, Michael Rehling, Bette Wappner (b'oki), Marianna Monaco, Amelia Fielden, and the following Team Members: Ed Baker, Elizabeth McFarland, Cindy Lommasson, Kala Ramesh, Shrikaanth Krishnamurthy, Marjorie Buettner, Paresh Tiwari, Barbara Snow, and Sonam Chhoki.*

*As founding principal editor of cattails, it has been my sheer pleasure and distinct honor to serve you.*

*—UHTS cattails principal editor an'ya, USA*

*Now from your new Principal Editor Sonam Chhoki, here are some details for the coming year and years to come:*

*Submissions for the new year will open on 1 January, 2017 (see the main UHTS homepage for specific guidelines on how, what, and where to submit).*

***United Haiku and Tanka Society, 2017***

***UHTS President Alan Summers, United Kingdom***

***UHTS Vice President: Neal Whitman, USA***

***UHTS Secretary Iliyana Stoyanova, United Kingdom***

***UHTS cattails Principal Editor Sonam Chhoki, Bhutan***

***UHTS cattails Managing Editor Mike Montreuil, Canada***

***UHTS cattails Haiku Editor Geethanjali Rajan, India***

***UHTS cattails Haibun Editor Sonam Chhoki, Bhutan***

***UHTS cattails Tanka Editor David Terelinck, Australia***

***UHTS cattails Senryu Editor Gautam Nadkarni, India***

***UHTS cattails Contest Coordinator Marianna Monaco, USA***

***UHTS cattails Resident Artist Cindy Lommasson, USA***

***UHTS cattails Youth Editor Kala Ramesh, India***

*cattails*

**September 2016**

**Contributors**

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Thank you again to all poets and artists who contributed to this September 2016 edition of *cattails*. We will not be individually listing contributors' names due to the large volume of works we publish each time.

You will notice that *cattails* is a unique publication insofar as we do not use a standard page number style Contributor's reference.

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.

# *cattails*

**September 2016**

## **Haiku**

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### **Haiku Introduction**

For your convenience, we have created an introduction page to define the haiku 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 here 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.

We encourage you to send a translation of your haiku in "your" native language.

**REMINDER:** Please send any/all haiku submissions (within the "body" of an email), with the Subject heading of HAIKU in all caps. You can submit haiku to Geethanjali Rajan at:  
submittocattails+HAIKU@gmail.com

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

poppies  
growing across the field  
the moon

*Dietmar Tauchner*  
*Austria*

blue moon  
the time light takes  
to return

*Rachel Sutcliffe*  
*United Kingdom*

baby babbling...  
his hands grab at the threads  
of spring sunlight

*Chen-ou Liu*  
*Canada*

spring breeze  
the wind chimes play  
catch and release

*Michael Henry Lee*  
*USA*

spreading its wings  
to the end of days—  
black swallowtail

*Ruth Holzer*  
*USA*

balancing  
in the typhoon wind  
honeybee hives

*Jesus Chameleon*  
*USA*

a single rose  
cloaked in first frost...  
her parting words

*Nika*  
*Canada*



deer crossing  
in the noon of night  
hunter's moon

*Barbara Tate*  
USA

following the trail  
through the aspen thicket  
a ruffed grouse explodes

*Michael Flanagan*  
USA

to say hello  
another summer  
visiting graveyards

*Edward J. Rielly*  
USA

morning drive  
an eagle scoops a hare  
from the foggy meadow

*Aju Mukhopadhyay*  
India

craft brew tasting  
at the solstice beer festival  
bad moons rising\*

*Clifford William Lindemann*  
South Africa

*\*"Bad Moon Rising" is a song written by John Fogerty and  
performed by Creedence Clearwater Revival, September 1969.*

leaves of the ash **EC**  
deepen into green—  
summer stillness

*Diarmuid Fitzgerald*  
*Ireland*

after the rain  
the sagging bellies  
of funeral canopies

*Adjei Agyei-Baah*  
*Ghana*

summer's end  
a zucchini heavier  
than the new baby

*Nola Obee*  
*Canada*

shooting stars—  
I sow random  
wildflowers

*Martha Magenta*  
*England*

night forest  
a constellation  
of songs

*Christina Sng*  
*Singapore*

power lines  
full of restless notation  
autumn etude

*Dottie Piet*  
*USA*

deepening silence...  
prairie corn fades  
into the horizon

*Cyndi Lloyd*  
*USA*

sundown  
in pink and gold clouds  
a half moon rises

*Nancy Rapp*  
*USA*

county road  
campaign signs yield  
to wildflowers

*Barbara Snow*  
*USA*

the aftertaste  
of those summer days  
homemade pie

*Eva Limbach*  
*Germany*

spring evening  
he begs money for a hostel  
at the city bus stop

*Mary Gunn*  
*Ireland*

slow to rise  
this fall morning  
chimney smoke

*Bernard Gieske*  
*USA*

polished brass  
around the room  
glints of firelight

*Simon Hansen*  
*Australia*

milkweed  
blown to seed  
cirrus sky

*Nancy Shires*  
*USA*

farmers' market  
the scent of melon  
trails me home

*Celestine Nudanu*  
*Ghana*

summer solstice  
a baby leopard shark  
squirts through the eel grass

*James Chessing*  
*USA*

a faint purple  
peeking through...  
wisteria wind

*Angela Terry*  
*USA*

my spring dream...  
frozen bubbles in the lake  
waiting to melt

*Somali K. Chakrabarti*  
*India*

bees at work—  
sweating out the afternoon  
in the hammock

*Adelaide Shaw*  
*USA*

feather ballet  
on an April stage  
courting cranes

*Marilyn Humbert*  
*Australia*

cataract...  
shadows creep across  
the full moon

*Scott Wiggerman*  
*USA*

rusty sprinkler...  
a prayer for rain  
in deep summer

*David He Zhuanglang*  
*China*

New Mexico  
a thunderstorm gallops  
over Zuni graves

*Robert Witmer*  
*Japan*

climbing the crags  
with packs on our backs  
wisps of mist

*Jan Dobb*  
*Australia*

gentle rain—  
a double rainbow arches  
the veterans' monument

*Elizabeth Howard*  
*USA*

plover calls  
an owl's upward wings  
cup the moon

*Bill Cooper*  
*USA*

a pot of sunlight  
at the rainbow's end  
blue dragonflies

*Angela Terry*  
*USA*

full beaver moon  
breaching the dam  
trickle by trickle

*Joyce Joslin Lorenson*  
*USA*

savannah fire...  
a gazelle escapes  
into an ambush

*Barnabas I. Adeleke and James O. Adeleke*  
*Nigeria*

swallowtail  
in the tree fluttering  
poplar wings

*Marianne Paul*  
*Canada*

electric hum  
from the lighthouse—  
winter wind

*Diarmuid Fitzgerald*  
*Ireland*

wind gusts  
a rotten burl full  
of wild plums

*Debbie Strange*  
*Canada*

just when  
the greening begins  
blackbirds

*Michele L. Harvey*  
*USA*

walking the power-lines,  
an extra moment of silence  
in the crickets' hum

*Tom Sacramona*  
USA

wind and snow  
the bamboo stalks  
kowtow

*Valentina Ranaldi-Adams*  
USA

desert storm  
in the shape of air currents  
sand dunes repose

*Jesus Chameleon*  
USA

how briefly  
the white chrysanthemum blooms...  
Santoka's Death Day

*Ruth Holzer*  
USA

midnight stars  
plugging the holes where  
the rain comes down

*Adjei Agyei-Baah*  
Ghana

sunrise  
over a chalice of trees  
my first communion

*Dottie Piet*  
USA

end-of-summer storm...  
among the petals and rocks  
a small white bone

*Cyndi Lloyd*  
USA

welcome lei...  
the golden greeting  
of daybreak

*Barbara Snow*  
USA

quivering leaves  
the telltale path of  
a garter snake

*Bernard Gieske*  
USA

cupped hands  
full of water  
full of purple foxgloves

*Mary Gunn*  
Ireland

a soft breeze  
tickling my senses  
first peonies

*Adelaide B. Shaw*  
USA

sultry day  
the sun empties a pothole  
of muddy sky

*Barnabas I. Adeleke*  
Nigeria



autumn evening  
amidst the shopping mall  
a forgotten child's shoe

*Dietmar Tauchner*  
*Austria*

high noon  
the hawk's wing  
missing feathers

*Ben Moeller-Gaa*  
*USA*

late night drags  
at the local speedway  
Thunder Moon

*Johnny Baranski*  
*USA*

autumn leaves—  
memory of Dad's  
Virginia drawl

*Jennifer Hambrick*  
*USA*

from cornfield to lake,  
the practice flight of geese...  
first evening cool

*Michele L. Harvey*  
*USA*

harvest moon  
stardust in my  
cider glass

*Martha Magenta*  
*United Kingdom*

new moon **EC**  
the hobo washes his cup  
in a sea of stars

*Nika*  
*Canada*

cool jazz...  
a pair of mockingbirds  
singing in the breeze

*Elizabeth Howard*  
*USA*

shorter days  
every road ends  
in fog

*Rachel Sutcliffe*  
*United Kingdom*

red-tailed hawk  
ripple after ripple  
of grass shadows

*Chen Ou-liu*  
*Canada*

summer drought  
ant tracks in the dust  
to another world

*Barbara Tate*  
*USA*

flick of a tongue-  
the snake takes in  
spring with me

*Tom Sacramona*  
*USA*

sound of rain  
through the chestnut leaves  
a blackbird's song

*Nancy Rapp*  
*USA*

the moon  
ascending the mountain  
the summit sleeps in snow

*Robert Witmer*  
*Japan*

one-eyed crow  
a glimpse of starshine  
between clouds

*Debbie Strange*  
*Canada*

the dragonfly  
makes it look easy  
prison break

*Johnny Baranski*  
*USA*

full moon  
jetty pylons tower  
among shadows

*Simon Hansen*  
*Australia*

tidal river  
the quark of the blue  
herons' flight

*Cynthia Rowe*  
*Australia*

crossroads—  
a saguaro points  
both ways

*Julie Warther*  
*USA*

moonlight tune  
a blue crab waves  
her flippers

*Bill Cooper*  
*USA*

outback dusk  
the blood-red sun staining  
distant hills

*Gavin Austin*  
*Australia*

mosquito coil ash—  
the many twists  
of my nightmare

*Kwaku Feni Adow*  
*Ghana*

hunter's moon  
resting as it rises  
on the rooftop

*Nancy Shires*  
*USA*

summer heat...  
with raw hands I bathe  
my bedridden mother

*Charlotte Digregorio*  
*USA*

fluting  
bowerbirds and bamboo-  
river dawn

*Lysa Collins*  
*Canada*

hospital window  
the chortle of a magpie  
fills the car park

*Madhuri Pillai*  
*Australia*

forest canopy  
a sapling in polka dots  
of sunlight

*Vandana Parashar*  
*India*

plastic bags  
an already windy day  
picks up

*Brad Bennett*  
*USA*

twilight  
a log's weight  
snuffs the fire

*Dave Read*  
*Canada*

everywhere  
*Neelakurinji*\* in bloom  
August moon

*Kunjana Parashara*  
*India*

*\*Neelakurinji can loosely be translated as "blue flowers". They blossom abundantly every 12 years in parts of South India and are revered by the local people especially the Paliyan tribe who track their age according to the flower's 12-year cycle.*

break of day  
oystercatchers wind up  
their chattering

*Elaine Riddell*  
*New Zealand*

village dusk  
the temple bell's ring  
fades with the light

*Jay Friedenberg*  
*USA*

a cuckoo  
as if your absence  
wasn't enough

*Shrikaanth Krishnamurthy*  
*United Kingdom*

first blossoms—  
I tell myself this year  
will be different

*Mary Kendall*  
*USA*

inky sunset  
between the boat and lake  
waves of wind

*Ramesh Anand*  
*India*

tropical heat  
the short-blast horns  
of tuk-tuks

*Samantha Sirimanne Hyde*  
*Australia*

the wind sings  
through an empty birdhouse  
light snow

*Agnes Eva Savich*  
*USA*

picking its way  
through a field of pumpkins  
the red fox

*Jeff Ferrara*  
USA

a feather hangs  
from a crow's tail  
afternoon heat

*Sandi Pray*  
USA

stillness  
before the children  
dawn

*Terrie Jacks*  
USA

Kanazawa town  
three hawks pass overhead  
what omen could it be?

*Mark Meyer*  
USA

autumn equinox  
my grandson teaches me  
to moonwalk

*Joy Reed MacVane*  
USA

winter sun...  
the vine shadow has  
a grape cluster

зимно слънце...  
сянката на лозата  
има грозд

*Maya Lyubenova*  
Bulgaria

squawking  
when the colors change  
crow on streetlight

*ayaz daryl nielsen*  
*USA*

endless shore...  
a lone seagull  
centers the sky

*Mark E. Brager*  
*USA*

carpe carp  
a static heron studies  
swirling water

*David J. Kelly*  
*Ireland*

swallowtail  
lights on a coneflower  
I look in the mailbox

*John Martone*  
*USA*

morning star  
the first call  
of the robin

*Dan Curtis*  
*Canada*

the regular beat  
of a pigeon's call  
new moon

*Quendryth Young*  
*Australia*

not even the deer  
can flee this wind-whipped rage  
...wildfire

*William Scott Galasso*  
*USA*



but for the lake  
I would have missed it  
—shooting star

*Kevin Valentine*  
*USA*

mini tsunami  
fleets of dragonfly  
from a still lagoon

*Nathan Hassall*  
*United Kingdom*

daybreak...  
the birds wake us  
song by song

*Mary Kendall*  
*USA*

evening birdsong  
ticking off another day  
without a drink

*Samantha Sirimanne Hyde*  
*Australia*

pauses in the rain a birdsong

*Rajandeep Garg*  
*India*

driftwood—  
the unknown tree  
so familiar

*Jill Lange*  
*USA*

no frost  
on the windshield—  
first skunk

*John Soules*  
*Canada*

cliff-top fence  
sunflowers in bloom  
where he jumped

*Duncan Richardson*  
*Australia*

evening stillness—  
the bells of Kōfuku-ji  
rippling the pond

*Mark Meyer*  
*USA*

sunburst  
exchanging dandelions  
with a toddler

*Quendryth Young*  
*Australia*

thin rain  
the delicate bones  
of a sparrow's corpse

*Jay Friedenberg*  
*USA*

winter rain...  
so much more red  
the robin

*Kyle Sullivan*  
*Taiwan*

every octave  
of his morning voice  
mountain raven

*Sandi Pray*  
*USA*

chord change...  
a street musician pauses  
for the mockingbird

*Julie Warther*  
*USA*

starless night  
light fades into  
the lake

*Dave Read*  
*Canada*

the curves  
of cirrus clouds  
morning swan

*Brad Bennett*  
*USA*

bush cemetery  
a crucifix orchid blooms  
by his grave

*Gavin Austin*  
*Australia*

far shore lost in fog a mallard

*Joanna Weston*  
*Canada*

the snakeskin left behind Sonoran petroglyphs

*James Chessing*  
*USA*

spring night  
a bowl of clam soup  
warms my palms

*пролетна нощ*  
*купичка мидена супа*  
*топли дланите ми*

*Vessislava Savova*  
*Bulgaria*

after the storm  
drifting shadows  
on the broken boat

*koniec sztormu  
dryfujące cienie  
na dziurawej łodzi*

*Magda Sobieszek  
Poland*

muffled cough  
of a late passer-by  
foggy night

*prigušen kašalj  
kasnoga šetača  
maglovita noć*

*Nina Kovačić  
Croatia  
Tr: Đurđa Vukelić Rožić, Croatia*

fine snow  
on the paddle's edge  
petals of a sour cherry

*drobny śnieg  
na brzegu wiosła  
płatki cierpkiej wiśni*

*Zuzanna Truchlewska  
Poland*

cinnamon tea—  
all the autumn sunsets  
in the girl's curly hair

*ceai de scorțișoară  
toate apusurile toamnei  
în buclele fetei*

*Steliana Cristina Voicu  
Romania*

jogging on the seafront...  
behind me the solstice moon  
erasing footprints

*jogging pe faleză...  
în spatele meu luna la solstițiu  
ștergând urmele*

*Steliana Cristina Voicu  
Romania*

shortest day  
the street seller comes  
with quince desserts

*en kısa gün  
sokak satıcısı gelir  
ayva tatlılarıyla*

*Guliz Mutlu  
Turkey*

in the downpour  
instead of an umbrella  
a childish smile

*na pljusk*  
*umjesto kišobrana*  
*djetinji osmijeh*

*Nina Kovačić*  
*Croatia*  
*Tr: Đurđa Vukelić Rožić Croatia*

aurora . . .  
the wolves continue  
to howl with me

*північне сяйво...*  
*вовки продовжують*  
*вити зі мною*

*Nicholas Klacsanzky*  
*Ukraine*

winter dream  
the cedar tree covered  
in first snow

زمسښت تاذی روی ای  
نښه ست سرو درخت به ر  
به رف اوله یڼ  
*Mojgan Soghrati*  
*Iran*

the dark radiance  
of sunflowers in the field  
fullness of the moon

*mroczna promienność  
słoneczników na polu  
pełnia księżyca*

*Ernest Wit  
Poland*

fog through  
white wisteria  
sunrise above

*білі гліцинії  
в тумані  
схід сонця*

*Nicholas Klacsanzky  
Ukraine*

in their flight  
the swifts divide the sky  
from the barley fields

*hudourniki  
v letu ločijo nebo  
od polj ječmena*

*Dimitrij Škrk  
Slovenia  
Tr: Đurđa Vukelić Rožić, Croatia*

migrating geese  
the journey that I still  
dream about

*odlatujące gęsi  
podróż o której  
wciąż marzę*

*Maria Tomczak  
Poland*

last ferry home  
distant city lights  
slowly become stars

*ostatni prom do domu  
odległe światła miasta  
zmieniają się w gwiazdy*

*Maria Tomczak  
Poland*

morning drizzle  
a June bug pinballs  
into the window

*ambon sa umaga  
salagubang ay tumatama  
sa may bintana*

*Anthony Q. Rabang  
Philippines*



summer walk-  
dwindling pebbles  
in the old pond

*ljetna šetnja-  
nestajanje oblutaka  
u starom ribnjaku*

*Goran Gatalica  
Croatia*

winter morning-  
sparrows peck the remains  
of my dream

*zimsko jutro-  
vrapci kljucaju ostatke  
mog sna*

*Dragan J. Ristić  
Serbia*

winter evening  
the clouds brimming  
with rain

*kulir malai  
mazhai neerai thangiyapadi  
megangal*

குளிர் மாலை  
மழைநீரை தாங்கியபடி  
மேகங்கள்

*Padmini Krishnan  
Singapore*

the cat stretching  
in the shade of a tree  
becomes a tiger

*pretegovanje*  
*mačka v senci drevesa*  
*postane tiger*

*Dimitrij Škrk*  
*Slovenia*  
*Tr: Đurđa Vukelić Rožić, Croatia*

chrysanthemums  
the song of the crickets  
growing louder

*хризантеми*  
*песента на щурците*  
*все по-силна*

*Diana Petkova*  
*Bulgaria*

mountain road  
a truck delivers  
clouds

*gorski put*  
*kamion razvozi*  
*oblake*

*Đurđa Vukelić Rožić*  
*Croatia*

autumn walk  
the wind changes  
our hairstyles

*jesienny spacer*  
*wiatr zmienia*  
*nasze fryzury*

*Ernest Wit*  
*Poland*

migrating geese  
the journey that I still  
dream about

odlatujące gęsi  
podróż o której  
wciąż marzę

*Maria Tomczak*  
*Poland*

last ferry home  
distant city lights  
slowly become stars

ostatni prom do domu  
odległe światła miasta  
zmieniają się w gwiazdy

*Maria Tomczak*  
*Poland*

summer walk -  
dwindling pebbles  
in the old pond

ljetna šetnja -  
nestajanje oblutaka  
u starom ribnjaku

*Goran Gatalica*  
*Croatia*

morning drizzle  
a June bug pinballs  
into the window

ambon sa umaga  
salagubang ay tumatama  
sa may bintana

*Anthony Q. Rabang*  
*Philippines*

the cat stretching  
in the shade of a tree  
becomes a tiger

pretegovanje -  
mačka v senci drevesa  
postane tiger

*Dimitrij Škrk, Slovenia*  
*Tr: Đurđa Vukelić Rožić Croatia*

in their flight  
the swifts divide the sky  
from the barley fields

hudourniki  
v letu ločijo nebo  
od polj ječmena

*Dimitrij Škrk, Slovenia*  
*Tr: Đurđa Vukelić Rožić, Croatia*

winter evening  
the clouds brimming  
with rain

kulir malai  
mazhai neerai thangiyapadi  
megangal

*Padmini Krishnan*  
*Singapore*

chrysanthemums  
the song of the crickets  
growing louder

хризантеми  
песента на щурците  
все по-силна

*Diana Petkova*  
*Bulgaria*

winter morning -  
sparrows peck the remains  
of my dream

zimsko jutro -  
vrapci kljucaju ostatke  
mog sna

*Dragan J. Ristić*  
*Serbia*

Indian summer  
alone I trim the roses  
my mum planted

*циганско лято*  
*сама подрязвам розите*  
*които мама засади*

*Diana Teneva*  
*Bulgaria*

he knows by heart  
all the constellations—  
old homeless man

*Ξέρει απ' έξω*  
*όλους τους αστερισμούς—*  
*γέρος άστεγος*

*Vassilis Comporozos*  
*Greece*

half moon  
we eat the last  
of the oranges

半月  
剩下的橘子  
我们全部吃完

*demi-lune*  
*nous mangeons la dernière*  
*des oranges*

*Christina Sng, Singapore*  
*Tr: Helena Chua, Singapore*  
*French Tr: Carine Biancardini, France*

peace conference  
the snow whiter  
than doves

*конференция за мир*  
*снегът по-бял*  
*от гълъбите*

*Gergana Yaninska*  
*Bulgaria*

happy mind-set  
my dialogue with the stars  
at midnight

与群星对话  
我心欢畅  
夜未央

*Yunsheng Jiang*  
*China*

the spring...  
so many freckles  
with your smile

ладья...  
много ходов  
что и как

*Gennady Nov*  
*Russia*

unset  
a figure on the bench  
turns toward the sun

*u smiraj dana*  
*figura na klupi*  
*okreće se suncu*

*Nina Kovacić, Croatia*  
*Tr: Đurđa Vukelić-Rožić, Croatia*

first of spring  
I stick my tongue out  
to the rain

*първа пролет...*  
*изплезвам език*  
*към дъжда*

*Maya Lyubenova*  
*Bulgaria*



sicilian spring—  
flowering opuntia  
awaits the first bee

*sycylijska wiosna—  
kwitnąca opuncja  
oczekuje pierwszej pszczoły*

*Wiesław Karliński  
Poland*

spring morn  
the river sparkles  
with silver tones

*frühlingsmorgen  
der fluss erglänzt  
in silbertönen*

*Helga Stania  
Switzerland*

southbound  
in the driving mirror  
my empty sky

*südwärts  
im Rückspiegel  
mein leerer Himmel*

*Eva Limbach  
Germany*

in the arms  
of playful lovers  
spring blossoms

*u zagrljaju  
zaigranih ljubavnika  
proljeće cvate*

*Ljubica Šporčić, Croatia  
Tr: Đurđa Vukelić-Rožić, Croatia*

wild carnation—  
the poet orders  
another round

*wilde Nelken  
der Dichter bestellt  
eine weitere Runde*

*Roberta Beary  
Ireland/USA*

green salad  
the waiter asks  
what is lettuce

*grüner Salat  
der Kellner fragt  
was ist Kopfsalat*

*Rob Scott  
Australia/Sweden*

beef tartar  
I listen to  
an unkown haijin

*Beefsteak—Tatar*  
*ich lausche*  
*einem unbekannten Haijin*

*Ralf Bröker*  
*Germany*

empty beer glass  
I ask where  
was I

*leeres Bierglas*  
*ich frage*  
*wo war ich*

*J. Brian Robertson*  
*Canada*

Nordic jazz light dark beer

*Nordic Jazz Licht dunkles Bier*

*Iliyana Stoyanova*  
*UK/Bulgaria*

talk of billing  
barlights shimmer  
in her wine glass

*Diskussion über die Rechnung*  
*Thekenlichter schimmern*  
*in ihrem Weinglas*

*Bob Moyer*  
*USA*

## Editor's Choice Haiku

In a year of political, social and economic turbulence, the power of poetry and in particular, of haiku to articulate a wide range of sensibilities becomes all the more vital. Each of the haiku selected here are eye-opening and sense-refreshing in its own way.

—UHTS *cattails* Haiku Editor Sonam Chhoki, Bhutan

---

leaves of the ash  
deepen into green—  
summer stillness

*Diarmuid Fitzgerald*  
*Ireland*

This haiku by Diarmund Fitzgerald is deceptively simple but very vivid with a synesthesia of green and stillness and a pun on the word ash suggesting burning and death in the midst of summer. The moment he has captured lingers in the reader's mind.

---

milkweed  
blown to seed  
cirrus sky

*Nancy Shires*  
*USA*

In Nancy Shires's haiku the analogy of the "blown to seed" milkweed and the cirrus clouds creates a sense of continuum between the sky and the land. It is a strongly-held moment that enchants the reader.

---

savannah fire...  
a gazelle escapes  
into an ambush

*Barnabas I. Adeleke  
and James O. Adeleke  
Nigeria*

This haiku is startling in effect and original for moving out of the mode of nature as refuge towards the brutality of the interface between the natural and human world. It reminds one of Rilke's Duino Elegies: "For beauty is nothing but the beginning of terror which we are barely able to endure ...."

---

new moon  
the hobo washes his cup  
in a sea of stars

*Nika  
Canada*

The English poet, Wilfred Owen said, "The Poetry is in the pity". Nika conveys the essence of this insight is this haiku in evoking an image of pity for the homeless hobo in the midst of the explosive indifferent beauty of the cosmos.

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# *cattails*

September 2016

## Haibun

### Haibun Introduction

For your convenience, we have created an introduction page to Haibun 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.

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

**REMINDER:** Please send any/all haibun submissions (within the "body" of an email), with the Subject heading of HAIBUN in all caps. You can submit haibun to Sonam Chhoki at: [submittocattails+HAIBUN@gmail.com](mailto:submittocattails+HAIBUN@gmail.com)

**Cobwebs**

*Marilyn Humbert*  
*Australia*

Visiting The Athels, my childhood home, I walk the paddock-tracks where dairy cows once grazed thick pastures, growing fat and sleek. Beside the dry irrigation channel, I pause where we swam and splashed in muddy summer-water released from Waranga Basin. The scattered bales of hay from the top paddock haystack, moulder in the dust of passing years.

winter stars  
fields of white bones  
in splintered grass

**Ink Life**

*Michael Henry Lee*  
*USA*

It's been two years now since what I will refer to as the accident. The shop's been cleaned out, and a touristy clothing store occupies what was formerly the oldest tattoo parlor in St. Augustine Beach. It's a small town so going by once a week is the norm, and forgetting is not an option. The same things always run through my mind; why, what if... whatever.

high tide  
a starfish at the bottom  
of the motel pool

**Left Behind**

*Mike Montreuil*

*Canada*

It returns, in between sleep and the cat kneading my belly, purring; his way of letting me know it's morning. It returns, but for an instant, enough to make me want to be at time before I left my childhood behind. It returns, a sharp recollection of nights watching the auroras and spy satellites from a still canoe.

another announcement  
in the obituary pages  
was it so long ago?

**Clear Water**

*Thomas James Martin*

*USA*

After meditating for a few years, it dawned on me why going with my grandfather to clean our pasture spring was such a strong memory.

spring's edge  
hanging from the willow  
an old felt hat

As we cleaned out the brown leaves and small branches, I dimly understood that this was a kind of truth. Cleaning the spring I realized was similar to clearing the detritus from consciousness to experience the clarity.

breathing bubbles  
in cold clear water  
red salamanders



**Dinner Al Fresco**

*Adelaide B. Shaw*

*USA*

A doe and her fawn are having dinner. Mama is big, healthy with a sturdy body and golden brown coat. Baby is a lighter shade, with white spots still clearly visible. A three-course dinner is on the menu. The pair are at the end of the mowed grass nibbling on tree leaves and bushes along the edge of the wooded ravine. A little of this, a little of that. A few more bites and Baby, satisfied for now, wanders out of view. Five minutes later a car from across the street starts and Baby returns. For at least 20 minutes they have their meal, their tails waving non-stop. The doe lifts her head, stops eating and looks at Baby. With elegant steps she starts down the ravine. After a couple of more nibbles, Baby follows.

early evening  
the shadows move  
on summer time

**Middle-Aged Blues**

*Mike Montreuil*

*Canada*

This evening, there's a twist in the coffee shop routine. The man's nervousness is apparent, as he taps on the keypad of his smartphone. A gift for a date—no doubt—is in a white glossy paper bag and pink streamers, resting on the seat in front of him. It's at this point where I would like to take a straw poll amongst us regulars as to whether she will or will not come to meet him. We think that she will accept his gift.

January cold—  
the car heaters barely  
able to work

**A Memorable Summer**

*Jesus Chameleon*

USA

seashells  
I keep the shiny ones  
for tomorrow

During the summer of 1979 the high schools in the Mariana Islands selected representatives to send on the annual Rotary Club Exchange. The program was a week's exchange with a small Japanese resort town in Nagano Prefecture. I was chosen from my school. The trip was during an particularly hot time in the otherwise temperate Japanese mountains.

even in fall  
redheads in the zoo  
stay for winter

Bright and early, the local Rotary Club took us, nine in all, by bus right into the crater of Mt. Asama. They wanted to show us that despite the heat there was snow on this dormant volcano. It was the first time I saw snow and I have never forgotten this moment.

cicadas strum—  
once again I remember  
a distant summer

**The Pleasures of an Ordinary Day**

*Adelaide B. Shaw*

*USA*

Sunday. Breakfast, shower, lunch at a local steak house, coffee at a café, home, a nap, dinner, a little television, a little reading, bed. Future not discussed, decisions not made, blood pressure kept steady. The pleasures of an ordinary day.

spring breezes  
dreaming of a youth  
filled with promise

**MOSQUITO IN AMBER**

*Barbara Tate*

*USA*

Suspended in perpetual light, your unblinking gaze stares from yesterday when dinosaurs tore paths through the forests and surrendered their bones to antiquity. Caught on the witness tree\*, even at night you live in gold.

sunrise  
reading tea leaves  
I pour a second cup

*\*A "witness tree" here in the southern US is a tree old enough to have seen something significant in history, like trees that were on the Civil War battlefields.*

**The Company of Birds**

*Nancy Shires*

USA

A swinging ball of pigeons in a clear blue sky. Stopping at the traffic lights, I watch the aerial performance. On the car radio a symphony with veering violins seems written for this very company of birds.

*corps de ballet*

turning on pointe

as one dancer

**BUCOLIC SUNRISE**

*Anna Cates*

USA

winter sun

a red fox flees

from its shadow

For part of my childhood, I lived in an old, Maine farmhouse beside a lake. I scrambled eggs in a cast iron skillet on the wood stove and ate Aunt Effie's homemade bread. She taught me to place apple cores on top of the wood stove to fill the kitchen with their aroma. One year, we boiled sugar maple sap into syrup. Winter lows reached 40 below zero.

twilight through the trees

where wood smoke lingers

deepening snow

**Small Talk EC**

*Vessislava Savova*  
*Bulgaria*

"God is Love!"

"Yeah, sure, but no one has ever seen God."

"So what?"

"So, no one has ever seen Love."

"Love is not about being seen but being felt."

"Yes, you're right. Could you push my wheelchair closer to the fountain, child?"

sunbeams  
a slug crawls  
in the alley

- Бог е Любов!

- Да, разбира се, но никой никога не е виждал Бог.

- Е и?

- Е, значи никой никога не е виждал Любовта.

- Любовта не е за виждане, а за чувстване.

- Да, права си. Би ли избутала инвалидния ми стол по-близо до Извора, дете?

слънчеви лъчи  
гол охлюв бавно пълзи  
по алеята

**Guardians**

*Charlotte Mandel*

USA

A day to walk in pleasant breeze. White clouds drifting in the blue sky alternately cover and allow the sun through. I leave the sidewalk, walk across grass to the cedar bench overlooking the pond. The woods beyond is a haze of early green leaves. Two fountain sprays create soothing waterfall sounds.

sunfish leaps  
to catch a damselfly  
brief whirlpool

A pair of Canada geese rests on the water, accepting my seated presence. One is larger than the other, I imagine they are husband and wife. I've been told these birds mate for life.

five years gone...  
he still smiles  
in the framed photo

The geese glide to the water's edge and leap onto the grass bank. One grazes, pulling a green blade at a time. The larger bird climbs up the slope, stretches its long neck and stands rigid, only eyes moving, on guard. A few minutes later, this one comes down to graze and the other climbs up to post watch. As I leave, they continue to take turns.

## **A Marathi in Ladakh**

*Raamesh Gowri Raghavan*

*India*

While holidaying in Ladakh, I had to call home to tell them that I had reached Thikse, the Gelugpa monastery where I would be staying for the next few days. The only phone booth in the vicinity, available to tourists from the 'mainland', as the locals liked to say, was in a nearby army camp. The phone was out of order. Losing patience, I gave it some fruity endearments like "*Tuzya aicha gho!*", "*yeda lavdya!*" in Marathi. The phone operator (a soldier) heard this, and called out to me. It turned out that it was the first time in several months that he'd heard his native Marathi. While he fixed it, we learned about each other's village names, family background and professional woes. He confided that he wasn't due leave for several more months. Though my Marathi may have been profane, I think I earned some good karma. For a few moments I dispelled the loneliness of a soldier thousands of miles away from his home.

March wind  
deep into the night  
a koel's call

## **Family Visits**

*Gregory Longenecker*

*USA*

My brother, sister and I have seen less and less of each other as the years have gone by. If it hadn't been for my mother we probably wouldn't have visited as much as we have. But this last year, my mother passed away.

rain puddle together again

## **Kaleidoscope**

*Brijesh Raj*  
*India*

The Bougainvillea flowers are appropriately turned out this day almost in harmony with the Zoroastrian teen who won't need that long awaited kidney any more and as if to empathize with the blanched gums of the three week old Shih Tzu, smuggled in from a Bangkok puppy mill with a fatal parvoviral infection.

My path home is lined with silk-cotton trees bursting with offerings of floss. They caress my cheek ever so gently. Fixing myself a cuppa, I am greeted by the sight of a young dove gazing back benignly at my six-month-old kitten. Their hearts virtually touch across the windowsill netting. Truce in a time of rain. Why is it so difficult for us to find peace?

I pick up where I left off this morning. A kaleidoscope of white. The color of writer's block.

monsoon sky  
the charcoal strokes  
of a kite's wings

## **A Literary Pilgrim's Progress**

*Anna Cates*  
*USA*

In 1992 I took a "junior's abroad" class trip to study "The British Literary Landscape." We visited Shakespeare's Stratford-on-Avon and Wordsworth's Lake District. In Canterbury, the acerbic evangelical history professor warned us, "Don't venture inside the New Age boutiques. This is no longer a place for Christian pilgrims." But I wasn't afraid of dangling crystals and ceramic dragons...

cultish boutique  
a pyramid shimmers  
in rainbow sunlight



**Planting day and night**

*Giselle Maya*

*France*

On a spring rain *harusame* morning we plant tomatoes, zucchini, white cosmos and our unexplored feelings. I give you a scented rose from the *André le Notre* tree to take home. Later I pass you near the café with a wave of hands. You are discreet, helping me in the garden that would be hard to create each spring. It is my sanctuary. You move through it as you work, a fawn, a presence among the flowers. We share strawberries and currants. In these three years of working together a caring for all beings has grown.

longings  
how deep the yellow peony  
in the shade

**Trapped**

*Gregory Longenecker*

*USA*

Her case was textbook; a normal childhood, healthy, active, smart and then, as she was nearing adulthood, a falter in the structure of the brain, of her mind.

fading light  
a sparrow trapped  
in the fun house

**Hidden Gem   EC**

*Thomas James Martin*  
USA

For a long time my brother-in-law, Jim, and I, were not close. Politically, I was mostly liberal and he, a strong conservative.

Then, a few years ago after we had shed our political skins and we suddenly became open to each other. Sure, shared interests but more than that, not quite affection but a quiet understanding. He shared his wonderful experiences of running.

spring marathon  
his shadow catches up  
as the clouds threaten

After I was placed in assisted care, he visited me several times a week, usually with a cappuccino in hand which he knew I loved. I learned respect and admiration for the real Jim. He had a hidden depth that was not easily expressed or perhaps understood.

stone bridge  
water striders scurry  
in the sunlit stream

I remember a geology class: "Scratch any stone to see its true identity".

dark river stone  
laced with sunlight  
dripping rainbow

I felt that he was turning into gold though I wonder if he knew...

**Gray**

*David Landis Barnhill*

*USA*

In these ancient hills, gray folds into gray, one shade into another into another. A long stretch of dark comes to a point over a far peak. Curling waves of lighter gray float below it along the ridge. Up the soft curve of slope, a patch of mist wanders among the forest green and faded orange. Without moving, it rises, splits apart, and is lost into the early evening sky.

mist gone  
the sky always empty  
and full

***Sabionari***

*Paresh Tiwari*

*India*

Time creeps up slowly but unmistakably in layers of rot, weed and dust on grandpa's car.

The tires are the first to go. There's a brick propped behind each rusted steel hub. The brilliant cobalt of the bonnet has given way to splotches of decay. The windowpanes are stuck halfway and the fractured iron skeleton of the seats pokes through the frayed fabric.

As a boy visiting my grandparents I had often sat in the back of this car, my engine voice turned all the way up, as grandpa drove over meandering mud lanes and cut a path across the...

cerulean sky  
a jet exhaust unzips  
the silence

Today I peer into the rear-view mirror and wonder how has time crept up on me? The twinkle and wonder that my eyes once held are lost in a web of wrinkles, crow's feet and flecks of grey.

**The Past is Not a Good Idea...**

*Peter Butler*

*United Kingdom*

...I realize this after I get off the train and head up a street in suburban London which I last saw 60 years ago. It starts with a pedestrian crossing and a set of traffic lights, unnecessary in those quieter times. It continues with a row of chalet-style 1930s houses, which have since grown extensions and driveways with two cars—few cars existed then—past the home of childhood sweetheart, Annie, who dropped me, to the house where I grew up during the wartime emergency, to find its garden has disappeared in favor of a concrete patio, with scarcely a flower in sight.

after the bomb  
a farthing of shrapnel  
my lucky charm

Next door, Doreen lived with her mother. Doreen was born with a crooked jaw and port wine stain across her face, which meant she was shunned, occasionally mocked. Her father left, embarked on a new relationship. At a time of austerity and rationing I offered her sweets when I could, never discussed her disfigurement, and gave her the only kiss she probably got in her life from a boy.

I head for the shopping parade round the corner where I stole, and later sold, a bicycle, remembering none of the shops that now exist. It is at this point I see an elderly lady, bent and shuffling with a stick, her face disfigured with a port wine stain, and realize all this thinking about the past is not a good idea.

in the shop window  
seeing myself  
an elderly stranger

*Note: [‘Farthing’, the smallest form currency in wartime Britain]*

**The Final Hike**    **EC**

*Bill Gottlieb*

*USA*

Yesterday was five months since I scattered Denise's ashes. But they didn't scatter—they dissolved, were washed to nothing in the shallows of the wide. I didn't know then that I would write so often about her—the repeatable resurrections of art. Or that her fire-born ruins would brand my mind with their swirl and stir, would be washed again and again, the gray to white to gone; the waves, the water that took her, turned into words, lines of words, like the serial surf of an incoming tide. The final hike, that's what she told me to take. Just you and me. And so I went to Ten Mile Beach, to the mouth of the Ten Mile River—where the osprey dove like gods and killed for life when we watched in wonder, in love.

buzzards  
attend the funeral  
of a seal

**Night Light**

*Dave Read*

*Canada*

3 am. I sit up, fully awake. Knowing how I'll feel in a few hours, I lie down again. But my mind is racing. I look at my sleeping wife and decide against waking her. Things, she likes to say, look better in the morning.

new moon  
I open my blinds  
to the dark

**Late summer**

*Marta Chocilowska*

*Poland*

aunt's house—  
a meowing leads me  
from the threshold

For the last ten years I've spent my summer holidays at the seaside, renting a room from an old landlady whom I call auntie Jackie. This year too we made an appointment for the first week of September. Just before leaving, I find out that aunt Jackie has suddenly died from a stroke. Now, here we are, auntie's cat, and me alone in the house.

Coming down the stairs in the morning I find myself thinking that Jackie is waiting for me with a cup of coffee. When I return from the seaside I feel for a moment that she will invite me for her famous tomato soup. At night I hear her footsteps on the stairs but it is only the light patter of cat feet, heading for my bed...

When the day of my departure comes the cat stares at me with her tail posed in a question mark. I do not know what to say to her.

closed window  
in the folds of the sheer curtain  
a fluttering moth

**Jonathan Pipe and me**

*Hazel Hall*

*Australia*

leaking bellows...  
re-training ancient  
lungs and voices

In this tiny building in a waning hamlet, I'm running through hymns for the service. I've taken on the role of organist to save the locum priest and congregation from tyranny of the ghetto blaster. Pedals are my most pressing problem. Not that they'll be used much, because most are out of tune. We have three organs here, Father, Son and Holy Ghost, all donated. I play the Ghost. Both the others have passed their use-by dates and there's no money for repairs.

While practising each hymn, sourced from the popular TV show Songs of Praise, I recall last Sunday's service in the city. Every line of liturgy was intoned by the priest, who had a beautiful, tuneful voice. Led by esteemed choirmaster Jonathan Pipe, the choir, all music students on scholarship, sang like angels. Both anthem and psalm were exquisite, as was the majestic organ voluntary that transported us out of the church.

At morning tea I was introduced to the great man "as fellow musical director". Red-faced, I explained that there are only ten regulars in our congregation.

gin on tonic...  
celebrating twelve  
Christmas singers

## **ATAVISM**

*Barnabas I. Adeleke*  
*Nigeria*

To Ajegunle...He had always taken the fenced perimeter of my apartment as the limit of his world. I rarely took him out. I remember the first day he ventured out of the apartment. He chased every moving thing in the alley. I then chained him for the first time. Now in this slum, where there are no fenced houses and all there is are a vast expanse of filth and slimy gutters and human dunghills, and a plethora of moving targets, Major hardly stays at home. Frustrated, I chained him down for days but he freed himself and since then seldom returns to me.

Whenever I am out searching for him, he only acknowledges me from a distance with a wag of his tail. He then hurries off with a 'platoon' of four or five stray dogs. Recently, a neighbour told me he bit her young son. Another said he stole from her shed. Rumors of a rabid dog on the loose are rife in the neighborhood. Stray dogs are being hunted down.

picking wild berries  
she wanders past the reach  
of father's call

## **Day's End**

*Dave Read*  
*Canada*

He insists on silence. Bored, I sulk in the shade, drawing circles with a dead branch. I hadn't wanted to come anyway. From the safety of the bluff, he slowly raises his rifle. Covering my ears, I hope the day is almost done.

fading light  
the velvet antlers  
of a young deer



## Editor's Choice Haibun

In his Charles Eliot Norton Lectures, 2009, the Turkish writer and Nobel Laureate, Orhan Pamuk explored the novel's visual and sensual power to transport a reader through vivid and profound mental and physical landscapes. I wondered if I could borrow that insight to argue that within the remit of the haibun form, each of the following poets succeeds in creating a palpable and distinct emotional and corporeal topography.

—UHTS *cattails* Haibun Editor Sonam Chhoki, Bhutan

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### Hidden Gem

*Thomas James Martin*

*USA*

For a long time my brother-in-law, Jim, and I, were not close. Politically, I was mostly liberal and he, a strong conservative. Then, a few years ago after we had shed our political skins and we suddenly became open to each other. Sure, shared interests but more than that, not quite affection but a quiet understanding. He shared his wonderful experiences of running.

spring marathon  
his shadow catches up  
as the clouds threaten

After I was placed in assisted care, he visited me several times a week, usually with a cappuccino in hand which he knew I loved. I learned respect and admiration for the real Jim. He had a hidden depth that was not easily expressed or perhaps understood.

stone bridge  
water striders scurry  
in the sunlit stream

I remember a geology class: "Scratch any stone to see its true identity."

dark river stone  
laced with sunlight  
dripping rainbow

I felt that he was turning into gold though I wonder if he knew...

*Thomas James Martin's haibun, "Hidden Gem" highlights movingly the humane and humbling aspect of aging when one is able to slough off strongly held and divisive perspectives to arrive at a more compassionate and inclusive stance. The three haiku are effective in accentuating the perceptible transformation in viewpoint and emotion of both the poet and his brother-in-law, Jim. The gentle and reflective tone of the narrative engages the reader well.*

—UHTS *cattails* Haibun Editor Sonam Chhoki, Bhutan

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### **Small Talk**

Vessislava Savova

Bulgaria

"God is Love!"

"Yeah, sure, but no one has ever seen God."

"So what?"

"So, no one has ever seen Love."

"Love is not about being seen but being felt."

"Yes, you're right. Could you push my wheelchair closer to the fountain, child?"

sunbeams  
a slug crawls  
in the alley

- Бог е Любов!

- Да, разбира се, но никой никога не е виждал Бог.

- Е и?

- Е, значи никой никога не е виждал Любавта.

- Любавта не е за виждане, а за чувстване.

-Да, права си. Би ли избутала инвалидния ми стол по-близо до Извора, дете?

слънчеви лъчи  
гол охлюв бавно пълзи  
по алеята

*I was drawn to this haibun, Small Talk by Vessislava Savova. Her use of an understated and succinct dialogue is highly effectively in addressing profound metaphysical and existential issues. The reader is drawn into the conversation but does not feel overwhelmed or nudged in any particular direction. The irony at the end grounds the metaphysical in the human physical.*

**The Final Hike**

Bill Gottlieb

USA

Yesterday was five months since I scattered Denise's ashes. But they didn't scatter—they dissolved, were washed to nothing in the shallows of the wide. I didn't know then that I would write so often about her—the repeatable resurrections of art. Or that her fire-born ruins would brand my mind with their swirl and stir, would be washed again and again, the gray to white to gone; the waves, the water that took her, turned into words, lines of words, like the serial surf of an incoming tide. The final hike, that's what she told me to take. Just you and me. And so I went to Ten Mile Beach, to the mouth of the Ten Mile River—where the osprey dove like gods and killed for life when we watched in wonder, in love.

buzzards  
attend the funeral  
of a seal

*Bill Gottlieb's haibun, "The Final Hike" is deeply resonant for me. After the untimely death of my mother just before her 53rd birthday, I discovered haibun to express grief in its myriad stages and forms. In Bill Gottlieb's piece there is exquisite beauty in the imagery of space, water and fire. He describes how his wife's ashes "were washed to nothing in the shallows of the wide". This underlines the poignancy of the poet's 'final' hike to the mouth of the Ten Mile River in fulfillment of her urging. The haibun links life, love and death seamlessly in this closing line: "where the osprey dove like gods and killed for life when we watched in wonder, in love."*

*The haibun shows how grief permeates everything we perceive and yet it also enhances our perception of the universality of death in both the human and natural world.*

# *cattails*

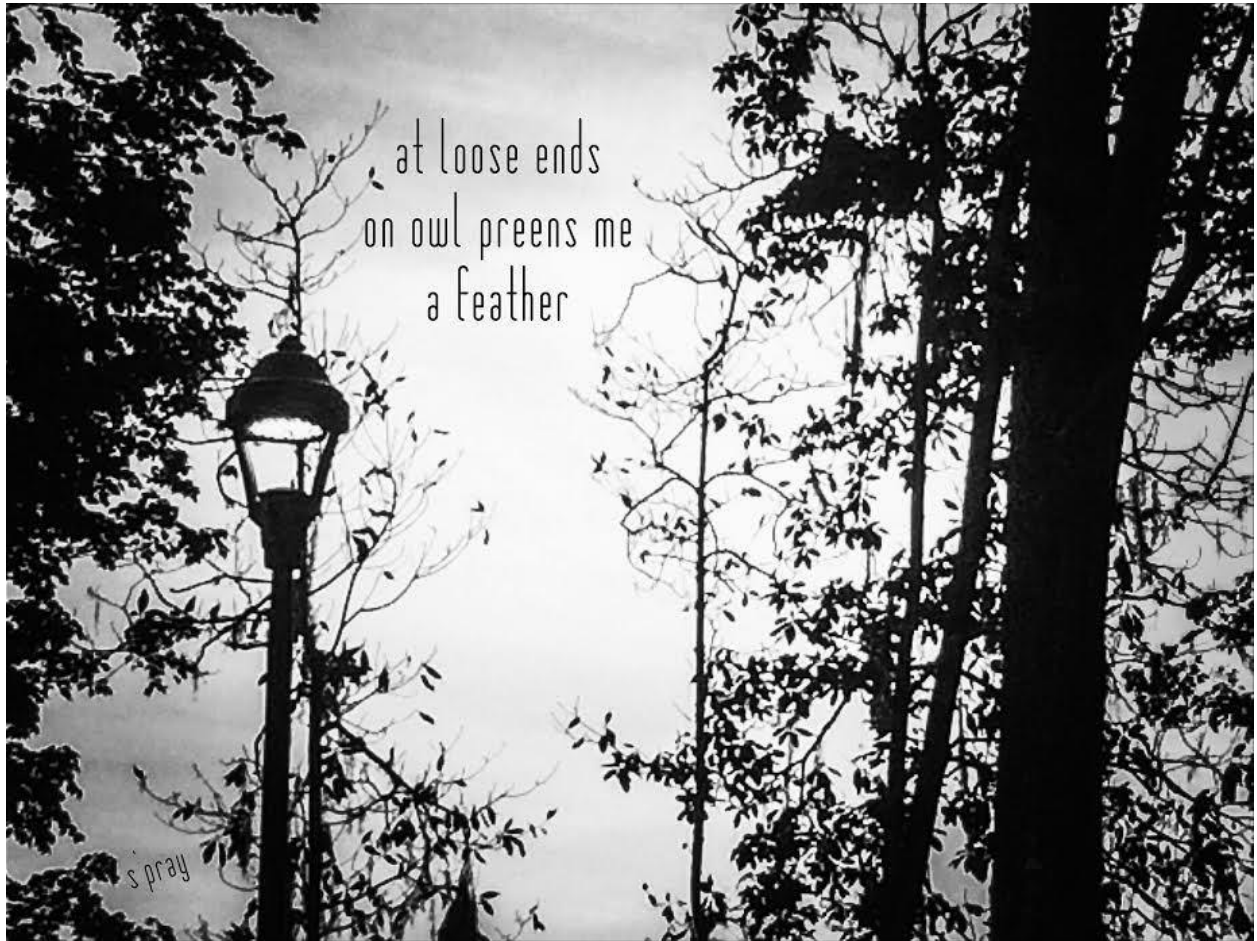
## ***Haiga and Tankart***

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### **Introduction**

*cattails* (under the new editorship), will not be accepting Haiga or Tankart, but we hope you enjoy these last September offerings.

—UHTS *cattails* Principal Editor Sonam Chokki, Bhutan



Sandi Pray, USA



today's word find  
at the farmers' market -  
mushroomery

haiku by Valentina Ranaldi-Adams

photo by A. D. Adams





first sail...  
inside his paper boat  
the weight of water

Haiku: Adjei Agyei-Baah

Photo: Matsuyama Haiku Organisers



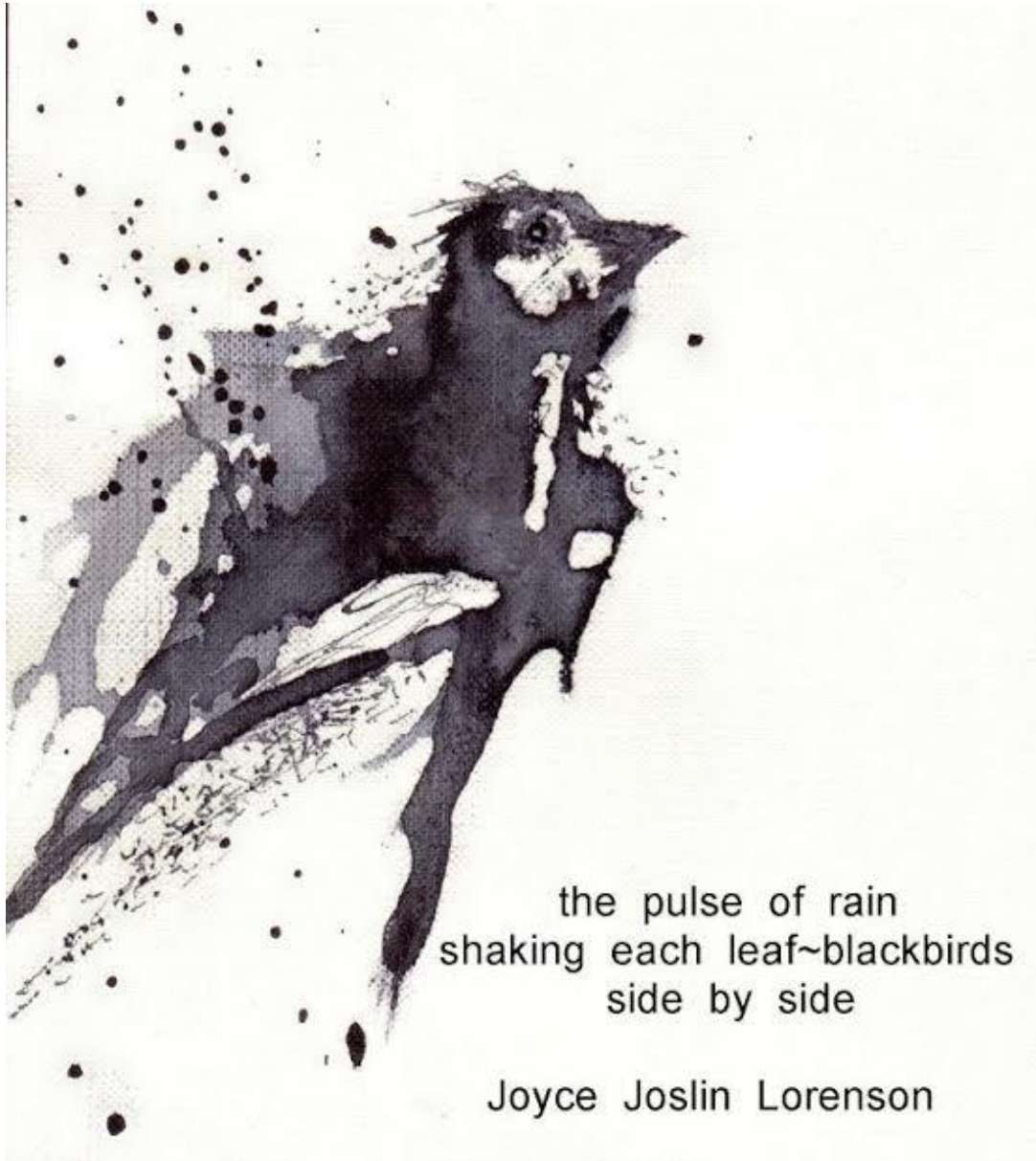
**Lavana Kray, Romania**



*homeless  
yet the same moon  
everywhere*

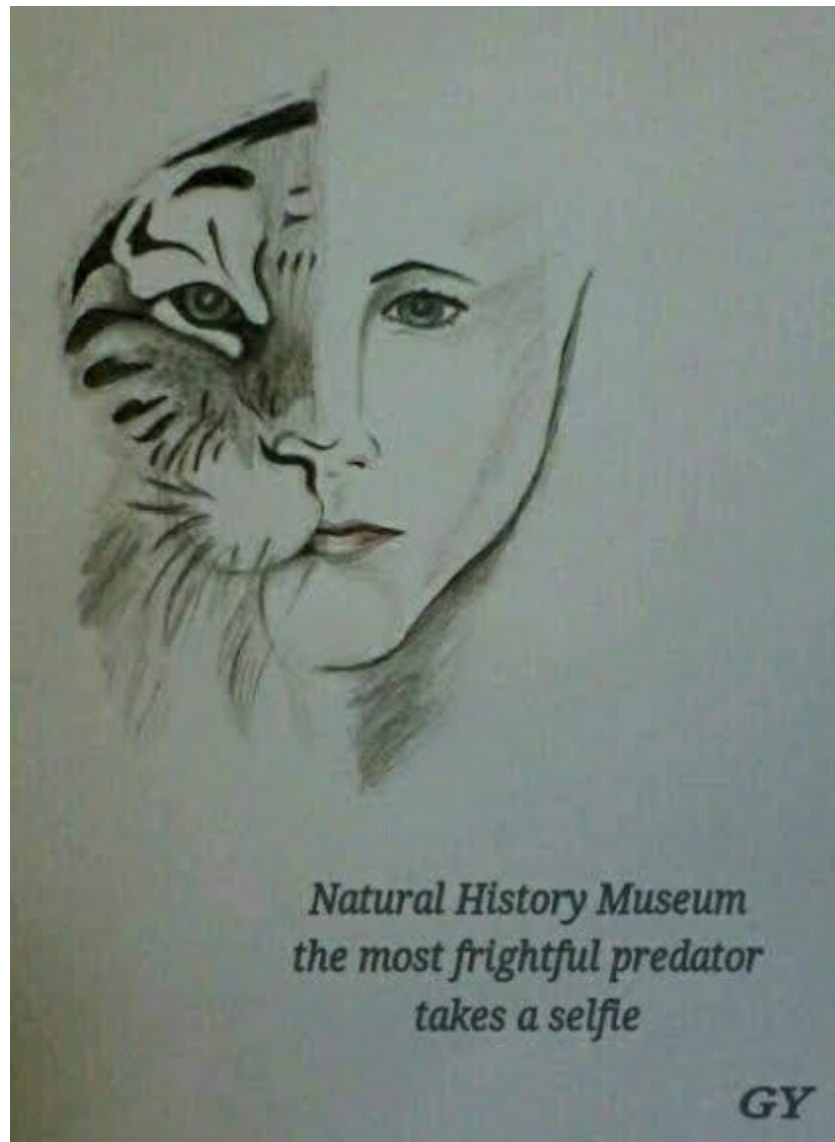
*photo by Leyland Cecco  
haiku by Nika*



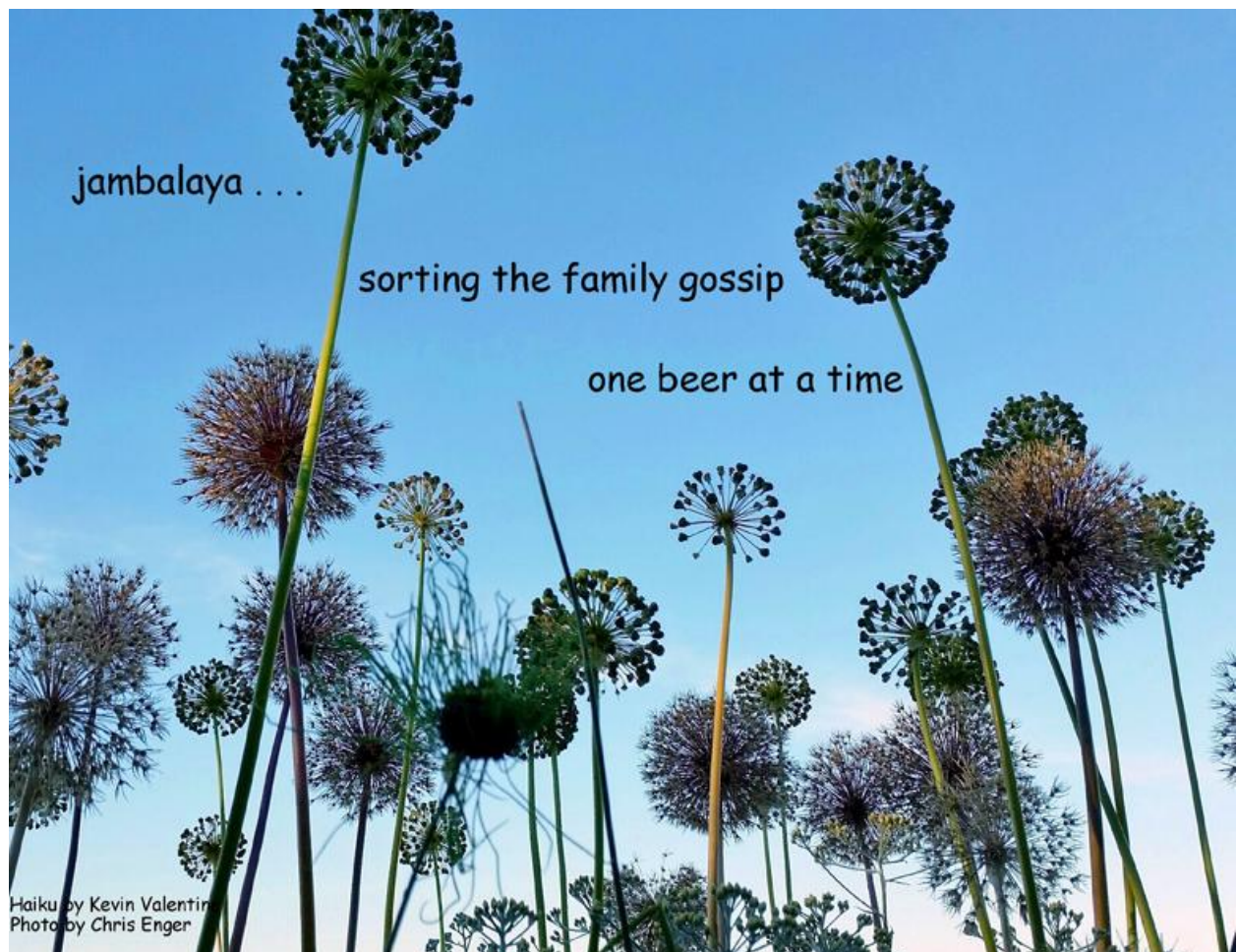


the pulse of rain  
shaking each leaf~blackbirds  
side by side

Joyce Joslin Lorensen



**Gergana Yaninska Plovdiv, Bulgaria**





*wedding party  
and the blossoming cherry—  
all in white*

Haiku: Anna Mazurkiewicz  
Photo: Tomasz Kociński





*Gabriela Vlad  
Romania*

*sunlit delight -  
the hum of bees coming  
closer and closer*

rasfat insori—  
zumzetul albinelor  
tot mai aproape

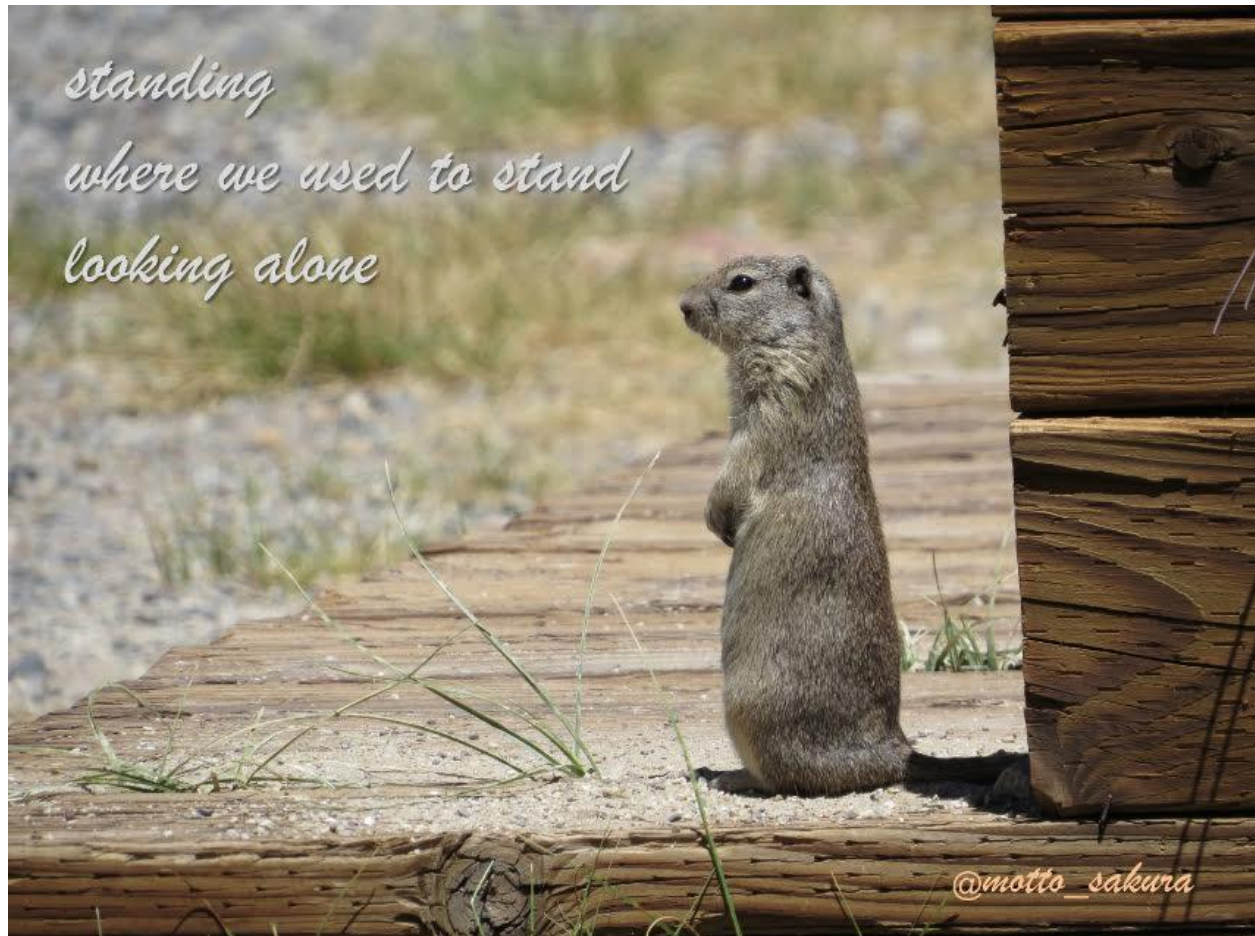


Sid Sincher, USA



Steliana Voicu, Romania





David J. Kelly, Ireland





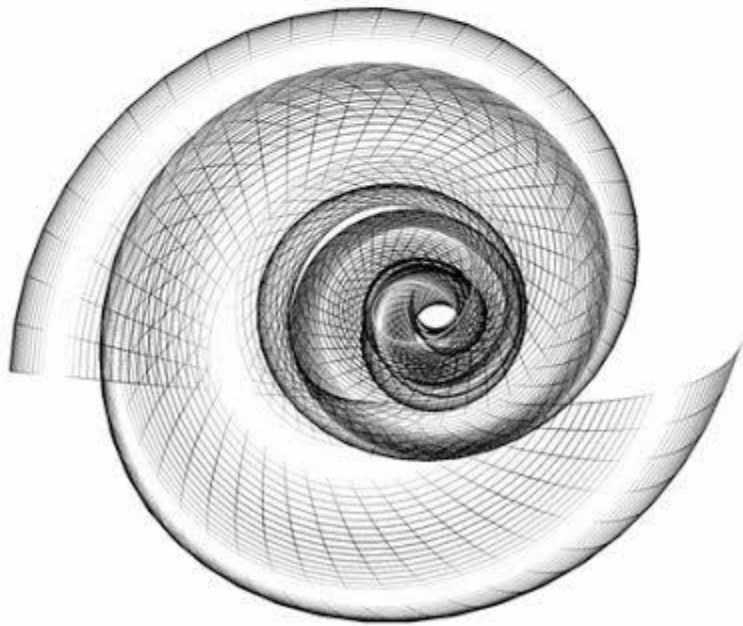
Vessislava Savova, Bulgaria





Cynthia Rowe, Australia

dirt-speckled  
new greens and a snail  
on my counter



words & image  
DStrange

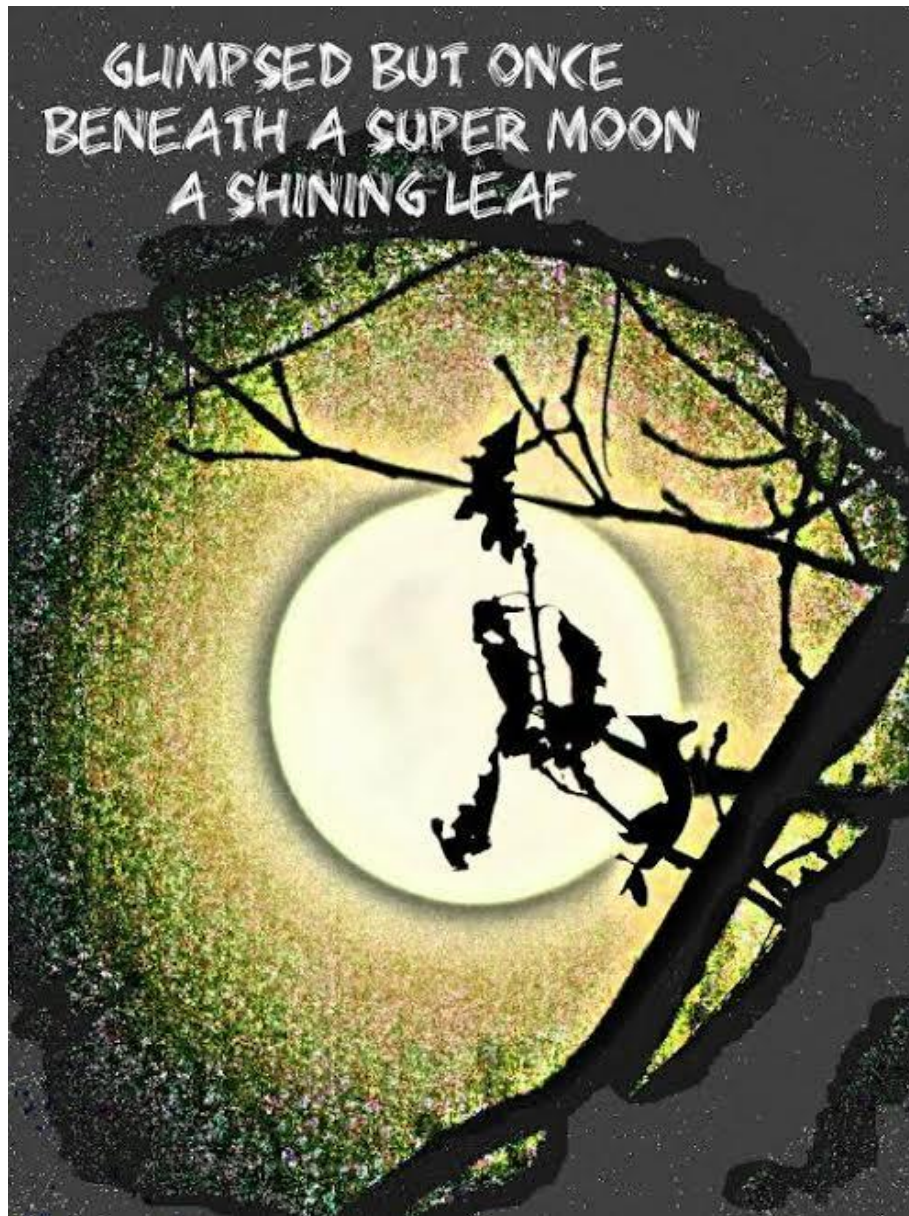
Debbie Strange, Canada





*shadows the sunlight changes everything*





Sid Sincher, USA



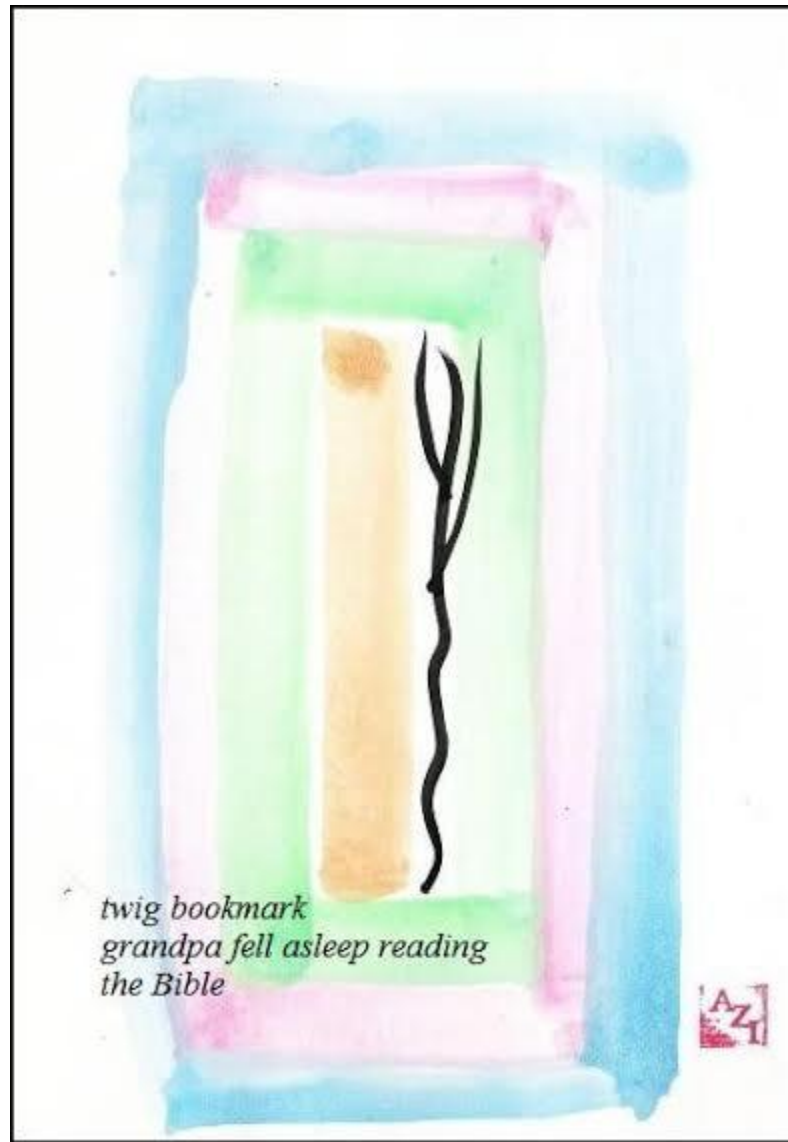


Lech Szeg, Poland

after your  
funeral even  
the wasps  
leave us alone  
on our patio



*Leslie Bamford*



Azi Kuder, Poland

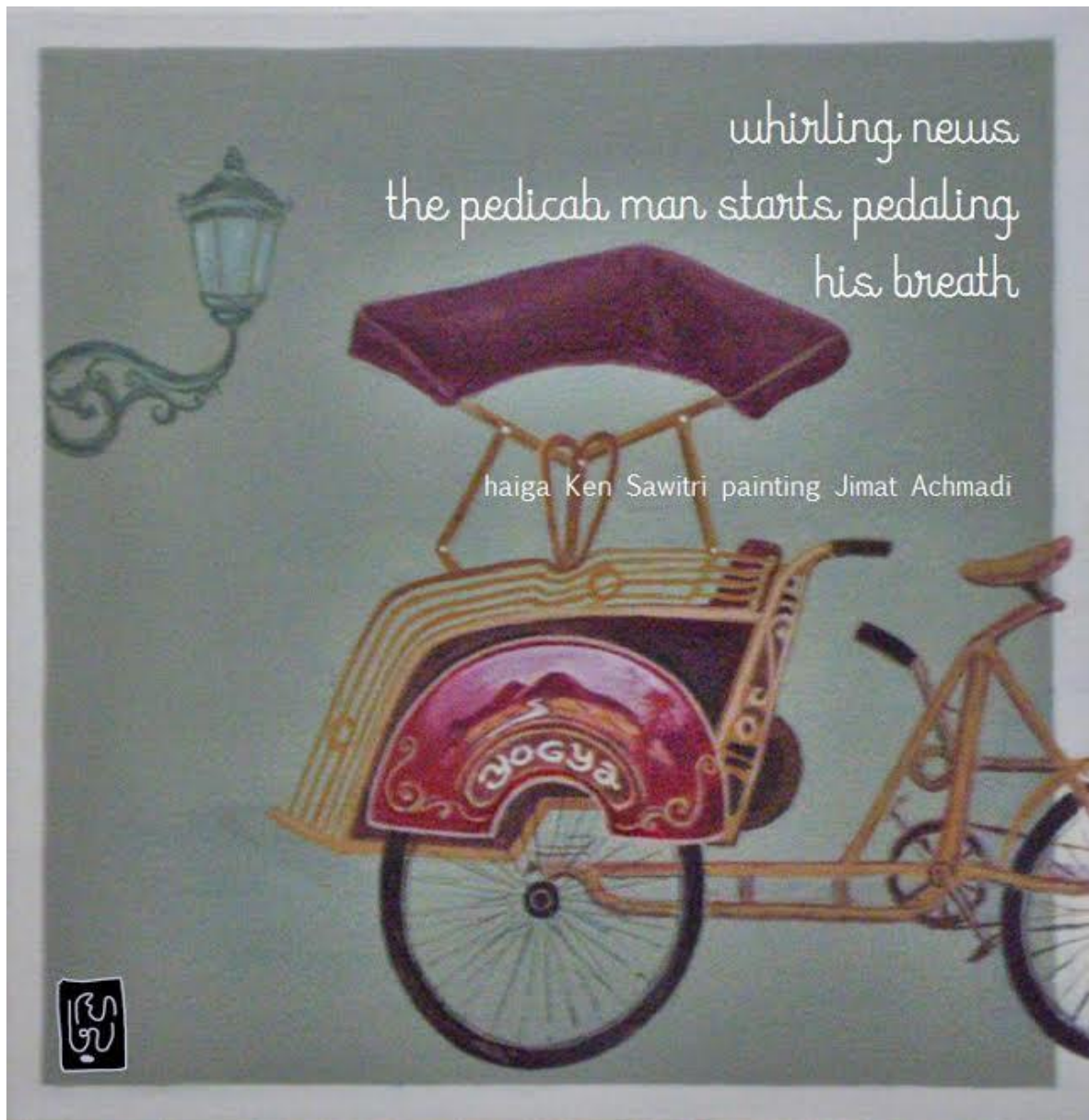


a boy with beanie -  
under the old oak grows  
a young tree

photo: Severina Špindler  
haiku: Dimitrij Škrk

fantič s kapico—  
pod starim hrastom raste  
mlado drevesce







Barbara Kaufman, USA



Pat Geyer, USA





Maya Lyubenova, Bulgaria





Haiku: Jesus Chameleon, USA

Art: Pablo San Blaz, USA



*sunday morning fly  
our zen buddhist principles  
all over the place*

*john hawkhead*



naše nade  
smrvljene školjke  
u pesku  
talasi ih prekrivaju  
željama drugih ljudi

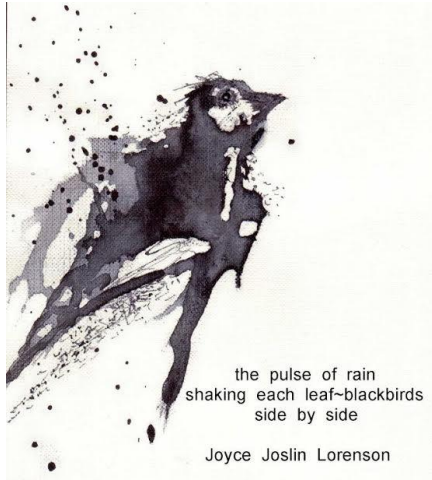
Belinda Belovari, Serbia



searching  
for a tiny heart beat,  
a child touches  
the bleeding hearts  
one by one by one

~ Mary Kendall ~

**Editor's Choice Haiga**



My editor's choice for the September edition of *cattails* is this extraordinary sumi-e by Joyce Joslin Lorenson, USA. Looking at it over and over, I see a bird, or is it a leaf, or both? The ambiguity and intricacy of this piece makes it a virtual masterpiece imho. Not only is the artwork excellent, but the haiku is extremely well written and pivots unconventionally but wonderfully. This author/artist is to be commended, congratulations to Joyce and thank you for sharing this with *cattails* viewers.

—UHTS *cattails* haiga editor an'ya, USA

# *cattails*

**September 2016**

## **Senryu**

### **Senryu Introduction**

For your convenience, we have created an introduction page to senryu 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...

We encourage you to send a translation of your senryu in "your" native language.

**REMINDER:** Please send any/all senryu submissions (within the "body" of an email), with the Subject heading of SENRYU in all caps. You can submit senryu to Gautam Nadkarni at: [submittocattails+SENRYU@gmail.com](mailto:submittocattails+SENRYU@gmail.com)

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

long yawns...  
breathing in  
his boredom

*Mary Kendall*  
*USA*

charity sale—  
another person's trash  
becomes mine

*Ruth Holzer*  
*USA*

his harsh words  
moss on the mortar  
between bricks

*Gavin Austin*  
*Australia*

no message  
in this bottle either—  
closing time

*Bryan Rickert*  
*USA*

approaching fall  
the part in his hair moves  
to the left

*Dottie Piet*  
*USA*

Ode to Joy  
my hand-chiseled piece  
of the Berlin Wall

*Agnes Eva Savich*  
*USA*



morning tea  
a fly's last breath  
in my mug

*Debbi Antebi*  
*USA/Turkey*

post-burial  
setting the ground  
for small talk

*Kunjana Parashar*  
*India*

about the oak grain  
a reflected finger whorl  
on the coffin lid

*John Hawkhead*  
*United Kingdom*

spring cleaning—  
garage sale signs pop up  
on every corner

*Angela Terry*  
*USA*

airport pickup **EC**  
he asks how much  
baggage I have

*Julie Warther*  
*USA*

family picnic  
we misremember  
the good times

*Mark E. Brager*  
*USA*



bipolar  
shadows to the other side  
of the road

*Rajandeep Garg*  
*India*

standing in line  
outside the funeral home...  
old strangers

*John Soules*  
*Canada*

first good news for months  
via Hotmail  
Viagra coupon code

*Chen-ou Liu*  
*Canada*

Parthenon  
pillars of faith  
fall away

*Jesus Chameleon*  
*USA*

children's feet...  
I hope they never put on  
army boots

*Maya Lyubenova*  
*Bulgaria*

Grand Canyon  
the words come back  
to haunt me

*Barbara Tate*  
*USA*

telling stories  
of all the things I've done  
some are even true

*ayaz daryl nielsen*  
*USA*

happy hour  
not a moment  
too soon

*Michael Henry Lee*  
*USA*

another lie  
the crab digs deeper  
into the sand

*Rachel Sutcliffe*  
*United Kingdom*

driving curbside  
the garbage truck sheds  
a shower of petals

*Quendryth Young*  
*Australia*

leaving  
on the last brain  
my other bag

*David J. Kelly*  
*Ireland*

twentieth anniversary  
keeping me home  
only gravity

*Anna Mazurkiewicz*  
*Poland*

my dirty shirt  
now I smell  
just like my father

*Perry L. Powell*  
*United States*

on the bath scale... **EC**  
taking off  
her glasses

*Đurđa Vukelić Rožić*  
*Croatia*

winter chill  
she freezes  
from a panic attack

*Christina Sng*  
*Singapore*

lake ripples  
the shape  
of her tears

*Rachel Sutcliffe*  
*United Kingdom*

filling the pause  
at a haiku reading...  
tram bells

*Diarmuid Fitzgerald*  
*Ireland*

Green River  
we clean the dust  
off the rental

*John Kinory*  
*United Kingdom*

always the black keys  
on my mother's piano  
the back of her hand

*John Hawkhead*  
*United Kingdom*

ready for college  
I console my daughter  
when her youngest leaves

*Adelaide B. Shaw*  
*USA*

shooting stars  
looking for a lost coin  
I forget the sky

*Celestine Nudanu*  
*Ghana*

all the prizes—  
a scrapbook  
bound with shoestring

*Ruyh Holzer*  
*USA*

they come and go  
the pawns  
in the chess hustler's game

*James Chessing*  
*USA*

10% kickback  
the fresh dimples  
of potholes

*Adjei Agyei-Baah*  
*Ghana*

sprayed by a skunk  
the family dog  
becomes mine

*Adelaide B. Shaw*  
USA

pest control  
a tiny bug scuttles  
across the receipt

*Quendryth Young*  
Australia

passing the window  
just a side glance  
of the nude mannequin

*Bernard Gieske*  
USA

church potluck  
everyone raves about  
the deviled eggs

*Dottie Piet*  
USA

clay pigeons  
blasted to smithereens  
another peace conference

*Angela Terry*  
USA

New Year's resolution  
the look I get  
from my wife

*Chen-ou Liu*  
Canada

stored memories  
in the cupboard  
the dog collars

*Madhuri Pillai*  
*Australia*

thin ice...  
a goose falls through  
wings it

*Pat Geyer*  
*USA*

the youngest **EC**  
leaves for college  
extra bird seed

*Joy MacVane*  
*USA*

Memorial Day  
a politician behind  
every flag

*Michael Henry Lee*  
*USA*

father's day  
sorting through  
his rusty toolbox

*Duncan Richardson*  
*Australia*

mourning doves—  
another big blue  
June day

*Cynthia Crumrine*  
*USA*

gene test  
she gets the short end  
of the straw

*Madhuri Pillai*  
*Australia*

Peace Day–  
an atomic clock  
chimes the hour

*Mark E. Brager*  
*USA*

haiku walk  
my beagle asks me  
to speed u

*Debbi Antebi*  
*USA/Turkey*

war zone  
no one left to decide  
who was right

*Vandana Parashar*  
*India*

the old haiku book–  
side by side a pressed fly and  
senryu about food

*Dragan J. Ristić*  
*Serbia*

hospital elevator **EC**  
the doors open  
to another story

*Simon Hanson*  
*Australia*

she says  
it doesn't taste the same  
maple sap

*Bill Cooper*  
*USA*

failing light  
my life lines cradle  
her laugh lines

*Debbie Strange*  
*Canada*

removal van  
...the echo  
of a dead leaf

*Cynthia Rowe*  
*Australia*

spring apogee  
in the neighbour's garden  
stealing cherries

*Goran Gatalica*  
*Croatia*

summer time  
dad makes a paper flower  
for his granddaughter

*Christina Sng*  
*Singapore*

fading light  
how I can not worry  
about my father

*Christina Sng*  
*Singapore*



late night TV—  
again missing how  
the story ends

*Edward J. Rielly*  
USA

sunset jog—  
I run into the darkness  
of myself

*Bryan Rickert*  
USA

insomnia  
waking up too early  
to be early

*Brad Bennett*  
USA

spring fever—  
busy signal  
at the crisis line

*Michael Meyerhofer*  
USA

takeout...  
the long line  
of ants

*Robert B. McNeill*  
USA

ginko visitor  
after first reading:  
'Is that all?'

*Quendryth Young*  
Australia

funeral dance  
one man follows the lead  
of liquor

*Kwaku Feni Adow*  
*Ghana*

bubble wrap  
the noiseless popping  
of a dream

*Vandana Parashar*  
*India*

evening concert  
his favorite music  
puts him to sleep

*Adelaide B. Shaw*  
*USA*

last poem recited  
the trombonist empties  
his spit valve

*Brad Bennett*  
*USA*

sun lounge  
a long shadow slumps  
across the deck

*Gavin Austin*  
*Australia*

first garden  
waiting for the corn  
to listen

*Valentina Ranaldi-Adams*  
*USA*

my wife's footprints  
in newly fallen snow  
their own beauty

*ayaz daryl nielsen*  
*USA*

always guilty **EC**  
sometimes  
for things I did

*Perry L. Powell*  
*USA*

wedding bouquet  
promises of eternal love  
already withering

*Dimitrij Škrk*  
*Slovenia*

cleaning the mirror  
her crow's feet  
glisten

*Đurđa Vukelić Rožić*  
*Croatia*

candlelit argument—  
the waitress  
takes my wife's side

*Michael Meyerhofer*  
*USA*

with a wave  
the professor dismisses  
a fly

*Robert Witmer*  
*Japan*

hoping this high  
is high enough  
levee walk

*Bill Cooper*  
USA

bad news on TV  
but from my window I see  
cherry blossoms

*Ed Bremson*  
USA

after the quake  
a slight tremor  
in her voice

*Robert B. McNeill*  
USA

cold day—  
the fashionista in  
a skimpy top

*Barnabas I. Adeleke*  
Nigeria

moment of truth  
last night's resolution  
hair of the dog

*Barbara Tate*  
USA

annual update  
to the birthday list  
deleting Dad

*Lori Becherer*  
USA

sundowner  
we tell ourselves  
the same old lies

*Eva Limbach*  
*Germany*

old wares  
our frugal childhoods  
at flashy prices

*Jan Dobb*  
*Australia*

thank God  
my wife is a virgo—  
boat life

*peterb*  
*USA*

boatlife  
OMG my husband  
is a Leo

*an'ya*  
*USA*

jumping rope  
the world turns  
on its axis

*Bernard Gieske*  
*USA*

around the piano  
we match his baritone  
with our zeal

*Madhuri Pillai*  
*Australia*

family reunion—  
blots on the tablecloth  
from old wine

*Rajandeep Garg*  
*India*

late night TV  
our dogs pricks her ears  
to a wolf call

*Simon Hanson*  
*Australia*

summer games  
the homeless man  
counting on silver

*John Soules*  
*Canada*

son's first painting  
a yellow moon curled  
around the edges

*Cynthia Rowe*  
*Australia*

his cryptic message—  
shaving the same leg  
twice

*Julie Warther*  
*USA*

yellow nails  
the mystery of one orange  
unravelling

*ewinedd melyn  
dirgelwch un oren  
wedi ei ddatrys*

*John Rowlands  
Wales*

high heels  
the street musician  
forgets the lyrics

*високи токчета  
уличният музикант  
забравя текста*

*Vessislava Savova  
Bulgaria*

therapeutic effect  
a deep breath before  
signing a check

*terapeutyczny efekt  
głęboki wdech przed  
podpisaniem czeku*

*Lech Szegłowski  
Polska*

through today  
to the scent of yesterdays  
sawing logs

*trwy heddiw  
i arogl doeau  
llifio coed*

*John Rowlands  
Wales*

singing mass...  
a flock of crows on the belfry  
helps the choir

*pjevanje mise*  
*pomaže jato vrana s*  
*crkvenog tornja*

*Stjepan Rožić*  
*Croatia*

lift-off  
the pill that grounds me

*Scott Wiggerman*  
*USA*

*zafu zabuton zazen zzzzz*

*Mary Kendall*  
*USA*

pregnancy  
learning to take  
baby steps

*Kunjana Parashar*  
*India*

lower oil prices...  
the sound of a perfect pitch

*Pat Geyer*  
*USA*

one dozen **EC**  
long-stemmed roses  
what was his name?

*Dottie Piet*  
*USA*

my father's forehead everything I needed to know

*Joy MacVane*  
*USA*



dead silence  
the forever after  
your last breath

*David J. Kelly*  
*Ireland*

public market  
all the rice varieties  
I'll never see on my plate

*pamilyang bayan*  
*iba't ibang uring bigas*  
*kailanma'y 'di matitikman*

*Anthony Q. Rabang*  
*Philippines*

cow in a pasture  
waving to the picnickers  
with her tail

*krava na paši*  
*maše izletricima*  
*repom*

*Nina Kovačić*  
*Croatia*

moonless night  
the prostitute invites him  
to dance

*безлунна нощ*  
*проститутката го кани*  
*на танц*

*Vessislava Savova*  
*Bulgaria*

---

## Editor's Choice Senryu

I took over as the senryu editor of *cattails* with this edition. And what an overwhelming and full hearted reception I have been given from all poets that submitted some especially wonderful works! I am truly honoured and humbled. Of these, I have tried and picked out six that stood out after many readings. I ended up with about a dozen senryu at the end that I kept returning to. With great difficulty, I have pared them down to half a dozen.

---

airport pickup...  
he asks how much  
baggage I have

*Julie Warther*  
*USA*

The seemingly innocuous question, perhaps posed by the cab driver, has so many connotations. Does that remind one of an indiscretion when on a trip? Or is it just before embarking on a trip, maybe to get away from a difficult situation? All of us have baggage that we carry around, often unnecessarily so. This is often brought to the fore by a passing unrelated comment by someone. A fine senryu Julie Warther!

---

on the bath scale...  
taking off  
her glasses

*Đurđa Vukelić Rožić*  
*Croatia*

This one definitely brought a chuckle each time I read it. Did the person take off her glasses to take that much/little weight off? Or was she avoiding the obvious so she could read what she wanted to without the glasses? A lovely reminder of how we humans resort to obviously silly things, knowingly fooling ourselves in order to keep our happiness and feel-good factor. Thank you for this senryu Đurđa Vukelić Rožić.

---

the youngest  
leaves for college  
extra bird seed

*Joy McVane*  
*USA*

This senryu portrays the "empty nest" very well. Parting from a child is always emotional and painful for a parent. This would be even more acute when it is the last child that leaves home, making the nest truly empty. I see a mom that is still wanting to feed and nourish her child and transfers that urge to feeding birds in the garden. What a poignant senryu by Joy McVane!

---

hospital elevator  
the doors open  
to another story

*Simon Hanson*  
*Australia*

Hospital elevators are like train bogies/compartments. Those in hospitals, in particular, breed kinship between those traveling together, on a shared ground of sickness to self or family. Once we get in, there is a story or two in there. We exit and the door shuts on one but opens to many other stories on the ward. Nice one Simon Hanson!

---

one dozen  
long-stemmed roses  
what was his name?

*Dottie Piet*  
*USA*

The many declarations of love! The heartaches and heartbreaks! Life is full of these, and each time it feels the strongest. And these moments are filled with storing emotional cues and associations- so much so that, with the passage of time, only these remain and the other details, once important, are now

buried and forgotten. Here, some guy bared his heart a long time ago with a dozen roses; oh yes they had long stems. His face is still as vivid as on the day it happened. But then, what was his name? Good portrayal of the vagaries of time Dottie Piet!

---

always guilty  
sometimes  
for things I did

*Perry L. Powell*  
USA

Ah! How true this one rings! Especially at moments when we are feeling low and vulnerable, we often torture ourselves endlessly over things we did and we didn't, and not always truly or justly. I particularly could identify with this one as my dad is critically ill presently, and I am rueing all the things I did and didn't, wishing I had done things differently. Touching senryu this one, Perry L. Powell!

---

Thank you again for all of you that submitted and congrats to all published poets. Let me say that every one of your works that is included in this edition could have been an editor's choice. I have only chosen what I thought worked the best for me.

—UHTS *cattails* Senryu Editor Shrikaanth Krishnamurthy, United Kingdom

# *cattails*

**September 2016**

## **Tanka**

### **Tanka Introduction**

For your convenience, we have created introduction pages to each category that we publish in *cattails*, collected works of the UHTS. We hope that this will clarify for both old-timers and new writers specifics, since 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/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. We encourage you to send a translation of your tanka in "your" native language.

**REMINDER:** Please send any/all tanka submissions (within the "body" of an email), with the Subject heading of TANKA in all caps. You can submit tanka to David Terelinck at:

submittocattails+TANKA@gmail.com

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

so many boats  
sit at the marina>  
chained to the dock  
I, too, must lose my moorings  
to set myself free

*Thelma Mariano*  
*Canada*

your skin  
the silver gray of saints  
alabaster moon...  
I no longer pretend  
to understand the night

*Joy Reed MacVane*  
*USA*

the tone **EC**  
going up instead  
of down&mdash;  
she still understand  
my morning greeting

*Ruth Holzer*  
*USA*

somehow in  
my dreams you left me  
with a smile  
tell me this was by design  
to taunt my love-fettered soul

*Thomas Sacramona*  
*USA*

two butterflies  
zigzag through a curtain  
of willow...  
once again our love affair  
leads to nowhere

*Chen-ou-Liu*  
*Canada*

fog on the ocean  
we are unable to see  
but still we can feel  
in a lighthouse of romance  
no fog shall keep us adrift

*an'ya*  
*USA*

a secret smile  
led to wine and dinner  
at a laneway bar—  
in another's garden  
will the stolen orchid bloom?

*Gavin Austin*  
*Australia*

many changes  
since my last visit—  
mist cloaking  
familiar landmarks  
on the hills of home

*Marilyn Humbert*  
*USA*



fallen leaves  
suddenly gather  
momentum  
whirling in unison  
crackling through the air

*Aju Mukhopadhyay*  
*India*

autumn leaves  
carpet my daydreams  
the king I am  
walks toward a winter  
of white nights by firelight

*Dietmar Tauchner*  
*Austria*

after you fled  
the nest, I planted  
baby's tears  
oh, but the weight  
of this hanging garden

*Cynthia Rowe*  
*Australia*

our favorite table  
memory sits in her seat  
chatting . . .  
I hear the word hospice  
and cover my ears

Elizabeth Howard  
USA

ocean waves  
more powerful with each crash  
onto shore  
one by one steps in the sand  
head for a rising red sun

*Jesus Chameleon*  
*USA*

leafless tree  
I long to hug you  
all night  
for just like me  
you bear no fruit

*Celestine Nudanu*  
*Ghana*

...instead  
I paddle in the sea  
this Sunday  
wavelets ebb with church bells  
into depths beyond my ken

*Jan Dobb*  
*Australia*

I came close  
to throwing it out—  
this plastic brush,  
a fine silver mesh  
formed from her last strands

*Janet Lynn Davis*  
*USA*

certain nights  
on the run as well  
I'm relieved  
that there is no place  
for me to arrive

*Eva Limbach*  
*Germany*

even now  
you are so beautiful  
in memory  
my regrets of letters left  
in a trunk in the north end

*Thomas Martin*  
*USA*

fireworks booming—  
somewhere there's a celebration  
this spring night  
with the full moon and the stars  
there needs no other reason

*Adelaide B. Shaw*  
*USA*

shrunk creek  
spilling into dusk  
ironweed  
draws the last butterflies...  
who too will soon be gone

*Anna Cates*  
*USA*

the songs  
my father sang to me  
in a tongue  
I could not understand  
still, they carry me home

*Debbie Strange*  
*Canada*

sky and water  
merging with the cry  
of an osprey  
and if not from here...  
where will my joy come

*Susan Colpitts*  
*Canada*

breathing in  
her freedom of spirit  
a confident...  
when I feel slowed  
by my own circumstance

*Anne Louise Curran*  
*New Zealand*

almost morn  
before we part...  
the scent  
of night blooming cactus  
pricks our breaking hearts

*Pat Geyer*  
*USA*

the sharp intake  
of grief this dawn  
when I wake  
to the whiteness  
of an empty bed

*Dawn Bruce*  
*Australia*

a hint  
of moonlight wakens  
the river  
those little wrinkles  
in the corners of your smile

*Hazel Hall*  
*Australia*

dusk  
the sky grey ... pink  
then grey  
a flag slackens  
in the dying light

*Elaine Riddell*  
*New Zealand*

mastered  
the art of loving  
myself  
i let go of imperfections  
& the need to be right

*Pamela A. Babusci*  
*USA*

how fragile  
threads woven between us  
easily frayed  
our intense tending  
for the sake of the garden

*Giselle Maya*  
*France*

a lone crow  
on the telephone cable...  
between us  
a continent, an ocean  
of foreign silence

*Chen ou-Liu*  
*Canada*

by the river **EC**  
having a life talk  
while two  
great blue herons soar  
past us showing the way

Leslie Bamford  
Canada

cloud tufts  
caught on the tips  
of fir trees  
the scent of your hair  
still clings to my pillow

Clayton Beach  
USA

brushing leaves  
from my cane garden chair  
fingertips skim,  
catch on broken ends...  
fair cost for a seat in the sun

*Sandra Renew*  
*Australia*

along the shore  
waves never cease washing up  
with the high tide  
on a moonless night some  
memories still haunt me

*Bernard Gieske*  
*USA*

in my garden  
a gatekeeper butterfly  
basks in the sun  
I cover my pale body  
only coming out at night

*Debbie Strange*  
*Canada*

a mothball rolls  
into attic silence  
old hallmarks  
from cold yesterdays  
vanish in the dust

*Anna Cates*  
*USA*

morning wind  
gently embraces me  
her tender voice  
from an unknown distance keeps  
me listening time and again

*Pravat Padhy*  
*India*

dewdrops **EC**  
settle on my skin  
still colder  
this consistent touch  
of unfulfilled desires

*Rajan Garg*  
*India*

storm over  
the carpet spread of  
autumn leaves  
but where are you now  
to crunch them by my side

*Adjei Agyei-Baah*  
*Ghana*

this former spouse  
unworthy of forgiveness  
or so they tell me  
and yet ... and yet good friends  
Are so hard to find

*Donna Buck*  
*USA*



no berries yet  
on the holly tree  
for two decades  
you wait for my apology  
I wait for the right words

*Samantha Sirimanne Hyde*  
*Australia*

alone again  
on the Pacific shore...  
winter moonlight  
forming a narrow path  
to the land I left behind

*Chen-ou-Liu*  
*Canada*

her voice  
so soft and cordial  
like breezes  
from the southern coast  
she has left behind

*Helga Stania*  
*Switzerland*

undulating  
this country road  
past seared farms  
through unblemished forests  
ah! the peace in our breath

*Madhuri Pillai*  
*India*

moonlight  
seeps through cracks  
in the roof—  
that one spurt of life  
in a dying flame

*Shrikaanth Krishnamurthy*  
*United Kingdom*

the muse  
so fickle and flighty  
appears to be back  
do I dare purchase  
another ream of paper

*John Soules*  
*Canada*

vernal equinox...  
meditating to recorded  
nature sounds  
a sadness I can't name  
finally overcomes me

*Cyndi Lloyd*  
*USA*

a squirrel  
buries the almond  
I gave him  
then returns yet again...  
another knock on my door

*Mary Davila*  
*USA*

whether to buy  
a book on making soup  
I may or may not use...  
an unwilling homemaker  
by instinct or by choice

*Anne Louise Curran*  
*New Zealand*

bits of sky  
plop in the wishing well  
night after night  
as night after night the moon  
fishes them out for his own

*Alegria Imperial*  
*Canada*

Milky Way—  
an undelivered message  
between our stars  
fitful dreams in the darkness  
lonely without your pillow

*Goran Gatalica*  
*Croatia*

at the edge  
of a cliff, i stand  
and see  
a long, long way down...  
empty without you

*Ramesh Anand*  
*India*

my neighbor  
tends her maidenhair—  
bent fingers  
trembling among the fronds  
stirred in a twilight breeze

*Gavin Austin*  
*Australia*

off-guard  
at the swelling  
of my heart  
when the prodigal  
daughter returns home

*Marianne Paul*  
*Canada*

a parakeet's  
cage door left open  
in a whoosh  
the sky turns every  
colour of the rainbow

*John Wisdom*  
*USA*

these stones  
skim across water  
letting go  
of every burden,  
I float into light

*Debbie Strange*  
*Canada*

years ago I heard  
the wind wuthering  
all night long—  
a bleakness so forlorn  
loneliness bereft of words

*Mary Kendall*  
*USA*

on a still  
September night—  
the lake  
barely ripples  
my lonesome shadow

*Karen O'Leary*  
*USA*

midnight sky  
behind the curtains  
of my dreams  
a fawn sips light by light  
hues of the aurora

cerul nopții  
în spatele cortinei  
viselor mele  
un cerb soarbe rază cu rază  
nuanțele aurorei

*Steliana Cristina Voicu*  
*Romania*

a midnight train  
dwindling with you...  
only my eyes  
need several minutes  
to adjust to darkness

Un tren de noapte  
se tot duce cu tine...  
doar ochii  
mi se adaptează  
rapid la întuneric

*Lavana Kray*  
*Romania*

sunbeams **EC**  
all over my garden  
daffodils  
but vases at home  
are still lost in dust

слънчеви лъчи  
из цялата ми градина  
глухарчета  
но вазите у дома  
все още са покрити с прах

*Vessislava Savova*  
*Bulgaria*

winter's chill  
falling asleep we listen  
to our breaths  
early morning sunshine  
lights the empty bedding

zimowy chłód  
zasypiając wsłuchujemy się  
w swoje oddechy  
poranne słońce  
oświecła pustą pościel

*Magda Sobieszek*  
*Poland*

in the attic  
a long play record  
FASCINATION...  
from a nearby treetop  
the nightingale's song

na tavanu  
stara long play ploča  
OČARAVANJE...  
iz obližnje krošnje  
pjesma slavuja

*Đurđa Vukelić-Rožić*  
*Croatia*

divorce date **EC**  
a red rose fades  
between us  
how sharp the thorns  
of unspoken words

离婚的日子  
一朵红玫瑰雕谢了  
我们之间  
那未出口的词语之刺  
多么尖利

*David He*  
*China*



## Editor's Choice Tanka

the tone  
going up instead  
of down—  
she still understands  
my morning greeting

*Ruth Holzer*  
*USA*

For one of my Editor's choices, what a wonderful tanka by Ruth Holzer from the USA, in keeping with the spirit of Japanese court poetry. Lovers perhaps? We don't know for sure but what we do know is that something during the night has spurred a different tone of voice for the "morning greeting", and that it is understood by both parties. With the bonus of a perfect short, long, short, long, long tanka rhythm as well.

---

dewdrops  
settle on my skin  
still colder  
this consistent touch  
of unfulfilled desires

*Rajan Garg*  
*India*

For my next Editor's Choice, this fine tanka composed by Rajan Garg, is once again in keeping with that spirit of court poetry. Juxtaposing the feel of cold dewdrops to the consistent touch of unfulfilled desires is brilliant and the rhythm is once again commendable, especially the last line being the very longest. Nice work by this well known author from India.

---

by the river  
having a life talk  
while two  
great blue herons soar  
past us showing the way

*Leslie Bamford*  
*Canada*

Another well written Editor's Choice is this tanka from Leslie Bamford of Canada. Something in nature "showing the way" to a couple "having a life talk". Not to be redundant, but again but the s, l, s, l, l rhythm (not syllable count) here is important in order to distinguish that it is a tanka rather than a short poem. The words "life talk" set this tanka apart, and the visual of great blue herons soaring is striking as well.

---

sunbeams  
all over my garden  
daffodils  
but vases at home  
are still lost in dust

*слънчеви лъчи*  
*из цялата ми градина*  
*глухарчета*  
*но вазите у дома*  
*все още са покрити с прах*

*Vessislava Savova*  
*Bulgaria*

For this Editor's Choice, I've selected this tanka by Vessislava Savova from Bulgaria. Nothing lost in translation here and a very bright image of "sunbeams" and "daffodils" juxtaposed with the grayness of "vases lost in dust". We are left only to imagine why and what kind of metaphor this author intended. Thank you Vessislava for sharing this one with our readers.

---

divorce date  
a red rose fades  
between us  
how sharp the thorns  
of unspoken words

离婚的日子  
一朵红玫瑰雕谢了  
我们之间  
那未出口的词语之刺  
多么尖利

*David He*  
*China*

For my final choice, this "real life" tanka from David He of China that many can relate to. Ultimately a failed marriage fading in juxtaposition with the color of a once bright red rose, albeit the thorns are still sharp, like "unspoken words". Nice work on this one.

—UHTS *cattails* principal editor an'ya, USA

# *cattails*

**September 2016**

## **Youth Corner**

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### **Welcome to the September, 2016 edition of *cattails* Youth Corner**

Adding to the news shared in the last edition of *cattails*, about the "I Love Reading CBSE-KATHA Initiative", I want to add that Katha's Writers' Workshop 2016 for schools is happening in three zones, namely the Northern zone in Delhi, the Eastern zone in Jorhat, and the Southern zone in Hyderabad... and haiku will be included big time in all these regional workshops.

Search for Excellence in Creative Writing is spreading like wildfire and the result is that we are going to have a new crop of young minds to challenge the world word for word! But these workshops with haiku included are scheduled only for the months of October and November.

More good news for the "Youth Corner" is the increase in submissions from the USA. We had quite a few for this edition and offer a special 'thank you' to Tom Painting for sending his students' work.

Enjoy this collection of haiku specially brought to you in this *cattails*...quite a few from our regular contributors, who have become masters now. Special mention to Iqra Raza, Aashna Goyal and Emma Jones!

---

The *Tejas* Award (*Tejas* in Sanskrit means "fire" and/or "brilliance") goes to Aashna Goyal, for this beautiful haiku. Linking to cultural memory is very important when writing haiku and we as adults try our best to do this... see how effortlessly [or so it seems]; Aashna has done just that! A *bindi* is that red dot seen on the foreheads of Indian women. It brightens up a woman's face and it's lovely that Aashna is able to bring this subtle nuance into her haiku by adding 'morning sun' on L 3. I really like it.

a *bindi*  
on my mom's forehead...  
morning sun

*Aashna Goyal*  
(age 16) India

Editor's FIRST Choice includes TWO haiku, by Iqra Rasa & Maia Savich.

After a few years of reading haiku, one comes to the conclusion that there can no longer be a fresh take on the Buddha or cherry blossoms... for these themes have been done to death. But here is Iqra's haiku on not just one Buddha but many Buddhas! This piece reminded me of Sri Lanka's Dambulla Cave Temple where (they say) there is a line of Buddhas walking to meet the Buddha.

first light...  
the tall shadows of  
little Buddhas

*Iqra Raza*  
(age 18) India

Maia's haiku perfectly captures the meals, laughter and all that it means when we meet our cousins during those family-get-togethers.

meaty fists  
to my stomach  
Ah, cousins

*Maia Savich*  
(age 11) USA

Editor's SECOND Choice:

dad's *kurta*  
on the backyard clothesline...  
a flying superhero

*Parinidhi Sharma*  
(age 18) India

Parinidhi's haiku is so typical of what children think of their dad's capabilities and how that hero-worship begins at such an early stage. As adults, we are shaken up to think we are put on a pedestal and need to live up to our children's assessment of us—and mind you, they are constantly doing that; scary!

Editor's THIRD Choice

family reunion  
we watch grandma  
buried

*Sadie Holcomb*  
(age 14) USA

family reunion...  
an aroma of granny's cake  
in my mother's tale

*Iqra Raza*  
(age 18) India

heavy rains—  
the broken seal  
of the last food can

*Iqra Raza*  
(age 18) India

I've chosen these 3 haiku as my Editor's THIRD Choices, for these kids talk so warmly about their mothers and grandmothers and I feel really good about that. All over the globe, things aren't that different and family ties are precious.

Look at this beautiful image from Iqra: an aroma of granny's cake/in my mother's tale. I'm clean bowled over by such clear understanding of what makes haiku work, when so many of us still struggle with the rules and conventions when writing our haiku.

Honourable Mentions (in no particular order)

a butterfly  
unfolds its wings...  
school assembly

*Lakshay Gandotra*  
(age 13) India

first time  
the melody of notes  
from my cello

*Nyjah Lee*  
(age 14) USA

metro crowd—  
the policeman's Labrador  
enjoys a nap

*Iqra Raza*  
(age 18) India

sunlight hangs  
in the rain droplets...  
dusty window

*Emma Jones*  
(age 16) USA

black clouds—  
a monkey dances  
to drum beats

*Aashna Goyal*  
(age 16) India

light filters  
through the moss...  
woods

*Maia Savich*  
(age 11) USA:

power outage  
the house lit with  
cell phones

*Sadie Holcomb*  
(age 14) USA

ripples  
the koi finds  
a place in the sky

*Lila Chiles*  
(age 14) USA

first light  
my sister still humming  
that same song

*Emma Jones*  
(age 16) USA

gran's death—  
i still struggle  
with upturned umbrellas

*Iqra Raza*  
(age 18) India

*UHTS cattails Youth Corner Editor Kala Ramesh, India*



*cattails*

**September 2016**

**Contest Winners**

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**2016 Fleeting Words Tanka Competition  
Results**

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It has been an honor for me to judge this competition. As a judge and as a person, I still look to the original spirit and embodiment of court tanka, ie: communication between lovers, secret desires, nature, and beauty of thought. However, I also consider "real life" happenings, although not negative subjects such as war, religious smears, medical procedures, racial slurs, rape, propaganda, politics, personal problems, and other similar subjects.

I feel these offensives belong with the news media as we are not reporters or journalists. We are the admirers, philosophers, the romantics, lovers of this natural world...poets are the carrier pigeons of lofty yet simple down-to-earth thoughts. Having said this, here are my choices for the UHTS Fleeting Words Competition.

—UHTS Contest Judge: *an'ya cattails* principal editor

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**FIRST PLACE**

mute swans  
under a moon bridge  
the things  
I should have confessed  
make no difference now

*Debbie Strange*  
*Canada*

Selected for the first place in this competition, is this tanka by a well known author from Canada, Debbie

Strange. Smoothly composed, the words "mute swans" in line 1 and "under a moon bridge" in line 2 starts it off beautifully. Debbie creates a distinct pause before she goes into lines 2 and 3 which juxtapose with a human relationship. This tanka then finally spills over to line 5, in a flowing crescendo and the moment of closure. Simple images, and straightforward words make this tanka work for anyone and everyone who reads it.

---

## SECOND PLACE

now often alone  
in late summer's cooling breeze  
no one brings my shawl  
shivering I'll wait for you  
warmed by recalling your touch

*Shirley A. Plummer*  
*USA*

In Second Place is this lovely tanka by Shirley A. Plummer from the USA. Written from the heart it depicts a current state of loneliness as well as past memories at the same time. The author is alone "often now", and "shivering", but still warmed by the fond recall of a touch. Thanks to Shirley for sharing this one with *cattails* readers.

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## THIRD PLACE

in this old forest  
all the trees are so silent  
after the blizzard—  
the birds begin to release  
the first branches from the snow

*Eduard TARA*  
*Romania*

Chosen for Third Place in this competition, is this metaphoric tanka entered by Eduard TARA from Romania. It's main point happens in line 4, and is about "release" in whatever form to whomever or however it may come. Eduardo manages through multiple nature images and various words such as "old forest", "trees/branches", "blizzard/snow", and "birds" to metaphorically compare to relationships of human nature.

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## HONORABLE MENTION

Last but not least in any manner, is his interesting tanka written by Slobodan Pupovac from Croatia. What a wonderful repetition of word thought in the last two lines! Normally a comma disrupts the flow of a tanka, however in this case, it enhances and adds a perfect pause. This is a beautifully written tanka in this judge's opinion. *Hvala lepo* (thank you very much) Slobodan!

morning sun  
shyly peers into  
our room  
the fog descended  
upon our bed, the fog

*Slobodan Pupovac*  
*Croatia*

Note: For future reference, our three contests are:

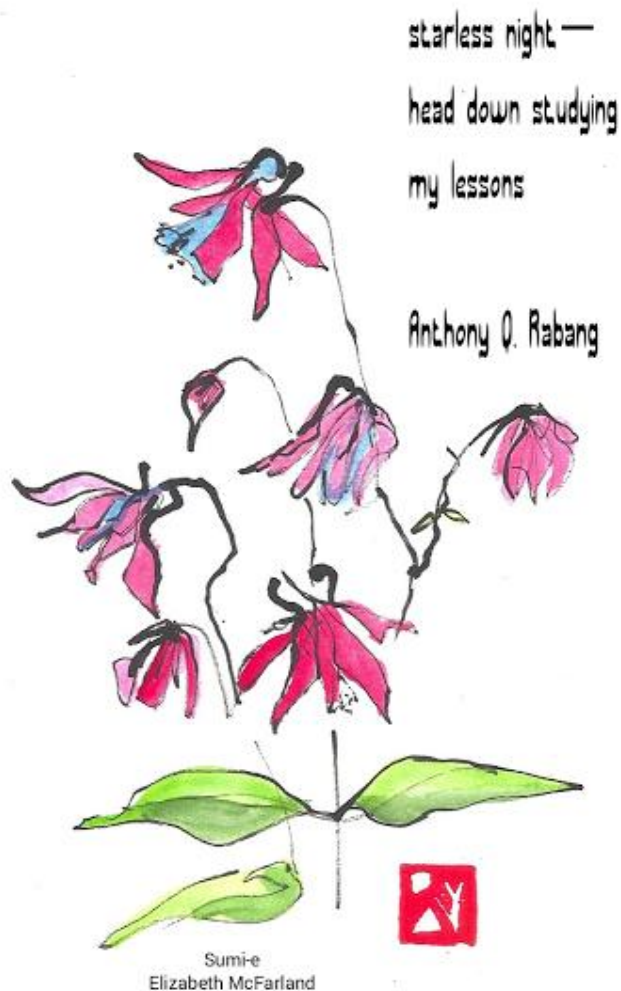
May - aha (Annual Hortensia Anderson) Awards for Haiku/Senryu;  
September - Fleeting Words Tanka Competition;  
January - Samurai Haibun Contest;

*cattails*

**September 2016**

**Pen this Painting**

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For this lovely sumi-e by UHTS resident artist, Elizabeth McFarland from Germany, an interesting haiku by Anthony Q Rabang from the Philippines. It coincides nicely with the columbine blossoms turned

down, just as the student's head must be while studying his lessons. Ever so subtly composed so as not to overwhelm the artwork, just enhance it, which is what a good collaboration of poetry and art should accomplish for a fine haiga such as this. Congratulations Anthony!, and thank you Beth!

—*cattails* principal editor an'ya, USA

*cattails*

**September 2016**

**Book Reviews**

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The last formal book reviews *cattails* presented in the May edition ended our presentation of the review process, we will gladly accept your book information for our new "Book Announcements" page (for members books only - with a publish date within the previous 12 months).

If you would like *cattails* to announce your newly released book, please send the following information (in the body of an email) to Barbara Snow, our UHTS Book Compiler at:  
submittocattails+BOOK@gmail.com with the subject heading BOOK, and include the following information:

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## Book Announcements

Calatori prin anotimpuri - HAIBUN – Antologie romano-americană (Travelers through Seasons – HAIBUN – American-Romanian anthology), Nicolitov, Valentin (Romania) and Bruce Ross (USA), eds. Editura Societatii Scriitorilor Romani, Bucuresti, 2016. Perfect bound, 7 7/8 x 5 inches, 256 pages, in Romanian and English. ISBN 978-606-8412-36-8. No ordering information given.

Finding a Way, by Robert Witmer. Cyberwit.net, 2016. Four-color card cover perfect bound, 8 ½ x 5 ½ inches. ISBN 978-93-85945-13-7, US\$15.00, order from Amazon US or Cyberwit.net

IUBIREA DINCOLO DE TIMP – poeme într-un vers și haiku de dragoste (Love beyond time – one line poems and love haiku) (L'amour au-delà du temps – poèmes à un vers et haïkou), by Adina Al. Enachescu. Editura Societatii Scriitorilor Romani, Bucuresti, 2016. Perfect bound, 8 x 5 3/8 inches, in Romanian, English, French. ISBN 978-606-8412-39-9. No ordering information given.

A Shared Umbrella: the responsive tanka & renga of Beverley George & David Terelinck, by Beverley George and David Terelinck, Eucalypt, 2016. Paperback, perfect bound, 5 ¾ x 8 ¼ inches. ISBN 9780994367013, \$16 USD including postage, email inquiry or PayPal to: tanka\_oz@yahoo.com.au

A Soft Flutter, by Nancy Nitrio, soft cover, binding saddle-stitched by hand, 4 ½ x 6 ½ inches, Buddha Baby Press, Windsor, CT, 2016. No ISBN. \$8.00 includes shipping and handling, order from author: nancy@ranvest.com

Stone's Throw: Promises of Mere Words, haiku by Gary Hotham, Pinyon Publishing, Montrose, CO, June 2016. Soft cover, perfect bound, 112 pages, 5 ¼ x 8 inches. ISBN 978-1-936671-33-5. \$16.00, order from: [www.pinyon-publishing.com](http://www.pinyon-publishing.com), Amazon, & Ingram.

Thames Way, by Diarmuid Fitzgerald, Alba Publishing [www.albapublishing.com](http://www.albapublishing.com), Oct. 2015. Soft, perfect bound, 50 pages, 5 ¼ x 8 ¼ inches/21x15 cm. ISBN 978-1-910185-23-0. €12/US\$14/UK pounds 9, order from Diarmuid Fitzgerald email [deeinireland@gmail.com](mailto:deeinireland@gmail.com)

*cattails*

**September 2016**

**Featured Poet**

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**Presenting**

UHTS Featured Poet

*Marilyn Shoemaker Hazelton, USA*

President, Tanka Society of America



**My Journey**

**The House I Live In**

I am very grateful to an'ya, to Peter, and to UHTS for this opportunity to look back at early influences on my work as editor of *red lights*, on decisions I've made as TSA's President, and my teaching and writing.

The city where I grew up was working class and hyper-religious—a shaming culture, dismissive of girls and women, with societal straight-jackets for boys and men as well. It was difficult to develop an authentic sense of self there at that time. Authenticity was challenging for other reasons during my years of military service. However, I turned to poetry in 1970, while stationed in Thailand as a U.S. Air



Force historian, as an escape from collating records of “trucks killed” on the Ho Chi Minh Trail. That pivot toward creativity, on the edges of dehumanized language and massive destruction, lies at the heart of my creative awareness.

within the music  
of Vietnamese women  
asking?? answering??  
the manicurist takes my hand  
her nails unpolished, cracked

*Freedom Bird*

among the duffel bags—  
a cargo of caskets  
my cousin at Cam Ranh Bay  
killed by booze last year

Leaving the military, marrying, having and raising children affected the time I was able to spend on creative work, but enriched the efforts as well. Beginning in 2002, after being rostered as a teaching artist by the Pennsylvania Council on the Arts, I was trained to analyze my creative process and develop lesson plans. The purpose was to teach from my own creative center in a way that invited school students and workshop participants to write from theirs.

A theory that describes Five Stages of Creativity developed by a German physiologist and physicist, Herman Helmholtz, a French mathematician, Henri Poincaré, and an American psychologist, Jacob Getzels, guides my poetic process. I teach this theory as often as I can because it has given me an understanding that has been formative and inspiring, especially in working with the Japanese poetic forms.

Simplified (from the original scientific terms) into wording 5th graders can understand, the theory involves a rhythm of five stages:

1. *Beginning*
2. *Gathering (thoughts, memories, facts)*
3. *Letting Go;*
4. *Ah Ha! (the creative idea arrives)*
5. *Continuing (revision, completion, perhaps a return to Beginning)*

At the end of the second stage in a writing project, I often experience doubt and sometimes anxiety about the possibility of continuing. But the rhythmic structure of activity and pause helps me understand that doubt and anxiety (no matter how powerful) can be temporary. During the *Letting Go* time the unconscious keeps working often resulting in a flash of insight (*Ah Ha!*).

The three-part tanka form, with a setting described in the first 2-3 lines, followed by a pause, then pivoting toward an insight or realization, seems to follow the rhythm of the creative process theory described above. I've written many tanka that don't succeed. The poems that result in realization or insight change my life. And the creative process theory keeps me returning to paper and pen. Because the *Ah Ha's* do arrive and have the ability to change the past, the present and the future.  
they are shy

these women prisoners  
we write poems  
open the windows  
of our convictions

watching the news  
as she said, he said . . .  
recalling his hands  
below my breasts  
I cross my arms tightly

how is it  
tanka revises  
personal history?  
into this pivot  
my heart leaps

how our lives  
shift and change  
the years  
when I was speechless  
are done

Childhood now is even more confusing than when I was growing up. To invite young people to explore their own creativity, I often give examples of poems I've written especially for them.

ready  
to be a fool  
for spring  
daffodils too  
begin their honking

poetry  
is the house  
I live in  
it teaches me  
how to be strong

The rhythm of tanka has been a companion in terrible and easier times.

sending my son's  
death certificate  
to his creditors  
leaves rain down  
after the storm

light finds light  
this winter morning  
and I  
thankful in my grief  
to have known love

in the haze  
of tiny snowflakes falling  
my anger eases  
like all creatures  
it rests now and then

this is why  
I love violets in the spring  
sturdy and wild  
they redeem  
our broken world

in line  
at passport control  
sneezing  
I receive blessings  
in several languages

so many prayers  
Jewish, Muslim, Christian  
who can say  
which are answered?  
such hunger for God's love

It was a great joy to attend the 2016 Japan Tanka Poets' Festival in Karuizawa in June. I was impressed by the intensity of attention that participants gave to the poetry of fellow members. And how normal and usual the writing of tanka is for them. I enjoyed the opportunity to address the Festival and to thank those who were there for nurturing the tanka form and for sharing it with the world.

Finally, I anticipate that tanka will continue to craft and companion me on my journey.

there is a moment  
on summer mornings  
when I reach the shore  
where the river of time  
bends quite briefly

the shape  
of my sadness changes  
like a cloud drifting  
fraying, taking form again  
*oh, but I love this life*

Original versions of the tanka in this article have appeared in *moonset*, *Atlas Poetica*, *Simply Haiku*, *Gusts*, *Take Five*, *Vol. 3*, *Ribbons*, *Moonbathing*, and *red lights*.

*cattails*

***Tribute to Jane Reichhold 1937 - 2016***

**Poet/Artist/Editor of *lynx***

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Far and beyond the largest Tribute page we have ever assembled, over 150 submitters offered their work for these pages, most of those had four to ten works each, meaning approximately a total of around 1,000 poems were sent to us for Jane's tribute . . . typically, we chose carefully.

The park benches  
dither the oldies  
autumn leaves...

*Mrunali Thakore*  
INDIA

impulsively  
two sea otters romp upon  
a rain soaked dock  
while into port comes my muse  
and sea swells pound the lighthouse

*an'ya*  
USA

before I knew it  
her time was up  
mayfly

*Johnny Baranski*  
USA

sunset clouds-  
your farewell words  
still lingering

*Rajandeep Garg*  
INDIA

alone,  
watching the waves  
crash...  
she remembers  
the future

*Pat Geyer*  
USA

darkest night  
the brightest star  
shining on

*Mike Gallagher*  
USA

in its cover  
in your memory remains  
wondrous poet

*Vilma Knežević*  
CROATIA

a field withers  
beneath the hoarfrost—  
morning cold

*Tatjana Debeljacki*  
SERBIA

the sea,  
always the sea  
bringing us in  
and taking us out...  
the tides' rhythmic voices

*Janet Lynn Davis*  
USA

following Mars  
Venus and Jupiter  
go down with the sun  
and we are but stuff  
the stars are made of

*Marcyn Clements*  
USA

flapping wildly  
shredded shimenawa  
on the torii gates

*Barbara A. Taylor*  
AUSTRALIA

rainy night  
the gray expanse of  
memory

*Dottie Piet*  
USA

clouds  
above clouds  
returning home

*Nicholas Klacsanzky*  
UKRAINE

trailblazer  
paving the way  
for us all

*Christina Sng*  
SINGAPORE



drought  
koi gather in the center  
of the pond

*Alan S. Bridges*  
USA

Mother teaches me  
to swim and then  
we snorkel in blue waters  
first time together  
she releases my hand

*Connie R. Meester*  
USA

death on the beach  
her note in a bottle  
joins the tides

*Tyson West*  
USA

winter  
before and  
after the poem

*Elmedin Kadric*  
SWEDEN

a dove ascends  
above the morning mist  
weeping willow

*Janet Qually*  
USA

lights out at last  
shedding the burden  
of her shadow

*John Hawkhead*  
UNITED KINGDOM

sunflower at dusk yet blooming on

*Meik Blöttenberger*  
USA

without sparrows  
how empty  
this busy street

*Jim Force*  
CANADA

Shadows linger-  
the poet's pen and ink  
waiting too

*Beki Reese*  
USA

twilight burgundies  
another fallen starwish  
brushes thru the dusk

*Brett Brady*  
USA

right feather  
falling  
into a haiku

*Sue Colpitts*  
CANADA

*\*Author's Notes: The cardinal is the state bird  
of Ohio where Jane was born. And the format  
is inspired by Jane Reichhold's haiku (in American  
Haiku in Four Seasons)*

*falling  
the amount of rain  
in a haiku*

a lost pearl  
an oyster in search of it  
on the beach

*Ljubica Šporčić*  
CROATIA

two worlds  
touch in a swirl of fog  
along sea cliffs  
the rising flight of swallows  
the lingering scent of sage

*Jenny Ward Angyal*  
USA

from the beach  
taking Jane Home  
the poetry world less bright

*Janick Belleau*  
CANADA

her light on my way . . .  
the glow of a calla lily's  
warm candle

*Lorin Ford*  
AUSTRALIA

bay leaf  
a dewdrop rolls the sun  
to the ground

*Adjei Agyei-Baah*  
GHANA

a majestic bird singing  
scores of birdlings gather round  
learning her repertoire

*Elizabeth Howard*  
USA

morning in the fog  
the reed bent  
its plume

Ljubica Šporčić  
CROATIA

Haiku princess  
twinkling in the sky  
new bright star

*Dragica Ohashi*  
JAPAN

in the ocean  
drops connect drops  
over the horizon

*Nina Kovačić*  
CROATIA

Nothing seemed to move  
nor did I know  
summer could feel so cold  
the day I learned  
of her death

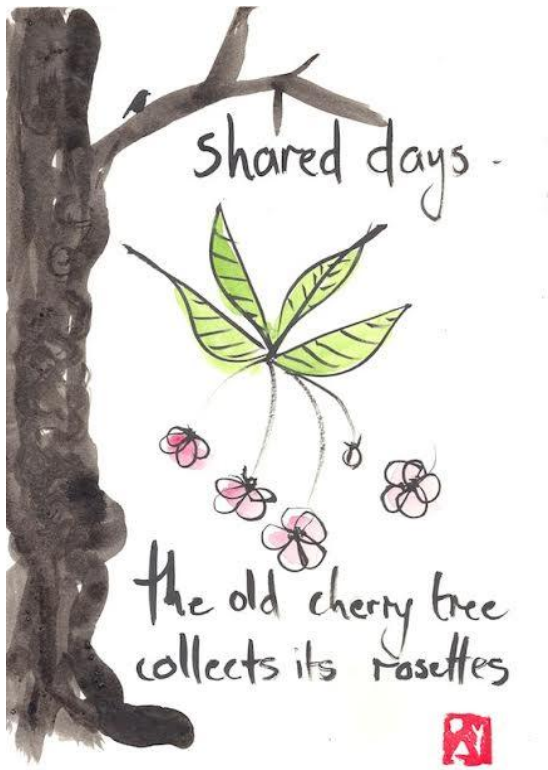
*Sylvia Forges-Ryan*  
USA

a lost pearl  
a pearl oyster in search of it  
on the beach

*Ljubica Šporčić*  
CROATIA

stormy night  
one more breaker  
set free

*Dr Brijesh Raj*  
INDIA



*Elizabeth McFarland*  
GERMANY

solitude garden  
all the butterflies  
on a rocky surface

*Pravat Kumar Padhy*  
INDIA

porch light flickers  
the dark  
you can't see through

*Tom Sacramona*  
USA

sand and tears  
in summer's waning days  
...enduring words

*Pat Daharsh*  
USA

hearing of her death  
cottonwood seeds  
ride the wind!

*Steve Hodge*  
USA

the day is singing  
come, we'll cross  
our old boundaries  
exhaling peace

*ayaz daryl nielsen*  
USA

three lines  
to paint a picture  
writing the good write

*David J. Kelly*  
IRELAND

solitude garden  
all the butterflies  
on a rocky surface

*Pravat Kumar Padhay*  
INDIA

vernal pool  
the dried up  
dreams

*Tom Sacramona*  
USA

working miracles  
the whole world caught in few words  
addicted to art

*Pitt Buerken*  
GERMANY

In loving memory  
between stars and dictionary  
haiku lessons

*Dragica Ohashi*  
Japan

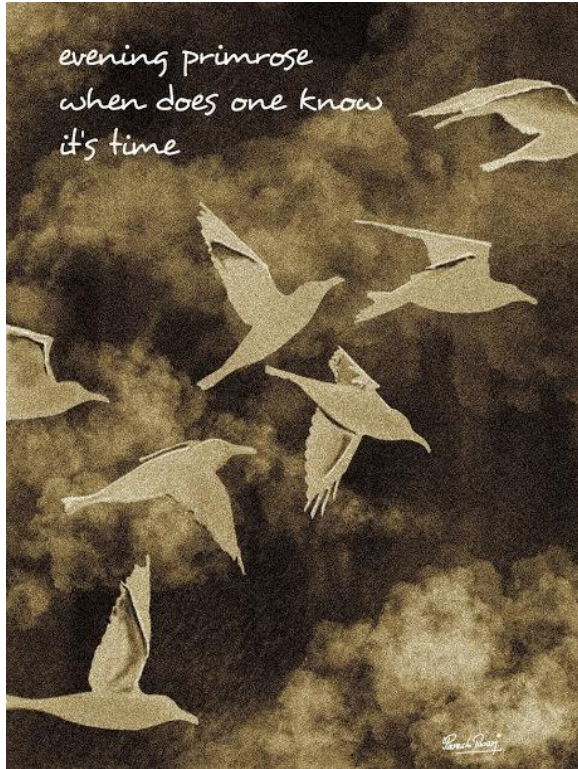
camping in the woods  
a narrow path begins  
and ends with itself

*Ernesto P. Santiago*  
PHILLIPINES

in a soft breeze  
a single wing shifts slightly—  
a dead monarch

*Don Wentworth*  
USA





Paresh Tiwari  
INDIA



Delores Fegen  
USA

purple loosestrife\*  
the drift of candle wax  
on a breeze

*Alan Summers*  
*UNITED KINGDOM*

*\* Jane's daughter Bambi told me she  
used to grow purple loosestrife on her  
flower farm.*

a purple sunset  
she does not resist  
to verses

*Nina Kovačić*  
*CROATIA*

a dove ascends  
above the morning mist  
windsong

*Janet Qually*  
*USA*

news of Jane's death  
bits of my summer night  
breaking off

*Chen-ou Liu*  
*CANADA*

folding the wind  
over and over  
in my hand  
still she flapped  
into sea mist

*Alegria Imperial*  
*CANADA*

going home—  
the last rays of sun  
in the gull's wings

*Carole MacRury*  
USA

Basho and Jane  
two crows perched on a bare branch  
nod to each other

*Neal Whitman*  
USA

still in shock  
the queen of haiku passed away-  
dew on red poppies

*Kristjaan Panneman*  
NETHERLANDS

so varied  
no common poppy field  
for poets

*Shirley Plummer*  
USA

grapes cut  
in the peach of dawn  
a vintage

*Clifford "Cuul" Lindemann*  
SOUTH AFRICA

Clear Flowing Stream

*David Landis Barnhill*

USA

It is tucked away, just a tiny waterfall and a miniature pool. But not far from Saigyō's hut, the water still flows quietly as it did in the monk-poet's time, as it did when Bashō visited here. Saigyō wrote:

trickling down,  
pure spring water  
falls over the mossy rocks,  
not enough to draw up  
for this hermit life

*tokutoku to/otsuru iwama no/koke shimizu/kumihosu hodo mo/naki sumai kana*

Bashō, arriving at this ato, this trace of a treasured past, offered his own poem, now carved onto an upright stone by the water.

dew trickles down:  
in it I would try to wash away  
the dust of the floating world

*tsuyu tokutoku/kokoromi ni ukiyo/susugabaya*

In the opening of *Narrow Road to the Deep North*, Bashō spoke of the ceaseless, shared flow of life. "Moon and sun are wayfarers of a hundred generations, the years too, going and coming, are wanderers." With nature itself, we all share this same, ultimate condition: "Each day is a journey, the journey itself home." He could not have imagined cars and computers, or a continent beyond the rising sun, or someone translating him into an unimaginable tongue. But he looked back to those who had died on their journey, knowing he would too, and he knew others would follow, a few gazing back upon him. He cherished them, without knowing them, for nature, and the poetic spirit, and wayfaring unto death binds us all.

clear water still dripping  
from moss rock to pool:  
moonlit clouds

a broken shell  
her words return  
in waves

*Debbie Strange*  
CANADA

power outage  
they write together  
...one candle

*Phyllis Lee*  
USA

Homecoming...  
the calm sea turns  
a deeper blue

*Ramona Linke*  
GERMANY

a hush  
with each wave  
moon silvered sand

*Simon Hanson*  
AUSTRALIA

blossoming cherry–  
old mosque courtyard  
and a stone catafalque

*Smajil Durmišević*  
BOSNIA/HERZEGOVINA

silent waves  
a pearl returns  
to its oyster

*Mohammad Azim Khan*  
PAKISTAN

wildflowers  
flood the foot path-  
rainbow's end

*Pris Campbell*  
USA

summer's end  
the old pine  
dies for lack of rain...  
my tears run in remembrance  
of Haiku Jane

*David He Zhuanglang*  
CHINA

ebbing sea...  
a place to rest  
on fresh sand

*Mohammad Azim Khan*  
PAKISTAN

empty beach  
waves pulling up  
the sea

*Lynette Arden*  
AUSTRALIA

filling in  
between fragment and phrase  
an empty space

*Hansha Teki*  
NEW ZEALAND

Evening chill  
the sound of the wind  
on its way to the sea

*Sylvia Forges-Ryan*  
USA

a night full of stars  
missing the one  
which twinkled

*Adelaide B. Shaw*  
USA

a low moon  
and the halo around it...  
leaves in silhouette

*Kala Ramesh*  
INDIA

dry season  
the dam shows the ribs  
of its depth

*Adjei Agyei-Baah*  
GHANA

touched by the ocean  
these grains of sand glistening  
in the light...  
the poetry we find  
in ordinary moments

*Rebecca Drouilhet*  
USA

*silence*  
*a room of somedays left*  
*undone*

*Barbara Tate*  
USA

day moon  
we see the marks  
of our imperfections

*Martha Magenta*  
UNITED KINGDOM

all the seasons ways  
she'd yet to see  
moonlight through leaves

*Rachel Sutcliffe*  
UNITED KINGDOM

Perseids  
if only just  
this once

*Michael Henry Lee*  
USA



the distance  
between here and there  
a lifetime  
floating in Bashō's pond—  
lotus flower

*Author's Note: It was because of Jane's encouragement that I pursued writing tanka and haiku. However, it was how our initial email exchange shifted, almost immediately, to a personal discussion of past lives that struck me most. It is with deep gratitude that I was able to cross paths with her on our separate journeys through life. Although I never had the privilege of meeting her in person, I will always cherish her welcoming and guiding spirit.*

Alexander Jankiewicz  
USA

after an intense gust  
the sea becoming  
an ocean of stillness

Joyce Joslin Lorenson  
USA

snow laden . . .  
another songbird falls  
silent

Veronika Zora Novak  
CANADA

rainwater  
trembling slightly  
red dragonfly

*woda deszczowa  
delikatnie drży  
czerwona ważka*

Marta Chocilowska  
POLAND

across the moon sky  
countless shooting stars  
echoing her words

*Bernard Gieske*  
USA

it droops  
the cedar, as never before  
gone too soon hermit warbler

*sonam chokki*  
BHUTAN

*Author's Note: Jane's email acknowledgement  
of submissions for LYNX was always warm and  
encouraging. She was one of a kind, both in her  
inspirational writing and generosity towards  
novices like myself.*

wood smoke  
floating across the lake  
tugboat moon

*Anna Cates*  
USA

a warm wind  
rippling the feather grass  
—ceases

*lysa collins*  
CANADA

gone not gone

*Ernest J Berry*  
NEW ZEALAND

after her death  
green and purple orchids  
in her memory

*Patricia Prime*  
NEW ZEALAND

waning moon  
in a vast sea  
of darkness

*Willie R. Bongcaron*  
PHILLIPPINES

after the storm  
high-masted clouds  
navigate by star

*William Hart*  
USA

sunset...  
the red slowly dissolves  
into ocean grey

*Raamesh Gowri Raghavan*  
INDIA

rippled weeping willow  
her absence again  
after leaving us

*Justice Joseph Prah*  
GHANA

t the end of her footsteps  
an old woman taps a ripe gourd  
autumn deepens

*Ken Sawitri*  
INDONESIA

autumn sparrow  
already looking for  
the next limb

*Ken Olson*  
USA

it was far away  
it was a long time ago  
my heart remembers

*ayaz daryl nielsen*  
USA

where did the cicada go?  
the ceaseless sound  
of August rain  
emptiness left>  
from cover to cover  
her haiku leaflet

*Lech Szeglowski*  
POLAND

afterglow...  
poem by poem  
the poet's life

*Michelle L. Harvey*  
USA

end of summer  
another sad poem  
no one wants

*Perry L. Powell*  
USA

last train station  
breaking in the rain  
cherry blossoms

*Steliana Cristina Voicu*  
ROMANIA

sky blue—  
the last flower atop  
the chicory spire

*Sara Winteridge*  
UNITED KINGDOM

Jane Reichold  
a bouquet of verses  
for eternity

*Goran Radičević*  
MONTENEGRO

tako tiho je...  
samo zvezde na nebu  
postajajo svetlejšje

all is so quiet...  
only the stars in the sky  
spark more brightly

*Dimitrij Škrk*  
SLOVENIA  
*Tr. by D.V.Rozic*

passing the light  
a setting sun comes to shore  
wave by wave

*B. Steiner*  
USA

nightingale song  
cashmere clouds cover  
the valley of roses

*Guliz Mutlu*  
*TURKEY*

every day again  
flowers open up to the sun  
she closed her eyes

*Kristjaan Panneman*  
*NETHERLANDS*

morning sun—  
clouds across  
its brightness

*Edward J. Rielly*  
*USA*

close to the edge  
the bold blue of  
a butterfly

*Eva Limbach*  
*GERMANY*

a sea breeze  
carries a celestial song  
from seashore  
to sunset  
a brilliant glow

*Mary Davila*  
*USA*

rippled weeping willow  
her absence again  
after leaving us

*Justice Joseph Prah*  
GHANA

deep in the green  
a thrush's song  
subsides

*Robert Witmer*  
USA

stormy silence—  
a feather pen dwindling  
to the sky

*Lavana Kray*  
ROMANIA

crystal pond  
my reflection shattered by  
the whiskers of a koi

*Cherese R. Cobb*  
USA

On the tree-lined boulevard in Moscow, at the start of the millennium, the Museum of Eastern Cultures used to sell the bookmarks with haiku and pictures, kind of the miniature haiga. They were unbelievably cheap and not copyrighted. On a rainy day I crossed the traffic lanes on my way to Arbat.

The huge bookstore was shining in the apartment building for the privileged Soviet movers and shakers. In the poetry section—miracle!—the book by Jane Reichhold sent a laser barcode ray into my eye. It was in Russian and I wondered who on this one seventh part of the dry world decided to translate and publish the book on haiku poetry. The country was in the turmoil of transition from its degenerated socialism back to rampant capitalism, the civil wars, big and small, were raging and here the book by a Western author was put on sale. The much coveted Amerussian convergence was in its full display. I let now Ms. Reichhold about her book “*Пушуме хайку!*” in the heart of Russia. She was pleased and wished me well.

Two years ago I raced along the same stretch of the Garden Ring and found that the fashion clothes outlet replaced the Reichhold's bookstore. Yet, some copies of her book could be found on the *Runet* (Russian Internet).

July morning  
the still sleeping homeless guy,  
his sunlit soles

*Zinovy Vayman*  
USA

trickling sand...  
the ocean takes back  
what belongs to it

*сипещ се пясък...*  
*океанът прибира*  
*каквото му принадлежи*

*Maya Lyubenova*  
BULGARIA



the curve  
of an emptied milkweed pod  
warm wind

*Hannah Mahoney*  
USA

endless journey...  
where a river joins the ocean  
the cries of gulls

*Rebecca Drouilhet*  
USA

bed time  
the tale stays unfinished  
she drifts in deep sleep

*Vishnu P Kapoor*  
INDIA

colored fungi  
gleaming on a dead tree stub  
touch of forever

*Pitt Buerken*  
GERMANY

*U čast pjesnika i umjetnika*

Jane Reichhold:

In honor of the poet and artist

Jane Reichhold:

*najbolji dokaz*

*da živjela je sa razlogom*

*svi je pamte*

the best evidence

that she lived with a mission

all the remember her

*zapisala je*

*sve iz svoje duše-*

*nezaboravna ...*

she wrote down

all she carried in her soul –

unforgettable . . .

*na haiku krilima*

*letjela je i odletjela -*

*u nezaborav*

on haiku wings

she flew and has flown away

to eternity

*na haiku krilima*

*izvan zaborava*

*ona leprša*

on the wings of haiku

out of forgetfulness

she flutters

with respect, *Sa poštovanjem,*

Božidar Škobić-Čika Boško

BOSNIA/HERZEGOVINA

Tan renga:

CAPITOL LETTERS: JANE REICHHOLD

Small letters D.V.Rozic, CROATIA

AN OLD WOMAN

CARRYING A BALLOON

HUFFS AND PUFFS

I love this nice little girl  
a bold guide in front of us

SUNDAY MORNING

ALL THE WAVES IN WHITE

KNEELING ON THE BEACH

blessed be a woman in white  
and her silken angel's wings

RECYCLING OLD GLASS

THE ROCKY BEACH

JEWEL-COVERED

necklace of !aha! moments  
gleaming in day and night

HIGH TIDE

THE SECRET SCRIPT

OF DRIFTWOOD SCRAPS

the stars nest in the ocean  
and poets glisten from the sky

Dubravka Borić  
CROATIA

*ocean miran  
umiven suncem  
da si barem još tu!*

calm ocean  
washed by the sunshine—  
if you were here . . .

*\* jecaj valova  
šumor tvoga oceana...  
molitva za te*

weeping waves  
and the murmur of the ocean . . .  
a prayer for you

*\* haiku-cvijet  
zašto je uvenuto  
tako mirisan?*

a haiku flower  
why it withered —  
so fragrant

*\* haiku pjesme  
rasute ti svijetom  
miluju tvoj san*

your haiku  
scattered over the world  
cuddling your dream

*Thank you to all who participated here,  
an'ya, PeterB (whazammo), and the UHTS team.*

*cattails*

**September 2016**

**UHTS White Page**

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**by Guilds Mutlu, Turkey**

Beginning the first report with mentioning the former studies and events on haiku up to now: haiku in Turkish gives a start with two key poets, Orhan Veli Kanik (1914-1950) and Ilhan Berk (1918-2008). In our time, as well as the translations of the timeless master Matsuo Basho, there are also educative books on the literary history of haiku and how to write a haiku poem. Oruc Aruoba, Sengul Karaca, Necati Albayrak, Kadir Aydemir and Savas Cekic and many more poets are writing haiku in Turkish. Moreover, there are reviews on the haiku poems of Jack Kerouac and an interview with Vladislac Bajac, the strong pen and thriving haiku poet. In 2015, in Istanbul city, the haiku master Takao Hideshiro gave a stunning conference on haiku. Here, the writers and readers from different ages are admiring haiku. Why not to mention the children? From September 2015 to June 2016, in Izmir city, JIKAD (Japan and Izmir Intercultural Friendship Foundation) prepared an organization for The JAL Foundation's The World Children's Haiku Contest 2015-2016 and eleven children won a certificate and a gift. The Prize Ceremony on June 2016, in JIKAD, Izmir city Haiku and senryu in English are giving examples with six pens. Debbi Antebi, the award-winner poetess who resides in Istanbul city; Joseph Salvatore Aversano, a native New Yorker and the award-winner poet who currently lives in the capital city Ankara and Guliz Mutlu, the award-winner francophone author of six poetry collections from the capital city Ankara are writing haiku and senryu in English. Our successful pen Semih Ozmeric from Istanbul city is writing haiku and designing photo-haiku. Some of his haiku: summer moon I can see it by my side on a paddy field The Mainichi, July 22, 2015. pitch black sky counting down to the first full moon of my cat The Mainichi, Jan. 16, 2016. first day of spring trees don't care The Mainichi, May 26, 2016. Engin Gulez from the capital city Ankara is an award-winner poet. Some of his haiku: no stars tonight— my daughter brings me a jar of fireflies Polish International Haiku Competition 2015, Commendation. two street musicians nothing but cherry petals in the violin case International Sakura Awards 2015, Honorable Mention. her kite found a way to the edge of mount fuji a child's starlit dream Fujisan Haiku 2014, Special Recognition. Our pure pen Fatma Gultepe is a retired English teacher from the capital city Ankara and she is my mother. Her haiku and senryu : granddaughter coloring a rainbow april sky Failed Haiku, The English Senryu Journal, Issue 9. Dreaming the summer stars mom and dad smile The Asahi Shimbun Daily News, The Asahi Haikuist Network, September 2, 2016. Tanka in English... The delightful poetess from Istanbul city, Esra Sarioglu is writing tanka for various journals. Her tanka have been published in the book written by Leslie Ihde (Writing to Awaken: creative writing as spiritual self-inquiry, CreateSpace

Independent Publishing Platform, 2014.). Some of her tanka: under the heavy rain coming out quietly land snails set the pace of a dark summer evening Inner Art Journal, June 18, 2015. in the morning haze she walks like a woman on the moon slow to enter the day's orbit ARDEA, Issue 3. cold winter sun glistens on the icy sidewalk how quietly we face hostility A Hundred Gourds Journal, Issue 5:3. Recent and good news! The heart-touching pen, Debbi Antebi is the third place winner of The First Annual Gene Murtha Senryu Contest. Congratulations! "spring cleaning I throw away the blues Debbi Antebi This poem by Debbi invokes the 'lightness' any fine senryu strives to attain. Many of us engage in the timeless pastime of 'spring cleaning'. Winter has ended, and time of reckoning for many of us is upon us. No matter if you are planting crops, feeding flower beds, or just moving the boots to the back of the closet and pulling out the sandals, it is a time of positive upheaval. There is work to be done for sure, but another season to look forward to. The 'blues' have no place in this moment of newfound order and hope, so banishment seems the only appropriate approach for any of us to take. Mike Rehling Editor: Failed Haiku" Prune Juice Journal, Issue 19, p. 5- 6. Ending the first report with selected haiku and senryu of Debbi Antebi, Joseph Salvatore Aversano and Guliz Mutlu... Until next time health, peace and happiness! Debbi Antebi my grandfather's face we try to read between the lines The Heron's Nest Journal, March 2016. more bitter than I imagined – sweet revenge Prune Juice, Issue 18. haiku moment I step outside myself catching up- all the updates we skip over reunion measuring how far we moved apart alone at home I try to reason with a leaky faucet hedgerow journal, Issue 72. new home we unpack our old habits divorce keeping custody of my grudges Failed Haiku, The English Senryu Journal, Issue 6. family diner again mom speaks for me Failed Haiku, The English Senryu Journal, Issue 7. long road trip... reaching the dead end of our relationship hedgerow journal, Issue 85. Grandpa's funeral – burying the granddaughter in me Failed Haiku, The English Senryu Journal, Issue 5. small casket- the weight of his dreams Prune Juice, Issue 19. Joseph Salvatore Aversano calling into my dream morning birds A Hundred Gourds, Issue 5:2. persephone,,turned up,,by the plough a pang of plum flowered hills the sarcophagus lid aside it's true fossil still born shale rock hewn wind step w h e n b o w i n g t h e f l o o d p l a i n s e a up the stair well sound of rain the smaller the more radial the soul a god shaped stone Otata, Issue 3, March 2016. Guliz Mutlu waiting for snow cloud slow moonrise Paper Wasp Journal, March 2016. Cotton fields children blow confetti close to the city The Asahi Shimbun Daily News, The Asahi Haikuist Network, April 29, 2016. a bed of pine wayfaring stranger gone with the snow Chrysanthemum Journal, Issue 19. I leave at the bookstore the ink black umbrella a dance with the sun The Bamboo Hut Journal, Spring 2016. deep water the heart-shaped stone still there The Heron's Nest Journal, June 2016. mimosa's scent the wind blows barely, barely A Hundred Gourds Journal, Issue 5:3. crocus or not my young boyhood stands in the melting snow The Mainichi Shimbun Daily News, June 10, 2016. barely spring black sheep clouds gather in the dusk Bottle Rockets Journal, Issue 35. a blue rock big enough to end water song, The Heron's Nest Journal, September 2016. cold rain the shadow of a bust crowded Wild Plum Journal, Issue 2:2. halicarnassus at night honeysuckles blown with the sand Otata, Issue 9, September 2016.

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# *cattails*

**September 2016**

**cAt taLes cartoon**

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**UHTS Resident Cartoonist**

*Paresh Tiwari, India*

