

cattails



April 2018

cattails – April 2018

cattails: The Official Journal of the United Haiku and Tanka Society

April 2018 Issue

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cattails is produced in association with:

Éditions des petits nuages

1409 Bortolotti Crescent
Ottawa, Ontario
Canada K1B 5C1

ISSN 2371-8951

Editor-in-Chief: Sonam Chhoki

Haiku Editor: Geethanjali Rajan

Senryu Editor: Gautam Nadkarni

Tanka Editor: Kathy Kituai

Haibun Co-Editors: Sonam Chhoki, Mike Montreuil

Youth Section Editor: Kala Ramesh

Managing Editor: Mike Montreuil

Photos: Luminita Suse (Cover Page and pages 9, 21, 30, 39, 49, 59, 69, 86, 102, 116, and 123)

Cartoon: Paresh Tiwari (page 8)

Cover Photo: Ruby-throated Hummingbird

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Introduction

The French poet and critic, Yves Bonnefoy (1923 – 2016) wrote about the human tendency to idealise, to imagine something peerless, be it a landscape, a portrait or a poem. He described it as a ‘privileged moment of vision’ when a thought or an emotion comes to the person ‘as though by lightning –in flashes’. The search for this ‘elsewhere in the absolute’ or *Arrière- pays* is a lifelong journey. It seems apposite for the range of poets showcased in this issue of *cattails*. Some have begun their journey, trying their hand for the first time at one of the Japanese short forms and others are well into their search for the ‘true reality’ that Bonnefoy envisaged for the poet.

Kathy Kituai, who has joined us as tanka Editor brings her unique intuitive reading and selection. Geethanjali and Gautam have settled into their roles with panache and dedication. Battling with flu, they have worked valiantly with the large number of submissions. Kala Ramesh avers that this Youth Corner selection is the best yet. Enthused by her young haijins in India seem to have taken to the forms with verve and originality. Behind the scenes, Mike works tirelessly and patiently. ‘All is good’, he emails reassuringly as the momentum in the preparations for the issue gathers pace.

Alan is amazingly supportive and encouraging and continues to spread the word about UHTS and *cattails*. Neal Whitman’s good-natured emails, invariably including his poems, keep our spirits up. Iliyana, who regularly updates over 700 members with the latest happenings, is indefatigable in her efforts to keep us going. Paresh Tiwari gifts us his Cat Tales in the midst of his hectic work and travels. Without Marianna’s dedication and patience, the UHTS contests would not be possible. This issue features a wide range of North American song birds. Our grateful thanks to Luminita Suse for her generous contribution of these wonderful photographs.

It is with sadness that once more that we carry a tribute to another fellow poet, Johnny Baranski, written in cooperation with his daughter, Amy Baranski.

This issue marks our first year as the new team and we thank you for entrusting us with your search for beauty and ‘true reality’.

Sonam Chhoki

In Memory of Johnny Baranski (1948 - 2018)



Johnny Baranski, a Charter Member and a regular contributor to *cattails*, died unexpectedly on Jan. 24, 2018 from complications due to lung disease; he was surrounded by his children.

A poet of haiku for over 40 years, Johnny published his first haiku in 1975. He is the author of several chapbooks: *silent silos: a counterBOMB haiku sequence*, *Fish Pond Moon*, *Hitch Haiku*, *Pencil Flowers: Jail Haiku*, *Convict's Shoot The Breeze*, and *Blossoming Pear*. His most recent book: *White Rose, Red Rose* – a collaboration with David H. Rosen – released in early January prior to Johnny's passing. A recent collection of haiku, *Fireweed*, was accepted for publication by *Folded Word Press* to be published in 2019.

Many of his poems were written while serving time in prison for acts of conscience including nonviolent resistance to war and the Trident nuclear weapon system. Through his haiku Johnny regularly shared his passion for peace, Catholicism, life-long love of automobiles, and sense of humor.

Johnny was an active member of the United Haiku and Tanka Society, Haiku Society of America, Haiku Canada, and Portland Haiku Group. He regularly shared his work as [@haikumonk](#) on Twitter and Facebook. At Johnny's request his family shared news of his illness on Facebook, and related back to him the many messages from his beloved haiku community. In response to each message Johnny brightened and held his thumb up. His family shared with us that these personal messages of hope and encouragement from poets and friends around the world fed Johnny with optimism, love, and a sense of peace in his final days.

Johnny Baranski's haiku and senryu from cattails

Indian summer
the cicada's song
grows feeble

January 2014

new moon
no end to the depth
of a saxophone

May 2014

on the southbound bus
evening rain

September 2014

a wanderer
like his father before him
red dragonfly

September 2014

migrating geese
names of the war dead
carved in stone

January 2015

her bedroom eyes
turn away from me
cherry blossoms

May 2015

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brush fire
the old jalopy
haulin' ash

September 2015

prison lockdown
a red dragonfly
still at large

January 2016

the old jalopy
lapped again
dragonfly

May 2016



Section 1. Haiku



Baltimore Oriole

grandpa shows us
how to make fire with flint –
Hunter's Moon

Barnabas I. Adeleke, Nigeria

a party
before the farmer's party –
locusts!

Adjei Agyei-Baah, Ghana

finally
an apology . . .
late gladioli

Sanjuktaa Asopa, India

streaming clouds –
a tuft of thistledown
takes flight

Gavin Austin, Australia

rotting willow
those scars
that remind me

Gabriel Bates, USA

passing truck . . .
cherry petals take back
the street

Brad Bennett, USA

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dulcet light
drops into a puddle –
buddleja rain

Benjamin Blaesi, Switzerland

dust motes a fragment of forgotten language

Mark E. Brager, USA

winter solstice –
what he has left
fills one plastic bag

Alan S. Bridges, USA

a rustle
among the briar roses –
ancient cemetery

Dawn Bruce, Australia

old concrete –
names separated
by cracks

Nathalie Buckland, Australia

early spring
the snowman in the front yard
refuses to leave

Pitt Buerken, Germany

fleeting joys –
the blue wings
of a kingfisher

Robyn Cairns, Australia

almost dawn . . .
beyond the shade tree
fractured stars

Pris Campbell, USA

night rains –
the rhythm of
an orphan's laughter

Matthew Caretti, Malawi

first blooms –
a solo clarinet joins
the violins

Anna Cates, USA

croquet –
a sudden dispute
among crows

James Chessing, USA

morning sun –
a baby elephant
nudges the old marula tree

Lysa Collins, Canada

the red hills –
sunlight becoming
pinot noir

Ellen Compton, USA

huddled gulls –
a slab of sea ice rolls
in the wave

Bill Cooper, USA

inbreath exhale
held in the clasp of morning
wispy clouds

Gillena Cox, Trinidad And Tobago

after mother's death . . .
a queen bee hovers
over my window sill

Charlotte Digregorio, USA

winter silence . . .
a piece of withered field
left in me

ЗИМСКА ТИШИНА
ДЕЛИЋ СВЕНУЛОГ ПОЉА
ОСТА У МЕНИ

Zoran Doderovic, Serbia

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rose garden
in the ebbing light
a surge of scent

Jan Dobb, Australia

gray autumn . . .
a late-blooming sunflower
colors the wind

Rebecca Drouilhet, USA

falling leaves –
ten thousand haiku
on the autumn moon

Garry Eaton, Canada

perennials
around Mom's house
death is not the end

Robert Epstein, USA

day moon
still so bright
my last dream

luna di giorno
ancora così lucido
l'ultimo sogno

Lucia Fontana, Italy

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autumn gone –
mixing up the names
of his grandchildren

Bruce H. Feingold, USA

boot print
the compacted dandelion
slowly resurrects

Jay Friedenbergl, USA

the rustle
of old satin and tulle –
gardenias

Susan Beth Furst, USA

fish ladder climb –
the irresistible urge
of spawning salmon

William Scott Galasso, USA

summer drought . . .
my mouth drier
than the old river

Tim Gardiner, UK

autumn breeze –
the celestial dance
of maple leaf

Goran Gatalica, Croatia

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day's end
the quiet of the cove
after the rapids

Bernard Gieske, USA

empty pine cone –
she still doesn't say
what I already know

Mark Gilbert, UK

married & gone
the last of her unicorns
dusty on a shelf

LeRoy Gorman, Canada

winter dream
the flowers on the cherry tree
by thousands

ЗИМНИЙ СОН
ЦВЕТОВ НА ВИШНЕ
ВИДИМО-НЕВИДИМО

Nikolay Grankin, Russia

twilight . . .
I share the silence
with my silence

crepuscolo . . .
condivido il silenzio
con il mio silenzio

Eufemia Griffio, Italy

counting stars . . .
I join the ends
of an unfinished dream

Praniti Gulyani, India

Atlantic crossing
the many moods
of blue and grey

Simon Hanson, Australia

a pale face
in the desert sky
day moon

Devin Harrison, Canada

breaking light
the rainbow shimmer
of the pheasant's tail

John Hawkhead, UK

moonrise –
a butterfly sips
the lake

David He, China

back
with his whistle and clack –
first spring grackle

Ruth Holzer, USA (EC)

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finding the box
of gathered shells –
our holiday laughter

Marilyn Humbert, Australia

poppy –
color of the wind
near the rails

papaveri –
il colore del vento
fra le rotaie

Angiola Inglese, Italy

midnight bath –
I fetch the stars
in the well

Emmanuel Jessie Kalusian, Nigeria

old moon
a carving knife
sharpened to nothing

David J Kelly, Ireland

first greening –
with each spring
thoughts of the last

Mary Kendall, USA

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black bells –
for the first time mom leaves home
without a caress

Lavana Kray, Romania

in the corner
where the roof leaks
blooming jasmine

Shrikaanth Krishnamurthy, UK

oxeye daisies
always the last
to know

Michael Henry Lee, USA

back home –
the widespread arms
of a scarecrow

Eva Limbach, Germany (EC)

this field
of rippling gold . . .
skylark song

Chen-ou Liu, Canada

fabric dust
floating in sunlight
a memory

Cyndi Lloyd, USA

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lingering snow . . .
grandfather's silent
accordion

Martha Magenta, UK

puddle—
a robin pecks
its shadow

pozzanghera—
un pettirosso becca
la propria ombra

Antonio Mangiameli, Italy

old barn
the fence dripping
honeysuckle

Thomas Martin, USA

everytime
the scent of her . . .
church candles

Grace McKenna, Australia

winter air—
each breath
a tiny dragon

Andy McLellan, UK



American Goldfinch

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paling sky
the pink opalescence
of cherry petals

Mark Miller, Australia

her touch
after all these years –
Bach's piano

Ben Moeller-Gaa, USA

night cicadas –
another round
of *memento mori*

Timothy Murphy, Spain

the graveyard –
father's old dog
knows his way around

ayaz daryl Nielsen, USA

immigrant moon
the long wait
at the border

Nika, Canada

new photographer –
the sailboat passes
the setting sun

Nola Obee, Canada

pileated woodpecker –
the tribal drummer
in the forest song

Lorraine Pester, USA

in the shadow
of a street sign . . .
summer heat

Gregory Piko, Australia

swinging upside down
from a grevillea branch –
a wattlebird's perspective

Madhuri Pillai, Australia

old friends –
their shadows
holding hands

Sandi Pray, USA

birdsong –
the family in black
around the open grave

ptice pjev –
obitelj u crnom
oko otvorenog groba

Slobodan Pupovac, Croatia

her hair
blown by the wind
carousel ponies

Anthony Q. Rabang, The Philippines

midwinter . . .
smell of the washrag
on every dish

Bryan Rickert, USA

hills yellow with broom –
an incoming tide slithers
across the mudflat

Elaine Riddell, New Zealand

tomatoes ripening –
the last time
she wore lipstick

Edward J. Rielly, USA

deep woods . . .
sunlight shatters silence
in the clearing

Aron Rothstein, USA

last working day –
the cherry blossoms
unseen before

Srinivasa Rao Sambangi, India

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train tracks
dusted with snow . . .
where daydreams go

Agnes Eva Savich, USA

tai chi sunrise
the aged ocean slowly
centers

Ron Scully, USA

decaying barn—
the emptiness
locked inside

Adelaide B. Shaw, USA

moonless night
caught between the stars
and the city lights

noč brez lune
ujeta med zvezdami
in lučmi mesta

Dimitrij Škrk, Slovenia

dust plumes . . .
wild mustangs spar
with the moon

Debbie Strange, Canada

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now taller
than your headstone
our rose bush

Rachel Sutcliffe, UK

harpsichord sonata . . .
the shape of smoke rings
fading into the sky

Angela Terry, USA

deep forest –
a stem grows on
the dead wasp

Norie Umeda, Japan

tree rings –
the tamarind's trunk too small
to hide me now

മര വളയങ്ങൾ--
പുളിയുടെ തടി ഇപ്പോൾ
എന്നെ ഒളിപ്പിക്കാനാകാത്തത്ര ചെറുത്

Anitha Varma, India

hyacinth forest –
in the dewy grass
lost stars

pădure de zambile –
în iarba-nrouată
stele rătăcite

Steliana Cristina Voicu, Romania

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gentle surf . . .
now and again your arm
brushing mine

Julie Warther, USA

searching for stars
in the charcoal sky –
asters underfoot

Daniel White, USA

a fish slips
down the heron's throat –
river bend

Ernest Wit, Poland

temple bell
the monk's reflection
slips across the stream

Robert Witmer, Japan

Ravel's Bolero
the flock of swallows
turns as one

Quendryth Young, Australia

Editor's Choice (EC) - haiku

Thank you once again for your support, dear haijin. For the Spring issue, we received a very large number of lovely haiku to choose from and it was a challenging task to make the final list. The seasons reflected in these fine poems range from hopeful spring to bleak winter, bringing to the pages swallows, wattlebirds, mustangs, asters, grackles, tamarind, poppy and of course, the human experience. I hope you enjoy these moments that have been captured, shared and set free by the poets.

For the Editor's Choice, I have picked two haiku that show us how emotions can be brought to the pages and to our lives, without having to directly articulate the feelings. Both these haiku have concrete images and through these images, reach out at a deeper level – be it a sense of hope in the first haiku, or a sense of pathos (and a lot more) in the second haiku.



back
with his whistle and clack –
first spring grackle

Ruth Holzer, USA

The poet captures the call of the grackle so precisely – the high-pitched whistle and the short clack! The first line of the poem is indeed rather short but leads on quickly to the second line, which offers most of the description of the bird's call, without revealing much about who or what the haiku is about. The use of the word 'his' in the second line adds to the surprise in the third line, where the poet reveals that it is the black bird native to America, which is the subject of the haiku. The unusual and interesting description of the call of the grackle brings on a smile and an element of lightness to the haiku.



back home—
the widespread arms
of a scarecrow

Eva Limbach, Germany

This haiku captures the moment of return to one's home. Oh, to have widespread arms to welcome one back! The joy of that image quickly turns in the last line to one of pathos. Instead of the arms of a loved one, here are the arms of a scarecrow. This decidedly autumn haiku leaves us with a tinge of loss or perhaps, some longing. Isn't there anyone else to welcome the poet back home? On another level, in many countries where the crop is scarce (and so are resources), the scarecrow is an important part of the farm. To come back to the reassuring form of the duty-bound scarecrow in a farm, may not be a bad thing at all!

Geethanjali Rajan
Haiku Editor

Section 2. Senryu



Bohemian Waxwing

unpaid salaries
propaganda machines too
join the strike

Barnabas Adeleke, Nigeria

old mattress
my wife sinks deeper
than I

Adjei Agyei-Baah, Ghana

late night flight
passengers with bags
under their eyes

Debbi Antebi, UK (EC)

cutting off
my sentence in half
his lawnmower

Debbi Antebi, UK

Alzheimers' –
the things she remembers
to forget

Hifsa Ashraf, Pakistan

hi-tech shopping mall
no one knows
how to bargain

Hifsa Ashraf, Pakistan

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after
the argument . . .
scrambled eggs

Sanjuktaa Asopa, India

a loaf of bread
with a load of gossip . . .
the little corner store

Sanjuktaa Asopa, India

strapped in a corset
the soprano sings
of freedom

Gavin Austin, Australia

drunk at a party
he starts to open up
another cold beer

Gabriel Bates, USA

long distance flight
two babies use the time
to scream

Pitt Buerken, Germany

Heat wave my shadow abandoned outside

Pris Campbell, USA

the funny way
the announcer sounds
after midnight

Erin Castaldi, USA

alma mater
more kudzu than ivy league
old scrapbook

Anna Cates, USA

the plastic smile
of a Disney princess
long vacation

Anna Cates, USA

optometrist visit
ten rows of eyeless specs
while I wait

Jan Dobb, Australia

Sunday morning
cold enough to be
my next door neighbour

Robert Epstein, USA

homemade clock
it ticks just the way
I used to

Robert Epstein, USA

perfectly coiffed –
her mile high
banana-cream pie

Susan Beth Furst, USA

pensioners' party –
again my grandmother wears
a cheerleader's uniform

Goran Gatalica, Croatia

in the mail
another sheet of labels
name misspelled

Bernard Gieske, USA

short property
the realtor
in heels

LeRoy Gorman, Canada

hockey trades
the kids play
ping-pong

LeRoy Gorman, Canada

refugee camp
the dove's nest behind
barbed wire

Nikolay Grankin, Russia

voter's line . . .
how quickly the talk turns to
tea brands

Praniti Gulyani, India (EC)

on-screen debate . . .
mistaking a comma
for a full stop

Praniti Gulyani, India

high pitched cicadas
his pacemaker shifts
into gear

Devin Harrison, Canada

peeling paint
the priest's congregation
of one

John Hawkhead, UK

the earth's curve
entering the room
belly first

Tia Haynes, USA

dance performance –
another nervous person
drops her fan

Ruth Holzer, USA

foggy mirror
the extra kilos
disappear

Louise Hopewell, Australia

cymbals and drums
the groom steps
on the bride's toes

Louise Hopewell, Australia

the car
stuck in neutral
my mind shifts

Terrie Jacks, USA

downsizing
the woman struggles
with excess

Terrie Jacks, USA

confetti
how little your love letters
mean to me

David J Kelly, Ireland

after breakfast
putting the world to rights
at the kitchen sink

David J Kelly, Ireland

your scent
on the pillow –
all I have left

Mary Kendall, USA

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in love again
two sets of false teeth soak
in the same glass

Keitha Keyes, Australia

boxing week
carefully I wrap up
my angels

Eva Limbach, Germany

snowmelt
the black dog and me
finally friends

Eva Limbach, Germany

break-up talk
she draws a line
in the snow

Chen-ou Liu, Canada

Zen workshop
the roshi's cellphone
rings again

Chen-ou Liu, Canada

dark matter . . .
trying to understand
health care benefits

Cyndi Lloyd, USA

autumn leaves –
we've had our moment
in the sun

Eric A Lohman, USA

divorce –
even the cat
is gone

Antonio Mangiameli, Italy

birthday –
my cake
on iPad

Antonio Mangiameli, Italy

broadening my perspectives
last night's meal
weighs-in

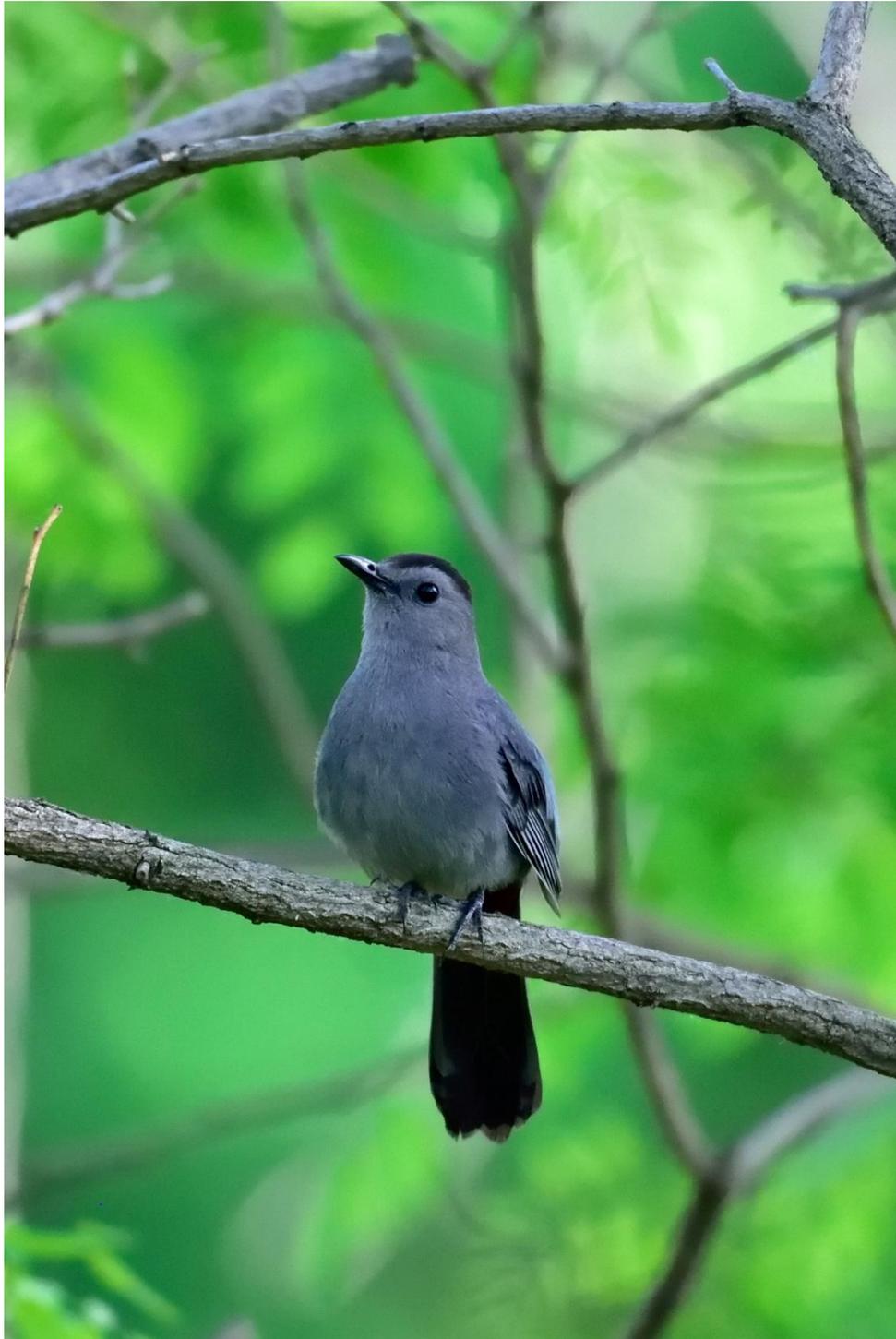
dl mattila, USA

if only kids
came with crease patterns
origami

dl mattila, USA (EC)

campsite quarrels
terns echo
the children's shrieks

kj munro, Canada



Catbird

ping pong
my shadow's backhand
becomes more predictable

Timothy Murphy, Spain

accounting error
the thrill of getting one over
on a con artist

Timothy Murphy, Spain

missing teeth –
grandfather's smile
now on my son

Ashish Narain, India

the coldness
of an ice cream
he can't buy

Ashish Narain, India

buttered popcorn
the taste of salt
on her lips

Nika, Canada

hard-boiled eggs
all my opinions
solidify

Nika, Canada

my niece gives me
a birthday hug –
funeral lunch

Maeve O'Sullivan, Ireland

first snow the ice cream parlour half-full

Maeve O'Sullivan, Ireland

high school . . .
my daughter tucks her skirt
a little higher

Vandana Parashar, India (EC)

meditation . . .
finding the answers at the bottom
of a beer mug

Vandana Parashar, India

church bells
her head bowed
in Sunday crossword

Madhuri Pillai, Australia

doctor's appointment
we agree with
my diagnosis

Madhuri Pillai, Australia

reading of the will
I inherit
his anxiety

Bryan Rickert, USA

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children's choir
twenty-five wrong notes
make a right

Bryan Rickert, USA

phone call
she pours her burlap bag of salt
on my wounds

Djurdja Vukelic Rozic, Croatia

on the plane
a stranger gifts me with
his life story

Djurdja Vukelic Rozic, Croatia

hospice
the memory
survives

Claudette Russell, USA

recycling
my first husband
becomes my third

Claudette Russell, USA

long drive . . .
looking for a seat belt
in the office chair

Srinivasa Rao Sambangi, India

blue moon day –
my poll choice between
the unfit two

Srinivasa Rao Sambangi, India

the view from my balcony
a passerby's
bald spot

Olivier Schopfer, Switzerland

church steps
a homeless man
begging my pardon

Olivier Schopfer, Switzerland

lavender fields
a busload of tourists
falls asleep

Nancy Shires, USA

obedience school
I learn to give treats
on cue

Michael Stinson, USA

infrastructure
he smiles to show us
his new dental bridge

Michael Stinson, USA

broken mirror . . .
still not as pretty
as my sister

Debbie Strange, Canada

rusty hinge
her first greeting
after surgery

Debbie Strange, Canada

bitter lemon
I swallow
my words

Rachel Sutcliffe, UK

loan application
I borrow the bank's
gold pen

Rachel Sutcliffe, UK

the doorknobs
polished to a shine –
mother-in-law's visit

Angela Terry, USA

an inappropriate
conversation –
all heads turn

Angela Terry, USA

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garage sale
I give the old lamp
a surreptitious rub

Anitha Varma, India

jasmine vendors
her hair smells of sea breeze
and roasted peanuts

Anitha Varma, India

home from vacation . . .
the house ants
throw a parade

Julie Warther, USA

chapel tour . . .
directed to enter
through the gift shop door

Julie Warther, USA

grandma forgets
my name at Yule but not her
rum ball recipe

Tyson West, USA

translating ad
from Mexican radio
Big Mac means Big Mac

Tyson West, USA

furtively
I click my mouse
on the pussycats

Ernest Wit, Poland

Vicks . . .
the scent of my mother
rubbing it in

Quendryth Young, Australia

old friend . . .
catching up over
the recycle bin

Quendryth Young, Australia

Editor's Choice (EC) - Senryu

high school . . .
my daughter tucks her skirt
a little higher

Vandana Parashar, India

This senryu is remarkable for more than one reason. One is the play on the words high and higher. The second is the keen observation of the adolescent mind, in this case a young girl. Who amongst us is not familiar with teenagers who try their utmost to appeal to the opposite sex. Even if it means stretching a point or two. Or even several points. Here is a case of a mother who rather than express annoyance at her teen daughter's behaviour prefers instead to have a hearty laugh. Further, touching on a technicality, this poem shows what is happening without passing judgement. It is the reader who interprets and concludes.



late night flight
passengers with bags
under their eyes

Debbi Antebi, UK

What a beautiful senryu this is. After reading the first two lines which are innocuous enough not to excite comment the last line comes as a total surprise. A real punch. The position and timing are perfect. Here nothing has been stated. No conclusions either. The situation has been described exactly as seen by the poet. The conclusion is entirely the readers'.



voter's line . . .
how quickly the talk turns to
tea brands

Praniti Gulyani, India

In this poem too the first two lines are misleadingly innocuous because they set the reader up for the surprise on the last line. As in standard Pat and Mike jokes it is the reader here who plays it straight.

Apart from the humour angle the poem points out the fickle-mindedness of the voting public. One of those numerous frailties that make Human Beings so loveably human. It may be of interest to note that the poet Miss Praniti Gulyani is a fourteen-year-old school girl from New Delhi. But her poems show a level of maturity far beyond her years.



if only kids
came with crease patterns
origami

dl mattila, USA

A classic case of wishful thinking on the part of the poet. Although nothing has been directly stated, only suggested, the mother's trend of thought is obvious enough. Reading backwards the poet-mother sees the crease patterns in origami paper folding work and cannot help thinking wistfully that if kids too came with such patterns life would be so much easier.

Gautam Nadkarni
Senryu Editor

Section 3. Tanka



Purple Finch

seven kittens
licked clean by mother . . .
so much we take
for granted
in others

Mary Kendall, USA

from baby babble
emerge three small words
ma, da, ta
building blocks
for a life of thankfulness

Julie Thorndyke, Australia

Christmas concert—
with his shirt inside out
and back to front
the youngest elf bows
to the crowd's applause

Susan Constable, Canada

high school reunion—
after half a century
how long
the memorial service
seems to take

Edward J Reilly, USA

azaleas
blooming crimson in autumn –
you say it's too late
for us
to begin again

Linda Jeannette Ward, USA

a rag-picker
sifting through the trash
for a tomorrow
if only someone could
sort out my yesterdays

Shrikaanth Krishnamurthy, UK

a jigsaw map
with 1000 pieces –
on Sundays
my grandmother helped me
find my place in the world

Susan Constable, Canada

no regrets . . .
the bridges I have burned
behind me
illuminating
my way ahead

Autumn Noelle Hall, USA

three summers
since the dam held water –
my mother's mind
a little more porous
each passing day

David Terelinck, Australia

with mum
in her autumn garden
pruning roses
the prickling thorns
of lies and half truths

Marilyn Humbert, Australia

roses are red
violets are blue . . .
your words
in my autograph book
as hollow then as now

Keitha Keyes, Australia

rose garden
sun dial showing 3 pm
time for the class
in classical mythology
or lying in the shade with you

Thomas Martin, USA

buds on the quince
in the midst of driven snow
– even now
with so little time left
I'm a butterfly in your hands

Linda Jeannette Ward, USA

the ripe apple
looks so inviting
to pick . . .
not knowing whether to
ask her for a date

Bernard Gieske, USA

it was
as if she were
a butterfly
the way words flew
from her open hands

Debbie Strange, Canada

a little monkey
tries to catch the moon
in the lake . . .
on the shore I meditate,
seeking my true self

David He, China (EC)

the cyclical
nature of our lives
this year
we are rabbits
next year, lynx

Debbie Strange, Canada

incense bowl
so many years of ash
from burning down
along with sandalwood
the walls of the mind

Christopher Herold, USA

a display
of rare alabaster
canopic* jars –
some parts of my life
not worth preserving

* A covered urn used in ancient Egyptian burials to hold the entrails and other visceral organs from an embalmed body.

David Terelinck, Australia

how can this be?
the baby that I bore
with such joy
now ashes in an urn
clasped close to my breast

Kirsty Karkow, USA

a certain wisdom
I've learned from the prairie
wild grass knows
in a troubling storm
when to just lie low and hang on

Elinor Pihl Huggett, USA

in a corner
rolled up all alone
one sock
a mysterious loss
I know too well

Jeanne Cook, USA

you'd think
he'd lost a family member
tattered coat
over sixteen years
well-past its prime

Hazel Hall, Australia

only one of us
is retired
you
reading, napping
me cooking, cleaning

Keitha Keyes, Australia

old record player
found in Grandpa's attic
Gene Autry's
Back in the Saddle Again . . .
and again . . . and again . . .

Elinor Pihl Huggett, USA

playing Bach
cantatas on piano
after chemo
the way she leans
into every cadence

Hazel Hall, Australia

a whole month
has worn away
since his death . . .
which photo should I choose
to fill the empty frame?

Kirsty Karkow, USA

the wind whips
through lace curtains –
shadows
rise and retreat
across your empty bed

Dawn Bruce, Australia

bittersweet
the rust-orange berries
on an old bow saw . . .
dust-mote notes on a sunbeam staff
in the attic of childhood

Autumn Noelle Hall, USA (EC)

between
café table and chair
a spider web . . .
flickering in the shadows
a street child's wispy hair

Michelle Brock, Australia

billboards
vie for our attention
down the highway
we chatter on and on
about the one that's blank

Jan Dobb, Australia

a cardboard box
falling apart in winter rain
the shadow
of an ally lamppost
touches a boy and his dog

Chen-ou Liu, Canada

this roof beam
teems with termites
crumbling slowly . . .
our thirty year friendship
not what it used to be

Samantha Sirimanne Hyde, Australia

behind us
duckweed closes
over dark water
all the things
we left unsaid

LeRoy Gorman, Canada

that morning
after the dust storm
deep orange skies
all those lavish words
after your fierce tirade

Samantha Sirimanne Hyde, Australia

children playing
happy families in a cubby
under the house –
above them footsteps thunder
across the brittle floor

Michelle Brock, Australia



White-throated Sparrow

a girl
on the porch steps
traces a boy's name . . .
blue and red ballpoint
colours her inner thigh

Anne Curran, New Zealand

he says
the colour blue repels
zombies
this son of mine
bullied at school

Jan Foster, Australia

snarling from its lair
in the southern ocean
savage wind
on the hunt for prey
— bluewater yachtsmen

Jan Foster, Australia

the small outboard
making little headway against
rough wind, rough waves
the safe haven of the harbor
yet farther, yet farther ahead

Jeffery Woodward, USA

below cliffs
the wind moans
sirens call to sailors
I can see as far
as the rest of my life

M L Grace, Australia

back and forth
gulls soar along a sea cliff
battered by waves—
with poetry everywhere
my writing feels redundant

Christopher Herold, USA (EC)

stacks
of handwritten journals
half a century deep . . .
dry leaves rustle
in the autumn wind

Jenny Ward Angyal, USA

in the turning
lizards play in dry leaves
as days shorten
frogs only whisper
their night song

M L Grace, Australia

cattails – April 2018

eastern puma
declared extinct –
a cry
from the dark mountain
tingles down my spine

Jenny Ward Angyal, USA

was I once
a winged seed flying?
the pull
of tangled roots
this autumn

Rebecca Drouilhet, USA

old sleepers
by the train track . . .
this need
to rebuild my garden
of discarded dreams

Carole Harrison, Australia

a sparrow
splashes its wings
warm rain
I toss off my shoes
and roll up my cuffs

Marilyn Fleming, USA

I still hear her laugh
in my laughter
her kiss
smudged on the train window
traveling with me

Chen-ou Liu, Canada

in a brown study
I reach for a time machine
off the shelf
today fades into London fog
with Watson and Holmes

Aron Rothstein, USA

the caption reads:
'woman in a brown hat'
that's all . . .
we meet each other's eyes
beyond our need for names

Jan Dobb, Australia

daisies
were my mother's favorite
this morning
in the flowering meadow
she gazes through my eyes

Aron Rothstein, USA

the night so dark
not even the stars
help light the path
how did it happen
I took the path not taken

Bernard Gieske, USA

this dead butterfly
blown by the breeze
there's a certain
ebb and flow
to everything

Gabriel Bates, USA

Editor's Choice - Tanka

Firstly I would like to thank the *cattails* editorial committee for welcoming me to their team. It's a privilege to work with this talented crew and have the opportunity to edit and choose tanka for this issue.

I would also like to thank all the poets who submitted their tanka for this issue. Even those that didn't make it caused me to pause and ponder deeper on some of the things that can make a tanka a tanka.

I was surprised by what the Editor's Choice tanka began to reveal to me, more so, as I wrote about them. Of course I had responses in mind before I commenced. And it surprises me that I was surprised by this. I have copied tanka into my journals for years and written a response to them just for my own learning and enjoyment.

What I have discovered, in these tanka, is not all there is to realize about them. I'm hoping that what I have written tantalizes you to sit longer with them but does not distract even if it seems out of alignment with your thoughts.



bittersweet
the rust-orange berries
on an old bow saw . . .
dust-mote notes on a sunbeam staff
in the attic of childhood

Autumn Noelle Hall, USA

I chose this tanka because it appealed to my sense of aesthetics and is unlike those that usually appease because they are sparse and simply stated. This is an ornate tanka, many would say is too descriptive and breaks one of the rules that make a tanka a tanka. It's quite possible several readers were not attracted to read it because of its wordy appearance. It contains five adjectives and one adjective phrase and eight syllables in the fourth line. The poet shows us in detail what is in an attic seen through their eyes. It holds assonance and alliteration colour in order to focus us even more as well as touch, sound and sight.

What makes it work for me? We are not told *why* we are seeing what we are seeing. Two images stand side by side and therefore interpretation is open for readers to make what they will of this comparison, over-elaborate as the images are. The scene set, it acts as a stage from which we are invited to envision our own scene, the attic we know so well, our grandmother's, aunts, or perhaps one in a photograph that fed our imagination.

We are also forewarned that what we are about to read is bittersweet. Contrasted with this is an image that is imaginative and childlike. To see a sunbeam as a staff of music on which dust-mote are notes is not only inventive, it denotes the creative way in which we see things as a child. How wonderful to be reminded to not so much let go of poignant moments as we age, but to see the world magically again as well. You can almost hear a child humming under their breath, or perhaps see them running his or her hand through the sunbeam just to see what will happen.

However, I'm compelled to say 'Don't try this at home'. It's well known that the simpler a tanka is penned, the more chance the reader has of dreaming him or herself into it. Few poets could achieve what Autumn Noelle Hall achieves by overly elaborating on what is seen in this tanka.



back and forth
gulls soar along a sea cliff
battered by waves —
with poetry everywhere
my writing feels redundant

Christopher Herold, USA

Of course there is poetry everywhere, well at least to poets there is. Usually what draws the eye is some peaceful scene and we take time to sit with the beauty and appreciate it from the calmness of our spirit. How greater is it to perceive the spirit of gulls---birds usually considered to be scavengers squabbling among themselves as they beg for titbits at the seaside---as the *hero* of this perception? The poet tells us that 'back and forth/gulls soar along a sea cliff', one that is pounded by the sea. Strength is added to 'battered' through the echo it shares with 'back' at the onset. The half-rhyme of 'forth' and 'soar' adds to musicality within this tanka.

Is it always possible to rise above life, especially when we feel 'battered' by events and catch the updrafts, gain strength, spread our wings? Perhaps this thought is not what the poet had in

mind. Faced with the image of gulls soaring back and forth, their persistent spiralling and diving, waves crashing below against the cliff, it is a one that occurs with welcomed insight.

Just writing about such insight doesn't seem enough, does it? Living it, humbling and powerful. And yet had Christopher Herold *not* penned this tanka, I for one may not have fallen into the depth of dreaming room possible because of what he wrote. It will be hard now to see a gull in quite the same way, or quit when things get tough. If we can see beauty in things not usually considered as beautiful, indeed poetry is everywhere.



a little monkey
tries to catch the moon
in the lake...
on the shore I meditate,
seeking my true self

David He, China

How hard it is to know for certain what is real and what is nothing more than fantasized, explanations of life. When we are young it's possible to think that we can catch the reflection of the moon in a lake. On reaching for it, the moon is shattered into a flurry of ripples. It no longer resembles itself, becomes instead an abstract pattern of light on the surface of water.

Does searching for our true self through meditation take us any closer to reality than reaching out to grasp the moon? We are not given the answer to this equation. We are told that the monkey who tried to hold the moon in its hand was little. There is no indication of the age of the 'I' that searches for our true self, onshore. Are we to presume that one is young and the other more worldly and therefore older? Is one more naïve than the other? What interesting questions arise from this tanka.

On the first reading, I presumed that the person meditating had a better chance of understanding themselves and the world around them. But is this the case? How equally worthy to understand that the moon is not something to be caught and held by physically reaching out for it, and experiencing its disintegration before our very eyes? That too can lead to the understanding of what is real, and what is not.

Questions that do not offer explanations, invite the reader to search deeper for answers. This too is what makes a tanka a tanka. But it's not just the questions that make this one that linger. The simple description of a monkey putting its hand out to grasp the moon is endearing. Would you agree that to some extent everyman is naïve? This also creates a sense of compassion to all of mankind.

The alliteration of monkey, moon, meditate is subtle and not unlike the 'om' sound one makes when meditating. I too, like many poets, meditate. And through it seek a true self. To me this tanka by David He is one to mediate upon.

Kathy Kituai
Tanka Editor

Section 4. Haibun



Black-capped Chickadee

Get-together

By Gabriel Bates, USA

Finding my way back outside, I inhale the scent of wood smoke and smile. The simplest of things can do that at times. Somewhere there's a buzzing. Or is that just me?

drunk with friends
the cicadas' song
amplified

Primordial Turning

People's Climate March, September 2014

By Matthew Caretti, Malawi

Then *the goddess Gaia shaking her dirty hair** holds the hoop high above her head. She smiles as the music reaches a fever pitch. Bends low and bounds into the hula. Spins it at her ankles. Rises it to her shins and knees and thighs and hips. A furious whorl.

through the hoop
her dragon tattoo
and my eye

The Asian dragon is beneficent, associated with power and wisdom. A timeless force soaring high above the sorrow of a flaming Earth. Jolting all who spy it out of self-absorption.

big bang
the universe expands
on scaled wings

The spinning stops. A sacred dance becomes silence. Sheen of sweat shines the dragon's head. The shimmer of some ancient pond on a late summer's day.

masses gather
the hovering buzz
of a dragonfly

** NOTE: Italicized text from the poem "[Crows and Grackles Grackles]" by Hoa Nguyen.*

Pocketful of seeds

By Salil Chaturvedi, India

We step out in the morning not knowing which way we are headed. A huge banyan tree in a vacant plot holds us in thrall and we picture it from various angles. Little further, red flowers of *Pangara* advertise their morning nectar. We pluck a few flowers and suck out the sweet liquid from the base of the flowers. We halt near a stream. I read a book sitting in a tree's shadow and she puts her legs in the cool water and eats sandwiches. Later we drink some *chai* at a roadside teashop. She collects a few golden-coloured seeds off a waist-high bush and puts them in her pocket. "Where are you going to plant them?" I ask her. She sips her tea in silence. As we walk back to our rented apartment, she says, "Will we never be able to afford our own little place?"

warbler's song
deep within
an abandoned house

Lambs

By Glenn G. Coats, U.S.A.

The older sister sat near me in homeroom. She was quiet, a good student, always had her head in a book.

Willis River is a tributary of the James, sixty-two miles long, and flows through the heart of Virginia.

Younger sister was fourteen. She was a cheerleader and a pitcher on the softball team, same height as her older sister, same long hair and dark eyes. They looked like twins.

Willis is narrow, classified as a stream. Fishing is either from the bank or small boat. Creek supports small bass and bream, which can be taken with a variety of baits.

Teacher spoke to us late Wednesday. "I have some sad news," she said. "We lost two of our dear students today, two blessed members of our school family."

After four days of hard rain, the Willis swelled into a raging river, brown as fresh-plowed field.

The girls were passengers in a car that lost control and ran into the river. Water washed the car downstream. A recovery team found the vehicle at 2 p.m. The teacher said the girls were gone by then. She never told us who was behind the wheel.

river mist
a melody somewhere
in the chords

words of a song
tighten
their grip

We Are Made of Star Stuff (EC)

By Amelia Cotter, USA

She becomes the chair she sits in, the drapes on the window, the wallpaper and the wall. She doesn't get to fall apart. She gets to absorb, to recalibrate. She isn't going to yell. In fact, she isn't even going to cry (she hopes). And she knows she isn't going to leave. She has nothing to threaten with. She becomes the chair she sits in.

wind-swept plain . . .
sage-grouse gather
beneath the morning moon

Sweet or Salty

By Julie Emerson, Canada

never imagined
looking out her window
or sky beans

Even though we hadn't seen each other for more than fifteen years, Ayako invited me to her apartment for dinner when I arrived in Tokyo. In her tiny kitchen, she prepared a pot of oil for deep-frying. She made a tempura of mushrooms and mysterious vegetable shoots. She moved so quickly that a mobile of origami birds behind her bobbed around. The conversation was easy, and we still laughed about the same things. She opened some sparkling sake. While we were talking about our favourite topic, food, we peeled some fresh fava beans. Then she fried them with seafood in cloud-like fritters.

tears triggered
many years after
the earthquake

Before I left, she offered me some candied yuzu peel. I had mentioned I wanted to try it and compare it to the salted preserved lemon peel I made. It was delicious. Later, in Kyoto, I looked in every convenience store for a little package of yuzu, but I couldn't find any.

peach juice
for the Philosopher's Path—
lingering thirst

Coming Back Different

By Susan Beth Furst, USA

They found him behind the drapes in the living room hiding from the commies –

We follow the nurse down the long corridor at the VA Hospital where Uncle Herb lives. My shoes squeak on the white-tiled floor. As we enter the visitor's area the nurse locks the doors behind us. I wonder if she will remember to let us out.

snow –
so many colors
of camouflage

Uncle Herb is staying with us for the weekend. I start to laugh when he sings White Christmas. He sounds just like Bing Crosby. I think he forgot to take his medicine though, because he's talking non-stop again about his perpetual-motion machine. Dad tells him it won't work but Uncle Herb won't listen. He just keeps talking and they keep going round and round.

subway train
he checks his pocket
for another nickel

The music is loud at Lois's wedding reception. Various aunts, uncles, nieces, and nephews are celebrating, including Uncle Herb. The DJ is playing Devo and we are all out on the floor dancing. Lois succeeds in convincing Uncle Herb to join us. On a good day he does a pretty mean Freddie.

birdsong . . .
rapid fire of machine guns
in a distant field

It would have been enough that you survived Korea, the psychiatrists, all the Thorazine they pumped into you, the weekend passes, the group homes, and us. But those awards – the ones they found in your room – for the thousands of hours you spent taking care of the patients at the VA. How did you do it? We thought you were just drinking coffee, at McDonald's, with your friends. Seems you had a little bit more in mind. Oohrah!

the old lot
between the cracks
daffodil blooms

Sanctuary

By Tim Gardiner, United Kingdom

We arrive at Le Clos Joli after an arduous coach journey through France. The campsite, nestled within scattered trees and bushes, is not far from the Pyrenean foothills and the border with Spain to the south. The lonely Madeloc Tower, a lookout on the heights of Collioure, dominates the skyline. The summer has been particularly hot; a myriad of colourful butterflies flutter around the campsite, cicadas sing from the broken canopy. On the last morning of our stay I wake early to wind rattling the windows. Unwilling to leave the shelter of the caravan, I begin to pack my suitcase ready for the long journey home.

the scent
of stale croissants . . .
mistral rain

The Question Is

By LeRoy Gorman, Canada

When all the polar ice melts, will we be able to swim year-round alongside alligators in Hudson's Bay?

water-world
the web-footed leave
no footprint

Circular Squares (EC)

By Praniti Gulyani, India

(3) down, (7) across

a synonym for love

starts with 'G'

I sit on grandma's lap, watching her as she frowns over the empty spaces in her crossword puzzle. Just like every other Sunday morning I watch her smile, scratch her head, and think.

(2) across, (5) down

a synonym for farewell

Suitcase in hand I prepare to leave. Grandma frowns over the two empty squares in her crossword puzzle and then turns to wink at me. Just like every other Sunday morning, I watch her smile, scratch her head and think.

(6) down, (5) across

a synonym for revival

I don't know why I'm back. She looks beautiful and frail as father bargains the cost of her coffin. I lean over to kiss her and notice my pencil stub in her lace. Another crossword puzzle. Just like every other Sunday morning when I watched her smile, scratch her head and think.

another promise . . .
a star settling into
the camel's footprint

Tuba Mirum

By Hazel Hall, Australia

sand mandala
the time it takes
to reach perfection

Wasps have set up house on the veranda roof. As he carries out drinks, one bites him on the lip. 'God that hurts' he says. They'll have to go.' Looking up, she sees the nest. It's formed in an impeccable cylinder. Adults are coming and going. He grabs a can of insecticide.

'Stop!'

She's reluctant to destroy a community of living things, but can't think of another resolution. Armed combat will only result in serious injury. And what if their children or visitors are bitten? The only way is to strike quickly and eradicate the lot. All that's needed is to press the button. Still she hesitates.

'Are we becoming desensitized? It's the same mindset as killing a snake or eradicating rabbits. Remember how we caught mice then set them free in the bush?'

'It must be done,' he says and releases a stream of poison.

The wasps drop one by one. It's a horrible death. She thinks of Hiroshima: Children dying slowly from radiation sickness. She grabs the can. A second spray to relieve the suffering.

sting of summer
prayers for the departed
. . . and themselves

Behind a screen door, they watch the devastation. 'I feel like a criminal,' she says. They could have waited. Could have rung the hotline and let experts destroy the nest. Could have passed the buck or waited until the nest was empty.

Tuba Mirum . . .
earth after God
has pressed
the button

Battlefield

By Ruth Holzer, USA

We fought with prickly horse chestnuts, coal-filled snowballs, slingshots and peashooters. With fists, sticks, bricks, stones, water pistols and baseball bats in a war of each against all, until we were hollered in for supper.

Scout knife –
sections of the earthworm
crawl away

Ghans

By Marilyn Humbert, Australia

following
the inland way
camel train

1830's: the first cameleers arrive in Australia. Recruited from Pakistan, Afghanistan, Kashmir, Rajasthan, Egypt, Persia and Turkey to help carry supplies for exploration to open the outback for settlement, collectively they become known as Ghans.

Ghans are employed to support the expeditions of explorers like Burke and Wills as well as surveyors and construction teams installing the Overland Telegraph, rail workers building the north-south transcontinental rail line through the heart of Australia, from Adelaide to Alice Springs and then later Alice Springs to Darwin and other rail links through interior. They carry supplies for settlements established along the telegraph and rail lines and in the outback.

1900's: motorised and rail transport is becoming more common. The cameleers are no longer needed. Their camels are released into the outback. Some of the camel entrepreneurs remain in Australia settling in the outback but most return home to wives and family.

The rail line running north-south through the heart of Australia is named in their honour 'The Ghan' with an official emblem, an Afghan on a camel and becomes a popular tourist attraction.

many prints
under layers of sand
outback wind

Unfound

By Emmanuel Jessie Kalusian, Nigeria

Some days I am not myself. I am someone else; a girl looking for 'her self' after her father visits her at night or a boy told repeatedly by his friends that he isn't a man if he doesn't smoke marijuana. Some days, believe me, I'm just not myself.

Monday morning
a fly on the taxi window
perching and un-perching

Wordless

By Chen-ou Liu, Canada

Before boarding the train, she turned to me with her arm across her belly and said, "You want to have a room of your own to write in, but how about us? How would you put food on the table?" We stood there wrapped in a shroud of silence . . . Finally, the train whistled into the dead of night.

Her ten-year absence is a black hole where I dream restlessly.

dawn light . . .
the poems I wrote for her
now illegible

*

My Beloved Dog, Speck

By Cyndi Lloyd, U.S.A

I descend a steel staircase below the rim of White Canyon in Natural Bridges National Monument, walk upon rust-colored rock dotted with sagebrush. Next month will be your birth month, the time of year when Fremont cottonwood leaves land in our backyard, a patchwork of brown and yellow on dew-covered grass. Hanging petunias will stiffen and turn ecru. Only the snapdragons will burst petals of yellow, orange, white, purple and red.

The trail skirts the cliff. A climb on a few wooden ladders steepens the descent. Cottonwood trees below boast green leaves. A cross bedding of thin red-colored bands of siltstone layer the mesa. Gambel's oak hasn't turned. Your red kerchief, with the Kitsap Humane Society's PetsWalk logo stenciled in white, still folded on the linen shelf.

You've been gone nine years. Missed my college graduation, Bear-dog's 15th birthday, my first writing publication – a haiku about you. I've written about your adoption and how you taught me what a bond is, poems surrounding your death, my grief, you speaking to me.

mountain mahogany
the fuzzy tails
of memories

Switchbacks lead me across the mesa. Utah junipers and buffaloberry line the trail. I wind my way along the slickrock down a couple of ladders to the canyon floor. I walk under the world's second largest bridge, Sipapu, its abutments far from the stream. In Hopi mythology, *sipapu* means the Gateway of Life – the portal through which souls may pass to the spirit world.

new moon
still telling you
goodnight



Common Redpoll

Garden Transactions

By Charlotte Mandel, USA

Slow to bloom through the long hot summer, overnight the butterfly bush radiates cone-shaped panicles of white petals. Each tiny flower has a nectar-filled tube just right for butterflies and hummingbirds.

First to arrive is a ruby-throated hummingbird, vibrating its iridescent gauze-like wings as it hovers to sip. Two minutes later, a dozen purple swallowtail butterflies seek out the bush, covering white petals with translucent fluttering, crowding out the bird. When the hummingbird flits to a nearby flower, three of the butterflies follow and drive it away. The bird tries a different flower and again the butterfly team pursues. The hummingbird wings itself backward, lifts into air and swoops to a small plant with a reddish tubular flower that resembles a shrimp. Thirsty tongues unwind.

after nectar
in the flower's heart
gold dust

The Night the Mule Escaped

By Thomas James Martin, USA

false dawn
the night lost
in streaks of pink

One night in early summer, my grandfather Martin knocked furiously at our door. He shouted at my father that the mule had escaped and was probably halfway to our hometown of Liberty. My father left with grandfather to recover the mule, especially as we needed him to plough weeds from the crops. Secretly, I hoped he would never come home.

You see I had watched the mule almost everyday of my young life and sensed how much he longed to escape from that cruel electric fence and small stable room!

empty fence
pine scent
on the wind

Toasting the Yogi

By Gautam Nadkarni, India

There is much to be said in favour of austerity. I said as much to my companion who sat beside me in the Dreamliner as we flew to Tokyo. I quoted Swami Vivekananda to him between sips of champagne and we agreed on the principle of meditation and on clarity of vision as I ordered another glass of *Veuve de Cliquot*. I pointed out the benefits of vegetarianism as I chewed on sirloin steak done medium rare. And finally I remember advocating awareness before I nodded off to sleep.

pub chatter...
worried about his hippie son
smoking cigarettes

Untitled

By Michael O'Brien, Scotland

From the library window I watch the hospital across the road being gutted and made ready for apartments. It is early spring. It is wet, cold and grey. Grit laid out on the paths two days ago foams and mixes with dog shit and dirt. Colour relief comes in daffodils and the workmen's signs.

spring day
finding infinity
in the pigeon's course

The Sailor

By Slobodan Pupovac, Croatia

Huge ocean waves played with an old ship as if it was a beach ball. The threatening black clouds did not promise any good.

Since he was a kid, my brother adored picture books in which brave characters traveled all over the world. So many exotic landscapes they saw and so many extraordinary people they met. It made him wish to follow the path of those brave men. He impatiently waited to come of age, so he could rush to a big harbor and get on board the first ship that was leaving for distant lands. Over the years he wandered many seas and saw the splendor of this planet. But that fatal day a mighty wave of destiny came along.

Laying in a hospital in Bombay he realized it was time to sail on some other kind of seas.

winter morning
white sea gull sends off
an old cargo ship

What We're Hiding

By Dian Duchin Reed, USA

We've all got a part of ourselves we're slightly ashamed of. Maybe we don't even know that part exists until it slips out. Our Buddha-in-training curses a rude motorist. Our too-cool-for-words swoon over the season's first sweet and juicy peach. Our armored cad sheds a tear over a dead dusky-footed woodrat.

desert spring
pink-petaled blooms
between cholla spines

The Bird Man

By Adelaide B. Shaw, USA

Dad. Always perfectly dressed. Suit, hat, tie. Shoes polished. We are at the town green. He puts a few peanuts on one shoulder, then on the other. He has peanuts in his open hands. "Stand still," he says. "Wait and they will come."

Sunday church bells
summoning the faithful
a flurry of pigeons

Hoeing Grief

By Frank J. Tassone, USA

Dad places Robert on one part of our terrace garden and me, on the other. This way we can't accidentally hurt each other. Robert rakes while I tear at the ground with a hoe. He finishes raking and begins to mallet tomato plant stakes in the tomato beds.

I pull on the hoe. The blade is stuck in some roots. I pull, pull and pull! The root gives. The hoe shoots up, free at last. My brother screams. He came up behind me without my knowing it. The iron loop used to hang the tool is jammed in his eye.

bloodstained soil
another long night in the
Emergency Room

Beru

By Diana Webb, United Kingdom

Neatly boxed it arrives from Japan, an unexpected prize in a haibun contest. Resembling a giant's thimble, crafted in metal smudged brown and verdigris green, it fits my palm's hollow. I stroke its cool slightly grainy surface. When I lift it by the cord looped through the crown a clear high tone vibrates in the air as a ring suspended inside swings lightly to and fro repeatedly striking the rim. From this same ring hangs a scarlet strip inscribed with a prayer in kanji I cannot read.

all said
the wick of a candle
receives the light

The Debt

By Ernest Wit, Poland

Don't put yourself at risk, you're too precious. Leave heroism to those who are fit for nothing more. It might have been Tolstoy or maybe Dostoevsky. Perhaps grandma used to preach that.

a toy fan
on a child's grave
the howl of wind

Work boots (EC)

By Edward Schmidt-Zorner, Ireland

The narrow lane between blackthorn shrubs widens to a field path. A derelict, abandoned farmhouse is hidden behind blackberry bushes. The fence is still recognizable. The gateposts are leaning sideways and the gate is rusting and falling apart. The crumbling metal leaves brown traces at the entrance to the courtyard.

Roof slates, like fish scales, have left the water running down for decades. The roof beams can be seen between broken slates from where green tufts of grass poke. The white colour, still giving a purported appearance, lends maturity to the walls. A holy figure is faintly visible behind the dust and spider web-covered window panes. Swallows have built their nest under the gutters as if to announce spring. The wooden door in faded red paint is ajar. Is it an intrusion or do the ghosts respond to a knock on the door? The interior is softly lit up by the midday sun giving an ambience of antiquity. There's a dresser with broken crockery, a table with a mass leaflet on top, dating from Christmas 2007, a crossword puzzle, which has not been finished and a chair with three legs. The fireplace seems long abandoned. No life is perceptible, no living creatures move in the house.

Leaning against the stone wall is a pair of boots, encrusted with mud. A snail has taken its path over it and left a trace on the worn leather.

traces of time
the fence lost to brambles
and the marked calendar

Editor's Choice (EC) Haibun

The three haibun selected here are the ones I returned to for several readings and felt rewarded each time.

We Are Made of Star Stuff

By Amelia Cotter, USA

She becomes the chair she sits in, the drapes on the window, the wallpaper and the wall. She doesn't get to fall apart. She gets to absorb, to recalibrate. She isn't going to yell. In fact, she isn't even going to cry (she hopes). And she knows she isn't going to leave. She has nothing to threaten with. She becomes the chair she sits in.

wind-swept plain...
sage grouse gather
beneath the morning moon

'We Are Made of Star Stuff' by Amelia Cotter reminds me of René Magritte (1898 –1967), the Belgian surrealist artist, who frequently shows ordinary objects in a bizarre context, giving a slightly off-center meaning to familiar things. In Magritte's 'Decalomania' a man in a bowler hat becomes the window drape beyond which the sky is visible. The 'She' in this haibun too morphs into the various furnishings in the room, ultimately becoming 'the chair she sits in.' It creates a sense of deep disquiet. There's an escalation in the predicament of the woman/girl who seems to run out of options:

'And she knows she isn't going to leave. She has nothing to threaten with.'

Amelia Cotter's use of the third person narrative creates an atmosphere of claustrophobic fear and misery. I commend how without repeating the prose narrative she uses the image of desolation in the capping haiku to underline the desperation of the woman. Very often the title of a haibun reads like an afterthought that has been tagged on at the last moment. This is not the case here. The title of this haibun with its ironic twist adds another layer to the whole.



Circular Squares

By Praniti Gulyani, India

(3) down, (7) across

a synonym for love

starts with 'G'

I sit on grandma's lap, watching her as she frowns over the empty spaces in her crossword puzzle. Just like every other Sunday morning I watch her smile, scratch her head, and think.

(2) across, (5) down

a synonym for farewell

Suitcase in hand I prepare to leave. Grandma frowns over the two empty squares in her crossword puzzle and then turns to wink at me. Just like every other Sunday morning, I watch her smile, scratch her head and think.

(6) down, (5) across

a synonym for revival

I don't know why I'm back. She looks beautiful and frail as father bargains the cost of her coffin. I lean over to kiss her and notice my pencil stub in her lace. Another crossword puzzle. Just like every other Sunday morning when I watched her smile, scratch her head and think.

another promise . . .

a star settling into

the camel's footprint

*In this haibun by **Praniti Gulyani** the format of the crossword acts as a matrix across which she weaves the strands of her poetic narrative. The arbitrary clues to the three crosswords become pointers to the themes of love, farewell and revival. The repetition of the line: 'Just like every other Sunday morning when I watched her smile, scratch her head and think.' has a musical rhythm and creates a sense of*

intimacy and affection between the narrator and her grandmother. There's poignancy in that the death of the grandmother dissolves this warm and close link between the two. What is extraordinary is that the writer of this striking haibun is a 14-year-old schoolgirl from Delhi.

The imagery of the concluding haiku is beautiful but I do wonder if it imparts a certain dissonance to the narrative. The setting in the prose passage is of a cosy urban interior while the haiku evokes a desert landscape and space. Is this too much of a leap? However, the technique of an impactful link and leap between the prose and the haiku is something that even seasoned writers of haibun struggle with. Therefore, I would like to conclude that this does not take away the depth of feeling and overall excellence of this haibun.



Work boots

By Edward Schmidt-Zorner, Ireland

The narrow lane between blackthorn shrubs widens to a field path. A derelict, abandoned farmhouse is hidden behind blackberry bushes. The fence is still recognizable. The gateposts are leaning sideways and the gate is rusting and falling apart. The crumbling metal leaves brown traces at the entrance to the courtyard.

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Leaning against the stone wall is a pair of boots, encrusted with mud. A snail has taken its path over it and left a trace on the worn leather.

traces of time
the fence lost to brambles
and the marked calendar

Finally, 'Work boots' by Edward Schmidt-Zorner is replete with keenly observed descriptions of abandonment of nature and of home. His use of symbolic imagery is particularly effective. An example is the comparison of the dripping 'roof slates' to 'fish scales'. The images of the detritus of a family's life are deeply poignant. What is striking is how in the midst of desolation the poet uses complementary colour accents of green and red to create focal points of visual contrasts. The concluding paragraph is quite haunting:

' Leaning against the stone wall is a pair of boots, encrusted with mud. A snail has taken its path over it and left a trace on the worn leather.'

The haiku combines a cultural reference to the calendar and a natural reference to the brambles. It seems to summarise the prose passage and I wondered if more of a leap could have been made. An additional capping haiku would have strengthened the narrative. The title is a little too literal. However, these tiny nit-picks aside, I find this haibun engrossing and full of impact.

Sonam Chhoki
Haibun Editor

Section 5. Youth Corner



White-breasted Nuthatch

The focus of this issue's *Youth Corner* is on 'breathing the note and imaging the word!'

Master Basho's famous line - *to write about the pine, become the pine* - comes to mind.

This theory is lovely when we read it in essays, but in actual day-to-day experiences can we truthfully follow this advice? Can we 'become' one with something we like doing? The next question is: how can we explain this idea - which looks simple, but on the contrary, is *the* most difficult guideline to follow - to children who are entering the haiku field for the first time?

The *Katha Utsav's Creative Writing* for school children took place from 27th to 29th December 2017 in Delhi. Haiku attracted 36 students mostly ranging from 11 years to 14 years; a few were 16 years-old. Haiku, senryu and haibun were taught. In three days the participants wrote nearly 400 poems altogether. I sat late into the night and commented on each and every poem and on the last day discussed the poems with the class.

On 9th January 2018, the *Symbiosis School for Liberal Arts (SSLA)* 2nd semester began. Haiku is offered as an elective - a 60-hour course structured to include all the genres of Japanese short forms of poetry. I've been teaching undergraduates in this college since 2012 and students from each batch surprise me in their grasp and sensibilities.

The first *Bookaroo Children's Literary Festival Mumbai Edition* was from 23rd to 25th February 2018 at Mount Litera School International. Two batches of school kids aged 10 to 12 years and two batches aged 12 to 14 years were exposed to haiku and - hold your breath - to tanka too! This was the first time I ventured into teaching tanka to school kids! It is a challenge and if I'm successful, maybe you'll read more tanka in the October issue of *Youth Corner*. In the **Bookaroo in City** (BiC) programme at Ajmera Global School on 23rd February children enthusiastically absorbed haiku and senryu.

In December 2017, Tim Gardiner sent me the winning haiku from a workshop and contest he had conducted in the UK. The winning poems are absolutely lovely. We've included them in this issue. Thank you, Tim. We want more such submissions from around the world. Our **Youth Corner** is here to showcase the brilliant work children can and do write.

Let's move on to reading the haiku, senryu, haibun and tanka. I found it extremely difficult to pick out just a few poems, but still here I go . . .

Considering it was a first attempt for most of them . . . every single poem 'showcased' here can be considered as an *Editor's Choice!*

The Tejas Award (*Tejas* in Sanskrit means “fire” and/or “brilliance”) goes to:

1. Aryan Bakshi (10 years) – *Bookaroo Children’s Literary Festival*, February 2018
2. Aditi Chowdhury (14 years) – *Katha Utsav*, December 2017 batch.
3. Unnati Agrawal (18 years) – *SSLA*, January 2018
4. Shreya Naran (17 years) – *Katha Utsav*, December 2013 batch
5. Shubhangi Anand (18 years) – *SSLA*, January 2018

* * * *

Aryan Bakshi – *Bookaroo Children’s Literary Festival 2018* :

darkening sky
a two-year-old tornado
eats the flowers

the komodo dragon purrs
after a drink –
YouTube

*Aryan Bakshi - 10 years
India*

Please note, *Bookaroo Children’s Literary Festival* has only 60-minutes sessions! How can one teach a 400-year-old art form in 60 minutes? I thought I would be merely touching the surface of this deep ocean, but I was mistaken!

Aryan was bubbling with ideas! He would come up with unusual wordings and images, as you can see in both of his haiku. He did some loud thinking and mentioned ‘*a two-year-old tornado eating flowers*’. At first I didn’t get it and felt quite stupid before the youngsters, who seemed to appreciate his mutterings!

When I asked him to explain, Aryan said, “*It’s a small wind swirling around the field and I want to call it a two-year-old tornado.*”

I was clean bowled. Later, I met his mother, who had come to pick him up, and she was so happy to hear that her son had done well in this one-hour workshop!



Aditi Chowdhury – *Katha Utsav Creative Writing Workshop for School Children, December 2017* :

ripples of calm
wash over the grey ocean –
a wet Mumbai

an evening in Shillong –
pink skies marred with
charcoal sparrows

birthday feast –
two fragile fingers dip into
molten chocolate

Chandni Chowk
a BMW whooshes past
the dusty colours

I noticed Aditi Chowdhury was observant and I wasn't surprised to see that almost all the haiku and senryu she wrote were good. It was difficult to believe she was new to haiku and allied genres. These poems are unedited; to think Aditi understood the knack of incorporating juxtaposition is truly amazing. There is a sense of place in her poems which enhances the honesty in her narration. Basho proclaimed *makoto* (translated as sincerity or poetic truth) was important when writing haiku.

Now read this haibun from her.

Haven

She wore a white mekhela chadar that morning, wrapped haphazardly around her plump wrinkly body. Her hair, matted with oil, was pulled back into a messy bun. She was solving the crossword in an Assamese daily as I came bouncing down the stairs and into her room. I noticed the dark shadows that ran beneath her eyes. She hadn't been sleeping too well this past week.

She adjusted her glasses on that big blunt nose and told me, “Your grandfather-died today.”

a haven –
sunlight peeps in uninvited
through thinning trees

*Aditi Chowdhury - 14 years
India*

Editor’s note: I asked her about ‘*mekhele chadar*’ and she explained that it is a type of sari, comprising of two pieces of cloth, one draped on the top and the other around the hips. This is the traditional attire worn by Assamese women.



Unnati Agrawal – *Symbiosis School for Liberal Arts Pune, 2018.*

kite festival –
a manja thread cuts through
the dove's throat

Note taken from Wikipedia: “Manja (or manjha) is an abrasive string used for fighter kites in Afghanistan, Bangladesh, India, Nepal and Pakistan. It is gummed, coloured and coated with powdered glass. Traditional recipes use rice gluten, tree gums and similar natural ingredients, and the exact recipe is often a closely guarded secret of the individual maker.”

gusty storm –
I open my arms
like Rose Dawson

Unnati has taken us effortlessly to the movie Titanic – it is this *link and shift* or should we say this direct reference to *allusion* that makes this ku stand out from the rest?

A tanka nicely handled:

how long should I wait
for him to smile at me again –
my heart breaks
with every beep
of my grandpa's heart monitor

*Unnati Agrawal - 18 years
India*



Shreya Narang – *Katha Utsav Creative Writing Workshop for School Children, December 2013 :*

Syria
short of graveyards . . .
heavens cry

Kargil war . . .
some extra stars
in the sky

Mumbai attack
souls linger around
for justice

corrupt nation . . .
Gandhi ji dies
once again

*Shreya Narang - 17 years
India*

Shreya says she attended the 2013 batch of the *Katha Utsav for Creative Writing* and attended the haiku & senryu workshop spread over two days. I think of the proverb “*we can take the horse to the water but can't make it drink*” ... after the workshop, however intensive it is, each student has to make a conscious effort to understand the nuances and depth in the art form, and that comes only with practice.

Notice that Shreya's senryu are strong in allusion to historical and socio-economical factors and thereby in the 'vertical axis', but without losing the global feel.

Well done, Shreya. You've developed your own voice.



Shubhangi Anand- *Symbiosis School for Liberal Arts Pune, 2018 :*

paper boats . . .
she could still smell the rain
in the dusty album

boarding school –
I create a family
away from home

our empty glasses
brimming over
with whispered secrets

*Shubhangi Anand - 18 years
India*

When Shubhangi came up with the 'paper boats' ku, the whole class gave their approval. We have formed a Facebook forum where students post their work and I encourage them to comment on others' poems. Shubhangi most often has good suggestions to offer. All these three poems have been written in haikai style – concise and brief.



Two more haiku and students from SSLA deserve a mention :

天馬祭り
花火の色は
もうわからないや

no more can I tell
the colour of fireworks . . .
Tenma Matsuri

Yaeshona Sarkar - 18 years
India (SSLA)

Both the haiku in Japanese and its English translation are by Yaeshona.

Matsuri literally means festival. *Tenma Matsuri* is an annual Japanese summer festival held most probably in Osaka. It's a traditional festival mostly inside the shrine along with food and play stalls. As the evening sets in, they have fireworks!

☆☆☆☆

yet another step . . .
the shadow of a farmer
lengthens

Yashvi Shah -18 years
India

The vertical axis (allusion to the cultural history) is strong in Yashvi Shah's haiku. It's summer ('lengthening shadow' is a kigo word for summer), so I see delayed rains. 'yet another step' can be taken to indicate the farmer's agitation as he walks up and down, worrying that the seeds he has planted will go to waste for there is no sign of rain. Many farmers commit suicide each year for these reasons in Maharashtra, where I live.

☆☆☆☆☆☆

cattails ~ April 2018

The rest of the poems are showcased by age – the youngest first. Each haiku here is my favourite and can be considered as an *Editor's Choice*. This deserves a round of applause!

a crow flew in
and pooped on our couch . . .
mom goes mad

Raahi Veera - 9 years
India (Bookaroo Literary Fest)

Raahi was all smiles when he came to show me this senryu.

freezing night . . .
the boy feels the moon
in a river

Amogh Ajit -10 years
India (Bookaroo in City)

I received an e-mail from Amogh's mother saying ever since the workshop, her son just keeps writing haiku!

grass . . .
I won't stamp
on you

Meesha Singh - 10 years
India (Bookaroo Literary Fest)

I've chosen this ku for it shows a great level of awareness for a 10-year-old child.

autumn sky . . .
as waves knock me down
I see a new world

Marjan Raja - 12 years
India (Katha Utsav)

Marjan has caught the 'wonder' in haiku so well.

kitchen sounds –
metal on metal
as women talk

Shambhavee Patwardhan - 13 years
India (Bookaroo)

a young boy
waits for a kidney . . .
cold hospital room

Karan Veer -13 years
India (Katha Utsav)

winter morning . . .
grandpa's unused glasses
talk to me

Karan Veer - 13 years
India (Katha Utsav)

The theme at the Katha Utsav this year was compassion and empathy. I see compassion in these poems . . . the word choices are excellent, which is so essential when writing haiku and senryu.

reddish sky –
I remember my grandfather's
anger

Hasan Khan -13 years
India (Bookaroo Literary Fest)

autumn moonlight . . .
a tailor threads thoughts
into buttonholes

Praniti Gulyani - 14 years
India

he sits
with a pipe in hand
complaining of pollution

Ishan Ashpreet Singh - 14 years
India

withered branches –
the last leaf twirls
into twilight

Aayushi Jagtap -13 years
India (Katha Utsav)

football field –
players running to and fro
only to kick the ball

Anshh Goyal -12 years
India (Katha Utsav)

evening story –
a long queue lines up
for the golgappa

Anshh Goyal -12 years
India (Katha Utsav)

“golgappa” is a favourite street food throughout India!

last cocoon . . .
from a green mulberry bush
the butterfly emerges

Shreya Saksena - 12 years
India (Katha Utsav)

play button . . .
a collision
between stars

Aashna Goyal - 16 years
India (Katha Utsav)

deserted building –
the arrival
of new pigeons

Bhoomi Nigam -12 years
India (Katha Utsav)

rainy afternoon . . .
how scattered the sky
in all those puddles

Praniti Gulyani -14 years
India

thunderclap!
under the umbrella
two lips collide

Yashvi Shah - 18 years
India (SSLA)

falling leaves –
he needed a bookmark
no more

Rajath Nair - 18 years
India (SSLA)

annual day . . .
as I dance on the stage
my father whistles

Jesita Sarosh Limathwala - 18 years
India (SSLA)

family road trip
each member looking
at their own screens

Abhirami Ponnambulam - 18 years
India (SSLA)

campfire sparks . . .
the fireflies
get lost

Megha Nair - 18 years
India (SSLA)

peak summer –
my siblings and I sleep
on wet towels

Kaavya Ranjith - 18 years
India (SSLA)





Ruby-throated Hummingbird

TANKA time . . . at the *Bookaroo Children's Literary Festival*, children were exposed to tanka. Faster than ice melting in summer, they grasped the idea of two strong images using concrete words and the art of '*show, don't tell*' ! :

I enter the mall
on New Year's eve . . .
a child
comes to us
with his begging bowl

Sophie Mascarenhas - 12 years
India (Bookaroo Literary Fest)

I bake
chocolate chip cookies . . .
my family gets sick
except my brother
who eats everything

Sophie Mascarenhas - 12 years
India (Bookaroo Literary Fest)

my father
in an old photo . . .
the tie
which grandfather bought
belongs to me now

Aryan Rohra - 13 years
India (Bookaroo Literary Fest)

my sister
who has so many friends
spends time
with everyone
except me

*Aryan Rohra - 13 years
India (Bookaroo Literary Fest)*



Haibun - the art of storytelling:

Traces

*by Praniti Gulyani, - 14 years
India*

I knew her by her shoes, blue and pink colour from beneath her long, black dress. She was veiled like all of them, yet for me, she stood out.

I knew her by her nails, painted in rainbow colours. Nails that crept out from under her long, black sleeves. Nails that adjusted her veil.

I knew her by her eyes, so dreamy and gentle. The way she gazed at the paintings on display and seemingly captured them within her.

I knew her by her tears. The way the paintings reflected in her tears, as they dropped out of her eyes. The way every tear looked like a confused blur of scattered colour.

It seemed as though she was struggling to haggle the price of a dream.

foggy morning . . .
tracing a bird
by its song

☆☆☆☆

Haibun written in class during their 60-hour haiku course at the *Symbiosis School for Liberal Arts (SSLA)*.

Delivery

by Antara Dharane - 18 years
India

Desperately missing home, my friends and I order from a traditional restaurant. It gets colder as we wait for our order near the college gate. The watchman calls us over to take a seat. We make small talk in Marathi with him over the fire that keeps us warm.

He brings us home-cooked food the next day.

night sky . . .
stars shine brighter
with warm company

☆☆☆☆

This haibun was written after the first ginko walk to the Bhamburda Forest arranged for the undergrads. This story is written from Ananya Azad's angle. Read on:

Ginko Walk

by Ananya Azad - 18 years
India (SSLA)

Walking down the hill, adrenaline and curiosity pumping through me, my mind amused by nature around, I got distracted by a few adorable dogs, something not so new to me. What was new to me was what happened next, I found myself alone on a route I didn't recognize, completely lost before my friends could realise I was missing . . . and, it was getting dark.

vague memory
her only map through the maze . . .
winter evening

☆☆☆☆

I had given the class a prompt using 'an event that occurred recently' and asked students to pair up and jointly write a haibun, since it was their first exposure to haibun. Read their side of the story :

Absentminded

*by Shubhangi Anand and Jesita Limathwala – 18 years
India (SSLA)*

The sun had set, and we were all trekking down the hill. Everything was good when halfway down, we realised one of our batch mates was missing. We tried reaching out to her on her cell phone but seems like mobile networks don't like hilltops very much.

fireflies
become our guiding light . . .
the darkening sky

We split the group and went looking for her. We were worried but somewhere at the back of the mind that tingling happiness of burning calories! An hour went by before we finally found her . . . alone, along with a dead battery and a lost bag.

parallel universe
a bunch of kids
beat James Bond



Woodbridge Haiku Competition

Haiku workshops formed part of the *Woodbridge Youth Poetry Festival* (Suffolk, UK) organised by Alexandra Davis in November 2017. Eleven-year-old pupils from four classes at Woodbridge School took part in the 45-minute workshops and were asked to write at least one haiku for judging. They wrote over 170 haiku, which made picking three winners extremely challenging. :

1st place

tree bark
dinosaur scales
from prehistoric times

Eleanor Parsons

The imagination of this haiku instantly grabbed my attention, Eleanor's tightly controlled use of words making for an intriguing comparison despite the absence of an obvious seasonal reference. I will never look at tree bark the same way!

☆☆☆☆

2nd place

green to yellow to red
my mood follows the leaves

Kai Hoang

This two-line haiku is wonderfully mature for such a young poet, the seasonal variations in leaf colour mirroring a clear change in Kai's mood. The colours have been carefully chosen to symbolise emotions in a very strong haiku.

☆☆☆☆

3rd place

cold steel unfinished questions lashed to a rope

Daniel Jones

When judging the competition I was looking for poems which were different to the rest. Daniel's one-line haiku had a simplicity and air of mystery which are present in all of the best poems.

Tim Gardiner, workshop leader and judge.

Mainichi Haiku Contest 2017

Finally, as I was preparing this Youth Corner selection, I received news that Lakshay and Praniti, won 2nd prize in the Children's International Category in the Mainichi Haiku Contest 2017! Well done, Lakshay and Praniti!

flying aeroplane
on the white carpet of clouds
far-off houses

*

– Lakshay Gandotra (India) age 13
KATHA Utsav Delhi - Haiku & Senryu Workshop

雲の白いカーペットの上を
飛行機が飛んでゆく
家々の立ち並ぶ果てを
– ラクシャイ・ガンドルタ 13歳 (インド)

dishwashing
she shelves her dreams
with glass plates

– Praniti Gulyani (India) age 13
India Habitat Centre - Haiku, Senryu & Haibun Workshop 2017

Kala Ramesh
Youth Corner Editor



Northern Cardinal

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