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<https://otatablog.wordpress.com>

otatahaiku@gmail.com

For the image of Thoreau's transcribed *Journal* page, see:
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SPECIAL FEATURE:

Bob Arnold — poems selected from *Heaven Lake* 53

Tokonoma

13 Sunday March 4th 1855
14 Pm to Bee tree Hill over F. H. Pond.
15 For some time, or since the ground has
16 been bare, I have noticed the spider holes
17 in the ploughed land. We go over the
18 Cliffs. Though a cold & strong wind
19 it is very warm in the sun--& we can
20 sit in the sun where sheltered on these
21 rocks with impunity. It is a genial
22 warmth-- The rustle of the dry leaves on
23 the earth & in the crannies of the
24 rocks--& gathered in deep windrows
25 just under their edge--midleg deep--
26 remind me of fires in the woods--they
27 are almost ready to burn. I see a
28 fly on the rock

— *H.D. Thoreau*

Ketti Martino

*Procedo per implicite rinunce
perché la gratuità dell'esistenza
è nel rigore estremo, incanto
che contiene solo il necessario.*

*I sogni, col fiato corto di una pianta
acerba, vogliono maturare piano,
senza pesi, per traboccare di bellezza.*

I proceed by implicit renunciations
because the gratuity of existence
lies in extreme rigor, charm
that holds only the necessary.

Dreams, with the short breath of
an unripe plant, want to mature gently,
without weight, to overflow with beauty.

*Dimmi, di quel gomitolo di gioie,
pensieri, quale rasserena ancora la tua corsa
come quando mangiavi il seno
con più d'un morso,
e con l'esserci
o il non esserci,
e senza chiedere, spezzavi in due il pane
dividendo il tempo tuo
e le parole?*

*Se non ti ho mai cercato,
e sei venuto a me,
 ventre gracile, invernale amore
è stato solo per parlarti qui, ora
nel silenzio nostro.*

Tell me about that little ball of joys,
thoughts, which still cheer you in the race
as when you nursed at the breast
for more than one bite,
and being there
or not being there
and without asking, you broke bread
dividing your time
and words?

If I never looked for you
and you came to me,
 gentle belly, winter love
it was only to talk to you here, now,
in our silence.

*Procedo per implicite rinuncia e Dimmi furono originariamente pubblicate in [Atelier](#).
Procedo per implicite rinuncia and Dimmi were originally published in [Atelier](#).
Translations jm*

Poesie da *Del distacco e altre impermanenze*

Poems from *Of detachment and other impermanences*

Milan: La Vita Felice, 2014

www.lavitafelice.it

*Se tu guardassi dal buco
che hai tracciato in cielo
vedresti il labirinto che conosci
e i punti stretti a ricucire albe.*

If you look at the hole
you drew in the sky
you'll see the labyrinth you know
and pinholes for patching daybreaks

*Quale fosse la dea che mi portava
al giorno, non mi è dato sapere
ma ricordo il bianco dei tuoi occhi
al cielo, contro i palazzi. E le pupille
a fissare l'ultimo fermo-immagine.*

It isn't given to me to know
which goddess brought me to daylight
but I remember the whites of your eyes
toward the sky, against the buildings. And pupils
fixing the final freeze-frame.

*Partorisco fossili e parole
resto incisa nella terra
mai nelle persone*

I give birth to fossils and words
I remain cut in earth
never people.



(Translations jm)

John Levy

The River

you get wet twice
when you step into the same river

the first time your clothes dry
because it is a hot day

it is still a hot day
when you enter again

"Heraclitus," says your daughter,
in the beach chair she bought

with the money she earned,
"was born in 544 B.C."

she bought the book with
more money she earned herself

you put your same head
under the water, eyes open

again, happy you're a father
and seeing blurred stones in the light

Fiddler Crab

About one hundred species of semi-terrestrial marine crabs make up what can be called a Fiddler Crab, which also is named a Calling Crab. Each of us have our own calling, living — as we do — as if called from some otherworldly blue-

print that sometimes seems designed with a sense of humor. Take the Fiddler Crab, the male with the major claw he uses to perform a waving display to a female who accepts or rejects him based on (1) the size of his blueprint-bestowed claw, and (2) his performed

wave with said claw. This could be amusing, tragic, fabulous, and/or as meaningless as death seems — sometimes — to render us after we've been called to perform our displays.

It

"It is piddling down with rain. A couple of sparrows landing on the telephone wires out the window." John Phillips, in an email, in January, in Cornwall.

Sparrows on telephone wires, wet
wires under wet beaks, wet feet

gripping wet black wires, a couple of
sparrows viewed with a couple

of eyes, wet rusty crowns and wet
grey heads. Our own

white hairs, our minds
letting the rain in and the

sparrows in, in our minds their
rusty crowns.

Zoo

In Polish it is also zoo. I was a little surprised. I was reading a Grzegorz Wróblewski poem with the Polish across from the English. The last word in a poem entitled "Penguin" ("Pingwin") is zoo on both pages. So to double-

check I Googled an English to Polish site and yes, zoo and zoo matched there too. Though then I noticed two other possibilities for zoo in Polish:

ogród zoologiczny

zwierzyniec

and it's as if I were at our zoo here in Tucson in the aviary enclosure and three birds land on my outstretched legs (I'd sit down on the path because I'd be alone so no one would realize I'm odd nor would I scare any children) and one is a sparrow

on my right knee and the other two appear fabulously more foreign and are big and complicated and weigh down my left leg and surely possess exotic names I could find, but

would forget within a minute. No penguin though. Our zoo doesn't have penguins. I'll have to revisit his poem, which ends (spoiler alert) with Wróblewski — no no, I shouldn't give away anything about his poem except the final word. I can't avoid that.

Alegria Imperial

decryptions

gushed off bottomed-out seas
inundating shallow beds between mountain curvatures...
could it be mom's leaking breasts?

(a fissured aurora)

on eaves

in the thicket the gloaming rimmed
huddled among warring moons, nagged by anguished herds
...gripe about the hollows, could she?

(a tumult in the silence)

whose sniveled drumming

grappling with wild winds, vexed clouds surging
in dark wells—yet, a gleam in the evening's thickness,
is it her soul disengaged?

(a plume leaping off)

can't tell

random tasks

dreadlocks midnight tangled to uncoil

forceps to rid twitter-ed words of splinters

split tongues said not only of hummingbirds need we mind?

the cypress defying sunset throes why prune

the Blue Prince holly's thorns how to clip

petulant winds to fold and unfold

Madhuri Pillai

shadow dancing through parted curtains bleached day

gum barks layer by layer the façade peels

Geethanjali Rajan & Sonam Chhoki

A yellow sun rises in the eastern sky painting the thatch in gold.

wood-fire
to cook rice gruel –
first meal of the year

Blue pines on the hill smoking with mist.

suddenly some drumbeats -
elephant tracks lead
to a cluster of bamboo

In retreat the river etches itself on the bank.

*spreading haze
voices arc back and forth
in the mustard fields*

The path uphill scented with flowers whose name I do not know.

*framing the peaks
Wind-horse prayer flags
rise and fall in the breeze*

Monsoon Rites

a nuthatch
full-throated in song
on a rain-filled dawn
while I, even in dreams
cannot conjure a cobalt sky

*drops of water
spatter from the ixora
as I stir
from the heaviness of sleep
to make the first offering*

Nag Panchami -
as if in obeisance
how the mist flows
from the kalash of ravine
to the chant of the stream

*summer's pond
pregnant with grey sky
to the brim
our unending quest
to break this cycle of birth*

a rainbow
spans the valley
to the clouds
the day, the old stone shrine
is taken by the deluge

*fragrant herbs
for our monsoon ailments
in grandma's poultices
what if all of life's complaints
could be as easily assuaged*

Sonam Chhoki
& Geethanjali Rajan

Joseph Salvatore Aversano

Moon Blue

as if the moon is so ordinary
that we have to imagine

it is blue and extraordinary
so that we as if we are

so ordinary too can
be as extraordinary

for having seen it
for having been there

in the light of it
as blue

*on a day of clairaudience
(or of being struck
by a rogue wave):*

i.

bear's ear bowls
de-iced

a whirring

boreal
blue

ii.

whatever the wind gauge

a djinn
or wind sage
you

Adrian Bouter

grey groceries day red apple

moody hooves the scent of wet grass

crude oil plastic smiles fill the room

Dan Schwerin

from the abdomen
the spider's window
onto God

the last word
so hungry
for another

nothing to do
every flake goes
let go let go let

Eufemia Griffio

spring garden
silkworms become
butterflies again

dark sky
a blue kite plays
with the white clouds

Gabriel Bates

light
mist
sometimes
I
do
feel

news of her suicide a thick fog
hangs beneath that same oak tree

news of her suicide a thick fog
hangs beneath that same oak tree

kicking rocks
I'm unable to feel
or fear God

deep in thought
a log shifts
in the fire

dead end street
I walk away
from my mind

alone tonight
I turn to tell you something

the
dead
leaves
reminding
me

Elmedin Kadric

light the
end of
a dot

still wanting to become November rain

"yet" (not quite rut)

scattering
a
page
full of nothing
but
me

mean
while
horn
bill

the distance assured I am not

O an Englishman in leather robes

in accordance with nature as

Debbie Strange

damp underpass only the dark timpani of trains

stardrifts we slip into the depths of winter

setting sun blood red epaulettes on a blackbird's wings

sulphur springs we conjure the scent of petrichor

Anna Maria Domburg-Sancristoforo

*ultima neve -
i fiocchi si sciolgono
al primo sguardo*

last snow -
snowflakes melting
at first sight

my private spring -
the scent oh hyacinths
in the living room

*chicchi di riso —
nella ciotola tonda
splende la luna*

rice grains —
in the round bowl
moonshine

Maria Teresa Sisti

red tulip —
a stem without thorns
who fears the wind

the first train —
a noise of ice
on the grass

full moon —
the usual lack
tonight too

Leonardo Lazzari

spring rain flows on my back her hand

Christina Sng

breakwater
the kindness
of strangers

soaring eagle
she belongs to
herself

crescent moon
my toddler counts sheep
before she sleeps

Giovanna Restuccia

*operai sul binario —
mio padre rimane
dall'altra parte*

workers on the railway —
my father remains
on the other side

A chinese seamstress
sews beside the showcase —
falling leaves

shadows spread
in the room —
father's last words

foreign voices
from a full boat —
crescent moon

narcissus —
in the depths of my eyes
your image

violets —
biting cold
in our distance

Margherita Petriccione

*dita congelate —
sulla lattuga sopravvissuta
due lumache*

frozen fingers —
on the surviving lettuce
two snails

brina sulle labbra il vapore di una promessa

frost on the lips the steam of a promise

*trama di foglie morte —
una gemma di croco*

texture of dead leaves -
a bud of crocus

una mimosa nell'autostrada sosta forzata

a mimosa in the highway wind forced stop

*camelia bianca
la prima macchia scura
sulle mani*

white camellia —
the first dark blotch
on the hands

*pianto di gufo —
pesante di frasi vuote
la luna di stasera*

owl cry —
heavy with empty phrases
tonight's moon

Angela Giordano

*l'ultima stella —
un vecchio sulla soglia
avvolto nella nebbia*

the last star —
an old man in the doorway
shrouded in mist

*futano il vento
due giovani puledri —
aria di pioggia*

they smell the wind
two young foals —
rainy air

*declina il giorno —
il vento ha cambiato
la direzione*

the day declines —
the wind has changed
direction

*pioggia scrosciante —
un suono di tamburi
sui capannoni*

pouring rain —
a sound of drums
on the sheds

Antonio Sacco

*Forte folata:
sopra i campi di grano
appare un'onda*

Strong gust:
above the wheat fields
a wave appears

*Ortensie in fiore -
ora guardando a terra
rivedo il cielo*

Hydrangeas in bloom -
now looking at the ground
I see the sky again

*Strati di petali:
vedere in un carciofo
un fior di loto*

Layers of petals
in an artichoke
see a lotus flower

Corrado Aiello

*pioggia di città...
mentre cerco di adempiere
il mio dharma*

*pioggia di città...
mentre provo a bruciare
il mio karma*

city rain...
as I try to fulfill
my dharma

city rain...
as I try to burn
my karma

Lucia Cardillo

*cambia il tempo...
una pigna rotola giù
nell'erba alta*

weather changes ...
one pinecone rolls down
in the tall grass

*scarpe infangate ...
nel solito nascondiglio
iris selvatici*

muddy shoes...
in the usual hideaway
wild irises

*nuvole pesanti ...
il pesco si ricopre
di fiori rosa*

heavy clouds...
peach tree wears
its pink flowers

Maria Laura Valente

Syllables in B/W

x-rays /
something darker
in the dark

long recovery...
streams of consciousness
in slow motion

wounded cocoon —
I take some time
to linger on

white dusk —
behind closed windows
no smell of snow

craft beers —
the aftertaste of sorrow
lingers

William Scott Galasso

Basho's frog
Walden's pond
hand-in-glove

which one of us
is the alien...
praying mantis

marine fog
swallows man and dog,
shortest month

catcombs
a sense that
the time is near

mime's hands
sweep high and low
walls closing in

Rosa Maria Di Salvatore

clear night —
on the almond blossom
the moon shines

night in the country —
in the silence a cricket
and his cri-cri

Clayton Beach

Hansha Teki

Johannes S. H. Bjerg

An Unexpected Departure

in memoriam Johnny Baranski

Folsom prison blues—
every man guilty of some
kind of innocence

a worm twists and turns
at the heart of a rose

see? with the beads
of glass I can show you
your rainbow

revenants of yesteryear
in her sleight of hand

now the mirror's empty
but for the stupid smile
of moonlight

a bolt-gun rings in the stockyard
poppies Hafiz, oh the poppies...

day after day
the quiet American
soldiers on

a chalk window on the wall
there's your escape

the goldfish stares through me
two blue-bottle flies
gather dust in the corner

a breath makes to softly leave
through a split infinitive

hand-to-brow
in one movement
mensch

mother's approval proves
the relationship's final blow

dead sea scroll
a caterpillar
of its end

OMG! there's a dog
trying to get into her ear!

and yet no one pays any mind
as the ground erodes
underfoot

unheard of 'til now
footfall on water

first snowdrops
a certain whiteness in
A Love Supreme

refracted through my third eye
the moon scents whisper

images strewn
across the underbelly
of experience

quietly dusk leaves
the fields wide open

Francesco Palladino

sails swollen with white light —
the flat sea

plowing —
a white furrow in the sky

reeds in the wind —
in a cold sunset shadows in shadow

Dave Read

slipped disc ...
the old jalopy
sold for parts

losing the moon
to a U-turn ...
summer's end

the space between
stars starts to grow
hyphens

Bob Arnold



Special Feature

A selection of poems from *Heaven Lake*

Longhouse Publishers

from Heaven Lake

Fair Is Fair

After breaking in

The snowshoe trail

The deer use it

Mirror

rain

on

leaf

The Little Things

Out in the dark woods
when the power goes out
with heavy snow

there is nothing quite
like a small chocolate
drop melting in the

dark of your mouth

Amen, Brother

He wasn't happy
about any part of his
job and I'd wager
even his life knee-
deep in snow
cranking away
on two gas
tanks when
he said with
scorn, "*Happiness
isn't everything
it's cracked up
to be*" — amen
brother, but if I
took away your
wrench and
doubled the
snow depth
up to your neck
I promise you
you'll miss
this little bit
of happiness
you have

Steps

Life

is

but

an

ad

just

ment

The Muse

I can't get anything done
until she is out of my hair!

her eyes are that blue
her hair goes with the sun

the flash of her flowered dress in the air
and even when she is away

only momentarily, an errand to town
I'm thinking now of what I'm missing

here where I work in a woods ditch with shovel
laying in stone stairs which may as well be to the sea

since she'll visit on her return and I'm grubby and
she steps lightly down each new step before anyone

saying how lovely it all is and all is fine

I Sent To My Mother

my book of forty years of
love poems and she never
said if she received the book
or not, so I asked —
and she sighed
“*Oh yes, I have that*

I put it away”

Bowling

knew it was

a strike

watching her

skirt twirl

He's Nearby

for Franco

I hear

leaf

caught

in bicycle

spoke

Book Lover

If looks could kill
then here it is —

the famous poet
after his reading

meeting my wife
who is asking him

to sign his books
that mean next to

nothing to her and
they both know it

I'll Never Be Poor

How she does it
I don't know

don't want
to know

will never
know as

she turns to me and
it's new all over again

Stone Over Stone

to bal
ance
the
stone

takes
eye
↻
hand

↻ for
get
ting
thought

All You Need To Know

All you need to know about
America now is —

all my old tools are with me
working daily

hammers, trowels, levels
saws, plumb-bobs, rakes

while all my new tools
are soon broken

For Ian Hamilton Finlay

Hear

oriole by

itself made

the yard

Boy

an airport —

on the kitchen table

In

the rain

the geese

Simple

the canoe

does no-

thing on

land

Authority

Some mouse has woven
a paper nest in my stored
away mud boots all winter

It's now sloppy spring
and I'm needing
my boots

who am
I to wreck
a warm home?

Mister

Across the brawn of the river
St. Lawrence from Old Montreal
In a park tree topped by sunshine
We walked and only stopped
Once because we just had to
Listen to a man off by himself
With no hat down or instrument
Case open who sat straight up
On a bench with his both feet
Dancing 'cause you see beside
This water and flowing up into
The trees and looking back to
The city we all could hear
His concertina

Still

Snow in the
Yard into the

Woods even in
The trees but

Under simple
Plank swing

A square
Of grass

Turn Around

You can live in fear
that's all there seems to be
newspaper to television screen
even people's faces on the street

stop your car by the side of the road
get out and walk into the field
sit there, be there, your back to the road
everyone will think you are crazy

you are crazy
now that that is settled
sit there until the field takes you
then the trees

Those

every

mon-

ster

leaves

a

trail

How They Met

He took what clothes he needed washing, including the ones he was wearing, and she put everything into their old washing machine and it was done. She then took the fresh wash spun dry and carried it outdoors and hung it on the clothesline for the afternoon. Then she went to town to do errands. He cut a lot of grass. When they met up again the clothes were dry. He cut up fruit for their supper and she went out and brought the clothes in sun kissed from the line. She folded everything neat as a pin and rested it on the back of the sofa near the hallway door to the upstairs. He went carefully through the clothes and decided he needed everything of his right there downstairs. He left the clothes alone. Hours later, on her way upstairs, she took all the clothes with her up the stairs. When she got upstairs something about it all told her his clothes were supposed to stay downstairs. She brought the clothes downstairs.

He was happy to see her.

Getting There

half

way

doesn't

cross

a

bridge

Nothing But The Truth

She is a little girl
on a rocking-horse
and she will only
allow herself to be
lifted on the horse
if she can hold a
flower, it's plastic
but she is two years
old so it is a flower
and she is content
with the horse her-
self and the flower
until I tell her her
daddy has jumped
into the pond and
her daddy who is
my son is hidden
by me in the door-
way and is quite
used to madcap
and fun but he
knows to reassure
his little girl that he
is not in the pond
but grandfathers
must say there are
such ponds

You Can

toss an apple
core to the
river

but never get
to float that
free

Know What You Do

What does it all mean?
it means times have changed
and we're supposed to change with it

take the quiet, the river, the old
road, animal lore, secret pathways
respect for stick, leaf and silence

and throw it all away

do as we please
barge where we barge
litter as we like

you don't know what sort of
agreement and law and universe
you are asking to destroy when

you do this

Our Life

You

&

me

&

then

some