

Otata 30

June, 2018



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(June, 2018)

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from otata's bookshelf

elmedin kadric
dot

Guliz Mutlu
Cappadocia and Mount Nimrod

jacob kobina ayiah mensah
menhirs [material science]

TOKONOMA

the inner world is the real world
a world that may have achieved a kind of timelessness.

what I learned from Henry Miller and then forgot:
dive in and swim

not moon around trying to decide what project to
start on first. it's all one project. pick it up at any
point, start working and you get into it.

there aren't a bunch of projects, there's only one
project: survival on planet and salvation of soul.

are they parts of one project?

(yep: because without vision, the people perish)

if soul not survive, then none of us do.

what mean save soul? probably something just as
specific as <survive on planet>

save life, save soul (try to save life without saving
soul is sure way to lose both).

(& so): there's only one project

— Robert Lax
from *Journal A*

Kim Dorman

bright morning air
to greet me

save me from the
undertow

of dreams

tiny leak
sprung
in the heart

.

imagine
days

in the

desert

not a word

.

standing on
the rim

watching
three
condors
soar

below

the Colorado
a silver

thread

.

family friends
I am
a shadow
on these
rocks

Claudia Messelodi

*sabbie mobili
parole d'amore risucchiate
dal silenzio*

quicksand
my love words swallowed up
by silence

*nostalgia
nel vecchio quaderno
petali di rosa*

nostalgia
within the old notebook
rose petals

*nostalgia di casa
ovunque vada
profumo di rose*

homesickness
wherever I go
the scent of roses

John Levy

Lincoln

My taxi driver in Brighton
is from Zimbabwe and
his parents named him Lincoln,
a name he says Abraham

Lincoln "put on the map." One
of his brothers is Phineas
and one of his sisters Primrose.

He's 65, one year younger
than me. He flew back to
Zimbabwe for his mother's
funeral, just got back four

days ago. I tell him my
mother died nine years ago.
How old was she? he asks.

Eighty-six. Mine too, he
says, cancer. Mine died
of a heart attack, I say.
I'm next, he says. I know

what you mean, I reply.
My mother had terrible
headaches, he says, and we

spent all this money on
doctors who said it was
migraines. When they found
the tumor it was too late.

His father died of a heart attack
and he says he hopes he'll go
like that—quick, no pain.

I've never met another Lincoln,
he says. But there's a
Lincolnshire around here, he
adds then looks out the window

as if he can see it.

An Army of Books

It's a cold war between me
and the unnamed waiting out there.

Cold wars inspire fear if anyone
can say fear is ever inspired.

I have gathered my troops of the
definitely inspired, with their

spines and names, with their
words and presence. They

await my decision about which
of them will speak to me next

and for how long. I have promoted
most of them repeatedly and awarded

them the highest honors and privileges.
They wait for me when I sleep, when I

eat meals, leave home without them,
take showers, find time away from them for

my family and friends and the strangers
I also love to treat—when I'm capable—with

kind attentiveness. When I die they'll be
scattered, some sold, some dumped, some

donated, very few kept by my family.
They won't know I'm gone. I believe

I won't either.

Haiku for Philip Whalen

it's too late for you to read this
when you're alive
but it's good and empty for you anyway

Sonam Chhoki

VEILED ADMISSION (notes on dying)

Awaiting the histology results this sense that she might have used up all her time.

*hook of night
the waning crescent hanging
at dawn chorus*

Unable to tell the family she hides in her busyness.

*night and day
the hawk cuckoo
cries for rain*

In dreams she is lost on a moonlit track through her favourite blue pine wood.

*ancestral shrine
the woman uncombed
turns the prayer wheel*

Morphine-blinded how will she see the Clear Light in the bar-do ?

*approaching storm
the sun
on a distant window pane*

caught by the sun
water dripping from muzzle
the clouded leopard

power outage
footsteps retreating
in the night rain

river shrine
black-necked cranes gather
for the Tibetan Heights

after the blue thrush
first stars
in the maple

What do the birds know?

lost
in the rain-buffeted woods
a great barbet
interrupts our argument
with its alarm cries

after the storm
a pair of turtle doves
preen and coo . . .
you and I seethe,
wait for the other to call

still stubbornly winter
the silhouette of bare trees
what latent pulse
do pale-footed babblers sense
as they pour out their duet

gorge shrine
echoing wail of a hill partridge
much more eloquent
than any supplication
I could make to the valley gods

Timothy Murphy

step by step burning arrow of truth gray meadow moon

to and fro threshold shadows cause effect disconnect

nothing to lose but our keychains turning on ourselves

ritual dream shadow moon waning sacrifice

Lucy Whitehead

canvas lanterns
line the pavements
twilight in tent city

twilight proposal
our long shadows
already one

Louise Hopewell

the recurring dream
that no longer recurs
fresh sheets

Joseph Salvatore Aversano

Cézanne

when seeing an apple
are you aware
it's a living thing?

there is no such thing
as a still life
even if sketched

as the outlines
even if bold
cannot hold in

a thing

snake's skin shed for a field

RAINFOREST

what if there were no
edge like in an ocean:
from its center swam
in the way the branches
lift and up comes a swell
rolling nowhere into the
haze and then what
sounding could cut through
if not the termite hollowed
trunk struck---a thwuck!
but followed

with nothing one could
say is a direct
response

written in response to sound pieces by David Tudor

in every
direction
the chop the
sardines
the tossed
up shadows
the sea

(Konak,
Izmir,
05 May
2018)

"boys don't cry"
sang Robert Smith
with black eyeliner
running down his
face with the tears
of being only
the boy half of a
girl pushed away
that he had also to sing
"why can't I be you?" and
"if I had your face"
which would only
have gotten him
the tears of being
only the girl half
of the boy

written in response to a visual piece by Carolie Parker

David Read

jukebox lights ...
the stars we saw
as kids

organic tea ...
rain seeps through
the bug screen

night chill ...
she tucks in
her tomatoes

night snow ...
a trucker plows
his headlights

Gabriel Bates

drug withdrawal
the moth burns itself
on a lightbulb

boiling an egg sometimes life is just that

Lucia Cardillo

*bianche farfalle ...
in quell'andirivieni
verdi intervalli*

white butterflies
in the going and coming
green intervals

*la menta riempie
le crepe del sentiero ...
respiro a fondo*

peppermint fills
the path cracks ...
I take a breath

solo silenzio in un cerchio di stelle racchiuso il cielo

only silence in a circle of stars the sky

Peter Newton

the
riv
er
winks
a
sun
lit
snake
from
the
can
yon's
rim

jazz in my earbuds
the city streets
grow on me

erosion control the mood at sea-level

sand perch
dune shack
shifting on it

the sun a bubble on the level of the sea

our mail slot
propped open with a toothpick
the bee escapes

here &
gone
not
catching
the
butterfly's
name

5 now
4 merganser chicks
... 3 ... 2 ... all up to
1

[A tribute to Marlene Mountain's kitten poem]

Corrado Aiello

le dita lunghe degli eucalipti
— *vento di fuoco*

the long fingers of eucalypti
— fire wind

parla l'inverno —
non ha nulla da dire
il giglio rosso

winter speaks —
the red lily
has nothing to say

un vecchio trucco:
fingersi addormentati
per non tradirsi

an old trick —
pretending to be asleep
not to betray oneself

*la testa vuota —
resta incerta la luna
nell'aria fredda*

empty headed —
an uncertain moon
hangs in the chill

*chiaro di luna —
si pesca nel mare
del silenzio*

moonlight —
fishing in the sea
of silence

*luce che goccia
da un lampione solo —
inverno*

light dripping
from a single streetlamp —
winter

*ricalco i margini
... l'inverno ci attraversa in foto*

resetting the borders
... winter crosses our photos

*sonno profondo ...
le zampette arricciate dei gamberi*

deep sleep ...
the curled-up legs of the prawns

*sogni di gloria —
leoni addormentati
sugli alberi*

*dreams of glory —
lions asleep
in the trees*

*F*** zanzare!
Le donne non smetteranno
di parlare*

F*** mosquitoes!
The women won't stop
talking

*di Dio il vanto
migliore e la vergogna —
amore*

God's greatest pride
and shame —
love

Margherita Petriccione

*nuvole nere —
la fragile fioritura
degli ulivi*

black clouds —
the fragile bloom
of olive trees

*luci d'Ischia sfocate—
nel cielo e nel mare
la luna*

Ischia's blurred lights—
In the sky and in the sea
the moon

*primi peperoncini —
ancora sulla punta
il fiore secco*

first chillies —
still on the tip
the dried flower

Angela Giordano

*erba selvaggia —
la luna tra le canne
così vicina*

wild grass —
the moon in the reeds
so close

*riprendo il viaggio —
nelle tasche gli aromi
d'antiche spezie*

I resume the journey —
the aromas of ancient spices
in my pockets

*strada di casa —
dei limoni il profumo
nel vento lieve*

the road home —
the perfume of lemons
in light wind

sopra le fave
antenne di lumache —
orto del nonno

above the beans
antennae of snails —
grandfather's garden

trama nell'ombra
un piccolo ragno —
casa deserta

texture in shadow
a small spider —
deserted house

Gaia Rossella Sain

a different language,
Jesen - but it's still Autumn
across the border

frozen window -
why am I recalling
last november?

waves or clouds?
an upside down feeling
watching the shore

[Ed. note: *Jesen* — Slovenian for *autumn*.]

Ashish Narain

crumbling paper —
his complete works
in four volumes

mossy shrine —
I offer my woes
to the gods

Antonio Mangiameli

*per case e chiese
da una guglia all'altra —
cicogne*

for houses and churches
from one spire to another —
storks

Mark Young

the pool haruspex

He dived into the future
from the three meter board.

Intended a forward one-&-a-half
tuck, a degree of difficulty

of 1.2. Lost his footing,
went ass-first into the water,

received no points. Tomorrow
will be the same as today.

a pneumatic boutonniere

Insufficient bilateral leg
wraps can cause problems
due to division or rupture
of the middle slip if
the ambient temperature
moves outside the 5 to 35
degree range during use.

an / economical option / for boat owners

Globalization, the number one resource
for hot springs in the west, can over-

ride typical associations with vegetation
structure & thus help cyclists share know-

ledge of good local coffee houses along
the expanding network of bicycle routes.

an image showing a group shot of all 10 books

Although there is disagreement
in government circles as to the
legitimacy of the formula, trade
dominance — aka winning — is

often calculated by multiplying
together the bulk purchasing of
the military & how far a common
crank lifts the piston in a cylinder.

attractive colloids

Viewed in real time from
the relative comfort of the
venture-capital enterprise
that Levi-Strauss begin,

the US neurological devices
market is generally found
to be short-ranged but very
suitable for xeriscaping.

its exploration holds promise

There's going to be a solar
eclipse, the limited capacity
model — no control, no placebo,
yet still can jump to a random
node or follow a hyperlink.

Cosmopolitaine

His introduction to
Lucretius' De rerum

natura came in the
reading of an obscure

Scandi Noir crime
novel set in Haiti.

"A mini-dungeon in Dredgehaunt Cliffs"

That pipeline of women
in / senior executive
positions featured in
GTA: San Andreas can

recognize a Rider-Waite-
based tarot by the posit-
ion of the former South
African footballers card.

though that's okay

My internet decided to
give up on me—in a

sort of Neo-Dickensian
pathetic blond boy way—

some distance north of the
old Lutheran Church well.

Not at all like the LARP
shown in *Monster Camp*.

Specialty film newcomers
remain sparse this weekend.

Christina Sng

eye surgery another moonless night

bracing for
the inevitable
curveball

lost in a fugue the empty snail shells

Anna Maria Domburg-Sancristoforo

black nigella seeds —
how many shapes
sorrow has

spring dusk —
you'll never see
my new dress

Alegria Imperial

upside down: the human condition

upside down	<i>riding</i>
no rock	<i>leftover</i>
in the	<i>winds</i>
sphere	<i>waffling</i>
to lay	<i>as if pregnant</i>
a breast	
	what clamps
<i>night rasping</i>	down
<i>in the ribs</i>	on longings
<i>an un-traced</i>	en masse
<i>hurricane</i>	one foot
	at a time?
on swinging	
heads	<i>lightning</i>
milli-miles	<i>that streaks</i>
to reach	<i>lamentations</i>
the River	<i>on the loss</i>
of Heaven	<i>of dreadlocks</i>

*flat on soil an intimate breath
with a snail perhaps*

*if wishes
were incantations
the ghost crab
strides into a hole
in my carapace*

*to sprint
to fly ... a thud
limbs flailing
on emptiness*

*eyes long
in draught
waiting for leaks
in the oceans*

*to pin down
a petal resting
on stones
the wind yanks off
my spine a shallow arch*

*at level with the sun
somersaults un-hailed
a star stuck
in dirt*

*on footfalls
inaudible groans
the sand grains
crashing*

*the breeze combing
furrows in my oak
an agony
of intimacies*

*struck with crimson
blades the sea bleeds
in me the fifth
sorrowful decade*

*the speckled-slimy
gloats among midget
lives huddled
in a rotting bark*

whose
unscented breaths
turned vaporized stars
a bubble skein exhaled at dawn
dimming light years of
unsweetened dust
the vagueness
of a cock's
screams

snapping at moths
snapping at moths

in celestial silence
in celestial silence

upside down
upside down

deliquescing

where lies huddle
the vigil sun's
arsenal

the gander's honk
dying on its own

tipped moon--
wildness inflames
the adverbs

on the belly dancer's ankle
a bees' wax smudge

poking the cell door
the shifting hips
of a storm

what belongs to whom
scents off horse hair

lecture mysteries
dolorous eyes
their fates

sun splash
reading my fortune
in chicken scratching

imputed meanings
dredged off
wine vats

Robert Christian

He has no dog but two birds follow him

For C

It takes life
to live our love

So many times
time takes and gives
our love

Yes, breath is tenuous,
but each poem stands still

Patrick Sweeney

no haste to antipodes
a man of bronze
among pampas greens

The sovereign's away...
tanuki continue
the unexamined life

Citrine moon...
black salve for bristling boils
and archangels at the DMZ

Elmedin Kadric

warmth
about it

rock
like

it's a
dot's

as
sails

thorn
on

rose so
suddenly
knighted

all able rhythm makers of back roads

thin
king

like
that

light
bulb

down
to two roads
and a spring breeze

for
est

way
less

walking
a dream
home

spring
bought a
landing net

snow deepens
the toothache

I pucker
my lips on

hearing the
elegy

told off by a
bed of ferns

flock of swifts
in the clear sky
how time flies

me myself
and I

a mother
of two

snow on
board

the tinge
of dawn

to come
again

pre-bud
jasmine

ego
less
fall

a full stop
the period

more
mere
mure

Stephen Toft

fishing at dawn
i fill my lungs
with the river's breath

a cigarette
tossed from a car:
the heat

unhurriedly she paints a blood red sky

my hair falling
on the barbershop floor
autumn dusk

smoke rising
skyward -
my joan
of arc poems

night bus
i ask the driver a question
he can't answer

Eufemia Griffo

*notte nebbiosa
la stella polare
scompare*

foggy night
the North Star
disappears

*vecchi tarocchi
rimescolo il tempo
con nuove mani*

old tarot cards
I remix the time
with new hands

paul m

garbage scow
my eyes tear
from a sea wind

Write the word
suddenly, like

an opened
umbrella. You

have left me
footprints

a shore that is
continual

ly chewing

Long before I
was born, a

farmer turned
up these stones,

set them into
a wall. This

whole state
is glacial debris

One has fallen
so I re-stack it

Long before I
was born

so loudly!
geese announce themselves
to the withered field

Before flowers,
last year's

thorns. All my
words come

from the same
cavity

just different
gradations. I

have placed
the key under

sun on my face
the weight of a packet
of wildflower seeds

