

otata 36

December, 2018



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(December, 2018)

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otata 36

Tokoma — Nikos Kazantzakis 4

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TOKONOMA

I dressed and went down to the water's edge. I walked quickly. I was gay, as if I had escaped from a danger or sin. My indiscreet desire of that morning to pry into and know the future before it was born suddenly appeared to me a sacrilege.

I remembered one morning when I discovered a cocoon in the bark of a tree, just as the butterfly was making a hole in its case and preparing to come out. I waited a while, but it was too long appearing and I was impatient. I bent over it and breathed on it to warm it. I warmed it as quickly as I could and the miracle began to happen before my eyes, faster than life. The case opened, the butterfly started slowly crawling out and I shall never forget my horror when I saw how its wings were folded back and crumpled; the wretched butterfly tried with its whole trembling body to unfold them.

Bending over it, I tried to help it with my breath. In vain. It needed to be hatched out patiently and the unfolding of the wings should be a gradual process in the sun. Now it was too late. My breath had forced the butterfly to appear, all crumpled, before its time. It struggled desperately and, a few seconds later, died in the palm of my hand.

That little body is, I do believe, the greatest weight I have on my conscience. For I realize today that it is a mortal sin to violate the great laws of nature. We should not hurry, we should not be impatient, but we should confidently obey the eternal rhythm.

I sat on a rock to absorb this New Year's thought. Ah, if only that little butterfly could always flutter before me to show me the way.

— Nikos Kazantzakis, *Zorba the Greek*
Carl Wildman, trans.

vincent tripi

the no season

Haiku have no season. No permanent place in nature. They are a medium. A measureless means by which we accommodate ourselves to each season's various and unpredictable influences.

To accommodate truly is to go beyond reason, beyond abstraction, beyond complexity and problem-solving. There are things we can't control. Hold. Nothing fixed. A worthy subject for the poet writing haiku.

almost december
a leaf on the maple
falls when it will

up
&
down
as
it
pleases
elevator
fly

nov. 2018

Giuliana Ravaglia

*ancora l'alba:
silenzio degli occhi stanchi*

still the dawn:
silence of tired eyes

*primi passi:
la valigia del nonno sullo scaffale*

first steps:
grandpa's suitcase on the shelf

*nuvole e luce:
nell'acqua lenta un sentiero di sassi*

clouds and light:
in the slow water a path of stones

*foglie d'autunno:
un cartoccio di luci senza dimora*

autumn leaves:
a bag of homeless lights

*riverbero d'oro sulle foglie del pioppo:
solo parole*

gold poplar leaves reverberate:
only words

sciarpa rossa:
il calore di mamma così vicino

red scarf:
mom's warmth so close

sole di sabbia :
nella luce soffusa il biancospino

sand sun:
in the soft light the hawthorn

foglie d'autunno:
i tuoi pensieri farfalle

autumn leaves:
your thoughts butterflies

sedia vuota:
un blues all'imbrunire

empty chair:
a blues at dusk

aironi bianchi:
profuma il cielo di crisantemi

white herons:
the sky smells of mums

rosa d'autunno:
l'erba si fa sentiero

autumn rose:
grass becomes a path

*nebbie leggere
nel tepore del bosco resina e luce*

light mists
in the warmth of the forest, resin and light

*chiare stelle:
cascata di lucciole fra i rampicanti*

clear stars:
cascade of fireflies among the creepers

*rosso d'autunno:
il canto delle sue mani*

autumn red:
the song of his hands

*mite novembre:
sulla gonna leggera una farfalla*

mild november:
a butterfly on the light skirt

Patrick Sweeney

an ax from the Jomon
something to grip
when clocks stop

Choshi Falls...
running the back of my hand
over fern moss

the long time no c of victor borge

Emperador tracks in the snow
impossible to back up or go forward
in his war

bat chirps in my clavicles
the eleven year olds
roll their eyes

oh, garden slug
tho' I washed the salt from my hands
I continue to look back

gelnite of red maple...
to be hung upside down
without a run in her stockings

a leap into the hunchbacked darkness
Catholic amulets
crack my teeth

grasping the calloused hand of God
the girl named Parousia
walks to school

before dropping them
in the Goodwill box
scent of my dead mother's clothes

deep winter...
oh, scarecrow
rest your arms

The illiterate years:
spitting between
the gap in my teeth

buttonholing strangers
to tell all about
my dead albatross

Studying the dagger-toothed pike
she says I'm just another
Henry Bemis

Elmedin Kadric

FOUR EYES

as of
ten is

let the
rein fall

BORN

foam-
feast
down
back-
ache

stars
know

glow
coins

snow
drops

I finger-wagging

SNOW

I know I
know I
know

nothing but
there it is

further widens the gap

deliberately occasionable

projectile

calliopsis

in
habit
ants

turns out
to be
it

patience
a wooden stile
in the electric fence

SOUND

the sense
I make

of the
gravel

road

making
an example

out of you
a poem

Caroline Skanne

aspen leaves
the storyteller
in me

autumn
an acorn cupule
with rain

the cormorant
shakes off
some river

dawn
a field of dew
for now

windswept willow
finally a place
to sing

cold stone steps still warm tea bowl

paddock stile
she stops to pick
a buttercup

summer breeze
one hand
on her straw hat
dappled light

i follow a hoverfly
into green

hogweed umbel
the spider secures
—its line

autumnal equinox
climbing the mountain
together

moonlit river
by now we know
how it feels

going deeper
into the moment
a bee's shadow

rain pattern
humming something
ancient

Sheila Murphy

Overgaard was lovely lace beneath
the sky's young face repeating
its eternity to washed space
between violets and minerals
untraced, the broken stalled
stovetops confirmed
smoothness woods and
glowing lines of kindling
to the tune of semiotic
staves a mile from obligation
trading wind for purity
of diamonds near the cloister
of the Eleanor the bread and blunder
speech of thought and motion
holding ground until the homonyms
went quiet echoing their last

ON PAUSE

Noon grows back like tissue still obedient to code in fibers of successive recollections. As flesh and blood relapses into a routine. The motion sensor aspirates until no weather outside selves seems palpable. Infallible momentum strikes a chord and population numbers spawn the act of chance as the design of leaves that color and come down to shift the earth into a host of new beginnings.

Sample size, the simple act of being seen beyond the seen

I want to
Kiss your light

Now

I watch her lose the word for vinegar. The clothes are clean. A glow about the yard, soft morning after yet another morning. All the world is speech without vocabulary. I hear her reach across to touch a thing she seeks. I say a name. The walls, pure white, or close. And that rectangular window, very like the painting. With the sound of hurt, from reach, as sleep that does not come. How can I paint the closeness now? How do the sounds ascend to where we were and who we are again?

NORTHERLY

She minimized her way toward
the cusp of lottery and satisfice.
All daylight lofty sinecure showed
damage after loss confined to tentative
restraint from altar cloths and silver water
shattering the unmasked safety of a toss-up
between brazen haste and stall.
Now warm ventures shrill beneath
salt light and body chemistry aligned
with white waved flags mean
one chapter or another has elapsed
to memory unlatched until the craft
weighs heavily on land before we cross.

John Levy

POSTCARD TO VASSILIS ZAMBARAS

Dear Vazzer,

Do you know if the dwarf who
came to our house in the village
with narcissus (narcissi) is still
alive? I imagine she'd be
in her mid- to late 70s. She just
came to mind, how she kept returning
after I bought that first bunch.

TORSOS IN THE MANNEQUIN FACTORY
(for Cherie Hunter Day)

Do they wait for clothes, for
our eyes, do they wait, do they
wait for other mannequins

to wait
with? At first
grouped together do they wait

for arms, heads, legs, these
torsos gathered in a flock, a labor, a
sunder, a swarm, a streak, a cast, a stand,

a bloat, a gam, a shiver, a shadow, a
pod, a team, a charm, a parade,
an army, a family.

(for Adam Rosenkranz)

What is it
about ar

that places it
in both

near
and far?

Near's
bigger

and far
sounds

further.
In erase

ar is
reversed.

INHERITANCE

here's
what
the
flower

left

in
its
will

Joseph Salvatore Aversano

THE SHAPED
IDOL &
COSMOGONY

slowed into
a solid more
stone than god

while the stars
sped overhead

having sparked
from the split
stone dark

MARINE BIOLOGY

our study begins
(if the nature
of everything is as
Thales says of water)

if the fish
we've been tracking

turn into
the sea

MT SIPYLUS

disappearing
into the
camouflage

of the mountain
air

GPS'LESS

where you are
on the steppe
is a matter
of how

the hills
fold how the
light hits how
the wild

flowers

BEHOLD

the cornea's
curve of
this world

Corrado Aiello

*metà autunno —
il dono inatteso
di note blu*

mid-autumn
the unexpected gift —
blue notes

tèma di Tarabas...
il verde più profondo
di questi boschi

Tarabas theme...
the deepest green
of these woods

motivi antichi
... foglie vanno avanti e indietro
avanti e indietro

ancient tunes
... leaves going to and fro
to and fro

Maria Concetta Conti

Nebbia
il sogno dei migranti
in cartolina

mist
migrants' dream
in a postcard

Freddo
una poesia
prima della tua partenza

cold
a poem
before your leaving

autunno
Il magico profumo
del cambiamento

autumn
the magic smell
of change

*profumo di minestra
la neve si confonde
con la luna*

smell of the soup
snow mingles
with the moon

Sonam Chhoki

FACETS OF LOVE

holding dew
wind-torn petals of the musk rose
I hardly know if this love for you
is joy or torment

last day of the year
the twilit distance of roads
how far I have moved from you
how far from you I have stayed

even conjuring you into poetry
this voice inside me:
am I impersonating your whole memory
with the detritus of my wretchedness

THE KEEPER OF THE DREAM BAR-DO

in the quiet before dawn
as the embers of stars fade
the dishevelled goddess visits me
singing of the portal between worlds

falling asleep to the drone of rain
I drift in the boom of cataracts
with fevered lips she plays her flute
and waits for me at the precipice

THIS DESIRE TO GIVE MEANING

New year prayer flags on the ridge
is it the Wind Horse
that rouses a musk deer
out of the lichen shadows of the forest

so when you stand
on the prayer flag-wreathed pass
at sunrise over Gang-khar Püen-Sum
remember I too was here

[Note: *Gang-khar Püen-Sum*, the “White Peak of three Brothers” lies on the Tibet-Bhutan border. It is the highest range in Bhutan.

HOW TO QUIET A QUERULOUS MIND

perfect tracks of clouds at dusk
with what unwitting dissonance
flock after flock of ravens
crisscross the darkening sky

I have yet to learn
the elementary grammar of solitude
abandoning the Leonid showers
in the numbing damp before first light

LAST THOUGHTS

deepening violet dusk
erases the outline of the peaks
is it not through its absence
we realise the worth of what has been lost

the waxing moon backlights
lineaments of larches on the ridge
how slight my life has been
what little trace of it I leave

Rosa Maria Di Salvatore

*foglia di cavolo —
il lungo viaggio
di una lumaca*

cabbage leaf —
the long journey
of a snail

*petali di rosa
la sua lettera d'addio*

rose petals —
his farewell letter

*mattino freddo —
un bambino fa le capriole*

cold morning —
a child does somersaults

*gusci di noce —
la pelle raggrinzita
di mia nonna*

nutshells —
my grandma's
wrinkled skin

*giorni più brevi —
la sua lunga lettera
sotto il cuscino*

shorter days —
his long letter
under my pillow

Jeannie Martin

A BOSTON CHRISTMAS

When asked about
Christmas the men
in the homeless shelter
fidgeted and paused
finally one of them

mentioned the
Christmas tree on
The Boston Common
how it was the
best this year

others talked
about the
decorations
at City Hall and
the Prudential Center

but the tree
kept coming up,
the tree brought
all the way from
Nova Scotia

with its broad
expanse of green
rising above

the street
and the shoppers

pointing to the
sky where a few
stars might be
seen in the
dark night

warm bodies
of light
filled with a
thousand secrets
shining out there
alone.

Guliz Mutlu

thinking by the lake year's end

fall ... never really here
new moon I'm billion year old carbon
the animal taking gravel road
bed sheets dead son's heartbeats
wildfire ... witnessing firsthand
soft earth doggie detective sniffing in
winter sunset sitting in a classroom
dandelions a few bare in the snowfield
sour cherry unusual hour for peddlers
white owl orchestrating long night
family diner a couple and another one
old hoarfrost early in the novel
tin roofs making heard the rainbow
myth weaving the pine needles closely flower
swimming cow pet friendly restaurants
spring mud as a child in my room
another color rice powder or cotton flower
lacy cotton snowflakes lost on me
dusk iris soap bubbles
clouds mini homeworks
stone garden each raindrop another color
neroli the hiker a bride
autumn leaves the hired workman's different coats
a tree falls laying down on the leaves
cold water ironing the linens with arias
autumn sun persimmon coversthe child's face

sudden snow staff giving stoves
be the smile drawing at children's faces the sun
winter gardening the lumber we chopped away
dressing cold mountain tops patchy parsley
remaining snow hot water bottle half empty
calm hour the calloused other foot
wallowing horse the lower clouds swirling around
dating sponge fossils first of spring
the eggshells the war sung by children
spring breeze the extraordinary flight of dandelions
starry night the hiker's moonstone
instead of dropping dew elsewhere
daffodils the snow vase melting down
not knowing the sun goes down yellow stone
country map so I hear you're hiking
in the woods in silence we hear a tree falling
drying persimmon watching the sun trace shadows
planting my feet on earth
forest dawn the fawn shading disappearing
deep water the river lasting into its source
rainbow whole lotta blossom
elm shadows temporarily disappearing
desert fire lighting up the unsolved alphabet
let it snow handwritten on the wall
mystery solved octopus cloud and sailor child
wee hours nothing more nothing less
bigger requests more cold after the storm
pitch dark pretending not to be at home
poppy the quality of mercy
winter moon a pregnant woman shot
grasshoppers misgendered by children
saffron harvest many wars in her voice
a long breeze after a bee...fiction anyway
spring chill listening to the musn'ts
spring chill a symptom not the illness
sleet the hangovers going
hiking trail touching memories
blossom haze they have kids they say

Brad Bennett

canyon river
everything shapes
a nest

high altitude
wildflowers stretch
for the bees

pond still no punctuation

Alegria Imperial

THE SENSES

sense of taste
on Homo sapiens' lips
sweet anthers power-pregnant

smell to beasts like men
lilacs spurt pale indigo
a dye that reeks of weakness

distanced eye
heels of the Lady's Slippers
a godhead's point-and-forefingers

midnight storm
prowling my past
it's only fear washing into wounds

stripped of moons
winter dawn the tail end
of my rumoured fate

FIGURING OUT A MAN

plaiting shawl fringes
how does Aurora figure for a man?

caught in his throat
are sighs louder than squalls?

orange breast skimming birch tips
if fallen on ground is it a he?

ALPHABET IN THE TREES

a crackle of joints from the confessional
... abstinence Friday

simian cries ...
I recognize the alphabet in the trees

the shape of silence
once in a while ... dead poets sing

DEEPER IN DOUBT

blossoms over the tree doctor examines my womb
in nakedness...the willow tree deeper in doubt
by the pulse you can tell if a mollusk is a lie

LEFT FOR THE WIND ...

fallen skies sopped in a tangle of wild sedge
cut up phrases woven into a wasp nest
midnight's rage coddled by the storm drain pipe
darkness decoding nail scratching-s in the eaves
a leaf singed in sun blast crackling amid shadows

RECONFIGURING
IF THAT NIGHT COMES AGAIN

(will it be...)
on desert stillness
lamb eyes on a Child's cheeks
a Star's piercing shafts
(likely the same)
a gentled flock coating the ground
the shepherds' mottled hands cupped for night dew
the mother's breath a mist
(sense of truth)
a donkey braying from the myrrh-scented hay
gold glinting between sleep and dreams
the swaying wisps of frankincense

(or will it be...)
on sky cracks far off
hurtling open vowels spewing hurts
an ire-driven snapping king
(dripping vitriol)
fear-coated tongue brandishing
word-swords but where's the manger
in baffling infinity?

in buff dunes burrows
and lopsided mountain hips
(perhaps)
swept in bursts of rancour
roaring off smeuse-d hedge-walls
(maybe)
buried with wounds
cankered from hollow praises
(probably)

still I was told
(that night will come again)
flailing wing tips
a wind-brushed sky flung open
humming in cotton-soft air
(a smile)
the sphere balanced as it rolls
on the Child's upraised hand
darkness shorn of weight
draped with piercing shafts
(the Star's)

Mark Young

GIORGIO DE CHIRICO'S THE ENIGMA OF THE HOUR

enigma
of the
quarter past
the hour

horo
logical
clock
et
science

arches,
turns on a
shapely angle
& walks
two four
words

Sad Dada
Spam Filter

a gaudy
image of
A. Gaudi
Franco-
phile

CATNIPPED

He often
talked to the
cat, thought
nothing of it

until one after-
noon when, after
some cursory
chitchat about

the weather, she
asked him for
either a course
of hormone re-

placement therapy
or a karaoke machine
or, preferably, both
so that she could

properly celebrate
some previously
undocumented
feline festival.
old friends burn dim

Using recycled materials wherever possible, classical Greek philosophy, conceived far earlier than the world itself, provides the

necessary impetus for revolution. Not only that, the process is self monitoring, & turns off automatically. Exhaust fumes lingering

in the air are the only drawback. They leave a touch of cold philosophy, a knife perhaps, which we shall afterwards carefully avoid.

TROPICAL DICHOTOMY

If it wasn't the middle of winter I would describe this as a perfect autumn day. A bit of chill in the wind that comes up the highway from the south; but the sky cloudless, blue. Leaves fall & cover the road.

If it wasn't the middle of winter this would be a perfect spring day. Still some chill in the wind coming up from the south, but the warmth sufficient to bring the flowers up. The azaleas in blossom, different shades of red except for the new white plant near the front door which is a compact corona of white. Fresh shoots on the citrus, & the ants already sabotaging the flowers.

THE FIRST TAPA POEM

At an immeasurable
nanosecond which
passed a moment ago,

this was a pure white
page of highclass paper
that unmarked marked

the beginning of a note-
book bound in tapa cloth.
A template, not yet a

palimpsest, now scarred
& marred by that first
downward / of the A.

Ingrid Bruck

first baby teeth
hesitant green
under snow

William Scott Galasso

March visit
with old friends...
little did we know

synagogue walls
citizens extract
a swastika

hunting
for the exit door
just in case

Eufemia Griffo

*nebbia autunnale
il luccichio delle stelle
svanisce nel nulla*

autumn fog
the stars' glittering lost
in that void

*lungo inverno
la neve cade ancora
su ogni foglia*

long winter
the snow still falls
on every leaf

*luna errante
ancora l'eco
di una canzone d'amore*

wandering moon
still the echo
of a love song

*luna d'inverno
la forma argentata
di un fiocco di neve*

winter moon
the silvered shape
of a snowflake

*brughiera d'autunno
il canto d'addio
di una poiana*

autumn moorlands
the farewell song
of a buzzard

Alessandra Delle Frate

summer festival —
fresh watermelon on the table

smell of moss —
mushrooms and dried leaves
in my basket

purple dawn —
gentians among the rocks

Anna Maris

DAGBROTT

*dagbrott
det öppna såret*

*jordens
barlagda
blottlagda*

granit

*så hårt
under min hud*

*den evinnerliga
smärtan*

*i det
som inte längre
går att laga*

*eftermiddagssolnedgång
över den brutna asfalten
små steg framåt*

OPEN QUARRY

open quarry
the wound

earth
laid bare
barren

granite

so hard
under my skin

this endless
pain

in what can no longer
be mended

afternoon sunset
over the broken tarmac
small steps forward

Hifsa Ashraf

scatters my thoughts
the wave of autumn leaves

annihilation
the sacred lily
one step away

fog and breath clouds carving together new fears

Antonio Mangiameli

*la luna piena —
Il luccichio dell'amo
appeso al filo*

full moon —
the glitter of the hook
hanging on the wire

Angiola Inglese

*fiori di ciliegio —
il vento asciuga
una nuvola*

cherry blossoms —
the wind
dries a cloud

*nuvole —
il vento di stasera
muove la luna*

clouds —
tonight's wind shifts
the moon

*calmo sul mare —
il fischio del treno
di pendolari*

calm on the sea —
the commuter train's
whistle

*il numero
dei petali di crisantemo —
sezione aurea*

the number
of chrysanthemum petals —
the golden section

*le parole
che non vorrei sentire-
tuono lontano*

words
I don't want to hear —
distant thunder

*pioggia
di petali di ciliegio —
le cose che mi vengono in mente*

rain
of cherry petals —
the things that come to mind

Dave Read

Tab

I decline an invitation for drinks.
Their breath is heavy
with the scent of night.

Slope

The last leaf drops from an autumn tree.
Their discussions no longer
include my potential.

Clearance

At times I am sentimental.
I take pride in a past
you know nothing about.

Red Eye

In my neighbour's garage, a band plays global rock.
I plug my ears, imagine
myself a world away.

Slip

With just enough light to see through the night,
I unbutton her blouse
star by star.

Park

After a night's sleep under the pines,
no addict, he brushes
needles from his arms.

Hinged

I'm surprised by how little space it needs.
The door to the past
swings shut.

Stone

A sense of comfort grows with silence.
The poems I might have written
settle in my head.

Stefano d'Andrea

il pan dei morti
– giusto per ricordarmi
che sono vivo

Pan dei Morti
– just to remind myself
that I'm alive

[*Pan dei Morti*: an Italian dessert, eaten during the festival of the dead.]

riva di fiume –
la nuda lampadina
d'una balera

river bank –
the bare bulb
of a balera

[*balera*: an Italian folk dance club, often located outdoors]

villaggio antico. . .
nei caruggi deserti
l'ombra del vento

ancient village. . .
through the deserted caruggi
the shadow of the wind

[*caruggi*: narrow alleys, typical of Ligurian small towns]

Tom Montag

from THE WISHIN' JUPITER POEMS

SOMETIMES IF

Sometimes if
you've seen enough

you let go.
Sometimes you

hold on until
the tiger turns.

That's the moment
what you love

devours you.

COYOTE ALONG BUFFALO CREEK

I whistle. Coyote
stops and starts

and stops again,
then turns into tree

or grass or creek,
something the color

of this rich earth.

SLOWLY

Oh, yes,
slowly,

the patience
of prairie,

of water
in such

flatness.
God bless

the wisdom
of all

that's holy.

COYOTES DEVOURING

Coyotes devouring
the dead cow.

Every day less
flesh, more bone

shows. Every day
I stop to look,

taking what I can
from death.

THE SPEED OF DEATH

They have measured
the speed of death

and it's not fast
unless it's yours

and not instan-
taneous, more

like the slowing
of water from

the faucet when
you turn it off.

Then you're gone.

John Perlman

Chill March morning
posting two cards
a birthday and
condolence

Deepening dusk
great-horned owls in
the shoreline oaks & pines
hoot beneath the cries of snow
geese soaring inland in silhouette
from the wetlands of the bay to
flock in stubble fields of
soybean & corn

FOR HIERONYMUS

the kind
of self-regard
at proximity of
passing that sweeps
us yelping thru the gates
begging mercy from
absolute zero

as Nothing

dilates

House finch and
cardinal brawling for
seed at the feeder in
pride of their furious
scarlet fatherly
devotion

Rain swoops cold & hard
At dawn on Christmas eve
Throughout the homelands
Appalling typhoons hurray
Refugees seeking respite
From the grim lodging toll
Levied on all beings of
This precious
earth

READING CARRUTH'S ANTHOLOGY AT NEW YEAR

When I bought
this book new 47
years ago about half of
the dates of birth had only
a dash marking the unknown
date of death now only
one or perhaps two
poets survive in
the last few pages
without news of
the fearful
closure

The last viable
lilac bloom appeared
when I'd left the room

at the center of the coffee
table wilting in a crystal
drinking glass journey's

end for this year's
Veneration

The lilacs have
vanished into green
& heart-shaped leaves
sweet scents dispersed
into memory of early May
into chronicles of fifty-one
years planted into soils
where we have stood
hand in hand before
the treasure of
pleasures of
blooms
to be

Robert Christian

6.50 AM. 27.11.18

It was and is a clearing away
to find you brighter and starker
nonetheless illuminating
in a way the universe as if you knew
the task was yours alone to do

13.11.18

MID—NOVEMBER POEM

The last six weeks of
the year taken up
from the start of
December (two weeks

away) by Christmas
excitement so as
the Year dies
the pace quickens

and we may no more
still to a quiet frost
or wonder at the
possibility of snow

becoming snow itself
than we may know
the thrill of summer
or time lost forever

The rejuvenation
is love's whatever
we think or do
in silent space like the stars

appearing now and
then to be there
for us as needed
as we would be and are

READING

Was it the seven gates of Jericho
one of which ... ?
I don't know
Don't know much

7.11.18

'Beauty can do no wrong'?
— of course it can!

Fingering legitimately the
winter rose cringing

to be bravely beautiful
we live as roses and as we are able

7.11.18

FRIENDS

'Narr then, Narr then!'
Patrick's greeting and mine to him
— slightly higher from me
— a whinny sometimes stretched
across the 'a'; in my exegesis
(a word he would have frowned at)
true signs of a Lincolnshire friendship

LINCOLNSHIRE

Though to call this area
of Earth by its county name
now would be perhaps to set
beating wings of swans
beating again in fear of future
business for this county area
found men sleeping comfortably

as never before we are Moses's
and at Christmas the Crib
is lit in churches
and the thrill in children's
minds but give no special credence
to what you find in Lincolnshire
— there being kings, bishops, poets, swains elsewhere

Debbie Strange

a Blue Morpho unfolding the wingspan of sky

night runes a scattering of porcupine quills

eco-tourism the coming and going of tides

out of the blue three humpbacks breach into the blue

on the edge of enchantment autumn fog

Lucy Whitehead

the slow seep of silence melting snow

sunlight falling
on a painted lotus
autumn solitude

a flash of gold
under the maple leaves
koi pond

autumn sunlight
shadows deep inside
the seedheads

the long high howl
of a wolf
winter grief

sleepless night
the winter duvet
whipped into waves

Jack Galmitz

CRUSTED SNOW

in drifts on asphalt
New Year's Eve
feels like the world's
ended not like a fire's
beginning it's rough
and it looks like no life
could endure its slicing
edges so I stay inside
and watch television
hoping to get a glimpse
of what others are thinking
about this terrible tilting away
whether it's permanent or
fleeting

Madhuri Pillai

in legato the writer's pen cold tea

discarded poems drifting rose petals speckle the grass

suburban sky sliding through a plane's roar

David J Kelly

new time zone
daylight's dishabille
as night shifts

rills and rivulets
reviving in the rain
liquid nouns

stormy night
as autumn arrives
a lullaby of leaves

Margherita Petriccione

*nel mio bicchiere
la luce va e viene
luna e nuvole*

in my glass
the light comes and goes
moon and clouds

*ancora e ancora
cadono bisbigliando
foglie di quercia*

again and again
they fall in a whisper
oak leaves

*moscerini dell'uva –
il brivido delle pozzanghere*

grape-flies —
the puddles shiver

*due novembre —
nel campo di fiori di pietra
la voce del vento*

November 2nd —
a field of stone flowers
the wind's voice

*nessun sapore
ed infiniti gusti —
rivoli*

no taste
and infinite taste —
rivulets

*bere acqua di sorgente
con tutta la faccia
tempo di pensionamento*

drinking spring water
with your whole face —
retirement

*calzettoni di lana —
Nel contesto dei giochi
anche le ortiche*

wool socks —
even in the world of games
nettles

*solo rocce ...
il ritmo familiare
del mio respiro*

only rocks ...
the familiar rhythm
of my breath

Giovanni Di Mauro

*Pioggia autunnale
Lo scroscio cadenzato
muta in silenzio*

autumn rain
the cadenced roar
silencing silence

*L'eco del mare
Il su e giù dei ciottoli
all'imbrunire*

the sea's echo —
the rise and fall
of pebbles at dusk

*Tra il fogliame
si nasconde la luna
La svela il vento*

the moon hides
in leaves till
the wind reveals it

*È quasi sera
Sul coccio di uno specchio
l'ultimo raggio*

It's almost evening
one last ray
in the shard of a mirror

*Musica e fiori
Dell'aurora il profumo
è sconvolgente*

auroral music
and flowers — the perfume's
convulsive

*Del biancospino
solo un graffio rimane
Manca l'odore*

just a scratch
from that hawthorn —
the smell's gone

*Occhi negli occhi
e mano nella mano
Tu io e la luna*

eye-in-eye
and hand-in-hand
you-and-me and the moon

*Il vento all'alba
sfiora l'orlo di un flûte
Scappa una nota*

dawn's wind touches
the flute's rim
a note escapes

*Luna salata
Dalla risacca colgo
qualche bagliore*

the moon risen
I gather its gleaming
from the backwash

*Spicchio di sole
nel frullato di nemi
Alba agrodolce*

sun cloven
in the tumble of rainclouds
a bittersweet dawn

*Tiepida l'alba
nascosta tra i cespugli
Ne scopro i raggi*

Dawn's warmth —
I discover its rays
hidden in bushes

Angela Giordano

cielo di neve
il caldo abbraccio di un amico

snow sky
the warm hug of a friend

mezzaluna
la notte si espande senza rumore

Crescent moon
the night expands without a sound

*giorno che sfuma —
il sussurro del vento sui gelsomini*

day that fades
the whisper of the wind on jasmine

*tappeto di foglie
i miei capelli sempre più bianchi*

carpet of leaves
my hair ever whiter

*si spoglia il ginkgo
un lago giallo ai suoi piedi*

the ginkgo strips bare
a yellow lake at his feet

*i melograni —
la collana di perle
di mia nonna*

the pomegranates —
grandmother's
pearl necklace

*giorni pieni di parole
la zucca vuota*

days full of words
the empty pumpkin

*alba autunnale —
la nebbia già s'addensa
sul vecchio borgo*

autumn sunrise —
fog already weighs down
the old village

*raccolta delle olive
il sapore della prima spremitura*

olive harvest
the taste of the first pressing

Réka Nyitrai

an octopus
in her father's lungs...
first autumn rain

trail end -
a scent of thorns
in the strawberries

deep autumn...
the raven's scream lengthens
its shadow

the twig
under the raven's weight -
stillness

alone together two different sunsets

fleeting world
filed with sparrow chirps:
tea bowl

Deborah P Kolodji

a goal's wiggle room sockeye salmon

Goran Gatalica

autumnal sounds -
my father shapes the wood
into a violin

winter moonlight
piles up against
our guest room wall

raven-boned
this deep winter
melancholy

Christmas night —
the homeless sing
on ice-bitten roads

Christina Sng

hummingbird
hovering on my hibiscus
Parkinson's

sakura leaves
fluttering around me
butterfly rain

going downhill
with malfunctioning brakes
just one glass of wine

half-moon
of my thumb
Mt Olympus

a fallen tree
resting on another
mother's arms

Francesco Palladino

*noci in cantina
verrà l'inverno e avrà i tuoi occhi*

walnuts in the cellar
winter will come and it will have your eyes

*i vecchi amici partono
un passero guarda il mare*

old friends depart
a sparrow watches the sea

*lentamente la musica che suona
due Novembre*

slowly the music that plays
November 2nd

*dolci canditi per il caro estinto
pioggia d'autunno*

candied sweets for the dearly departed
autumn rain

*primo raffreddore
ultimo canto di cicala*

first cold
the cicada's last song

sgombro in rete
negli occhi il luccichio del mare

mackerel in a net
the sea glistens in their eyes

uccelli migratori
non mi sono mai mosso da casa

migratory birds
I've never left home

alluvione
nel becco del merlo erba e paglia

flood
grass and straw in the blackbird's beak

ghiaccio sul monte
foglie di mille anni sempreverdi

ice on the mountain
the thousand year-old evergreens' leaves

Peter Newton

enough snow
weakens the feud
between us

enough snow
so the older kids
go outside because

enough snow
to make the world
good as new

the
pine's
spine
snapped
by
a
micro
burst

mast year
another friend
comes up short

loose thoughts
gone in a gust
year's end

