

# otata 39

## March, 2019



otata 39

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OTATA 39

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FROM OTATA'S BOOKSHELF  
(Click on links to open pdf e-books.)

GIULIANA RAVAGLIA  
*18 Haiku*

JOHANNES S.H. BJERG  
*your shadow of birds — 22 haiku sequences and their aftersounds*  
*din skygge af fugle — 22 haiku-sekvenser og deres efterlyde*

## TOKONOMA

LXII

I said no to pride. I said: the entire body has to listen. This garden is my body too. The first day's stones, reply to me.

I said: outside sleep, the other was not false, the final earth. Oh zenith on the trees, please harken to me.

I took my name. I covered it with mist and silence. I ripped up what remained of doubt between my fingers.

I waited for the evening. I went off, a seed among the seeds.

— Claude Esteban from *Conjuncture of Body and Garden*  
[*Conjuncture de corps et du jardin*], James Phillips, trans.

# *Piètro Tartamèlla*

from *A Pièdi Scalzi*

*Barefoot*  
*Mit Nackten Füßen*  
*À Pieds Nus*  
*Pedibus Nudis*

*fa freddo ormài*  
*e ancora cammino*  
*con scarpe estive*

it's cold, now  
and still I walk  
with summer shoes

Es ist schon längst kühl  
und immer noch gehe ich  
in Sommerschuhen

Il fait froid désormais  
et je marche encore  
avec des chaussures d'été

Iam frigidum est  
adhuc et usque ambulo  
aestivis calceis

*fratello vènto*  
*i fiori che pòrti via*  
*dalle làpidi*

brother wind  
the flowers you blow off  
the gravestones

Bruder Wind  
die Blumen, die du fortträgst  
von den Grabsteinen

Frère vent  
les fleurs que tu emportes  
des pierres sépulcrales

Et frater ventus  
flores lapidibus longe  
aufers sepulcris

*guance di ròsa  
la venditrice d'ambra  
guarda la piòggia*

rosy cheeks  
the amber seller  
looks at the rain

Rosige Wangen.  
Die Bernsteinverkäuferin  
schaut in den Regen.

Les joues roses  
la vendeuse d'ambre  
regarde la pluie

Genae rosarum  
et venditrix succinae  
pluviam adspicit

*un'ora buca  
si svuòta ogni pensiero  
sulla panchina*

one hour off  
every thought empties  
on the bench

In der Freistunde  
auf der Parkbank leeren sich  
alle Gedanken

Une heure creuse  
chaque pensée se vide  
sur le banc

Vacua est hora.  
Exhaustast cogitatio  
in subsellio.

Translations

English — Antonèlla Filippi

German — Annètte Seimer

French — Floriàn Lasne

Latin — Arianna Sacerdòti and her students in the school of letters and cultural heritage, University of Naples/Caserta.

*John Levy*

SELF-PORTRAIT WITH PARENTS

A starry-eyed large man  
will never look at me when I look  
into the mirror. I appear

a small rational man  
standing there, full of bedtime

stories and the memorized birthdays  
of his late parents. Growing up  
I never heard them  
deride others or

each other. We didn't live  
near anyone with a rooster, we

were city. I loved to stand  
next to my father when he  
looked into the mirror, shaving,  
while I looked up into the mirror at him.

I remember my mother playing the piano  
and, once, someone else's

xylophone. Right now I'm alone and  
as I think I realize

my mouth is a little open  
and that reminds me of my father when he  
was listening to his thoughts.  
He had bigger lips than mine. Someone once  
nick-named him "Lips Levy"  
or maybe it was only "Lips"; it must've been  
my late mother who told me that.  
I don't look that much like her, but  
more than I look like him.  
I think more like her too I imagine.

*Mark Young*

PETIT POINT

Bodies cool from  
the evaporation of

water on the skin.  
Thus the old guard is

cleansed, & private  
farms turned into

sonnets in praise of an  
idealized love. They

are soft & graceful  
figures. Justice is done.

## HAND-ME / DOWNS FROM / MY ELDER BROTHERS

Their new meals range  
from nausea to death,  
are planned to anticipate  
the future &/or demon-  
strate the value of trade.  
Combined with a Protein  
Matrix protein shake, they  
may yield different data

on the development cycle  
of marzipan. Who really  
believes that the FBI won't  
find some way to sneak a  
little peak at everyone's  
malformed blood vessels?

## THANK YOU FOR CHOOSING MY POST AS BEST ANSWER

Some phenomena are determined,  
look set for appreciable growth,  
lead to a rethinking on the rôle

of the unperturbed flux in public  
education, given the state of civil  
rights issues in the world today.

## BANLIEUE

regarding then this  
anxious veil he  
wrote to her through

## DON'T STAY IN THE HOUSE

The past has passed  
with its unprofessional  
frizz & untamed mane,  
but follows up with

roughly seventy years of  
promotional appearances.  
It's why the term leather  
creak was invented.

## HEMISPHERES

What's inside of us? A lot  
of blood, Melville's white  
whale, the other side of  
the room, serial killers,  
spines of old books, photos  
on a table, the Library of  
Alexandria, a fattened

calf, a rich fantasy world.  
What's outside? Silk shirts,  
the need for sleeping pills,  
golf balls, headaches, mon-  
keys, anatomical atlases,  
toast but no coffee, stories  
half heard in busy corridors.

## TAXONOMIC DRIFT

What-  
ever we  
thought  
it was  
when we  
named  
it

is no-  
thing like  
what it  
seems  
to be  
now.

*Dave Read*

the waves I send my voice into crashing

the cricket I might have been under a boot

stretching to swallow a bigger truth river

phosphorescence the puppet play of fish

every year faster than the last winter is coming

climate changes what I thought was middle age

lost in the moment no one speaks of chaos theory

just enough to drown in her reflection

## *Margherita Petriccione*

*petali —  
mia madre ridacchia  
sulla sua lapide*

petals —  
my mother chuckles  
on her headstone

*andato l'ultima foglia ...  
la pienezza della luna  
sui rami*

gone the last leaf ...  
the fullness of the moon  
on the branches

*sandwich da solo —  
un insetto sul prato  
del desktop*

sandwich alone —  
an insect on the lawn  
of the desktop

*schiaffi di vento grigio —  
salsedine amara*

slaps of gray wind —  
bitter saltiness

*cielo invernale nero —  
arcobaleno di una luna velata*

black winter sky —  
rainbow of a veiled moon

*scirocco —  
ogni parete  
la sua decorazione di muffa*

scirocco —  
every wall  
adorned with mold

*una foglia nel vento di mare una tavola da surf*

surfboard a leaf in seawind

*due di notte —  
dalla scarpata  
un uggolio*

two at night —  
a whimpering  
from the escarpment

## *Lucy Whitehead*

moonlight seeps  
through the frosty flowerbed –  
snowdrop clusters

fewer Christmas cards  
this year  
    we brush glitter  
from each other's cheeks

empty cap  
the harpist's beard  
fills with snowflakes

winter alone  
storm winds rage inside  
a water barrel

the baby jangles  
a silver rattle –  
freezing rain

January  
the blue tint  
of a snow shadow

## *Sonam Chhoki*

### OPEN DARKNESS

deep in cypress shadows  
stands an ultramarine door  
unwarped, unwormed its sheen strong  
under an iced January sky

the battened mud walls  
enfold voices long silenced  
into mute oneness  
with the cataract-eye sun

the wind plays with the wrecks  
of unfinished dreams  
what use is prayer ... the gods only speak  
through the snake-mouth moon

another dawn  
flings itself across the hills  
a headless monk rides a black stallion  
into the penumbra of sorrow

## SPRING EXORCISM

The last year has been like no other: death of her father, her own car accident and the destruction of the mandarin orchard in one of the worst hail storms in recent times. Lēmo lays out her offerings to the Guardian Mother at the base of the old

cypress:

grief

anger

fear

loathing

envy

The Mother listens and her wisdom drifts back on the breeze:

"Burn the stubble of anger and fear

Weed out the envy and loathing

From the soil of pain and grief hope will sprout again

Sow some forgiveness

Begin anew..."

## DOUBT MONOLOGUE

the bitter gourd vine  
climbs to the sky, its tendrils clinging  
to drifts of mists like you  
now a wraith in dreams

I build double-barred doors  
yet you linger in this in-between place  
where night and day are mere markings  
on the clock face

across the Paro Chu  
the old cantilever bridge rises and falls  
to the dust of bunioned-feet pilgrims  
on another icy Tsechu dawn

the clicking-clacking of their prayer beads  
the flapping-slapping of faded prayer flags  
are the sole mantras I now utter  
and this super moon is my witness

## NO EXIT SIGNS IN DREAM

I drift into sleep lulled by the light of the waxing moon. The hill of my childhood, stained dark by viridian cypress heads, floats before me. A path in the moonlight or is it in the humid summer haze, beckons ... I smell the moss embossed on the old stone bridge. No birds sing from the lichen-draped branches. The mountain stream is a motionless, jade sheen. I come to a cave with the door of our old shed. Without a thought I unbolt it and there in the corner is a crouching bird.

'The sacred raven!' I cry delightedly, recalling an old prophecy.

But this raven does not caw blessings. It cackles as it swoops past me.

'You shouldn't have let it go!' A voice calls out.

I whimper an apology but no one answers. I go in search of my mother through the Bar-do Thō-dol. I light a hundred-and-eight butter-lamps and turn the silver prayer wheel. I am certain she is reborn in a better realm. Then I fall out of the bar-do and tear my hair in despair. Each strand is a white skein of Wisdom throbbing with a vibrant vermilion blood vessel in the middle ...

ancestral shrine -  
the Buddha of Compassion  
in lichen silence

*Geethanjali Rajan*  
and Sonam Chhoki

UNSPOKEN NEEDS

dreams that linger in the light

no gods of the valley visit  
just the star at the edge of the sky

this tranquil hour  
before the temple gong  
before the flurried cloud of crows

*at the village pond*

*women wash clothes  
on the moss-covered steps*

*the ebb and flow  
of giggles and whispers  
reflected in the silvery ripples*

sun-warmed flagstones

the south wind brings  
a hint of orange blossom

in the shade of the chor-ten  
the old nun turns  
her hand-held prayer wheel

*shadows shorten*

*it's time to ready  
the day's main meal*

*rice gruel boils over  
as the bhikshu's cry  
floats in over the hearth*

eyes dark as molasses

a grey langur watches  
from the rustling canopy

travellers stop  
at the roadside shrine  
with fruits and coins

*on the winding path*

*dust motes hover  
in yellow-gold light*

*as a truck trundles  
out of the tea factory  
a siren wails the end of day*

# *John Hawkhead*

radiator ticks  
the universal language  
of entropy

spinning his story  
the anemometer  
accelerates

conciliation service  
our recollections  
avoid each other

*Garry Eaton*

refugees around  
the Christmas fire  
on camp TV

*Brad Bennett*

sun blurred  
by cloud cover  
a hole in the ice

streetlights  
two shadows  
to each twig

a wan sky  
the pond  
swanless

moonlight  
the smell of leek soup  
from the kitchen

desert juniper  
putting everything  
into one branch

up  
with the street cleaners  
a smudge of sun

winter sun...  
a clementine rind  
gives way

## Anna Maris

### SKUGGSPEL

*den gamla eken  
föret så stolt  
med sina långa rötter  
så djupa  
i marken*

*den täta kronan*

*jag såg upp  
från gungan  
och där*

*det stora lövverket  
mot blå himmel*

*alla dessa  
löv som växt  
och fallit*

*växt  
och  
återigen  
fallit*

*decennier  
århundranden*

*den tillit som fanns  
i det starka grenverket*

### SHADOW PLAY

the old oak  
before so proud  
its long roots  
so deep  
into the ground

the dense canopy

i looked up  
from the swing  
and there

the many leaves  
against a blue sky

all these  
leaves that grew  
and fell

grew  
and  
yet again  
fell

decades  
centuries

the trust that was  
in the strong branches

*när jag som barn  
gungade där*

when i as a child  
swung there

*innan  
skuggspelet*

before  
the shadow play

*innan  
rötan  
satte in*

before  
the rot  
set in

*och när jag följer  
den gamla  
stigen*

and when i follow  
the old  
path

*sjunger min röst  
tillbaks  
till mig*

my voice sings  
back  
to me

*i den ihåliga  
stammen  
i det tomma  
ekot*

in the hollow  
trunk  
in the empty  
echo

*din grav  
i skuggan*

your grave  
in the shadow

*DJUP VINTER*

*rak väg  
den gula bussen  
i ett färglöst  
landskap*

*trädstammar  
vitfrostade  
av vindarna*

*tomma  
fält*

*stubbåkern  
efter förra årets skörd  
genom snön*

*utan blad  
allting  
blottat*

*de övergivna  
fågelbona*

*plastremsorna  
lindade  
runt risbuskar*

*gamla  
telefonstolpar  
utan  
kablar*

*det tomma hålet  
djupt  
i min  
mage*

deep winter

straight road  
the yellow bus  
in a colourless  
landscape

tree trunks  
frosted  
by the winds

barren  
fields

the stalks  
of last years crops  
through the snow

without leaves  
everything  
exposed

the abandoned  
birds nests

the plastic fragments  
wrapped  
around branches of shrubs

old  
telephone poles  
wires  
missing

the empty hole  
deep  
in my  
stomach

*MEDITATION*

*efter nålarna  
från masters hand*

*meditation*

*snön  
genom panoramiska fönster  
faller vitare*

*vi andas in  
och ut*

*kontrasterna av träd i snön*

*blundar  
energin  
till det innersta*

*värmen  
från sträckta  
muskler*

*den lugnande  
andningen  
i rummet  
inga tankar*

*våra sinnen  
som en  
ljuskedja*

*den osynliga handen  
guidar mig*

*linjerna  
i mig  
trådiga*

*spindelnätstunna*

*jag följer dem  
till det innersta*

*MEDITATION*

after the needles  
by master's hands

meditation

the snow  
through panoramic windows  
falls whiter

we breathe in  
and out

the contrast of trees in the snow

eyes closed  
the energy  
to the core

the warmth  
from stretched  
muscles

the soothing  
breathing  
in the room  
no thoughts

our minds  
like a chain  
of fairy-lights

the invisible hand  
guiding me

the lines  
in me  
wiry

spider-silk thin

I follow them back  
to the core

## *Angela Giordano*

*nebbia all'alba —  
le perle di rugiada  
sui rami spogli*

fog at dawn —  
pearls of dew  
on bare branches

*luna d'inverno —  
segue la mia ombra  
passo per passo*

winter moon  
following my shadow  
step by step

*pattinando*  
*volteggiano corpi e fiocchi di neve*

skating  
bodies and snowflakes twirl

*tazza di neve con zucchero e vino*  
*sapori d'infanzia*

cup of snow with sugar and wine  
childhood flavors

*un nuovo anno*  
*entrate ed uscite non pareggiano mai*

a new year  
entrances and exits never match

*vecchia cartolina  
quella che non ti ho mai spedito*

old postcard  
the one I never sent you

*primo viaggio dell'anno  
un selfie col nuovo cellulare*

first trip of the year  
a selfie with the new phone

*pettegozzi in chiesa di vecchie signore  
prima messa del giorno*

gossip of old ladies at church  
first mass of the day

*tuoni lontani*  
*il richiamo delle cicogne sopra i tetti*

distant thunder  
the call of the storks above the roofs

*gli scarabocchi della nipotina*  
*galassie sconosciute*

the unknown galaxies  
granddaughter's scribbles

## *Lucia Cardillo*

*giorno su giorno  
sempre più magro il volto...  
neve al sole*

day after day  
her face is thinner ...  
snow in the sun

*in compagnia  
di vecchie e nuove assenze...  
viole nell'aria*

along with  
old and new absences ...  
violets in the air

*vento d'inverno ...  
la tristezza fruga  
in ogni angolo*

winter wind ...  
sadness rummages  
everywhere

*il gelso in fiore ...  
cigola nei ricordi  
un'altalena*

mulberry in bloom ...  
an old swing creaks  
in memory

*tra rami spogli  
bianchi fiori di pruno ...  
ancora amore*

among bare trees  
white plum blossoms ...  
love once again

*crepuscolo ...  
sulle ali di un gabbiano  
indugia il giorno*

twilight ...  
day lingers  
on the wings of a seagull

*Michael Henry Lee*

vanishing point  
on the last train car off  
the tip of my thumb

## *Jeannie Martin*

### SNOWFALL

Large flakes  
falling fast  
yet floating  
like the upturned  
faces of Queen  
Anne's Lace,  
each single  
round disc  
falling at  
slight angles  
one by one  
into a single  
pattern like  
a white table-  
cloth spreading  
itself into  
the air.

These flakes  
seem to  
disappear  
as they reach  
the ground, yet  
they build up  
into a great  
snowy covering  
that stays,

melts, folds  
into the earth  
tugging at the  
roots of all  
that is gray  
and unmoving.

But all  
that is later.

Right now  
each small  
flake, firm  
and distinct,  
doesn't know  
this. Doesn't  
know it  
will join  
others and  
grow into  
the wide  
and whitening  
earth,  
or that it  
will become  
rain and grass  
and enduring  
moisture.

Right  
now is for

reaching out  
fresh  
into  
the  
air –

that  
is enough,  
and all.

*for Pat*

my friend has died  
looking deep into the ladyslipper  
be there

# *Fred Jeremy Seligson*

G  
A  
R  
D  
E  
N

Years  
of joy

just outside  
our window

We didn't  
know

when all  
to do

was listen  
to the cicada

the  
oriole

the  
frog  
all to do

was watch

the  
dandelion

the  
butterfly

the  
mantis

the  
bee

the  
spider

We couldn't  
really eye

a red  
leaf

floating  
by

couldn't  
ear

the magpie's  
cry

or feel  
the breeze

fondling  
hair

or even  
kiss

our child's  
lips

crying out  
for life

All  
to do

was  
look

while  
dragonflies

patrolled  
our garden

Tonight,  
seated

on flamingo  
chairs

under  
the mulberry

Sparky  
hops

on lap,  
purring

crickets  
go rattling

bottle caps  
in cans

“Hey,  
that’s Jazz!!!”

We lean  
back

caught  
up

in the  
rhapsody

tapping  
our fingers

and opening  
our hearts

until we’ve got  
the message

*Kim Dorman*

Aug. 31, 1792

Many  
moor-hens  
on Comb-wood  
pond.

— from Gilbert White's *Journals*

(FROM A NOTEBOOK  
KEPT ON A VISIT TO INDIA/ NOV. 2018)

MON. 5

Cool, clear morning.  
Fish-scale clouds.  
Afternoon, evening, hot.

TUES. 6

Humid. Tired.  
Temple music woke me 5 am.  
Headache late afternoon.  
Evening: rain.

WEDS. 7

Cool, clear; less humid.  
Shouts of school children.  
Peacock calls. At dusk,  
oil lamps. Choti.

(ODDS & ENDS FROM PAST NOTEBOOKS)

old man  
lives under  
overpass

pausing  
on the path  
we hear

wind  
in the  
pines

the ranger  
warns us  
about coral  
snakes

“beautiful  
but poisonous”

wasps come  
from under  
the bridge

pitcher plants  
bladderwort  
sundew

“Martha Sultana Jacobsen  
lived alone in these woods  
until she was nearly 100”

those ears  
were a kind of  
golden age

*The men and beasts of the zodiac  
have marched over us once more.*

— Tu Fu (Rexroth)



the light  
& the

passing  
hours



“frame the perception”



tablas

wing  
beats

of  
doves



horses  
graze  
afield

acorns  
fall in  
a

pickup  
bed



gnats  
swarm over  
the river

birds  
flock  
sunset

edge of town  
in rearview  
rusty  
hulk



preened the  
musty feathers  
fluff

flowers  
float  
then pair

on a  
rock

outline  
footprint  
hole  
in the  
cloud



closest,  
sharpest



the canopy  
lifts —

light  
expanding

THEREFORE,

through a short life  
limits each individual bee,  
for it never lasts longer  
than the seventh summer,

the species remains immortal,  
and the fortune of the house  
lasts many years,

with ancestors' ancestors  
accounted for.

— Virgil, *Georgics* (after a translation by Janet Lembke)



Like all poems  
on the trace

of the holy,  
this one remains

outside  
the protection

of specific  
solution.

— after Susan Howe, on Emily Dickinson's Ninth poem in  
*Fascicle 34*

*Madhuri Pillai*

midnight take off pilot's day voice

dawn monks' chant contours the mountain

scaling the wall a cat for the moon

sweeping the street eyes of a stray dog

white breeze of canna lilies twilight

ancient banyan my sunken roots

midnight encounter  
cockroach and I in retreat

*Elmedin Kadric*

a  
r h  
r e d  
o a  
w

NO

Sometimes meaning, simply and wholeheartedly, yes, a ripe peach.

Brand New

Grandma's all shoes

wn

up

do

is approaching a boat boarding the water bickering

sometimes  
I can't  
do what

hunger  
pretends  
I can

A

Rose  
arose  
a rose

pre-noon sun...  
lifting the rock  
to see the mud

just to know  
you shadow

a small part  
of the earth

u  
s  
l  
e  
s  
s

**P**

u  
l  
p  
i  
t

t  
u  
l  
i  
p

l  
i  
t  
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p

# *William Keckler*

## 3 WINTER HAIKU

tasting mold in bread  
you smile

child's toy  
in the river  
moving upstream

wet red leaf  
glued to hospital window  
says so

*Elaine Wilburt*

a last bit of earth  
belonging to you—  
birdseed in the feeder

shooting star  
streaking silver on black—  
a 50th birthday

on a gravestone  
a bee nuzzling silk—  
the doves cooing

## *Eufemia Griffo*

*filo turchese  
un vecchio telaio tesse  
i raggi di luna*

turquoise thread  
an old loom weaves  
the moonlight

*casa in rovina  
un ragno tesse la strada  
fino alle stelle*

ruined house  
a spider weaves the way  
to the stars

*mare d'inverno  
le grida dei gabbiani  
affondano nel silenzio*

winter sea  
the cries of seagulls  
sink in the silence

*crepuscolo invernale  
tanti segreti  
in ogni ruga*

winter twilight  
so many secrets  
in each wrinkle

*disgelo primaverile  
i fiori di pruno  
ancora congelati*

spring thaw  
the plum blossoms  
still frozen

*baco da seta  
il sogno segreto  
di una falena*

silkworm  
the secret dream  
of a moth

*riva lontana  
la lunga strada da percorrere  
di un vecchio barcaiolo*

distant shore  
the long road ahead  
of an old boatman

*chiaro di luna  
il lungo corteggiamento  
di due cigni neri*

moonlight  
the long courtship  
of two black swans

## *Angiola Inglese*

*tempo di andare  
prima fioritura  
del trifoglio*

time to go —  
first flowering  
of the clover

*sole in cucina —  
con la coda dell'occhio  
l'ombradi un volo*

sun in kitchen —  
shadow of a flight  
in the corner of my eye

# *Alegria Imperial*

## VOICES FROM MY GRANDMOTHER: OVER THIN GROUNDS OF BECOMING

to keep your blood aflame stalk tiger clouds and eat the leaves of bitter melon  
only morning dew from banana blossoms can quench his pining the full moon  
must share your pillow or you lose his whispers if you skid down the stairs ask an  
old sow to douse with a pail of water the spot where you fell to retrieve your soul  
for him a dwarf in the pine copse keeps your secrets your talisman is a spall from  
your grandfather's grave

learn to shape a lotus bud with your fingers to eat with his to skin a pea work on  
keeping his inner sheath intact to pry open a clam stun it with boiling water how  
to tell if fish is cooked look past him if it has turned blind do not cry if you must  
break a chicken's neck to dress it spit behind your right shoulder if his mother  
turns an evil eye on you pepper leaves are meant to float on simmering broth not  
sink with your thoughts when he comes with his guitar on a wily moon

skimming bamboo tips  
the red maya's wind-rides  
over thin grounds of becoming

(Authors' Note: A sparrow-like bird, the 'red maya' was the Philippines' national bird until 1995, when by presidential decree was replaced by the Philippine eagle.)

## FROM THE RECYCLE BIN

her regrets recast in burnt-out nouns  
a curdled bowl of milk night whispers  
shreds off her argument the after-life crusting on curbsides  
dusk gathered in wood blocks a dangling epithet  
emptiness cracks on a clay moon  
snow globe the past a muddy sand

## SCRAPS FROM EBB TIDE

1.

evening fog my brain's crepe-y ridges  
a cloud-scudded moonrise

vying with a gull's scream my tears  
in the deep void lisping stars

a crying word circling my footmarks

2.

first hour the feel of moon-magnets  
dull popping in the distance

half-day-moons on fingertips wagging  
to protest why winds die

day's hinges the tightness louder at zenith

3.

the trumpet swan cross-eyed  
on a doll's removable hand

too wet to touch  
the sea's languished skin

white silence a keening sound worms its way into me

4.

my flesh sapped of foam  
against sea spray my bones inside out

tail end of a briny gust  
I sail on receding waves

the rogue crows' cawing closer to words

## *Hansha Teki*

all over  
    *at odds with*  
the issue of being  
    *the sophistry*  
    *of in-turned eyes*  
a fog of words  
    *the nothing but*

fleet-fingered  
    *found wanting*  
an autistic child  
    *the music*  
    *of the spheres*  
indexes  
the cosmos  
    *throws a wobbly*

in the wish  
    *a drop of water*  
to become  
present to you  
    *creases*  
I become so  
    *into the wine*

holy mountain  
    *silence*  
    *erupts in song*  
I leave  
my baser instincts  
    *from*  
    *my voicelessness*  
at base camp  
    *before the stars*

deathbed watch  
    *here and now*  
a candle flame  
enters  
    *the silence*  
    *in seeing*  
the night wind  
    *awaits utterance*

a warm front  
    *wind change*  
traces its shadow  
    *I pass on*  
into my will  
    *my reflection*

*Sabine Miller*

BRIDGE

The Nahuatl origins of the Virgin  
of Guadalupe

the rocky

parts

inside and under her

robes while under the bridge

a river of light

across the bay today

white as once-male Kuan Yin in gauze, the steady

(I think an adjective

nurtures a noun)

pylons mist-wrapped

## INTROJECTION

The mist is a slick goddess

The mist has come to  
bead on and roll down the  
windows

Opened my windows

to more intelligence of  
air, flesh as  
river reforming

again the direction of her

*Corrado Aiello*

*gustando il cuore  
di una vacca gustando...  
quello del lupo!*

tasting the heart  
of a cow tasting ...  
the wolf's!

*zampognari –  
il mio cane si unisce al coro*

bagpipe players –  
my dog plays along

*tegole rotte sul campo da gioco —  
fiocchi di neve*

broken tiles on the playing field —  
snowflakes

*Ingrid Bruck*

SPRING DUET

snowmelt  
earth exhales  
green fingers

earth inhales  
blooming daffodil slips  
down a mole hole

acorn grows  
choking and spitting dirt  
topples the stone fence

overhead  
shaking out a blanket —  
birds in migration

orange and black lattice —  
a monarch lights  
a white hydrangea

fierce darkness  
the missing moon  
of visiting day

## *Tiffany Shaw-Diaz*

once again  
I indulge

the twist  
of gold and ruby

along the banks  
of twilight

via the sparrow  
melancholia  
finds C major

road to home peeling skin in the boneyard

is this  
how tigers

claim ground  
as theirs

the lick  
of winter

across my  
bare neck

time travel

in my hands  
a photo of mother

before the cancer

## *Maria Teresa Piras*

*la prima messa —  
il canto del gallo tra i rintocchi*

*first Mass —  
a cock's song among the bells*

*viale d'autunno —  
solo una foglia sulla panchina*

*autumn's boulevard —  
only a leaf on the bench*

*foglie morte —  
la primavera in un cassonetto*

dead leaves —  
spring in a dumpster

*notte senza luna —  
fiocchi di neve sulle foglie morte*

*moonless night —  
snowflakes on dead leaves*

*il silenzio dopo la lite —  
l'acqua gelata delle fontane*

silence after a quarrel —  
the fountains turned to ice

*nebbia d'inverno —  
gli occhi velati di mia madre*

winter fog —  
my mother's veiled eyes

*fiocchi di neve —  
il silenzio nel nido vuoto*

snowflakes  
the empty nest's silence

*vento freddo —  
gli occhi di un passero  
alla finestra*

cold wind —  
a sparrow's eyes  
at the window

*erbetta verde  
nella crepa del muro —  
la mia infanzia*

green herbs —  
my childhood  
a crack in the wall

*partenza all'alba —  
la luna entra ed esce  
dalle nuvole*

leaving at dawn —  
the moon in and out  
of the clouds

*cocci di vetro —  
resta il profumo  
di un giglio bianco*

shards of glass —  
a white lily's  
perfume remains

## Vincenzo Adamo

*l'ultima neve. . .  
il viaggio della nonna  
senza valigia*

the last snow —  
grandma's journey  
without a suitcase

*occhiali appannati. . .  
lo sguardo prigioniero  
di mia figlia*

tarnished glasses —  
prisoner  
my daughter's look

*pie di gelati. . .*  
*abbracciati*  
*il senzatetto e il cane*

frozen feet–  
the homeless man  
and dog embrace

*alla stazione*  
*il treno del clochard. . .*  
*binario morto*

at the station  
the clochard's train  
a dead-end siding

## *Csanád Száva*

waiting for you  
to watch the sunset  
the sun doesn't

circles of a shell –  
a little home  
for infinity

sign in a hot  
waiting room:  
please don't water the plants

## *Reka Nyitrai*

February silence —  
an old woman knits her sunset

three potatoes  
simmering in a pot —  
winter's song

# *Maria Concetta Conti*

*Nuovo anno  
uno scialle mi avvolge  
il cielo blu*

new year  
a shawl winds  
the blue sky around me

*sera di Natale  
c'era una volta...  
la mia infanzia*

Christmas evening  
once upon a time...  
my childhood

*dicembre*  
*Perfino tra le nuvole*  
*la nostalgia*

december  
even the clouds —  
nostalgia

*silenzio*  
*un ultimo sguardo*  
*all'ultima alba*

silence  
a last look  
at the last sunrise

## *Ezio Infantino*

*notte d'autunno ...  
la luce delle stelle  
scalda il fiume*

autumn night ...  
starlight  
warms the river

*macchina in panne  
... peccato calpestare  
la neve fresca*

broken car  
... what a pity trampling  
the fresh snow

*una candela...  
lo spazio di silenzio  
che ci separa*

a candle...  
space — the silence  
between us

*nessun respiro tra i vicoli innevati il vento secco*

no breath in the snowy alleys the dry wind

# *Tom Montag*

*Poems from*  
GYPSY POET TOUR

(281)

California morning.  
A wild burro

and the patience of God.

(292)

Who is this  
raven who  
says nothing?

Where did he  
hide the sky?

**(300)**

RECOGNITION AT BOMBAY BEACH

Nothing  
you want

is what  
you want.

**(303)**

Raven knows  
what crow knows,  
only moreso.

Listen, wisdom.

**(316)**

Nothing here  
but the homeliness  
of God.



