otata 39
March, 2019
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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
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 amon the seeds.

— Claude Esteban from *Conjuncture of Body and Garden*
[Conjuncture de corps et du jardin], James Phillips, trans.
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 sucinae
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.
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.
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 demonstrate 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, monkeys, anatomical atlases, toast but no coffee, stories half heard in busy corridors.
TAXONOMIC DRIFT

Whatever we thought it was when we named it is nothing like what it seems to be now.
the waves I send my voice into crashing

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
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

schiatti 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 uggiolìo

two at night —
a whimpering
from the escarpment
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 batten 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. Lémo 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
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*
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
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
förut 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 fellit

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
bungade där

when i as a child
swung there

innan
skuggspelet

before
the shadow play

och när jag följer
der 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 tommar
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
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Swedish</th>
<th>English</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>MEDITATION</strong></td>
<td><strong>MEDITATION</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>efter nålarna</td>
<td>after the needles</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>från masters hand</td>
<td>by master’s hands</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>meditation</td>
<td>meditation</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>snön</td>
<td>the snow</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>genom panoramiska fönster</td>
<td>through panoramic windows</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>faller vitare</td>
<td>falls whiter</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>vi andas in</td>
<td>we breathe in</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>och ut</td>
<td>and out</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>kontrasterna av träd i snön</td>
<td>the contrast of trees in the snow</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>blundar</td>
<td>eyes closed</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>energin</td>
<td>the energy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>till det innersta</td>
<td>to the core</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>värmen</td>
<td>the warmth</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>från sträckta</td>
<td>from stretched</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>muskler</td>
<td>muscles</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>den lugnande</td>
<td>the soothing</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>andningen</td>
<td>breathing</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>i rummet</td>
<td>in the room</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>inga tankar</td>
<td>no thoughts</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>våra sinnen</td>
<td>our minds</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>som en</td>
<td>like a chain</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ljuskedja</td>
<td>of fairy-lights</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>den osynliga handen</td>
<td>the invisible hand</td>
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<tr>
<td>guidar mig</td>
<td>guiding me</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>linjerna</td>
<td>the lines</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>i mig</td>
<td>in me</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>trådiga</td>
<td>wiry</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>spindelnätstunna</td>
<td>spider-silk thin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>jag följer dem</td>
<td>I follow them back</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>till det innersta</td>
<td>to the core</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
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
evolve trono corpi e fiori 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

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

~ 49 ~
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
Aug. 31, 1792

Many moor-hens on Comb-wood pond.

— from Gilbert White’s *Journals*
Mon. 5
Cool, clear morning.
Fish-scale clouds.
Afternoon, evening, hot.

Tues. 6
Humid. Tired.
Temple music woke me at 5 am.
Headache late afternoon.
Evening: rain.

Weds. 7
Cool, clear; less humid.
Shouts of school children.
Peacock calls. At dusk,
oil lamps. Choti.
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

der 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 sumer,

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
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
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
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
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
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
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
INTRODUCTION

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
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
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
piedi 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
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
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
California morning.
A wild burro
and the patience of God.

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.