

A photograph of a forest scene. In the foreground, a large, thick tree trunk with reddish-brown bark and some moss is leaning diagonally across the frame. The background is filled with dense green foliage and other trees, creating a lush, natural setting. The ground is covered with fallen leaves and some small green plants.

OTATA 40  
(APRIL, 2019)

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*from otata's bookshelf*

Stefano D'Andrea, *Paul Claudel — Cent phrases pour éventails*  
*Le Lumachine* nr. 32 (febbraio 2019)

Kim Dorman, *Kerala Notebook (November, 2018)*

Mark Young, *A vicarious life — the backing tracks*

TOKONOMA

in a clearing  
in a wood  
at twilight  
a family

walking about  
gathering  
strange enough  
driftwood

— Frank Samperi  
from *Lumen Gloriam* (1973)

# *John Phillips*

## FOUR POEMS

1.

T'ANG

Left  
the world

to come  
be

this  
mountain

2.

TAIGI

what else  
quick  
so  
but  
swallows

3.

BUSON

her  
comb  
come  
use  
less  
ly  
up  
on

4.

Just  
a thing  
a body you are  
the weave you wear  
woven with

world  
awakening to

# *Giuliana Ravaglia*

*chiaro di luna:*  
*profumo di zagara sul seno bianco*

moonlight:  
scent of orange blossom on white breasts

*ultimo sogno:*  
*scarabocchia silenzi un'alba nuova*

last dream:  
scribbles silences a new dawn

*lettere d'avorio:*  
*un'altra primavera mi danza attorno*

ivory letters:  
another spring dances around me

*primo viaggio:*  
*il grembo di mia madre*

first trip:  
my mother's womb

*giorni di neve:*  
*irriverente e gaia la pratolina*

days of snow:  
the daisy irreverent and cheerful

*incerta luna:*  
*le foglie del nespolo a primavera*

uncertain moon:  
the leaves of the medlar in the spring

*narcisi:*  
*il profumo del prato sul tavolino*

daffodils:  
the table smells of the field

*lontana aurora:*  
*nell'anima un giardino di poesia*

distant aurora:  
in the soul a garden of poetry

*alba di perla:*  
*nel chiaro riverbero mandorli in fiore*

iridescent dawn:  
in pulsing clarity almond blossoms

*lume lontano:*  
*nella notte d'inverno favole antiche*

distant light:  
a winter night's ancient tales

*lei come seta sull'immobile spalla:*  
*dolce l'inganno*

she like silk on the immovable shoulder:  
sweet deception

vaga la luna:  
in viaggio ancora senza partire

the moon wanders:  
traveling again without departing

# *Jeannie Martin*

no cover  
to the covered bridge  
the Milky Way

do you have  
an earth,  
Andromeda?

to other viewers  
our Sun  
just some star

one stone missing  
from the stone wall -  
Mars rising

for the  
snail too -  
moon shell

*vincent tripi*

the other train passes quickly eternity

katydid's antennae  
could find my soul

we're all here  
for a very short time  
to admire day lilies

# *Kim Dorman*

[odds & ends from past notebooks]

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 years  
were a kind of  
golden age

o

“frame the percepton”

o

tablas

wing  
beats

of  
doves

o

horses  
graze  
afield

acorns  
fall in  
a

pickup  
bed

o

gnats  
swarm over  
the river

birds  
flock  
sunset

edge of town  
in rearview  
rusty  
hulk

o

preened the  
musty  
feathers  
          fluff  
flowers  
float  
          then pair  
on a  
rock

outline  
footprint  
          hole  
in the  
cloud

o

Therefore ,

though 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  
from the *Georgics*  
after a translation by Janet Lembke

o

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*

# *Guliz Mutlu*

## SHE

### SOME TWENTY YEARS

The whitecap rising vastly from the caverns, the woven shades, *comme il faut* taciturn...  
Little is known throughout the rain; the sound is keen, because all the words broken.  
Humanizing is to minimize.

Once, long ago, hundreds of drops on the thin shades was curling in bloom and I was  
looking down as if deaf; now I heard, a single dog barking in the puddles, longing in a  
distance.

I would stop writing and I could be prepared for some cozy raindrops and deluded um-  
brellas, but I had bitter fear of their homelessness.

I call for you more than extolment; for I tell you, lambent. In a glow on the wings, I see  
you, fulgent.

Before you were born, inwardly I knew, as before, you were behind the moon.

Apart from the wall, all your life besides all of me.

It's a perfect night for telling strange... As for our ghosts I have met, though some blo-  
od-making wine enough to see them, my fright always their sudden appearance. One  
watching me near as if real, the other wandering and all waiting for my boozy figure.

Promise me, you will smile holding my skull, when my heart beating inside a box!

I walked far, unrealized anything, anything in noesis.

Puff, the clouds filling your breath, waylating my knots... Could it be without leaving  
me? Could it be white on the blues? I am thrown by a pirate far gone and falling into the  
deepest sky. The moon beyond, as I dream on.

The weather driving my heart away from the thunder, the edge of the lightning... you memorize a sliver of the moon, enamored, clamored.

You should be the lover of this single crystal shoe, when no further way left behind, around midnight.

To get to the moonlight, the dog ruled the night. Long I passed that way. There lone was I, so the dog. I remember so our muzzles, many years later more than beautiful moonlight.

Whatever in this rain staying gentle, my life went out, dulcet lookout. If I were on the rocks to have a place in the dim!

Apologia might not be the crown kept, neither being quiescent for the blessed nor revealing whatsoever ourselves.

There came a time you were the light sealed my eyes, raised my heart in this vast.

More it told me, listening behind a door.

The light I lurk was a laughter to the sun around.

Dawning I recall, tell me tomorrow, the chorus in a real tragedy!

Young life so with grace, it's time, let me tell you the moon weaving a flower. I too, wish to be the moon! I, too, wish to be a flower!

Across the silence I long the darkness you part. Where else will you be on bare feet? For those stars, dandelion seeds and caterpillar eggs... Magic is two, don't curse my heart! Kiss a petal behind a smile, until you fall asleep! I will sleep alone or love will ruin me.

So saying, so you spoke. I say it too to speak, to understand I have spoken. Thus we spoke along with the ghosts up to the clouds... becoming the language I cannot, the verge of my woe, nobody has come around and said so.

Wondering why I gagged digging a hole on the apple, the passerine flying sang.

Long before the light, I think not for being known. Stilling twilight, existence is too much, the mind troubling for tempting fate. There is no why by means of time. Where else the starlight perches, the stone cold! Who is alive? Who died? Can we live? Can we return to the maze? Here watching over us the unknown death of a star, perhaps nothing, but now we know how our ghosts getting antsy.

Go and remember me... forgive me, climbing with the sun, of what we must be, our sunlit sighs for the stones find rest!

## STANZA

It's time to go back, the clocks gang, but I sleep on my feet and I will fall asleep two lines down. I throw myself to the end of time, impenetrable. Swollen I go, somewhere out here. I accept the mortality as a memory. Now is the past.

Once the clock stopped and everything getting word ahead to the moment or the eternity stopped. Outside the dilemma, I fenced the words unspoken, I faced the dogma, killing me inside.

Time-stuck spring, so yesterday spring. In truth, yesterday might not be real, even if spring. Let me wonder falling apart to witness the time stuck in you, let me be nigh, for spring going beyond aloud!

I am composed in spring, wakeless me, I sink in its penumbra, till the time I am lost and I remain as if its penumbra. In spring I am composed quietly, when I am imaging and writing nothing, when its language unwinding the time, I am its penumbra.

## SHUBHA

Blessed heavenly, good, cordial and sweet! I will go to sleep. Callback my name! Haunted I swept a rainbow or wept a song cold as it gets... It is a tear or a heartbeat I'm trying to touch. It gets uncertain I seek, for my flesh and a stone. All I can do is to dig a hole on earth. Death, have mercy! Mind me over beggar words! For when I look at your immortality, less I need rest. Rewording a dead body and the murderers of men, be still! Brought back is being blessed heavenly. It is not necessary to give me the apple you pick. The cycles within cycles in the garden, neither I remember a prayer, nor I swear in tire secret on the serpent. I am the extant, merely the miscreant, the ignorant in me. Now when you ask for my name, callback your name, your riddle or answer! Bruised heart, there is always a piece of sky; stolen portion, there is always a part of murder, thusly I will go towards sleep, opus blinded. Blood, rest in peace! On its stain by birth, I beseech. Belief! Peel me the moon! God! Behind my hidden body, I am mourning for a breath. Petal rain and a bark, a ballad, a poem forever and a day, beatified. I do dream drowned! Death bed borrowed, doubt I bear a bit of beetles. My bones are boogie blue. Midnight melds, some mud on the mirror, all funerals are real. Burned down, powdery in the land, dead white horse and a lady; wake for it! The meaning of life biting my tongue. I am not serpent-tongued. Silence has a reputation and I forget the words all kind.

# *Alegria Imperial*

## HOMEcoming: MY ALTERED STILLNESS

wakened orb seeping through blue windows three seats upfront  
a cough raking burdens lumps of softness lodged in my being

*on leftover clouds dawn in braids*

a sphere descending in swirls skimming tufted mirror-pools  
the petal-folded small hands a wave of strangeness

*memory-bones prostrate on a dirt crossing*

how you've thinned river marsh groans the bamboo gate  
who comes prying the faceless dusk a rustling dryness

*tomb-angels a flicker of prayer-wings*

past fronds of darkness Regulus a spark curling off night's maw  
a dama de noche mist the teeming stars

*orphaned pillow no other soul*

I looked for you red dragonfly  
whereof if thoughts blacken white toucan  
a ghost-spree mother's bougainvillea inflorescence

missing limbs of the arbol de fuego a brittle fire in me the moon  
I chomped off a jusi sky's hairpiece once pinned to  
my breast rain-washed stone-faces

the broken tower's terra cotta-dust a mitt for my tipped toes  
at lauds a bat-dweller's screams this truant roused  
a thousand longings my altered stillness

(Author's notes: *dama de noche*, known for its night-only redolent white blossoms widely grown in the Philippines; *jusi*, a sheer silken fabric made of pineapple leaves; *arbol de fuego* wildly growing along highways loved for its flame-like flowers but also known for its brittleness that endangers travellers. *Lauds* are chanted morning prayers).

# *Elmedin Kadric*

some  
thing

mean  
ing

less

PRACTICALLY

meaning well

spring almost  
as fine  
as simple

DETRACTION OF SONG

one  
two  
three

on  
to  
thee

is  
taken  
as a hole

all that he has left is  
waiting for the warmth  
of an empty bullet casing

# Maria Concetta Conti

*quasi primavera  
così morbida la mano  
del bambino!*

almost spring  
the baby's hand  
is so soft!

*pulizie di primavera  
nel ripostiglio  
una natura morta*

spring cleaning  
in the closet  
a still life painting

*la sedia di mio nonno  
un'altra fiaba  
i fiori di primavera*

grandfather's chair  
another fairy tale  
spring flowers

*Mare di primavera  
Il sole sulla spiaggia  
il sole dentro*

spring sea  
sunning on the beach  
the sun inside me

*la sua mancanza — correnti di marea di questa notte*

his absence—the tidal flow of this night

*di nuovo lì-  
il nido di rondini  
e la luna*

there again-  
the bird's nest  
and the moon

*luna rosa  
mio figlio asciuga una lacrima  
sulla mia guancia*

pink moon  
my son wipes a tear  
from my cheek

*mutabilità  
quanto è sorprendente  
la luna piena*

Mutability  
how surprising  
the full moon

*rocce nere  
il profumo di ginestra  
nelle mie mani*

black rocks  
the broom's smell  
in my hands

## *Ezio Infantino*

*fa presto sera  
sui campi abbandonati  
la neve sciolta*

it's early evening  
on the abandoned fields  
the melted snow

*giovani tombe —  
La nebbia si allontana  
dai fiori rosa*

youthful graves —  
fog lifting  
from pink blossoms

*dal gusto amaro  
una mandorla fresca ...  
libro finito*

the bitter taste  
of a fresh almond...  
the completed book

*colpo di coda —  
il peso della neve  
su gemme e crochi*

tail strike —  
the snow's weight  
on crocus and bud

*e se ne va ...  
un altro cardellino  
volato via*

and goes away ...  
another goldfinch  
flies the nest

*luna di fiori —  
l'assistente di volo  
spegne le luci*

spring moon —  
the flight assistant  
turns off the lights

*giungla urbana —  
un gabbiano inverte il corso  
dei miei pensieri*

urban jungle —  
a seagull changes the flow  
of my thoughts

*colpi di vento —  
i bip intermittenti  
dall'ecodoppler*

gusts of wind —  
intermittent beeps  
from the doppler echo

*Mark Young*

A FOUND POEM  
(from GNS Science; 3/6/17)

The Franz Josef Glacier  
falls from the greywacke

zone at its head, near the  
Main Divide, to the schist

zone at its melting snout,  
close to the Alpine Fault.

## ANOTHER FOUND POEM, & A RESPONSE TO IT

I am Tim Berners-Lee: I  
invented the web. Here  
are three things we need  
to change to save it. Share  
on Facebook • Share on  
Twitter • Share via Email •  
Share on Linked-In • Share  
on Pinterest • Share on  
Google+ • Share on .....

At least six things off-  
ered up as preface to  
this news report. Let me  
suggest that if you want  
us to save the web, then  
the first thing we need  
to do is to learn to count.

RODEO DE TAOS

NMRA

with

PAFRA,  
CPRA,  
GCPRA,  
AIRCA,  
UPRA

Taos, NM –  
June 25-26, 2016

A METAPHOR FILLS WITH AIR

I stay up all night  
until the walls  
fall down. Precision  
beckons. I crawl to-  
ward it. Close up  
I realize it is not

precise but procession  
spelt incorrectly &  
I am in the way of  
it. I put the walls up  
& then fall down to  
wait the night out.

*GARÇON! MA BOUTEILLE D'OXYGÈNE, S'IL VOUS PLAÎT*

any  
poem  
will  
be  
long  
if  
the  
length  
of  
the  
line  
is  
deter-  
mined  
by  
the  
length  
of  
the  
breath  
& the  
poet  
has  
em-  
phy-  
sema

## ON THE EDGE

The rumors that the Gillette Corporation were looking to sue the estate of the late William of Occam, alleging that their trademark had been impinged upon, are true. Also true is the accompanying news report that their legal team had become so bogged down in precedents of increasing complexity that they saw no way forward until a junior member suggested that the best method for preparing their case was to select the simplest argument & proceed from there.

## UNZIPPYD

I am feeling my age, I am feeling / of an age. Watched I am curious – Yellow on public tv last night, Zabriskie Point on cable this morning. Saw them both on their first release, a couple of years apart, forty five or fifty years ago. I am curious – Yellow in an "art cinema," Zabriskie Point, thanks to the success of Antonioni's earlier Blowup, in general release.

Both polemics. Both so dated now. Strange fashion statements. Suits & talkfests in one, afros & action in the other. Yellow seems so stilted, redeemed only by the interview with Olof Palme (later assassinated), the brief clip of the always emotion-provoking Martin Luther King Jr. (also assassinated later) & a snippet of Yevtushenko reading Babi Yar. Zabriskie Point is corny, saved only by its eclectic score & the beauty of Death Valley.

& yet both are illustrations of how we, at the time, thought we could change the world. That we didn't succeed is painfully obvious as one watches the news, catches up with social media. Sometimes I think we didn't go far enough, became content with having pushed the boundaries a little to provide a comfort zone. Pliable enough for a while, but now grown brittle, & under more threat than ever before.

## *Jack Galmitz*

"**WELL, HOW MANY** cards do you want?"

"Don't rush me. I'm thinking about it."

"It's a game of luck, you know. It only takes so much strategy."

"You play your game and let me play mine, okay?"

"Fine. Let me know when we can get on with the game."

"I'll take one card."

"So after all this time you decide to go for a straight or a flush?"

I said it was a game of luck, but certain moves decrease the likelihood of success."

"Just play your game. I know what I'm doing and you don't know what I have in my hand."

"Right."

"**I'M GOING** to have to leave you."

"Why? What's wrong?"

"You know what's wrong. I can't take your son living here anymore."

"He's a sick man. I can't kick him out."

"Well, he's lived with us for seventeen full years and now he comes twice a year for two months at a time to keep his Social Security benefits.

"He locks a room that is a part of my house because he thinks I'm a thief. You have no idea how insulting he is. And his sneaking telephone calls after 10 PM that keep me awake. I've told him dozens of times we don't accept calls after 10. I've never seen such a disrespectful man in my life."

"I'm sorry. I don't know what to do. He's always been a sick man."

"Well, I'm telling you if you die first and I inherit the house, I'm going to take him to court and seek a court order that keeps him from entering the house until such time as I die and he inherits the house."

"I'll sell the house before that and you can rent an apartment and that will keep him from getting his hands on the property."

"I'll never let him get his hands on any more of my money. He has not given me a nickel towards the upkeep of this house. He doesn't even buy things we need for the house.

Two old people like us having to go out in all kinds of weather and he never lifts a finger. If nothing changes I'm telling you it will end in violence."

# *Joseph Salvatore Aversano*

## TIME OF THE FLOOD

there is a painting at the MET  
called *Bohemia Lies by the Sea*  
& when you look at its meadows  
you begin to see how it's true

& that this can never be  
a painting

## TΩN BATPAXΩN\*

living on reclaimed sky

flooded w/ heaven as wet  
as everywhere  
it flows

*\*"of the frogs", one of the epithets of Artemis*

*John Levy*

LISTENING TO A RECORDING OF PAUL BLACKBURN READING IN 1968

I listen to him read about  
40 years ago. There are many  
people who cough  
in the audience and a barking  
dog (where? leashed  
right outside where he reads?)

at Bard College, Blackburn  
the bard. Monsieur  
Blackburn, as he greets  
himself near the end of a poem  
arriving

after a train trip. He reads  
his poems  
and speeds  
then slows, pauses,  
we hear

him turn the page (the microphone  
must be closer to the pages  
than to his mouth). Now I listen  
to "Fog," sorry  
I never met him. He died

when I was 20. My older brother  
went to a poetry workshop with him  
in Aspen and the only thing he told me  
(back then) was that Blackburn told him  
that having typos in a poem

was like talking to someone and later  
looking in the mirror and seeing a big  
piece of spinach between your teeth.

## HARPSICHORD MUSIC IN SIXTH GRADE

I don't remember our music teacher, Mrs. Rist  
(Mr. Rist taught math and ran

a ham radio club, which I joined) telling us  
how difficult it was to bring her harpsichord

from her home to the classroom. I would've  
spelled it wrong, inserted an is

instead of the si (which I should've enjoyed,  
taking a Spanish class). I recall

her sitting, slender, straight, and playing  
for the class. I can't speak

for any of the others, but I  
was faintly

interested, it sounded so different  
from my mother's piano. More bloodless?

I never would've said that  
because I didn't put into words

the little I felt as I listened and watched  
this slight short woman married

to the tall thin man who was intense  
and without passion

except for numbers and the  
Morse Code I learned enough of to

curse in when on the tennis court  
I didn't want to even whisper FUCK.

## POEM OF MINE TO READ AT MY FUNERAL?

This is a trick question. I don't want  
a funeral. Too much trouble  
for whoever would feel

they had to make the arrangements,  
too much travel for anyone who'd  
attend (even if it would only be

a 15-minute drive one way). What about  
a bug that could be killed in the funeral  
home's

parking lot by  
tires smashing the life  
down into asphalt. For a bug's

funeral, at some imaginary  
parking lot  
at a funeral home,

I raise my arms  
and flap them once,  
a wingless tribute.

inside the snowflake are trees  
they grow near the prison  
the snowflake melts

## THE RANDOM SERBIAN

I met one in Las Vegas a few years ago. He drove me to the airport in his taxi. When I learned where he was from I told him I love Serbian poets, and named several. He loved them too. It turned out he collected books. I wrote a poem about being a passenger in his taxi. Then last week, visiting Kyoto, I was riding the two-hundred-and-four bus and the only other foreigner (who had got on a few stops after I did) sat next to me. A black-haired middle-aged man in a black jacket. He, too, was Serbian, had been living in China teaching English. He was just as delighted as the taxi driver had been to find out that I know about and love Serbian poetry. He'd never met someone not from Serbia who did. We discussed them excitedly. I found the PDF for my last book on my phone and showed him my poem about talking to the Serbian taxi driver. He read it slowly, smiled, said something positive and then spoke of other Serbians he knew, or knew of, who'd gone to the U.S. and driven taxis, even if in Serbia they were architects or musicians.

# *Sheila Murphy*

moonlight on the Italian language

winter stethoscope  
relieved of homonyms  
cold white skin

the main character was always purity

imposition of a flower  
on blind snow  
yes man stepping up to speak

lane change  
in an unfurnished field  
arugula for keeps

*Alonna Shaw*

SEA LION HEAD HUNTERS

soul-cracking lonely  
encrypted longing  
round rolling  
cogs

president or resident  
postal actions all  
repeat process  
day, night,  
day

rest  
final  
carcass  
exposed ribs  
someone always takes  
the head

## LEAF-GREEN TENDER SEA

leaf-green  
                  tender sea  
vegetable stranded  
in flapper's strings

dots  
wrack  
                  staff in ledger lines  
upper curves  
bass lowers

marking  
notes adrift

\*

waves within the flying lines

wings beat dots and—  
dashing above  
churning language of the free

lines a surfer rides  
and falls  
through its content

\*

just gotta make  
          it  
through the  
days of sunshine

to when the rust

hangs in a fog  
holding recall

the primordial  
stage

but then the  
light  
burns it away

\*

the sound of the  
ocean is  
red

through my  
eyelids  
saline sanguine  
sea  
laps me  
up

# *Peter Newton*

## URCHINESQUE

petrified egg  
the urchin amulet's  
feather weight

sand dollar  
my more polished cousin  
sea urchin

cactus  
flower  
urchin

spiked urchins  
on each turret  
of the fortress

ancient wheel  
rolling in the surf  
hollowed urchin

# *Eufemia Griffo*

*ritornano le oche  
le loro ali  
ancora piene di neve*

their wings  
still full of snow  
the geese return

*stanze d'ospedale  
dovunque  
lo stesso silenzio*

hospital rooms  
wherever  
the same silence

*canto del pettirosso —  
il desiderio di tornare  
alla scorsa primavera*

robin song  
the longing to return  
to the previous spring

*fredda primavera  
i bucaneve ancora  
pronti a sbocciare*

cold spring  
the snowdrops still  
ready to bloom

*vento di mare  
nella rete del pescatore  
una manciata di stelle*

sea wind  
in the fisherman's net  
a handfull of stars

*cielo notturno  
le lampare e le lucciole  
si spengono una ad una*

night sky  
the lamparas and fireflies  
go out one by one

La *lampara* è un tipo di lampada molto grossa e potente, montata su di una barca che viene usata dai pescatori di notte per illuminare la superficie dell'acqua.

The *lampara* is a very large and powerful type of lamp, mounted on a boat and used by fishermen at night to illuminate the surface of the water.

*fine dell'inverno  
uno scoiattolo segue ancora  
il profumo della neve*

end of winter  
a squirrel still follows  
the scent of snow

*l'eco dell'usignolo  
quelle vecchie ninne nanne  
dimenticate*

the echo of nightingale  
those old lullabies  
forgotten

*briciole nella neve  
lo sguardo silenzioso  
di un piccolo rifugiato*

crumbs in the snow  
the silent look  
of a small refugee

*vento di primavera  
il riparo di una foglia  
da qualche parte*

spring wind  
the shelter of a leaf  
somewhere

*Jessica Malone Latham*

considering the past again windswept clouds

sunlit rain on her chest scar

spring breeze pushing off the affirmations

## *Khadijah Lacina*

dirt covered plum  
a song in the making  
rain begins to fall

## *Hansha Teki (Stephen Bailey)*

Many of these pieces preceded the act of terrorism against Muslim worshipers in two mosques in Christchurch while others were written following the event. The *death rattle / mythic child parallel*, for instance, was written two days before the slaughter while only suburban spring of the non-parallel pieces preceded the event.

suburban spring  
the wilderness within me  
will rise again

death rattles through the mosque

birthday song . . .  
the sound of absence  
all lit up

death toll mounted to the edge of spit

after the tiger's stripes  
I read the braille of raindrops  
atop my haiku

wolf hour after hour after hour

my presence  
left  
where I penned it

it's down  
in black and white  
natural  
commodification

*poplars*  
*barcode*  
*the sun*

if lent  
and not owned  
metanoia

*in my palm*  
*you are indeed*  
*the great leap*

if  
[nothing less than kind]  
then  
[strings of anything]  
else  
[everything]  
end if

*I forfeit*  
*the ordering of leaves*  
*to a hesitance*  
*in dying*

a raindrop's  
conditional branching  
down the pane

*if autumn  
then leaves may fall  
not alone*

at worship  
warships passing  
in the night

*awestruck  
the either-ors  
of water  
by rowboat*

between  
twin towers  
of babble  
words breach their limits

*my pen wordless  
penetrates  
the veneer  
of meaning*

death rattle  
the sound  
concreted  
down under  
into the moon

*a mythic child*

*rides an  
empty see-saw*

nature calls  
I recycle  
the by-products  
of being  
me

*far removed*

*a blackbird  
ticks off*

*the end of day*

staccato  
blooded  
the cry  
st  
church  
mosques  
writing  
an island's  
story

*martyr-made*

*half a century*

*at prayer*

# *Lucy Whitehead*

cold moon  
a wolfsong  
all of my own

butterfly nebula  
we dance around  
the subject of death

aeroplane trails fade into blue    forget-me-nots

*Dave Read*

the sky's  
a shroud of  
winter white  
I scavenge  
for a crow

SHIFTS

A friend sends three books in the mail.  
I turn the page  
on autumn.

BLOOM

Last night's snow melts on the roof.  
The gutters fill  
with spring.

## FATHOM

He struggles with his friend's suicide:  
a bucket of rain  
spilling stars.

## ORBITS

Launched in 2006, the New Horizons spacecraft was first purposed to take fly-by pictures of the dwarf planet Pluto. Having successfully completed this goal, its mission was extended to include the Kuiper Belt. Now 4 billion miles from home, New Horizons is living up to its name, engaging in the most distant exploration in the history of humanity. It is so far away that messages from the satellite take a whopping 6 hours and 8 minutes to arrive back to Earth. In this day of instant gratification, that is a very long time indeed.

hunger pangs ...  
my son texts me  
from upstairs

## MAPPING

There is a pile  
of four books  
on my desk. It is not  
in my nature, typically,  
to read more than one  
at once. Actually, the idea of  
multitasking anything  
is completely without appeal.  
My direction is linear:  
I make a list;  
I complete the first item;  
I strike off that item,  
and then the next;  
I create a new list;  
and carry on.  
That I am reading  
four books at once  
surprises me. Three are  
by John Levy  
and the other  
is an anthology  
that includes  
a handful of my haiku.  
The contrast  
between John's  
thoughtful and patient  
longer poems  
and my three  
line outbursts  
has created a space  
for my thoughts  
to wander.  
There are, of course,  
many ways to arrive  
at truth poetically.  
As one who prefers  
to map a path  
that mimics the route  
the crow flies,  
I am discovering  
a great many things  
along this  
meandering trail.

# *Robert van Vliet*

## THIRD

go on keep at it  
till everything fits into two rooms or

stand out in the hall and look in and refuse to go in  
either room

## PEACE

peace can survive anything even paper

## EGO

you  
again every  
reflection so tiring

## ATTENTION

Counting the chairs you notice:  
prime.

Then you notice that you noticed.

And then you notice you counted.

stretches

hard to believe this lonely sun  
doesn't know where to sleep

throwing its left arm around the sky

## SELF

who you are  
accident and craft

the only dispute  
which came first

*Anna Maria Domburg-Sancristoforo*

warm again today —  
the open window  
full of spring

east wind —  
come this far  
I sit and rest

## *John McManus*

garden path  
with a stick of chalk  
she writes her first haiku

outdoor pool  
my son pushes me into  
the sound of laughter

attic cobwebs  
caught up inside  
another lie

family gathering  
the fireworks begin  
right on time

# *Tim Murphy*

midnight snow on the radio days are winter plains

glistening garden grass spotlight moon

a flood of memories  
in the old hotel room  
rainy season

an annual dance  
possesses the artist  
late winter

cocktail party . . .  
the truth  
will set you free

heatwave—  
the afternoon  
in crisis

winter evening  
two red-fringed clouds  
stand out

# Tom Beckett

## THE WORD

The word  
Was deferred

But I  
Read delivered

\*

Let's dissolve  
One another

Let's come  
Apart together

\*

An atmosphere  
Of gender

As practice  
Or event

\*

A moment  
Of discovery

Disguised as  
An ellipse

\*

Word has  
It that

Throughlines wind  
And comingle

\*

The word  
Was confused

But I  
Was aroused

\*

Our weathers  
Of love

And climate  
Of erosion

\*

Revelations of  
Wet spots

Overblown phrases  
Incomplete thoughts

\*

Poems those  
Little deaths

Undone by  
Their voyeurs

\*

# *John Hawkhead*

chrysalis  
in dawn's blue light  
a body bag

things I will give you up

# *Reka Nyitrai*

moonflowers out of her hand a moth becomes a falling star

homecoming —  
a magnolia petal falls on  
my shadow

walking out of sunset whistling wind-god

pattering rain —  
language spoken in  
a dream

longest night. . .  
the caw of a crow  
from his lungs

autumn rain subtracting my mother tongue

## *Lucia Cardillo*

*primavera...  
si fa azzurra la voce  
di questo cielo*

spring ...  
the sky speaks  
light blue

*iris candidi ...  
perdonando a me stessa  
tutti gli errori*

white iris ...  
I forgive myself  
for every mistake

*margheritina ...  
piccolo cuore giallo  
sul marciapiede*

daisy ...  
tiny yellow heart  
from the sidewalk

*bianca peonia...  
ad occhi spalancati  
una bambina*

white peony ...  
wide-eyed  
little girl

# *Nikolay Grankin*

*весеннее утро  
у садовника в руках  
связка ключей*

spring morning  
the gardener holds  
a bunch of keys

*больничная палата  
мама произносит  
незнакомое имя*

hospital ward  
mom says  
an unfamiliar name

*покупаю мандарины  
падают в кошелёк  
снежинки*

buying tangerines —  
snowflakes fall into  
my wallet

*конец каникулам  
на школьном пиджаке  
белая нитка*

vacation over  
the white thread  
on a school jacket

*свежий снег  
старушка подчёркивает  
даты на календаре*

fresh snow  
an old lady underlines  
dates in the calendar

*забытая книга  
между страниц  
песчинки*

forgotten book  
grains of sand  
between the pages

*родной город  
под звёздным небом  
траектории светлячков*

hometown  
under the starry sky  
firefly trajectories

*зимняя ночь  
только и светлого  
цифры на часах*

winter night  
only the glow of numbers  
on a clock dial

# Margherita Petriccione

*Sole sul mare —  
i bruchi pallidi  
delle ciliegie*

sun on the sea —  
cherry trees wearing  
pale caterpillars

*una finestra  
nel tronco dell'ulivo —  
blu oltremare*

a window  
in the olive trunk —  
ultramarine

*con i garriti  
cigolio di una gronda —  
brace nel buio*

with a bird's shriek  
a scraping in the eaves —  
embers in dark

*fiori appassiti —  
il gatto di famiglia  
ci sta lasciando*

withered flowers —  
the family cat  
is leaving us

*sapore di sale —  
un letto  
di raggi di sole*

salt flavor —  
a bed  
of sun rays

*i primi germogli  
di un mandorlo —  
terapia intensiva*

the first buds  
of an almond tree —  
intensive care

*luna e lampara —  
il suo scorcio di notte  
a ciascuno*

moon and lamp —  
everyone  
his slice of night

forma vuota —  
a galla nella marea  
il cavalluccio marino

empty form —  
a seahorse  
bobs in the tide

## *Norie Umeda*

大海を見ずに潮溜りの蟹を見ている

without seeing the ocean  
I gaze at a crab  
into a tide pool

君の影を土になぞり我がものとす

as I trace  
your shadow on the ground  
it becomes mine

倉庫街びはの花に行き止まる

warehouse district  
the loquat flower blooms  
in a blind alley

蝕の月産褥熱に赤むかな

blood moon  
blushes  
by childbed fever

台風圏異界の調に包まれる

typhoon  
our world is covered with a chord  
of the different world

オリオンに蜘蛛が糸を張る黙

silence  
a spider thread crosses  
Orion

チューリップドリーム花卉は金の重さ

tulip dream the weight of a petal: gold

電光掲示板の文字人混みに紛れ込む

bulletin board  
letters passing  
into the crowd

錯視の鳥の輪郭消えて名も消えて

optical illusion  
the birds lose their outlines  
and name

アマリリス 夕陽の中に溶け残る

evening sun  
unmelted skeleton  
of the amaryllis

## *Alessandra Delle Fratte*

*orme stanche —  
senza echi la primavera sboccia sotto i piedi*

tired footprints —  
without echoes the blooming spring underfoot

*primi nidi nascosti —  
fine del gelo*

first hidden nests —  
end of the frost

*usignolo in amore —  
fra le magnolie un cinguettio*

nightingale in love —  
a chirping from the magnolias

*rondinelle —  
fino al crepuscolo in volo*

little swallows —  
in flight until dusk

*giovane foglia trasportata dal vento —  
ultimo viaggio*

young leaf carried by the wind —  
the final trip

*first mirror —  
a heart has no wrinkles*

primo riflesso —  
un cuore non ha rughe

*Andy McLellan*

picking the bones  
out of owl calls  
first quarter moon

begging bowl  
a crack in the pavement  
grows dandelions

# *Angela Giordano*

*zolle scoperte  
l'odore della terra sui germogli*

crust broken-through  
earth's smell on the shoots

*briciole nelle mani  
un gruppo di passeri vanno e vengono*

crumbs in the hands  
a group of sparrows come and go

*crepuscolo primaverile alla finestra  
canti lontani*

spring twilight at the window  
distant songs

*giro in aliante*  
*uno stormo di oche all'orizzonte*

glider ride  
a flock of geese on the horizon

*mercato del pesce*  
*tutti pigiati come tante sardine*

fish market  
people crammed like so many sardines

*la pioggia e il vento*  
*sopra i mandorli in fiore —*  
*rondini in volo*

rain and wind  
above the almond blossoms —  
swallows in flight

*gita nel bosco —  
sulle mani il sapore  
di fragoline*

a trip to the woods —  
hands tasting of wild  
strawberries

*i melograni —  
lo scrigno segreto  
di mia nonna*

pomegranates —  
the secret casket  
my grandmother's

*mature gemme-  
tra gli acerbi profumi  
una rondine*

mature buds-  
among the unripe scents  
a swallow

bianca magnolia —  
il sorriso smagliante  
di mia nipote

white magnolia —  
the dazzling smile  
of my niece

# *Patrick Sweeney*

missing the stray sounds  
in the orchestra  
of the teeming city rain

in the navy-blue night  
it's as though I might grasp  
the silver ringbolts of the stars

sanity  
examining buds  
of plum

the sun shower  
made me take both hands  
out of my pockets

who would have believed  
that salted radishes  
could raise the dead

the three album covers I used to stare at alone in my room

young moon  
let's not ever  
close our eyes

Umami  
I let the Tripod  
cap me

jade dawn  
my dizzy head  
on a single pillow

the boy wants to know  
if the tumble weed he saw on television  
counts

the monk gives me a flyer  
for half-price  
divinities of the grove

## Vincenzo Adamo

*canto del vento —  
una foglia aggrappata al campanile*

the wind's song —  
a leaf clings to the bell tower

*nevicata —  
il cappotto del senzatetto  
rattoppato*

snowfall —  
the homeless man's coat  
patched

*erba fresca —  
la cicala galoppa  
sugli zoccoli del cavallo*

fresh grass —  
the cicada gallops  
on the horse's hooves

*pioggerellina —  
si abbracciano le nuvole  
prima di partire*

drizzle —  
the clouds embrace  
before leaving

*diario criptato —  
Rosa  
donna sconosciuta*

encrypted diary —  
Rose  
unknown woman

# *Tiffany Shaw-Diaz*

delta waves  
the snow takes me deep within

star's lament  
no silver in mother's voice

entering the ley line I inhale Venus

## *Antonio Mangiameli*

In the basement of my apartment building lives the lady who worked for many years in the porter's lodge. I am very fond of her, she has known me since I was a child. In the evening, when I come back home, I often go to say hello to her. I know her habits, I know that at the time of my coming back home, she is cooking for dinner, which is always the same, very frugal.

a hot broth  
a spoonful of rice  
an old woman

# *Hifsa Ashraf*

climatic change —  
under heavy snow  
the refugee camp

heavy snow repairing the tent holes

at the end of a critical path swollen feet

erasing the peace slogans from a tent lashing rain

# Johannes S. H. Bjerg

## LITANI VED MIDNAT

du ruller din stemme-sten hen foran graven i din venstre hånd; den højre nyser

efter at have  
forkastet verden

*sammenlignet  
med en banan*

har du nu  
plads

*har jeg rejst*

til et par  
sokker mere

*meget lidt*

.

mens jeg undersøger hvad der kom af hvad og blev til noget andet opdagede jeg, at sol-  
sorte styrer solen

bag  
larmende  
fremtrædender

*endnu en tur*

en  
stille

*rundt om solen*

sikkerhed

*til intetsteds*

og  
en take-away kaffe

*igen*

.

lyt godt efter og der er en passacaglia i din gang med med formålsløsheden som basso continuo

træerne  
om natten

*at se  
på din finger  
og føle*

stadig  
for bladløse  
til at huse

*at du har kendt den*

havets  
stemme

*altid*

## LITANY AT MIDNIGHT

you roll your voice-stone in front of the tomb in your left hand; the right one sneezes

having rejected  
the world

*compared  
to a banana*

you now  
have room

*I have travelled*

for an extra  
pair of socks

*very little*

.

while examining what came from what and became something else I discovered how  
blackbirds control the sun

behind  
noisy  
appearances

*another trip*

a  
silent

*round the sun*

certainty

*to nowhere*

and  
a take-away coffee

*again*

.

listen closely and there's a passacaglia in your walk with the aimlessness as basso continuo

the trees  
at night

*to look  
at your finger  
and feel*

still too  
leafless  
to house

*you've known it*

the ocean's  
voice

*for ages*

..

## KRAGEBJERGET

vort fly af natliljer fører os til kragebjerget

dine  
fingre

*det begynder  
med*

som de  
åbner

*stilhed*

drømmenettet

hvor det  
ender

.

nu gravende sig ind i vort kød dagslys og væggene der skulle ha' vejledt os

en  
harpestreng

*sig  
at du husker  
sommeren*

hvor  
din bro

*hvor vore  
glasansigter  
revnede*

sku'  
ha' været

*og vore fluer  
forlod os*

.

so du efterlod din finger pegende på en sommerfugl og en rusten cykel

da  
skyerne  
endelig  
bristede

*bøn*

var  
vi  
fulde

*nøb*

af  
blishøns

*bøn*

## CROW MOUNTAIN

our flight of night lilies takes us to crow mountain

your  
fingers

*it begins  
with*

how they  
open

*silence*

the dream  
net

*where it  
ends*

.

digging now into our flesh daylight and the walls that should have guided us

a harp string

*say  
you remember  
the summer*

where  
your bridge

*where our  
glass faces  
cracked*

should  
have been

*and our flies  
left us*

.

so you left your finger pointing at a butterfly and a rusty bicycle

when  
the clouds  
finally  
burst

*prayer*

we  
were  
full

*reypap*

of coots

*prayer*

## *Sonam Chhoki*

IF TRUTH BE TOLD . . .

You stain the just-risen moon  
with a lightning-charred oak  
and weight its swelling face  
with a prodigious black rim

is this to reveal  
the alchemy of shadows  
or is it to conceal  
the afflictions of your own power?

a falling star  
singes the arc of its fall . . .  
you leave me to quarry rifts of light  
in the engulfing darkness

weary of this parody of hope  
I will no longer make offerings  
under the old cypress  
until you un-stain the moon

## IS THIS AN AWAKENING?

a pitting of cleaving halves -  
to the west  
the gods clang the Dharma bell,  
summon with their mournful conch

the east beckons  
with lime white lilies yet to spill their scent  
and rainbows still to be traced  
under the archway of stars

shrouded faces  
crowd the edge of night  
sleep is now an ebb and swell  
of incoherent voices

soaked with darkness  
karmic wounds bleed, bleed, bleed  
but at dawn the sun still pulses  
Samsara

'death and impermanence'  
the mantra reverberates  
in sacred caves, by moss-blackened lakes  
on prayer wheels and banners

nascent hope slips away  
like water in a sieve  
like the autumn wind  
in a winnowing basket

Lama Khëy-no!  
We had another birth before we met  
we might not meet in the next  
what of our dreams in the bar-do?

SORROW LIKE JOY IS ADDICTIVE

beads of light  
catch the resin of the old pine shutters  
on the dawn of our parting  
I wake up to the hawk-cuckoo's call

is this an insinuation  
of how endless the nights will be?  
I have no words for the swarm of thoughts  
and a nameless premonition

you plead:  
"Even as I leave I already mark my return"  
I hoard this in my heart  
as your absence stretches before me

## *Robert Christian*

What more  
in depths of  
Spring would  
heart remembering  
bring

