

Otata 47

(November, 2019)

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from otata's bookshelf

[John Levy, SILENCE LIKE ANOTHER NAME](#)

TOKONOMA

What an inspired idea is the notion of infinity in juxtaposition with the brief span of human life. The very concept is infinite. Not that I am convinced so far that man is the yardstick of this whole construction. What about plants? There is no yardstick. Or maybe it is everywhere — in each tiny particle of the universe. That would not be too good for man; there's a lot he would have to give up; nature would not need him. At least on Earth, man has realized that he is standing face to face with infinity.



How terrible and ignoble to feel that you do not owe anything to anybody. Because that can never be the case. It's an attitude that can only be adopted with great effort; by shutting your eyes.



Man has simply been corrupted. Or rather, little by little people have corrupted each other. And all through the centuries, right up to the present day, those who thought about the soul have been — and still are being — physically eliminated.



Thank God for people who burn themselves alive in front of an impassive, wordless crowd, or who walk out into squares with placards and slogans condemning themselves to reprisals, and all who say 'No' to the go-getters and the godless.



Since the [Second World] war culture has somehow collapsed, fallen apart. All over the world. Along with spiritual criteria. Here, quite obviously, apart from anything else it's the result of the consistent, barbaric annihilation of culture. And without culture society naturally runs wild. God knows where it's all going to end. Never before has ignorance reached such monstrous proportions. This repudiation of the spiritual can only engender monsters. Now as never before, we have to make a stand for everything that has the slightest relevance to the spiritual.

— Andrey Tarkofsky

from *A Time Within Time: Diaries, 1970-1986*.
(Kitty Hunter-Blair, Trans.)

F.J. Seligson

The Spider's Last Wish

"I wiped a dead spider from a Buddha statue's lips" are a poet's words I read last night, perhaps the only ones of his I love. What kind of life did that dead spider have? Was the writer revering the spider or the Buddha? I prefer to think the former. At least the Buddha would have, declaring the temporality of our lives.

Why did the spider choose to die in the Buddha's lips? Perhaps he thought that the cold statue was hungry and that she could warm him up, or that she might hear some comforting words.

Her soul must feel disappointed to have been wiped away by an unperceptive human. Or after wiping her away, did he gently take her up in his arms and implant her safely in a matchbox coffin under dear Mother Earth?

Where is Gregory, the poet now? He might be with her, too, down under ground, or perhaps burned up and puffed out like smoke as another Buddha. And what about me; shall it be the way of the spider or that of the Buddha? It might be up to my wife and children.

A MAGICAL CHAIN OF EVENTS

Preparing for tomorrow's class on Einstein's Theory of General Relativity I left home late and arrived 45 minutes late for Lama Glenn's talk on the Meaning of Emptiness. Fortunately he was 45 minutes late as well. I learned how to soar like an eagle through space. Also I learned what it feels like for a woman to come up to me and stroke my cheeks with hers like a cat. I was already soaring through space like an eagle. Then I took the subway and arrived 45 minutes late for Rosh Hashanah services but the rabbi was overjoyed that "the oldest Jew in Korea" had arrived. He taught us the secret of happiness; "keep a kind heart and clean hands." Returned home and watched another Einstein video. In the morning I lay on my back in meditation, got stroked by the cat and soared like an eagle.

Then I watched more Einstein videos and read more pages but it was daunting for someone who had never studied math or physics. The reason I was chosen to teach this class was because "You look like Einstein" and "are the same Jewish." In fact the Korean professor introduces me as "Einstein's grandson," to the great joy of the students. At home I read that Einstein liked to eat spaghetti. It just so happens that my wife has left some cooked noodles in the kitchen. So I heat them up on coconut oil and marinate them with tomato sauce, add some leaves, look at them for inspiration and eat. Walking to class I think about spaghetti and the curvature of space-time watching the contours of the sidewalk and the land around me the hills and valleys I cross over to get to class, and I consider noodles.

Last class on Special Relativity I got away with showing a video with a look-alike Einstein actor talking in a European accent talking about the subject, and this time I have an even better one. But it doesn't happen. Instead I let go and become the actor. I tell them about my walk through space-time on the way to class, and how I'd been thinking about spaghetti noodles. How one noodle is a curvature of space and time and it rises up second by second and inch by inch through one's life like frames in a film, and that all of them make a life. How each of the spaghetti noodle in my round wood bowl is a student's life and all together are shaped and contained by it, like the universe contains everything else. I got out a crystal ball and showed them that it was a star and how by relaxing my palm and fingers around it, I shaped space-time, and then took a large cat's eye marble and circled it around the star to show how a planet's course is determined by the curvature of space--time made by the mass of the star.

I jumped off the podium to show the free fall in an elevator through space, illustrating the absence of gravity, and then the principle that gravity and acceleration are the same phenomena. I solved the twin paradox, too, proving how the twin who flies away to the star in a space ship comes back younger than the twin left on earth – because of her acceleration on the return. Once done, those Mathematics majors at the 2nd best university in South Korea applaud.

The professor has asked me to start a half hour early, so we finished a half hour early. I followed the curvature of space-time to a local movie theater, the only one in Korea playing *The Blue Note*, and the only time and day available. A friend had recommended it, and because off getting out of the Einstein class early I was right on time. What I got out of that – throw your whole life into your work, improvise, trust the process and don't stop until it's all over.

FAREWELL

Lacking sleep, and arms throbbing, if only you could lay down somewhere and sleep. The royal place is filled with tourists. In the back are terraces, shrubs and trees over a grassy lawn. You sit on a stone step and look at the wind blowing the leaves. You are as light as one of those, about to fly off up into the sky. No goodbyes to your wife and children. No will and testament. All of your life's writings could be consumed by the fire, deemed worthless. You close eyes and listen to the wind, become the wind and float away. The body stays there behind the palace residences, lifeless. Nobody seems to notice. Japanese and Chinese boys and girls walk by minding their own business, holding hands, smiling at one another, feeling, It's a wonderful day to be alive.

Stefano d'Andrea

OGNI TANTO ALZA GLI OCCHI

Quando ero ragazzino, talvolta aiutavo mio papà a coltivare le rose nella nostra campagna. Si trattava di “tirare la manica” per farla scorrere meglio nei passaggi tra i filari, e poi innaffiare diligentemente i fiori, uno per uno.*

Io, ansioso di far bella figura, ma anche assecondando la mia naturale inclinazione alla scrupolosa attenzione – forse una premonizione della mia futura attitudine zen – stavo sempre concentrato con lo sguardo nel punto esatto dell'uscita dell'acqua.

Ma trascorso un certo tempo, sentivo dietro le spalle la voce di mio padre che suggeriva: “Ogni tanto alza gli occhi”. Stupito per questo strano consiglio, che andava contro il buon senso, gli chiedevo sempre: “Ma perché, Papà ?” E lui, finalmente, una volta rispose: “Per guardare il cielo”.

Quando, pochi anni dopo, mio padre morì a 56 anni dopo avermi solennemente promesso il giorno prima che, appena fosse stato meglio, avrebbe comprato un grande canotto a motore per portarmi a pescare insieme a lui, finalmente capii...

Da allora, qualsiasi cosa faccia e ovunque mi trovi, alzo spesso gli occhi per guardare il cielo.

così vicino
alla polvere del mondo
– così lontano

* espressione ligure che significa fare scorrere il tubo di gomma da innaffio.

LIFT YOUR EYES SOMETIMES

When I was a little boy I sometimes helped my father grow roses in our field. I had to “pull out the sleeve”* to move more quickly through the passages between the rows, and then diligently water the flowers, one by one.

Eager to make a good impression, and moreso indulge my natural disposition for scrupulous attention — perhaps a premonition of my future Zen outlook — I used to stay focused on the exact point where the water came out. But, after a while, I'd hear my father's voice behind me suggest: “Lift your eyes sometimes”. Feeling surprised by this strange piece of advice, which was against common sense, I'd always ask him: “But why, Daddy?” And, finally, he once replied: “In order to look at the sky”.

A few years later, when my father died at the age of 56, after having solemnly promised the day before that, as soon as he was better, he would buy a big motor dinghy in order to go fishing with me, I understood at last...

No matter what I do or where I am, I have often lifted my eyes to look at the sky since then.

*so near
to the world dust
– so distant*

* A Ligurian expression for unrolling a hose.

Giuliana Ravaglia

*intreccia ottobre origami d'arancio:
quieto abbandono*

october orange origami plaited:
quiet abandon

*foglia caduta:
chiaroscuro attorno di paglia al sole*

fallen leaf:
chiaroscuro around the straw in sun

*ultimo viaggio:
le nude trasparenze della luce*

last trip:
the bare transparencies of light

*voci d'autunno:
i bramiti dei cervi nelle radure*

autumn voices:
the cries of deer in the clearings

*le vigne rosse sulla collina:
rughe di primavera*

the red vineyards on the hill:
spring wrinkles

*di vino scrivere:
senza segreti le sue parole*

of wine - divine - to write:
her words without secrets

*luci d'ottobre:
agita lanterne l'ombra del silenzio*

october lights:
the silence of a shadow shakes the lanterns

*fontana:
pioggia di sogni nei miei haiku*

fountain:
my haiku the rainfall of dreams

*la sua carezza:
soffio d'eternità sul cuore a sera*

his caress:
eternity's breath in evening's heart

*bosco giallo:
la luce fuggitiva dell'estate*

yellow forest:
the fugitive light of summer

*scivola sull'acqua il silenzio delle onde:
così chiara la tua voce*

the silence of the waves slips over the water:
so clear your voice

*di foglie rosse l'aria nuda volteggia:
prima di sera*

bare air swirls with red leaves
before evening

*vaga la luna:
sul sentiero già scritto non c'era il mare*

the moon wanders:
no sea on the path that's been written

John Phillips

THREE POEMS

I

PRACTICE

I sit for hours
facing nothing

no word
to witness

the silence

my mind
refuses

is prayer

II

Someone else
might not
 think
this
 this way
even if
 this is
what
 they think

III

SLANT

through

rain

sieved

light

silence
slurs

Vincenzo Adamo

*allaccio abusivo —
il clochard si rade
con il rasoio elettrico*

unauthorized connection
the homeless man shaves
with the electric razor

*tuoni invernali —
tra le mie gambe pure
un cane finto*

thunder in winter
even between my legs
a fake dog

*l'ombra di un airone
oscura i miei ricordi —
alzheimer*

the shadow of a heron
obscures my memories —
alzheimer's

*fontana dei desideri —
tra le monete
un suggerimento di mio figlio*

fountain of desires —
among the coins
my son's suggestion

*brezza serale —
le foglie cadono
nel buio dei miei sogni*

evening breeze —
the leaves fall
in the darkness of my dreams

Lucy Whitehead

sorting broken tiles
into colours
summer's end

a silver moth
among the strawberry roots
autumn chill

Maria Concetta Conti

sunrise
passed me by
solitude

autumn rain
she can't change
a thing

autumn poem
just a step away
from the sky

Peter Yovu

READING JOHN LEVY'S POEMS

If I write a letter/poem to you, following
something you have done so many times,
you know I am half, more or less,
writing to myself, thinking in your direction
so to speak, but I hope less annoyingly than
and at least as amusingly as
those people one comes across at bus stops
who, without clearing their throats or saying
“excuse me”, start talking to everyone
there as if believing everyone there
will be captivated by whatever
they have to say, and saying it loud and long.

Well here I am as if at a bus stop
as if no one else were here though there is
a small billboard advertising something. Look,
I've removed the obnoxious message and left
a blank white board on which to imagine
a picture of you, smiling. That's enough
to keep me on track. Revision:

here I am as if at a train station.
Here it comes and here it is. I'm on.
Others are on board too, the same ones I find
in my dreams, that might be relatives.
But here you are, that's for sure,
the train is rocking
so you wobble as you walk toward me
steadying yourself on the backs of seats
in which people that might be
your mother and your father are sitting,
that might be poets and painters you love
and you love so many,

you've got the same smile I saw at the station
so I know I'm on the right train, on track.
You stop and ask for my ticket. It's small,
but somehow I've managed to fit this whole
poem onto it.

Carmela Marino

*un guscio vuoto...
non tramonta il sole
nel suo occhio*

an empty shell...
the sun doesn't set
in his eye

Joseph Salvatore Aversano

my training wheels at times
wouldn't even touch the ground

as they weren't fastened right
or rather, they were fastened so

my training wheels at times
wouldn't even touch the ground

& I wouldn't even notice, but go

day moon
light as
air

train whistle something romantic

a rain
bow

if as

here
as it

isn't

a rain
bow

if as
as if

sea wall
of sea

wall of
sea wall

of sea
wall of

sea

shoe
shine
guy's

own
shine

into
each
shoe

Jack Galmitz

A box of pastels
returned to the shelf
an autumn sunset

Rosa Maria Di Salvatore

autumn equinox...
changing the colour
of my lipstick

Eufemia Griffo

*cielo nebbioso
volano bassi
gli ultimi uccelli migratori*

misty sky
the last migratory birds
fly low

*castello abbandonato
un corvo sta di guardia
sulle antiche pietre*

abandoned castle
a crow stands guard
on the ancient stones

*suonatori di ghironda
quando tu mi cantavi
un'antica ballata d'amore*

hurdy gurdy players —
when you sang an ancient
love ballad to me

*dopo la vendemmia
il fischio allegro
dei contadini*

after the grape harvest
the cheerful whistle
of the farmers

frances angela

crushed into a ball the pound notes by mother's bed

pregnant that winter mother knew where to go

quiet now the smell of his cigarette on the stairs

family holiday slipping in the donkey's saddle

the tin bath when we could both fit in christmas eve

it doesn't come this evening second crow

sunflower a grandchild's drawing with mother's letters

lightening waiting for dad to tell me

Lucia Cardillo

*sera d'autunno ...
una vecchia canzone
riavvolge il tempo*

autumn evening ...
an old song
turns back the clock

*Halloween ...
il venditore di castagne
soffia sul fuoco*

Halloween ...
the chestnut seller
blows on the fire

crisantemi
bagnati di rugiada ...
vorrei tu fossi qui

chrysanthemums
wet with dew ...
I wish you were here

piccola nonna...
dietro i vetri aspetta
chi non ricorda

little grandma waits
at the window for someone
she doesn't remember

Hifsa Ashraf

نیلوفر

دیوار پر چمکتا ہوا نیلا ستارہ

morning glory
the blue star shining over the wall

کسی گزرگاہ
چالیس کے بعد میری ذات کی آگے

glass bridge
my self-discovery after forty

کالائڈس

ایک اور سایہ میری کہانی میں رکاوٹ بنتے ہوئے

black swan
another shadow intercepting my narrative

گر می کا اختتام
باغ میں گھاس ارغوانی رنگوں کے ساتھ

end of summer
grass in the garden with purple shades

لیمن گراس کا قہوہ
تمام لوک داستا میں بھری زبان کی نوک پر

lemongrass tea
all folklores on the tip of my tongue

یا قوت سحر
اہم ترین عقائد کی استقامت

sunrise ruby
adhering to the beliefs that matter most

دہی ساگ
موسم گرما کا اختتام، یادوں کو تازہ کرتے ہوئے

desi saag
refreshing the memories of late summer

برگئے
محبت کی لے، شام کے افق پر پلچل چاتے ہوئے

bamboo flute
the symphony of love stirs the evening horizon

سہکتے گلاب
چاندنی رات میں اظہار کردہ راز

tube roses
the secrets we shared on a moonlit night

دریاؤں کا ملنا
جیسے میرے گہرے خوابوں کا سمندر میں شامل ہونا

river delta
my deep-rooted dreams end up at a sea

Sheila E. Murphy

WHY DON'T WE

Just rest
Hold still
in breeze
Defining
This
Not this
And this again

John Levy

CHEST

stethoscope
skinscape, under a shirt under a blouse
under a dress, naked, beneath a breastplate
or armor or Kevlar, beneath a lover's
fingers and palms, one of the shores,

Modigliani nude
in a different home from
a Lucian Freud nude,

the chest of an infant, those who see
the chests of clouds, the chest
before the next breath

A Statue in a Front Yard in Minneapolis

It was a large person on a pedestal, about
two blocks from where I lived. Once

and only once I was with a few friends, we
were all about 6, and we were playing freeze tag

in that front yard among big trees and big trees
across the street too. When I was tagged I became

the statue, then, a couple of minutes
later, became a tree across the street.

THE OTHERWISE EMPTY PASSENGER SEAT

The sound of the garbage truck on the dirt road
is the work of tires and the driver and my ears
and the dirt and the air and sound

waves

and none of these things are gifts from friends.
Some people have ears

that look enormous. I do not have a book of
500 photos of close-ups of 500 different people's

ear lobes, but if you or an institution gave me a grant
I could take those photos within

one year. That's a promise. Black-and-white or
color, whichever or alternating. Some people tear

pages out of art magazines. I'm one of those. Almost
always, though, only advertisements for shows with
another ad on the back so I am not mutilating

any of the articles that I may never reread. This poem
is not a gratitude workshop; I'd like to think of it
as a gift to a friend. The garbage truck driver is unlikely

to be stopping on the side of the road for a poetry
break, lifting lovingly one of the poetry books

stacked on the otherwise empty passenger seat,
reading a poem aloud several times before
starting the engine and getting back to

helping the population not get buried in refuse.

Most people don't wish they'd never thrown out
what they did throw out six weeks ago, which makes
the garbage truck driver's life less tortured.

How many of us remember putting a hand over
our heart
during a pledge of allegiance in a classroom?

During that pledge is it probable that one student
was scrutinizing another student's
ear lobes

or recalling a favorite cloud? The colors of the flag

were like water that the pledge's
words
skipped over like stones

if the eyes took in the colors while the mouth
stopped and started the sounds. Do you remember
choosing stones you thought

would be the best ones to skip over the surface
of nearby water? Are you one of the only people
who have a photo from your childhood

selecting such a stone? Is it framed?
I wish I could frame the stone, though that
would mean I'd have to go back in a time machine

and ask you if you'd mind if I transported it
to the future. Would you have been surprised
to see me?

Gary Hotham

XI HAIKU

1/

flowers on the casket
her shadow stays
with her

2/

filling night
with explanations
dog barks

3/

child's ocean
less color in the crayon
with each wave

4/

stepping out of the pond
sounds the dog gives
morning

5/

sinking into the lake
the child's one rock
after the other

6/

sunrise at Gettysburg
between unknowns
a full name as silent

7/

under the bridge
water follows
water

8/

my sister's birthday
summer clouds crowding
the pond

9/

stuck in the rain
the high end of the playground
teeter totter

10/

autumn colors
leaves finding
darker versions

11/

window to window
--
never an old cloud

Antonio Mangiameli

*profumo —
l'ombra delle spine
dietro i petali*



fragrance —
the shadow of thorns
behind the petals

Hansha Teki

receding light
 at dead low water
my interior landscape's
 where meaning lies
inverse presence
 and distance ends

compline—
 we enter
shadows seize my breath
 our perfect expression
in soundlessness
 without words

Mark Young

EIGHT GEOGRAPHIES:

WABAYUMA PEAK

The meadow mouse, aka the vole, lives in groups. That increases chigger burdens, but decreases the risk of being recognized as the subject of a Theodore Roethke poem. Habitat is very important to them.

KORENGAL VALLEY

There is fighting in the next valley. Shouting. Of anger, orders, frighteners, pain. & metal on metal, a rare sound for this village where houses are built of thatch & timber, & implements are adapted from conveniently-shaped branches.

Guayaquil

K-Time BAKED TWISTS are on
special this week in the
Cosmic Ten Pin Bowling Alley
on the Av Francisco de Orellana.
That's where the local kumi-daiko
drumming ensemble are
preparing to challenge a
visiting Greek death metal
band to a winner-has-to-
buy-drinks game of marbles.

FLORISSANT

A standardized way to manipulate
the browser has revealed proof of
a huge Chinese land deal as well as

angry crowds protesting a second night
under curfew in the town of Ferguson,
MO. Elsewhere it's an amorous vista.

KRUGERSDORP

Wildebeest fly at an altitude of 3000 to 5000 feet. Their ideal domain includes either an observatory or a chapel with earth banks along which many thorny plants grow. The animals most often nest amongst the thorns. That nest is the place where displays & copulation will occur. Though thorns are an advantage in many domains, here they mean that the wildebeest end up with an unusually restricted breeding season.

ERBIL

Des #Kurdes abattent un #hélicoptère turc.
#Ankara garde le silence.
Our quotation simulator

will let you get a first estimation of your helicopter transfer rate.
Getting your first period

is a big step in becoming a woman. You may have to choose which customer problem to solve first.

DALY CITY, CA

USPS First Class Mail
is a visual book-
marking tool that helps
you upgrade some of
the most prestigious
war antiques & antique
weapons around.

AUCKLAND

& as I leave the
men's loo at the Inter-
national Airport

an interactive board
asks me to rate today's
washroom experience.

elmedin kadric

at the touch
of birdsong

the first blush
of spring

Lee Gurga

must you
speak

native
dream
catcher

in wine
country

as it
is

with
out
you

seen from
above

songbirds
a
light

on
the stone
head

in
the
garden

stone
grotto

as
good
as

car
bon
footprints

touched by
you

day
light
on your
skin

ah
ha
a
ohm

Francesco Palladino

*rughe vermiglie...
nel colore un sapore
di melagrana*

ruby wrinkles...
in the color a flavor
of pomegranate

*calde parole...
nell'odore il sapore
del primo caffè*

warm words ...
in the aroma that first
taste of coffee

*fredde parole...
nel sapore il calore
del primo caffè*

cold words ...
the first scalding
taste of coffee

*fichi appena colti...
la ruvida dolcezza
di mio nonno*

freshly picked figs ...
the rough sweetness
of my grandfather

in bocca un osso...
il sentiero del cane
dentro l'ortica

bone in mouth ...
the dog's path
through nettle

magnolia bianca...
il tocco vellutato
di un gelato

white magnolia ...
the velvety touch
of a gelato

Kristen Lindquist

moose crossing sign
the first red leaves
of the swamp maples

channel marker
cormorants gathering
above the mackerel

wondering how
it feels to fly
question mark

it's not you
it's me
shadow darner

wild blackberries
the taste in my mouth
of certain words

Jeannie Martin

full moon
carefully making
the 'oo' s

now you see it
now you don't
Children's Moon

won't you stay
just one more night
Harvest Moon?

Anna Maria Domburg-Sancristoforo

FOR FRED

at the kitchen table
holding your invisible hand
autumn morning

managing the darkness
without your smile
autumn afternoon

waiting to feel
your breath through my body
autumn evening

closing my eyes
with you within
autumn night

Reka Nyitrai

wrapping my body
in my father's coat—
non-binary snow

Taxidermy;
to a robin's trill
I add the longest night.

a blue tricycle
led into a puddle...
the boy I never was

Kelly Sauvage Angel

autumn morning

sand and sea

touch

and again

the shoreline

blurring

at last surrenders

the space

to its season

between your heart

and my own

Adjei Agyei-Baah

aquarium
the cat pats
motionless fish

Carl Mayfield

HORIZONTAL TIME WEARS A BODY OUT

Measuring love against the horizon, always out of reach. I would rather fall down for 4 days and 17 miles than be confined to only me, to peel potatoes until the potatoes fight back.

welcoming earth
accepts
everyone's autumn

THE PHONE DOESN'T RING, IT CROAKS

I've lived long enough to stop fighting with time. When something pulls me back into a chair I no longer turn and look to see who it is. What I wanted has been transformed into a purple robe locust tree outside the south window. What I do doesn't require pants, inspiration, belief, or regrets.

transparency
fills
the mirror

taking a selfie
with 3 apricots
after the storm

tightness in the chest
day after
his funeral

aster needles--
lavender
stitching the sky

in the cafe
widow leaving
no ear unturned

Robert Hanevold

arms growing heavy
the lake surface bobs
indifferently

Debbie Strange

interrupted by snowy owls this winter darkness

frozen puddle the open eye at its centre

the barn that used to be red dust devil

Jeffrey Ferrara

prints in stone
the evidence
of stampede

clams in a pool
the arrangement
of planets

graffitied freight cars rolling through wheat

Louise Hopewell

the end
of a friendship
blood moon

just a routine operation crushed autumn leaf

stratus clouds
all the bird scat
on mum's headstone

the raindrop
vanishes in a puddle
funeral day

black clouds
over the hinterland
mud crabs

the sign says warning
red-bellied blacksnake
laughing kookaburra

old windmill
the swishing
of ravens' wings

black estuary
a tea tree flower bobs
on wind ripples

Johannes S. H. Bjerg

SUNDAY OCTOBER 20TH 2019

after
bread
and
wine

after
body
and
blood

after
leaf
and
grass

after
body
and
blood

after
sky
and
crow

after
bread
and
wine

after

~ 71 ~

lake
and
ripple

after
word
and
song

after
one
and
one

after
one
in
one

after
one
to
many

after
one
to
ones

one
is
one

one

after
bead
and
wind

wing
and
foot

moth
and
flame

after
body
and
blood

after
bread
and
wine

be
a
wave

be
rooted

o

be
a
wave

rooted

in
light

be
a
wave

rooted

in
fullness

be
a
wave

rooted

in
bread
and

wine

rooted

in
the
wave

in
the
ocean

and
the
ocean's
ocean

in
the
ocean's
ocean's
ocean

in
the
ocean's
ocean's
ocean's
ocean's
ocean's
ocean's
ocean's

ocean

and
get
up
from
your
chair

and
sit
down
again

be

a
wave

be
rooted

o

you're
a wave

you're
rooted

you have
a chair

you're
rooted

you have
a chair

you're
a wave

you have
a chair

you're
a wave

you're
rooted

o

no
wave

without
a wing

where
I
sit

rooted

o

a
wing

in
your
wave

an

ocean

in
your
roots

a
wave

in
your
wing

a
chair

by
your
ocean

a
wing

on
your
chair

an
ocean

in
the
tree

a
tree

I
don't
know

a
wing

in
your
wave

.
bread
and wine

we sing
autumn

down to one leaf

body
and blood

o

blank
ocean

because
history

pauses

blank
ocean

because
the wind
rests

blank
ocean

because
I don't

say
anything

because
you say

everything

blank
ocean

glittering
dragonfly

blank
ocean

under
the clouds

Ingrid Bruck

southern hemisphere
cherry blossoms hail
northern apples

Costanza Trento

DANZA IN UNA GRIGIA OSCURITÀ — PRIMAVERA

*Imparò presto a ballare con loro
Tra i suoi neri mostri una luce bianca
Si avvicinò
Un sussurro condiviso
“Non hai paura di me?”
“E tu?”
Si toccarono e le loro mani divennero grigie
I suoi demoni alle loro spalle.*

DANCING IN A GREY DARKNESS — SPRING

*She soon learned to dance with them
White light among her black monsters
She walked closer, a shared whisper
“Aren't you afraid of me?”
“Are you?”
They touched and their hands became grey
Her demons behind them.*

LUNA PIENA — ESTATE

*Guardi in alto la luna, I fantasmi finalmente alle tue spalle
In basso le tue dita nella sabbia,
ricordi questo luogo.
Una goccia d'acqua ti sfiora la guancia
Ma non stai piangendo.
Puoi respirare.
Respira.*

FULL MOON — SUMMER

Look up at the moon, ghosts finally behind you
Below, your fingers in the sand,
you remember this place.
A drop of water touches your cheek
But you're not crying.
You can breathe.
Breathe.

John McManus

the same way
she used to look at me
designer handbags

with twigs in its beak
a bluebird hops past
the unmanned bulldozer

she explains
what her father did —
forced rhubarb

black-tie event
a few cherry blossoms
follow me in

the throbbing vein
above my wife's temple . . .
fertility clinic

a friend's wake
his favourite cat
purrs away

John Hawkhead

spring bonfire
my father in a haze
of heat and ash

Joanna Ashwell

autumn rain
our plans change
with the cloud cover

the steps taken
to avoid
all trace of you

late apples
we gather time
with candlelight

Stephen Toft

summer river
both of us heading
to the sea

stranded whale fills an afternoon

mountain retreat -
my face reflected in
a nameless pool

spring morning:
the postman's
elastic bands landing
like hearts

autumn woods awoken by its own colours

cirrus clouds
a fine spray from a split
in the garden hose

Kim Dorman

Walking back from the barber, I bypass
a small temple. Thunder rolls in the distance.
Smell of cut wood from the sawmill.

Walking along a narrow backroad this morning, on my way to the
chemist, I pass a one-room government schoolhouse and can hear
the voices of small children inside. They are chanting numbers in
Malayalam. A tethered cow quietly grazes nearby.

Crossing a bridge at sundown, a train's shadow on water

the cows
are quiet
at night

one light
on by
the shed

(after Issa)

in autumn air a beggar's look sizing me up

on a branch carried downriver, insects sing

just as petals fall simply trust

visit to family graves, old dog takes the lead

the world is dew, yes, but

the moon's light
each leaf a page
of the notebook

immaculate
as the lotus
this waterlily
rises from
the mud

bending

sweeping
up

dust
as

the
day

fades

the singing
of birds
is part of
the silence

Rain all afternoon, paths become streams

the heart / can hear

The window looks north as crows cross the sky

small drongos
perch on electric
wires strung
like cobwebs in
the trees --

under a gray sky
I drift
toward sleep

pond heron
flies away
once
you see it

first light in
the high branches
of a pipal tree

small birds
singing

among the leaves

(among the wonders)

death after
death the
whole world
dies

yet no one
knows
how to die

— after *The Bijak* of Kabir

the day
with small
birds

sleeping
by the window
near the well

the day

(among the wonders)

The axe will strike
today
or tomorrow
you die

— after *The Bijak* of Kabir

dark
humid
rain
on
the tin
roof

(among the wonders)

The headless thief
gets away
unrecognized

— after *The Bijak* of Kabir

his tools
laid

on the side-
walk,

he squats
under

a faded
umbrella:

old man
who

fixes
umbrellas

(kathakali)

rain, clear
moon

gods & heroes

dance
in the night

jewel
on the
path

iridescent
blue
&
green

beetle

the wind
dies
at dusk

(sunlit)

a thread
of

silk

spans

the
garden

moon

nimbus
of
pearl

Alegria Imperial

GLOOM

do foxes exist like we do
 thirst for what's good
 like silence

sound fractures people's heads
under cover of light
there's iniquity dancing in the leaves

would fox howl
 if I whisper
 "I thirst for wind-drips"?

he draws his being up as if
there's dawn in the guise
of stalled words

digs the gloom
 and cries leaving
 purpled patches in my head

FROM A LOSER'S NOTES

frog pond
how far away my feet
seems

a child's sandal
surrendered to a wave

all my years
rogue clouds
gobbled up

no matter how you paint mine
they're black, my eyes

on impulse
shadows dither
between posts

skinned birch
I once owned this house, says he

Robert Christian

BOY

Run though you are not
On an Attic vase
For you are kept for now
Alive through running
In the park so tell me how
Whoever you are
Why you climbed up
On the top of the pillar
To survey or be simply young
Above the spikes
Unambiguously yourself
And subject and centre
Of the blue October

Angela Giordano

le prime luci, all'orizzonte, anatre in volo

first lights, the horizon, ducks in flight

vento serale, profuma di mosto, l'aria frizzante

evening wind scent of must crisp air

sui rifiuti, una bambola, osserva il cielo da un occhio

a doll in the trash, look, the sky in one eye

tiepido sole
si seccano le foglie sui ricci di castagne

hot sun
drying the chestnut leaves curl up

chemioterapia —
in una stella cadente
l'ultimo desiderio

chemotherapy —
the last wish
on a shooting star

densa foschia —
gli aironi cenerini
s'alzano in volo

thick haze —
gray herons
rise in flight

Guliz Mutlu

ME & BOBBIE MCGEE

BLUEBELLS

Our foreignness, this bourgeoisie,
Some bilberry pills, our blitheness,
Your blue blood, your blurriness,
I'm blustering. You're blusterous:
Look! Bluebonnets're blossoming!

SPACE DUST

There's a horsefly on the milestone.

REMEMBER

If you want to go back, come with me!

NOTE

After the market, I will go to haircut,
Beautifying and bewitching,
Heartbreaking and mouthwatering.
P.S.
There before, under the apple tree.

KITCHENETTE

Narcissus and headhunters,
Littleness, lordliness,
Lunchtime!

LATER

Those thunderheads will brainwash soon.
Remember to find me under the rainbow!

HARELIKE MOON

Rewriting on wrinkled paper,
L'erreur que j'ai faite,
Rewriting on wrinklier paper,
Errare humanum est.

STAND UP

Hereinbelow
White heliotropes,
On the newsletter
At your seat.

PAISLEYS

Ballasts... The barriers on the road.
Her raspberry stained prayer book,
Her cattiest look, one left oatcake.

FREEBIES

A bowl for pears and freesia for her, irrepressible. Maybe not!
Passionflower for me or elderberries for her, we're inseparable.
Dewberries, falsehoods!
Bolero, bonsai... not enough!
Frisbee!

RITUAL

Scintillate! Everlong, everliving evening!
I'm the same, but all swallows far away.

ONCE UPON A TIME

Where the fig leaves are secrets of living...

DIMINUENDO

Crickets... More to say, he repeats,
In a casket irksome we will be!
The moon, meteoric and rockiest...

ONESELF

On the mulberry leaf,
Antiheroically brittle
Caterpillars, my love,
Sincerest apologies,
I'm putting one back
To the mulberry leaf.

PLEASE

When tomorrow comes,
A bowl of cherries,
For grandma,
I promise.

MOMENTS AND MONSTERS AGO

Sermonizing, memorising, theorising
Mightiest, mightier, mightily "maybe",
I'm herewith the hermit at the heights,
Twosome.

SOLO BASS

Sing lento for my swollen ego!
Play legato on lonesome, longwise love!

HAND IN MINE

Woolies and novels,
Violets on towels...
Becoming townees,
Me& Bonnie McGee!

STRAITJACKET

Her skintight jeans,
Catwalk skyward...
I'm wittily thinking,
Knightly twinkling!

AUF DEM WEG

Draw me a dewy daisy for you!

Matilde Cherchi

*Foglie al vento
Tante storie diverse
da raccontare*

Leave in the wind
so many different
stories to tell

*Notte d'autunno
Mentre guardo la luna
parlo da sola*

Autumn night
watching the moon
I talk to myself

*Le rose bianche
Questa luna nascosta
mi assomiglia*

White roses
the hidden moon
resembles me

Agus Maulana Sunjaya

distant
sound
of an
ice-cream
truck's bell
my grandfather
somersaults
in
the
grass

Peter Newton

inside
another chapter
rain pelts the glass

when I need you
to sing to me
one saved message

a monarch
at the window box
stragglers file past

the swing's thick chain
jerks back to Earth
my youth

so
many
little
things
I
have
learned
late
in
life
whale
fall

Corrado Aiello

*sirene...
da dove provengono
tutte le oche?*

sirens...
where did all the geese
come from?

*sole dormiente...
un poeta evoca
il proprio dèmon*

sleeping sun...
a poet raises up
his own daemon

Patrick Sweeney

rainy dawn
the polished jade
of the dragonfly's eye

nobody wants to talk about the evolving symmetry of fractals, buster

washing mud off potatoes
since World War II...
the bones of his wrist

the man she means to change
home with another
ammonite paperweight

stepping on a dragonfly
the girl who calls out
in class

she points to the stag beetle:
'that's what individualism
gets you'

the interrogator paused
to let the autumn rain
spill her guts

Mount Fuji again,
honey, is it too late to blame it
on my DRD4 gene

Lorraine Padden

Alzheimer's unfolding
his
origami crane

a bouquet of roses
her hands
inside the coffin

Goran Gatalica

*jesenji vjetar —
eticitet
divljih cvjetova*

autumn wind —
an ethnicity
of wildflowers

*zimski samoća ...
sporo strujanje
iz bakinog dimnjaka*

winter solitude...
a slow stream
from grandma's chimney

*umiranje bora —
zimski zvijezda moga oca
tone duboko*

dying pine —
my father's winter star
sinks deep

*kasna jesen —
krivulja pastrve
guta mamac*

late fall —
the curve of trout
swallows a lure

*miris bora ...
nešto mekano
poput mahovine*

the scent of pine...
something soft
like moss

Lisa Espenmiller

and everything gets done
ocean comes ashore
fog rolls out to sea

steadfast silence
the stones
wait for us to learn