No. 7, December 2010

featuring

Haiku, Tanka, Haiga & More.
Welcome to Notes from the Gean the haiku journal

Brought to you by Gean Tree Press

featuring haiku, tanka, haiga, & more.

Mission Statement:

We seek to encourage excellence, experimentation and education within haiku and its related genres. We believe this is best accomplished by example and not imitation. Our aim is for authenticity above all else. We therefore solicit your finest examples of haiku, tanka, haiga, haibun and renga/renku so that we may "hear" your voices speak.

The Editors

For details on how to submit to Notes from the Gean please check our SUBMISSIONS page.

cover artwork Melinda B. Hipple

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Editor-in-Chief / Resources: Colin Stewart Jones - Scotland
sunrise
lacing two palms together
a new web

Jan Dobb - Australia

insect eggs
on the screen door —
open house

Quendryth Young - Australia

depths
of the forest...
watched

Quendryth Young - Australia

a wolf stalks
the margins of the lake
oboe solo

Garry Eaton - Canada

forest weaving...
storm opens
a blue gate

Helga Stania - Switzerland
Rose of Sharon
the blue shimmer
of distant roads

Helga Stania - Switzerland

soughing shadows
on the cliff
the colors of time

Helga Stania - Switzerland

forest fire
embers audition
as stars

Phuoc-Tan Diep - U.K.

one year on
black trunks
sprouting green

Gavin Austin - Australia

rain - thoughts
in sync with
wiper blades

Ayaz Daryl Nielsen - U.S.A
rain with wind
tired of trying
to figure things out

Sandra Mooney Ellerbeck - Canada

rain barrel
dripping
ideas instead of sleep

Sandra Mooney Ellerbeck - Canada

summer rain
ants crawling
into the rubber boot

Sandra Mooney Ellerbeck - Canada

storm clouds darkening —
one rip
releases rain

Marilyn Linn - Australia

after the squall
the tinkling concerto
of sailboats

G.R. LeBlanc - Canada
water dripping
through the downspout —
the movement of clouds

Adelaide B. Shaw - U.S.A.

sticky heat —
brushing against bell chimes
I pretend a breeze

Adelaide B. Shaw - U.S.A.

the longest day —
gaps in the woods
now closed

Adelaide B. Shaw - U.S.A.

beachside path
the brush turkey honks
as I pass

Cynthia Rowe - Australia

beach huts —
clouds hung
with towels

Helen Buckingham - U.K.
wind over water...
the snake goes swimming
without me

Susan Constable - Canada

gliding eagle —
for a moment I lean
against the shovel

Susan Constable - Canada

a kingfisher chattering away the crow

Susan Constable - Canada

morning birdsong requiring quotation marks

Lee Gurga - U.S.A

an unspoken assumption tracks through the petals

Lee Gurga - U.S.A

your fingertips one part gunpowder

Lee Gurga - U.S.A

between design and launch a geography of stretch marks

Lee Gurga - U.S.A
places i no longer touch summer rain

Lee Gurga - U.S.A

under my feet
the earth is cool —
buzzing of bees

Michael Lindenhofer - Austria

lingering sigh...
evening cool creeps out
from the woods’ edge

Michele L. Harvey - U.S.A.

from a safe distance
magpies watch sparrows
bathe in dust

Rosie Roumeliotis - Greece

subtle summer breeze
a neighbour's parrot mocks
the newscaster

Rosie Roumeliotis - Greece
distant thunder
wind chimes
playing the scales

Jerry Dreesen - U.S.A.

after the storm
playing a game of
pick-up sticks

Jerry Dreesen - U.S.A.

remembering wild roses
in the ravine
the scent of pepper

Jerry Dreesen - U.S.A.

seeking connection I run my hand through roadside grasses

Stuart Quine - U.K.

summer's end the shape of the wind in saltmarsh flowers

Stuart Quine - U.K.

before the flight a discussion of the bardos

Stuart Quine - U.K.
art class
a child circling the globe
with skyscrapers

Kala Ramesh - India

windstorm...
the temple doves leave
the gods naked

Kala Ramesh - India

deadheading marigolds
her letter
unscented

Jerry Foshee - U.S.A.

deer tracks
end in a thicket...
aspen whispers

T. D. Ingram - U.S.A.

early autumn
a painted turtle
turns murky

Peter Newton - U.S.A.
not as dark
as my imagination
a dead crow

Greg Hopkins - U.S.A.

fall festival
the childless woman
carries a pumpkin

Greg Hopkins - U.S.A.

waxing moon
she sews the sky
of the cradle

Ramona Linke - Germany

divorce papers —
the first hoarfrost
on rose hips

Ramona Linke - Germany

All Souls' Day...
Grandam searches for a name
in the alphabet soup

Ramona Linke - Germany
All Souls' Day
remembering then
naming the heirs

Beverly Acuff Momoi - U.S.A.

tamped cornfield
the cry of a crow
in autumn light

Paul Cordeiro - U.S.A.

falling leaves...
the Woolly Bear crosses
to the other side

Michele L. Harvey - U.S.A.

late fall...
mildewed blackberries
trail the fence-line

Joanna M. Weston - Canada

shriveled passion fruit
neither of us
in the mood

Melissa Spurr - U.S.A.
a rusty spike
driven into the oak
the depths of autumn

Melissa Spurr - U.S.A.

the long wait
for an ambulance...
falling leaves

Mary Davila - U.S.A.

a black dress
laid out on the bed
new moon

Mary Davila - U.S.A.

winter wind
the sound of pages
turning in unison

Mary Davila - U.S.A.

cold sparrows
bristle with old songs —
a distant church bell

Narayanan Raghunathan - India
withered fields —
children in tattered clothes
play football

Narayanan Raghunathan - India

spear flowers
fence light into the sky
endless night

Narayanan Raghunathan – India

harbor calm
a cormorant stretches
into dusk

Paul Cordeiro - U.S.A.

kaki kueba kara-o houryuu oki-no tabi

eating the oyster
i set its shell adrift
a trip to Oki Isle

Dhugal Lindsay - Japan

kabutogani jouriku-no yo-o kasei moyu

horseshoe crabs
make landfall, this night
Mars burns

Dhugal Lindsay - Japan
santoukaki wata naki namako haituzuke
the date Santoka died
without its guts the sea cucumber
still crawls on

Dhugal Lindsay - Japan

(in Iceland)
kazanbai kaburishi hyouga-ya tenbinza
volcanic ash
coats the glacier —
Libra's stars

Dhugal Lindsay - Japan

byakuyakou tameshi hyouga-no umi-e mukau
light from the white night
held within, the glacier
heads for the sea

Dhugal Lindsay - Japan

A fisherman
alone on the jetty
reeling in evening

Jack Galmitz - U.S.A.

Bats circle the night
beyond the barn
the sound mountains make

Jack Galmitz - U.S.A.
Starry night —
under the Christmas tree
shredded foil wrap

Jack Galmitz - U.S.A.

Xmas morning —
the pigeons have left
crosses in the snow

Marshall Bood – Canada

year’s end
this murky pool
above the rapids

Nathalie Buckland - Australia

blue moon the first sight of your tattoo

Melissa Allen - U.S.A.

blue year's eve
our second chance
at the moon

Ann Schwader - U.S.A.
cold haze
in the cottonwoods
coming home

Ann Schwader - U.S.A.

Jan 1st
my resolutions
still in pencil

Marisa Fazio - Australia

I read again
my sister-in-law's letter
the afterlight of rain

Frances Jones - U.S.A.

raindrops frozen in place
plaintive questions
from a chickadee

Frances Jones - U.S.A.

coldest day
the snowman wears
a traffic cone hat

Frances Jones - U.S.A.
currawong —
bare branches frame
the stars

Liz Rule - Australia

now a stalactite
the frayed rope still holds
the boat back

Rosie Roumeliotis – Greece

amid green and red flashes
the moon enters
a tidal harbour

Anthony Anatoly Kudryavitsky - Ireland

beach at sunrise
two red setters chasing
the shadow of a cloud

Anthony Anatoly Kudryavitsky - Ireland

a robin hiding
in the snow-covered hedge
sunrise

Anthony Anatoly Kudryavitsky - Ireland
frozen bog
the cranberries, too
lie white

Bill Cooper - U.S.A.

discarded hand axe
hearing a flaw
in the stone

Bill Cooper - U.S.A.

reading of the will —
ice melts
into the riverbank

Aubrie Cox - U.S.A.

bitter morning...
the unopened case moth
above our door

Jo McInerney - Australia

the old pot
dumplings are dropped in...
heartbeats

Chen-ou Liu - Canada
averted gaze
a candle flame
shapes the darkness

Bob Lucky - Ethiopia

winter twilight
the sound of violins played
in a parlour

Gautam Nadkarni – India

the waves breaking
a mile or so offshore...
knots in the wind

John Barlow - U.K.

blue ridges
powdering into darkness
the whitetail's tail

John Barlow - U.K.

the bat's red
lifted from the creek
thickening light

John Barlow - U.K.
the robin's song gathered at the corners of the wood ...winter's end

J ohn Barlow - U.K.

along the winding stream, the winding lane: coltsfoot and rain

J ohn Barlow - U.K.

spring election cherry trees form their own coalition

H elen Buckingham - U.K.

kids dance around the maypole first petals falling

C hen-ou Liu - Canada

young frond missing a downbeat of ocean breeze

B ill Cooper - U.S.A.
burst of pollen —
a hundred things
I'd rather not do

Ruth Holzer - U.S.A.

my front yard
disappearing into
the rabbits

Stanley Siceloff - U.S.A.

Easter
when I return home
the mouse is still dead

Bob Lucky - Ethiopia

kids await
the second coming...
Easter snow

Helen Buckingham - U.K.

spring begins...
the straw-stuffed dummy
set ablaze

Gautam Nadkarni - India
warm sidewalk  
the nimble monkeys dance  
to feed the man  

Gautam Nadkarni - India  

a pair of red shoes  
and a ruffled dress  
the chimpanzee's grin  

Geert Verbeke - Belgium  

a frogpond reject:  
an abnormally long leg causes it to limp  

David Ash - U.S.A.  

free wi-fi  
at the outdoor café  
jays squawk tree to tree  

Bob Lucky - Ethiopia  

Ode to Joy  
on someone's cell phone —  
the museum guard's glare  

Neal Whitman - U.S.A.
for my birthday
parachute lessons
the final solution

Neal Whitman - U.S.A.

air show —
sunlight flares
from parked cars

Joanna M. Weston – Canada

white butterfly
high in the maple tree
my granddaughter's kite

Joanna M. Weston – Canada

pinned butterfly...
something
within me stirs

Jo McInerney – Australia

a bus rumbles past childhood echoes

Jo McInerney – Australia
wild strawberries
not as sweet as
I remember...

Diane Mayr - U.S.A.

deserted beach
pandanus roots around
an empty bottle

Nathalie Buckland - Australia

a tendril bends
beneath the butterfly —
the smell of his socks

Nathalie Buckland - Australia

sorting laundry
a flock of blackbirds
on the fence

John McManus - U.K.

muffled hymns
cigarette smoke
fills the churchyard

John McManus - U.K.
spring drought
nothing but devil's lettuce
and forget-me-nots

Beverly Acuff Momoi - U.S.A.

spring umbrella
oaks dripping
with caterpillars

Beverly Acuff Momoi - U.S.A.

heat shimmer
the young Kestral
tries its wings

Michele L. Harvey - U.S.A.

sunburst
picking the pips
from a tangerine

John McManus - U.K.

tai chi —
the sun rises
into my arms

Alan S. Bridges - U.S.A.
wedding selection
she opts
for the chicken

Alan S. Bridges - U.S.A.

playgroup —
a butterfly takes cover
in the nasturtiums

Alan S. Bridges - U.S.A.

a bumble bee
hovers over a flower
tattoo

Peter Newton - U.S.A.

cloudburst
she tells me a secret
I'd rather not know

Melissa Spurr - U.S.A.

wind on the lake
the waterlilies rise
and fall

Elaine Riddell - New Zealand
dental check-up
a yacht capsizing
on the harbour

Cynthia Rowe - Australia

darkness stops
at the open window
whippoorwill

Scott Owens - U.S.A.

a shooting star
across Orion's belt...
peace talks failing

Rodney Williams - Australia

no moon
i explore
my inner space

Brendan Slater - The Netherlands

first light
my last Rizla
taken by the breeze

Brendan Slater - The Netherlands
a spatter
of raindrops on the window
abnormal cells

Brendan Slater - The Netherlands

mystery novel
my fingerprints
on every page

Greg Hopkins - U.S.A.

reading John Stevenson
my fish and chips
arrive too soon

Lucas Stensland - U.S.A.

cloud shapes
I cross out
a line

Bill Kenney - U.S.A.

fitful sleep
the trash carried off
at dawn

Bill Kenney - U.S.A.
away at school —
her stuffed animals lean
on each other

Bill Kenney - U.S.A.

waterfall
hike
we
carry
away
what
we
find

Peter Newton - U.S.A.
visitors
always welcome...
spotting new scats
on the mossy track
to the mail box

Barbara A Taylor - Australia

leaving the monastery,
I wave goodbye
to a nun in a straw hat
tipped and dripping
a slight stream of rain

Lisa Alexander Baron - USA

her prints
on my charcoal sketches
sluggish Siamese
gobbling and gorging
but a lady of refinement

Geert Verbeke - Belgium

another birthday —
like the incoming sea
it will not be slowed;
I prepare for that last tide,
that last wave which will catch me

Adelaide B. Shaw - USA
a rain-filled wind
swooshing through the great trees,
downspouts gurgling;
perfect harmony descends
with the summer dusk

Adelaide B. Shaw - USA

a butterfly
above the water
another below...
time converges
on this placid lake

Chen-ou Liu - Canada

I miss the rain
its soft persistence
filled the gap
in that room of listeners
like your rasping breath

Jo McInerney - Australia

mother's scarf
forms a soft grey curl
like smoke...
its fading fragrance
catches in my throat

Jo McInerney - Australia
why can't you ever
write anything happy?
my mother says;
how can I explain the joy
of voicing sadness?

Lisa Alexander Baron - USA

self-sewn
tomatoes sprouting...
from the dresser
hangs last year's calendar
birthdays circled in red

Rodney A. Williams - Australia

unexpected
this burst of sunshine
my father
does handstands
in the park

Shona Bridge - Australia

a trumpet vine
has quickly scrambled
up the chimney
what else has he planted
that I don't know about

Michele L. Harvey - USA
cleaved
from my flesh she wears
no-colour clothes
her fears the stream
of sand through my fingers

Cynthia Rowe - Australia

after six months
of intensive research
still undecided
about what to have
tattooed on her shoulder

Diane Mayr - USA

she writes
a tanka on my back
with her finger
in a traditional rhythm...
three words slip from my mouth

Chen-ou Liu - Canada

a new restlessness —
as with too much caffeine,
yet, I've had none;
a welling up of words
spilling out in five lines

Adelaide B. Shaw - USA
as strong
as a spider's silk...
yet I wonder
if my marriage
is hanging by a thread

Collin Barber - USA

mountain snow spills
into the months of spring...
close to divorce
I try to write
a love song

Collin Barber - USA

aware that it's
unresolved between us
I long for you
to ring, or show up
unannounced

Owen Bullock - New Zealand

arguments
about objectivity aside,
the lake
teeing
with ripples of rain

Owen Bullock - New Zealand
i think
we argue
just to make up...
contrails cross
in the blue dawning sky

Brendan Slater - The Netherlands

knocked down
a trash can spills its guts
after the storm:
how I felt
the day you left

Collin Barber - USA

ice-cream van...
a hint of sleet
in the air
and neither prepared
to take the first step

Cynthia Rowe - Australia

pine needle
fallout
from the chainsaw
with you refusing
to plead your case

Cynthia Rowe - Australia
he wraps me
in her handmade
wool shawl
always forgiving
one another's faults

Carmella Braniger - USA

through the haze
of double vision
your lips move
asking how
to help

Carmella Braniger - USA

at the soak
a flock of desert parrots
on dusk
she makes her way home
surprised by his smile

Rodney A. Williams - Australia

surprised
to learn of my desire
to be a bee...
I stare at the flowers
printed on her dress

Collin Barber - USA
at the till
this laid-back jack
i play
to the checkout girl
who's afraid of me

Brendan Slater - The Netherlands

in the waiting room
i translate the sign
Addiction Care —
suddenly aware of the habit
of laughing at my own jokes

Brendan Slater - The Netherlands

the women
in attendance wince at
off-color jokes
despite their airs of
broad-mindedness

Diane Mayr - USA

while we talk
about God and the universe
another rock
from my slingshot
misses the moon

Collin Barber - USA
on the pier
a preacher in torn jeans
thumps a bible
warning of dire times ahead
— a seagull listens

Miriam Chaikin - USA

lest i lose my space
when the dancing starts
i do not leave
    i get up, shake in place
    and clap

Miriam Chaikin - USA

be careful
what you wish for
I tell the toad
who has taken up residence
in the cracked flower pot

Michele L. Harvey - USA

the ants
march through my attic room —
Shenzhen workers
are clad in every color
even Mao's blue

Chen-ou Liu - Canada
tests
beget more tests
a single tulip
blood red
so sure of itself

Michele L. Harvey - USA
Haiku - Pris Campbell, USA
Image - Geoff Sanderson, England

summer cabin
and canoe abandoned ...
last goodbyes

pris campbell and geoff sanderson
bending
into the autumn dusk
a dying cherry tree

Haiku - Pris Campbell, USA
Image - Geoff Sanderson, England
Haiku - Pris Campbell, USA
Image - Geoff Sanderson, England

two old sheep
leaning against each other
golden anniversary

pris campbell & geoff sanderson
Tanka - Carmella Braniger, USA
Image - Aubrie Cox, USA

early morning
cold feet
she’s stopped
putting me
in her pictures
you think me
impatient with you
across the table
we are always
treading softly
around the bend
a mountain range
of clouds
these flatlands
fool me again

tanka & photograph © Carmella Braniger & Aubrie Cox
Aubrie Cox, USA

working outside barefoot
yesterday's dishes
still in the sink

haiku & photograph © Aubrie Cox 2010
sunlight dances
on the carpet
she didn't say yes

haiku & photograph © Aubrie Cox 2010
deepest hour of the night—must I write?

haiku & photo © Aubrie Cox 2010
autumn storm
more leaves drift
into the sink hole

Mary Davila, USA
Mary Davila, USA

a flicker of shadows
on the stained glass window
first light

mary davila
Haiku - Ignatius Fay, Canada
Image - Ray Belcourt, Canada

autumn wanes
the mirror woman looks
older than I feel
Haiku - Ignatius Fay, Canada
Image - Ray Belcourt, Canada

insomnia
3 a.m. doughnuts
with the cops
Haiku - Ignatius Fay, Canada
Image - Ray Belcourt, Canada

gray March morning
unseasonably cold
—the hearse won’t start
Haiku - Ignatius Fay, Canada
Image - Ray Belcourt, Canada

her brother’s hug
the arm he didn’t leave
in Afghanistan
autumn
an old dream resurfaces
spring romance
the silence between
heart beats
no one can see
my tears in the rain

but if you listen
Ramona Linke, Germany

quiet pond
grass blades tickle
the clouds
morning mist ... the trace of a small boat vanishes
Ramona Linke, Germany

twilight hour —
your gentle voice
on the phone
Diane Mayr, USA

each morning
she adjusts the books
never the bookends
Diane Mayr, USA

crows and friends
endless conversation
this afternoon

Mayr
hoary birch—
the endless worries
that tie us down

Diane Mayr, USA
late september
winter coats hung out
to air
afternoon breezes
my mother-in-law's green lace
covers my shoulders
Adelaide B. Shaw, USA

heat lightning
a midnight glow
in the garden.

Adelaide B. Shaw
Adelaide B. Shaw, USA
UNSEEN CROWS
HAUNTING MY DAYLIGHT HOURS
LAST NIGHT’S DREAM

ADELAIDE B. SHAW
a cross spider
and my screaming sister
summery day

(c) Photo & haiku Geert Verbeke
silence
in the old garden
empty nest
just this morning
she looked in the mirror
after chemo
Urszula Wielanowska, Poland

waiting for you
the crimson rose is blooming slowly
Melissa Allen, USA

I Forgot His Name a Long Time Ago

Come on, give me a kiss, he says, offering up his cheek. The other waitresses don't look at me. I've seen them dutifully bestowing their kisses, expressions flat, then moving away, on to another task. Give me a kiss, he repeats. The dishes clatter in the sink. I lean over and peck his cheek, which is damp and round and red. I'm just like the other girls now. I can do the job.

He comes over to me one afternoon while I'm sitting filling salt shakers. No one else is there — it's a lull between shifts. I'm going out to do errands, watch the place while I'm away. I say okay, looking down at my salt shakers, trying to keep from spilling. He keeps standing there until I look up. And then — it's like a bird flying in my face — his tongue is in my mouth. It flicks in and out. He laughs, turns around and walks out. In the doorway he briefly obscures the sun.

What I can never forgive myself for: I laughed too.

leaning against a cold stone wall —
trying to explain
Marjorie Buettner, USA

Haunted

There is this shadow that has reappeared out of the corner of my eye, a fleeting shadow that follows me yet disappears as soon as I try to catch a full glimpse of it. What shall I call it: friend, foe, life, death? That night when we talked on the phone while the world was shaken by thunder and lightning, I let the rain fall on me full face, knowing that I would never see you again. Old fears and pain resurfaced and there was this tearing apart of the self that I was with you and the self I am now. Where is the life I left? Where is the life I live?

dark of the moon...
haunted once again
by your love
Owen Bullock, New Zealand

Visiting Heligan

I don't know what I'm doing here with all these people. I want a lover I can meet in secrecy and seclusion, one to one, the intensity of passion, antithesis of small talk

a collection of water  
on the lily leaf  
the sun comes out

overgrown pond  
a fish rests  
just below the surface

garden arch  
controls the view  
of clouds

after some moments  
in the summerhouse  
a frog croaks

clouds stacked on clouds  
a few miles  
from the garden
Helen Herr, Canada

Visual Art

In the morning, the grade five class came to the art gallery to see my paintings. The teacher had explained the dynamics of abstract art. I enjoyed watching them have fun drawing and coloring their own designs. Their enthusiasm and smiles were a great boost for my self esteem. They asked me questions about several of the paintings, even wanted to see where I do my painting — I have one table by a window in a storage room. Before they left, each child stood beside their favorite piece of art. One boy asked me, "What's your favorite?"

- children's trees
- painted purple

In the evening, a group of seniors came to the reception. My art confused them. I could tell by their faces and the fact that they avoided speaking to me. If I was to discuss how my paintings express feelings, color, balance and flow, they would likely not understand. They did, however, enjoy the lunch.

- penguins return
- to place of origin
- single file
Ruth Holzer, USA

Amherst, Nova Scotia

The bed-and-breakfast is a mist-blue cottage overlooking the Northumberland Strait. A stooped, white-haired man in the front garden ignores me as he brushes beetles from his rosebushes. The proprietress shows me into a bright, airy room — a hand-stitched quilt spread on the brass bed, a tiled fireplace, a kitchen alcove. In the evening she tells me how she came here from Iran as a young student, fell in love with her history professor and married him as soon as he divorced his wife. Now he's frail and sick; between nursing him and seeing to the guests, she has to work all the time. She has a lot of opinions about the Shah and US Mideast policy. I realize eventually that she thinks I'm CIA.

Tantramar Marsh —
a thunder of wings
at daybreak
Roger Jones, USA

Good Land

Dad and I ride out by pickup to Bird's land and house, middle of nowhere, West Texas. The place is vacant. Bird hasn't lived here for years — just leases out the hundred acres to a cotton farmer. The guy who lived here a couple of years ago trashed the place. Bird's ready to sell the place to the first bidder.

busting fresh clods
underfoot
Earth Day

(Haiku previously published in Simply Haiku)
Chen-ou Liu, Canada

Day into Night

Late in the cold December night, I think about writing about my life, but which one...the one lived or the one dreamed?

rewriting
in the eleventh hour
dust unto dust
Ed Markowski, USA

CONSTELLATIONS

March 31 ...... 1968 ...... 10 : 00 am ...... In San Francisco ...... 0000 am ......

April 1 ...... Down here in a hole ...... Star spotting through ...... A
hole in ...... Boise Bob' s ...... head ...... About an inch ...... above ......

his third eye ...... That detected ...... the Kalashnikov ' s ...... blind kiss
one tick ...... too ...... late ...... Just before ...... & ...... way way way ......

Beyond ?????? Why ?????? Khe Sanh ...... Quang Tri Province in

The Republic of ...... Ho Chi Johnson ...... & ...... Lyndon Baines Minh ......

   Full  Moon
   A  Blue Eye Gazes Into
   Its Empty Socket
Kala Ramesh, India

The Thirst

The Yogi continues in chaste Hindi, "The dreams that hold us as ghosts of tomorrow, beckon us — revealing harsh realities. We evade, shy away, too timid to see the light at the end of the tunnel. Taking on several avataars since previous births to this present form, as a human being, the sufferings of this body is so removed from the..."

From the crowd, a feeble voice says, “You talk of philosophy? Give me a bowl of rice, man, and be done with you..."

of unknown causes
the wheel of time rotates
the moon
waxes and wanes
on an ever-ending journey
Shirley Serviss, Canada

Sleeping Together

The stranger in the seat beside me closes his eyes as we reach altitude and the plane levels off. I contemplate the way the moonlight gilds the ends of his greying hair, stare at the shape of his ear — no lobe to speak of — take note of his double chin.

Mere centimetres apart, we maintain a careful distance. I lean against the window to keep my head from drooping uninvited against his shoulder, clench my jaw for fear I'll snore or drool. It seems odd to be sleeping together without touching or even exchanging our names.

Decades ago, I shared my long winter coat with a male seat mate I met when I boarded the train. We spent the January night curled up together, side-tracked to let a freight train pass. Now, age or propriety precludes such intimacy.
Adelaide B. Shaw, USA

50th Anniversary

I sit reading Jane Austin, a novel in which all girls, from childhood onward, and their mothers, pursue suitable husbands. A cozy read, gentle and warm. Like the fire in the grate. A cozy fire. Like the orange spice tea and the thin nut bread slices, lightly buttered. Cozy.

sleety afternoon —
knowing his thoughts
before my own
Lucas Stensland, USA

Street Legal

I live alone in a "yuppie-plex," as a date had called it, in Uptown Minneapolis where I work from home for a corporation, and spend my time conducting background checks. For some reason I've become a chain smoker. Sometimes, if out drinking, I would bum a smoke from a friend, but that was the extent of it. It's odd that I suddenly got hooked.

A good deal of my time is spent alone, and people-watching on cigarette breaks have become a sort of hobby. Last week I saw a tow-truck operator call headquarters to inquire about the policy of towing a car with a dog inside it. Another time I watched a one-armed man learn the apartment building’s key-fob system. I also witnessed a woman leaving a tearful voicemail to somebody who made other plans.

It's an overcast autumn morning, Saturday, so I don't have to work. I drink coffee while reading a book about fireflies given to me by an ex-girlfriend. Nothing is planned for today, except maybe a call to my mother. It feels nice to have an open day. I crack the window to let fresh air blow in from the courtyard. I decide to have a smoke, put on my pink hoodie and step outside to see what's going on in Tomato Avenue's show. The VFW next door is slowly filling with cars, too many for the early-day drinkers. It dawns on me they're having the monthly used record sale in the basement.

I'm about to crush out my cigarette when I notice it's burned into the unusual shape of a much sharpened pencil. Suddenly I'm carried back in time to when I was eighteen years old and spending a summer in Prague after high school graduation. I was at a club talking to a Czech girl whose name I never learned. She had raven hair and green eyes. I haven't thought about this in years. We were drinking red wine, smoking and talking about Bob Dylan when she looked down at my cigarette and noticed it had burned into this sharpened-pencil shape. "Theze," she said and pointed, "theze mean that if cigarette burn like such, somebody far away or near, maybe you not even know theze person yet, they love you with all of them self."

tangled sheets
from the dryer —
awaiting my love
in whatever
shape or form
Barbara A Taylor, Australia

**Mutual Feelings**

Lorenzo doesn't know the depths of his wife's true feelings; Nina dare not tell him about Maria. Withholding the truth is often more prudent — he has a dreadful temper.

Maria's husband, a local fisherman, drowned some years ago. He had worked with Lorenzo, here at the port of Camogli. The village's name means "houses of wives," referring to them as the patient womenfolk who wait for the return of their husbands. She still wears his ring, although confided that this was purely to keep any men at bay. Her happiest times are being in the cucina with Nina, scaling fish in a communal basin, sipping wine and laughing. They are inseparable friends, love each other but cannot always show it.

On Sundays, after mass, the rotund priest and the villagers come together for a long lunch to celebrate the catch of the day. The men sit around tables, smoking, drinking a potent local brew, high on aromas of citrus on sizzling merlani...awaiting their platters to be served.

sharing secrets  
scales of injustice  
in fishy waters
Geert Verbeke, Flanders (Belgium)

**How High is the Moon**

The garden party is a meeting place for mates and pals, with music, sweet raspberries and unleavened bread. There is refrigerated beer, stone bottles with matured gin and all kinds of fruit juice.

He drinks warm sake from a small bowl and declaims, with a bell-like voice, a loving memory of dear ones.

- a red rose
- in the hand of Buddha
- pure energy
Theresa Williams, USA

River Coal

A noisy crane snaps it up and feeds it into a chute. A tongue of blue flame licks the air. Buzzards soar above it all: Victory Hills, Sunnyside, Gallatin. Right now, I’d give anything for a bowl of hot soup. How good it will be to get out of this wind.

buzzards
wheel and mingle with
gray smoke
Tad Wojnicki, USA/Taiwan

Slopes of Lust

Sure of the high I'd feel atop Mount Toro, I grab my hiking boots and hit the slopes. The mountain is steep, slippery, and slimy. I knead her sides, hugging dirt, stroking stones, calling weeds by name — yerba buena, milkmaid, hairy honeysuckle, bedstraw, johnny jump-up, cheat weed. Under a eucalyptus tree, I fend off a nesting turkey. I walk and talk, minding no snake, no thorn, no slip or slide. I try to hear the heartbeat underneath, but I hear an earsplitting silence. I listen, listen intently, taking the silence for an answer. Then I talk again, enjoying what appears to be the mountain's infinite attention span.

does mamma guess
I want to get
into her nest?

I'm blissing out. I feel high. I have made it. I have multiplied the mountains — each crowds me with a baby mountain, hill, and knoll. Flushed, I look down. Fog fills the Salinas Valley like milk. I climbed a woman.

peak shadow
against the next
no bump I make

The night is falling. No warding it off. No holding onto the day. So much slope, so much flesh, so much flush — and no hope to hold it, hug it, or have it.

hug the hills
suck the milk
eat the honey
Carol Pearce-Worthington, USA

There She Is

July wedding inspected by a dragonfly

Gina takes a great picture: green eyeshadow, thick mascara, a bouffant helmet of black hair, a gleaming satin dress. Johnny's jealous. He calls her at work (collect, the only way he can) to make sure she is where she says she'll be. When the company's phone bill arrives, she cries, she gets fired, and she moves on. A priest said she should go slow, wait a year — she laughs when she tells that part of the story. Her white satin shoes are too tight, so she sits through the service performed by the chaplain, who wears high water pants and white socks but knows the right thing to say in the worst of circumstances. Best man Al, not in the photos, gets the honor as pay-back for loaning the groom civilian shoes. Johnny smiles in every photo; he wears the required surplus khaki shirt and pants but they're crispy pressed. After saying I do, the couple toasts with Sprite in paper cups while other couples cheer from inside the locked visiting room, and deep within the compound, Johnny's mentors, who let him live because he refuses to testify, celebrate with smuggled wine. It is a sunny day on that tiny locked away patio surrounded by yellow gravel, binoculars, guard towers, and electrified razor wire. On Sundays when she takes the van to visit Johnny, Gina passes around her sun-filled Polaroids. Over time they tear and fade.

the flash of photographs
summer light
in her eyes
Scribing Lines Renku

The Bath Spa Railway Station Renku
Hosted by With Words (Alan Summers & Karen Hoy),
with Marshall Hryciuk & Karen Sohne, Canada, and friends.

scribing lines
across the fields
Easter journey  
Sue Shand

hopping on one foot
grandchild counts ducklings  
Karen Sohne

the empty home
a kettle whistles
as a train rumbles past  
Zoe Blackmore

while bonfire smoke drifts
through a bare tree  
Andrew Shimielid

clouds
I have even lost
the moon  
Mimi Thebo

as I admire
Monet’s Haystacks  
Alan Summers

lemonade glasses
framed
by the half-done jigsaw  
Karen Hoy

where the leaves meet
blue leaves of sky  
Liz Brownlee

ice cream
how long
out of the freezer  
Karen Hoy

longing for love’s lick
dirty dishes pile high  
Tracey Kelly

the damp spot
on my expensive shirt
a night’s tears  
Alan Summers

the world is suddenly interested
in Portuguese Water Spaniels  
Mimi Thebo

off Somalia
the Captain’s alive
and three pirates dead  
Yu Yan Chen

crows pierce the crystaline horizon  
Tracey Kelly

inside the cat curls
snug on the warmest chair  
Zoe Blackmore
half moon
ingen's unvarnished
toenails

the tree rattles bones
the wind shakes

today I smelled the earth

abundant
the elderflowers
bow low

light on the froth below the weir
clouds float

as I drink
through the harp
in my Guinness

piggyback he sees his dad's view

two lines summer
Alan and Karen

sunbathing on the roof
the radio DJ tells us
to roll over

rockets explode
in showers of golden rain

Orion's Belt
I sneak another notch
in mine

this diamond day we set the date

my new babe's gaze
joins my heat to her's

the length of the valley
the bullstag's
 trumpeting

Jupiter's moons
through someone else's telescope

roasted chestnuts
start to appear
on London street corners

snakes in the beard
of the sun god

Alan Summers
Liz Brownlee
Mimi Thebo
Sue Shand
Liz Brownlee
Sue Shand
Alan Summers
Tracey Kelly
Karen Sohne
Sue Shand
Alan Summers
Sue Shand
Liz Brownlee
Andrew Shimield
Karen Hoy
Alan Summers
Karen Sohne
light on the river
shimmering
on the green tour boat  
Marshall Hryciuk

tiny butterfly
over the new lawn  
Karen Sohne

in a swirl of blossom
the dustmen
fill their cart  
Andrew Shimield

letting go of the balloon
with a gentle wave  
Yu Yan Chen
A Pair of Yotsumono Renku
(composed via e-mail)

John Carley:  England
Sandra Simpson:  New Zealand

All My Autumns
(19/09/10 - 21/09/10)

all my autumns
mirrored in the pond
red dragonfly — /j

shyly, she shows me
her newest scar /s

a Tuareg cross
its silver arrows pointing
who knows where /j

in this quiet room
the sound of dust /s

Tom Jones
(21/09/10 - 25/09/10)

day after day of wind —
whatever did we see
in Tom Jones /s

a bring and buy sale
thick with ugly rumours /j

in the crannies
of a length of cork bark,
miniature orchids /s

knickers dancing
round the washing line /j
Open Ground
A Rengay

ms: Mark Smith
jd: Jerry Dreesen

zinnias she planted
thinned seedlings
scattered on the breeze /ms

digging in the garden
finding half a worm /jd

hard rain
the trowel sinking deeper
in open ground /ms

after the rain finding
garden treasures —
bottle caps, a green penny /jd

still no headstone
labeled seed jars she left behind /ms

on the heap
of old leaves
a blooming iris /jd
The First Snowfall
Kasen

vm: Vasile Moldovan, Romania
md: Magdalena Dale, Romania

The first snowfall:
a deep silence
gets down from the sky /vm

On the pure snow
a leafless tree shadow /md

Rafts on the river
under the warmth of the hearts
ice floes melting /vm

Light explosions
buds of filibert /md

Reading haiku
by the flame of the lamp
spring moon /vm

Swarms of mosquitoes
darkening the lighthouse /md

Rich summer
in the fishermen's nest
I only see weeds /vm

The foamy wavelet
rippling to the shore /md

Edge of the road
the ripe fruits alluring
to the passers-by /vm

Following the Milky Way
an airplane disappears /md

A scarecrow
forgotten in the picked orchard
the harvest moon /vm

In the old woman's larder
the autumn wind is blowing /md

A hurried sparrow
among the slow snowflakes
to the same eave /vm

Children at the window-pane
listening to the sleigh bells /md
Dalmtian dogs
on the field
as white as snow /vm

Fireflies by day
and the first snowdrops /md

Plum tree orchard
blooming over the night
the last snowfall /vm

A building site
where the turtledoves' nest /md

Repeated knocks
under the broken crusts
the first brooks /md

On a puff of wind
warm mother's voice /vm

Exultant shouts
in the schoolyard
the Boy's Day /md

Singing in the sickle rhythm
just like in the olden days /vm

Public cesspit
the two bears begin a quarrel
for a hunk of bread /md

The first hoar-frost
covers all the dirt /vm

The leaden clouds
sifting slowly the snow
light curtain /md

The tracks of a wolf pack
behind the wounded hind /vm

Two spying eyes
through the frozen forest
the winter moon /md

The mist is rising
from the melting snow /vm

White rain
in the whole orchard
plum petals /md

The royal carpet in the park
perfumed by lime blossoms /vm

Suddenly a cloud
all the dust of the road
behind the herd /md
A breastplate of mud
on the buffalo in love

Men and reeds
under the autumn wind
balance of life

Leaving behind the moon
the cranes cross the skyline

Indian summer
for the second time
the lilac in bud

Fresh air from the sea
and the spring wind is blowing
VALE PEGGY WILLIS LYLES
1939-2010

Peggy Willis Lyles was a master haiku poet whose haiku will continue to delight and to surprise. Peggy contributed to haiku journals for over thirty years. She continued in her capacity as associate editor for The Heron’s Nest and as a member of The Red Moon Anthology advisory team until the time of her death.

I believe that Peggy encouraged all who came into contact with her and have seen from the accolades of many that she was appreciated and much loved. I admired her work tremendously but it wasn't until Notes From the Gean came into being in 2009 and Peggy began sending submissions of her haiku that we came into personal communication. From that time I had the opportunity to experience and recognize her warmth and generosity personally. I will always remember with gratitude her gracious support of this new journal and this fledgling haiku editor. Peggy’s is a guiding spirit for the whole of the English-language haiku community.

In memory of Peggy and as a tribute to her genius, we’ve gathered together on this page the twenty-five of her haiku that we have been so honoured to publish. Please enjoy returning to them and reflecting over and over again, as I do.

Lorin Ford, December 2010

Haiku by Peggy Willis Lyles

raindrops
along the railing —
the first few stars

early darkness
friends pool the words
to an old song

autumn nightsounds —
thoughts of my parents
seeping in

the great river
absorbs a little river —
stars vanishing

black ice
cloisonné irises
wrap her cane

Peggy Willis Lyles - USA

(Notes From the Gean - Vol. 1, Issue 1, June 2009)

red hibiscus
the lizard’s throat
expands

thick-veined leaves —
a sparrow shaking off
the summer rain

roots exposed —
a wire helps us
hold the trail

long shadows —
a bronze David left
from the Renaissance

in the dark places first fireflies

Peggy Willis Lyles - USA

(Notes From the Gean - Vol. 1, Issue 3, December 2009)

not surprised
when he mentions his mother —
light spring rain

oak saplings
from a nurse log —
leaves becoming loam

dark drumbeats outside looking in

deep autumn
an oak tree's absence
shapes the sky

year's end
we watch the little corn snake
eat its weekly mouse

Peggy Willis Lyles - USA

(Notes From the Gean - Vol. 1, Issue 4, March 2010)

jazz riff
a mourning cloak feeds
on jewelweed

hard green peaches —
a list of things
not to do

fossil snails
in a white stratum —
distant waterfall

autumn mosquito
a back-row student
clears his throat
pine needles, pin oak leaves
   I can't change
   your mind

_Peggy Willis Lyles - USA_

_(Notes From the Gean - Vol. 2, Issue 1, June 2010)_

dolphin voices —
red sun settles into
the Marshes of Glynn

enough snow
to hush the children —
dusk closing in

the quilt's imperfect pattern Leonids

child's play —
salt from a lost ocean
for the robin's tail

spring thunder
young magicians
reappear

_Peggy Willis Lyles - USA_

_(Notes From the Gean - Vol. 2, Issue 2, September 2010)_
They say you can't judge a book by its cover. Well in this case you can in part; the title and the backpack on the cover suggest High has included many travelogue haibun in this volume. In Travelling Light, High includes haibun of his journeys through Sri Lanka, Borneo, France and Death Valley; USA.

Of course, Basho was first to famously document his travels in the form of haibun. I must state at the outset, and this is no reflection on High's writing, that I am not keen on this form of Haibun. I find 'Travel Haibun' to be the literary equivalent of watching a slideshow of a relative's holiday. Basho has already taken this style to its pinnacle and modern life, with all its intricacy and complexity requires haibun to move into new areas.

"...sometimes it's possible to travel just by staying still. Sometimes the world comes to meet you as you wake and there is nothing more to be done than to go where your senses take you."

Graham High: from the haibun 'Owl'

My own preferences aside on travelogues, I did find this to be a book of great intricacy and complexity. High's genius in his writing is in the way he leaves so much unsaid, particularly in his dealings with life, family and relationships:

In 'Tea and Cakes', High deals expertly with tension of the dreaded visit from a partner's parents with his repetition of the word "Your". He opens with:

"Your parents have come to visit for the afternoon."

The second paragraph starts with:

"Your father has brought his 'Independent', and I take the opportunity to rescue my 'Guardian' from its usual temporary rest beside the kitchen table en route to the cat-litter tray."
For those who are not familiar with British newspapers, 'The Independent' is not as independent as its name would suggest and 'The Guardian' was a left-wing paper originally; though the politics of the broadsheets is a moot point these days. However, the choice of reading does serve to highlight the differences between the two and is further added to by the haiku at the close:

a quiet Sunday —
building site wrecking ball
swaying in the wind

Similarly in 'The Visit' there is distance between High and an elderly female, who is assumed to be a relative, though not actually stated. High visits every day and one still gets a sense of obligation though all conversation has been exhausted due to his familiarity with all her life stories and his assumption that generational differences would not allow her to understand his life. The female's name is not stated. High continually refers to the old lady as 'her' and 'she' which serves to stress the differences between the two. Nevertheless, in a poignant twist, High shows his empathy for the lady, who one infers is a spinster and is in a wizened condition, in the final haiku which is beautifully laden with pathos:

hidden on the shelf
her home-made jam, forgotten,
shrunken in the jar

High's mother's worsening eyesight is carefully detailed in 'Cataract'. Despite her age, High insists on a second operation for his mother and while he waits during her procedure, which should only take thirty minutes, he renders the passing time as follows:

sun squares skirt the floor —
bleary eyed, I spoon the skin
off my coffee

This haiku is set up perfectly with the light playing, the writer's own tears and the sense of time passing and inability to help or drink. The juxtaposition between his mother's cataract mentioned in the prose section and the skin on the coffee is subtly done and is the mark of a great haibun whereby the writer makes a leap from the prose with the haiku yet still managing to engage the reader in similarity of thought.

In 'War Games' were High recalls his youth playing with toy soldiers and deliberately injuring his armies by melting the plastic toys one gets a sense of how his mother's eyesight deteriorated:

I was not an expert surgeon. My mother's dressmaking pins held arms to bodies. A black upholstery tack became a prosthetic foot. Strips of my father's Rizla cigarette papers were stuck on as bandages and tourniquets.

When his friend, Paul, came to play, High finally resolves to become a pacifist to save his soldiers further injury.

Judging from High's topics during his travels in the Indian sub-continent and South-east Asia one infers that he is a Buddhist, though he sometimes comes across as playful about his beliefs, In 'Pebbles' for instance:

I stare at the sea for a while. But contemplation too is an event in time. There is only so much meditation one can take before a certain restlessness cuts in: a compulsion to action. Almost automatically I find myself making a choice. A pebble seems to slide itself into my hand.

High begins to throw stones into the sea, skipping them on the surface. As he becomes increasingly focussed on the game, the game becomes the meditation and in the final haiku he receives his reward:

the sun's horizon —
under the sea a pebble
shifts beneath my foot
One could go on: *Between the Window and the Door* is a brilliant example of procrastination, displacement activity and time slowing; *House Fly* a wonderfully Kafkaesque finale to the book, but I must save you some surprises. If you want to know more, and you should, go and buy the book!

_________________

**Travelling Light** by Graham High
Ram publications
Blackheath, London, 2010

ISBN 978-0-9551915-3-4

_________________
Many words have been writ large on Kobayashi Issa, perhaps the most popular of the master haijin, but none so eloquently or as scholarly as have been penned by Prof. Lanoue. Nevertheless, *The Distant Mountain* has more than adequately and comprehensively been reviewed in other journals and I see no need to further review his work. Unfortunately, my language skills do not stretch to Hindi and I am really unable to comment on Dr. Deodhar's work.

As a student of language and literature myself, I do wonder at the possible losses in meaning or intent when poetry is further translated from a translation. My worry is that shades and echoes of the original may be lost — a fact that Dr. Deodhar, who has no Japanese, acknowledges herself. However, the lack of books on haiku in Hindi has prompted Dr. Deodhar to undertake this task, at her own expense, no less, and she must be commended for bringing haiku to a wider Hindi audience.

The book also has Lanoue's translation in English and costs only Rs. 200/- US $5 and would be a worthy and cheap addition to anyone's library.

____________________________________________________________________________________

*The Distant Mountain* - bilingual Hindi-English edition
Angelee Deodhar, 2009
Azad Hind Stores (P) Ltd.
SCO 34, Sector 17-E,
Chandigarh- 160017 (India)
we've gotta find a better means of selection!