

ISSUE
THREE

Prune & Juice

Journal of Senryu & Kyoka



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Prune Juice

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Edited by Liam Wilkinson

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Prune Juice: Journal of Senryu & Kyoka is a biannual
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Editor's Note

“Life is full of misery, loneliness, and suffering -
and it's all over much too soon.”

- *Woody Allen*

It's true that in our endeavour to make life more simple we increase its complexity - this is one of the more unshakable ironies of modern living. In order to organise ourselves we go out and buy a computer or the latest in mobile technology, de-cluttering our existence by cluttering it with monitors, hard drives, processors, handsets, spreadsheets, databases and task managers. We minimise by 'going wireless' but, in removing the wires, tangle our lives in a chaos that Jackson Pollock would have been proud to exhibit.

You see it happening everywhere. These days, a simple walk in the countryside involves a catalogue of specially-designed items of thermal clothing, flasks, all-terrain footwear and rucksacks that small children could get lost in. In these complicated times it's more difficult than ever for an electrician to climb a ladder or for a plumber to bend beneath a kitchen sink. What was once a fundamentally straightforward task is now shrouded in red tape - as we all know, there's always a form waiting to be filled in.

So what of the humble haiku and the subtle beauty of the ancient three-line poem? Well, we've always got its cousin: the senryu. There it is, leaning on the mantelpiece, watching us go about our daily lives with a smirk stretched across its face. We're a funny race, and the senryu thrives

on our vast intricacies, like a comedian propped against a microphone stand.

For every computer that is delivered, usually late and to the wrong house, there is a senryu. For every layer of protective clothing in which we choose to wrap ourselves for our short walk to the local grocery store, there is a senryu. And for every mandatory field on every compulsory form, there is a senryu. Let it all out - drink *Prune Juice*.

Before I let the curtain rise on this issue's cavalcade of fine senryu and kyoka, I would like to say a big thank you to the journal's founder and former editor Alexis Rotella for handing over the keys and for her continuing support and friendship. I would also like to tip my hat to that ever-gracious gentleman, Denis M. Garrison, whose MET Press produced the first two editions of *Prune Juice* - your encouragement has always been much appreciated. On a personal note, I would like to thank three writers whose work raised my eyebrows all those years ago and made me take notice of senryu and, more importantly, inspired me to write: Alan Pizzarelli, George Swede and the late Clement Hoyt - together with several major banking corporations, it seems I'm forever in your debt.

Finally, I'd like to thank all the poets who submitted work for this issue - you've made my life very easy. Keep those poems coming.

Liam Wilkinson
Winter 2010

family night out...
three course dinner
at a fancy restaurant
five of the six people
talking on cell phones

Shanna Baldwin-Moore

my chairman
lectures on narcolepsy—
I fall asleep

Bruce Boynton

spring morning—
my cellphone chirps
a robin answers

Bruce Boynton

my kitchen floor
covered with ants,
what would the Buddha do

Bruce Boynton

old pond
I take off my glasses
and find a Monet

Bruce Boynton

"morning has broken..."
the old man with the bottle
serenades his bench

Helen Buckingham

Father's Day... an 11th hour teddy bear

Helen Buckingham

old habits
the ex-nun wears her necklace
outside her blouse

Bill Cullen

he scrutinizes
their every play;
I'm in it
for the commercials
and their firm Super Bowl butts

Janet Lynn Davis

does the man
in that mirror
wonder
what it is like
on the other side?

Denis M. Garrison

Basho's frog
a thud and a croak—
empty pond

Denis M. Garrison

cat
in the clock—
no cuckoo today

Denis M. Garrison

he looks
into the barber mirror
to find his hair trim
in the view from behind
the horror of bald

Sanford Goldstein

trying
to find a remedy
for her ailment,
she goes to the beauty parlor
to get her eyebrows trimmed

Sanford Goldstein

at the super
two young Japanese kids
help their mother bag
over the strawberries
they hurl in the watermelon

Sanford Goldstein

indignant
over the way his daughter
is treated by her boss,
all he can do is bang
the computer keys by fours

Sanford Goldstein

in one night
his new false tooth
falls out,
the dentist bullies him
for being a coward

Sanford Goldstein

they ask him
for an introduction at
the Old Timers Club
showing the level of his Japanese
he sings a grade school song and bows

Sanford Goldstein

his death-row pen pal
keeps offering him advice
on ten pencilled pages
perhaps, he thinks, they ought
to change places

Sanford Goldstein

life
I have told my kids
is repetition
my youngest asks me
to stop telling them

Sanford Goldstein

our two stray
brother-cats sit
on the highway
discussing, I imagine,
ways to get back at the father

Sanford Goldstein

asking
the Japanese voice to speak
at a slower pace,
she does and I catch
at least her sigh

Sanford Goldstein

Fame—
In the elevator going up
everybody
but me

Kathleen Hellen

he cooks
for hours
preparing the gourmet meal
she asks
where the boxes are

Carolyn M. Hinderliter

the fat, old football player
still her hero
high school reunion

Carolyn M. Hinderliter

morning fog. . .

I tell her

I love me too

C. William Hinderliter

all-day rain. . .
reading my misspelled name
in the anthology

C. William Hinderliter

pizza party
the girl every guy in the class
has had a piece of

Gregory Hopkins

mountain brook
I take a drink
of bottled water

Gregory Hopkins

part monkey
part snake
the captain jumps
and slithers
over rails and rigging

M. Kei

throbbing feet
and a co-worker who
won't shut up—
Merry Christmas
at Wal-mart

M. Kei

the last day of December
a grasshopper
gets off
a green pepper from Chile
and surveys his new home

M. Kei

meditation class
the ohmmmmm
of fluorescent lights

Doug Kutney

little old lady huge cloud of perfume

Doug Kutney

fading sunset
mother calls me
by her sister's name

Catherine Lee

guilt written
all over my face
the time
I tried to cheat
on my spelling test

Angela Leuck

only realizing
halfway through
the phone call
that I don't know
who I'm talking to

Angela Leuck

staggering
to the summit
of a mountain
that I thought
too small to climb

Angela Leuck

batting away flies—
on the dating site
not a single match

Angela Leuck

my pastor smiles
and tells me
prayers are phone calls to God
in despair
i can't pay my bills

Chen-ou Liu

a buzzing fly
in the living room:
we do nothing
but chase each other

Chen-ou Liu

a hamster
scurries
on a wheel—
at day's end
still in the cage

Chen-ou Liu

maple trees
waving along the road
in a row—
like a commander-in-chief
I drive by

Chen-ou Liu

with bulky Selected Poems
Of Chen-ou Liu
she hits me—
alarmed
I awake from being a poet

Chen-ou Liu

grieving mourners weep,
yet a picture smiles
above the coffin.

Chen-ou Liu

drinking at a bar—
the old man he swore
he'd never be

Chen-ou Liu

spider in the house
is that you
Issa?

Thomas Martin

an old bull mingles
with the heifers
who ignore him now

Francis Masat

financial crisis—
I take a break
to collect sand dollars

Francis Masat

in prison for 20 years
I am afraid
to leave now

Francis Masat

eating on a bench
at a hot dog cart,
she tells me
in a whisper—
I think they need Viagra!

Francis Masat

streetlight—
from a trash can
a tattered man
trades his empty cup
for a half-full one

Francis Masat

winter dawn
the fishmonger calls
"fееееesh!"

Michael McClintock

out of breath—
right on time
for the wrong bus

Tanya McDonald

neighbor singing
through the walls
wearing thin

Dave Moore

this rejection slip
makes a perfect hat
in sudden showers

William Orem

hot afternoon: my therapist's eyes drift over to the clock

William Orem

economic downturn
my child asks
where the Easter bunny went

Stephen Peters

another class reunion
the same
cliques

Stephen Peters

retirement home—
in the lady's jewel case
hearing aids

Patricia Prime

homeless shelter
he throws his crusts
to the sparrows

Patricia Prime

a trophy wife
for the man
who never wins anything

Christopher Provost

department store Santa—
the scent of
candy canes and bourbon

Christopher Provost

Office worker's wake—
little bags
of cremains
given out
as souvenirs

Alexis Rotella

Bubble blowing
at funerals—
what next
will they dream up
in Lala Land?

Alexis Rotella

Lighter fluid
the taste of it
in everything
at the 4th of July
barbeque.

Alexis Rotella

Ouch!
the gardener yanked
my parsley.

Alexis Rotella

Old age home—
a grammar school teacher
talks back to the moon.

Alexis Rotella

unshaven father
he looks like
a criminal

Alexis Rotella

house hunting
who lived here before
liked curry

Alexis Rotella

I bid against myself
at the auction
bear skin rug

Alexis Rotella

A patient says
she'll TRY
to drink more water—
there's that word again,
a no in disguise.

Alexis Rotella

My brother in law
who speaks 11 languages
fluently
although he doesn't
speak to us.

Alexis Rotella

Caffeine high—
even his rosary
a string of coffee beans.

Alexis Rotella

After we fed each other fondue
and inhaled each other's smoke
I said I'd slip into
something comfortable
and chose the back door.

Alexis Rotella

I didn't mind so much
you left me alone
at the movies, he said
but did you have to take
the popcorn, too?

Alexis Rotella

Traffic jam—
the guy behind me
honks and honks--
doesn't he know
I'm not a goose?

Alexis Rotella

snapping on the light—
the mouse and I
exchange glances

David Serjeant

after every
bottlebank smash
her burst of giggles

David Serjeant

outside the hospital
a man in a neck brace
reverses his car

David Serjeant

time traveler
a couple of drinks and I'm back
in the stone age

Stanley Sicheloff

Amityville II
what possessed me
to watch this movie?

Stanley Sicheloff

local landfill--
all the things
we had to have

John Soules

weekend carnival
the mystic polishes
his third eye

Laurence Stacey

party over
the stripper tells me
her real name

Laurence Stacey

show over
the magician makes lunch
disappear

Laurence Stacey

closing time
at the amusement park—
one by one
characters remove
their heads

Laurence Stacey

a photo of Dad
in his varsity days
amazing!
that I would only inherit
his hairline

Laurence Stacey

plumbing truck sign:
"a flush trumps
a full house"

Richard Stevenson

a toddler aims
his milk bottle at the sky—
now *that's* a solo!

(Roots & Blues Festival, Salmon Arm, BC)

Richard Stevenson

haikoodling,
according to my wife—
pen and midge hover

Richard Stevenson

absolute proof
recording her snores
on his mobile phone

André Surridge

at the office water cooler hot gossip

André Surridge

library book
on spaniels
dog-eared

André Surridge

how can one take
seriously the words
of a man
whose trousers fell down
fighting a duel

André Surridge

she agreed to sex
but there were conditions
no more
than fifty thrusts
& don't jiggle the book

André Surridge

the cemetery
bursting with bouquets
Mother's Day

George Swede

50th reunion
everybody else
ancient

George Swede

this blank page
a perfect friend--listening
not judging

George Swede

“Nothing is real”—
another good reason
not to be famous.

James Tipton

preparing
a romantic dinner
in my clean kitchen
the venus flytrap
languishes

Alex von Vaupel

she was mean
so they tell me
the shrink
before she got hit
by lightning

Alex von Vaupel

working late
I learn the cleaners'
names

Dick Whyte

in the hotel room
frantically looking
for condoms—
all we find
is a bible

Dick Whyte

First date—
she wears a Freudian slip
and Achilles heels.

Liam Wilkinson

“We’ve been over this!”
she says, pointing
at the moon.

Liam Wilkinson

She goes upstairs to change
but returns
the same person.

Liam Wilkinson

Author Biographies

Shanna Baldwin-Moore

Shanna Baldwin Moore is a "Beat" painter and poet from Venice, Calif.

Bruce Boynton

Bruce Boynton is a physician who lives in northern Virginia.

Helen Buckingham

Helen Buckingham was born in London, 1960, and presently lives in Bristol.

Bill Cullen

Bill lives in Brooklyn, New York with his wife and fellow poet, Brenda Gannam.

Janet Lynn Davis

Janet Lynn Davis moved from Houston, Texas, to the small town of Magnolia.

Denis M. Garrison

Denis lives near Maryland's Chesapeake Bay with his wife, Deborah, and devotes his full time to writing, editing, and publishing.

Sanford Goldstein

Sanford Goldstein became interested in senryu decades ago, but recently, thanks to M. Kei's on-line kyoka group, became interested in that too.

Kathleen Hellen

Katherine Hellen's work has appeared in *Barrow Street*, *Nimrod*, *Prairie Schooner*, *RUNES*, *Southern Poetry Review*, and other journals. She is an editor for the *Baltimore Review*.

Carolyn M. Hinderliter

Carolyn M. Hinderliter lives in Phoenix, Arizona and is a member of the Haiku Society of America. In 2009, her poems have appeared in a variety of online and print sources, including *Chrysanthemum*, *Frogpond*, *Prune Juice*, *Rattlesnake Review*, and *The Mainichi Daily News*.

C. William Hinderliter

C. William Hinderliter lives in Phoenix, Arizona. Despite being a registered hypnotist with degrees in psychology and history, he prefers spending his time writing poetry. In 2009, his poems were seen in a variety of print and online publications, including *white lies: the 13th volume of the Red Moon Anthology for English-Language Haiku*, *Acorn*, *Ambrosia*, *Inverspace Quarterly*, *Prune Juice*, *Scifaikuest*, *The Heron's Nest*, *The Mainichi Daily News*, and *Wisteria*.

Gregory Hopkins

Gregory lives in Anniston, Alabama. His work has appeared in *Frogpond*, *Modern Haiku*, *Acorn*, *The Heron's Nest*, *Wisteria*, and *Chrysanthemum*.

M.Kei

M. Kei crews aboard a skipjack, a traditional wooden sailboat used to dredge for oysters in the Chesapeake Bay, the last vessel in North America to fish commercially under sail. Sadly, it is not a profitable way to make a living

anymore. The vessel serves as a museum on the water and is listed on the National Register of Historic Places. Kei has published over 1100 tanka and 300 other short poems during the last few years. His first book was the anthology *Fire Pearls: Short Masterpieces of the Human Heart* (2006), which he edited. An instant classic, it was followed by *Heron Sea, Short Poems of the Chesapeake* (2007) and *Slow Motion: The Log of a Chesapeake Bay Skipjack* (2008), the log he kept in poetic form while making extended cruises aboard a skipjack. He is the editor-in-chief of *Take Five: Best Contemporary Tanka*.

Doug Kutney

Doug Kutney is a minister from Scotch Plains, New Jersey.

Catherine Lee

Catherine J.S. Lee lives, writes, teaches, and gardens on an island on the coast of Maine, USA, near Canada. In the summer of 2007, her haiku journey began almost by accident. Her haiku have recently appeared or are upcoming in *Acorn, Ambrosia, Concise Delight, Frogpond, Modern Haiku, Notes From the Gean, Shamrock, and The Heron's Nest*. She was one of six featured poets in the Spring/Summer 2009 edition of *DailyHaiku*.

Angela Leuck

An award-winning Montreal haiku and tanka poet, Angela Leuck has been published in journals and anthologies around the world. She is the author of *Garden Meditations* and *A Cicada in the Cosmos* (forthcoming from inkling press), *haiku white* and *haiku noir* (carve, 2007) and *Flower Heart* (Blue Ginkgo Press, 2006). She also edited *Rose Haiku for Flower Lovers and Gardeners* (Price-

Patterson, 2005), *Tulip Haiku* (Shoreline, 2004), and, with Maxianne Berger, *Sun Through the Blinds: Montreal Haiku Today* (Shoreline, 2003). She is the Vice President of Haiku Canada and cofounder of Tanka Canada and its biannual journal *Gusts*.

Chen-ou Liu

Canadian Chen-ou Liu is a contributing writer for a bilingual literary website.

Thomas Martin

Thomas Martin lives in Beaverton, Oregon, USA. He is a retired technical writer and journalist.

Francis Masat

Francis Masat has lived in Key West with his wife Carol since 1993.

Michael McClintock

Michael is the President of the Tanka Society of America, editor of *American Tanka*, and contributing editor of *Modern English Tanka*. He has edited several new wave tanka anthologies with Denis M. Garrison.

Tanya McDonald

Tanya McDonald writes urban fantasy novels and poetry in Bellevue, Washington.

Dave Moore

Dave Moore is a radio personality from Bucks County, Pa.

William Orem

William Orem writes in multiple genres. His stories and poems have appeared in over 100 publications. His plays

have been performed in Miami, Ft. Lauderdale, Louisville, Buffalo and Boston. Currently he is Writer-in-Residence at Emerson College.

Stephen Peters

Stephen A. Peters lives in the Pacific Northwest, Bellingham, Wa. USA.

Patricia Prime

Patricia is the editor of the New Zealand haiku magazine *Kokako*, reviews editor of *Stylus* and *Takahe* and assistant editor of *Haibun Today*.

Christopher Provost

Christopher Provost is a writer who lives in Nashua, NH. His poem, *The Carpenter*, was a winner in the Utmost Christian Writers 2009 Free April Poetry Contest. His haiku "unrippled surface" was published in the Fall 2009 issue of *Frogpond*.

Alexis Rotella

Alexis Rotella served as President of the Haiku Society of America (Japan House) in 1984 and edited *Frogpond*, *Brussels Sprout* and *The Persimmon Tree*. Her haiku, senryu and tanka have won many awards and recognition. Alexis is the founder and former editor of *Prune Juice*.

David Serjeant

David Serjeant is based in Derbyshire, England, where he works as a Local Government Officer. He maintains a blog of his micropoetry at distantlightning.blogspot.com.

Stanley Siceloff

Stanley is a member of the North Carolina Haiku Society.

John Soules

John Soules, a gardener and avid dog walker, lives in Wingham, Ontario.

Laurence Stacey

Laurence Stacey is a 24 year old college student in Powder Springs, Georgia. He works for his father as a network engineer, and recently graduated in July 2009 with his B.A. in creative writing. He is currently taking his graduate courses at Kennesaw State University. In his spare time, he studies martial arts and Japanese poetry with equal enthusiasm. His poems have been featured in *Simply Haiku*, *Tiny Words*, *3LIGHTS Gallery*, and *AHA Poetry*.

Richard Stevenson

Richard Stevenson lives in southern Alberta, Canada, and teaches English and Creative Writing at Lethbridge College. The most recent of his 23 published titles are *Wiser Pills* (Frontenac House, Quartet 2008), a mixed lyric and narrative free verse collection, and two collections of haiku, senryu, and tanka: *Tidings of Magpies* (Spotted Cow Press, 2008) and *The Emerald Hour* (Ekstasis Editions, 2008).

André Surridge

André was born in Hull, England and now lives in Hamilton, New Zealand. He is the winner of several writing awards.

George Swede

George Swede is editor of *Frogpond*.

James Tipton

James lives in the tropical mountains of southern Mexico. He has been publishing for decades in magazines such as *American Tanka*, *Modern Haiku* and *Lynx*. His work appeared in *The Haiku Anthology* (Cor van den Heuvel, Doubleday, 1974).

Alex von Vaupel

Alex von Vaupel leads a nomadic life, based in two countries. He lives in Utrecht, Netherlands, with his many dictionaries and a balcony veg garden. He is also frequently found in Canterbury, Kent, UK, with his fiancée.

Dick Whyte

Dick Whyte is a haiku/senryu poet from Wellington, New Zealand. He has been writing haiku and senryu for a couple of years and has previously been published in *Simply Haiku*, *Acorn*, *Modern Haiku*, *3LIGHTS Gallery* (and others).

Liam Wilkinson

Liam is editor of *Prune Juice* and *3LIGHTS*. He lives in York, England. His website is at ldwilkinson.wordpress.com.