

ISSUE
FOUR

Prune & Juice

Journal of Senryu & Kyoka



SUMMER 2010



Prune Juice

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Issue 4 : Summer 2010
ISSN 1945-8894

Edited by Liam Wilkinson

Prune Juice: Journal of Senryu & Kyoka
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Prune Juice: Journal of Senryu & Kyoka is a biannual
digital journal dedicated to publishing and promoting modern
English senryu and kyoka . It is edited by Liam Wilkinson.
Please send all submissions and correspondence to
prunejuicejournal@yahoo.co.uk.

ISSN1945-8894
www.prunejuice.wordpress.com

Editor's Note

As 2010 dawned and January's bright optimism inflated like a balloon in the pale blue glow of the year's first light, my boss arrived on the scene clutching a large, sharp pin. And as she pressed its twinkling point into the hope and faith I'd awoken with, there was an almighty bang and I was told that my job had been erased. Fortunately, there was an opening at another building on the other side of the city where, despite being downgraded, I could continue working for the same company. And so I gathered my belongings and relocated, grabbing the deflated remains of my optimism in the hope that I could stitch together something that would pass for contentment.

Due to its location my new workplace involves a lengthy commute each morning and again in the evening. At first, the thought of spending so much time trying to get somewhere I'd rather not be, and then spending so much time trying to get away from it, made me cringe. However, thanks to modern technology and my love for short poetry, I don't mind the trek so much. With a few clicks of the buttons on my mobile phone I can now access the world of *Twitter*, where writers of micropoetry have gathered like birds in search of warmer climes. In just a few moments I can connect myself to a whole world of instant publishing and read the concise musings of some of the finest writers out there. Senryu and kyoka are popping up frequently, not only providing writers with an arena for offloading the found oddities of modern living but also allowing cantankerous commuters like myself to experience these breaths of poetry on the go. If you're a writer of short forms and haven't yet 'tweeted' your work,

perhaps it's now time to hop onto the branch and start singing.

Some of the poets in this issue have already established themselves amongst the Twitterati, and I thank them for submitting their work to *Prune Juice*. Furthermore, I'd like to thank them, and the many senryu and kyoka writers out there, for making 2010 a very happy year so far. I look forward to more of the same between now and our next issue in January 2011.

Liam Wilkinson
Summer 2010

all of the girls my age
think
that they are Veronica Lake

Ed Baker

sneezing
on my answering machine—
a sick stalker

Bruce R. Boynton

frowning—
the palm reader asks for
my other hand

Bruce R. Boynton

one more beer
before I go to bed
and try to talk
to the woman I met
in last night's dream

Rob Brancelli

condom
stretching
the truth

Rob Brancelli

face pressed
against the glass
she tells me
her deepest fear
is turning five

Carmella Braniger

he chased a UFO
in his souped up hot rod
I nearly caught it
he told the nurses
at his bedside

Bob Brill

as we talked
at the cocktail party
his eyes were roving
for someone
more important than me

Bob Brill

Christmas Eve--
foxes feast
on KFC

Helen Buckingham

mirrored
installation

the curator pauses
to check herself out

Helen Buckingham

the quiet child
twittering fragments
of the school day

Curtis Dunlap

lap dance—
wiping nipple prints
off my glasses

Carlin T. Dupus

new law
at the restaurant
no smoking
candle wicks
puff their protest

Bernard Gieske

summer solstice
is my computer
programed for this?

Bernard Gieske

a married woman
at the weekly health club
asking about his back
stares only at
his black corduroy shorts

Sanford Goldstein

even
the Prime Minister's
face at the grilling
seems practiced
for the multitudes

Sanford Goldstein

a root canal?
I ask
and she nods—
nothing more painful I say
except life

Sanford Goldstein

eating
can be fun, says
my daughter,
try, I tell her, some
of this thick black seaweed root

Sanford Goldstein

under my son's bed
unfinished homework
and a centerfold

Joyce S. Greene

3 year old zen monk
says when he sleeps he dreams
of sleep

C. P. Harrison

customer service
helping themselves
to the rest of my day

C. P. Harrison

jobless
he decides to become
a poet

Carolyn M. Hinderliter

chemo day
I practice my smile
in the mirror

Carolyn M. Hinderliter

mid-course correction
our waiter tells us
he's really a musician

C. William Hinderliter

plastic smiles—
the lingering scent
of my date's fart
on our long
drive home

C. William Hinderliter

what's-her-name
gives me
forget-me-nots

Mark Holloway

comedy club
the cracks
in the ceiling

Gregory Hopkins

middle age
getting undressed for sex
in separate rooms

Gregory Hopkins

zen retreat
thinking about the way
home

Gregory Hopkins

a leap in the dark—
some things
are worth
the risk of
landing badly

M. Kei

he raised the
black flag of his tail,
hove along side
and boarded my plate,
the cat we named 'Pirate'

M. Kei

he pops
the essential question
that will determine
our life together:
cats or dogs?

M. Kei

my reflection
glimpsed in diner chrome—
cancel the fries

Doug Kutney

a girl at the bar
mentions Spock from Star Trek—
my ears prick up

Doug Kutney

Japanese beauties,
so perfectly proportioned...
five-seven-five

Doug Kutney

January
I hold my breath
and step on the scale

G. R. LeBlanc

my dream
of owning a house—
this longing for land
will one day
end in dust

Angela Leuck

one Ken
three Barbies
even in the toy world
so much
frustrated desire

Angela Leuck

widowed now
she can make the jam
as sweet as she likes

Daniel Liebert

auto shop—
a calendar nude
alone all night

Daniel Liebert

the gymnast
walks away
on third place legs

Daniel Liebert

buying a tailored suit—
the same old style
his mother chose for him

Chen-ou Liu

looking for love
in all the wrong places—
and finding it

Bob Lucky

yoga's benefits—
I'm in no position
to comment

Bob Lucky

nursing home—
children pick coins
from the fountain

Francis Masat

cathedral—
the gaze of a bishop
and a gargoyle

Francis Masat

talking in circles
the woman
at baggage claim

Dave Moore

used car lot
the salesman's shadow
covers a dent

Dave Moore

opening
the first present
of my 31st birthday
a book of poems
written on deathbeds

Dave Moore

Zen retreat
the pizza delivery man
helps fill the void

Stephen A. Peters

fortune cookie—
the unfolded paper reads
“better luck next time”

Patricia Prime

the magician
plucks a coin from the boy's ear—
it's not his party

Patricia Prime

Christmas week
at the airport
where are you . . . Hieronymus Bosch?

Alexis Rotella

aren't you going to lunge at me
asks the dental hygienist—
my husband
just sits there
with his mouth agape

Alexis Rotella

Mariah Carey
a perfect dress for
"The Golden Globes"

Stanley Sicheloff

done crying
over an ex boyfriend
my little sister
lectures me
on the ways of men

Laurence Stacey

divorce pending..
the dog takes both sides
of the bed

Laurence Stacey

he votes
the way he dresses...
to the right

André Surridge

the fullness
of this ghostly moon...
surprised
by the whiteness
of her bottom

André Surridge

typing lessons
at age sixty-five
she rattles out
*a quick brown fox jumps
over the lazy god*

André Surridge

Lying in the casket,
the funny uncle
who's still got my nose.

Liam Wilkinson

Spotting a banjo
through the window
she refuses his coffee.

Liam Wilkinson

Before leaving his hut
for the narrow road,
Basho's last tweet.

Liam Wilkinson

The next issue of *Prune Juice*
will be published January 2011.

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