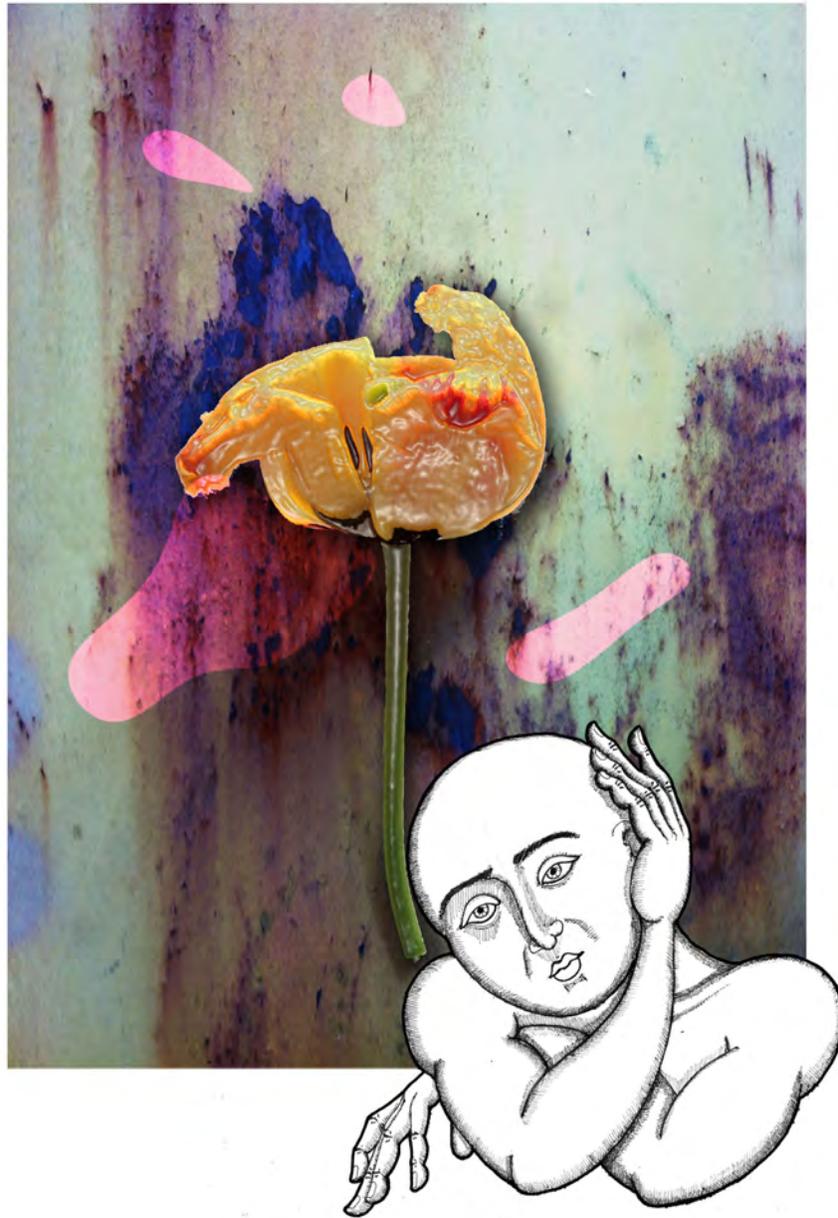


PruneJuice

Journal of Senryu, Kyoka & Haiga prunejuice.wordpress.com



Issue Fifteen: March, 2015

PRUNE JUICE

Journal of Senryu, Kyoka, Haibun & Haiga

Issue 15 : March, 2015

Editor : Terri L. French
Features Editor : Bruce Boynton
Proofreaders : Christina Nguyen and Raymond French

Cover Art: Johannes S. H. Bjerg

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EDITOR'S NOTES

Thank God February is behind us (Well, at least when you read this it will be). As I write, I am under my Seasonal Affective Disorder lamp. Whether you spell it "gray" or "grey," it's dismal out there. There ain't no pill for cabin fever, y'all. And I'm bored. Lately, I've even been bored with my own writing. It lacks luster. It's tired. Words lean into the slouching shoulders of other words. When the mailman dropped off my copy of *Big Data: The Red Moon Anthology of English-Language Haiku*, I was ecstatic — at least I could read something interesting by someone else.

The essay "UFOs in Haiku," by Jim Kacian is a must read. In it, Kacian describes UFOs (Unique Formal Objects and also Unit, Field and Order) as haiku that appear in unusual patterns, shapes, order and placement on the page, like Marlene Mountain's well-known kitten haiku or Larry Gates' "Snake in the Grass." The essay got me thinking about the way I write. I faced some fears. Why am I afraid to step outside the proverbial box and try some new things? What do I care what people think? Am I writing haiku/senryu to be published or because it brings me joy and fulfillment?

I can't say I understand everything that is submitted to me — that doesn't necessarily mean anything is wrong with it. Some things resonate and some don't, and even the poems that resonate with me, I don't always fully "get," but they make me feel something. Isn't that what poetry is supposed to do?

I think you'll find this issue contains some senryu and kyoka beyond the realm of convention. The poet/artist whose work is highlighted on the cover and whom I interview in this month's feature, Johannes S. H. Bjerg, is anything but conventional. I hope you enjoy this issue. Thanks Jim, for the essay. Thank you to all who submitted your work, even for the pieces that weren't published. Thank you Johannes for the great cover art and the interview. Lastly, thank you Blue Max Lighting for bringing a little "sunshine" into my life.

Terri L. French
March, 2015

Ramesh Anand, India

gems shop
i contemplate on
the vendor's navel

Debbi Antebi, Turkey

therapy session —
trying to grasp
how to let go

Johnny Baranski, US

jail library
nothing but
who-done-its

barfly
his marriage on
the rocks

casual Friday
dressed down
by the boss

mountain switchbacks the ex-con going straight

Roberta Beary, US

bleeding sunset
the artist tattoos
my new nipple

sex dream
the penetration
of white noise

Maxianne Berger, Canada

breezed through
the biologist's bio
key details
her father was a builder
her mother a houseplant

Mark E. Brager, US

Midnight Mass
my son recounts
the unlit votives

in the closeness
of the confessional
a cricket's chirp

at the bottom
of Mom's button jar
the Milky Way

Alan S. Bridges, US

orthopedic wing
a Christmas ornament hangs
from an artificial limb

family reunion lattice crust

Helen Buckingham, UK

saturday night
love tattooed across
the moon's fist

Susan Constable, Canada

with only one book
in my holiday suitcase
I plod along
realizing near the end
I've read it all before

sore backs
keep us apart
for now
arms and legs entwined
only in the dryer

hearing loss —
she misses
the mosquito

Garry Eaton, Canada

take-out window
a boss I used to take
orders from

t...a...t...t...o...o a...r...t...i...s...t...s g...e...t u...n...d...e...r m...y s...k...i...n

Robert Epstein, US

slowly
getting over a cold
shoulder

in my moccasins through her bad mood

Terri L. French, US

prime numbers
only you and I

dividing us

trying to get centered
in a flush-left world

recession a nickel with no rub

Chase Gagnon, US

the toddler
blows a kiss to the corpse . . .
christmas rain

new-year's carryout
I find my resolution
in a fortune cookie

Samar Ghose, Australia

waterfront bar
the drunk answers
a gull's call

kids home early
in the sudden silence
our laboured breathing

skyping
my friend leans forward
to make a point

Tim Graves, UK

flawless grass verge
outside the garden centre
astroturf

Autumn Noelle Hall, US

hammered again
nearest he comes to hitting
the nail on the head

gone nuclear
how many more meltdowns
until I'm a star?

Steve Hodge, US



intimidated
by the daikon radish
I reach for my knife

© Steve Hodge

Alegria Imperial, Canada

flamingos
a plunger sucking
out a thought

Alegria Imperial, Canada

heroiceheroiceheroiceheroiceheroiceheroiceheroiceheroice

bus prattle . . .
a dance of
uncorked beans

I know. She needs to keep yapping. Words stream out of her as if a year's worth of dammed Watusi had burst. Now, I'm turning into a tin can, her voice the nails scraping my insides. A band of wronged musicians start to stage a protest within me. But I can't get off...I'm late for holy mass, and my contrite heart has turned black.

the blind wind's cleft chin irked clouds

Elmedin Kadric, Sweden

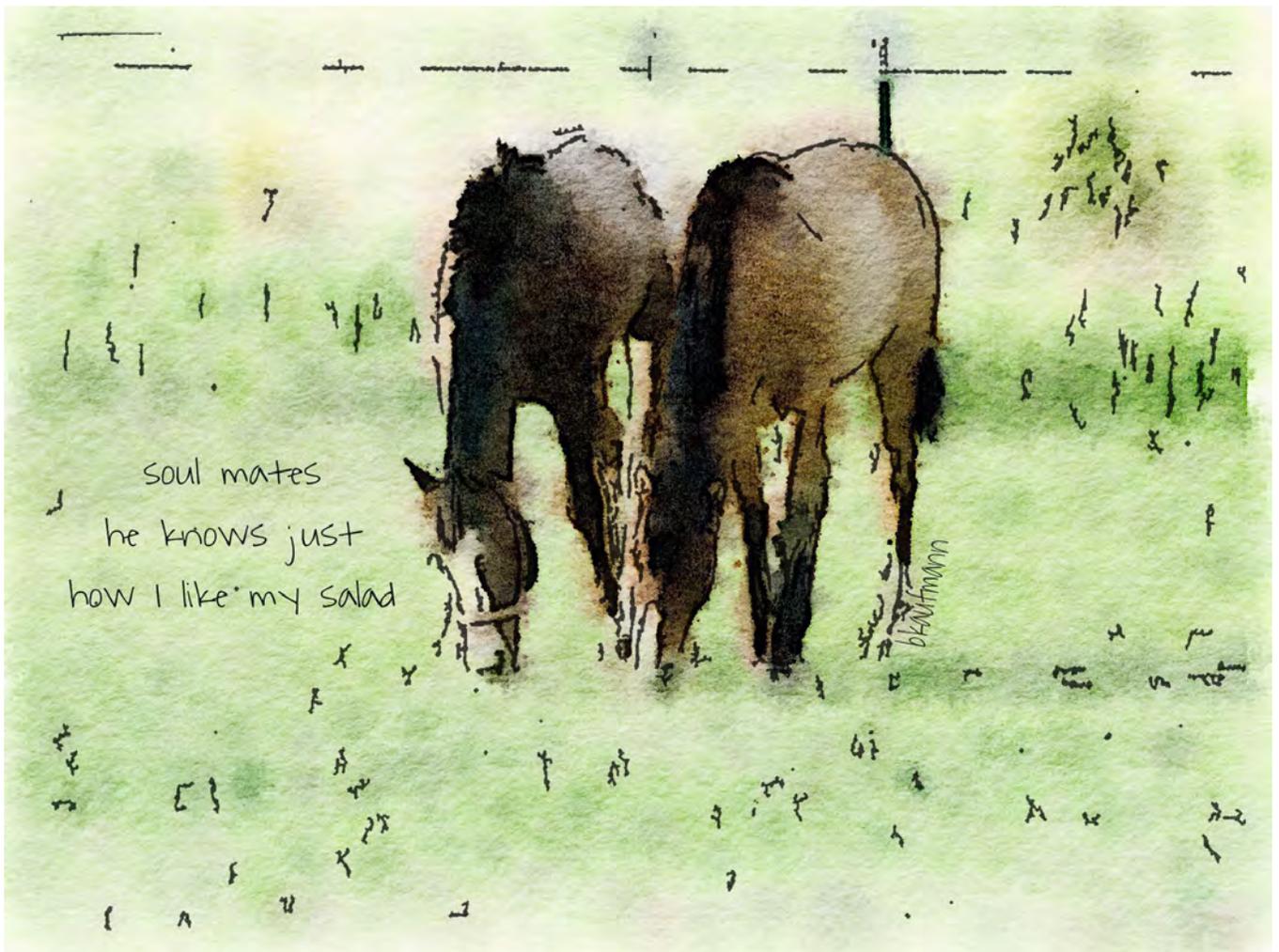
undressing me
with their eyes
chimpanzees

in and out of fashion my turtleneck

Barbara Kaufmann, US



Barbara Kaufmann, US



soul mates
he knows just
how I like my salad

Barbara Kaufmann

David J. Kelly, Ireland

*after chemo
a growing interest in
topology*



@motto_sakura

Julie Bloss Kelsey, US

a week before Easter —
my children wave palm fronds
as swords

Deborah P. Kolodji, US

what happens
in Seattle stays in Seattle . . .
rain

goodwill donation
my orange skirt
from our square dance days

Deborah P. Kolodji, US

Breakup Myths

He tells the kids I loved "things" more than him. I look around at the second-hand furnishings in my house, the worn-out shoes in my closet.

Is it easier for him to believe this?

Plymouth Duster
the trunk we had to open
with a screwdriver

S. M. Kozubek, US

retirement
it's about time . . .
time

Lavana Kray, Romania

after divorce —
your dog's fleas
are still in my bed

G.R. LeBlanc, Canada

matryoshka dolls
all the things
she keeps to herself

Michael Henry Lee, US

factory work
another day
grinds to a halt

saturday night fever
hitting one hundred two
with the chills

Els van Leeuwen, Australia

public housing
all the different coloured
curtains

ceiling cracks
the doctor removes
her rings

sunless hollow
how the talk of her
folds his arms

Chen-ou Liu, Canada

three months gone
his ex's voice on the machine,
we're not home . . .

facing a blonde
from findlovesingles.com
I roll *I'm a poet*
on my Chinese tongue
giving it a new shape

Gregory Longenecker, US

he says
he's doing life without parole
old age home

Bob Lucky, Saudi Arabia

emergency drill
all my daydreams
in lockdown

Myron Lysenko, Australia

holes in the cake
where the candles were—
acupuncture

Prune Juice Feature

An Interview with Johannes S. H. Bjerg

by Terri L. French

First of all, because I am curious, tell me a little about yourself as a little boy. Did you have siblings? What did you enjoy doing? Did you ever have an “imaginary friend”?

About nine months after I was born, we moved to America because of dad’s further military education. We were meant to stay for some years but the humid climate made me break out in boils and high fevers, and my mother didn’t thrive having to stay at home with me while dad was “at school”.

I never was one to have a lot of friends at one time. I was satisfied with having a few and the opportunity to spend time alone, just being. The world was magic and strange, and I enjoyed just seeing it and hearing it. I have always had this feeling that there was something behind what I sensed that was even more real. A presence of some sort, and if I stayed still, quiet, long enough I would be able to really see it, hear it, be in it.

I was a shy, withdrawn child, I think. I have a great need to be by myself, though I really like being with people I love: my family, my better half, my stepdaughters and their children . . .

Somehow sensing that presence while being on my own makes me a part of the World, if that makes sense. So, if I ever had an imaginary friend, it would be that presence, the world beneath, behind, inside the “normal” world, and in that world there isn’t or wasn’t a “me and them”, there’s only “us”.

I have a sister three years my junior, and she is in many ways my opposite, as is often the case. I cannot remember my parents being anything but good parents, always doing their best under the circumstances. They are loving and deeply caring parents that allowed us a great deal of freedom. “If it makes you happy, please go on, but don’t make anyone else suffer, don’t hurt anyone to satisfy your curiosity,” I think you could say that was their motto.

When did you first start writing? When did you first start writing haiku and why?

I think I've been attempting to "enter writing" since my teens but never really found it satisfying — not as satisfying as making music, drawing and later painting and conceptual art, art that only exists in the space and time of an exhibition. The words were simply too narrow (inadequate) and concrete to hold my "vast interior world" as a young person. It took some hippie writers and later "punk" poets, some surrealists and "fantasies" to show me what words can do, what worlds words can open up.

I think I was just over 50 when it opened up for me and it was haiku that did that. When I first got hooked on that, it was like a dam broke and I've been at it daily ever since. Haiku can be very limiting and liberating at the same time, but as with everything else, limitations mostly come from yourself. You decide whether you write haiku or Haiku (the formalist concept) writes you. Life is really too short to set fences around your creativity. Poetry is first and foremost a human expression, not a demonstration of how well you have understood the chosen form and that's why "haiku can write you" instead of "you write haiku".

Haiku became my bridge in more than one sense. It became my bridge to writing but also a bridge between my exterior and interior — a way of making the link between them concrete. Writing has since become what painting and music were to me in my earlier life: a way of processing life, or being in the world.

Much of your work is very contemporary and surreal, with aspects of mythology, religion, science fiction and fantasy. Do you ever write things and wonder, "where in the hell did that come from?"

No, I'm pretty much "at home in my head". The human mind is a wondrous tool for the Universe to find out about itself. In this process, a myriad of "explanations of the world/universe" comes forth: mythologies, legends, tales, dreams/visions about how everything will evolve and of course to some extent religions, though I see those in a category by themselves. It's a very human thing to ask, "Why?" and "How come?" just like it's very human to seek some kind of "order" and to see why and how this "order" works. In simple words you can say that mythologies, legends, etc. are ways to explain why the world is what it is and why it works as it does.

My writings mostly come from the "sphere" where inner and outer reality meet, becomes my total reality, which is why surrealism, the fantastic, the so-called impossible seemed very natural to me when I first met these "-isms" as a teenager. We maneuver through life with our minds (Buddha says the world only is because we have a mind that projects it) and it's our minds that can also suggest that the world is real, that it's smaller than it is, that it's like this or like that. Reality is so much larger and diversified than any one of us can fathom . . . but we can try. The trick is that going the other way, toward the "smaller", the core, the being behind the apparent, behind our habitual thinking. There we can find a point from which we get a vast view without being "in the view". I

know that it's abstract, but in reality it's very simple. Once I accepted that my mind works as it does — always processing, connecting things, pondering this or that — because it's its nature, I got access to more material than I can ever write about.

I notice one of the themes in your work, is that of political and religious hierarchy and social classification. Why do you write about these things?

I always wondered about these things. Why are some people “worth more” than others? Aren't we all the same? Haven't we all come into this world the same way? Don't we all have love, hate, smelly feet, beautiful eyes, etc.? The class society isn't obvious to me. Never was.

We are a gifted species with enormous potential and yet we use it to hurt and exploit others . . . I see us all as practically living in the same room and why wouldn't we do our best to give everyone a great time? It's probably naive thinking . . . I don't believe in power structures though I see that seems to be the only way we are able to form our societies.

a sermon for birds
the Patriarch tells them about
the sin of flying

– *Penguins/Pingviner - 122 haiku*

We are here for a short while and everyone of us has the right to live our lives to the fullest, not hurting or exploiting our neighbor in the process, but supporting them, as they ideally should support us, to be as happy as possible. But it has never been like that it probably won't ever be. But, just because something seems impossible it doesn't mean we shouldn't strive for it to happen.

In a 2011 interview in okiedoks.com, you said: “I like to ‘stretch’ the language. I want to take it where it almost loses sense because of its inadequacy to express exactly what is inexpressible.” This is very counter to the “purist” idea of objectivity in haiku isn't it? When, for you, would a haiku/senryu quit making “sense”? Is there a subject matter that seems so inexpressible to you that you wouldn't attempt to write about it?

I am very cautious with “objectivity in haiku” or any other kind of dos and don'ts in haiku. Instead of “objectivity” I would prefer “soberness”. The danger with “objectivity” is, as I see it, that haiku can turn into a mere list of what people have seen or sensed. I

see a lot of haiku that are merely recounting what a person has seen and they come across as “dead” to me: void of energy and tension. (I was never a fan of *shasei*.) To be authentic, we have to write haiku from where and who we are. We are 21st century people . . .

Haiku is not an “I” poetry — though very many of us Westerners do use a lot of “I” in our works, myself included. I guess that’s because of our Western culture. Haiku isn’t a confessional poetry, though it seems to have developed into that, too. To me, good art is not a “genius explaining the world for the stupid”, or “a suffering individual dwelling on his or her own private suffering or joy”, but it needs some degree of “soberness”, being “neutral” as to have space for the reader/viewer/listener. Good art takes place in a sphere that is not the author’s private life extended. And that’s rare in a culture like the Western culture.

Much haiku or short verse goes to the edge of what’s expressible. What I mean is, the imagery can be so dense that it’s not decoded in first reading. You need to re-read them, chew on them, try various ways of reading to digest them. Often I cannot explain what I’ve read, but I know I got it . . .that’s when words express what cannot be expressed. These poems are “doors”, the essence of it, its meaning, arises in your mind and that’s the poem.

it’s not
everything

*two muscles
in a twitch*

but worthwhile

*just there below
the dome of the skull —*

the set pain
of spring

I’m alive

*“Parallels” - haiku based parallel haiku, 2013, English,
yettobenamedfreepress*

How did you come up with the idea for “parallel” haiku?”

I was looking for “more space” within haiku for more tension, more juxtaposition points. Years ago, I was doing an interview with Grant Hackett for *Multiverses* e-zine and we came to talk about these things — how to get more layers of simultaneity into our work. He opted for keeping to his monostich, but weaving two poems together via different types (one poem would be in normal letters, the other in italics, both within the same line), and I got the idea of playing two haiku next to each other and “enlarging” it that way.

it’s just
that this
voice

April and all that

will likely
drag me
into

even the one daffodil

being in love
with loss

hurts

– *Parallels*

The form satisfies my need to give voice to more than one “voice” at a time, and the contrast between the two adds a wider span to what can be in haiku. It’s a fairly flexible form as you can counter almost any kind of content with these. They give me great joy to write and are probably more “me” than regular haiku . . .

Why did you start the journal, *Bones*, and what niche does it fill in your mind?

I got the idea for *Bones* because I thought I'd give room for another kind of haiku than the one I came across in the already existing journals. I know there's a lot of haiku going on that takes the form further. Haiku can be treated as a museum poetry, repeating the old images and the "codes of haiku", or haiku can be a poetry written by people living in the 21st century. Haiku can be anything and everything, but it seems to me that what I come across in most journals for a large part is so alike that I cannot tell one author from the other. That's the nature of things: it cannot be helped. But, if I can be helpful to show some of the writing I find is still moving, I'll be happy to do so. *Bones* is first and foremost a place for good writing and writing that can be valued even without having the author's name just below it. We don't judge the works we are sent according to whether it rings true with Basho, Issa, or whomever, but if it works on its own.

Do you struggle with your poetry, or does it just come to you?

Yes, I struggle like a wrestler at times and then, when I'm not thinking about it, thinking I'm busy doing other things, a flood wells out and my fingers can't keep up with my head or heart or wherever the darn thing comes from. I rely heavily on intuition, that's my guiding compass through everything.

I don't "think" much, as in deliberate, conscious thinking like the kind of thinking I use for writing this. The best and most satisfying things come along when I don't try. So I've learned not to try. My struggles start when I fall into the trap of seeing myself as a writer, when I try to guide the flow of creativity to fit into what I, for a moment, think I would like to see myself as. But, I'm not a writer, I'm a person who writes. That gives me a lot of freedom.

Do you think your artwork expresses things your writing can't and vice versa, or do they work together?

Images can do some things, words can do other things. They overlap, but both are languages of their own. I think, for my part, the drawings, paintings, etc. have more to do with "things that (for the moment) cannot be said in words". The standard answer to why some paintings look like they do is, "If I could tell you I would. Then I hadn't needed to paint the bloody thing."

I've read that you don't translate your poetry, that it just comes out in English and Danish — how does that work?

I guess I got the English bug planted in my language center when we lived in America. Even as a teenager I read English language books with almost the same ease as I read books in Danish. I have almost always thought in both languages, but it grew when I dove into haiku. Because the two languages live side by side in my head, I have already

“done the translation” before they come out as poems. Some things are impossible to translate: sayings, puns, specific cultural connotations and such, but most of my haiku come out in both at once.

Tell me about the haiku movement in Denmark. Is there one? How is your work received there?

I'm a member of a Haiku Network under the Danish Writer's Association and we are about 40 members. I'm sad to say the movement seems caught up in counting syllables and “Japanism”, nature romanticism and so on. I tried sending them various stuff that hoped would “set them afire”, but the majority seems satisfied with how things are and peace be with that.

Are there other poets and artists who inspire you or influence your work?

Lots and lots and lots and lots. I get inspired every day just going on the web and reading what people write within a lot of genres of poetry. I regularly re-visit *R'r* (roadrunner-journal.com), *antantantantant* (antantantantant.wordpress.com), *is/let* (isletpoetry.wordpress.com), *noon* (noonpoetry.com), and loads of other sites and books. I won't name names since I wouldn't know when to stop. My browser opens 25 tabs with sites I'm reading, sites I've been meaning to read, etc. I get inspired from haiku, haibun, ku (non-traditional haiku and short-verse), regular poetry, art, films, music, science programs on TV, and going to the supermarket for milk, watching the rain, tying my shoes . . . everything basically.

Well, I for one would like to thank your parents for giving you the freedom to explore. We have all benefited from that.

Jonathan McKeown, Australia

cash only
I leave my daughter
at the counter

Hannah Mahoney, US

untangling
snarled yarn . . .
string theory

Don Miller, US

Compostum Materia*

campaign
all the signs
of the race

campaign speech
all the mud
after the rain

campaign trail
all the fliers
and leaflets

**compostum materia - Latin for compost material*

Beverly Acuff Momoi, US

after 40 years
searching for what
hasn't changed

David Oates, US

the disembodied arm
around her shoulders
photo on the dating site

in the quiet
study room
a loud perfume

recession
so many billboards
advertising billboards

Ken Olson, US

frustrated hunter
blowing the head off
a beer

Sandi Pray, US



Boris Ratnikov, US

operating room
greeting the doctor
with (an) open heart

sports bar
cocktail waitress
with a high definition behind

Dave Read, Canada

sandcastle
I empty my bucket
list

nothing
to celebrate
rice cake

asleep
in your arms
my arms

Michael Rehling, US

five below zero
my neighbor covers his
virgin mary

super bowl ads
all of them
gone to the dogs

Michael Rehling, US

“two tears in a bucket, motherfuck it”*

**The words of Lady Chablis, in Midnight in the Garden of Good and Evil, a novel by John Berendt*

I was born in Detroit, Michigan in the morning of April 21, 1946. It was a good day to be born, it was Easter Sunday. Hell, I was a Taurus on the cusp of Aries, and that date gave me twin flows from the heavens into all my karma. I know about karma because I was a hippie in the sixties and we studied it from little paperback books on astrology. They were one step above bubble gum cards in terms of content. So I was pretty sure it was all true. After all, did they ever mess up Mickey Mantle's batting average? So I felt important, not everyone has two astrology signs to live up to for all their lives. Your birthday can't be changed. Once it makes into the county birth records you own that day for the rest of your life, you have something to tie all the shit that happens to you to something outside of you. Hey, according to the astrologists it is more determinate than anything a tarot card reader can pin on you later, and a lot less temporal.

january night
stepping out into the stars
i become dark

A lot has happened in sixty-eight years. It won't all fit in a haibun for christ's sake, but this much can. I have had bad days, and I think they

all have to do with my astrological luck, or lack of it. I don't have the normal rules, can't shut down the way I feel. I cry if one of my animals dies, and their deaths haunt me decades later. Could I have done something? Did I do enough? I wonder how I can often seem too detached from the loss of a human friend or family member? Sometimes it seems too easy. I can replay every death in my family from the time I was a small child. They all hurt, I cried a lot, and for a man, that can appear to others as being frail and vulnerable, but when I am done crying I own that death. I make it my own. It is the loss of my pets that hurts and lingers, and I don't seem to be able to let go of my guilt, manufactured or real. They wake me, like a tidal wave in a dream that drowns me in my own tears. I long for those dead animals more than for my own flesh and blood. I think that my hippie roots, and hindu mandalas have somehow tied all those furry children to me, and bound them to my sense of family. Yeah, I really believe that, you know? I really see that one day I might be a fuzzy creature, having not really done human that well, and I want their love as much, or more, than I do the love of any human.

early morning
a toy mouse becomes
my kittens karma

Duncan Richardson, Australia

summer grasses
here and there
plane debris

closing the book on
parallel universes i
see myself

Brian Robertson, Germany

the orphan's photo
for some distant sponsors
forcing a smile

Jackie Maugh Robinson, US

my parents argue
about everything and nothing —
catsup not ketchup

Jackie Maugh Robinson, US

How Do

Grocery store. Wheeling my basket up one aisle and down the next, I encounter the same shoppers. Next to never do we exchange a glance, much less a greeting. No matter how many times we come face to face.

But in the produce section something happens to folks who wouldn't have considered talking to one another back by the paper towels or cake mixes. I'm thumping on watermelons and a guy asks me how to tell if they're ripe. A young mom can't get her baby to stop crying. Pausing to admire the infant I ask if I can help her bag those tomatoes.

savoring time with chinwag to spare

It's almost as if we've been transported back to that rural life when growers brought their goods to the village square on market day. Somewhere inside us dwells the inherited memories stirred by the modern community we find among the onions and blueberries and cabbages.

*clouds of steam furl
over boiling mason jars —
allemande left*

Djurdja Vukelić Rožić, Croatia

dying
he calls the name of his
brand new yacht

Alexis Rotella, US

Doctor's
waiting
waiting
waiting
room.

A guilt trip
from an elderly relative —
holiday gift.

Silence
I'll take
a large bottle.

Alexis Rotella, US



Olivier Schopfer, Switzerland

the pub waitress
smiles at me . . .
beer foam spilling over

the night before the divorce
a ring
around the moon

Shloka Shankar, India

reunion
she swallows
her commas

sutradhara
the things I can't
control

Note: The literal meaning of *sutradhara* is "thread-holder".
A central character in Sanskrit theatre, he is analogous to
a modern director, stage manager and producer.

Yesha Shah, India

Karmic

At daybreak, they wish each other cheery “Good mornings.” Over steaming cups of tea, they talk. She pours her heart out about the humdrums of domesticity. He briefs her on the responsibilities of his job. At intervals during the day they catch up with one another’s lives — discussing the most minuscule details — the glorious sunrise and twittering birds, the magical moonlight and the summer breeze ruffling mango leaves. She recounts her dreams, he reveals his desires. They share their smiles and tears, joys and sorrows. Each can almost read the other’s mind. Amusing themselves, they promise to meet in the coming birth. “Next time for sure . . .” they text.

empty mailbox—
the frayed ends
of her patience

Ken Slaughter, US

squeezing
lemon into my tea
I chat
with my neighbor . . .
a little bit goes a long way

honeymoon
at the Cape —
already
I talk about
needing space

Crystal Simone Smith, US

nervously opening
the blood results . . .
a paper cut

National Public Radio
between terrorist reports
a harp plays

Laurence Stacey, US

meeting her father
a loose thread
in my sweater

eviction notice
he buys an orchard
on Farmville

Melissa Watkins Starr, US

crash dummies —
alumni of the school
of hard knocks

a torrent of cliché —
when it rains
it pours

Craig W. Steele, US

that awkward age —
post-birth
pre-death

Debbie Strange, Canada



Debbie Strange, Canada

railway tunnel
burning the candle
at both ends

words & image
©DStrange



Rachel Sutcliffe, UK

new kindle
bottles of wine
between the bookends

new kindle
dust deepens
on the bookshelf

new kindle
a pile of bookmarks
on the bookshelf

Hansha Teki, New Zealand

Autism

15340 days after her conception
my daughter,
off the hook of language,
finger-flicks still through
the unfiltered deluge of otherness
anchoring herself
within herself

After 97 days of mimicking sounds
that almost have the sound of meaning,
she perfects her chant of being.

all gone
all gone . . . all gone
fish
i
e

Dennis E. Thompson, US

wheelchair-bound
his mind
still running

Kevin Valentine, US

hot and sour soup —
my waitress with the same
disposition

Kevin Valentine, US



**thirteenth birthday--
my son receives his first kiss
from the girl next door**

Kevin Valentine

Christine L. Villa, US



Marilyn Appl Walker, US

pap smear
the fly on the ceiling
holds tight

Julie Warther, US

triple planetary conjunction
everyone home
for dinner

other side of the fence . . .
the water bill
higher

Bill Waters, US

bakery —
the muffin too
has muffin-top

Ian Willey, Japan

predawn light
a taxi drops off
the night life

Kath Abela Wilson, US

what the moon
always meant to say
howl

nonchalant on the bus
of my dreams
I drop a radish
into the money slot
as I enter the museum