

The Bamboo Hut

Spring

2015



Journal of English Language Tanshi

The Bamboo Hut Spring 2015

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The Bamboo Hut Spring 2015

Editorial Note

Welcome to the Spring 2015 issue of The Bamboo Hut featuring the tanshi of about 40 poets from across the globe. In this issue you can read poems covering nature, human emotions, relationships, introspection and observation. Look out too for some responsive tanshi including 2 responsive dodoitsu written by myself and Matsukaze as well as a very thought provoking collaboration between Robert Epstein and Joy McCall.

Matsukaze, who enjoys pushing the boundaries of short form poetry, has also included in this issue a tanka rensaku called “Urban Existence” which is well worth a read.

Thanks to contributors old and new.

Happy reading !!

Steve Wilkinson, editor



TANSHI

Tanshi

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Dave Read

a crow flies
across the New Year's
sky
I remind myself
I don't believe in omens

embracing
me a moment
the river
now flowing
downstream

like a coyote
in the city
sometimes
nature creeps
into my poems

rising
into the great
blue sky
another poem
about a heron

in the distance
a motorcycle
and my dreams
of life
on the road

joining
the stars in death
he continues
to keep
his distance

my father
in the mirror
even now
he likes to
surprise me

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Caroline Skanne

a clattering
of jackdaws takes to
the sky
at times I feel overwhelmed
by the simplest things

we
buried you
today
pure white blossoms
fill my heart

cloud whispers...
smudged white on
blue
my breath melts
into your sun

moonbeams
combed through
your lashes
these moments we steal
away from the world

the robin
at his usual spot
I pretend
you will always be there
waiting for me too

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Carole Johnston

walking
Natagiri Pass
following
Basho's footsteps like
riding Kerouac's train

remembering
that November sky
still stunned
by blueness deep
in the well of myself

sycamore
inked white on rust hills
green pine
hieroglyphs across bare trees
as we travel home

snowdrop rosary
chills my burning fingers
a crystal dawn
winter monastery
moments freeze in time

in that place
where river meets sky
deep voices
sing a blue/green song
my heart longs to listen

I give her
a copy of "White Pine"
by Oliver
hoping she'll remember
the person she used to be

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Radka Mindova

the child's notebook
here he's eaten a sweet
here he's cried
in two empty sheets
his whole life

Amoz Tan

victims cry in fear
of violent attacks
laying aside all comforts
the world responds
with helping hands

Shloka Shankar

brushing
a spider away
I shudder
at the thoughtless
side of me

I place you
like an unread book
on the shelf
of my heart..
summer love

reminding
myself to let go...
the boulder
grows heavier
over the years

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Diana Teneva

slice of lemon
in my cup of tea ...
your words
not easy
to be swallowed

snowdrops melting
on the windowpane
the stars beyond
the Milky Way
whisper your name

a mirror
in the mirror –
my younger self
looking at her future
eye pouches

Mal Keeble

watercolour sky
endless strokes
across the canvas
remembering I gave
my brushes away

her curled toes
catch the sun
the water murkier today
promises only the pool man
can keep

paying for
my therapy session
I make another
haircut appointment
next month

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Michael Seese

he scribbled his name
across her paper heart
in ink
then realized
he should have used a pencil

he seeks a new mask
to replace the one
which fractured when
he dared
to smile

I paint in a heavy color
and pray
the walls will bear
the weight
better than I

her diamond eyes
leave another brilliant cut
in a rough
yet precious
heart

she looks at me
as if I'm transparent
I wonder if my death
inside
is really that apparent

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Maya Lyubenova

withered leaves
on the fig tree
in that faded photo
I retouch
grandma's fingers

under the bridge
a flower wreath
on dark water
each petal – a wish
each blossom – a dream

maple leaf
in the wind
like a small hand
trying to hold
to the grass

Izeta Radetinac

this girl's hair
a ripe bunch of wheat
tied by the reaper
a field without moonlight
in a sweet smell of the lavender

warbling of the birds
scatters the fog in the forest
the sun creeps in
a shepherd by the brook sing
the song about river

under our eaves
the pigeons cooing -
grandchildren
run through the house
such a fruitful spring I have
and the tree on the glade

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Pat Geyer

I hear
the junco song...
his trill
in harmony with
the path of snow

sometimes
this sickening
noise...
a plague
of grackles

lemon mint
your scent tells me
to lift one
to the breeze...
a butterfly rides the wind

enticing call
of the white stag...
tonight
we depart
together

cat tail
I wish we could talk...
we can
even if we only
scratch the surface

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Traci Siler

around every corner
blurred lines
these fading
memories
of who I am

I am only partially conscious
this thin line between
pleasure and pain
where I beg
for drowning

dreaming poetry
I wake
in a
fever pitch
summer

photo to poem
poem to painting
bleeding all I am
into the confines
of canvas

revisiting
old wounds
how deep
these scars
must have been

burn me
just around
the edges
I need to know
I'm still alive

bedside table
littered with
pharmaceutical landmines
but I am already
bleeding out

life long
love letter
that line
he kisses
in my palm

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Aruna Rao

spring wind
curving the fishing line
and Buson
the other way

maybe I'm happy
that we never clicked pictures
being so transitory
perhaps makes it more real
more real

in your longing
he showed me a field of spices
to soothe me
now when you kiss me
why am I still longing?

you walk
back and forth, back and forth
like an hourglass
becoming yin
becoming yang

Brigitte Pellat

The wall is bare
for an art gallery
about to take form—
on the artworks to come
a scent of wisteria

My cat in the garage
lying on the saddlebags
of my daddy's bike
a favorite place
his round eyes look at me

8 o'clock the fog
swallows up the horizon
grisaille background
in white and pink facing me
a dawning apricot tree

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Ed Bremson

a sudden storm –
the ground
as far as the eye can see
covered
with white hail

standing
in the window looking out
feeling the cool,
unspeakably sweet wind
blowing in

moonlight reflected
as if by mirrors
from the broad
fleshy leaves
of the prickly-pear

milk-bushes on the plain
touched by a weird
almost oppressive beauty
in the white light
from the full African moon

Ramesh Anand

the sky
drops into a bright star
if only
I could stop
from dwelling on the past

a flock of parrots
return into the woods
after river sunset
an eagle and I cross
the mountains

holding toys
in our hands, we watch ...
at the bus stop
father hands the fares
to mother and walks back home

the days darken
of winter depression
if only
I could stop holding
onto his empty love

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Payal A Agarwal

fluffy snowflakes
drifting down the raven sky
caressing my wrinkled face
like a lovers' touch
all in my dream

breezy Sunday
standing on the edge of the lake
feeding white pigeons
I meet a new me
in gushing water...

mid afternoon
sitting on a rusted bench
hearing cries of seagulls
and crashing of waves
I dread meeting her

in the attic
I spot an old trunk
full of thirty years junk
suddenly I glow like pearl
seeing my wedding gown

Archana Kapoor Nagpal

another time
wrapped in this moonlight
my ancestral home ...
childhood memories swing
in a spider's hammock

these raindrops
one by one slides down
the blades of grass ...
again his hands caress
through my tresses

chimes
surrounds the silence
this Christmas night ...
next to every bed
hangs a stocking

from all
sides of Himalayan valley
these tinkling bells ...
how far your thoughts
travel in my mind

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Maureen Sudlow

Still morning
before the sun slides down
the gum trees
each trembling leaf
outlined

sea and sky
the ancient pathway
of whale song
tall ships
at journey's end

cloud watching
means lifting my eyes
above the mundane
noticing
the eternal

wood pigeon
drinking from an old plant pot
summer drought
painting the paddocks
in burnt sienna

bleak day
on the river
at the picnic table
an old man
eats his sandwiches

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Robyn Cairns

night owl baby
when all were asleep
you were on the beach with
us--
chasing the moon
into the sea

eyelashes
heavy with rain--
bare riding legs shiny
she spun her wheels
through puddles around town

scent of surf
through car windows
our dreams of youth
where waves
were wildest

magpie--
he watches me
and I watch him
the wind blows strong
between us

seventies summers
rambling rock pools
with sea anemones and abalone
we scuttled like crabs
across wet sand

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Natalia L Rudychev

mindful of Orpheus
I keep moving forward
my heart is enough
to never loose sight
of you

waiting
for the moon
the sun
tries on
new clouds

the thought
that god
is godless
unveils
love

a flower
leaps into the sky
until it scatters
to become
another flower

somewhere
deep in my blue
whale soul
there is a rainbow
waiting for your sun

the water lilies
fill in for the stars
in the overcast
expansion
of the mirrored skies

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Debbie Strange

the aroma
of pungent Persian stars
transports me
to a caravanserai
in the moonlit desert

that night
a lightning ball bounced
through the house
scorching mother's linens
and a little girl's dreams

how still
this numinous dawn
we kneel
watching a muskrat's breath
bubbling under thin ice

a hapless boat
trampled by water kelpies
all souls lost
so many widows waiting
upon every wild shore

spring arrives
one small droplet
at a time
the way everything
takes root in earth

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Lavana Kray

the full moon
just out
of swaddling cloud -
a pregnant woman enters
the calm sea

roll of thunder-
a dandelion fluff
leapt in the room
as if my girl
were here

old letters
turned
into confetti -
rehashing
my bio sketch

when the sun sinks low
the shadow
of the church steeple
lengthens in the room -
chemo ward

crossing
a cherry blossom lined
street ...
I and a few petals
on a stretcher

automatic mower -
barley
poppies
lark nest
turned into hay bales

the same man comes
at the same cafe table
for days...
two gulls call
each other

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Chen ou-Liu

my poem
with an overlay
of opinions
in winter sunlight
a half-peeled onion

I yell out,
"Death, stop following me
like a stray dog..."
waking alone
to first winter light

this anxiety
about getting published
lands on me
with a thud...
snow falling on snow

the ticking clock
gets louder and louder...
awake to see
an old man in the mirror
who dreams away his life

this snowy night
keeps fetching fireflies
to my third eye...
writing poetry to keep them
in the glass jar of my youth

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Tim Gardiner

a tinge of red
on the skyline
the day's embers –
across the marsh
lonely lights glow

the hunched over
Ferris wheel operator
whistles a tune –
in winter sleet and snow
his emptiness returns

watching green
seagrass ribbons
caressed by tides –
we wonder when
love will drift away

a gaggle of geese
studs the samphire shore
of a secluded bay –
lovers' footprints
soon filled by the tide

by clay cliffs
the wind wipes
a tear from my eye –
another summer
gone too soon

an old tree
lays prostrate
on the shingle –
such isolation
is hard won

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Djurdja Vukelic Rozic

shiny eyes
of a one legged fisherman
on the strand bench
just looking at the sea
through the drying nets

daydreaming
in the scent of sweet Erica
under the starry sky
my longing inviting you
in the murmur of the sea

lone magnolia
under it scattered petals
of the red vine
a couple of turtledoves
silent on the wire

thundering wheels
of a night train amidst dreams
in warmth and peace
each passenger towards his
own
earthly destination

let's not lit the lights
let the dusk swallow the past
born among the stars
let our hut be the Big Dipper
just tonight, just for a while

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Jane Dougherty

We stare into a future
obscured by dark clouds.
Perhaps beyond is sunlight
where the gulls fly
over the unseen edge.

Footsteps in the frost
glitter in the starlight,
the only beauty
in the night
of your leaving.

Will you stay? I asked
and the silence fell
a pebble dropped
into the endless depths
of a cold pool.

The sweetest thing
will always be
a blackbird singing
in a rose tree
and you listening here with me.

I dream a world
and in the centre I set a rose tree,
in the tree a blackbird,
in his throat a song,
and the song he sings is for you.

I take my sorrows to the sea
and let the touch
of the salt breeze
soothe the furrows
from my wrinkled heart.

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Lolly Williams

signs of life
emerging in a light
glow of pink
my hand in yours we watch
another spring sunrise

cold walls ...
morning light pushing
through the cracks
I learn to fill it all in
my own reality

tying knots
around an old wooden fence
moonflowers
a summer wind arrives
to scatter the fireflies

plucky daisies
still blooming all around
a country fence
how long since I've played
helovesmehelovesmenot?

old pond ...
the spring breeze pushes
a water strider
our small talk barely breaks
the surface tension

the view
of the ocean from here
just for a day
I let myself become
a daydream believer

winter chill ...
the flock of wild geese
have long departed
I am haunted by the sound
of their fluttering wings

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Barbara Kauffman

a viceroi
seeking a summer flower
how soft
the memory of his hand
barely touching my hair

an old chest
made by pop-pop
now holding a grandchild's toys
the veneer polished
with years of laughter

spring thaw
an old clump of peonies
softening
so much still left
in an old crone

morning blues
the clouds hang heavy
in the sky
I search my aches and pains
for a reason to stay in bed

momentary break
in the cloud cover
a quick glimpse
of his face
almost smiling at me

soft clouds
across the open sky
billowing
I hid my shyness
in grandmother's apron

a tiny swallow
stepping off the cliff
into the wind
will today be the day
I finally let go

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Janet Qually

family discord
we spend time together
mending fences
the refreshing scent
of a country breeze

fireflies appear
on a solstice night
ancient ruins
something profound
awaits discovery

we watch a meteor
shoot across the sky
dandelion fluff
scatters on the night wind
this fall of beauty

another coin
down the wishing well
in the city park
a special pocket for quarters
in my favorite purse

raindrops
refresh the thirsty land
dewdrops too
a mother wipes tears
off the face of her child

tossed blossoms
from the thrashing limbs
of magnolia trees
I retrieve a fragrant petal
after the storm

a young couple
holds hands on the bridge
colorful koi
enhance the joyousness
of a day of promise

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Michele L Harvey

at this late date
the need to be by the sea
I let my hair
turn the color of salt
and adopt barefoot ways

the last light
gathers together the crows
perhaps they
can close their eyes
to your betrayal

forsythia buds
and birdsong fill the hedge
were it not so hard
to fight my inclination
and go inside to work

spring morning
and a gentle rain falls
may tomorrow
arrive like today
untarnished by regret

my heart beats
within its casket
of blood and rib
this day of high cloud and
geese
makes it cry for freedom

the elevator
slowly stops at each floor
of its ascent...
hospice nurses without rush
to go anywhere

the time of year
when shoots break ground
my heart lifts
at this nascent budding
of new life inside

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Geoff King

LAMBING STORMS

snowdrops nod
to winter's grudging
departure
with February's
sleety final fling

sky high larks
spill sweet melodies
that rain down
to claim grassy tufts
for mates, nests and young

hope emerges
honeysuckle leaves
gladden hearts
then daffodil spears
bravely pierce the earth

lapwings dive
their whirling displays
celebrate
the season of play
with their plover's flute

northern folk
seeing bulbs and birds
don't judge spring
til lambing storms when
the lion of March roars

parchment bark
shines white in the sun
crimson twigs
laden with tight buds
birch withstands winter

monochrome
still winter landscape
cold grey skies
silhouetted trees
softened snowy slopes

swan's wings sing
their voices join in
such music
they make in their lives
not just at the end

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Joy McCall

LUST

a pale stem
pushes up through
winter earth
one brief flower drops
white petals on the snow

the woman
turns in her sleep
dreaming
of long dark nights
and a faint grey dawn

the man
stands by the door
and speaks low
her name and a sound
of quiet humming

they are dancing
slowly around the room
her head rests
on his shoulder
she is still asleep

he places
a hawthorn blossom
in her hair
the dark thorn draws blood
red lust on the pillow

(lust is a shade of dark red)

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Joy McCall

FLOWERS IN THE ATTIC

I have read
and in night dreams
I climb
the creaking, dusty
attic stairs

the room is cold
violins without strings
hang on hooks
on all the walls
behind me, the door shuts

some breath
moves the candle flame
it goes out
the scent of dry roses
clings to my hair

my bare feet
catch on old silk
and it tears . . .
the kimono sash
wraps around my ankle

I can hear
a woman crying
she whispers
in a language
I don't understand

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Joy McCall

SLEEP

he works
at the rough table
while she sleeps
the oil lamp flickers
the fire burns low

moonlight
slants across his hands
he stops
for a moment
contemplating

moonlight
and good paper
night winds
the sound of waves
breaking on stones

she watches him
for a long moment
unseen
then her eyes close
she smiles, on the edge of sleep

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Sanford Goldstein

TROUBLES

sometimes
some kind woman
on a journal
has e-mails to cheer
this often-rejected me

the world,
has it gone insane
this year?
forty killed in Chicago
on the fourth of July

at the bakery
again on this Tuesday
night,
so few customers
we buy more than we need

I watch and watch
these contented Japanese
babies,
how lovely they are,
how worried their mothers

poets
who find voices in
flowers, waves,
what must human voices
sound like to you?

afraid
the world's going
haywire,
my tanka are written
from line five to line one

no relief
from the world's
ills,
even the many-colored
cosmos flowers confused

these hospital figures
with canes or wheelchairs
or slouching,
and me in my dizziness
among the old old-timers

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Joy McCall

BARK and MOSS

his fingers
run over ridges and furrows
of rough bark
my hand beside his,
loving the tree

crouching,
his feet in pine needles
and mosses
the smell of damp earth
tiny curling moss-fern

and he saw
on the edge of sight
a deer
disturbed by our voices
there - and then gone

my head
is filled with images
visions
colours, textures, the shapes
his voice is painting

somewhere
off in the distance
a song
do you think you can tell
heaven from hell? *

I think I can . . .
I have visited
a kind of hell
where the losses
tumbled all over each other

a place
where weeks and months
were lost
and though I searched
I could not find them

I can trade
noisy machines
for tall silent trees
or knives and needles
for a close warm body

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there's a voice
singing songs I know so well
there's the quick deer
and bark, and moss
and pines, and sky, and love

* Pink Floyd: Wish you were
here.

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**Andrew Howe &
Marilyn Humbert**

FATE & FAITH

unpruned
winter rose
barricades my path -
a peregrine's ascent
duets the cinnamon sunrise

bird watching
silence is interrupted
by heated words –
among the thorns
drops of moonshine cling

blooded fingers
grasp a feather
stuck -
salted tears
blur my vision

soundless stars
in the pitch of night
bend and dissolve
into shadowy shapes -
my hopes and fears collide

untouched
the vaulted door opens
broken ...
scattered eggshells
on the nursery floor

fate and faith
bleached by failure -
waves hammer
the craggy shore
into sand-drifts

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**Don Wentworth &
Joy McCall**

ALIVE

into the clearing
we go, forgetting
the dense woods
forgetting the path
goes either way

up, up, up
round, round, round
the swallows
climbing, diving
alive, alive!

*soon, lost
disorientated
we stop
try to take our bearings
write poems instead*

the petals
of this nameless weed
the texture
of this unlined paper
beckoning shadows

*trying
to keep writing
in straight lines
my words begin circling
spiralling, spinning*

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Niagara Falls
death is not
the end

*we slip over
the edge, into love*

in the house
of morbid thoughts
a potted tulip

*outside, a field
of wild clover*

overcast sky
pulling the plug
on this July morning

*the grass, the trees
they keep on breathing*

just when I thought
I couldn't be more alone
overcast sky

*clouds for company
silent, untouchable*

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a few tears
and the overcast sky
darkens

*the gentleness
of sorrow, holds me*

bird on the wing of a soul in transit
one grey feather falls to the earth

on a park bench
a stranger shares
her love of God
*I take her hand
and hold it to my cheek*

there
among the treetops
the poem's ending
*the sky calls, the leaves
tremble and fall*

sun behind clouds
a stranger not yet open
to kindness

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*the slow dawning
of an Autumn day*

quicker
than
quick
the
mole
in
the
hole

slips

out

into

the

night

a

black

shadow

. . .

Robert Epstein San Francisco, USA

Joy McCall Norwich, England

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So much wine

on that road
by the ghost bridge
where we did
the wild thing
I think I saw blackberries

sometimes
I want the impossible
especially
late at night
when I've had too much sake

Peter Fiore & Joy McCall

the river
flooding the road
at today's high tide
deep water over the bank
where we lay in spring

in another life
we'll sit
in front of the fire
and read to each other
and drink wine

so many lives
so many books
so much wine
you begin...
once upon a time

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No rush

how can there be
one way to Eternity?
chrysanthemums and rain
maples, monkeys and robins
just ask the four winds...

falling leaves
between Norwich
and Mahopac
when will we meet
again?

the winds
blow the brown leaves
from the trees
the robins pick worms
where I turn the soil

we age
ungracefully
dancing
through the light, the dark
moments, hours, years

high up
in the ghost pines
nests of brown leaves
for the squirrels...
so much for winter

first snow tonight
I sit by the fire
no rush
we will love each other
in any way we can

a slow death
the bare branches
of the trees
ten years gone
no flesh on my father's bones

Peter Fiore & Joy McCall

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Sunday Meditation

quiet...
behind this work desk a few prayers
spill from moving lips;
"Adonai thank You."

*quiet Sunday morning
reading the psalmists words
Happy the man who walks
in the path of God*

in a pause of silence,
listening to a messianic rabbi
teach
on prayer from a Jewish perspective

*the quietness of prayer
a soft and gentle breeze
causes the branches to sway
a bird takes flight*

this Shabbat
watching the return of
drunk young-men, their antics in celebration
of a fellow brother's bachelor party

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*the contradictory nature
of nominal Christians
forgive me for I have sinned
and will do once more*

fingering grandmother's rosary....
bare branches beating the house
in 4/4 time....
you're still not home

*all the tortured memories
of blow upon blow raining down
bruises blossom all year round
colours of abuse*

at the kitchen table
wondering, how can a person
hold all of that poison of abuse inside—
downpour of cold rain

*looking at the rain soaked streets
meditating one more time
on the words of the psalmist
how truthful his words.*

Matsukaze & Steve Wilkinson (a responsive dodoitsu)

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Five o'clock Train

tonights setting sun
the first one I've seen
since your departure..
darkness falls

*old gray paint peeling
on the harbor house--
reaching for your hand
before the train pulls off*

into the distance
you have gone away
mile by lonely mile
of blueness

*pale green day dress
strewn across an unmade bed--
in nearly an hour
guests will arrive*

light from the full moon
wraps around your skin
we are no closer
to the truth

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*always the wall of the unsaid,
but often thought
putting away doubts;
I continue dressing*

I put on my doubts
like fine woven cloth
judge me as I stand
just one time

*cold..
it's the 5pm train pulling off
whatever you have to say is
swallowed in steam and whistle*

(Responsive dodoitsu : Steve Wilkinson & Matsukaze)

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Orrin PreJean

he absently plays with my goatee—
seated side by side near Lake Charles
the color of chrome

down by Miller's bistro
an old woman tells me
of hardships—
her story told by the rain

winter dawn!
this morning, washing my face
i wonder about a dream i had that's quickly fading

head cradled in my lap like a child,
you breathe deeply
next to you a Communist newsletter

more melancholy than the bright moon at daybreak
is stumping my big toe
on my son's bike

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Matsukaze

Urban Existence (tanka rensaku)

this evening, not feeling like being sweet. the night pierced by various
lights-this city of silence

*

picked up, Sato's book of Shikishi's waka-in my reverie smelling the
delightful body spray I wear

*

it seems as with all things tonight, I will wrestle with words just to form a
tanka or two

*

there will be no nights of wet roofs, wide sleeves, peeled persimmons; or
love discussions before dawn

*

feeling the weight of the world, I attend service hoping for ablution of
whatever sits heavy within me

*

the waves of Lake Charles, wet my sleeves when i trail my fingers in the
waters- meandering thoughts are the norm

*

have only seen his shadow, never his face-near the small ditch, i feel his
heartlessness in new ways

*

brought me, a box of assorted chocolates: the scraping of bare branches
against the upstairs window

*

comparing this life to a string of beads, how quaint-all courtly elegance
trashed for this urban existence

*

over espressos, listening to him tell me about how love-starved he is.
drifting leaves in this sudden wind

*

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taping "Doors are locked, use your key cards please," signs on the doors—
another computer glitch, I'm so over this

*

2am, still waiting for the tele-customer service rep, if only this night were
one of my off days...

*

unable to stomach any more conversation, runnin' to the nearest restroom—
finding a vein for the injection...

*

we, the human race, a species of carnivores—in this coastal city we're no
different; always feeding on each other.

*

shopping for dinner, passing a pile of blood red oranges i want a lover who
will grip me 'round my waist possessively

*

again, I've seen his shadow, seen mine as well. in the face of this child i see
how fatherless he really is

*

...quiet before dawn...always tossing and turning, stretching your long body
into my sleeping space, into my life

*

hearing conversation, from the drunk ones—how I envy their freedom still
typing wishing this phone wouldn't ring

*

again i waited, waited nearly four hours...passing shadows of cars and
people—all of them: not you

*

picking words and phrases from my mind. the mind of a playwright, an
actor; and each tanka, a scene in a play

*

from my perch, high in the maple shooting a snow white pheasant—home,
washing off the day's masks

*

some mornin's, i grab breasts that aren't there—a shaded hamlet buried in the
thicket down in my soul

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in a rare moment of truth, "I simply want to please the Eternal."--such
sentiments, have been popping up lately

*

too many phone numbers, of men, who aren't mine. will never be mine. why
do I set myself up for misery?

*

waiting for these tele-reps to pick up, dashing off a few tanka that comprises
this current rensaku

*

my story, aint full of silks and diamonds-its urban, passable, and sometimes
downright raunchy....but its mine

*

off day: house-air, drenched in sandalwood incense, i; in my boxers, move
fluidly through this day with no cares

*

woke up late. handled my hygiene and decided to watch Strauss's 'Salome.'
-gave myself the gift of nothing

*

reading Princess Shikishi's waka, sadness pervades---damn! I cannot live
such a tortured life

*

strolling the waterfront, this night is full of people hungrily being human-
once saw a drama like this, it scared me

*

another early morning jog-passing several fellas with shirts off-this early
coolness settles into my skin nicely

*

while cooling pasta, listening to Dorothy Moore's 'Special Occasion' can't
help but smile remembering you

*

another morning, watching 'Maude...' this hotel shows sounds of stirring...
just what i really need

*

having a pick-me-up brandy, with a professor of the Old Testament—
darkness still blankets the city

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am I foolish? or even degenerate, for sitting through this meeting; thinking of last weeks weed-high?

*

decided to board the city bus. heading downtown to Pujo Street...someone smells of bacon and cantaloupe

*

bathing: I lie back in steamed water listening to Stravinsky's 'Oedipus Rex--' somewhere in me, the ground shudders

*

lonely morning: driving to work passing an old woman in tatters, pushing a basket of puppys

*

in one week, composed two sequences of 100 tanka-a fresh pot of coffee, and three danishes for breakfast

*

how many times does: "God'll getcha for that Walter," bring me to laughing-tears? how I'd wear Maude's clothing today

*

sleeping light towards morning: the stirrings of my sisters, never fail to pierce this white slumber

*

from the window, seeing the pre-dawn darkness: thinking: 'damn, id sure like it if autumn would stay

*

all this talk, about summer bodies and other bodybuilding shit...as spring comes I recall why I despise the heat

*

waiting, for the married-one to give me a call, a text message or something; another morning lying in bed, alone

*

flowering hibiscus, in vivid red: lying beneath soft sheets; another dense dawn- self-love is a wonderful option

*

pouring over, this morning's torah portion-not sure when bus comes, he bustles out of the house with no goodbye

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cold morning, leaves are damp; the parking-lot nearly empty. I'm beyond
prepared to head home to bed

*

"is there some man's bed i could lie down in?" this is the question i ask,
feeling I'm dressed in a whore's skin

*

watching them all playing bid whist, another morning; nursing a hang-
over...in the distance, a phone rings

*

in semi-darkness, her face seems almost wooden--both of us naked, lying in
bed our limbs waxen through the cigarette smoke

*

mistakenly, overhearing us speak about her loss of breasts, my son stares
hard at her chest

*

the 'good mornings' of the breakfast attendants, seem flat--then again,
perhaps its me just ready for this shift to end

