



a fine line

March 2009

The Magazine of The New Zealand Poetry Society
Te Hunga Tito Ruri o Aotearoa

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MARCH MEETING

Richard Langston

Monday 16 March, 7.30pm

The Thistle Inn, 3 Mulgrave St, Wellington

Meeting begins with Open Mic.

SONNET EVENING

Wellington Sonnet Competition 2008

Monday 30 March, 7.30pm

The Thistle Inn, 3 Mulgrave St, Wellington

The Wellington Writers' Walk Trust, in conjunction with the NZPS, brings you the winners;
open mic available to read sonnets

APRIL MEETING

Claire Kirwan (Liverpool)

Monday 20 April, 7.30pm

The Thistle Inn, 3 Mulgrave St, Wellington

Meeting begins with Open Mic.

Contents

2. Feature Article: Moritake's Butterfly: Changing Voices, John O'Connor
5. From the National Coordinator, Laurice Gilbert
About Our Contributors
6. A Warm Welcome to ...
Congratulations
Publications - New arrivals on the NZPS bookshelf since the last issue
7. Noticeboard
Competitions & Submissions
8. Surfing the Web
Regional Reports – Windrift, Nola Borrell (online)
Reviews: *It's Love Isn't It? The Love Poems* Alistair Te Ariki Campbell & Meg Campbell,
reviewed by Suzanne Vaassen
Beauty of the Badlands Cliff Fell, reviewed by Joanna Preston

8. JAAM 26 ed Tim Jones, reviewed by Keith Nunes
9. Moonshot Harvey Molloy, reviewed by Suzanne Vaassen
11. Haiku NewZ
12. KiwiHaiku, selected by Patricia Prime
Mini Competition
14. Member's Poem, work by Robynanne Milford

Feature Article

Moritake's Butterfly: Changing Voices

John O'Connor

We've all seen translations of Moritake's 16th century "falling blossom" haiku. Waving the white wand of translation's evil twin, imitation, I've transformed Moritake's "blossom" into the slightly less clichéd "leaf", and dropped the original's falling movement as neat, but a blossom too far. We now have:

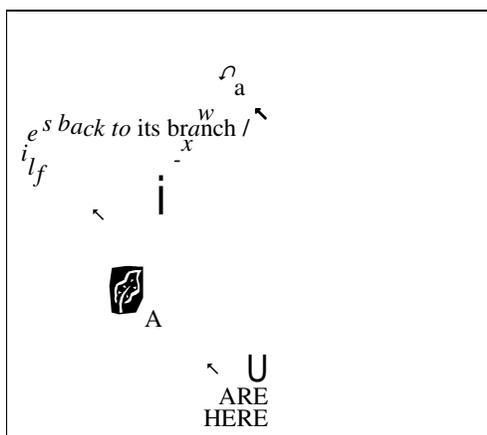
a leaf
flies back to its branch —
a butterfly!

It's probably the most famous pure "desk haiku" of them all, and to me (despite minor reservations) a clear exception to the rule that they don't communicate with immediacy and edge. What makes it work I think is that Moritake — apparently effortlessly, certainly charmingly — includes us in its making. Like today's modernist/postmodernists, he was writing for an audience he knew to be experienced in the processes of reading and writing. They/we realize that Moritake expects us see the poem as an openly contrived, essentially light-hearted reversal of the natural order of things rather than as a blatant attempt to persuade us of the reality of an obviously artificial perception.

Keeping this in mind I think it's OK to further adapt the poem to illustrate some uses of the computer in poetry. Firstly, computer *techniques*, or CTs. These can be useful, additional tools at a poet's disposal in creating either new or old effects (as I have in my next book, *Cornelius & Co*) and also, if used in numbers, to broaden or even greatly alter a poet's voice in much the same way as Hopkins did when men were men.

A comparison of the first and second versions of M's butterfly (above and below) illustrates how CTs can, for example, change emphasis and increase precision within, and suggest divergent readings of, the original (imitation). When reading it's important to note that I've used two different fonts, and one "graphic-word" (see *afl*, March 2007).

Now to the adaptation and, continuing the imitator's transformations, the butterfly becomes a wax-eye and the poem gains a title, 'You Are Here':



I'll leave interpretation to the reader, where it properly belongs; and instead of going on to demonstrate other CTs working within their poems, I'd like to look a little more at the technique of crossing which this version of Moritake illustrates by using/sharing the same letter "a" in the words "branch" and "wax-eye".

Note that crossings can also be made at a phrase, a verse (as below), or at numbers of them — giving multiple crossings within the one poem or between poems — and that, apart from CTs, the computer can give us experimental structures (ECSs), as above and below. Both are easy to create and explore the uses of.

Sometimes, with the editors' knowledge, I publish different types of verse under various pen names. I use the none-too-serious Stefan Starling for, among other things, experiments-light: exploratory doodles that often don't fit within my own voice-range.

The distance a pseudonym gives from the limitations of the poet's self/name allows access to otherwise inaccessible views of the world and processes of working for the poet. Consequently — and in contrast to changes of technique which, generally, tend to broaden or alter the voice rather than totally transform it — a pseudonym can enable a positively new voice (or at least a very noticeable movement toward one). Such a pseudonym/other-voice can (and often has, as we'll see) live comfortably alongside other pseudonyms/voices as well as the poet's own voice.

That's partly how the new (or at least new-to-me) technique of crossing came about. Using the new perceptions/voice range I'd found in the pen name Stefan Starling, as well as an ECS, I was playing with possibilities by seeing how many Stefan poems/readings I could get from a grid of nine three-word verses:

The Small Birds

↘ between the mountains	↓ lights go on	↓ six eight ten	←
→ bright blue flowers	the small birds	that's the lot	←
→ the metal road ↗ ↑	& the sheep	who live there	

I could have added a couple more arrows; but the more readings the less the differences between them, even in another voice — some losing their individuality/impact as a result.

Needless to say, grids don't have to stay at nine verses. All sizes and/or shapes can be created on a computer; though terms such as star, web, field or crossword may be more appropriate to some. A free-form network works well using one-line haiku — a shape poem can also be made of the whole given pre-planning.

Instead of giving further examples it's probably best to just say that, like techniques A & M and structures formal and organic, CTs and ECSs can potentially be used in various ways for a wide variety of purposes. Eg, both can emphasise serious elements by presenting them in contrasting terms and ways or, as Eliot once said of narrative, can keep the reader's mind occupied while the poetry does its work or, may bring a sense of freshness — of the twenty-first century — to a poem.

CTs and ECSs are simply technological techniques and forms at our disposal to the same old end (beyond effects) of "Making it new", as Pound once said. To this purpose the *means* of expression are as, if not more, important than the meanings etc of and between the words — they need examining from time to time. (Living art forms, virtually by definition, incorporate new approaches into their

stop/start reinventions.)

Which seems to have taken us a long way from Moritake. But then — when you consider that his blossom/butterfly is alive to possibilities and not *entirely* playful — perhaps it's not so far after all.

If you wonder whether using a pen name really is helpful in producing differently “voiced” poems, try some yourself and see if they allow you to write in other voices. Personally, I haven't been able to broaden my own voice *or* write in others except by the use of either new or unusual techniques, of forms not fully “at home” in English, or by using pen names and a few other approaches which have been around for centuries for the same purpose (or at least *to* the same effect).

As J O'C I probably wouldn't either think of the following (descending opposites) form, or be able to write ‘WormDog’ in it. As Simon Slim I could:

a dog at a gate
a cat runs free
a bird in its mouth
a worm looks on
or would, if it could

I now use that pen name for writing more-or-less standard light verse. For some time I've been uncomfortable using my own name for that. Increasingly it hasn't been my own voice, rather it's one I can guide/use but otherwise needs to go its own way.

Another, again differently-orientated pseudonym is Pita Patter which, among other things, helps me to write an extra-light news verse centred on language babble and free association. Pita therefore goes in directions that Stefan, Simon and J O'C — directed by their discrete logics — cannot.

For instance, he can write:

The value of property
plimmets in Plummerton
ballowy Billington
dalatory Dillington

(see *The Press*, March 4th for the full poem), but he hasn't got a show of writing haiku.

It's really a matter of thinking about the types of poems you'd like to write and, if you can't do so convincingly/comfortably or at all within your own voice, of using some of the above or adopting some of the strategies below to enable you to do so. If the poems *then* take unexpected turns, I'd be inclined to allow but guide that process rather than try and force them back “on course” — it's just the perception/voice finding itself.

Far better poets than me have made use of pseudonyms. Curnow, for instance, used two main pseudonyms: Whim Wham (mainly for his lighter light verse) on a weekly basis for 50 years in *The Press*, and Julian (after the bloody Roman Emperor) for about five years before that for his scathing, fortnightly satires in *Tomorrow*. He accessed yet other voices (not necessarily within the ranges of the early or late “serious” Curnows) by the once common practice of writing verse plays.

Other (at times combining) strategies for accessing a range of voices (or that do so despite higher priorities) include translation; imitation/adaptations; pastiche; found/ed-text poems; list/index poems; parody; monologue/dialogue/conversation poems; blending/contrasting/conflicting voice poems; allusion/c-&-p techniques; and accent/dialect verse.

Apart from Curnow, the twentieth century gives us a short-list of: Eliot, Lowell, Merwin, Pound and Stead as major English-language poets using a range of these approaches in more than arguably minor work such as Eliot's *Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats*.

For instance, are not Stead's adaptations of Catullus frequently cited as among his strongest work, as is his early modernist pastiche, ‘Pictures in a Gallery Undersea’? In their turn, Eliot's Prufrock poems and ‘The Waste Land’ lean heavily (but excellently) on earlier poetry and, together with the verse of the equally multi-vocal Ezra Pound, were important in adapting English-language

poetry to the realities/complexities of the twentieth century.

Looking back, there are many other great poets of the broadening voice; Browning, Byron etc. – but the most significant has to be Shakespeare. There's more to it, but would his work be regarded as highly as it is were it not for the pressure that writing verse drama to deadline imposed on him to borrow/adapt and the opportunities they offered to present an emotionally viable WORLD of voice interactions/conflicts *as his own poetry*? That poetry has depth and range. The depth is Shakespeare's – the range that of the approaches he used.

From the National Coordinator

Laurice Gilbert

Each summer the International Institute of Modern Letters (at Victoria University) imports two new graduates from Iowa University's renowned two year Writing Workshop to run poetry and prose courses. I was a member of the poetry stream for the first 6 weeks of this year. (Some of you will have noticed that I was very slow to respond to emails in that time.) I did a great deal of both reading and writing in that short period, with writing exercises based on the set readings. These came as a package - ranging time-wise from the *Epic of Gilgamesh* to contemporary American poetry - selected by the tutor, Lucas Bernhardt.

Twice-weekly three-hour classes consisted of workshopping the poems written and presented by us, the students, with extended discussion of the readings leading to the next round of homework.

At the end of the course we were required to hand in a portfolio for evaluation. This consisted of 5 poems of our own choice that were written and revised in the course of the workshop, supported by written feedback from the other students. It was all very intensive and totally enjoyable. I was especially pleased to meet a few NZPS members previously known only by name, and to gain a couple of newbies as well.

If you have an opportunity to attend any type of poetry workshop I highly recommend that you take it. The craft of poetry writing can be solitary and isolating, and getting appropriate feedback about your work from others engaged in the pursuit is essential. Likewise, sharing the evolution of another poet's work is an invaluable stimulation for your own.

There's no danger of losing your own 'voice' in a situation like this – if anything it's enhanced by the exposure to poetic ideas and techniques you might not otherwise have attempted. I am very grateful to Lucas and to my fellow students for my new project for the year – a poetic form I would never have thought of by myself, and which produced such great feedback I can't help but work with it.

One of the disadvantages of my extended foray into personal writing is the late arrival of this magazine, which I couldn't start until after handing in my portfolio. Another is that I didn't have the time or opportunity to research the range of information I normally include, and I'm grateful to John O'Connor for filling up more pages than usual, saving me the embarrassment of empty space. Normal service will be resumed in time for the next issue.

About our Contributors

Joanna Preston is a Christchurch poet and winner of the 2008 Kathleen Grattan Award.

Keith Nunes is a former newspaper journalist who has had poems published in *Landfall* and *Takahe* and a number of other journals and online magazines. He lives in rural Bay of Plenty and writes to stay sane.

John O'Connor is a Christchurch poet. His 8th collection of poems, *Cornelius & Co: Collected Working-Class Verse*, will be released this year.

Suzanne Vaassen has written poetry since a teenager. Now retired, she has more time to enjoy it, and has been published in *Kiwi*, *Craccum* and many other journals as well as online.

A Warm Welcome to:

Beverley Cole North Shore City
Mary Cresswell Kapiti Coast
Carol Cromie Nelson
Majella Cullinane North Shore City
Belinda Diepenheim Ashurst
Caroline Glen Surfers Paradise
Coralie Higgins Auckland
Michael Keith Kapiti Coast
Holly Larsen Rotorua
Alexander Lomakina Auckland
Mel Lowen Christchurch
Amanda Roden Upper Moutere
Doug Wilkins Wellington
Nick Williams Nelson
Greg Wilson Te Awamutu

Congratulations

Emma Neale is the inaugural recipient of the NZ Society of Authors Janet Frame Memorial Award for Literature. The biennial award is for \$3,000 and may be used for travel or for purchasing computer equipment, as well as to buy time to write. The award is offered to support a mid-career or established author to further their literary career.

Zarah Butcher-McGunnigle, who brought herself to our attention by having poems selected for our annual anthology, *Before the Sirocco*, in both open and junior open categories, had a poem selected for *Turbine*, the online journal of the International Institute of Modern Letters. Another talented young poet is launched. Other NZPS members with poems included in *Turbine* are: Johanna Aitchison, Michele Amas, Frankie McMillan, Kathy McVey, Emma Neale, Tim Upperton and Sue Wootton.

Publications

New arrivals on the NZPS bookshelf since last time.

Bravado 14 contains the winning poems from the 5th Bravado International Poetry Competition, as well as the winners of the Katikati Haiku Contest 2008. Submitted work by NZPS members Emma Furness and Karen Zelas (fiction), Helen Lowe and Sue Reidy (poetry) and Helen Bascand (prose), among others, makes it a good read.

The Tram Conductor's Blue Cap Michael Harlow finished this collection when in Wellington as the Randell Cottage Resident, in 2004.

Oh Light ed. Anna Gilkison is "an anthology of writings and reflections to enrich the spirit". As well as work by NZPS member Trish Harris, the collection includes contributions from such significant non-members as Archimedes, Joy Cowley, Anne French, Martin Luther King Jnr, Rainer Maria Rilke, and Hone Tuwhare.

fast talking PI Selina Tusitala Marsh (AUP, 2009) A stunning collection of poems of all kinds (with CD) with a particularly pleasing Pacific presence.

My Brother Jim by Edwin Wilson - (Woodbine Press, 2009) A collection of memoir poems by an Australian poet and artist who has talented fingers in many pies.

Etymology by Bryan Walpert is Bryan's first collection of poetry, and includes 'Aubade', the poem with which he won the NZPS International Poetry Competition in 2007.

Before the Sirocco ed by Joanna Preston (NZPS, 2008) RRP \$25; \$22 to NZPS members. There are still a very few of this superb collection left. The libraries and booksellers will snap the rest of them up soon, so if you haven't yet bought a copy, there's still time to order one from the National Coordinator.

Sidestream is a free 16-page poetry zine published by The Back Shed Press in Auckland. The one I have is Issue 18, so it's been around a while. Welcomes submissions, and is guest-edited. More details at www.myspace.com/sidestreampoetry

Noticeboard

For a complete list of regional events, and to find the poetry meeting in your town, please go to our website: www.poetrysociety.org.nz

PUSH – NEW POETRY COLLECTION

Black Doris Press has published *Push*, the third collection of poetry from David Gregory. *Push* is available from bookshops or direct from: Black Doris Press, David Howard, 213 Purakanui Road, RD1, Port Chalmers 9081 or davidhoward@xtra.co.nz. Price: \$18 if ordered direct.

SERENDIPITY (BATS, WELLINGTON)

Written by Sugu Pillay; Directed by Bronwyn Tweddle. A powerful drama about the Sri Lankan Civil War and its effects on a New Zealand family, *Serendipity* probes with unflinching honesty the issues that matter to us all – war, terrorism, love, family, cultural and national identity.

How do we live in a world so divided – Heroes/Villains, Tamil/Sinhalese, Maori/Non-Maori, just to name a few of the binary oppositions that govern our lives.

Season: Tuesday 17 March – Saturday 28th March (no show Sun/Mon) Time: 9 pm Tickets: \$16 Full / \$13 Concession & for Groups of 8+

ETYMOLOGY – NEW POETRY COLLECTION

Bryan Walpert's collection of poetry has been published by Cinnamon Press (UK). It is available for purchase online at

<http://www.cinnamonpress.com/titles-poetry.htm>. Bryan won first and third-equal prizes in the 2007 NZPS International Poetry Competition, won the 2007 James Wright Poetry Award from *Mid-American Review* (U.S.), and teaches creative writing at Massey University.

FREE WRITER'S RETREAT, NGAROMA

From Greg Wilson: I am a published poet living alone on the edge of the Pureora Forest, about an hour's drive from Hamilton, Rotorua or Taupo. I have a four bedroom house, incl. sleepout with ensuite, and wish to offer my extra space to those of like mind who want some writing space. It's a great spot to write in, and I would welcome the stimulation of other poets and artists to keep me fresh. It's free; just bring your own food and bedding. It's nothing flash - just an old farm house. I can be contacted at gwilson@no8wireless.co.nz or Ph 07 8725500.

Competitions & Submissions

A substantial list of competitions & submissions is available in the Members Only section of our website: <http://www.poetrysociety.org.nz/aboutmorecompetitions>

Reconfigurations: A Journal for Poetics & Poetry / Literature & Culture **Deadline 15 April.**

<http://reconfigurations.blogspot.com> <<http://reconfigurations.blogspot.com/>

Reconfigurations seeks excellent contemporary New Zealand poems for its Nov. 2009 issue. Edited largely in the U.S., *Reconfigurations* is an electronic, peer-reviewed, international, annual journal for poetics and poetry, creative and scholarly writing, innovative and traditional concerns with literary arts and cultural studies. Please send up to five of your best poems in a single Word file attachment to Bryan Walpert at <mailto:b.walpert@massey.ac.nz> along with a bio in the body of the email (up to 75 words). Please use "Reconfigurations" as your subject line. Unpublished work is preferred and will be

given priority, but work published only in New Zealand will be considered. Please indicate which poems have been published, where, and when.

a fine line - Call for Submissions. Deadline: 7 April. See publication guidelines at <http://www.poetrysociety.org.nz/aboutsubmissionguidelines>

Surfing the Web

<http://www.facebook.com/group.php?gid=44397077940> We now have our own Facebook group. I haven't figured out how to use it yet, but check it out, join the group, and invite your friends. It's a great way to promote the Poetry Society.

<http://twitter.com/NZPS> This is my NZPS Twitter account – faster to update than a blog, and hopefully I'll manage to keep anyone who's interested up-to-date with how things are going with the Society.

Regional Reports

Readers are invited to submit reports on local events they attend. Please email to editor@poetrysociety.org.nz as attached Word or rtf documents, or send hard copies to PO Box 5283, Wellington 6145.

The Windrift report is online for this issue, at:

<http://www.poetrysociety.org.nz/aboutwindriftfebruary2009>

Reviews

It's Love, Isn't It?, The Love Poems Alistair Te Ariki Campbell and Meg Campbell (HeadworX, Wellington) ISBN 978-0-473-13598-0 RRP \$25

Suzanne Vaassen

This is a classic. Dedicated to the Campbells' five children, Greg, Andrew, Aurelian, Josie and Mary, it is the story of the parents' relationship from the inside. It is a wonderful testament to the lives of these two poets. Alistair Campbell has received many New Zealand awards, culminating in an ONZM in the New Year Honours 2005, and the 2005 Prime Minister's Award for Literary Achievement in Poetry.

These public honours by no means diminish Meg's contribution to poetry in New Zealand. In fact, for this reviewer, hers equals his. Read more at: <http://www.poetrysociety.org.nz/aboutcampbellreview>

Beauty of the Badlands Cliff Fell (Victoria University Press, 2008), 110 pp, rrp \$25. ISBN 9780864735836

Joanna Preston

These days, 'ground zero' is the space in New York where the Twin Towers used to be. But go back a generation, and 'ground zero' refers to the Trinity Site in New Mexico, and the first detonation of a nuclear weapon. And this, not 9/11, is the darkness that lies over the poems in *Beauty of the Badlands*.

The book begins with an unlisted poem that serves two purposes. Superficially it's a narrative poem about a mule boy and his master, preparing translations of Aristotle and other ancients from the library of an unnamed Moorish Caliph to take north, to Paris and beyond. A variation of the traditional 'Go, little book', perhaps? More than that. The title – 'Translatio Imperii' – means 'the transfer of rule', and is the argument used by Western rulers since Medieval times to justify their rule as a form of inheritance, a natural historical progression of the divine right to power. (Sound familiar?) These ideas – of knowledge being currency, of the West versus the East, of light fading, and decay, and the transfer of authority – are what resonate through the poems that follow. Read more at:

<http://www.poetrysociety.org.nz/aboutfellreview>

JAAM 26 ed. Tim Jones (JAAM Collective, Wgton 2008) ISBN 1173-633X

Keith Nunes

New Zealand is bubbling over with great writers and storytellers – just look at JAAM 26.

The annual publication by the JAAM (Just Another Art Movement) Collective is a triumph for

editor Tim Jones and the team. The 164-page journal is an entertaining mix of poetry and prose that challenges and moves the reader. Aside from the traditional high class work there are pieces that fall into the more science fiction/speculative area – material that would appear in specialized periodicals instead of the typical literary journal. I'm not a big fan of that style of writing, but the stories I read in JAAM 26 won me over. Among the weird and the wonderful: Tracie McBride's piece called 'Last Chance to See', about a woman who dies and is given a day back on earth to settle her family and business matters, is a standout.

The more traditional short stories also shine and among them is a lovely wee piece called 'When an Older Brother Dies' by L.E. Scott. It's poignant and touching and revealing. I thoroughly enjoyed Darian Smith's exotic tale called 'Banshee' and Renee Liang's livewire story, 'Voodoo'. Michele Powles also shines with the dreamlike 'A Body of Land'.

A number of writers from the NZ Poetry Society make an appearance and among the best in the journal is Laurice Gilbert's pair of poems 'Divided World' and 'Island Bay'. Both soar and toy with you and leave images lingering.

The highlights come thick and fast with a number of poets impressing, including Janis Freegard with 'he has your eyes'; Dean Ballinger's 'Antananarivo'; Helen Heath with two poems; Barbara Strang's 'Fatigues'; Sue Reidy's 'Bottomless Love' and Miriam Barr's '3 Phases in a Journey (Towards Self)'.

A special mention must also go to Michael Botur for his imaginative and amusing 'Historic Breakfasts', which links famous people and places with the first meal of the day.

All in all this is a wonderful journal and one which provides the reader with hours of thought-provoking and entertaining reading. Well done.

Moonshot Harvey Molloy (Steele Roberts, 2008) 64 pages. ISBN 978-1-877448-91-1 RRP \$20

Suzanne Vaassen

Steele Roberts has given the poet an attractive and accessible first book. I experienced considerable joy in digging into Molloy's work, which is new to me. Born in Oldham, England, he emigrated to New Zealand in the 1970s. The poems reveal he has taught in Singapore and the back cover tells us he lives in Wellington, teaching English and Drama at Porirua College. He studied English at Victoria and Massey Universities and completed a doctorate in Florida.

His poetry takes you to, even through, his concerns: astronomy, space, (the Gemini spacewalk), home life, school and Singapore. He makes frequent reference to history's famous, to a battle, a painter, a type of song, a biblical personality. They are poems with an intellectual bite which send you to the bookshelf or the internet, for more information.

On the back cover is 'Karori morning':

Last night coiled intestinal clouds
obscured Ophiuchus

now the fallen kowhai flowers are scarab beetles
frozen on the lawn's green plain

burnt leaves taint the morning wind
& the hills are alive

with the sound of chainsaws

Ophiuchus. Then chainsaws. I quote this entire as it illustrates Molloy's breadth of vision. (Ophiuchus is a large constellation located around the celestial equator, its name Greek for snake-holder.) The phrase, "the lawn's green plain" reminds me of the simplicity and strength of a Seamus Heaney poem.

The front cover is fey, surreal, a reproduction of 'Phenomenon of Weightlessness' by Remedios

Varo (1908-1963) a female Spanish artist who moved to Paris during the Civil War. The painting was created in 1958, and depicts a slim aesthete conjuring planetary forms. It seems a particularly apt choice. Molloy's poetry alludes to a greater world than planet earth. While he speaks of his anchorage here his mind is free to roam. Some poems read as prose, others as lists, some as couplets; some are short, others long. To quote 'The astronomer's Christmas':

The magic wasn't enough.
He wanted to know what makes the stars burn.

The kids asked for knee rides,
smudged chocolate thumbs on the star maps.

The planets waltzed their retrograde waltz
above the dolls' house.

After dinner Taran brought his gifts
a grain of caster sugar cracked open

a Christmas cracker.

... a grain of caster sugar! True or false, it's whimsy. Taran is his youngest son.

Singapore – apartment living, uniformed guards recording car registration numbers, a Sunday spent indoors... "the world outside's gone blur"... and, once he was due to leave:

the luxury of wondering
how you managed to live

in the circuit of these spaces
furnished room, void deck,

front lobby, mini-market,
community hall.

Living in Asia produced wonder, and something else: eyes open to another way of being, for Molloy and also for me.

'The footballer' is for George Best, the famed soccer player who died in November 2005. The soccer world wept, wrote about him and wept again. The English weekend papers were full of it.

Three lines near the heart of the poem:

how he never had to think but left thinking
to a body that could be trusted on the pitch
how his shins were always cut & bruised after a match

Then there is Lamech's complaint, a poem of three six-line stanzas about Sonny Jim and his destruction of home. It sounds terribly familiar and comic:

Saturday? The car? After what happened
last time with the elephants you can forget it.

What about the elephants? It boggles the mind. We all know Lamech – Noah's father – so after a while we get the gist of these lines.

God knows this weather obsession & boat-building
caper is bloody weird if you ask me

I hope many more of our poetic community will access and enjoy *Moonshot*.

Haiku NewZ

CONGRATULATIONS – The Ernest J Berry Column

2008 Penumbra Contest

- First, for:

deserted village
termites at work
on the church

- Hon. Mention, for:

signpost
his guide dog pauses
for a pee

kukai #15 (Haiku Ireland)

- Second equal for 'bedtime'

Winter Moon Awards

- Honourable Mention, for:

razor wire the weight of a snowflake

- Zen Award (created specifically for this haiku!), for:

New year
the old one
in the wash

2008 White Lotus Haiku Competition

- 3 Acknowledgments, for:

dustbowl
a buffalo rattles
its skeleton

morning tide
the netted dolphin
still smiling

graveyard
the waving grasses sizzle
with cicadas

5th International Kloster Ivanic Contest For Haiku in English

- Third, for:

waterfall -
all I want is
to pass water

And for variety, Patricia Prime was Commended in the same competition, for:

withered leaf
through its holes
winter sunshine

In the moonset contest (USA), André Surridge came second in the tanka division, with:

ah, what I'd give
for a good talk with you
by the river
our favourite cafe
still serves cheese with fruitcake

André was also commended in the 2nd Kokako International Tanka Competition, with:

they made
Van Gogh want to dream
these stars . . .
he's there now amongst them
his smile thick with paint

COMPETITIONS AND SUBMISSIONS

See NZPS website for a detailed list: <http://www.poetrysociety.org.nz/haikunews/competitions>

NOTICES

– Jeffrey Woodward is producing a new journal called *Modern Haibun and Tanka Prose*. See: <http://www.modernhaibunandtankaprose.com/>

KiwiHaiku

Please send your KiwiHaiku submissions to Patricia Prime at pprime@ihug.co.nz, or post to: 42 Flanshaw Road, Te Atatu South, Waitakere 0610.

Cape Kidnappers –
dented blue chilly bin
a seat to watch gannets
André Surridge

after hours of labour
sweat and swearing
tihei, mauri ora
Barry Smith

All our talents increase in the using, and every faculty, both good and bad, strengthens by exercise. <i>Anne Brontë</i>

Mini Competition

Congratulations to Eric Dodson, of Tauranga, who has won the Sport competition. His prize, *As if Running on Air – The Journals of Jack Lovelock* edited by David Colquhoun (Craig Potton, 2008), is on its way to him.

The Pompous Football

What does distance look like
is it something that you see
near or far or somewhere
down the middle?

Eyes from four corners,
would see a ball traverse
all these aspects amid
screeching hot breath.

It's the ultimate quarry
caught yet not caught.
Squabbled and cajoled over
and aloof like a skylark
it looks down on its rivals;

the panting fox,
a fake hare slowing,
fishes trailing broken lines,
a beaten puck.

After being attacked
with felt tip pens
it stays in touch
recuperating peacefully
on a mantelpiece.

The next competition was by necessity run by email, as the prize had a use-by date! I asked for a poem explaining to me, a non-drinker, what was so great about coffee, with the prize a 200gm packet of Inca Fe Siesta Fair Trade plunger coffee (Best before 18 Mar 09). The winner was Mere Taito of New Plymouth, though it was a very tough decision. André Surridge came a very close second (alas there was only one packet of coffee). There were also exceptional entries from Enid Flannery, Sean Joyce, Monique Le Roux, Gaelynne Pound, and Mary Bell Thornton.

Coffee

the tiny bean

knows the landscape of a cup well
 the curvature of its walls
 stories moulded in from China
pricks the bubbles in a percolator
 when we turn our backs
rides the whirlpool of a spoon
 diving to the depths of sugar
 showing off
 no doubt

in these depths

the bean hears
our stories
our tragedies
our triumphs
our shouts
rising always
 like a faithful friend
to meet them

That's the end of the mini competitions for now – at least until I win something else to pass along.

MEMBER'S POEM

"Farmhouse? You'll need to build bridges"

The more council obstructs

more elaborate the design
for our Utility shed;
from smoko, washroom, chemical stores
i plan my Tin Palace around my purple pjs
buy velvet curtains to tone,
chandelier to hang in a muddy paddock
moon reflected in gold leaf mirror
woodsmoke warmth
and a "throne."

Tucked into our four poster beech forest
on the snowline, 12 volt sleep four fords away.
This working farm

Habitable only *"with all weather access"*

Robynanne Milford

May Deadline: 7th April