

a fine line

THE MAGAZINE OF THE NEW ZEALAND POETRY SOCIETY
Te Hunga Tito Ruri o Aotearoa with the assistance of Creative New Zealand

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NEW ZEALAND POETRY SOCIETY
Te Hunga Tito Ruri o Aotearoa

NEW ZEALAND POETRY SOCIETY
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WELLINGTON MEETINGS

Monday 19 March, 7.30pm

Guest Poet: gus Simonevic
(Auckland)

Monday 16 April, 7.30pm

Guest Poet: Joanna Preston
(Christchurch)

Meetings begin with an open mic.
Entry \$5 (\$3 for members).

New! For members only:

Before each meeting there will be an informal workshop session. Bring a poem to share and a problem to be solved, and work on it together. Workshop begins at 6.30.

Doing nothing, being something – a poetic essay or an essay with poems

Kristina Jensen

GROWING UP, I never saw my parents stop much. Stop doing. There were appointed times for stopping. Like clockwork the kettle was switched on and the biscuit tin would come out. Not before or after. It was not written down or stated in an obvious way – ‘At 3 p.m. we shall have Afternoon Tea’ – but pretty much on the dot every day, that’s what happened. And I watch them now, retired and still the appointed times are in action.

Not so for me. I rejected the notion of having to have a time for anything apart from maybe sleeping and spring planting. I let our children eat when they said they were hungry. I let them go to bed when they wanted to. I used their ideas to home school them rather than cram in useless facts and boring creeds that I thought they should learn. As a writer, I would possibly be more ‘productive’ (and by this I mean financially) if I set myself appointed times but I prefer to go with Thoreau when he said, “Write while the heat is in you. The writer who postpones the recording of his thoughts uses an iron which has cooled to burn a hole. He cannot inflame the minds of his audience.”

Observing my parents recently when they came to stay for 10 days, I found myself watching my reactions to this routine of theirs. I can rationalize it by seeing that their dairy farming lifestyle demanded routine simply because the cows must be milked twice a day. Still, I feel trapped and cornered when my mother flicks that tablecloth out at precisely 11:45 a.m. to begin setting lunch on the table.

The feeling in me spreads out like a cancer. This ceaseless toil I feel running in my blood like a flooded river, which, in trying to find someplace to flow, finally gives in to pressure and just flows somewhere, anywhere so long as I am doing something. Doing because doing is what there is to be done.

It seems like every thought, every sensation, every movement is a stimulus for something to do. I challenge myself to consider observing these things as simply different ways to be. Each standing on its own with no strings attached, no judgments laid upon, no critical reflections back to my own self as to what I’m not doing.

Sacred Confusion

Muddy mind,
stirring tidal flow,
swirling clutter of

where I've been,
what I should,
what I could,
why I don't

how I'm not and
I don't got
whatever
it takes to be
what they want.

The sea does not care
about any of that, it whispers
OK OK OK hush
OK OK OK hush
OK OK OK hush
little baby don't say a word

Do your duty and BE.
Look after the earth.
Hold everything gently in
the palm of your hand:
don't try to 'get' it.

I remember writing as a teenager about the mystery and magic of trees and how they could simply stand there and BE. For eons and eons, content with the stability of their roots in the Earth and their branches reaching for the heavens. Seemed like a blissful condition if ever I saw one. Sure, there is plenty going on in the channels of cellulose, activity of other species in the roots, bark, leaves and branches but essentially there was a stillness I envied. Desire for a taste of this peacefulness threads itself through my poetry again and again:

Trees

You green trees, you smug green trees,
bedfellow ferns tickle and tangle your roots,
tiny larval excavators and sharp rifleman claws
massage your inner and outer layers.

Sun shower ladders of light filter down as
water courses over your brown skin,
anointing upraised limbs
in heavenly communion with cloud and earth

Now I know it is my choice. I flick to the moment. I have just eaten a delicious meal of organic rice, delicious

vegetarian dahl, home-brewed stout, snowpeas from a friend's garden, mussels from the rocks. I live on our boat with my darling man and little boy, a little haven in a whirl of confusion and rush of despair. The succulent sun is on fire, bellbirds sing for everything.

I am grateful. This, I believe, is the key.

Truly Being

away from the People
hum and buzz
I am all ways in between
have to and how about
heave it out
simply be
sitting,
watching,
wondering,
waking up slowly,
wandering,
letting go of the
phone, faces and fitting in fix;
enter stage right humility
you old earth beauty,
cliff, crustacean and creamy cloud
wake me up slowly

My Year of Submission

Kirsten Cliff

IT BEGAN last year on 7th January when I made the bold statement on my blog: *I've decided to submit to a poetry publication or competition every week in 2011.*

What can I say? I love poetry!

Plus I hadn't submitted much in 2010: *I had my hands full, and my spirit clouded, with leukaemia.* In this first week of the New Year I was also hyped up on writing a poem-a-day (PAD) for the first International Small Stones Writing Month (A River of Stones) and my inspiration had kicked into overdrive. *I wanted to get back out there. Observing, tasting, trying, writing, reading, submitting ...*

The first four weeks went by and four poetry submissions were sent off. Without pause, I was participating in another PAD in February: the first NaHaiWriMo (National Haiku Writing Month).

A further four weeks passed and this time I sent out seven submissions. I was getting bolder. I sent poetry to competitions I'd never seen before, and haiku to a journal that I'd previously been too nervous to approach. I got a rejection. Another was the *A River of Stones* anthology. I got an acceptance:

loading the dishwasher:
remembering
how he likes the teaspoons
in a particular slot

and how he said today
when we sat in the garden
"I like the shapes of the leaves on our trees."

Through March my spirits remained high and making weekly submissions was proving manageable. My first month with five weeks, and five submissions were sent off.

April, and yep, I did a third PAD challenge. This time it was NaPoWriMo (National Poetry Writing Month) and another first for me. More poetry was written, read, shared and submitted. Following a set of daily prompts this time, I tested my skills with triptych, concrete poetry, rhyming- and free-verse, as well as my favourite Japanese short forms.

The months went on and I faithfully submitted poems every week, and I wrote a lot, too. Work that I'm really proud of regardless of whether or not it has found its home in a publication, or stayed at home with me. I thought about quitting my self-imposed challenge several times. Why was I doing this again? But something within just made me keep on going. Some weeks, if I wasn't very well, or just seriously over it, I'd quickly submit a haiku to one of the free entry competitions with an on-line form. So easy! Then I'd sigh: Another week complete. Other weeks would see me submit to two or three different places.

Week 26: *I've never before been waiting on so many editors' verdicts and competition results: currently awaiting replies from seven publications (on-line and in print), two anthologies and five competitions. Phew!*

I was spurred on by my successes, and the growing number of poets I was meeting online after four PAD challenges (A River of Stones again in July) and my blog and Facebook posts. Through these social media interactions I discovered new places for my poems. I also got to read lots more great poetry as I found other writers' blogs and Facebook pages: names I now recognised from these new journals I was reading and sending my work to.

I entered the most competitions I ever had during this year. But sadly had no success, except for my Commended in the NZPS International Haiku Contest with:

tears
the doctor shifts
in his seat

Any fear of rejection I might have had about submitting my little poems from NZ to some of the big US journals went right out the window. It had to. This was my year and I wanted to make the most of it. I was delighted when this haiku was accepted to *The Heron's Nest* after my first time submitting there:

first winter's day
I slip into
his gumboots

Getting an acceptance was always exciting news, especially from the journals that were new to me. My ultimate high came from being accepted as a contributor for Cycle 12 of *DailyHaiku*, where 28 of my haiku have appeared over a six-month period:

cherry blossoms...
the bride-to-be offers
a sun-kissed cheek

As the end of the year drew near, I got busy. Nothing too strenuous, just getting married, buying a house, relocating to another region, all while having maintenance treatment for leukaemia (I'm still in remission!). December was the hardest month overall. Half unpacked, only dial-up Internet access, exhausted: I'd had enough. But I still somehow struggled through my submissions each week, then welcomed the end of my year.
Week 52: TICK!

It's satisfying to have been published in twenty-two publications over the past twelve months. And even

better reward is when fellow writers from across the world tell me that I inspire them; sending me messages that my poems have touched them or brought a tear to their eye. I'm extremely grateful for these moments. I'm honoured to have my work read and enjoyed by so many people. I'm happy to be back in full force on my poetry journey.

From the National Coordinator

Laurice Gilbert

It appears now and again, this new-look magazine layout, designed by award-winning designer Sarah Maxey in 2006. This time it's thanks to Helen Rickerby, who patiently guided me through the mechanics of InDesign (yet again, in my case - no blame apportioned to the two people who previously tried to help me come to grips with it). I will consider it outstanding success if I manage to use it for two issues in a row (see November 2006 and November 2010 - at least the gap is reducing).

I've managed to organise myself enough to buy a multi-pass ticket to this year's Writers and Readers Week in Wellington. This is always worthwhile, whichever centre it's held in, and I've finally given myself permission to treat it as professional development, rather than as taking time off work. I'm looking forward to several poetry sessions, an examination of the feminist movement of the 70s and (satisfying my inner nerd) a session with the *Dr Who* writer who brought back the Daleks.

But before that, I'm also keenly anticipating two nights in Auckland for entirely poetic purposes: Poetry Live (open mic only) on the first Tuesday in March, and The Library Bar the next night. I hope I get to talk to a few local poets while I'm there.

The big project that's absorbing my time now is our international poetry competition, the entry forms for which are included with this issue, as they are every year (along with your membership renewal form). We have a great line-up of judges, in Harry Ricketts, Bernadette Hall, Barbara Strang and Vanessa Proctor. We are incredibly fortunate and grateful that NZ poets (in Vanessa's case, international) are generous with their time and energy to support this project, capturing as it does a wide snapshot of the day-to-day poetry this country produces outside the immediate public eye.

As always, you are welcome to renew your membership at the same time as you enter the competition, but please remember to include your renewal form. There is a great deal of organisation involved in the competition administration, and every year someone gets left off the membership list because the only evidence of renewal I have is on the cheque and I've forgotten (or been too busy) to transfer the information over to the membership list.

You'll no doubt have noticed there are two opening articles in this issue. So far this year members have been proactive in offering articles (to my delight), and I'm able to give you lots more reading. Keep it up!

About our Contributors

Liz Breslin lives and writes in Hawea Flat and is co-founder of Poetic Justice Wanaka.

John Carley's essays on linked verse (renku) technique have also been published variously in French, German, Spanish, Bulgarian, Russian and Japanese. <http://www.renkureckoner.co.uk/>

Kirsten Cliff and her husband now happily call Hobbiton (Matamata) home, where the hills are alive with haiku. She blogs at <http://kirstencliffwrites.blogspot.com/>

Mary Meyerhoff Cresswell is a Kapiti poet and one of the co-authors of *Millionaire's Shortbread* (OUP, 2003). Her work appears in a variety of print and online journals.

Kristina Jensen lives on a boat in the Marlborough Sounds of New Zealand with the intention of spending more time in nature than with humans.

Rowan Taigel is a Hamilton based poet and English teacher who has always enjoyed sharing her love of words and their music with others.

Fainthearted animals move about in herds. The lion walks alone in the desert. Let the poet always walk thus.

Alfred Victor Vigny, 1797 – 1863

A Warm Welcome to...

Kelly Barry Christchurch

John Paul Belarmino Invercargill

Annie Bowker Christchurch

Lucy Diver Auckland

Maryrose Doull Auckland

Gail Ingram Christchurch

Diane Newcombe Waiwera

Charline Pocock Ekatahuna

Renée Otaki

Rowan Taigel Hamilton

Congratulations

Kirsten Cliff has had a haiku nominated for The Haiku Foundation's 2011 Touchstone Awards for Individual Poems by the editors of *DailyHaiku*. She successfully completed her 2011 goal of submitting poetry to a publication or competition every week for the entire year, which resulted in her works appearing in twenty-two publications in print and online over the last twelve months.

Bryony Jagger had a new book, *Herefordshire Humbugs*, published by Heartbreak late last year. And she won online literary magazine *Danse Macabre's* Prix d'Ecriture de Noel at Christmas 2010. (Apologies to Bryony for taking so long to get to this - her email came at the time I was immersed in getting the 2011 anthology out on time.)

Chen-ou Liu appears on *Simply Haiku's* Top Ten List of English language haiku poets for 2011 - quite an achievement, considering the number of haiku writers around the world.

Greg O'Connell reached double figures with his tenth poem 'My Grandad's Hands' published in *School Journal*, Level 3, November 2011.

Maris O'Rourke's poem 'Train Lovers' is one of Tyneside Poets' featured New Zealand posts. See: <http://poetrytyneside.blogspot.co.nz/> (Scroll down a bit.) **Janis Freegard** has a series of poems on the same blog.

Karen Peterson Butterworth won the New Zealand Society of Authors Bay of Plenty Regional Branch's Memoir & Local History Competition 2011, with: "A tightly-written, perceptive look back at a hard-working Kiwi family struggling up in Otago in the Forties and early Fifties. It includes some evocative images of Kiwi life then - pee pots emptied in orchards, scorch marks on dunny seats - and some poignant, amusing and intimate snapshots of family life."

Tony Beyer and **Kristina Jensen** were among those with Highly Commended entries in the same competition.

Sandra Simpson, editor of the online Haiku NewZ, has published her first collection of haiku, *breath*. Launched in Tauranga on December 19, the book has so far had a positive reception and a glowing review of it by English writer John Carley has been published in February's edition of Haiku NewZ (and is reprinted in the review section of this issue of *a fine line*).

The 64-page book also features colour photos by the author, an award-winning haiku poet. Copies are \$17 each (within NZ, including P&P). Sandra has set up a website for the book at <http://breathhaiku.wordpress.com/> or write to 82 Grace Rd, Tauranga 3112.

Interactive Press (Brisbane) has judged **Karen Zelas's** poetry manuscript *Night's Glass Table* as the winner of their 2012 IP Picks Best First Book Awards and will publish it later this year. **Sugu Pillay** received a Highly Commended in the IP Picks Best Poetry Awards for her collection *In Medias Res*. Sugu has also been offered a publication contract as a result of her success.

The Irish Haiku Society's 2011 International Haiku Competition features some familiar names: it was won by Quendryth Young (Aust.), twice winner of our own competition, with **John Barlow** (UK) in second place. **Ernie Berry** is in the Highly Commended list.

The 2011 San Francisco International Haiku, Senryu and Tanka Competition featured some NZPS names in its winners' lists: **Ernie Berry** won Second Place, Haiku; **Chen-ou Liu** won First and Third Places, Tanka; **André Surridge** appeared on the list of Senryu Honorable Mentions.

Kristina Jensen, Charmaine Thomson and **Laurice Gilbert** have poems in *Shot Glass Journal* #6, published January 2012 to start off the year on a positive note. Kristina also has a poem in *Rem*, Vol. 2, December 2011.

Turbine 11, the online journal of the International Institute of Modern Letters, has a good sprinkling of NZPS contributors: **David Beach, Zarah Butcher-McGunnigle, Lynley Edmeades, Aleksandra Lane, Kerrin P. Sharpe** and **Tim Upperton** have poems in this issue.

I'm delighted to report that a poem first published in *a fine line* has been selected for the IIML's *Best New Zealand Poems 2011* - one of only 25 selected each year. I'm not yet at liberty to reveal which one or by whom, but well done that person!

Noticeboard

OCEANBOOKS: BY POPULAR DEMAND, PRINT ONLINE OR IN THE HAND

A Time to Kill by John Grisham ... *Ulysses* by James Joyce ... *The Red Badge of Courage* by Stephen Crane ... *The Wizard of Oz* by Frank L. Baum ... Tolstoy's magnificent *War and Peace* - and even Beatrix Potter's delightful *Tales of Peter Rabbit* ...

What do these books have in common?

All of them were rejected by mainstream publishers, not once, but over and over again. All went on to become best sellers. All were self published.

Today in the Bay of Plenty and beyond, a group of indie authors - as they now prefer to be called - now own and write for Oceanbooks, an independent publishing co-operative presently drawing on this fine pool of talent.

From the date of the official launch on 30th March, marketing will be done through an online retail portal, www.oceanbooks.co.nz This is the bookstore where readers can buy local and global. Yes, print copies, too!

See the website for more information.

HAIKU FESTIVAL AOTEAROA 2012

A reminder from the organisers that registrations from live-in delegates are due by the end of February (a couple of weeks' grace for readers of *a fine line*).

The June 15-17 festival in Tauranga features tuition from American writer/editor/publisher Jim Kacian who will be taking 2 master classes (one on haiku, one on haibun). As well, there will be workshops by Owen Bullock (performing haiku), Beverley George (tanka), Dr Lawrence Marceau (the haibun of Yokoi Yayu) and Sandra Simpson (introduction to renku). The weekend also includes a trip to the Haiku Pathway in Katikati. For more information and a registration form see the website <http://hfa2012.wordpress.com/> or write to 82 Grace Rd, Tauranga 3112.

PICTON POETS

Ruby Roberts

In October we had a successful book launch. Picton Poets had decided to collate work they had written about this small town and the Marlborough Sounds. *Reflections* is the result. Affection for their home town and the surrounding area shines through. It has been a friendly and interesting experience for those involved with this book. Copies are available from myself or Julie Kennedy at P O Box 502 Picton, \$20.00 each (plus \$1.20 p & p), any profits to go to the Picton Library Books on Wheels project to take library books to the local schools.

POETRY MENTORING

With extensive experience as an Editor and teacher of Creative Writing, Owen Bullock offers a one-to-one Mentoring Service to aspiring writers to help them reach a publishable standard. Batches of 6-10 poem preferred; whole manuscripts considered. Owen Bullock, M.A. (Hons) E:bullock.trail@orcon.net.nz Website: <http://www.owenbullock.com/>

Advertisement

Competitions and Submissions

Memoir (and) Prizes for Prose or Poetry (USA)

Closing date: 7 March Magazine of personal essays offers good-sized prizes and publication for “traditional and experimental prose, poetry, graphic memoir, narrative photography, lies, and more.” Longer works welcome. Enter online (strongly preferred) or by mail. No entry fee. 1st Prize: \$500; 2nd Prize \$250; 3rd Prize \$100; there is also a \$100 prize for graphic memoirs. All winners receive 3 copies of the winning issue and publication in print and online. Genres - No restrictions: Memoir can be biography, autobiography, autobiographical fiction, flash memoir, essay, reportage, diary, etc., in either poetry or prose format. Guidelines URL: <http://memoirjournal.squarespace.com/contest-details/>

Writers' Forum (UK)

Rolling Deadline: 15th of every month Every month Writers' Forum awards £800 in prizes and publishes the winners of their short story, poetry and young writers contests. Poetry contest: Enter online at <http://www.writers-forum.com/poetrycomp.html> Entry fee is £5 (approx. NZ\$11) for the first poem, £3 (approx. NZ\$6.50) for subsequent poems in the same entry.

Insect-themed Haiku / Short Poem Contest (USA)

Closing date: must be received by 11.59pm, 20th March. North Carolina State University Insect Museum hosts this contest every year; see: <http://insectmuseum.org/haiku.php> There are small prizes for the top entries. Anyone is eligible to submit poems except for our judges. We'll accept up to three (3) original, short, entomological poems per poet. Friends of the Museum (minimum \$10 donation if you're a student, \$25 if you're not) are eligible to submit an unlimited number of poems. Your haiku should be submitted either - * as an email to: ncsuinsects@gmail.com OR * as tweets (be sure to start each tweet with @ncsuinsects #HexapodHaiku) OR * on 3x5 cards (one per haiku/poem; cards will not be returned) mailed to the following address: Hexapod Haiku, NCSU Insect Museum, Department of Entomology, North Carolina State University, Box 7613, Raleigh, NC 27695 USA. Information to include: Your poems, your name, your contact info (include city, state, country), and your age if <13 years old. We also need to know if you are not comfortable with your full name being linked to your poems if they get published on the Web or in NCSU materials.

Carpe Articulum - call for submissions (USA)

Deadline: 30 March No page limits. Multiple submissions permitted; submit via the website. Previously published work permitted only if the print run did not exceed 2,000 copies. Submit your work online at: <http://www.carpearticulum.com/submissions/>

Queen Mother Memorial Poetry Competition (UK)

Closing Date: 30 March Submit any number of poems on any subject. The poem(s) should follow the length and format as 3 verses, 3 lines per verse, 10 words per line. 1st prize: £50.00 and a certificate. Possible publication in magazines. Entry Fee: £3 or £10 for 4 poems For more information on how to enter see: <http://sites.google.com/site/royalpoetrycompetition/competitiondetails>

Silver Boomer Books - Call for Submissions (USA)

Deadline: 30 March. A new Silver Boomer Books anthology will deal with the theme of widowhood. Working title is: *On Our Own - widowhood for smarties*. Please visit <http://silverboomerbooks.com/submissions.html> and read all the way to the end of the page for full guidelines. Note that the new anthology is scheduled to be released in late 2012. As always, we want your poems and short essays on the theme, but don't forget that short fiction is also welcome.

Awel Aman Tawe Poetry Competition on Climate Change (UK)

Closing Date: 31 March For poems up to 40 lines on theme of Climate Change. Judges: Carol Ann Duffy (English entries) & Elin ap Hywel (Welsh entries). Adults: 1st £500; 2nd £100; 3rd £50. Children: 1st £50; 2nd £30; 3rd £20. Entry Fee: £3 per poem or 4 for £10 (adults); £1 per poem or 4 for £3 (children). Website: www.awelamantawe.co.uk for online entry and PayPal payment.

Buxton Poetry Competition (UK)

Closing Date: 6 April Theme this year is 'Welcome to Britain'. Prizes: Open - £300, £200, £100 plus other prizes. Children and Young People - booktokens. Categories: Open (ages 19 and over), Youth (ages 12 - 18), Children's (11 and unders). Entry Fee: £5 per poem in the Open Category; Children and Youth - free. All entries must be sent by post with a completed entry form to the address on the form. Website: www.derby.ac.uk/buxtonpoetrycompetition

Fish Publishing International Poetry Contest (UK)

Closes: 31 March Judge: Billy Collins. The winner and nine runners-up will be published in the 2012 Fish Anthology. First Prize - €1,000; Second Prize - a week at the Anam Cara Writers' & Artists' Retreat in West Cork's Beara Peninsula, with €300 traveling expenses. The best ten poems will be published in the 2012 Anthology and each poet will receive five copies of the Anthology. All winning poets will be invited to the launch of the 2012 Fish Anthology. This will take place during the West Cork Literary Festival in July 2012. Entry Fees: fixed in Euro with the conversion into your local currency done automatically by your credit card company according to the current exchange rate. Online Entry: €14.00; Postal Entry: €16.00; Critique (Optional): €30.00/32.00. How to Enter: online (cheaper) or by post. To enter online, submit your poem(s) through the online entry system on website. Please do not send poems as email attachments. If you have any difficulty submitting your poem(s), post your problem at Feedback and Support. Website: <http://www.fishpublishing.com/poetry-contest-competition.php>

Flash 500 Humour Verse Competition (UK)

Closing date: 31 March. Entry fee: £3 for the first poem, then £2.50 for each poem thereafter. Line Length: Up to 30 lines. Prizes: First: £150 plus publication; Second: £100; Third: £50. The results will be announced within six weeks of the closing date and the three winning entries will be published on the website. Website: http://www.flash500.com/index_files/humourverse.html

NZPS publication a fine line - call for submissions

Deadline: 7 April The editor welcomes your contribution. We currently pay a small fee for Feature Articles. See publication guidelines for these and other sections of the magazine at <http://www.poetrysociety.org.nz/aboutsubmissionguidelines>

Odes to Olympians (USA)

Closing date: 30 April Free entry competition run regularly by Tapestry of Bronze. This round's theme is Ares (Mars), God of War. First prize is \$50, for a poem up to 30 lines, honouring the god. For full details and previous winners, see: <http://www.tapestryofbronze.com/OdeForm.html>

Poetic Republic Poetry Prize (UK)

Closing Date: 30 April 1st Prize (Single poem): £2,000. 1st Prize (Portfolio): £1,000. Peer review online poetry competition judged by the entrants themselves. The event will culminate with a collaborative eBook publication featuring the best poems and comments as chosen by the participants. Any subject or style including prose poetry. Maximum 42 lines. Entry Fee: £7. To find out more and to enter visit: www.poeticrepublic.com

The Rialto/RSPB Nature Poetry Competition (UK)

Deadline: 30 April. Judges: Sir Andrew Motion and Mark Cocker. For nature themed poems up to 40 lines. Prizes: £1000, £400, £300. Also publication in *Rialto* and an additional prize of a personal tour with Mark Cocker of his most cherished wildlife places in East Anglia. Entry Fee: £6 for first poem. £3 per poem thereafter. Online entry at: <http://www.therialto.co.uk/>

Southport Writers' Circle International Poetry Competition (UK)

Closing Date: 30 April Poems up to 40 lines. First Prize: £200, Second Prize: £100, Third Prize: £50. In addition: £25 Humour Prize. Entry Fee: £3 per poem or four poems for £10. Full rules and online entry at: www.swconline.co.uk

Anthology of Poetry for Children, Call for Submissions (Canada)

Submission Deadline: 30 April An independently-published e-book anthology of children's poetry dedicated to the wide world of sports is in the works. One of my main goals for this project is to showcase the work of as many emerging children's poets as possible from North America and beyond. Only adults who write children's poetry are invited to submit their work. We're looking for original, unpublished poems, aimed at 5 - 12 years old, that deal with various aspects of athletics such as but not limited to the following: *Olympics and other major international sports events (ie. FIFA World Cup) *winter sports/summer sports *winning and losing *individual/team sports *amateur/professional athletes *sports fans *equipment/uniforms *sports jobs (from athletes, oaches, and referees/umpires to those who work behind the scenes) *surfaces (ie. ice) on which sports are played/ places (ie. stadiums) where sports are played *sports history and other miscellanea (halls of fame, records, trivia, etc.) Please email poems to Carol-Ann Hoyte at: kidlitfan1972@yahoo.ca Poets whose work is selected for the collection will receive a small honorarium. We will contact you no later than late July 2012 / early August 2012 if we plan to include your poem in the anthology. Carol-Ann Hoyte & Heidi Bee Roemer, The Co-Editors.

Featured Poet

Rowan Taigel

Memory

The light is old here,
a tea-stained sepia
heavy and unwavering,
it resists memory's alchemy.

The dust of you rests
in cool stone creases
imbued with the scent
of oil paints and wood-smoke.

Pale beams bend
through red and white squares
of glass around the door.
Your crystal in the window
casts gently swinging rainbows
across the piano's yellowed keys.

They lie silent now
beneath unfinished music
on the wooden rest.

I feel your cool palm
upon my brow as a wisp
of wind through the open door
shivers the seeding grass.
Husks dance gently over the threshold
to rest at my toes
like blown kisses.

The stone walls fall away
behind me as I step alone
onto the road
our house, empty now
but my mind full of you.

Central

Rocks reside heavily as knuckular scabs
amongst tussock tufts
beneath a golden time-lapse orb.
Its photographer's lens captures
the quickening shivers and skitters
of darting geckos and dragonflies
as the air swells to a baking bell jar
encasement where the earth pulses
in silent soul-song of cicada.

A soft breath of warmed shale and bracken
ripples, eddies, stroking and twirling
inquisitive fingers through golden land-locks,
rushes and ripples, rolls and swells
and rises in a northerly gust
of spirited skylark's song.

And just then, silence rests
again in a shimmering golden
hand of heat, holding me close
in an expansive embrace
while tussock tendrils
gently whisper
home.

Domestic Bliss

If I could
I'd make you visit
the orang-utans at
the local zoo.

You'd watch
the female picking
leaves and twigs from
her mate's hair
and see him crush
mud into hers.

You'd hear her murmur
as she rocked herself
while he screamed
and scratched his red behind.

You'd lean back and gape
as she pressed an apple
into his hand while he slung
his faeces towards the wires.

And as you watched,
I'd be watching you.

Edge of Love

I suffered a hypnic jerk
on the edge of love-
an aposiopesis
of rational thought...

it was gone before I realised it;
my middle ground between
near and far,
cool and warm,
like and love.

You'd grabbed my hand
and we'd leapt
into the forest pool,
its icy glove at first a sudden grip
and then a warm clasp
as we'd acclimatised.

I'd been cold for some time
Before I suddenly became aware-
as my skin rippled into goosebumps
I made an urgent thrust
for shore,

dragging my body upright
to stand dripping, shivering,
looking back over my shoulder
to you making slow strokes
in the stillness.

Bottled Up

If I could
I'd lift you up
and hold you
to the wall of glass.

We'd see the light bending
through the sea green
surface and know
there was another side.

I'd hold your heart up to
the open mouth and point
to windows of light.

We'd reach inside
our dark centre and rush
through hissing black sands

To land on a white shore
feel salt and water
taste light and earth
breathe together.

Regional Report

WINDRIFT, WELLINGTON OCTOBER 2011

Neil Whitehead

At the October 19 Windrift meeting (rescheduled after strong wind had scattered our haiku) we continued to explore various kigo for New Zealand and encountered again the time-diffuseness of so many of our "seasonal" signs. This tends to be typical of most oceanic islands, but Japan has very sharp seasons because of the large Chinese landmass to its west. Some New Zealand annual events may still be very time-bound if man-made:

at the grocery store
halloween monsters
queuing

Harumi Hasegawa

One of our exercises this time was to use a word related to "hands":

she tells of the holocaust
i watch the passion
of her hands

Susanna Williams

We enjoyed the multiple layers almost from the beginning, but thought some condensation was still possible.

Intertwining
holding hands
climbers reach for sun

Jenny Pyatt

We liked the way the last line transforms the others.

On Aoraki

Snow still lies

From Kupe's time

Neil Whitehead

This was a curiosity because combining the usual haiku present-time observation with a vast view of time-past. It was also literally, scientifically true.

leave-taking

the gang leader shakes

his 2-year-old's hand

Nola Borrell

We thought it very successful, because of the multiple meanings, though the evoked emotion of cringing is much less common in traditional haiku than one might expect. Perhaps the Japanese are uncomfortable with evoking it, given shame is so culturally avoided.

Reviews

Inside Outside Brian Turner (VUP, 2011) ISBN 978-0-864736-53-6

Liz Breslin

Inside Outside. Brian Turner. It's a funny old world when people are criticised for being very much and more themselves. I approached this collection with trepidation, having read a couple of less than favourable reviews. Brian Turner, it seems, sounds like Brian Turner. Which is surely OK if you're Brian Turner but some people think not. Don't you hate the way that can colour your judgement? Or perhaps, if you're suitably bullish, pique your interest?

The front cover of this collection is all ethereal clouds but the back flyleaf does a bit of interest piquing with the phrase "raw and risky" to describe the final sequence of the collection. It also catalogues Brian Turner's contribution to all things poetic and writerly. No wonder his is a familiar voice.

It's a rather large offering, with 134 pages spanning the five different sections. The raw and risky lucky last is by far the largest part. It is certainly the focus of a recent interesting Arts on Sunday interview and, as Lynne Freeman points out, is at odds with the outdoors man so often presented in Turner's poems.

In this interview Brian Turner also notes that he always carries a notebook with him. It's great to imagine the scribbles that turn into pithy snapshots or longer, more formal/ formed musings.

And in what Turner calls "a world full of glitter, facebook and twitter", some of the shorts were what I believe can now be called LOL moments. Take these two as part of Post-Operatives (section V):

New Zealanders, a definition

Born here, bugged it up.

Horses for Courses

Every second New Zealander

has a horse called 'Indignation'

and they ride it into the ground.

The first four sections are untitled and Turner's usual themes are there. The environment, the landscapes that inspire and define him, the people in his places. The language is often so direct that you can feel like you're being let in on personal secrets. Section III gives us the 'Local Lions' of the butcher and the undertaker who,

always sit together on club night

...

know when to dispense

with niceties, without seeming

less than seemly, and vulgar

to those to the manor born.

There's also the bloke from 'Who's Who' who's really a 'Who Was', the 'Oligarch' and 'a well known entrepreneur'. I suspect there's extra layers of meaning here for those with a deep knowledge of environmental politics but they stand in their own right nonetheless.

Another noticeable consistency was throwaway last lines, seemingly belying the craftsmanship behind. And I only seldom noticed a rhyme rather than being lost in the rhythm and the tales. There's so many poems to stop at: I turned over more than twenty page corners as possible quotables for this review.

The collection's penultimate poem, 'Life's Work', starts thus:

In the local pub a bloke

I'd never seen before

started to tell me

the story of his life.

It was as if he was

trying to assure me

he'd had one, had

seen it for what it was.

And you know what, in this collection, we see Brian Turner. And it's reassuring he's got a life and a point or seventeen to make and that Brian Turner sounds like Brian Turner. 'Cos he is.

AUP New Poets 4: Chris Tse, Erin Scudder, Harry Jones (AUP, 2011) ISBN 978 1 86940 474 1 \$24.99

Mary Cresswell

The AUP New Poets series is wonderful; the good-sized samples are attractively presented, and your bookshelf deserves the lot. Here is No. 4, already reviewed at greater length in other journals. I'll comment on the poets in order of appearance (not as on the cover), and we'll all look forward to solo collections.

CHRIS TSE – towards a photoessay. The story is of China and New Zealand, a man's two families, two lives, two languages, two names, never one replacing the other but both real, noisy and forever running through not just him but the whole family.

Water loose in the air breath caught in the stillicide

unbearable itch in his mouth white noise crashing through all thoughts

'Landing (a Thursday, a calm)'

A son follows/ his wandering father,

... Let English form/ at the corners of

his mouth, let him taste

open spaces

with his bare feet

'Setting son'

The family is bound by a third language, the language of silence, knowing something but never speaking of it: this hides the wife left behind, Uncle Willie's lusty magazines, the baby who died: "If he had a name/ we would not be allowed/ to say it –". These are hugely visual poems. Perhaps they are setting up a fourth language, the visual images that say what we are not allowed to say in words.

ERIN SCUDDER – structure within structure. Most of these poems happen indoors. And why not? "No one is going to go barefoot, either; this is Canada, there is snow" ('Boiling point').

Cottages peel from the beach's ice-hard body,
flaps of skin as thin as lace

'Fall at French Bay...'

We are warm (not necessarily comfortable) in hospitals, living rooms, corridors, the pantry, the bath; we know that even "love requires a boiler room" ('Aphorisms for afternoons'). The poems' patterns vary: a free-wheeling sestina, litany, casual play with rhyme, balanced lines and stanzas, and (yes!!) a successful invocation of the poet's inner polar bear. Usually it's safer to be in the house, though not always:

It's no good telling me to lie back and think –
doing that, I can see my god directly.
It's the roof, and has failed me.

'As big as a house'

HARRY JONES – a bit of the rough. Here is a disjoined, fractured world. The tune and the syntax are careful and polished, but the words still force themselves up through the smooth surface. While there is a fair expanse of vulnerable, naked flesh, the bodies it covers are in pieces, violated and seen as parts, whole only on canvas or in the imagination. "[T]he finger touch/ Shredding limb and limb" ('Freedom') touches not only flesh but the landscape – a whole valley, a plum tree in the garden, the shining surface of a logging truck, "slicing, stabbing, chopping" (not to mention two more shredders and a chainsaw). "Make no mistake. I am constantly/ On the edge of explosion" ('History'). We stand advised.

breath Sandra Simpson (Piwakawaka Press, NZ) 2011, \$NZ17 (incl P&P) from the author, ISBN 978-0-473-19150-4.

John Carley

Don't buy a copy of this book. Buy two. That way, next time great-aunt Philomena says "Yes dear, but what exactly is this 'haiku'?" you can enlighten her, without risking any general unpleasantness or, God forbid, compromising your inheritance.

Breath is poetry, pure and simple. There is nothing esoteric here. Sandra Simpson clearly knows her kire from her kireji, her Santoka from her Shiki, but there are no knowing winks for the illuminati among us, no cheeky morsels for the haikai connoisseur. Instead we have effortless word choice, unforced structure, and a naturalness of subject that belies the deep resonance hovering just at the edge of perception. This is what Matsuo Basho called karumi - 'lightness'. It is rare to see it done this well.

water over pounamu . . .
the dead boy
so like my son

There is no struggling after effect. Nothing cheap. The very deftness of touch, paradoxically, adds weight. Those poems which use the Maori language do so for a reason. There is no pretension, no tiresome chauvinism, and, for the international audience, the sense is readily gained from the mercifully spare footnotes.

tropical moon
we shell peanuts
for one another

This is writing that any literate person can enjoy. Limpid it may be, but it is also nuanced. Rarely does a poem yield to a single reading. For all that the primary emotion may be tangible, the overtones are invariably subtle.

sand ripples -
three pieces of bad luck
turn into four

If range is the mark of the true artist, for a first collection this poetry is so assured, and so varied, that it seems frankly improbable. Lights and bushels come to mind. And the sound of great-aunt Philomena tut-tutting at such reticence in today's modern woman.

outgoing tide -
my child
doesn't phone home

Not that there is any evidence of sexist stereotyping, or any other form of agenda politics. Instead we find an empathy for the human condition which draws the reader into the work but avoids all sentimentality.

feeling it
not feeling it
the grasshopper
between my hands

How strange to think that a generation ago friendships were founded, or foundered, on notions of structural rectitude. For all that the title references Yasuda's likening of the haiku to a single breath, the collection treats this as a metaphor rather than a credo. Here form follows function. Lines, breaks, indents, white space and punctuation marks: all are used as the poet sees fit.

frog frog
gaps
in the cattlestop

Taken together, the poems show a strong sense of the natural world which is nowhere formulaic. They are presented by season, as is the Japanese tradition, without necessarily containing references derived from the Japanese seasonal lexicon. The setting is New Zealand. And the language is English. No special knowledge or prior reading is required.

fifty-one summers -
still looking
for the prettiest shell

If you hold this book up to your ear you will be able to hear not just the sea but the moon and the stars as well. Somewhere in there is an odd susurrant that turns out to be the blood in one's own veins.

If you can't afford this book see if you can borrow one. If you are rich: buy several, and give them away.

Mini Competition

After no response last time, I received some awesome entries in the revised competition, most of which actually met the original criterion of being about bizarre or intriguing deep sea phenomena. Winner (by a fin) is Greg O'Connell, who wins the Glenn Colquhoun poster and David Eggleton's *Rhyming Planet* (both courtesy of Steele Roberts).

Deep Sea Devil Ceratias holboelli

The fish that is an angler flashes
the luminescent message. Descend,
live low. Open your eyes wide
and know the beauty of submission.
There is nothing beyond the bubbling trench
covered with algae and worms.
Forget the light, drowning with its golden hair.
Open your lips to the cold kiss of the dark.
Five thousand fathoms will fall into your mouth.

Special mention goes to Eric Dodson, Susan Howard and Lynley Edmeades, for making it really hard to choose.

I'm in too much of a rush to get this finished to think up a new competition, so instead I'm going to send random poetry books to the first 5 people who renew their membership, using the attached / enclosed renewal form.

Web Bytes

"PAKISTAN is a country that reveres poetry, gently weaving it into daily life, and the last decade has provided no shortage of material ... Today in Pakistan, one can find poetic verses on the back windows of taxis, on the sides of delivery trucks and atop gravestones. Newspapers regularly publish poetry, while Pakistani politicians, such as the country's ambassador to the U.S., post verses on their Twitter feeds or use them in speeches ... Of the 1,000 books published each year in Pakistan, there are some 50 books of poetry ... Many of the poetry books are self-published and distributed for free among friends." <http://abcnews.go.com/Entertainment/wireStory?id=14280653#>.

T0b5fYHa_Mo

KOLKATA (formerly known as Calcutta), the 13th most populous area in the world (and presumably therefore amongst the noisest) has been experimenting with public poetry. Loudspeakers were attached to traffic lights, and Bengali was poetry broadcast during the rush hour (when traffic can reach speeds of up to 19kph). Apparently it worked to reduce gridlock stress: "Previously we used to blow horns often enough to draw attention of policemen at the signal console. Not now." (~ local businessman). "Many pedestrians are reportedly now taking their time walking to work, enjoying the poetry, and their most common complaint seems to be about the subpar sound quality of the speakers."

John Lundberg, *Huffington Post*, 4/9/11. <http://www.huffingtonpost.com/john-lundberg/>

"THE UNITED STATES Post Office is honoring ten poets with their very own postage stamps [in 2012] ... the visages of Elizabeth Bishop, Joseph Brodsky, Gwendolyn Brooks, E. E. Cummings, Robert Hayden, Denise Levertov, Sylvia Plath, Theodore Roethke, Wallace Stevens, and William Carlos Williams are to [be] priced at "forever," ... Forever stamps are always equal in value to the current First-Class Mail one-ounce rate."

Harriet Staff, *Poetry Foundation*, 1/9/11. <http://www.poetryfoundation.org/harriet/>

Haikai Corner, Special Commemorative Edition

Kirsten Cliff

Christchurch quakes –
a vase of daffodils
blue-tacked to a shelf
~ Helen Yong

getting in everywhere the dust of everything

~ *Sandra Simpson*

a church steeple

perched on the lawn

beside the church

the blackbirds

maintain their chorus

~ *Barbara Strang (Eucalypt 10)*

broken cathedral

the bellringer

wrings his hands

~ *André Surridge*

photograph

I once held

the cathedral in my hand

~ *Gail Ingram*

another quake –

the zig-zag flight

of a butterfly

~ *Sandra Simpson*

summit rd

a beware of the wind sign

points up

~ *Ernest J. Berry*

two-minute silence –

the gym turns off

its rock 'n roll

~ *Sandra Simpson*

still night the violence of windchimes

~ *Ernest J. Berry*

a gap between
frequent aftershocks
waxeyes feast
on pink camellias –
my heartbeat slows
~ *Helen Yong (Kokako 14)*

red zone street
dozens of pink
magnolia petals
~ *Lyall Clarke*

first one to go –
the screech of
parting timbers
~ *Barbara Strang*

where the house was
hazard tape
trembles
~ *Barbara Strang*

white zone
standing on the back porch
biting her nail
~ *Gail Ingram*

road puddle
the ripples
from an aftershock
~ *André Surridge*

drifting clouds
another round of bitter
on the floor
~ *Ernest J. Berry*

normality
after the earthquakes –
an older woman
carries a shopping bag
from Ballantynes
~ Helen Yong

Sendai in ruins
the city of Basho's
fragrant irises
~ Elaine Riddell

Submissions: Please send your best three unpublished haiku/senryū/tanka for consideration to kirsten.cliff@gmail.com with 'HAIKAI CAFE' in the subject line.

Straight From the Haijin's Mouth

I asked award-winning haiku poets, Sandra Simpson and Ernie Berry, 'What's it like to send your haiku out into the world?'

Sandra Simpson's answer: Selecting haiku to send to an editor or judge can be difficult – they're all my babies, I love them equally.

As it turns out though, I love some more equally than others. With experience comes the knowledge that while some are 'publishable' (but not outstanding) some are altogether better (and some we don't discuss!).

Most editors like a set of 5-15 haiku which means I can try some poems that are a bit 'different' in the mix. Re-reading submissions a month later is a good practice – the haiku often turn out to be not so great as I thought and I go back through the editing process.

Getting to know a journal's ethos helps, although editors can often surprise with their choices.

This haiku, for which I never had high hopes (thinking it was a bit obvious), was published in *The Heron's Nest* and won a Touchstone Award for one of the best haiku published in English in 2010:

slicing papaya –
the swing
of her black pearls

The poems to which editors and judges respond are almost invariably (the above example notwithstanding) the ones where I have strived to be honest about the moment.

This haiku came complete while visiting Otago Museum and was a runner-up in last year's HaikuNow! Contest (limit one haiku; a tough ask):

in the cabinet marked Mesopotamia a broken face

But I also have plenty of haiku that will never be published ... and that's okay. To write the good ones I accept that I have to write the bad ones.

Ernie Berry's answer: My first foray into the world of poetry was about age 5 when Aunt Haysl of Hay's Ltd in Christchurch saw fit to publish one of my poems in her weekly children's page of the *Christchurch Star-Sun*. 60 years later I started dabbling in poetry again as a retirement project in Mexico where the kindly editor of an American journal targeting *snowbirds** was so impressed with my work that he appointed me 'poetry editor' and insisted I supply a new poem for every issue forthwith and recruit other poets from Mexico and California.

After I returned to Godzone in 1993, a friend gave me a book of poetry titled *Haiku Menagerie* which proved a life-changer for me because it consisted entirely of 'haiku', a genre I'd never heard of till then but which catered nicely to my predilection for poetic brevity. I took to haiku like a duck to a frogpond and my first haiku was

accepted for publication by an Aussie mag, *Paper Wasp*, in 1995 and within 2 years I was being published in haiku journals in NZ, USA, Britain, Ireland, Belgium, Croatia and Argentina, etc., etc. Being published 'world-wide' and winning the odd contest was quite a thrill and has kept my nose to the grindstone of octogenarianism.

petrified forest
a child inspects
my legs

~second place in the *ukiaHaiku Festival Contest 2008*

* people from northern USA who migrate south annually to escape winter.

Do you have a question for one of New Zealand's accomplished haijin? Send it in to kirsten.cliff@gmail.com with 'HAIJIN QUESTION' in the subject line and it could be answered here.

The Haiku Help-Desk

Special guest edited by Patricia Prime.

Poignant human emotion balanced against close observations from nature may be said to characterize the most enduring examples of haiku. In a consistently high number of his poems André Surridge achieves this delicate interplay between alertly perceived input from the senses and the expression of subtle feeling:

tai chi
shapes the wind makes
in the willow

The first line reminds me that in the road where I live is an old Chinese man who practices tai chi every morning in the driveway of his house. His movements are slow, composed and deliberate. Although we have been friends for years he doesn't acknowledge me when I pass by but concentrates on his collection of movements or postures, called a form - and there are hundreds of forms. Each of the tai chi moves is an exercise in balance, co-ordination, physical control and regulation of breathing. And sometimes it can be helpful to practice an individual move on its own to explore how it feels. This form of exercise is valuable for the elderly and enables them to conserve their strength and energy.

In the next two lines of the haiku the shapes made by the performer are likened to those caused by the wind moving through the fronds of the willow. Willows may be seen in many parts of the world, particularly near water. They have abundant watery bark and sap, which is heavily charged with salicylic acid, soft, usually pliant, tough wood, slender branches, and large, fibrous roots. The roots are remarkable for their toughness, size, and tenacity to life, and roots readily grow from aerial parts of the plant. The leaves are typically elongated but may also be round to oval, frequently with a serrated margin. In ancient times, the bark was often used for medicinal purposes. So here we can see the linkage between the man practicing tai chi for his health and well-being and the willow with its medicinal properties and its elegant movement as its leaves and stems are stirred by the wind.

Here, the sense of nature, with its suggestion of the wind in the trees, is mixed with the awareness by the poet of a fellow human enjoying exercise and meditation. Our center of awareness in the haiku is close to the wind and the scene, but also physically close to the person the poet is observing. The act of moving slowly and silently as one performs an exercise is implicit in the shapes the tree makes as it is bent by the breeze and strikes a visual spark from what precedes it. The willow is a specific tree and the phrase "shapes the wind makes / in the willow" picks up the action of the persona as much as by the harmonic 'i' and 'w' sounds and the repeated rhythm of the lines, as by the visual correspondence. Quiet and diligent observation mixed with fully engaged empathy make this a fine haiku.

Do you have a haiku that could use some help? Send it in to kirsten.cliff@gmail.com with 'HAIKU HELP' in the subject line and it could be discussed here.

American Life in Poetry: Column 283

BY TED KOOSER, U.S. POET LAUREATE, 2004-2006

I've read dozens of poems written about the events of September 11, 2001, but this one by Tony Gloeggler of New York City is the only one I've seen that addresses the good fortune of a survivor.

Five Years Later

My brother was on his way
to a dental appointment
when the second plane hit
four stories below the office
where he worked. He's never
said anything about the guy
who took football bets, how
he liked to watch his secretary
walk, the friends he ate lunch with,
all the funerals. Maybe, shamed
by his luck, he keeps quiet,
afraid someone might guess
how good he feels, breathing.

American Life in Poetry is made possible by The Poetry Foundation, publisher of Poetry magazine. It is also supported by the Department of English at the University of Nebraska-Lincoln. Poem copyright ©2009 by Tony Gloeggler, whose most recent book of poetry is *The Last Lie*, New York Quarterly Books, 2010. Poem reprinted from *Paterson Literary Review*, Issue 37, 2009/2010, by permission of Tony Gloeggler and the publisher. Introduction copyright ©2010 by The Poetry Foundation. The introduction's author, Ted Kooser, served as United States Poet Laureate Consultant in Poetry to the Library of Congress from 2004-2006. We do not accept unsolicited manuscripts.

BAD POETRY

There's a lot of it.

One reason: it's easy to become a poet. Easy to announce you're a poet, easy to get a pencil and a paper, easy to publish your work online.

There's a lot of bad tweeting, bad marketing, bad facebooking, bad emailing and bad music now as well. No barrier certainly leads to a lack of selectivity.

Surprisingly, though, amid the bad art, we actually find more good art. A barrier to entry isn't the only thing that improves quality. Sometimes it's sufficient to let artists do their work without a gatekeeper.

Seth Godin - <http://sethgodin.typepad.com/>

MAY DEADLINE IS 7TH APRIL

submission guidelines are at: <http://www.poetrysociety.org.nz/aboutsubmissionguidelines>

Members' poems

Garden Notice

Please
Take care
Ground Under Repair
Thank you for your patience

Please take care –
the earth is seldom stable;
toddlers fall on steps and slopes,
trolleys speed down hills.

Road works everywhere.
Do we need so many reminders
that the earth is seldom stable?

The quarry side is slipping,
this ground can't be repaired.
We watch and fore-warn.
“Ground under repair”

“Thank you for your patience”
Who is thanking who?
Earthquakes, Floods, Tsunami.
Even God knows
the earth is never stable.

Maryrose Doull

winning

he comes in smiling
with a crowbar

(he has a winning smile)

summer has stayed in the cellar
ruining his holiday

he comes in with a crowbar
no saboteur

the headline in today's Herald reads
'Phoenixshake the monkey with a waywin
overcellar-dwellers'

he's going to shake the monkey
out of our bathroom

there's a split in the pressed steel bath
the stain is spreading like mould

Catherine Mair

Kaipara

Viscous mud exposed
by an ebbing tide.
Beyond the gate
wharf piles lean in
drunken exclamation marks.
Abandoned boats,
paint peeling
into mangrove roots,
recycling ghosts of my ancestors

Maureen Sudlow

The Cathedral

A fallen body
Strains behind scaffolds
This press-given emblem
For Decades of Quakes

Once the classical paradigm
Of early settlers
A city's pride
Now a motif of disaster

A repeated onslaught
Hurting eyes and heart
A trope in the process
Of looking the picture perfect
For Goethe's frozen music
Made literal

Its body assigned
To the bookshelf of History
The cathedral humbly reflects
The long white cloud
Is what it is
A bold metaphor

Sugu Pillay