

a fine line

THE MAGAZINE OF THE NEW ZEALAND POETRY SOCIETY

Te Hunga Tito Ruri o Aotearoa

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NEW ZEALAND POETRY SOCIETY
Te Hunga Tito Ruri o Aotearoa

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WELLINGTON MEETINGS
Poetry @ The Thistle Inn
3 Mulgrave St, Wellington Central
Starts at 7.30pm with open mic.

To find out who the Guest Poet is each month,
please see:

[http://www.poetrysociety.org.nz/
comingevents](http://www.poetrysociety.org.nz/comingevents)

**DEADLINE FOR MAY
ISSUE:
7 APRIL**

Anatomy of an idea – Conjoined Poems ...

Eric Dodson

Sometimes by accident you stumble upon a different way of creating the form of a poem. The following is a description of how I did just that.

After thinking about the lyrics to the song 'Oh, What a Beautiful Morning' [R. Rodgers and O. Hammerstein, 1943] I wrote in my workbook, "and the corn is as high as a mouse".

Some time later I started to write a poem ...

Wanting Corn

And the corn is as high
as a mouse
for now

you wait expectantly

... then I stopped; the words at the beginnings of the opening lines caught my eye

–

And / as / for / you

– which gave me the idea of melding two poems in one, made up of a horizontal poem plus a vertical poem from the first word of each line. I completed a vertical poem and then, after I finished the horizontal poem, the two poems somehow seemed to provide positive and negative contrasting content. Here is the poem in full:

Wanting Corn

And the corn is as high
as a mouse
for now

you wait expectantly
it takes a few months
is occasionally sooner but

only when
a grower responds to the
matter

of course at the
time, dollar signs appear
before their eyes and

the weather opening up before they're
ripe could cause the field to be
full of flood water

cobs rot and
are fed out to cattle
frozen in the paddocks

for the growers
winter comes quickly

(Published in *Poetry NZ 45*; ed Owen Bullock, 2012)

The vertical poem which controls the length of the whole is suitable for building from short poems such as haiku. Here's an example:

shooting season –
the village pond
alive with ducks

(Published in *the infinity we live in*; ed Joanna Preston, NZPS, 2007)

The finished poem:

Shooting stars pepper;
season the spread of night

the sportsman in a
village thinks of the now quiet
pond that will claim his targets

alive on their temporary sanctuary, but
with dawn approaching,
ducks; blissfully unaware of the looming blitzkrieg.

The idea of conjoined poems may have enough appeal for other poets to give it a try and maybe add their own stamp to the form. Who knows where this might lead?

Quotation of the Month

It has taken me three published books, seven years of public readings, festival appearances and tours abroad, several forays into radio, television and the quality newspapers, more than my fair share of grants and prizes and, all in all, some 2000 poems, to feel I can now say, in a whisper, that I am a poet.

Glyn Maxwell

from: *Quote Poet Unquote* ed Dennis O'Driscoll (Copper Canyon Press, Washington, 2008)

... and a variation on the theme

Laurice Gilbert

I have attempted something similar to Eric's form, responding to a prompt I found somewhere. (Unfortunately, I didn't record where the prompt came from, so I can't attribute the specific source. I hope it will be sufficient to say I don't claim the idea as my own.) The challenge was to take the first sentence of a book and use the words in it, in order, to begin the lines of a poem. It rapidly became apparent that a shortish sentence would be a good idea, if I were to maintain any sort of sense in what I was creating.

I don't claim the outcome as deathless poetry, and I haven't submitted it anywhere, but offer it here as another example of a way to provide a structure for new writing. Unlike Eric's example, this is not a form as such – more a sort of scaffolding for getting a poem under way, which might or might not work. Here's my example:

18:01 on a summer afternoon

with thanks to E. Brontë

I no longer wish to be buffeted by wind, to
have my very insides shredded to salad.
Just listen – feel – see the rain-soaked garden,
returned from the dead, as it succumbs once more.
From the north, from the south, it makes no
distinction:
a wind is a gust is a gale is a storm.
Visit the Met Office and ask it to let up,
to cease, to desist, to come to a standstill.
My patience is sorely strained.
Landlord, poet, mother, wife –
the life in me is blowing away.
Solitary amusement no longer suffices.
Neighbour, lock up your pets!
That long dry summer is of no pleasure if
I am to be blustered to disequilibrium.
Shall I never be free of it?
Be gone! you servants of Aeolus,
troubled spirits of the air.
With all my will I power you away.

Read downwards (including the title), the first words might be familiar to those who have enjoyed Emily Brontë's most famous work.

Other ways I have seen this done include a poem from *In Protest – 150 Poems for Human Rights* (Human Rights Consortium, London, 2013). In 'Asylum Cocktails', Keith Jarrett cleverly used the prejudiced language of the creators of UK asylum law. The line end-words make up the quotation that inspired the poem, masterfully undermining the law-writers' position.

And *JAAM 31 – the 2013 issue* contains a poem by

David Howard (p.191) using parallel stanzas that can be read either together or separately – if a little awkwardly – leading to built-in multiple readings of the same words. Here’s the first set of stanzas, to give you an idea of how it works:

Venture My Word

For Philip Matthews

1
on the verandah where the children sit
barefoot, I verify outside the green door
the line of sandals a pile of newspapers
there is order, it is contingent on what’s
exterior: I thought there, I’ll watch
the known world from a secret place: this self
at my disposal is it imaginary and what if

Give one or more of these ideas a go for yourself and send them in to: editor@poetrysociety.org.nz If I have enough of them (and they work) I’ll publish them as a special feature in the next issue of a *fine line*.



From the President

Laurice Gilbert

I took on the job of paid National Coordinator in 2006, when no-one else was available to run the Society, either voluntarily or in a paid capacity. The honorarium for the first year was \$15,000, and has rarely been more than half of that, and usually much less, since. It became my full-time ‘day job’, and I performed it to the best of my ability, keeping the Society going when it was under serious threat of being wound up. This was not for lack of interest on the Members’ part, but because all the voluntary (fewer than ever) and paid (a growing number) helpers resigned at once.

I freely acknowledge, accept, and work around the fact that I don’t “play well with others”, and I recruited a supportive committee of long-term NZPS members who knew me and trusted me to do what was needed for the Society, in return for irregular meetings that were not an onerous commitment on their time. I believe I have repaid that trust; the Society is a continuing presence, with some improvements – the making of a profit instead of a loss from the anthology being a good example. A steady increase in membership beyond Wellington, especially in the Auckland region, is an achievement I’m particularly proud of.

After 7 years, I resigned because I had achieved my goal of caretaking the Society into a new generation of willing helpers, my honorarium (miniscule as it was) was not going to be viable for much longer, and I no longer wanted to carry the weight of responsibility for the Society

largely on my own.

I knew the transition back to a voluntary committee was going to be a long and complicated one, and that it was going to be challenging to disentangle the various strands of the work to make it possible for others to take over. Some of the issues have needed more effort than others – getting Xero (our online bookkeeping programme) and PayPal sorted out, for example – and I have steadily worked on getting them up to speed so that they can be passed on as going concerns.

I was, and am, willing to keep doing the jobs for which there is revenue that specifically covers the cost of their administration – the magazine and the competition – for the foreseeable future.

People stepped up who were willing to take on the roles of Membership Officer and Treasurer, but who, through changing circumstances, have not been able to continue for now.

I now find myself in the position of doing (unpaid) all the same work as I have been doing all along, as well as tidying everything up for handing over, with the additional pressure of a committee that wants to be active and has excellent ideas for expansion, but whose members have the same time pressures as those in any other voluntary organisation.

Here is my plan for the rest of 2014:

1. I shall continue to make sure the day-to-day running of the Society – emails, mail, financial issues, compliance requirements, website updates and member support – are done at least until the 2014 AGM, though not in a full-time capacity, as I have claimed my garden back and I’m enjoying it.

2. I intend to retire as President, as required by the Constitution, at the 2014 AGM and will not seek re-election in that position. I stood for the President’s position originally because it has traditionally been a hands-on role and I was doing all the work as National Coordinator anyway. It’s time for new leadership to take us beyond the status quo I have maintained for 7 years.

3. At the 2014 AGM I am willing to stand for Vice-President, with a view to being responsible for the magazine portfolio. I am also happy to continue my contract to run the competition, though that will be up to the new committee. I will obviously remain available for consultation and support for new committee members who take over the jobs I have been doing.

4. From 17th March, until the AGM and a change of Committee, there will be monthly committee meetings at the Thistle Inn, 3 Mulgrave St, Wellington, at 6.30pm on the evenings of our public meetings, i.e. the third Monday of each month. Members are welcome to attend these, and I hope some will. The Society is going to rely on new Committee members to take us into an exciting new future of broader community involvement and an expanded reach into previously untapped demographics. Please consider joining the Committee - more members mean less work for each individual.

5. I am currently (though intermittently) compiling a list of all the little jobs that can be done with minimal time commitment, and without the necessity of being in Wellington. In fact, about the only task that is geographically determined is collecting the mail.

If you are willing to help the organisation in even a small way - eg screening the emails and forwarding them to someone else for reply, or sending welcome emails to new members, or removing outdated material from the website - please consider offering yourself as a new Committee Member at the upcoming AGM. If you're willing to do more, even better. I can supply a list of tiny jobs for you to choose from.

I am grateful to those long-ago committee members who entrusted me with the job of National Coordinator in 2006. I have gained an enormous number of new skills and made many, many new and treasured friends. I also have a far greater knowledge of New Zealand's low-key poetry life than I (and probably many others) imagined exists outside the obvious academic outlets and widely-published 'names'. New Zealand is brimming with talented people whom the minimal-poetry-reading/listening public may never hear of; there are hundreds, maybe thousands, of us beavering away, turning our love of poetry and spoken word into books, CDs, performances, and slam events. This has been an experience I wouldn't swap for anything, and I look forward to a long and rewarding connection with current and future members of the NZPS, as just another poet.

About our Contributors



Eric Dodson is spending his retirement fishing, gardening and writing poetry. His poems and haiku have appeared in NZ journals including *Poetry NZ* and *Kokako*.

Kirsten Cliff is a writer with a love of all things haiku. She was the 2013 NZPS competition judge for the junior haiku section, and has recently featured in *A New Resonance 8: Emerging Voices in English Language Haiku* (Red Moon Press, US). <http://kirstencliffwrites.blogspot.co.nz/>

Susan Howard lives on a small farm in Warkworth. She works as an accountant and writes poetry in her spare time. She has been published in *a fine line*, *The Typewriter*, *Shot Glass Journal*, and other international publications.

A Warm Welcome to...

Cordelia Black Upper Hutt

David Taylor Auckland

Glenys Doull Palmerston North

Roger Evans Auckland



Congratulations

Ernest Berry came third in the Senryu section of the HPNC International Haiku, Senryu, & Tanka Competition for 2013.

Ernest Berry and **Cynthia Rowe** were both Highly Commended in the 2013 IHS International Haiku Competition.

Jac Jenkins was First Prize winner in the *takahe* Poetry Competition 2013, with her poem 'Uncoupling'. Second Prize was won by Deidre Thorsten Laverty, and **Sandi Sartorelli** and Elizabeth Norton were the Runners-up.

Aalix Roake won the Shiki Kukai Haiku online competition for November 2013 with:

morning chill -
the dog curls
into a perfect circle

Sandra Simpson was placed Second and Commended in the Haiku Presence Award (UK). Second Prize was awarded for:

the moon's apostrophe -
everything I know
learned from books

Other NZPS members with work in December 2013's *takahe* are: **Barbara Strang** (fiction), **Jan Hutchison**, **Karen Peterson Butterworth**, **Sugu Pillay**, **Liz Breslin**, **Linley Edmeades** and **Alexandra Fraser**.

The new *Turbine* (<http://nzetc.victoria.ac.nz/iiml/turbine/Turbi13/index.html>) includes poems by members **Kerrin P. Sharpe** and **Charmaine Thomson**.



Noticeboard

THE NEW ZEALAND FESTIVAL WRITERS WEEK - DISCOUNT

The NZPS has a place in Writers Week this year with 'Five Poets and a Prize' on **Tuesday 11th March, 12.15 at the Hannah Playhouse**. There'll be readings from Riemke Ensing, **Michael Harlow**, Vivienne Plumb, Jenny Bornholdt and Geoff Cochrane, MC'd by **Frances Edmond**, daughter of the late Lauris Edmond - a stellar line-up. At the end of the reading I'll be presenting this year's Lauris Edmond Award for Distinguished Contribution to New Zealand Poetry.

The Ticketek Entitlement Password for NZPS members to use when purchasing their tickets to this session is: "EDMOND"

The password makes the tickets \$15 instead of \$18 (ticketing fees still apply). See: <http://premier.ticketek.co.nz/shows/show.aspx?sh=FIVEPOET14>

BOOK LAUNCH: GERMAN POETRY IN TRANSLATION, KIWI STYLE!

You are cordially invited to celebrate the publication of a fun and special book of poetry. **Cordelia Black** and **Robbie Ellis**, creators of the (fictional) Eketahuna German Literature Society, are printing a collection of classic German lyric poetry and some irreverent but loving translations of these works with a New Zealand English twist. It's our first book project, so we'd love your support.

There are launch events in Auckland and Wellington:

Thursday 17 April: 5.30pm, Pat Hannan Room (501), Arts 2 Building, University of Auckland City Campus, 18 Symonds Street.

Thursday 24 April: 5.30pm, SLC Common Room, Level 6 von Zedlitz Building, VUW Kelburn Campus, 28 Kelburn Parade.

Refreshments provided. We'll have books on hand for cash sales. NZPS members are very welcome to read some of our poems at either launch. Drop us a line at eketahunagls@gmail.com and we'll hook you up!

We're proud to have the support of the Auckland Goethe Society and the NZ Centre for Literary Translation.

Check out all our translations at: <http://eketahunagermanliteraturesociety.tumblr.com>



haikai café

Your bite-sized serving of haiku, senryū, tanka and haibun

edited by Kirsten Cliff

your best joke
pink dusk
in the villa window

~ *Haiku by Norah Johnson*

family gossip . . .
Mum's hands
circle the steering wheel

~ *Senryū by Anne Curran*

resting my arms
along the table
I gather light
into the cradle
of an elbow

~ *Tanka by Patricia Prime*

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



From the Archives

Poets

Poets are a joyous race,
O'er the laughing earth they go,
Shedding charms o'er many a place
Nature never favoured so.
Still to each divinest spot,
Led by some auspicious star,
Scattering flowers where flowers are not,
Making lovelier those that are.

Poets are a gifted race!
If their gifts aright they knew;
Fallen splendour, perished grace,
Their enchantments can renew.
They have power o'er day and night,
Life, with all its joys and cares -
Earth, with all its bloom and blight -
Tears and transport - all are theirs!

Poets are a wayward race!
Loneliest still when least alone,
They can find in every place
Joys and sorrows of their own.
Grieved or glad by fitful starts,
Pangs they feel that no one shares,
And a joy can fill their hearts
That can fill no hearts but theirs!

Poets are a mighty race!
They can reach to times unborn,
They can brand the vile and base
With undying hate and scorn!
They can ward Detraction's blow -
They oblivion's tide can stem
And the good and brave must owe
Immortality to them!

From: *The Argus* (Australia) Tuesday 3 April 1849, Page 4

Thanks to Graeme Lindsay for sending this in.



Featured Poet: Susan Howard

Leaving Home

The whole earth stirs and warms,
offers up blossom brooches
pinned to granny arms,
brave new leaves fluttering like flags
defiant against spring frost,
Luke the gander stirred by
ancient promptings.
I scrape ice off to see the road,
and drive past tree stumps smouldering.

The Hopetoun Bridge

Monday, and it's walking to
work over the Hopetoun Bridge,
the other bridge lost in the
misty rain. The sky tower
punctures drifting clouds. Red brick
building pokes through trees. Tower
windows harken back to when
romantic poets prodded
blooming. Uplifted, and buoyed
against another day, I
miss the ground give groan like skin
wrinkled too long in the bath.

Nice Day for a wedding

The sea washes up the past, then dumps it before
ebbing a clean slate with enough grit to hold the
dreams.

Toetoe flutter like birds in flight stuck in the sand as
if
constrained by the detritus of disjointed lives.

The guests gather, like licorice all sorts, held
together by
loose connections. The groom wanders by in shorts
and tee shirt.

Outside the chairs hoping for a sunny day, are
scattered like skittles by
the winds of shredded families patched up and on
show for a day.

Surrogate uncles join together in waiata. Wedding
speeches
reference the path of love, obliquely scattering the
past.

London Rhythm and Blues

She was expecting them;
even so, unpacked,
they wooed her.
Like old friends
black work, party spikes,
moths of memory
squinting at the sunlight of
opportunity.
The girls at work would
kill her if she didn't
so squeezing into the
Vivienne Westwoods
she teetered out the door.

The Prodigal Son

He'd just come back from London
with a mountain of debt
and a wife.
No job yet but he needed a car.
Found one in a car yard called Drive n' Save.
No warranties sought or offered.
It was that type of place.
The door to the money-go-round was flanked by
the betting agency a gambling parlour and
the "Chance" bar. He could prop himself up
after signing his life away,
or try and get some of it back.
Take away pizza was close by if
it took longer than he thought.

The Skin we Live in

She glances sideways,
a slight curve
melon shaped.
Tightening stretch
feels a lasting
reminder.
Inside poke becomes
an outside lump
slides away.
Bearing down,
a Chinese burn
delivers fruit.
She breathes in
new peach fuzz,
blooming skin.

Sonnet to the Land

after Robert Frost

I have a yearn to breathe the land light
to hear snowdrops open to the sun.
Sometimes it comes to me in the night
that all is lost to me til day is done.
This morning a slice of cool blue lit the sky,
enough to see the soft sheep bleat,
a roof in relief, a glint on leaf, the valley mist lie
over calves murmuring in their sleep.
A warning screech from behind the house
alerts to the shadow of hawk hover.
I listen for the scurry of the mouse,
saved by the vigilante plover.
I dread the onset of the night.
I have a yearn to breathe the land light.

The Buff Sussex

I didn't see him swoop down. I can
only imagine how you felt, head pushed
down into the mud, those talons digging in
as he ripped at your breast.

The rooster saved you, screeching
urgently outside the house, rocketing
through the orchard, looking back to see
if we were following.

I would have missed your brown speckle
fluff and bustle, your sharp eye. Afterwards,
I even forgave the way you scratch out
the mulch around our fruit trees.

Redemption

Stacked stepping stones
scattered as
an ancient puzzle.

The code,
the cornerstone, a
stumbling block

to many.

Polished by a master hand,
and

branded in
renewing fire.

Weeds may grow.

Order will come to light.

Our Goose is Cooked

This is life on the farm,
life on the farm.
Look into the distance,
ignore his bloodied head
on the chopping block,
the easy way you turned him
into food for the children.
Concentrate instead
on his warm, plucked, body.
Forget we called him Ryan Gosling.

A Change of Scenery

We're at the arse-end
of Autumn,
and the paddocks are glistening,
rain-soaked.

The cows are up to their knees
in mud.

We open up a new paddock.
They kick up their heels and
fandango through.

Other Peoples' Lives

There's a flag of blue lobelia, bold among
weeds and wrinkled blooms;
a clambering yellow rose,
rooted rich in compost from his passing;
sounds of summer jollity, warm murmur and clink
under hacked olive trees above the fence line.
We receive a note in the letterbox
about the dogs barking.

Half-Baked Resolutions

Place your bowl on the bench. Start
with two cups of should, and a
cup of must, a tablespoon
of ought to, a sprinkling of
unjustified confidence,
a dash of optimism
a modicum of common
sense. Blend and season with rue.
Don't be down-hearted if they
fail to rise, slip out of your
grasp, and are gone by lunchtime.

Competitions and Submissions

Applications invited for Shanghai International

Writers' Programme; Deadline: 7 March Applications are invited from NZ writers who are interested in taking part in the Shanghai International Writers' Programme, run by the prestigious Shanghai Writers' Association. The programme takes place in September and October this year. The selected writer will receive return air travel, free accommodation in Shanghai and a small stipend to help cover living expenses. The opportunity has been developed through a partnership between the Michael King Writers' Centre and the NZ China Friendship Society. Details at: www.writerscentre.org.nz

The project is a partnership between the New Zealand China Friendship Society, the Michael King Writers' Centre, the Shanghai Writers' Association and the Shanghai People's Association for Friendship with Foreign Countries. The Shanghai Writers' Association will fund the 2014 residency, while the NZ China Friendship Society will fund the 2015 residency via their Simon Deng Li Fund, established in 2012 to encourage cultural links between New Zealand and China.

Karren Beanland, Michael King Writers' Centre, PO Box 32-629, Devonport, Auckland 0744 Email: manager@writerscentre.org.nz

Sarah Broom Poetry Prize; Deadline: 14 March

The Sarah Broom Poetry Prize has been established in memory of Sarah Broom by her family and friends. The prize is inspired by the spirit of imagination, freedom and determination that marks Sarah's life and work. It aims to provide recognition for a New Zealand poet and a financial contribution to support their work. The prize will be awarded annually, based on 6-8 unpublished poems, to encourage and support the recipient in the completion of a full manuscript of original poetry.

The inaugural Sarah Broom Poetry Prize will be announced at the Auckland Writers & Readers Festival in May 2014. Shortlisted poets will be invited to read their poetry at a specific event at the Festival.

Full details on entry criteria can be found at: <http://sarahbroom.co.nz/poetry-prize.html>

Fundraising for the Poetry Prize is under way and will determine the final amount awarded to the recipient. If you would like to contribute please make a donation with your credit card or internet banking via PayPal. For more information about donating, please email: trustfund@sarahbroom.com.nz

The Binnacle Ultra-Short Competition (USA) Deadline:

15 March Guidelines: <http://machias.edu/ultra-short-competition.html> Top Award: \$50.00. A minimum of \$300 in prizes will be awarded, with a minimum prize of at least \$50. Entry Details: Poetry: Maximum 16 lines and 150 words; Prose: Maximum 150 words. Unpublished works only. Notify if accepted elsewhere; maximum two literary entries per author.

Straid Collection Award (UK) Closing Date: 17 March Entry: £22 (postal); £25 (online). The annual Straid Collection Award is open for submission of full collections of poetry. The award is given to one poet each year and is intended for poets who have a complete new collection of high quality work. The winning poet will be offered a launch reading at the 2014 Derwent Poetry Festival and a further launch reading in our Keats House events programme. <http://www.cityoflondon.gov.uk/things-to-do/attractions-around-london/keats-house/Pages/About-us.aspx> For further information, see: <http://templarpoe.com/products/straid-collection-award>

Wenlock Poetry Festival Poetry Competition (UK)

Closing Date: 17 March Entry Fee: £5 per poem. Prizes: 1st Prize £500, 2nd Prize £200, 3rd Prize £100. Shortlisted entries will be judged by Daljit Nagra. Winners will be invited to read at an awards ceremony on Saturday 26th April in Much Wenlock as part of Wenlock Poetry Festival 2014. For further details and entry form please see website: <http://www.wenlockpoetryfestival.org>

Jane Martin Poetry Prize (UK) Closing Date: 21 March

Free entry. Entrants must be aged 18-30. The winner will receive £700 and will have an opportunity to give a reading at a celebratory event at Girton College, at which the prize will be awarded. There will also be a second cash prize of £300. Entries are limited to four poems per person per year, submitted as one entry. More information and the entry link can be found on our website: <http://www.girton.cam.ac.uk/news/747-jane-martin-2014>

Furies Poetry Anthology (UK) Deadline: midnight,

30 March For Books' Sake invites poets to write back on behalf of wronged and radical women for our first ever poetry anthology. *Furies* will be published in Autumn 2014, and will showcase established and emerging women writers from across the globe. For a chance to be featured, wet your nibs with spite and find your muse among the infernal goddesses of justice and revenge.

We interpret *Furies* in the widest possible sense, and your hellcat heroines may be modern, mythic, animal or cyborg, women from film, fiction, history, music, art and activism, or rebels in their own home. Whether you're penning a tribute to Pussy Riot, a sonnet about suffragettes, a love letter to women warriors from fairytale or folklore, or something else entirely, we can't wait to read your writing. Poets should submit a maximum of three poems, each no longer than 40 lines. The very best will be featured in our *Furies* poetry anthology. All profits from *Furies* will be donated to Rape Crisis, an independent, registered charity providing essential support to survivors of rape and sexual violence.

To submit a poem, writers are requested to make a donation of £1 per poem or £2 for three poems. If for any reason your financial circumstances make this difficult, please send us an email at: hello@forbookssake.net

Collaborative poetry collection (UK) Deadline: 31 March Prole is looking for three or four poets who have a pamphlet-length collection ready to submit. The aim is to publish a full collection featuring these poets. As ever with Prole, style and subject matter are completely open, it's quality that counts. As well as quality writing, we're looking for poets who will actively promote the collection through readings, their websites, writing groups etc. Poetry is a hard sell, but it's well worth the effort to get quality writing out there. If you think you have something that will interest us, please submit no more than 40 poems to: submissionspoetry@prolebooks.co.uk including the poems in the body of the email. Please, no attachments. We are happy to include poems that have been previously published so long as the contributor is clear that they have retained rights to do so. We do not want previously published pamphlets.

We are active editors and will work with poets in order to select or hone any chosen submission. Payment will be paid on a royalty basis. If we make a profit, our writers are paid. 50% of any profit will be retained by Prole, 50% will be shared equally between the contributors.

Flash 500 Humour Verse Competition (UK) Closing date: 31 March Entry fee: £3 for the first poem, £2.50 for each poem thereafter. Up to 32 lines. Prizes: First: £150; 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. See: http://www.flash500.com/index_files/humourverse.html

The Foley Poetry Contest (USA) Postmark Deadline: 31 March Guidelines: http://www.americamagazine.org/content/article.cfm?article_id=10540 Top Award: \$1,000. Three runner-up poems will be published in subsequent issues of *America*. Entry Details: One poem, 30 lines or less, unpublished, no simultaneous submissions. *America* is a national weekly Catholic magazine founded by Jesuits in 1909. The award honors Dr. William T. Foley. Recent Winner: Chelsea Wagenaar, 'Citrus Paradisi for Anna': <http://americamagazine.org/citrus-paradisi>

JAAM 32: Shorelines - Call for submissions; Deadline: 31 March Submissions are now open for issue 32 of JAAM literary journal - Editor: Sue Wootton. Sue is probably best known as a poet - she has published three collections of poetry, most recently *By Birdlight* (Steele Roberts, 2011), and has won awards for her poems. But she's also an experienced prose writer. Her ebook of three short stories, *The Happiest Music on Earth*, was published in 2012 and her children's book, *Cloudcatcher*, came out in 2010. Sue has twice been a runner up in the BNZ Katherine Mansfield short story awards, has been a finalist in the Sunday Star Times and Royal Society of New Zealand Manhire Prize short story competitions, and has won the Aoraki Literary Festival short story prize.

The theme for JAAM 32 is 'shorelines', and Sue welcomes submissions that consider this theme from any angle, loosely, or not at all.

JAAM publishes poetry, fiction, creative non-fiction, essays, photography and other artwork. Please don't send simultaneous submissions, more than six poems or more than three prose submissions. JAAM prefers emailed submissions. Send to jaammagazine@yahoo.co.nz, using 'JAAM submission' (or similar) in your subject line, so we know it's not spam. Include your submission(s) in the body of your email. If you have particular formatting, you can also include your submissions in an attachment (.doc, .rtf, .pdf or any image file type is ok for images).

If you don't have email, you can post submissions to: JAAM, PO Box 25239, Wellington 6146, New Zealand. Make sure you include a stamped self-addressed envelope for reply. JAAM 32 will be published in or around September 2014.

Wergle Flomp Humour Poetry Contest (USA)

Deadline: 1 April Free entry. Submit one humor poem. This poem should be your own original work. You may submit the same work simultaneously to this contest and to others, and you may submit a work that has been published or won prizes elsewhere. First Prize, \$1,000 cash; Ten Honorable Mentions, \$100 cash each. All entries that win cash prizes will be published on the Winning Writers website and announced in the Winning Writers Newsletter (circulation 50,000+). Writers of all nations may enter. However, the works you submit should be in English. If you have written a work in another language, you may submit an English translation. Inspired gibberish is also accepted. Enter online at: <http://winningwriters.com/our-contests/wergle-flomp-humor-poetry-contest-free>

Who Is Wergle Flomp? Wergle Flomp is a creation of poet David Taub. Mr. Taub submitted 'Flubblebop' to poetry.com's former (and not very selective) contest to see what would happen. [You should check it out - it is truly inspired gibberish: <http://winningwriters.com/resources/wergle-flomp-the-poems-that-started-it-all>]

If you have questions, please email the contest administrator: adam@winningwriters.com

Austin International Poetry Festival (USA) April 3 - 6

AIPF is Austin's premier poetry event, celebrating the works and words of local, state, national, and international poets, in the heart of Texas. The 2014 Festival will be held on at locations throughout the capitol city. See details on the website: www.aipf.org

You may submit up to 3 poems (no longer than 32 lines) for AIPF's 2014 Anthology competition **with each registration**. Each year, AIPF produces a stunning anthology that publishes some of the finest poems and poets in the country and beyond. For further information about registration and submission details for the anthology competition please visit www.aipf.org.

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, Reviews and Members' poems. See publication guidelines for these and other sections of the magazine at <http://www.poetrysociety.org.nz/aboutsubmissionguidelines>

Submissions to: editor@poetrysociety.org.nz

The Colour of Saying - a celebration of Dylan Thomas (UK/USA) Closes: 27 April (Dylan's mother Florrie Thomas's birthday) For original and new pieces of creative writing to be based on Dylan Thomas's poem 'The Hunchback in the Park'. To create a 5-year rolling programme which includes other disciplines, such as poetry accompanied by music, film scripts, play scripts, and dramatic monologues. To encourage trauma or war victims, prisoners, abused wives or husbands, immigrants or refugees to a new country who do not speak the country's language.

Guidelines: for entrants 10-100 years. Responses to the poem 'The Hunchback in the Park' can be in poetry, prose-poems, prose, diary form, and letter form. Creative writing entries must be original, must not have been previously published, can be written in the writer's mother tongue (whatever the language is) or in the writer's dialect, together with (if possible) an English translation. Submissions are limited to one page each for the original and translation. Submissions must be sent to colour@dylandowntheups.org.uk as a word attachment, which should include the age of the entrant and contact details. Submission is free. The best of the submissions will be judged by international writers/translators and published in an anthology which will appear on the 27th October 2014, the centenary of Dylan Thomas's birth, co-published by The Seventh Quarry Press, UK, and Cross-Cultural Communications, USA. The remainder of the submissions will appear in phases on: www.dylandowntheups.org.uk

Poetic Republic Poetry Prize 2014 (UK) Closing

Date: 30 April Entry fee: £7 per poem. For poems up to 42 lines. Prizes: Single Poem £2,000; Portfolio £1,000. Anonymous peer review online poetry competition judged by the entrants themselves. The event culminates with a collaborative eBook publication featuring the best poems and comments as chosen by the participants. Enter online at: www.poeticrepublic.com

Shot Glass Journal #13 - Call for Submissions;

Deadline: 1 May *Shot Glass Issue #13* is due to be posted at the end of May. Send submissions to: musesepriess@aol.com For more information about submissions, visit the Submissions section of our website: <http://www.musesepriess.com/shotglass/subs.html>

N.B. The US website I source my information from doesn't publish April contests until March. Check up-to-date options at: <http://www.poetrysociety.org.nz/aboutmorecompetitions>

More from the Archives

Modern New Zealand

Hurrah for our modern New Zealand -
The bonniest land on the seas;
Where might is the right of the strongest,
And rich men can do as they please.

The country where gentlemen wreckers
Can salvage the immigrants' store:
The country where tigers of women
Can murder their servants galore.

Where a man may have wives without number,
And nobody think him to blame:
Where a maiden, who fights for her honour,
Must flee from the country in shame.

The country where midnight marauders,
May rob with bravado and din;
And policemen look wise and see nothing -
Unless you have plenty of tin.

Where a larrikin smashing your windows,
And a thief caught robbing your till,
Are either "discharged with a caution,"
Or the jury will find 'em "no bill."

Where swindlers can live upon credit,
And pay off their debts with a "smash;"
And the mice and the matches are handy,
When a man's in a hurry for cash.

Where parsons go out of their pulpits
To dabble in "townships" and "shares;"
And merchantmen, "doing religion,"
May mix up their goods and their prayers.

Where "society" smiles on "Miss Kitty,"
And "Good Templars" rejoice in their "nips;"
Where publicans minister "justice,"
And jurymen brag of their "tips."

Where the working man raises the taxes
To pay for the rich man's school;
And the loafer runs off, that his children
May be kept by the honest fool.

Then hurrah for our modern New Zealand,
The bonniest land on the seas;
For sure, if we've somehow made money,
Why shouldn't we do as we please?

The Tuapeka Times (New Zealand) Wednesday 22 May 1878

Miscellany from the interwebs

“Russian stabbed to death because he preferred prose to poetry”: <http://www.rawstory.com/rs/2014/01/29/russian-stabbed-to-death-because-he-preferred-prose-to-poetry/> Time to give up the vodka.

The Always-good-to-see-one-of-our-own Spot

Michael Harlow heads to Nicaragua, as an invited guest of the International Poetry Festival of Granada: <http://www.odt.co.nz/lifestyle/magazine/290561/songs-people>

Early Jazz Poetry

Watch Langston Hughes read poetry from his first collection, *The Weary Blues* (1958): <http://www.openculture.com/2014/02/hear-langston-hughes-read-two-poems-from-the-weary-blues.html>

A Niche Missing From New Zealand Poetry

Commercial fishermen get together to celebrate their difficult and dangerous work - with a poetry slam: <http://www.psmag.com/navigation/business-economics/commercial-fishermen-get-together-recite-poetry-74049/>

The I-wish-I'd-said-that Spot

Especially Part 3: POETRY IS DEAD: LONG LIVE POETRY! <http://bostonreview.net/blog/amy-king-threat-level-poetry>

Poetry Pairing - A New York Times Initiative

Linking a poem with an article from the newspaper - an effective idea. See for yourself at: <http://learning.blogs.nytimes.com/2014/02/13/poetry-pairing-i-have-to-tell-you/>

The Not-sure-if-this-is-worth-reporting Spot

Twilight actress Kristen Stewart is writing poetry - more power to her, I say - and not everyone likes it. Here's one of the kinder critiques of an emerging poet's work I've ever seen: <http://www.poetryfoundation.org/harriet/2014/02/kristen-stewart-writes-poetry-shares-poetry-receives-serious-feedback/>

Honesty in Poetry?

The winner of this competition likes to add a twist: http://www.heraldmillmedia.com/life/poetry-adult-winner-poem-has-a-surprise-ending/article_00575052-9018-11e3-bc82-0017a43b2370.html

Another Niche Missing From New Zealand Poetry

‘Cowboy Poetry Gathering opens’: http://www.alpineavalanche.com/news/article_c68141ca-9a4f-11e3-8890-001a4bcf887a.html

Best Poetry Review Title: “Poet of the Caribbean”

The Poetry of Derek Walcott 1948-2013 reviewed by Teju Colefeb, Feb. 21, 2014, at: <http://www.nytimes.com/2014/02/23/books/review/the-poetry-of-derek-walcott-1948-2013.html>

American Life in Poetry: Column 285

By Ted Kooser, U.S. Poet Laureate, 2004-2006

In our busy times, the briefest pause to express a little interest in the natural world is praiseworthy. Most of us spend our time thinking about other people, and scarcely any time thinking about other creatures. I recently co-edited an anthology of poems about birds, and we looked through lots of books and magazines, but here is a fine poem we missed, by Tara Bray, who lives in Richmond, Virginia.

Once

I climbed the roll of hay to watch the heron
in the pond. He waded a few steps out,
then back, thrusting his beak under water,
pulling it up empty, but only once.

Later I walked the roads for miles, certain
he'd be there when I returned. How is it for him,
day after day, his brittle legs rising
from warm green scum, his graceful neck curled,
damp in the bright heat? It's a dull world.

Every day, the same roads, the sky,
the dust, the barn caving into itself,
the tin roof twisted and scattered in the yard.

Again, the bank covered with oxeye daisy
that turns to spiderwort, to chicory,
and at last to goldenrod. Each year, the birds—
thick in the air and darting in wild numbers—
grow quiet, the grasses thin, the light leaves
earlier each day. The heron stood
stone-still on my spot when I returned.

And then, his wings burst open, lifting the steel-
blue rhythm of his body into flight.

I touched the warm hay. Hoping for a trace
of his wild smell, I cupped my hands over
my face: nothing but the heat of fields
and skin. It wasn't long before the world
began to breathe the beat of ordinary hours,
stretching out again beneath the sky.

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 ©2006 by Tara Bray, and reprinted from her most recent book of poems, *Mistaken for Song*, Persea Books, Inc., 2009, by permission of 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.

Members' Poems

French exhibitions

Georges Braque harmonized with Pablo
Picasso, well met by moon under Parisian
rooftops talking excitedly from moment's
discovery painted in each studio,
brought to their next coterie,
listing inventory, uniquely
rising shared epiphany
like two mountaineers trekking
the same peak individually,
boldly exploring modernity, peers with ice-axe
stance cutting footholds and rope throws
hand by hand stepping up that steep slope track
until at the top they raved together
at accomplishing abstraction
through collage and cubism,
snowblind with artistic freedom

Bridget Barrer

Riverine

I dream the riverjack
with viperish guile
whispers seductions:
*Go – detour –
sojourn by rivulets,
enjoy the beauty of places.*
I forget that the river
itself is flowing to the sea
relentlessly.

People throng the rivery
landscape, their faces
become thin ribbons
blown by the wind
My catalogue of deeds
sinks like riverdrift.
Now I know
I need not struggle as
I am swept to the sea

Anne Hollier Ruddy

The next two poems are from: *De la imposibil la posibil/ From Impossible to Possible* (Oscar Print Publishing House, Bucharest, 2013).

Dialogue

The right hand is a bird
The left hand is a cage.
The right eye is a butterfly
The left eye is a net.
The right thought is a tree
The left thought is an axe.
With one word I call you
With the other word I drive you away.
With one gesture I gather you
With another one I scatter you.
Every impulse
Has a twin brother
Who destroys the other.
Love me in the same way:
With the desire of running away
And the pain of commitment,
With the temptation to be unfaithful
And the trust in fidelity.
Maybe we'll reach the end.

Valentina Teclici

From Impossible to Possible

It's impossible to fly with you, you whispered.
You want too much blue,
Too intense and far away.
I can't catch the moon in the sky,
Like a colt held on a bridle.
Our souls live
In different hemispheres,
You are too mysterious.

Everything is possible, I whispered,
Receiving an echo from four horizons.
I flew away, on a blue colt
And planted a water lily in the desert.
The red sand, burnt of hopes,
Burst into tears and trapped
Eternity in the shell of an oasis.

As a candela, the white water lily
Ignites the path of hearts,
Through free moonbeams
From Impossible to Possible.
Up, in the sky, held on a blue bridle,
The moon, playful colt, is dancing.

Valentina Teclici