

# 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 Corner @ The Thistle Inn  
3 Mulgrave St, Wellington Central  
Starts at 7.30pm with open mic.

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

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

**DEADLINE FOR  
JANUARY ISSUE:**

**14 DECEMBER**

## Spoken Word

*Lonnard Dean Watkins*

The Pizza Restaurant was full, with people ordering pizza or beer or ice cream or all three as the chatter of staff and clanking of kitchen implements emanated from the restaurant kitchen and other people sat at tables, or stood nearby, talking to someone next to them, laughing, eating, wiping hands on napkins, sipping their beer or soda, sending texts or updating Facebook on their phone and they were from all walks of life, students, labourers, shop workers, office workers, some dressed in suits, locals and visitors, young and old dressed up and dressed down in t-shirts and jeans and the chatter continued as the poet took the stage and stood in front of the microphone and looked down at her shoes then up to the ceiling and took a deep breath and as she gazed into the dimly lit room she raised her arms and her voice travelled above the heads and chatter offering to the crowd a poem that began with a statement then weaved through ideas and counter ideas with rhyme and rhythm and her hands waved about and the people at the tables clicked their fingers and a woot was hollered from a guy standing at the counter waiting for a beer, and wandering past outside a young backpacker from South America stuck his head through the door and asked "poetry?" and I said "Yeah!" and he walked in and stood near the stage and the poet's lyrical voice drew minds mingling into her words that related to her own, their own, everyone's own experiences and thoughts and emotions and the South American backpacker nodded his head as the poet placed her hand on her chest in the proximity of the heart and someone seated at the back of the room groaned, "yes, yes" and then the poet bowed her head and the clicking turned to applause and wild enthusiastic cheers.

Have you attended an event where poets stand before an audience who, rather than sit quietly in admiration, snap their fingers or speak out in encouragement? This is typical of a Spoken Word event where audience interaction is not only accepted, but expected.

The modern Spoken Word movement grew out of the Slam Poetry phenomenon that began in 1986 in Chicago, but it probably could be traced back to the emergence of the Beat Writers of the 1950s, or even with roots in Blues music. It was, however, the Slam competitions in recent decades that brought Spoken Word poetry to public attention. Since then, Spoken Word has seen a surge in participation around the world. We see more and more poetry venues featuring "Spoken Word" or "Poetry Slams". It attracts people from a broad range of poetic backgrounds, from established published poets to street poets heavily influenced by Hip-Hop. Here in New Zealand Spoken Word has flourished in the last few years, with groups such as the South Auckland Poets Collective in Auckland and Poetry in Motion in Wellington regularly filling their venues to capacity at their events.

Spoken Word and Slam Poetry are sometimes viewed as one and the same, but Spoken Word goes far beyond the competitive nature of Slams. In fact, many Spoken Word poets do not compete in Slam events and perform for the

enjoyment, and for providing them with a medium to express themselves.

So what is Spoken Word poetry? Simply put, Spoken Word is poetry 'from within', written predominantly to be performed rather than to be read from a book, much like a piece of music. Spoken Word poetry is often described as being 'in your face' and more to the point than other forms, and there is no doubt it is poetry with attitude. There is no particular style that typifies Spoken Word. From Hip-Hop to lyrical storytelling, poets often call from their personal experiences or views of current events. Rich with emotion, topics vary containing confessional, political, topical and very personal subjects. Committing the poems to memory is also a common characteristic of Spoken Word. This allows the poet to portray his or her own personality and put the poet's emotions into the performance, so it can be said the poet becomes the living embodiment of the poem.

You may have heard the expression 'The Spoken Word Revolution'; but the word "revolution" has connotations of a takeover, overthrowing the establishment. This is not the intention of the spoken word community. The intention is for this genre to be just another accepted form of poetic expression. This is a genre that has strongly announced itself on the poetry landscape and will continue to be embraced by the wide cultural diversity of the international poetry community.



## *From the National Coordinator*

*Laurice Gilbert*

This is the last column I'll write as your National Coordinator, as that role comes to an end after our anthology launch on 16th November. You'll still hear from me, as Editor or as Competition Secretary, and probably as NZPS Secretary for a while, at least until we can get some more of the administrative jobs shared out. I will remain President until the next AGM, as that's an elected position, and I'm happy to continue putting myself forward for that leadership role until someone else decides they can do it.

It's been an enormous pleasure administering the Society for the last seven years, and I will miss the regular contact I have with many of you during the course of my day. On the other hand, I have also met many of you and will continue to consider you my friends-in-poetry, looking forward to seeing you at poetry events and to reading your work in collections or online or in journals. (Keep sending in those success stories.)

And on the other other hand, I'll be doing a lot more writing than I've been able to do for the last year or so. I have two major projects currently under way: an epic poem I began in 2009, and which I poke at intermittently to see if it still has a pulse (it does), and a joint collection with Portuguese poet and NZPS member Hugo Kauri Justo. He's a lot further ahead with his contribution than I

am, but I hope to rectify that shortly. I've also arranged to do an extended renga with Seren Fargo, a US haiku poet I was fortunate enough to meet and share sushi with during my recent North American holiday. And of course there's individual poems to write and submit, so I'll still be busy.

Thank-you to everyone who has helped make the job such a rewarding one over the last seven years. The various committee members who have supported me have made it easy just to get on with it, and the many members who have written to compliment or thank me for the work have always been a particular favourite! It's a great feeling to know I've given someone pleasure just by doing what I do. I really appreciate all the positive feedback I've had, and I'm also grateful to those who have refrained from telling me when I've done it badly (as I'm sure I must have many times).

Speaking of the anthology launch, this year it's a bit later than usual, on **Saturday 16th November (4.30 for refreshments, and a 5pm start to the formalities)**. For several years it's been held on the first Saturday in November, to try and make it possible for senior students to attend before they hunker down in exam mode. This year that date has been taken over by the Hawkes Bay Poetry Conference, at which I, and a satisfyingly large number of you, will be performing and otherwise sharing our work. It's a most exciting initiative, and I'm looking forward to it. The second weekend of November is entirely given over to a dance performance I'm in, which should have taken place in August - unfortunately, one of the Cook Strait earthquakes occurred a day before the dress rehearsal and the venue was closed for checking by engineers.

So Weekend 3 it is. We're at Crossways Community Centre, 6 Roxburgh St, Mt Victoria, and the more of you who can turn up to support our winning and budding poets, the better. It's a joyous occasion, made brilliant by the quality of the poetry we have the privilege of releasing into the world. And there's always at least one really cute junior poet who wins everyone's hearts.

So that's it from me, as National Coordinator. I'll see you in the January issue as simply Editor.



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### **Quotation of the Month**

Poetry, whether it is a free verse howl, cyclonic pantoum, nuclear sonnet or double-barrelled sporophyll disguised as a prose poem, has this one quality about it: it is alive. It spits, sputters, spins. It ambles forward angry and confused, chased by frightened villagers. It breaches in the ocean a thunderous hulk white and marvellous.

*John Olson, Verse online, 10 April 2006*

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

## News from the Committee

There will be a working bee at the President's home in Wellington on the weekend of 23/24 November (Saturday and/or Sunday, depending on who can join in, when). The postal orders for the anthology need to be filled, and the more hands available to address and stuff envelopes, the better. There will be a bring-a-plate afternoon tea, and it will be a friendly and sociable way to perform a necessary task. If you are a willing helper, please email [info@poetrysociety.org.nz](mailto:info@poetrysociety.org.nz), stating which day you can attend.

The Committee is reviewing processes in the light of the disestablishment of the National Coordinator position. One of the issues that has arisen is the need to have 'understudies' for important functions, such as the Treasurer, Editor, Competition Secretary, Membership Officer and Secretary. While all these positions are currently filled, it makes sense to have back-up, in case of emergencies. We are therefore looking for offers from people willing to learn these jobs. It is most unlikely the understudies will be called upon to take over entirely, and they don't need to be in Wellington. If you would like to learn some new skills and find out how your Society functions, why not volunteer to be an understudy? A full job description will be provided, and you would be making an important contribution to the NZPS's aim to support poets and poetry in New Zealand.

One serious issue that needs to be addressed is the matter of tax compliance for the payments we make to Guest Poets and magazine contributors. Before you nod off, it will be a matter of agreeing to receive a self-generated invoice (ie generated by us) so we can subtract withholding tax. Once we have our Xero software working efficiently in the hands of our new Treasurer, the process should all be automatic. If you don't want withholding tax subtracted from your payment, you will need to send us an invoice yourself. The simplest solution is to submit work with a request not to be paid! However, payment is built into our expenses because we believe poets are entitled to be financially rewarded for their creative work, so there is no obligation to do it for free.

Finally, we are delighted to announce that the biennial celebration of otherwise unsung heroes of poetry, the presentation of the Lauris Edmond Award for Distinguished Contribution to Poetry in New Zealand, has been picked up by the Writers & Readers Week of the Wellington International Arts Festival, thanks to the programme director and former NZPS Committee Member, Kathryn Carmody. The Award has been presented at the 'Five Poets' event of The Press Christchurch Writers' Festival for many years, and we are grateful for that generous support. However, it was considered time to move the Award to Wellington, in view of the fact that Lauris lived and wrote there for many years. The change in presentation venue and event is supported by the Lauris Edmond Literary Estate, and the Friends of the LEA Committee.



## About our Contributors

**Kristina Jensen** is a 'poet afloat', freelance writer and musician. She lives a life of voluntary simplicity on a boat in the Marlborough Sounds with her artist husband and home-schooled son. She enjoys wild food foraging, sailing, and building pixie houses on the beach with kids. Her poetry has been published in *Bravado*, *Valley Micropress*, *Eclecticism*, *REM*, *Shotglass*, *One Smile*, *Takahe*, *Granny Smith*, a *fine line* and by Forward Poetry.

**Vaughan Rapatahana** is a poet, educationalist and language activist who lives in Hong Kong and considers the small town of Te Araroa near the East Cape of Te Ika a Maui to be his home.

**Lonnard Dean Watkins** is the Vice-President of the NZPS. His poetry and haiku have been published in numerous international journals. Lonnard is the editor of *Bent Ear Review*, an online journal for Spoken Word hosted at <http://www.musepiepress.com>



## A Warm Welcome to:

**Alexandra Fusco** Dunedin

**Christine Harkess** Taupo

**Gary Bovett** New Plymouth

**Harold Schuster** Wellington

**Nicola Thorstensen** Dunedin

**Pam Warnock** Porirua

**Sharon Johnson** Auckland

**Stephen Bailey** Upper Hutt

**Valentina Teclici** Napier



## Congratulations

Two years ago, **Ruth Arnison** sent off a poem to be considered for *Caught In The Net*, on the Poetry Kit website (as listed on the NZPS website) and she was the featured poet for October 2013. Well worth the wait: <http://www.poetrykit.org/pkl/CITN/citn%20124.htm>

**Ernest Berry** received an Honorable Mention in the Harold Henderson Award for Best Unpublished Haiku 2013. All winners will be published on the HSA website and in the next issue of *Frogpond*. He also won an Honorable Mention from the judges in the Gerald Brady Senryu Contest and received two further Honorable Mentions in the National Space Society of North Texas/ Fort Worth Haiku Society poetry contest.

**Jenny Clay** won the NZ Society of Authors' 2013 Kevin Ireland Poetry Competition for Auckland Members.

**Kristina Jensen** has had two poems accepted for the *Cyclamens and Swords* 'Birds' themed issue, two poems accepted by *The Linnet's Wings*, two poems in Forward Poetry anthologies and another of her 'Top Of The South' poems accepted for display in the Nelson museum window in November this year. Plus her 9-year-old son, Theo, had his poem, 'When People Leave This Earth', accepted for the *Rattle Children's Poetry* anthology being published this year, one of 60 selected from 2000 submissions.

**Wes Lee** has two poems shortlisted for The Lightship Poetry Prize, judged by Irish poet David Wheatley, in the UK. <http://www.lightshipublishing.co.uk/> The winner will be announced later this month [October], and the shortlist of 10 poems selected by David Wheatley will be published by Alma Books (Independent Publisher of the Year 2013) in the UK.

**Maris O'Rourke** had a poem featured on the international weekly Tuesday Poem blog, and received a Highly Commended for a poem in the National Play Centre competition, to be published by Ocean Books (along with the other winners, and illustrations by play centre kids: *Kiwi As*) She also had her poem 'Tangi Time' chosen as one of four for 'Put a Poem in your Pocket' on National Poetry Day in NZ, and was one of the ten finalists in the Kevin Ireland Poetry Competition.

**Vaughan Rapatahana** won Third Place in the 2013 Erbacce Poetry Prize. As well as that, he was offered the opportunity to be the Erbacce Featured Poet, and has nine poems and an extensive interview in the current issue.

**Sandra Simpson** won First place in the Royal Canal Haiku Contest (Ireland) with

early nightfall -  
the lock key warms up  
in my fist

As part of the prize, the haiku was painted on a wall alongside the Royal Canal in Dublin as part of Royal Canal Day, a celebration of the project that is revitalising the waterway.

Sandra is also part of the team that has won First place in the Einbond Renku Contest, run by the Haiku Society of America. Other members of the team are John Carley (sabaki, England), Lorin Ford (Australia), **Cynthia Rowe** (Australia) and William Sorlien (US). The renku form for the contest was nijuin (20 verses). 'Early Morning Heat' will be published in the December issue of *Frogpond*.

*Poetry NZ 47* is well populated by NZPS members:

**Owen Bullock, Jenny Clay, Alison Denham, Vaughan Gunson, Gail Ingram, Janet Newman, Sugu Pillay, Vaughan Rapatahana, and Karen Zelas** have poems in there. **Bill Sutton** comments on the 2013 Hawkes Bay Poetry Conference, and past President of the NZPS, Harry Ricketts, is the Featured Poet.



## Noticeboard

### Notice of Special General Meeting

There will be a SGM of the NZPS at the end of the open mic at November's meeting in Wellington, on Monday 18th November. The venue is upstairs at The Thistle Inn, 3 Mulgrave St, Thorndon. The purpose of the SGM is to present for approval: 1) the accounts for 2012-2013, and 2) the estimated expenditure for 2013-2014.

**Sue Courtney** would like to start a haiku group in Auckland along the lines of Windrift (Wellington) and The Small White Teapot (Christchurch). Sue sincerely hopes for enough response to make the Auckland haiku group a reality in 2014.

If you are interested in meeting once a month to share and discuss all things haiku, contact Sue: [s.courtney@clear.net.nz](mailto:s.courtney@clear.net.nz) or phone (09) 473 5110.

From **Kristina Jensen**: A few issues back, I put out the idea of sharing poems and constructive criticism with other poets, similar to ORBIT which some readers may remember.

Round Tui currently has 3 members, happily sharing and critiquing each other's poems on a weekly basis. If you are keen to join us, please email Kristina Jensen at: [umeus@xtra.co.nz](mailto:umeus@xtra.co.nz) and I will pop you into a 'nest'.

We 3 decided that to keep it loose and casual, there wouldn't be more than 5 people in each 'nest'. That way, there will hopefully be plenty of time to submit, read, critique and re-write.

Different topics and forms keep us on our literary toes.

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### VISITING WRITER – POETRY, FICTION OR CREATIVE NON FICTION (TRAVEL/LIFE WRITING)

#### Applications close 8 November 2013

Massey University, in conjunction with Palmerston North City Council and Community Arts Palmerston North, invites applications to join the School of English & Media Studies as Visiting Writer for the 12 week period 28 April to 18 July 2014.

The Visiting Writer will receive a salary of NZ\$10,000 and rent-free use of a downtown flat.

The Visiting Artist will have the opportunity to set aside much of this time to develop his or her own work.

The successful candidate will give one public reading in our Writers Read series, contribute to our vibrant suite of creative writing courses, lead a workshop of Creative Writing Master's students, and sponsor a community event.

For an application pack, please visit:

<http://www.massey.ac.nz/massey/learning/departments/school-english-media-studies/about/events/visiting-artist.cfm>

or contact Carol Seelye: [C.A.Seelye@massey.ac.nz](mailto:C.A.Seelye@massey.ac.nz)

# Regional Report

## WINDRIFT - AUGUST

*Penny Pruden*

Only four members of the group met at Brooklyn on August 15, but we still formed a quorum for the Annual General Meeting to precede our haiku thoughts, although it was necessary not to linger over them.

The exercises were based on Open, Transience, and Longing, and during discussion several contributions were retained to be re-worked. Nola Borrell's was among the first haiku drawn from the bowl, conveying the perfect picture of a late-night bus journey by the sea:

moonlight  
on wave after wave  
the sleeping passengers

Karen Peterson Butterworth explained that she was still considering the use of the words 'aglow' or 'a glow' in her contribution and was likely to revise it. It was submitted as:

grey drippy day -  
the glow from  
the lemon tree

My own one-liner, thought of as a 'circular' poem, followed:

through the curtain while I sleep the shape of trees

To Bevan's quip, "How d'you know, if you're asleep?" I assured him the trees remained whether I was asleep or not! Perhaps he was left waiting for my haiku moment, so I shouldn't have been so sharp.

When considering corresponding members' contributions to the open section, Jenny Pyatt's,

acorn-stuffed pheasants  
under the oak tree

prompted some humour. We soon understood we were to dismiss our visions of an outdoor dining table, with one member wondering if pheasants (when alive!) do feast on acorns or just shelter under an oak. John Ross evoked the presence of a different bird:

an unseen tui  
calls in the kowhai  
the sound of wings

In section 2, Nola Borrell's haiku subtly conveyed the moment of transience:

storm  
a small red leaf clings  
to my front door

My example followed:

after sunset  
sun reflects on the sky  
now, there's the moon

Karen felt this expressed a good picture, but said she could not feel any actual movement in it. Others said it did include a turning-point, though the repetition was not good. On the same subject, there was no way to improve Karen Peterson Butterworth's example -

settling  
on the baby's hand  
a snowflake

The next contribution would have fitted any of the three categories (and might, in different company, have raised a few inquisitive eyebrows!). As it stood, how could we not have remembered our own moments of transience and longing, when we heard Bevan Greenslade's -

after years I hold  
you once a brief forever  
before your plane leaves

There was more nostalgia in Jenny Pyatt's

fleeting romance  
memories  
cling

which was considered too abstract, although it did contain contrast.

Ernest Berry sent:  
on their  
golden anniversary  
a bowl of cherries

Bevan reminded us that, even for those reaching a golden anniversary, life is not always a bowl of cherries. His own suggestion was reminiscent of many winter mornings when the sun greets a grateful riser (no religious connotation intended!). Bevan Greenslade :

fog fugged windows  
rising sun resurrected  
water into wine

In the third category, an unexpected change from the anticipated pleasurable holiday was clear in Jenny Pyatt's -

dream holiday  
golf, shopping  
energy-sapping virus

The group enjoyed this as an experience we could all relate to, particularly as Bevan had come to the meeting suffering from a sudden virus and protected by a mask. It was felt it could be more specific, though; Bevan's own suggestion was to omit 'dream' and 'energy sapping' - almost too cryptic, perhaps?

Although we laughed as usual, what mischief Ernie Berry had in mind we never quite worked out:

wink  
the french waitress flicks  
her pony-tail



## haikai café -

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

edited by Kirsten Cliff

one more spring  
a cloud of pollen  
from the gnarled pine

~ Haiku by Barbara Strang

daydreaming  
in the foothills  
of Mount Pirongia . . .  
every shadowed curve  
dares a new dawn

~ Tanka by Anne Curran

#### whatever the weather

He lives at the end of the cul-de-sac, second road to the left. A giant of a man, black bearded, shaggy hair. Whatever the weather, he wears a black woollen singlet, worn black shorts and gumboots. Stick in hand, he paces the stockyards of his small block of land, shouting. Mad, or just voicing his opinions to the ether? Perhaps, a Thespian projecting his lines into the blustering wind.

letting go . . .  
dark wisps of cloud  
in a winter sky

~ Haibun by Margaret Beverland

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



## Competitions and Submissions

### Fire River Poets Open Poetry Competition (UK)

**Closing Date: 8 November.** Entry Fee: £3 for one, £5 for 2, £10 for 4. Judge Ann Gray, author of *At the Gate* and *The Man I Was Promised*. Ann will read all entries. Prizes £100, £75, £50. Unpublished poems only. Poems judged anonymously. Names, contact details and poem titles on separate sheet or entry form (optional). Entry forms and further guidelines at [www.fireriverpoets.org.uk](http://www.fireriverpoets.org.uk) under 'News and Events'.

### Illinois State Poetry Society Annual Poetry Contest

(USA) **Closes: 9 November.** Four categories: 1) Free Verse 2) Formal Verse, 3) Haiku: traditional (5-7-5 syllables) or modern (17 or fewer syllables), and 4)

Humor. Cash prizes, each category: \$50, \$30 & \$10. For further essential submission guidelines see: [illinoispoets.org](http://illinoispoets.org). Send submissions to Joanne Blakley, ISPS Poetry Contest Chair, 201 Michaelson Dr., Anna, IL, 62906, USA

**Anna Davidson Rosenberg Awards for Poems on the Jewish Experience (USA) Deadline: 15 November.** Free entry contest for unpublished poems about the Jewish experience. \$3,000 in prizes, divided between 1-3 winners and Honorable Mentions. Guidelines: <http://www.poeticamagazine.com/adrpaward.htm>

### The Marlborough Reader - call for submissions.

**Deadline: 15 November.** Marlborough's own new literary journal's inaugural issue is calling for submissions of original creative writing and poetry, from people aged over 13. The journal is the creation of local journalist and writer Toni Gillan, with guest editors and like-minded creative Marlburians. "The Marlborough Reader presents an opportunity to motivate and inspire self-expression through language. I hope to see writing coming in from high schools, writers groups, visiting writers, local iwi, migrants and new settlers and from the public at large." Guest Editor for the first issue is former bookshop owner and playwright Tan McNabb. Issue 1 is due out by the first week of December; submissions 100 words or less. Contact: [themarlbroughreader@xtra.co.nz](mailto:themarlbroughreader@xtra.co.nz)

### NorthWrite2013: Collaboration Competition.

**Deadline: 15 November.** The Northland Branch of the NZ Society of Authors is holding an online writing festival so all New Zealand writers can participate. We will interview authors of successful collaborative projects from New Zealand, and from around the world. We will review books written collaboratively and we will also take a look at some online collaborative work. Interspersed with this will be ideas on how to produce a piece of work written by two or more people. While we want this to be fun, we are not talking about party games, and the ultimate aim is a well-honed story from the pens of numerous participants. Our festival will culminate with a collaborative competition. Judges are Michelle Elvy and **Tim Jones** and there is a minimum prize pool of \$500. There is an entry fee of \$20 per entry which is equivalent to \$10 per person as each entry must be a collaboration between two people. The competition is open to all New Zealanders. Entries can be in story or poem form, or a combination of the two:

- Story: Either one story (maximum 750 words) written collaboratively, or two stories (total word count not to exceed 750 words) where one has been written as a response to the other.
- Poem: Either one poem written collaboratively (maximum of 60 lines) or two poems (total number of lines not to exceed 60) where one has been written as a response to the other.
- Combination: One poem (maximum 30 lines) and one story (maximum 325 words) where one has been written in response to the other.

Visit us online and join the festival: [www.northwrite.co.nz](http://www.northwrite.co.nz)

### **November Poetry Competition (UK) Deadline 15**

**November.** Prizes: £100 first, £25 runner up. Entry fees: £4 one poem, £9 three poems, £12 five poems. Judge: Mary Charman-Smith. Poems 45 lines maximum and in English language. Enter at: <http://www.marycharmansmith.co.uk/competition.html>

### **The Charles Causley Poetry Competition (UK) Closing**

**Date: 18 November.** Entry Fee: £7 for first poem; £4 each poem thereafter. Prize: First Prize: £3000, Second Prize: £500, Third Prize: £100. Judge: Sir Andrew Motion, Patron, The Charles Causley Trust. To download entry forms and guidelines visit: [www.thecharlescausleytrust.org](http://www.thecharlescausleytrust.org)

### **i-SHOT Pamphlet Award (UK) Deadline: 18**

**November.** Submissions are invited for the 2014 iOTA SHOT Pamphlet Awards for Short Poetry Pamphlets. Up to three overall winners. Publication by Templar Poetry in quality pamphlet format. Live launch events, including the Derwent Poetry Festival. Option to submit a full collection. Option to record and transmit your poetry online. Full guidelines & online entry at: <http://templarpoeetry.com/pages/iota-shot-awards-submission-guidelines-2014> or email for full guidelines: [info@templarpoeetry.com](mailto:info@templarpoeetry.com)

### **Odes to the Olympians Poetry Contest (USA)**

**Deadline: 30 November.** Authors of a historical novel series offer this free contest annually, with small prizes for poems about Greek and Roman mythology. The theme for this contest is for poems about Dionysus/Bacchus. Top Award: \$50 apiece in adult and youth (under 18) categories.

The Tapestry of Bronze is a series of historical novels by Victoria Grossack and Alice Underwood, set in the ancient world. The first strand in this tapestry is *Iokaste*, the story of the Queen of Thebes who was both wife and mother to Oedipus. In this novel we answer millennia-old questions: when did Iokaste realize she was married to her son? And what did she do about it?

All the Tapestry of Bronze novels are based on the Greek myths and take place in the time of heroes, during the Late Bronze Age. Reading the myths closely, and noting the connections between characters, we are creating a set of interwoven stories. We use archaeological and geographical information whenever we can find it, in order to reconstruct a past that might have been; however, these are still works of fiction and should be read as such.

Guidelines: <http://www.tapestryofbronze.com/OdeForm.html>

### **Big Big Wednesday (USA) Deadline: 1 December.**

*Big Big Wednesday* is accepting submissions for its second issue: fiction, nonfiction (essays, interviews, or other forms), poetry, and visual art in black and white. The theme of the second issue is FAILING. We encourage a

wide variety of interpretations of that theme, however loose or wild they may be. We accept simultaneous submissions, but please promptly let us know if your piece is accepted elsewhere. All submissions and inquiries can be directed to: [bigbigwed@gmail.com](mailto:bigbigwed@gmail.com) Please send your files as a Word document or PDF only, and please include your first and last names in the file name. Website: [www.bigbigwednesday.com/](http://www.bigbigwednesday.com/)

### **IT Itch Prize for Web Poetry Closing Date: 1**

**December.** IT Itch invites entries for its inaugural prize in web poetry. Designed as an opportunity for amateur digital communicators to share their work and for tech-minded professionals to dabble in a creative art-form, the prize is open to everyone and submissions will be accepted from any country. First prize is \$NZ300. For further details and an entry form please visit: <http://ititch.com/?s=poeetry+competition>

### **The Caselberg Charitable Trust: Fourth Caselberg International Poetry Prize, 2014. Closes: 31 December.**

First prize: \$500; Second Prize: \$250. Judge: Sue Wootton. For more information please go to [www.caselbergtrust.org](http://www.caselbergtrust.org)

### **Flash 500 Humour Verse Competition (UK) Closing**

**date: 31 December.** Entry fee: £3 for the first poem, then £2.50 for each poem thereafter. Line Length: Up to 32 lines. Prizes will be awarded as follows: 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](http://www.flash500.com/index_files/humourverse.html)

### **Greyhounds as Pets Fundraiser - Call for Submissions**

**Deadline: (midnight) 31 December.** GAP will put together a small illustrated collection of poetry, anecdotes, fiction and art/photographs about our beloved hounds for publication early in 2014. All owners and/or lovers of greyhounds are encouraged to send in poems or anecdotes (please try to keep anecdotes or fiction reasonably short) about their or others' hounds. Suitable fiction about hounds is fine. Also, any of you who are artists may like to submit your illustrations for consideration, and photographers (many fine ones out there) please inundate us with your photos! The proceeds from the collection will go towards assisting in the placement of greyhounds into their forever homes in NZ. If you have any questions at all you can contact: Jacqui Eyley: [jacqui@greyhoundsaspets.org.nz](mailto:jacqui@greyhoundsaspets.org.nz) (final editor); John Irvine: [cooldragon@vodafone.co.nz](mailto:cooldragon@vodafone.co.nz) (co-ordinator for the collection). Please send all writings as Word documents attached to an email, to John Irvine: [cooldragon@vodafone.co.nz](mailto:cooldragon@vodafone.co.nz) Illustrations and photographs to be full sized and at a minimum resolution of 300 dpi.



## Featured Poet: Kristina Jensen

### Mouse Bridge

squatting down  
in the loamy brown  
green tendrils  
anchor the crossing  
mouse bridge to bank  
a thin even tempered sapling  
stretches perfectly across  
for a mouse bridge.  
cautious footfalls  
worrying whiskers flicker  
the first tremulous step  
demands wide open fear  
Look up, look up!

### Korimako Sings

each morning, I listen  
for that particular note of yours  
an ecstatic explosion  
one out of three  
in your short-and-sweet repertoire  
only this one elicits  
a shooting star flash of  
wake up! be here!  
to this life, this day.

### Naked In The Elements

Tip a grey day on its dismal head  
Forget convention, be crazy instead  
Leave coat and hat and footwear stout  
Challenge yourself to go without  
  
Dare to shake off your softened skin  
Sober and staid from staying within  
The house may be cosy and safe and warm  
But the wind will remind you why you were born  
  
Taste the rain fall and hear the wind shout  
Dance and skip as they bustle about  
Laugh as they strip you down to the bone  
Earth child, you are home

### Doing the dishes

A Japanese visitor does the dishes  
at my sink. She holds each one  
delicately, as if it were  
a precious artifact.  
Slowly, methodically,  
washing away  
the patterns of feasting  
with gentle motions of tranquility.

### Beachcombing

small things  
randomly cast  
  
perfectly  
positioned  
  
for anyone  
seeking  
  
a reflection  
of their small part

### Wishing In Vain

your land-sea  
bird eye,  
balanced,  
watches me  
  
keeping pace  
with the fretful movements  
of my hopeful heart,  
just for a moment  
  
I saw you  
hesitate,  
in vain I wished  
it was me you wanted  
  
to connect with  
but no,  
your invisible webbed feet  
whisk you away  
down under

## Sperm Spam

Judging by the number of emails advertising sex pills,  
you and I should be disappointed at our lack of performance.

We should be dreaming of boobs as big as balloons  
and arse rimming the easy way.

To increase my level of confidence,  
all I have to do is grow a bigger package and  
I can even undertake a free penis enlargement trial,  
which would be interesting as I am female.

I ask myself, do I really want to become  
a sex magnet in my own neighbourhood?  
And exactly what are these new levels of pleasure?

Apparently, for a start, I could smell sweeter below  
the belt  
and you could be so hard you could break an egg.  
(Just as long as you don't have another hernia).

You better watch out, dear. It says here that  
I could become the Love Guru and leave a lasting  
impression  
by making our nightly romps more wild.

They say our bedroom will sizzle  
after you enlarge your pink by just popping a pill  
but I'm not sure I want you to become a Pied Piper  
for chicks  
or have a babe-filled life with your heart in the state  
it's in.

At our age, achieving maximum sexual nirvana  
isn't really that high on the list anymore  
but I admit that I'm just a little bit curious  
about the fantastic growth guaranteed.

## (Double Dactyl)

Blibilly Blobilly  
Sir Billy Connolly  
Opened his mouth  
To speak to the Queen

His joke was so perfectly  
Unsatisfactory  
It turned the poor woman's  
Face green

## Some Want You To Be

Some want you to be  
all lamb dotted lawn green but I like  
your harum scarum mixed assortment.

Fences barely contain you now.  
Only a short seed's throw and  
look! there sprouts a forest.

The guy down the road said,  
everywhere you disturb the soil here,  
the natives pop up.

You have and I see you  
everywhere now,  
quietly genetically prolific  
with punga parasol and manuka mat,  
blanketing the bare earth skin  
methodically covering the sheep's tracks.



## Mini Competition

This was a popular competition, and as always when that happens, it was a tough job to choose a winner. Just as well no-one's ever asked me to judge a big competition - there'd be wailing and gnashing and sleepless nights. After many readings, I finally selected **Sandra Fraser's** entry.

### Waikato Tritina

going back to there is harder than leaving  
you can't step no not the same river  
and are you still there a silhouette in fog

following the white lines through the fog  
driving home after midnight leaving  
the farewell party the pavilion by the river

heavy snowing to the south the river  
rises the chill threatens morning fog  
no consolation for the heart I'm leaving

leaving you the river before we drown in darkening  
fog

**Janet Newman** came a **really** close second, with 'Cake'; it had some wonderful half-rhymes and playful variations on the repeated words, but played a bit fast and loose with the rhymes in the third stanza. Sandra's prize is *The Art of Syntax*, by Ellen Bryant Voigt (Graywolf, 2009) while Janet gets Helen Jacobs' *Lyric Road* (Steele Roberts, 2006).

# Fundraising for the NZPS

## Fishpond:

We are affiliated with Fishpond so that every time you enter their online store via our website and then make a purchase, we get a tiny wee cut of what you spend. You can enter Fishpond through our affiliation portal by clicking on any of the titles on the Bookshelf or Reviewed Books pages of our website, [www.poetrysociety.org.nz](http://www.poetrysociety.org.nz)

## Online surveys:

Help the NZPS raise money by doing the occasional survey by email. Every time you complete a survey we'll get paid for it. Click this link to sign up: <http://www.buzzthepeople.co.nz/helpfundraise.aspx?s=303A8CBB>

When you do the surveys you'll also have the chance to win prizes with monthly giveaways and the occasional big prize (they've given away cars, laptops, iPhones and iPad + several lots of \$10,000 cash). You can unsubscribe at any time you like and they never use our member details for any promotional offers.

## Organic Boxes (Wellington and - soon - Auckland):

Everyone loves good food and feeling good about the food they are eating. Organic Boxes delivers fresh certified organic fruit and vegetables direct from the grower to your home. It's fresh, tasty, nutritious and good for the environment too. Organic boxes delivers to the Greater Wellington areas of Wellington City, Porirua, Lower Hutt and Upper Hutt, with deliveries in Auckland on the way.

Order at: <http://organicboxes.co.nz/> Use the Code NZPS2013 in the Voucher Code box, and not only do you get a really good selection of organic foods, but you help us in the process! It's win-win! Sign up now, at Organic Boxes.



## Contributions wanted

The deadline for the next issue of *a fine line* is **14th November**.

You can contribute in the following sections:

### Feature Article

The purpose of this article is to encourage informed debate, and to assist readers to improve their understanding of poetry. The subject matter is open, and the word limit is 750, excluding any poetry quotations. There is a \$25 payment, and preference is given to members' submissions. Please include a contributor's bio. of up to 25 words.

### Letters to the Editor

Readers are invited to comment on magazine content, or any other subject of interest to lovers of poets and poetry. Length is negotiable, and the letter may be abridged at the discretion of the Editor. There is no payment, and letter writers do not need to be members.

## Noticeboard

Members are invited to submit items of interest for inclusion in the Noticeboard. This is not an advertising feature, so no payment is expected, but the Editor has discretion regarding whether the item is of sufficient general interest to be published. Attribution is required (i.e. no anonymous notices). Non-members can advertise events for a flat \$50 (we are not GST-registered).

## Regional Reports

This is an occasional column, reporting on poetry events around the country. Writers may include poems from a reading or workshop they are reporting on, with the poet's permission. Please be sure to check the accuracy of any poems used, including such features as punctuation, line breaks and spelling. There's no payment, and reporters do not need to be NZPS members.

## Poetry Book Reviews

Book reviews require the following information: Title, Author, Publisher, Retail Price, ISBN and a contributor's bio. of up to 25 words.

Word count: 500, excluding quotations, although this is negotiable, depending on the nature of the book under review. Books available for review by members appear on our Bookshelf page, at <http://www.poetrysociety.org.nz/bookshelf> We do not review self-published books, unless they are sufficiently outstanding to attract special notice. Reviewers keep the book, and published reviews will attract a \$10 payment.

Unsolicited reviews of books not on the list will be considered, but will only be used if there is space.

## How it is

This is an occasional opinion or informational piece, carrying no payment. Subject matter is open, as long as it relates to poetry, and blog items are acceptable, but must be declared. Preference is given to members, although there is more chance of being published in this section even if you are not a member, as there are relatively few submissions. Please include a contributor's bio. of up to 25 words.

## Talk Poem

The purpose of the Talk Poem is to introduce readers to new poetry, and to assist readers to improve their understanding of poetry. In essence, it is one poet discussing a poem by another poet, either because it is a favourite of the writer (who will be explaining why), or because it has something to teach the reader about the craft of poetry. Payment is \$10.

Please supply: Poem and name of poet, Title and Publisher of the book it appears in (if applicable), and a contributor's bio. of up to 25 words. There is a small payment available, and preference will be given to NZPS members, though non-members' submissions are carefully considered and are used if of a good standard.

## Members' Poems:

NZPS members may submit poems of up to 40 lines for the back page of the magazine. Poems may be published or not published, but if they are published please include the name of the publication in which they appear.

Please submit 3-4 poems as 1 or more attachment(s), and do not expect them to be published in the next issue, as there is nearly always a backlog of submissions.

There is currently a small payment, the amount of which depends on what's left in the budget.

We occasionally publish the work of non-members, by invitation only, as Guest Poets.

## General submission guidelines:

Email submissions are preferred, though postal ones are accepted. If emailing, please attach Feature Articles, Reviews, How it is and poems for the Members' Poems page as either Word docs or Rich Text. All other submissions may be in the body of the email.

Send submissions to: [editor@poetrysociety.org.nz](mailto:editor@poetrysociety.org.nz)

or to:

The Editor

a fine line

PO Box 5283

Wellington 6145

See also: <http://www.eswynn.com/2012/07/just-fyi.html> on what not to do when submitting work.



## Review

***Singing With Both Throats* Maris O'Rourke (David Ling Publishing, 2013) ISBN 978-1-877378-80-5**

*Vaughan Rapatahana*

Maris O'Rourke's first collection of poems - and this 72 page collection is replete with many poems, some written in formal stylizations such as sonnets and villanelles - is a strong, mature compilation which is divided into three reasonably stand-alone sections. By stand-alone I mean that the thematic coherence remains quite striated within each section. These three sections are entitled as follows:

*Passages* - concerning her formative years and experiences, such as having to deal with a Plathian father, with marriage - here equated with death, where "Wring her neck" is a powerful concluding line - separations, as in the fine metaphoric poem sharing the same title, and with early family situations. Indeed there is an element here of her being quite mistreated by the masculine gender.

*Parallels* - whereby she elicits parallels between societies sharing - often unbeknownst to them - similar tribulations, such as in the well-wrought 'In Passing': near both the Red River in Viet Nam and the Waikato River in Aotearoa are structures "only the [owners/members]

can enter". Meanwhile her varied trips through Asia and Europe opened her eyes, and therefore our own via her lines, with the recollection that "the homeless cluster against the walls" of Père-Lachaise Cemetery in Paris; in which cold stone walls are "holding up the homeless on the other side" - here using repetition to both open and to snap shut the poem. Then there is her longer rumination "Three Encounters on Rannoch Moor", wherein she connects up the Scottish [Robertson] dots to this reviewer: Rapatahana is after all Robertson translated ki te reo Māori.

*Pathfinder* - whereby she shares lessons learned and attempts to leaven lessons we should learn from her; it is only here where on a couple of occasions she comes across as just a little preachy, in poems such as 'Lifelines'. The other poems here, however, do resonate with sensitivity, sense, positivity, patience and of a journey undertaken and - for O'Rourke - well-accomplished, as in these lines from 'Aotearoa: a Sonnet':

But its here my bone-deep song is sung,  
this sea, this sky, this land - my mother-tongue.

She definitively claims her place as a Kiwi. Yet there is also sadness, some sorrow, and on occasions still personal hopes and aspirations in several of these final verses, such as in 'Petition':

take me to the dream makers. Put me  
on the bass guitar at Elvis' s  
'68 *Comeback Special*.

- her admonition of the nay-sayers and bores and advice-givers.

More, there are some things that struck me straightaway about this overall oeuvre, and I will outline them straightaway also:

- O'Rourke has had a massive range of experiences, as regards both life encounters and abrasions and career highlights, and the concomitant copious overseas excursions and jaunts. This has all served her poetry very well, for she has a great deal to write about viz. her subject matter; there is quite a mass here. This is in itself a refreshing tinge in a Kiwi writer, some of whom remain somewhat restricted as to where they have been, what they have done, who they actually are - the latter point here especially pertinent to O'Rourke, who has found herself as a person and in her own terms established Aotearoa as her standing ground, her tūrangawaewae (as earlier mentioned and as also affirmed in other poems within.).

- This latter point leads to my own assignation of this poet as someone who is very willing to entertain and - more importantly - to respect Māori concepts, reo, mythologies, worldview to the degree of utilising Māori language and writing about both Māori personages and Māori cultural assignations. Well done, I say: we have here a woman who shows no reluctance to view her adopted country as multicultural, multiethnic, multilingual and has attained her own particular voice in so doing - thus the

titular singing with both throats. Ka nui te pai tēnei Maris. Indeed in the poem 'The Map on Taru's Wall' we read:

I step into a parallel universe,  
familiar shape – New Zealand,  
unknown world – Aotearoa,  
complete discontinuity in specifics:

She sees that there are other worlds within the one that is Aotearoa-New Zealand per se and indeed she also sees - as we will also soon also view from a couple of further quotations - that these supposedly separate ao can and do and should merge on many occasions too.

- None of the above takes anything away from O'Rourke's sheer poetic skill; in fact it more obviously augments it, for this is also a woman who can write well. Some examples of craft follow:

- The clever use of similes, so as to contrast Te Kuiti with international sites, as in 'Friday Night in Te Kuiti'.
- The clever use of smacking final lines, such as in her depiction of a Saracen in Paris, all dressed up in Arab gear, yet also "pulling his roll-along suitcase"!
- The clever use of (parallel) metaphors in several poems, as in 'Water Baby' where the "Expectant clouds rolled in..." to a scene of a woman's waters breaking, and the clever extended metaphor of a true friend as not a smooth easy-to-clamber-on rock, but more as a bastion of "Not safe ledges, easy hand-holds, simple steps..." from the poem entitled, of course, 'Friend'.
- The killers - for me at least - are the following lines from 'Back to Back', which incidentally is 'all about' not just Edmund Hillary, but more, the shared ethnicities and respective stances of Aotearoa that I mentioned earlier:

A skewed hatchet of a face  
crag-crevassed hair  
over acute precipices  
  
ravine-gashed mouth  
avalanched shorn-off ear  
gorge-slitted eye.

Which is almost where I stop, except to remark in related fashion that O'Rourke is - I think, other than Tuwhare himself - the only poet I know who rhymes Māori and Pākehā lexis such as 'kai' and 'lie' i.e. two reo become one - all of which is something I have alluded to several times already: her willingness to see beyond a one-dimensional world, to grasp another world and to be comfortable within it, so much so as to write about her own tangi. Kia ora ano Maris, is what I say.

For here we have an honest poet, never afraid to be upfront without enlisting obfuscating jargons and launching labyrinthine language attacks. Here we have someone who is OK with writing what she feels and views, as a vital part of her own endeavours to be herself. So

much so that her last line in this book really demonstrates the poems' worth:

each one is a gift, no doubt.



## *Around the Interweb*

### **Poetry Isn't as Useless as a Lot of Poets Say It Is**

Poetry is useless.

That's the prevailing sentiment in our [US] culture, as far as I can tell. CEOs and lawyers rule the world. Policemen protect property and keep the peace and provide material for television dramas. Athletes and rock stars and movie stars make tons of money and provide material for gossip columns. But poets? Who cares? "It is difficult to imagine a world without movies, plays, novels and music, but a world without poems doesn't have to be imagined," as Newsweek said way back in 2003, when a large gift to *Poetry* magazine was supposed to change the face of poetry but, unsurprisingly, didn't. A 2002 Survey of Public Participation in the Arts found that about 14 percent of the people in the U.S. read poetry, which seems generous. To compare poetry to other art/entertainment genres on Google Trends is to see the obvious. Poetry doesn't move public conversation; its only use, the thinking goes, is to give some handful of people tenure so they can spend their days in the ivory tower endlessly recycling their unentertaining irrelevance.

Oddly, this isn't just the position of outsiders. It often seems to be the position of poets themselves.

**Read more** at: <http://www.theatlantic.com/entertainment/archive/2013/09/poetry-isnt-as-useless-as-a-lot-of-poets-say-it-is/279539/>

### **Top 50 Poetry blogs**

Here's a mysterious (to the technically unenlightened) take on which poetry blogs attract the most interest. Some of them, frankly, look like that interest comes from the owners; some are out of date, some of the links are broken, and there is unaccountably a science blog among them, but there are still some interesting inclusions: <http://www.blogmetrics.org/Poetry>

### **Fancypants London is using poetry to urge proper transit manners**

*(By a US blogger)*

Poetry is a nicer, decidedly more British version of "DUDE, quit blocking the f\*cking subway doors; I'm late for work!"

And you can thank London's mayor for that - he's the one who decided to paper the London Underground with poems gently reminding riders how best to behave.

**You can see** the poetry posters and read the blogger's New York version at: <http://grist.org/list/poems-in-london-subway-urge-proper-rider-behavior/>

## Poetry can be found, if only you look around

Writing poetry can be difficult.

Unique ideas that haven't been done before are hard to come by sometimes, and the dreaded writer's block kicks in. I had all but given up on writing creative poetry when I discovered that there is a way to make poems without having to write them. You can "find" them.

Found poetry is done by taking a text that already exists and "finding" the poetry within it, like a treasure hunt of language.

You either delete or add to the words or phrases already there in a text to make a poem. [www.foundpoetryreview.com](http://www.foundpoetryreview.com) describes found poetry as "the literary version of a collage."

**Read more** at: <http://www.easternecho.com/article/2013/10/poetry-can-be-found-if-only-you-look-around>

## Poet Gregory Orr: Poetry Is 'Concentrated Testimony' of Being Human

Poet Gregory Orr rhapsodizes on a theme he has explored for nearly a decade: the "beloved," the things we love.

Of course, what we love can change over time, he says. "It can make you crazy by ... shifting from one thing to another and yet, of course, that's also dazzling," ...

...

For Orr, poetry is a beloved. A professor of English at the University of Virginia, he describes himself as somewhat of a poetry evangelist. He considers verse to be a conduit for experiencing the entire range of human emotions. Orr's passion inflects his voice as he almost sings his poetry.

**Read more** at: <http://www.pbs.org/newshour/poetry/2013/09/poet-gregory-orr-poetry-is-concentrated-testimony-of-being-human.html>

## Poetry and water

It was poetry that first brought Harvard anthropologist Steven Caton to Yemen in 1979, and it was war that brought him back in 2001.

But it has been water that has kept him there since.

Caton, the Khalid Bin Abdullah Bin Abdulrahman Al Saud Professor of Contemporary Arab Studies, first visited the nation's tribal regions for his doctoral work. He lived for almost two years in a "sanctuary" town between tribes in what was then North Yemen, talking to tribal poets, attending ceremonies, and recording the verses he heard.

His singular focus on poetry was shattered, however, by the abduction of two girls from one tribe by a young man from the sanctuary, a move that sparked a tribal war that involved players from across the country.

**Read more** at: <http://news.harvard.edu/gazette/story/2013/10/the-poetry-of-water/>

## Poetry Is Like Music to the Mind, Functional Magnetic Resonance Imaging Reveals

New brain imaging technology is helping researchers to bridge the gap between art and science by mapping the different ways in which the brain responds to poetry and prose.

Scientists at the University of Exeter used state-of-the-art functional magnetic resonance imaging (fMRI) technology, which allows them to visualise which parts of the brain are activated to process various activities.

...

When volunteers read one of their favourite passages of poetry, the team found that areas of the brain associated with memory were stimulated more strongly than 'reading areas', indicating that reading a favourite passage is a kind of recollection.

**Read more** at: <http://iranian.com/posts/view/post/22648/jumpto/idcomment-36601>



## NZPS Poets on YouTube

**Johanna Aitchison:** [http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=dIU4f\\_dl76U](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=dIU4f_dl76U)

**Ernest Berry:** <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=xTJtQPGOYLw>

**Shane Cave:** [http://www.youtube.com/channel/UCfWbx\\_1N8cc\\_fqPl4QrLIQ](http://www.youtube.com/channel/UCfWbx_1N8cc_fqPl4QrLIQ)

**Natasha Dennerstein:** <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=gruCPcXSKM4>

**Jenny Powell:** <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=cdYZzWicOEc>

**Lonnard Dean Watkins:** <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=l6Wja3aKNT0>



## Members' websites and blogs

<http://jennyargante.webs.com/> Jenny Argante

<http://waitingroompoems.wordpress.com/> Ruth Arnison - Poems in the Waiting Room (NZ)

[www.lizbreslin.com/](http://www.lizbreslin.com/) Liz Breslin

<http://profanepoet.wordpress.com/tag/diana-brodie/> Diana Brodie - profanepoet

[www.upperhuttcommunity.net/tonychad/index.html](http://www.upperhuttcommunity.net/tonychad/index.html) Tony Chad

[www.kirstencliffwrites.blogspot.com/](http://www.kirstencliffwrites.blogspot.com/) Kirsten Cliff - Swimming in Lines of Haiku

<http://francesedmond.wordpress.com/> Frances Edmond - Perspectives

[www.rangifaith.co.nz/](http://www.rangifaith.co.nz/) Rangi Faith

<http://poetrychook.blogspot.co.nz/> Catherine Fitchett - Still standing on her head

[www.goodreads.com/author/show/5817851.Kelvin\\_Fowler/blog](http://www.goodreads.com/author/show/5817851.Kelvin_Fowler/blog) Kelvin Fowler

<http://janisfreegard.wordpress.com/> Janis Freegard

<http://fallingawayfromblue.blogspot.co.nz/> Vaughan Gunson

<http://streetwomen.co.nz/> Paula Harris

[www.blogger.com/profile/03346545234292944856](http://www.blogger.com/profile/03346545234292944856) Lois E. Hunter

<http://adriennejansen.co.nz/poems/> Adrienne Jansen

<http://timjonesbooks.blogspot.com/> Tim Jones - Books in Trees

[www.freewebs.com/justohugo/index](http://www.freewebs.com/justohugo/index) Hugo Kauri Justo - Island of Universe (text is in Portuguese)

[www.fionakidman.co.nz](http://www.fionakidman.co.nz) Dame Fiona Kidman (Patron)

[www.weslee.co.nz/](http://www.weslee.co.nz/) Wes Lee

[www.helenlowe.info/](http://www.helenlowe.info/) Helen Lowe

[www.katikati.co.nz/kk\\_text/cath.html](http://www.katikati.co.nz/kk_text/cath.html) Catherine Mair

[www.helenmckinlay.co.nz/intro.html](http://www.helenmckinlay.co.nz/intro.html) Helen McKinlay

<http://emmaneale.wordpress.com/> Emma Neale

<http://jamesnorcliffe.com/> James Norcliffe

<http://deborahnorriejones.blogspot.co.nz/> Deborah Norrie-Jones

[www.gregococonnell.com/](http://www.gregococonnell.com/) Greg O'Connell

[http://nzpoetlaureate.natlib.govt.nz/p/vincent-osullivan-new-zealand-poet\\_15.html](http://nzpoetlaureate.natlib.govt.nz/p/vincent-osullivan-new-zealand-poet_15.html) Vincent O'Sullivan, Poet Laureate (Patron)

<http://jopre.wordpress.com/> Joanna Preston - A Dark Feathered Art

<http://wingedink.blogspot.co.nz/> Helen Rickerby

<http://reihanarobinson.co.nz/> Reihana Robinson

[www.cynthiarowe.com.au/](http://www.cynthiarowe.com.au/) Cynthia Rowe

<http://printablereality.com/> Gus Simonovic

[www.fredsimpsonwriter.com](http://www.fredsimpsonwriter.com) Fred Simpson

<http://sandrasgardenblog.wordpress.com/> Sandra Simpson-Frentz

[www.racheltobin.co.nz/about.php?id=23](http://www.racheltobin.co.nz/about.php?id=23) Rachel Tobin

[www.keithwestwater.com/](http://www.keithwestwater.com/) Keith Westwater

[www.karenzelas.com/](http://www.karenzelas.com/) Karen Zelas

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The toughest thing about success is that you've got to keep on being a success. Talent is only a starting point in this business. You've got to keep on working that talent. Someday I'll reach for it and it won't be there.

*Irving Berlin*

## *American Life in Poetry:*

### *Column 282*

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

*An occasional column that applies equally to New Zealand life. Reprinted by permission of The Poetry Foundation.*

Because I'm a senior citizen I'm easily attracted by poems about my brothers and sisters meandering into their golden years. Here's a poem by Edward Hirsch, who lives in New York, that offers our younger readers a look at what's to come.

#### **Early Sunday Morning**

I used to mock my father and his chums  
for getting up early on Sunday morning  
and drinking coffee at a local spot  
but now I'm one of those chumps.

No one cares about my old humiliations  
but they go on dragging through my sleep  
like a string of empty tin cans rattling  
behind an abandoned car.

It's like this: just when you think  
you have forgotten that red-haired girl  
who left you stranded in a parking lot  
forty years ago, you wake up

early enough to see her disappearing  
around the corner of your dream  
on someone else's motorcycle  
roaring onto the highway at sunrise.

And so now I'm sitting in a dimly lit  
cafe full of early morning risers  
where the windows are covered with soot  
and the coffee is warm and bitter.

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## Members' Poems

### Agnosia

I am your daughter  
Your only daughter  
The song of your sewing machine  
Stitched our stories  
As we sat  
And talked away the hours and the years

You still have the sewing machine  
You don't recognise it  
I'm still your only daughter  
Today you called me your brother Charlie

All those words that flowed  
A warm current joining you to me  
Have frayed and jumbled  
a tangle of threads  
a scatter of buttons  
strewn on the worn carpet

The sewing machine is silent

*Beverley Teague*

### Four in One

*For DJO*

I always pictured myself with four sons.  
My first was a 10 pounder of strong will,  
droughts broke, ships sank, people drowned  
in the Wahine storm as he was born,  
  
including me, swamped in love, fear,  
responsibility as they placed him in my arms.  
The first baby I had ever held stared at me  
unwinking as we imprinted.

Now a man of strong will I glimpse myself  
at times, hear echoes of my voice, catch his laugh  
hiding in my dimples, relive the exhausting  
inexhaustible boy-man forever reinventing  
  
himself. My sister calls him my clone.  
Seven helmets in the hall for the skier, sailor,  
swimmer, biker, kayaker, climber, trekker, flier.  
My first born, my eldest son, my four in one.

*Maris O'Rourke*

### 'Intestins de Boudhha' by Huang Yong Ping

I bought a Buddha in Kathmandu. He sits by the spa  
in stacks of stones - pickings from the Kalahari,  
Kakadu,  
Kaikoura, Calahonda, Kilimanjaro and other  
wanderings.

He's a thin, ascetic Buddha, hand raised, thoughtful  
gaze.

In Paris you can buy a stuffed vulture at Deroylle  
in the Rue de Bac. It lurks at the top of the circular  
staircase,

beady eyes fixed on anyone with €4,300 and the  
stomach

for it. Maybe Huang Yong Ping got a discount for  
bulk-buying?

Five desert sons of Judah pick at the entrails of  
Huang's Boudhha,

writhing across the floor from the hole in his  
stomach.

He's one of those jolly fat Buddhas with an enigmatic  
smile,

almost a smirk, as if he knows something they don't.

Familiar with being pulled to pieces Boudhha  
contemplates

and prays as the preying vultures close in. My  
Buddha

also subtly draws me in, slowly waking my inner god  
and my understanding of times obliterating power.

George Pompidou Centre, Paris

Intestins de Boudhha 2006: sculptor Huang Yong Ping  
(born 1954)

Deyrolle, 46 Rue de Bac, Paris: taxidermy shop of wild  
dreams

*Maris O'Rourke*

### Taking the wireless keyboard outside to brush it clean

(found-on-screen poem)

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*Laurice Gilbert*

**Time...how versatile is this...**

Once upon a time  
since time began  
we hear this word,  
time and time again.

Time marches on,  
time flies  
when you're having a good time,  
time stands still.  
Time is of the essence.

If we have spare time  
we waste time  
save time,  
lose time find time,  
keep time mark time,  
kill time  
do time  
bide time,  
but time waits for no man.

When time's up,  
we want time out, and when  
Old Father Time comes a'callin'  
we know there's a time limit.

Still, he may give us time in lieu,  
glide time, on a wing and a prayer  
doing what we enjoy, and about time too.  
Stalling for time is my pastime.  
However, only time will tell  
when the time is right.

*Debbie Williams*

**AUSTRALIA DAY, JANUARY 26TH**

some call it SURVIVAL DAY;  
some call it INVASION DAY

don't wear pink to Yabun  
the Festival for Aboriginal  
and Torres Strait Islander culture...  
where music and art are tools...  
don't wear pink to Yabun—  
wear the red, yellow, black of the Aboriginal flag

wear red—  
for the earth the ochre rocks the blood  
wear yellow—  
for the sun the feminine  
wear black—for the people  
black—for the history

the tee shirts say it all:  
THESE COLOURS DON'T RUN;  
WHITE AUSTRALIA  
has a BLACK HISTORY;  
RESPECT  
is the BEST SKIN TREATMENT

here at Yabun I see—integration, education;  
here I see heads held high  
celebrate...support...at Yabun...  
wear red, wear yellow, wear black  
RESPECT  
is the BEST SKIN TREATMENT

*Franci Louann, B.C. Canada (Guest Poet)*



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The same stream of life that runs through my veins night and day runs through the world and dances in rhythmic measures. It is the same life that shoots in joy through the dust of the earth in numberless blades of grass and breaks into tumultuous waves of leaves and flowers. It is the same life that is rocked in the ocean-cradle of birth and of death, in ebb and in flow. I feel my limbs are made glorious by the touch of this world of life. And my pride is from the life-throb of ages dancing in my blood this moment.

*Rabindranath Tagore*

The advice I like to give young artists, or really anybody who'll listen to me, is not to wait around for inspiration. Inspiration is for amateurs; the rest of us just show up and get to work. If you wait around for the clouds to part and a bolt of lightning to strike you in the brain, you are not going to make an awful lot of work. All the best ideas come out of the process; they come out of the work itself. Things occur to you. If you're sitting around trying to dream up a great art idea, you can sit there a long time before anything happens. But if you just get to work, something will occur to you and something else will occur to you and something else that you reject will push you in another direction. Inspiration is absolutely unnecessary and somehow deceptive. You feel like you need this great idea before you can get down to work, and I find that's almost never the case.

*Chuck Close, American painter*