



a fine line

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

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SEPTEMBER MEETING

GRAND OPEN MIC

a poem of your own, and 2 poems by someone else (1 NZ, 1 not)
you want to share with other poetry lovers

Thursday 18th September, 7.30pm

at The Thistle Hall, upper Cuba St, Wellington

OCTOBER MEETING

DAVID GEARY

Thursday 23 October, 7.30pm

The Upper Chamber, Toi Poneke / Wellington Arts Centre, 61 Able Smith St, Wellington

The meeting will start with an open mic.

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Feature Article

The Shimmering Muses

Jennifer Compton

I have made so many false starts trying to write this piece. I was invited to write it - so I could write anything. There isn't something trying to write me. Something nagging away at me, grabbing hold of my hands. 'Just shut up, Jen. Blank out. Give us your hands, we'll take the strain.'

Writing anything is always a problem for me. Anything is too much. After all, anything is everything.

And it's a question of tone. Do I compare and contrast? "In city X they do such and such, but here in city Y they are more into ..."

Or do I hand down imprimaturs from on high? Do I anoint, do I damn with faint praise, do I forget to mention what truly impressed me, because after all, there is no need to mention what lives and breathes and does not need you. Question mark, question mark.

Perhaps I should take the chance to talk myself up, drop some big names with a resounding tinkle? Should I prance and strut in the limelight? Look at me! Look at me! In the hopes of ... well what? In the hopes of what? What does one hope for when it comes to poetry?

Now I remember Michael King visiting my primitive cottage in the Wairarapa in the 70s and talking of shimmering muses and lighting up my world all over again. By chance, a poet *manqué* was present during this visitation. A year or so later in Christchurch I tried to put a rocket up the bum of this lost poet by suggesting to him he should trust his muses. The muses are real, I assured him. Lean on them, talk to them, fall back on them, let them speak to you and through you.

He looked doubtful, dubious, ducked his head down, and dawdled off.

A week later there was an urgent bang bang bang on my front door. I opened it, urgently, and in he flew. He ran around the living room, he literally ran along the back of the big old couch and shouted – "I have three muses and one of them is Greek!"

Here is an interesting link: <http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Manque>

It is about *manqué*, *manque*, everybody's got something to hide except me and my monkey by John Lennon, and *manky*. Scots vernacular meaning inferior or dirty.

According to Wikipedia, according to Lacan, *manque* stands for lack which always relates to desire.

I always think of *manqué* as lost. Poet *manqué*. A lost poet. A poet who is lost to us.

Translation is always traitorous but here is my version of what Sainte-Beuve wrote in 1862:

"Within everyone is a poet who died young."

The usual translation one finds out in cyberspace is – "Each man carries within him the soul of a poet who died young."

I don't like that so much. Because each woman also contains the soul of a poetess (obviously!) and soul is a tricky word to use these days. Years ago, before the internet was invented, I read a translation of this phrase which satisfied me. It used the words - child, poet, died young, everyone. But I forget. And no way to find it right now. (I did write it in my book of special things but that book is now stored in the bowels of the National Library in Canberra. I have visiting rights but must be accompanied by a

functionary because, apparently, many people visit to destroy. Something.)

Did I manage to do a great big Look At Me Name Drop? (I think I did. Zowie!)

May I suggest one of the more interesting and reverent things to do in Wellington?

Visit the Landmark desk.

No no no LOL. It was called the Landmark desk by a motormouth at a strange and alienating meeting of poets (3) at Anarchy House last week. I leaned heavily into my Sense of Destiny and Purpose and snapped – “Landfall! Landfall desk. Not Landmark.”

Although it is a landmark.

(I am so glad that difficult occasion has yielded me a benefit. Do not eschew the difficult occasion - like the taste of radish you may appreciate it later.)

It is hard to know how to suggest in which order you should undertake this.

But the ingredients are -

A - Read the poem by Janet Frame called ‘The Landfall Desk’ on page 127 of *The Goose Bath* (Vintage, 2006).

B - Read this link - <http://www.victoria.ac.nz/modernletters/reading/desk.aspx>

C - Approach the actual desk in the HQ of the International Institute of Modern Letters at 16 Waite-ata Road on the Kelburn Campus of Victoria University.

Not necessarily in that order. Mix it up a bit.

From the National Coordinator

Laurice Gilbert

This year’s Montana Poetry Day seemed to have even more events than ever, or was that just because I had time to notice them and attend a few? I spent the day in Upper Hutt, where, thanks to the efforts of Paul Lambert, City Promotion Manager, there were three events to attend. The afternoon kicked off in the public library with **Nola Borrell** and **Robin Fry**, both of whom have a formidable repertoire of excellent work. The start of their entertaining reading was delayed by the surprise of a spontaneous contribution from Sam Hunt.

I then had a couple of hours to kill (in a library! Tough job, but I had the strength to hang in there) before an evening reading by NZPS committee member **Tim Jones**, who is always extremely good value. (Read his blog at <http://timjonesbooks.blogspot.com/>) He was introduced by music reviewer Simon Sweetman, who also read a few poems.

From there straight to the Café Romeo, where despite my having booked several weeks previously, I was seated at the bar for my meal, as a woman dining alone doesn’t justify having a table to herself on a busy night. Never mind. The food was great, Romeo himself shouted me a Bailey’s as compensation, and Sam Hunt’s reading was almost up to his usual standard. (My reservation relating to his repetition of the “world premiere” speech with which he introduced brand new poems already given an airing at the library.) It was a most pleasant experience to immerse myself in poetry for a day without having to do all the work myself!

I know you are all poetry fans by definition, and I hope you are making an effort to get out and support your local readings. Here in Wellington we had our biggest audience in a long time at our August meeting, despite rain, a thunderstorm, and competition from the Olympics. Our guest was entertaining Australian poet, Geoff Page, and I would like to think that New Zealand poets are getting the same support.

I write for the same reason I breathe - because if I didn't, I would die.

Isaac Asimov

About our Contributors

Ernest Berry lives in Picton and is a Life Member of the NZPS. He wins lots of haiku awards and competitions, and knows whereof he speaks.

Claire Beynon is a Dunedin artist and poet with an impressive number of awards and residencies under her belt.

Nola Borrell is a Lower Hutt poet, co-editor of *the taste of nashi*, and the 2008 judge of the NZPS international junior haiku competition.

Jennifer Compton is a renowned poet and playwright who lives in Australia, and is the current Resident of Randell Cottage, Wellington.

Linzy Forbes is the new Vice-President of the NZPS, founder of The Poetry Café, poet and publisher.

Learn more about him at: <http://www.poetrysociety.org.nz/linzyforbes>

Tim Jones is a Wellington writer, who has recently completed editing the upcoming issue of JAAM.

Keith Nunes is a former journalist who quit in a fit of pique and decided to write poetry and fill shelves in a supermarket.

Letters to the Editor

Celebrating excellence in haiku

I refer to the 'congrats' section of Haiku NewZ in a *fine line*.

Whilst I applaud your monumental mag., which a mere 15 years back was but an anaemic newsletter, you still can't seem to find room in your hearts or pages for haiku which have been acclaimed in international competitions!

Bearing in mind that haiku is the essence of poetry and the shop window of our language - I can't understand why you are so reluctant to commit these tiny gems to print. Remember, haiku are the jewel in the crown of your (our) Society and should not be squeezed out by bushels of trivia ... e.g. you devote over half a page to childish twaddle titled 'Gull' - (few stanzas of which scan), then unaccountably economise reportage of 13 winning haiku ... & then (perversely) go on to print in full (in regional reports) haiku-in-progress, which is fine by me of course, but @ the expense of the real thing? - it doesn't add up!

Ernest Berry (*Picton*)

A haiku is the expression of a temporary enlightenment, in which we see into the life of things.

R.H. Blyth

Congratulations

Robin Fry won second prize in Upper Hutt's annual Montana Poetry Day competition, judged by **Tony Chad**.

A Warm Welcome to:

Janet Carrington Dunedin

Alison Denham Waimangaroa

Justin Foster Dunedin

Jude Leonard Thames

John Osborne Manukau

Victoria Temple-Camp & Oscar Tunnicliff Wellington

Tolla Williment Upper Hutt

2008 International Poetry Competition

OPEN SECTION

Highly Commended:

Jenny Clay, Waitakere; **Bernadette Hall**, Christchurch; **Joanna Preston**, Christchurch; **Sandra Simpson**, Tauranga; **Pat White**, Masterton; **Karen Zelas**, Christchurch.

Commended:

Waiata Dawn Davies, Oamaru; **Raschel-Miette Eesa-Danes**, Gisborne; **Rangi Faith**, Rangiora; **Janet Newman**, Levin; **Kelly Pope**, Christchurch; **Barry L Smith**, Hamilton; **Kiri Piahana Wong**, Albany; **Karen Zelas**, Christchurch.

OPEN JUNIOR SECTION

Highly Commended:

Emily Adlam, Auckland (2); **Jess Fiebig**, Christchurch; **Charlotte Trevella**, Christchurch.

Commended:

Rosie Bolderston, Christchurch (2); **Cara Chimirri**, Christchurch; **Sophia Frentz**, Tauranga; **Alexandrea Hollyman**, Wellington; **Sue Mun Huang**, Hastings; **Ashish Kumar**, Singapore; **Alex Morris**, Hastings; **Amy Pepper**, Hastings; **Beth Rust**, Hastings.

HAIKU SECTION

Highly Commended:

Ernest Berry, Picton; **John Bird**, Australia; **Kirsten Cliff**, Tauranga; **Kenichi Ikemoto**, Japan; **Jim Kacian**, USA; **Roland Packer**, Canada; **Janine Sowerby**, Christchurch; **Barbara Strang**, Christchurch; **Quendryth Young**, Australia.

Commended:

Ernest Berry, Picton; **Sheila Barksdale**, USA; **Nola Borrell**, Lower Hutt (2); **Anne Edmunds**, Christchurch; **Lynn Frances**, Kapiti; **Helen Lowe**, Christchurch; **John O'Connor**, Christchurch; **Bruce Ross**, USA; **André Surridge**, Hamilton.

HAIKU JUNIOR SECTION

Highly Commended:

Harry Frentz, Tauranga; **Sophia Frentz**, Tauranga; **Maddy Hayward**, Wellington; **Sophie Kirkby**, Australia; **Tamara Webley**, Christchurch.

Commended:

Amelia Anderson, Christchurch; **Rachel Boddy**, Hamilton; **Liam Collinson**, Christchurch; **Monty Elworthy**, Christchurch; **Clare Fairgray**, Christchurch; **Marcel Foster**, Christchurch; **Bede Gorman**, Christchurch; **Sage Gwatkin**, Christchurch; **Sophie Kirkby**, Australia; **Lorelei Parker**, Christchurch; **Charlotte Read**, Christchurch.

Congratulations to all the successful poets, across all the sections. It's tempting to suggest that being a **member** of the Poetry Society (and/or living in Christchurch) enhances your chances of a place, but of course with blind judging, that's not possible. It's also faulty logic. Let's just accept that membership of the Society is a Good Idea, and makes entering the competition cheaper so you can send more entries in.

Noticeboard

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

INTERNATIONAL PEN POEM RELAY

The International PEN Poem Relay ends with a Global Call for Freedom of Expression in China. In the final countdown to the Beijing Olympics, the International PEN Poem Relay sent a "Poetic Petition" to the Chinese authorities, including all the translations of Shi Tao's poem 'June' produced as part of this historic poetic journey. Writers and poets around the world produced 125 translations of 'June', into 98 languages. The poem travelled to 65 countries during the four and half month virtual relay, which can still be viewed at <http://www.penpoemrelay.org> (This website has been blocked in mainland China.)

Shi Tao is serving a 10-year sentence in prison on the charge of "revealing state secrets abroad". He was convicted for an email he sent to an overseas website using a Yahoo! email account after Yahoo! provided the Chinese authorities with his identity. The poem 'June' is a meditation on the tragedy of the military crackdown on the Tiananmen Square protests in June 4, 1989, which remains a censored topic in China.

June

My whole life
Will never get past "June"
June, when my heart died
When my poetry died
When my lover
Died in romance's pool of blood
June, the scorching sun burns open my skin
Revealing the true nature of my wound
June, the fish swims out of the blood-red sea
Toward another place to hibernate
June, the earth shifts, the rivers fall silent
Piled up letters unable to be delivered to the dead

Shi Tao

THE POHUTUKAWA GARRET – AN UPDATE

Doug Wilkins, whose proposal for a Writers' Colony in Wellington featured in our last issue, has made significant progress with his plan to find a suitable property. He has his eye on a floor of a building in upper Cuba St, and has three writers lined up so far. The space will be divided into cubicles, each with internet access (computers not supplied) and a built-in lock-up desk. It will be possible to 'desk-share' to help with costs, and Doug envisages an extended group of colony supporters who will participate in monthly get-togethers, without necessarily having work-space on site. It's an exciting prospect. You can contact Doug at dbwilkins@gmail.com

CREATIVE WRITING STUDENT LOOKING FOR EDITING WORK

Michelle Guest, a Whitireia Community Polytechnic (Porirua) Creative Writing student, is looking for editing experience, and is willing to work for minimal or no payment, to build skills. Contact her at missygun@gmail.com

ONLINE INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION

The New Zealand Poetry Society is collaborating with online book publisher www.bookhabit.com to run an international online poetry competition. There will be three categories of poems: written, spoken (audio recording) and presented (video recording). The competition will run for six weeks from mid-October to the end of November, and will include a chance for visitors to the site to vote for their favourite poems in each of the categories.

A number of members have volunteered to assist with the Stage 1 judging of the competition, whereby all the entries in each section will be whittled down to 50, for public voting on the site to narrow it down to 10. This will take place each week, and at the end of the six weeks an appointed judge will choose the best entry in each section, as well as an overall winner.

This is a great opportunity to get the NZPS promoted in an international setting, as well as giving Bookhabit some literary credibility for its competition.

CREATIVE COMMONS PROVIDES TOOLS FOR ONLINE SHARING

Creative Commons Aotearoa New Zealand has launched a web project that offers a new approach to copyright. The CCANZ website allows New Zealanders to choose "some rights reserved" copyright for their own creative works. The international Creative Commons movement towards internet-friendly copyright is embraced in more than 40 countries and its generic licences have recently been tailored to New Zealand's legal jurisdiction.

With a sharp rise in citizen authorship and online sharing, Creative Commons licences are essential tools for anyone wishing to free up their creations for the benefit of online fans. The terms of CC licences are simple to read, and will usually appear in the form of a hyperlink alongside licensed work. Every CC licence requires that users credit the owner properly, but licence holders can choose other restrictions too. Some licences do not allow commercial use or derivative versions.

CC licences are written in plain English and designed to be accessible. The website provides helpful information and encourages users to share their experiences.

CCANZ is a project of Te Whāinga Aronui The Council for the Humanities. To find out more about Creative Commons Aotearoa New Zealand, create a profile for yourself or issue your own licence, visit www.creativecommons.org.nz

For any additional information please contact: janehornibrook@gmail.com

Surfing the Web

<http://www.publishme.co.nz/> Publish Me has just enrolled its 2000th member from throughout New Zealand, shortly after its first birthday. The site offers "Plentiful free help, the ability to freely contract needed skills at any price you negotiate, zero-waste print runs and Internet sales channels".

<http://worthyofpublishing.com> has likewise reached a milestone, with 2008 chapters uploaded collectively, within 10 months of the website going live. Their ultimate plan is to eliminate the need for authors to be sending piles of paper to prospective publishers, only to have them returned, by having more and more publishers sourcing popular rating manuscripts through the website.

<http://outofthiseos.typepad.com/blog/2008/08/introducing-helen-lowel.html> **Helen Lowe's** books are taking off. <http://www.thornspell.info/> is a gorgeous website dedicated to the first of Helen's books to appear, created by PJ Fitzpatrick, who has also been helpful with the NZPS site - www.poetrysociety.org.nz in case you've forgotten.

<http://www.fanstory.com/contests.jsp> Here is a fascinating miscellany of contests, prose as well as poetry, which just might be fun to get the creative juices flowing.

<http://www.poetry-portal.com/> This is what it says - a portal to the world of poetry (as selected by the website creators). It seems to be UK-based, but does have an international scope (not including NZ, as far as I can discover) and features poets from all sorts of other exotic places.

Publications

New arrivals on the NZPS bookshelf since the last issue:

aup new poets: janis Freegard, katherine Liddy, reihana Robinson A super collection, with very different poetic styles from each of the poets represented. **Janis Freegard's** launch in August featured plastic spiders. Very apt.

The End of Atlantic City (VUP) by David Beach. Fresh from the pen of the winner of the 2008 Prize in Modern Letters, this collection juxtaposes Troy and Te Aro (Wellington) in a complex and eminently readable odyssey of its own.

It's Love, Isn't It? (HeadworX) by Alistair Te Ariki Campbell and Meg Campbell. Subtitled 'The Love Poems' this collection sets poems by each of the pair on side by side pages, creating a moving picture of the couple in their respective literary lives. (Marilyn Duckworth and Nelson Wattie will be co-presenting poems from this collection during one of the Winter Readings at the City Gallery, Wellington, on Wednesday 3rd September, 6.30pm.)

Ed's note: The January issue will be a bumper issue for poetry reviews. If you think you have what it takes to introduce a poet's work to an audience, with reference to current poetic sensibilities and the poet's own history, please feel free to offer your services as a reviewer, by emailing me at editor@poetrysociety.org.nz Payment is currently \$10, plus you get to keep the book. That's worth a couple of hours' work, at least.

Workshops & Residencies

POETRY & THE IMAGINATION - Contemporary Poetry Writing, Hamilton

Saturday 20 September, 10am, St Peters Cathedral Community Hall. Cost: \$10 - Registration essential.

Much poetry is written about the self and there's a great place for that in our literary traditions. Poets also benefit from getting out of themselves and into other personas and situations. This workshop offers exercises to encourage poets to write through the use of the imagination. It is led by Owen Bullock, Associate Editor of *Poetry NZ*. For more information or for a registration form, please contact Hamilton Community Arts Council on 838 6424, info@hcac.org.nz or check out the website at www.hcac.org.nz

PhD IN CREATIVE WRITING, WELLINGTON

Deadline for applications for the 2009 academic year: 1 November.

Victoria University's renowned creative writing programme at the International Institute of Modern Letters now offers a PhD. Institute director Bill Manhire says the Victoria PhD involves critical as well as creative elements. It will be possible to offer scriptwriting proposals for the PhD, as well as fiction and poetry, and a range of "creative non-fiction" proposals like biography or memoir. The PhD is a three-year full-time programme. For more information go to:

<http://www.victoria.ac.nz/modernletters/creative-writing/postgrad-PhD.aspx>

VISITING WRITER - Poetry, fiction or creative non-fiction (travel/life writing), Palmerston North

Applications close: 1 November

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 27 April to 17 July 2009. 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, and potentially run a community workshop. For an application pack, please contact: Carol Seelye, School of English & Media Studies, Massey University, Palmerston North e-mail: C.A.Seelye@massey.ac.nz

SUMMER WRITING WORKSHOP, IIML

Applications close: 10 November

The 2009 Iowa workshops will run from 6 January- 20 February, meeting for three hours on Tuesdays and Thursdays. All information available at: <http://www.victoria.ac.nz/modernletters/creative-writing/undergrad.aspx>

Iowa poetry: This workshop will look at the ways different traditions, movements, and writers explore or eclipse personal materials in their poems. Discussions will take into account place, metaphor, line, etc. Workshop convener Lucas Bernhardt worked for a variety of mental health and social service organizations before earning MAs in English and in Writing, as well as an MFA in Poetry from the Iowa Writers' Workshop.

THE GUARDIAN POETRY WORKSHOP

Every month, *The Guardian's* online poetry workshop is hosted by a different poet who sets an exercise, chooses what they consider the most interesting responses and then offers an appraisal. Visit the website: <http://books.guardian.co.uk/poetryworkshop/>

LITERARY ADVENTURES IN HOT CLIMATES

The Literary Consultancy, a UK manuscript assessment service, is running writing adventure holidays "combining a luxury holiday with a series of creative writing workshops in an atmosphere of relaxation and stimulation." The first one is in Thailand in September and features Kate Mosse, Greg Mosse, Richard Skinner and Rebecca Swift. Too late to get the introductory 20/25% discount, but they're running another one in April, with Blake Morrison. More on their website at www.literaryadventures.co.uk

Competitions & Submissions

Passager Open Issue for Writers over 50 (USA)

Submit work: until 15 September (postmarked)

Results announced: November, 2008. No fee. 3-5 poems, 50 lines max. per poem; Include cover letter and brief bio.; Include name and address on all pages; No previously published work; Simultaneous submissions to other journals are okay, but please notify if the work is accepted elsewhere; No email submissions. If you need more information, send an email: passager@saysomethingloudly.com Send all submissions to: Passager, 1420 N. Charles St, Baltimore, MD 21201-577, USA

12th Annual Robert Frost Foundation Annual Poetry Award (USA) Postmark/Email Submission

Deadline: 15 September The Robert Frost Foundation welcomes poems in the spirit of Robert Frost for its 12th Annual Award. Prize: \$1000. Submit two copies of each poem, one copy with contact information and one copy free of all identifying information. Send to: Robert Frost Foundation, Lawrence Library-3rd Floor, 51 Lawrence Street, Lawrence, MA 01841. Email submissions are also accepted at frostfoundation@comcast.net. Fees: \$10 per poem (via regular mail). Contest guidelines at www.frostfoundation.org

Wellington Sonnet Competition (NZ) Closes: 22 September Sponsored by New Zealand Post. First prize: \$1000; second and third prizes of \$500 and \$250; \$50 for each of ten runners up. Sonnets must be about Wellington, though you don't have to live there to enter. The Wellington Sonnet Competition 2008 is organised and administered by the small group of volunteers that oversees the ongoing development of the Wellington Writers Walk along Wellington's waterfront. Chairperson of the WWW Committee, **Rosemary Wildblood**, says, "By paying a \$10 entry fee (plus \$5 for each additional poem submitted) people will have the chance of winning a prize and seeing their work in print and it will also be a fun way for them to support the ongoing development of the Wellington Writers Walk." Entry form and conditions of entry can be downloaded from the New Zealand Society of Authors website www.authors.org.nz

Takahe Poetry Competition (NZ) Closes: 30 September \$5 per poem entry fee. Judge: **Michael Harlow**, Poet and Editor. Results posted in December and published in the December 2008 issue of *Takahe*. Prizes: 1st: NZ\$250; 2nd: NZ\$100; 3rd: one year's subscription to *Takahe*; 4th: one year's subscription to *Takahe*. 1st and 2nd prize winners will also receive a year's NZ Book Council membership. The competition rules and entry form are on the website, at: <http://www.takahemagazine.net>/ Post entries to: Takahe Collective Trust, Box 13-335, Christchurch 8141, New Zealand.

"Life's Unique Journey" 2008 International Poetry Competition (USA) Entries must be received by 30 September The Northwest Cultural Council seeks unpublished poems that reflect the writer's impressions of "Life's Unique Journey". Prizes of \$300, \$100, \$75 and \$50, plus four honorable mentions. Accepted poems will be displayed at the Northwest Cultural Council art gallery, along with Visual Art reflecting the same theme, from November 18-December 30. Winning poems will be published in the quarterly newsletter *Spotlights*. There are no style restrictions. Submit one or two poems in English, up to 50 lines. Entry fee: \$15 (1 or 2 poems), payable to The Northwest Cultural Council. Download the entry form from the website, <http://www.northwestculturalcouncil.org/>.

The McLellan Poetry Award (UK) Closes 30 September Entries in all varieties of Scots and in English will be judged in one category, with no distinction made on the basis of the language used. Poems may be on any subject and will be judged anonymously. 1st £1000, 2nd £350, 3rd £150. Entry form and online payment on website: <http://www.arranart.com/rm/robert%20mclellan%20poetry%202008.html>

Tom Howard/John H. Reid Poetry Contest (USA) Postmark Deadline: 30 September Now in its sixth year, this contest seeks poems in any style, theme or genre. Both published and unpublished poems are welcome. Fourteen cash prizes totaling \$5,250 awarded, with a top prize of \$2,000. Entry fee: \$6 for every 25 lines. Submit online or by mail. See complete guidelines and past winners at: http://www.winningwriters.com/contests/tompoetry/tp_guidelines.php

So to Speak Poetry Contest (USA) Closes 15 October \$500 for unpublished poems. A \$15 fee covers an entry of up to 5 poems not exceeding 10 single-spaced pages. *So to Speak* looks for work that speaks to issues of significance for women's lives and movements for women's equality. See: <http://www.gmu.edu/org/sts/contests.htm> Postal entries only, and no cash payments accepted, or I would enter it myself.

Cannon Poets 2008 Competition (UK) Closes 31 October Theme: 'play'. 20 to 40 line poems that reflect the theme. £150 first prize. Entry - £4 for the first poem and £2 for each additional poem. Send to: Cannon Poets Silver Jubilee 2008 Competition, 22 Margaret Grove, Harborne, Birmingham B17 9JH, UK Website: www.cannonpoets.co.uk

Leaf Books (UK) Closes 31 October Any length and on any subject. Enter online or by post. £3 per single submission; £10 for four submissions. Winner receives £200. Runner-up receives ten free pocket-sized Leaf Books. All selected entries will be published in a competition anthology. Download an entry form or enter online at website: www.leafbooks.co.uk

The Light of the Stars Poetry Contest (USA) Closes: 31 October Fee: \$2.00 per poem entered - unlimited entries; unpublished, simultaneous and previously published entries accepted. 32 lines or less, single spaced, camera ready - the way you want to see it in print. One-time magazine publication rights to each publisher - different months. Author's own copyright guaranteed. 1st Prize: 40% of fees collected; 2nd: 20% of fees; 3rd: 20% of fees. Ways to enter: e-mail entries to Lonestarsmagazine@yahoo.com or Conceitmagazine2007@yahoo.com PayPal users go to the Websites <http://www.lonestarsmagazine.net> or <http://www.myspace.com/conceitmagazine> Snail Mail entries and reading fees to Milo Rosebud, Editor & Publisher, The Light of the Stars Poetry

Contest, Lone Stars Magazine, 4219 Flinthill Drive, San Antonio, TX 78230, USA; or Perry Terrell, Editor, The Light of the Stars Poetry Contest, Conceit Magazine, P. O. Box 8544, Emeryville, CA 94662, USA.

Newark Poetry Society 9th Open Poetry Competition (UK) Closes 31 October Up to 40 lines. First prize £150. Entry - £3 per poem. Send to: Kate Koppana, 20 Whitfield Street, Newark, Notts NG24 1QX, UK. Website: www.newarkpoetrysociety.co.uk

The Poetry Society's National Poetry Competition 2008 (UK) Closes 31 October One of the best. For details and to enter online go to website at <http://www.poetrysociety.org.uk/content/competitions/npc/>.

Ragged Raven Press Eleventh Poetry Competition (UK) Closes: 31 October For poems of any length and on any subject. First prize £300, four runners-up prizes of £50. Selected entries published in anthology. Entry fee: £3 per poem, £10 for 4 poems. Entry form/details from www.raggedraven.co.uk

Milton Kessler Memorial Prize for Poetry (USA)

Closes: 1 November \$500 and publication in *Harpur Palate*, the literary journal of Binghamton University, for previously unpublished poems. Entry fee: \$15 for 5 poems, each up to 3 pages in length. All entrants receive issue with winning poem. See website: <http://harpurpalate.binghamton.edu/miltkessler.html>
Postal entries only.

Regional Reports

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

WINDRIFT, WELLINGTON

Nola Borrell

my punctual arrival
at the meeting -
alone again
Laurice Gilbert

Spontaneous laughter greeted this haiku. This was not only Laurice's experience, but also that of first arrival Karen Butterworth at the home of hostess Penny Pruden.

Haiku and tanka, initially anonymous, were plucked from three bowls: Open, Winter, Taste.
Here's a well-received tanka by Karen:

tangi for a beloved kuia -
the bike she rode
into her nineties
parked outside
the church

And a reflective haiku from Kerry Popplewell, just back from tramping 800 km in SW Australia, frequently over flat terrain.

which way does it flow?
you cannot tell -
so slow, this river

For winter, a perceptive observation from Lynn Frances, ever so neatly expressed:

Last leaf outshines the sun

Winter and 'taste' overlapped in several haiku. Penny Pruden recalled her English childhood in:

dreams of hot chestnuts
by a street brazier
frost on the roof when I wake

Resident punster Bevan Greenslade held his punch until the final word.

thinking over
what you said over
a glass of mulled wine

I took the right haiku from the bowl just after we'd decided to take a break:

it grows dark as we talk -
afternoon tea
Laurice Gilbert

Laurice gets a double selection to encourage her to make it to the next Windrift meeting.

Contact: Nola Borrell. Ph: 04 586 7287. Email: nolaborrell@xtra.co.nz

Reviews

A Good Handful: Great New Zealand Poems About Sex Ed. Stu Bagby (Auckland University Press, 2008)
RRP \$27.99. ISBN 978 1 86940 403 1

Keith Nunes

At first glance this anthology could give the book store peruser the wrong message. One thing this collection is not is a tawdry little romp through bare breasts and penises being exposed in dark, seedy rooms. This 120-page book is actually a superb gathering of quality poets writing about the subtleties and nuances of the broader sense of sex.

Noble and upright poet Stu Bagby has done a fine job of pulling together such excellent poems that say as much about the love and tenderness and quirkiness of sex than about the actual act of sexual intercourse, although there are a few quite candid and revealing works that can raise a smile. The list of poets reads like a who's who of Kiwi writing with the likes of Fleur Adcock, James K Baxter, Tony Beyer, Peter Bland, Jenny Bornholdt, recent award-winner Janet Charman, Sam Hunt, Robin Hyde, Fiona Kidman, C.K. Stead, Hone Tuwhare, Louis Johnson, Rachel McAlpine, Vincent O'Sullivan, Harry Ricketts, Elizabeth Smither, Ian Wedde and Denis Welch and so on. A fantastic line-up of poets.

Some poems you may recognize instantly including Adcock's wry piece 'Against Coupling' or Michael Jackson's wonderful 'Don't I Know You?' Most though have been selected by Bagby for their attitude and bearing and some come from within longer pieces.

Among my favourites in the list of more than 60 poets are Brian Turner's down-to-earth and humorous 'A Perfect Man', which bluntly rejects the notion that men should be "culturally homosexual but genetically straight"; Alistair Paterson's pithy 'Jennie Roache Love All the Boys in the World'; and Anne French's daring 'Thinking of You'.

There's barely a flop among the dozens of delightful verses. A book like this can you keep coming back year after year to re-read favourites and see if what you didn't like yesterday appeals today.

It's an all-round triumph and a timely boost for New Zealand poetry. Well done AUP for having the courage to produce such an audacious book.

Claire Beynon

Entering this book is a little like entering a hive on the wings of a worker bee. I say this, not because of Paula Green's partnership with painter Michael Hight (whose beehive paintings will be known to many), but because of the industry and purpose this collection expresses. There is evidence throughout of the writer's patient-yet-zealous engagement in the to-and-fro processes of scouting, hovering, gathering, digesting, transforming and offering... and we are very much invited in.

The poems are divided into five sections – I came to think of these as chambers - pertaining 'inter alia' to the intense and multifarious spaces of the heart, bed, bee-box, artworks (by Frances Hodgkins, Toss Wollaston, Michael Hight, Ann Hamilton and others) and, too, the left- and right-brains' intricate seams of thought... At times, I found myself wanting to 'take off my shoes' in order to step thoughtfully in and through the environs of these poems. They are serious poems about serious wonderings. It's not that they aren't streaked with light and colour (they are, very much illuminated), but rather that they also give us a great deal of food for thought; they wrestle, are fearless, attentive and very much concerned with the dynamic exchanges that take place between our inner and outer worlds. It's as though we're being granted temporary access to someone else's private alphabet of thought:

Hark to the nuance of the anchor.
I will take hold of my family tree
and let it drip stanza by stanza
in oil watercolour gouache and clay
into the hungry mouth of the homespun sea.

A History of Words

In 'Appointment with Sophie Calle', Paula Green places herself alongside the contemporary French artist (b. 1953) and embarks on a marvellously paced, largely unpunctuated autobiographical disclosure. Calle has been accused of employing intrusive, often inappropriate, tactics to get hold of the information she wants about her subjects. Notoriously, she asked her mother to hire a private detective (without him knowing she knew) to trail her as she went about her business, with the hopes that his investigation would provide her with photographic evidence of her existence.

Paula Green, by contrast, takes a decidedly un-neurotic, generous approach when it comes to referencing and documenting her own life. In 'Appointment with Sophie Calle', while there are allusions to the artistic processes of Sophie Calle, Paula Green comes to this autobiographical piece with a refreshing and quasi-defiant transparency. She presents to us (and to Calle) an observant and unselfconscious document, her words and life alternately open and shielded on the page. She seems intent on having honesty out front, coupled with the sharp observational detachment that somehow allows both writer and reader fuller investment.

...The Resolution I met him December 1982 in a squat in Willesden Green I had frozen solid had treacherous breath even melancholy we had looked at each other once when he was on a roof the snow falling between us nothing was said of course I was on the edge of writing a track out of the internal ice he asked me for a ride into the city in my Renault I resolved to write myself warm with his gigantic paintings and a soft spot for Lautréamont this man knew how to be with me.

A theme of observation (explored in various ways) makes sense, given that a large part of this collection was written whilst the writer was recuperating from illness and confined to bed. She sounds the occasional very human note of melancholy,

Our garden is on the edge
of falling, plunging away from us
in this moment of departure.

The Green Urn

placing it in the sturdy company of love, family, friendships, a certain reliability in her connectedness with the wider world (of cats and food, flowerpots, bees, Ann Kennedy in Hawaii, artists, poets, an outside bath).

I find 'Four Sonnets (for Ann Hamilton)' particularly satisfying – the second of these, 'The Space Between Memory', especially so -

It may have been on the shape of the stars at night
Or the rhythm of memory or the way words reflect
The vast interior in unaccountable ways, our heads
Moving this way and that to find a different sound...

This is an authoritative collection, at times a kind of call to order (as if with a wish to drive life and active engagement with it home),

The illness carries me out of the painting
love the flowers in your milky vase
love the trees in your patchy shadow
love the sky beyond your shorn frame
love my roots on the hallway floor
... love your catalogue on the sheet beside me
love the cry of my child at night
love the word on the tip of my tongue

at others, a meditation – and it's flawless in terms of pace. ('Map of the places Where I Lie and Stand on Sunday Afternoon', for example, somehow manages to be both lyrical and staccato, accelerating and slowing down from one line to the next.).

Making Lists for Frances Hodgkins strikes me as being a remarkably dignified, non-ego-driven work. This in itself is a rare treat – there is no jostling and clamouring here, instead an expansive and original collection standing on firm and fertile ground. To borrow (and with best intention, alter) Paula Green's words in 'Convalescence':

... the way paint retorts with life

... these poems retort with life.

Penina he magafaoa (2007; ISBN 978-0-473-12082-5; 68 pp; with illustrations by Simon Jackson) and *Takai* (2008; ISBN 978-0-473-13070-1; 102 pp.; with illustrations by Julia Blackler), by Lee Aholima and Nogi Aholima.

Tim Jones

These two books contain poems written by **Lee Aholima** in English, and then translated into Niuean by his grandmother, Nogi Aholima. In her forward to *Takai*, Dr Selina Tusitala Marsh points out that the number of Niueans speaking their native language is declining, and that more Niueans live in New Zealand than on their native island. Lee Aholima was born on Niue and came to New Zealand when he was six years old. He lost his native language then; now he is re-learning it. He and his grandmother are also contributing to the survival of the language by producing these two bilingual collections of poetry.

Most of the poems in *Penina he magafaoa*, the earlier volume, are about life in Niue. I'm not qualified to comment on the Niuean versions, but the English poems, often short, are a mixture of delicate humour, description and defiance: from the charm of 'The sun is stealing the water':

Sing while you work,
the day moves fast.
Roll up the arms of your shirt,

it is very hot today.
Drink coconut when you are thirsty,
the sun is stealing the water.

to the resolve of 'East Coast of Niue':

... for we shall defend this stretch of shore
for of this shore we are, we are.

The final poems in *Penina he magafaoa* look beyond Niue to England and to New Zealand. The poems in *Takai* are mostly set outside Niue; as someone who grew up on the West Coast and in Southland, I liked reading the poems set in both places which captured the feel of these parts of New Zealand, such as 'Southland in Autumn'. I was even more pleased to find that Lee Aholima is a fellow science fiction poet, with the terraforming of Mars among his subjects, in "Green Prayer":

... well we could melt the ice inside
with nurtured warmth, and yes I know
it could take hundreds of years ...

I enjoyed both collections, though I think I prefer *Takai* of the two; but that's perhaps because there's more in *Takai* to which my own experience connects. Some of the poetry in English is unduly constrained by tight rhyme schemes, but the best of the poems, in their directness and wry humour, are a tribute both to life and to language.

I've been known to take the odd pop at Creative New Zealand, but it was Creative New Zealand funding that made it possible for these two collections to be published — so well done to them. I hope that these collections will play their intended part in reviving the Niuean language in written and oral form, but also that they will be enjoyed for the quality of their best poetry.

Haiku NewZ

Nola Borrell

CONGRATULATIONS

- **Ernest Berry** won third place in the Francine Porad Haiku Contest.

funeral march
the play of raindrops
on mahogany
Ernest J. Berry

- to all place getters in the 2008 NZPS International Competition, including NZers **John O'Connor** (4th & Commended), **Ernest Berry**, **Kirsten Cliff**, **Janine Sowerby** and **Barbara Strang** (all Highly Commended), Ernest Berry, **Nola Borrell** (twice), **Anne Edmunds**, **Lynn Frances**, **Helen Lowe** and **André Surridge** (all Commended).

- to Ernest Berry for selection for September in The Haiku Calendar Competition 2008. **Sandra Simpson** was among the runners-up. See Snapshot Press website for details of all winners.

- to André Surridge for Joint 3rd prize in 1st With Words International Online Haiku Competition 2008. Ernest Berry and Sandra Simpson were long listed. The organisers believe in 'Act locally, think globally', and a donation has gone to GLIT (Adolescent Girls Literary Project) in Malawi. A UK organisation involved with literacy will also receive a donation. A great idea for a haiku competition.

Remembrance Day -
the child insists on a poppy
for her doll

André Surridge

- To **Pat Prime** for a Time Haiku Award, 2008 (*New Hope International Review*, UK). And also:
 - Interview with Jeffrey Woodward (Ed. *Haibun Today*) in *Simply Haiku*
 - Essay on tanka prose in *Modern English Tanka*
 - 3 tanka accepted for *Blithe Spirit*; 4 tanka for *moonset*
 - Haibun accepted for *Contemporary Haibun Online*, *Simply Haiku* and *Haibun Today*
- And that's not all of it. Yes, Pat will still find time to co-edit *Kokako* 9.

COMPETITIONS AND SUBMISSIONS (See NZPS website for a more detailed list.)

Sept. 17: Haiku Calendar Ludbreg 2009. Cost: Free. Limit of 3 haiku. Send one copy of each poem. Winners announced end of December. SSAE + 2 IRCs. Post to: Zdenko Oreč, Petra Zrinskoga 49, 42230 Ludbreg, Croatia. Or email: mirko.varga@vz.t-com.hr

Sept. 20: 3LightsGallery is calling for haiku and tanka submissions to its autumn exhibition – 'Way Back Home'. For more information: threelightsgallery.com/submissions.html

Sept. 30: Irish Haiku Society Competition. Cost: €3/£2.50/\$US4 per haiku; €20/£15/\$US25 per 7 haiku. Cash prizes. Post to: Administrator, The IHS International Haiku Competition 2008, 75 Willow Park Grove, Glasnevin, Dublin 11, Ireland.

Sept. 30: Tanka Splendour Contest. Cost: Free. Group of 3 tanka or 1 sequence of any length. Those entering by e-mail also do the judging. Publication in *Tanka Splendour 2008*. Prizes: Book vouchers. Send to: TS2008 Contest, pob 767 / 1250, Gualala, CA 95445, USA.

Oct. 15: Apokalipsa Haiku Contest. Cost: Free. Limit of 6 haiku under a pen name. Book prizes. Publication in summer 2008 *Apokalipsa* magazine. Post to: APOKALIPSA, Ulica Lili Novy 25, 1000 Ljubljana, Slovenia.

Oct. 31: Melbourne Poets Haiku Competition for under 18s. Cost: \$A1.50/poem. No limit on number of entries. Cash prize. Send to: PO Box 266, Flinders St., Melbourne, Victoria 8009, Australia.

Oct. 31: Haiku Presence Award. Cost: £5/\$US10/€10 for up to 5 haiku; additional entries £1/\$US2/€2 per haiku. Winners published in *Presence*. Cash prizes. Send to: Martin Lucas, 90D Fishergate Hill, Preston PR1 8JD, England, UK.

Oct. 31: Haiku Poets of Northern California. Cost: \$US1/poem. Haiku, senryu, tanka. Results announced in January 2009. Winning poems in *Mariposa*. Send to HPNC, c/o John Thompson, 4607 Burlington Place, Santa Rosa CA 95405, USA.

NOTICES

E-MAIL WORKSHOP ANYONE?

Windrift has nearly as many corresponding members as attending members. We wondered if it was time to canvas interest not only among Windrift members but possibly also in the wider NZ writing community for another email workshop or/and an email plus webcam workshop.

Zazen email workshop, now with international membership, has been thriving since 2000. The idea of another email workshop was raised at the 2005 Haiku Conference in Wellington, but did not take off at that time.

Bevan Greenslade is exploring the possibilities for Windrift. Email workshops are an opportunity to get quick feedback and share and improve your skills in writing haiku and related genre. If you're interested, please forward your name and e-mail address to Bevan at greenslade@actrix.co.nz

THE TASTE OF NASHI

"The anthology is a wealth of images, textures, concepts and revelations. It is indeed like a taste of nashi, in its fullness and lushness, and the bite-size juiciness of its verse' (Sarah Johnson, reviewer, *NZ Writers' ezine*, July 12, 2008).

All praise to **Helen Lowe** who organised Christchurch haiku writers to read from *the taste of nashi* on Women on Air, Plains FM during July. Good for Haiku.

Orders have slowed down, but Windrift has paid the poets (cheers!) as well as given book tokens to advisors. But we still have boxes of copies. Please keep promoting nashi!

Prices: NZPS members: \$23.00 (inc p&p).

Non-members: \$25.00 (inc p&p). Cheques to Windrift Haiku Group.

Order from: Nola Borrell, 177A Miromiro Rd, Normandale, Lower Hutt 5010. Ph: 04 586 7287. Email: nolaborrell@xtra.co.nz

Or Karen Butterworth, 29 Kirk St., Otaki, 5512. Ph: 06 364 5810. Email: karenpetbut@xtra.co.nz

WIND OVER WATER/ unabara wo wataru kaze

4th Haiku Pacific Rim Conference in Terrigal, Australia 22-25 September 2009

Among speakers scheduled to be included are Ikuyo Yoshimura (Japan); **Cyril Childs** (NZ); Jan Bostok, patron of the Australian Haiku Society; Lyn Reeves, Editor and Publisher of Pardalote Press, Tasmania; Martin Lucas, editor of *Presence* (UK); Aya Yuhki, Editor of the *Tanka Journal*, Japan; and Linda Galloway of the Yuki Teiki Haiku Society, Southern California. Visits to interesting Australian sites such as the Wildlife Reptile Park are on the programme. The organising committee is led by Beverley George, President of the Australian Haiku Society. See details on the HaikuOz web site.

Mini Competition

There were some really good entries in our Climate Change challenge, and I liked them all, so it was hard to choose a recipient for the pot luck collection of poetry books from the Society's shelf. Congratulations to Barbara Griffiths.

Dirty Drought

Snail and smiling crocodile
puffed out in fragile prime
singing to the shy-eyed sliver of moon
at dusk on a long hot dry summer's day

masking deserted
beige-quilted hillsides

crickets trill mellow-mouth tunes.

Cow and lonely hawk
wilting shadows in skeleton form
cursing to the fiery furnace of sun
at noon on a long hot dry summer's day

dirt clumped
wasted paddocks

white butterfly on the run.

Barbara J Griffiths

The next competition is for an ephrastic poem – one that is a response to a piece of art. (I know it's more complex than that, but this is a mini competition.) The choice of image is up to you. No more than 20 lines please, and you can send it to me at editor@poetrysociety.org.nz The prize is *New Zealand's Favourite Artists 2*, ed. Denise Robinson (Saint Publishing, 2002). Deadline: 7 October.

How it is

Judging Haiku Competitions

Ernest Berry

Adjudication is the highest responsibility in the haiku world, for on the shoulders of judges and journal editors rest the standard, direction and fidelity for our art form for all to follow. Neophytes are likely to think of published or prize-winning haiku as the ultimate expression of their craft, so they can be excused for emulating such works and deferring to the writers, judges and editors thereof.

Unfortunately, the choices of judges for many competitions seems to be based on little more than rotation or 'reward' for anyone organisers think deserves it. Selection should never depend on such ephemerals, but solely on proven proficiency. Even if it has to be the same person year after year, at least we would get some continuity of criteria which we tragically lack at the moment. Obviously, no one person is capable of appreciating and assessing works from all cultures, climes and compass, so our hunt for judges, especially in international contests, must be a compromise, but that should not prevent us from selecting the best available. Perfect judges are even rarer than perfect haiku, so just as much *muga* should be dedicated to their discovery and retention.

Another avoidable hazard to the progress of haiku in English is judicial anonymity. Countless excellent haiku are rejected and their writers terminally discouraged simply because the judge concerned is unfamiliar with the subject, so why not disclose his/her name and pedigree before the event? This would solve the problem and be fairer for all concerned. Currently only about 10% of contests comply.

Generally, there are those who excel variously at writing, reading, editing, or intellectualizing haiku, so we should bear in mind the categories into which aficionados fall ... viz.

1. Enthusiasts: the bulk of our fellowship who beaver away on the principle that randomness will one day recognise their genius – few of these survive the scythe of attrition.
2. Ivy Leaguers: who impress with a plethora of learned essays and can tell you what a haiku should and should not be yet may have difficulty writing, interpreting it, or judging it themselves.
3. Journeymen: those who regularly officiate and furnish our haiku journals with works that neither upset, offend nor challenge.
4. Haijin: that rare breed who think, live, love, read, breathe, write and reliably judge haiku.

Since release from the confines of 5/7/5 line configuration and Japanese subject matter, haiku have been drifting between personal galaxies, national planetary systems, egomaniac supernovae and black holes of spam. It's therefore no wonder newcomers can't find a star to hitch to. With the choice of avant-gardists, spam artists, fundamentalist 5/7/5ers and true haikuists, they find a confusing world which even the grand concept of a World Haiku Club can't unscramble.

Reprinted with permission from Frogpond 31:2; Haiku Society of America.

Talk Poem

Linzy Forbes

Spanish Civil War, 1937

By Adrienne Jansen

At the moment your cheek
scraped down the rock face
your mother felt something, a hawk shadow
across the window, so that she stopped
kneading, her hands resting
on the board, flour like ash
drifting off her fingers,
then she shook herself, said it was nothing,
and pressed and pounded
and slapped the dough again,
and your father, sitting with the men
in the hot sun, set his glass so suddenly
that the beer leapt over the rim
and he put his face in his hands,
shook his head as though there were
noises in his ears, and picked up
his glass again, carefully,
but you heard nothing. Waiting in clear air,
hawk eyes keen, body so still that not even
dust stirred from where your held-back breath
touched the face of the rock
you were crouching against.
Your hand so light on the gun,
your head so full of knowing
you would all win
in the end
and when it came, there might have been
a small crack in the stillness,
a tiny rush of air,
a split second of knowledge
too swift to act upon ...
and your arm fell away from the gun
which fell away from your body
falling in slow motion
onto stones, which for one moment,
rattled and shifted beneath you,
then were silent
and your mother sighed, wrapped her
dust-white arms around herself
your father pushed his glass away
and rubbed the spilt circle with his finger

I spent some time as a self-employed publisher. I was partly inspired to do that by Adrienne Jansen's unpublished poems. I just knew it was beyond time for NZ at least to see appreciate her wonderful

poetry. 'Spanish Civil War, 1937' was (to me) the standout poem in this collection. I chose this poem because when I first read it I was totally captivated. I remember thinking 'this is what a poem should be like. It has something to say, it is beautifully written and it demands an emotional response'.

The poem was inspired by a photograph. I see the poet looking at the photograph. It is a famous photo and one I know. I see the photo as I recall it and it's with such clarity it is as if I am looking at the photo again! I imagine I can see the poet. She is looking intently at the photo but her mind is filling with words and she reaches for pen & paper. She feels the man's death, but instantaneously (perhaps as a mother's natural instinct) she places herself as the invisible observer as the man's parents share the moment. There is invisible knowledge permeating the room. How does one accurately record such essential yet transient moments?

As well as accurately describing the photo, this poem takes a moment in time and shakes it across all borders to the man's parents and we feel their every supernatural response. The tiniest of movements are given clarity and they shape the moment of the photographer's click with a host of unspoken feelings. The reader is shown a moment in time from several informed angles. A man is about to die, but he lives one last moment in his mother's sigh and inside the spilt circle of his father's beer. The poet shows us the depth of each relationship; the mother feels "a hawk shadow/ across the window"; that shadow settles so heavily on the father that he slams his glass down so "that the beer leapt over the rim" and he buries his face in his old calloused hands. There is depth too between the parents. She sighs and wraps her "dust-white arms around herself", he pushes his glass away and draws his feelings in the spilt beer.

This poem works on different levels. It's a poem that wants you to read it again and again. Beautiful simple language fills the little moments with truth. Actual truth, political truth and emotional truth. The reader sees the moment inside out.

Adrienne Jansen grew up in Wellington. After time in Canada and around NZ she returned to live in Porirua with her family. She has mostly worked in tertiary education, and from 1993-99 was coordinator of the Whitireia Community Polytechnic's Writing Program. She is the author of three novels and several works of non-fiction.

'Spanish Civil War, 1937' was published in Adrienne's first book of poems *a stone seat and a shadow tree* (Inkweed, 2001), now out of print.

KiwiHaiku

hailing rap dance
bounce bobble bounce
calls Winter's tune
Debbie Williams

winter lagoon
a low-cruising hawk
finds no prey
John Ross

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

November Deadline: 7th October

Tanka Moments

the secrets of the tree
are revealed
when the last leaves fall
the empty blackbird's nest
the missing frisbee
Margaret Beverland

Members are invited to submit unpublished tanka to: c.mair@clear.net.nz or PO Box 62, Katikati, Bay of Plenty 3166.

MEMBERS' POEMS

Ode to The New Zealander on London Bridge

Our good lawn-mowing man has gone to London.
Unchopped, the Poor Man's Oranges sprawl around,
Bare branches scrape and claw a watery sun.
Odd drips from eaves are making a sad sound
Plopping on buckets cram-full of young midges.
I screw on, bullet-proof, my Welsh tweed skirt
To tackle roses, carry firewood in;
My legs are scratched and all my backbones hurt,
My fingertips developing wee ridges.
Don Small is testing views from Thames' old bridges
Regardless of New Zealand's utter ruin.

Julie Ryan

After the final phone call

I'm sorry I cut you

off last night
it was late
and I was tired

of our conversation
even though
I was brought up
properly
and know it was rude to
inter-
rupt you
with a click

at any rate
this is just to say
goodbye and
good

Kathy McVey

Waitapu Wharf Photo Session

In the late afternoon
we search for beauty.
It is there in distant views
of misted mountains.
And trees
black against the dropping sun.
It is there in the Bay's silken sea
and the dip of a bird.

I don't see it here
where the fish factory rules
and scummy tides curl
through concrete blocks
and rusted steel.
Where in the canteen garden
a cigarette box
mocks the tired hebes.

But Emma finds it
in shadowed angles
of wooden crates
in coiled ropes
and in poles
reflected on quiet waters.

Helen McKinlay

Misplaced

It's not the first time my name hasn't appeared
among the competition place getters published
in July's bi-monthly Poetry Society magazine –
yet it still comes as a bit of a shock. I wonder,
is this what Robbie Burns felt at being turned down
flat by some buxom Alloway lass? Did he, as well
versed as he was in the needs of the neighbourhood girls,
like me, simply fail to comprehend? Perhaps
there's been an awful mistake – I bet my poems
have gone astray in the mail, or didn't arrive
in time for the deadline. How poignant to realise that,
rather than attending a sumptuous feast with
recitals of finely tuned words, I'll sit in my kitchen,
tea cup held up, in a toast to what I don't know.

Bruce Rankin