

Skylark

A Tanka Journal

Edited by Claire Everett

Skylark

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Skylark
A Tanka Journal

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Skylark

A Tanka Journal
Summer 2017: Volume 5, number 1

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Tankart throughout, Editor: Sandi Pray	

Editor's Message

By the time you read this issue, *Earth: Our Common Ground* will have been published and you will (hopefully) be enjoying it! Please see the website for details if you haven't yet heard the news . . . I would be delighted to hear your reactions/reviews/feedback. Feel free to email me here at *Skylark* and I will include your responses in the winter issue.

The world has witnessed great political upheaval in recent months, all of which was very pertinent during the selection and editing process for *Earth: Our Common Ground*. This led me to actively solicit submissions of politically-themed tanka, etc, for this issue of *Skylark*. I would like to think that this is something that will continue. I believe politics has a place in poetry and vice versa. For those of you who have reached political overload—as we all have at times! —there is still plenty of variety in this issue and much to savour . . .

You will also notice a new section: 'Another Chance to See' . . . Poets are invited to submit ONE previously published piece (preferably a tanka sequence, solo or collaborative, tan renga, rengay, or tanka prose) for possible inclusion in the next issue. One piece will be selected for each issue, with the aim of bringing an exceptional work to an even wider audience.

Thank you for your continued support. And stay tuned . . . submissions for a second *Skylark* anthology on a very different theme will open later this year.

Happy reading, happy writing!

Claire

Northallerton, North Yorkshire,
April 2017

The Skylark's Nest

The Winners

Selections by Margaret Chula, USA

Squirrels—whether gray, brown, black, or red—are a common sight in our backyards, city parks, and forests. We admire them for their ability to travel great distances from tree to tree without ever touching the ground. And for their acrobatic agility and tenacity as they attempt to steal seeds from our birdfeeders.

In Native American folktales, the squirrel is a busybody, spreading gossip or instigating trouble between other animals. They can also annoy others with their rude behavior (see above). On the other hand, squirrels are praised for their industrious food gathering and courage and, in some tribes, are honored as caretakers of the forest. They also have a keen sense of smell to help them find their stored caches, even if they forget where they buried them. Many people think squirrels are “cute.” My husband calls them “rats with furry tails.”

Sandi Pray’s charming image of a well-fed squirrel eating an acorn evokes a feeling of abundance. For many of us, abundance is earned rather than expected. We are taught from an early age to gather what we will need to prepare for the future. Indeed, the expression “squirrel away” comes from what we’ve learned by watching the behavior of squirrels. Several tanka submitted to The Skylark’s Nest touched on these themes of sorting, gathering, saving, and foraging as well as the struggle to survive—a very real concern in these times.

This was a challenging prompt to respond to without using the word “squirrel.” I looked for tanka that invited us to see the image in a new, more profound, way and to convey an emotion that might not be evident in the drawing.

The tanka that stood out for me both on initial and subsequent readings was:

Skylark

her rainy day
that never came to pass
all those things
packed in boxes
ready for the thrift shop

Hazel Hall, Australia

We all have stacks, boxes, or closets full of things we are not using but can't throw away. We imagine we'll sort through them on a rainy day or keep them close at hand in case some disaster happens. I'm imagining a son or daughter cleaning out the house of a deceased relative or friend. The use of the word "thrift" does double duty: it not only identifies where the boxes are going, but also brings to mind "thrifty," which describes this woman. "All those things packed in boxes" may also suggest emotions packed away for a lifetime. There is a deep pathos here that all the things she saved will not even be sorted through, but donated directly to the thrift shop. No squirrels or acorns or even a season in this tanka—but rather a season of life.

squirrelling away
what little we have—
another winter
of make do and mend
with no sign of spring

Urszula Funnell, UK

A tanka about frugality in a dire situation. And there seems to be little hope ("no sign of spring"). Sandi Pray's actual squirrel has been transformed into the verb "squirreling away." How far the poet has moved from the image of a satisfied squirrel to this impoverished family! The phrase "make

Skylark

do and mend” drew me in emotionally to the poet’s plight. It’s something a mother would say to her children. Will this family make it through a winter of deprivation until spring? We can’t help but feel compassion and concern. Excellent use of innuendo and images.

the harshness
of this early winter—
my mother's
dwindling store
of memories . . .

David Terelinck, Australia

Even though it appears to be late summer or autumn in Sandi’s image, the poet is experiencing the emotional “harshness of this early winter.” So is his/her mother, with what I imagine as early-onset dementia. Unexpectedly, the mother’s storehouse of memories is disappearing. “Store” is a perfect word choice, serving both as a noun and verb. It brings to mind our attempts to accumulate and save memories as well as the vulnerable place where they are kept. “Dwindling” is also an excellent sound, imitating the slow loss of memory over time. Great use of sounds and concise language.

Congratulations to Hazel who will receive a free copy of the journal and an invitation to judge the competition for *Skylark* 5:2, Winter 2017.



Skylark

The Skylark's Nest Prompt

Skylark 5:2, Winter 2017



Sandi Pray, USA

Poets are invited to respond to the image in any way that moves them.
Please label your tanka 'Skylark's Nest entry'

Skylark

Election news . . .
without TV or Wi-Fi
this field
of boxing hare,
the curlew's cry

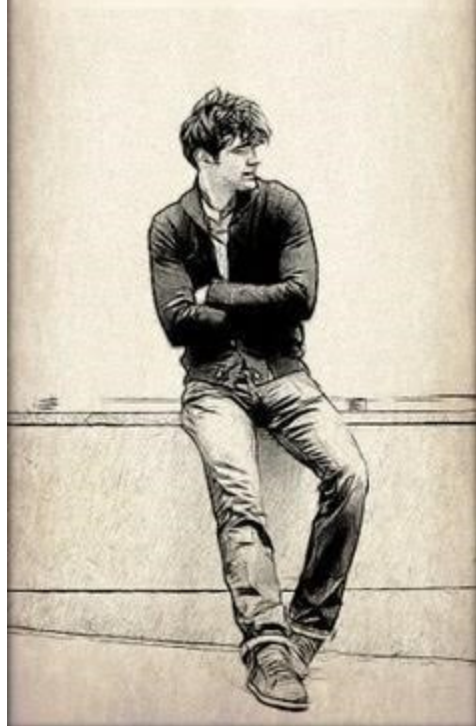
Claire Everett, England



from
Michael

in a crowded room
of loud conversation
and cocktails
the poet is the one who steps
outside for some air

--Michael McClintock



Individual Tanka



Note: poets from the UK will have their country of residence stated as such unless they specifically request it to appear as England/Wales, etc.

Skylark

silent in her grief
as long days turn to night
she holds on
lichen on stone
in late winter rain

Mary Frederick Ahearn, USA

dried moss
the weight
of almost nothing
that was
once green

my lamp
now dark
i follow the wire
to its source
of power

ai li, England

Skylark

winter thaw—
one bird at dawn
proclaims
by fives and sixes
the probability of spring

to see god
in every person . . .
my eye lingers
on the cheetah's tawny grace
speeding toward oblivion

the kinglet
with its ruby crown
whisking
through bare apple boughs
. . . all I need of royalty

Jenny Ward Angyal, USA

Skylark

stripped Jeep
the rusty chassis engulfed
in brambles
a ruby crowned kinglet
darts through the window

first dogwood
blossoms slipping inside
outside twilight
your muffled gasp
as our children sleep nearby

Clayton Beach, USA

sleeping child
on daddy's shoulder
at the museum
two Modigliani's
crane for a closer look

Maxianne Berger, Canada

Skylark

my mom's cracked plate
from her mother
a burdensome treasure—
she once told me
she'd be glad when it broke

Wendy Bourke, Canada

empty bench
along the riverbank—
across green grass
the sharp shadow
of our parallel lives

a night bird
crosses the hunger moon—
too soon
her children learn
the anatomy of wings

Michelle Brock, Australia

Skylark

the morning
they took his piano
light dimmed . . .
the empty space
full of dead music

Dawn Bruce, Australia

as the sea
swallows the sun
we twirl
fairy floss
in pink silence

Robyn Cairns, Australia

Skylark

is this the dream
that precedes the coming sleep
when monarch wings
will break my bonds
and mend a storm-torn sky?

spider on the wall
just holds there mocking me
too drunk to kill it
by morning it has returned
to the place where darkness sleeps

James Chessing, USA

Skylark

a poem
sabotaged by thoughts . . .
even stones
can change the course
of a rising river

lifting the flute
slowly to her lips
in this room
where she said goodbye,
every note a lament

the problem lies
not in the crossword
but in us . . .
it takes two aging minds
to find one simple word

Susan Constable, Canada

Skylark

long sleeves
conceal the fragility
of age . . .
a black and blue turtle
withdraws into its shell

I've come back
to this poem but can't figure out
what I was thinking . . .
the pause
in a hummingbird's flight

Mary Davila, USA

Skylark

all my life
a yen for small
unnoticed
or discarded things
. . . a poem's seed

incomprehensible,
all the legalese
in this will . . .
and seeing her name
so prominent there

Janet Lynn Davis, USA

Skylark

even the endless sky
sliced by this sickle moon . . .
I bathe
in a blue sea of sorrow
turning indigo inside

Rebecca Drouilhet, USA

Walking
up quietly . . .
the heads
of sunflowers
looking elsewhere

Bruce England, USA

Skylark

sharing
the doghouse with my lab
again
some people forgive
but no one forgets

enchanted
the scent she wore
lilac water
all that she left
when she moved out

palliative care
easing all pain
except
that of a spouse
who won't visit

Ignatius Fay, Canada

Skylark

how a blade
cuts deep V's
in the trunk—
to dull my pain
i let the sap run

willow twigs
all in a tangle—
stick wars
my dry old bones
in battle with me

with ease
it glides on water—
a strider
releasing my burden
i am lighter than air

Marilyn Fleming, USA

Skylark

in the surge
and suck of surf
on sand
we struggle to find a way
of staying together

Jan Foster, Australia

I wait for the moon
to shine its light on me
perhaps then
you will see more
than the shadow I've become

no matter how it seems
time hasn't erased you
from my heart—
the night never strays
far from the horizon

Urszula Funnell, UK

Skylark

Stone Mountain . . .
made of quartz,
microcline, muscovite,
and tourmaline
mostly black in colour

slow sunset
over Standing Rock . . .
the pipe dream
of immigrants
a reality

Tim Gardiner, UK

sexism, bullying
this political dilemma
I chug
through today's quagmire
and watch the sun come up

Beverley George, Australia

Skylark

buddha's hand . . .
your perfumed grasp
pulls me back
to the bright taste
of a summer day

Pat Geyer, USA

the smell of grease
and turpentine
I remember
Grandad's old shed
but not Grandad

Mark Gilbert, UK

Skylark

hours spent
looking for my
yellow pen,
found at long last
in a place I can't remember

Sanford Goldstein, Japan

flicking through
this weathered tome
how I wish
we'd met while you were still
learning that grin

Martin Grenfell, England

Skylark

angel wings
swept by shadows
of suffragettes
sisters marching now
in hand knit pinks

Joann Grisetti, USA



Skylark

not the poppies
of Flanders Fields, row-on-row
I plant
a *Sólarfrí* of hope:
Icelandics' pink-orange-white

the rise and fall
of my childhood dictionary
each night
before lights-out
a bellyful of words

Autumn Noelle Hall, USA

*Sólarfrí—in Iceland, an unexpected work holiday to enjoy a sunny day.

Skylark

Easter Day
tending the garden
in my heart
I find the lilies
blossoming at last

Hazel Hall, Australia

I didn't know
the way death transforms . . .
as if you
had no shadow in your life
nor cast one on mine

the twilight call
of an owl deep in the woods
a part of me
as I answer it in kind
rises and takes wing

Michele L. Harvey, USA

Skylark

what if you came in
and found me
still alive
would my last words be
remember to pay the gas

Ruth Holzer, USA

weeding the sage
I uncover a rabbit's nest,
the kits like embryos . . .
I recover them, knowing
they will eat my garden

Elizabeth Howard, USA

Skylark

gallery wall
covered by a collaged
landscape
of wide rock pinnacles . . .
I can't climb down

waking
to the last sliver
of a waning moon
waiting for the dawn
of a new America

Gerry Jacobson, Australia

so it ends
“a year of whitewash”
now we have to
fight like hell to bring back
the rainbow

Carole Johnston, USA

Skylark

whistling wings
of Tundra swans
over the marshes
. . . what is this power
you hold over me

from slabs
of common clay
delicate cups
that hold the scent
of jasmine tea

Mary Kendall, USA

Skylark

the casino
for high rollers
casts shadows
over park benches
littered with homeless

Keitha Keyes, Australia

how beautiful
are your confounded lies
like the weaver bird's nest,
neither a beginning
nor an end

Mohammad Azim Khan, Pakistan

Skylark

memory,
like a tapestry
that gets the afternoon sun
year after year,
certain certainties come into question

in one lazy spill
57 golden leaves g-litter
the sidewalk—
gilt memories
along an incomprehensible path

a Blue Heron
where he has no business
to be—
as with a celebrity
I pretend not to notice

set in stone masonry
the crimson door
of the Episcopal Church—
horse chestnuts bounce
off the sidewalk

Larry Kimmel, USA

Skylark

winter
of discontent
the women march
on Capitol Hill
the rain falls

Robert Kingston, UK

blue curtains
bleached colourless . . .
all the dawns
she watched him toss
and turn in his sleep

Kathy Kituai, Australia

Skylark

millions of years
to arrive at this
humanity
it only takes
a bomb, a god

Istanbul
Mumbai, New York
Happy New Year—
an ant's implicit faith
in the eddying leaf

Shrikaanth Krishnamurthy, UK

Skylark

sorting
scattered pages of my life
all night
Crux Orion Aquila
pattern southern skies

Liz Lanigan, Australia

how selfish to save
a lock of his baby hair
each year
the way maples
let go of their leaves

sunlight
in a drop of water
in a leaf . . .
all the ways
we hold each other

Jessica Malone Latham, USA

Skylark



cactus thorns
bedevil the jackrabbit . . .
the acupuncturist
inserts twelve thin needles
to cure my aches and pains

Michael H. Lester, USA

Skylark

snow light . . .
a worn page
of Neruda
for the winter
in my heart

night by night
the cricket songs
grow weaker
no one comes to see me
except the shadows

no more loon calls
as the sun sets in flames
of color
alone by the lake
of my aging mind

Chen-ou Liu, Canada

Skylark

calculating
the time remaining . . .
autumn leaves
turning colors in the wind—
I don't know

email message:
the fractures in her spine
undetermined—
and I can't count how
many times she lifted me

Bob Lucky, Saudi Arabia

Skylark

at the Capitol
half a million women
wearing pink beanies—
they fill the avenues
and look like cherry blossoms

spring herbs . . .
a scent of rain
in the kitchen,
the family's boots
lined up by the door

no one here sees
the autumn colors
as do those
who visit for a day
and never forget them

Michael McClintock, USA

Skylark

café au lait
the heart drawn
with milk froth
holding its shape
until the coffee's gone

Mike Montreuil, Canada

pothole
full of water
full of mosquitoes
I place a new pen
in my suit pocket

Lenard D. Moore, USA

Skylark

five lines
of tanka
on my porch floor
sun rays angle
between pickets

mid fall warmth
optimistic
dandelion . . .
I thought chemo
would give us more time

David F. Noble, USA

Skylark

the bravery
of those who go first
late spring snow
how do they decide
. . . the daffodils

for so long
this want of a dog
but now
i wonder if time
is outrunning me

rendered
speechless in anger
i retreat
to the sympathies
of a river's song

Sandi Pray, USA

Skylark

nestling inside one another
on the market table
three bowls—
the “willow” pattern
reminds me of my mother

Patricia Prime, New Zealand

alone at home
sipping fresh-brewed coffee
I seek
an adult understanding
of Sita in the *Ramayana*

Kala Ramesh, India

Skylark

midwinter
I sit by your bedside
holding your hand . . .
you doze to the summer sound
of Haydn's Lark Quartet

Elaine Riddell, New Zealand

joining
a waving sea
of neon signs
bright blooms of dissent
I carry white carnations

~after the Women's March, Los Angeles

Susan Rogers, USA

Skylark

grade check with
my parents reveals
a "C" in math—
the smartphone in my hand
becomes a calculator

Daniel A. Rosas, USA

the apple tree
swaying where there is no wind
hides the antlered elk . . .
I still seek what moves
beneath your words

Aron Rothstein, USA

Skylark

what may be said
in addition to a full moon
is spoken tonight
in the growing darkness
still light enough to see you

Tom Sacramona, USA



Skylark

trapped
in a sandstorm
these daily criticisms
wearing away
my bones

Christina Sng, Singapore

the slant of twilight
burnishes a chapel bell—
daylilies trumpet
the names on broken headstones
to an empty gravel road

Elizabeth Spencer Spragins, USA

Skylark

I throw
pinecones and junk mail
on the fire
but it doesn't start roaring
until I add some poems

Lesley Anne Swanson, USA

my gratitude
for early protesters . . .
beneath shady trees
this welcome place
of peace and serenity

Barbara A. Taylor, Australia

Skylark

not regretting
that my end is no longer
so far away . . .
no dollars this year to clean
the Statue of Liberty

progress
on the path
to enlightenment:
once I couldn't write
in an untidy house

Linda Jeannette Ward, USA

Skylark

through thin
row house walls
hearing again
the father:
That's one

Susan Weaver, USA

I am often melancholy
when I close its last page
at the end of a good book—
you, though, a book I long to read,
have no ending

Michael Dylan Welch, USA

Skylark

What are you up to?

Page 32.

No, I mean
your plans for the day?
Finishing this book.

Neal Whitman, USA

untangling
a string of lights
complications
I didn't have the heart
to deal with last year

living the life
of a hermit now
she recalls
the days when protest
was a cause for song

Alison Williams, UK

Skylark

she would have smiled
out of the blue a sea of pink
my mother
open your eyes again
with hope and say "wonderful"

four nights
into the year
like the owl
I'm still asking
the same question

Kath Abela Wilson, USA

Skylark

church clock
stopped again
as if we needed reminding
of how time passes
anyway

Geoffrey Winch, England

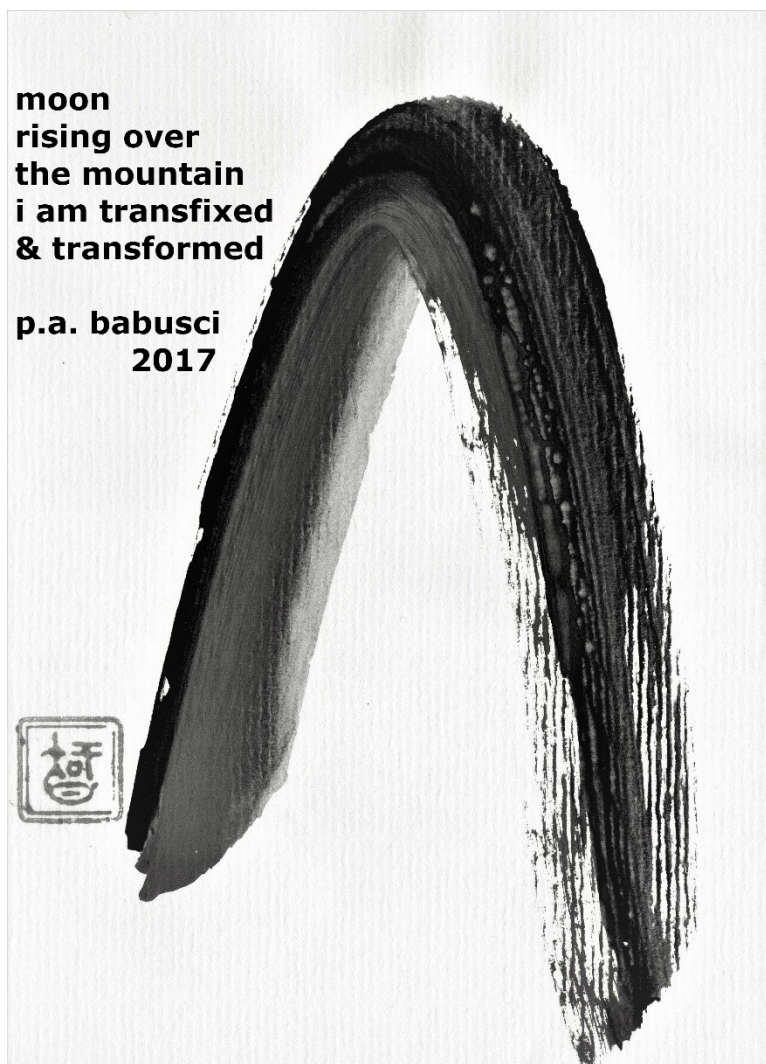


Skylark

opinions
on particles of butter
in the marmalade
the opening volleys
of their beach-chalet fortnight

separating
the training dataset
from the testing set
in the local pub
children crayon placemats

J. Zimmerman, USA

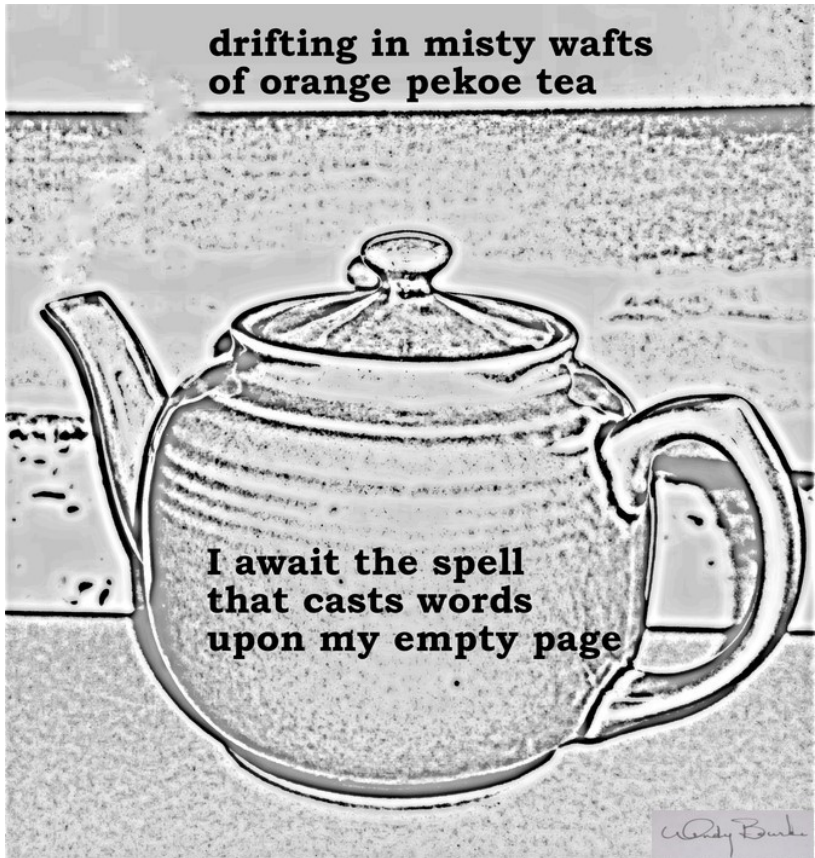


**moon
rising over
the mountain
i am transfixed
& transformed**

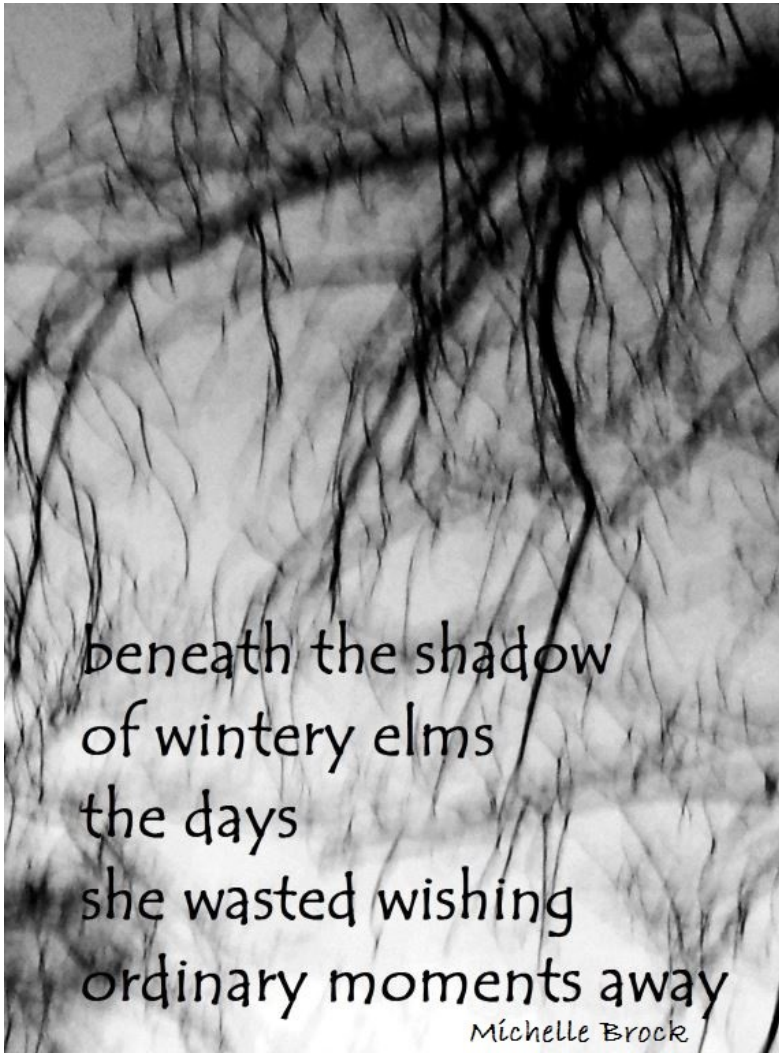
**p.a. babusci
2017**



Pamela A. Babusci, USA



Wendy Bourke, Canada



beneath the shadow
of wintery elms
the days
she wasted wishing
ordinary moments away

Michelle Brock

Michelle Brock, Australia

Skylark



*cool nights
warm mornings
dewdrops
tickle the throat
of a wild orchid*
pcg '17

Pat Geyer, USA

Tanka Sequences

Solo & Responsive



affliction

even as a child
a deep sadness
enveloped me
needing more affection
from my mother

trying to be
the perfect daughter
was futile
i wrote poetry
to keep sane

adolescent angst
i pick up my first
paint brush
to cover the layers
of pain

adult blues
all those lovers
couldn't fill
this bottomless
void

at peace
with my affliction
realizing
this was
a genetic gift

Pamela A. Babusci, USA

Accidental Engagement

scarlet robes
covering ebony skin
standing
naturally yoga-poised—
how could I resist?

a day
walking in the wilds
we share
stories of childhood
chasing cats through tall grass

bright beads
made by a loving mother
adorn your flesh—
the mark of a man
looking for his bride

drinking
sparkling water from a glass
you laugh at me
here in your world
talking about salad

you hand me
a bracelet of green, red and white
Asante
we share a smile and hug—
my Masai fiancé

*swahili for *thank you*

Frances Carleton, Australia

Clothes

sunflowers
splashed all over
my dress—
bare-armed, I scattered
the seeds of childhood

for so long
she draped it around herself
the same thick cloak
that near the end
slipped off her shoulders

Janet Lynn Davis, USA

Supply and Demand

window-watching
hungry juncos scratching
small craters
in fresh fallen snow
I think on Ardennes

where is it written
each living man's worth
two dead in the field?
the same lettering impressed
on shell casings as dog tags

in which order
do we let them fly: flags
demands, insults,
bullets, rockets, missiles, drones?
and where do doves fit in?

how thirsty are we
for war that we name
a sports drink
BodyArmor, then sell it
in school gymnasiums?

surely I'm not
the only mother tired . . . still
hard to exhaust
an endless supply
of children

Autumn Noelle Hall, USA

Silent Conversation

simple, the act
of pouring green tea
for a friend
i choose pure white cups
unused in their box

brushwork
on translucent china
fragrant scents
of green plantations
drift through my memory

measuring leaves
for perfect flavour
i extend
the courtesy found
in old conventions

cupping
each fragile vessel
in both hands
we distil understanding
one to the other

perfecting
each ritual i discover
how complex
the art of creating
silent conversation

Hazel Hall, Australia

Skylark

The Augury of Birds

a few crumbs left
of the feast of our friendship
I watch as you
throw handfuls of fresh bread
to the awaiting ducks

the season
when leaves color and fall
you teach me
to divine the flight of birds
and the meaning of trees

how was I
to know of your leaving
you said it
was easy to discern
in the gathering of crows

the mystic man
has left nothing behind
but the feather
of a grey owl's wing
just outside my door

the hollow space
tucked just under my ribs
I think I'll get
an ebony kitten
to fill it and call it home

Michele L. Harvey, USA

Vestiges of Here and There

thistles among
weather-beaten bones
of the past
across this stolen land
so many spirits roam

an empty space
where the croft once stood
my toes curl
into that same soil
rooting me to home

lichen-splotched
stones emerge from tundra
we rest here
among the ancients
on the edge of extinction

Debbie Strange, Canada

Skylark

Song Cycle

how many years
will they linger—
faint traces
the scent of vanilla candles
the sense of her presence

a magpie chick
tests its first hesitant notes
my own fledgling
now sings her own song
protects her own nest

along the top edge
of the closed shades
in her old room
a single perfect line
etched by sunlight

packing my case
to visit her, I wonder
how she chose
the things she took with her
those she left behind

Carmel Summers, Australia

Skylark

colour of encouragement

daffodils

I bought yesterday opening
one after another
this morning, encouraging me
to fight against winter

my mind

shriveled during winter
seeing yellow
I feel warm energy
flowing into me

flowers

of witch-hazel in
the front yard
starting to bloom courageously
in wintry January

seeing

yellow flowers in winter
I'm joyous—
yellow, the colour of hope,
the colour of encouragement

Kozue Uzawa, Canada

Remnants of Us

rippling on the sand
a sheen of scales
where once we made love
ghost crabs pillage
remnants of us

the soft sounds
we used to share
rain on the roof
wind in the treetops
making your absence louder

the gentle swell
of ankle deep snow
through the forest
a mountainous wanting
to have you back in our bed

I use her image
to dispel the memory
of your tortuous death
—Anne Frank
writing of love at the end

Linda Jeannette Ward, USA

Late Autumn

Jonathan Day, USA

Joy McCall, England

the night
speaks quietly
of the coming of winter
the air is cool
Orion rises in the east

near the shore
the few broadleaf trees
show upper branches
almost shorn of leaves
against the night sky

in the old cabin
the log fire
burns brightly
casting shadows . . .
there is no other light

*there is
a kind of peace
in firelight
for all the smoke
and flame and crackling*

*something
ancient and primal
wild beasts at bay
the mind settles
eyes close in sleep*

Three Tanka Pairs

Tim Gardiner, UK
& *Alexandra Davis, UK*

On Shrine Steps

trying to decipher
the emperor's tanka
we pass through
the temple gate
none the wiser

*typhoon rain
cascades down
shrine steps
a fresh way found
to move forward*

Roses

the samurai
kneeling down
in the palace garden
beheads a rose
with his tantō

*an English rose
cut from its stem
curls and crumples
more blooms uncertain
in this parched soil*

Illumination

the yellow
basho fruit hangs
near the gate
inside the museum
words don't come easily

*on the pale leaves
of a sycamore
the sun casts patterns
time now for shaping
light and shade*

Between the Lines

Mary Kendall, USA
& *David Terelinck, Australia*

the conversation
turned so quickly
that morning in Paris . . .
your disapproval palpable
as you walked away

*despite phrasebooks,
maps and interpreters
how often
we still lose our way
to understanding . . .*

you sketch
a stranger's likeness
with such ease—
how I hoped you could learn
to read between the lines

*days spent
rehearsing a response—
why do those
who direct my life
now want to write the script*

your practised words
sound right, but feel so wrong . . .
sifting through
shattered pots and ashes
left in an empty kiln

Skylark

*dementia steals
my name from her lips—
visiting hours,
relatives complete
the latest jigsaw*

piecing together
from rumor and gossip
her final days—
I snake through minutiae
to make some sense

*they contest
the unsigned will
. . . promises
we make to each other
but don't intend to keep*

Silence Between Songs

Geethanjali Rajan, India

Shobhana Kumar, India

Sonam Chhoki, Bhutan

**shadows crisscross
the ancient garden path—
is there hope
enshrined somewhere
in a maze of memories**

*in a daydream
leaves descend
like a cloud
I too drift
into a skyward abyss*

beneath the baldachin
the odour of moist earth
lays a spell
on one already enchanted
by the nine-fold silence

**a bee swoops
in and out of sun beams . . .
leaving behind
the buzz of pursuit
I wander into myself**

*twigs scattered
across the foliage
strike a chord
I search within
for the remnants of home*

Skylark

the oriole's song
drifts on the breeze
its gift to me
the timeless music
of its unearthly poetry

**a web
undulates across the corners
of two dry leaves
how much longer will it take
to break free of bondage**

*in the moments
of silence between songs
the heart's yearning
catches the wind
taking me to the unknown*

susurrus of rain
on my upturned face
falls like sweet words
half-real, half-reverie
blessings of unrevealed gods

**light glides
on water in an old urn
painting it gold
how much of what I see
is patina in mind's eye**

*a pair of robins
leave behind ripples
one by one
the circles of life
ebb into stillness once more*

Skylark

perceptible
pulse and throb of a presence
what else but karma
brings us to this place
to intone our joy to the stars



Image © Viren Mohan, India, used with permission.

Skylark

closed for the winter

Tom Sexton, USA

Joy McCall, England

sea smoke on the bay
Indian Island floating
apples underfoot
scallop dragger heading home . . .
my breath trailing like a net

*pale light snow
falling through the trees
pink blossom
on the winter cherry
my heart settles, slow*

your winter cherry
in bloom—heavy rain all day
when it should be snow
I'll watch for petals drifting
tonight, up high with the stars

*Venus, lit
by the pale thin curve
of the setting moon
the vast twilight sky
over grey city rooftops*

dusk only Venus
and a sliver of pale moon
most of the houses
are closed up for the winter
my wife is making supper

Endless Circles

Michael Dylan Welch, USA
& *David Terelinck, Australia*

the hour candle
burned to a stub—
sycamore leaves
swirl through your porch
in an endless circle

*the paleness
of the poplar's limbs
before new growth—
on hearing she needs
a stem-cell transplant*

after all these years
the oxalis still blooms
and someone still seems
though she's gone
to be tending the orchard

*those memories
that seem to cling to us
each passing year
these heart-shaped leaves
grow harder to cut back*

for this moment
no creek burble
no wind sound
no bird calls
no beating heart

Skylark

*and if I step
upon this moon bridge?
they say blood
is thicker than water,
but what of love . . .*

since we split apart
the memory that keeps recurring
is how she lost
the book I lent her
on relationships

*how quickly
a match flares and dies—
can anyone
presume to calculate
the half-life of love?*

Skylark

a song in the darkness

tan renga

Don Wentworth, USA

Joy McCall, England

with the north wind
scarecrow turns around
smiling still
behind its back
a ragged fox cries

from the trees
as if in answer
a child laughs
everyone swaying
to the same tune

autumn rains
falling on harvest husks
earth thirsty, alive
I gather dry stalks
of old barley

Yi Jing
speaks harsh to me
'stay where you are'
the village may change
but never the well

draw carefully
deeply lovingly the water
all will be well
and all manner of things
*will be well **

Skylark

*a holy spring
for the parched ground
small creatures drink
all look to the sky
for relief, for sustenance*

*for a sign
not words, not words
the magpie sings, sings
one for sorrow
two for joy*

*a long black feather
spirals down from the tree
where the bird sits
the little girl carefully places
a mottled egg in the grass*

*the silence listens
to the fast-flowing creek
waiting a turn
the child settles on the bank
her bare feet in the water*

*she listens, too . . .
there's a song inside her
wanting out
a swallow arcs away
singing her song now*

*new notes
crest the middle distance
in the shifting light
peaks and troughs
chanting, rushing*

Skylark

rain falls
on the wild seeds
in the furrows
in the ancient hollow
of a blasted tree

a delicate nest
warmer than the world
a pale blue egg
life taking shape
in the darkness

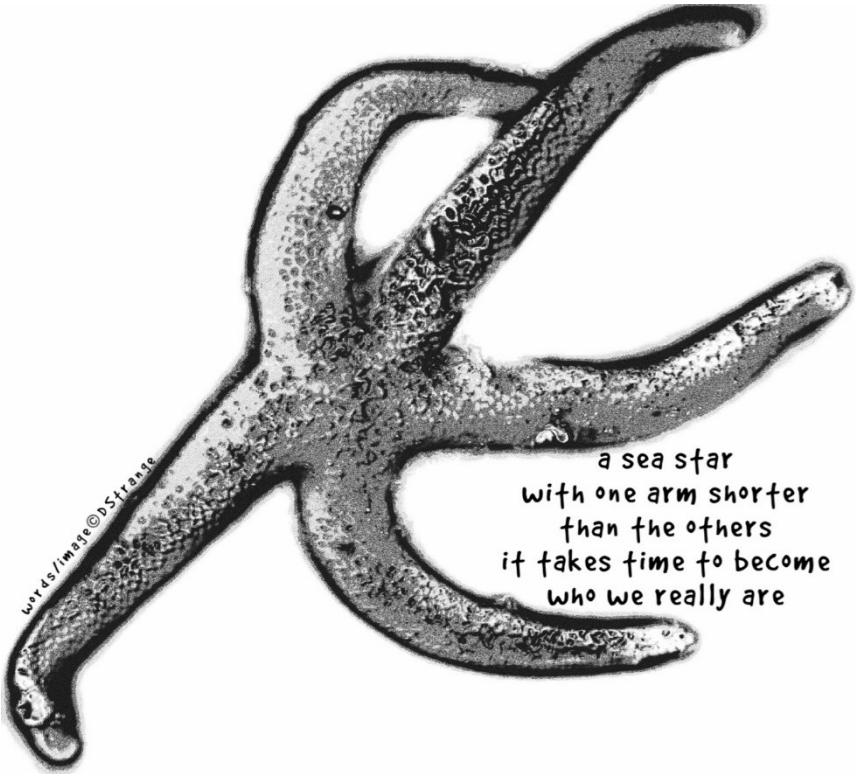
*Mother Julian of Norwich, 1395

Skylark



Marianne Paul, Canada

Skylark



Debbie Strange, Canada

Rengay



Skylark

A distinct tune

Shobhana Kumar, India

Sonam Chhoki, Bhutan,

Geethanjali Kumar, India

**clouds part
to the call
of a whistling thrush**

*claw, paw, footprints
lead to the river shrine*

sunset orange—
blossoms of ixora
on the altar

**in answer to prayers
the bell chimes**

*longing for rain
a peacock's cry
in the long grass*

what of the snail
that lived in the conch

**sweet offerings
a line of ants
wait their turn**

Skylark

*haze of butterflies seeking
nectar on the nettle verge*

a fluid border
of sun and shade—
variegated leaf

**now a twig
now a praying mantis**

*changing light
a brocade of primula
in the meadow*

burnished copper cowbells
each a distinct tune

Rengay by email. Started 23.3.16, completed 28.3.16.

Skylark

Caving In

Angela Leuck, Canada
& Michael Dylan Welch, USA

autumn doldrums
the neighbour's pool
half empty

Angela

parent-teacher meeting
not over yet

Michael

almost weightless
the fallen leaves
my son's absence

Angela

hidden by forest fire smoke . . .
the moon I wish
you could have seen

Michael

pale sun outside
the abortion clinic

Angela

backyard burial—
the pumpkin's smile
caving in

Michael

The right word

Matthew Paul, England,
Yvonne Hales, Australia

cab to cab
the drivers of passing buses
pause for a chat

*I bump into him
at pre-event drinks*

in between
a cafe's wicker chairs
the busy starlings

*up all night
buried in the pages
of a two-sitting read*

he struggles once again
to retrieve the right word

*by lamplight
they exchange intimacies
on the Boulevard St. Germain*

Don't Fence Me In

Sheila Sondik, USA
& Michael Dylan Welch, USA

dappled fawn
along the new fence
sunlight flickers *Sheila*

a tuft of cat fur
on the wrought-iron curlicue *Michael*

meadowlarks perch
between the barbs
cattle lowing *Sheila*

wet with paint
from the white pickets
our new retriever *Michael*

connecting the split rails
a spider's zigzag web *Sheila*

migrating geese
the rancher switches off
his electric fence *Michael*

Tanka Prose



Snowdrop Lives

Mary Frederick Ahearn, USA

"And though the distant hills are bleak and dun,
The virgin snowdrop, like a lambent fire,
Pierces the cold earth with its green-streaked spire."

~Hartley Coleridge

All those years the snowdrops thrived under the old maple, cradled within the curved arms of its exposed roots. Shaded by dappled light while they slept in summer, the snowdrops spread across the garden and under the pines with the Elizabethan-collared winter aconites. Each December, by Solstice, their green speared stems pierced the newly frozen ground to bloom by year's end, or, if late, by Old Christmas, the Epiphany. To us, they defined the holy days.

With the move, we left the snowdrops behind. Prayers for a new owner, a gardener, a lover of birds and trees, oh please. We wait. About now they'll be blooming, the air clean and fresh around them in this new year. With snows that must come, they'll be covered but not shrouded. Resilient, they'll emerge to bloom well after Candlemas day. And then to rest again.

a leave-taking
that rends the heart for reasons
long foreseen in dreams
winter takes the leaves from trees
to earth again, to nourish it

Resistance

Jenny Ward Angyal, USA

dreaming
I pass through a tunnel
of light—
this dappled avenue
of elms

. . . their fingers interlaced high overhead, casting on the earth a filigree of shadow. So many American towns still have an 'Elm Street,' but the stately avenues are long gone, felled more than half a century ago by 'Dutch' elm disease, carried here from Asia by the restless human species.

I grew up in the shade of a venerable elm. Hundreds of years old, its soaring fountain of high-arched limbs dwarfed our house. Hands joined, my family of four could scarcely span its girth. I had a recurrent dream of flying under the vast umbrella of its branches, just out of sight of the grown-ups reclining on the lawn at dusk, speaking in low voices of things I didn't understand. When I was a little older, my father put up a tire swing, suspended from a limb thirty feet above the ground. I could push off against the tree trunk, swinging in a wider and wider arc, out over the brow of the hill, until my toes touched the leafy tips of branches high above me.

dancing
at the end of a limb
an orioles' nest—
how strong the woven threads
before the young take wing

The Big Tree began to die when I was in high school, more and more of its graceful crown flagged with yellowing

Skylark

branches whose wilted leaves soon turned to brown. Pileated woodpeckers drummed for beetle grubs beneath the bark. One day I came home to find only empty sky above the broad, flat coffee table of a stump.

the leaves
of a beloved book
speckled
and foxed with shadow . . .
I open Pandora's box

Hundreds of miles away and many decades on, a middle-sized tree stands at the edge of my yard, near the persimmon grove. Half a dozen field guides and an arborist or two have confirmed that it is a mature American elm. A rare survivor, blessed with the genes for resistance.

Hidden
in the helices
of DNA
in leaf-green cells
a promise blossoms

Leaning gratefully against the elm tree's deeply furrowed bark, I watch on my cell phone as millions gather in my nation's capital and in cities all across the globe. They are coming together to resist a regime of hate. To resist a return to the tribalism that may have served us well early in our evolutionary history but that now threatens to tear us apart.

a thousand
separate circles
of light—
campfires guttering
between walls of darkness

Skylark

Tribalism surely does lie coiled in our genes—but like the elm, we too harbor hidden potential. Our genetic legacy includes not only tribalism but also capacities for both intelligence and compassion. And unlike any other species, we are Protean. We can choose.

a fork
in the road
a fork
in the tree
of life

Floating with Crows
Anne Benjamin, Australia

Early morning on the roof—moments of quiet before the day, the traffic, the endless rollout of tasks and meetings.

air shifts
across the terrace
across my skin
just enough
—the mango leaves do not stir

Light as a pianist's fingers on a keyboard, a squirrel scampers from branch to branch on the large old mango tree. Two crows sit side by side in the same tree as the squirrel. One pecks at the other's feathers offering an intimate preening.

Closer to me, one crow, then another, swoops down upon a palm overhanging the terrace. They land with such lightness that the frond scarcely moves. For a while, they ride the breeze, as the branch rises and falls, ever so gently.

leaves
float with the stream
as it finds its way
quietly and deeply
I step into the day

Marshmallow Days
Michelle Brock, Australia

She's sitting on the floor, in front of the old super-8 projector, sifting through strips of celluloid. One by one she tapes the un-spliced scenes together and threads them through the reel. She flips the switch. Light flickers. The projector whirrs.

Time unravels. His face fills the screen. It's so much younger than hers is now.

One minute he's in the back yard of their first house planting a gum tree. Then he's constructing a swing set, barbecuing sausages, running behind their eldest daughter as she learns to balance on a two-wheeled bicycle. And so it goes—all the episodes they once burned onto celluloid, replay in a flash on her lounge room wall.

In the final scene, he's sitting on the beach, skin stretched over bone, wrapped in the yellow of his favourite windcheater, beanie pulled down over his ears. The camera pans down to the water. Their children are chasing seagulls across the sand. Then they race towards him, cotton dresses flapping in the breeze.

sifting
through the ashes
of the campfire—
I wonder what became
of our marshmallow days

A Mother's Song
Sonam Chhoki, Bhutan

Cup today in your hands and drink. The trace of salt on your lips is my tears. In my farewell wreath, I've entwined the bulbul's call at dawn, light on the waterfall of lichen in the larch grove, peony buds with the promise of their fragrance still enclosed, fisted heads of wild poppies yet to unfurl their vibrant hues and tendrils of cloud mirrored in the moss-black lake. This, I've bound together with forgiveness.

so when
your world falls away
in waves of regret
across the sweep of time
I love you in absence

in dreams,
we will meet again
with fingers of light
I will erase
your guilt and grief

Field Notes of a Middle School Therapist

Kyle D. Craig, USA

The *cutters* are resourceful. They disassemble pencil sharpeners for the blade, stockpile scissors, even straighten out paperclips when in a pinch. Inside of their lockers one finds bacteria-proof adhesive strips, anti-septic sprays, soothing gels. They wear sweaters and sweatshirts no matter the weather. Some graduate to artists, carving various fonts into an abdomen or a leg. One sliced the face of her cat on her breasts because she said “Boots” offered the only warm touch she’d ever known.

Thanksgiving Day—
she suggests after dinner
she can help out
by washing and sharpening
the kitchen knives

The *storytellers* possess the skill to blur the lines between experienced trauma and narrative fiction. “When I woke up I was sleeping inside of the swimming pool, eight feet of water covering my body. I stayed there most of the day until I got a craving for a boloney sandwich.” “Five guys jumped me on the basketball court last night. Don’t worry though, I’ve seen the movie *Fargo*, the police will never find their bodies.” One twelve-year-old girl even tried to teach me how to tease out her fact from fiction. “I want to tell you about the seven times I’ve been raped,” she told me. “Let’s see if you’re good enough to pick out which ones are true.”

surviving
the winter wind
a treehouse
clings to secrets
her heart can’t forget

Skylark

Hidden behind carefully selected wardrobes and framed report cards the *perfectionists* wade oceans of anxiety and possess no raft or lifejackets. They shout to passing vessels, “Help! I’m never enough!” But when passers-by offer their hands, they refuse, convinced it wasn’t earned. Offer them compliments and affirmations and they will distrust you. Try to lower expectations and they will hate you. Point out their flaws and in their smiles you can hear *Now, you see me as I see me.*

late night sounds
of her parents arguing
once again
she counts each bristle
on her hairbrush

Bounced from biological parents to relatives to fosters to adoptions to police and CPS workers, the *hoppers* expect the unexpected. Teachers and administrators say they don’t pay attention. They can’t sit still. They have no follow through. But they are better cooks than I am. And they know how to take a punch so younger siblings are passed by. Some can even recount in perfect detail the meth lab within their parent’s basement. One girl told me she was afraid she would be pulled out of school again since her biological mother had passed her drug tests and regained custody. I assured her that between the courts, the school, and myself, even if that was her mother’s intention it would take a very long time. It didn’t.

sitting alone
on the school bus
she takes time
to catch up on sleep
and overdue dreams

Riding Bareback

Tish Davis, USA

1.

BANG CAPS
cowboys hiding
behind the hedgerow
the giveaway scent
from a rapidly fired red roll

BANG CAPS
in rolls for repeating
pistols—
the white gate
swings open

We chase our boy cousins. They run back into the house and upstairs to their room. After threading a bedspread through the rail of the top bunk, they drop behind the lookout and keep their cap guns low. We Indian girls, wearing real feather headbands handmade by our aunt, reload behind a closet door.

2.

Where we live now, the beds don't bunk. At Grandmother's house, NO GUNS ALLOWED.

redirecting the moon
that black stallion
on her polished table
raising itself up
on its hind legs

Skylark

The hands on the mantle clock are not yet in their morning place; even the feathers in our headbands must be still.

pinching the blinds—
only a moth
near
the yellow bare bulb
over her back porch

My sister and I take turns running our fingertips along our secret strip of red caps. Behind what shadowed hill is the villain hiding? Under whose side of the bed? On what kind of horse will our hero show?

Skylark

Women's March[es]

Washington[World] 1/21/2017

Susan Diridoni, USA

many expected furies so little are women known
stepping high & slow hale & hearty & infirm
a million signs aloft low & high blazing
Palestinian Sister droll Gloria gravitas-voiced Angela
serve the masses
urgent the calls enacted upon peaceful faces
multi-generational multi-cultural dance of the hours
in the litany of massive marches its beauty unique

threats to waters
within/without
a winter
of discontent
this day of women

Missing
Amelia Fielding, Australia

The little white dog is not taken to The Other Place these days.

She does not understand. Because she was such a good girl, they always told her: sitting still during the car drive there; running along the corridors, always finding the door to Dad's room by herself; then doing whatever he felt like . . . a stroll in the garden, a cuddle at his knees, or just lying quietly while they listened to music.

She does not understand why no more visits. Dad's not at home, so he must be in The Other Place. Maybe he doesn't love her now. Last time she went there he was lying in bed. She jumped straight up to give him a kiss, but he pushed her away. She tried again and Mum said, "stay down!"

Maybe it was bad to jump on his bed.

The little white dog wishes they would give her another chance. She misses her Dad.

heeling now
to dementia,
must she forget
those old family ways
of fun and affection?

Blurred Lines
Urszula Funnell, UK

I don't believe that all Trump supporters are ignorant. Nor do I suggest that all those who voted for 'Brexit' are xenophobes. Things just aren't that black and white.

no matter
how pure the water
in the lake
one leaking pipe
contaminates it all

I also think it's fair to say, of those who attend the many protests against the rise of fascism, not all march with a true foot.

coming together
shouting in unison
'refugees welcome here'
a lone voice in the crowd
. . . 'down with the pigs!'

These matters aren't as simple as left versus right. Both sides are filled with passion of equal measure, with reasons for and against as varied as the number of fish that swim in the sea.

my mother-in-law
casts a vote that differs
from mine
I hold my tongue
as we sip Darjeeling

Skylark

Requiem for Democracy
Autumn Noelle Hall, USA

Noam Chomsky speaks
(dying intellect pouring
soft from patient lips
as kind apology)
of lesser-evil voting

Watching *Requiem for the American Dream* reaffirms that this perceived political powerlessness is not imagined, but legitimately felt by all but 1% of us; that it derives from having been denied not only seats, but the very table of democracy itself; and that this is not without deep layers of historical foundation and deliberate deliberation on the part of land-rich white men who—in order to form a more perfect union—established themselves as a royal We, the People, intentionally securing the sweetest fruits of the republic's future for themselves and their posterity.

when Fathers elect
to protect the minority
of the opulent
against the majority
we are all disenfranchised

voting
one's conscience
IS the lesser evil . . .
a house divided
against itself cannot stand

[*italicized text quotes U.S. Founding Father James Madison at the Constitutional Convention debates. Bold face text quotes Lincoln's 1858 House Divided speech*].

Matchmaking

Liz Lanigan, Australia

There were spirits living in our house—most of them friendly. The Banshee Irish wailing spirit made himself known with strange sounds in the plumbing. A ghost called Mrs Nobody took responsibility for what no one else owned up to. And in between the wearing and the washing was a mystery we came to call the Sock Gremlin. Once a month we'd try to catch him out. Odd socks I'd put in a bag were tipped out on the lounge room floor. We went to work—proud to make a match. The solitary socks returned till next time.

single now
my choice to live
without you
my higher self and i
make compromises still

Not My President
Chen-ou Liu, Canada

In my dream, after the explosion of his twitter bomb, the fireball rises rapidly like a hot-air balloon into the sky, forms a mushroom cloud, and later the first black rain falls . . .

on the sidewalk
outside Trump Tower
I p-i-s-s
and feel in my bones
old man winter

Skylark

Arunachala

A sacred mountain in Southern India

Giselle Maya, France

Patricia Prime, New Zealand

circling
in the autumn wind
yellow poplar leaves
white horses graze nearby
the cat and I watch them

there is a mountain where thousands of seekers walk on dry earth, circumambulating it to find peace, serenity as the old master did who lived there in silence for many years. Now travellers come to see the site, to stay a while and feel the chi of the place. Our earth has several such power spots where we can take refuge, feel at home, at peace.

*

*after the storm
we wandered along the shore
you went striding ahead
choosing to be on your own
while I made my way to the creek*

the sun in all its glory was supreme, spinning in the limitless blue, turning to dust the rock floor and shining cliffs above the stream. A hawk hung in the gem-hard sky on motionless and lazy pinions gliding down the corridor of a gorge. Here we find beauty and calmness, talk; the brilliance of eyes and hands; the feet that no longer walk but linger in the solitude.

*

we must persevere each in our own way, adding inspiration to our writing. If in fact outer things of this vast planet are to be restored, improved, just so we poets can invigorate the inner workings of our minds and intuitions, to act in positive ways in our daily lives.

there have been saints in all nations to show the way: Gandhi, Ramana Maharshi, St. Francis and many more. They all point to similar ways to live and practice: 'be still', 'be as you are', 'in divine silence'—can we try to follow their examples and be active and helpful in the world? In our lifespan on earth we can write, paint, plant trees and flowers, look after and cherish all sentient beings. The mountain Arunachala is a symbol of enlightened being—to walk, contemplate, engage in encouraging actions, may they be ever so small, to show care and kindness.

allow positive images
to surface and guide us
it is comforting
to know that all things change—
may the oak tree be our mentor

*

*reaching the top
of the mountain
cameras click
taking in the vastness
of the landscape below*

*an ancient oak is caught up like stone on a wind-beaten hill
where a waterfall roars. Centuries of storms have tested its endurance.
It seems as if a ghost wind pours through the branches still, although the leaves are beginning to return. My mind should be like a living stone transfixed on all I can do to make this a better place, to draw grace and sweetness from this*

Skylark

*peacefulness; when all the winds are still and fury and peace
are one.*

*walking in silence
following the flight
of a fantail
from tree to tree down hill
through grassy meadows*

Skylark

Detour

Cindy L. Schrader, USA

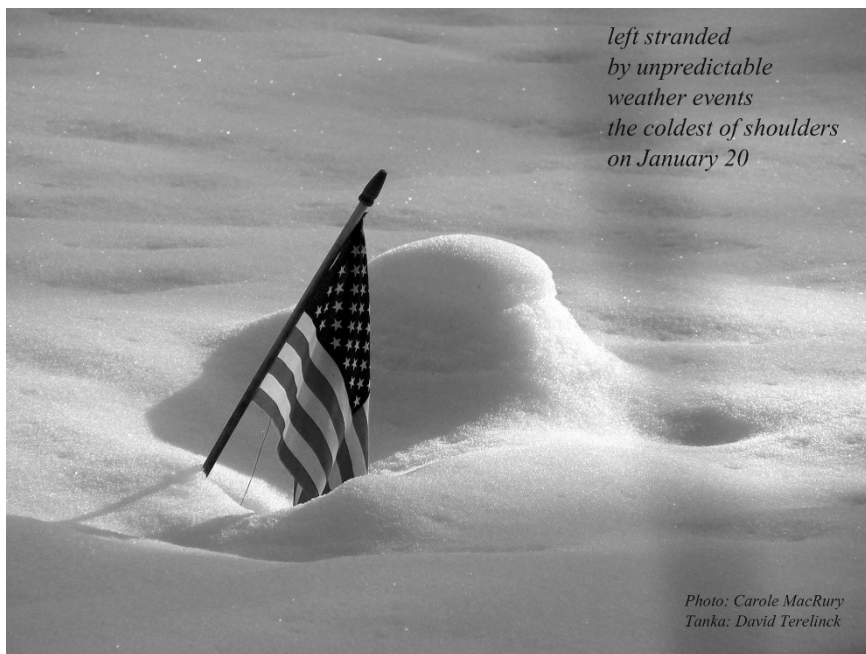
~In memory of Tim Hoover

The stairs creak with a higher voice in the cold as I step down to the gravel path. My body knows the choreography of this walk to the pond and back; where to step with only the left foot . . . the spot that is slippery after rain.

I pause at the one place where I can see both the cabin and the pond. All the shadows of my younger self flicker under the trees. My breath clouds hover—the visible exchange of my atoms with nature. There is a small path snaking off between the trees that I don't recognize. An owl calls in the distance.

the pond,
ice-rimmed, cradles
a new moon—
tomorrow we meet
with hospice

Skylark



*Image, Carole MacRury, USA,
Tanka, David Terelinck, Australia*

Skylark



Mary Davilla, USA

Another Chance to See . . .



Forearmed

Claire Everett, England

The scaremonger is pedalling his wares again, his fingers stained with “I told you so’s” that came off with the newsprint.

So, does he think they stumbled ashore, ready with rifles and explosives?

he’d turn them away
when the dog is on their heels . . .
even now
when the beast slips its leash
in his own backyard

Inspired by the photograph 'Babe in Arms' by Dimitris Michalakis, Reuters/Thursday, September 03, 2015 in which a Syrian refugee from Aleppo holds his one month old daughter moments after arriving on the island of Lesbos.

‘Forearmed’ first published in *Presence* #55, 2016

**Articles, Essays, Reviews
& Interviews**

Jenny Ward Angyal
Editor



All reviews by Jenny Ward Angyal unless otherwise stated.

Skylark

The Alchemy of Friendship

A Review of *A Shared Umbrella* by Beverley George & David Terelinck

Eucalypt, Pearl Beach, NSW, Australia, 2016, 75 pages, perfect bound paperback, 5.8" x 8.25", Introduction by Michael Dylan Welch, Afterword by Kiyoko Ogawa. ISBN 9780994367013. AUD \$16 in Australia; AUD \$18/NZD \$20 in New Zealand; AUD \$20/USD \$16 in USA, UK & worldwide (all prices incl. postage) via PayPal to tanka_oz@yahoo.com.au.

blending shiraz
and cabernet in oak
the alchemy
of the gifts produced
by our long friendship

~ from *'Harmonies'*

The friendship of Australian tanka poets Beverley George and David Terelinck has produced many gifts over the decade of their collaboration. The present volume draws together under a single umbrella all of their responsive writings to date: 23 'journeys,' including five previously unpublished pieces. Here are ten collaborative tanka sequences of 5 to 14 tanka each, including one sequence, 'Converging Worlds,' in which each individual tanka is a joint composition. The collection also includes 13 rengay, each composed of six two- or three-line haiku-like verses, which, in combination, suggest five-line tanka. The poets seem to have explored every possible way of joining their two voices.

thoughts tangle,
willow fronds in wind . . .
we must dream alone
this constant echo
of lessons not quite learned

~ from *'Converging Worlds'*

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Each of us must dream alone, yes—but thoughts tangle and voices echo; worlds converge and something new emerges, something larger than our private dreams.

In the case of David Terelinck & Beverley George, their two voices mingle to create something unusual: collaborative literary fiction. There is, of course, an element of fiction in many tanka, and more so in many tanka prose pieces that blur the line with flash fiction. And it is not unusual, in collaborative tanka sequences, for the poets' voices to blend into a single voice, which must necessarily be a kind of fiction. More than the presence of fictional elements in tanka, collaborative fiction composed by more than one author is somewhat unusual in any genre. But in *A Shared Umbrella*, the two poets often speak with the voices of a pair of fictional lovers. In their acknowledgements, both poets offer warm thanks to their own respective real-life partners; yet many of the exchanges in these pages carry more than a hint of eros, as in the long tradition of waka exchanged between lovers. Here is a pair of responsive tanka from the sequence 'Whisky and Smoke':

the scent of you
has almost faded from
the pillow. . .
I know now why women
fall in love with the moon

I press my face
into your discarded robe
bathroom steam
carries a faint trace
of your aftershave

The pair beautifully illustrates the way in which the poets respond to each other's verses while moving in new directions. We go from a lover's lingering scent on a pillow to a face

pressed into a lover's bathrobe . . . from falling in love with the moon to the fragrance of rising steam. Steam, with its suggestion of passion, arises again in these verses from the rengay 'Our Mingled Breath':

it's only the water
that's beginning to cool . . .
in bathroom steam
it lingers
our mingled breath

Remove the space and these two separate rengay verses could easily be read as a single tanka. By creating two separate fictional voices engaged in dialogue, the poets have woven a richly textured literary fabric that continues the romantic tradition of Japanese waka:

reading aloud
from a book of T'ang poems—
I never dreamed
my lover and spouse
. . . would not be one

~ from *'Love in Many Guises'*

Love does indeed come in many guises, philia as well as eros, and the poets celebrate both. Friend or lover, we sometimes meet a person who seems so instantly simpatico that we experience the eerie feeling of having known him or her all our life, a feeling captured in this tanka:

snap crackle and pop
my grandmother's hand steady
on the milk jug—
childhoods lived in parallel
are unseen threads that bind us

~ from *'Unseen Threads'*

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One can imagine recent acquaintances discovering the deep common ground of ‘childhoods lived in parallel.’ The poems in this volume trace the many unseen threads, winding from childhood to old age, that bind human beings into intimate relationships of every kind. The poets rejoice in the ways that friendship can lead one into uncharted territory, opening new horizons:

who knows where
such thoughts and words will lead—
all the places
we never would have reached
but for travelling in tandem

side by side
in the wooden boat
through Mogami Gorge
the ferryman’s ancient chant
tugs us to new dimensions

~ from ‘Travelling in Tandem’

The thoughts and words shared between the poets have, of course, led to the creation of these 23 collaborative poems that otherwise would not have existed. Travelling in tandem, listening to an ancient chant—poetry—they explore new dimensions of relationship, of time, of memory:

never able to discard
that crazy hat you bought me
rummage sale—
how cheaply we priced
those memories . . .

~ from ‘Snapshot’

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A poignant sense of loss and regret is expressed in the second verse, but the act of writing seeks to capture and cherish ‘those memories’ rather than sell them cheap. Among these pages, memories are held dear, a stay against the swift-ness of time.

dreams
harboured or destroyed
persist
swifter than chimes on stilling air
our fragile days slip past

~ from ‘In the Drawer’

As our fragile days slip past, dreams persist, and so do abiding love and friendship, which anchor and guide us as we navigate our lives. Through their many-faceted explorations of human intimacy in all its forms, David Terelinck and Beverley George celebrate the mysterious alchemy of friendship and the joys of travelling under a shared umbrella.

charting a friendship
that’s never lost its way
each day a book,
a cup, a pen you gave me
cradled in my hand

~ from ‘A Shared Umbrella’

Skylark

Anti-Aging Potion

A Review of *The Grandfather Poems:* *Tanka Verse* by David Rice

Lulu.com, 2016, 42 pages, perfect bound paperback, 6" x 9", Foreword by Claire Everett, Afterword by Tracy Koretsky, cover painting by Michele L. Harvey. ISBN 978-1-365-03528-9. US \$10 from Lulu.com or Amazon.com

"Let us intoxicate ourselves with ink, since we lack
the nectar of the gods." ~*Gustave Flaubert*

With insight, tenderness, and humor, David Rice's *Grandfather Poems* explore the relationship between grandfather and grandchildren, a relationship always tinged with intimations of mortality and the poignant knowledge that the elder may or may not live to see the younger well launched into adulthood.

my grandson asleep
in the baby carrier
the weight
of wanting to live longer
heavy on my shoulders

~ from 'Non-Verbal'

The Grandfather Poems is comprised of 25 'tanka verses.' 'Tanka' of course means 'short song,' but as David Rice explains in his introduction, these verses are his 'long song,' written over the course of 23 years. 'Tanka verse' is his term for a poetic structure that lies somewhere between loose tanka strings and Western verse. The two to five tanka that comprise each verse display stronger thematic unity than is typical in strings or sequences composed through the process of linking and then shifting in a new direction. But unlike the

stanzas of Western verse, each of these strong, well-crafted tanka can stand alone as a complete poem in its own right. The heart of the book lies in the 16 tanka verses of the central section, “The Grandfather Poems,” but this is bracketed by three shorter sections entitled “Made Time,” “Time Out,” and “Still Time,” explorations of the brevity and elasticity of time.

in the album
a faded photograph
when we were young
we thought we’d visit
that island more often

~ from ‘Got Away’

‘Got Away’—the title suggests not only a romantic getaway, but also all that eludes us; ‘that island’ becomes a metaphor for unrealized dreams. The ‘faded photograph’ suggests how the look of things—our perception of reality—changes as we grow older. And there is nothing like being around young children to highlight our changing perspective and make us reflect on our own lives:

for the first time
my grandson puts his feet
in my shoes
I’ve followed my own path
not always to my advantage

~ from ‘The Limits of Imitation’

Here is the gentle, self-directed irony of a mature voice; a voice that also expresses sheer delight:

looking
into each other’s’ eyes
seventy and seven

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I see he sees
the sparkle I see

~ from *'Just Connect'*

Indeed, the entire book sparkles with connection, and with the ache of simultaneously loving and letting go:

thirteenth birthday
he plops
in my lap
and jumps off
—chrysalis quivering

~ from *'Chrysalis Quivering'*

Such an apt and vivid image for a child on the brink of adolescence. Of course, at any age, we're all on the brink of the next stage of our lives, and some of David Rice's best poems reflect on his own journey:

on a trail
through a stand of burnt pine
black stumps absorb me—
for an hour I disappear
into where I am going

~ from *'Pick Me'*

This is a poem about being wholly present where you are — literally, absorbed in where you are along the trail—but it is simultaneously a meditation on death, represented by the black stumps. For an hour, the poet disappears into where he is going—and where is any of us going, except into a deep unknown? That awareness of his own mortality informs the poet's relationship with his growing grandchildren, and invests the poems with a tender poignancy:

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*will you be alive
in thirteen years?*

yes

I take another swig
from the anti-aging potion

~ from 'Swigging the Potion'

How deep the desire to promise the children we love that we will be there for them for as long as they need us. But lacking an anti-aging potion or the nectar of the gods, we have only ink. No doubt David Rice's poems will nourish his grandchildren—and other readers—long after he is gone.

a migrating hummingbird
inspects
my magenta bandana
I wish I was blooming . . .
I am

~ from 'Found'

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Before Darkness Falls

A Review of *What Light There Is:* *Haiku, Senryu and Tanka* by Sylvia Forges-Ryan

Red Moon Press, Winchester, VA, 2016. 104 pages, perfect bound paper-back, 4.25" x 6.5". Haiga by Ion Codrescu. ISBN 978-1-936848-58-4. \$17 from redmoonpress.com.

After I'm gone
where will you find me
if not in my poems

You will indeed find poet Sylvia Forges-Ryan, a former editor of *Frogpond*, in this volume of her poems. Enclosing between its covers the reflections of a lifetime, yet small enough to slip into a pocket, this is a book to carry with you, to dip into again and again.

Boating on the river
we bring up summer's end
the cool water
slips through
my fingers

Cool water, like so much we wish to hold onto, slips through our fingers, but the poems in this beautifully crafted book capture the poet's meditations on life and light, on love and loss. Nearly 150 small poems, about one-quarter of them tanka and the rest haiku and senryu, are arranged in six thematic sections: 'Natural Light,' 'Dappled Light,' 'Forsaking the Light,' 'In Light of Love,' 'While Darkness Falls,' and 'What Light there Is.' No random collection, the book is a deeply thoughtful and artistically unified whole. A haiga featuring the graceful gray-scale brushwork of Ion Codrescu heads each section, so the book itself—like the poems within it—is black and white and shades of gray, reflecting the ever-

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changing patterns of light and dark that fall across all our lives.

Autumn afternoon
we keep our distance
in dappled light
talking about the life
we haven't shared

The dappled light of a sun-specked autumn afternoon becomes a metaphor for the sad and surprising last lines. This is a book of mature reflections, of looking back across the light and shadow of a life, all the way back into childhood:

Catching fireflies
 then letting them go
 the ease of childhood

In my recurring dream
I am a child again
alone on a forest path
hurrying to get home
before darkness falls

The lovely light of fireflies and the carefree days of childhood stand in poignant contrast to the knowledge that darkness *will* fall; that one must hurry to 'get home.' To come 'home'—to make one's peace with loss and sorrow and life's inevitable endings—requires that one reflect, question, and evaluate as well as simply remember:

First day of autumn
a sunflower turns
back toward earth
have I used it well
this life . . .

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Knowing that we, too, will all too soon ‘turn back toward earth,’ we must each ponder for ourselves the question posed in those last lines. But for readers who spend time savoring the wise and sensitive poems of Sylvia Forges-Ryan, the answer we offer the poet, with regard to *her* life, will surely be a resounding ‘yes.’

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A Breeze of Petals

A Review of *Cicada Chant:* *Collected Haibun and Tanka Prose* by Giselle Maya

Red Moon Press, Winchester, VA, 2016, 78 pages, perfect bound paperback, 5" x 7.5", introduction by Marjorie Buettner. ISBN 978-1-936848-60-7. \$17 from redmoonpress.com or \$/Euro 17 plus 5 for airmail from the author at giselle.maya@orange.fr

Have you ever wanted to visit Provence? You can save the price of an airline ticket if instead you pick up a copy of *Cicada Chant*, Giselle Maya's eighteenth book. 'Some years ago,' she writes, 'i changed nests/from one land to another . . .' She now makes her nest in 'an old stone house in a mountain village in Provence,' and she invites the reader in through a chestnut door to share 'a glimpse of the soul of the house: the reflection of a painting on freshly polished tiles, the scent of oak beams with cone flowers, thyme and sage hung on wooden nails . . .' Prose and poetry blend together seamlessly in this collection of haibun and tanka prose, capturing the charm of both the place and the poet/painter who dwells there.

Only seven of the 36 pieces in the book include tanka, but those that do are delightful—as is the entire book. In an elegy for a cherry orchard cut down by a profit-minded neighbor, she writes

a breeze of petals
in our hair
incarnation
for the spell of an hour we met
the kami of waving cherry trees

'Kami' are Shinto spirits—elements of landscape or forces of nature—familiar to Giselle Maya, who has also lived in Japan. In the tanka, perhaps it is the kami who are incarnate in the cherry trees, or perhaps it is the poet and her daughter,

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dancing among the blossoms . . . or both. In either reading, the poem captures the poet's deep sense of empathy and unity with the land and its myriad beings, as well as her charming playfulness. Other pieces celebrate the yearnings of a love-lorn cat:

in the mailbox
a letter written on a fig leaf
I read it out
to one who smiles
with half closed eyes

. . . and the enchantment of wild boars. The poet hides the fierce, tusked *sangliers* from hunters by shutting them overnight in the small stone *cabanon* near her garden. The outcome is transformative:

released
from human form
a wizened peasant
has ceased to endanger
untamed creatures

In the same piece, Giselle Maya further explores the flickering, shapeshifting mystery of who we really are:

where
do we come from
where do we go
between lime cliffs
a flicker of light

Just as humans and wild boars may trade identities, so poetry and prose flow magically into one another throughout this book:

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there is magic in the yellow blossoms slowly unfurling at
dusk

a glow emanates from the flowers attracts hummingbirds

...

linked to both we inhabit the vast space between heaven
and earth

For Giselle Maya—and for her readers—a small mountain village in Provence opens out into the ‘vast space between heaven and earth.’ It’s all a matter of how closely—and how deeply—you look at the things around you. In the piece quoted above, called ‘Evening Primroses,’ the poet has set the last line in smaller type, suggesting that it may be intended as a one-line haiku—but often she writes ‘prose’ as a single unpunctuated outpouring:

the mind stirs takes flight resilient and fluid
housed by bones tendons skin
moves to find ideas insights transformed into words

miraculous from the marrow of bones patience and poems

Giselle Maya’s writing, whether we choose to call it poetry or prose, does seem to flow from the marrow of her bones, and the reader who lays aside quibbles about genre and simply enters into her sun-drenched, sage-scented world will be richly rewarded.

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The Horizon's Song

A Review of *the last day before snow* by Carmel Summers and Friends

Malicorne Publications, Canberra, Australia, 2016, 48 pages, saddle-stapled paperback, 4" x 8.25", introduction by Michael Thorley. ISBN 978-0-9946313-0-5. AU\$15 plus postage (AU\$2 in Australia, AU\$5 in New Zealand, AU\$7.40 elsewhere), available via PayPal from the author at summers@tpg.com.au

seven months away
from burning blue skies
to wake
to a strange moon
in this land I once called home

~ *Carmel Summers*

Leaving home, returning home—these are powerful metaphors for the search for both identity and community. In 2013, Australian poet Carmel Summers left her home to travel in Europe for seven months. Travelling alone, she nevertheless had as companions eight other Australian tanka poets: Anne Benjamin, Beverley George, David Terelinck, Jan Foster, Julie Thorndyke, Kathy Kituai, Margaret L Grace, and Marilyn Humbert. She sent each of them a single poem, inspired by her stay in a French village in early winter:

on the last day
before snow, he planted
pansies in full bloom—
a splash of gold
beneath sinking skies

~ *Carmel Summers*

. . . and invited each poet to write with her a responsive tanka sequence, each starting from that same poem. The result is eight sequences of 16 poems each, illustrating how journeys that start in the same place can carry us in many different directions.

Carmel Summers also designed this unusual and ingenious little book. On the centerfold pair of pages one finds the tanka ‘on the last day before snow’ printed eight times, starting the eight sequences. The pages are numbered from the centerfold outward toward the front and back covers; each page has perforations so that the four tanka printed on it can be separated, creating eight separate booklets, one for each sequence. Or, the reader can meander through the book on a multitude of different paths by arranging the mini-pages, each bearing a single poem, in something close to a million different ways.

Despite the many ways in which it could be read, and the eight different endpoints of the sequences, the book has a strongly cohesive tone set by that first tanka, with its glimpse of gold—which may or may not survive the snow—beneath ‘sinking skies.’ Carmel Summers penned half the poems in the book; she wrote them during her travels, and her sense of dislocation is palpable:

an aircraft
swallowed by a mirage . . .
how fickle these winds
that change the course of flight,
the yearnings of my heart

~ *Carmel Summers*

all those decisions
I’d thought would come easily
so far from home

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my house of cards teeters
in this sliding landscape

~ *Carmel Summers*

Winds that change the course of flight, a teetering house of cards . . . one wonders what the narrator is fleeing, why her life seems to be slipping and sliding around her.

As with all successful responsive sequences, a collective voice emerges from the interactions among poems and poets.

when they call
she tells them she'll not come
to view his body—
the taste of the salt,
the horizon's song . . .

~ *David Terelinck*

The subject of David Terelinck's poignant tanka chooses the tug of wanderlust over the claims of the heart, despite 'the taste of salt,' which might be tears as well as the beckoning sea. Other poems stay close to home, yet share the sense of loss and dislocation:

old words
once ready to the tongue
become elusive . . .
the key to our old home
still inside mum's teapot

~ *Beverley George*

The upper verse of Beverley George's tanka may refer to an elderly person losing the power to retrieve words, but the concluding lines open the poem up to so much more. Just as

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‘the key to our old home’ is ‘inside mum’s teapot,’ so does ‘our old home’ itself—our place of deepest, earliest, belonging—still reside ‘inside mum,’ however changed and reduced she may be.

And the sadness is tempered by love, lasting connection, and quiet acceptance:

star-shine
caresses a cascade
of grey curls—
patiently they watch
the ebbing tide

~ *Marilyn Humbert*

The ‘ebbing tide’ is of course the tide of life as well as the surge and swell of the ocean; the subjects of Marilyn Humbert’s lovely, tender tanka seem to be waiting patiently to go home. And as the poems and sequences journey away from home and back again, there are always glimmers of light along the winding paths, reflections of those golden pansies with which the journeys began:

that lighter touch
of sunlight outlining
darkened oaks . . .
you laugh, knowing I will too
at this disagreement

~ *Kathy Kituai*

Readers of *the last day before snow* can travel to and from their own metaphorical homes in the company of nine fine poets, whose words will surely help them find their way.

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Seeds Blown to Foreign Lands

**A Review of *Colouring In:*
The Four Seasons of Four Poets
by Amelia Fielden, Gerry Jacobson,
Genie Nakano & Neal Whitman**

Ginninderra Press, Port Adelaide, Australia, 2016, 62 pages, perfect bound paperback, 5" x 8". Coordinated & Edited by Amelia Fielden, Introduction by Sonja Arntzen. ISBN 978 1 76041 099 5. \$15 p.p. from anafielden@gmail.com.

seeds
blown to foreign lands
burrowing deep
into black lava sands
a hybrid survives

~ *Genie Nakano*

Poems are like seeds. When they're blown to foreign lands, they do more than survive—hybrids flourish, as these responsive tanka sequences testify. *Colouring In* is comprised of about 125 poems in twelve sequences, each sequence a collaboration between one Australian and one American poet. Three sequences are devoted to each of the four seasons, and each season is assigned a color. Spring, of course, is green, but the seasonal colors are often unstated, implied by seasonal themes:

I sing upon a star
coyote near my side
earth trembles
with aches and growing pains
of a birth long overdue

~ *Genie Nakano*

boy baby
overflows with milk
regurgitates
over me . . . smiling,
his bottom burbles

~ *Gerry Jacobson*

These two poems, from the book's first sequence illustrate the linking, shifting, and range of styles and subjects found throughout the volume. Genie Nakano's tanka is packed with beautiful, metaphoric images that are emotionally evocative. Gerry Jacobson's tanka links to the theme of birth but shifts to amusing and relatable images of a very literal, flesh-and-blood baby.

In her introduction, Sonja Arntzen comments that 'there is no particular colour for summer in Japan; perhaps that is true for the rest of the world, too.' The four poets—whose own seasons, of course, arrive at opposite ends of the year—settled on purple as the color for summer, perhaps in a bow to Murasaki, author of the *Tale of Genji*, whose name means 'purple.' It is an apt choice:

the fragrance
from wisteria in bloom
round my window
drifts through my dreaming
with lavender and lilac

~ *Amelia Fielden*

Readers can almost smell those dreamy, purple scents of summer! The theme of colors continues even as the season shifts:

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like fanning
a ringed book of paint swatches
adjacent squares
not different in color, but
a shift in tone—summer's end

~ *Neal Whitman*

The paint swatches, with their gradual change through a nearly infinite variety of hues and intensities, are an effective visual metaphor for the gradual change of seasons, but also for the smooth but ever-changing flow of ideas, images, and moods that run through the links and shifts of these tanka sequences.

Autumn approaches in a blaze of scarlet:

Zen garden
crammed with solemn tourists
photographing
the first few scarlet leaves
on a small maple tree

~ *Amelia Fielden*

October
leaves crunching under my feet
the bite
of a first red apple . . .
the day you died

~ *Genie Nakano*

The juxtaposition of these two poems treats the reader to a feast of multisensory images—and to a strong shift in emotional tone, from Amelia Fielden's gentle irony concerning the

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‘solemn tourists,’ to Genie Nakano’s startling last line. A sudden memory evoked by the leaves, the crunch of an apple—and the autumnal images become a metaphor for the passage of a life as well as a year.

The bright colors of the dying year give way to the pure white of winter, a season of waiting, watching and wondering.

snowy owls
sighted in the canyon
how people flock
to see white animals
wolves, whales and unicorns

~ *Neal Whitman*

This tanka recalls the ‘solemn tourists’ of the previous section; but both poems capture the genuine wonder of human beings looking upon the natural world with fresh eyes. And one function of poetry is, of course, to refresh our vision, as Neal Whitman’s tanka does with its thought-provoking final word. How people crave a glimpse of whatever is rare and beautiful, be it fact or dream.

The dying of the year in winter leads round, we trust, to spring:

out of tombs
and sepulchers
the wildwood grows
fertilised
by forgotten griefs

~ *Gerry Jacobson*

Vigorous saplings taking root in crumbling monuments Gerry Jacobson skilfully turns this striking image into a metaphor

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for the way that death and grief can 'fertilise' the cycles of birth and growth.

As poems like seeds travel across the globe, they take root and grow; they intertwine and thrive. The seasons of nature may come and go at different times in different parts of the world, and the seasons of the human heart come and go in their own time; but these tanka sequences by four far-flung poet-friends demonstrate how much stronger than distance and difference are our common bonds.

blessed are those
who plant peace
this season—
they shall harvest
and eat in the spring

~Gerry Jacobson

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Wild Wings

A Review of *Manic Dawn* by Carole Johnston

wildflower poetry press, 2016, 46 pages, perfect bound paperback, 8.5" x 8.5", paintings by Anne Milligan. ISBN 978 15187311303. \$15.00 from Amazon.com.

‘. . . the outsider, the changeling, the bag lady, the magic lady, the angry woman, the neurodivergent, the Goddess in disguise.’ Thus does Carole Johnston describe the interwoven, shapeshifting subjects of her poems in *Manic Dawn*. Ten haiku and forty tanka, some of them in sequences, explore the many facets of the divine feminine and the narrator’s relationship with her. Each of the book’s five sections is headed by a charming, impressionistic full-color painting by Anne Milligan, whose artwork also enhances the cover.

The first section, called ‘butterfly wings,’ begins in earliest childhood:

sky hummed
blueluminous
the day she was born
a thousand crows
called her name

Synesthesia in line one, a brilliant glow in line two; then a pivot into the dark wings of line four, and finally the personal cosmic connection in line five—the elements of the poem combine to create the mood of magic that pervades Carole Johnston’s book. The magic is enhanced when readers learn that crows are associated with the Morrigan, Celtic goddess of ‘battle, strife, and fertility.’

The short second section, ‘lost wings,’ explores the loss of that magic in adulthood:

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once she had wings
now she clips them every day
soothes the pain with
prosac paxil ritalin
cigarette a glass of wine

Despite the regrettable misspellings in line four and the dangling preposition in line three (the latter a frequent construction in this book, which this reader, at least, finds distracting), this poem is a powerful statement of what happens when, as adults, we lose touch with mystery—a mutilation that may be self-inflicted, as suggested in line two. But other poems in this section celebrate ‘that weird woman/with her bag of bags/origami crow,’ hinting that the magic may remain, if well disguised, in those whom society rejects as different.

The following section, ‘dream wings,’ extends the idea that the lost feminine aspect of the divine is recoverable, at least in dreams—or in poetry:

she keens
through my poems
green eyed
a ghost searching
for sisters long gone

To keen is to lament for the dead. The first two lines may be read in two ways: that the poet often writes about a lamenting presence; or that ‘she,’ perhaps a manifestation of the lost goddess, hunts through the narrator’s poems for what she herself has lost. Or maybe it is both!

The theme of a sisterhood lost but capable of recreation is continued in the next section, ‘moon wings’:

searching
for Irish grandmothers

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long lost
I create them
wizened crones

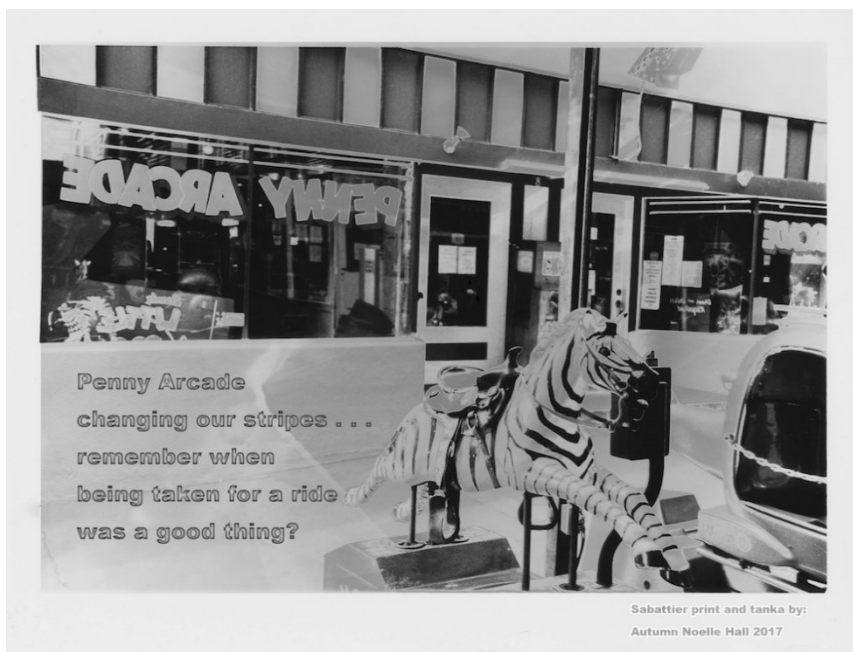
This section offers many suggestions of where ‘she’ might be found: ‘sleeping beneath a yew hedge,’ ‘on the corner/muttering about traffic,’ in ‘hundred year old photos’—or in ‘all those bags/filled with scribbled poems.’ The poems are key: perhaps it is in our own creativity that we revive both goddess and sisterhood.

The final section, ‘crow wings’ consists of a single long tanka sequence entitled ‘the Morrigan returns.’ The portents of her return are easily overlooked: ‘black feathers/in front of Starbucks,’ ‘crow prints on my windshield . . .’ But return she does, manifesting in the narrator herself: ‘silver bells/on my black feathers . . .’ until the book also returns to where it began, in the magic of childhood:

I become
that girl again
wild wings
soaring
the manic dawn

Readers will surely enjoy soaring with Carole Johnston, and rediscovering within themselves—be they male or female—elements of the divine feminine whose presence lifts us out of the humdrum and gives us wings.

old women
don’t just mutter
sometimes they fly



Autumn Noelle Hall, USA

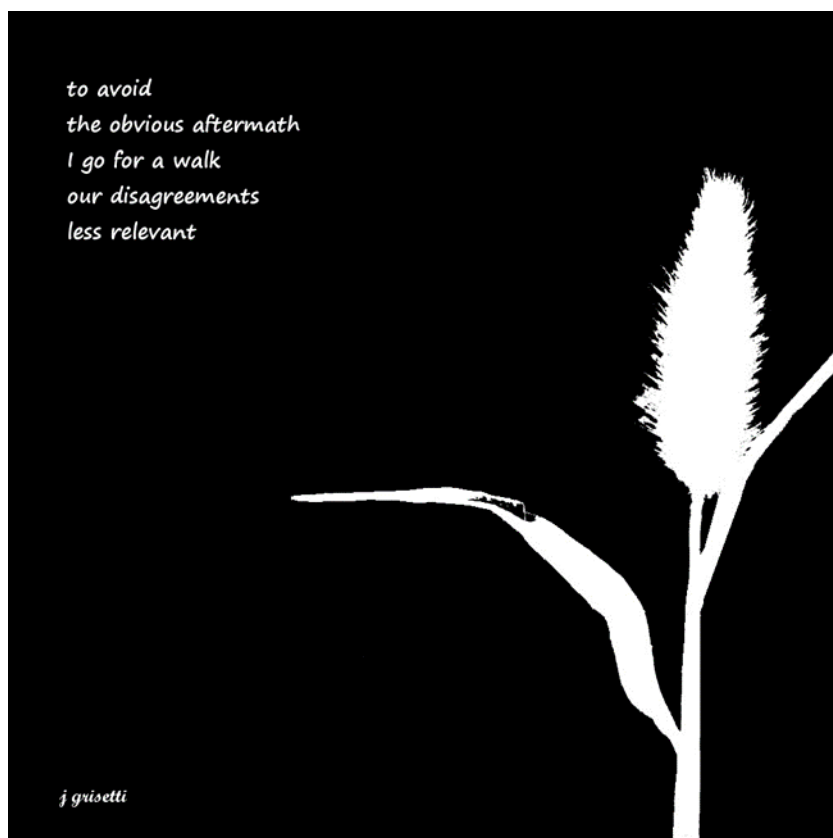
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*fire inhales
dry twigs and leaves
... yet spirit
still soars through
her frail body*

Photo art and Tanka by Mary Kendall

Mary Kendall, USA

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*to avoid
the obvious aftermath
I go for a walk
our disagreements
less relevant*

j grisetti

Joanne Grisetti, USA

Submission Guidelines

Submissions for the 5:2, winter issue of *Skylark* will be read through June and July and will close on August 1st 2017.

Kindly submit up to ten original, previously unpublished tanka &/or one sequence*, tanka prose, tan renga, articles etc. with the subject heading “Skylark tanka submission” to skylark.tanka@gmail.com.

At the end of your submission, please include your full name and country of residence.

All rights revert to authors upon publication. Your tanka must not be under consideration elsewhere, or submitted to any contest.

In addition to your regular submission, you are also invited to submit one tanka for the “Skylark’s Nest” prompt (see page 13). Unfortunately, we are not able to reproduce colour images in *Skylark*, but poets wishing to submit tanka-art may do so; coinciding with the publication of each issue, a selection of the best will be added to a haiga gallery on the website. Alternatively, black and white ‘tankart’ may be considered for the print journal. Please send up to five pieces of black and white ‘tankart’ to our Tankart Editor, Sandi Pray:

skylarktankart@gmail.com

The website skylarktanka.weebly.com will be updated regularly. Back issues will be available as PDF files as each new issue is published. The “Skylark’s Nest” winners and runners up will also be archived.

Jenny Ward Angyal is the *Skylark* Reviews and Features Editor. If you would like your book to be considered for review please contact

skylarkreviews@gmail.com

Similarly, submit all articles for consideration to the address above.

Skylark

Any queries should be addressed to the Editor:
skylark.tanka@gmail.com

* If you would like to submit more than one sequence (for instance, if you have collaborated with different poets) this is acceptable, although I request that you send no more than 5 individual/collaborative sequences.

Skylark

Friends of Skylark

Pamela A. Babusci, *USA*

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