

A landscape photograph showing a wide field in the foreground, a road, and a large, fluffy white cloud in a blue sky. The text 'otata 44' and '(August, 2019)' is overlaid on the sky. A thin white line is visible in the upper left sky area.

otata 44
(August, 2019)

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from otata's bookshelf

John Levy, Alan Chung Lau, *eye2word*, iii

John Phillips, *Included*

FAIRFIELD BEACH

The child
by the sea makes designs and I
 watching
admiring make designs and what
 has designed
the sea ripples and the waves of the white
 frequently
flying many sea gulls and the timeliness of
 the tides
and the curves of the high grass and the drifting
 of the
sail boats, some white and green sails, some with the
 orange and yellow
and red sails, what has designed the imagination and the
 need of
the child with her crayon in her hand satisfies
 beyond my tenure.

— John Tagliabue
New and Selected Poems: 1942-1997

vincent tripi

sunflower
what
i
am
turns
to
me

Vincenzo Adamo

*Cade una pesca-
sull'ombra d'una foglia
cade una foglia*

a peach falls-
on the shadow of a leaf
a leaf falls

Giuliana Ravaglia

*fammi sognare una bionda farfalla:
sarò l'estate*

let me dream of a blonde butterfly:
I will be summer

Joseph Salvatore Aversano

IN BROOKLYNESE

all wordbursts

aerosoled

in the way the

linens billow

out from

the lines

Peter Newton

PIGEON SONG

nothing is more
beautiful than the birds
clearing their throats

Jeannie Martin

rising
to what is —
new moon

Elmedin Kadric

SCRA

P
art

of
it

John Levy

PELT

To mean fur or skin, or to
throw something hard
or a lot of fast raining or
snowing, as if the noun
and verb are strangers who
have both dreamt
of divorcing each other.

Robert Christian

Thank God people are real
And poetry is not
 For example the girl
Who crossed the road just now
And lit a cigarette

Mark Young

CROSSING THE TASMAN SEA

The poet, in-
trigued by
a word that has
come up in

conversational
history with
another poet
about

another poet,
writes it down
in the note-
book he carries

everywhere.
Ringbolt. It
means "to
stow away."

Tom Clausen

pasture land —
speeding through
bits of birdsong

Louise Hopewell

so proud of her
drooping daisy chain
Milky Way

Corrado Aiello

reading poems
a crying crane
in my mind

Debbie Scheving

planted where they would
surprise me he said...
red tulips

Stefano d'Andrea

*luna improvvisa
scintillante moneta
nel cupo viola*

sudden moon
a shimmering coin
in the deep purple

Carmela Marino

*tuoni lontani —
in un germogliare
i miei silenzi*

Distant thunder —
Inside a sprout
my silences

John Hawkhead

last to leave who will stand over me

Adjei Agyei-Baah

my good friend
separated by the fence
of his wealth

Lee Gurga

right rights

John McManus

All Souls' Day
father sharpens
his hunting knife

Antonio Mangiameli

*il profumo acre
dei fiori appassiti —
stella cadente*

the acrid scent
of withered flowers —
falling star

Hansha Teki

autumn dusk

aging eyes

starlings bleed
tree-wards

*my mindscape
dotted with*

from the edge

vanishing points

Réka Nyitrai

a book of rain...
my father, now
a brown butterfly

Roberta Beach Jacobson

winter squeak
of swing set
gone in spring

Dave Read

SKYLINE

At the end
of a Nevada night,

the low lying lights
and crickets.

Mark Levy

bright moon
mute stones
share their music

Scott Metz

at some
point a berry
was bound
to speak
to her

Helen Buckingham

army widow
pouring over
their postage
stamp garden

Ezio Infantino

*Ritorna il sole
sulla sabbia bagnata
Scorze di anguria*

The sun returns
on the wet sand
Watermelon rinds

Tom Montag

When the humid
air holds all you

hope the light turns
green afternoon

to evening and
you go inside

yourself again
and don't come out.

This is how the
darkness enters

and where it stays.

Kala Ramesh

full moon to full moon his mood swings

Maria Teresa Piras

*mare calmo —
la mia riva e la tua
così lontane*

calm sea —
my shore and yours
so far away

Johannes S. H. Bjerg

LETHE

*ønsker
jeg
kunne
sejle*

LETHE

*wish
I
could
sail*

Angela Giordano

*vecchia cascina
lo scricchiolio del letto spezza il silenzio*

old farmhouse
the creaking of the bed breaks the silence

Madhuri Pillai

hot air balloon traipsing past the window winter sun

Hifsa Ashraf

last train
the depth
of my heartbeat

Maria Concetta Conti

a bridal dress
how many stars
this night?

George Swede

each flower
with its own
reality
those who
speak
several tongues
their minds
are gardens

Lucy Whitehead

meeting an old friend
in a dream, I wake
to dancing shadows

Alegria Imperial

SPEAK NO EVIL

twilight in veined stones crimsoned squeals

used to be muddied blue
today the old well silent dark

the stilleto-ed doll speaks no evil

Homer's epics snatched by small claws

Eufemia Griffo

*fiori d'ortensia
un giardino incantato
nelle mie mani*

hydrangea flower
an enchanted garden
in my hands

Anna Maria Domburg-Sancristoforo

monday blues
still looking for you
in every smile

Joanna Ashwell

lingering in the shade
pieces of me
in the thistledown

Tiffany Shaw-Diaz

sonata
when the sun
hangs low

Lucia Cardillo

*prati di luna ...
la menta selvatica
in ogni respiro*

moon meadows...
in every breath
wild mint

Ingrid Bruck

flank-to-flank
two unharnessed work horses
in the pasture

