



In my pocket  
the snow man's  
eyes.

# Prune Juice

Journal of Senryu and Kyoka

Winter 2009

Issue 1

Edited by Alexis Rotella



# PRUNE JUICE

Journal of Senryu and Kyoka

ISSN 1945-8886 [Print]

ISSN 1945-8894 [Digital]

Issue 1

Winter 2009

Edited by  
*Alexis Rotella*



MODERN ENGLISH TANKA PRESS  
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

2009

THE UNEXAMINED LIFE IS NOT WORTH LIVING.

*SOCRATES*

MODERN ENGLISH TANKA PRESS

Post Office Box 43717

Baltimore, Maryland 21236 USA

[www.modernenglishtankapress.com](http://www.modernenglishtankapress.com) [www.themetpress.com](http://www.themetpress.com)

[publisher@modernenglishtankapress.com](mailto:publisher@modernenglishtankapress.com)

**Prune Juice: Journal of Senryu and Kyoka**

**Issue 1 - Winter 2009**

Copyright © 2009 by Modern English Tanka Press.

Front cover art Copyright © 2008 by Alexis Rotella.

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced in any form or by any electronic or mechanical means including information storage and retrieval systems without permission in writing from the publisher, except by reviewers and scholars who may quote up to six poems.

*Prune Juice: Journal of Senryu and Kyoka,*  
a biannual print and digital journal,  
is dedicated to publishing and promoting  
fine senryu and kyoka in English.

Send all submissions and editorial correspondence to:  
[rengagirl@yahoo.com](mailto:rengagirl@yahoo.com)

*Prune Juice: Journal of Senryu and Kyoka*

Issue 1 - Winter 2009

Published by

MODERN ENGLISH TANKA PRESS

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. 2009.

Print Edition ISSN 1945-8886

Digital Edition ISSN1945-8894 [PDF & HTML versions]

[www.prunejuicejournal.com](http://www.prunejuicejournal.com)

## Editor's Note

*“... lewdness and innocence [are] proper subjects of senryu. . . . nothing is felt as disgusting; all things take their appointed place in the scheme of things.”*

—R.H. Blyth (*Senryu*, The Hokuseido Press, 1949)

Welcome to the premier issue of *Prune Juice* dedicated solely to senryu and kyoka. Gathered here are well known and not so well known writers sharing their funny and not so funny moments.

Several months ago as Denis Garrison and I were chatting over e mail, he said, “Alexis, you should start your own senryu journal.”

“If you publish it, I will,” was my response and within seconds the deal was made—I would become an editor of a form I dearly love, but that I would also include kyoka, a form M. Kei, editor of *Atlas Poetica*, has promoted.

R.H. Blyth wrote in 1949 in *Senryu* (The Hokuseido Press) that the Japanese had a low opinion of senryu, that people were more inclined to escape from cold hard reality by writing and reading haiku. He stated, “Senryu brings us back to here and now; haiku is that ‘something evermore about to be.’” It seems that there are still people in our own culture that tend to turn up their noses at senryu, as though meanness and bitterness have no place in the form and such emotive expressions do not belong to the collective unconscious.

A critic recently wrote that if he were at the same party as I, he would hide behind a potted plant. Apparently he was uncomfortable with a woman who dances with the shadow. Perhaps it's time for us all to come out of hiding, to report what we really see and feel. While senryu is a discipline, it's also an outlet, a therapy of sorts. When they're funny, they release endorphins (the feel good hormones), and when they're sad, they may release some pent up tears (release of toxins and energy). If a senryu or kyoka makes us angry it may be pointing to a part of *us* that is hiding, that wants a voice. As Jung would say, what bothers us about what's "out there," is really what's bothering us "in here."

For those of you familiar with Rumi's THE GUEST HOUSE, its sentiments best describe my philosophy for *Prune Juice* (You can read the poem in its entirety in Coleman Bark's translations of *The Essential Rumi*).

*The dark thought, the shame, the malice,  
... invite them in.*

Every emotion in *Prune Juice* is welcome and I hope this issue inspires you to step up, to come and mingle with the rest of us—to make a toast with a glass of prune juice in honor of the plum blossoms who, without that delicious metaphorical elixir that gets things moving, would not exist. And if you are one who hides behind a potted plant, come out come out whoever you are. Your most inner feelings and poems are welcome here; they are our honored guests.

—Alexis Rotella

celibacy—  
sounded like a fine idea  
until that last beer . . .

Hortensia Anderson

on-phone hold—  
between doodles  
my swear words

an'ya

blind date—  
the jangle  
of handcuffs

Roberta Beary



a good gut feeling . . .  
my mother and I  
making sausage

Brenda Bechtel

first draft  
Janus  
at the door

Brenda Bechtel

the undertaker smiles  
and pats his belly—  
never short of customers

Bob Brill

dark night  
the astrologer  
counts her trines

Helen Buckingham

hey life  
not so fast  
let me get  
my shoes on  
comb my hair

Miriam Chaikin

i watch television  
most evenings  
to keep me  
away  
from myself

Miriam Chaikin

at the Uffizzi  
a feather duster  
props up a window

Miriam Chaikin

no call, no mail  
so much nothing  
after so much much

Miriam Chaikin



Instead of an air conditioner . . .  
I return  
with popsicles

Tom Clausen

Sunday football—  
the neighbor's leaf blower  
silent at last.

Ellen Coffin

Sunday morning  
a flowered hat  
on the old mule

Carlos Carlon

pre-college shopping  
car salesman tells my daughter,  
“This one’ll do 100”

Carlos Carlon

mouthful of roast beef  
I mumble  
grace

Carlos Carlon

abandoned car  
with 300 lbs of marijuana—  
COOL!

Raffael DeGruttola

almost asleep  
remembering  
what I forgot at the store

Deborah Finkelstein

not knowing  
what to say  
I wash his dishes

Melissa J. Fowle



newborn  
her tiny helpless hands  
open and close  
I kiss them lightly  
while they are still pure

Denis M. Garrison

this bar hag  
with crusted makeup  
someone's daughter

Denis M. Garrison

wishing-well's owner  
rakes in the coins—  
a wish comes true

Denis M. Garrison

before the mirror  
in his dead mother's  
long red dress,  
he feels, he sadly admits,  
she looked much better in it

Sanford Goldstein

blind date  
flowers brought  
for my mother

Michele L. Harvey

I invite him  
to join me  
in my double kayak—  
next day he telephones,  
asks to borrow it

Peggy Heinrich

first love  
she gives him back  
his favorite marble

Carolyn M. Hinderliter

as far as the eye Kansas

Jim Kacian



morning after—  
what's left of the cheese  
has a bite

Jim Kacian

new to the group—  
sitting in back with  
the artificial plants

Jim Kacian

picking up  
the toothpicks  
you spilled  
I hear each one  
laughing

Jeanne Emrich

cleared for takeoff  
a flight attendant  
adjusts her bra strap

Bill Kenney

singles bar  
she tells him she always  
picks losers

Bill Kenney

Hey, Mona Lisa, baby!  
Come to America!  
We'll augment your breasts,  
dye your hair blonde,  
and get you some nice lingerie!

M. Kei

male model in  
a patriotic jockstrap—  
I just hope  
the flag doesn't  
start waving

M. Kei

October  
green-faced witches  
at work—  
and isn't just  
the costumes

M. Kei



while Janis Joplin  
cries a little bit longer,  
I peel an onion

M. Kei

I'm a mild rogue:  
your pocketbook is safe  
but your chocolate is not

M. Kei

five cats!  
how happy my daughter  
on this visit

M. Kei

wisteria trees in bloom—  
I almost wreck the rental car

M. Kei

a cute woman  
in a short skirt walks past:  
some things  
let a man know  
he's still alive

M. Kei

I don't live alone,  
I have a roommate named  
'Poverty.'  
If only he would get married  
and move out!

M. Kei

sandy beach  
he assures me my investments  
are rock solid

Michael Ketchek

pond scum—  
then again we can't  
all be swans

Michael Ketchek



my upstairs neighbor  
who tries to help  
girls on the street—  
the last one stole  
his Buddha

Angela Leuck

college friend—  
no matter what I go through  
she always  
betters me  
in the school of hard knocks

Angela Leuck

the ex-girlfrend  
who showed up  
on their doorstep  
with no place to stay—  
Christmas Eve

Angela Leuck

two months  
I wait to hear  
from him  
then a card  
with my name spelled wrong

Angela Leuck

taking her budgie  
with her wherever  
she goes—  
the spinster aunt who lost  
her true love

Angela Leuck

after the dinner  
I prepared just for him  
he goes home  
to his wife  
for a second meal

Angela Leuck

no need  
for an indoor  
Zen water fountain  
we have our own  
leaky kitchen faucet

Angela Leuck

movie night—  
the born again Christian  
takes a bathroom break  
during  
every love scene

Angela Leuck



February morning—  
an ad for citrus-  
flavored condoms

Angela Leuck

Monday night—  
lone man at the Burger King  
draws a Buddha

Angela Leuck

swans stretching  
in the window  
of the ballet school

Angela Leuck

jumping higher  
than her daughter—the mother  
in the tiger-skin top

Angela Leuck

the pregnant woman  
sharing her umbrella  
with a stranger

Angela Leuck

rush hour—  
a man stops  
to untangle his rosary

Angela Leuck

the Dow drops again  
the financial section  
lines the bird cage

Bob Lucky

watching cockfights  
on Filipino tv,  
strangely unable  
to turn it off—we forget  
the chicken in the oven

Bob Lucky



at a taquería  
near my parents' house  
an old man  
asks in Spanish  
for an English menu

Bob Lucky

Thanksgiving alone  
he takes an extra helping  
of Wild Turkey

Scott Mason

just so  
he'd know  
she'd been crying—  
fuller, curvier,  
longer lashes

Michael McClintock

the pulley-wheel squeaks  
lowering the coffin  
into the tomb

Michael McClintock

feeling uneasy  
and walking faster  
past the cardboard sign  
taped to a tree—  
“Pit Bulls 4 Sale”

Michael McClintock

when bankers  
jumped out  
of windows—  
those were the good  
old days

Michael McClintock

aging beauty . . .  
once she had a pin  
for every sweater  
and a boy for each  
night of the week

Michael McClintock

the box instructions  
clearly describe how to make  
elbow macaroni  
mixed with cheese—  
the stuff of modern poetry

Michael McClintock



Sunday walk—  
a man in a wheelchair  
passes me

Mike Montreuil

mascara stick  
on the bus stop bench—  
prom night

Mike Montreuil

Thanksgiving dinner  
a separate table  
for the ex and in laws

Renée Owen

Girl Scout camp—  
three squares a day  
of Spam

Renée Owen

flight over—  
if I can just survive  
Dad's driving

Christopher Patchell

potlatch gathering  
among the elders  
microwaved venison

Stephen A. Peters

zen retreat  
the instructor  
searches the internet

Stephen A. Peters

job interview  
my chair  
a bit lower than hers

Stephen A. Peters



*choka (a song)*

woke this morning  
cradled  
in the upper branches  
of a tree  
—no more wine for me

this warm  
february day  
is only a tease

mother nature  
lifting her skirt  
above her knees

Al Pizzarelli

“When you’re dead, your dead!”

I say

a sad silence

falls among the guests...

“tennis anyone?”

well worn ruts

well worn ruts

over here over there

they drive me nuts

well worn ruts

well worn ruts

Al Pizzarelli

The goldfinch  
at the bird feeder  
is gone,  
but our relatives  
are here . . . to stay.

David Pope

Lugano gardens  
recognizing cooking greens  
in the flower beds

Bruce Ross

School of Leonardo  
the fresco “Last Supper”  
has bread chunks

Bruce Ross

college reunion,  
my old girlfriend  
with her lawyer girlfriend

Charles Rossiter

All Hallow's Eve—  
a gay ghost  
comes out of the closet.

Alexis Rotella

Ghastly purple heirlooms—  
but with a tinch of salt,  
delish!

Alexis Rotella



Halloween party—  
I come as I am,  
the neighborhood crone.

Alexis Rotella

Asheville, North Carolina—  
even the mechanic  
is organic.

Alexis Rotella

Groom late—  
he whispers  
to his bride,  
*It was the prune juice,  
honey.*

Alexis Rotella

At the Met  
three tenors in penguin suits . . .  
the one in the middle  
flaps his wings  
before he hits a high note.

Alexis Rotella

The holiday season begins  
early this year  
as my family keeps pushing  
my buttons as if  
I were a vending machine.

Alexis Rotella

Pearl Harbor anniversary—  
Norman Rockwell calendars  
sent to a friend in Japan,  
one for his daughter,  
one for his son.

Alexis Rotella

cat  
elegance even when washing  
her bum

Eileen Sheehan

old age    home

Guy Simser



hot air seeping  
through every crack  
cottage outhouse

Guy Simser

eating blowfish  
after retirement  
Chiyonofuji\*

*\*Famous sumo Grand Yokozuna 1980-1994*

Guy Simser

once again—  
Elvis on the radio  
Christmas alone

John Soules

Perseid showers—  
if only one wish  
would come true

John Soules

afternoon siesta  
the little girl afraid  
of grandpa's snores

André Surridge

constipation—  
the Indian doctor  
recommends a good curry

André Surridge

fireworks finale  
a mighty rocket explodes  
into coloured stars  
louder demands  
a drunken heckler

André Surridge

Halloween—  
the witch next door  
doesn't have to pretend

Chad Lee Robinson



Halloween band—  
all the instruments  
out of tune

Chad Lee Robinson

reading of the will  
cremated mother  
rematerializes

George Swede

never sunlit  
this alley—stench  
of lost hopes

George Swede

at last in his coffin  
depressed friend  
is smiling

George Swede

the feud continues—  
shoveled snow piled high  
on the property line

George Swede

first ice  
on mother's gravestone . . .  
her tea time

George Swede

slow day at the hospital  
caretakers re-stack  
fresh linens

Tony A. Thompson

Hurricane . . . but still  
that Colombian hooker  
knows how to walk.

James Tipton



New Year's Morning . . .  
beside me in bed  
a stranger wakes up.

James Tipton

A good day today—  
he walked  
all the way to the top  
not even once putting  
both feet on the same step.

James Tipton

A woman at last!  
Tonight, old moon,  
you will have to sleep alone.

James Tipton

Cold in the Cuzco plaza—  
and the wool gloves  
all have short fingers.

James Tipton

Holding her chubby baby  
her full brown breasts  
also feed the tourists.

James Tipton

The way she chops coconuts  
that woman with the old machete  
must still be single.

James Tipton

This is one hot summer night!  
I think I want that girl  
with the Eskimo Pie.

James Tipton

When I am dead  
who will remember  
how beautiful  
my mother was  
the day I was born?

James Tipton



campaign coverage  
on CNN sponsored by  
Kaopectate

Charles Trumbull

just his  
midlife crisis . . .  
he hopes

Charles Trumbull

my hour is up  
the counselor's new Porsche  
parked in the driveway

Charles Trumbull

writer's block  
the sound of a weed-whacker  
closer and closer

Charles Trumbull

yuppie neighborhood  
the cops all gather  
at the Starbucks

Charles Trumbull

Roman fashion model:  
her nose more prominent  
than her breasts

Charles Trumbull

shimmering sun—  
the bronze boar's genitals  
rubbed till they're gold

Charles Trumbull

the crowd  
in the men's room:  
urologists' convention

Charles Trumbull



Hummer  
with a ticket  
Schadenfreude

Charles Trumbull

the soccer mom  
uses a motel near the field  
to play her own game

Cor van den Heuvel

a box of chocolates  
in the mens' room trash can  
Valentine's Day

Cor van den Heuvel

the laughing Buddha  
nods his head on my aunt's shelf  
all through the war

Cor van den Heuvel

backyard fence  
the neighbor's barbecue smoke  
drops by

Cor van den Heuvel

flea market  
finding an old friend  
among the postcards

Cor van den Heuvel

outdoor art show  
every other artist has  
a blue ribbon

Cor van den Heuvel

in the greasy spoon  
the dishwasher holds up a knife  
“Is this a dagger, I see before me?”

Cor van den Heuvel



organic market—  
a ponytailed man  
and a skin head  
speak of caramelized onions  
in reverent voices

Linda Ward

as the train rolls  
her mascara  
runs

Liam Wilkinson

*Biographical Notes*

**Hortensia Anderson** lives in the East Village in New York City with her bengal leopard cat, Camellia, and her other constant companion, Pain.

**an'ya** is currently the editor of *moonset Literary Newspaper* and has been published around the internet as well as in numerous publications worldwide. She has traveled extensively but now lives and writes in Oregon, USA. <http://moonsetnewspaper.blogspot.com>

**Roberta Beary** received the William Carlos Williams Finalist Award (PSA) for her book, *The Unworn Necklace* (Snapshot Press.) She is a longtime member of Towpath, haiku poets of the Chesapeake watershed.

**Brenda Bechtel** lives on a coastal farm in southern Maine and teaches at Saint Joseph's College. An athlete and passionate about the outdoors, she pursues running, biking and cross-country skiing.

**Bob Brill** says, "So glad to be retired. Now I get to play and what I spend most of my time doing is writing fiction. Sometimes while lying in bed I find a senryu forming in my head. This has been happening for about 3 years. I don't think it's contagious, so I continue to socialize, mostly with other writers, and especially with my wife, who is sympathetic to my condition and is a writer too."

**Helen Buckingham** was born in London and now lives in Bristol. Her senryu and haiku have been published throughout the world; she was the sole representative Brit in *A new Resonance 5: Emerging Voices in English-Language Haiku*

(Red Moon Press, 2007). An exhibit of her work is currently on view at *3LightsGallery*.

**Miriam Chaikin** has written short stories, 30 books for young readers, and a book of poetry, *no moon . . . but fireflies*. Her haiku and tanka appear in print and on the internet.

**Tom Clausen** lives in Ithaca, New York. He works at Mann Library, Cornell University where he posts a daily haiku on the library home page.

**Ellen Coffin** lives in Arnold, Maryland. Mother, grandmother, retired state bureaucrat, active nature lover, backyard birder, opera lover, self-taught mosaicist and an absolute novice to Japanese poetry.

**Carlos Colon** has authored 11 chapbooks. He is editor of Shreve Memorial Library's Electronic Poetry Network (<http://www.shreve-lib.org/images/Poem.htm>). Carlos has had more than 1400 poems published and his poetry is included in the *Let the Good Times Roll@mural* in Shreveport, Louisiana as well as many other places.

**Raffael DeGruttola** is an editor for *Modern Haiga* and was a former President of the Haiku Society of America and founding member of the Boston Haiku Society. His haiku and other Japanese poetic forms have been printed internationally.

**Jeanne Emrich** is a poet and artist living in Minneapolis, Minnesota. She is author of *The Pleiades at Dawn* (Lone Egret Press, 2007) and also is the webmaster of *Tanka Online* ([www.tankaonline.com](http://www.tankaonline.com)) and *Reeds: Contemporary Haiga* ([www.reedscontemporaryhaiga.com](http://www.reedscontemporaryhaiga.com)).

**Deborah Finkelstein** is an MFA Creative Writing Candidate at Goddard College. Her tanka has been published in *Modern English Tanka*. She received The Aurorean's "Creative Writing Student Outstanding Haiku Award." Deborah teaches creative writing and works as an editor.

**Melissa J. Fowle** is a high school French and Spanish teacher. She is a member of the Northwest Louisiana Haiku Society and the Trapped Truth Society. She lives in Shreveport.

**Denis M. Garrison** lives by the Chesapeake Bay in Maryland. His poetry is published in many print and online journals and in several anthologies. Garrison's collections of poetry now in print include *Eight Shades of Blue*, *Hidden River*, *Fire Blossoms: The Birth of Haiku Noir*, and *Sailor in the Rain and Other Poems*.

**Sanford Goldstein** has been writing tanka for almost fifty years. He has co-translated several famous Japanese tanka poets and several Japanese novels and short stories.

**Michele L. Harvey** is a professional landscape painter, dividing the year between rural Central New York and Brooklyn, N.Y., collecting imagery and inspiration.

**Peggy Heinrich's** haiku and tanka have appeared in *American Tanka*, *red lights*, *Ribbons*, *Frogpond*, *moonset* and many other publications and anthologies.

**Carolyn M. Hinderliter** lives in Phoenix and has been a member of the Haiku Society of America since 2008. She has published in *Frogpond*.

**Jim Kacian** is founder of The Haiku Foundation and owner of Red Moon Press.

**M. Kei** is an award-winning poet who lives on the Eastern Shore of the Chesapeake Bay, USA. He crews aboard a skipjack, a traditional wooden sailboat used to fish for oysters. He is the editor of the *Atlas Poetica: A Journal of Poetry of Place in Modern English Tanka* and the editor-in-chief of the forthcoming anthology: *Take Five: Best Contemporary Tanka*. His second poetry collection is *Slow Motion: Log of a Chesapeake Bay Skipjack* (2008).

**Bill Kenney** A retired English professor, he began writing haiku/senryu in December 2004, one month before his 72nd birthday. Bill's work has appeared in numerous online and print journals and anthologies.

**Angela Leuck** has been published in journals and anthologies around the world. She is the author of *haiku white and haiku noir* (carve, 2007) and *Flower Heart* (Blue Ginkgo Press, 2006). She also edited *Rose Haiku for Flower Lovers and Gardeners* (Price-Patterson, 2005), *Tulip Haiku* (Shoreline, 2004), and, with Maxianne Berger, *Sun Through the Blinds: Montreal Haiku Today* (Shoreline, 2003). She is the Vice President of Haiku Canada and co-founder of Tanka Canada and its biannual journal *Gusts*.

**Bob Lucky** lives with his family in Hangzhou, China, where he teaches history and occasionally braves the traffic in his little red car from Great Wall Motors. His work has appeared in various international journals.

**Scott Mason's** work appears regularly in *Modern Haiku*, *Frogpond*, *The Heron's Nest*, *Acorn*, *bottle rockets*, and elsewhere.

*PRUNE JUICE : Journal of Senryu & Kyoka*

He has placed first in eight international competitions, including the Gerald Brady Memorial Award (2007), the James W. Hackett Award (2005, 2007), and the Betty Drevniok Award (2003, 2005, 2006).

**Michael McClintock** resides in Fresno, California. He is president of the Tanka Society of America and is contributing editor to *Modern English Tanka*.

**Mike Montreuil** lives in Ottawa and on most winter nights can be found with his son at a hockey rink.

**Renee Owen** roams remote reaches of northern California coasts and forests, seeking freedom from concrete and mini-malls in the wabi sabi of the wild. Along the way, apparitions from her Southern roots dog her tracks, heckling until she relents and either utters a fond *Hey y'all*, or spits senryu that drive them back into their lair.

**Christopher Patchel** is a graphic designer who hails from Brandywine Valley, Pennsylvania (Wyeth country), and currently lives in Mettawa, Illinois. He first encountered haiku around 2000 and has been engaged in all of its related forms ever since.

**Stephen A. Peters** lives in the Pacific Northwest, Bellingham, Washington. When the phase of the moon is right and his ying and yang are somewhat in balance he tries occasionally to write haiku, senryu and tanka.

**Al Pizzarelli** is senryu editor for *Simply Haiku*. He has been a member of the Haiku Society of America since its early beginnings. Al is the senryu king, although he doesn't call himself that.

**David Pope** is from England and lives in Annapolis, Md. He is a psychiatrist who enjoys studying haiku and tanka at Maryland Hall for the Creative Arts. One of his favorite poets is William Carlos Williams.

**Chad Lee Robinson's** haiku have been published in a number of journals online and in print, including *Acorn*, *bottle rockets*, *Mayfly*, *Modern Haiku*, *Frogpond* and *The Heron's Nest*. His work has appeared in numerous anthologies, including *Baseball Haiku* (Norton, 2007). He has served as the Plains & Mountains Regional Coordinator for the HSA for the last three years. Chad lives in Pierre, South Dakota.

**Bruce Ross** is a humanities educator who lives in Maine. He edited *Haiku Moment*, *An Anthology of Contemporary North American Haiku* and *Journey to the Interior, American Versions of Haibun*. He is also author of *How to Haiku, A Writer's Guide to Haiku and Related Forms* and four collections of haiku, most recently, *summer drizzles . . . haiku and haibun*.

**Charles Rossiter** is an NEA Fellowship recipient and 3-time Pushcart Prize nominee, who has been writing and publishing haiku for a long time. He is co-editor, with Jeffrey Winke, of the *Third Coast Haiku Anthology* (House of Words, 1978), and a past guest-editor of *Modern Haiku*.

**Alexis Rotella** is on the faculty at Maryland Hall for the Creative Arts in Annapolis, Md. Former president of the HSA and editor of *Frogpond* and founder/editor of *Brussels Sprout*, she served as an editor for *Modern Haiga* in 2008. Her well known poem PURPLE which appeared in Bernie Siegel, M.D.'s *Love, Magic and Mudpies* has just been published in parable form by Rosenberry Books. Check out her blog at [www.alexisrotella.com](http://www.alexisrotella.com).



**Eileen Sheehan** is from Ireland. She is current Writer in Residence with Limerick County. Her work has appeared in many journals including *The Heron's Nest*, *Acorn* and *Frogpond*.

**Guy Simser's** poems have appeared in more than 40 publications around the world. Awards include the Diane Brebner Poetry Prize (Canada); Tanka Splendour Prize (USA); the Special Prize, Hekinan International Haiku (Japan); plus short story, radio documentary and radio drama. He serves as co-chair of the August 2009 HNA Crosscurrents Conference in Ottawa, Canada.

**John Soules** was born in Toronto and currently lives in Wingham. His poems have been printed in many journals including *Frogpond*, *Ribbons*, *Riverbed*, *The Heron's Nest*, and *Eucalypt*.

**André Surridge** - Born in Hull, England, André lives in Hamilton, New Zealand. He is the winner of several writing awards including the Katikati Haiku Contest, NZ, 2004; 8th Paper Wasp Jack Stamm Haiku Award, Australia 2006; Elizabeth Searle Lamb Award for Haiku, USA 2007; Kaji Aso Tanka Award, USA 2007; Kyoto Museum for World Peace Award, (Haiku) 2007 and the Florida State Poets Assoc. Haiku Award 2008.

**George Swede** has published 28 collections of poetry and edited six anthologies. He is editor of *Frogpond: The Journal of the Haiku Society of America*.

**Tony A. Thompson** is founder of *Wisteria: A Journal of Haiku, Senryu, & Tanka*. His work has appeared in *Acorn*, *bottle rockets*, *Modern Haiku* and other journals. He lives in the piney woods of eastern Texas where the muse appears in

many forms.

**James Tipton** lives in the tropical mountains of southern Mexico. He has been publishing for decades in magazines such as *American Tanka*, *Modern Haiku*, and *Lynx*. His work has appeared in numerous anthologies including *The Haiku Anthology* (Cor van den Heuvel, Doubleday, 1974) and *The Haiku Handbook* (William J. Higginson, McGraw-Hill, 1985).

**Charles Trumbull** semi-retired from *Encyclopædia Britannica* in 2007. He began writing haiku in 1991. He has been newsletter editor and president of the Haiku Society of America, a founder of the Chicago-area haiku club, an organizer of Haiku North America—Chicago (2001), proprietor of Deep North Press, and, since March 2006, editor of *Modern Haiku*.

**Cor van den Heuvel** is the editor of *The Haiku Anthology*, now in its third edition from W.W. Norton. He received the Shiki International Haiku Award in Matsuyama in 2002 for his writing and editing of haiku books. His latest book, also from Norton, is *Baseball Haiku*, which he co-edited with Nanae Tamura of Matsuyama.

**Linda Jeannette Ward** currently lives along the North Carolina coast. Her most recent publication is *Scent of Jasmine and Brine*, (Inkling Press, Canada, 2007), a collection of tanka funded in part by the North Carolina Arts Council. She has won several awards for her work, including the 2003 Haiku Society of America's Best Book of Haibun award for her collection *a delicate dance of wings* (Winfred Press, USA, 2002).

**Liam Wilkinson** is curator of the 3LIGHTS Gallery of Haiku & Tanka. He is also editor of *Modern Haiga*. His poems

*PRUNE JUICE : Journal of Senryu & Kyoka*

have appeared in such publications as *Modern English Tanka*, *Atlas Poetica*, *Ribbons*, *Presence* and *Simply Haiku*. Liam lives in Yorkshire, England.

## Also from MODERN ENGLISH TANKA PRESS

Meals at Midnight • Poems by  
Michael McClintock

Lilacs After Winter • Francis Masat

Proposing to the Woman in the  
Rear View Mirror • Haiku &  
Senryu by James Tipton.

Abacus: Prose poems, haibun &  
short poems • Gary LeBel

Looking for a Prince: a collection of  
senryu and kyoka • Alexis Rotella

The Tanka Prose Anthology •  
Jeffrey Woodward, Ed.

Greetings from Luna Park •  
Sedoka, James Roderick Burns

In Two Minds • Responsive  
Tanka by Amelia Fielden and  
Kathy Kituai

An Unknown Road • Haiku by  
Adelaide B. Shaw

Slow Motion: The Log of a  
Chesapeake Skipjack • M. Kei

Ash Moon Anthology: Poems on  
Aging in Modern English Tanka •  
Alexis Rotella & Denis M. Garrison,  
Eds.

Fire Blossoms: The Birth of Haiku  
Noir • Denis M. Garrison

Cigarette Butts and Lilacs: tokens  
of a heritage • Tanka by Andrew  
Riutta

Sailor in the Rain and Other  
Poems • Denis M. Garrison

Four Decades on My Tanka Road:  
Tanka Collections of Sanford  
Goldstein • Sanford Goldstein.  
Fran Witham, Ed.

this hunger, tissue-thin: new & sel.  
tanka 1995–2005 • Larry Kimmel

Jun Fujita, Tanka Pioneer • Denis  
M. Garrison, Ed.

Landfall: Poetry of Place in Mod.  
Eng. Tanka • Denis M. Garrison  
and Michael McClintock, Eds.

Lip Prints: Tanka and Other Short  
Poems 1979-2007 • Alexis Rotella

Ouch: Senryu That Bite • Alexis  
Rotella

Eavesdropping: Seasonal Haiku •  
Alexis Rotella

Tanka Teachers Guide • Denis  
M. Garrison, Ed.

Five Lines Down: A Landmark in  
English Tanka • Denis M.  
Garrison, Ed.

Sixty Sunflowers: TSA Members'  
Anthology 2006-2007 • Sanford  
Goldstein, Ed.

The Dreaming Room: Mod. Eng.  
Tanka in Collage and Montage  
Sets • Michael McClintock and  
Denis M. Garrison, Eds.

Haiku Harvest 2000-2006 • Denis  
M. Garrison, Ed.

Eight Shades of Blue • Haiku by  
Denis M. Garrison

The Salesman's Shoes • Tanka,  
James Roderick Burns

Hidden River • Haiku by Denis M.  
Garrison

The Five-Hole Flute: Modern  
English Tanka in Sequences and  
Sets • Denis M. Garrison and  
Michael McClintock, Eds.

### *Journals*

- Modern English Tanka •
- Atlas Poetica •
- Modern Haiga •
- Ambrosia • Prune Juice •
- Modern Haibun & Tanka Prose •

LITERATURE / Poetry / Senryu & Kyoka

*at the Uffizzi  
a feather duster  
props up a window*

*~ Miriam Chaikin*



**Modern English Tanka Press**  
**PO Box 43717**  
**Baltimore MD 21236 USA**

**ISSN 1945-8886**

**PRUNE JUICE**  
**\$11.95 USD**

[www.prunejuicejournal.com](http://www.prunejuicejournal.com)

[www.modernenglishtankapress.com](http://www.modernenglishtankapress.com)