

Kigo: Seasonal Words

Four-monthly Poetry



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Kigo: Seasonal Words Four-monthly Poetry

ISSN 2055-3420

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Editorial and design by S Philip

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Published by Chuffed Buff Books Ltd., London, UK

www.chuffedbuffbooks.com

Kigo: Seasonal Words

Four-monthly Poetry

Greetings!



A FEW SUMMER KIGO

afterglow, bamboo shoots
 cloud peaks, drought, eel
 pinks, festival, green plum
 happiness, wild iris, jellyfish
 kingfisher, cicada, leafing cherry
 melon, new tea, ocean, peony
 cocoon, rainbow, sunflower
 summer moon, thunder, vacation
 waterfall, south wind, yellow jackets
 fireworks, swimming, ginko leaves
 shady side, blackberry, moon flower
 cooling off, eggplant, lotus, lily

I am pleased to present the summer issue of *Kigo: Seasonal Words*, a complimentary poetry e-zine available every four months from the Chuffed Buff Books' website.

The focus of this second issue is, of course, summer in all its glory. Growth, ripening, maturity—moving from the tender buds and gentle breezes of spring to the full heat of summer. Think verdant fields, lush gardens, vacations, chirping cicadas, balmy sunsets and dog days under a scorching sun. The following mix of 100 poems include haiku, tanka and a small but dazzling collection of haiga. This issue also boasts two special features: five poets take up the challenge of writing courtship tanka, and writers V. Rose-Jones and N. Whitman tell us what haiku means to them in *For the love of it!*

Submissions are now open for the Fall / Winter issue.


Happy reading, and happy writing!

~S Philip, August 2014

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Four-monthly Poetry

Haiku



morning sun
draws triangles on stone
wasps circle their nest
—*Mary Jo Balistreri, WI, USA*

anchored boats rest still
pining for that puff of wind
seagulls never need
—*Kathleen H Phillips, WI, USA*


wildflowers
beside the dock...
diving bees
—*Debbie Strange, MA, CANADA*

chicory flower glows
blue until asagumori
burns away
—*Karin L Frank, MO, USA*

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Four-monthly Poetry

Haiku



Black ripe seeds fall from
smiling sunflower faces.
Food for hungry crows.
—*Cherise Wyneken, CA, USA*

hot summer morning
blackout from popped transformer
no fan to cool off
—*CD Reimer, CA, USA*


heat haze
a dragonfly rests
on my sun hat
—*Tracy Davidson, UK*

sunlight seeps
through treetops
shadows cool
—*Rachel Sutcliffe, UK*

Kigo: Seasonal Words

Four-monthly Poetry

Haiku



whispering
yellow-rumped warblers
in thin pines
—Neal Whitman, CA, USA

picking flowers a child
among Birkenau chimneys
games of skip rope
—Ilona Martonfi, QC, CANADA


Pretzel salt grains stuck
to buttered fingers, child fist.
We were younger then.
—Amber Donofrio, NY, USA

Dripping down my chin,
the dulcet taste of coconut,
and crunch of a cone.
—Ana Prundaru, SWITZERLAND

Kigo: Seasonal Words

Four-monthly Poetry

Haiku




lemonade sweats
hammock sways
a dog-days dawdle
—*Carol Deprez, WI, USA*

blue iris stand stiff
against the south wind breezes
summer sentinels
—*Diane Jackman, UK*

mirrored sunshine
Kansas fields aglow
in himawari
—*Karin L Frank, MO, USA*


kite festival
the dance of strings
on a summer breeze
—*Tracy Davidson, UK*



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Four-monthly Poetry

Haiku



a slug with a bite
globed out of its grey back scoops
a ball of berry
—*Tyson West, WA, USA*

the ruthless sun's curse
carried dust and lonely shadow
Ah! Gulmohar blooms
—*Sneha Sundaram, INDIA*
(*Gulmohar is a flowering tree in India)


fruit flies drift
among over-ripe bananas--
a mother's sigh
—*Mary Jo Balistreri, WI, USA*

tea and scones & jam
under Clapham Common oaks
teddy bear picnic
—*Neal Whitman, CA, USA*

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Haiku



white sails and seagulls
painted on watered canvas
some flutter some fly
—*Kathleen H Phillips, WI, USA*

midday sun
lizards loiter
in the shade
—*Rachel Sutcliffe, UK*


two sets of new tracks
pointing toward another nest
buried in the dunes
—*Jane Blanchard, GA, USA*

wind chimes—
conduit for the rapture
of air
—*Devin Harrison, BC, CANADA*

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Haiku




Black-eyed Susan
stands tall in a blazing sun
a woman warrior!
—*Wonja Brucker, NY, USA*

eyebrows curve and pose
the cherry's ripening blush
a tart taste lingers
—*Tyson West, WA, USA*

I need regal words
for the jewel-green feathering
of a mallard's crown
—*Kathleen H Phillips, WI, USA*


peacocks protest
outdoor amateur concert
screeching violins
—*Neal Whitman, CA, USA*



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Four-monthly Poetry

Haiku



summer picnic
sunshine
in the fruit punch
—*Rachel Sutcliffe, UK*

weary warbler flies
to nest, beak insect-laden
little cuckoo calls
—*Diane Jackman, UK*


summer afternoon
another one slips straight through
the butterfly net
—*Tracy Davidson, UK*

vegetable voices
aoarashi whispers
through unripened wheat
—*Karin L Frank, MO, USA*

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Four-monthly Poetry

Haiku




dark purple eggplants
lush beauties behind green leaves
bosoms to caress
—*CD Reimer, CA, USA*

In strawberry patch,
Gram on her knees next to a
dishpan of berries.
—*Carol Deprez, WI, USA*

California meets
happiness resting in sand
into sun, we drown
—*Amber Donofrio, NY, USA*


Green philodendron
sprouts blossoms – wedding gown white
from its shady nook.
—*Cherise Wyneken, CA, USA*



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Haiku



handful of blueberries
walking in forest with friend
sun through a clearing
—Ilona Martonfi, QC, CANADA

Lazing
Cicadas buzz as
hazy taffeta scents wrap
fruit in swollen heat.
—Keely Khoury, UK


flash of kingfisher
turquoise in the waving reeds
vivid memory
—Diane Jackman, UK

sunlight sifts through summer maples a trail of
emerald beetles
—Mary Jo Balistreri, WI, USA

Kigo: Seasonal Words

Four-monthly Poetry

Haiku




cut sunflower heads
hanging from eave to dry out
birds feasting on seeds
—*CD Reimer, CA, USA*

Swaying, shimmering
liquid amber dance in breeze
wanting to be loved.
—*Cherise Wyneken, CA, USA*

dogwoods trees
reigning over sultry days
luxuriance
—*Devin Harrison, BC, CANADA*


cooling off
under the willow tree
chirping cicada
—*Tracy Davidson, UK*



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Haiku



held close in cocoon
the butterfly shifts and stirs
waits for the moment
—*Diane Jackman, UK*

artichokes
three for two pounds
free shrimp tomorrow
—*Neal Whitman, CA, USA*


melon blossom
petals instead of coins
in the busker's hat
—*Tracy Davidson, UK*

dragonflies
stop their frenzies when
fireflies return
—*Wonja Brucker, NY, USA*

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Four-monthly Poetry

Haiku



first sound of summer
police drone buzzing night skies
disturbing the peace
—*CD Reimer, CA, USA*

kittens in haymow
lap warm milk from a pie plate,
cows in parlor moo
—*Carol Deprez, WI, USA*


On the shady side
pulling weeds to make a room.
Dolls, tea, and mud pies.
—*Cherise Wyneken, CA, USA*

Oriole parents
dip sharp beaks in grape jelly
feed offspring sweet treats
—*Kathleen H Phillips, WI, USA*

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Haiku




gulls billow behind
tractor ~ freshly turned furrows
expose earthy treats
—Carol Deprez, WI, USA

rip-tide warnings--
a surfer at the crest
of his wave
—Mary Jo Balistreri, WI, USA

once maroon now brown
withered weed beside the road
clover past its prime
—Jane Blanchard, GA, USA


Elemental
Booming fury of
cracking thunder scorns us in
warm and dry retreat.
—Keely Khoury, UK



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Haiku



green parrots shrieking
the beggar children play
rain for everyone
—*Sneha Sundaram, INDIA*

hear the ginkgo leaves
and smell the rain falling
my open window
—*Neal Whitman, CA, USA*

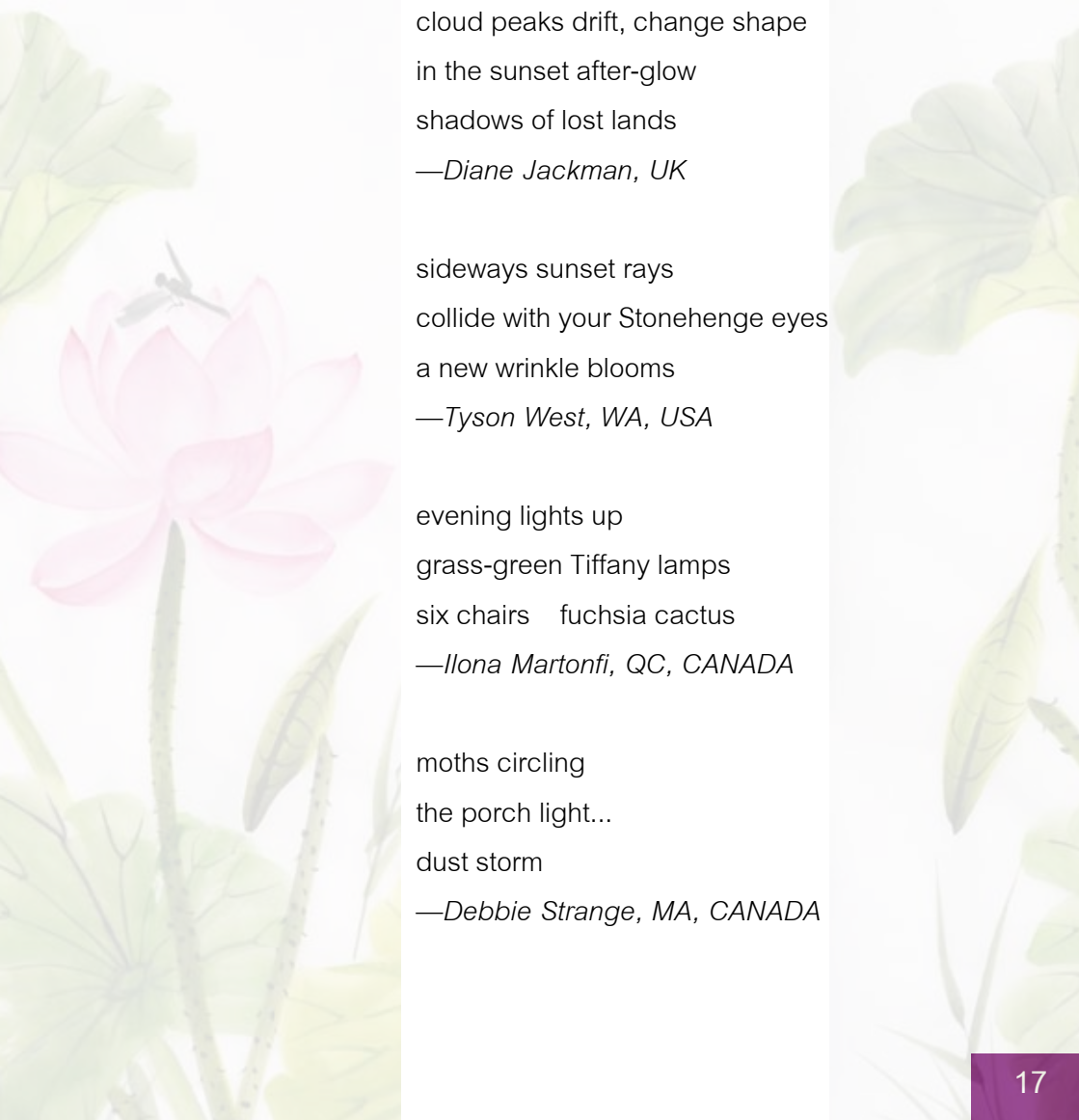
torrential rainfall
red peonies on the ground
heady bouquets bleed
—*Wonja Brucker, NY, USA*

after thunder
the summer silence
fresher
—*Rachel Sutcliffe, UK*

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Haiku



cloud peaks drift, change shape
in the sunset after-glow
shadows of lost lands
—*Diane Jackman, UK*

sideways sunset rays
collide with your Stonehenge eyes
a new wrinkle blooms
—*Tyson West, WA, USA*


evening lights up
grass-green Tiffany lamps
six chairs fuchsia cactus
—*Ilona Martonfi, QC, CANADA*

moths circling
the porch light...
dust storm
—*Debbie Strange, MA, CANADA*

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Haiku



purple cloud sunset
I wear my light kimono
wild iris in me
—*Paula Schulz, WI, USA*

birdsong
clinging to the branches--
evening lull
—*Devin Harrison, BC, CANADA*


Fireworks and plum sky,
cicada chanting all night,
bursts love in my heart.
—*Ana Prundaru, SWITZERLAND*

Fourth of July night
air cannons thumping fireworks
dark skies exploding
—*CD Reimer, CA, USA*

Kigo: Seasonal Words

Four-monthly Poetry

Haiku



Girlhood and fireworks
swimming in the local dam
screeching and laughing.
—*Cherise Wyneken, CA, USA*

Fourth of July
hanabi blossom
in the Kansas sky
—*Karin L Frank, MO, USA*


gravid green pods
fallen red poppy petals
swollen moonlight dreams
—*Tyson West, WA, USA*

a white peony
in the black pond...
wilted moon
—*Debbie Strange, MA, CANADA*

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Haiku / Tanka



Today's dandelion seeds spark
star spattered night sky
what bits of light we are!
—*Paula Schulz, WI, USA*

sparks rise
from the camp fire...
cicada song
—*Mary Jo Balistreri, WI, USA*


dancing
under the stars...
fruit bats
—*Debbie Strange, MA, CANADA*

the many
shades of grey
a storm-blue sky,
a slate-green sea,
the wind thrumming in the rigging
—*M Kei, Chesapeake Bay, USA*

Kigo: Seasonal Words

Four-monthly Poetry

Tanka



middy heat
requires a retreat indoors
perhaps a nap
the wink of wooden shutters
turned down against the sun
—*Pat Tompkins, CA, USA*


a sultry summer day --
empty old tree house echoes
children's laughter
bygone joyful memories
always fresh in my heart
—*Wonja Brucker, NY, USA*

air like soup
the kettle of
the Chesapeake Bay
boiling over
this hot afternoon
—*M Kei, Chesapeake Bay, USA*

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Four-monthly Poetry

Tanka



lilacs on the trees
crisp linens on the line
drying in the breeze
summer Saturdays
at my grandmother's
—*Michael Seese, OH, USA*


The sun vanishes
into a greyed horizon
a glowing penny
dropped into a slivered slot
beauty banked for tomorrow
—*Kathleen H Phillips, WI, USA*

the sun hammers
the deck of
a tall ship—
a glassy sea
on a July afternoon
—*M Kei, Chesapeake Bay, USA*

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Four-monthly Poetry


Tanka



on an island beach
she finds a perfect cone shell
for her collection
then a second surprise
the home is still occupied
—*Pat Tompkins, CA, USA*

the scent
of cottonwood
w a f t i n g
I still feel your breath
lifting tendrils of my hair
—*Debbie Strange, MA, CANADA*


shipping channel
in the Chesapeake Bay—
every buoy
home to a nest
full of osprey chicks
—*M Kei, Chesapeake Bay, USA*



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Tanka



sheathed in raw silk
the cherry tree's trunk gleams
smooth and rough:
pale blossoms give way
to fruit sweet or sour
—*Pat Tompkins, CA, USA*

the Rose of Sharon
in gala dress adorned
in a boiling sun
hummingbirds and butterflies
gambol petal by petal
—*Wonja Brucker, NY, USA*

the red bones
of Maryland
cracked and dry
beneath the green skirts
of a summer shore
—*M Kei, Chesapeake Bay, USA*



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Four-monthly Poetry

Tanka

at sunrise
how the golden light
becomes you
strewing sparks
from your electric hair
—*Debbie Strange, MA, CANADA*

~

Many thanks to the following poets for their lovely contributions to *Kigo: Seasonal Words*.

Mary Jo Balistreri, Jane Blanchard, Wonja Brucker, Carol Deprez, Tracy Davidson, Amber Donofrio, Karin L Frank, Devin Harrison, Diane Jackman, M Kei, Keely Khoury, Ilona Martonfi, Kathleen H Phillips, Ana Prundaru, Chris Reimer, Violette Rose-Jones, Paula Schulz, Michael Seese, Sneha Sundaram, Debbie Strange, Rachel Sutcliffe, Pat Tompkins, Tyson West, Neal Whitman, Cherise Wyneken.

For brief biographical details please visit the contributors' section starting on page 37.

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Courtship Tanka



Tanka were traditionally used by men and women engaged in courtship. After a night of passion, lovers would busy themselves with the task of creating the perfect romantic gift for their loved one. The ability to write verse was a cherished skill and tanka became an ideal form for the expression of romantic sentiment. For this summer issue writers were asked to take part in writing courtship tanka. They will then each respond with a follow up poem in the December issue.



fog stands thick
 we scan our poetry shelf
 Yeats trumps Hardy
 her voice rises and falls
 in rhythm with the ebb tide
 —Neal Whitman, CA, USA

a tornado tears through my street
 covers my doorstep with petals--
 our first kiss
 naked in the hallway
 of your building
 —Violette Rose-Jones, NSW, AUSTRALIA



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Courtship Tanka

moonlight ricochets
the pale pink of wild roses
against basalt cliffs
smoke cannot brush away
its echo in your hair
—*Tyson West, WA, USA*



emptying my mind
confounds me--
how arduous the way
as thoughts of you
keep filling up the void
—*Devin Harrison, BC, CANADA*

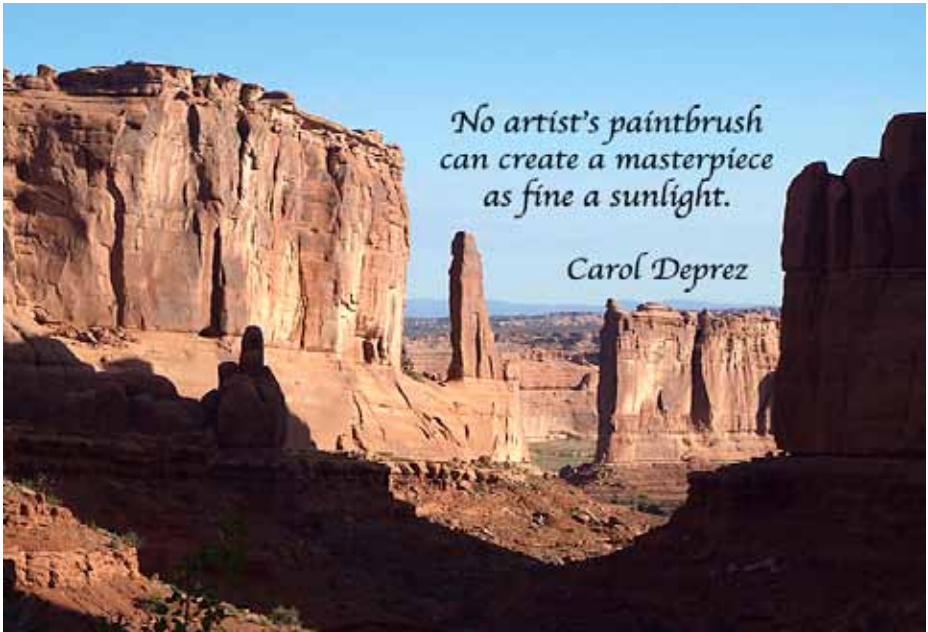
you smile in your sleep
do you dream of the passion
we spent
the wild tangle of legs
beneath pink satin sheets
—*Tracy Davidson, UK*



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Haiga



Kigo: Seasonal Words

Four-monthly Poetry

Haiga



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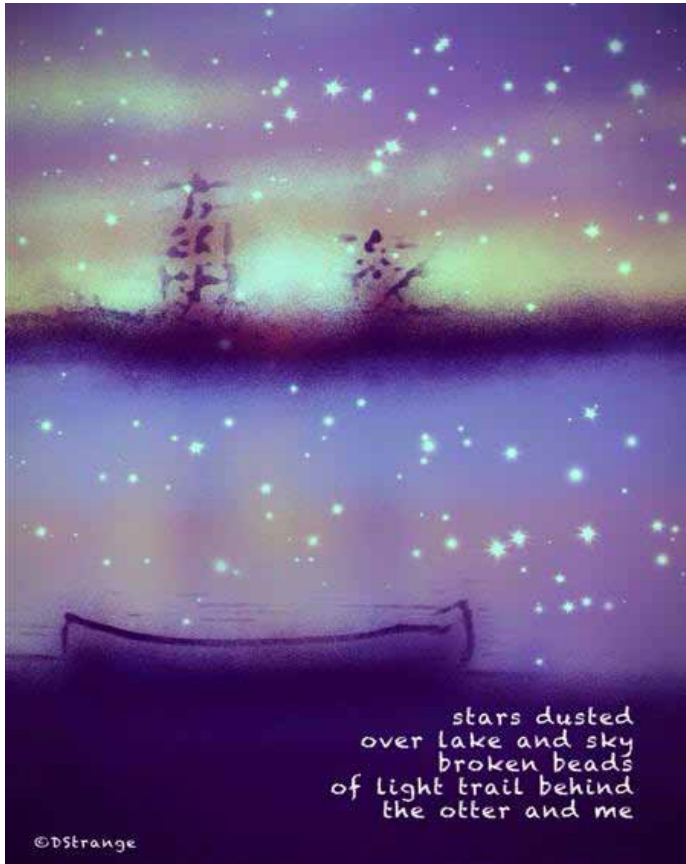
Haiga



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Haiga



Kigo: Seasonal Words

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Haiga



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Four-monthly Poetry

Haiga



When sun wages war,
shadow becomes an ally
its shade ~ a refuge
Carol Deprez

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Four-monthly Poetry

For the love of it!

How Japanese poetry forms, how we found each other and what we got up to when we did. *Violette Rose-Jones*

My formal relationship with Japanese form poetry started like the best marriages; I met a familiar stranger. Japanese form poetry was always in me I suspect, nameless and lurking; for arguments sake though, let's agree that I discovered it.

Haiga showed up first...or at least something trying to pass for it. Back in the mid 1990s, before I had ever read any good haiku, I started writing little three line poems and combining them with photographs. The images tended to be good but the poems, well they were three-line, mangy doggerel at best but the idea was good and it lingered.

Flash forward to 2008/2009. I had gone back to school and begun a writing degree. I had a child with autism and not much time. I needed to find a daily writing practice, so I hit upon poetry. I thought haiku would be easy and quick. Talk about an uninformed decision! Haiku is a demanding dominatrix and I struggled. I found the right books, read everything I could lay my hands on and still was not writing acceptably. Haiga kept bobbing up. The joy of making images kept me from quitting. Making haiga was fun and a massive challenge. The first haiga I ever submitted was taken up by an anthology. I was so encouraged.

Then I read a poem by the incomparable Masajo Suzuki. It changed everything. I was gobsmacked and suddenly very, very focussed. I had to learn how to write like this, something so brief but intensely affecting and something clicked—it was the first poem I ever memorised and it is still my favourite haiku of all time.

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For the love of it!

The relationship with Mistress Haiku became really complicated after I met Lady Tanka. The form had been floating around on my periphery during my early love affair with haiku but we didn't get involved till I met Margaret Chula's work.

Tanka and haiku are vastly different lovers. Whilst haiku is demanding, precise and organised, a tiny thing made huge and glorious, tanka is a huge thing made tiny, loosely beautiful like a Monet; it is my emotional conversation with what goes on around me, from the smelly guy who annoys me on the bus to an awe-inspiring painting someone has introduced me to. In many ways haiga is the tolerant wife to whom I keep returning, the compromise in our quartet. At this point haibun, haibunga, tanbun and tanka prose are all sitting on the horizon waiting for a turn. Japanese poetry has rendered normally monogamous me, polyamorous!

~

Why do I love haiku? *Neal Whitman*

Haiku are old. Haiku are new. Haiku are three line poems that tell in one breath how you feel about the season...or about the sky above you...or the ground below you. Here is my favorite haiku. Basho, considered the grandfather of haiku, wrote it in the fall of 1680.

*on a bare branch
a crow settled down
autumn evening*

The landing of crow on a bare branch—isn't that similar to how the autumn evening

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Four-monthly Poetry

For the love of it!

arrives? For this moment, do you feel a bit alone...maybe even a bit lonely? Of course, there is no “right or wrong” here—no two people read the same haiku, or for that matter any poem. See how much is told in a very few words? That is what I love about haiku.

Do you believe in miracles? When we write a haiku, we tell others what we experienced, not how we felt about it. If someone reads your haiku, re-experiences what you experienced, and gets his or her own feeling about it—maybe even the feeling you had—that is a miracle. I published this haiku in an online journal, *Getting Something Read*, about an autumn evening at our mountain cabin in Utah the night before a full moon:

*I lie awake cold;
my left thumb rests on my chin
below the chestnut moon*

A reader posted this comment:

A gusty day in New York, with leaves swirling about. Across the continent from Neal, I feel the autumn chill as well. Tonight I will look above for the chestnut moon.

That person’s response answers best the question, ‘Why do I love haiku?’ Haiku lets the reader have the last word. That is why on the bottom of the last page of a book of haiku we do not see the words, THE END.

~

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Contributors

Mary Jo Balistreri has two books of poetry, *Joy in the Morning and gathering the harvest*, published by Bellowing Ark Press; a chapbook, *Best Brothers*, published by Tiger's Eye Press. Forthcoming: poems in *The Centrifugal Eye*, *Tall Grass Writers*, *Quill and Parchment*, *Poetry of the Sacred* and *Re-Cycle Press*. Please visit maryjobalistreripoet.com for more information.

Jane Blanchard divides her time between Augusta and Saint Simon's Island, Georgia. Her work has appeared previously in *Kigo* and recently in *Boyne Berries*, *Mezzo Cammin*, and *Orbis*.

Wonja Brucker is a retired librarian who loves country living, gardening, hiking, and exploring nature. Through Haiku/Senryu, Tanka, and Sijo, she meditates. She is currently working on a memoir of her childhood during the Korean War. She lives in Upstate, NY, USA.

Tracy Davidson lives in Warwickshire, England, and enjoys writing poetry and flash fiction. Her work has appeared in various publications and anthologies, including: *Modern Haiku*, *Simply Haiku*, *Atlas Poetica*, *A Hundred Gourds*, *Mslexia*, *Journey to Crone*, and *The Right-Eyed Deer*.

Carol Deprez is a photographer who has found creating images with words as exciting as with film or pixels. She lives in Hartland, Wisconsin, USA.

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Contributors

Amber Donofrio is an undergraduate Writing and Art student who graduated from Ithaca College in Ithaca, New York this Spring. Focused primarily on creative nonfiction, she is an aspiring art critic who finds comfort in poetry.

Karin L Frank is an award-winning author who lives on a farm in the Kansas City area. Her first book of poems, *A Meeting of Minds*, was released in April, 2012.

Devin Harrison, a writer of regular poetry, recently became addicted to writing Tanka and Haiku/Senryu, which gives him more time for field study and less time for introspection. He has a degree in Asian Studies from the University of Toronto.

Diane Jackman's poetry has appeared in magazines and anthologies, including *The Rialto*, *Outposts*, *Words-Myth*. She won the Liverpool Poetry Festival competition, wrote the libretto for "Pinocchio" (Kings' Singers/LSO), has published seven children's books and many stories. Home is Norfolk, England.

M. Kei is a tall ship sailor and poet who edits *Bright Stars, An Organic Tanka Anthology*, and *Atlas Poetica. A Journal of Poetry of Place in Contemporary Tanka*. He recently published *January, A Tanka Diary*. Twitter @kujakupoet or visit AtlasPoetica.org.

Keely Khoury is a Wisconsinite who finds humour in the length of the UK TV weather forecasts. She loves science, sports and the colour midnight blue. Her visa status is "resident alien", and she writes at willnotbreedincaptivity.com.

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Contributors

Ilona Martonfi lives in Montreal, Quebec, Canada. Author of two poetry books, *Blue Poppy*, (Coracle Press, 2009.) *Black Grass*, (Broken Rules Press, 2012). Founder and producer of The Yellow Door and Visual Arts Centre Readings. QWF 2010 Community Award.

Kathleen Phillips lived for many years at the edge of the rolling hills of the Kettle Moraine in rural Wisconsin. She now writes from an apartment close to Lake Michigan. Kathleen's poetry reflects her love of both settings.

Ana Prundaru is an independent communications consultant living in Switzerland. In her spare time she enjoys the creative arts, including writing, photography and painting.

C.D. Reimer writes about the everyday reality that he finds weird, twisted and absurd for which most people accept as being perfectly normal. He lives and works in Silicon Valley, consoling hurt computers and fixing broken users.

Violette Rose-Jones is a Grad Student at Southern Cross University. She has been widely published in Japanese form poetry. She is married with a teenage son and five possessive female mice.

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Contributors

Paula Schulz walks in Pike Lake State Park, gardens, watches grandkids and writes whenever possible. She lives in Slinger, Wisconsin with her husband, Greg.

Michael Seese has published four books, not to mention a lot of flash fiction, short stories, and poems. Other than that, he spends his spare time rasslin' with three young'uns. Visit MichaelSeese.com to laugh with him or at him.

Debbie Strange is affiliated with The Writers' Collective of Manitoba (Canada) and several haiku and tanka organizations. Her work has received awards and has been published in international journals. She is also a singer-songwriter, photographer, gardener and nature lover.

Sneha Sundaram is a dancer, traveller, entrepreneur, poet and author-in waiting. Sneha is currently in Mumbai working on her start-up and a non-fiction book project that she hopes to publish sometime next year.

Rachel Sutcliffe is an active member of the British Haiku Society and the writing group Splinter4all and has her own blog at projectwords11.wordpress.com. She has been published in various anthologies and journals, both in print and online.

Pat Tompkins is an editor in the San Francisco Bay Area. Her tanka have appeared in the *Aurorean*, *red lights*, and *bottle rockets*.

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Tyson West is inspired by the variegated weather and sagebrush of Eastern Washington State, USA. He has published haiku in *Haiku Journal*, *50 Haikus*, *Three Line Poetry* and *World Haiku Review*. He also writes free verse, form verse and fiction.

Neal Whitman began to write general poetry in 2005 and haiku in 2008. With over 400 haiku published, he won honourable mention in the Haiku Society of America 2010 Brady Senryu and 2013 Henderson Haiku contests.

Cherise Wyneken's prose and poetry have appeared in numerous publications, two books and two chapbooks of poetry, two memoirs, a novel, children's book, children's audiocassette, a poetry column for the *Oakland Examiner* and was nominated for the 2013 Pushcart Poetry Prize. Visit her at authorsden.com/cherisewyneken.

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Kigo: Seasonal Words Four-monthly Poetry

ISSN 2055-3420

Published by Chuffed Buff Books Ltd., 2014

www.chuffedbuffbooks.com

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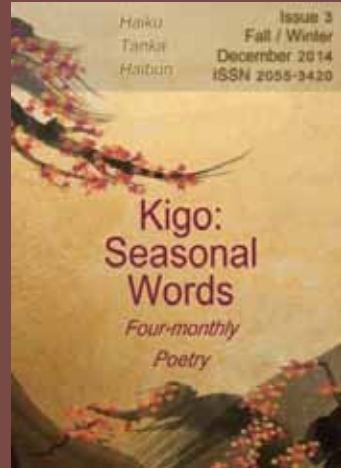
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Call for Submissions

Submissions are now open for the next issue of *Kigo: Seasonal Words* (December 2014). The focus of the third issue is 'Fall / Winter'. Submissions should reflect the nature of this season and make use of traditional kigo. In addition to haiku, a small selection of tanka and haibun will be considered.

Please visit the Chuffed Buff Books' website for full details and submission guidelines.

www.chuffedbuffbooks.com



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The deadline for all submissions to the Fall / Winter issue is 1 November 2014.

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ISSN 2055-3420

Published by Chuffed Buff Books Ltd., 2014

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