



Eucalypt eNews July 2019

Submissions to Issue 27 close 30 September!

Email up to 6 tanka to editor.eucalypt@gmail.com

Dear Poets and Friends,

I hope that by now *Eucalypt issue 26* has now arrived safely in your letter box.

It is my pleasure to announce the SCRIBBLE AWARDS for issue 26 (see below). It is never any easy task to choose favourite poems, but as usual our judges have stepped up to the task and written excellent responses which are online for all to read.

We also have an enjoyable collection of PET POETRY in this newsletter. Thank you to all the poets who participated in this light-hearted challenge to celebrate the animals who enhance our daily lives.

It is great to see some new voices submitting tanka to *Eucalypt: a tanka journal*. Submissions for issue 27 will be accepted from 1 September until 30 September. Notifications may be a little slower for issue 27, due to some important family events happening in the Thorndyke household. Thanks in advance for your patience!

*Warm wishes,
Julie*

THE SCRIBBLE AWARDS

The Scribble Awards recognise two outstanding poems from each issue of *Eucalypt*, selected and appraised by winners of the Awards in the previous issue.

And the winners from issue 26 are . . .

Mary Kendall

selected by Elliot Nicely

without warning
a leaf rises in the wind
then tumbles—
our need for forgiveness
so unexpected, too

— Mary Kendall

David Terelinck

selected by Liz Lanigan

the way her tears
are suddenly mine
how large
her children's eyes, how small
their empty rice bowls

— David Terelinck

The appraisals by Liz Lanigan and Elliot Nicely can be read on the Eucalypt website maintained by founding editor Beverley George <http://www.eucalypt.info/E-awards.html>

Congratulations to Mary and David who will be our award judges for issue 27!



PETS IN POETRY

I count to ten
as he decides
where to sleep . . .
that delicious thud
when he lands at my feet

Anne Curran

ears bent back
with my loving
olive green eyes—
this bundle of fur
jumpstarts my heart

Anne Curran

just as my thoughts
start to race
thinking what to do . . .
the brush of him from nowhere
against my lower leg

Anne Curran

a purring machine
she loves cantaloupe seeds
raw egg whites
and rubbing up against legs
my lovely orange tabby

Michael H. Lester

barking madly
our new puppy chases me
down the block
somehow my little legs
outrace my heart to safety

Michael H. Lester

the feral cat
eschews the comforts
of our home
for the company of alley cats
and various other unseemlies

Michael H. Lester

mom
chopping celery
in that granny dress
the budgie thinks
he's a pretty bird

Ignatius Fay

power outage
a thump and a few flutters
mom's budgie
waiting behind the fridge
when lights come on

Ignatius Fay

when mom died
her budgie became
depressed
less than a week later
he too died

Ignatius Fay

a quiet time
with classical music
but when the phone rings
my dog goes berserk!
. . . rising blood pressure

Barbara A. Taylor

no dinner tonight
a bowl of defrosting meat
gobbled in seconds
still, I expect my gut
will be happy

Barbara A. Taylor

obedience training
obedience training
obedience training
after all these years that dog
has a mind of her own

Barbara A. Taylor

adopted by a cat?
who would ever imagine
the catalyst
that filled the void
after the loss of our dog

Ken Sheerin

the fur family
where unconditional love
is mutual
after the abysmal failure
of marriage and family

Ken Sheerin

brilliant fireworks
and sound of explosions
on New Year's Eve...
when I awake, my dog's gone
dead birds litter the ground

Ken Sheerin



once in a while
I hear him whinnying
in my dreams
Chico the Shetland pony
does not die from neglect

Amelia Fielden

cherry blossoms
less beautiful this spring
without my dog
walking the park trails ---
first solo season

Amelia Fielden

vermilion breast
in a camouflage of leaves
King Parrot
safe, high on my ash tree,
purring puss on my lap

Amelia Fielden

my best friend my dog
had only six years of life
and spent it with me
I don't want any others
no replacement in love

Mira N. Mataric

we called her Daisy
because King Alfred daffodils
was too fanciful
Carlton a revolving doorman
and Buttercup would run away

Ron Scully

clawing her way
across the finished floor
Zarathustra
scratches out the eyes of
midnight
hour of the wolf at the door

Ron Scully

Black Jack muzzles
into a foot of heavy snow
smells something buried
a mystery or bone
lie or lastly the truth

Ron Scully

a magpie
has adopted me
each day
he comes closer
to claim his treat

Keitha Keyes

my dog
is a grand master
of eye contact . . .
he makes sure
all his needs are met

Keitha Keyes



a resident
in the nursing home
stares at
a cockatoo in its cage . . .
this shared imprisonment

Keitha Keyes

sounds of shuffling
at the top of the stairs
a tail wags
shaggy white labradoodle
waiting to greet us

Paul Williamson

ten years old
slow but healthy
sleeping more
family companion dog
always loves a walk

Paul Williamson

near the door
standing beside us
curly brown
waiting to run at the park
chasing other dogs

Paul Williamson

Ossie dog
from the kayak bow
points the way ...
a day on the river
in his yellow life vest

Marilyn Humbert

together
in companionable silence
with little nudges . . .
attuned to my every mood
a comforting presence missed

Beatrice Yell

alone on the ridge
with the wind in our hair
the old Apso and I
watch the sun light up
the first rhododendron blooms

Sonam Chhoki

reluctant
to walk in the rain
I coax the Apso
with his favourite biscuit
all the way and back

Sonam Chhoki
noticing the snowdrops
the bluebells, the leaf fall
and even the snowfall,
still—there's an absence
without your paw trail

Joanna Ashwell

I try to resist
the four-legged pull
magnetised
to any dog
searching for your eyes

Joanna Ashwell

tearful
I gather the shards
the broken mug
more than its parts
my dog's image lingers

Joanna Ashwell

a glossy black coat
with a white shirt front
alas my furry Jeeves
rubs around my feet
no more

Judith Ahmed

Misty the new kitten
licks like sandpaper
disturbs Portia to play
hissed at again
she scratches my ankles

Judith Ahmed

a ruff and a deafening bark
cinnamon between silky ears
strong teeth crunch bones
yet he licks my hand
takes food from it

Judith Ahmed

empty spaces
left by life's disappointments . . .
her marriage bed
vibrates with the purring
of a multitude of cats

Michele L Harvey

coming up empty
in the lottery of love
she places a bet
on the dog pound puppy
gives him the name of Chance

Michele L Harvey

what do I know
of love's elasticity . . .
always enough
room for one more
cat on my lap

Michele L Harvey

wedding plans . . .
her dog will wear a ribbon
for the photos—
a room for couple with dog
is already booked

Mary Gunn

I was here first . . .
our ginger tabby
on the garden wall
unmoved by next door's new
dog
barking furiously at her

Mary Gunn

our teenage son
stroking the family dog
at the vet's
sadness welling up
on this last visit

Mary Gunn

home from the clinic
he watches my every move
without much ado
this family companion
becomes a fierce guardian

Sonam Chhoki



Classic Poem

in this world
love has no colour—
yet how deeply
my body
is stained by yours

Izumi Shikibu

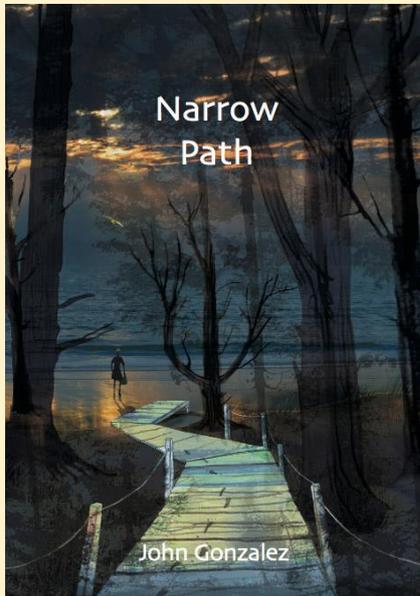
BOOK NOTES

Publications we have heard about . . .

Please send your book news to:
editor.eucalypt@gmail.com

Narrow Path

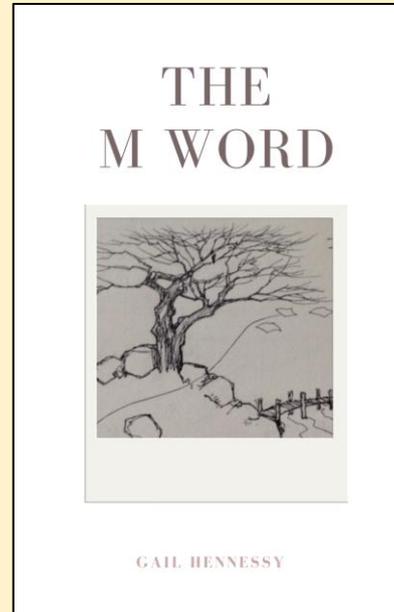
tanka by John Gonzales



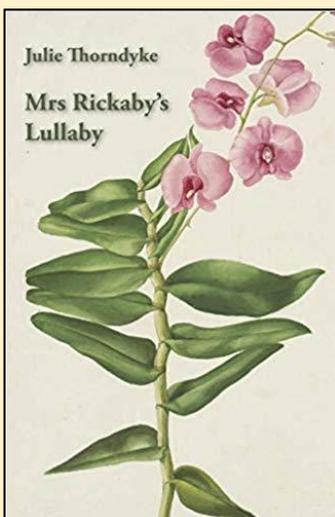
Alba Publishing, 2019. 12 GBP
<http://www.albapublishing.com/>

The M Word

by Gail Hennessy



Girls on Key, 2019. \$20
[more information](#)



[more information](#)

Mrs Rickaby's Lullaby

by Julie Thorndyke

Mrs Eileen Rickaby, a semi-retired botanical illustrator and Orchid Society member with a penchant for Mozart, lives a quiet ordered life with Missy, her cat. Her tranquillity is disturbed when close friend and neighbour Irene brings home a twice-widowed younger man of dubious character, and introduces him as her future husband. Petty theft, vandalism and violence disrupt the peaceful retirement village. How can Mrs Rickaby protect her friend from this con-man lover?

Ginninderra Press \$27.50



Subscriptions for 2019

If you would like a PayPal invoice emailed to you for your 2019 *Eucalypt: a tanka journal* subscription, please [email me](#) as soon as possible.

Local cheques should be made out to Julie Thorndyke, please.

Overseas cheques cannot be accepted.

PayPal is available.

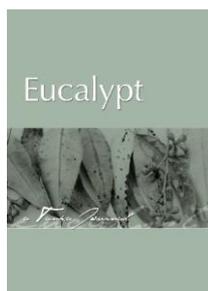


Thank you for your support!

Missed a Eucalypt newsletter?

Back issues are archived [HERE](#)

<https://jthorndyke.wordpress.com/eucalypt-a-tanka-journal/>



SUBMISSION CLOSING DATES:

MARCH 31
SEPTEMBER 30

Please email poems to
editor.eucalypt@gmail.com

With the subject line:
Submission – [your surname here]

Australian subscriptions still only \$30 AUD.
\$40 for NZ and Japan subscribers;
\$50 AUD for other international subscribers.
PayPal is available.

ABOUT EUCALYPT

Eucalypt is the first Australian journal devoted to this ancient Japanese poetry genre.

Japanese waka (now called tanka) are five-segmented poems. In English, they are usually written in five lines. Often they address profound human emotions, such as love or mourning, but can also be used to record everyday experience.

The genre is 1300 years old, but is surprisingly relevant to the way we think and feel today.

Eucalypt is a print magazine which showcases contemporary tanka poetry written in the English language, and publishes only those poems its editors consider to be of the highest standard.

Its objectives are to offer wider publication opportunities to tanka poets and to make more people aware of the delights of reading and writing tanka.

There are two issues per year, in May and in November

Julie Thorndyke
3 Forest Knoll
Castle Hill 2154
NSW AUSTRALIA
editor.eucalypt@gmail.com