

Eucalypt eNews March 2020

Submissions to Issue 28 close 31st March 2020
Email up to 6 tanka to editor.eucalypt@gmail.com

Dear Poets and Friends,

Thank you to all the poets who responded to my billabong photograph and weather writing challenge with these lovely words!

I visited the pond last month, and it was no longer dry. Not brimful as in the picture, but deep enough for a pair of native ducks to be swimming and snacking happily on the surface.

In the same area, there is a healthy, wild koala population. A picture of one of the wild creatures below. After the trauma of bushfire and flood, it is wonderful to be able to share some optimism in this world of trouble and change.

I look forward to your submissions for *Eucalypt* issue 28. Acknowledgments and acceptances for this issue may take a little longer than usual, and the journal will be published in June.

Thank you for your patience and support.

Warm wishes,

Julie



Eucalypt Writing Challenge

WEATHER



when I looked
at these leaves of gold -
they turned
just for a moment
to leaves of flame

Michael Thorley



crack and flash
of the thickening storm
I search the clouds
above tinder-box forests
and wait . . .

Marilyn Humbert

the sky
a searing endless blue
where are
the gentle rains
of my childhood

Michele L. Harvey



brooding sky
deep black clouds
gather in eerie silence—
my mind still
not made up

Anne Curran



billabongs
are painted grey
lament
kindling dry eucalypts
tempt lightning into fire

Paul Williamson

water, water
nowhere, nowhere to drink . . .
in toxic air
birds fly over hollowed mud
into a deadly future

Amelia Fielden

eucalypts . . .
rooted
in cracked soil
wait to see
their reflections again

Rain Lee

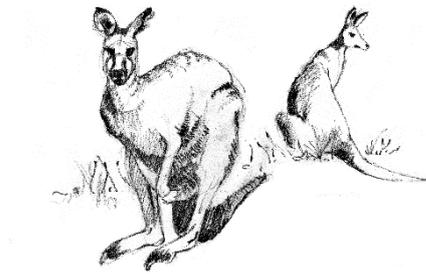
driving into
a sky of rain clouds
brooding—
a few raindrops fall
shattering the heat

Anne Curran



the sun
with a blackened eye
scorches the earth
as toxic air billows
flares around us

Joanna Ashwell



Down Under
envisioned by Dante
fire or ice
Iceland without land
R. Frost v. G. Orwell

Neal Whitman

silver rims on gloom
of laden conquerors
in the sky
dried out creeks and dying trees
pray in their thirst to the clouds

Paul Williamson

the billabong
a leaf infused drink
for local fauna
beneath sunlit canopy
of stringy bark trees



Ken Sheerin

from family farms
where crops and stocks are dying
rice cotton guzzle
waterless the Murray-Darling
all the giant fish lie dead

Virginia Lowe

all is still
in this dappled shade
but on a turn of wings
plains once dry
are now filled with tears

Joanna Ashwell



indoors
almost all of the time
out of the smoke
through Spring and Summer
as picnic time burns

Paul Williamson



“denial”
a river in Egypt
an old joke, yes?
who’s laughing now, maybe
Falstaff in New South Wales

Neal Whitman

the overcast day
that the world brings to my door . . .
all or nothing
just like the farmer says
as he prepares to sell his farm

Michele L. Harvey

Subscriptions for 2020

If you would like a PayPal invoice emailed to you for your 2020 *Eucalypt: a tanka journal* subscription, please [email me](#) as soon as possible.

Cheques should be made out to Julie Thorndyke, please.
Overseas cheques incur a deposit fee, so PayPal is preferable.

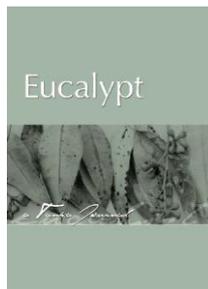
Thank you for your support!



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