

Eucalypt eNews July 2021

Eucalypt

A Tanka Journal

CELEBRATING
30
ISSUES

Submissions to Issue 31 close 30 September 2021

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

Dear Poets and Friends,

News may have got around that I was the fortunate recipient of the Artist in Residence program at The Old School, Mt Wilson during June. I had a wonderful, inspiring and challenging month, in which I visited many lovely places at Mt Wilson and Mt Irvine in the Blue Mountains region of New South Wales, and enjoyed hours of focused creative writing time on a new project. I know that the northern hemisphere readers will laugh when I say that I revelled in one sparkling morning of virgin snow!

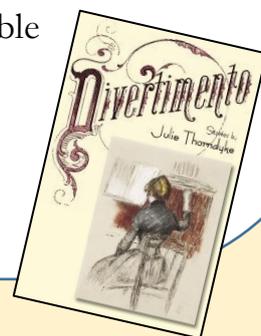
Another highlight of my stay was a reading and book launch in the village hall. Three of our *Eucalypt* poets were kind enough to drive up for the event (pictured below with me: Anne Benjamin, Kent Robinson, and Rugmini Venkatraman).



Anne and I read a tanka sequence from her book *Gemstones*. The audience was interested to find out more about tanka poetry, and Judy Tribe (organiser of the AIR program) kindly launched my book of short stories *Divertimento*.

All this excitement after having mailed out subscriber copies of our thirtieth issue of *Eucalypt* before leaving home for the mount. If you still need one, please email me. Thank you to everyone who sent 'memoir tanka' to help celebrate issue thirty! Your poems are included in this e-news, also the Distinctive Scribble awards and book news from my mail bag.

Warmest wishes, *Julie*



THE SCRIBBLE AWARDS

It is my pleasure to announce the SCRIBBLE AWARDS for issue 30.

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

The winners from issue 30 are . . .

Carole MacRury

the calcium rattle
of empty sea-tossed shells—
I gather them
as I gathered your bony hands
into the warmth of my own

— *Carole MacRury*

selected by Margi Abraham

Mary Kendall

sooty spirals
of chimney swifts
chittering as they soar—
so much of our lives
spent following others

— *Mary Kendall*

selected by Carolyn Eldridge-Alfonzetti

The appraisals can be read on the Eucalypt website maintained by founding editor Beverley George <http://www.eucalypt.info/E-awards.html> Congratulations to Carole and Mary, who are invited to be our award judges for issue 31!

Classic Poem

Blow, cherry blossoms,
in the wind from the mountains;
blow in swirling clouds
and make our guest tarry here,
lost amid flying petals.

Henjō (816–890)
Trans. Stephen Carter

Memoir Tanka

What were you doing at 30?

second year uni
so much to discover
before
dropping out—
the magpies sing

Owen Bullock

get-away car
chugging up Brown Mountain
to the refuge ...
I reclaim my *nee* name
and my dignity

Liz Lanigan



new migrant . . .
blooming in my heart
this dazed joy
having escaped a civil war
to try to start all over

Samantha Sirimanne Hyde

back in time
deep in rainforest
rushing streams
and slippery boulders
life in front

Gerry Jacobson

working out to
'When the Lion Sleeps Tonight'
sweat dripping -
as the Instructor bellows
I move around the circuit

Anne Curran

from Texan sun
to London pea soup fogs
and a train to work
our baby boy is born
before the snow falls

Paul Williamson

at thirty
I wanted
what I have now—
how many breaths brought me
to this point?

Erina Booker

at thirty
for two brief years
a no-frills
northern gal fails at living
the life of a southern belle

Carole MacRury

never again
will I stuff a blueberry
into each cherry
just to impress
the boss's wife

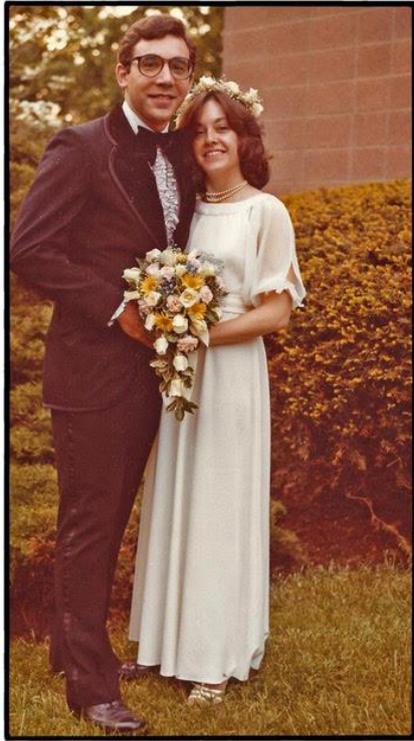
Alexis Rotella

we drove to work
under an African sky
weaver bird nests
suspending memories
in a high-veld sunrise

Carole Harrison

I asked you
for reflection and action ...
life together
with hope for peace
at home and in the world

Neal Whitman



Neal & Elaine Whitman,
May 20, 1978, both 30

I always
wanted to be
a mother
just not every day
of my life

Naomi Beth Wakan

now thirty —
laughing and crying
he's on his knee
with a tear in my eye
yes, I will

Pat Geyer

insatiable need
moon-bellied female consumed
species lesser known
the proverbial oyster
was supposed to shuck itself

Jeannie Haughton

breast-feeding
sweet ten-day old daughter,
I listen
to rebel fire in Rabat ---
myself at thirty

Amelia Fielden

it's past midnight
I pore over records
in the ward
a train hoots somewhere
my mind travels homeward

Subir Ningthouja

celebrating
Santa Day in South America
hot Paraguay
secretly I am dreaming of
rainy and cool Europe

Ruth Zuckschwerdt

when I was thirty
four years and five months ago
I loved someone
who made me see the clear air
in the clouds, they are still there

Aidan Samuel Cain Kenner



Gayle Sweeper

thirty journeys
aboard a blue green spacecraft
orbiting the sun,
seasons change, time unleashed
as moments merge into memories

Vincent Brincat



the Boston air
bursts with new blossoms
thirty and counting
my work friends fest me
with candles and cake

Pris Campbell

after the flight
I unpack memories
of my homeland
the refrigerator door
shows off Taj Mahal

Vijay Joshi

a new house
a son just born
I didn't feel old enough
at thirty
for either of these

Tony Beyer

leaving behind the darkness
of city lights
to renovate an old homestead
and in the stillness of evening
I gaze upon the Milky Way

Lyn Yates

heartbroken
with unpleasant
memories
I take my child in my arms
and show her the sun and stars

Lakshmi Iyer

our dinner at a bistro
on Christmas Eve in Athens--
telling them it's my birthday
a waiter offered me a glass of wine;
the beginning of my turbulent life

Kiyoko Ogawa

another house-move
a smiling child, one in tears
the unfamiliar
everything jumbled
creaks in the night

Marilyn Humbert

thirty today
and I'm stuck in bed kneading
my parcel from Mum:
a cool mohair sweater or . . .
a bear in a flying suit! Right.

Helen Buckingham

colourful and
busy fluttering around
Monarch style
a social butterfly
searching for life's purpose

Tom Staudt

old sewing skills
my aunts and mother taught me
re-emerge
fill the hours on lonely nights
my husband absent often

Beverley George

evening shadows climb
along the Tarrengower hills
soon it will be sunset ---
kookaburras chorusing
their galaxy of laughs

Katherine Gallagher

cross-country
my first wife and three cats
in the Buick
we ditch the motor city
for Hollywood and Vine

Michael H Lester

having planned
far ahead
... I smile
catching a glimpse of me at 30
with long wish list

Amrutha Prabhu



IN MY MAILBAG

New books . . .

I've had some nice surprises in the mail over the past months.

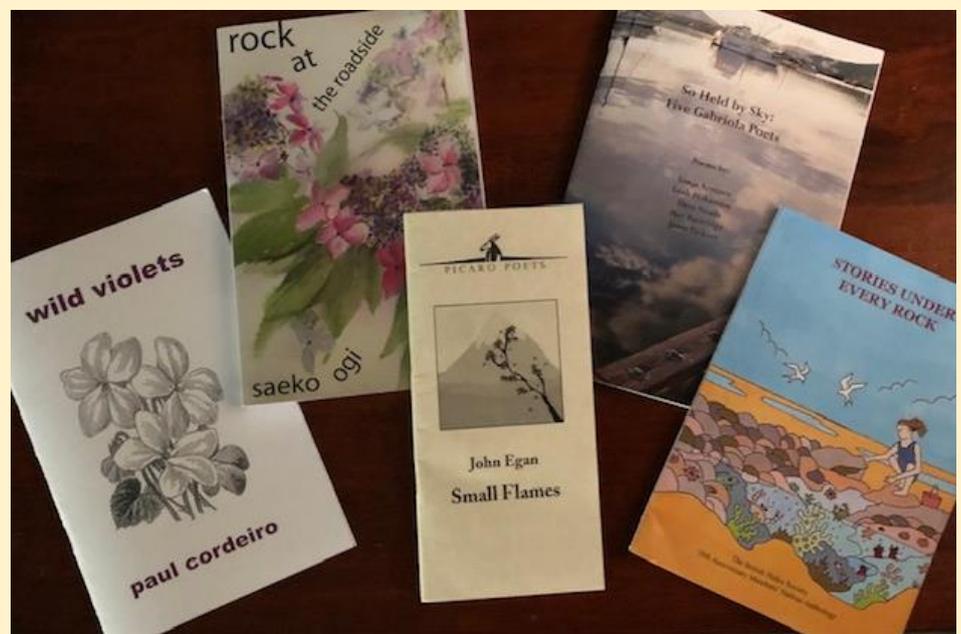
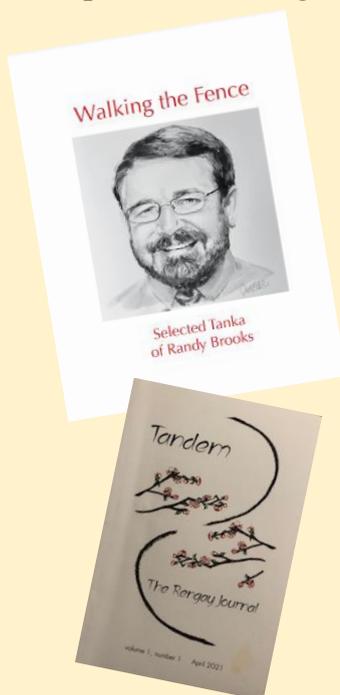
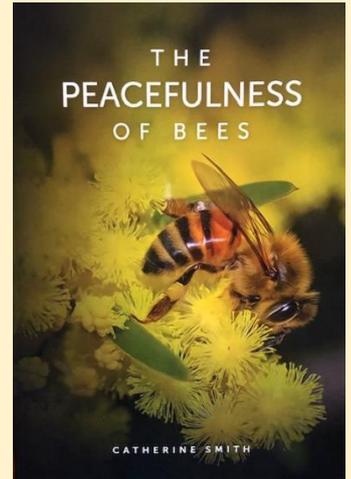
A shout out to all these poets whose books I have read and enjoyed:

Catherine Smith's enchanting new poetry collection entitled *The Peacefulness of Bees* is illustrated by *Eucalypt's* illustrator, **Pim Sarti**.

Saeko Ogi's [*Rock at the roadside*](#) translated by **Amelia Fielden**, is full of authentic, real and honest poems recording the life of a poet whose life spans two countries, cultures and languages.

So Held by Sky: Five Gabriola Poets— poems by **Sonja Arntzen**, Leach Hokanson, Dave Neads, May Partridge and Janet Vickers, in which five distinct voices confront the pain and confusion of a world in the grip of a pandemic. **Paul Cordeiro's** thoughtfully presented chapbook [*wild violets*](#) is a mix of haiku and tanka written with a light, impressionistic touch. **John Egan's** [*Small Flames*](#) in the pocket-sized Picaro Poets series shows how well this format marries with short form poetry. Seventy-two tanka on twenty-eight pages reveal a consistent, intimate voice often addressing a loved 'you'. I also received from **Seren Fargo** Issue 1 Volume 1 of a new renga journal, [*Tandem*](#) which I'm sure will be of interest to poets working collaboratively with friends near and far.

Randy Brooks' [*Walking the Fence*](#) offers a range of lean and elegant tanka that are 'raw and spontaneous expressions of spiritual or psychological journeys' and I particularly relate to his description of writing tanka as a 'two-step' process with a leap of faith into the poetic unknown.



Subscriptions for 2021

Cheques should be made out to Julie Thorndyke, please.

Overseas cheques incur a deposit fee, so PayPal is preferable.

Online payment buttons have been added to my website for your convenience.

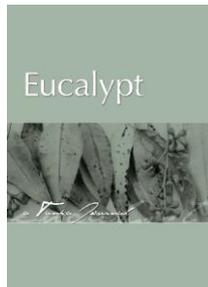
<https://juliethorndyke.com/eucalypt-a-tanka-journal/>

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.
Single issue \$15.
\$40 for NZ and Japan subscribers.
\$50 AUD for other international**

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