

Eucalypt eNews February 2022

Eucalypt

A Tanka Journal

CELEBRATING
30
YEARS

Submissions to Issue 32 close 31 March 2022

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

Dear Poets and Friends,

I recently had the opportunity to enjoy an online talk by one of my favourite poets, Jane Hirshfield. One of the things she said resonated with me particularly: “everything changes”. These words are particularly poignant at this time, as we mourn the loss of one of *Eucalypt’s* longest participating poets and loyal subscribers, the talented Maine poet Kirsty Karkow.

I had the privilege of sharing poetry with, and learning from, Kirsty through email over many years. Her generosity, wisdom and wit set the tone for a close and lasting friendship between a small group of international tanka poets, whose company has been very important in my poetry journey.

Kirsty published her short form poems widely. Her books *water poems* (2005) and *shorelines* (2007) are treasured volumes on my bookshelves, and in the collections of poets near and far. Kirsty was active in The Tanka Society Of America. She understood the intuitive rhythms and techniques of both haiku and tanka.

When discussing poetry, love, and life with Kirsty online, I always had the sense of a life well-lived. We miss you, Kirsty. Thank you for your poems and for your company on the journey.

Warmest wishes,

Julie



THE SCRIBBLE AWARDS

It is my pleasure to announce the SCRIBBLE AWARDS for issue 31.

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 31 are . . .

Jan Foster

lockdown—
in the shifting shadows
as night fades
I wonder have I woken
into someone else's life

—*Jan Foster*

selected by Carole MacRury

Mira Walker

half moon
tobogganing down
my skylight frame
the hurtling, halting
ways of winter dreams

—*Mira Walker*

selected by Mary Kendall

The appraisals can be read on the Eucalypt website maintained by founding editor Beverley George <http://www.eucalypt.info/E-awards.html> Congratulations to Jan and Mira who are invited to be our award judges for issue 32!

Classic Poem

I think I am
one with the river
growing broader
quieter as it flows
toward the endless sea

Kirsty Karkow

Limestone Poets Farewell

Sometimes things don't go as well as expected

Given the need for Covid 19 lockdowns in most states during 2021, this year has been harder than most. Unfortunately to add to this dilemma, and due to my ill health since December last year, I closed *Limestone Tanka Poets*, mid-year, a group I founded in 2009 that ran for ten years.

The friendship and sharing of knowledge during that time was prenominal and is something from which we all benefited. Two LTPs judged tanka competitions (Hazel Hall and Michelle Brock), many won tanka awards internationally as well as Australia, become tanka editors (Kathy Kituai for *Cattails* and Liz Lanigan for *Ribbons*), published two anthologies (*Ragged Edges* and *Ink to Paper*) gave poetry readings at Manning Clark House and Smiths Alternative café and had three events at Heritage Festival, April this year. The LTP annual retreats at Blackburn Homestead bonded us as a group and high-quality guest speakers like Beverley George, David Terelinck, Meredith McKinney, Judith Crispen, Lizz Murphy, Cheryl Jobs, Jane Baker, Marilyn Humbert, Moya Pacey gifted us with their expertise.

Sometimes things we wish for come true.

Even though tanka is now being workshopped more and more in ACT writing groups, and poets are attempting to write it, it was hoped that another tanka group with another name might reopen and take us all in a new direction.

Lyrebird Tanka Circle is up and running and by all accounts, is creating new pathways and objectives. May this new group go well. There's always room for change.

Thank you, *Limestone Tanka Poets* members (18 overall), for all that was shared and your input in making tanka well-known over the decade when we were a group.

Kathy Kituai, founder and facilitator of *Limestone Tanka Poets*, 2011 – 2021



Finger Melodies

Maria Steyn and Kirsty Karkow

almost spring . . .
the neighbor's daughter
plays "Fur Elise"

snap! snap! snapping
the stems off fresh green beans

dance studio
the click of castanets
behind a red door

the monk
never skips a bead . . .
muffled mantras

a boy shakes his bucket
river pebbles glisten

final exam
her bright nails drumming
on the desk



(First Place HPNC Rengay Contest 2002)

Friendships forged through poetry

How better to express the depth and validity of long-term friendships with people never met than with these words penned by Kirsty Karkow and dedicated to South African poet, Maria Steyn. The tanka was first published in *Castles in the Sand: Tanka Society of America 2003 Members Anthology* and later included in *water poems* Black Cat Press, 2005

apricot moon
painting a rippled path
across the water
far away I have a friend
who shares its light with me

Kirsty Karkow

I feel privileged to have enjoyed regular contact with Kirsty Karkow for twenty years and to have published many of her poems. Kirsty's passing is a loss to the international poetry world and to those who knew her well. She will be sorely missed.

Beverley George

Editor *Yellow Moon* issues 9-20; 1997-2006; *Eucalypt: a tanka journal* issues 1-21; 2006-2016 and of *Windfall: Australian Haiku* issues 1-13 2013-2022. President the Australian Haiku Society 2006-10 Convenor: The Fourth Haiku Pacific Rim Conference 2009.





Kirsty Karkow

tanka published in

Yellow Moon and *Eucalypt* issues 1- 20

old storybook
a spray of violets
pressed between pages
memories of the summer
we walked green fields
together

Kirsty Karkow
Yellow Moon 10, Summer
2001

each morning
sandwiched between
earphones
he does not hear
a loon's vibrato voice
nor the lapping water

Kirsty Karkow
Yellow Moon 11, Winter
2002

frozen pond
how it groans and moans . . .
as it cracks
I understand the pain
of opening to one's depths

Kirsty Karkow
Yellow Moon 13, Winter
2003 Tanka 2nd place
water poems Black Cat
Press, 2005

shot with snowflakes
my image in the window
all a tremble
I hug myself – the pain
of never-ending war

Kirsty Karkow
Yellow Moon 16 Summer
2004 Tanka HC

like clockwork
at breakfast time
she walks by
slightly behind
her growing belly

Kirsty Karkow
Yellow Moon Winter 2006
Tanka 1st Place

could be
she is a saint
this quiet woman
who washes dishes
all and every day

Kirsty Karkow
Eucalypt Issue 1, 2006

nothing
can match this feeling
bone-deep
the child who went to war
sleeps in his old bed

Kirsty Karkow
Eucalypt Issue 8 2010

the wise thoughts
of a seasoned taxi driver
his assistance
with my suitcase
and also inner baggage

Kirsty Karkow
Eucalypt Issue 11 2011

I slam the lid
on Pandora's box –
slap and swat
the swarming problems
that never can be solved

Kirsty Karkow
Eucalypt Issue 12 2012

it was the glow
the shine of other worlds . . .
I had to have
the clay and rattan pot
that spoke of old Japan

Kirsty Karkow
Eucalypt Issue 13 2012

nearing eighty –
I study vapour trails
of memories . . .
adventures and passions
the wisdoms of hindsight

Kirsty Karkow
Eucalypt Issue 16 2014

look at us –
each in our own cocoon
until the day
we fly through time
and graduate again

Kirsty Karkow
Eucalypt Issue 18 2015

eyes meet
across a bin of apples
I know her!
fruit and vegetables scatter
as we meet

Kirsty Karkow
Eucalypt Issue 20 2016

diaphanous
impossible to grasp
the strange auras
that like Homer's sibyls
emerge from tree-dark caves

Kirsty Karkow
Eucalypt Issue 21 2016

Kirsty Karkow

tanka published in *Eucalypt* issues 21-29



diaphanous
impossible to grasp
the strange auras
that like Homer's Sibyls
emerge from tree-dark caves

Kirsty Karkow

pushing my finger
deep into this plastic
cup
of spring violets
how dry—this bashful love
that I hoped would blossom

Kirsty Karkow

the morning star
between bare branches . . .
as I marvel
this world of pain turns
steadily through space

Kirsty Karkow

city sidewalk
dusk blurs the buildings
as lights blink on . . .
look! an open bookshop
that I cannot walk past

Kirsty Karkow

rhythmic shuttles
and weavers' quiet mantras
one small mistake
is slipped into each carpet
. . . only god is perfect

Kirsty Karkow

this awesome moon
named blue, red and super,
drags salt water
higher than ever seen
above the rockbound shore

Kirsty Karkow

growing
from a worn out stump
an oak seedling
shows me once again
how to not give up

Kirsty Karkow

a swallow skims
the surface of the pond
barely sipping
I wish I had drunk deeper
of all my parents offered

Kirsty Karkow

airborne
wildflower seeds twirl
in the sun
and I among them
running toward you

Kirsty Karkow

monarchs glide
over milkweed meadows
never to be mowed . . .
this gift of land gone wild
to encourage flights of gold

Kirsty Karkow

rocky cliffs
and a sunset view . . .
the feeling
that I am no closer
to heaven than before

Kirsty Karkow

eyes closed
expression calm
he is dead
in these few moments
my whole world collapses

Kirsty Karkow

sixty years
pushed into the past
a thick beige book
full of tales and adventures
as I move on . . . alone

Kirsty Karkow

windblown feathers
a cluster of baby turkeys
trot across the lawn
finding their way
in a world new to them

Kirsty Karkow



*I could balance
between your arms
on that bar.
let's tackle this maze
of cobbled streets*

tanka: Kirsty karkow

image: jim gaa

<http://www.haigaonline.com/issue11-1/editorschoice/slides/07.html>



desdemona
squirrels crown her head
with acorns

Sculpture and haiku by Kirsty Karkow

Subscriptions for 2022

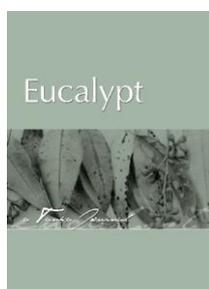
Online payment buttons have been added to my website for your convenience.
<https://juliethorndyke.com/eucalypt-a-tanka-journal/>

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 per year.**

\$40 AUD for NZ 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

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