

*Journal of the Bindii Japanese Genre
Poetry Group Volume 2 2015*

Haiku Bindii

Willow Light





knee deep in summer wheat

the yellow farmhouse

Haiga by Belinda Broughton

Haiku Bindii

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A Hundred Gourds: 'converted church'. *Acorn:* 'a clutch of wild rice'. *Creatrix:* 'grinning gardener', 'missing birds'.
Eucalypt: a tanka journal: 'bellowing from', 'chemistry cannot hide', 'coffee shop', 'cows bellow', 'electric pink', 'my father's harangue', 'today I'll enjoy the warmth', 'travelling'.
FreeXpression: 'crows in the pines'. *Gusts:* 'so many openings', 'the day we cooked', 'white topped mount Fuji', 'your open talk'.
Haibun Today: 'My morning', 'Sleep'. *The Melody Lingers On* (ed Amelia Fielden): 'she wanted'. *paper wasp:* 'just another'. *Presence:* 'Christmas buffet', 'drying out'. *Shiki Kukai:* 'cuckoos calling'. *Sketchbook:* 'dinner party chill'. *Still Heading Out* (eds Jacqui Murray & Katherine Samuelowicz): 'night window', 'waltz'. *The Tanka Journal* (Japan): 'a wisp of smoke', 'holding the umbrella', 'playing the Rach 2'. *Windfall:* 'flood debris', 'ripple'. *World Haiku Review:* 'spring cleaning', 'squashed in a rack'. *Writers on Parade:* 'Japanese class'.

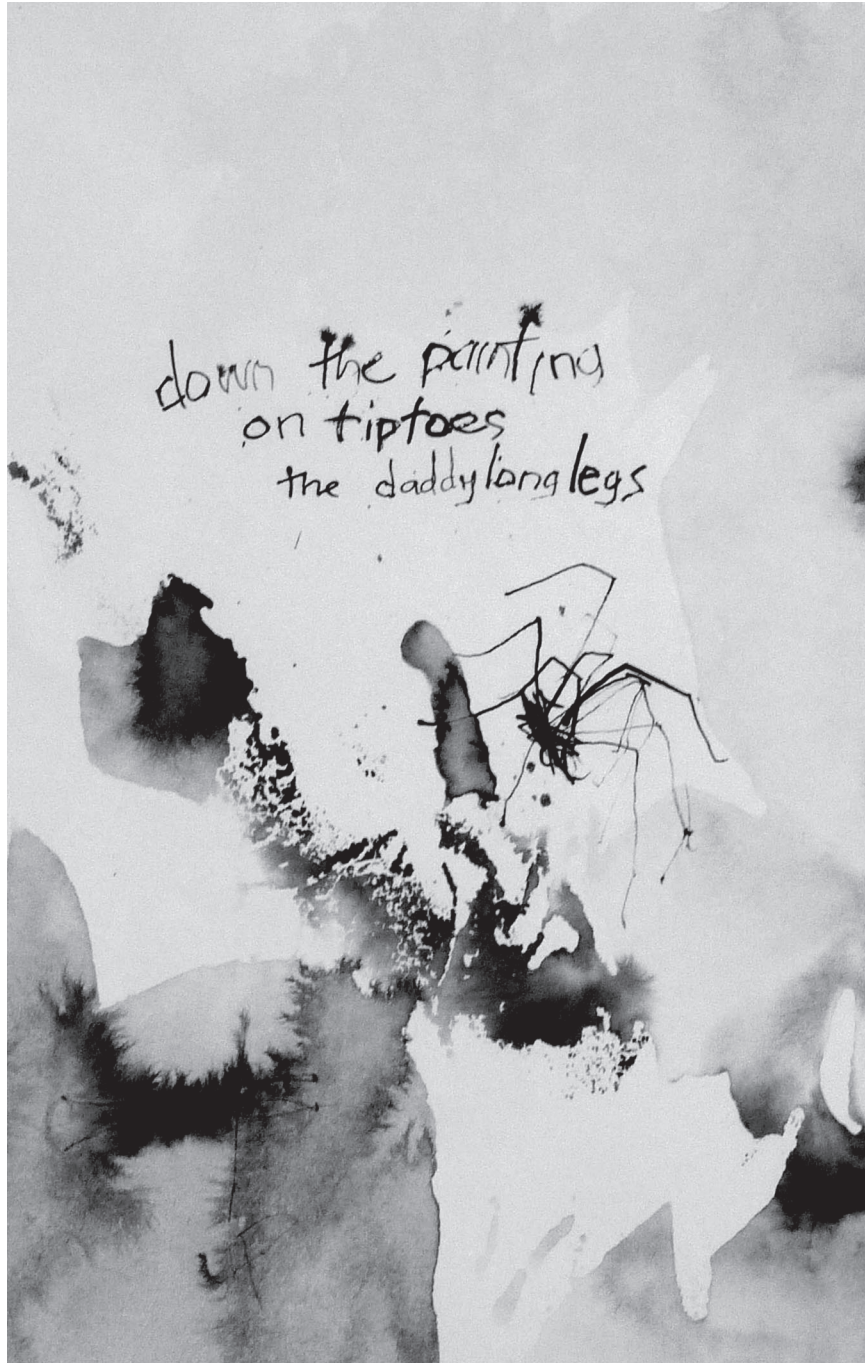
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BELINDA BROUGHTON

JUDITH AHMED

chemistry cannot hide
my parting's silver
my passion now
for heirloom china
and my ageing cat

today I'll enjoy the warmth
and fragrance of this first spring day
without
wishing myself
in another time or place

a wolf visage
betrays Alsatian heritage
I keep him away
but sometimes my pat
slides into a caress

JUDITH AHMED

Trash or Treasure

The morning feels cool enough for my long sleeved top; after the heat wave a blissful change has arrived, a good reason to go out. So I accompany Mohamed to the monthly household auction at Gawler. On the way we pass open fields, then the site of the food auction he always went to on Wednesdays. 'Even if we need nothing,' he says, 'you never know what I might miss.' True, early on they do have plants, and live animals and birds mostly destined for the pot, with dirty tools and junk outside; but it seems boring, with all the waiting around.

Here it is different. Inspecting some plants, a matron informs me that they are all sold, and those belong to her. 'Sorry, it's my first time,' I say, 'I'm in heaven here.' Most of her plants are begonias, she tells me; I only recognise the small one, although the leaves on the larger plants seem familiar.

Actually I'm not that keen on cacti myself, but in some parts of our garden almost everything dies or the dog spoils it. 'I don't like this one,' she says, letting me have it for two dollars.

pale green rosettes
flowers on stalks —
succulent

The ambiance excites me. I notice a lovely garden setting of two heritage green chairs and a table. 'How much?' I ask the auctioneer.

'Eighty five dollars.'

'Why is it so expensive?'

'They're cast iron, hard to get now – the new ones are aluminium.'

I nod, thinking how they would grace our garden under the spreading apricot tree. Then I see a dining table with

six chairs upholstered in moss green; two vertical yellow stripes, each side of a cream stripe, with wavy stitching dancing on either side, match front and back and on the seat. We explore other furniture, but find nothing else.

Mohamed looks through the smaller items for something useful, while I marvel at the crockery and porcelain. I love china; only the lack of cupboards, especially those with glass doors, stops me buying more. Usually I fantasise that even cheap modern china in small shops or the crockery and odd plates Mohamed brings home from the auction, may one day become antiques.

We bid for the dining chairs, get them for six dollars each and some cardboard boxes of crockery and small items. Everyone takes their purchases. Then men in pick-ups and vans enter with a gush of exhaust fumes; like locusts they clear and pack away everything else. They are traders who sell second hand goods. I watch them until Mohamed returns with the trailer for the journey home; through Gawler, driving fast past the site of the Wednesday auction, past the open fields I love, back into suburbia to our house, to unpack our trash and treasure.

bric-a-brac
and furniture
the stuff of lives

JUDITH AHMED

I say hello
picture Mum in Xmas debris
and long to help her
instead of hearing men plead
in the name of Allah

this phone booth
stifles as people shop
hearing carols
dust and heat here
I wish I were there

hot winds drive flames
as we pray for rain
I remember this adage
every day above ground
is a good day



my fire fear

in the voice of a crow

north wind

BELINDA BROUGHTON

JUDITH AHMED

a lost remote
turns the house inside out
sparking debate
strange how this argument
could lead to tenderness

leaves streak yellow
on earth mulch
Axminster carpet

bare arms
clutch the sky
the coral tree in winter

KARIN ANDERSON

missing birds
the question marks
of cat tails

spring cleaning
my vacuum sucks up
pitch black winter blues

cuckoos calling
grandma dances barefoot
with a ghost

grinning gardener
rhubarb's lurid legs
dance the can can

posh salad dressing
she puts on
her hostess face

dinner party chill
a snap pea
cuts the silence

KARIN ANDERSON

A Needle In A Haystack

*"Stitch - stitch - stitch,
In poverty, hunger and dirt,
Sewing at once, with a double thread,
A Shroud as well as a Shirt."**

My father was a tailor by trade and one stitch needs to be repeated over three thousand times to hand sew a suit. My mother was a seamstress and my parents recited many poems to me, but more often, a plaintive poem called *'The Song of the Shirt'*.

black tacks of thread
sew dawn to darkness
just a boy of fourteen
my Father's youth a lost
needle in a haystack

One day my mother is sobbing in the kitchen. My sister and I are taken to a building set in glorious grounds to visit my father. We both dance to ring a ring o' roses on the verdant grass while my parents huddle and talk. This is where my father receives shock treatment for depression, without anaesthetic. It is his first nervous breakdown.

in the tailor's shop
cracked mirrors
with no faces
black suits on dummies
scarred with white chalk

**excerpt: 'The Song of the Shirt' by Thomas Hood*

I find sewing difficult to learn and my sewing teacher asks me to bring a sample of my father's work to the class. I describe his graceful intricate fingers and the dexterity of his craft. However, I do not mention the fear I smell from his sensitive Swedish skin.

now married
I try to machine fabrics
with happy endings
but in dreams I am the reel
strangled by thread

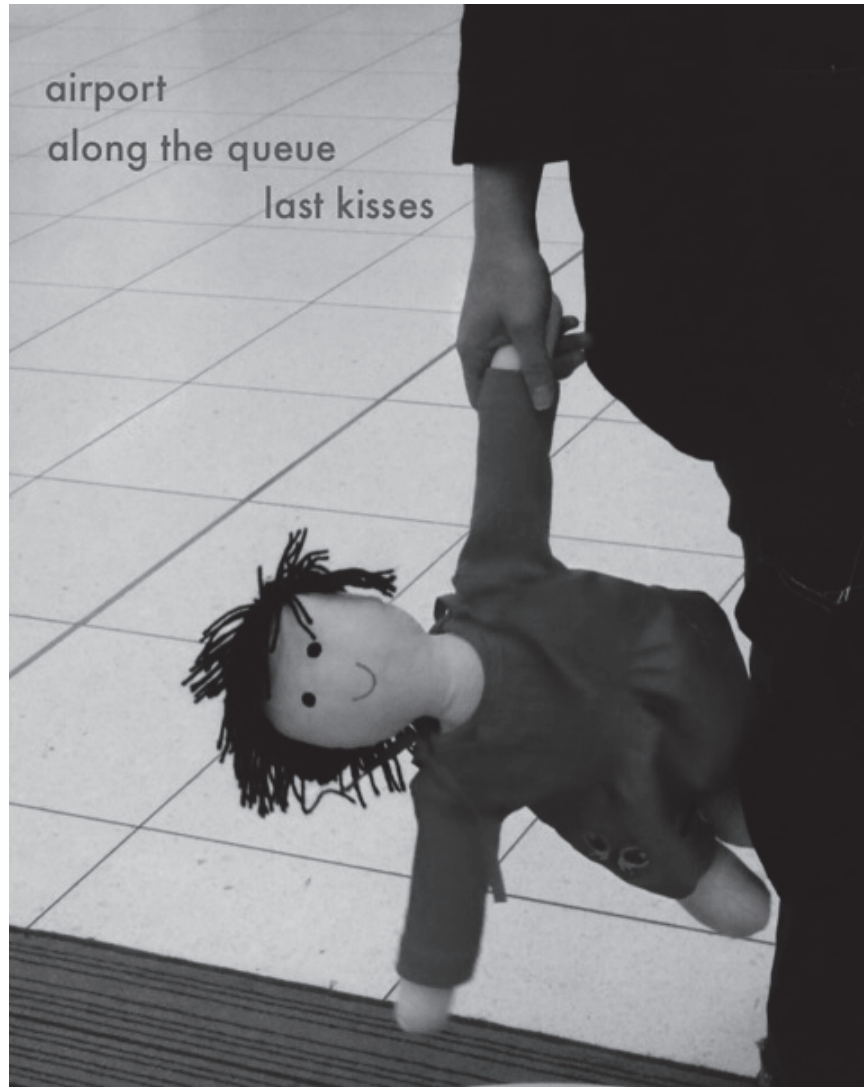
My mother-in-law wants me to sew rags into riches and ignores my 'hate sewing' pleas. She unveils the sewing machine on my 25th birthday. It now sits, suffocated by cobwebs, in the dustiest corner of the house.

KARIN ANDERSON

cows bellow
for lost calves —
in darkness
the stolen tractor sinks
in a field of milk thistle

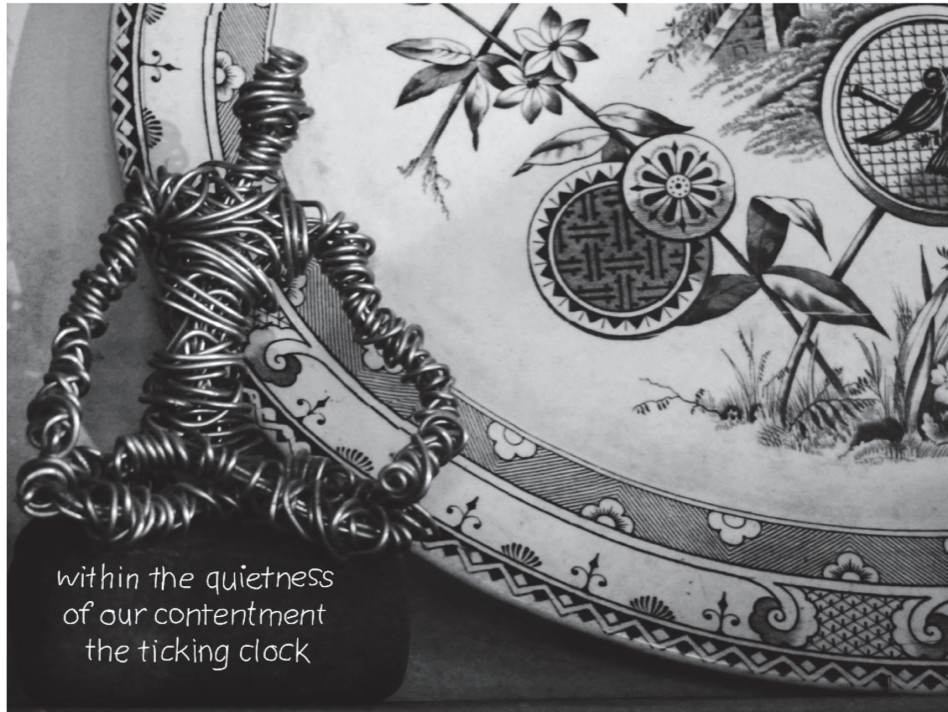
I tell the waitress
I love her lipstick
she pouts
and drops chewing gum
on my sticky date pudding

autumn gossip
his deciduous lovers
stop blushing
until they all
drop dead



airport
along the queue
last kisses

BELINDA BROUGHTON



BELINDA BROUGHTON

BETT ANGEL-STAWARZ

Last Visit

My mentor, pale as the pillow that supports you. Your hair short and grey, not the style nor colour that you would have chosen. A chemical creation.

Gently I embrace your fragile body. I sit, we chat. I tell of my four am start and the spectacular sunrise seen from the windscreen of the semi. We talk of my days working in my business and your days working to stay alive.

Our bond is our writing. You, so talented, have helped and encouraged me. Even now you still do. A visitor arrives. It is your brother from England. There is much laughter as stories of old are regaled.

Learning more of your colourful life, I wished I had known you longer. My time is up but I long to stay. I hug and kiss you goodbye.

Later we gather in celebration of your life and sing your favourite song

Imagine . . .

plum blossoms
ruffled by the breeze
long drive home

BETT ANGEL-STAWARZ

grandson asks
about his father's death
hide-and-seek moon

mum's recipe
fills my kitchen
harvest moon

chill wind
the lawyer's letter lies
unopened

winter breeze
a rainbow of kites
filling the sky

daylight saving
I walk into the dawn
with the stars

MAEVE ARCHIBALD

winter avenue
the trees half dressed
blush crimson

cockatoos
strung along the line
white washing

my shadow
lying in wait
another chance

scent of eucalypt
our Christmas tree
decked in folly

anticipation
gift wrapped
for Christmas

across my page
a busy ant
tracks syllables

MAEVE ARCHIBALD

Winter Wardrobe

Winter this year has seemed interminable. It started early, an offence in itself, and proceeded from there with zones of unusually low pressure encouraged by dreary days of heavy rain. And I think that this set the tone for my mind wardrobe.

winter's lash
the driving rain
of discontent

As usual at the beginning of the season I made that well known sortie into the walk-in-robe with the full intent of disposing of all my old baggage. Shaking out that sharp familiar scent of naphthalene I encountered a well known landscape of black, grey, and dullish brown.

store cupboard
neatly stacked
wounds

Somewhere deep inside me the longing for joyful colour made a faint motion of protest. However, day after bleak day passed by in slow procession. I think the turn truly began with a bright yellow hoodie stashed well to the back; donning it after the long dark night of soul heralded a hint, almost perceptible, of light returning.

a stumble
of best intention
hesitant steps

Then it was a pair of red velvet jeans, long hidden under a pile of dusty black basics. The sensuous warmth of

texture and colour kindled anew a faint hope. Deep in the abyss a tiny flicker caught, wavered, but held, biding its time. Next I found my emerald sweater, a long time favourite. How could I have forgotten that vivid palette.

shout of colour
vibrant invitation
celebrates life

That was it really! The very next day, driving home along the lugubrious skyline, I was hedged in on all sides by low hanging black clouds threatening me with a repeat performance of 'Bleak House'. I came to that section where the road veers sharply to the left before its laborious climb up the hill and my headlights captured a vision.

at the turn
Persephone beckons
weather forecast

There on the darkening hillside an ostentatious display of sartorial splendour, pink flounces, delicate lace edging, flimsy drapes of gauze. I think that I caught just the mere whiff of her message.

new wardrobe
a flurry of petals
dance of joy

I've been shopping! My mind wardrobe now walks the talk in the latest trends.

MAEVE ARCHIBALD

wattle tree
the yellow dress
she once wore

Sunday morning
a congregation of ducks
converging on the green

reserved notice
table and chair
waiting for Godot?

pruning reminiscences snagged on the roses

in the car park
a flurry of cold petals
sets hard my heart
builds a wall
I cannot climb

he leans forward
lifts his cup to his lips
afterward I too
lift to my lips
the cup

LYNETTE ARDEN

flood debris
a doll's limb
pale in the seaweed

waltz
an autumn leaf
partners the kitten

Japanese class
everyone showing off
their I Pad

crows in the pines
the wind tastes
of yesterday's rain

squashed in a rack
flimsy summer dresses
reduced

night window
flames in the hearth
pull closer together

LYNETTE ARDEN

Prowl

The cat pulls me along on the lead, sometimes lying down on the cool path, but getting up if I sit. Following, I hold tight while he explores boundaries. He jumps at insects, probes at a gap in the palings where a blue tongue lizard has disappeared, sniffs for rats at the hole under a neighbour's shed, climbs onto a mound of earth and paws at a tiny, narrow skull.

taut leash
the dew dappled web
dangles a fly



LYNETTE ARDEN

travelling
and yet the here
and there
are much the same
for separated friends

holding the umbrella
with twisted spokes
she dances
all the way down the street
not missing a puddle

a wisp of smoke
grandma scrapes burnt toast
no slice wasted
dry crumbs from the loaf
will be scattered for birds

playing the Rach 2
the piano has seized
the pianist
the orchestra and audience
sway like long grass

LYNETTE ARDEN

mother's tales
of snakes chasing rats
through the roof space
the wind howls
as I lie sleepless

she wanted
a simple funeral
at the graveside
we played on the radio
Mahler's Song of the Earth

near Basho's statue
a hundred tadpoles striving to become frogs*



**This haiku was displayed by the Bashō Museum in Tokyo, as one of the best three English language haiku deposited in 2012.*

LYNETTE ARDEN

Spectacles

At twelve, I am prescribed glasses, having spent the first years of my life in a blur. My soft edged world is about to change.

Always sitting in the front row of the class, so I can read writing on the blackboard, I can hear the irritating screech of the chalk; sometimes I am showered with chalk dust.

On my face, formerly flesh, metal and glass will now reside. I will see the world mediated through a window. I will need to be careful at sport; other children will call me 'four-eyes'. I cannot hide from the crisp edged, hard faced world any longer.

'They will let you see colour a lot better,' says the eye specialist. My mother must have mentioned I liked painting.

I weep inside for two days and then I 'adjust'.

through raindrops
on the window
blue sky

spring leaf
a ladybird
shows off her spots

paintbrush
I choose the exact colours
for sunset



BELINDA BROUGHTON

ALEXANDER ASK

so many openings
yet so few taken
over time
grass root stem's shadow
larger than itself

your open talk
of intimacy problems
in the crowded mall
would your partner approve
such liberal browsing

white topped
Mount Fuji
seems bigger from a plane
if only I had the strength
to control my fiery core

the day we cooked
plum sauce from that book
100 years old
no wiser we become
to sweeten the bitter moments

ALEXANDER ASK

Machinations of a Summer Night

10pm: Even the air-conditioning can't deal with the heat as it strains to the point of breakdown. My wife lets out another "phew" and complains that she can't feel cool. I look on my iPhone app; alas the Adelaide heat wave will last another seven nights. I'm tempted to book the next flight out to Japan and take a ski holiday, despite the cost and aggravation to our mortgage.

hot gusts
a muffled koala
from the eucalyptus

10.18pm: The dog moves from one corner of the house to the next. He looks flustered like my wife. I tap the controls on the air-conditioning using my Jedi mind tricks. Even Star Wars II can't give my imagination a breather from the heat. We watch the dog to break the motions of the movie.

a long sigh
respite of a gust
through a burnt pine

10.56pm: It's cool enough to take the dog for his first walk of the day. I grab the lead and the dog does not respond. I seriously consider calling the veterinary in the morning for a health check of the dog. My wife lies half awake, half asleep, half alive, half dead. I don't even bother to ask if she'll come. I open the door and steel myself into the hot night.

the parade ground
a fallen palm tree
another casualty

11.16pm: I walk slowly and the dog even slower. I almost drag him by the neck, dog legs in tow. He sniffs almost every plant matter on our street just to avoid movement. I look at him, he looks at me. A mutually agreed short cut ensues. We pass a small reserve, and notice a couple under moonlight, fossicking in the grass. The heat of the day turns a romantic evening into odd machinations...

diminishing hope
the callistemon
tendrils droop

ALEXANDER ASK

my father's harangue
about wedlock, children
and money
his old wooden chimes
clatter in the breeze

electric pink
of cordyline leaves
so slender
the gap between godliness
and mediocrity

bellowing from
the shabby bungalow
an old lady's laugh
drowns out the ring
of my iphone 4

ripple
of a caterpillar
butterfly effect

LEE BENTLEY

a clutch of wild rice
he loosens
the groom's tie

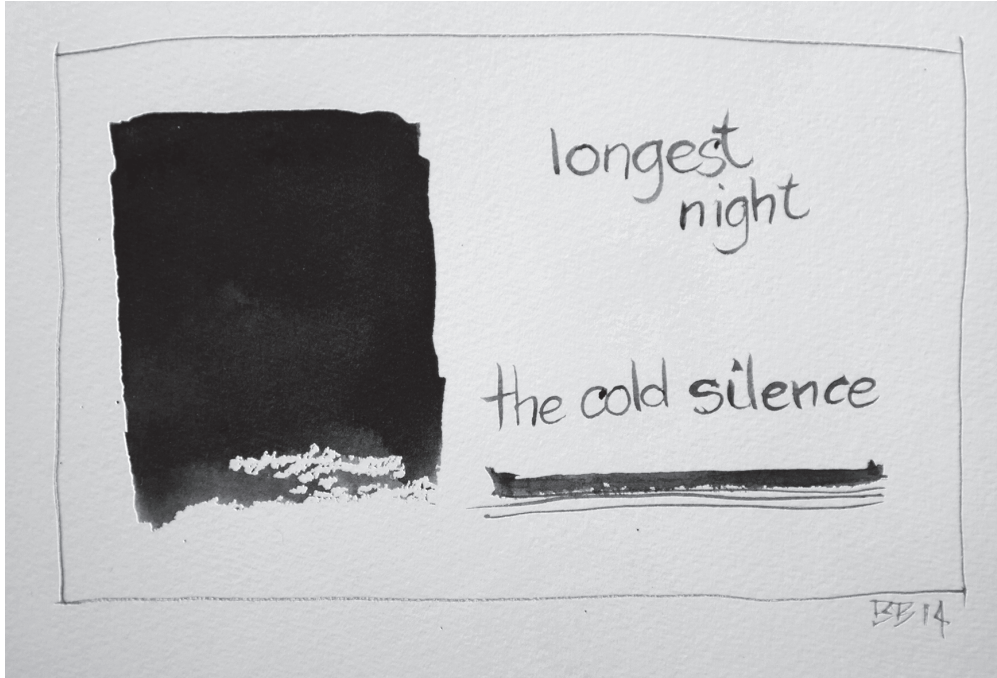
converted church —
scanning the menu
for inspiration

drying out
by Dad's fireplace
pumpkin seeds

Christmas buffet
I pick and choose
my words

just another
b l o o m i n g
~~cherry tree~~ poem

coffee shop
bookcases laden
with words
my breath expands
to meet them



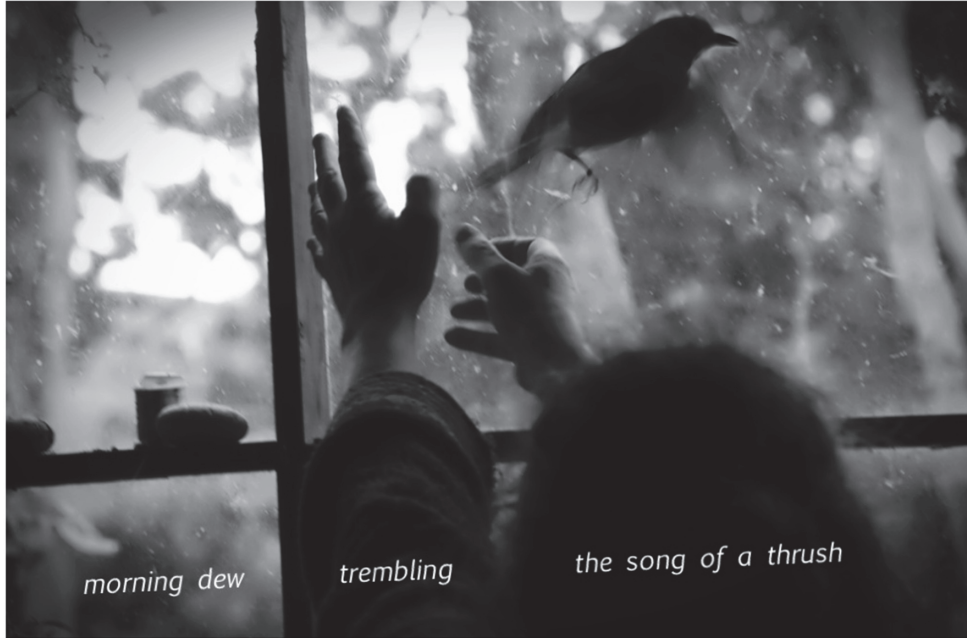
BELINDA BROUGHTON

LEE BENTLEY

Sleep

Drugged with sleep I wonder if this is how I will die. Teetering between the twin cities of asleep and awake I will slip into...what, exactly? Hell and damnation? Been there, thanks to a lousy travel agent or whoever it is that decides eight deaths in three years is perfectly reasonable for any human being to deal with. I long to hibernate through the rest of my days. I am alive. What more can I hope for?

evening prayer —
I wait for the bells
to be still



morning dew

trembling

the song of a thrush

BELINDA BROUGHTON

DAWN COLSEY

purple lace parasol
for summer's bride
jacaranda

full moon rising —
a balloon
trapped in tree branches

my camera forgotten
I take pictures
with eyes and words

the lake, s'ensui,*
sends reflected ripples
up to the glistening pine

**s'ensui: a lake in the form of shin, 'heart' or 'soul'*

DAWN COLSEY

a duck keeps half an eye
on the poet
in case she changes
pen
for bread crusts

people arrive
crowding the garden
children want fish, tadpoles, turtles
a parrot dips low
dive-bombing all back to silence

the student crosses at the Uni lights
walks straight to his car
he wears shorts on this cool day
his legs
two prosthetics

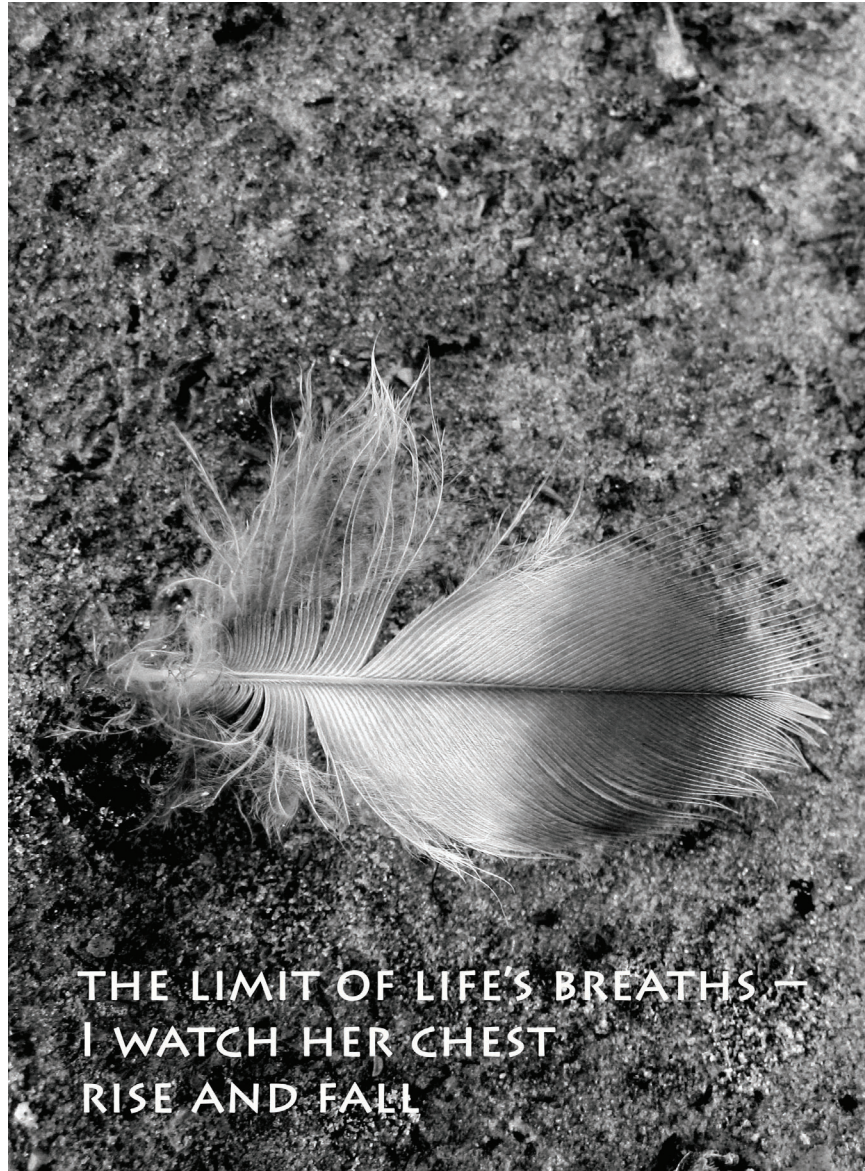
bleached grass
on red earth
autumn thirsts for rain

DAWN COLSEY

bees hover
over water lily leaves
to drink with dry feet

a child runs past
long lily leaves
wave in her breeze





THE LIMIT OF LIFE'S BREATHS —
I WATCH HER CHEST
RISE AND FALL

BELINDA BROUGHTON

MARGARET FENSOM

Ninety Nine Years

Ninety nine years was your journey in this world, a century from the womb. And I shared with you seventy of those years, not in exact parallel but touching at points; we both experienced marriage, children, widowhood and grandchildren, but differently. I began my life within you and till now have been sometimes close, sometimes far apart, but always able to return to you.

Hand in hand
do I remember that?
in a London street
I was so little
like my grand daughter

And in the last days of your journey the hollyhocks are in bloom as I come to visit you, walking along the street where you cannot walk, remembering for you flowers you will not see.

the roses bloom again
you no longer look
through your window

You lived through two world wars, one before I was, the second for me lost in the oblivion of infancy, its immediate aftermath recalled, and later oceans crossed together, the ship voyage to Australia. So for me this country is the country of my childhood and youth, for you your youth is in another land.

So now I continue my journey without you, but remembering the times when our paths touched.

on the day of the funeral
still pink
the last mulberry falls

MARGARET FENSOM

pink roses
with tattered petals
belles after the ball

a brace of wood duck
feasting on fig seeds
friends talking at dinner

water falls
into darkness and lilies —
the fish's mouth

when you drank
your whiskers fanned out
over water —
now in our garden
a lizard drinks from your dish

JILL GOWER

Vatican cafeteria
food for the masses

arc of garden hose
the magpie
tests the temperature

haiku workshop
raucous parrots
join in

from this tangle of words
no poem grows
writer's block?

JILL GOWER

Storm

We pass crimson poppies in yellow fields as the shimmer of silver trembles on olive trees beneath an azure sky.

silken petals
red as blood
a warning?

An hour later the sky has darkened signifying turbulence ahead, sunshine turns to unseasonable rain as thunder-claps roar overhead. We drive on, windscreen wipers going full bore. Stands of pencil pines tremble under the onslaught of rain. Roads have become slippery. Vision is blurred, doubling the shock of the impact as a dog runs under the wheels of our car.

We pile out on to the road and rush to the whimpering animal. I scabble in the boot for something to wrap the shocked dog in – remember a checked tablecloth in the picnic basket. The dog is still alive but it is difficult to see if it has been badly injured.

from my lap
liquid brown eyes
watch every move

Gently we fold the cloth around it and climb back into the car, our rainy clothing wetting the seats and floor.

sudden downpour
red woollen hat
drips water

Our daughter's red hat is saturated and she throws it on the floor in a tantrum. The dog gazes at us steadfastly, trusting us with earnest eyes. We turn into a driveway through more pencil pines, the farm house set back off the road. The dog, sensing it is home, wags its tail.



JILL GOWER

melancholy notes
send chills down my spine
his saxophone
no longer stands
in the corner of my room

outside
the sky is filled with lead
this afternoon
my pencil just broke
no more poetry today

shop windows
full of golden-threaded saris
out in the sunshine
a pair of emerald dragonflies
wings spun gold

SIMON HANSON

no words
come close
...

blue lit
theatre stairs
a soft shoe shuffle

storming over the plains
thunder of wild horses

drifting past
the pulse of jellyfish
shadows

skimming stones
dark water ripples
and the moon



SIMON HANSON

mowing the lawn
my phone on vibrate
waiting for your call

print making
all her spirals
counter clockwise

the old dream
gazing into the fire
for a million years

fireworks on the harbour the silence of light

MARILYN LINN

in a line by the wall
waiting to dance
forty ballet shoes

an easy catch
ahead of a bushfire
kestrels circle

shimmering horizon
in the distance
here I stand alone

birthday
in the nursing home
children play outside

JULIA WAKEFIELD

my old dog dawdles
the slower we walk
the more I see

a full stop
in the blustery sky
a hawk hovers

hot summer morning
the striking beauty
of dead things



JULIA WAKEFIELD

First Word

He wakes, raising his head above my protective armpit, his fine curls tickle my nose. He pulls an arm out of the womb of the bedclothes. I sense he is looking around the room.

'Dor,' he whispers.

I am still heavy with sleep. I pat his chubby legs and mumble endearments.

'Dor,' he mutters again, and this time I can feel the wind on my face as he waves his arm in the air. My eyes open and focus on his. His gaze is fixed above my head, on the square of blue that hangs halfway up the wall to our left. His podgy arm is stretched out towards it, one tiny finger pointing at a speck of white that hovers, miles beyond that azure rectangle.

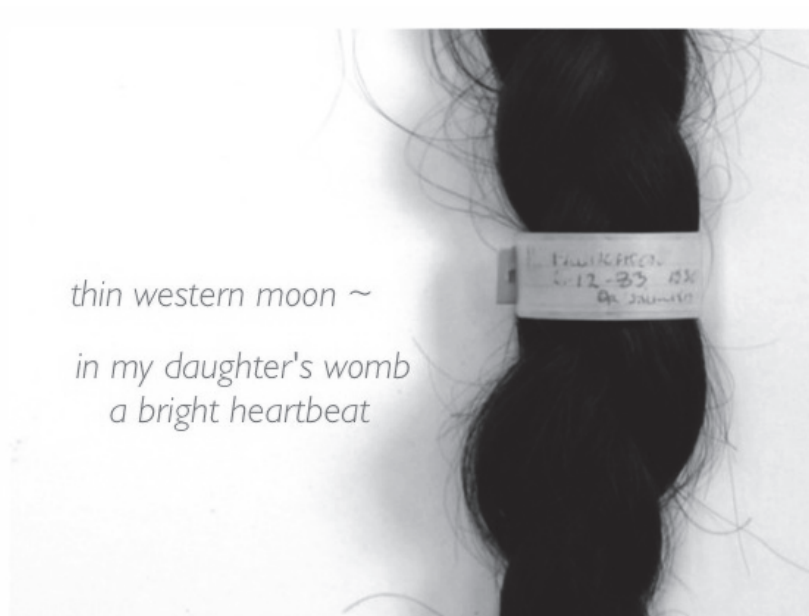
'Dor – dor...'

He turns his head, but not to look at me. His eyes are searching across the bed, past his sleeping father, to the other side of the room. He brings his arm across and points to the half open bedroom door. Beyond it is the bedroom that he shares with his elder brother. A cot surrounded by bars.

'Dor – dor... DOOR!' he yells with delight, and at last turns his eyes on me, with a giggle of triumph.

His father jerks awake, demanding to know what all the fuss is about.

his first word
the same for barrier
and freedom



*thin western moon ~
in my daughter's womb
a bright heartbeat*

Belinda Broughton

JULIA WAKEFIELD

red coral corpses
a mermaid must have lost
her rubber gloves

Mother's Day flowers
roadside hawker sells enough
to feed her children

another new year
my boy's bristly kiss
tells me time has passed

after the ceasefire
the silence
deafening

ATHENA ZAKNIC

the day
her diamond ring
lost its sparkle
she knew
he was never to return

my grandfather
how handsome he looks
in his soldier's uniform
we choose not to recall
what really happened

at my front door
two wetland ducks
make a stand
feeling needed
I scatter breadcrumbs





ATHENA ZAKNIC

My Morning

We haven't long to go before daylight saving is enforced on us, so I am up earlier than usual. It is bright for this hour of the morning before the time keepers are pushed forward one hour.

Shall I go out into the garden to admire my veggies, or even dig a little around the cursed weeds, always faithful to the abundant rain we've had lately.

Or shall I do my stretching for my 'stiff in the morning back syndrome'.

Better still, a session of meditation, no matter how short, will be best. One can't accomplish much of value on a restless mind refusing to gel.

In the end I decide on a hot cup of tea on the lounge while I leaf through the recipes in the weekly.

ascent of the moon
on good and bad days
and those in between



winter morning
in a misty green garden
do I prefer
a balmy afternoon
among petals of all colours

Athena Zaknic

AUTHOR BIOGRAPHIES

JUDITH AHMED, born in England, wrote her debut poem, inspired by Keats, in first year high school in Germany. She immigrated to Australia in 1966, studied, and then worked as an English teacher. Her first poetry collection, *Crescent Moon Caught Me*, was published in 2004 in *Friendly Street New Poets 9*.

KARIN ANDERSON has qualifications in Creative Advertising and Public Relations and these subjects included writing. Her poetry group 'Threads' has published three books, and her poetry is published in a variety of journals and in *Sketchbook*, an on-line journal, in many different formats. Thanks to Bindii she now enjoys writing Japanese poetry in English.

BETT ANGEL-STAWARZ is a Riverlander who loves nature and writing about it, and participating as an athlete in the Masters' Games. She is addicted to writing Japanese form poetry, and received funding from the Arts Council for a mentorship with Janice Bostok. Her haiku have been published in many international and Australian journals.

MAEVE ARCHIBALD has been living in the Adelaide Hills for 24 years, where the natural environment is very much in her face and in her poetry. She really enjoys both the subtlety and flexibility of the various Japanese forms, and finds that where she lives provides a rich field of inspiration.

LYNETTE ARDEN is Vice President and the South Australian representative of the Australian Haiku Society. She is also the co-convenor of the Bindii Japanese Genre Poetry Group. Lynette's haiku and tanka have been published widely in Australia and internationally. Her first book of poetry 'A Pause in the Conversation' was published in *Friendly Street New Poets 15* in 2010.

ALEXANDER ASK is a practising psychologist, who enjoys practising the art of mindfulness using Japanese poetry forms like haiku, tanka and haiga. He has been published in the field of Japanese poetry forms since 2008. He is also an author of several psychological books on the mind, relationships and anger management.

LEE BENTLEY is co-convenor of the Bindii Japanese Genre Poetry Group, and relishes the opportunity to write collaboratively. She writes various short forms of poetry, often into dog-eared notebooks. Some work has escaped into print and online journals, locally and internationally.

BELINDA BROUGHTON is an artist, designer and poet. She has poems published in a number of anthologies and in Australian and international print and web journals.

DAWN COLSEY finds, as priest and poet, writing Japanese forms keeps her observant of nature and human nature. She enjoys the discipline of capturing a moment in as few words as possible.

JILL GOWER was born and lived the first 26 years of her life in the UK and arrived in Australia in 1968. She lives in the beautiful Adelaide Hills where she is enjoying her retirement. She is a member of several writing groups, and has had her poetry published in numerous anthologies.

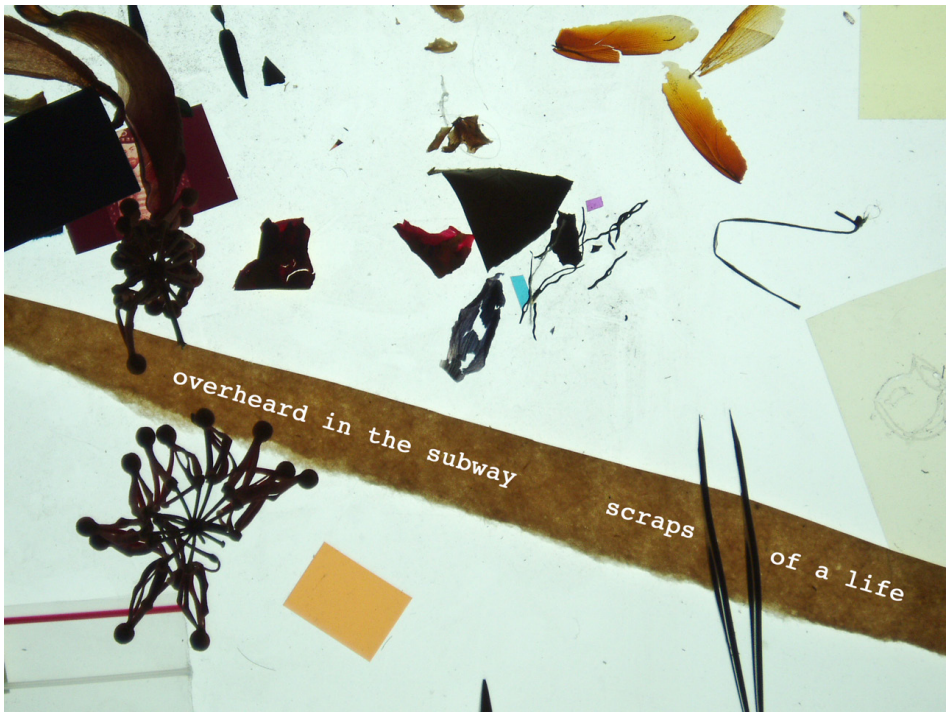
MARGARET FENSOM is part author of *Friendly Street New Poets 12*. She has published poems in various *Friendly Street Readers*, *Tamba*, *Haiku Bindii: Journeys*, *Writers on Parade*, and elsewhere. Her poems, 'Afterwards' and 'Fireworks', won equal first prize in the 2003 International Women's Day (SA) poetry competition. Her collection of poetry, *The Landscape of Dreams*, was published in 2014.

SIMON HANSON enjoys the shallows and depths of language play. He is moved by many things and by the way the many things make a oneness. Samples of his work can be found at *DailyHaiku*, *Under the Basho* and *The Living Haiku Anthology*.

MARILYN LINN is a member of Bindii Japanese Genre Poetry Group, Adelaide; Marion Writers' Inc.; and Seaside Writers' Group. She enjoys writing short stories and poetry, many of which have been published in Australia and overseas.

JULIA WAKEFIELD started writing haiku when she found a sketchbook wasn't enough. She makes handmade prints, records other people's poetry and lives in a suburb where the hum of the traffic competes with the roar of the surf.

ATHENA ZAKNIC is a retired pharmacist who likes to write poetry of all genres, memoir and prose. She studies languages, and likes to read other peoples poetry. Although disadvantaged as English is not her native language, she is well read, and perseveres. Some of her work has been published in journals locally, internationally and on the internet.



Haiga by Belinda Broughton

POETS

Judith Ahmed

Bett Angel-Stawarz

Maeve Archibald

Lynette Arden

Alexander Ask

Lee Bentley

Belinda Broughton

Dawn Colsey

Margaret Fensom

Jill Gower

Marilyn Linn

Julia Wakefield

Athena Zaknic

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