

# Distinctive Voices: Stanford M. Forrester

(most examples from *buddha's fingerprint* and *January Sun, bottle rockets press, 2005, 2007*)

buddha's fingerprint  
in the sand...  
Zen garden

Zen garden—  
the monk rakes over  
his thoughts

meditation hall...  
an ant carries away  
my concentration

meditation retreat—  
a jolly Buddha  
dangles between her breasts

January sun—  
the snow melts first  
on Buddha's belly

summer drought...  
the Zen garden  
in bloom

when a scarecrow isn't the last straw

autumn colors  
the scarecrow's shirt  
nicer than mine

the monk's broom  
the cat's tongue—  
spring cleaning

prayer flag—  
the wind  
part of the prayer

Zen meditation—  
emptying my mind  
when no one is looking

dog shit  
or me—  
the fly doesn't care

# Distinctive Voices: Fay Aoyagi

(most examples from *Chrysanthemum Love* and *Beyond the Reach of My Chopsticks*,  
*Blue Willow Press*, 2003, 2011)

solar eclipse  
a pair of goldfish  
in the concubine's room

night ocean  
death's puppeteer  
clears his throat

plum blossoms  
a specimen of my dream  
sent to the lab

Independence Day  
I let him touch  
a little bit of me

August waves  
I tell my history  
to jellyfish

yellow daffodils  
an urge to  
buy a banjo

horned moon—  
winter roses  
inhaling the night

cold rain—  
my application  
to become a crab

monologue  
of the deep sea fish  
misty stars

Nagasaki Anniversary  
I push  
the mute button

torn pieces  
of crime scene tape—  
snake into a hole

New Year's bath—  
I fail to become  
a swan

# Distinctive Voices: Peter Yovu

(most examples from *Sunrise*, Red Moon Press, 2010)

start of day  
the butcher's  
white apron

between seasons  
only  
reality shows

summer night wherever you touch me fireflies

a falcon dives  
how completely  
I surround my bones

under the rainbow  
a hundred cows  
with one expression

mosquito she too  
insisting insisting she  
is is is is is

she steps out of the ocean  
deep in the forest  
a stag thirsty for salt

leaves on the river  
too old to call myself  
orphan

the expanding universe God disguised as a telescope

almost asleep  
my possessions  
sneaking off

a blue coffin  
one nail escapes  
the solar system

my penciled life  
I bow  
to the Eraser