

Minus One

by Roberta Beary and Deborah P Kolodji

on the school bus
one mother minus one
wedding ring *Roberta*

a teacher's dismissal
at the parent conference *Deborah*

relentless rain
a beat-up van ends
the carpool line *Roberta*

two children
still waiting in daycare
cloudy afternoon *Deborah*

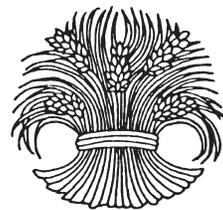
on a brown lunch-bag
a red crayon heart *Roberta*

career day—
one boy with two dads,
one girl with none *Deborah*

Roberta Beary—Washington, D.C.
Deborah P Kolodji—Temple City, California
Victor Ortiz—San Pedro, California
Ebba Story—San Francisco, California

The rengay form of linked, thematic, collaborative haiku was invented in 1992 by Garry Gay. Each verse contributes to a central theme while following a specific pattern of verses by either two or three contributing poets. These rengay were written to commemorate a haiku reading by the four poets scheduled for August 22, 2010 at Fort Mason in San Francisco. This event was the 21st reading in the annual Two Autumns reading series sponsored by the Haiku Poets of Northern California. For information about HPNC's annual rengay contest, please visit <http://www.hpnc.org/contest-information>. For more information about rengay, please visit <http://sites.google.com/site/graceguts/rengay>.

Layout by Michael Dylan Welch



Haiku Poets of Northern California
San Francisco, California

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Victor Ortiz, and Ebba Story
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In Concert

Four Rengay



Roberta Beary

Deborah P Kolodji

Victor Ortiz

Ebba Story

Port of Los Angeles

by Deborah P Kolodji and Victor Ortiz

miles of foghorn
a tanker ship heads
towards the harbor mouth *Deborah*

feeding a container ship
gantry crane *Victor*

tugboat smoke
crabs scurry in shadows
between rocks *Deborah*

singing mariachis
red snapper sizzles
on the outdoor grill *Victor*

eighteen-minute wait . . .
the line for the cruise ship *Deborah*

Ports O' Call Village
a giant soap bubble glides
into the main channel *Victor*

Blue Bells

by Ebba Story and Victor Ortiz

clack
of a bamboo clapper
summer dusk *Ebba*

heat wave
a ticking kitchen timer rings *Victor*

moonset
a buoy's rhythmic clang
amid the whitecaps *Ebba*

sultry night
she lifts the hula dancer
from her bell cabinet *Victor*

through waist-high grass
the gong summons us to prayer *Ebba*

a morning kiss
Canterbury blue bells sway
by the driveway *Victor*

Wee Hours

by Roberta Beary and Ebba Story

2 a.m.
purple ink stains
my left hand *Roberta*

in the wee hours
that forgotten phrase creeps in *Ebba*

midnight oil
a notebook slides off
the blue couch *Roberta*

eyelids drooping
she re-revises
tomorrow's speech *Ebba*

after the book-light
random raindrops *Roberta*

pale dawn
the fountain pen
capped *Ebba*