

Scottish Pamphlet Poetry Society  
Ninjuin Renga  
– Summer 2008

Summer's a name  
Summer's a season  
Summer's a taking off clothes reason

A gull lifts into warmth  
And steps back in its tracks

Through the rain,  
Rain, rain and rain again,  
Hard to see the moon through Edinburgh rain

In the Party Pavilion  
Poets hawk their latest tomes

I wish I could fly  
High up in the sky  
Like a butterfly

A sparrow grounded;  
The cat prowls

Waiting for the sun  
Waiting to feel the warmth  
Waiting for the rain again

Cold beads hanging on the twilight  
Moon threading them on silken light

Leaves of my book fall into my mind  
Leaves of trees fall to the ground,  
All returning to their source

Love is first a renga, then a sonnet,  
Last, a forgetting

Let me touch your silky love  
Welcome the thread which will wrap us  
In a silk cocoon

Spiders scuttle under  
Fallen leaves

A nervous scuttle in the green  
The moon casts a shadow  
Tiny paws vanish under green

Cobblestones, dark cottage loaves  
Slimed with leaves, dangerous

Frost heart,  
Warm breath,  
Gush; flow

A man sits on a bench nodding  
Like a daffodil in quiet prayer

The season of poetry is evergreen  
Its winter passes in joy  
When we foregather at the Christmas Fair!

Oak, beech, birch,  
The trees are wearing their new spring dresses

Wild gentian  
Against the soft autumn sky.  
My hands rip grass

Spring is here,  
Why don't we go dancing?