



**Bloo Outlier Journal**  
**Winter Issue 2020**  
ed. Alan Summers

Welcome to the inaugural issue of Bl̄ōō Outlier Journal!

The Bl̄ōō Outlier Journal Winter Issue 2020 (Issue #1)

Editor: Alan Summers

Email: Alan Summers <blooutlierpress@gmail.com>

*Each poet was asked to submit up to three poems and have one selected. Every author in the journal has a piece of this journal. Many thanks to everyone who supported this venture.*

Cover and internal vole & narrow boat illustration©Dru Marland

*Enter the magical world of Dru Marland*

<https://www.etsy.com/uk/shop/DruMarland>

<https://dru-withoutamap.blogspot.com>

Cocktail linocut from the Floating World Japanese Festival designed by Alan Summers, and joint exhibition, with linocut artist Trevor Haddrell (Bristol Floating Harbour, September 2003)

photographs & other artwork©Alan Summers (mostly Iceland & a little bit of England)



“ABOUT THE EDITOR” feature in the *Bl̄ōō Outpost* has the NHK (Japan) link so you can see Alan & Karen, and Dru too, at a haiku writing walk called a ginko (half way through the 20 minute feature). Check out the *Outpost* for other features, and comments too.

individual poets retain copyright to their own poems

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Bl̄ōō link: [blooutlierjournal.blogspot.com](http://blooutlierjournal.blogspot.com)

The Blōō Outlier Journal Winter Issue 2020 (Issue #1)  
Editor: Alan Summers

winter dawn  
a warming wood stove  
softens the butter

Myron Arnold

endemic times  
thousands of masks  
in a single drama

Vasile Moldovan



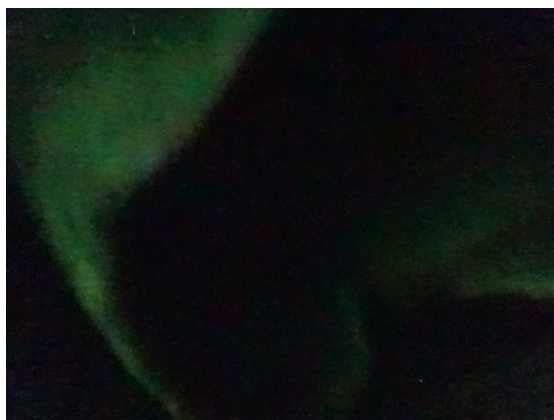
Unable to sleep the quiet admonishment of my watch.

frost-rimed night  
Orion's sword  
shredding clouds

Sonam Chhoki

machine rain  
it drills nightshift stitches  
into a cricket's piecework

Ron Scully



midnight blue  
a grandma-shaped crater  
on the moon

Hemapriya Chellappan

new moon  
tasting persimmon  
on her lips

Tom Bierovic

fallen leaves  
glimmer as they slow  
the brook

Susan Bonk Plumridge

wind chimes  
early morning breeze  
— turning the page

B.A. France

winter sunrise  
the cataracts  
of sun dogs

Gregory Longenecker

owl call  
a blood moon sailing  
through the vole's eye

John Hawkhead

isolation  
redacting a thought  
into a poem

Nay Lorie Lolie



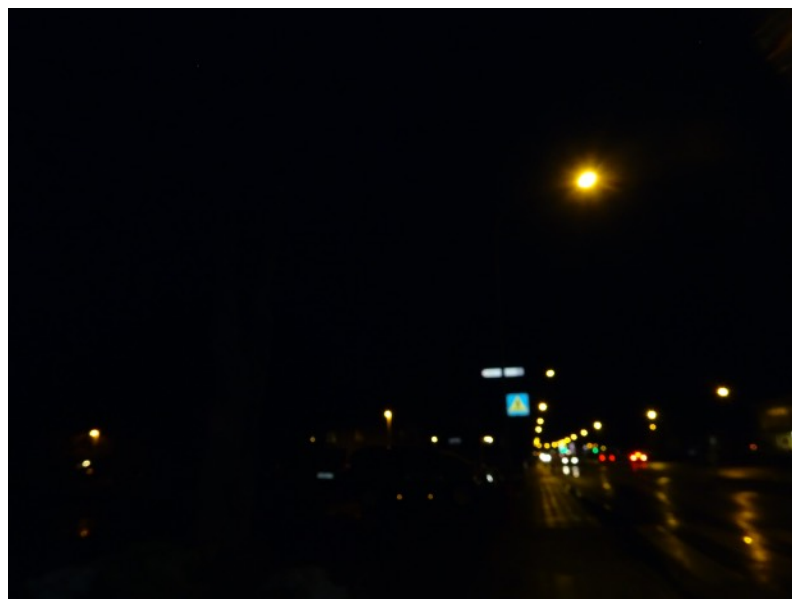
he drives away  
in fear  
should i pray  
that the law  
sees he's mine

Lovette Carter



3 a.m. rain  
the scattered clicking  
of this mouse

Jennifer Hambrick



occupied—  
the navel of the moon  
by unknown sisters

Isabella Kramer

desert horizon the dresses for a funeral

Lorraine Pester

endemic times  
thousands of masks  
in a single drama

Vasile Moldovan

broken skies—  
the cut and paste  
of everything

Sondra J. Byrnes



on my sperm side  
alcohol and blue eyes  
or so she says

Vera Constantineau



my childhood home—  
sparrows live inside  
the mailbox

Aanchal Broca Kumar

bad news ...  
a fallen leaf  
in the mailbox

Elena Naskova



golden leaves blowing  
my lover's hand  
won't let go

Michael Feil

stubble road the scarecrow with the horizon on his shoulders

Mirela Brăilean



shopping alone  
without him beside me –  
Christmas snow

Anne Curran



a bird's arabesque  
what the fog keeps  
for itself

Jonathan Humphrey

the weight  
of our arguments  
falling snow

Stella Pierides



joggers in lycra  
where has the space gone  
on the pavement

David Johnson

the click  
of an automatic door  
sliver of moon

Nikolay Grankin



blue the dangling string of a blue kite

Martin Gottlieb Cohen

prayer flags  
the lines of underwear  
between our windows

Michael Smeer (Mikō)

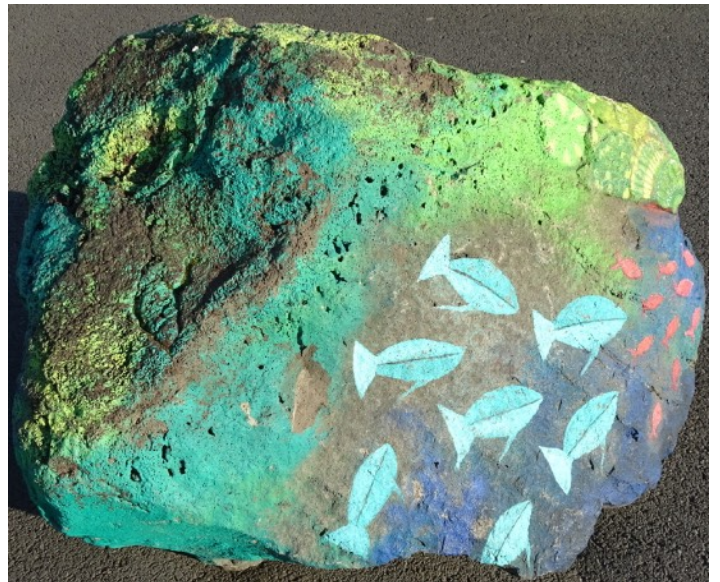


scent of November white rain magnolia

Dorna Hains

sea in a bucket  
little hands carry away  
the last day

Sanela Pliško



## Cillín

A place of small graves, a circle set apart, at one with tradition. In these more enlightened days, this cillín is set in consecrated ground.

A man stands solitary  
hands folded over lost dreams

Guy Stephenson

**Note:**

cillín - an Irish burial place for unbaptised newborns, stillborn babies and others once deemed unfit for burial in hallowed ground.



cabin fever—  
thinking about  
an old flame

Meik Blöttenberger

snowful  
no one can be so generous  
but nature

Yasir Farooq

kissing...  
jeweled rain wets the taxi  
outside the jazz club

Jeffrey Winke



thoroughly tasting  
the shape of the spoon  
babyccino

Alice Wanderer

after a deep slumber  
the yoga stretch  
of the cat

Adjei Agyei-Baah

phased openings—  
again the street sweepers broom  
sounds at dawn

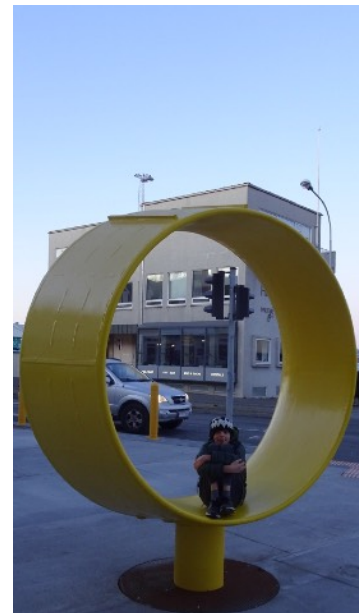
Gillena Cox

cuckoo egg  
when to tell him  
he's adopted

Mary Bray

distant spin  
the sunweaver looms  
a kimono moon

Kat Lehmann



kite wind—  
I watch a crow  
flying itself

Jacquie Pearce

new morning  
the horn  
with the same song

Pere Risteski



faded colours  
the wait  
for a caress

Anna Maria Domburg-Sancristoforo

lost in the rain  
I was listening to the leaves  
with a patience  
inexpressible, you wait  
for the last hair pin to fall

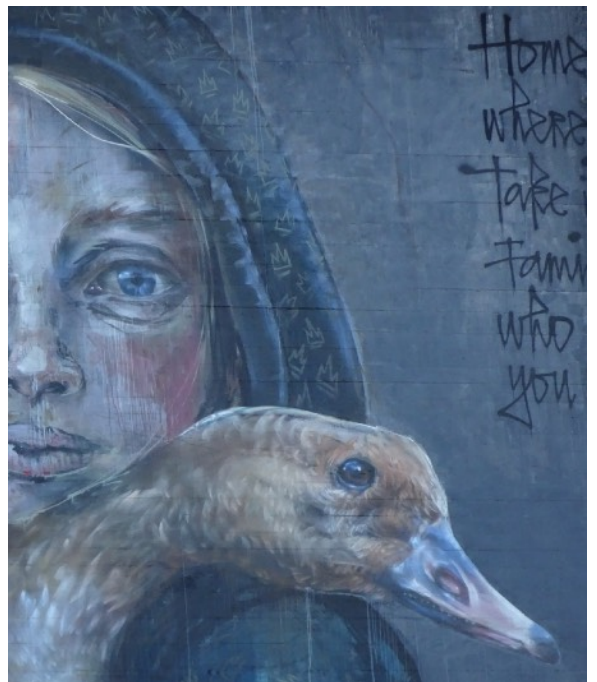
Malintha Perera

how do we find  
our way to an armistice . . .  
this world so content  
to replace peonies  
with explosions

Robin Anna Smith

the room  
beyond silent...  
admiring stars,  
never explain  
anything

Shloka Shankar



a star so close to tearing up the notes of dawn

John McManus



a file of daydreams billowing curtains

Robyn Cairns

marble stairs  
generations of footfall  
with eroding edges

Mohammad Azim Khan

sipping my coffee  
through a smile  
I catch up with a friend

Elaine Patricia Morris

blue pull of the sky

Roberta Beach Jacobson

landing at my feet  
and again taking flight  
a flock of leaves

Mike Keville

broom corn  
a red-tailed hawk  
sweeps the field

Marilyn Ashbaugh



childhood...  
didn't notice  
when the door closed

Carolyn Winkler

winter breath...  
how green the needles  
that pierce the falling flakes

Shalini Pattabiraman

colder mornings  
a monarch slowly  
opens its wings

Bruce H. Feingold



spring breeze to own your kiss I name it strawberry

Réka Nyitrai

impressionism in the arboretum every maple

Scott Wiggerman



in the sparrows' tree the cat's too perfect balance

Karen Hoy

rabbit hole–  
my daughter drops in a wish coin

R. Suresh Babu

teen son the guava seed trapped in my teeth

Kinshuk Gupta



spring clouds  
i do follow  
my heart

Bakhtiyar Amini

couplets  
boys and girls blowing clouds  
of spearmint nicotine

Mark Gilbert

smiling to the cloud in my tea

Manoj Sharma



kite wind—  
I watch a crow  
fly itself

Jacquie Pearce

## Lost in Space

cloudscape true north non binary cloud 9

non binary midnight the same blue star

genome moon non binary dominant

spacewalk riff non binary jazz shuffle

non binary rainbow over & out cloud 9

Roberta Beary



grandfather's day  
the scent of oud oil  
in my beard

Matthew Markworth

molehills  
on both sides  
of his fence

Peter Draper

old garden shed...  
bonding with the earth  
summer fireflies

Goran Gatalica



birch grove  
stripping away the self  
to find a superhero

Kristen Lindquist

blowing dandelions—  
everything that exists  
has appeared

Ernesto P. Santiago

women's baths—  
looking at me,  
the foreigner

Miriam Sagan

guttered candle  
reminding the neighbor  
again of my name

William O'Sullivan



bright sky still holding half of the darkness

Pravat Kumar Padhy

Hunter's moon—  
the crunch of leaves  
under silver hooves

Neena Singh

## Grooming

At what age do I become undesirable?

*silver moon in my hair*

Lori A Minor



the mystery  
you have become . . .  
blue hour moon

Veronika Zora Novak

Caen stone...  
the arched roof fills  
with dusk

Ashish Narain

after rain . . .  
kids picking earthworms  
into a bait box

Taofeek Ayeyemi



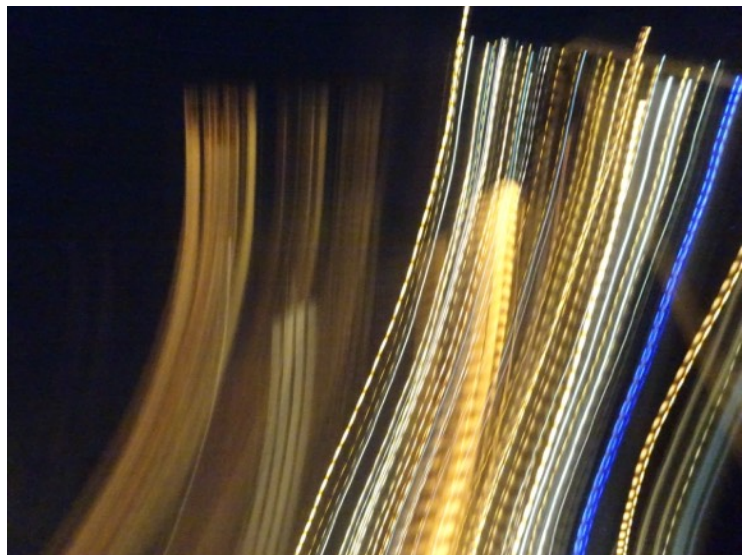
peonies after rain...  
trying to explain  
my hobbies

Radostina Dragostinova

if only I had remembered the gamblers' golden theory: when winning stop betting

after dinner  
I dump the leftover  
arguments

Kala Ramesh



snowy cold winter –  
the pine forest  
tattooed inside snowflakes

iarnă rece înzăpezită –  
pădurea de pini  
tatuată în fulgii de zăpadă

Gabriela Popa





Christmas tree  
the Bénédictine on a ladder  
curses softly

Marta Chocilowska



under my feet  
the breath of grass  
full moon

Daniela Misso

early dusk  
your tie, still knotted  
hanging in the closet

Kizie Basu

New hassock  
the cat's own  
ottoman empire

Alexis Rotella



leaves sail over the valley longshadowsun

Brad Bennett

whispers  
the weight of butterflies  
on daisies

Deborah Barbour Lundy

hummingbird  
my thoughts hover  
in mid-air

Valentina Ranaldi-Adams



darkling thrush ...  
sometimes the singer  
is sung by the song

David J. Kelly

mushrooms  
a winter wall losing its age

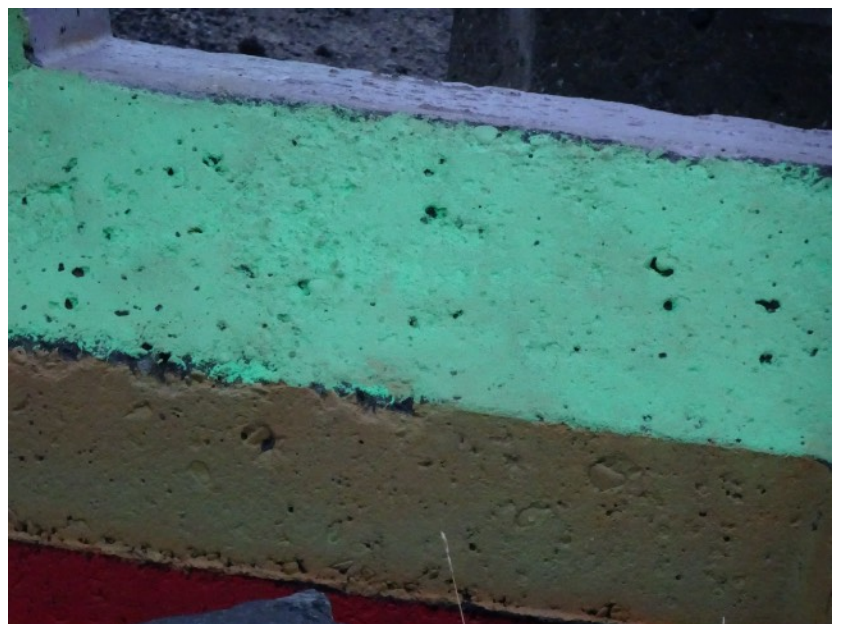
Radhamani Sarma

autumn snow  
branches sagging  
with ghost fruit

Ingrid Bruck

rooftop view  
jumble of Bristol  
to Leigh Woods

Alistair Paterson



late Spring storms  
a borrowing of bones  
and falling petals

marousia

at the market  
a trail of notes  
tests the mood

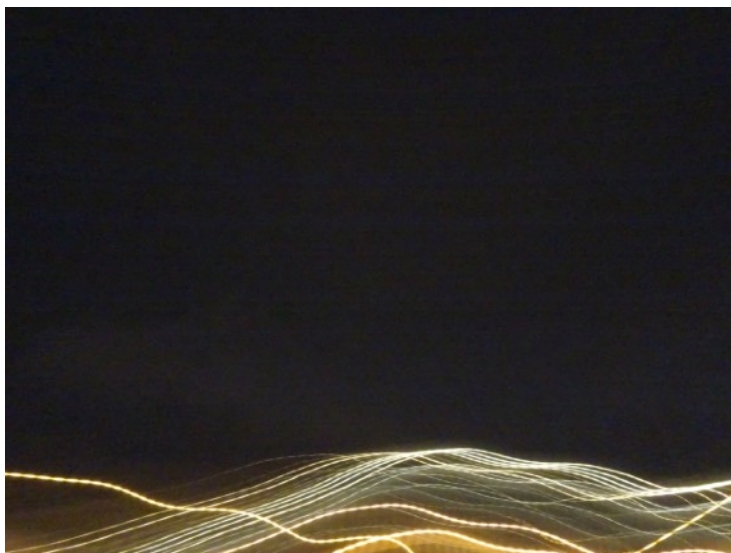
Maeve Archibald

life lines . . .  
my aging hands  
down father's ribs

Dejan Pavlinović

even slicing  
these overripe onions  
Miles's solo

Joshua Gage



sagging trellis no one tells on the roses

Peter Jastermsky

overseas phone call  
we compete with the chirps  
in her garden

Christa Pandey



surrounded  
by so many bird calls  
flowers at dusk

Myron Lysenko

Ponto-chō doorstep  
painted ladies morph  
into butterflies

Marietta McGregor



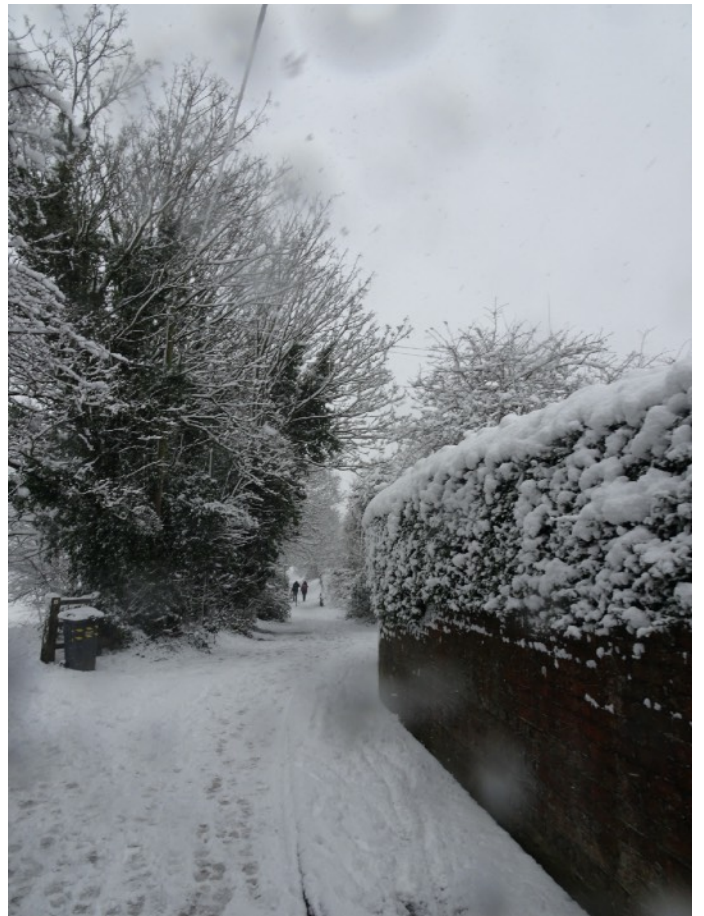
**note:** Ponto-chō, a narrow alleyway in the Hanamachi district of Kyoto, one block west of the river, Kamogawa, is home to many geiko houses. Maiko and geisha in colourful kimono, briefly half-seen, flit almost silently in and out of traditional tea houses.

Covid Christmas  
the thousand piece jigsaw  
missing a few

Sheila Windsor

widowed  
he paints a kiss  
on his mask

Pris Campbell



holding hands  
down a hallway  
slowly in the dark

Victor Ortiz



poetry daughter  
the light emitting  
from her email

*for Adrienne Christian*

Lenard D. Moore



chemotherapy...  
making a new  
wishlist

Shreya Narang

heavy rain forecast  
I clean out the gutters and  
overfeed the koi

Marcyn Del Clements



evening on the way  
a bird sits down  
to the traffic cone

Anna Viazmitinova

the lava lake  
buried inside me  
now boiling over...  
you didn't have to  
kiss her back

Susan Burch



walk in the woods...  
head to toe  
in camo  
i flirt with  
a sycamore tree

Pat Geyer

persimmon that  
would not ripen . . .  
winter sun

Donna Fleischer

outback landscape  
spinifex and spinifex  
pricks the horizon

Rose van Son



samsara... nirvana...  
it's time to go out  
the eggplants

Margherita Petriccione

these days  
of small words  
white mist

Nadejda Kostadinova

dusk coastline  
a shadow dives into depths  
no ripples

Elancharan Gunasekaran



perhaps it was only a dream where violet begins

Tiffany Shaw-Diaz

two kids  
kicking up leaves  
track and trace

Roger Watson



slowly

I wake — eager I watch  
snowflakes

fall

Alfred Booth



starlit  
the patio  
where we once danced

Sue Schraer

grebe courtship  
the discarded bra  
near a bird hide

Norman Silver

cold drizzle  
through a cat flap  
the dog's head

Karen Robbie

Beneath your neutral  
camouflage –  
that pomegranate hue.

Sue Lewis



bumblebee  
the sun melting frost  
last nectar trip

Derek Hughes



young moon in snow mist  
underfoot the white crunch  
as I step through fog

Maggi Deimel



skylark  
rising higher  
on its song

Karen Roberts

caught in the breeze  
the sequin shimmer  
of silver birch leaves

Sue Beckwith

north wind  
in the middle of nowhere  
roasted coffee beans

Bisshie



complete lockdown  
mindfulness  
opens a new door

Kate B Hall

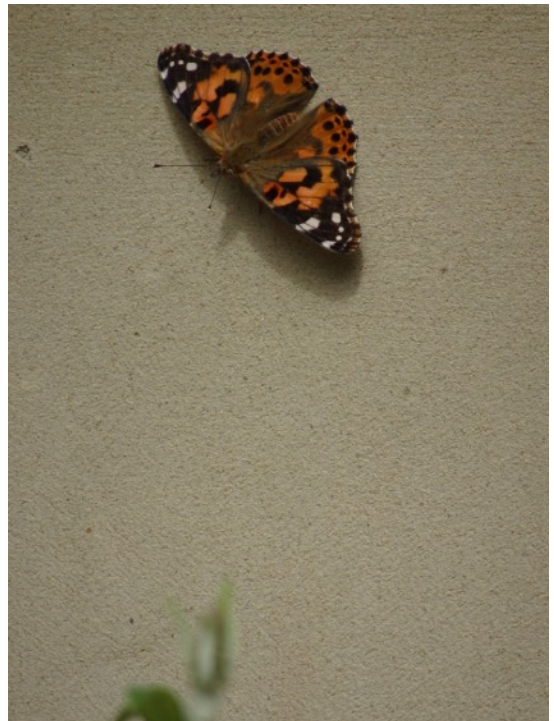
winter white lines spaces left behind

Lynne Jambor



late spring  
as I approach  
the river  
a white butterfly  
wraps me in light

A A Marcoff



homeward birds  
settling into a stone pillow  
with the sun

Diana Webb

Awake

another door  
between you and i interpreting  
opening clouds becoming such a trace  
transmission ...the raindrops,  
the crows fly through invisible geometry  
fluid the pavement mouths  
to me

Joshua Eric Williams

moon at the window  
she pulls the duvet over  
to her side

Andrew Shimield

no expiration date  
stamped on  
my dreams

Olivier Schopfer

the deserted wood  
so still  
then cherry blossom

Paul Griffiths

ten years since Dad died  
I help a frail old man  
to cross the wet road

Maeve O'Sullivan

boxes in limbo—  
covid patients belongings  
await collection

Pearl Elizabeth Dell May



morning glory  
the seeds mother left  
on the moon

Kath Abela Wilson



dawn darkness  
a jam session  
of wind and rain

Iliyana Stoyanova

winter solstice  
I become the shadow  
of a river moon

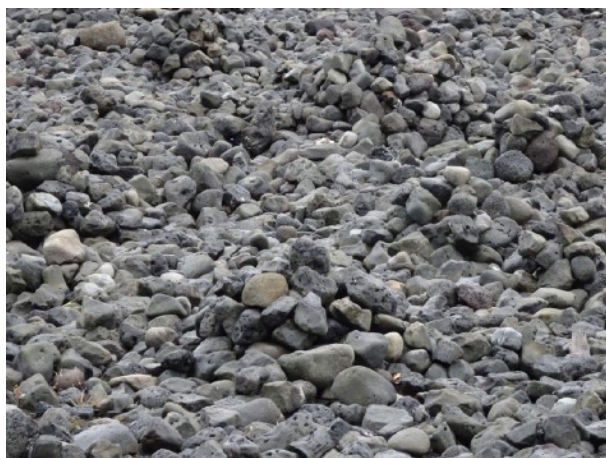
Hifsa Ashraf





sea lions sunbathe  
on Pier 39  
a crab dinner

Maria Saltrese, OSB



laughing on the beach  
waves carried us in color  
swimming to the sun

Janice Lynch Schuster

crows anting many white lies

Aparna Pathak

closed curtains  
unable to stop  
the full moon

Cynthia Anderson

constant rain  
the autumn shadows thicken  
on my soup

Josie Hibbing

skinny-dipping  
I breathe freely  
with the stars

Chen-ou Liu

winter sunset  
a lit cigarette flicks  
the moon out

Erin Castaldi

played piano notes–  
the memory of melody  
over melancholy

Rob McKinnon



calendula–  
I rub petals on  
my heartburn

Neera Kashyap

I tiptoe into your dream as moth

Sherry Grant

mild winter day  
the crow  
leaves its branch

Eva Limbach



green pines–  
even her off-key singing  
sounds beautiful

Freddy Ben-Arroyo

hillside rest  
his hand on a tree    swaying  
with the wind

Fred Schofield



grandad's head  
thinning—sun-tanned freckled  
well travelled ocean

Gavin Ramsey



lunch recess  
a merry-go-round spins kids  
till they can't walk straight

Barbara Hay

initials carved  
on the trailhead tree  
I wonder  
who will outlast  
the other

Tia Haynes

soft blanket  
the dream  
of a lasting peace

Paul David Mena



amidst the dead grass  
the watchful stillness  
of a deer

Erica Ison

snowman with a drip  
on the end of his nose  
spring thaw

Karen Harvey



she turns a page  
as evening snow falls  
I turn off my light

Stephen Joseph

Sunday morning drive so many cows along for the ride

Susan Beth Furst

beach sunset–  
the ocean takes back  
mama's footprints

Arvinder Kaur

lights on  
lights off  
finding my centre

Chidambar Navalgund



a bullying wind  
pushes, shoves the pensioner  
back to his childhood

Michael Dudley

busy street  
I bow my head  
to the rain

Bhawana Rathore

beautiful blues  
in the glacier  
no answers

John S Green



chipped beer mug  
still overflowing  
with Grandpa's laughter

Gautam Nadkarni



the shadow  
of an unpaired sock—  
autumn sun

Angiola Inglese

rose petals i slip deeper into reverie

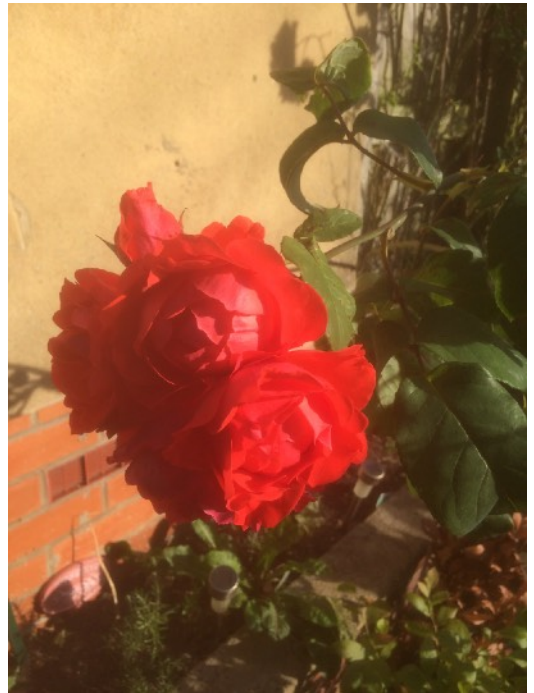
Debbie Strange

have we been good  
treacle toffee  
in Granny's handbag

Christine Eales

faded wallpaper roses peeling memories of summer

Marion Clarke



city square at dusk  
roost-bound starlings  
hasten the night

Frank Williams

white sky  
starlings swirl together  
and disperse

Maggie Fealdman



like debris  
whirling in a cyclone  
shadowing down  
across the earth—  
the gather of starlings

John Wisdom

tree rings  
a fish puffs  
concentric circles

Barry Sanbrook

angling  
t  
the fishing line

Julie Bloss Kelsey

lake breeze  
a willow dangles  
on a fishing line

Rich Schilling



frosty morning scrumping apples redwing in the garden

Clive Bennett



resuming  
where we left off  
yesterday's tea leaves

Jodie Hawthorne

an avenue of London planes  
how small  
I am

Annie Bachini



Christmas in Ghana  
the scent of chicken soup  
everywhere

Isaac Ofori-Okyere



sea fog  
settling into  
each other

Claire Vogel Camargo



milky fog—  
boarding students flow  
in silence

Eiko Yachimoto



walking home from school  
the slow chug of a steam train

Maureen Sexton

spurning the elixir of youth the smirk in her eyes sales pitch

Madhuri Pillai



city high-rise  
so far from a garden  
rose-scented soap

kjmunro



no one's head  
rests on my shoulder  
leaf fall in the rain

Paul Cordeiro



skeletal branches  
a lone leaf clings in vain  
refusing winter

Jack Rientoul

pine trees and waves  
steps in the sand that lead  
to last summer

Vitaly Svirin

war outbreak  
a child listening in vain  
for birdsong

Anthony Itopa Obaro



neighbours  
spreading their clothes outside—  
early morning sun

Ogedengbe Tolulope Impact





introversion. building an imaginary igloo. crawling inside

Marianne Paul

broken window–  
the little church has a leak of prayers

Antonella Filippi

evening drip  
from a roof leak  
in Morse code

Billy Antonio



drifting through  
mist-filled trees  
birdsong

Gary Evans

autumn leaves–  
scuffing through  
childhood memories

Nick T

Hydrangea sweetness  
*tea of heaven*  
thrives on neglect

Helen May Williams



autumn rain  
a moss cushion has fallen  
right side up

Mark Ritchie

cold wind  
someone's fast steps  
leave a trace  
here it is – my grandma's  
first teenage diary

Vessislava Savova



at the margins our stick figures

Tapan Mozumdar

biting cold  
a heart-shaped pebble  
in my pocket

Nazarena Rampini

my gaze a tiny event on her surface

Vijay Prasad

early winter dawn  
dogs stir the scent of the past  
in the fallen leaves

Meg Arnot



lockdown  
miles away my old house  
awaits the sun

Richa Sharma



sunrise stokes the morning brag of gulls

Cherie Hunter Day



impossibility  
of making amends —  
autumn leaves

Eric Lohman



We argue about nothing  
Just ahead of us  
Our shadows kiss

Phil Barling

I find myself thinking  
he'll make a good father . . .  
white roses in bloom

Hannah Mahoney



saying their names  
over and over  
the forget-me-nots

Michael Dylan Welch



my friend when young on a bicycle

Steve Mason



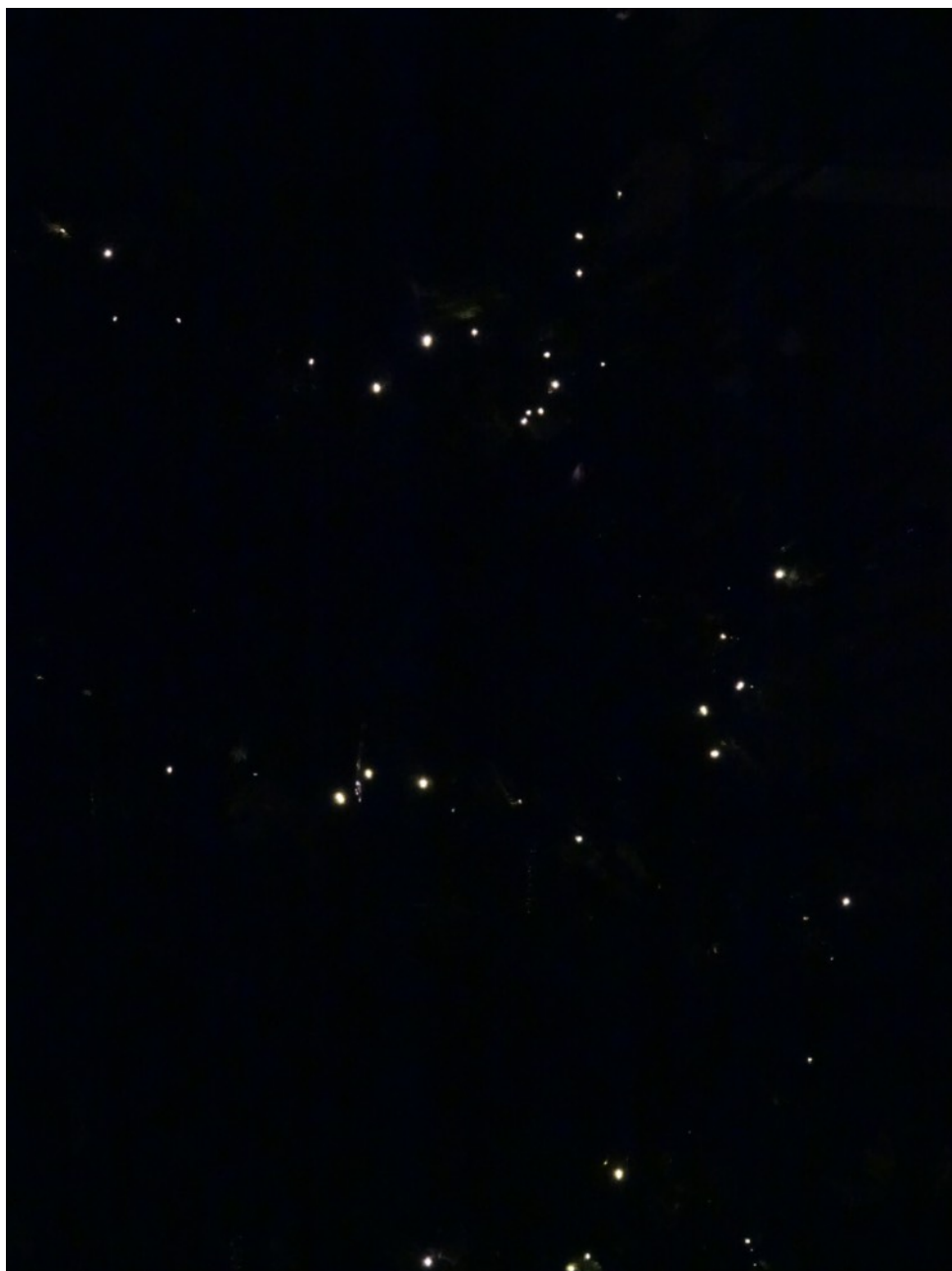
walking alone  
pale rays of winter sun  
on the old path

Anna Maris



the last train empties stars over hiroshima

Stephen Toft



the percussionist dampens his cymbals leaving the train

Jo Balistreri



winter fog  
a train chugs past midnight

Christina Chin





pocket litter  
how we wonder  
who we are

Vicki Miko



## Fast Food

Takeaway night. The young man with honey-colored skin and sloe gin eyes no longer works the window.

calorie counter  
I strike fast-food off  
my list of must-haves

Margaret Dornaus





lockdown me-time in the loo

Shobhana Kumar



loneliness–  
the smell of his shirt  
flooding my eyes

Nisha Raviprasad



summer solstice...  
her bloo lipstick whispers  
one wave after another

Ali Znaidi



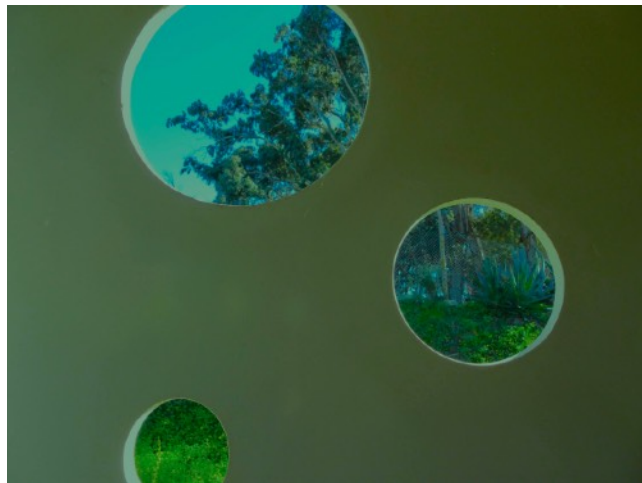
owl service . . .  
just rat and I dancing  
to the busker's tune

Corine Timmer



against the black  
my skylight reflection  
stares down at me

Nicky Gutierrez





blood moon –  
his dance partner turns  
professional

Tony Pupello



white Christmas  
waiting in the roadside bar  
for a snowplough

Henryk Czempiel





all of today—  
rinsed  
by rain

Gracy Judith D'Souza



## Symbiosis

I've been reading about how trees are all interconnected by sharing chemical messages through their roots, and how flowers and trees have their own shared language. I think of Basho's "go to the pine to learn of the pine." From all that, this:

We should answer the greening oak  
that calls us to sit down and lean  
against its trunk, seeking wisdom.

We should witness lilacs bursting  
into bloom, follow waves of sweetness  
they send out to call the bees.

Becoming oak, becoming lilac bush,  
we join the greater family of those who  
speak tree, those who can blossom.

Penny Harter

the coolness  
in a photograph  
forget-me-nots

Gina





silent night  
the only witness  
Orion

Cezar Ciobica

red night sky  
the shepherd cradles  
her new-born

Carol Jones





saturday night  
laying limbs outstretched  
the discarded wetsuit

Ted Sherman



starry night  
the why  
of the universe

Pat Davis

planetarium—  
in search of  
a safer world

Barbara Sabol



on the darkest night moonshine

Edward Cody Huddleston

alone tonight a single malt

Margaret Walker

midsummer night's dream pandemic is over

Mariangela Canzi

she stays  
until the kids are grown  
every night

Jacob Blumner

bath night ...  
flannelette jim-jams  
warming by the fire

Susan King

winter night  
a long dream  
after a long time

Lakshmi Iyer

debate night –  
circus lights eclipse  
the waxing moon

Christopher Peys

it's dark tonight  
gazing east restlessly  
a bird calls

Subir Ningthouja

*I am sweating  
the tunnel is long  
daylight at last*



voronoi  
the dragonfly's wings  
over the beck

Marilyn Ward



balcony scene  
a ballet-licking  
tom

Helen Buckingham

last chemo...  
she dances  
among the cherry blossoms

Nancy Brady



reaching through the fence  
the friendly horse kisses my hand  
October grief

Susan Rogers



country roads  
a bit of gravel  
in the DJ's voice

Terri French



Pissarro's brush sweeps across the painted snow  
discovers blue

Elinor Brooks



traction

it is always you  
and the snow

Canada geese  
stand silent  
on one leg

Greer Woodward

a gold chain  
angles across her chest  
geese at sunset

Alan S. Bridges



fairy tale village–  
geese with outstretched wings  
halt traffic

Dorothy Burrows

wild geese. has your country fallen lately?

Michael O'Brien

winter evening  
discovering carrots  
in the hardened earth

Diane Alleva Cáceres



a radio host rants  
from the old gas boiler  
gusts of steam

Mary White



a winding road  
its red-roofed villas tucked  
beside tall willows  
we stroll hand in hand  
on cobblestone lanes

Carol Raisfeld



uninviting bed—  
winter's conspiracy  
my solipsism  
in the dark  
silent rejection

Ram Krishna Singh

covid corner  
large ladies without masks  
talk gherkins

Paul Beech



reading your work  
I slip  
into your skin

Maureen Weldon

Books whisper  
From the silent shelves  
As you fondly dust them.

Cristina Povero



book-lover's bedtime —  
I mark my place  
with a smaller book

Bill Waters

migrating jackdaws  
again the client mentions  
an unwritten book

Rob Kingston



teen son the guava seed trapped in my teeth

Kinshuk Gupta



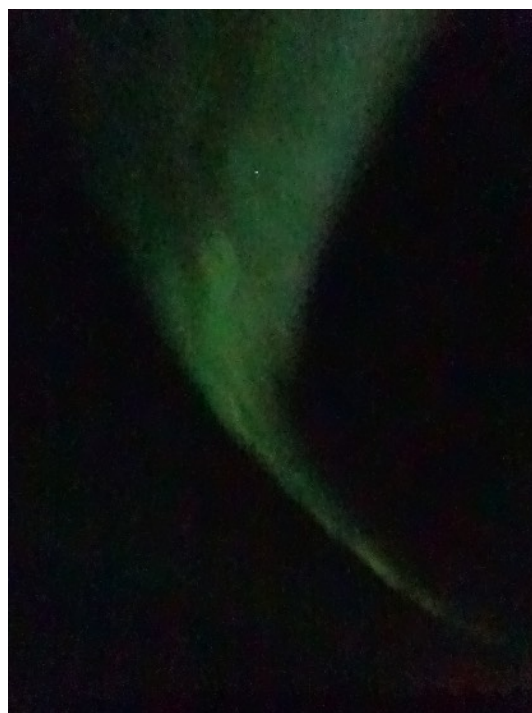
clear morning chat  
the perfect circle  
of her dog's tail

Keiko Izawa



night trawler underway my waking dream

Jonathan Alderfer



between blinds  
the vigilant stare  
of my tabby



an'ya

honouring Wordsworth  
in my living room  
daffodils

Anjali Warhadpande



a shimmer of a cocktail cherry snowballs at dawn

Alan Summers



Voles see themselves in the stars. Probably.

Dru Marland

illustration©Dru Marland





# The Bl̄oo Outpost

Until the next topic and genre is announced for the second issue of the journal, there'll be Bl̄ō Outposts now and then. So do check in once in a while!

When Barbara Sabol accidently misnamed my journal I knew it was a blessing in disguise!

Barbara said:

“It will be a present to unwrap the inaugural issue of *Bloo Outpost!*”

And so the **Bl̄ō Outpost**, with its Macron (diacritic) of course, was born! A huge thank you to Barbara!

This is a feature that will both appear in successive issues, as well as on the **Bl̄ō Outlier Journal** blog:

<https://blooutlierjournal.blogspot.com>

So do keep checking!

There are many reasons behind this journal. As an online mentor I witness many superb and sublime haiku, tanka, and haibun that are rejected many times. One such haiku that had been rejected multiple times inspired this journal in particular. It finally found a home in a wonderful print journal, and I hope to reveal something about this poem several months after it's been published.

Without knowing, a number of haiku and tanka that I could have had been rejected! I feel so lucky to have “nabbed” them, as they are incredible poems.

*“It's a favourite of my own recent poems but I've not been able to find a home for it for love nor money. A novelist friend of mine liked it so much she sent it to a friend of her's who's on the board of the Forward Poetry Prize (not that they award individual poems but it was a cool vote of confidence on my friend's part!).....it was beginning to look like being my most popular haiku never to be published!”*

Well it is very gladly appearing in this journal!

This is from another poet:

*“This tanka was rejected at least thrice earlier.”*

My lips are sealed, but I cannot believe my good fortune in ‘nabbing’ this tanka!

One author saw a call for the journal on a social media platform, and said:

*"I am a complete novice"*

It's a stunning haiku, another one I 'nabbed' for the journal!

*"I am new to haiku and very excited to be a part of your journal."*

Now this person is a Blōō Outlier Journal poet!

What is scrumping, or London plane trees, I hear you ask?

### **Scrumping:**

It's a very British schoolboy activity mostly based in pre-internet days!

<https://beachhousekitchen.com/2018/10/01/the-art-of-scrumping-and-the-great-british-apple/>

### **London Plane trees**

<https://londonist.com/2015/03/the-secret-history-of-the-london-plane-tree>

<https://www.treesforcities.org/stories/the-mysterious-story-of-the-london-plane-tree>

Helen May Williams was worried:

*"That was the haiku I hesitated to send, thinking not many folk would 'get' it."*

Have no fear the Blōō Outpost has you covered!

The Hydrangea's *tea of heaven* which thrives on neglect

<https://www.southernliving.com/garden/flowers/hydrangea-serrata-tea>

Meg Arnot, from London, UK said:

*"Congratulations on sending the fastest ever response I have received to a journal submission!" and "I'm missing nature enormously and intend to re-join the Wildfowl and Wetlands Trust and take regular visits to the Barnes Wetland Centre - so I may end up writing more bird haiku!"*

We hope so!

*"Alan - it's really exciting to be a part of this. Those train journeys must have been wonderful!"*

*"So thrilled to be published by something you are putting together."*

What lovely comments, and show of support! Thank you!

*"I'm glad this one has found a home"*

The Blōō Outlier Journal will always be home, it should feel like home!

*"I am quite new to the haiku world and have heard a lot about you."*

I hope it was good! Glad to have you onboard!

*"I'm so pleased to be a part of your new journal...my interest in haiku was recently piqued. I am mainly a visual artist and have specialized in illustrating field guides to birds, primarily for National Geographic; and many of my haiku have also revolved around birds."*

It's wonderful to have your company. It certainly sounds like a future issue might be about birds from several corners of the world!

*"I'm chuffed my senryu will be in the first issue of Bloō Outlier Journal (what a great name!)"*

Ah, this reminds me, some of you have asked why is it called by that name?

See further down!

**Penny Harter** is the co-author of the *Haiku Handbook* that really got me started on an incredible, though sometimes daunting journey. I've never regretted it!

A while ago the Haiku Handbook celebrated its 25th Anniversary!

<https://www.penguinrandomhouse.com/books/563541/the-haiku-handbook25th-anniversary-edition-by-william-j-higginson-and-penny-harter-foreword-by-jane-reichhold/>

## **Touchstone Awards**

So it's the inaugural issue of Bloō Outlier Journal, and I have ten poems (haiku or senryu) maximum to nominate for the Touchstone Individual poem awards (run by The Haiku Foundation).

An emotional journey as I read the poems again, this time with nominations in mind. The first short list was incredibly long, and I was almost in tears paring down the long shortlists. So what if I'm 6' 3" and a tough guy, I can cry if I want!

The penultimate shortlist was a little easier but still emotional to leave out so many genuinely incredible haiku (and senryu). One saving grace is that these nominations are only for haiku and senryu, so not tanka, gembun, haibun etc... Phew!

But there might be a special recognition at a later date. Check out your "Bloō Outposts"!

Here are ten amazing authors, out of many I will quickly add, as I believe there are 260 incredible poets. So many that I felt I had to add more images than intended, so that we can more comfortably visit the poets in their habitat, and make it a relaxed experience.

I nominated for The Touchstone Individual poem awards:

Diana Webb  
Lynne Jambor  
Kath Abela Wilson  
Jo Balistreri  
Hemapriya Chellappan  
Margaret Walker  
Robyn Cairns  
Gabriela Popa  
Brad Bennett  
Lenard D. Moore

## Why *Blōō* *Outlier Journal*?

Let's see!

### **outlier definition:**

**noun:** **outlier**; plural noun: **outliers**

a person or thing situated away or detached from the main body or system.  
a person or thing differing from all other members of a particular group or set  
Some people marvel and are impressed, or appalled or shocked.

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe called outliers “*demoniacs*” and “*something that escapes analysis, reason, and comprehension.*”

Well that's me, and it could be you too, join the club!

## *Blōō* origins

*blōō* is related to Old English *blāwen* ‘blue’ and Old Norse *blár* ‘dark blue’

*blōō* is associated with depth and stability, symbolizing trust, loyalty, wisdom, confidence, intelligence, truth, and heaven.

Studies have also shown it slows human metabolism and produces a calming effect

*blōō* is a rare trilogy or trifecta of words that can be an adjective, noun, or verb in its immediateness and can be invisible to the naked eye.

**\*adjective: bl̄oo**

\*comparative adjective: bl̄oer

\*superlative adjective: bl̄oest

Denoting one of three colors of a quark which are any of a number of subatomic particles carrying a fractional electric charge, postulated as building blocks of hadrons and an appropriately colored one at that!

.

**\*noun: bl̄oo**

\*plural noun: bl̄oos

The famed Blue Morpho butterfly has the largest wing span and is the most quickened...

.

**\*verb: bl̄oo**

\*3rd person present: bl̄oos;

\*past tense: bl̄ood;

\*gerund or present participle: bl̄oeing;

\*gerund or present participle: bl̄oing

To make or become bl̄oo as in the bl̄oing of splashed items or the blurring of quickened bl̄oo dragonflies.

My thanks to Jim Goodlett who gave a much fuller and actually correct definition without any Alan subversions!

## ABOUT THE EDITOR

My provenance as an editor etc...

<https://area17.blogspot.com/2017/01/happy-new-year-and-brand-new-honour.html>

Alan Summers is a double Japan Times award winning writer, filmed by NHK Television (Japan) for “*Europe meets Japan - Alan's Haiku Journey*”; a Pushcart Prize nominated poet for both haiku and haibun, and Best Small Fictions nominated for haibun. He is **President** of the **United Haiku & Tanka Society**, a previous **General Secretary** of the **British Haiku Society** (1998-2000) and Editor Emeritus for the multi-award-winning **Red Moon Anthologies** (Red Moon Press, USA) for best haikai literature from 2000-2005.

He is a former Embassy of Japan *Japan-UK 150' haiku & renga poet-in-residence*, and published/supported by the **BBC Poetry Season** website.

Alan has an M.A. in Creative Writing from Bath Spa University (England, UK), and is a widely published and translated haikai poet. A highly experienced live and online workshop leader, Alan has run various workshops (day and residential) all over Britain, as well as international online workshops for individuals, groups, haiku communities, poetry and other organisations.

*“Europe meets Japan - Alan's Haiku Journey:”*



Alan is a co-founding editor of two online haiku journals: Haijinx–haiku with humor  
Bones Journal

As well as:

Linked Verses editor, Notes from the Gean

Haibun editor, Blithe Spirit (British Haiku Society journal)

Alan has seven collections of haikai poetry:

**Forbidden Syllables** (Bones Library 2020)

**Glint** (Proletaria 2020)

**Comfort of Crows** (Alan Summers & Hifsa Ashraf) Velvet Dusk Publishing (2019)

**Does Fish-God Know** (YTBN Press 2012)

**The In-Between Season** (With Words Pamphlet Series 2012)

**Sundog Haiku Journal: an Australian Year** (Sunfast Press 1997)

**Moonlighting** (British Haiku Society Intimations Pamphlet Series, 1996)

He is co-editor of a number of haiku-based anthologies, and art gallery catalogues.

Alan is also the creator of The Area 17 Profile Poet Series: <https://area17.blogspot.com>

Alan Summers is Co-founder (with Karen Hoy) and full-time Lead Tutor for haikai-based  
Call of the Page: [www.callofthepage.org](http://www.callofthepage.org)

He is the Founding Editor of **Blōō Outlier Press** created in November 2020.

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Alan Summers

editor, Blōō Outlier Journal

Thursday morning, December 24th, Christmas Eve 2020



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