

patchwork prairie—
the plane's shadow creeps across
the family farms

Richard Stevenson

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HAIKU CANADA REVIEW



Volume 2 October 2008 Number 2

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Haiku Canada Review submissions of haiku, related writing, letters and reviews are welcome from members and non-members. **Haiku Canada Sheets** are open to members only, or non-members by invitation. Published as well as unpublished work is considered for sheets. Payment for Sheets is 10 copies. For the **Annual Members' Anthology** (except special issues), members are asked to submit 3-5 haiku (published or unpublished). Send to:

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Haiku Canada Newsletter, beginning in December 2006, became an e-newsletter, scheduled to appear in a news-timely manner. All news such as conferences, contests, market deadlines, and regional news should be sent to

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Membership/Subscription: \$25 yearly(\$15 students) Canadian funds in Canada, US funds outside, December to December for 2 Review issues, Haiku Canada Sheets (individual poet broadsides) as available, inclusion in the annual Members' Anthology, and electronic mailings of the Newsletter issues. Write:

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HAIKU CANADA ANNUAL HAIKU CONTEST

The Betty Drevniok Award 2009. Haiku Canada established this competition in memory of Betty Drevniok, Past President of the society. With the exception of members of the executive of Haiku Canada, the contest is open to everyone, including Regional Coordinators of HC. Haiku must be unpublished and not under consideration elsewhere. A flat fee of \$5 Cdn (in Canada) or \$5 US (for entries outside Canada) for up to 3 haiku is payable to Haiku Canada. Note: 3 haiku, not more. Each haiku must be typed or neatly printed on each of three 3X5 cards; one card must include the author's name, address and phone number in the upper corner, while the other two must contain no identifying marks. Winners will be announced at the Annual General Meeting in May 2009. First Prize \$100; Second Prize \$50; Third Prize \$25 for haiku. The top ten poems will be published in a Haiku Canada Sheet and distributed with the Haiku Canada Anthology. No entries will be returned. If you are NOT a member of Haiku Canada and wish a copy of the broadsheet with the winning haiku, include a SASE (business size, Cdn stamps) or a SAE and \$1 for postage. Send entries to The Betty Drevniok Award, c/o Ann Goldring, 5 Cooks Dr., POB 97, Leaskdale, Ontario, Canada, L0C 1C0. **Postmark Deadline: February 14, 2009**

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Cover Illustration: *Marje A. Dyck*. Sheet this issue: *a new candle lights*
by Margot Gallant

From the Editor. . .

Haiku and related forms are welcome from both members and non members. Tanka, haiga, essays, interviews, letters and reviews are also sought. For submission details and changes see the inside cover of each issue.

There is one change to note for the 2009 Members' Anthology. The editor is Claudia Coutu Radmore. For details, see upcoming Newsletters / News Flashes.

May your fall be haiku filled.

fall election
the Green Shift
turns brown

Yours all seasons,

IN MEMORY

William J. Higginson

December 1938 – October 11, 2008

§

a haiku candle
sputters and is gone—
now that light is in the stars

Carolanne Reynolds

On behalf of all of the members of Haiku Canada, I would like to express our sadness at the passing of Bill Higginson. I am sure most of us have used his Haiku Handbook as a guide in our efforts to write better haiku. I recall that he was such a positive presence in our 2007 Haiku Weekend in Ottawa. We were fortunate to have him and his wife, Penny, there with us. He will truly be missed in the haiku community. Our condolences and prayers go out to his family.

DeVar Dahl, President Haiku Canada

I cannot say enough how saddened I am by this news, how much Bill meant to me personally, or how important he and his writings about haiku meant to me and to the haiku community worldwide. I will miss his friendship and leadership in haiku poetry. This is a profoundly sad day for me and for all haiku poets around the world.

Michael Dylan Welch

So sorry to hear of Bill Higginson's death.

I've read and re-read my paperback copy of his haiku handbook so many times and recommended it too. What a help it was starting out and a reference after.

I knew his and Penny's work before I met them in person. The first time that happened was when I was invited to be on the program at the 1995 Haiku Canada AGM in Toronto and talk about being on a seminar in Romania. I was invited there by THE SOCIETATEA ROMANA DE HAIKU (Romania Haiku Society) after the Ceausescu's death. I guess most of you know how writers were treated by him. I read the AGM part of my presentation there 'Basho, Saint of Haiku.' Guess my nervousness showed I remember Bill being helpful, told me a few tricks of the talk trade.

Both he and Penny were such fun; enjoyed hearing about their friend Elizabeth S Lamb. What a great editor she was still have some of her wee notes.

For quite a while B & P and I exchanged Christmas letters. Then guess we both became so busy with kids, grand kids etc they stopped. Still nice to see them in the 'zines I subscribed to sort of like a 'Hi' and know they still there and writing.

Much sympathy to Penny and family.

Winona Baker

falling leaves
what's left
when the poet's gone

LeRoy Gorman

§

3

Homage to Sonia Sanchez

the black poetess says:
'upon birth death'—
seeing a white butterfly

Janick Belleau

boundaries vanish
under rising water
still more rain

Sheila Bello

Opening the door
to the chill of frost—
chattering geese.

Frances Mary Bishop

Independence Day—
back from another visit to
the Alzheimer's wing

Rick Black

the jackhammers
don't seem to bother you
chirping sparrows?

izak bouwer

new father
nurses
a coffee

Helen Buckingham

4

afternoon rain. . .
each puddle
with a sunset

Anne LB Davidson

The latest polls suggest
Changing leaves are
Changing leaves.

Darnell Dean

Open toed shoes
painted toe nails
rosebuds in bloom

Charalene Denton

tai chi practice . . .
a red leaf spins
in slow motion

elehna de sousa

a sudden
swirling vortex
autumn leaves

Marje A. Dyck

looking over
my neighbor's fence
more of the same

John Elsberg

vulture overhead
nothing personal
it's on a thermal

Muriel Ford

fireflies
on again, off again
argument

white lies . . .
one wave crashes
into another

Alice Frampton

coldest night so far
in her lace underwear
the billboard girl

Marco Fraticelli

above smooth stones
golden pollen drifts
on the clear water

grand slam
the stadium open
to the moon

New Year's Day swim
frost on the branches
of the fig

summer's end
I pedal home slowly
in the new darkness

Margot Gallant

the musk of beach pilings
I spy an old lover
look - a - like

Andrea Grillo

waiting for your call
the grey mist
of morning

Heidi George

“combating”
climate change—
we have met the enemy...

*The Best Book
You'll Ever Read on Publishing—
on the bargain shelf*

last to root through
the corporate archives—
a demolition crane

Barry George

nursing home—
father no longer looks
out the window

Irene Golas

summer wind
the falls
without water

Barry Goodmann

i thought the race won
but round the curve in the track
my shadow passed me

the moon and i
so alone i too
am eclipsed

Arch Haslett

S P L A S H
was that a frog
but it's still snowing

Lana Holmes

noises around deep in our life the first sparrow

Kim Horne

confetti

the blossom petals
over a lane of trash bins

a common blue
fluttering around delphiniums
at solstice

Marshall Hrycuik

the outfielder's hands
on the wall—
silence

violin teacher here—
my dog
whining

Tim Jamieson

All my sunflowers
Smiling at my neighbour—
He smiles back

Liette Janelle

an early frost
granddaughter's first steps
imprint on the lawn

leaves turn golden
yet my ailing mother
watches migrating geese

jeanne jorgensen

lit lantern in the stream—
the many paths
of rushing water

last of the fall colours
a black limousine
glides by

dawn unfolding—
the delivery van
shifts into reverse

Angela Leuck

the ever-changing lattice
of falling snowflakes—
a bird darts through

Vicki McCullough

Portage trail
meandering all the way
home

Cyclamen
atop the TV
Olympic flames

David McMurray

doctor's waiting room—
a new pattern
on the wallpaper

first frost—
no one notices
the red leaves

Mike Montreuil

a few snow patches—
wild steer faces peer
above the wildflowers

through the hedge
our dying neighbor—
spring garden

H. F. Noyes

different butterfly types
no pairs or groups—
withered field

Brent Partridge

senior center...
the door opens
automatically

Carol Pearce-Worthington

peacocks strut
inside their cage
angled morning light

Patrick M. Pilarski

late winter walk:
galaxies of snow crystals
eclipsed by shadows

George Power

sandals
with socks
September

Nancy Prasad

October light
my empty mind caught
in the web's design

John Quinnett

summer solstice—
the snake chokes up
a half-swallowed toad

winter solstice
the chip in the rim
of my coffee cup

Michele Root-Bernstein

a billion stars
back to the window
for a second look

the tiny spider
again on the shower curtain
late winter haze

April crow
a few little hops
to be sure

Bruce Ross

morning moon—
with the anchor
a cloud of mud

rainy Sunday
the dog and i
smell the same

Grant D. Savage

left shuddering on the long branch
l
ast
pear

frozen moon
crab tree's shrivelled fruit
Follow-the-Dots!

Guy Simser

taken by a stroke—
plumes of wispy white smoke
drift from his chimney
(for Des)

“I love Rome”
the cheap tumbler reads—
the one glass to last

Richard Stevenson

September midges—
a thousand thousand swallows
in the clouds

Angela Sumegi

our house for sale . . .
and a swallow nest
in the eaves

ice-circled branches—
I am because
I breathe

brief thaw
the fly from nowhere
has gone back

George Swede

falling acorns
I buy a wedding present
for my daughter

Charles Trumbull

autumn wind
the used clothing store full of
Halloween costumes

Naomi Beth Wakan

freezing rain
through the taxi windows
Monets everywhere

organics
the farmer's ruddy face
among the apples

Betty Warrington-Kearsley

what can happen now?
in the forest
a redwood has fallen

Michael Dylan Welch

our only child
on his way to pre-school
the falling leaves

this frozen lake—
the stars have returned
to the sky

Mark Arvid White

summer solstice
I'm wearing the shoes
of a dead friend

solstice d'été
je porte les chaussures
d'un ami défunt

autumn light
too soft for shadow plays
when the day declines

lumière d'automne
trop douce pour ombres chinoises
au déclin du jour

Klaus-Dieter Wirth

The Fish Tank

There is a space under the window that will soon be a fish tank. In a day, a week... the house plants will be moved to a new shelf, the dry leaves swept up, covered, replaced with a tomb of glass. Smooth white counter top---clean, empty, catching the evening sun.

"There aren't any fish in your tank."

"It's waiting."

"For what?"

"Biochemistry. Heat. Time."

We have visitors. Bright. Molten. Fin tips just inches from the long hard fingers of Alberta frost. Was it fair to bring them here, soft and beautiful, to the ice-blasted belly of the prairie? Can the tiny waves of a high-rise fish tank really replace the breakers I hear in my dreams?

spring thaw—
one dead fish
in the pet store tank

Patrick M. Pilarski

gravedgelderests

George Swede

Down and Out in Alma

In order to exit my humble abode, it is necessary to push on the door's lock, the only way to get out— where the action is. . .

The word action, though, might often be misinterpreted for a lack of awareness, as in these heavily treed Twin Tier Mountains. They are more than just there, they are really busy doing their "thing." They absorb the loudest shock of thunder booms I have ever heard in my whole life. They give for the winds and creatures passing through. They absorb all the horrific pollutions mankind tosses in the air, even far from distant lands, giving me oxygen, allowing me to breathe deeply under the glorious ever-changing sky. And, every single breath is such a valued gift— the snort of steam released from the quiver nostril of a buck in heat, the almost undetected tiny breath of a fledgling so courageously attempting a first flight from the nest, the rhythmic breathing of fatted groundhogs as they so carefully select nourishments from between the weeds.

So often I wonder, again and again, how this earth itself can breath, being so stifled under ever-increasing pavements of asphalt and tar. But it does. Perhaps the thistles and thimbleberries and roadside dandelions help in the regard. . .

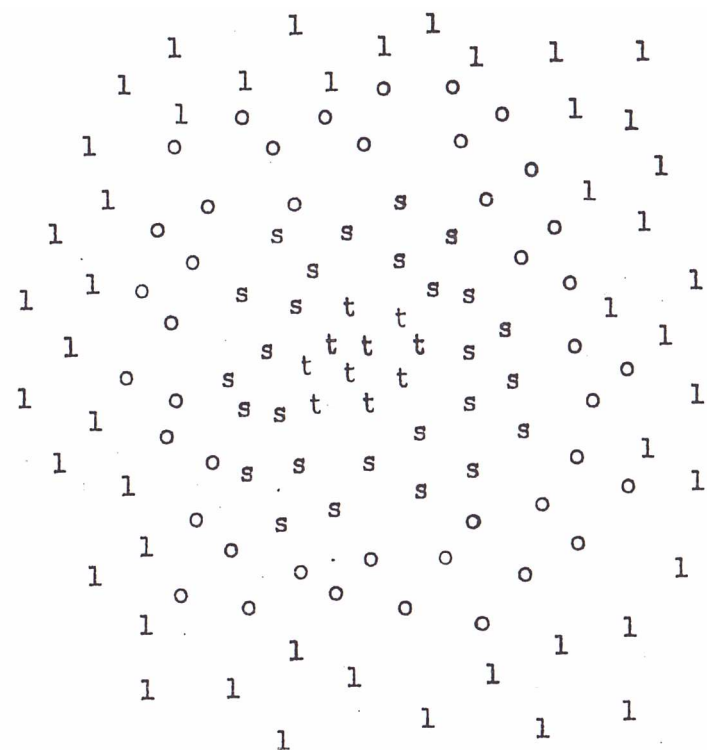
So much to wonder at, to appreciate, to be thankful for. Even when down and out with a health problem, there is always a window to God's glorious creations. And how they move and how they teach! The mid-winter frolic of rabbits and deer, dancing, mind you, not to keep warm in the minus twenties, but simply to come together to orchestrate a dance— in the stillness of the darkest night. And what fun it is for every one of us to do our own inner dance amid nature. Each and together, what energy, what peaceful, and pleasant energy. So. Let out hearts be happy, content— and down and out anywhere, with nature.

If the anywhere has one sequestered in substandard housing with boarded-up windows, just sit tight, soon some light will sneak

through a crack. It dances, don't you see? Or, get out and down,
crouch by the gutter. Rain rushes down through the drains. It
carries life. Watch the sky. Someone comes along to look down
on you? No problem. You are looking UP. But not to search from
sky to sea as a scientist in nature. Just allow haiku to find you.

anxiously on watch
that lonely crow
with ruffled feathers

Liz fenn



McMurtagh

Mosaïque d'été

Haïkus réunis par Micheline Beaudry

de gros nuages
en forme de montagnes
dansent au soleil

Pierre Saussus

L'été s'annonce
sur les joues rosies des femmes
cerises de mai!

Marc de Meilhan

Macadam brûlant—
empreintes des voyageurs sur
la route des vacances

Jean François Chapelle

Un souffle de vent,
Un chapeau prend son envol,
Hop, un bol de rires.

Micheline Boland

Regarde la mer
Assise sur la jetée
Oh ! Ressac sournois...

Jean Irubetagoyena

Parfum de mer et de sable
Loin, loin
des forêts de parasols

Maryse Chaday

Tremolo ...
Ma peine est moins lourde
Dans le vent mêlé d'odeurs

Nanikooo

Route des Baleines
dans l'eau le dos rond
des rochers

Hélène Leclerc

Nuage de poussière
sur la plaine ardente
la moissonneuse

Martine Hautot

Chaleur de l'été
Passant sur un tronc d'arbre
Ma chaussure à l'eau

Patrick Somprou

petite Léa
sous son parapluie
couvert de grenouilles

Renée Simard

Rosée de juillet
Entre les escargots
Slalomer

Yann Mouget

larve de coccinelle
sur la feuille de salade
biologique

Monika Thoma-Petit

fleurs épanouies
dans l'allée de la piscine
les corps au soleil

Martine Brugière

Danse des papillons
au son de luth
de ma potentille

Bernard Antoun

il neige mille fleurs
sur la nappe d'été
bonheur en couleur

Michèle Chrétien

tête-bêche
des libellules copulent
où sont mes lunettes?

Claire Du Sablon

Dans le taillis
les mûres sauvages matures,
hors d'atteinte.

Luc Vanderhaeghen

penchées sur les fraises
les femmes au corsage ouvert
pylônes à l'horizon

Micheline Beaudry

pour mieux sentir
le couchant de juillet
j'ouvre la fenêtre

Daniel Py

église vide
relookée pour l'été
changement de vocation

Denise Ruest

près du champ de seigle
des touffes de camomille
tisane ou bouquet?

Huguette Ducharme

Les feuilles rampantes
En un grésillement sec
Bris de verre au sol

Opaline Allandet

chercheurs d'ombre...
les boulistes tournent
avec le soleil

André Cayrel

mouvement du vent
le chêne au crépuscule
parle à voix sèche

Ann Koch

nuits de festival—
à la place des démunis
on a mis des chiottes

Luce Pelletier

l'énorme lune d'été
comme un fromage
dans mon rétroviseur

Hélène Larocque-Nolin

bruits de la ville
au loin
le chant du huard

Janick Belleau

Grande Allée
Dîner à la terrasse
Voir et être vu

André Vézina

un accordéon
sous les ponts de la Seine
écho de l'été

Geert Verbeke

sur le lac
la montagne descend
vers le ciel

Monique Lévesque

Tout ce blanc
d'où naîtra
l'arc-en-ciel

Jean Dorval

journée d'été
les voix d'enfants
l'autre bord de la baie

Mike Montreuil

Quarante degrés
l'épouvantail même lui
a mis un chapeau

Patrick Druart

fin du jour
dans l'étang la carpe
fait des ronds clairs

Serge Tomé

nuît des perséides
entre 1h30 et 3 heures
faites un vœu

Lise Robert

tous ces coquillages
qu'on range l'un après l'autre—
un très beau voyage

Gisèle Guertin

fin d'été
pont de bois
nos noms toujours là

Jeannine St-Amand

Un couple d'étourneaux
S'étourdit dans les vignes
De raisin nouveau.

Isabelle Hémerly

Dans le solarium
la pluie glisse sur la vitre -
Une feuille s'y colle

Liette Janelle

Le vieux poète
s'égare dans ses paroles—
plus épais le brouillard.

Frans Terryn

Haiku and *Haiku*

Martin Lucas

Haiku is not *haiku*. Our 'haiku' are not *haiku*. *Haiku*— here identified by italics— is a very short form of Japanese verse. It would not be quite true to say that it can only be written *by* a Japanese, but it can only be written *in* Japanese, and it would require the same level of fluency in Japanese culture, history and literary tradition as in language. If you want to get to know *haiku*, you need to get to know Japan: the country, the people, the language. That's a huge project, a lifetime's project, but there's no point in minimising the scale of it and pretending that you can somehow get to know *haiku* without it.

What, then, is our 'haiku'? It is a very short form of verse in English *inspired by* what we have seen of Japanese *haiku*. In 99 cases out of 100, this means inspired by *translations* of Japanese *haiku*. (Only a handful of our writers have any fluency in Japanese.) We need to be clear that the translation is not the poem, it is only a version of the poem. It can be a very close approximation, or a very distant approximation, but even in cases where the meaning is conveyed almost precisely, the fact of the language difference means that the poetic experience is bound to differ. Sometimes a very closely approximate translation sounds like a very poor effort in English; and sometimes a very distant approximation can achieve striking success as a 'haiku' in English. Either way, we are still dealing with approximations. All the concepts with which we handle *haiku* are approximations. We might define *haiku*, roughly but reasonably, as: 'A short poem in three lines of 5,7 and 5 syllables respectively, usually including a season-word and a cutting-word.' If we understand this as a rough-and-ready definition, there is no problem. But it is only possible to be more precise than this by offering numerous

qualifying footnotes, and this is because every single aspect of this 'definition' involves an approximation. 'Lines' is a concept applicable to English and other related Western languages. We might naively imagine the poetry of all languages to be structured in lines, but it isn't so: the concept of 'lines' has limited validity in describing the structure of a *haiku*. 'Syllables', in English, are a variable measure of the spoken language. The sound-symbols in which Japanese *haiku* are written are a fixed measure of the written language, only loosely corresponding to our notion of 'syllables'. And 'cutting-word' is a slightly desperate attempt to find some English equivalent for the *kireji*, a 'meaningless' word that is used as punctuation, either within or at the end of the *haiku*. It is entirely reasonable to think of the 'cut' in haiku as corresponding to a dash, semi-colon or exclamation mark, for instance, but this only gives a vague idea of the significance of the *kireji*. If we read translations in which these punctuation marks replace *ya* or *kana*, we miss something integral to the original.

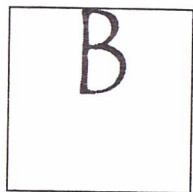
Changing a language also means changing concepts. For example, it is naive to assume that *haru*, *natsu*, *aki* and *fuyu* are spring, summer, autumn and winter. As William J. Higginson points out,* the *haiku* seasons begin about a month earlier than in the usual Western interpretation of the calendar (in February, May, August and November respectively). That's not so much a meteorological difference as a cultural and linguistic difference, a difference in the concept of 'season'. More attention is paid to the signs of the season, the incipient conditions, than to the temperature graph. But because of meteorological differences, the connotations differ, too. Consider the season-word, *kareno*. You can translate this, in a sense, as 'withered field(s)', but without the phenomenon you can't meaningfully translate the concept into British English. It describes a desiccated condition that we rarely see: our fields in winter become muddy, soggy and boggy.

Such conflicts of connotation bedevil all translation projects from beginning to end, and it's not saying anything new to point it out. But it is remarkable how much discussion of haiku-in-English proceeds from a position that overlooks both the fact and the

consequences of the fact that our knowledge of Japanese *haiku* is based very largely on poetry in translation. I'm not saying that *haiku* can't be translated, I'm saying that translation is an imperfect art. And this isn't a counsel of despair, it's a counsel of humility and respect for limitations. Our own haiku have added a new and valuable creative possibility to the range of poetry in English. But let's not be too quick to claim that our own approach is in some way authorised by Japanese practice, unless we can back up the claim with an evident ability in and familiarity with Japanese. This is not something to worry about, it is something to be aware of: our statements about *haiku* had better be tentative rather than categorical.

*William J. Higginson, *Haiku World* (Tokyo: Kodansha, 1996) pp. 19-20

The preceding is an excerpt from the introduction to the author's book *Stepping Stones: a way into haiku*, The British Haiku Society, 2007, 192 pages, 5 " X 8", perfectbound. ISBN 978-0-9522397-9-6. £ 13.50 in UK, 23 Euros in Europe, \$34 US elsewhere postpaid (payable to British Haiku Society) from Stanley Pelter, Maple House, 5 School Lane, Claypole, Lincs, NG23 5BQ, UK.



Dorothy Howard

How Do You Write Haiku?

Michael Dylan Welch

How do you write haiku? Not *how* do you write haiku, but how do *you* write haiku? The pleasures and rewards of haiku are many and, as both product and process, haiku can be approached in many ways. We each have unique and personal-and usually valid-ways of writing. And we need not feel overly constrained in *how* we write haiku, if our goal is produce poems that connect with readers, whether a friend we send a poem to on a postcard, or thousands of people who might read our haiku in a magazine. Here's how *I* write haiku.

Direct Experience

The first and most common way I write haiku is from direct experience. If I'm stopped along a mountain trail, bending to drink from a spring, I might suddenly become aware of my commonplace act by noticing a fallen pine needle in the water.

mountain spring—
in my cupped hand
pine needles

The poem comes at that moment in the wordless form of immediate experience-sight, sound, taste, smell, feeling. Then I try to express my moment of heightened awareness in words-or perhaps the words come virtually at the same moment as the experience. If I have a notebook with me, I'll jot down the poem. Some people simply record ideas and impressions, writing and refining their poems later, but I usually compose and revise the poem in my head, then and there, and write it in my notebook as fully polished as I can make it.

spawning ground—
the ripple in the creek
becomes a fin

If I'm walking down the street and notice something in its suchness, or if I see something odd or unusual, something common or uncommon in the world around me, I'll write about that too. Whether in urban or natural settings, it doesn't matter where I am or what I'm doing. Not everything is haiku, but almost anything can be haiku.

summer heat—
two squirrels
meet on a wire

Whatever the source—in the city, in the wild, or sitting at home—if the poem comes to me, I enjoy it. Then I write it out in my notebook, or on any handy piece of paper (I have a few restaurant napkins decorated with haiku!).

first cold night—
smell of hot dust
from the vent

Occasionally just part of a haiku arises out of an experience. Or just a line or phrase will sort itself out on its way to becoming a poem. Although I usually write complete poems out of my haiku moments, I'll still write partial poems if that's all I get. Writing them down lets me come back to them later. All I need now is a waterproof notebook in my shower!

Memory

Not all haiku happen in my here and now. Sometimes I'll remember something that happened years ago, or perhaps just a few days ago. A touch, a glance, the motion of an owl. Memories often supply me with strong poems. Since moving away from Manitoba, I have often surprised myself with vivid memories of the prairie. While poems resulting from memory may not be inspired by what is happening in the present moment, they are inspired by my memory that is in the present moment. All memories are moments.

empty silo—
spring wind pops the metal
in and out

As soon as something happens, it becomes a memory. "Now" is forever disappearing-and appearing. While some people prefer to write haiku only from direct experience in the present moment, I see no reason why my direct experience can't include something remembered. It is still direct experience. It's not the recency of a moment that matters, but its vividness. Besides, the moment something happens, it's history—and really, all haiku are little moments of history.

visiting mother—
again she finds
my first grey hair

Haiku is written in present tense. The point is for haiku to read as if it takes place in the present moment. But I don't think that characteristic should be confused with how it is written or what inspired it. The reader can seldom know whether immediate experience actually inspired a poem, or even if it was totally made up. Genuine experience usually lends authenticity to haiku, but genuine experience can also be too amazing and still come off as not authentic. So what matters is the crafting of the poem, and how it comes across to the reader, regardless of whether it "really happened" or not. At any rate, an experience doesn't have to have *just* happened before I write a haiku. Memory is part of the world of which I try to be aware, and all sorts of things will trigger memories that are superb fodder for haiku. I enjoy writing haiku out of my strongest memories.

deep in shadow
three generations
counting tree rings

Imagination

I write because words come to me. Sometimes I don't know where the words come from. Usually they come from the names of things that give me experience. A feather, a pebble, a sun-rimmed cloud. But through my memory and what's right in front of me swirls my subconscious. Sometimes it seems random, poking words and phrases into my conscious mind. Sometimes what comes to me seems absurd, sometimes rearranged memories, sometimes more real than reality. Fiction is less strange than truth. As Hemingway once said, a storyteller has an obligation to tell a story not necessarily as it did happen, but as it should have happened. Though "incomplete," haiku are little stories. My conscious mind also imagines things, saying, what if? Wherever the words come from, they can result in effective haiku.

an old woolen sweater
taken yarn by yarn
from the snowbank

When I read someone else's haiku, I won't *know* if it really happened or if someone made it up or not. If the poem is authentic and credible, then that can make it succeed. Why does it matter if it *actually* happened? How can that be proved anyway? When I write haiku, if something imagined becomes a poem, I try to make it real. Like imaginary gardens with real toads in them. In San Francisco's Loma Prieta earthquake in 1989, I had many very direct and powerful experiences during and after the quake. But my favourite earthquake haiku, the one I think seems to have the most truth, is one I partially imagined (actually inspired, as I recall, by the tipped flagpole atop San Francisco's Ferry Building).

after the quake
the weathervane
pointing to earth

Pastiches

As I've already suggested, sometimes what really happened isn't what I write about. I may be with my girlfriend one autumn evening and suddenly feel the draw of her hand as she quickens her pace towards her favourite coffee shop. As nice as that is, I may choose to write about something similar, something else, although inspired by that moment.

spring breeze—
the pull of her hand
as we near the pet store

What makes a poem compelling is the net result. If I wish to evoke childhood, and if spring seems more appropriate for the topic at hand than whatever season it currently happens to be, then that is what I'll write. After all, Bashô heavily revised his travel diary, the *Oku no Hosomichi* ("Narrow Road to the Interior"), which included playing with the sequence of events. And Buson's poem about stepping on his dead wife's comb was written when his wife was very much alive. Just because something actually happened doesn't make it a haiku moment—or a haiku. And just because something did happen, it doesn't mean that I have to stick with that in my poem. To create *poetry*, including haiku, I am entitled to poetic license (see, I've got one right here in my wallet). As a result, some of my poems are pastiches of direct experience, memory, or imagined detail.

December dawn—
the shape of the flower bed
under fresh snow

Reading

Poets, I think, are better poets if they are also readers. I love reading, and beside my bed I always manage to have a stack of books that I'm currently devouring—or trying to! And always I have more books waiting on my "to be read next" shelf, which has now

become a full bookcase. These could be fiction, self-help, or poetry books, biographies, philosophy, or photography books, textbooks, magazines, books about science, art, travel, children's literature, or humour. No matter what it is, most reading helps improve my writing. It exposes me to new images, new ideas, new ways of thinking, as well as new words. I can analyze what I read so my writing can improve by figuring out how others do it. Or, more simply, what I read can become part of the tapestry of inspiration, context, or mood for my own writing. Sometimes, the simplest of words might trigger a poem (Richard Hugo has written about the value of the "triggering town" in poetry). Whatever the case, for me reading of all sorts regularly inspires my haiku.

downtown rain
the jazzman
plays his sax

Reading *haiku* sometimes inspires me to write a new poem of my own, such as when I read something I've never written about. Ah, yard sales! I've never written about yard sales, and off I'll go trying out the topic in a few exploratory poems, digging into my own storehouse of relevant memories. In such cases, I try to put myself there, wandering through the old cast-offs, smelling the mothballs, relying on my own experiences, walking, talking, inhaling, feeling what's going on. The results can be good or bad, but seldom better or worse than if I were actually there. A poem results, and what could be better?

after the verdict
the arsonist
lights up

Many good haiku can be triggered by reading-whether I'm reading haiku, longer poetry, fiction, or nonfiction. Sometimes the mood of an extended piece, the subject of a line of text, or just a single arresting word can be my muse. I'll put down my book and reach for that old haiku notebook once again. If something makes me think, why can't it make me think of a haiku? Or a senryu?

at his favourite deli
the bald man finds a hair
in his soup

Other Processes

I also write haiku in other ways. Sometimes I'm just in a "writing mood." But I'm at home, with no waterfall to hike to, no beach to skip stones from, no busy market to wander through squeezing fruit-apparently with nothing seasonal or in nature to supply me with new haiku moments to write about. And maybe nothing's coming to mind from memory or imagination. In such cases I might pick up one of R. H. Blyth's books and randomly read a haiku translation. Okay, there's one about a wine shop. Maybe I could write a wine-shop poem, or a haiku about some other kind of business. And by free association or direct connection to the topic, I might write a haiku, trying to base it on my own experience, but initiated by chance and randomness . . . sort of a John Cage approach to haiku.

moonlit surf . . .
your nipple hardens
against my tongue

Another book I like to pick up is one called *14,000 Things To Be Happy About*. It's simply a list of, yes, 14,000 things that author Barbara Ann Kipfer is happy about. For me it's another chance inspiration tool. Most of the book's entries are things or events-and practically every one could be made into a haiku. In a few moments of scanning its pages (or any book like it-even a dictionary can work), my eyes might rest on "lettuce," "commuters," "playing tennis," or "windowsills." If the first word I see doesn't help me think of a good haiku, maybe the next one will. Nature guidebooks can also work the same way, serving as inspiration as I write-even if I'm at home in my bedroom-about newts and nuthatches, orioles and elderberries.

summer moonlight—
the potter's wheel
slows

I've also tried sharing topics with haiku friends. How about we each write an oasis poem? Or a haiku about bad breath or mugwort or stethoscopes? Not only can it be fun, but lively and fresh poetry can result. If I flip open Blyth or some other translator and read about cherry blossoms, that's not likely to inspire me. Some topics have been written about so much, and, "like Gillette razor blades," to quote Cummings, "have been used and reused to the mystical moment of dullness." So why not sometimes play the random game, and test my spontaneity and intuition? Haiku is, after all, "playful verse."

empty field
a hay rack
collecting tumbleweeds

When I'm done with the fun, eventually I ask myself, did it work? Is this poem any good? Even though I might have made it up, is it believable? Do I believe it? Will others believe it? Is it credible? Or, conversely, is the poem still too plain, too dull? Is it just a pretty picture, or does it reverberate with multiple levels of meaning? Does it have a ring of authenticity? Does this poem really make me care? These are questions worth asking of all one's haiku.

a withered apple
caught in an old spine rake
. . . blossoms fall

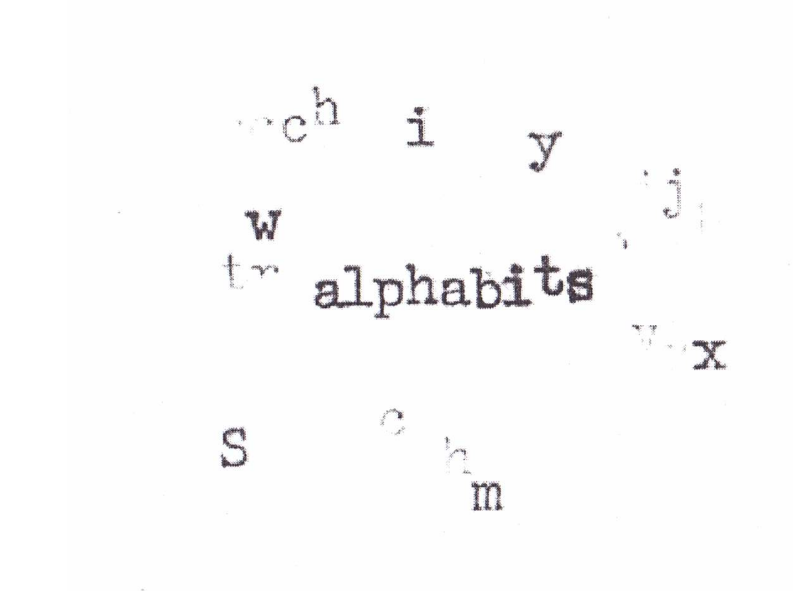
Some people ascribe assiduously to the haiku religion that all of their poems have to be inspired by direct and immediate experience only. Folks are welcome to do that-whatever floats your boat, as they say. In fact, direct experience is one of the best means of haiku inspiration possible, and it's typically the most common for me. But it's not the only haiku religion out there, and

we need not limit ourselves to that. Certainly the Japanese never constrained themselves to writing only about the present moment. A vast case in point, as a precursor to haiku, is all the seasonal verses in renga and renku that were never written in the current season when the work was written-and indeed, part of the art of linked verse is projecting oneself empathetically to different times and places to "taste all of life." Even today, Japanese poets write individual haiku ahead of the season, in anticipation of the next haiku meeting. This is not predominant, necessarily, but it is certainly permitted, and even if you don't care what the Japanese do, or feel any obligation to follow their example, there's much value in being able to write haiku using a variety of inspirations rather than being artificially and arbitrarily limited to direct and immediate personal experience only. Each haiku poem is about a "now," but that's different from "now" being the only way a haiku can be inspired. Quite simply, the "now" in the poem need not be the "now" of when the poem was written.

Many Ways of Writing

Haiku can be written in many ways. Some of mine are playful, some are highly spiritual. Some of my approaches may be better than others-direct experience is usually at the core of most of them. You may have your own ways to write. And each of us might be attracted to one process but not another. Or we may use different processes at different times. Yet in the end, if we seek publication or to make a poetic connection with at least one other reader, it all comes down to the poetry, the product. As the writer, it helps to put yourself in the reader's shoes, to presume you don't know what you know about the poem, and to see what the poem itself says on its own. Does it work for you, as the reader? Does it make you catch your breath? Does the poem engage you, grab your emotions, make you feel more sharply aware? Do you see what the poet saw, feel what the poet felt? Is your universe larger for having read the poem? Are you now awake in a new and resonating way? If so, it doesn't matter how the poem came to be. This is how I write haiku. No doubt, poems come to you in many additional ways. How do you write haiku?

A version of this paper was delivered at the May 2001 Haiku Canada Weekend, Kingston, Ontario. The poems in this article were originally published in the following magazines and books: *Bare Bones*, *Canadian Writer's Journal*, *Dogwood Blossoms*, *Fig Newtons: Senryu to Go* (Press Here, 1993), *Frogpond*, *Haiku Canada Newsletter*, *Haiku Moment* (Tuttle, 1993), *Haiku Quarterly*, *Midwest Haiku Anthology* (Brooks Books, 1992), *Mirrors*, *Modern Haiku*, *Northwest Literary Forum*, *The San Francisco Bay Guardian*, *The San Francisco Haiku Anthology* (Smythe-Waithe Press, 1992), *Timepieces 1995* (Cloverleaf Books, 1994), *Tremors* (Press Here, 1990), and *Woodnotes*.



andrew topel

Blossom Shower Renku

by the podium
sunlight flickers
on the blank page

Marshall Hryciuk

in the new leafed tree
so many small birds

Karen Sohne

blue sock wool
caught
in the darning egg

Christine Nelson

cafeteria line
people tray by tray

terra martin

ready to set up
the carnival
back in town

Hans Jongman

as the bull tilts his head
moonlight on his horns

Pearl Pirie

low rise jeans
bum
on the sidewalk

Jessica Tremblay

the mother's face
when she sees his tattoo

Ann Goldring

the beach no bumps at dusk

LeRoy Gorman

but it means
nobody's making out

Christine

after a whole week she gets really really grumpy	Melanie Noll
chain grease fouls his pants	DeVar Dahl
resolutions dissolve in champagne bubbles terra	
first day of the year on the cobblestones spent firecrackers	George Swede
in debt to the inlaws we try tofu again	Lin Geary
ship shape trawler against the wind	Hans
cherry blossom the tiny birthmark just above her lip	Terry Ann Carter
over the jazz trumpet the siren's wail	Dina E. Cox
through the scarf a waft of sake breath	Jessica
mittens on a string	DeVar
hours of honking tie broken in overtime	Pearl
Stephen Harper tucks his history under his Hansard	Christine

the archaeologist uncovers his hand	LeRoy
raking tomorrow still raking	Melanie
the pumpkin carver curls his tongue	DeVar
into the rising moon the empty road from town	LeRoy
unmoved by the horror show the skeleton goes home early	Lin
your scent fills me	Christine
asleep on his arm trying to shift without waking her	Karen
night sweats drinking from the faucet	Jessica
lemonade 5¢ double dutch into the sunset	terra
shooting elastics back in the box	Jessica
four cats in odd poses on the warm deck	Christine
seed packet open the carrots roll out	LeRoy

the branch shakes
above her head
blossom shower Karen

vapor trails
the only clouds LeRoy

Led by *Marshall Hryciuk* 10:30 pm May 1, – 1 am May 20,
2007, Haiku Canada Weekend, Carleton University, Ottawa.

§

Garden Gifts

Michael Dylan Welch & elehna de sousa

mid-summer
weeding—
the gift of a snakeskin *edes*

red maple leaves blow
through the new iron gate *mdw*

dappled light . . .
a mouse scurries
under a rock *edes*

the sound
the neighbour boy makes
along our white picket fence *mdw*

a layer of frost
across the fish pond *edes*

escaping the net,
the garden's
first butterfly *mdw*

Watching Flamingos

Joanne Morcom & Pat Benedict

after the rain—
picking dandelions
for homemade wine J

fancy restaurant
she passes on the edible flowers P

carefully unfolding
the heirloom tablecloth
holes everywhere J

your last letter thin as silk
and just as smooth P

full moon
the diary entry
interrupted... J

blood red apple—
gnawing its beauty to the core P

faded blouse
poppies and cornflowers
still blooming P

scented candles
bittersweet memories J

feeding her morsels
from his fork—
she now adores foie gras P

a pair of flies
stuck to the swatter J

missed point champ tosses the racket— love again	P	man overboard— deep regrets and a refund	P
a cutthroat poker game in the nursing home	J	making waves in the wading pool family of ducks	J
moonlit sleigh-ride tot wrapped in a parka cannot clap hands	P	watching flamingos little girl stands on one leg	P
ice in the bird bath where did this year go	J	kneeling down to propose marriage joints creak	J
next door neighbour hosing down the dog, and the lawn	P	pleading for a kiss the puppy yawns	P
late night purring radio tunes	J	their old honeymoon cottage a parking lot	J
hospital vigil, then a brief goodbye— fresh daffodils	P	horror-fest at the Drive-in silent screams	P
spring cleaning polishing the urn	J	harvest moon the marijuana crop ripe for picking	J
Easter Sunday the smell of baked ham and dad's pipe	J	Summer's hasty exit frozen plums	P
tucked inside Das Kapital a chocolate wrapper	P	blustery day on the windowsill a snow-filled leaf	P
last page of the mystery novel gone missing	J	full cup of tea stone cold	J

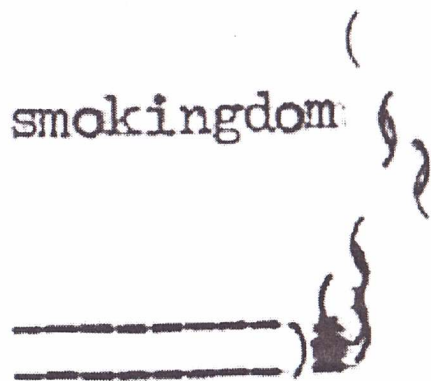
awaiting test results P
she twists her wedding band
round and around

running in circles J
baby squirrels

Spring fair P
bride on the Ferris wheel
throws the bouquet

reflecting midway lights J
Carney's glass eye

Written June 17, 2007 – September 21, 2007



andrew topel

Letters. . .

My copy of the February 2008 issue in this morning. A very fine collection, with Angela Leuck's essay and the extremely important "Canadian Haiku Women Pioneers" by Janick Belleau -- some familiar names here for me, with Anna Vakar, of course; and the resonant memories of Margaret Saunders, from our days/years in Ontario.

— *Allan Brown*

Thanks very much for *HCR 2:1*— I particularly enjoyed “flight of a / small brown hawk” by Marje Dyck, “Li Po’s moon “ by Renée Luria Leopold, “Bumble bee” by Grant Savage, “watering the daylilies” by Angela Leuck, “. . . here I opened. . . “ and “if only I could tie” by Claudia Coutu Radmore, the last in “Down” by Alice Frampton, Vicki McCullough and Michael Dylan Welch, and”After the burial” by George Swede— very fine indeed.

PS: “Ageing” by Naomi Beth Waken is the best HCS ever.

Thanks very much for sending along *geese landing*, which I enjoyed— the highlights for me are “Wish tree. . . “ by Roberta Beary and “just now the sound. . .” by H. F. Noyes

— *Don Wentworth*, Editor, *Lilliput Review*

lilliput

McMurtagh

Reviews. . .

Seasons of the Gods: Haiku poems, Gill, S. H., Daiye, D., Miyazak, H., and Wieman, J. (editors), Kansai, Japan: Ajia-Insatsu, 2007. 90 pages, ISBN: 978-4-9900822-3-9, perfectbound, English and Japanese, \$10 US.

New Year's Morn –
Thinking too of the things that happened
In the Age of the Gods
Moritake, 16th century

Informed by the spirit, kami worship (a worldview with its roots in animism and mythology) sustains a calendar for farmers, dancers, poets, and star-gazers, “a way back into the green world we hoped we’d never leave behind”, writes Stephen Henry Gill (Tito) in his introduction to a collection of haiku, cirku, haiku, tanka, haibun and rengay that comprise *Seasons of the Gods*, an offering from the Hailstone Haiku Circle, Kansai, Japan. Through a Shinto archway, readers enter the sacred precinct of a water goddess. She lives not far from the pilgrim’s road to the mountain of the Fire God; in the middle of her spring fed pond, there is an island rock to which a stone bridge leads. It’s a place of offerings. Gill offers this incantation, written on a fallen maple leaf:

Autumn light caught
In the eyes of a dragonfly –
Light this book
On its way

Seasons of the Gods is divided into five seasons/sections: NEW YEAR, SPRING delivers, SUMMER fulfills, AUTUMN detaches, WINTER distills, with interspersed haibun: “Happi” by Jane Weiman, “Iwana” by Hisashi Miyazaki, “Shrine Gods” by Duro Jaiye, a ginko -no-renga “Festival Morning” and concluding rengay “To the God of the Sea”.

Jane Wieman (poet and editor) introduces NEW YEAR with a greeting poem for the Year of the Horse:

Thunderous hooves –
Heralds of the New Year’s
Bright dawning

Another note from Gill explains more: “The torii, or sacred gateway, marks the entrance to and exit from the area deemed sacrosanct. All shrines, however big or small, have at least one torii.

Back through the torii
Each worshipper’s face ...
Found by a ray
Of First Day sun

In the section titled “SPRING delivers”, Hailstone poet Keiko Yurugu writes:

No sign of blossom
In this wood...
Yet on the sacred rock
white petals

leaving a reader to appreciate ancient animistic times, when the Japanese considered certain rocks to have a spirit. Perhaps it is in this state of mind that the poet comes to her discovery.

On the worship hall altar at many Shinto shrines, Gill notes, “You will notice a small round highly polished metal mirror, reflecting in microcosm the world outside. It symbolizes both the purity of the kami and the honest mind of the supplicant, who hides nothing from the god.” This Mefu Jinja is in Takarazaka, Hyogo Prefecture.

Up fifty steps
to Mefu Shrine;
its grove of new leaves
in the scared mirror

Reiko Hayahara

The rainy season in Japan starts from the beginning of June and ends around the middle of July. Duro Jaiye (poet and editor) opens “SUMMER fulfills” with the only one lined haiku in the collection:

Five straight nights the hard & soft lullaby of rain

During the evenings of early summer at Imano – kumano Shrine in Kyoto, fireflies light up an evergreen camphor said to have been brought as a sapling from Kumano by Emperor Go—Shirakawa (12th century)

Between colossal boughs
of the camphor of eight centuries...
a firefly twinkles

Keiko Yurugi

All Shinto shrines are dedicated to a named god or gods:

Deep in the folds
of a summer mountain
a small shrine found --
sacred to the unknown

Kaourn Geka

High mountains, and their forests and rocks are thought to be the home of certain gods. Legend speaks of the rivalry between Mts. Fugi and Yatsugadake. When Yatsugadake was found to be higher, the goddess who lived in Mt. Fugi beat the mountain on its head, reducing its height.

Two autumn poems are dedicated to the moon god, Tsukiyomi:

Moon. Shrine.
The white raked sand
glows in the dark

Ellis Acery

In perfect calmness
White clouds move along –
Mountain of the moon

Nobuyaki Yuasu

Mt. Gassan, in Yamagata Prefecture is sacred to the moon. The shrine at its summit has become an object of ascetic pilgrimage. The white robed kannushi (shrine priests) in billowing trousers might be the sweeper in Richard Steiner’s autumn poem:

Sweeping the shrine paths
Does he see the mantis
Atop his rake?

Loquat flowers bloom in December. Michio Sano’s poem begins the last section on winter:

emerging from
the bamboo grove,
loquat trees in flower --
the old Kumano Road

The Old Komano Road, now part of UNESCO World heritage, is a medieval pilgrimage route crisscrossing the Kii Peninsula in southern Wakayama, the ancient shrines of Hangu, Shingu, and Nachi are its focus.

The fox is associated especially with Inari, the deity of rice-farming. Stone fox statues guard the entrance to many agricultural shrines. Wishes are often written on white paper (sometimes a shrine sells printed ones) folded up and tied into a simple knot, then placed at an auspicious place in the shrine precinct. The fox is considered messenger between the world of

people and that of the kami (gods)

Winter sunset ...
the statue of the fox
changes its demeanor

In his afterword, "Haiku, Shinto and Japan's Natural World", Toji Kamal explains his preference for the word haikai rather than haiku -- haikai meaning all of creation not just mankind, with a voice. "Everything in nature has become an expression of the animistic world view, within which all things communicate"

The stillness –
Great rocks take in
Cicada cries

In this haiku by Basho, the "voice of both rocks and cicadas may be heard in a communication, on interpenetration with each other: a living world networked together. Human, vegetable or mineral; wind, snow, earth or stone; sun, moon, and stars; mountains, rivers, grasses, trees – in haiku anyone of them may take center stage. "

The first gods of Shinto are those of creation or musubi. Everything in the universe has been created by this energy. It is the source of all. "The enjoyment of this haikai world, in which not only people, but everything speaks, is something I truly love" (Kamal)

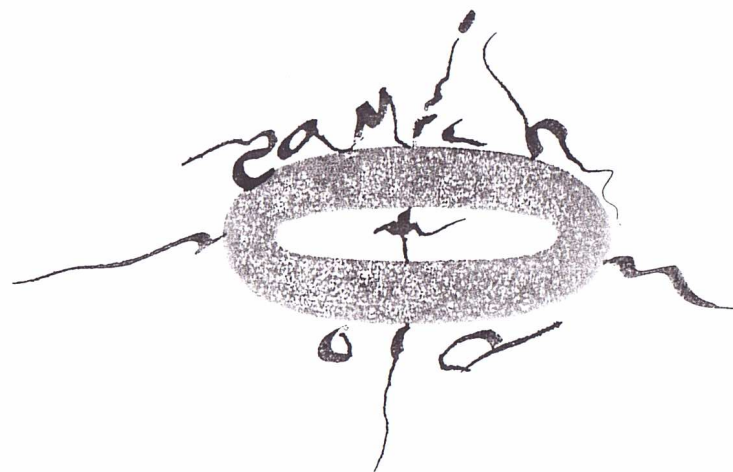
Seasons of the Gods concludes with a rengay "To the God of the Sea" (Tito with Richard Donovan, Mari Kawaguchi and John Dougill) with references to "this isthmus of dreams" and Bridge of Heaven, a ladder by which divine beings travelled between heaven and earth. Final pages include a list of illustrations (brush & ink, torn paper, pencil, pen & ink), a list of contributing poets (39), and an archive of Hailstone Circle Events including the launch of their blog site <http://www.haihaiku.blogspot.com> on

internet, summer and winter kukais, and ginkgo & renku gatherings.

To this Western reader, *Seasons of the Gods* illuminates and fascinates. By moving Shinto out from under the shadow of Zen, Stephen Gill and his company of poets have introduced another facet to the complex world of Japanese culture. It is interesting to note that the four lined haiku style of Tito is often repeated in the voices of his students/fellow poets (14 to be exact). As in all collections, some voices are stronger, more sure of themselves. Part travelogue, part cultural archive, part poetic distillation, this newest offering from the Hailstone Circle deserves its rightful place on the shelf.

Seasons of the Gods may be ordered (\$10.00US/\$12.00 airmail) from: Hisashi Miyazaki, 54 – 16 Hamuro – cho, Takatsuki – shi, Osaka, JAPAN. To contact the author write to: Stephen Henry Gill, Tree of Repose, 17 – 6 Hakken – cho, Saga Daikakuji Monzen, Ukyo-ku, Kyoto, JAPAN heelstone@gmail.com

Terry Ann Carter



John M. Bennett

fingertips on the piano, Midori Tanaka, Tokyo, 2008; ISBN:
978-4-86091-394-6; email for info: valse@g03.itscom.net

Looking at the book: appealing format (15 cm x 4.5 cm);
imaginative front cover: in the blue sky, words: 'fingertips on the
piano'; on the grass, the piano, with a tree stump for the bench,
and a name in small letters: Midori Tanaka.

Opening the book: a visual surprise: English haiku on three lines
in purple italics, followed by the Japanese translation on one
horizontal line in black. Pagination: unobtrusive.

Content: four seasons - each one shows a drawing - I presume
Tanaka herself is the illustrator.

The lightness of 'spring' throughout: 'dancing and playing' ; 'wind
through apple blossoms' ; 'scrambling eggs' ; a 'Mozart piece'; the
child... becoming a 'princess'.

The longest chapter 'summer' (13 poems):

familiar lilacs
unfamiliar neighbours
gone are the days

This touching haiku reminds me of a haunting tanka of the 10th
c. poet Ki no Tsurayuki, main editor of the 1st imperial
anthology, Kokinshû:

No, the human heart
Is unknowable.
But in my birthplace
The flowers still smell
The same as always. *

The personal season, 'autumn': the author chooses to speak about
herself in four of the nine poems:

to calm myself
I scour the pans
— long autumn evening

there were other ways
I did not choose
— poignancy

It seems to me that the first haiku could have been written by
many a woman...frustrated or not. As to the second one, only a
mature woman could write such a senryu. The
wisdom speaks volumes.

The 'winter' season: the writer allows the reader into her world.
Or is it the reader who imagines the writer's life? Now that the
children have grown and have children of their own, the writer
comes back to her passion: the piano... even

through the cloud
Fuji's snowy lips pursed
for a kiss

This haiku collection, the author's first, paints one woman's road.
A road amongst others. The woman, sister to others.

Closing the book: on the back cover, night is falling.

* Translation by *Kenneth Rexroth*, *One Hundred Poems from the
Japanese* (Ogura Hyakunin Isshu), New York, New Directions

Janick Belleau

orthodontistetherized

Michael Dylan Welch

Bleed

bore sap
said reap
ruled cod

dock

Shot

fund tool or
rat's glass

"Deal"

Shoal

meats and

drab or

sunk

L

John M. Bennett

Books in Brief. . .

The following publications were received and/or discovered and found to be of interest. Books are welcome for consideration.

Blithe Spirit: Journal of the British Haiku Society, 18: March 2008, 18:2 June 2008 & 18:3 September 2008, Graham High, Editor, 12 Eliot Vale, Blackheath, London SE3 0UW, UK., £28 or \$55 US / 4 issues. Publishes members only. Direct membership inquiries to Stanley Pelter, Maple House, 5 School Lane, Claypole, Lincs. NG23 5BQ, UK. Along with much to read in poetry, 18:3 has a profile of *HCR* by Klaus-Dieter Wirth.

Modern Haiku, 39:1 Winter-Spring 2008, 39:2 Summer 2008, 39:3 Autumn 2008, Charles Trumbull, Editor, POB 7046, Evanston, IL 60204-7046, \$28 US in Canada / triannual. The backbone of English-language haiku periodicals since 1969, MH showcases both new and traditional approaches to haiku and related forms. Packed, each issue contains much to read and ponder. Feature essays include : *The Haiku Hierarchy* by Jim Kacian (39:1), *Kato Somo, The First Japanese Haikuist to Visit the United States* by Ikuyo Yoshimura (39:2) *From Haiku to the Short Poem: Bridging the Divide*, by Philip Rowland (39:3). There are also pieces on baseball and haiku by Cor van den Heuvel.

South by Southeast, 15:1 & 15:2, 2008, The Richmond Haiku Workshop, 3040 Middlewood Rd., Midlothian, VA 23113, triannual, \$16 in US, \$25 US elsewhere. A unique feature is the Haiku Party by Mail (contributors send one haiku for each of two themes for judging by the readership). Submissions may be sent by postal mail or email to: saddiss@richmond.edu. Deadlines are Sept. 15, Dec. 15 and April 15. Issues usually have a haiga or two.

Kō, 22:10, Spring-Summer 2008, Kōko Katō, Editor, 1-36-7 Ishida cho, Mizuho-ku, Nagoya, Japan 467-0067, 20 IPRC's/two issues. Haiku in English and Japanese fill the pages. Also of interest, are two short articles on season words and haiku humor.

HI, #'s 74, 75, 76, 77, 2007, Haiku International Assoc., 7th Floor, Azuma Building, 2-7 Ichigaya-Tamachi, Shinjuku-ku, Tokyo, 162-0843, Japan. Membership: \$50 US. Haiku appear in English and Japanese. Poems by both Japanese poets and English-language haiku poets, including Haiku Canada members, are included.

red lights, 4:2, June 2008, Pamela Miller Ness, Editor, \$14 US, \$15 Canada, \$17 US elsewhere for two issues, (semi-annual, January and June). Submissions are invited (a maximum of 10 tanka an/or 2 tanka sequences no longer than 10 stanzas each). June issue deadline is April 15 and November 15 for January. Poets receive \$1 per tanka.. This issue's featured poet is Jeanne Emrich. This is also the last issue with Pamela Miller Ness as editor. All future correspondence should go to: Marilyn Hazelton, Editor, 2740 Andrea Dr., Allentown, PA 18103 USA.

Gong: Revue Francophone de Haïku, # 19, 20, 21 Avril, Juillet, Octobre 2008, **Special concours AFH 2008**, Hors série #5, Octobre 2008, **Comme nous la mouche** par Philippe quinta, **L'ARC-EN-CIEL SUR LA BALANÇOIRE** par Thierry Cazals, **D'UN QUAI À L'AUTRE** par Paul de Maricourt, l'Association Française de Haïku, Jean Antonini 10 rue Saint-Polycarpe, F-69001 Lyon <http://www.afhaiku.org> afgh@afhaiku.org. The Revue issues each cost 3.50 Euros or \$6. The anthology cost is 2.50 Euros or \$4. Cost of each book is 5.50 Euros or \$9. Payment in Canada may be sent to Mike Montreuil, 1409, Bortolotti, Gloucester, ON K1B 5C1. These continue to be very exciting issues showing a vibrant community of writers writing in French, including Haiku Canada members.

Lilliput Review, 161&162 (March 2008), 163 & 164 (July 2008), Don Wentworth, Ed., 282 Main, Pittsburgh, PA 15201, <http://donw714.tripod.com/lillieindex.html>, \$1 US/issue. Specializing in the short poem, haiku is always present. The issues contain work by HC members and others devoted to the short poem. As always, these issues are a pleasure to read. # 162 is a single-author work— *A Venetian Sequence* by David Chorlton.

Presence, #35, May 2008, Martin Lucas, Editor, 12 Grovehall Ave., Leeds LS11 7EX, UK, \$22 US bills/3 issues. Best-of-Issue Awards (3) are decided by reader votes. Haiku and related writing fill each issue. A variety of high quality work is the norm here.

moonset, 4:1, Spring / Summer 2008, an'ya, Editor, POB 3627, La Pine, OR 97739-0088, <http://moonsetnewspaper.blogspot.com>, \$23 US/2 issues in US, \$25 US Canada and Mexico, \$29 US elsewhere. This 48 page newspaper format, "dedicated to the poetic and visual studies of Japanese art forms", is full of haiku, haiku news and related forms. As with earlier issues, the variety of material is noteworthy and there is plenty to read and reread.

Frogpond, 31:2, 2008, George Swede & Anita Krumins, Editors, Box 279, Station P, Toronto, ON M5S 2S8, gswede@ryerson.ca Subscription/Membership to Haiku Society of America is \$33 US in US & Canada, \$30 US for students and seniors in US & Canada, \$45 US for everyone elsewhere. Membership includes the HSA Newsletter. HSA website: <http://www.hsa-haiku.org>. Both Frogpond and its companion publication, HSA Newsletter, are always informative and insightful. E-mail submissions are preferred. This issue, the first by the new editors, has a new look and continues the high quality work of previous issues.

Gusts, #7 Spring/Summer 2008, #8 Fall/Winter 2008, biannual publication of Tanka Canada edited by Kozue Uzawa. Membership includes 2 issues and the right to submit 3 unpublished tanka or unpublished tanka translations per submission period. Due dates are February 15 and August 15. Fee period is January to December (Cdn residents \$20, US residents \$20 US, International \$25 US). Send to Kozue Uzawa, 44-7488 Southwynde Ave., Burnaby, BC V3N 5C6. Tanka Canada homepage: <http://people.uleth.ca/~uzawa/TankaCanada.htm>. Each issue gets better and better.

Kokako, #8, April 2008, \$25 NZ/two issues (April and September). Send work to Patricia Prime, Editor, 42 Fanshaw Rd., Te Atatu South, Auckland, New Zealand prp@ihug.co.nz. or

Owen Bullock, Editor, 9A Mayfair Place, New Plymouth, New Zealand. Send subscriptions to Patricia Prime. Haiku and related work fill the 56 pages. There are even a couple of visual pieces of note by John O'Connor.

CARPE DIEM: ANTHOLOGIE CANADIENNE DU HAÏKU / CANADIAN ANTHOLOGY OF HAIKU, edited by Francine Chicone, Terry Ann Carter & Marco Fraticelli, Les Éditions David <www.editionsdavid.com> & Borealis Press <www.borealispress.com>, 2008, 195 pp., perfectbound, \$18.95. This latest anthology of Canadian haiku contains 80 poets writing in French and English. Each poet is represented by four poems written in either French or English. The book is well produced and is by the sheer number of poets a testimony to the vibrant life haiku enjoys in Canada. There are other poets who might have been included in a larger volume. Also, the absence of André Duhaime is most noticeable.

Sand, by Liette Janelle, 1130 des Hirondelles, Boucherville, QC J4B 5M3, Privately Published, 2007, 55 pp., perfectbound. This small book of haiku written while the author was in Dubai and illustrated with photos by Mélanie Janelle is most interesting.

box turtle, ordinary fool (8 issues) 2008, by john martone, dogwood & honeysuckle seedbooks, 2007, no price. *box turtle* is a small hand-done chapbook. Five of the *ordinary fool* titles are chapbooks, two are folded card stock, and one is a seed packet. Martone's poems are, as always, subtle and engaging. Contact the author for purchasing details at 1031 10th St. Charleston, IL 61920.

Poetry & Art Postcards, Series One (20 cards), **Poetry & Art Postcards, Series Two** (17 cards) by Michael and Karen McClintock (Series Two also includes guest poet Sanford Golstein), Three Fountains Press, 802 E. Olive Ave., Fresno, CA 93728, <MchlMcClintock@aol.com>, \$8 US per set ppd. in US, \$12 elsewhere. These are beautifully produced 4 x 6 cards with poems by Michael McClintock (and Goldstein, Series Two) and photos by Karen McClintock. A must-have for art card lovers!

Indian Haiku: A bilingual anthology of Haiku by 105 Poets from India, Edited by Dr. Angelee Dedhar, 1224 Sector 42-B, Chabdigarh, 160 036 India, <angeleedeodhar@gmail.com>, 2008, 72 pp. perfectbound, no price. This is a fascinating book showing various approaches to haiku. Poems are in both English and Hindi.

Sangeeta, by R. (Lucille Raizada), distributed by delcy <www.delcy.ca>, 2008, 90 pp., handcrafted chapbook, no price. This 2 x 3 production contains a number of memorable haiku.

The Postman's Round, by Denis Thériault, translated by Liedewy Hawke, The Dundurn Group, Toronto, <www.dundurn.com>, ISBN 978-1-55002-785-3, 2008, 124 pages, paper, \$19.99 /£9.99. This is a novel about a twisted letter carrier who assumes a dead man's identity to participate in a renku by mail with a woman he has fallen in love with. The book is a great afternoon read of story and poetry with a Rod Serling ending.

Luna Bisonte Prods, 137 Leland Ave., Columbus, OH 43214. This is John M. Bennett's imprint. He publishes a great deal of his own work along with others. Much of the work is visual and minimal, often with a sense of haiku to it and always interesting. Write for titles and prices.

CURVD H&Z, jwcurry, editor #302-880 Somerset W., Ottawa, ON K1R 6R7. John Curry publishes a variety of works by various writers in a variety of formats, generally hand-stamped on a variety of recycled papers. Prices vary, but the work is always exciting. Write regarding prices and availability of titles or send a few bucks for a sample.

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