

# HAIKU CANADA REVIEW

the roofless barn  
a rusty bucket  
holds the moon

*Natalia L. Rudychev*



# HAIKU CANADA REVIEW

Volume 3 February 2009 Number 1

[www.haikucanada.org](http://www.haikucanada.org)

**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 Published as well as unpublished work is considered for sheets.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 For the **Annual Members' Anthology** (except special issues), members are asked to submit 5 haiku (published or unpublished). Send to:

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Anthology	January 31	May
Summer/Fall	August 31	October

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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, deadlines, and regional news should be sent to

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**Membership/Subsription:** \$25 yearly(\$15 students) Canadian funds in Canada, US funds outside, December to December for 2 Review issues, Haiku Canada Sheets ( broadsides) as available, inclusion in the annual Members' Anthology, and electronic mailings of 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 Haiku must be unpublished and not under consideration elsewhere.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: *letting go* by Natalia L. Rudychev.

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## From the Editor. . .

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

For news events and any changes not making it into *Haiku Canada Review*, refer to *Haiku Canada Newsletter* issues and newsflashes as they arrive via e-mail.

The next HC publication in the mail will be the Members' Anthology, edited this year by Claudia Coutu Radmore, in May. The next *HCR* will be out in October. Send work as soon as possible.

Yours all seasons,  
*LeRoy*

painting her body  
he becomes  
invisible

*Steve Addiss*

birthday gift  
'Fountain of Youth'  
needs two batteries

*Patricia Benedict*

In the small town  
hidden within a telephone—  
spider web.

*Frances Mary Bishop*

jazz piano  
multicoloured glints  
from the snow

*izak bouwer*

St. David's Day—  
the daffodil man  
makes light of the rain

new moon—  
the wrecking ball  
in shadow

train home—  
the sea  
a ringtone

*Helen Buckingham*

early morning stroll—  
my elongated shadow  
among the daisies

*Pamela Cooper*

Not now is  
A better place  
In the rain.

*Darnell Dean*

hauling home  
the Christmas tree bringing  
its mountain with us

*Tom Drescher*

Scottish mist . . .  
As we drink our tea  
the island disappears

*Anne LB Davidson*

Summer  
office  
tower  
glass  
shimmers  
sea of blue

*C. L. Denton*

just happened  
to look up  
moon on the tip of a pine

*Marje A. Dyck*

the long fly ball  
stays in the park—  
end of autumn

*Alice Frampton*

off and on snow  
the dog in and out  
of the doghouse

playoff putt—  
the roar of  
Tiger's smile

hotel wee hours—  
the ice machine  
up too

longest night  
I count the days  
to my birthday

*Marco Fraticelli*

dried and brittle now  
the sand dune grasses  
we turn back the clocks

*Margot Gallant*

new river path—  
a painter touches up  
the Viking's statue

*Barry George*

overcast day  
my roses, too  
hang low

*Heidi George*

a failed manuscript  
thrown on the dump has pages  
now turned by the wind

*Arch Haslett*

the blue heron waits  
for the splash of the stickleback  
the humming may fly

*Sterling Haynes*

A fat snowman—  
after a heavy downpour  
a frozen broom

*Liette Janelle*

your warm back...  
my early morning  
mammogram

after the blizzard  
upright in the snow  
one brown oak leaf

on the table  
colourful ceramic flowers  
winter makedos

*Brenda Hurn*

often Bach  
today  
just Offenbach

*Hans Jongman*

a splash  
looking back I see  
only the ripples

*Philomene Kocher*

Flying across the ocean  
in business class—  
the moon & I

*Renée Luria Leopold*

small patch of snow  
tucked under a cliff edge  
first rain

*Jeanne Jorgensen*

A glimpse of you  
in your white summer dress—  
the egret's graceful flight

snowbound  
the worn edges  
of playing cards

*Erik Linzbach*

xmas  
& both hands  
frostbitten!

when you step on the ice there's a flower

subzero night  
an eyeglass lens  
pops out

*john martone*

I AM— looking at the stars through a straw

*McMutaugh*

baby gecko  
in my toaster  
lingering heat

*Autumn Moon*

forest pool—  
fawn at the brink  
of bottomless sky

children playing at tennis the net gets in the way

*H. F. Noyes*

city heat  
from the grassed reservoir  
a twister of hay

heat of the day  
the jogger's  
weary tread

*John Parsons*

under trailing skirts  
of the willow tree the children  
playing house

*Nancy Prasad*

recession—  
on a boundary fence  
the for sale sign

*Patricia Prime*

falling market...  
a wealth of autumn leaves  
swirls downstream

geese in flight  
the distant honking  
of a straggler

*John Quinnett*

day moon  
the wind ebbs and flows  
in the wheat

open window  
places i'd like to go  
in the voile curtain

winter gathering  
bits and pieces of the sea  
in the tide line

*Michele Root-Bernstein*

Swiss meadow  
the cows' tails in sync  
with their bells

high-rise  
the open roof ladder  
leading nowhere

miniature golf course  
the off-season pirate ship  
frozen solid

*Bruce Ross*

a fence between us  
red maple leaves fly over  
day and night

a pond  
the sound of petals falling in  
i cannot hear

silence between us  
the sky through plum blossoms  
a different blue

*Natalia L. Rudychev*

a darkness in the mirror  
you and I  
winter moon

third drink—  
scat singer's  
deep nothings

*Grant D. Savage*

winter shadows—  
at the subway entrance  
the violinist

*angela sumegi*

chicken coop  
a sashaying coyote  
and a thousand stars

where the two rivers  
merge into one  
parked cars

*George Swede*

forced tulips  
on the kitchen table  
myself with deadline

80th birthday  
dandelion fluff scatters  
fresh breezes blow in

*Naomi Beth Wakan*

sunset drizzle—  
the red roses  
never ever so red

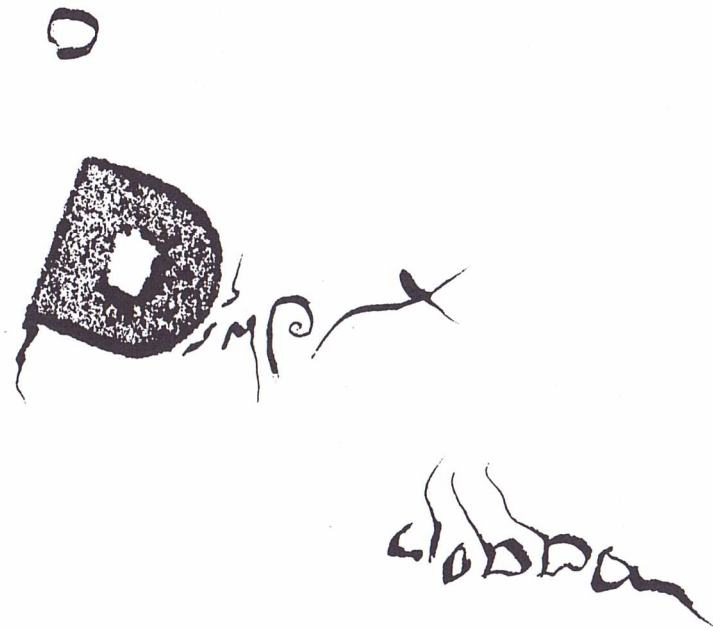
coucher du soleil bruine—  
les roses rouges  
jamais d'un rouge si rouge

thawing snow  
quicker the darkness  
a whiff of jasmine

fonte des neiges  
plus vite l'obscurité  
parfum léger de jasmin

*Klaus-Dieter Wirth*

---



*John M. Bennett*

## MORNING COMMUTE

Yesterday, the city bus was crowded and I was one of the many who had to stand for the twenty minute commute while pretending to look outside. A teenaged girl caught my attention because she was reading a letter written on three-holed school paper. I soon realized that this was no ordinary letter. There was a poem in the middle of the page! Chivalry wasn't dead! An actually boy had the courage to write a poem to a beautiful blonde. The "I Love You" was quite prominent. Yet, the moment didn't last. The girl became aware of her location and carefully refolded the paper. Another stop came and I had to move further down the bus while smiling all the way to my downtown stop.

a love poem  
written in blue swirls ...  
ah, to be young again!

## AUGUST

After a long day of rain, the sun is welcomed by all in the neighborhood. We have smiles and all our inhibitions from the day have disappeared. I wave at Jim and cross the street to his driveway where he is tinkering with his old '68 Camaro. "For my daughter..." he says with a smirk. But, everyone on the street knows that it's his excuse to stay out of the house. Carol, one house over, makes her way to us. The twinkle in her eyes tells me much as she runs her hand up his arm. Jim does not flinch as he continues to tighten a cooling hose.

August evening—  
summer turns to fall  
with the leaves

*Mike Montreuil*



## Both Clear and Rippled

Largely confined to this chair in the living room, a leg injury forces me to either gaze at or ignore the same things, the same restricted view, almost all day, every day. Sitting here my eyes fall on a photo of white ibis. It's a nicely framed 16 x 24 from my third trip to the Everglades. Taken as a breeze danced reeds and ruffled feathers, the birds are in a variety of poses, reflections in varying degrees of completeness, both clear and rippled, but so so white on black water.

snow on the yews  
last nights dream  
of walking on and on

*Grant D. Savage*

### for Sakaki Nanao

out hiking after Nanao Sakaki has died — woods all ice — it's xmas — all this way that light in my spine mind my footing — at the very end there's a pen on the trail — once mine — lost months ago — Nanao what are you up to now — not showing up in this cold to grin — ok — congratulations!

icy woods  
for xmas  
nanao!

*john martone*

Sakaki was the Japanese beat friend of Snyder and Ginsberg. He was a world traveler— most of it by foot. He translated forty-some of Issa's poems in a little book.

## RUNNIN' SCARED

Erica was now closing in on her eightieth year and feeling hemmed in. Her sister, brother-in-law, and all her former life-long friends had all died. There was no more Yahtze or playing cards on Saturday night, no more videos to share, no Wednesday luncheon dates. But well, there was still shopping!

And so, the first bright Monday in spring Erica took off for Round Tree Mall in her faded big old Chevy. Half way across town Erica met up with a long red traffic light. She stopped. Suddenly then, a disheveled young man appeared out of nowhere. He pulled open Erica's passenger side door, jumped in, and demanded she take him to the left, then drive three blocks to hang a right, off into dark alley neighborhoods. His voice was commanding, rude. His nose dripped snot.

Startled and outraged by this, Erica let out with a tumble of the world's worst obscenities. She screeched them loud and clear, more and more, faster and faster, even making up some fake curse words of her own. The young man's eyes bugged out. His legs succumbed to nervous jerks. He seemed not to believe what he was hearing, this ultimate outrage from someone he had presumed to be an easy mark.

And so the man, in his confusion, jumped back out of Erica's car as quickly as he had entered— and disappeared. Then. . . the light turned green.

smooth landing  
the sun  
carried by clouds

*Liz fenn*

## Lavenham

My father finally came to visit me one summer. He wanted to see how his hippie son was doing, and he wanted to show me Newmarket, the town where he was raised. He had rented a car, and after visiting me in Twickenham and Richmond for a day or so, we drove into Suffolk, a county to the northeast of London. Like much of England, it was like driving back through time. Little villages on narrow, hedge-lined roads winding through neat fields. On the outskirts of one village we even had to drive the little Escort across a cattle crossing – the road dipped into a pebble-lined stream bed, and we had to slowly cross through a few inches of lazily moving trout stream.

England  
sheep grazing  
among gravestones

We toured Newmarket, a picturesque village which has long been the headquarters of Britain's thoroughbred horse racing and breeding. For a treat he decided to show me the ancestral home of the Faiers, an even more quaint and tiny village named Lavenham. There was one main street, where the many colourful thatched houses leaned drunkenly into each other down the hill. We booked into the Swan Hotel, a famous landmark often used in BBC films and tourist promotions. After dinner we strolled to one of several local pubs. The tiny pub seated about twenty or thirty, and on this quiet summer evening only eight or ten of the local men were slowly sipping their pints.

Lavenham  
houses staggering  
down the main street

Eric told me that most of the people in Lavenham were named Faiers, and that afternoon we had met several locals who duly

turned out to be distant blood relatives. The facial features were quite amazing, many of the people having the same narrow configuration around the nose and eyes as my father and brother and myself.

To further make his point, my dad asked if anyone in the pub was named Faiers. All the locals nodded assent, and then he asked, "How many of you spell Faiers F-A-I-E-R-S?" Again all nodded yes, and Eric said, "A round for all the Faierses in the house!" The locals didn't seem to mind this bit of showboating by the dapper little Yank with the long-haired son, and everyone drank a toast to the name Faiers.

balding father  
hippie son  
in an ancient pub

The next morning Eric dragged me out of bed early, and we had bacon and eggs in a café on the main street. We were quiet, as I was still waking up, not being used to early rising. As we were preparing to leave, an old gentleman who had been sipping his tea approached and said, "Good Morning, Mr. Faiers, and Good Morning to you too, Master Faiers." One of the regulars from the night before had recognized us, and it was a welcome way to greet the morning, feeling a part of the history of a town where our family name had been the mainstay since at least 1066, when the Domesday census was collected.

*Chris Faiers*

**Lavenham** is reprinted from the author's book **Zen River Poems & Haibun** (see Books in Brief)

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*McMurtagh*

## Lumière de toutes les saisons

haïkus réunis  
par  
*Micheline Beaudry*

lueur de l'aube  
chaque arbre prend sa place  
le premier café

*Gérard Dumon*

Ses yeux transparents  
regardent le cœur des choses  
et l'ombre s'en va

*Monique Coudert*

lumière dans ma rue  
à chaque aiguille de pin  
sa goutte de pluie

*Maryse Chaday*

La lueur de l'éclair  
Réanime des fantômes  
dans la chambre vide

*Jean-François Chapelle*

.au milieu de l'hiver  
entre le jour et la nuit  
un horizon rose

*Jeanine St-Amand*

panne de courant  
le président bush rassure  
à la chandelle

*Rob Flipse*

premiers muezzins  
ici et là chants d'oiseaux  
avant le soleil

*Pierre Saussus*

sur son visage  
les couleurs du vitrail  
au moment de prier

*Alain Legoin*

Entre ombre et lumière  
à la pointe de mes seins  
tu nourris ton rêve

*Martine Morrillon-Carreau*

une cascade de lierre  
mouillée par la lumière  
du soir

*Daniel Py*

sous le magnolia  
un parapluie oublié  
le bel arc-en-ciel!

*Nicole Gagné*

ces étoiles  
sans la lumière de son corps  
nuit sans lune

*André Cayrel*

Au coin de tes yeux  
Le soleil s'est installé  
Dans les petits plis

*Line Michaud*

plis à l'horizon  
la lumière a ses ciseaux  
un cheval hennit

*Yves Tissot*

Un bruit de tonnerre,  
Un éclair bref et doré,  
Fureur de fin août.

*Micheline Boland*

Le merle picore  
l'éclat pourpre du soleil  
entre les flancs d'ombres

*Opaline Allandet*

en septembre  
rutil le blé doré  
saison des moissons

*Raymond Pilote*

garde-manger  
vide de graines de lin  
l'éclat du soleil

*Janick Belleau*

le museau du chat  
dégivre les fenêtres  
petit jour

*Micheline Beaudry*

sur le boulevard  
des autos dans la nuit—  
lumières de Noël

*Mike Montreuil*

Sortie de métro  
l'enfant cache ses yeux bleus  
ébloui par le ciel

*Lydia Padellec*

trente-cinq degrés  
la route devient mirage  
désert en banlieue

*Nicole Descôteaux*

Clochard endormi—  
là-haut la lumière cendrée  
du disque lunaire.

*Frans Terryn*

Sur le lit défait  
L'essai d'une robe à fleurs  
Une aube fuchsia

*Jean Irubetagoyena*

après la pluie  
les petites gouttes de silence  
dans l'aire pur

*Anna Do So Tadjuideen*

Le soleil s'éloigne  
un peu plus à chaque jour  
lumière plus froide.

*Pierre Cadieu*

clins d'oeil  
dans le brouillard  
un phare

*André Vézina*

Arrivée nocturne-  
Vision de l'avion  
ville scintillante

*Liette Janelle*

Matin de juillet  
perdu dans le bleu  
d'une heure à t'attendre

*Christophe Candello*

mes yeux s'enneigent —  
le harfang sur une branche  
vision hivernale

*Gisèle Guertin*

dans ma chambre  
à 7 heures du matin  
la nuit, encore

*Anne-Marie Labelle*

Guetter l'aube...  
Les premiers rais de soleil  
Jouant dans les voiles.

*Isabelle Hemery*

premiers perce-neige  
et voilà qu'il commence  
à faire jour plus tôt

*Klaus-Dieter Wirth*

Rayon de soleil  
Une étincelle s'attarde  
Le long de ta joue

*Marc Bonetto*

bleu strié de blanc,  
les abeilles butinent les fleurs,  
sous le ciel d'été.

*Ilenio*

un coing une citrouille  
comme deux amis côte à côte  
couleur jaune mémoire

*Sam yada Cannarozzi*

lecture d'un haïku  
interrompue par une annonce—  
Bill Higginson n'est plus

*Luce Pelletier*

Chaque feuille  
Dans diverses couleurs  
Sublime le temps qui reste

*Nanikooo Tsu*

un temps suspendu  
entre chat et hibou  
la lumière de tes yeux

*Céline Lajoie*

L'arrière-saison  
c'est surtout dans l'air ce goût  
de lumière mûre.

*Roland Halbert*

Brillant au soleil  
il bat l'écorce  
le pic flamboyant

*Lise Julien*

Le vent doux balaye  
Les chemins de terre blanche.  
Le murmure des pierres.

*Denis Séverine*

après midi gris  
un éclairci dans l'arbre  
le chardonneret

*Claire Bergeron*

un rai de soleil  
dans mon rétroviseur  
danger de mort

*Geert Verbeke*

Pluie fine, ciel gris  
mélancolie de l'Automne  
un vieil air de blues

*Martine Hautot*

Proche de l'orage  
Sous la lumière charbonneuse  
L'enfant pousse un cri!

*Patrick Somprou*

petit matin  
dans un cercle de lumière  
le bouddha de bois

*Claire Du Sablon*

porte ouverte  
le soleil y pénètre  
où est mon ombre

*Jean Dorval*

un ciel gris bleu  
dans le sous-bois enneigé  
en quête de traces

*Huguette Ducharme*

à moins vingt degrés  
à grand renfort d'étincelles  
la neige bleuit

*Lise Ouellette*

vitrine de Noël—  
la clocharde en extase  
~ sa Bécassine...

*Claire Gardien*

ici sans éclat  
la tache de lait du pommier  
le jour sera tendre

*Gabriel Legal*

la nuit prend son tour -  
un réverbère l'oblige  
à faire un détour

*Diane Descôteaux*

soir de pleine lune  
seule, danser sur le quai  
insomnie d'amour

*Lise Robert*

redlight  
le voisin vient d'installer  
ses lumignons

*Monika Thoma-Petit*

---

ppp  
ooo  
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ttttt  
aaaaaa  
rrrrrr  
ssssss  
rrrrr  
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pppp  
pppp  
lll  
eee

*McMurtaugh*

## **fennies**

*Liz fenn*

### **feet**

bod-hods

### **groundhog**

under-wonder

### **skunk**

hell-smell

### **oar**

sword-board

### **big snow**

shovel-trouble

### **wink**

heart-dart

### **sniffles**

nose-woes

### **daydream**

snooze-cruise



**screwdriver**

winder-binder

**weeds**

garden-pardons

**haiku**

show'em-poem

**nobel laureate**

page-sage

**rooster**

farm-alarm

**birthday**

age-gauge

**Lent**

fast-blast

**exercise**

health-wealth

### **History of the fenny. . .**

August 1992. Driving my daughter to University. She, with book in hand, sleeps. Adorable fun-packed Scotty, Tug Hill's Rob Roy, also asleep, between us. Last lap of journey is a four hour drag over the Southern Tier Expressway. Speed limit 55 mph, four lanes of nobody else. One radio station coming in too loud but not clear, since the minister seems to be only wind baggy. Roadsides are lovely, hills with the peek at a tiny village here or there, yet lovely for four hours and no sounds but easy breathing is decidedly BORING. So. For some odd reason a childish pastime pops into Liz Fenn's existence. A rhyming sort of game. Aha. A nature poem, perhaps. Well, they did keep me awake until daughter miraculously awoke at University's door. . .

*Editor's Note:* An earlier selection, entitled *fennies*, was published as *pawEprint 71*, April 2004, ISBN 1-894285-70-0. Readers may also be interested in exploring similar minimalist moments in the works of Ian Hamilton Finlay and Thomas A. Clarke

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### **Corrrection . . .**

The following haiku, by Vicki McCullough, was mistakenly attributed to Angela Leuck in the last issue (October 08).

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

*Vicki McCullough*

## Wordmusic

*Gerald St. Maur*

Words and music, taken together, capture and define the human condition - and perhaps they always will. Since time immemorial, they have been combined in acts of ritual and entertainment which seem as natural as breathing. And outside of purely religious ceremony, traditional song has invariably been wedded to the playing of such instruments as flute, lute or drum well into the fourteenth century. But with the demise of the minstrel and troubadour traditions, instrumental music has gradually become disengaged from the voice and has since developed a separate and greatly expanded tradition *sui generis*.

In modern times, western poetry and instrumental music have followed separate paths, although there have been notable exceptions. *Façade*, which combines the poetry of Edith Sitwell with the music of William Walton, provides a good example. Typically, however, poetry has been commandeered in the service of a Schubert or a Wolfe for the creation of art song or, more recently, for the purpose of social commentary exemplified in the work of Bob Dylan. It often appears, somewhat diluted, in popular lyrics and is occasionally associated - wrongly - with prosaic text read to musical accompaniment.

In this article, I propose to examine the relationship between modern poetry and music in a contemporary setting, giving special attention to my experience with the Japanese forms of haiku and tanka. The observations are rooted in a project conceived by an Edmonton company, *Corpus Vocis*, which commissioned a study based on a body of my work, mostly published or choreographed. It was decided at the outset to limit the explorations to a duet format with a single speaking voice and a solo instrument. This had the attractive feature that the poetry could be chosen by the composer to match the characteristics of the musical instrument.

One instrument was chosen from each section of the orchestra and all were played by professional musicians. (Some day we may be able to speak of poetry read by professional poets!). From the strings I chose the violin, largely because of its dynamic range whether plucking or bowing. From the winds came the oboe with its plaintive melancholic tones; and from the brass I chose the trombone with its ability to wander from pathos to comedy. And finally there was the percussion which I chose mainly because of its enormous range but partly because it contained oriental instruments.

Poetry and music share the feature that they are both temporal art forms, and both depend upon aural perception. But while the patterns of perception contain the same three elements - sound pitch, intensity and duration - the interpretation of these patterns is very different. Music is essentially an abstract art in which the sound patterns acquire their musical meaning in a cultural context. The ear becomes accustomed to particular expressions of melody, rhythm, harmony etc., and learns to delight in the experience and exploration of such structural elements through the right hemisphere of the brain.

Poetry, on the other hand, is defined by the structures of verbal language and is characteristically concrete. It too is restricted by cultural context but differs from music because words carry both intellectual and emotional truths. The latter may find a sympathetic response in musical sounds but the former must inevitably find their way into the left hemisphere of the brain with its predisposition to analyse literal meaning. Indeed the failure of a poem is sometimes marked by the listener asking what it means.

For the *Corpus Vocis* project, we began with poems selected by the composers from a wide range of possibilities. It was then necessary to decide how the music should be interwoven with the voice, a decision best left to the composer. This is a critical stage

in the proceedings, particularly if the composer has no special knowledge of poetry - usually the case. It is up to the poet to listen carefully, make suggestions and be prepared to experiment, not only with the tone and tempo of the voice, but with the overall structure of the piece. Pauses may shift in length, lines may become separated, and the entry and exit points of both the words and the music may undergo considerable readjustment.

The opening piece, for what was to become a public performance and later a compact disc, was a haiku suite taken from *Petals on White Ground*, Inkling Press 2004. Early in the rehearsal period, when we were exploring the interactive possibilities, it was decided to proceed in much the same way as jazz performers. The composer - who was also the violinist performing the piece - therefore chose to improvise. However, instead of playing during the reading he decided to express his sense of the poem after it had been read. Thus we developed what might be termed a "statement - response" treatment which is very effective for the brief form of the haiku.

This approach provides an interesting comparison with some later work done with a pianist who played not on the keys but on the strings inside the piano. Again using a suite of haiku based on the theme of winter, I suggested that natural caesura and the spaces between lines might provide ample room for musical commentary and response. This resulted in a more direct connection to both image and mood, allowing the music to flow not only before, during and after the speaking but into the wordless pauses.

A tanka suite based on the theme of time (*A Well-tempered Tellurion*, Inkling Press 2004) was taken up by the percussionist, who decided at the outset to follow a straightforward reading of each poem on to which he would superimpose sounds word-by-word or phrase-by-phrase. This proved to be a highly interactive form of punctuation, the only exception being a dramatic drum introduction at the beginning of the suite.

As noted in *A Well-tempered Tellurion*, the special genius of the Japanese tanka lies in its treatment of time. Broadly speaking, this falls into five distinct categories.

If no stop to time  
I fear it will outrun me  
leaving me to rot;  
but if no stop, then no start!  
Let it try and catch me now...

attempts to deal with the past in itself, for example as origin. Drums and clashing of cymbals were used to emphasize the discontinuity of "stop" leading to a final acceleration out of the poem.

At the day's ending  
when wavelets tire of playing  
in the lakeside reeds,  
memories start whispering,  
the loon the first to hear them

treats the past in relation to the present, as in memory. Here the sense of sunset and the suggestion of whispering were evoked through cymbals slid over each other.

The first of three poems treating the moment,

Our quick promises,  
as lasting as the spring snow  
lying when we met,  
have sent us both wandering  
into the autumn shadows

deals with feelings such as transience and uncertainty. Here the percussionist chose to use discrete taps on an oriental gong to hint at spring snow, wandering and autumn shadows.

The moment in itself, dealing with intensity, real and imaginary, is represented by

With the sun behind,  
you stand like a mythic swan,  
the glare so blinding  
I can't tell which is the way  
to heaven or which to hell.

A discordant note struck on an oriental cymbal heralds darkness in which the narrative is allowed to rise to the climactic sound of rapid drumming. The drums, played on both the membrane and the shell, then provided an introductory shift to the final poem

You not a woman,  
nor I a man, not ever  
meeting in the rain  
kissing your bedraggled hair.....  
things would be so very strange.

which deals with the moment transcended into timelessness. The oriental gong gently tapped once again provided an appropriate sense of mysterious detachment.

Especially interesting in the work of the percussionist and pianist using a prepared piano is their de-emphasis of the traditional elements of music - melody, rhythm and harmony. In fact it might be more accurate to describe their contribution as a musical tapestry into which the poem is woven. Such an approach offers many possibilities in modern music, not least the opportunity to incorporate jazz.

These explorations of the union of poetry and music reveal that the haiku and tanka, brief though they are, are well suited to musical accompaniment, at least in the duet format. In fact, the word "accompaniment" understates the intensity and variety of the

potential relationships. There is no doubt that these short forms, when read into a pregnant silence, can have great impact in a Zen state of mind, but it is important to recognize that they are also well adapted to that other voice which may also speak alone but finds such natural harmony with words in the human condition.

*Wordmusic* was presented at the 2008 Haiku Canada Weekend, Carleton University, Ottawa. Anyone interested in the complete project, which includes lyrical, dramatic and narrative poetry, can obtain a copy of the compact disc *poemusica* from Magpie Productions, P.O. Box 52014, Edmonton, Alberta, Canada, T6G 2T5. (Price: \$15.00 includes shipping and handling)

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WITH	ERED
EMB	RYO
POI	SON
BRE	EZE
COC	OON
VANI	SHED

*McMurtaugh*

## Old Age Haiku

*H. F. Noyes*

Bill Higginson points out that the phrase Golden Age “may have an ironic twist”<sup>1</sup> But irony doesn’t really express the spirit of haiku. I believe two poems by William Lofvers<sup>2</sup> are particularly eloquent (one a 4-liner) on this subject:

Growing older  
I have further to return from  
when awakening

A moment  
left his deathbed  
to give his  
flowers water.

Often our dreams go in reverse order from our accumulated years. And this second poem expresses so well that even when bedridden we can no more neglect our flowers than we could have failed our own little growing children. And there’s a favorite by Michael Dylan Welch that qualifies as haiku magic.<sup>3</sup>

old folks’ home—  
the square of light  
crosses the room

Even despite the nth degree of loneliness, silence endows us with compensating eternal moments.

She has fallen  
while begging for change—  
the autumn moon

Edward Zuk<sup>4</sup>

A deeply compassionate haiku. It reminds me of a haiku by Marijan Cekolj about a little girl who while pretending to sleep falls asleep.<sup>5</sup> But what a far cry it is from such a charming episode: we can’t avoid feeling this beggar woman’s deplorable vulnerability. The autumn moon gives a presentiment of the nearness of a “final sleep.”

In my old age,  
Even before the scarecrow  
I feel ashamed of myself!

Issa<sup>6</sup>

Issa’s whole life was a tragedy. Self-importance was always beyond him. Yet at the end of life he is one of the few who might have responded on his deathbed in the same vein as Thoreau, who when asked if he’d made his peace with God responded: “We never quarreled.”

1. *Haiku World*, Kodansha International, 1996
2. from *The Netherlands*, *Ibid*
3. *Ibid*
4. *Modern Haiku*, haibun “Orphans and Beggary”, Autumn 2008
5. *Moonlight*, Croatian Haiku Press, 1994
6. R. H. Blyth, *Haiku*, Volume 4

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s sspiteeth

*andrew topel*

## ANOTHER HEAVEN

*Bruce Ross and Brent Partridge*

lotus position  
a speck of snow  
on Buddha's thigh *br*

the tip of a feather  
brushes across my forehead *bp*

first real melt  
a cat's muddy prints  
from the garden *br*

walking more lightly  
in a haze of pollen *bp*

cloud after cloud  
and up higher still  
filmy day moon *br*

like a breath— the sun  
breaks into a dream *bp*

troubled sleep  
weighed down by it all  
the dark skylight *br*

sideways in the soggy ditch  
two bright tow trucks *br*

the fragile line of her chin  
balanced by  
the practical tilt *bp*

our eyes just before  
we look up at an egret *bp*

at day's end  
how familiar just sitting  
with each other *br*

evening homeless shelter  
a lone figure at the window *br*

wind-eroded hole through rock—  
a last quarter moon *bp*

in it

so many rich voices  
from just one mockingbird *br*

estuary  
a swallow treads a dune  
on the run *br*

after a sneeze  
the sense of more space *bp*

the distance  
between white petals  
early blossoms *br*

turning the wheel—  
a way through and beyond everything *bp*

in a vase  
a dried wild grape tendril  
wound around emptiness *bp*

"hello" but only a yawn  
from Bluebell pig *br*

preparing for a trip  
to the ocean *bp*  
my heartbeat quickens

not knowing what I feel  
until she talks to others *br*

as if  
nothing were more important *br*  
the cricket's chirp

honeybee checks out lips *bp*  
the touch of wings

laurel canyon—  
the crunch of an apple *bp*  
quite loud

twilight rain . . . *br*  
the pink hydrangea even more so

heat lightning  
I begin to remember *br*  
something

together at breakfast *bp*  
Ginsberg hears the words not spoken

full moon ceremony—  
the resonance *bp*  
of hundreds of years

Parson's room  
a faded Bible rests *br*  
on the old table

raven caws at stopped rain *bp*  
struts along a rusty rail

dusk . . .  
little waves reach the island *br*  
and disappear

a Himalayan lake *bp*  
reflects another heaven

from a bug's feet  
a long delicate trail *br*  
the bug

not slow to open *bp*  
tiger lily

Atlantic beach  
the sandpiper flock chatters *br*  
and then lands

*Brent Partridge* Orinda, California

*Bruce Ross* Hampden, Maine

March 5, 2007 to July 27, 2007

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## eyebrowse

*Sandra Furhinger*

**Haiku Sequence : Montreal interlude**

*Angelee Deodhar*

Botanical garden  
following the ginkgo leaf stamp  
on a little girl's wrist

Tea garden—  
the path past a stone lantern  
leads to the koi

my veil catches  
on *Indian Physic* above  
blood red begonias

Shade garden—  
a bee reluctant to go back  
into the sun

under the bridge  
a white koi pauses  
just below my feet

Celtic tree—  
the druid's cape doesn't cover  
his Nike's

afternoon tour  
on the river train  
our own butterfly

sound of thunder  
from the creaking train  
the scent of hyssop

First Native garden  
she points at the apples  
our African guide

shards of light  
over Water's Edge  
the sound of her voice

from his hand to mine  
a bottle of green tea  
— his frog earring

amber light—  
his puppet discarded  
the puppeteer eats alone



*John M. Bennett*



## A Brighter Smudge Renku

*Martin Lucas*  
*Karen Sohne*  
*Marshall Hryciuk*

Minoan dawn  
the rounded clouds  
the jagged mountains

*Martin Lucas*

comparing her figure  
to the stone goddess

*Karen Sohne*

are those new leaves  
or flickering wings  
following the song?

*Marshall Hryciuk*

seeing just the shadow  
of the first butterfly

*KVS*

blue smoke drifts  
from the bramble  
whitecaps on the shore

*MH*

moonrise  
the dusk dogs bark

*ML*

dinner on the patio  
moved indoors  
from the chill

*MH*

he takes out the battery  
to stop the clock's tick

*KVS*

the walk to work  
past adverts  
for sex toys

*ML*

SWF grn eyed redhead  
likes to have fun

*KVS*

stood up  
the empty wine bottle  
and myself

*MH*

a traffic cone  
on the statue's head

*ML*

ANOTHER BLACK HAWK  
DOWNED JUST  
NORTH OF BAGDAD

*MH*

was that the Grammy's  
or the Oscar's last week?

*KVS*

only in Hollywood  
one for the Queen  
one for Idi Amin

*ML*

sea a royal blue  
warmer with each wave

*MH*

hills of olive groves  
one cherry tree  
blossoming

*KVS*

boulder shade  
the shared chocolate

*ML*

so much easier  
to misstep the footpath  
on descent

*KVS*

snow on mountain peaks  
in the air in Toronto

*MH*

Burns Night after the haggis raspberries and cream	<i>ML</i>
finding excuses to rub against him	<i>KVS</i>
i think of her as i take off my Valentine's present	<i>MH</i>
red sportscar defies the bus at the intersection	<i>KVS</i>
phone call to say the baby's born eclipse of the moon	<i>ML</i>
a brighter smudge than at home the Pleiades	<i>KVS</i>

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visualcohol

poetymology

*andrew topel*

## Reviews. . .

**haiku mind: 108 poems to cultivate awareness & open your heart**, by Patricia Donegan (Shambhala, 2008). Hardcover, 176 pages, ISBN: 978-1-59030-579-9.

*Haiku mind: 108 poems to cultivate awareness & open your heart* is the latest book by Patricia Donegan, author of *Chiyo-ni: Woman Haiku Master* and *Haiku: Asian Arts and Crafts for Creative Kids*, as well as several poetry collections of her own. In the introduction, she describes "haiku mind" as "this way of being in the world with awakened open-hearted awareness-of being mindful of the ordinary moments of our lives." She chose 108 haiku because it is an auspicious number in Buddhist thought "as there are 108 difficulties to overcome in order to become awakened, and so there are 108 beads on a Buddhist *mala*."

What is unique about this book is that it is not only a haiku anthology, but it also includes spiritual reflections on the poems. They are intended to be meditations that "encourage further contemplation," and the themes cover a broad range such as Beyond Terrorism, Sacred Food Chain, Time, and Wonder. The haiku by Japanese poets were translated in collaboration with Yoshi Ishibashi, and other non-English haiku were translated by the author. The non-Japanese selections include mostly American and a few Canadian poets. For each haiku, a brief biography of the poet is included and I found this information engaging, particularly when I was introduced to a poet I had not encountered before.

When I first began reading the book I found the prose to be cumbersome, but that may have been due to my unfamiliarity with a written reflection about a haiku. The author mentions that she was inspired by the form of *haibun* (story and haiku), and as well that her prose is "a meditation rather than literary analysis." Each reflection weaves together her own thoughts with many threads of

material from Shakespeare to the *Tao Te Ching*, from the "Hundredth Monkey Effect" to *suiseki* (the Japanese art of stone appreciation). As I continued reading, however, I warmed to the meditations that accompanied the haiku. One day I took *Haiku mind* along with me to the dentist office when I knew I would have a long wait. As I read, I found myself saying "yes" to something that resonated with what I already knew, and other times saying "I never looked at it that way before." Perhaps it was partly the waiting that opened me to my epiphanies, but I think it was more the breadth and depth of the meditations that inspired them.

To give a glimpse of the poetic-prose that accompanies the haiku are the following two examples (only part of the reflection is presented). The first haiku is by Chigetsu-ni (1632-1708), "the closest woman disciple and friend of Basho, and one of the greatest traditional Japanese women haiku poets." The theme is Awakening.

bush warbler—  
I rest my hands  
in the wooden sink

The bird called me out. I wanted to stay asleep under the covers, but the bird called me out. I was lost in a depressed thought and then the bird called me out. An unknown bird from an unknown tree called me out. We've all had this experience of being caught in our comfortable, habitual thoughts about this or that-and then something happens-there is a gap, a crack of space long enough for the sound of a bird to penetrate us, and we are awakened.

The second theme is Doing Nothing and offers a haiku by Paul O. Williams, a well-known American haiku poet.

a warm fall day,  
learning from this rock  
to do nothing

Learning from Nature: from the sky openness, from the earth change and renewal, from this rock stillness. How difficult for most postmodern people to "do nothing," to just be with ourselves without distractions, entertainment, or time constraints, to get beyond feeling it is a waste of time or even a sin.

The lovely front cover of the book features a single pear in front of a window. It echoes the author's description of her first awakening to "haiku mind" in which she "felt suddenly and totally at peace as I saw 'the thing itself.'" For poets and non-poets alike, this book would be a welcome companion for exploring the grace in the ordinary moment.

*Philomene Kocher*

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luv

sub sub

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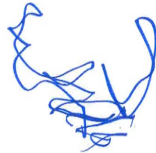
crispy

*John M. Bennett*

## through the 8's

*dorothy howard*

old smoke slithering out odd chimneys  
does polar ice cap melt worry this dim Sunday sun  
it's raining hard outside I piss and piss



first green untouched untouchable your eyes in it again  
morning sun even my shit smells healthy



tulips five dandelions seven this world in yellow  
snot deep in the nose hard sharp blades



barely five throughout sunrise birds' insistant twitter  
chopping up vegetables the angel's anger angles resurface



## Books in Brief . . .

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

**Modern Haiku**, 40:1, Winter-Spring 2009, Charles Trumbull, Editor, POB 7046, Evanston, IL 60204-7046, \$26 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. This issue contains an interesting essay by Kathleen O'Toole: *The Haiku Eye in the Cantos of Ezra Pound*.

**South by Southeast**, 15:3, 2008 & 16:1, 2009, 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](mailto:saddiss@richmond.edu). Deadlines are Sept. 15, Dec. 15 and April 15. Issues usually have a haiga or two. Poems, typically, are showcased with plenty of space on the page.

**moonset**, 4:2, Autumn / Winter 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, \$29US 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. The current copy is a memorial issue dedicated to William J. Higginson.

**Kō**, 23:4, Autumn-Winter 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. At least three HC members appear in the current issue.

**HI**, #'s 78, 79 (2008), 80 (2009), 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. The Japanese poems are intriguing.

**Lilliput Review**, 165&166 (November 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. At least one HC member, John Martone, appears in 165. 166 is a single-author work—*Bridge of Bones* by M. Kei.

**Kokako**, #9, September 2008, \$25NZ/two issues (April and September), Submit to Patricia Prime, Editor, 42 Fanshaw Rd., Te Atatu South, Auckland, New Zealand <[prprime@ihug.co.nz](mailto:prprime@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 at least six pages of tanka in this issue.

**Presence**, 36, May 2008 & 37, January 2009, 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. Quality haiku and related writing fill each issue. As well, there is the Best-of-Issue Award determined by reader votes.

**Gong: Revue Francophone de Haïku**, #22, Janvier 2009, **LE JOUR NE SE LÈVE JAMIAS SEUL** par Hélène Boissé, l'Association Française de Haïku, Jean Antonini 10 rue Saint-Polycarpe, F-69001 Lyon  
<http://www.afhaiku.org> [gafh@afhaiku.org](mailto:gafh@afhaiku.org) . Revue issues each cost 3.50 Euros or. 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. The association's October 2008 festival, held in Montreal, is featured in this issue. The chapbook contains over 100 haiku.

**bottle rockets**, 10:1, Stanford M. Forrester, Editor, POB 189, Windsor, CT. 06095, <[www.bottlerocketspress.com](http://www.bottlerocketspress.com)>, e-mail: [editor@bottlerocketspress.com](mailto:editor@bottlerocketspress.com), \$16 US/2 issues (1 year) in US, \$17 US in Canada and Mexico, \$22 US elsewhere. Submissions of 5-10 pieces suggested; no e-mail submissions from within the US. The 50+ pages here are full of commendable work.

**DailyHaiku**, II, Cycles 3 & 4, April 2007-2008, Nicole Pakan & M. Pilarski, Apt. 847, 11121-82nd. Ave., Edmonton, AB T6G 0T4, [www.dailyhaiku.org](http://www.dailyhaiku.org), \$10. Email submissions to: [desk@dailyhaiku.org](mailto:desk@dailyhaiku.org), between March 1 and 31, and September 1 and 30 ONLY. Submissions received at any other time will not be accepted. Each issue features the work of six authors. The issue in hand contains work by Joanne Morcom, Linda Pilarski, Richard Stevenson, and others.

**ZenRiver Poems & Haibun** by Chris Faiers, Hidden Brook Press ([www.hiddenbrookpress.com](http://www.hiddenbrookpress.com)), ISBN: 978-1-897475-25-6, 2008, 60 pp., perfectbound, \$10 + \$2 postage. This is a welcome book from a long-time writer of haiku in Canada. See *HC Newsletter Newsflash* February 8, 2009 for review.

**In the Company of Crows: Haiku and Tanka Between the Tides** by Carole MacRury, with sumi-e illustrations by Ion Codrescu, Edited by Cathy Drinkwater Better, Black Cat Press, ISBN 0-9766407-7-5, 2008, 160 pp., perfectbound, \$18 US ppd. To order contact the author at 1-360-945-2117 or [macrury@whidbey.com](mailto:macrury@whidbey.com). MacRury's poems keep the reader returning for more. Highly recommended.

**L'heure du thé**, par Diane Descôteaux, KAREIDAS éditions, ISBN 978-2-910961-48-0, 2008, 100 p., 25,00\$, disponible sur le site de l'auteur: [www.dianedescoteaux.com](http://www.dianedescoteaux.com). This is a nicely produced book with three haiku per page.

**white lies: The Red Moon Anthology of English-Language Haiku 2008**, Jim Kacian, Editor-in-Chief, Red Moon Press, POB 2461, Winchester, VA 22604-1661 <[redmoon@shentel.net](mailto:redmoon@shentel.net)> ISBN 978-1-893959-80-4, 2009, 172 pp. perfectbound, \$17 US. This is the thirteenth volume in the series that selects from haiku, linked pieces, haibun, and essays from journals around the world. Another welcome addition.

**The Haiku Universe for the 21<sup>st</sup> Century: Japanese/English Japanese Haiku 2008**, edited by Modern Haiku Association, 6-5-4 Kairaku Build., Soto kanda, Chiyoda-ku, Tokyo, Japan 101-0021, ISBN 978-4-8161-0712-2, 2008, 216 pp., perfectbound, \$25 US. Published to celebrate the 60<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the Modern Haiku Association this is an impressive volume of Japanese poets.

**Canada Project in Kuyushu Colloquium.** This journal series is recommended by David McMurray. Some of the news featured here includes contest information. To order contact : [order@jellybeaned.com](mailto:order@jellybeaned.com) or contact David for further details at: [mcmurray@fka.att.ne.jp](mailto:mcmurray@fka.att.ne.jp).

**Season's Greeting Letter**, Mohammed H. Siddiqui, Editor. This is a welcome yearly publication. The format here is four folded 12x17 sheets. Each year has a theme and deadline of June 30. 2009 theme is "Ocean-Sky" Contact the editor at 8339 Kendale Rd., Baltimore, MD 21234-5013 or [sidbaba@hotmail.com](mailto:sidbaba@hotmail.com).

**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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*Sandra Fuhringer*