

HAIKU CANADA REVIEW

lilac sky
the crunch of my footsteps
on snow

Philomene Kocher



HAIKU CANADA REVIEW

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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 Published as well as unpublished work is considered for sheets.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 For the **Annual Members' Anthology** (except special issues), members are asked to submit 5 haiku (published or unpublished).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, 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 (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 2010

- 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- Haiku must be unpublished and not under consideration elsewhere.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".
- Submit 2 copies of each haiku, each copy typed or neatly printed on a 3X5 card; one card in each set must include the author's name, address and telephone number in the upper corner, while the other card 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 eleven 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 and handling.
- Send entries to The Betty Drevniok Award, c/o Ann Goldring, PO Box 97, 5 Cooks Drive, Leaskdale, Ontario, Canada L0C 1C0.
- Contest Coordinator: Ann Goldring
- **Postmark Deadline: February 14, 2010.**

Contents. . .

From the Editor	1
Haiku Plus	2-11, 32, 42, 48, 52, OBC
Haikus d'hiver	12-19
Haibun	20-23
Essays/Commentary	24-27, 28-32, 33-34
Linked Verse	23, 35-38, 39-42
Reviews	43-46, 47-48
Letters	48
Books in Brief	49-52
Friends of Haiku Canada	52

Cover Illustration: *Marje A. Dyck*. Sheets this issue: *The Last Ship from Earth* by *Deborah P Kolodji*; *marionette on a shelf* by *Angela Leuck*

From the Editor. . .

HNR continues to welcome linked pieces and all haiku related writing. 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 annual Members, Anthology is being edited again this year by Claudia Coutu Radmore. Submissions are due February 28th. Send submissions to: claudiarosemary@yahoo.com with the subject heading submission 2010 anthology. By postal mail send to: Claudia Coutu Radmore, 49 McArthur Ave., Carleton Place, Ontario, K7C 2W1. For more information, see the January 19th *HC Newsflash*.

Yours all seasons,
LeRoy

teenage party—
chickens today
feathers tomorrow

from can't see to can't see
only
a few stars

Stephen Addiss

smog
politicians squabble
over lost jobs

Sheila Bello

first big snow
the contractor
finally shows up

new year
the scent of pine
at the curb

Cathy Drinkwater Better

after the storm
a sparrow in the tallest tree
preening itself

Frances Mary Bishop

language barrier. . .
our pods have peas
our blackberries, thorns

Anne LB Davidson

The calendar is
A snowstorm across
Dreams of the dying

Darnell Dean

bowing she
bends her arm to cough
H1N1

Raffael de Gruttola

walking in the snow
at midnight— just because
it's New Year's Eve

Muriel Ford

embezzlement . . .
a piece of straw from the scarecrow
in the crow's beak

Staten Island Ferry—
in my pocket
a coin for each eye

Stanford M. Forrester

wind out of tune—
a winter field
of broken reeds

trail summit
the wildflowers
all bent over

a small stone
in my shoe—
Valentine's Day

Alice Frampton

blue moon
a dream
of a younger me

Marco Fraticelli

alone this once
wild blueberries
slowly fill the tin

Margot Gallant

enclosed stroller—
a child waves and smiles
like the pope

Barry George

the old school yard
my graffiti covered
by graffiti

his castle gone
a young boy brings
the ocean home

Barry Goodmann

A grouse drums
so close
the house drums

John Hamley

blizzard
my world reduced
to black and white

Arch Haslett

surrounded

waves owned
by the wind

mountains
the same distance each day

shiny in the rain

Gary Hotham

crescent moon
in the morning sky
today his birthday

Brenda Hurn

one by one
the boats and bulbs
go out. . .

Hans Jongman

how gracefully
the aged dancer skates
alone this winter

footprints in snow
the New Year steps in
faultless

as I write
about the ocean fog
out
of
it

Jeanne Jorgensen

in-laws
we sit in silence
as my wife pees

apology dinner—
the pressure cooker
lets off steam

morning obituaries—
on my fingers
their ink

Don Korobkin

ebb tide
our son's phone calls
less frequent

Erik Linzbach

a single daisy
in her garden— she picks
another man

a life without vices
the indoor cat
sleeps all day

Angela Leuck

steady drizzle
last inning
of the year

had I known—
another drop of rain
in the barrel

full moon
a new howl
in the neighbourhood

Mike Montreuil

my doctor reads
my health report
late autumn

Christmas rain
all over our neighborhood
empty cars

Lenard D. Moore

in anger
I break the branch
it bleeds my guilt

Michael O. Nowlan

old carthorse
long time emerging
from the covered bridge

H. F. Noyes

staggering home—
wall shadow doffs its cap
to the street lamp

straight up a twist and flip
stunt pilot
on Groundhog Day

Brent Partridge

orion's belt
his waistline
never changes

/ _ underneath _ \
/spider has one too\

Merilyn Peruniak

almost spring . . .
first leaves on the oak
at the road's end

Patricia Prime

home ball game
through the still forest
a beastly roar

the dead skunk in the road
follows me home

John Quinnett

closing down
the world—
starless night

Claudia Coutu Radmore

autumn garden
a couple turns
to face the sun

street music
someone throws a coin

in the birdcage

spring mud
the potter plays
with an ageless glaze

Michele Root-Bernstein

summer sunlight
the bales piled lop-sided
on the wagon

the chipmunk liked
one side of the acorn
. . . end of summer

oceanside garden
old kimonos in the wind
the scarecrows

Bruce Ross

this morning
the forest stepped out of the fog
in a veil of green
the heart in love
relates to early spring

i can't forget
and tear off
the memories of you. . .
Late autumn threads the forest
with scarlet veins of wine

Natalia L. Rudychev

his wings
hold her light
egrets

tracks in the snow
the white cat
one step ahead

cold night
the gas company man
has a smoke

Grant D. Savage

on my freshly—
picked thoughts
fruit flies

sunrise . . .
everything at
the 99th percentile

George Swede

cleaning house
after the haiku meet...
one poem lingers

Naomi Beth Wakan

mild rain in May
heavy and bigger the drops
from the wisteria

pluie de mai douce
lourdes et plus grosses les gouttes
de la glycine

Klaus-Dieter Wirth

Haïkus d'hiver

Réunis par
Micheline Beaudry

Flocon à flocon
le ciel blanchit la terre—
un conte bleu prend forme

Frans Terryn

Sous les arbres nus
je frissonne
premiers flocons

Martine Hautot

Neige lente
Terre et ciel se confondent
Blanc sur blanc

Geneviève Rey

baiser sur joues fraîches
quelques jours après je vois
les champs blancs de givre

Sam yada Cannarozzi

loin de Québec
les hivers me semblent
tous perdus

Abigail Friedman

première neige -
les autos qui tournent
en cercles

Mike Montreuil

Première neige
Les autos nous éclaboussent
Aïe mon manteau neuf!

Jean Deronzier

Première neige
le sapin
dans son habit du dimanche.

Véronique Dutreix

Marché de Noël—
devant le stand de poupées
le sourire d'une fillette

Lydia Padellec

première tempête
juste à temps pour la Noël
routes bloquées

Anne-Marie Labelle

grésil
le bonhomme de neige
mitraillé

Huguette Ducharme

beaucoup de neige
les pelletées du voisin
guerre de tranchées

Diane Lemieux

Sur les feuilles blanches
L'hiver souffle son haleine
Et moi sur mes doigts!

Patrick Fétu

éclat
le rouge-gorge traverse
la cour enneigée

Danièle Duteil

flocons de glace
roulant sur le rhododendron :
ping pong

Janick Belleau

noir sur blanc
l'épervier
écoute le silence hivernal

Claire Dufresne

Froid matin d'hiver
l'odeur du pain frais traverse
deux couches de foulard

Line Michaud

poser les rallonges
à la table de cuisine—
neige annoncée

Luce Pelletier

Faut-il s'en réjouir?
Pour ma table de Noël
j'ai cueilli des roses

Marine Morillon-Carreau

Hiver bien trop long
Coquilles vides d'escargots
Ah ! ces foutus merles!

Patrick Somprou

De fausses cerises
Pour clafoutis chantilly
? Dessert de Noël

Anick Baulard

sur son harmonium
des bagatelles pour Noël
un homme aveugle

Geert Verbeke

Neige mezza-voce:
j'hivernerais volontiers
dans ce solfège des anges

Roland Halbert

Passer, repasser
Sous le bouquet de gui frais
Combien de baisers...

Jean Irubetagoiena

dans l'air vif
ces voix d'enfants font écho
à l'ombre des arbres

Claire Bergeron

flanelles et mohairs
les grands froids battent les os
on se pelotonne

Francine Minguez

lendemain de Noël
l'enfant dans la boîte
le chat dans le sac

Céline Lebel

un ballon
au pied de la balançoire
flocons de neige

Maryse Chaday

Long carton gaufré
de l'emballage cadeau
pour aller glisser

Liette Janelle

neige en bouche
Joues rougies par le froid
ils glissent glissent

Carole Bédard

coussin de neige
un écureuil s'y abreuve
au bain d'oiseau

Hélène Laroque-Nolin

Habiller l'oiseau
d'une lenteur de neige
L'hiver couturier

Michèle Chrétien

je marche à la lune
les deux pieds sur terre
nuit glaciale

Richard Fournier

De plus en plus dur
le sol a pour lueur
juste la lune

Patrick Simon

lac verglacé—
la danse des cygnes
sous la pleine lune

Claire Gardien

matin de verglas
sur ma fenêtre aveugle
j'entends le temps

André Vézina

verglas
faisans dans le fossé
leurs bouffées minuscules

Klaus-Dieter Wirth

marcher
contre le vent ____
s'y appuyer

Jeannine St-Amand

vue en contre-bas—
côte à côte dans la neige
des traces de pas

Diane Descôteaux

dix mille paillettes
de neige dans un rayon
de soleil brûlant

Pierre Saussus

passage de grues? au-dessus de la cour d'usine et ses fumées

Serge Tomé

sur un iceberg
la petite sirène-
prise de parole

Jean Dorval

Couronnée de patience
Et de givre
Pomme dans la neige

Marc Bonetto

il craint le temps doux
le producteur de cidre
de glace

Monica Thoma-Petit

Saupoudrée de neige
une pommette semi-croquée
sur le paillasson

Carole Daoust

dans le silence ouaté
du virtuel mes vœux jusqu'en
Afghanistan

Micheline Beaudry

un bonhomme fléché
ceinture la lune
soir de carnaval

Céline Lajoie

Haibun. . .

Critique of Pure Reason

It was a little before seven o'clock in the evening when Dana left the university. She was tired and hungry but she could not resist the temptation to stop by the used bookstore. Every visit to this store was a little adventure into the lives of those who previously owned the books. Highlighted paragraphs, notes on the margins, postcards forgotten between the pages, coffee rings on the covers, and scraps of paper filled with hard to decipher handwriting spoke volumes to Dana's imagination.

She entered the store with a tingle of anticipation that yet another little treasure was waiting for her. Dana went about in her usual way: "poetry", "out of print", "antiques", "art", "philosophy". . . Nothing was particularly interesting and Dana was about to succumb to exhaustion and leave when a book missing the back part of its cover caught her attention. The book was absolutely marvelous: the rich dark leather of the remaining binding exuded calm self-confidence; the uneven edges of the hand-cut pages were mysteriously inviting; and the general shape of the book was pleasing to the touch. Dana paused to enjoy the first impression before opening the title page that read "CRITIQUE PURE REASON by IMMANUEL KANT". She already owned two modern translations of the *Critique* but it did not matter. This book felt right. Dana simply did not want to leave it for fear that somebody might buy it. There also was a grimmer possibility in this book's future. Dana already witnessed several small bonfires at the back of the store where unwanted books perished along with dry maple leaves. . .

Dana paid and went home. There, she took a closer look at her find and made a stunning discovery. Dark spots on the cover, which she originally took for signs of wear, were actually burns. The book survived a fire. Somebody cared enough for the

thoughts of the lonely strange man to risk life for them. Dana felt connected to the one who saved this book. There are books that are persons. You cannot just leave them. They demand respect. No *FAHRENHEIT 451*: neither in 1899 nor in 2009.

A shallow puddle
an upside down cicada
tugs at my heart

Natalia L. Rudychev

§

THE COBBLER

If you could look through the frosted window of Mr. Burghardt's workshop, you would see him at work stitching leather into orthopedic shoes. In the room between his workshop and the living room, Mr. Burghardt consults with clients and does pedicure treatment. The furniture is sparse and precise. The legs of a pair of oversized leather club chairs have left indentations in the linoleum floor. In one corner stands the client's chair lit with the light of a telescopic spotlight. Mr. Burghardt's craftsmanship is impressive. Samples of previous fittings line the top most shelves in order that overseas' clients can re-order a pair of orthopedic shoes without visiting the shop. When you look at a photograph of Trotsky, that's Mr. Burghardt. That same aura of intellect, so natural and sympathetic.

a bit slow
resetting
the grandfather clock

Hans Jongman

Spring Overdue

Unexpectedly, I spend a day in May in Rieti, in centermost Italy in the Valley of Saint Francis— nestled among huge haystacks of green mountain, being tunneled under now to give access to a ski resort. As I lock my parked car, the moon arises above the mountain and I skid my way across the road to a rooming-house.

Quite inadvertently
in a thinly iced puddle
I spit at the moon

In an ultramodern moviehouse I attend an evening showing of the film *Amadeus* in Italian, the words warm and living— like Mozart's music— my understanding greatly enhanced by having caught the film many months previously in London. Then I go to bed early, travel-weary, and awaken thoroughly refreshed and eager to see the sights.

Rieti morning—
mushrooming foothills
absorb the traffic roar

I explore the old town surrounded by medieval walls. Nearly everywhere along the narrow streets another age speaks arrestingly from ancient stone. In the late afternoon sun, recrossing the bridge, I stop for a look into a row of backyard gardens.

Little old granny
bends to her flowerbed—
green flows the river

After lunch I can't resist a short stroll in a small park, before taking off for a rendezvous in Perugia. While searching for the tiny

white buds just opening on the fence vine, I listen to doves
perched like white blossoms on a dead tree.

The buds come late
in mountain country—
fresh as snow

H. F. Noyes

ON TOUR

a former State Pen.
“Doin’ Hard Time”
I PAID to get in

painted yellow
a guide reminds me
“toe the line”

solitary—
“the hole” so totally dark
can’t see the rats

on-site infirmary—
“mostly lunatics”
the dentist’s chair

the cot made for sleep
f a c e s
tomorrow’s death chair

Liz fenn

The Universe in Three Lines Exploring New Worlds with Speculative Haiku

Deborah P Kolodji

When reading haiku, blank space on the page stimulates speculation. It engages the reader. A well-written haiku resonates, triggering memories of recognition. Speculative poetry takes this a step further, often painting a familiar scene in the context of an imaginary world. Speculative haiku is the unique juxtaposition between haiku and science fiction, fantasy, and horror.

Often called "scifaiku," speculative haiku is not new. In July of 1962, *The Magazine of Science Fiction and Fantasy* published six science fiction haiku by Karen Anderson.

Those crisp cucumbers
Not yet planted in Syrtis—
How I desire one!

*Karen Anderson*¹

When read aloud, the alliteration of the first line, and the corresponding saliva the crisp "c" sounds produce, help me imagine the taste of cucumbers. I long for them, suddenly glad I live on a planet where they grow. A real experience is captured, even though the setting is imagined.

Sometimes a speculative haiku will create a contrast to a real experience:

planet Valtec—
every snowflake
the same

*Michael Dylan Welch*²

It is said that no two snowflakes are ever alike. A snow crystal might contain 10^{18} water molecules randomly scattered throughout the structure of the crystal. The probability that two such crystals would have the exact same layout is indistinguishable from zero. This is the experience of our world. But Welch writes of a planet, a place so alien that all snowflakes are alike. By focussing on a minute detail of an imaginary world, we come to visualize it better.

green moonlight
the engineer weeps
over a letter from home

*Joshua Gage*³

We've all been away from home at some point in our life. Some of us further than others. Gage's speculative haiku captures the loneliness of being away from our loved ones. By hinting of an alien world in the first line, a place where moonlight is green, the sense of being very, very far away is magnified to the point that you fear the speaker may never be able to return.

welcome home
to this crater
once bright Ithaca

*Dan Smith*⁴

What if Odysseus had returned to Ithaca to find it destroyed by a meteor? Haven't we all returned to a favorite place to find it changed, somehow for the worse? When I return to Long Beach, the city of my birth, I am always surprised when a familiar well-loved restaurant or store has been replaced by a new business. Again, Smith's imaginary scenario evokes a real emotion that we've all experienced and exaggerates it for emphasis.

So, what exactly is speculative haiku and how do you write it? In 1995, Tom Brinck posted "The Scifaiku Manifesto" on the internet, where he defined three essential elements. By his definition, a scifaiku should be a minimalistic science fiction poem, conforming to normal conventions of modern haiku. It should be immediate, written in the present tense, engaging the reader. Finally, it should convey human insight. The best science fiction is written about earthly events cast in a futuristic light as a parable to provide greater understanding. A year after "The Scifaiku Manifesto," the Scifaiku mailing list was born, a place where speculative haiku poets still gather electronically, often posting renga-like chains of scifaiku on a particular theme, for example "faster than light" travel.

light speed
a century ahead
of his speeding ticket

*Deborah P Kolodji*⁵

In addition to bouncing ideas off like-minded souls on the internet, I enjoy starting with normal Earth seasonal words, then twisting them in different directions. At Haiku North America, I led an exercise using this approach, asking the audience for a summer kigo. David Lanoue suggested "sweat," which led to a variety of interpretations, including sweat in Zero G and rust on a medieval knight's armor. One of my favorites was this one by Naia:

zero gravity . . .
my beads of sweat floating
among the stars

Naia

Once you've written your first speculative haiku, what do you do with it? Some of the examples in this article were published in

Scifaikuest⁶, a poetry journal devoted exclusively to speculative haiku and related forms. Star*Line⁷, Dreams and Nightmares⁸, Abyss and Apex⁹, Astropoetica¹⁰, The Magazine of Speculative Poetry¹¹, Tales of the Talisman¹², and Goblin Fruit¹³ are among the many science fiction, fantasy, and horror poetry journals that publish speculative haiku or tanka, often paying \$1-\$5 per poem for first rights. I have even seen speculative haiku, especially those of an astronomical nature, published in haiku journals.

In short, there's a whole galaxy of possibilities out there. I'd like to invite you to explore them with me.

Notes

1. From *The Magazine of Science Fiction and Fantasy*, July 1962.
2. From *Scifaikuest*, May 2008, Print Edition
3. From *Scifaikuest*, August 2008, Print Edition
4. From *Scifaikuest*, November 2008, Print Edition
5. From *The Magazine of Speculative Poetry*, Spring 2006
6. *Scifaikuest*, print journal and webzine (different content), edited by Teri Santitoro.
<http://www.samsdotpublishing.com/scifaikuest/cover.html>, \$6/issue, \$20/4 issue subscription
7. *Star*Line*, print journal of the Science Fiction Poetry Association, edited by Marge Simon, SFPA membership is \$21/year US/Canada/Mexico, \$25/year International. <http://www.sfpoetry.com>
8. *Dreams and Nightmares*, print journal, edited by David C. Kopaska-Merkel, 1300 Kicker Rd, Tuscaloosa, AL 35404, subscriptions are \$18 for 6 issues, \$4 per issue
9. *Abyss and Apex*, webzine, poetry editor - Trent Walters, <http://www.abys sandapex.com>
10. *Astropoetica*, webzine, edited by Emily Gaskin, <http://www.astropoetica.com>
11. *The Magazine of Speculative Poetry*, print journal, edited by Roger Dutcher, P.O. Box 564, Beloit, WI 53512, \$19/4 issues, \$5/sample issue
12. *Tales of the Talisman*, print journal (poetry and fiction), edited by David Lee Summers, Hadrosaur Productions, PO Box 2194, Mesilla Park, NM 88047-2194, \$24/4 issues, \$8/1 issue.
13. *Goblin Fruit*, webzine, edited by Amal El-Mohtar and Jessica Wick, <http://www.goblinfruit.net>

An Introduction to Love Haiku: Lessons from Masajo Suzuki's *Love Haiku: A Lifetime of Love*

Angela Leuck

Now that Valentines' Day is upon us and thoughts of romance are in the air, it seems the perfect time to look at the subject of love haiku. And who better to teach us how to write about love than the recognized master of the genre, Masajo Suzuki (1906-2003). The author of seven haiku collections, she was one of Japan's best known contemporary haiku poets.

In 2000, Lee Gurga and Emiko Miyashita edited Masajo Suzuki's *Love Haiku: A Lifetime of Love* (Brooks Books), making available to us for the first time in English a selection of 150 of the poet's best love haiku. I have read through this book countless times and each time the poems remain fresh and engaging. I would like to share with you some of the lessons we can learn from this extraordinary woman and poet.

First and foremost, Suzuki shows us how to be present in the haiku. There are still those who argue that a good haiku should be about objective images from nature and the poet should be invisible. They will certainly find no support for this view in Suzuki's poems. Here is definitely an independent-minded woman with attitude.

hazy spring night—
a woman too with a cigarette
between her teeth

Her body itself becomes a key element in many of her poems.

my woman's body	my chapped lips...
colder than the fish	I smooth them
I keep on hand	on a snowy night

Suzuki is not afraid of strong emotion and openly reveals her loneliness, sorrow, jealousies, heartache and anguish. Her poems are powerful, because she is willing to be fully present and honest about her feelings:

I let my hair down...	that night sobbing alone—
it is drowning in desire	up to my forehead
my autumn hair	in the summer sheets

There is a raw and earthy quality to some of her haiku-emotions can take unexpected turns.

I detest the man	that one time
yet I long for him-	my heart so merciless
willow leaves falling	I burned a hairy caterpillar

Suzuki's poems follow the classic rules of haiku. There is almost always a nature reference and a season word that grounds the human drama in time and place. The poet uses traditional subject matter like cherry blossoms and fireflies. Fruit is also a frequent subject of her poems and she taps into its inherent sensuality in surprising ways.

longing for love-	into a white peach
I place a single strawberry	like stabbing someone
in my mouth	the knife's edge

Flowers are another natural image she uses to convey the complex experience of love.

fields of violets—	spring sorrow—
like those fallen from grace	I buy enough flowers
like the two of us	to embrace it

Love in Suzuki's world inevitably makes us see the world around us with heightened intensity, as in these poems with their

emphasis on colour.

green green	a fallen camellia
a fallen plum I stepped on-	vivid, vivid crimson
I yearn to see him today	it remains

It is not only nature that serves as a focal point of love. Suzuki was a sophisticated city woman and ran her own pub in the Ginza section of Tokyo.

a glass of beer	winter journey-
I serve it to a man	the perfume I carry
I will never love	is CHANEL No. 5

Clothes are also an important element of love and Suzuki gives us many evocative and memorable poems:

sheer summer kimono	pure snow-
it pushes them into misery	I scoop it up
this love of mine	with black gloves

Many of her poems have to do with love's sadness. Her own life was fraught with difficulties: her first husband disappeared; when her sister died, she was honour bound to marry her sister's husband, a man she did not love; and she carried on a 40 year love affair with a married naval officer.

heartsick day-	spring loneliness-
nested deeply	it falls short of the surf
in the rattan chair	this stone I toss

Yet, she didn't dwell on just this side of love. She showed us love in a full range of emotions. She was capable of humour as well:

I have stolen a man
but never a thing of value
I roll up the bamboo blind

April Fool-
I do up my hair and go
nowhere

How does she handle the issue of intimacy? It is accomplished subtly, but she does not shirk from acknowledging the physical:

a moth dances into the flame...
the nape of the man's neck
draws me in

crickets-
the man's hands
cold on that night

Often the act of love is suggested through a proxy of nature:

love fulfilled...
fireflies leisurely await
the sunrise

lingering daylight-
two bodies snuggle
goldfish in love

The places of love are memorialized in her poems:

mildewed rooms-
for how many years these rooms
as our love nest

more than anyone
it is this man I love
on the withered grass

Her lover is described only as "he" or "this man" or "my borrowed husband." We learn little of him, rather we have brief fragmentary views of their life together:

first reading
while I am away from him
it's all that he does

the two back
on good terms again-
birds twittering

Suzuki lived into her nineties. Even after the death of her beloved naval officer, she continued to write poems in praise of love:

love is gone..
entangled butterflies
in front of me

the one who died
the one who divorced me-
distant fireworks

At the end of her lifetime of love, she left us with these words of wisdom:

without regret...
is such a life possible?
beer foam overflowing

summer kimono sash-
to live with all one's heart
is beautiful

leg radio

beet

mutt

mute

flusome

cris

nada

gnat again

John M. Bennett

Favorite Haiku

H. F. Noyes

a child rolls a hoop into autumn

*anne mckay*¹

I like it when I can effortlessly go with a haiku. This is one I find especially liberating. Though most probably quite unaware, anne gave us a legacy of an eternal hoop-rolling that will forever serve as a sort of christening of all autumn seasons to come.

from leafless trees
crow follows crow
into a cold wind

*Martin Lucas*²

For me, this haiku rivals Bashō's celebrated "crow on a bare limb" in poetically capturing the aura of late autumn. Lucas haiku, in addition to its appealing "lifeful" rhythm, imparts the chill as well as the desolation of approaching winter

Spring flood— wind change—
two wooden shoes float by the tumbled now chases
taking turns being first the kitten

George Swede^{3,4}

In the haiku world, this Canadian is one of our time-honored humorists. Here his humor has the *karumi* lightness Bashō sought in his later years. Both are fine examples of that admirable effortlessness where a haiku seems to write itself.

flinging it into
the old growth forest
broken toothpick

end of summer
the rust on my scissors
smells of marigold

*Margaret Chula*⁵

One of the time-honored themes of the haiku poet— so often neglected in other genres— is *what remains*. What irony in the internal comparison, in the first above, between a broken toothpick and the "slash" of debris of an old growth forest. And *what remains* is again Chula's foremost concern in the "end of summer" haiku, in which she sensitively detects the fresh scent of cut marigolds in the ingrained rust on her garden shears.

no butterflies
the child with a net
is chasing leaves

*Natalia L. Rudychiev*⁶

A charming glimpse of a child's insouciance. Somehow this achieves a connection with Robert Louis Stevenson's view of a poet's realism: "to find out where joy resides and to give it a voice far beyond singing. . ." ⁷

Notes

1. *Raw NervZ Haiku*, X:2, autumn 2005
2. *HAÏKU sans frontières*, ed. André Duhaime, Les Éditions David, 1998
3. *blue spilling over*, Haiku Canada Members' Anthology, 1995-96, ed. LeRoy Gorman
4. *Woodpecker*, 1, March 2001
5. *The Smell of Rust*, Katsura Press, 2003
6. *Haiku Canada Review*, Vol 3 No. 2, October 2009
7. Cited by William James

Crows Return Renku

two years away
crows
perched on the verandah *Marshall Hryciuk*

the first click
of marble on marble *Claudia Coutu Radmore*

the candle melted
into itself
my book unfinished *Michael Dylan Welch*

on the burlap sack
faint smell of potatoes *Hans Jongman*

the cat
whiter still
by moonlight *Margot Gallant*

tree shadows
across the kitchen floor *Karen Sohne*

too much 'Mr. Clean'
the dachshund
spinning his wheels *Michael*

i stop trying to change him *Meryl Peruniak*

rolling off the righteous
rain warming *LeRoy Gorman*

her bathing suit
rides up
and has sand in it *Christine Nelson*

watching him
watch some one else *Philomene Kocher*

only half-formed thoughts
not written
in time *Melanie*

mantle clock stopped
before the ball drops *Karen*

the eyes of a child
sparkle
in the Mayor's amulet *Hans*

tin soldiers all in a row *Terry Ann Carter*

flashlights slowing
smelt in the shallows *Philomene*

calla lilies
the young bride
changes her dress *DeVar Dahl*

this way and that
the still-wet foal *Michael*

ex cathedra
the pope says
we can believe in aliens *Claudia*

Alberta vote—
working dogs round up the sheep *DeVar*

the snowshoer's tracks
disappear in the distance—
forgotten birthday *Michael*

the burnt out bulbs
on the women's shelter
windows fogged

Terry

who needs
the view?

LeRoy

the smell of her
still in his beard

Melanie

"i got 'mammed' '
oh, some young bastard
at the parking lot

Marshall

blackberries
black out

Hans

counting the moons
in the puddles
my toddler

Michael

cul-de-sac
sunlight a-twitter

Hans

lightning
lightning
the startled mouse

Michael

killing frost

DeVar

she swirls
her drink
as he talks

Christine

a bus of seniors
arrives at the casino

Karen

she repaints
her bedroom
robin's egg blue

Terry

earth through worm
to earth

Claudia

dead or sleeping?
the old retriever
with blossoms in his fur

LeRoy

between the clouds
stars and a satellite

Christine

Composed 10:45 pm May 16 til 1:05 am May 17, Ottawa, Ontario 2008

d h
EAT
ART
e h

McMurtaugh

gold leaf renku

branches in gold leaf
first time from here
the eastern horizon
Marshall Hryciuk

the old buffalo jump
reddened with sumac
Michael Dylan Welch

grandfather's pipe
resting on my bookshelf
scent of tobacco
Melanie Noll

film of pollen
all over the cars
Karen Sohne

in a camera
pictures of high water
never developed
LeRoy Gorman

her basket full
gift of mooncakes
Hans Jongman

soft rattle
purple vetch
anklets
Pearl Pirie

the deer starts
at the falling pinecone
Christine Nelson

top down
with Hotel California blaring
we miss our turn
Philomene Kocher

3 for morning tea
the steeping of persimmons
Rich Schnell

it ends
when he finds out
she's ten years older
Claudia Coutu Radmore

each on a short leash
they meet in the dog park
Pearl

outside the Home Depot
a blur of pinwheels—
Canada Day
Terry Ann Carter

roots on the rockface
cloudburst
Hans

gently
down the stream
my paddle
Michael

a row of radishes
before the rest
DeVar Dahl

cherry blossoms—
the small birthmark
just over her lip
Terry

nestlings' mouths
open to the sky
LeRoy

50,000 dead
in the Chinese earthquake
we talk of sake
Michael

makes no change
the parking permit machine
LeRoy

days short as a glance
the phone line
may be down

Pearl

blue shadows
in the snowdrifts

Marilyn Peruniak

late for work
a sundog
haloes the steeple

Michael

holding hands
the father and son

Melanie

evening prayers—
something crawls
over the tent

DeVar

the Navaho hataal
tells about the right rainbow

Rich

we enter the dark forest
where grasping creatures
hide in shadow

David Armitage

no trick
just treats

Marilyn

moon over the field
we sing
until the fire dies

Christine

teaching my daughter
itsy bitsy spider

Karen

husband to cardiologist
“will she still be able
to mow the lawn?”

Claudia

unnamed lover
everyone has figured out

Pearl

“but dear
we don’t smoke
any more”

LeRoy

blazing treasure trail
with tongue

Pearl

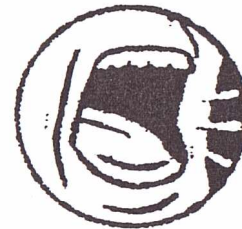
cool canal—
forgotten Birkenstocks
covered with petals

Michael

now mosquitos
is this the end?

LeRoy

Composed May 17, 10:30pm – May 20 1:15 am, Ottawa, Ontario, 2008



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McMurtagh

GO TO THE PINE: Poetry in Japanese style. by Izak Bouwer and Angela Sumegi, Buschek Books, POB 74053, 5 Beechwood Avenue, Ottawa, Ontario, K1M 2H9, (www.buschekbooks.com) 2009, 91 pp, 6 X 9, perfect bound, image CD included, \$17.50 CAD/\$15.00 USD

GO TO THE PINE consists of Japanese-style poetry, tanka, haiku, and renku, along with two short essays. The poetry is grouped into three chapters, according to form with a brief introduction to each form.

While the book has a strong Buddhist drift, specifically of Rinzaï Zen and Tibetan Dzogchen, disciplines that represent the interests of the authors, (Brouwer and Sumegi have also included a novel form: the pairing of verses that illustrate PADMASAMBHAVA and his EIGHT MANIFESTATIONS), the collection is intended to be close in spirit to the haiku writing ideals expressed by Basho.

In a pocket at the back of the book is a CD containing haiga, photos and artwork by Mitsugu Abe, with poetry (from the manuscript) by the authors. The photography and computerized renderings are well worth investigating.

The collection is an unusual combination, a little of everything Japanese and Zen. Brief explanations of the various forms that go well beyond what most people are taught in school make these poems available to readers not used to reading Japanese-form poetry.

Several of Ms. Sumegi's tanka illustrate interesting delicacies, strengths and allusions. In her short series Step By Step, she writes:

feigning sleep
you watch me dress and wait
for a kiss
on the way out I check
the window box for green shoots

Izak Bouwer can fill a tanka with psychological possibility, as in this verse which ends a relationship series called Bridal Falls:

locking the cottage
they listen to the honking
of departing geese
he wonders why her eyes stay
shuttered even when they laugh

Izak is brave enough to risk repetition to illustrate a point. In one tanka a baby "rolls her eyes/ her bright eyes/ at the bright world"; in one haiku, he uses the device to let us hear as well as see: ravine tennis court/ voices back and forth/ back and forth

Izak Bouer is the teacher of the two, his expertise obvious in a haiku like:

high spring—
the farm hand dawdles
by the lilac hedge

Can't you picture the farm hand, literally the farm hand of the young man, its roughness, perhaps size and shape; the owner of such working hands has taken the time to stop, to become lost in the scent of lilac.

Several of Izak's poems remind us of Issa's sparrows and flies, but his echo can be distinct, strong, and very much his own:

say armoured fly
have you come prepared
for life with us? (ib)

Remembering individual haiku has never been one of my strengths, but I want always be able to quote Izak's:

deep meditation—
the sparrows outside
chirp in Tibetan

Though most of the 'Ku' sequences seem to be series rather than sequences, Bouwer's 'Nyinga Retreat', a refreshing selection of poems that gives us a peek into some aspects of such a retreat, does work as a sequence, and ends with quiet poignancy:

painstakingly
constructed then destroyed—
sand mandala

Sumegi will sometimes tell, rather than show, either in a leading or a last line of haiku, but her collection also has poems like these:

first light—
the servant stops
to pray

the caretaker
sweeps the leaves and longs
for cherry petals

Both poets could remove the odd modifier to tighten a poem, words such as 'excruciatingly' or the interjection 'ah'. At times articles are too-well pruned, as in:
mother's tasting ? / baby opens mouth / at passing spoon (ib)

In the renga section, the link explanations may irritate some who are familiar with the form, yet I think them useful. I remember my fascination the linkage explanations given in a presentation by Tadashi Kondo at a Haiku Canada Weekend. Without the explanations, I would not have seen the intricacies of the form, or become interested in writing renga.

There are some very fine verses:

soap bubbles burst—
the tiniest sound (ib)

morning moon
wrinkled hands
stir the ashes (as)

Although the poets confess to Zen leanings neither lets this overwhelm to the detriment of the collection. I am not sure whether the essays add to the collection, though some readers may be interested in what drives these particular poets to write their poems. There is a sense that the poets are not writing for any other purpose than for the poems; they are not worrying about what is popular in the non-Japanese haiku/tanka world. These poems of the world and of the self are perceptive aids to meditation, guides to a deeper awareness, and once in a while, a twinkle in the eye.

on the altar
of the ancestors—
bud and flower

on the stretcher
before surgery— acute
introspection (ib)

deepening green by Michi Umeda, bilingual English & Japanese, Kojin Shoten Press, Kanda, Japan; ISBN 978-4-86091-445-5 2009, 48 pp., no price attached; enquiries by fax: 03-5256-7180

What strikes me most about this "humble booklet" (the poet's words) is that the majority of the haiku have a kigo. The author, a member of the Meguro International Haiku Circle in Tokyo, has sought "guidance for traditional haiku". She seems to have deliberately wanted to be published in English in the "traditional" way of writing haiku. Mind you, remembering what Lee Gurga writes in *Haiku: a Poet's Guide*: "Season is the soul of haiku, as simple as that", it is quite endearing to read modern Japanese haiku poets who still abide by this 400 year-old principle.

I became aware of the ever present season-word particularly during my second reading. I felt I was on familiar ground. It was somehow reassuring. Having read so many contemporary haiku without kigo this past year, I fear sometimes that the Japanese poem has turned into a western tercet. Thanks to Ms Umeda for reminding her readership of the true nature of Haiku. Her collection gives me hope which is sustained by the colour of the ink (words and drawings): green.

A few words on the visual aspect of the book: a careful editing, by the Editor/Publisher, would have prevented unfortunate spelling mistakes; however, the Lucida font makes for a pleasant reading.

Here is a sample of Michi Umeda's work:

strangers / waiting for the moon / in silence

Ginza street / an old homeless man still around / in the year-end dusk

winter street / losing sight of someone / like my father

Imperial Palace gate / spring breeze and I / passing through together

not a breath of wind / my man still a man / of few words

Janick Belleau

autumn leaves

crunch-bunch

Liz fenn

Letters . . .

Inspirational work

Hope all is well— thanks for HCR October 2009— highlights from this issue are “Autumn leaves” by Darnell Dean, “Adjusting the cruise control” by David Elliot, “election day” by Andrea Grillo, “the float on my line” by Arch Haslett, “little woodsflower” by H. F. Noyes, “the blue of his eyes” by Alice Frampton, “on the tip of her ringlet” by Emiko Miyashita, “trimming the horse’s hooves” and “footprints” by Christine Nelson, “crying on the phone” by Melanie Noll, “in the meltwater” and “stars all around” by Marilyn Peruniak, “a kicked can” by Jeffrey Winke (as selected by Noyes) and “the imprint of leaves” by Michael Dylan Welch— this kind of work is so inspirational as to warm the ink in any pen. . .

Don Wentworth, Editor, *Lilliput Review*

Books in Brief. . .

Following are publications received or discovered and found to be of interest. Books are welcome for consideration.

Frogpond, 32:3, Fall 2009, George Swede & Anita Krumins, Editors, Box 279, Station P, Toronto, ON M5S 2S8, <gswede@ryerson.ca> Subscription/Membership to Haiku Society of America is \$33US 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. The haibun are of particular interest in this issue.

Kō, 23:10, Spring/Summer 2009, Kōko Katō, Editor, 1-36-7 Ishida cho, Mizuho-ku, Nagoya, Japan 467-0067, 20 IPRC's or \$20 (no cheques nor money orders) for two issues. There is always a balanced mix of poetry and prose. *Kigo: Season Words* by Hideo Iwata is a welcome regular feature. Commentary by David Burleigh on some of the poems is of particular interest this issue.

South by Southeast, 16:3, 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. 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.

HI, 84 & 85, 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. 85 has some interesting commentary on Santoka and Hosai.

Lilliput Review, 171 & 172 (December 2009), 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. Poems are always welcome and may be sent 3 to a page up to a total of 9 poems. Issues often contain work by HC members. #172, a single-poet issue of work by ed markowski, is very appealing.

a gate left open by Alice Frampton, Red Moon Press, 2009, Winchester, VA, 72 pages, 104 haiku, plus 8 sumi-e drawings by the author, 4.25" x 6.5", saddlestapled softbound, semi-gloss, \$12.00 US currency plus \$1.50 shipping to the U. S. and Canada, \$3.00 elsewhere. From the author at Alice Frampton, P. O. Box 8, Seabeck, WA 98380, USA., e-mail: a-frame44@hotmail.com. This is a collection of skillfully-crafted haiku that merits reading and rereading. Well done for a first book!

Huge Blue, by Patrick Pilarski, Leaf Press, Lantzville, BC, <<http://www.leafpress.ca>> ISBN 978-1-926655-02-4, 2009, 4.25 by 5 inches, perfect bound, 104 pages; \$16.95Cdn. This is an accomplished first book containing haiku, tanka, haibun tanka prose, senryu and quatrains. Subtitled “western canadian travel sketches”, the poet takes the reader through *Prairie, Mountain, and Coast*.

Ksana, by john martone, Red Moon Press, 2009, Winchester, VA, www.redmoonpress.com, ISBN 978-1-893959-84-2, 2009, perfect bound, 208 pp, \$12 US. The volume is a comprehensive collection of poems from the author's mini-booklets published from 2005-2009 (most of which have been mentioned in earlier *Books in Brief*). Highly recommended.

Sand Over Sand, by Gary Hotham, Longhouse, 1604 River Road, Guilford, Vermont 05301(email: poetry@sover.net), 2009, card cover, fold-out pamphlet, limited edition \$7.95 or signed \$15.95, inquire for shipping costs. This is a small but powerful offering of 12 haiku.

Catching The Light: 12 Haiku Sequences, by John Elsberg & Eric Greinke, Cervena Barva Press, POB 440357, W. Somerville, MA 02144-3222, www.cervenabarvapress.com, 2009, saddle-stapled, 32 pp., \$7 US. There are no notes to say who wrote what here. However, the two distinct styles in alternating sequences give a good idea. In the end, both styles complement each other to make interesting reading.

Message from Butterfly, by Michio Nakahara, translated by James Kirkup and Makoto Tamaki, YOU-Shorin, 915-1 Arakoda Saku-shi, Nagano, Japan (e-mail: younohon@fancy.ocn.ne.jp), ISBN 978-4-89709-637-7, 2009, hardcover, 238 pp., ¥2857E. This is an outstanding book of 430 haiku presented with style in both Japanese and English.

Yushi & Tenshi's Photo Haiku (Aurora), by Yutaka @ Noriko Sakai, 4-28-14-206 Okikubo, Sugunami-ku, Tokyo, Japan 167-0051 (e-mail: n-sakai82@jcom.home.ne.jp), ISBN 978-4-86173-852-4, 2009, paper, 226 pp., ¥3333E. This glossy volume combines haiku with spectacular photographs (some are of the aurora borealis taken in Yellowknife).

Dwarf Stars 2009, edited by Deborah P. Kolodji and Stephen M. Wilson, Science Fiction Poetry Association, 2009, saddle-stapled, 16 pp., \$7 US. Subtitled "The best speculative poems of ten lines or less from 2008", this small book presents through quality poetry a strong case for haiku and related writing in the speculative field. Claudia Coutu Radmore, George Swede and Michael Dylan Welch are a few of the names familiar to mainstream haiku in the book.

The Asahi Haikuist Network. Contact David McMurray, The Asahi Haikuist Network, Interantional Herald Tribune/Asahi Shimbun, 5-3-2 Tsukiji, Chuo-ku, Tokyo 104-80
[<mcmurray@fka.att.ne.jp>](mailto:mcmurray@fka.att.ne.jp) or email [<is@asahi.com>](mailto:is@asahi.com). This is a market open to international poets.

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.

Friends of Haiku Canada. . .

Haiku Canada would like to thank the following for their generous contributions.

Renee Leopold, Roland Packer

drowsynod

Sandra Fuhringer