

# HAIKU CANADA REVIEW

pointing  
every which way  
the themepark weathervane

*Hans Jongman*



# HAIKU CANADA REVIEW

Volume 4      October 2010      Number 2

[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 Published as well as unpublished work is considered for sheets.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. Send to:

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For the **Annual Members' Anthology** (except special issues), members are asked to submit 5 haiku (published or unpublished). Send to:

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Issue	In-hand Deadline	Publication Date
Winter/Spring	December 31	February
Anthology	January 31	May
Summer/Fall	August 31	October

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## HAIKU CANADA ANNUAL HAIKU CONTEST

### The Betty Drevniok Award 2011

- 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- Haiku must be unpublished and not under consideration elsewhere.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, 2011.**

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Cover Illustration: *Marje A. Dyck*. Sheet this issue: *MELT.ing* by *Marco Fraticelli, et al.*

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## 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.

Readers may be a bit puzzled by the date "2009" on the Sheet *MELT.ing*. Initially, it was to appear with an earlier issue.

Also with this issue note the expiry date on the address label. Membership renewal forms are enclosed if you need to renew.

Enjoy the issue.

Yours all seasons,  
*LeRoy*

shifting winds  
whose turn now  
to say good bye

*Munira Judith Avinger*

Renaissance train  
from Montreal to Toronto  
horizontal snow

*Janick Belleau*

under my shovel  
multiplication by division  
earthworms

*Sheila Bello*

felled oak  
his gnarled fingers  
counting rings

writer's block  
finding words of praise  
for this much rain

temple pond  
the moon floats by  
just out of reach

*Pat Benedict*

bulldozers  
excavating homes—  
empty nests.

*Frances Mary Bishop*

why do cut daisies  
stink so much?

*Allan Brown*

a light dusting—  
along with the snow  
fresh footprints

*Pamela Cooper*

forget-me-nots. . .  
I remember the hands  
that planted them

*Anne LB Davidson*

A moth  
The affable film  
Left on glass

*Darnell Dean*

chickadee aware of me...  
to experience  
a bird thought

miles from home  
from snow and cold  
feeling aimless as clouds...  
heavy rain  
in the desert

*Marje A. Dyck*

the tulip  
unfurls. . .  
purple iris

*Liz fenn*

another autumn  
thanks to the curiosity  
of intelligent men

*Muriel Ford*

dust particles  
suspended—  
first day of school

first hot day—  
the lilacs bloom  
too quickly

*Deborah Fox*

after the check-up  
annuals  
or perennials

fireflies . . .  
I twist the lid off  
a bottle of beer

*Alice Frampton*

houseguests gone  
the echo  
of my footsteps

*Marco Fraticelli*

our holiday over  
raindrops  
on every café seat

*Margot Gallant*

bliss.....a.....r.....d!

the vagrant—  
reasoning with someone  
who isn't there

*Barry George*

In her aerie  
high above the village  
the librarian

A crack in the sky—  
I'll wish upon  
a vapor trail

*John Hamley*

my lost hammer  
appears in the snow melt  
i'll wait for the nails

*Arch Haslett*

late summer visitors  
---  
less morning  
for the morning glory

lingering  
---  
the top of the ocean  
in her hands

*Gary Hotham*

as we stop  
for a magma sculpture

k I t e g l i d e s t h r o u g h

*Marshall Hryciuk*

PIN number mania  
will St. Peter forgive  
if I forget

*Brenda Hurn*

Full clothes line  
the visitors are gone  
the beds are empty

*Liette Janelle*

lingerie display  
long strokes of the squeegee

*Hans Jongman*

the empty mailbox  
so warm to the touch  
dusty road

another motel  
this time nearby  
frog songs

*Jeanne Jorgensen*

the minor league season ends...  
the players sign autographs  
for each other

café at dusk...  
on the last croissant  
dramatic lighting

last minute of life—  
his nurse turns off  
the t.v.

*Don Korobkin*

morning walk  
earflaps down  
I climb K2

at two below  
the white church  
looks whiter

*Joseph M. Kusmiss*

mirror-like water  
at last a frog  
shatters it

*Mark Lonergan*

turning compost  
between dark houses—  
the orange-pink sky

*Vicki McCullough*

creeping along  
last year's flower stalk  
a golden snail

*Ruth-Ann Mitchell*

office cleaning—  
just a gray summer sky  
at the window

*Lenard D. Moore*

morning rain . . .  
the city bus  
late again

*Nika*

bamboo in the snow—  
but for the Sung painter's art  
I'd have passed it by

*H. F. Noyes*

fallen flower  
circles  
in a water-cupping rock

not anchored otherwise  
the hush  
of a heap of leaves

*Brent Partridge*

still calling the cat  
by the name  
of its predecessor

*Nancy Prasad*

ghost town  
the empty highway  
into the hills

*Patricia Prime*

spring on its way  
the grass thickest  
over the septic tank

*John Quinnett*

white caps  
one of the farmer's sheep  
washed up on shore

sudden drum of rain  
the country choir belts out  
hallelujahs

*Michele Root-Bernstein*

not so sure  
but the waxwings want them  
ripe red berries

Valentine's Day  
the chickadees take turns  
at the feeder

Earth Day  
two ants waiting  
at the faucet

*Bruce Ross*

snow covered swing  
the back and forth  
of crow tracks

flame patterned tulips  
the old couple  
contradict each other

traffic jam  
summer clouds  
bumper to bumper

*Grant D. Savage*

her tennis arm—  
a swan dips its head  
to the water

*Richard Stevenson*

mid-day sun  
buzzards circle the pool  
at the old age home

deep end  
of the pool  
a leafish

three obit photos  
expressing  
surprise

graveyard  
the world  
did end

*George Swede*

wine-red  
our japanese maple  
old  
as this golden ring—  
silver anniversary

*Rodney Williams*

in the cold  
first one to bed is not  
first undressed

*Bill Wolak*

## Haïkus de l'instant

Réunis par *Micheline Beaudry*

ce matin  
le cardinal a sifflé—  
la fin de la Coupe 1

*Daniel Py Paris Fr.*

Midi en plein champ—  
un cheval au loin  
broutant son ombre

*Virginia Popescu Roumanie*

le feuillage doré  
revient au vert peu à peu  
le soleil se couche

*Janick Belleau Québec*

coucher de soleil  
ne pas chercher à en faire  
un bon haïku

*Jean-Claude Bikko Nonnet Fr.*

Feux de la Saint-Jean  
Raccompnant chez elle  
mon ombre fin saoule

*Patrick Druart Fr.*

1 Mondial de soccer en Afrique du Sud, 2010.



Entre les pages  
du carnet de santé  
feuilles d'automne

*Jean Dorval Québec*

La bougie s'éteint  
Vieillir entre deux absences  
—Rien que le temps

*Nicole Gremion Fr.*

Le portail grince  
Un simple courant d'air  
M'a fait espérer

*Patrick Fêtu Fr.*

Point de mémoire  
tous les points de suspension  
font de l'ombre

*Francine Minguéz Québec*

Le brouillard se dissipe  
au pied de la montagne  
deux arbres font le guet

*Letizia Lucia Iubu Roumanie*

sur le banc brûlant  
s'asseoir à côté d'un cœur  
en graffiti

*Luce Pelletier Québec*

Ah, la belle poitrine...  
et que dire de la paire de cuisse—  
Action de Grâces

*Monika Thoma-Petit Québec*

Atelier sur l'herbe:  
elle pose nue  
les tortues sortent la tête

*Roland Halbert Nantes, Fr.*

après la pluie  
festival des limaces  
festin des escargots

*Annie Albespy Fr.*

conversation  
autour d'un pot de bière  
si loin la neige

*Jeannine Joyal Québec*

D'une orchidée  
L'autre  
Colibri éméché

*Marc Bonetto Marseille, Fr.*

le jeune goglu  
agrippé à mon épaule  
ses ailes immatures

*Huguette Ducharme Québec*

quatre-heures  
au milieu de mon rêve  
l'appel de mon fils

*Mike Montreuil Ontario*

Ta mort précoce...  
L'arbre que tu as planté  
commence à feuiller

*Frans Terryn Belgique*

le premier chant  
du grillon  
avant ton départ

*Micheline Beaudry Québec*

des goélands blancs  
perchés sur un sous-marin  
tout noir

*Véronique Dutreix Fr.*

---

EAT HIS WAR  
EAT HIS WAR  
EAT HIS WAR  
DEATH WHISPERING BACKWARDS  
EAT HIS WAR  
EAT HIS WAR  
EAT HIS WAR

*McMurtagh*

## Haibun. . .

### Belle Manor Home

it smells in here. even though everything is clean. the bed is made. red silk roses stand at attention on the night-table. the bathroom towels are fresh and make up a matching set. there is no hair in the sink. no stains on the rug. the curtains work and so do the windows. the kitchen counter is clear of crumbs. but there is a smell that hits you as soon as you walk in. and clings to you just a bit after you leave.

cadence of bells  
frail arms lift for a change  
of clothes

*Roberta Beary*

### Leaving the Spruce

Suburban Driveway. A waterfall's sound, but at minus twenty ... it's not a waterfall. I find it's half explained by thousands of cones falling from the spruce. No apparent cause. I take another look around and find a lot of cones bouncing off the hood of my neighbour's Volvo, partly explaining the sound. I alert him and he moves the car. There's a sudden crescendo ... of spruce cone music.

leaving the spruce their absence  
by the hundreds  
crossbill voices

*Grant D. Savage*

## Not In My Recycling

Beautiful January afternoon. The light wind drops a sheet of paper at my feet. What's on it?

A bit of snow crust ...blank on the side that's up. I turn it over.

Hmmmm kind of thin, not much shape, wrinkled. Is it a man's? Or is it a woman's? Should I let the wind have it? Or must I dispose of it?

unwanted Xerox  
I scatter more snow  
on my recycling

*Grant D. Savage*

## LET'S TALK MONEY

Have a pair of kitties. Dual trips to our vet eventually seven hundred dollars worth of good care. Needed a more powerful vacuum to pick up pet hairs. Seven hundred dollars. Threw my back out while piloting vacuum. Bought a new mattress. Seven hundred dollars. Quit vacuuming. Slept long restful hours. Increased body fat. Might have to buy a new large sized wardrobe. Seven hundred dollars?

Could cry, but won't. Have a sneaky suspicion that the way things are going, even a box of tissues could cost me— um—

heavy mist  
this cool summer morning  
bird songs subdued

*Liz fenn*

## PLEASE TRY AGAIN

*Mike Montreuil*

it's so easy  
to walk past him  
begging on the sidewalk—  
we hurry along  
paychecks in our wallets

she's at the corner  
lighting a cigarette -  
I should ask  
the lady undercover cop  
why it is that way

someone else is sitting down  
with a Tim Hortons cup  
the paper rim rolled up -  
No doubt it says  
"Please Try Again"

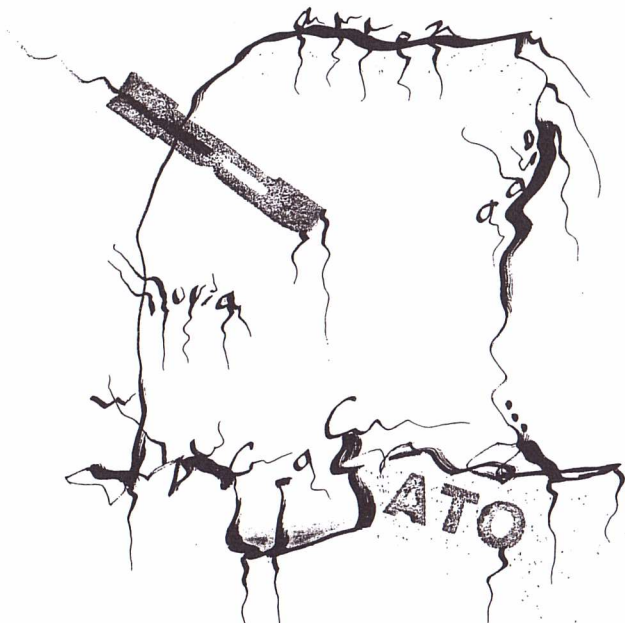
four block downwind  
it's the smell of summer  
sausages on buns  
the splatter of condiments  
surround the BBQ

the walks signs  
are all in sequence today  
I'm travelling counter  
to noon time office workers  
our seats at the pub taken

hellos are short  
goodbyes always longer  
when you need to turn right  
to your office  
and I straight ahead

one minute to spare  
and the meter maid  
is two blocks away  
no doubt she'll catch me  
next time I see you

---



*John M. Bennett*

## **In and Out of Japan: The Contours of Haiku**

*David Burleigh*

The following was first presented at the Haiku North America Conference, Ottawa, August 2009. Part 2 will appear in the February 2011 issue.

### **Part 1**

It was just over a hundred years ago, in March 1909, that the group of poets who became the Imagists, and were later named by Ezra Pound, first met London. It is worth remembering this centenary in Ottawa, since the haiku movement as we know it now comes out of that in certain ways, and thus also connects, by twists and turns, to poetry in general. That at least is how I see the haiku, as one form of poetry, and not as something else. And that is how I first encountered it, a long time ago.

In the North of Ireland, where I come from, the 1960s was a good time to become seriously interested in poetry. Forgotten, provincial, neglected until then, the North suddenly became extraordinarily active, with the appearance of whole new generation of poets, among them Seamus Heaney, who later received the Nobel Prize for Literature. These were quickly followed by another generation, among them Paul Muldoon, who is now a professor at Princeton University, and an American citizen. I shall have more to say about them later, but my own first awareness came in a letter from an older local poet, the late John Hewitt (1907-1987), with whom I had got into correspondence. One of the things he said to me was that, if you are trying to write longer poems and they will not come, then it might be a good idea to try an exercise with something shorter, like writing haiku. I had never heard the word before, and had to look it up. I had a copy of Babette Deutsch's *Poetry Handbook*, which told me that it has "three lines, of 5, 7, and 5 syllables respectively" and "presents a clear picture ... to rouse emotion and suggest a spiritual insight" (31). That was forty years ago, and the haiku has become much better known since then and, I assume, more deeply appreciated and better understood.

I will not detail the gap of forty years that followed, but I had better stress that for thirty of them I have been living in Japan, and that for a good deal of that time I have been more or less involved in haiku, though not centrally involved, since I came to all of this through English poetry, and English haiku, and I do not attempt to compose in Japanese. My first proper introduction came, like that of many people, from Harold G. Henderson's *Introduction to Haiku*, which I read in London, where my library copy was then re-borrowed from me by an Irish friend who was actually a musician. Retrospectively I am grateful that it was Henderson I started with, because I now find the many other volumes by R.H. Blyth to be rather tendentious, with their strong emphasis on Zen, remarkable and appealing as those volumes are. I retain an interest in contemporary Irish poetry, which has intersected with haiku in a variety of ways, something of great fascination to me, since I can then connect the place that I come from, Ireland, with the place I find myself in today, Japan. I had better say, too, that I regard the haiku as a kind of poem, albeit with particular attractions and qualities and an almost unique position in the world of poetry, but as a poem nonetheless, and not therefore as materially different from other kinds of poetry, or as unrelated to them.

One of the things that intrigues me about haiku, in its present global spread, is the different ways that it is taken up and understood, inside and outside of Japan. The stress on Zen interpretation, which has been so influential in the post-war era, especially in the United States, is a good example. I do not propose to draw a map of global haiku, though I have some notion of how it might appear. What I would like to do instead, is to outline some of my own sightings, the peaks and promontories and plains, from the points at which I survey this landscape, which is to say from Ireland and Japan. I have done, over the years, a certain amount of collaborative translation, which has given me some exposure to what goes on in Japanese. I will not claim any authority for what I have to say, but I would like to raise one or two questions. One in particular has to do with a discussion initiated ten years ago by Professor Haruo Shirane, about resonance in haiku, and certain literary

techniques. Some of what I have to say will be anecdotal, so will I begin with a bit of that.

At present I am employed at a college in Yokohama that was founded by American missionaries, not long after Japan had been forced open to the West. As everyone knows, the first access to the country was restricted to the Treaty Ports, the only places where foreigners were then permitted to reside. It is extraordinary to think now how the whole language was then virtually unknown. Scholars had to start from basics, and daily life must have been perplexing, in ways that we can scarcely imagine today. It is easy to sympathise with new arrivals like sailors, returning from a night on the town, being relieved to find themselves back in the main street, Honchō-dori, and to know that they were nearly home. This tale is often given to explain the origin of a well-known idiomatic phrase indicating all is well. The story is probably apocryphal, but it provides an opportunity to say that what I really want to talk about (and I am not the first to make the word-connection) is *honkadori*, the practice of echo and allusion that is common to haiku tradition in Japan. But before I approach that topic directly, I would like to review my own experience of haiku, in fact my education in it, for it is something about which one continually learns more, and on which one discovers new perspectives.

Though I had scribbled verses in notebooks, before and after coming to Japan, there were no such things as haiku magazines or journals in English (at least that I knew of). I was delighted, then, to discover a column in an English newspaper, *The Mainichi Daily News*, edited by the late Kazuo Sato, a professor at Waseda and great enthusiast of English haiku. I submitted some verses to this column, and a few of them were printed, which of course is a great encouragement to anyone. I remember meeting Professor Sato once in the basement library of the Museum of Haiku Literature in Tokyo (*Haiku Bungakkan*) and feeling somehow at home, or if not at home exactly, at any rate that this was something that I wished to be connected to, and comforted by the shelves of little books of poems from around the world. I suppose this institution must be practically unique, a museum and library devoted to a single poetic form, for I

do not know of any other, anywhere, though it is possible there may be. A few years later I put together a little booklet of seventeen-syllable verses, seasonally arranged, to give to other people. I have never thought that I am particularly good at writing haiku, but I remain intensely interested in it. What fostered my education from this time on, however, were the other things that I was asked to do.

Japanese who are involved in the selection of English haiku for journals or contests, or the translation of Japanese haiku into English, quite often enlist the help of native-speakers. So it was with Professor Sato, whom I occasionally assisted with one thing and another. Once, though, he introduced me to a woman from Nagoya, who wanted to issue a small volume of English translations, asking me if I would revise and check them for her, which I gladly did. At that time she belonged to some group in Aichi, but she was already thinking of declaring independence, and setting up a group and journal of her own. Her name was Kôko Katô, and she subsequently established a group called *Kô* Poetry Association with a regular, more or less monthly, journal in Japanese and, more significantly, a twice-yearly magazine in English called *Kô*, which is still going after more than twenty years. For the first issue, in spring 1987, Professor Sato presented me with a copy of the second edition of *The Haiku Anthology* edited by Cor van den Heuvel, and asked me to review it. I wrote a piece of several pages, recording my response, which was one of surprise at the high level of achievement in the book, the beauty of its contents, and the successful way that something equivalent to haiku in Japanese had been developed and carried off in English.

Another thing that I was asked to do then, was to help Kôko Katô with more translations of modern haiku, which appeared piecemeal in the magazine over the next few years, and were eventually gathered in a book, a rather prettily produced little volume called *A Hidden Pond*, that was recognized by the Haiku Society of America, with a Merit Book Award, when it came out in 1997. I like working on translations, because it gives the illusion of creation, especially to someone like myself who does not actually

write that much. It is satisfying, too, to see one or other of the verses quoted somewhere, and to know that you had some hand in setting it on its way. But I was making the method up as I went along, not at all sure what approach might be best. Generally I attempted, in my revisions of the drafts that I was sent, a syllabic version, but I was happy to abandon that if it did not work. In one verse only I did a very brief one, all in small letters and beginning and ending with a dash, more like American haiku, and this verse, the only one of its kind in the book, was held up for special scorn in a review of the anthology by the late James Kirkup. Strangely enough, this was also the only one selected from the anthology by David Cobb for inclusion in his beautiful illustrated book on haiku for the British Museum in London. Form is a matter that can be endlessly disputed, and I don't want to go into that, but what I will note is that some of the ideas about haiku that I had absorbed from *The Haiku Anthology* and other sources, came in for considerable revision.

Reading, in parallel, *The Haiku Anthology*, and translations of haiku from Japanese, I couldn't help but notice that some of the guidelines that had been drawn up for haiku composition in English, apparently did not apply in Japanese. Not only were there occasional similes, and even personification, but no-one even seemed to think that these were out of keeping, or much to be remarked on. I am not the first to have become aware of this divergence. Professor Shirane traced the origins of the now well-known notion of the "haiku moment" back through Shiki and the idea of shasei (sketch) here ten years ago. His brilliant exposition rang all kinds of bells for me when I first read it in a printed version. I think too that Adrian Pinnington was right in some ways when he claimed, also several years ago, in another excellent essay, on the work of R.H. Blyth, that the emergence of English haiku has helped in some ways to reclaim the lyrical element in English poetry, which has been eclipsed in modern times (264-66). And that is certainly no bad thing: the notion of "beauty" has seldom been mentioned in English poetry since the death of Yeats, in 1939. The evidence for positing "beauty" as a central impulse is easy enough to see in haiku publications, both large or small, for the aesthetic aspect of book design is given a

great deal more attention among the work of haiku writers than it is for most other kinds of publication. That is a ripe subject for investigation, especially if one were to compare Western haiku publications with those in Japan, but I would like to return to this matter from a slightly different angle.

One of the things that I find fascinating about haiku, and which is insufficiently discussed, is the kinds of tropes it typically uses. Anyone who reads an anthology of English haiku will usually notice at least a few poems that seem similar, that employ the same images or ideas - a bird landing on its own shadow, for example - and I have done this kind of thing myself. But the tropes of haiku in Japanese sometimes suggest a wholly different consciousness, though there are also repetitions there. The sense of the body, for example: gazing at the hands seems to be a typical gesture, the palms turned upward, and the poet finding they are empty, or filled with sunlight; or again, the human figure seen from behind, the spine or back rather than the face, and this is somehow expressive in a different way, more vulnerable perhaps. These are the kind of things that I notice, and occasionally puzzle over, when I am reading or working on Japanese haiku in translation. There are two or three particular themes in fact that inform my interest, one of which has to do with colour, and I note things down about them when I am reading, always intending to gather the information in a coherent form and try to make sense of it one day. It is one of these tropes that I wish to pick up now and focus on, and then work my way back into a wider question.

Twenty years ago, in 1989, I gave a short talk in Nagoya, at the request of Kôko Katô, to her haiku group. For a theme, I took something that had come to my notice from the haiku contributions to her journal, *Kô*, for which I have occasionally made the selection. I noticed that there were certain verses that made reference to a book, and sometimes gave the title of it. From the examples I had, it seemed to me that the content of the book was being merely silenced, and indeed that this was a typical and appropriate trope or gesture for the haiku, though nowadays I am not so sure. At the time, however, I thought that the apparent dissociation from the text

was the end of the matter, and represented a disengagement of some kind: from a literary work, or even from the whole activity of reading. I have subsequently wondered whether this is a disengagement from literary practice altogether, a reinforcement of the idea, which has sometimes been around, that haiku is *not* a literary form at all, but something else, and this is what I would like to look a little further into.

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McMurtagh

## Canadian Haiku “Amusements”

*Guy Simser*

The following talk was presented at the Haiku Canada Conference, McGill University, Montreal 21-23 May 2010.

Angela, thank you and your team for organizing Haiku Canada’s first bilingual conference, appropriately in Montreal: A city of great jazz memories for me.

Merci Angela ainsi qu’à toute ton équipe d’avoir organisé cette conférence bilingue à Montréal, une ville dont je garde de beaux souvenirs liés au jazz.

Before I begin, I apologize.....A very Japanese thing to do, isn’t it Emiko? I should begin with a joke, but that’s impossible because my ancestors were Protestant Prussians!

Avant de commencer, je dois m’excuser .....une chose très japonaise, n’est-ce pas Emiko? J’aimerais commencer par une petite plaisanterie, mais c’est impossible parce que mes ancêtres sont des prussiens protestants!

Over the past year I’ve seriously questioned my devotion to haiku. My writing has become almost automatic. I turned to tanka and short English poetry for the challenge. Gradually my haiku writing diminished. I now write more non-haiku poetry forms than haiku. Perhaps, some of you have experienced this dilemma.

Au cours de cette dernière année, j’ai sérieusement questionné ma dévotion envers mon écriture de haïkus qui devenait presque automatique. Je me suis tourné vers le tanka et d’autres formes anglaises brèves. Graduellement, j’ai écrit moins de haïkus. Aujourd’hui j’écris plus de poèmes autres que le haïku. Peut-être certains d’entre vous éprouvent-ils ce dilemme ?

This self-questioning led me to a broader consideration about English language haiku. As for French language haiku in Canada, Dorothy and Andre, given their years of dedication, will certainly have opinions. Perhaps they, with other Quebec writers here may stimulate further discussion about matters I raise tonight.

Mon questionnement m’a amené à considérer le monde du haïku de langue anglaise. Pour le haïku français au Canada, je suis certain que Dorothy et André ont leurs propres opinions. Peut-être en débattront-ils au cours de prochaines discussions avec les écrivains de langue française.

There is a lot of haiku out there, including my own, that neither surprises nor sticks with me. I need a sabbatical to get away from what I call Martha Stewart haiku.

Beaucoup de haïkus, incluant les miens, n’offrent rien qui étonne ou à retenir. J’ai besoin d’un congé sabbatique pour m’évader de ces haïkus à la Martha Stewart.

Frustrated, I turned to Shiki for help. Why? Because Shiki could have been my grandfather! My dear late grandmother shares his birth year. When it comes to guidance, my grandmother is not someone to be ignored, nor is Shiki.

Frustré, je me suis tourné vers Shiki. Pourquoi ? Parce que Shiki aurait pu être mon grand-père. Ma grand-mère est née la même année que lui. Quand il s’agit de conseil, ma grand-mère n’est pas quelqu’un qu’on peut ignorer, Shiki non plus.

Shiki said, “Since becoming the sport of amateurs and ignoramus, haiku have become more numerous, more banal.....even delivery boys and children can understand them...”

Shiki a dit... « Depuis qu’ils sont un sport pratiqué par des amateurs et des ignorants, les haïkus sont devenus plus nombreux, plus banals.... Même les garçons livreurs et les enfants peuvent les



comprendre. »

I remember games with my Victorian grandmother on her porch in the late thirties. Games with simple rules, games she called “amusements”. Are we writing haiku as an “amusement” or as a literary art? If literary art, would not the majority of our haiku be more sublime? More profound?

Je me souviens de jeux que je jouais sur la galerie avec ma grand-mère victorienne. Des jeux simples, quelle appelait des amusements. Est-ce qu’on écrit des haïkus pour s’amuser ou comme un art littéraire. S’il s’agit d’un art littéraire, la majorité de nos haïkus ne devraient-ils pas être plus sublimes ? Plus profonds ?

Shiki, a tough critic praised one-tenth of Basho’s work for its realism and sublimity (grandeur). He said this grandeur raised Basho’s best haiku to the highest rank. So, I will search for and study those who write with realism and grandeur today: I will try harder to create realism and grandeur in my haiku, for I do really enjoy those deep, resonant haiku of Basho. I need to read critically more and write less.

Shiki, un critique sévère, estimait qu’un dixième seulement du travail de Bashô faisait montre de réalisme et de grandeur. Cette grandeur élevait les meilleurs haïkus de Bashô au premier rang. Alors, je vais chercher et étudier ceux qui écrivent de nos jours avec réalisme et grandeur et je vais travailler plus fort à créer du réalisme et de la grandeur dans mes haïkus car j’aime tellement les haïkus profonds et résonnants de Bashô.

While questioning the reasons for my haiku ennui, I scanned the brief history of North American haiku.

Pendant que je cherchais les raisons de mon ennui envers le haïku, j’ai scruté le bref historique du haïku nord-américain.

The Literary Beats (Snyder, Kerouac and Ginsberg) were influenced by the Zen writings of D.T. Suzuki who taught at Columbia University and gave lectures during a tour of the United States. They also absorbed the haiku Zen doctrine of R. H. Blythe, a Victorian vegetarian World War One pacifist who undertook Zen while teaching in Korea. Blythe spent the Pacific War in Japanese confinement where he wrote his four volume haiku commentary containing translations of four major Japanese haiku poets. The Beat poets experimented with the genre. The Young Boomers of the Swinging Sixties and Seventies read The Beats and Blythe’s Zen haiku writings.

Les “beats” (Snyder, Kerouac et Ginsberg) étaient influencés par l’écriture zen de D.T. Suzuki qui enseignait à l’université Columbia et qui a donné des conférences à travers les États-Unis. Ils se sont aussi inspirés de la doctrine zen de R.H. Blythe. Comme vous le savez, Blythe a écrit ses quatre volumes sur le haïku durant son emprisonnement au Japon lors de la deuxième guerre mondiale. Les poètes « beats » ont expérimenté avec le genre. Les jeunes « boomers » des années soixante et soixante-dix ont lu les haïkus de type zen écrits par les « beats » et Blythe.

About that time Alan Watts, the great Zen “communicator” joined the speaker circuit and fertilized a growing audience interested in the “Way of Zen”. Zen made its way into design and the arts and swept into Canada. The newly formed (nineteen seventy seven) Haiku Society of Canada offered Eric Amman’s brief booklet, The Wordless Poem (A study of Zen in Haiku.) for keen initiates.

Presque au même moment, Allan Watts, le grand « communicateur » zen, commença à donner des conférences à une audience grandissante, intéressée par la « manière zen ». Le zen se retrouvait aussi dans le design et les arts et fit son entrée au Canada. La toute nouvelle Haiku Society of Canada offrait aux intéressés le livret d’Eric Amman The Wordless Poem , Le poème sans mots traduit en français par Daniel Py aux Éditions Gammes.

The Way of Zen morphed into The Way of Haiku. Some years later, haiku writers also turned to Shiki's innovative "Shasei" haiku approach. However, over time I detect a drifting off the Zen/Shasei course into template haiku. For some, senryu became the haiku of choice. It was easier and more fun to point out human foibles, especially during the last thirty years of the Twentieth Century when irony was the comedy of choice.

« La manière zen » est devenue « la manière du haïku ». Quelques années après, les écrivains de haïku se sont aussi tournés vers l'approche « Shasei » de Shiki. Mais, avec le temps, je vois le haïku diverger vers des haïkus écrits selon un modèle. Pour d'autres, le senryû est devenu le haïku de choix. Il est plus facile et drôle d'écrire sur les petites manies des gens.

So, here we are today with mostly template haiku and senryu; with some very fine exceptions of sublime haiku. For me, the exceptions are clearly the most enjoyable to read: work of Kaican, Agoya and Swede come to mind. I cannot say if they are Zen haiku or not. I know nothing about Zen. Maybe Leonard Cohen could tell me, but I doubt it.

Il y a des exceptions au mouvement de haïkus écrits selon un modèle. Je pense à trois écrivains : Kacian, Agoya et Swede dont les haïkus sont sublimes. Je ne peux pas dire si leurs haïkus sont zen ou pas. Je ne connais rien au zen. Peut-être que Leonard Cohen pourrait me le dire, mais j'en doute.

My search for answers led me, thanks to Modern Haiku Journal, to the critical writing of Richard Gilbert (University of Kumamoto). He and his Japanese collaborators opened my eyes to English interpretations of Gendai (Modern) Japanese haiku previously unavailable. I believe these insights offer English haiku an area for growth, a way out of the Zen/Shasei thing into much richer possibilities, much more sublime haiku. I will explore them.

Ma recherche de réponses m'a amené aux écrits de Richard Gilbert (Université de Kumamoto) grâce aux articles du Modern Haiku Journal. Ses collaborateurs japonais et moi-même nous avons ouvert les yeux aux traductions anglaises de haïkus japonais Gendai (modernes). Ceci nous donne une chance de sortir du Zen/Shasei vers un haïku sublime. Je vais les explorer.

As Seamus Heaney suggests, one's poetic traditions are rejuvenated by "the shock of the foreign, the new"; and Gilbert's work provides that. It appears that while we have followed and preached the Zen style since The Beats played with it, we never really knew what was going on in Japan as far back as the time of Shiki. Gilbert suggests we were misled by Blythe's Zen interest. Blythe ignored many innovative "schools" of haiku dating back to Shiki's time: NEW TREND HAIKU, NATURAL BEAUTY HAIKU, FREE FORM HAIKU, SURREAL HAIKU, PROLETARIAN HAIKU, HUMANISM HAIKU and ESSENCE HAIKU. These schools appeared and disappeared. Each had a master, a journal and a coterie. Haiku form and content was actively debated. So, all the years the Japanese haikai were actively experimenting and debating, we for the most part sat in our Banana Hut.

Les écrits de Gilbert nous montrent que nous, les nord-américains, avons suivi le style zen depuis que les « beats » ont joué avec la forme du haïku. Gilbert dit que nous avons été trompés par le zen de Blythe. Blythe a ignoré les différentes écoles de haïku japonais comme NEW TREND HAIKU, NATURAL BEAUTY HAIKU, FREE FORM HAIKU, SURREAL HAIKU, PROLETARIAN HAIKU AND ESSENCE HAIKU. Ces écoles sont apparues et disparues. Chacune avait un maître, un journal et une coterie. La forme et la substance étaient discutées. Pendant que les japonais faisaient avancer le haïku avec leurs débats et leurs expériences, nous avons vécu dans une bulle pendant cinquante ans en Amérique.

As far back as 2002, Akiko Sakaguchi (Japan) wrote in Blythe Spirit

Journal (England) « ...now shasei-ku itself has become stereotyped, so many of us are looking for a fresh way of haiku.... » My question : Who amongst us is looking for a fresh way?

En deux mille deux, Akiko Sakaguchi a écrit dans le Blythe Spirit Journal : « ...le Shasei-ku est devenu stéréotypé, et beaucoup d'entre nous cherchons une manière nouvelle d'écrire le haïku ». Ma question pour vous ce soir : qui cherche pour une manière nouvelle ?

In 2006, Dimitar Anakiev, Co-founder of the World Haiku Association, wrote « In American haiku there is a very strong tendency toward « mass production » of haiku... Are we writing mass production haiku ?

En deux mille six, Dimitar Anakiev, co-fondateur de l'Association World Haiku, a dit que les haïkus nord-américains ont une forte tendance vers la production de haïkus de masse. Est-ce que nous écrivons du haïku de masse?

Now to the future: The elusive Zen haiku dedication is waning and shasei haiku is becoming mostly cliché. To understand McLuhan is to understand why. Clearly my Depression and World War Two social milieu is over the cliff; The Beats, like Automatist painters are passé; and the Boomers golden age is rapidly peaking. Who will bring a “renewal” to North American haiku?

Maintenant, parlons du futur. L'adhésion au haïku zen diminue et les haïkus shasei sont maintenant presque des clichés. Pour comprendre cela, il faut comprendre Marshall McLuhan. Clairement, mon milieu social formé par la Grande dépression et la deuxième guerre mondiale disparaît comme les « beats » et les peintres automatistes. L'ère des « baby boomers » va prendre fin. Qui va renouveler le haïku nord-américain?

Haiku Canada's future will be Gen X and Gen Y haiku writers with their twenty-first century digital communications technology. How

many Gen X and Y writers are Haiku Canada members? Are they a minority? If so, this presents a looming problem for Haiku Canada.

Le futur du haïku au Canada repose entre les mains des écrivains des générations X et Y avec leurs technologies de communication du vingt et unième siècle. Combien d'entre eux sont membres de Haiku Canada ? Une minorité je pense ; peut-être une trop petite minorité. J'espère que non. Si oui, le haïku au Canada est en danger.

I know nothing about the Ipad, Kindle, Twitter, Skype, YouTube and MySpace. Looking ahead: Will writers conduct ginkos with Twitter, each texting from their favorite haiku location and then with the miniature equivalent of Skype; will they read their “Tweeted” haiku to each other with appropriate music and split screen messages about the upcoming Conference program?

Les années soixante et soixante-dix font partie de l'histoire pour les générations X et Y. Je ne connais pas leur monde de iPad, Kindle, Twitter, etc. Est-ce qu'ils vont partager leurs haïkus après un ginko en envoyant des texts tout en se transmettant l'information au sujet de la prochaine conférence de Haiku Canada?

Can one appreciate a Zen haiku by Twitter? I don't know. How does “tranquil illumination” adopt to the Blackberry? I don't know. I started to write in school with a wooden pen into which I carefully inserted a tiny metal nib, which was then inserted into my desk inkwell. It gave me time to think!

Est-ce qu'on peut apprécier un haïku zen sur Twitter? Je ne sais pas. J'ai commencé à écrire en classe avec un stylo de bois auquel j'ajustais une petite plume en métal qu'il fallait ensuite tremper dans l'encrier du pupitre. Cela me donnait le temps de penser!

Imagine the haiku of the future, if you can: haiku that will come with the power of the Quantum computer: a computer with true warp speed, currently in research and development.

Imaginez, si vous voulez, le haïku qui va venir avec le pouvoir d'un ordinateur quantum ; un ordinateur à vitesse « Warp », un ordinateur utilisé ces jours dans la recherche.

Thank you for your patience and attention.  
Merci pour votre patience et votre temps.

Translation : *Mike Montreuil/Hugette Ducharme*

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*John M. Bennett*

## **Renku Mont Royal**

outdoor café  
Montréal moves by  
yellow in the leaves

*Marshall Hryciuk*

a maple key  
into the baby stroller

*Pearl Pirie*

returning  
to the window feeder  
a pair of finches

*Karen Sohne*

a circle of poets  
and paper scraps

*Lenard D. Moore*

i dip a plastic spoon  
into a freshly opened  
homemade jam

*Emiko Miyashita*

the white roundness  
of her dangling earrings

*Dina E. Cox*

physical  
sticking my feet  
into the stirrups

*Hans Jongman*

Xena has been off the air  
too many years

*Barry George*

small blue lights dance  
in the sweat lodge  
the ancestors join us

*Sheila Ross*

smell of wool socks  
on the heat vent

*DeVar Dahl*

the fence around the armoury snow capped	<i>Hans</i>	ice thick enough now to drag out the fishing huts	<i>Claudia Coutu Radmore</i>
rearranging the cornucopia	<i>Karen</i>	the Christmas sweater after her funeral	<i>Pearl</i>
separating cows and calves ohhhh the mooing	<i>DeVar</i>	losing his first tooth at the rink	<i>Lin Geary</i>
lunar eclipse so may stars brighter	<i>Sheila</i>	migraine shadows scrape across the ceiling	<i>Pearl</i>
why does the alphabet begin with 'A' ?	<i>Emiko</i>	a new dress and razor burn on her shins	<i>Melanie</i>
steaming fiddleheads Vivaldi on the stereo	<i>Vicki McCullough</i>	he never mentioned his wife by name	<i>Karen</i>
honeysuckle blossoms the length of the path we hold hands	<i>Lenard D. Moore</i>	in the dark covering the tomatoes from frost	<i>Philomene Kocher</i>
the piano player strikes a wrong chord	<i>Claude Rodrigue</i>	painting the duck blind with fluorescent stripes	<i>Lin</i>
between the spill and the response the Gulf	<i>Barry</i>	raccoon screams wake us to the gibbous moon	<i>Karen</i>
Sandra Bullock's ex finally interviewed	<i>Melanie Noll</i>	the punkrocker contemplating her cigarette	<i>Melanie</i>

the homeless  
at peak tan  
and tourist season      *Pearl*

rusted canopener  
on the riverbed      *Emiko*

the woman  
selling dreamcatchers  
sighs      *Barry*

robin's eggs  
not the colour i remember      *Pearl*

blue flag irises  
both sides of the pathway  
to the sea      *Nick Avis*

Catherine wheel spinning  
at the top of Mont Royal      *Lin*

*Begun 10:40pm Saturday night May 22nd, 2010 in the Victoria College  
Residence Lounge of McGill University and completed at 1:45am the next  
morning. Led by Marshall Hryciuk.*

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# payrolla

*Sandra Fuhringer*

## Reviews . . .

**in the mist** by Kimiko Horne, bilingual English & Japanese, The Haunted Press, Niagara Falls, Ontario: ISBN 978-1-895528-20-6, 2010, 195 pages, 5.5 x 8.5, perfect bound, with sumi-e illustrations by 10 artists. For information: [haikuinthemist@hotmail.com](mailto:haikuinthemist@hotmail.com)

Kimiko Horne has created a substantial collection featuring 150 haiku appearing in English and Japanese. There are several cycles through the seasons, beginning and ending with spring. The book's title refers to the author's interpretation of the haiku path, and is taken from this poem:

homeland  
now for visits only  
in the mist

Many other haiku feature mist, but none as poignantly as:

mother  
walks in the mist  
not aware of it

Kimiko grew up in Japan but did not discover haiku until after she moved to Canada in 1964. She is a member the Kaitei Haiku Group in Japan led by Tohta Kaneko who has been her haiku teacher for over 25 years.

Her haiku hold a simplicity whether she is gently observing nature or human nature.

four crows  
sit on the stakes  
the late summer heat  
buried under the snow  
the town the young  
leave forever

Kimiko lives in St. Catharines, Ontario and is a member of Haiku Canada. Some of her haiku in this collection have been featured in Haiku Canada publications, as well as in other publications in North America and Japan. This haiku received an Honourable Mention in the 1998 Betty Drevniok Award Contest:

selfish mother  
her voice does not reach  
white chrysanthemums

The book is graced by 44 sumi-e paintings by 10 artists, and is published in a very pleasing format with one haiku in English and Japanese on each page. The poet may have benefitted by having stronger editing of the prose introductions and some of the poems, as I sometimes found the line breaks to be perplexing and the language a little too spare. Nonetheless, there is a great deal of beauty to be found in this collection.

*Philomene Kocher*

**Wrecking Ball and Other Urban Haiku**, by Barry George (Lexington, Ky.:Accents Publishing Spalding Series, 2010) 30 pages, 4 ½ x 6 1/2”, Matte off-white covers, perfect bound. ISBN 978-0-9844118-2-5. Price \$5.00 plus shipping from

www.accents-publishing.com; \$6.00 (USA) or \$7.00 (Canada) postpaid from the author (Barry George, 2011 Chestnut Street, #11G, Phila., PA 19103).

What could be more antithetical to haiku than a wrecking ball, yet, Barry George is a poet who invites us to see into places and things that might be overlooked for their intrinsic haiku potential. In his first collection of haiku, *Wrecking Ball and Other Urban Haiku*, Barry gives us a look at an eclectic range of moments that shine with keen observation detail and a wonderful thread of light-hearted humor. Barry George appears regularly in leading international haiku journals and anthologies and this is a most welcome first collection. Containing thirty haiku, one per each numbered page, this collection features a cover drawing of the author by artist, Simeon Kondev. The Spalding Series features authors from the Spalding University MFA in Writing program in Louisville, Kentucky.

As I read haiku in various journals and become aware of each poet and the reach of their voice through memorable haiku it often ends up that one extra special haiku lodges in my mind as a signature haiku of sorts. Of the many fine haiku by Barry George I have enjoyed over the years I always associate this one as quintessential Barry:

winter morning-  
the sound of a board  
hitting the pile

There are so many aspects of this haiku that touch me and arouse intuitive understanding that life always carries on with the sturdy tenacity of human endeavor . The very sound of a board on boards suggests the extraordinary plain work that goes into human industry involving the inevitable moving of materials from one site to another in all seasons. That this is in winter marvelously accents

the action in our ear and heart. It is a simple yet authoritative and a lasting sound we have all heard at one time or another. To have it celebrated in a haiku is so entirely apt and familiar in a way that rings true. The last line, "hitting the pile" so perfectly captures the scene and reverberates something warm in the cold.

Through out this collection I noticed some interesting juxtapositions of haiku facing each other and how they work well together. I especially like this pairing:

fall night–  
the moon at the window  
of the space museum

first trick or treat-  
the child reaches  
for her mother's face

The breadth of haiku qualities is no doubt a key aspect that keeps the form fresh. This exploring of new nuances in the familiar is a distinguishing element in this chapbook. George moves capably from a dentist visit to a courtroom deposition to an autumn field and to the street life of the homeless. In each setting he provides us with a clear sense of our own being there. The reader is honored to recognize the human experience that is behind or within each haiku. The haiku that moved me most:

I was here before...  
beneath the sycamores  
of winter

How often it is that we suddenly or slowly realize places we've been before and with this recognition comes a satori moment of sorts ... a quiet meditation on our life all coming through circles, cycles and returns to places, people, emotions and experiences that reach into us with some trace of familiarity.

I have enjoyed revisiting this collection numerous times and recognizing that truly we can find our haiku in any environment. *Wrecking Ball and Other Urban Haiku* wonderfully provides examples of haiku that will make you smile, cause you to pause, and haiku that may awaken a dormant understanding. The shades and tones in this collection are varied and satisfyingly unique. I highly recommend this collection. I leave you with another favorite from this rewarding collection:

hearing the train whistle  
bound for the city...  
here in the city

*Tom Clausen*

**tanka: garden meditations**, by Angela Leuck inkling press, POB 52014, Edmonton, AB, T6G 2T5, <[www.inklingpress.ca](http://www.inklingpress.ca)>, 2010, 53 pages, perfect bound, \$18, and \$5 shipping and handling.

Who knew such inspiration could arrive by being in an area designated as garden. These are the poems of someone, not only acquainted with garden, and the spirit of garden, a poet who has spent time with herself, and who has wide experience writing tanka.

Recorded by Angela Leuck, emotions from longing to wild joy come with sitting in a garden. There lurks humour and wisdom, should you remain still long enough to find them. There are no roses left in the Autumn rose garden after a lover is gone, only rosehips, but frost turns rosehips sweet! Eluding someone is easy; if he/she has allergies, simply hie thyself to a garden. Should a teenaged son get lost, along with a sweet young visitor, well then, ...*it will be*



*Eden*. So many of the poems are strong, and most encourage the reader to think contemplatively.

There are the universal questions, big and small: "...when did all my paths/ narrow down to one"; "...does it matter/ we haven't come far..."; "...must I always be/ a stranger to myself". Ms. Leuck notices and juxtaposes beautifully: in a white garden, she feels out of place in her colourful clothing...; in a November greenhouse, the scent of mums seeps into her melancholy...in an exhibition garden, a young Adonis brushes past. It is so clever to spot such a subtle connection..

What could be rethought in such a collection, is a way around saying the theme word, *garden* in this case, in nearly every poem. It could be simply dropped in some poems, inferred in others. In reading the poems one after the other, the repetition jars the overall effect of the series. However, taken one, or a few, tanka at a time, it is a collection a reader will return to, that will have the reader finding more in the next garden than he/she ever found before.

It is nearly impossible for every poem in a collection to be equally good, but there are so many in *garden meditations* that are worth reading often, so many that come from a solid base, and most are accessible on various levels to almost any reader. It would be a wonderful gift, for example, for any garden lover, tanka aficionado or not. The collection begins with this delightful, and insightful, poem, complete with link of *renaissance* with *enlightenment*, and its understated reference to Lewis Carroll:

decorative vegetable garden  
renaissance-style  
I search  
for enlightenment  
among cabbages and kale

*Claudia Coutu Radmore*

**Joy in Me Still** by George Swede, inkling press, POB 52014, Edmonton, AB, T6G 2T5, ISBN 978-0-9810725-5-5, 2010, 79 pp, \$23 including shipping.

George Swede sits comfortably in the North American haiku pantheon due to his poetic artistry and dedicated service to the English language haiku community over a long writing career. Not one to slow down after 34 poetry collections and the editing of six anthologies, he continues with two recently published collections, both released through inkling press. This review follows a reading of *Joy in Me Still* which presents a pleasantly mixed bouquet of 127 short poems, most but not all of which I would consider haiku. I will get to that in a moment.

Off the top, this collection is notable in that almost half of the poems deal with death, not morbidly mind you but in one way or another and all are appropriate in "feeling", an attribute many would say is de rigour in haiku. This quality should not surprise, Swede is a deft poet, past middle age and no doubt hears church bells more acutely than younger poets. Although I am not sure whether by design or not, the next largest "bunch" of poems in the book contain a gentle humour: a continuing trait as I see it in much of Swede's haiku. For those so inclined, one can find a wide variety of Japanese haiku poetics such as Yugen, Wabi, Sabi, Aware and Honkadori in this collection. Such analysis is subjective but I felt comfortable classifying 158 such references, obviously more than one such quality per poem in this book. No surprise and not unusual in my eyes.

Additionally, I found five poems that offer extra enjoyment through the use of sound in addition to other qualities. The most striking being the placement of a cicada and a sawmill. Wonderful! This attention to sound is something haiku writers could well emulate more frequently.

In his introductory notes, Swede defines a haiku as having three essential conditions: brevity; sense image(s); and a sense of awe, or as he names it "transcendent insight". Traditionalists will note the specific absence of "nature", although sense images may

(key word *may*) of course include nature. I am not sure why he does this, however two things come to mind: 1) English language haiku definitions today are so loosey-goosey and therefore a haiku writer who states a definition up front in a collection gives readers a framework within which to read ones work; 2) Swede as a Professor Emeritus and at a time when haiku *definitions* abound, may wish to gently push a definition he prefers. Good for him. Mind you, by doing so, he offers a double-edged nib. The soft edge offers a peek into the writer’s intentions; but, the sharp edge offers a “marking device” for reading the book: And challenged by this, I have done so.

For starters, the introductory poem sitting all by itself, presumably placed for gravitas is not a haiku by Swede’s definition. Rather, it is a short three line statement written more in the spirit of a koan than a poem. Here it is on one line: *the answer we are/ is the is the riddle/ we search for*. I am not bothered by this and find that it suits the overall tone of Swede’s book

With further analysis, apart from that introductory poem, I found four others that do not meet Swede’s haiku definition. An example: *the words rise/ in the solar wind/ line breaks*. Clever, intriguing and worthy of contemplation, but not a haiku. I leave the reader to find others. Now for the weakest haiku of all, if it was written as a haiku, I focussed on *with arrows of rain/ a storm attacks the village.../ waving white laundry* This is so heavy with metaphor as to be overwhelmed as a haiku. I would be hard pressed to believe Swede wrote it as such. On the other hand, it is an enjoyable comic poem. I pondered possible “influences” and came up with Ukiyo-e and Hokusai’s work suggested by the “arrows of rain”; then my Japanese experience took me with the sardonic humour to those odd storylines in manga comics; lastly, I wondered about Swede’s Latvian WW2 origins and the possibility of a sub-conscious mind dealing with long buried memories or youthful escapist fantasy. The mystery remains.

Now, for Swede at his best, here are three that scored high with transcendent insight for me:

*into the future/ as fast as all of us/ this garden snail*

*from the bridge/ between my hemispheres/ grandfather still fishes*

*a cave mouth/ a scream beyond my range/ of hearing*

There are plenty more like this, so read the book and enjoy Swede in full stride, including his sense of the “passing” of people and things; and enjoy the “dreaming room” or internal silence his poems provide.

*Guy Simser*

**white thoughts, blue mind: tanka**, by George Swede, inkling press, POB 52014, Edmonton, AB T6G 2T5 <www.inklingpress.ca> 2010, 45 pp. perfect bound.

**D’âmes et d’ailes/of souls and wings: Tanka**, by Janick Belleau, (Les Editions du tanka francophone, 2010) 151 pp. perfect bound, English and French.

The two new tanka collections, *white thoughts, blue mind* by George Swede and *D’âmes et d’ailes/of souls and wings* by Janick Belleau, have much in common. They are by well-established Canadian poets who are helping to define the tanka form in their respective languages—English and French. The authors are recently retired from successful careers. They are well-educated, thoughtful people who have interesting things to say about themselves and the world.

They deal with many of the same subjects, such as retirement:

Thirty-eight years here	hazy first light of April
and leaving as the bare trees	mixed feelings—
get their new buds	in retirement
my steps cautious	more or less free time
on the icy campus street (GS)	bicycles going by slowly (JB)

They ponder the inevitability of aging.

A bug, a bullet	blizzard
a breakdown of the heart	sleepless night
one way, or other, we go	in a bed too big for one
the winter sunset has	I think about the Reaper
a purple afterglow (GS)	how to tame it (JB)

They write of the loss of friends and loved ones, especially parents:

The Salvation Army truck	a goldfinch
packed from floor to ceiling	shreds a bagel
with my dead mother's things	her tuberculous father
I remove a wicker basket	how he ruined his health
I don't need (GS)	on the docks (JB)

And then, of course,	there is love:
She, who last night	along the green road
shouted at me, now	on a midsummer day
in the first light	a bay of diamonds
an angel asleep	wild with joy I go to you
I must have deserved it (GS)	wearing red lipstick (JB)

They write joyfully of the pleasures of food:

Lamb shoulder slow-cooked	clouds—
with white wine, beans, rosemary	under the canopy
onions and garlic	hollyhocks open
our glasses of shiraz click	while she prepares mussels
as snow whips the window (GS)	caressing her ex's buttocks (JB)

They also write about writing:

I write because	in Kyoto
of civilization, yet yearn	paying a visit to
to be free of it	waka poetesses—
(as long as I can return)	will I be remembered
xylophone window icicles (GS)	in one thousand springs (JB)

George Swede is becoming a prolific tanka poet—this is his second collection in two years. Although a slim volume containing 81 poems presented two to a page without section breaks, white thoughts, blue mind is nevertheless a satisfying collection. The well-crafted, pared down poems range from very short, almost haiku brevity, to longer ones. Swede is perhaps best known for his humour, which is often gently self-mocking—and there is plenty of that here— but he also shows his serious side in poems of social commentary. As well, he is capable of moments of lyricism. Tanka often seem to me like conversations shared between friends. Swede's poems are a perfect read in a Starbucks—a few memorable moments snatched with a friend over a quick coffee with the sound of people and life going on noisily in the background.

Janick Belleau's book on the other hand is more akin to a conversation in a tea shop, lights dimmed, voices lowered, a more intimate, leisurely conversation shared over cups of green tea. Her poems require time to be savoured and fully appreciated. This is

Belleau's second tanka collection—her previous (trilingual) volume *Humeur/Sensibility/Alma* was published in 2003. *D'âmes et d'ailes/of souls and wings* continues the poet's commitment to making her work available to both French and English audiences. Belleau has also contributed much to tanka research. She is passionate about giving value to the work of women poets and in this collection she has included a well-researched, informative essay on selected women tanka poets, both ancient and contemporary, Japanese and Western. Belleau's poems are infused with a restrained classicism at the same time as she manages to dwell firmly in the contemporary world. As an "out" lesbian poet, she has honestly and fearlessly revealed her heart.

I'll end with my favourite tanka by each poet.

Still backwater	not fighting the current
my white bearded face and that	on the pedalo
of a big-mouth bass	she lets go
merge into something	wherever the wind carries her
strangely comforting (GS)	dragonfly on one knee (JB)

*Angela Leuck*

**Spilled Milk: Haiku Destinies**, by Gary Hotham, Illustrations by Susan Elliot, Pinyon Publishing, Montrose Colorado, USA ,ISBN 978-9821561-5-5,2010, 144 pp., paper, \$15 US plus shipping

Over a number of years, I have looked for Gary Hotham's haiku in a variety of journals. Why? Well, from the first reading, using an analogy of Kacian's, so many hit home runs. Not one-hundred percent, but enough to search a haiku journal's pages if I spotted his name as a contributor. What is it that attracts me?

To answer that question, a few months ago I picked up and read one of Hotham's early books, *Breathmarks*, Canon Press, Idaho, 1999. It was enlightening and became the base of a brief talk I gave on Hotham's work to a group of haiku writers.

Therefore, I read *Spilled Milk* with some anticipation and was pleased. Here's what I find in those haiku I consider Hotham's best: a quiet metaphysical wonder, without the often wrought language of metaphysical poetry.

Hotham has the ability to be deceptively simple, but if you peer quietly and deeply into his very brief sketches, you will be rewarded with clarity of meaning discovered in a flash....

Example one: Here is his first haiku in the book which suggests it is of special import for the author.

birthday sunrise –  
no extra waves  
on the ocean

Hotham can write very tight haiku.... "no extra waves ". Read this literally and see a tranquil seashore picture. Read this more deeply and you sense an ego deflating. Make of it what you will folks, He says, that's all there is! In the time it takes a humming bird to disappear then suddenly reappear in a different place....there's your haiku, back with a new meaning. Example two:

deep space photos –  
nothing but stars  
in a starry night

"Nothing but stars" .... into infinity and all the Hubble science makes no difference to the man on the street. Here we are, just us and stars, endlessly. That's it, that's all. Live with it.

OK, one more and I will stop. It occurs near the end of the

book, suggesting to me that the message remains from start to finish.

partly visible moon

—  
the ocean leaves its shine  
on the shine

A pretty picture of soft night light between moon and water. Go ahead, enjoy his painterly picture here, but look deeper, there's more. The humming bird came back! How infinitely small am "I". We all took physics in grade 11 (well those my age did, anyway): two mirrors facing each other project infinity!

I know nothing of Zen. However, in the darkness of the search for the magic behind his work, I shine my flashlight in the direction of Zen to find possible clues. You of course will make up your own mind. Please do.

*Spilled Milk* book consists of 99 poems. To some, the 99th haiku may have been simply where the editor cut things off. Then again, just perhaps 99 is a magical number. Ending at 99 suggests never ending: infinity. One hundred suggests an ending. Take the 99 anyway you want. However, if I ever meet Hotham, I will ask.

Other poems in the book range from lamentations to understated humour regarding the human condition, giving an enjoyable change of pace from the deeper significance of poems mentioned above. Reading critically, I tried to discover what I did not like about this work. Apart from this or that haiku which didn't strike me, I found nothing large enough to note it in this review.

Another point and small as it seems, it is for me reason to go back to re-read this book again. That is, one third of the haiku relate to water in some fashion (rain, sea, waves, puddle, etc). Water comes and goes, recycles through our world and into space. An infinite cycle perhaps. And don't forget, we all consist of more

water than solids.

Last point, Hotham opens and closes this book with birthday haiku most unlike run of the mill attempts at this subject. Having displayed the first of these, I won't divulge the last. Rather, I will say the book title use of "destinies" might offer a hint. Clearly, this volume has been put together with great care and considerable thought, typical of most of Hotham's work.

A closing note, Elliott's sumi-e illustrations provided light and pleasant visual relief throughout this soft covered 132 page book, a wise decision.

*Guy Simser*

**seed packets: an anthology of flower haiku**, edited by Stanford M. Forrester, Bottle Rockets Press, <bottlerockets\_99@yahoo.com>, ISBN 978-0-9792257-4-1, 2009, 193 pp., perfect bound, \$17 US.

Bottle Rockets Press' latest haiku offering virtually overflows with 266 poems by 126 poets.

The collection is beautifully presented. Never more than three to a page, the reader is allowed the space to appreciate each poem and has time for contemplation. It is much too large to be read all at once, or even over a few sittings. This is one of those books that should be picked up, a few pages read and then set aside for the next day.

With the poems loosely grouped into themes, the reader is often presented with different ways of thinking about a specific flower or mood.

lilac in full bloom	a foxglove
bees bumping	pockets
into bees	another bee

*Carole MacRury*

*André Surridge*

It did get to be too much for me at one point and I had to set the book aside during a series of poems about dying.

hospice room  
we leave Dad's poinsettia for  
the next patient

*John J. Dunphy*

There is a lot of ground covered in this collection, an international flavour, questions of religion, a sense of impermanence and simply the glory of flowers themselves:

unable to love  
everyone i meet  
but peonies

*William M. Ramsey*

All manner of flowers are presented here, from weeds to seedlings to buds and blooms to those past their prime. Some non-traditional ideas of flowers crept in as well – car decals, boutonnières, embroidery stitches and tissue box decor.

bitter night  
flowers of frost  
on the florist's window

*Cor van den Heuval*

Every time I picked up this book I would find a new favourite, or a different way to view a haiku that didn't strike me before.

In general the quality of the haiku presented here is high, with poignancy, subtle puns and real cause for reflection. As with all large collections, though, there are a few pieces that missed their mark, or were simply observational or maybe I just wasn't in a space to properly appreciate them at the time.

Reading through this anthology makes me want to learn more about flowers, to find out what the osmanthus smells like, to see a heliotrope in bloom. I'm sure I would appreciate these poems all the more with some study, and maybe even find a few more favourites.

*Melanie Noll*

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## Correction. . .

Apologies are due Izak Bouwer for errors appearing in the review (last issue) of his book *GO TO THE PINE*. The errors may be attributed to your *Review* editor who missed fixing these when transferring electronic files to hard copy. Please correct as follows:

p. 43, Bouwer, not Brouwer

p. 44, near middle: the quote should read: "... rolls her eyes/ she rolls her bright eyes / at the bright world ... "

p. 44, near middle: Bouwer, not Bouer

p. 45, line 10: Nyingma, not Nyinga

p. 45, last line: the question mark "?" should be a dash "--"

p. 46, first stanza starting with "soap bubbles" is by (as), not (ib)

p. 46, near bottom: stanza starting with "on the altar" is by (as)

## Books In Brief. . .

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

**Modern Haiku**, 41:2, Summer 2010, Charles Trumbull, Editor, POB 33077 Santa Fe NM 87594-3077, <trumbullc@comcast.net>, \$38US in Canada /triannual. The backbone of English-language haiku periodicals since 1969, MH showcases both new and traditional approaches to haiku and related forms. Both issues are brimming with haiku and haiku related work. The haiga, in color, are of particular interest.

**Presence**, 41 & 42 (May & September 2010), Martin Lucas, Editor, 12 Grovehall Ave., Leeds LS11 7EX, UK, \$30 US bills/3 issues. Best-of-Issue Awards (3) are decided by reader votes. There is plenty in way of inspired haiku and related writing in the issues. Each issue also has a featured poet in its "Focus" section.

**Frogpond**, 33:2, Spring/Summer 2010, 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>> . Frogpond and its companion, HSA Newsletter, are informative and insightful. E-mail submissions are preferred. The current issue contains 152 pages of quality work.

**scifaikuest**, VII: 1 (May 2010), VIII:1 (August 2010), teri santitoro, Editor Sam's Dot Publishing, POB 782 Cedar Rapids, Iowa 52406-0782, \$20 US/4 issues. Guidelines are available from the postal address, online at <http://samsdotpublishing.com/scifaikuestguide.htm>. This is a vibrant publication of speculative haiku and related forms.

**Samoborski Haiku Susreti/Samobor Haiku Meeting**, 18, 2010, Matrix Croatica Samobor, 10430 Samobor, Zagrebacka, no price. Many Croatian poets and others are represented in this bilingual periodical. There are memorial tributes as well to Darko Plažanin and Zvonko Petrović

**Kō**, 24:10, Spring/Summer 2010, 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. The current issue has poetry and prose in memory of James Kirkup.

**South by Southeast**, 17:1 & 17:2, 2010, 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.

**HI**, 86, 87, 88 & 89, 2009-2010, 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. The issues provide an interesting perspective different from much of what is written in North America.

**Dusting the Buddha**, by Angela Leuck, King's Road Press, 148 King's Rd., Pointe Claire, QC H9R 4H4, 2009, \$2.00 ppd. This, the twenty-first installment in the Hexagram Series, is a must have at a more than affordable price.

**Kokako**, 12 & 13 (April & September 2009), \$20NZ (\$17 US)/two issues (April and September), Submit to Patricia Prime, Editor, 42 Fanshaw Rd., Te Atatu South, Auckland 0610, New Zealand <kokakonz@gmail.com>. or Joanna Preston, 6 Ballantyne Ave., Upper Riccarton, Christchurch 8041, New Zealand. Send subscriptions to Patricia Prime. Submission period for the April issue is Nov. 1 to Feb. 1, and May 1 to July 1 for the Sept. issue. Issues have a nice balance of interesting haiku, tanka and haibun.

**words' woods**, by Marshall Hryciuk, Nietzsche's Brolly, Imago Press, 30 Laws St., Toronto, ON M6P 2Y7, <imago@interlog.com>, ISBN 978-0-920489-19-2, 2010, unpaginated, saddle-stapled, np. This is an inspired collection of visual haiku and concrete haiga.

**Gusts**, 10 (Fall/Winter 2009), 11 (Spring Summer 2010), biannual publication of Tanka Canada edited by Kozue Uzawa. Membership includes 2 issues and the right to submit 3 unpublished tanka or translations per submission period. Due dates are Feb. 15 and Aug. 15. Fee period is Jan. to Dec. (Cdn residents \$20, US residents \$20 US, International \$25US). Send to Kozue Uzawa, 44-7488 Southwynde Ave., Burnaby, BC V3N 5C6, <<http://people.uleth.ca/~uzawa/TankaCanada.htm>>. Tanka are presented according to themes decided by the editor after the poems are picked. This issue continues to showcase some of the best tanka written in English.

**where the wind turns: The Red Moon Anthology of English-Language Haiku 2009**, Jim Kacian, Editor-in-Chief, Red Moon Press, POB 2461, Winchester, VA 22604-1661 <[redmoon@shentel.net](mailto:redmoon@shentel.net)> ISBN 978-1-893959-88-0, 2009, 160 pp. perfectbound, \$17 US. This is the fourteenth volume in the series that selects from haiku, linked pieces, haibun, and essays from journals worldwide. As with earlier volumes there is good sampling of English-language haiku chosen by the ten editors.

**Shape Shifting: Haiku Canada Members' Anthology 2010**, Claudia Coutu Radmmore, Editor, ISBN 978-0-920752-30-2, 1010, 36 pp. saddle-stapled, \$10 ppd. (in Canada) \$12 elsewhere, payable to Haiku Canada, from Haiku Canada Archives, 67 Court, Gatineau, QC J9H 4M1. Mostly haiku with a few tanka, the anthology gives a representative picture of writing by Haiku Canada members.

**île**, by John Martone, 2010, no price. Contact the author for purchasing details at 1031 10th St. Charleston, IL 61920. This small book contains poetic responses to Montreal. Good reading.

**casse-pieds: la revue du poème bref**, No. 11, mai 2010. For information, write Dorothy Howard, 67 Court, Gatineau, QC J9H 4M1 <[revuecassepieds@yahoo.fr](mailto:revuecassepieds@yahoo.fr)> This is an exciting magazine (in French) containing much of the cutting edge approach to minimalist writing found in Howard's earlier *Raw NervZ*.

**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.