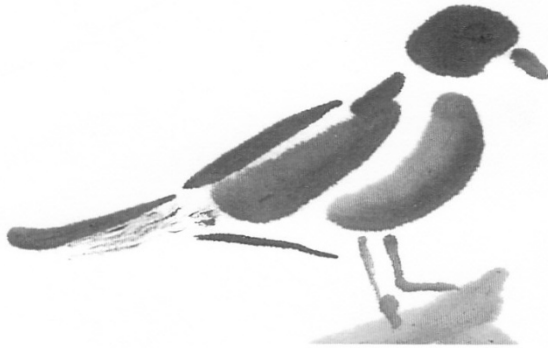


# HAIKU CANADA REVIEW



Volume 12

February 2018

Number 1

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# Haiku Canada Review

Volume 12 February 2018 Number 1

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**Art:** cover and interior drawings: Marje Dyck

## Sheets:

- *geek thoughts* by Bryan D. Cook
- *in and out of potholes* by Margaret Rutley
- *2017 Vancouver Cherry Blossom Festival Haiku Invitational Winners*

## From the Editor

As I write this, the first Polar Vortex of winter has come and gone. More manageable weather conditions are now here.

This to say, Maxianne, Grant and I have been busy putting together this new issue of the *Haiku Canada Review*, with Claude Rodrigue continuing to ensure the quality of haiku in French. Luckily for us, we can rely on LeRoy Gorman's expertise every time we open a back issue of the Review. The issue you are reading is one of transition for everyone involved. What 2018 will bring is unknown.

Following in the footsteps of a legend in the world of haiku-Journal production is daunting. In fact, when LeRoy asked me to be editor, I knew right away that it would take a team to produce the *Review*. Getting a journal out on time and on budget is always a challenge, which is why, alongside Claude Rodrigue on the masthead, I asked a few friends to be associate editors. Maxianne Berger has done a fantastic job with the French and English Book Reviews sections, and Grant Savage has done a tremendous job selecting the linked form poems for this issue. My thanks to them.

In closing, I want to thank the members of Haiku Canada for opening the *Review* and reading what we have selected from all the submissions we received.

LeRoy, this one is for you . . .

Mike



## Haiku Plus

apology daisies  
a vase full  
of his backpedaling

*Jennifer Hambrick*

moving day  
a mint tin marked  
Hazel

*Bill Cooper*

burning diaries . . .  
a blackbird rummages  
in last year's leaves

*John Rowlands*

lock down lifted  
before the facts can settle  
sickle moon

*Grant D. Savage*

a whisper  
in the summer grass  
tombstones

(for Basho)

*Chen-ou-Liu*

Zen garden . . .  
all the stones  
meditating

*Stanford M. Forrester*

marble tombstones  
in the tropical aviary  
two snowy owls

*Nola Obee*

cracked mirror  
comb-over begins  
at the bottom left corner

*Harvey Jenkins*

morning dusk  
the last leaves take their time  
coming down

*Bruce Ross*

cabin fever  
beneath the silent treatment  
every shadow plots

*J. Brian Robertson*

lunar new year  
grandpa takes a second  
fortune cookie

*Nika*

returning to my hometown . . .  
the church  
i left behind

*Charlotte Digregorio*

in the last pew  
an old man  
checks his watch

*Robert Witmer*

snow falling  
on an empty road  
wild turkey tracks

*Munira Judith Avinger*



silent morning—  
he tries to read the writing  
on my dressing gown

*Angela Leuck*

a pawn in her own life  
my invalid friend

*Carolyn Coit Dancy*

the choice  
of obit photo  
sun shower

*Roland Packer*

Merry Christmas!  
—my father calls me  
“Johnny”

*Connor McDonald*

47 years of marriage  
his Hindi  
still Greek to me

*Lucille Raizada*

fitness center . . .  
the filled parking spaces  
closest to the door

*Elinor Pihl Huggett*

summer afternoon  
watching men dig a hole  
I know they will dig

*Robert Piotrowski*

silence until . . .  
the winter carols  
of chickadees

*Debbie Strange*

seaside café—  
a napkin  
his only boat

*Susan Constable*

chance meeting  
out of the wrinkles  
a child's face beams

*Muriel Ford*

blue sky part  
of her collage done first—  
Alzheimer's

*Brent Partridge*

nth parallel  
bound by another  
invisible line

*David J Kelly*

supermoon  
adjusting the binoculars  
to avoid shadows

*Sheila Bello*

the wind lashes  
ice-covered branches  
blood-red sunset

*Jean Jorgensen*

winter fog . . .  
tobacco smoke drifting  
from Dad's pipe

*David He*

your smile  
origami  
in my heart

*Carole Daoust*

mountain crocus  
a blush of sunlight against  
the fissured rock

*Tom Drescher*

pouring cement—  
most of my enemies  
already dead

*George Swede*

rolling  
smokes for grandpa  
evening light

*Dave Read*

eggs over easy  
at a roadside diner  
we remember the time...

*Deb Koen*

swallows skim  
    an overgrown mill  
gleaming streamers

*Marshall Hryciuk*

boardwalk  
a child in a stroller  
in and out of sleep

*Hans Jongman*

holidays  
just enough of  
not enough

*Marilyn Ashbaugh*

widowed twice  
she compares  
each personality

*Marje A. Dyck*

the loveliness of things  
uncommon  
in the common  
crow

*Tom Dawe*

Polar Express  
even grandpa wearing  
candy cane pajamas

*John Quinnett*

flying home  
I leave some of myself behind  
bug bites

*Carol Dilworth*

a sepia photo  
of laughing boys—  
Remembrance Day

*Dan Curtis*

summer day—  
the lazy Susan spinning  
my vitamins toward me

*Barry George*

stifling heat—  
sound of a sickle  
cutting watermelons

*Lavana Kray*

tea cake  
my little one shares  
the crescent half

*Shrikaanth Krishnamurthy*

brushing the cat  
a comb falls out  
of my hair

*Jeanne Cook*

purgings the pain  
of the hospital's inhospitality . . .  
a stranger's smile

*Elena Calvo*

photo album  
he looks for himself  
in his father's eyes

*John Rowlands*

heat mirage  
semantics  
at the vanishing point

*Grant D. Savage*

pumpkin festival  
I murmur to my wife  
*size matters*

*Chen-ou-Liu*

my few paces—  
the moon's leap  
above the mountain

*Nola Obee*

online dating  
in one of her photos  
a man missing a head

*J. Brian Robertson*

after mother's death  
saving her gift  
of parchment

*Charlotte Digregorio*

bioluminescence  
the night we were alone  
in the science lab\

*Robert Witmer*



displaced people—  
dandelions take their place  
on the railway line

*Lavana Kray*

will I ever  
see you again  
shapes in the clouds

*Robert Piotrowski*

anvil clouds there was something I wanted to say

*Debbie Strange*

fragments of dream  
    washing away  
        beachcombing

*Brent Partridge*

white wash  
filling the canvas  
with light

*David J Kelly*

snow covered fields  
against a rosy sunset  
a black oil pump

*Jean Jorgensen*

77th year  
st ill se r hi g  
f r me ni g

*George Swede*

a child's shape  
under the blanket  
ambulance lights

*Dave Read*

call of unknown bird  
something  
I'm not wild enough  
to answer

*Tom Dawe*

right whale its song deep as an ocea

*LeRoy Gorman*

prostate checkup  
oldies radio  
while I wait

*LeRoy Gorman*

storm warning  
geese migrating south  
ahead of the tourists

*John Quinnett*

sunny side up  
getting ready for  
my hospice shift

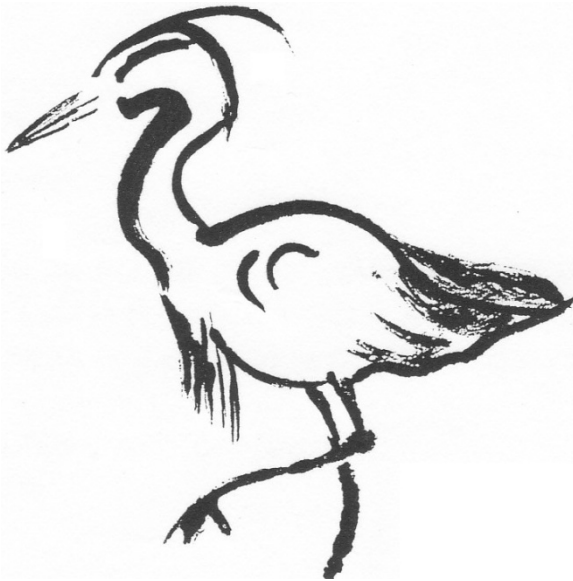
*Dan Curtis*

cold exhaust—  
one cop car  
talks to another

*Barry George*

behind the brightness of a mcdonald's sign the moon

*Michael O'Brien*



## *Les Rides*

Haïkus réunis par *Claude Rodrigue*

vieux Bouddha d'or  
est-ce une craquelure  
ou bien des rides

*Jean-François Chapelle*

balade au printemps  
entre deux ridules de sable  
un coquillage rose

*Iocasta Huppen*

petit vent frais  
une mèche blonde balaie  
ses rides

*Sandrine Waronski*

ondes sur le lac  
deux cailloux l'ont plus fripé  
que mille années

*Yann Quero*

marché d'automne  
plus ridées que la grand-mère  
ses pommes

*Patrick Druart*

pomme ridée  
sous sa peau des saveurs  
d'été indien

*Bikko*

les rides de l'arbre  
personne ne les remarque  
tempête de neige

*Jean-Philippe Rivest*

bonhomme de neige  
quelqu'un lui a dessiné  
des rides en charbon

*Rodica P. Calota*

le bois pétrifié  
dans les rides du sable  
l'hiver au désert

*Junko Mukai*

masque contre les rides  
un livreur sonne  
à la porte

*Liette Croteau*

à mes yeux  
les mêmes rides que celles  
aux yeux de mon père

*Marie Derley*

sur la photo  
les rides de ma grand-mère  
plus rares que les miennes

*Monique Pagé*

soixantième hiver  
tous ces chemins parcourus  
sur son visage

*Éléonore Nickolay*

rire de grand-mère  
tous ces souvenirs qui se croisent  
sur son visage

*Jean-Hughes Chuix*

le sourire de grand-mère  
sa petite-nièce la peint  
sans rides

*Lavana Kray*

bal du mardi gras  
mes rides m'importent peu  
sous mon joli masque

*Micheline Boland*

jour d'anniversaire  
dans le miroir de salle de bain  
une ride de plus

*Minh-Triêt Pham*

sitôt réveillée  
son petit pot d'antirides  
avant son grand crème

*Sandra Houssoy*

ma petite-fille  
ses premières lunettes  
découvre mes rides

*Bernard Cadoret*



vue déclinante  
chaque jour en se rasant  
le braille de ses rides

*Hélène Duc*

soixante-dix ans  
remonter mes joues  
devant le miroir

*Monique Lévesque*

crystallin tout neuf  
elle découvre des rides  
autour de ses lèvres

*Marie-Alice Maire*

première visite  
après la chirurgie  
c'est toi mamie

*Claude Rodrigue*

rides effacées  
dans le tain de son miroir  
un regard étrange

*Annie Chassing*

quatre-vingts ans  
longue chevelure blanche  
et une peau lisse

*Géralda Lafrance*

retrouvailles  
seules les douceurs de maman  
n'ont pas pris une ride

*Christiane Ranieri*

visage buriné  
à chaque épreuve de vie  
se grave une ride

*Bruno-Paul Carot*

ta main sur ma joue  
effacées toutes les rides  
d'une vie humaine

*Marlene Alexa*

de sa main ridée  
lui caresse son vieux visage  
sourires gênés

*Christiane Ourliac*

nuit folle  
oublier rides et arthrite  
dans ses bras

*Hélène Bouchard*

---

**Corrections :** Désolé pour les erreurs de transcription  
dans *Haiku Canada Review*, du numéro d'octobre 2017

école St-Joseph  
la cour plus petite  
que mon souvenir

*Monique Lévesque*

autant de rires  
autant de pleurs  
premier jour d'école

*Jean-François Chapelle*

« **Les rides sont des sourires gravés.** »

Jules Renard, dans *Journal* [le 25 décembre 1897]

Prochain thème : *Un animal de compagnie*

## Recensions

**André Duhaime, *Haïku et autres drogues*.** Ottawa : Éditions des petits nuages, 2017. ISBN 978-1926519302. 56 p. 5.5 x 8.5". Amazon.com, \$12 ; Amazon.com, 10\$ ÉU.

Dans son dernier recueil *haïku et autres drogues*, André Duhaime nous offre une tranche de vie, avec franchise, honnêteté et originalité comme il sait toujours si bien le faire. Le premier haïku donne le ton :

*le médecin dit/ ces maux viennent avec l'âge/ faut pas vous en faire*

Celui à qui l'on a donné ce conseil semble hésiter à le faire sien :

*la retraite/ ne plus la compter en années/ mais en lunes*

Le poète nous rappelle que rien ni personne n'échappe au passage du temps :

*et les murs/ que le temps travaille/ et nos os*

Dans son cas, c'est le remplacement d'une valve cardiaque qui l'amène à l'hôpital : un long séjour puisqu'une infection bactérienne viendra compliquer son rétablissement.

*staphylococcus aureus/ je demande de répéter/ SARM dit-il*

Malgré la déception, la douleur, la lassitude, André Duhaime garde l'œil et l'oreille aiguisés du poète en action. Rien ne lui échappe et il nous partage sa réalité même lorsque celle-ci se transforme sous l'effet d'une intolérance à la morphine :

*bardées d'armes/ des insectes colorés /avancent en rangées*

La suite des haïkus nous fait connaître le quotidien en milieu hospitalier : *le large sourire matinal d'une infirmière, l'appel téléphonique qui meuble tout un avant-midi*, le changement des voisins de chambre, le bip-bip des appareils, les odeurs particulières et persistantes, les pas hésitants qui deviennent des allers-retours dans le corridor, Sans oublier l'infiltration de la

nature qui saura toujours apporter sa douceur à qui veut bien la voir :

*des lilas par la fenêtre/ les branches sans feuilles /m'ensoleillent*

Et lorsqu'enfin le convalescent retrouve sa liberté, il se laisse saisir par *les effluves d'une terrasse*, l'éblouissement que lui procure une marche dans une rue. Et la vie qui se perpétue :

*renaître en grand-père/ chercher un prénom/ pour l'enfant à naître*

Cette vie n'est pas qu'humaine : *pluie de décembre/ laisser vivre/ cette mouche*

*recension par Huguette Ducharme*

**Jocelyne Villeneuve, *Bagatelles***. Édité par André Duhaime. Ottawa : Éditions des petits nuages, 2017. ISBN 978-1926519210. 66 p. 6 x 9". Amazon.ca, \$15 ; Amazon.com, 12.50\$ EU.

Incroyable, un nouveau recueil de haïkus de Jocelyne Villeneuve! C'est que Villeneuve, une pionnière dans le domaine du haïku écrit en français au Canada, s'est éteinte en 1998, à l'âge de 57 ans. Mike Montreuil lui a récemment rendu hommage en publiant l'édition bilingue *Le poème inachevé, haïkus choisis* (Deep North Press, New Mexico, 2015), que j'ai eu le privilège de préfacer. Je l'ai pour ma part découverte dans la merveilleuse *Haïku, Canadian Anthology / anthologie canadienne*, de Dorothy Howard et André Duhaime (Asticou, 1985). On pouvait déjà y savourer son style, à la fois mélancolique et tendre, notamment à la lecture de ce haïku alors inédit :

*Réveillon –  
Seul, dans le fond de la cour,  
le bonhomme de neige.*

La boucle est maintenant bouclée puisque c'est Duhaime qui édite ce recueil resté à ce jour inédit de Villeneuve : *Bagatelles*. Déjà, l'originalité des sections du livre intrigue, un écho sans doute au célibat forcé de la poète : *Printemps, Noces, Été, Baptême, Automne, Noël, Hiver*. La sensibilité de la voix, qu'on est ému de retrouver, traverse tout le recueil, ponctué de haïkus qu'on aimerait garder longtemps en mémoire :

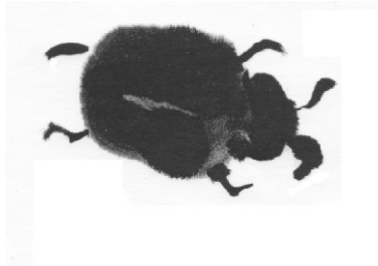
*Soudain à l'aube  
je m'éveille au silence  
de la première neige.*

*Le chant du coq  
J'entends la voix du monde  
trois fois... perçant l'air.*

*Le vent  
qui traverse les arbres  
sait tout de mon cœur.*

Heureuse initiative des Éditions des petits nuages.

*recension par Jeanne Painchaud*



## Haibun

### Streets Almost Empty

It was late and the streets almost empty. I was peacefully driving home and suddenly, there in front of me was a car going much too quickly for the upcoming round-about. It didn't slow. "Smack"! The left front wheel crashed into the high curb of the round-about. The hub cap came spinning wildly off and disappeared into the darkness. I struggled briefly regarding finding the hub cap and racing after the car to give it to the driver. No time. So, I sped up to catch the car, to let them know where they lost their hub cap. The speed seemed too fast for the now dirt side roads. I followed. They seemed almost moving as wildly as the hubcap that had spun off from the wheel. They turned up a hilly driveway. I followed. A woman got out of the car. I called to her, "Your hubcap came off at the round-about. Are you okay?" She turned to me. "I just saw my child in the hospital," tears chocking in her voice. "I'm sorry," I said. "I'll look for the hubcap and return it to you". "No, leave it!" She said abruptly, too loudly. "I'll get it in the morning!" With halted breath, my words came, "I'll say a prayer." She turned and went into her house. Everything went quiet. I stood there a moment, under the night sky and trees. Then, I walked to my car, and . . . drove slower than usual . . . home.

nightingales sang  
as rain fell  
my eyes closed

*Lenora Corday*

## Dust to Dust

Every summer, when we were children, my mother planted a garden. She spent hours choosing her seeds, planting them indoors in peat pots, watering them on windowsills and transplanting them outside when the sun was warm enough. I used to think she spent all this effort just to feed her family. All that back-breaking weeding, dirt under her fingernails and sunburnt skin. Years later I realized she was nourishing her self out there in the garden, taking precious time with the earth, feeling and breathing and listening to it, watching it give life to new plants, re-living this wonder every spring.

dust to dust  
first shovelful of dirt  
hits her coffin

My mother grew up on a farm; 300 acres of hayfields and fruit trees, milk cattle, horses and chickens, and of course a kitchen garden. The stories I remember were mostly the humorous ones. Like when she and her friends would pick cherries and climb into the hayloft to eat them, spitting the pips at the unsuspecting chickens below. Or the smell of the chicken coop, and how cleaning it was her least favorite chore.

As children, our summer visits to the farm were magical, a highlight of the year. By then our grandfather had passed away and it was no longer an active farm, but the old barn stood. We had free run of the fields and loved to explore, gorging ourselves on whichever fruit was in season. We would climb into the old hayloft, where the sweet smell of hay lingered, along with the ghosts of the farm.



farmer's daughter  
applying her makeup  
on her walk to school

She didn't stay on the farm, leaving to study biology at the nearby university where she was one of the few women in her class. I remember stumbling upon an old, unused enclosure on the farm one summer. We were told that it had been a fox run. Later we learned that the sale of the fox furs paid my mother's tuition and that she graduated at the top of her class, with the gold medal in biology. She landed a job in Halifax, as a research assistant at the medical school, and took room and board at the YWCA. At a YMCA dance she met my father, the electrical officer on a survey ship in port in Halifax. When they married, he found a job ashore and she left her biology job to raise a family.

the grace of grass  
as it bends with the wind . . .  
our dreams

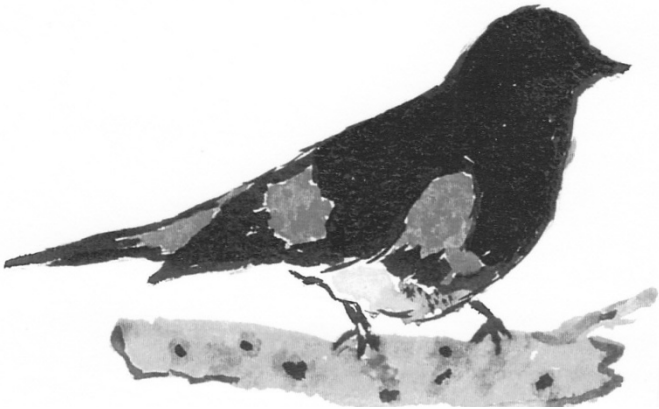
With two young children and four to come, my father went back to school and studied to become a United Church minister. Those were hard years. Supporting her family and becoming a minister's wife were not part of my mother's dreams. Our lives held frequent moves to new country parishes. Still, the farm was always with my mother. She understood the science and genetics of plants, and with her inquisitive mind would try new varieties and different ways of doing things. Organic gardening before it was popular. Her love in simple things and the joy in the natural beauty of the earth was passed on to all of us.

in our gardens  
looking up  
as we hear her pass

My mother had never learned to drive. There were no cars on the farm, only horses. After we all left home she got her driver's license, with encouragement and lessons from my father. She loved the freedom her little red car gave her. But it was no match for the semi that seemed to come out of nowhere as she turned left onto the highway.

the blue  
of damsel flies  
this sadness

*Ruth Powell*



## Ready

It was early dawn. The hill was slick with new fallen snow. The boy pulled his toboggan to the hill behind the pine trees. No one else was there. He laid the toboggan down and steadied it as he climbed aboard. It began to slip and he held tight and pushed himself off in the right direction, and he sailed down the steep and long slope. Twelve years old, the excitement and danger, the thrill and speed, a little scared and fearless, he was ready to soar. The cold cut into his exposed cheeks and it didn't matter. The stinging turned into tingling warmth. His cold nose became numb. The rest of him was bundled warm, except for fingers getting cold. It didn't matter. Up he walked, down he slid. Up he walked, down he slid. Over and over. His heart was exhilarated and he was free to soar across the sky.

It was early evening; the hill had become slick with children taking sleds, toboggans and folded cardboard, and sliding down the steep and long slope. It was cold, and it didn't matter. The boy pulled his toboggan up the hill and slid down. Faster each time, as the melted snow became ice. He was always fighting for control, feeling the slight slipping in unimagined directions as he slid. Feeling it all possible and nothing else existed. There was only the sound of the wind whistling by as he sped down the hill. Only the happiness in his heart and freedom and the surge of speed filled him. He soared.

an old man's daydream  
jarred—  
a running boy

*Lenora Corday*

## Linked Verse

### Crickets All Night Long

leaf above the path  
most of its web  
invisible

*Marshall Hryciuk*

to the eyes  
moist on the skin

*Tyrone Wright*

beaters + bowl  
to whip the cream  
for pumpkin pie

*kjmunro*

crickets concert  
the whole night long

*Kris Moon (Kondo)*

slowly rising  
into the window frame  
rabbit moon

*Gary Gay*

sad to wind  
the clocks forward

*Agnes Savich*

American Toads  
trilling  
one out of tune

*Linda Weir*

three teens  
on a bicycle built for 2

*kj*

black ice  
our buick slides  
into the driveway

*Billie Dee*

<p>snow filling names in the cemetery</p>	<p><i>Michael Dylan Welch</i></p>
<p>vintage dress caressed by the past of an imaginary friend</p>	<p><i>Ana Kondo</i></p>
<p>Miss Havisham waits in the library</p>	<p><i>Maxianne Berger</i></p>
<p>he calls it off in a power point presentation</p>	<p><i>Claudia Radmore</i></p>
<p>I stand inside the mushroom ring</p>	<p><i>Karen Sohne</i></p>
<p>over the trailer sudden moon strung in telephone wires</p>	<p><i>Melissa White</i></p>
<p>a twitter blast from the White House</p>	<p><i>Deborah Kolodji</i></p>
<p>all the way down the abandoned slide cherry blossoms</p>	<p><i>Michael</i></p>
<p>back in the saddle a robin's egg</p>	<p><i>Deb Koen</i></p>
<p>white supremacist rally outnumbered 1000 to 1 by counter-protesters</p>	<p><i>Agnes</i></p>
<p>North Koreans or . . .</p>	<p><i>Fay Aoyagi</i></p>

fuyus  
because I hate  
that fuzz in my mouth

*Billie Dee*

Times Square  
the morning after

*Michael*

the lone red corset on the road

*Yvette Nicole Kolodji*

in the blue jay's call  
the sound of rust

*Alan Pizzarelli*

second divorce  
my son was born  
on Hiroshima Day

*Fay*

beach balls at the nude beach  
empty pail

*Gary*

the view  
always the same  
except for the lead dog

*kj*

ice crystals  
as far as the horizon

*Agnes*

the map  
doesn't show  
where we're going

*Karen*

no scarecrow  
in the cornfield

*Gary*

the bend  
in the cormorant's dive  
fish-hook moon

*Jacquie Pearce*

Albuquerque clouds  
in Yoda-speak *Ana*

ceçi n'est pas  
une pipe  
laughing maniacally *Agnes*

rice wine  
offered to the Jizo *Melissa*

blossom shower  
when did I last see  
my mother *Fay*

Keplar's star  
all that iron in my blood *Billie Dee*

We convened in the festive Amaya Restaurant of the Santa Fe Hotel during the Haiku North America Conference (HNA Santa Fe 2017) being held there at 9:30 pm Thursday, September 14 and seated at three raucous and rolling dining tables completed, to our excited surprise, this full-kasen renku by 12:38 am. Led by Marshall Hryciuk

---



## **tan renga**

the clock  
in the prison library . . .  
doing time

*Saturday evening*  
*listening to the birds*

Johnny Baranski Vancouver, WA  
*Angela Naccarato Vancouver, BC*

## **A sequence in response to nature:**

by Bruce Ross

Earth Day  
my hand on a lichen patch  
glacial boulder

Earth Day  
under cold steady rain  
pussy willow buds

Earth Day  
asleep on the glacial lake  
a loon pair



## Cuckoo's Nest

*Angela Naccarato (Vancouver, BC)*

*Johnny Baranski (Vancouver, WA)*

*buttoned up  
in her best winter coat  
summer stroll*

sweating bullets  
icy cold prison walls

*lockdown  
watching snow  
on TV*

midnight bed check  
a lady bug crawls  
under the pillow . . .

*her bed sores breaking open  
the cuckoo sings*

rise and shine  
the empty cell  
on death row

## Sunday

*Angela Naccarato (Vancouver, BC)*  
Johnny Baranski (Vancouver, WA)

*autumn sunrise*  
*her only audible word*  
*“God”*

Sunday visitor  
spit-shined prison shoes

*focused on*  
*his solemn gaze*  
*her whispered prayer*

fallen leaves  
the lonely walk  
back to the cellblock

*a thousand shorebirds*  
*fill the sky*

light snow  
covers the prison yard  
the stillness

---

# radial

*Roland Packer*

## Short Velvet Curtains

Sidney Bending  
*Margaret Rutley*

first act . . .  
drama student  
in the ticket booth

*short velvet curtains*  
*bustling feet*

period costumes  
heckled  
the player piano

*director prompt*  
*takes the spotlight*  
*balcony acoustics*

musician's pit full  
of yard sale boxes

*encore . . .*  
*after the final bow*  
*tourists bow too*

---

deadwood the end-stopped lines of sapsuckers

*Debbie Strange*

## **Koya-san (Mount Koya)**

### *A Meditation*

Barry George, Elizabeth Catanese & David Prejsnar

1,000 thousand photographs  
cannot describe it—  
our journey eastward

Barry

1,000 sticks  
of cedar incense burn

Elizabeth

Smoke rising to heaven  
barely revealing  
peaks among the mist

David

Yet the way across the ravine  
eludes the traveller

Barry

The bone-ghosts  
are hungry—cannot  
access an outer world

Elizabeth

Among the moss-covered stones  
their karmic connection  
plays out

David

Who is it would disturb  
their stony faces  
this grim night?

Barry

There is always a traveller  
disturbs what hides in stone

Elizabeth

Moving in sadness following the rainy season her sleeves brush the cold stones	David
Befriended by, befriending no one save the turtle dove	Barry
Who sits atop a gold and silver offering then flaps toward a lightning rod	Elizabeth
Struggling to be free of the first element her heart also seeks the golden spire	David
Five times 500 times the lifetime of a man sits Koya-san implacable	Barry
This mound an ossuary made of air	Elizabeth
One life now flowing through the bones of 10,000 to Tusita Heaven	David
They say two lovers came this way and ended none the wiser	Barry
Yet somehow still stone lanterns brighten darkness clouds veiling the moon	David

---

*Koya-san — Mount Koya, Japan — is the Shingon Buddhist community founded in 819 by Kobo Daishi Kukai, and the site of the Okunoin Cemetary, which holds his and more than 100,000 other graves.*

## Crossing

*Terry Ann Carter & Claudia Coutu Radmore*

*New Year's Eve, 2017 from noon until 10 pm*

*tire tracks  
in the snow  
all that is left behind*

talk of the 53 stations  
scent of orange zest

*crack in the pond ice  
the longer walk  
home*

setting the GPS  
for Brockville  
his family her family

*curve of shrimp  
around the Waterford crystal*

New Year's Eve  
the ferry crossing  
without him



## Beyond these pages

One of the nicest aspects about books of haiku, and of other Japanese genres, is that they are highly giftable—even to people who don't usually read poetry. As for those of us who do, there are two occasions that are especially apt: to mark end-of-the-year celebrations, and to exchange with others at conferences and festivals. Where these are made of paper, they aren't all actual books. Poets put their haiku into tri-folds, on books marks, into small booklets folded from a single sheet of paper, even single-page calendars. Those who attend Haiku Canada Weekends are familiar with the joys of these.

At the 2017 Haiku North America conference in Santa Fe last September, aside from all the poets' offerings on the gift table, our registration packet also held a chapbook—a gift of haiku by the local poets. *Open Spaces: Haiku from The Santa Fe Haiku Study Group and Guest Poets*, edited by Alanna C. Burke and Basia Miller (Deep North P., 2017) is a 32-page chapbook that includes a page each of haiku by twenty-two poets, including some visitors. Here is one by “pioneering” local poet Marian Olson: “god or no god/ does it matter/ wild blue flax[.]” Guest poet David McKee, from Madison, WI, contributed this monostich: “wrensong unraveling the old argument[.]”

The book is a gift of place, its flora, fauna and seasons, a reminder of our time there. As well, the inclusion of guest poets is a reminder to those of us who travel, if only to a nearby city. With advance planning, it is possible to arrange a get-together with poets who live where we are visiting, whether to share and discuss poetry, or simply to enjoy the camaraderie of a group meal. One of the nicest things about being a haiku poet is the sense of community—we already know one another through our writing, so meeting face-to-face is meeting friends.

Happy tomorrows!  
Maxianne Berger, *HCR* reviews editor

## Reviews

*Erotic Haiku: Of Skin On Skin*. George Swede & Terry Ann Carter, eds. Windsor ON: Black Moss Press, 2017. ISBN 978-0-88753-577-2. 60 pages. \$17.95.

reviewed by Maxianne Berger

*Erotic Haiku: Of Skin On Skin* was conceived to mark Haiku Canada's 40th anniversary. It follows the path established by Rod Willmot's *Erotic Haiku* thirty-four years ago, and is published by the same press. In the current incarnation, there are eighty poets offering different perspectives on "eroticism," these further refined by the selections of the editors, George Swede and Terry Ann Carter (S&C).

In both the call for submissions (05/07/2016) and in Carter's introduction, a quotation from Patrick Gillespie's on-line assessment of various erotic poetry collections establishes editorial parameters ([poemshape.wordpress.com/2010/02/03/erotic-haiku/](http://poemshape.wordpress.com/2010/02/03/erotic-haiku/)), as expressed in this part of the quoted statement:

Whereas *the explicit* is an imaginative endpoint, the best haiku are a suggestive *starting point* for the imagination. Suggestiveness is all allusion, inference, and association. And when haiku fail because they were made too explicit, eroticism fails for the same reason: eroticism becomes pornographic. [Gillespie's emphasis]

In his introduction, Swede indicates that the contents of this new anthology is "more varied than that of its predecessor" because beyond heterosexuality, there is also "masturbation, threesomes, and LGBT sensuality." So, within the editorial constraint of suggestiveness, what kind of haiku are in the anthology?

The array of approaches and topic makes for engaging reading. Patricia Benedict Campbell feels the male gaze: "his eyes/ devouring my skin—/ this blouse is too tight[.]" LeRoy Gorman's calligrams shape the contents perfectly, as in this slip-knot of words : "insideachotherain[.]" Dorothy Mahoney's allusive diction is clarity itself within the context of eroticism: "midnight rain, he rises/ to close the window/ I open[.]" Janick Belleau is one of several francophone poets, proposing haiku in both languages: "elle fredonne et pianote/ ah, vous dirais-je



*maman/ sur mes orteils*” — “she hums and taps away/ *twinkle twinkle, little star/ on my toes*” (Mozart’s music has different lyrics in the two languages).

How close to explicit do these haiku get? Devin Harrison’s line 3 is more metaphor than reality: “sucking/ your fibrous pit/ naked mango[.]” Diane Descôteaux, in French and English, does not state the obvious: “anticipated joy/ of his tongue on my . . . oh!/ too soon dissipated[.]” From choice, juxtaposed images to what is left unsaid, this sort of suggestiveness permeates the collection.

Aside from the original Willmot anthology, two other erotic haiku anthologies have previously used Willmot as a touchstone. In 2004 Hiroaki Sato published *Erotic Haiku* (Japan: Yohan Shuppan), with his Japanese translations. In 2006, Micheline Beaudry and Janick Belleau brought out *L’Érotique; poème court / haiku* (Belgium: Éditions Biliki). Among the four anthologies, there is some overlap of poets and of poems. Of Michael McClintock’s four haiku each in Willmot and Sato, three are the same. The most explicit would be “pushing/ inside....until/ her teeth shine[.]” His haiku in S&C have similar explicitness: “taken in/ open arms, open legs—/ the blankets slide[.]” Micheline Beaudry is included in Sato as well as in *L’Érotique*. Here, too, there is overlap. Of her four poems in S&C, three of these, in French and English, are from the French anthology, and the fourth is also in Sato— “path of sperm/ from breast to navel/ winter light[.]” Perhaps the most explicit of Beaudry’s erotic haiku is only in *L’Érotique*: “entrouverte/ ses caresses lentes et précises/ grande ouverture” (half open/ his caresses, slow and precise / open wide).

These few examples obviously can’t scientifically show differences among the erotic anthologies. Certainly the most openly sexual is Sato’s for which the cover haiku, by ai li, leaves much and little to the reader’s imagination: “blow job/ she kneels/ in Prada[.]” Against this we have the title haiku of S&C, by Dan Curtis: “dry spell/ the spark/ of skin on skin[.]” The former is a statement of carnality, the latter the suggestion of physical intimacy.

Gillespie reviews many books of erotic poetry and has developed a rating system. His review of Sato’s anthology preceded the

system, but he includes it among his favourites. As to Willmot's anthology, Gillespie gives it a top score of 6 ♥ in both Sex and Poetry. My own reading of *L'Érotique* would give it equal marks. As to S&C, the sex is there, but not explicit. I can't fathom the number of hearts in Sex—4♥? 5♥?—but would definitely give it 6♥ in Poetry. Perhaps the sensuality rating system at [AllAboutRomance.com](http://AllAboutRomance.com) is more applicable here, and I'd happily give it a "Warm."

Moderately explicit sensuality. Physical details are described, but are not graphically depicted. Much is left to the reader's imagination.

By way of rationale for S&C's editorial decision to place eroticism within suggestiveness, Swede explains that Willmot's anthology "mirrored the beginnings of the sexual revolution in North America. The second [S&C] reflects the expanding views of what society considers appropriate after the passage of more than three decades." The age of the poets, too, might serve as a partial explanation. Joanne Morcom has this aspect covered: "retirement home/ a sex toy party/ well attended[.]"

Eroticism will likely shift again following the #MeToo issues of sexual harassment (none of the haiku implies such behaviour). Today, in an age when we realize that Sleeping Beauty was kissed without consent, who knows what will come to be. In the meantime, *Erotic Haiku: Of Skin On Skin* is not explicit carnality. It is a sensual collection that is more likely to elicit from its readers sighs of recognition than beet-red blushes, and is a nice gift for someone you love. After all, in bed at night, for many of us, (apologies to Comfort) it's the joy of reading.

**Marc Di Saverio, *A jar of fireflies***, with illustrations by mad studios. Toronto: Inspiritus Press, 2017. ISBN: 978-0-9951538-2-0. 42pages. Chapbook, 12\$. [www.inspirituspress.com](http://www.inspirituspress.com)

*reviewed by Sandra Stephenson*

A lovely book-object representing a jar full of mobile luminous beings. As reviewer, I unpack this object for you after the pleasure of letting it discover itself to me. If you read to enjoy allowing a poem or *objet d'art* to work on you slowly as it should, then read no further, just order this chapbook.

The book-jar by Marc Di Saverio is complete with finger-prints and smudges such as one might find on a jar of fireflies. Illustrations help bring the book alive and give dimension to poems sometimes lively and sometimes flat.

The first poem, a visual puzzle, is a table of contents; no, not a table, but a jar that sits on the table, its base the penultimate poem of the collection. It borrows fly parts such as wings and antennae to connote the thing. And the thing has small tags on it such as you might find in an entomologist's lab: page numbers. An etymology of entomology maybe. Finding the essence of the thing, defining an essence of haiku, writing the shadows of a sleepless night.

Some of the light beings in the container shine more brightly than others. Some flicker, others beam. There is a sketch of a person in scratches almost bug-like in a Far Side kind of way to accompany the second poem, taking off the lid:

Awakened by that nightmare —  
the closet-moth out knocking  
my firefly-jar.

One thinks of Basho: “Awake at *night*/ the sound of the water jar/ cracking in the cold” (tr. Robert Hass). Traditional and a-traditional by turns, Di Saverio's poems contain a lot of words for haiku and some might be reconfigured as *tanka*. But then they would not be fireflies, would they?

Through mourning doves and milkweed-seeds, the poems float delicately in light sounds, dream-like to an apogetic *senryū* with blood-like Rorschach blur on the facing page:

now with slow,  
windless steps, I wind the  
dandelion-clocks

The visual accompaniment has, like the poem sequence, developed over preceding pages. The indulgence of sound in language and waking dream in the senses can be over-played, however, and on occasion, it is. The haiku mirror the poet's self-reflection, spiraling into nervous looks over the shoulder, expressed startlingly, *Why did I make this trail?...* For answer, the collection ends:

Fall pre-dawn —  
I tidy the cliffside for  
your arrival.

The collection is slightly smudgy like a plane trip after indulgences (poem IX). It's a cliff-hanger, leaving the impression of a long poem written over a white night in spring accompanied by subtle smells wafting on breezes, an unearthly light from a jar, memories and anticipations. It has a late 20<sup>th</sup> century malaise that makes it interesting among haiku, which too often in the presence of natural phenomena, are blandly admiring. A sense of the person is strong and melancholic, but the collection has a certain humour that's unique. The third poem is tone-setter:

April Fools' . . . An ant  
breaks from the web  
dragging a bit of blossom behind.

**Marian Olson, *Kaleidoscope: Tanka Poems*.** Northfield MA: Lily Pool Press, 2017. 118 pp. ISBN: 978-1-64008-047-8.

\_\_\_\_\_, ***The Other: Tanka Poems*.** Northfield MA: Lily Pool Press, 2017. 27 pp. ISBN: 978-1-64008-046-1. Info.: [santafemo@aol.com](mailto:santafemo@aol.com)

*Reviewed by Angela Leuck*

As a long-time admirer of Marian Olson's haiku, I looked forward to discovering her tanka in her two new collections, *Kaleidoscope* and *The Other*. In her brief introduction to *Kaleidoscope*, Olson confesses her weariness with traditional tanka's "first three lines juxtaposed to the final two, lines slavishly adhered to by those who lean on the ancient Japanese model with its romantic themes." Olson prefers "variety" and labels her tanka "kaleidoscopic verses." "Yes," writes Olson, "my tanka are always changing shapes and colors and moods—everything from love to despair, humor to seriousness, playfulness to somber reflection."

I'll admit that I was somewhat taken aback by Olson's apparent assertion that contemporary tanka lacks variety and follows the same "cliched" format. A glance at any of M. Kei's many

ground-breaking anthologies, would, I'd have thought, convince anyone that contemporary tanka poets are actively pushing the boundaries of subject matter and experimenting with form.

But let's take a look at Olson's own tanka. To my surprise, I found many of her tanka traditional and predictable.

Leaving you promised to return by autumn; in these apple hours time passes slowly	Impending winter or is it age more and more my uncertainty about what is real
---	---

Even her choice of title, "Kaleidoscope," is a much-used, rather tired metaphor. However, where Olson's tanka do explore fresh ground, and do excel, is in their bite—especially with respect to death and love gone bad. Here Olson steps sure-footedly into the darker side of life:

We laughed on the pier cracking crab and sipping champagne from Dixie cups your broken neck years away	Steak his way now that she is gone and he doesn't have to endure the soft red middle
--	--

In her introduction, Olson writes that she hesitated about putting together a tanka book and "adding yet another one to the hundreds of tanka books already flooding the market." Rather than lament the flood of books (is there really a "tanka flood?"), surely this should be a cause for celebration! That we now have so many new tanka collections to choose from is a sign of the coming of age of tanka poetry. And among this plethora, Olson's *Kaleidoscope* is, nevertheless, one that is worth a read.

Turning now to Olson's second collection, *The Other*, here we do have something different. The tanka are constructed in the form of a dialogue—albeit one-sided—between the author and "The Other," who Olson defines as "the inner woman in my life who centers me." The following two tanka will give you an idea of the book's structure:

While I despair  
over the cruelty in our world  
The Other assists a neighbor,  
feeds the wild birds,  
takes a hike with her hound.

So easy  
to judge another,  
The Other reminds me  
what I judge  
belongs to me.

Each tanka contrasts the author's supposedly misguided actions with the enlightened response of The Other. The author does not speak to The Other, rather The Other speaks to her:

When I act pious  
The Other  
shakes her head.  
“Really,  
there you go again.”

Wondering  
what is my task and purpose  
in this life  
“Whatever you choose,”  
The Other replies

A format such as this presents a number of potential challenges.

First, the series could quickly become tedious—there is no variety in the form; the reader knows exactly what the next poem will look like. Olson wisely keeps the book-length series short at 27 tanka. As well, each tanka deals with a different issue—from something as simple as impatience for spring, to the death of loved ones, to uncertainty about the future. The issues are common concerns that many readers will be able to relate to, and offset to a certain degree the repetitious format.

Second, the personality of The Other, who we are led to accept is always right, risks becoming overbearing or sanctimonious. Fortunately, the author has managed to avoid this pitfall by giving The Other at times a tone of droll understatement (which Olson might well have developed further to good effect):

Contrite  
when I use my tongue  
as a blade to stop another.  
“Yes,” The Other affirms,  
“sometimes you are a handful.”

Finally, there is the risk that the poems are written and included because they fit the bill, rather than being good, stand-alone tanka. While it is true that the poems in the collection are not outstanding, they serve as the vehicle by which the author

communicates her reflections on life. Olson doesn't tell us anything we don't already know—her language at times risks slipping into well-worn therapeutic clichés—nevertheless, there is enough truth in them that they can bear hearing again, this time through the medium of tanka. *The Other* is not for everyone. But if you are stimulated by “New Age” thinking, you might want to take a look at this book.

**Kevin Goldstein-Jackson, *first flutter*.** Winchester VA: Red Moon Press, 2017. ISBN 978-1-947271-07-4. 15\$US  
[www.redmoonpress.com](http://www.redmoonpress.com)

*Reviewed by Joanne Morcom*

The 103 haiku in this collection are divided into four sections—spring, summer, autumn, and winter. The haiku in the first section refer to birds, insects, flowers and other spring-like images in unexpected ways, as in this clever example:

in the hospital  
"strictly no visitors"  
a fly on my nose

This could have been a very serious poem about illness, yet the last line adds a gentle touch of humour, making it all the more memorable.

The same can be said for the summer haiku, which are further enriched by the author's wry observations about human nature:

crowded beach  
I walk the shoreline  
reading tattoos

Many haiku in the winter section appeal strongly to the senses, especially this one, which captures the essence of the season through sight, sound, smell and touch:

cold autumn drizzle  
smell of damp decay  
blackbird pulls at worm

Insightful, observational humour is found in the winter haiku as well:

after the storm  
her garden gnomes  
no longer red-faced

*first flutter* is a delightful collection of both amusing and serious haiku, many of which have been previously published and received awards. The front cover photograph of a baby bird flapping its wings is nothing short of adorable. One hopes that Kevin Goldstein-Jackson continues to publish his work in book form for years to come.

***Persimmon: A Harvest of Haiku***, Stephen Henry Gill, ed.  
Kyoto: Hailstone Haiku Circle, 2017. ISBN 978-4-9900822-8-4.  
152 pages. ¥1300, 12\$US cash (18\$US, airmail, postage paid).  
Info.: [heelstone@gmail.com](mailto:heelstone@gmail.com).

*reviewed by Maxianne Berger*

The Hailstone Haiku Circle meet in the Kyoto area. Their last anthology, *Meltdown*, was in 2013. *Persimmon*, then, includes work written over the past four years. In his Personal Introduction, Stephen Gill (Tito) discusses persimmons within the cultural context as well as the metaphoric qualities he endows it with: “The persimmon is a tree for all seasons. I hope you enjoy the harvest from our own persimmon village.”

The poems are distributed through nine sections, four of “traditionally” anthologized haiku, but also a haibun, a *rensaku*, some poems themed around the Year of the Monkey, and others sequenced according to the alphabet. The collection ends with an “In Memorium” [sic].

It happens that years ago I misread a word in a friend’s poem, and so the last “permission” had fallen from the tree. It is, however, through this lens of permission that I’ll present the book—because the poets in the Hailstone Haiku Group, writing in English in Japan, give themselves much leeway in how they compose their poems, and this permission might well be worthy of investigation, here, on our side of the planet.

Let me begin with the more usual sections, arranged in groups alphabetically by author. The haiku presented are similar to any we’d find in our own anthologies. Consider, from Hisashi



Miyazaki: “To a slow climber/ red signals of the foggy trail —/  
rowanberries[.]” However these haiku sections also include a  
good number of four-liners. Here is one by Takashi Itani.

Joyful faces  
sorrowful faces  
on a campus hung  
with scent of plum

Tito calls this form a *haiqua*—a poem in the spirit of haiku but  
with one more line. The few times I previously encountered this  
layout, I thought it simply idiosyncratic. But here labeled and  
frequent, it invites more thought. Perhaps the semantic elements  
in Japanese are more compressed and require more words in  
English. Perhaps some poems need the emphasis a line break can  
provide. *Plum* is a spring kigo. Perhaps joyful-faced students are  
those who’ve noticed, sorrowful-faced students those who  
haven’t. The line break makes the distinction more important.

The haiku in “Singing Carmina Burana” concern rehearsals,  
performance and viewing. The observations include new insight  
and experiences, at times grounded in the more familiar. I love  
how Ursula Maierl’s poem combines these different worlds.

*Pur-pur-a-tum ...*  
petal by purple petal  
the clematis farewells

Another section, “Calendar Says,” is subtitled “an alphabetical  
sequence of haiku built out of verbal ideas.” Each haiku  
presented is annotated with such information as its seasonal  
reference, location of the break, how it links with the previous  
haiku, and the circumstances of its composition. Underlining the  
alphabet’s role in sequencing—it prevails over the traditional  
order of seasons—Tito heads each page with a word from the  
haiku: Flicker, Glitter, Hatch, Interlace, Jog. Here is “Sweep” by  
Branko Manojlovic.

Hideyoshi’s tomb—  
nobody sweeps here  
but the April wind

Even the “In Memorium” section differs from others I’ve seen.  
In *Persimmon*, the departed poets are remembered not by their

own haiku, but by tributes from other poets. Recalling Toshi Ida who died in 2014, Mizuho Shibuya writes:

Midnight dewdrops—  
between the lines of his haiku  
deep silence

There is much in *Persimmon* that we might consider for our own writing, however hard it is to give oneself permission to cross boundaries. Stephen Gill's phrase, "verbal ideas," refers to the alphabetical sequence. The word "verbal," though, is a reminder: however much importance poets place on actually experiencing that haiku moment and all its revelations, haiku is a genre of poetry, and poems are made of words.

**Luce Pelletier, *Papier rose/ Pink paper*.** Trans. by the poet. Carlton Place ON: Catkin Press, 2017. ISBN 978-1-928163-19-0. 15\$. Info.: [PelletierLuce@yahoo.ca](mailto:PelletierLuce@yahoo.ca) or Catkin Press, [ClaudiaRadmore@gmail.com](mailto:ClaudiaRadmore@gmail.com)

*reviewed by Maxianne Berger*

At Haiku North America last fall in Santa Fe NM, in a panel about haiku in French Canada, Jessica Tremblay brought up Luce Pelletier's innovative use of YouTube, and Claudia Radmore included Pelletier in her discussion of two-language editions. That book, *Papier rose/ pink paper*, is now published, and readers can enjoy both aspects because the URL's of the on-line video versions are printed below the corresponding poems.

These videos are not solely of Luce reading. For example, this web address, <[youtu.be/T9o2zH5iWkg](https://youtu.be/T9o2zH5iWkg)>, brings readers to *Poème–lune du loup (haibun)* [sic]. « les levers de lune. je n'en ai jamais compris la logique. à l'est. à l'ouest. dans les bras d'Orion. ... » Foregrounding Pelletier's mellifluous voice, the video smoothly moves through various guises of the January full moon. Those whose high-school French isn't up to scratch can read Pelletier's English version in the book: "moonrise. I never understood its logic. to the East. West. In the arms of Orion."

The poems in *Papier rose* are grouped into sections by genre: haiku, senryu, haibun and tanka prose, tanka, and dokugoum. You may wonder about this "dokugoum," but to say it is a solo

“rengoum” would not explain much more. A collection, *Rengoum*, co-written with French poet Jean-Claude « Bikko » Nonnet, was published last year at Unicité in Saint-Chéron, France. The “rengoum” is a hybrid Pelletier invented. It follows the prescribed seasons as well as the link and shift of renga, but also the rolling repeats one finds in pantoum. And despite the complexity of each stanza’s structure, respecting the various constraints, Pelletier has ably translated « *le jardin de Byzance* ». In this rengoum, the layout is in 5-line stanzas, 3-liner and its follow-up 2-liner. Here are two consecutive stanzas from “a garden in Byzance.”

the magnolia  
 sheds its petals  
 in the hot wind  
                   a touch of Byzantium  
                   brocade shoes  
  
 in the hot wind  
 the hour no longer expected  
 naked body  
                   brocade shoes  
                   tossed away

Obviously repeated lines cloud the great circle of a renga’s around-the-world circumference. But for those, like me, who are fascinated by how language elements change meaning in new contexts, the fractured narrative of Pelletier’s dokugoum, set as it is in its garden, is reminiscent of the story-telling in the Resnais-Robbe-Grillet classic, *L’année dernière à Marienbad*.

As to the more familiar types of poems, . . . It is no surprise that Pelletier’s sense of humour inhabits her senryu.

Friday/ at the office—/ bubble wrap  
 Her haiku, too, show her skill for finding *le mot juste*.  
                   what life/ is all about—/ sand castle  
                   *tout le sens/ de la vie—/ château de sable*

Luce Pelletier is a versatile poet. Her *Papier rose/ pink paper* shows us how—in two languages.

## Books in Brief

**André Duhaime, *Haiku et autres drogues*.** Ottawa : Éditions des petits nuages, 2017. ISBN 978-1926519302. 56pp. 12.75\$. Available at Amazon.ca and .com.

In his latest book, André Duhaime uses haiku to explore his experiences with a cardiac valve replacement. In her review (pp. 27-28), Huguette Ducharme writes that “despite being discouraged, in pain and exhausted, André Duhaime keeps his poet’s ears and eyes engaged. He misses nothing and shares his reality even when it becomes altered by adverse reactions to morphine: *heavily armed/ coloured insects/ advance in rows*” (trans. m.b.)

**Jocelyne Villeneuve, *Bagatelles*.** André Duhaime, ed.. Ottawa: Éditions des petits nuages, 2017. ISBN 978-1926519210. 66 p. Amazon.ca, \$15 ; Amazon.com, 12.50\$US.

*Bagatelles* by Jocelyne Villeneuve is a previously unpublished 1989 manuscript, edited by André Duhaime. In her review (pp. 28-29), Jeanne Painchaud writes that “from the outset the section titles of the book are intriguing, perhaps echoes of the poet’s forced celibacy: Spring, Weddings, Summer, Baptisms, Fall, Christmas, and Winter. The sensitivity of her voice, so moving to hear once again, flows through the whole book, manifest by haiku we’d like to remember for a long time: *Suddenly at dawn/ I awaken to the silence/ of the first snowfall*” (trans. m.b.)

## Journals of Interest

See web sites for information on subscriptions, single-issue purchase, and submission guidelines.

**Modern Haiku, An Independent Journal of Haiku and Haiku Studies.** Paul Miller, Editor. [www.modernhaiku.org](http://www.modernhaiku.org)

**Frogpond, The Journal of the Haiku Society of America.** Christopher Patchel, Editor. [www.hsa-haiku.org/frogpond](http://www.hsa-haiku.org/frogpond)

**Kō.** Kōko Katō, Editor, 1-36-7 Ishida cho, Mizuho-ku, Nagoya, Japan 467-0067, \$20US (no cheques or money orders) for two issues.

**HI**, [www.haiku-hia.com/index\\_en.html](http://www.haiku-hia.com/index_en.html) 128, 129, 130 & 131, 2017, Haiku International Assoc., 7th Floor, Azuma Building, 2-7 Ichigaya-Tamachi, Shinjuku-ku, Tokyo, 162-0843, Japan. Membership: \$50 US.

**Haiku Presence: Britain's leading independent haiku journal.** Ian Storr, Editor. [www.haikupresence.org](http://www.haikupresence.org)

**Kokako**, a biannual journal of haiku, tanka, haibun and linked pieces by New Zealanders and others. Info.: Patricia Prime, Editor, [pprime@ihug.co.nz](mailto:pprime@ihug.co.nz).

**Ribbons: Tanka Society of America Journal**, David Rice, Editor. [www.tankasocietyofamerica.org/ribbons](http://www.tankasocietyofamerica.org/ribbons)

**GUSTS**, biannual publication of Tanka Canada, Kozue Uzawa, Editor. [www.tanka.a2hosted.com/g-u-s-t-s-homepage-3.html](http://www.tanka.a2hosted.com/g-u-s-t-s-homepage-3.html)

**scifaikuest**, teri santitoro, Editor. [www.albanlake.com/guidelines-scifaikuest](http://www.albanlake.com/guidelines-scifaikuest)

**Star\*Line**, newsletter and network instrument of the Science Fiction & Fantasy Poetry Association, Vince Gotera, Editor. [www.sfpoetry.com/starline.html](http://www.sfpoetry.com/starline.html)

**International Tanka**, Journal of the International Tanka Society. Mari Konno, Editor. [www17.plala.or.jp/ITS117/English%20index.html](http://www17.plala.or.jp/ITS117/English%20index.html)

## Net Briefs

a short list of online publications of interest.

**The Asahi Haikuist Network; a selection of seasonal haiku from poets living around the world.** David McMurray, editor. [asahi.com/ajw/special/haiku](http://asahi.com/ajw/special/haiku)

**Autumn Moon Haiku Journal.** Bruce Ross, editor. [www.autumnmoonhaiku.com](http://www.autumnmoonhaiku.com)

**Bear Creek Haiku – poetry, poems and info.** ayaz daryl nielsen, Editor. [bearcreekhaiku.blogspot.ca](http://bearcreekhaiku.blogspot.ca)

**bones – journal for contemporary haiku.** Aditya Bahl, Melissa Allen, Johannes S. H. Bjerg, editors. [www.bonesjournal.com](http://www.bonesjournal.com)

**Cattails – the journal of the united haiku & tanka society,** Sonam Chhoki, principle editor. [www.cattailsjournal.com](http://www.cattailsjournal.com) Two issues yearly.

**Charlotte Digregorio’s Writer’s Blog.** Features “Daily Haiku” of submitted, previously published haiku and senryu. [charlottedigregorio.wordpress.com](http://charlottedigregorio.wordpress.com)

**Failed Haiku – A Journal of English Senryu,** Mike Rehling, editor. [www.failedhaiku.com](http://www.failedhaiku.com) New issue monthly.

**HALIBUT** welcomes haiku, senryu, gendai, haibun, haiga, tanka, renku, and related forms. Susan Gillis, Mary di Michele, editors/curators. [halibuthaiku.blogspot.ca](http://halibuthaiku.blogspot.ca)

**The Heron’s Nest,** [www.theheronsnest.com](http://www.theheronsnest.com) John Stevenson, managing ed.

**is/let,** [isletpoetry.wordpress.com](http://isletpoetry.wordpress.com) Scott Metz, editor.

**Juxtapositions: The Journal of Haiku Research and Scholarship.** Peter McDonald, Sr Ed. On line & print. [www.thehaikufoundation.org/juxta/about-juxta](http://www.thehaikufoundation.org/juxta/about-juxta)

**moongarlic E-zine – contemporary words & art,** Sheila Windsor and Brendan Slater, editors. [www.moongarlic.org](http://www.moongarlic.org) On hiatus with hopes to return; last issue posted May 2017.

**NeverEnding Story: First English-Chinese Bilingual Haiku and Tanka Blog,** Chen-ou Liu, editor/ translator. [neverendingstoryhaikutanka.blogspot.ca](http://neverendingstoryhaikutanka.blogspot.ca) .

**tinywords – haiku and others small poems,** Kathe Palka & Peter Newton, eds. [www.tinywords.com](http://www.tinywords.com)

## Et Cetera

**Red Iron Press,** Karen Sohne, editor. Red Iron seeks poetry, fiction, concrete to be published generally in a folded paper format (8.5 x 11 sheet folded and cut into 12 panels). For details, contact Karen at [imagorediron@gmail.com](mailto:imagorediron@gmail.com).

## Submission Guidelines

The **Haiku Canada Review** welcomes haiku, related writing, letters and reviews from members and non-members.

Send submissions, in English, to: Mike Montreuil, Publications Editor, 1409 Bortolotti Cr., Ottawa, ON K1B 5C1  
[publications@haikucanada.org](mailto:publications@haikucanada.org)

**Send** submissions, in French, to: Claude Rodrigue  
[haikufrancais@haikucanada.org](mailto:haikufrancais@haikucanada.org)

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

All work submitted must be author's original work. Responsibility for ownership and originality lies with the contributor. Submission constitutes permission to publish. Work accepted may also be used on the Haiku Canada web site or on social media such as Twitter or Facebook and submission to Haiku Canada Review is taken as acceptance of this condition. Opinions expressed are those of the authors and do not necessarily reflect those of other members or membership as a whole. If submitting by postal mail, include return envelope.

**Book Reviews:** poets and publishers to contact Maxianne Berger, book-review editor: [reviews@haikucanada.org](mailto:reviews@haikucanada.org).

**Recensions :** poètes et éditeurs doivent communiquer avec Maxianne Berger, [reviews@haikucanada.org](mailto:reviews@haikucanada.org).

book reviews	request deadline
for the February issue	October 31
for the October issue	July 1
recensions de livres	date limite pour la demande
pour le numéro de février	le 31 octobre
pour le numéro d'octobre	le 1 juillet

**Haiku Canada Sheets** are open to members only, or non-members by invitation. Published and unpublished work is considered for sheets. Sheet payment is 10 copies.

**Haiku Canada E-News** issues news provided by members and others in a timely manner. All news such as conferences, contests, deadlines, and regional news should be sent, copy ready, to: Carole Daoust, Coordinator, Haiku Canada E-News [newsletter@haikucanada.org](mailto:newsletter@haikucanada.org)

**Haiku Canada Members' Anthology**, published annually. Calls for submissions are sent via E-News and posted on the Haiku Canada website.

## **Membership & Subscriptions**

\$30 CDN yearly (\$15 students) in Canada, \$35 US elsewhere, 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.

Payment via PayPal is available on the website. Payment by postal mail may be sent to the Membership Secretary:  
Katherine Munro, 19 Hayes Cres. Whitehorse, YT Y1A 0E1

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***d o r m i d t e r m i d w i n t e r o o m***

*Roland Packer*



## Haiku Canada Executive

**President:** Terry Ann Carter, 2326 Park Ridge Place, Victoria,  
BC V9B 6J1 [president@haikucanada.org](mailto:president@haikucanada.org)

**Vice President:**

**Membership Secretary:** Katherine Munro, 19 Hayes Cres.  
Whitehorse, YT Y1A 0E1

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[newsletter@haikucanada.org](mailto:newsletter@haikucanada.org)

**Website Coordinator:** Luminita Suse, [luminita.suse@yahoo.ca](mailto:luminita.suse@yahoo.ca)

**Publications Editor:** Mike Montreuil  
[publications@haikucanada.org](mailto:publications@haikucanada.org)

**Archivist:** Dorothy Howard, 67 Court, Aylmer, QC J9H 4M1  
[archives@haikucanada.org](mailto:archives@haikucanada.org)

**Secretary:** Lynne Jambor, [lynnejambor@gmail.com](mailto:lynnejambor@gmail.com)

## Regional Coordinators/Correspondents

**BC, YT, NT:** Vicki McCullough, 301-1125 McLean Dr.,  
Vancouver, BC V5L 3N5 [vmccullough@haikucanada.org](mailto:vmccullough@haikucanada.org)

**AB, SK, MB:** Joanne Morcom, 1314 Southbow Pl. SW, Calgary,  
AB T2W OX9 [morcomj@telus.net](mailto:morcomj@telus.net)

**ON:** Claudia Coutu Radmore [claudiaradmore@gmail.com](mailto:claudiaradmore@gmail.com)

**QC:** Angela Leuck, 3388 Joseph St., Verdun, QC H4G 1H9  
[acleuck@gmail.com](mailto:acleuck@gmail.com)

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*LeRoy Gorman*

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