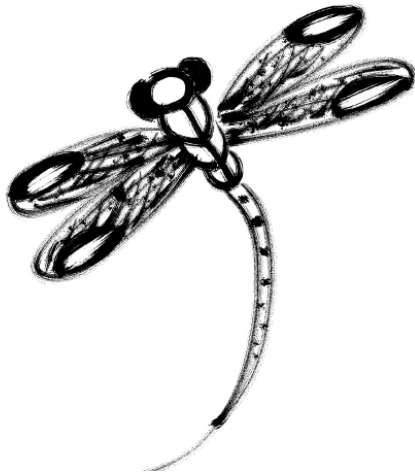


HAIKU CANADA REVIEW



Volume 12

October 2018

Number 2

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Art : Cover and interior drawing: Debbie Strange

Sheets:

- *Holiday Blizzard* by The Heron's Quill
- *Between the Cobbles* by Pam and Ellen Cooper

From the Editor. . .

Bonjour!

This issue of the *Haiku Canada Review* is a bit of a throwback, as there are many styles of haiku presented. One thing you will also notice is that the issue includes many more writers from around the world. I'm quite happy that we continue to be considered.

Also, you can read about the new Book Review initiative Maxianne Berger is working on.

Lastly, I do hope you will all contribute to the 2019 Members' Anthology. It will be edited by Devin Harrison and me. Submissions will open on Dec 1, 2018. Please watch for the official announcement at the start of November.

Cheers and happy reading!
Mike



Roland Packer

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LeRoy Gorman

Under the Ginkgo Tree: Essays on Female Pioneer Haiku Poets in Canada (Part Four)

Betty Drevniok

The woman Haiku Canada honours each year with an international haiku competition – Betty Drevniok – was born Betty Biggers (her adopted name) in 1917, in St. Louis, Missouri. She trained as a nurse there and later moved to Illinois. It was during her time in Chicago, after the Second World War had ended, that she answered an advertisement for “nurses needed” at the Madonna House, Lay Apostate Centre/Hospital in Combermere, Ontario.

In 1947, Betty left the United States, travelled north to Canada to begin a new life, which included a marriage to William (Bill) Drevniok, and later a son named Charles (Charlie), all the while living on a farm, and delving into her artistic, creative skills. (Her adopted father had been a prominent artist in St. Louis at the turn of the century).

My mother drew all the time. She made handmade paper, learned calligraphy and haiku. It was just the way her mind worked. Haiku was a natural – she loved being outdoors, her son Charlie Drevniok confided in a recent telephone interview. We would go for a drive, down back roads just to find “views”. We would all go to the beach – mum, dad, and me, and just sit there – noticing. She used this word a lot. We would “notice” things.

Taking the “nom du plume” Makato, Betty self published “Impressions of Rural Ontario” in 1975 with hand written,

calligraphic haiku, and brush-like illustrations. Her introduction invites readers to “stand together to view and experience one moment in time and timelessness. Here are a few haiku from this collection:

At dawn, snow falling
on the old weather vane ...
deepens the silence.

Long evening shadows,
down the greening hillside
the hidden cricket’s sound.

Autumn loneliness –
in the dusk, an unknown bird
answers my call.

Midnight stillness...
flickering through a winter sky
the Northern Lights.

Water lilies white,
around the green scummed pond;
midday heat.

1977 proved to be a very successful year for Betty with two publications from Commoner’s Press in Ottawa: “Focus on Shadows” and “Inland: Three Rivers from an Ocean”. Like her earlier “Impressions”, both books were hand written in sumi-e style calligraphy with illustrations. They were also authored by “MAKATO”.

“Focus on a Shadow” begins this way: Shadows of the season come and go elusively...shadows are everywhere day and night. Impressions in the world of shadows ...expressed in haiku [are] the shortest form of pure poetry. The collection was dedicated to Lorraine Ellis Harr; each of the twenty-eight haiku included a reference to shadow.

A drift of snow
in the picnic table’s shadow.
first day of spring.

Spring breezes –
on the rain pebbled beach
the iris’ shadows

Shadows of its wings
fold beneath the landing gull;
midday heat.

Up and down the wall...
wasps and shadows move slowly;
the evening heat.

Night shadows
footprints in a curving line
up the snowy hill

“Inland” referred to the Ottawa River, the St. Lawrence River, and the Madawaska River, and the Atlantic Ocean. In her introduction she wrote: Haiku is a poem-telegram, a haiku-gram that means exactly what it says. There are no hidden meanings expressed in symbols, no metaphors, no similes, and no

personification. Do not look for these techniques of English literature and composition. Instead you find the author writing in a simple direct manner. Before the poems appear there is a short greeting, as though Betty is trying to speak directly to her reader. Here the river flows deep and clear across the land. All the seasons of the year follow...and the spirit of MAKATO, too.

Dawn stillness...
honeysuckle leaves unfolding
into wet spring snow

crumbling, the old foundation;
plum blossoms again
...among the bees

A cold day's end;
all the withered weeds
drip in the rain

Night winds
creaking with the old farm gate;
a frozen galaxy

Deepfelt cold;
in the old house, vacant windows
dull the sun

Betty and her husband Bill eventually sold the farm and with this money invested in a six acre property with vacation cabins along the Madawaska River. This cabin setting along the river became the perfect place to host haiku gatherings. The first one was held on the Thanksgiving weekend in 1978 (The Haiku Society of

Canada had been founded the year before with George Swede and Dr. Eric Amann). The weekend was titled “Festival of the Falling Leaves” and continued for many years to come. Hans Jongman, haiku poet from Toronto, recalls these memories (reprinted with permission from “Shift Change” /catkin press, 2017)

“What I recall best about Betty Drevniok was her hospitality. It was a privilege that she welcomed me to her home in idyllic Combermere, Ontario during the 1987 Thanksgiving “Festival of the Falling Leaves” to celebrate haiku. Betty and her husband hosted this once a year event at their cottages by the lake since Haiku Canada’s inception in 1977. Late on Saturday evening, I experienced a bad case of homesickness. I especially missed my six months old young daughter and I decided to return to Toronto. Betty was very concerned but was reassured that I had not been drinking.

feral cat
licking the snow
off her kittens

No doubt Betty would have clung to me and prevented me from leaving if indeed I had been drinking alcohol. She cared deeply about others which was not surprising since she was a nurse. After saying my goodbyes, to my newfound friends, Betty braved the cold and walked me to my car. It was a night of no moon. It took me awhile to scrape the early frost off the car windows while the car was warming up. She and I hugged goodbye. Betty stood at the end of the driveway until I was out of view.”

distant stars
the air from the car heater
blows cold



Portal Publications, in Bellingham, Washington, published Betty's haiku primer titled *AWARE*, in 1980. The staple bound chapbook was dedicated to three of her haiku poet friends: Helen Stiles Chenoweth, Rhoda de Long Jewell, and Kay Titus Mormino. *AWARE* was her "magnum opus" with a carefully written introduction by Anna Vakar. "Over the past twenty five years or so, the practice of haiku in English has undergone many experiments, been subjected to many theories, and suffered through much ignorance, with the result that there is now considerable confusion as to the meaning of the word in North America... Betty Drevniok's book *AWARE* will undoubtedly help many people understand what basic haiku is, as well as offer them a glimpse into the Zen-oriented tradition which has been widely adopted by haiku practitioners in the Western world. It is concerned with guiding both beginners and teachers.

The author who is President of the Haiku Society of Canada, leads the reader through a "how-to" journey based on a primary form of haiku called the "picture haiku" and a justly honoured haiku tradition; then the reader enters a fascinating collection of haiku written on assigned themes for this primer, by modern Canadian, American, and a Japanese practitioner of the art...using the principles studied and practiced in the first two sections, the reader can adopt the experiences...and ask could this or that experience be conveyed any better? And if so, how. It

is as much of a mistake to think that haiku can be mastered easily, as it is to think that wisdom can be attained without experience.”

The Table of Contents of AWARE contain these sections: the haiku journey, punctuation, the haiku tradition, haiku is..., the haiku experience, western poetry and haiku, the haiku form, human nature/nature, one particular event, principles of comparison, when a haiku experience occurs, haiku does not tell a story.

Betty asked her friends to write short articles on particular themes: E. James contributed ”Sense of Sight/Another Sense”; L.A. Davidson on “The Feel of the Weather”; Edna Purviance on “Compare or Contrast: Weight”; Nobuo Hirasawa on “Colour”; M. Claire Pratt on “Distinctive Point of View”; Mike Dudley on “People Affairs”; George Swede on “Something Out of Place. Rod Wilmot contributed “Question With No Answer” and Ann Atwood wrote on “Haiku With an Illogical Ending”; LeRoy Gorman contributed “Onomatopoeia”; plus a few more. The collection is extensive and serves ultimately as a comment or “explanation” on an author’s own poem.

It was in AWARE that Betty wrote: the best haiku is created from actual experiences that are happening at this moment. As people are writing haiku they should be alone in order to allow the universe to touch them and at the same time allow themselves to become aware of nature and reality. Be aware of things around you. Let those things reach out and touch you as in the Japanese phrases ‘mono no aware’, the touchingness of things and the touchingness of life ‘yo no aware’. The small guidebook became a favourite resource within the haiku community, and is still available on line.

Fifth in his Hexagram series, Marco Fraticelli's King's Road Press published Betty's "Thoughts of Spring" including these words as an introduction (and interpretation of hexagram 24) "The universe persists through renewal. Things cannot be destroyed once and for all. Nature's course is cyclical. In winter, the life energy is still underground". "Thoughts of Spring" included the following seminal poems:

harvest moon:
cutting the pie
into six slices

first day of May
my grandson
brings two dandelions

snow at dusk
our pot of tea
steeps slowly darker

the shortest day:
sunshine
through the prism

In her later years, Betty was interested in alternate energies and put her attentions "back to the land"; she built a huge pyramid in the backyard. Again, Hans Jongman recalls a visit to Betty:

"During a subsequent visit, Betty took me and the artist Rinus Maters to the Pyramid. Betty, with the help of others, had built a

wood frame, tarp covered pyramid the height of a four story building. She told us that during the time of construction, the local people considered the idea of a pyramid “eccentric” and that’s putting it mildly. What else could be expected of an expatriate, and an American at that, the locals thought. Never mind that even an icon like Red Kelly during the 1975 NHL playoffs, had used pyramid power to bolster up the team’s chances.

first snow
the old pond
transformed

In due time, “Betty’s Pyramid” became a local landmark to which teachers took their students for school excursions. I remember how proud Betty was when she pointed out the tomato plants growing on the second level of the pyramid, twice their normal size.

wind unravelling sapling
the gardener apprentice
rolls up her sleeves

She dared me to climb up the rickety steps to the apex. After spending about one minute up there, I came down, flustered. Not surprisingly, it is believed that the power at the apex comes from an as yet unknown energy field originating from somewhere in the center of our galaxy.”

in the western sky
the sun's inverted
pyramid



After Betty passed away, in 1997, several of her poems were selected for Cor van den Heuval's "The Haiku Anthology" (W.H. Norton and Co, 1999) Permission was received by her son Charlie, to publish "snow at dusk" along with these haiku:

A drift of snow
In the picnic table's shadow
first day of spring

Deep snow:
peeling potatoes—
dark earth on my hands

autumn night:
following the flashlight beam
through the rain

I would like to close this tribute to Betty Drevniok with a haiku composed by Hans Jongman for her (reprinted with permission):

solar flares flash out into space



Betty Drevniok was a tireless worker promoting haiku. As a nurse, wife, mother, farm hand, cottage owner, artist, calligrapher, reader, writer, and poet, she embodied the spirit of haiku in all she accomplished. Let us remember her words: "In haiku the SOMETHING and the SOMETHING ELSE are set down together in clearly stated images. Together they complete and fulfill each other as ONE PARTICULAR EVENT."

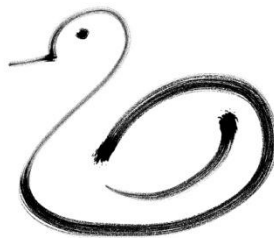
References:

Drevniok, Betty. Impressions of Rural Ontario (self published) 1975

———, Focus on Shadows. Commoner's Press, 1977

———, Inland: Three Rivers from an Ocean, 1977

———, Aware – A Haiku Primer, Portal Publications, 1980





Sunday visit . . .
the sounding bells
of china cups

Debbie Strange

Haiku Plus

the hair i caressed
i now sweep
third week of chemo

Arch Haslett

passing fancy
a skim of green on the pool
she had to have

Barbara Tate

on the clothesline
a spider's web of gnats
drying

Betty Warrington-Kearsley

founders dinner
a special thanks
to the stromatolites

free cone day
a scout asks for
peachmint

Bill Cooper

open house
another realtor
renames the landfill park

my uncle's jokes
an endless line of penguins
diving off the ice

Brian Robertson

transatlantic flight
passing over the hiking trails
near home

Bruce Ross

stalking the taste of venison bow hunter

spring equinox
filling the new birdbath
with prayers

Carolyn Coit Dancy

in my grief
painting the red tulips
with a tinge of black

Charlotte Digregorio

blowing out his candles
Grandfather's button
hangs by a thread

Charlotte Digregorio

5 p.m.
a full moon
returning home

Connor McDonald

away
drifting
summer
lake clouds

Dan Curtis

home videos . . .
we watch him grow
rebellious

old photos . . .
the history of
her thumb

Dave Read

owl pellet
picking apart
his story

Deb Koen

fishing license
marriage license
worms

faded dogwood
the forgotten road
to mother's birthplace

Deborah P Kolodji

chips fly from an oak
the woodpecker works over
thinking still thinking

Derk Wynand

awakened by
quarreling crows
i reach for her

Donald Skrivseth

border crossing . . .
a slight upheaving
of a mole tunnel

Elinor Pihl Huggett

night life
crossing the intersection
a family of raccoons

through the hurricane
names of friends now vanish
from once marked graves

Frances Mary Bishop

children drift home
one by one by one
sundown clouds

Grant D. Savage

closing
the beach umbrella
starlight

Hans Jongman

I remember
Dad's funeral
the undecided clouds
. . . my tears

Jean Jorgensen

storm warning
we make a quick trip
to the beer store

sudden storm
I'd like to bounce
like the hail stones

Joanne Morcom

sun bleached flotsam
the fear of death
washed ashore

John Fisher

cemetery walk
a crow in the old oak
counting my laps

John Quinnett

spring rain . . .
even the garbage bin
looks fresh

Kanchan Chatterjee

old rake
she left him
in the garden

Kevin Goldstein-Jackson

end of war—
fireworks shape
mom's tears

Lavana Kray

give an inch
& he takes a yard
creeping charlie

divining
his intentions
my branch of witch hazel

Angela Leuck

lest we forget
every poppy
has a pin

LeRoy Gorman

remembering—
poppies swaying
against a somber sky

Line Gauthier

on edge
a part of me
already falling

Liv Saint James

he asks
what is yerba mate
good for
would I trade it
for his cappuccino?

Luminita Suse

blind date . . .
a lace tablecloth
in the greasy spoon

Margaret Rutley

your were there
and then you weren't
hummingbird

Marje Dyck

mother's hand
on my arm
speaking without words

Marjorie Brumuller

your
has been
due to

8:52
cancelled

train

fatality

to work a morning after
it's the wrong train
wrong direction

Marshall Hryciuk

hospice window
cherry blossoms
fade and fall

Mary Kendall

colorful kites
flames in the sunset
beyond the river

Minko Tanev

while my nails dry
she tells me
I must pray to Jesus

Muriel Ford

argument
after argument
shepherd's pie

Nika

motorcycles—
the lad in the wheelchair
looks the other way

Panagiotis Kentikelenis

widow's garden
the scarecrow wearing
a new hat

Pat Benedict Campbell

she ignores
my gardening advice
snapdragons

Robert Piotrowski

bougainvillea
do you hurt
like I hurt?

Robert Piotrowski

halloween party
goofy grins
at wonder woman

raindrops
on an empty beer can
unpaid rent

Robert Witmer

snow flurries . . .
bulletin boards full
of concerts

Roland Packard

pumpkin stem
my child tries to lift
the universe

Srinivasa Rao Sambangi

foggy evening
the world around me
narrowing

Sheila Bello

river pebble
no one remembers
its sharpened edges

Stoianka Boianova

herring rake
fishing
the topmost cherries

Sue Mackenzie

north of 60 —
walking my shadow
past midnight

Susan Constable

late winter walk
he lets his dog
make all the decisions

Susan Constable

my father's last boat-
a moon rocking
in bilge water

thoughts
of not being
here
when flowers
split rocks

Tom Dawe

equinox ...
comparing today
to yesterday

Victor Ortiz

retirement home
someone's grandchild
missing a sock

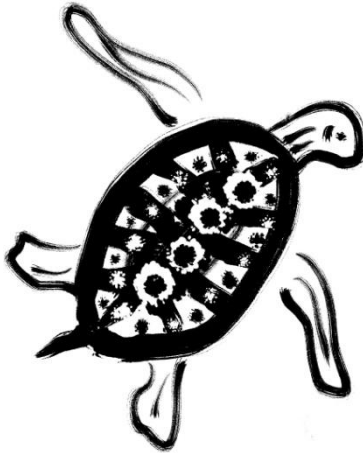
William Scott Galasso

not wanting to know
rats
in war zone rubble

William Scott Galasso

the leader's manifesto pyrocumulus

Roland Packer



Un animal de compagnie

Haïkus réunis par Claude Rodrigue

effluves d'avril
pas un chat au cimetière
Black mon chien est mort

Francine Minguez

pluie battante
des pétales dans la gamelle
de mon chien mort

Eléonore Nickolay

déjeuner servi
la petite perruche
grimpe sur la table

Nane Couzier

l'écolière fatiguée
peine sur ses devoirs
le chat endormi

Philippe Macé

bébés étourneaux
de l'entre-toit
me suivent comme des poules

Liette Croteau

sifflements fougueux
à mon entrée dans l'appart'
cobayes affamés

Josette Pellet

une mésange picore
mon chat derrière la fenêtre
la mange des yeux

Béatrice Aupetit-Vavin

tous bords tous côtés
le chaton n'y arrive pas
la vilaine mouche

Jean-Philippe Rivest

près de l'aquarium
l'ombre d'un petit poisson
couchée sur le chat

Nicolas Le Gallic

la tourterelle rieuse
juste un peu plus foncée
dans le miroir

Monique Lévesque

le chat m'entend
miauler en mandarin —
māo

Micheline Beaudry

fin de journée
sur le bureau le chat renifle
mes haïku

Cristiane Ourliac

mon oreille gauche
plus propre que la droite
la langue du york

Jean-Paul Gallmann

départ en vacances
dans le rétroviseur
il n'aboie plus

Sandrine Waronski

dans la rue
le caniche coiffé
comme sa maîtresse

Salvatore Tempo

rue Mont-Royal
deux petits chiens avec bonnets
dans une poussette

Claire Du Sablon

le jardin public
un gros chien de compagnie
promène son maître

Keith A. Simmonds

je la regarde avec amour
son labrador
bave sur ma chemise

Marc Bonetto

flot des passants
le vieux mendiant parle
à son petit chien

Damien Gabriels

pelouse interdite
mon shih tsu lève la patte
sur la pancarte

Nicole Gremion

soleil mordant
il supervise la taille de la haie
le Dobermann

Marie-Alice Maire

« attention chien féroce »
en passant l'inconnu
lui gratte le menton

Delphine Eissen

inséparables
le moineau ne quitte pas
l'épouvantail

Rodica P. Calotă

dans la fenêtre
des gouttes de pluie
et un museau

Claire-Andrée Bourgeois

soir d'automne
le chat joue avec la souris
du PC

Minh-Triêt Pham

première neige
sous la table de la terrasse
deux chatons

Claude Rodrigue

longue journée
regarder tomber la neige
avec les chats

Bikko

mamy rit sous cape
près du sapin de Noël
un des cadeaux jappe

Diane Descôteaux

Épiphanie
pour le roi l'enfant choisit
son chat

Christiane Ranierie

cercueil ouvert
un minet en peluche
sur son épaule

Marie Dupuis

froid de canard
lui le colvert
s'en moque bien

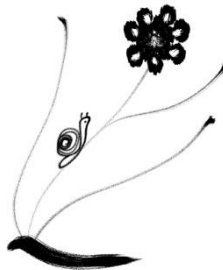
Philippe Quinta

=====

« Les animaux de compagnie sont comme les humains. Ils nous rappellent que nous avons une obligation et une responsabilité de les préserver et les nourrir et prendre soin d'eux toute la vie. »

James Cromwell (1940, États-Unis)

Prochain thème : **La file d'attente.**



Au delà de ces pages

Je suis heureuse de vous annoncer que bientôt nous allons suppléer aux recensions dans les pages de *Haiku Canada Review* avec un blogue dédié aux recensions : *HCshohyōran* (chronique des recensions). Ceci nous permettra de parler de nouveaux livres dans de meilleurs délais, soit au fur et à mesure que je les recevrai. Ces recensions, électroniques, seront évidemment plus accessibles.

J'ai hâte à cette nouvelle aventure qui ne serait pas possible sans notre équipe des recensions, les coordonnatrices des nouvelles électroniques et du site web, le directeur des publications, et le conseil d'administration de Haïku Canada. Je les remercie toutes et tous pour leur participation et leur encouragement.

vous souhaitant d'heureux lendemains,
Maxianne Berger
responsable des recensions pour *HCR*

Livres reçus . . .

Revue rivalités, été 2018 (Vol.3, No.2) : « Montréal ». . Ce numéro met à l'honneur la ville de Montréal et ses poètes de haïku. \$9.95 (\$5.95 numérique). <www.reneclairon.ca>

Le haïku à la lumière du braille 2018. Collectif de haïkus avec traductions en anglais et en arabe. 12.95\$. Pour chaque livre vendu, les Éditions Renée Clairon remettront 2\$ à la fondation En vue, de l'institut Nazareth et Louis Braille qui œuvre au Québec pour le soutien des personnes aveugles et ayant une déficience visuelle. <www.reneclairon.ca>

Recensions . . .

Huguette Ducharme, *L'ours aux cent noms*; Haïbuns; Accompagner des enfants endeuillés. Éditions Renée Clairon, Boisbriand, 2016. ISBN 978-2-9815277-6-9, 11x17cm, 106 pages, \$15.00. <http://reneeclairon.ca/>

En parcourant les rayons de poésie de la bibliothèque municipale de Baie-Comeau (Québec), j'ai découvert, dans la section dédiée à la poésie d'inspiration japonaise, le recueil *L'ours aux cent noms* d'Huguette Ducharme. Puis, entre plusieurs gorgées de café viennois dans un café-bistro, j'ai lu le recueil d'une seule traite.

Dès les premières pages de *L'ours aux cent noms*, le lecteur est happé par le propos. L'auteure dédie son recueil aux « enfants endeuillés [qu'elle a] eu le privilège d'accompagner ». Ainsi, elle illustre le cheminement de l'écriture de ses haïbuns touffus d'émotion.

Cet ouvrage poétique est profondément humain. Les courts textes ratissent bien les sentiments vécus par des enfants et ils démontrent toute la délicatesse dans les interventions et les stratégies déployées par les adultes pour les délester de leur peine.

Les propos et les haïkus sont justes et percutants pour décrire l'absence. Dans « Le Mandala des émotions » (p. 41), Ducharme termine avec ce haïku : « en bleu sa tristesse / la couleur des yeux / de sa petite sœur » ou encore celui-ci, en « silence / ma main / sur son épaule » dans « Détresse » (p. 49) montre que, parfois, le geste est plus approprié que la parole. Quant à « Sans

retour » (p. 47), la fillette est dans l'impossibilité de refaire le passé. Tout ce qu'il lui reste, c'est « un nouveau pyjama / une chemise / de son père » pour retenir imparfaitement sa présence dans le cercle familial. De même, la lecture « d' Au revoir Blaireau » (p. 69), inspiré d'un texte de la littérature jeunesse, commence par le haïku métaphorique « début de l'histoire / les animaux aussi pleurent / la mort d'un ami ». L'analogie du deuil est sublime avec la descente « dans le Grand Tunnel » de leur ami Blaireau, ce qui afflige Taupe, Grenouille, Renard et madame Lapin.

Ducharme est remplie du bonheur de voir cheminer les enfants. Elle les voit apprivoiser l'absence d'une personne significative sans qu'ils vivent un tsunami d'émotions contradictoires.

Enfin, l'ourson écoute les « reniflements / contre une oreille / en peluche » entrecoupés des confidences chuchotées. Probablement, l'adulte aimerait aussi avoir *L'ours aux cent noms* pour le rassurer dans les moments similaires.

Recension par Claude Rodrigue

Secrets de femmes, collectif francophone de haïkus dirigé par Danièle Duteil. Éditions Pippa, Paris, 2018. ISBN : 978-2-37679-006-8. 122 pages. 18€. <http://www.pippa.fr/>
J'ai entre les mains ce collectif qui regroupe des haïkus de femmes dont le français est la langue d'écriture, un collectif qui démontre la présence grandissante des femmes dans la pratique du haïku.

Lancé en mai 2017, l'appel, dans lequel aucun thème n'était imposé, aucune règle n'a été proposée, a été bien entendu. Ça a

été un travail éditorial impressionnant que de regrouper, sous cinq grands thèmes, un peu plus de 400 haïkus originellement rédigés en français par 127 femmes provenant de divers pays (Angleterre, Autriche, Belgique, Canada, Égypte, France, Grèce, Roumanie, Tunisie, Suisse).

Je ne peux m'empêcher de songer au désert haïkuesque dans lequel ont œuvré deux Canadiennes francophones: Simone Routier (1901-1987) a été la première femme francophone à publier 14 de ses propres haïkus dans son recueil de poèmes *L'Immortel adolescent* (1928); Jocelyne Villeneuve (1941-1998) a été la première femme à publier un recueil constitué uniquement de haïkus *La Saison des papillons* (1980).

Comme Danièle Duteil le souligne dans sa préface, *Secrets de femmes* arrive dix années après *Regards femmes* (2008) de Janick Belleau, signataire de la postface de *SDF*. Il est donc inévitable de comparer : *SDF* regroupe un peu plus de 400 haïkus de 127 femmes (à noter que la plupart des poètes sont représentées par 3 ou 4 haïkus, une trentaine ne sont représentées que par un ou deux haïkus, et 14 par 5), et *PDF* regroupait 283 haïkus de 86 femmes. Il y a seulement 27 poètes présentes dans ces deux ouvrages. Si on remonte de dix autres années, soit en 1998, dans l'anthologie *Haïku sans frontières*, pour les pays francophones, on ne comptait que 5 femmes au Canada-français et 1 en France (Rozen Milin offrait ses haïkus en breton et français). On constate aisément que la pratique du haïku au féminin est en expansion.

Le choix du titre, *Secrets de femmes*, m'a étonné. Comme le mot « secret » se réfère habituellement à ce qui doit être tenu caché, ou à ce qui est réservé aux initiés, à la confiance, au silence en

quelque sorte, il aurait mieux convenu à un collectif de tankas; conséquemment, il y a de nombreux tercets « poétiques », plus proches de la poésie française dite traditionnelle lyrique. Une réflexion intime, un bon mot, une observation ne font pas un haïku, du moins pas dans la conception du *shasei*, du « croquis sur le vif » qui touche par les sens et non par l'intellect. Mais il y a vraisemblablement diverses écoles autres que celle-ci que je préfère. En revanche, je dois avouer que certaines, 'débutantes' ou non, offrent des images nouvelles.

Tout collectif ne peut être exhaustif. Les unes entendent et répondent et sont retenues; d'autres, pour diverses raisons, ne répondent pas ou ne sont pas retenues. J'aurais aimé entrer dans les « secrets » de poètes dont je connais d'excellents haïkus, ceux d'Hélène Leclerc, de Jeanne Painchaud...

Tout en appréciant ce collectif, je demeure dans l'attente d'une publication qui regrouperait le travail de femmes dont la pratique et l'exploration du haïku marquent une référence incontournable.

Enfin ... parmi les haïkus que j'ai appréciés, en voici quelques-uns :

*chaque sein
ne pèse plus que lui-même
fin d'allaitement*
Coralie Cruzet, p. 18

*l'odeur de ma mère
dort dans l'écharpe mauve
que je porte au cou*
Chantal Péran, p. 35

*Pâques
une table bien garnie
pour deux seulement*
Louise Vachon, p. 15

*son époux en fauteuil
elle dénoue pour lui
sa longue chevelure*
Danièle Duteil, p. 41

*même main de femme
écrasant l'araignée
coiffant sa fillette*
Christine Ourliac, p. 44

*ma main sur son épaule
a peur d'émettre ses os –
si grande vieillesse*
Frédérique Leriche, p. 46

*venant des jardins
elle entre au musée, voir
les natures mortes*
Micheline Beaudry, p. 65

*silence entre nous
depuis si longtemps en couple
avec le chat*
Sophie Danchaud, p. 82

*Toi et moi
dans la ville –
Pas de souvenirs ensemble*
Evelaine Lochu, p. 85

*Retour de la neige
Mes règles à jamais
disparues*
Monique Leroux Serres, p. 88

*Matin banal
assise sur un tronc d'arbre
je compte les vagues*
Denise Therriault-Ruest, p. 93

*ma première fois
les parfums du rivage
et le sien*
Sophie Copinne, p. 93

Recension par André Duhaime

* * *

Nane Couzier, *Retour aux cendres roses*, Haïkus. Éditions David, Ottawa, 2018. ISBN 978-2-89597-647-9. 128 pages. \$12.95. <http://editionsdavid.com/>

Le titre du recueil de Nane Couzier est à lui seul une épopée et une ballade lyrique. C'est la fin d'un voyage, la prolongation d'un aller-retour, une évocation : Retour aux cendres roses.

L'arrière-pays remplit les premières pages. Comme dans une peinture du Douanier Rousseau où la verdure surdimensionnée laisse peu de place au ciel.

Jadis le feu . . .

Le temps a tout réduit en cendres : la passion, l'amour, les liens.

cheminée noircie / y veillait jadis la nuit / de la cendre rose

Dans la discrétion du haïku, ce 'jadis' pèse lourd. Il est caché au milieu du poème. Le recueil y tresse une douce nostalgie qui cherche un présent à 'la cendre rose'

Jadis le feu . . .

Ce qui reste de la vie, de l'enfance, de la famille, du passé. Les feux anciens et oubliés qui se raniment quand on revient. Il n'y a plus de jardin et la maison est vide.

Le village tricote un avenir. L'hôpital et la poussière refroidie du cimetière culminent aux caveaux où sont les 'lignées réunies'. Une parentèle hors du temps.

retour au pays natal / chaque année son lot / de nouveaux décès

Maintenant la neige et le froid encadrent le retour. Les teintes changent, blanchissent, bleussent. Le paradoxe du froid pays réchauffe les cœurs.

du bout de l'index / dégager un soleil bleu / de son ciel de givre

il reste l'espoir, le silence 'la cendre rose' du nid d'hiver

Recension par Micheline Beaudry

* * *

Micheline Comtois-Cécycyre, *Au cœur du temps*. Éditions des petits nuages, Ottawa, 2016. ISBN : 978-1-926519-20-3. 110 pages. \$20. comtois_cecyrem@icloud.com

Micheline Comtois-Cécycyre nous offre dans cette première collection de ses poèmes d'inspiration japonaise un peu plus d'une centaine de haïkus et près de 70 tankas. Notons aussi les illustrations, par Gérard-Cécycyre (1933-2010) et par Gérard Aubus, qui illuminent les pages titres de chaque section, ainsi que la couverture.

Dans son avant-propos elle nous apprend qu'à la préparation de ce recueil elle ne connaissait le haïku que depuis 5 ans. Elle indique aussi ce que ces poèmes lui ont offert : « Écrire des haïkus et des tankas m'a permis d'extérioriser mon immense tristesse suite au décès de mon époux, l'amour de ma vie. » Le mot clé, ici, c'est le verbe « extérioriser » car les poèmes s'habillent rarement de vocabulaire de deuil intérieur—et même le haïku choisi pour cet avant-propos dévoile un certain optimisme pour l'avenir :

les amaryllis en fleurs/ de nouveaux printemps/ m'attendent

Les poèmes sont répartis selon les cinq saisons traditionnelles, et il est intéressant de voir comment ces mêmes amaryllis se présentent. Au printemps on voit l'amour, mais discret :

une amaryllis/ née de la nuit/ le temps d'aimer

Avec le haïku de l'été, l'identité du « tu » est incertain :

mes amaryllis/ tes roses qui perdurent/ scellons notre amitié

La saison automnale tient aussi ses amaryllis :

langueur de l'automne/ deux amaryllis en fleurs/ s'attardent

Finalement, l'importance des amaryllis se répète en hiver :

jardin d'hiver/ les amaryllis en secret/ veillent sur ma vie

Ces exemples montrent bien combien Comtois-Cécycy est discrète quant aux sentiments dans ses haïkus. Elle sait bien que les émotions évidentes relèvent du tanka.

*l'amaryllis rouge
a fleuri
en septembre
je la dépose sur la tombe
et mon cœur*

Si dans les haïkus il n'y a pas toujours une césure, ou bien s'il y en a deux, les poèmes se présentent en général avec l'objectivité essentielle au haïku, même quand un vers personnel s'y insère.

en octobre/ la forêt flambe/ seule sous la couette

Recension par Maxianne Berger

* * *

Haibun

Wolverine

When I first moved to a small community in northwest British Columbia, a new friend, a carver and storyteller, educated me on the history, culture, wildlife and lore of the area. One winter evening he regaled me with stories of the telegraph line that connected the Skeena area to Telegraph Creek, some 650 km to the northwest over rugged terrain. When it was being constructed, cabins were built along the route, and were about a day's journey by snowshoe from each other. These cabins were left unlocked year-round, and stocked with survival essentials including food staples, bedding, and a stack of wood by the stove. Havens in the event of a storm, extreme cold, an injury or equipment malfunction.

He told how one spring, when the crew maintaining the telegraph line came through, they found the door of one cabin ajar, and opened it to a scene of devastation. His wife had heard this all before but listened anyway, as she pulled dessert from the oven and poured us more coffee. He described how bags of flour and sugar had been ripped apart, cans punctured, bedding torn up, and the whole lot had been pissed on.

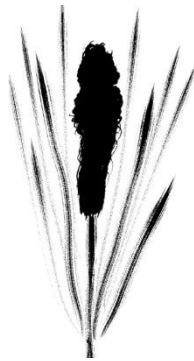
I listened, on the edge of my seat, enthralled with my adopted home and its colourful denizens. What wild animal or crazed maniac could have so desecrated this sanctuary? "Wolverine!" he concluded, sitting back in his chair. I believed him.

cabin fever
the beast within
unleashed

After a few years I moved away, but kept in touch with these good friends, her more than him. It was a sad day when they split up, and I know she loved him still. He struggled with his demons and was in rough shape at times. Last time I saw him, a couple years before his death, was a chance meeting at the edge of a wilderness lake. He looked well, and happy within himself. We shared a warm embrace, for the stories and the listening, for our younger selves, and all we'd been through since.

a casual wave
not knowing
it was goodbye

Ruth Powell



Dear Professor Hawking

Is time finite or infinite? If finite, what, if anything, comes after the end? If infinite, is it different from eternity, or the same? If different, does our moment exist in time, or in eternity? If the same, are there clocks in Heaven? If so, what time is it? Thank you for your time.

laughing
my grandniece tries to grasp
the butterfly

Ruth Mittelholtz

Autumn Wind

This is a body that knows hard work. It is no longer young. The knees are cranky, the back groans after cutting, splitting and stacking wood all day. The wind moves the trees. The leaves blaze and fall. In the evening I sit by the fire with a cup of tea. Outside the smoke from the stovepipe rises and fades in the darkening sky.

autumn wind
October blows by
so slow, so fast

Munira Judith Avinger

Fixer-Upper

my kitchen walls are the colour of melted butter my favourite the realtor says it's dated
needs to be freshened up so maybe blue sky blue or denim a feature wall with navy
the tree outside sways ahhhh green it's the color everyone wants to be these days
I can't wear green though maybe on the walls in a certain light

suitor . . .

I fall in love

with his brother

Margaret Rutley

His Power Lines

Looking for the petroglyphs said to be spaced along the long line of ridges but having no luck until a local woman and her children come our way and not only know what petroglyphs are but will show us where they are. She leads us to the best view point which is a huge boulder's edge that is near a large centipede petroglyph (a symbol of bad luck) and where her son earlier encountered a rattlesnake. At first reluctant to stand where the snake might still be we made a joke about it. We had seen groups of goat images on nearby boulders and now a perfect petroglyph group high on the cliffs reflecting the herder lifestyle of the ancient Indians who lived here.

goat petroglyphs
the longer the line
the more faded

But we finally found the one image we were looking for, a shaman in a trance state perhaps leading this group of goats with his music and energy.

transparent day moon
a flute-playing shaman
with his power lines

Bruce Ross

Linked Verses and Sequences

painting lady renku

painting lady
ruffles in shadow
early butterfly *Marshall Hryciuk*

a new crinoline
for First Communion *Maxianne Berger*

pondering
boxes of treasures
in the attic *Brendan Hewitt*

leaf after
leaf falling *LeRoy Gorman*

almost too cool
to lie in the field
under the full moon *Karen Sohne*

his tribute
after his stroke *Sandra Stephenson*

blue dusk
roof silhouettes
suddenly Batman *Brendan*

a gargoyle
spits

Maxianne

her fingers hover
above the cauldron
stirring the future

Karen

driving to Rochester
with the top down

kjmunro

dance competition
sandhill cranes
always ahead

Astrid Egger

giddy
on home-made sake

Claudia Radmore

no snowmen
too much poop
in the snow

DeVar Dahl

locked out of the bathroom
again

kj

canning tomatoes
sold out
day moon

Astrid

he pronounces it
“Tin-tin”

Maxianne

gorse blooming
along the fence
a cock pheasant

Claude Rodrigue

light rain
worms on the sidewalk

Philomene Kocher

into court
'me too' got you
crawling

Sharon Morrison

wearing hats to watch
the Royal Wedding

Karen & Phil

first dream
she speaks her love
in another language

terry ann carter

champagne sunrise
he wears new socks

Claudia

candle on her head
he slurs
Auld Lang Syne

Sharon

clock run down
alone in the dark

Brendan

the small puff
of air
from the yoghurt cup

terry ann

looking forward
to bare skin days

Sandra

so many contrails
over the beach
a sundog!

Karen

“I got a 'Very nice'
did you hear that?”

terry ann

garden prepared
to attract
hive bees

Brendan

law school
graduation

kj

going up I-95
rock faces
hung with wisteria

Karen

one balloon
flying above the others

terry ann

painted lady renku was started Friday May 18 in Bandeem Hall during the Haiku Canada Weekend 2018 at Bishop's College, Lennoxville, Québec and concluded Sunday morning the 20th at 12:50 am in the Second Floor common room of the Abbott Student Residence amidst much sake and dark chocolate.

Led by Marshall Hryciuk

ABRACADABRA

Giselle Maya

autumn begins
Japanese anemones
radiantly white
I water the evening away
tending purple wild asters

le vieil arbre sec
plein de trous pour les oiseaux
et les insectes
marque mon territoire
sans limites, la terre est sainte

wild yellow asters
have sprung into bloom
now that water lily leaves
are fading composting
can I find three goldfish . . .

murmurer
ce qu'on a vu et ressenti
le jeune renard
boit de l'eau, longuement
penché au bord du bassin

reverberations
a never-ending song
as autumn tints the land
I sing a song of stillness —
endless scarf of silver clouds

ruban de mangue
le ciel changé en soie
raffolent
les feuilles du peuplier
un petit melon pousse encore

a red squirrel
sculpts fallen walnuts
tasting
and hiding them for winter —
I crack three with a river stone

au bout de mes orteilles
des orties qui piquent
je les ramasse
avec un gant de feuilles
pour des tisanes d'hiver

with a blade of grass
between my thumbs
i improvise reed tunes
a single chrysanthemum
shines on the hill

Brushstrokes

Marilyn Ashbaugh
Jeanne Cook

breaking up
the iris no longer
display their beards

hot butter
on angel hair pasta

en plein air
impasto brushstrokes painted
with badger bristles

tall grasses
draw in the wind
Memorial Day

soft poppy petals
atop stiff whiskered stems

pollen basket
wilderness gathered
for baby bees

s allos

Roland Packer

Disemployed?

Chen-ou Liu

laid off
the autumn gust changes
its direction

unemployed
all these shapes
of winter clouds

job hunting
I step on the spring sun
in a puddle

summer heat
the AI greeter makes out
my fake smile



Beyond these pages

As I write this, I have a beautiful September day through my window, and the fall equinox is a week away. Which brings me to leaves, and to leafing through books. It seems that more and more are being published—more in all genres, and haiku and its sibling forms as well. As a result, more often than I'd like, I find myself unable to review what deserves to be discussed, because there is only so much space within these pages. To address this situation, with the go-ahead from the Haiku Canada executive, we'll soon be debuting a reviews blog.

Haiku Canada Review will continue to include a few book reviews each issue, but timely and accessible reviews will also appear in our HC*shohyōran* on line. I have chosen the Japanese term for “book review column” (書評欄) because it is an option, is relatively concise, and because I was unable to think of any name that is inclusive of both French and English books. Somehow, “*liread*” seems too obscure, and “recensions/reviews” too long, although these terms will naturally appear on the site itself.

We are not yet set up, however once HC*shohyōran* starts running, reviews will be posted as our reviewers write them, the membership will be advised via our electronic newsletter, and poets and publishers will, in turn, be able to advise their set of readers, and also add links to the reviews on their own web sites.

This adventure would not be possible without our team of reviewers, our E-news and Website Coordinators, our Publications Editor, and the Haiku Canada Executive. We know who you are and thank you for the encouragement.

Happy tomorrows!
Maxianne Berger
HCR reviews editor

Reviews. . .

Robert Piotrowski, *still the dead trees*. Winchester VA: Red Moon Press, 2017. ISBN 9781947271081, 60 pages, soft cover, 4¼ x 5½, \$15US. redmoonpress.com

Reviewed by Sandra Stephenson

I love Robert Piotrowski's poems. Full, even voluptuous for haiku, the poet does not drop words or abbreviate, but fits all his thought naturally as a breath. The form clings to the poem rather than the opposite, like an evening dress. Complete with articles, prepositions, lingering caresses, Piotrowski writes, humorous in a quiet, smooth way, of the mock orange bush that makes him think of things he will never be. He writes longingly in a rare silver crayon always missing from the box. Love, loss, eroticism and adventure inhabit his words effortlessly as "we linger/ in the doorway/ talking about rain."

Documenting desire, anger, patience, and asking about the weather, "that one instrumental track / on the record," the book contains both haiku and tanka. The tanka read like poems so complete it's startling to note they are actually short: short and drawn out at the same time. That is the essence of tanka, and it's a breeze in *still the dead trees*. This book is about love—lost love—and about sustenance from the natural world as one waits for the present to fade to future.

There are lovely subtle slips of sound and visual pictograms in the words themselves ("she cups her cup"), sensuous and suggestive. They stay with you.

For critique: the one-liners are a limp experiment in a book so sure it can afford to take the chance. Either I'm missing something, or only about a third of them work in the sense that you can see why it's a better haiku for being set in a single line.

They're like exercises for writer and reader but there's some "spraining my ankle / in the gym parking lot"! Guess the line break, as if it's too clever to choose just one: "fitness conference no line at the pizza counter". A few of the one-liners work well, like the windstorm one of them is.

Though I wonder about starting the collection with doubtful poems as Piotrowski and his editors have done, otherwise the poems' placement—two per page—is impeccable. The poems are paired in interesting, thoughtful ways that help string subjects together, from tattoos to old ladies in graveyards, through family gatherings and bedroom moments. Why did this Ontarian go to Virginia, to Red Moon Press, to publish such a haunting book? Must be because they do a nice job producing a delectable object.

* * * *

Naomi Beth Wakan, *Poetry That Heals*. Brunswick ME: Shanti Art Publishing, 2018. ISBN 978-1-947067-28-8, 104 pages. soft cover, 5½ x 8½; \$18.95\$US. naomiwakan.com/nw_books.html or shantiarts.com

Reviewed by Guy Simser

With *Poetry That Heals*, Wakan provides an engaging personal focus on over 30 years of writing haiku and related Japanese short poetic forms (senryu, tanka, renku and haibun). In 12 short sections averaging 8 pages each, she describes her learning

process and the benefits of writing haiku and related short poems in the Japanese haikai tradition. The book reminded me of a family visitor ages ago who with eighth-decade grey hair sat at the dining room table and engaged us with tales, to the point that I forget my young age and began to ask questions, to enjoy my participation. For some time after the visitor left, I ran the conversation over and over in my mind and slowly absorbed the understated wisdom.

Wakan's unassuming writing style is light but serves her well. The book is enlivened by related colour illustrations and comments on haiga (poetry/image). Notably, she resists pushing her own work. There is only one Wakan haiku. The majority are from N.A. and a few classic Japanese poets; only in the response-poetry section do we see more of her work and with good reason as her purpose is to describe the challenges and enjoyment of response poetry (tanka and renku) with examples. Key however, is her primary focus on what her long relationship with Japanese short form poetry has meant to her personal growth, her community of friends and her broader understanding of "life". Although Wakan makes it clear she has no "spiritual label" she admits to an inclination toward the Buddhist "middle way". That is apparent.

When I opened *Poetry that Heals*, my first thought given the title was that it may be one of those 1970-80's self-help books which flooded bookshelves after the 1960's breakup of pre-WW2 social conformist norms. Relieved to read in her intro that she will not use the terms life force, inner voice, spiritual, and sacred space common to many of those self-help books, I readily read on. That was a time of marketing the exotic: the psychedelic "wave", the Castenada illusions, Zen books, and T-group retreat enticements. It was also when, with the gloss of the "Beats",

haiku poems began to slip over poetry journal transoms and found their way into acceptance.

Who might find the reading of Wakan's book rewarding? For starters, I suspect the mid-lifer perhaps from 40 years up who has begun to examine the "where am I stage of life"; the one who is not entirely satisfied and seeking more during their "dash to the finish". Well aren't we all?

A second likely "market" as publishers would state it, would be the younger entry-level poetry writer inclined to "creativity". The one who enjoys literature and perhaps has tinkered with poetry as creative self-expression. Some of these readers may have tried Rap or Spoken Word poetry and are seeking another genre with which to work. Others may see the "deceptively" simple haiku, a 3-liner as a good (easier) place to begin. For such experimenters, Wakan's emphasis on what the writing of haiku *taught her* is persuasive and encouraging as well as specific in the basics of writing haiku related forms. Additionally, her positive remarks about the supportive haiku community may persuade such "silent poetry tinkers" to enter the haiku circle. Her book would be a good place to start.

Finally, perhaps school Literature teachers. Particularly those who are interested in bringing some depth to introductory poetry classes. Why? Wakan's book as poetry memoir may assist these teachers in understanding that the *writing* of haiku is not the *calculation* of haiku: 3 + 15 = haiku. Rather the emphasis is better understood as haiku being (nature observation + "leap" to observer/writer's "feeling") with emphasis on *feeling*. She writes four brief sections on haiku which I believe would offer teachers a useful haiku overview with haiku examples: Being here now;

Reading haiku; How to write haiku; Ginko – The Haiku walk. That’s enough for a starter. Briefed by this information I believe teachers would be more comfortable with their difficult task...encouraging students to write their *feelings/associations* of *discovery* in nature.

* * * * *

Claudia Coutu Radmore, *fish spine picked clean*. Ottawa: Éditions des petits nuages, 2018. ISBN: 978-1-926519-32-6. 74 pages, soft cover, 7”x7”; \$15. claudiaradmore@gmail.com.

Reviewed by Angela Leuck

fish spine picked clean is Claudia Coutu Radmore’s first full-length book of tanka. This long overdue collection contains 228 tanka divided into 5 sections: “on nature wild and gardened,” “on being born into this,” “beyond and between,” “on choosing excerpts,” and “of love otherwise.”

The largest section is “on choosing excerpts,” which includes selections from Radmore’s chapbooks, *augmentation on a sunday in winter*, *Blackbird’s Throat*, *Your Hands Discover Me*, and others.

Not surprisingly, the second most substantial section is on love. Radmore is well-versed in the history of Japanese tanka—I still remember her stimulating talk on the *Man’yōshū* at a long-ago Haiku Canada Weekend—and this lends her tanka a refined elegance. The images and longing that so distinguished the women poets of the Heian era, notably Ono No Komachi (834?-?) and Izumi Shikibu (974?-1034?), suffuse Radmore’s tanka, giving her poems rich, textured quality.

“Clouds” is a frequent image in tanka since the earliest of times. Below is a translation of a tanka by Ono No Komachi, the second is one by Radmore. Note the striking similarity in mood and tone:

I thought those white clouds
were gathered around
some distant peak,
but already
they have risen between us
Ono No Komachi

cirrus clouds pass
it’s as if the moon
tries on new coats
changing its mind almost
as quickly as you
Claudia Coutu Radmore

Yet another common theme is “dreams,” which both Ono No Komachi and Radmore employ to good effect.

If this were a dream
I would surely
see you again—
why must waking love
be left incomplete?
Ono No Komachi

a petal falls
into my afternoon sleep
slips through that world
between his being there
and not
Claudia Coutu Radmore

“Flowers” are another well-used image in classical tanka. Turning now to the work of Izumi Shikibu, we see how her and Radmore’s tanka also have much in common—these two women, nearly 1000 years apart—could be sisters!

Wakened by the scent
of flowering plum...
The darkness
of the spring night
fills me with longing.
Izumi Shikibu

early peonies sway
as if touched
by the tip
of a gentle finger
waking all my desires
Claudia Coutu Radmore

While, as I have been arguing, Radmore is clearly the inheritor of the classical Japanese tanka tradition, do not imagine that she is content to live in the glorious past. No, she is definitely a woman of her own time: “afternoon sun/ all the plastic in the car/ too hot to touch/ there you are/ inside of me[.]” At the sight of such gritty, contemporary images, her forebears might shake their heads in amazement (and, no doubt, in admiration as well!) Radmore, of course, writes about more than just love, although it is an underlying theme throughout much of the rest of the book as well. In the section on gardens, we find longing and seduction even among the lowly squash buds: “yellow and plump/ as untouched breasts/ squash buds/ display themselves sweetly/ among maturing dark leaves[.]”

In the section on family relationships, the poet delves most memorably into her complex feelings about her mother: “my mum/ baked cookies and cakes/ measuring/ how much love/ she might get back[.]”

Lastly, in the section “beyond and between,” Radmore looks at earth, sea and sky. It is her most philosophical section, but even here there is a whimsical eroticism:

the new quest	British couple faces jail
for a god gene	for noisy sex
can they please access	like wilde
james dean’s	I am not young enough
DNA	to know everything

If you have a hunger for engaging, reflective tanka, Radmore’s *fish spine picked clean* provides a satisfying meal!

*Translations of tanka by Ono no Komachi and Izumi Shikibu are from *The Ink Dark Moon*, Jane Hirshfield and Mariko Aratani, translators (Vintage, 1986).

* * * *

Old Song. The Red Moon Anthology of English-Language Haiku 2017. Jim Kacian & eds. Winchester VA: Red Moon Press, 2018. ISBN 978-1-947271-13-5. 170 pages, soft cover, 5½ x 8¼, \$17US. redmoonpress.com

Reviewed by Maxianne Berger

Old Song is the twenty-second Red Moon Anthology of English-Language Haiku. This year's crop, from 2017 publications, includes 152 poems (haiku or senryu), seventeen linked forms, and five critical essays. Of the thousands of items read by the eleven editors through the past year, the sources of the final selections include two books, one anthology, thirteen periodicals, fourteen contests, and seventeen on-line sources.

Of the essays, three in particular drew my attention because of their relationship to the practice of writing. Michele Root-Bernstein is a scholar in creativity studies, and her "Copying to Create: The Role of Imitation and Emulation in Developing Haiku Craft" (from *Modern Haiku*) reflects this background: there is a broad review of the literature on learning and teaching, which validates the benefits of copying, categorized as "mimicry, imitation, and emulation." Support for the benefits of copying is further established with quotations from creative artists, such as Pablo Picasso and T. S. Elliott. After a brief discussion of *honkadori*, Root-Bernstein then presents a variety of haiku which illustrate different types of "copying,"

In fact, in *Old Song* itself there is a masterly example of “allusive variation.” Many readers will readily appreciate how Nick Virgilio’s signature poem informs Martha Magenta’s: “pond lily . . . / at last I grow/ into myself” (from *Presence*).

Alan Summers, in “The Reader as Second Verse” (*Blithe Spirit*), reminds us that “haiku are not poems for the reader to compulsorily be ordered to follow the one way or not at all.” One haiku in *Old Song* that nicely displays the openness Summers encourages is by Sharon Pretti: “hint of rain/ the hours after/ visiting hours” (*Frogpond*). Unstated, who is in hospital and why, are details readers can fill in on their own, and these personal, participatory, reader-inserted elements are what give the poem its strength.

The conclusion of Jim Kacian’s “Characteristics of American Haiku” (*Modern Haiku*) proposes that “what identifies American haiku is not any one style or value or voice, but rather its multiplicity . . .” as well as the American “willingness to drive [these aspects] to their logical and artistic ends.” In the discussion proper, Kacian mentions the use of American referents, such as Virgilio’s “spentagon”; the willingness to play with form, such as the “monoku” (a term Kacian coined, and one I accept as a truncation of “monostich haiku”); and “a healthy experimentation with organic form” (I see this within the scope of projective verse).

Kacian begins the article by reminding readers that there is a debt to the English language itself. Through acknowledged details of happenstance, Kacian recognizes that “[t]hese factors have much to do with the relative weight of American haiku within the larger haiku community.”

I would add to Kacian's discussion this observation. In viewing haiku through the lens of cultural materialism, one notices that the gatekeeper editors and publishers are those who control what others get to read, and their journals present the structures and topics poets might want to emulate in order to be published. Because of the "sheer numbers" of American haiku readers, the number of journals, too, would play a role in American influence. Seven of the fifteen print journals represented in *Old Song* are published in the United States, and nine of the seventeen electronic journals are edited by Americans. Kacian has ensured a similar balance for the ten-member editorial board of the Red Moon anthologies: five of them are American, and the other five are not.

The haiku in *Old Song* include a generous number of examples of the "multiplicity" of approaches to haiku mentioned by Kacian. American referents, both historic and contemporary, are present. A good example is the anthology's title poem, by Alan S. Bridges, winner of the 2017 Robert Spiess Memorial Award.

an old song pours
from a Navajo toehold
canyon wren

Communication these days is instantaneous, and it is not surprising to find verbal memes from the USA used by non-American poets, as does Dietmar Tauchner, from Austria: "fake news . . ./ my father says/ he is fine" (*Hedgerow*).

As to monoku, there are nearly twenty in *Old Song*, including the one in Francine Banwarth's haibun "Strike a Pose" (*Modern Haiku*). The prose passage is a medical description replete with

the jargon of the field: “a persistent small nodular opacity in the axillary tail of the left breast[.]” The haiku alludes to an image about death in the cultural canon associated with the breast.

hold your breath now and lean back like Cleopatra

An interesting aspect of monostich haiku in English is that the caesura need not be marked. As such it differs from the Japanese poem that inspired it. This verbal fluidity at times promotes multiple readings. Dan Schwerin’s (*Bones*) is a good illustration.

men my age jump ship in a bottle

The sheer number of poems the editorial staff considers each year is daunting. The final selections make for a manageable size to publish, to read, and to appreciate. So it is with *Old Song*. The essays are thoughtful and thought provoking, and the poems are twice blessed. They bear witness to the contemporary milieu within which the inspirations have arisen; and are verbal incarnations of the aesthetic qualities of composition currently valued by poets, contest judges, editors, and publishers. And readers.

* * * *

眠れない星—*the sleepless planet*; haiku from many parts of the planet. Toshio Kimura, ed. Tokyo: Shichigatsu-do, 2018. ISBN 978-4-87944-318-2. 88 pages, soft cover, 5 x 7½, ¥1500.
gendaihaiku@bc.wakwak.com

reviewed by Maxianne Berger

Japan’s Gendai Haiku Kyōkai (Modern Haiku Association) was founded in 1947. This bilingual Japanese-English anthology,

The Sleepless Planet, marks its 70th anniversary. It includes five haiku each by thirty-six poets of the International Section. The English and Japanese translations in the book are by David Burleigh and Toshio Kimura, the anthology's editor, with all poems in Japanese and English on facing pages. In the case of ten poets, however, a third language is present. For example, on the page opposite the Japanese translations, Janick Belleau, the sole poet from Canada, presents her haiku in both our languages.

dimanche d'hiver	
entre cachemire et satin	
un parfum de femme	冬の日曜
	カシミア、サテン隙間
winter Sunday	女の香水
between cashmere and satin	
a woman's perfume	

In his introduction, "Diversity: Haiku in the World," Kimura brings up internationalization. It "reveals itself," he says, "not only in terms of its spatial reach, but also in the variety of its means of expression." As examples, Kimura presents a monoku by Jim Kacian (U.S.), and an "experimental" haiku by Philip Rowland (U.K./Japan): nine words, set vertically, project the downward direction of the images, *well bucket* and *nightfall*. One main difference between Japanese gendai haiku and traditional haiku is that traditional rules can be bent. The most overt example of difference is Mitsuru Tamagawa's use of four lines instead of one.

塩も汚れて	salt also soiled
母なる海が	the mother ocean
滅びる	perished
あした	tomorrow

Aside from the number of lines, Tamagawa's haiku is also composed of more than seventeen *onji*. Of the sixteen written characters, five kanji and eleven hiragana, the kanji each correspond to two *onji*. For example, 塩(salt) is *shio*, 母(mother) is *haha*, and 海(ocean) is *umi*. The topic, a pessimistic view of the future, is vastly beyond the here and now.

Another haiku that stands out is by Kimura himself.

ニヤーニヤーヴァイオリン月蹴ってモー

mew mew violin,
kicking the moon
and there goes moo

Unusually, it is mostly in katakana: two onomatopoeia and the loan word ヴァイオリン (*vuaiorin*). Only 月蹴って (kicking the moon) is written in kanji and hiragana. (In the English version, “and there goes” would be added for clarity.) As to the meaning of this playful haiku, I can't get beyond “Hey Diddle Diddle” (minus its allusion to the Elizabethan court).

Aside from the boundary-pushing haiku by Japanese gendai poets, a key attraction of *The Sleepless Planet* is stated in its subtitle, “haiku from many parts of the planet.” Beyond Japan, the poets' national affiliations include twelve other countries: Austria, Belgium, Canada, China, France, Italy, Nepal, the Netherlands, Romania, Ukraine, the United Kingdom, and the United States. We belong to this wider community, our kinship is understood, and so the boundaries separating us disappear.

* * * *

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

Frogpond, The Journal of the Haiku Society of America. Michael Ketchek, Editor. 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 International Assoc., 7th Floor, Azuma Building, 2-7 Ichigaya-Tamachi, Shinjuku-ku, Tokyo, 162-0843, Japan. Membership: \$50 US. haiku-hia.com/index_en.html

Haiku Presence: Britain's leading independent haiku journal. Ian Storr, Editor. 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.

Ribbons: Tanka Society of America Journal, David Rice, Editor. 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

scifaikuest, teri santitoro, Editor.
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

International Tanka, Journal of the International Tanka Society. Mari Konno, Editor.
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

Autumn Moon Haiku Journal. Bruce Ross, editor.
www.autumnmoonhaiku.com

Bear Creek Haiku – poetry, poems and info. ayaz daryl nielsen, Editor. bearcreekhaku.blogspot.ca

bones – journal for contemporary haiku. Aditya Bahl, Melissa Allen, Johannes S. H. Bjerg, editors. www.bonesjournal.com

cattails – the journal of the united haiku & tanka society, Two issues yearly. Sonam Chhoki, principal editor.
www.cattailsjournal.com

Charlotte Digregorio's Writer's Blog. Features "Daily Haiku" of submitted, previously published haiku and senryu.
charlottedigregorio.wordpress.com

Failed Haiku – A Journal of English Senryu. Mike Rehling, editor. New issue monthly. www.failedhaiku.com

HALIBUT welcomes haiku, senryu, gendai, haibun, haiga, tanka, renku, and related forms. Susan Gillis, Mary di Michele, editors/curators. halibuthaiku.blogspot.ca

The Heron's Nest, John Stevenson, managing ed.
www.theheronsnest.com

is/let, Scott Metz, editor. isletpoetry.wordpress.com

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

moongarlic E-zine – contemporary words & art. Sheila Windsor and Brendan Slater, editors. 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

tinywords – haiku and others small poems. Kathe Palka & Peter Newton, eds. 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.

Books Received

A Thousand Years; the Haiku and Love Letters of Chiyo-ni, by Marco Fraticelli. Catkin Press, 2018. 15\$.
kingsroadpress@hotmail.com

souvenir shop: memories of the highland park zoo, by Susan Beth Furst. buddha baby press, 2018. \$11.99 (US, ppd in USA).
<www.intothehaikuforest.org> or sfurst14@aol.com.

Coffee Shop Blues, tanka by Mike Montreuil. Éditions des petits nuages, 2018. \$8.00 (ppd). petitsnuages@bell.net.

Long ago in a small logging town, haibun by Mike Montreuil. Catkin Press, 2018. \$8.00(ppd). mike58montreuil@gmail.com

From Red Moon Press <redmoonpress.com>: *Frozen Earth*, haiku by Anne Burgevin, \$15US; *A Peep Within*, haiku by Bill Cooper. \$15US; *Auschwitz e simili*, holocaust haiku by Toni Piccini. In Italian with translations in English, German and Hebrew, 20\$US; *Okinawa*, haiku by Hasegawa Kai. 15\$US; *Simple Gifts*, haiku by Natalia Rudychev, \$15US; *Shades of Absence* by Harriot West. Haiku, haibun, tanka, and tanka prose. \$15US.

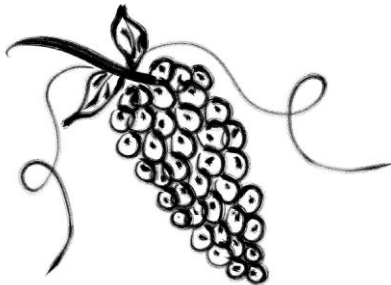
From Bottle Rockets Press <bottlerocketspress.com>, 3 mini chapbook/senryu sequences: *pagan rites* by John J. Dunphy; *orphan poems* by Stanford M. Forrester; *getaway car* by Stanford M. Forrester. Each chapbook, \$3.50US/ \$4.50US (ppd in USA/ ppd outside USA). bottlerockets_99@yahoo.com

A Far Galaxy, Haiku Canada Members Anthology 2018. Philomene Kocher & Marco Fraticelli, co-ord. Haiku Canada, 2018. \$10. kingsroadpress@hotmail.com

Echoes 2, The New Resonance Haiku Poets 1999-2017. Compiled by Jim Kacian & Julie Warther. Red Moon Press, 2018. \$20US.

From the Cottage of Visions, Genjuan Haibun Contest Decorated Works 2015-2017. Stephen Henry Gill, comp. Hailstone Haiku Circle Publications, 2018. 1,000¥ or \$13US. <www.hailhaiku.wordpress.com/publications>

Gift of Silence: A Haiku Tribute to Leonard Cohen. Angela Leuck and Mike Montreuil, eds. Éditions des petits nuages, 2018. 10\$(ppd). petitsnuages@bell.net



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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

Send submissions, in French, to: Claude Rodrigue
haikufrancais@haikucanada.org

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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.

Recensions : poètes et éditeurs doivent communiquer avec Maxianne Berger, reviews@haikucanada.org.

book reviews	request deadline
for the February issue	October 31
for the October issue	July 1
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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, Co-ordinator, Haiku Canada E-News
newsletter@haikucanada.org

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fall cleaning
dust bunnies stuck
to the leaf bug's feet

Nola Obee

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