

HAIKU CANADA REVIEW



Volume 13

February 2019

Number 1

HAIKU CANADA REVIEW

Volume 13

February 2019

Number 1

www.haikucanada.org

Haiku Canada Review

Copyright 2019 © Authors and Artist

ISSN: 1914-3680

Contents

From the Editor.	3
In Memory of David Mitchell.....	4
Sax Riffs and the Art of Tensaku.....	6
Under the Ginkgo Tree: Essays on Female Pioneer Haiku Poets in Canada (Part Five): Naomi Beth Wakan	9
Haiku Plus.....	23
La file d'attente.....	39
Au delà de ces pages.....	46
Recensions	47
Haibun	50
Linked Verses and Sequences.....	54
Beyond these pages.....	58
Reviews.	59
Journals of Interest.....	71
Net Briefs.....	72
Et Cetera	74
Books Received	74
Haiku Canada Review	75
Submission Guidelines / Soumissions.....	75
Membership & Subscriptions	77
Haiku Canada Executive.....	78

Art: Cover and interior drawings – Rebecca Cragg

Sheets: – The Vancouver Cherry Blossom Festival - 2018
 Haiku Invitational Winners
 – L’Isle-aux-Grues par Micheline Comtois-Cécycr
 – Fine Lines by Michael Dylan Welch

From the Editor. . .

Winter greetings to all!

It's now late January and we can rejoice in the fact that the days are getting longer and the end of winter is in sight. I say this as an automobile racing fan, with the Rolex 24 hrs at Daytona approaching and by the time you read this, the Daytona 500 will have been run. As Darrell Waltrip yells out, *Boogity! Boogity! Boogity! Let's go racing!* And before we know it, Presto! The birds will be singing. Spring!

I hope you all take the time to fully read this issue of the Review. Along with the poems and book reviews, I would like to point out the two essays we have included in this issue. The first is by Michael Dylan Welch on the art of Tensaku. The second essay is about Naomi Beth Wakan written by Terry Ann Carter.

Lastly, I do hope you will attend the Haiku Canada Weekend which will be from May 17 to 19, 2019, in Vancouver. More information on the event can be found at the Haiku Canada website. www.haikucanada.org

Cheers and happy reading!

Mike

washboard road every now and again not

Debbie Strange

In Memory of David Mitchell

David Mitchell, long-time member of Haiku Canada, passed away June 12th. His widow Carol Carter writes:

David has been writing haiku as long as I have known him, more than 30 years. I have been cleaning his basement retreat and keep finding them tucked in books, inside CD cases, behind pictures . . . He had copied 200 of them in a book he was working on. He must have kept every copy of the Haiku Canada Newsletter and Review because I found a whole shelf of them. I found several of his haiku published therein and took one issue to display at his funeral.

Haiku Canada was very important to David and I have decided to join myself. I only know the 5-7-5 structure which David taught me and which was the predominant one he used. I do not know what makes a good haiku but am moved to send you some that came to me while I sat with his ashes in the funeral home.

I am happy to share them in the Haiku Canada Review in memory of David.

Love is Eternal

rocking your ashes,
tears cascade down my cheeks
your urn is now warm

is this all there is?
a lifetime now in this box
ready for the niche

are you really here
or are you in the ether
playing with Stephen

how can I leave you?
I would stay here forever
with you in my arms

your urn is still warm
you always did love touching
I won't let you go

for our love is safe
the silver cord binds us still
forever is now



Sax Riffs and the Art of Tensaku

by Michael Dylan Welch

As I was driving to work recently, a Rolling Stones song came on the radio. It was “Miss You,” their last #1 song, from 1978. That was the disco era, and even the Rolling Stones weren’t immune. A saxophone riff, played by Mel Collins, punctuates the middle of the song, and when the sax solo started, I thought of haiku. Specifically, I thought of the notion of *tensaku*, and how some Westerners are inclined to resist changes or additions to their poems unless they feel like they wrote them themselves. *Tensaku*, in the Japanese tradition, is when a master routinely revises a poem before it’s published, if any changes are warranted (*ten* = additions; *saku* = subtractions). In this situation, it’s said that even if the master retains as little as the word “of” from the original poem, it’s still *your* poem. Revisions are made nearly always without permission from the author. Or rather, the act of submitting a poem to a Japanese journal or a master is tacit approval for any edits that might be made. In the West, many poets consider it a violation of authorship if any such changes are made without author approval, but in Japan it’s considered an honour to have one’s poem revised by a master. But more than this, I also thought of any other revisions that might be provided, not by masters or editors, but by our friends or peers. Even if we approve of these revisions, whether in workshops, discussion groups, or on Facebook pages, are Western haiku poets comfortable in accepting these revisions? Not every writer feels like all such changes are theirs, and that’s one reason they resist these changes, when perhaps it’s better to be more open to them for the sake of improving the poem—while still considering the poem to be their own.

So what do the Rolling Stones have to do with *tensaku*, or any revisions our friends or editors might suggest for our haiku? Think of it this way. As one can readily discover online, Mick Jagger wrote “Miss You” while jamming with keyboardist Billy Preston, although songwriting is credited to Mick Jagger and Keith Richards (which was how all of their songs are credited, whether written together or apart). But it’s the addition of the sax solo that’s relevant to haiku revision. We can easily imagine the rehearsals or recording sessions for this song, and that Mel Collins was brought in to perform the sax break. Perhaps he was given a chart to follow, and thus didn’t “write” that sax part himself, but I rather suspect he did, jamming off the rest of the song. Yet Mel Collins is not credited as the song’s cowriter.

It’s the same way with haiku, I think. If you write “ancient pond,” and someone comes along and says “old pond” might be better, that change is still *yours*, as the original writer, because the revision riffs off what you originally wrote. When we ask a friend for feedback on a haiku, we’re asking if we hit any wrong notes, so when they suggest that we hit this note instead of that note, we need not feel that our “authorship” of the poem is threatened. In business terms, we could also say that such suggestions are a “work for hire,” the way any creative ideas you have for your employer belong to your company, not you (even if you aren’t being paid), because you were applying your creativity to work at the time of sharing or creating your idea. In musical terms, the session musician may indeed come up with various musical ideas—in effect, “writing” that part of the song—but because it’s part of the whole, the creation is still credited to the “writer” (in this case Jagger and Richards—and in this case even Richards didn’t originally write the song). With haiku, of course, we don’t usually pull in session musicians to

write all our verbs for us, or our prepositions, but there's still some similarity to how friends or editors might contribute to our work. Whether our friends add a sax riff to our poem, or a change of tense, or provide a new first line, it's still our music. Hardly anyone writes in isolation.

Something else we might learn from popular music is that although songwriting might be credited to particular composers, that same song often still identifies the musical contribution of people who played on the song, the way Mel Collins is cited for the sax solo in the song "Miss You." It would be impractical and overbearing to credit every influence for individual haiku, but perhaps there are times to acknowledge such influences, such as when publishing a book of one's haiku, or perhaps in an essay. I recall Randy Brooks writing about the "blessing" that is given each published haiku by an editor when accepting a poem for publication, or by friends who write to say how a poem touched them. Such blessings extend to those who offer suggestions for revision, too, it seems to me, because the suggestion is often an endorsement for the poem, implying that it is an experience worth sharing. Even if we're not able to acknowledge every blessing our poems receive, we can write in the knowledge that our haiku are part of a community, with many influences. While those influences might not be as overt as the Japanese tradition of *tensaku*, or credited the way a sax solo is in a pop song, they are still present and worth remembering. Such influences are always a part of every poem, even if subtle, yet the poem is still ours if we write with authentic attention.

Under the Ginkgo Tree: Essays on Female Pioneer Haiku Poets in Canada

(Part Five): Naomi Beth Wakan

by Terry Ann Carter

Perhaps Naomi Beth Wakan is best known for her lyric poem “How to Write a Haiku” which was first published in *Segues* (Wolsak and Wynn, 2005).

How to Write a Haiku

*Details confuse me,
so when I see a rose,
although I do not know
its pedigree, I write down “rose.”
And when I cut it,
I do not know whether
I should cut it on a slant
or straight, or under water twice,
so I write down “cut.”
And when I put it in a vase,
I do not know whether it is raku
or glaze, or, perhaps good plastic,
so I write down “vase.”
and when I see two red leaves
on the earth beside the rose bush,
I do not know from which tree
they have fallen*

*so I write down “red leaves.”
And as I set the vase
and the leaves on the table,
I write down*

*rose just cut
beside the vase
two red leaves*

*And although I do not know
the details of what I have just done,
the sadness of it all
cracks my heart open.*

In a recent on-line interview, Naomi opened up about her life as a small child, remembering the first house she lived in on the edge of London, on Forest Hill Road in Walthamstow; the way it was elevated from the street so that when her father came back from work, she could watch for him from the window as he climbed the steps. She spoke of her favourite colour – autumn leaf red, her favourite food – pickled herring.

Naomi met her first husband at a poetry reading at the Institute of Contemporary Art in London. The reading was by her sociology professor at Birmingham University, Charles Madge, a minor poet, but the originator of Mass Observation, the first market research firm. She remembered wearing a grey flannel dress with a red and white cowboy neck scarf at that first meeting. How did she know they would emigrate to Canada a couple of years later? She shared memories of her arrival in Canada in 1954, going down the St. Lawrence River and docking at Quebec City, where she had her first milk shake. After the

deprivation of England during the post-war years, she thought she had come “to the land of milk and honey”.

In Canada, they settled in Toronto, where they brought up their family (a son and daughter) and Naomi worked as a psychotherapist specializing in early childhood traumas.

Remarried to the sculptor, Elias Wakan, they later built an earth-sheltered house during a “back-to-the-land experiment” and then travelled extensively with him, including living two years in Japan. Settling back in Vancouver, they founded a small publishing house, Pacific-Rim Publishers, whose catalogue included educational books. Naomi started to write about Japanese culture and illustrated the books they published for schools.

She and her husband moved to Gabriola in 1996 and opened a studio, Drumbeg House Studio, where Elias made wood sculpture and Naomi painted, wrote, and created textile art. During this period Naomi moved from writing books geared to children to books for an adult market. She found a publisher (Wolsak and Wynn), and wrote five books of essays and poetry for them – *Segues*, *Composition*, *Late Bloomer*, *Book Ends* and *A Roller-coaster Ride*.

In the following years Naomi self-published a number of books as well as working under contract for other publishers. Recently she has written for Shanti Arts, who has published her book, *The Way of Tanka*, and reissued *Poetry That Heals* and *The Way of Haiku* under their imprint.

Naomi first published haiku in Geist Magazine, #45, Summer, 2002. It was a sequence she titled “Cancer Episode.” Here is a selection from it:

*news of shadows . . .
the secretary calls
to casually report*

*awake
during surgery, I control
my swearing*

*my surgeon
talks of his four boys . . .
the smoke rises*

*recovery room . . .
two nurses fight over
my gurney*

*two surgeons
gossip; washing up to
their elbows*

*cancer support group
next to the tea and cookies
a plastic breast*

*reaching
to her breast scar, he cups
his hand*

Naomi eventually became the West Coast representative for Haiku Canada and organised an annual gathering of haikai on Gabriola Island. In his introduction to *Tide Pools* (2011, Pacific-Rim Publishers) Michael Dylan Welch wrote an essay titled “Eunoia: Beautiful Thinking on Gabriola.” Here he explains the

magic of those early meeting days on Gabriola Island, hosted by Naomi and her sculptor husband, Elias:

In 2002, Naomi Beth Wakan, [as the BC representative for HaikuCanada] began inviting haiku poets from around British Columbia and further afield to meet at her home on Gabriola Island for a weekend devoted to haiku poetry. Over the years, participants have read and workshopped countless haiku and senryu poems, given numerous presentations and readings, shared haiga (paintings with haiku and calligraphy), photo haiga, and haibun (prose with haiku), and have especially enjoyed the annual ginko (haiku walk) to nearby Drumbeig Provincial Park. The results are even broader than the contributions in this book, with attending poets from numerous provinces and states publishing their poetry from Gabriola in haiku journals around the world. But here in these pages we have a taste, not only of the work of most participants, but a sampling of what these magical weekends are like.

Each Gabriola haiku retreat has engendered a warm sense of community. Poets of various skill levels from both on and off the island gather to share and discuss their poetry. At the 2007 Gabriola haiku weekend, Jim Swift mentioned the word “eunoia.” Not only is it the shortest word in the English language that includes all five vowels, but it also means “beautiful thinking.” Jim emphasized that this is how he sees haiku, as a reflection of the self, thinking beautifully, and I heartily agree. Regardless of the experience level of each haiku weekend participant, each poem and comment in this book is indeed “beautiful thinking,” with each word written in engaged response to the unfathomable mysteries of the visible”.

Naomi, herself, wrote an essay for this book, *Tide Pools*, titled *Grounded on Gabriola* where she explained her love of the island and how her love of haiku developed:

Even though I am a writer of the small and local, I have, in the past, lived in exotic countries and worn exotic clothes. Coming back to a Canadian reality after such ventures has not always been easy. For example, on returning home after two years in Japan, I found myself viewing my chosen country as a foreigner might. This was very disconcerting, and in no way helped smooth my homecoming. My feet seemed to be on home soil, yet my heart remained in Japan. New Age talk about body wisdom may or may not have validity, but somehow my body dealt with my unsettledness by becoming interested in the writing of haiku. Looking back, I can only feel how clever that was, for haiku is not the poetry of the intellect but a poetry of the senses—what is happening here and now. In this way my eyes, ears, nose, mouth, and skin switched from memories of tiled roofs, shoji, and shrine steps to the Canadian reality of having to earn a living and find a home.

*Always a loner when it comes to learning something new, I sought haiku “how to” from books and articles, and, wanting to penetrate deeper, I decided to write an introduction to haiku for high school students. Writing about a topic, I have always felt, is a good way to actually understand it a little better. The resulting book, *Haiku: One Breath Poetry*, became a surprising success; the luck, I suppose, of going in where angels fear to tread. After it was launched, I moved to Gabriola Island and became gradually aware that haiku writers in Canada had long before formed an association. I decided to join, and immediately I was made aware of my temerity in writing about a subject I had barely touched.*

There being no one volunteering as west coast coordinator, the Haiku Canada executive committee approached me to be their representative. I didn't fully understand what was involved, but I agreed, and decided my contribution would be an annual gathering of as many British Columbia members as possible in our small vinyl-sided cottage on Gabriola Island. And so started the amazing weekends where haijin, both beginners and very skilled, met to share in the wonder of this smallest, and probably most difficult to write, genre of poetry. Since that first year, poets have come from across the continent to our little island, just across the harbour from Nanaimo on Vancouver Island. For many of our participants, getting here has taken some commitment, including at least two ferry rides each way. Our time together has centred on three main activities—a haiku-writing walk at nearby Drumbeg Provincial Park to enjoy the tidepools and ocean vistas, a potluck dinner and social time, and anonymous haiku workshops of poems written during our haiku walk.

*no paper
I write a haiku
on a shell*

My role as the west coast coordinator for Haiku Canada was soon much more adequately filled first by Alice Frampton and then by Vicki McCullough, but I continued as hostess (helped by my husband, Eli Wakan) of our annual meetings. After a few years, I felt that the excellent presenters we had had deserved a wider audience than the twenty or so aficionados who met at our home, and so I suggested opening the Sunday morning session to other Gabriolans and decided The Commons would be a perfect venue. These presentations and workshops, at a central public

meeting hall on our island, have attracted forty to fifty people each year since they started, and have helped to spread enthusiasm and understanding for haiku poetry on Gabriola.

As we celebrate our tenth gathering in 2011, I can think only with great pleasure of all the “aha” moments that have been recorded in haiku at this event over the years, and also of all the first attempts at haiku writing that the gathering generously helped shape into targeted haiku, in this way encouraging a whole new generation of haiku writers.

after the haiku meet . . . the haiku (after Ruth Yarrow)

The book that Naomi mentions in this essay, *Haiku – One Breath Poetry*, was indeed, a “best seller”. Published in 1993 by Pacific Rim Publishers, the handbook was a first of its kind in Canada. With chapters covering *Beginning to Write Haiku*, *Becoming the Object*, *Japanese Haiku*, *Between the Lines*, and a short history of haiku including biographies of Basho, Buson, Issa, Shiki, and Women and Haiku. Here are her *Last Thoughts* from that book:

Haiku are a direct and immediate response to surroundings, so writing them keeps me aware of the present and not lost in the past or dreams of the future.

When I read translations of haiku, I am drawn to learn more about Japanese culture and history, particularly other Japanese arts that were influenced by Zen Buddhism, such as the tea ceremony, and ikebana.

The more I see life in terms of these little poems, the more I see the unity in all things. This makes me feel very open to all living things and the way we are linked.

Most important of all, writing haiku helps me to appreciate the small things in everyday life.

Some of her favourite haiku from her own writings are collected in *Bent Arm for a Pillow* (Pacific Rim Publishers, 2016). Here are some gems from that collection:

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

*harlequin couple
paddling out into the bay
their wakes intersecting*

*trees, mist, mountains
trees, mist, mountains,
west coast morning*

*away from his child
he takes his afternoon nap
on our sofa*

*early sunlight
the gulls etch their shadows
on the cliff face*

*a blanket spread
under the cherry blossoms
teens work their iPhones*

*fresh blossoms
yet everything feels
exactly the same*

*heavy frost
in the white crocus
a sleeping bee*

*the story of my life . . .
once more I get
honourable mention*

*a friend's death . . .
the maple leaves are falling
too early this year*

*the year draws to a close
my "to do" list
no shorter*

*harbour lights
dim through the fog
the distant ship's horn*

*the day after he died
she wore his old sweater
the bottom unravelling*

Twenty four years after *Haiku – One Breath Poetry*, Naomi published *Poetry That Heals* (Shanti Arts Publishing, 2017) where she furthers her philosophies in a kind of memoir, retelling some of her life experiences circling around the writing of haikai. Christopher Herold says “by sharing her insights, she encourages us to discover for ourselves the gifts of haiku”.

Naomi’s poetry journey, *Poetry That Heals*, begins in her “middle years” with a two year stay in Japan. As she began to

translate a Japanese friend's book of haiku into English (with the help of another Japanese friend who was teaching English to children) her appreciation for the literary form took root. She writes, *from that period on, I was hooked on haiku*. That hooking has lasted to this day, over thirty years of reading and writing haiku – being involved with Haiku Canada as a Western Canada regional coordinator, and later, as a facilitator for bringing haiku poets together on “her” island – Gabriola.

There is no mention of “life force”, or “spiritual”, “inner voice”, or “sacred space” in *Poetry That Heals*. These words are not part of Naomi's vocabulary; instead, she explains her “middle way” – her favourite position “on the fence of maybes”. She is not aiming for perfection, or enlightenment, or *any other of those terms of extreme that are far too nebulous and exhausting*. *Idealism has a high failure rate. I am about empowerment, not defeat.*

Naomi's chapter *Being Here Now* begins to distil the essence of haiku. What it is. What it isn't. Drawing on her contact with Buddhism (*in a superficial way*, she writes) she gives her readers a compassionate view of her relationship with the “imperfect”, the “incomplete”. By giving examples of haiku from some of the best practitioners in English speaking North America: Ruth Yarrow, Alice Frampton, Winona Baker, Michael Dylan Welch, Carole MacRury among others, Naomi is “teaching by example”. Poems are followed by detailed explanations concerning juxtaposition of images, line breaks, pauses, silences.

She spends more time with the classics in her chapter on Wabi-Sabi. *While modern Japan is as vulgar as North America, and even traditional Japan had its areas of grossness, two complex terms personify the best in Japanese aesthetics and Japanese*

poetry for me. Wabi is concerned with the simple, the things of quiet refinement, the internal life. Sabi tends to be more concerned with outward esthetic values such as elegant simplicity, the patina of aging, the irregularity of handcrafted things, the unpretentious, and the ambiguous. Both are concerned with imperfection, impermanence, and incompleteness.

Her chapter on senryu (*I would say that haiku focus on the seasons, and senryu focus on human nature, with, as Michael Dylan Welch adds, “a dash of humorous irony”*) is titled *Loosening With Laughter* and there are examples of haibun (prose connected to haiku with a “link and shift” method), and being in community as a rengay or renku poet. She concludes by writing *I learned that the ability to attend to the moment to moment nature of mind allows the self to be experienced without the distortions of overly positive or overly negative judgements of things. It allows the objects of my sensing to be viewed in a fresh and probably more accurate way. And it is this direct way of seeing, that she passes on to the reader, as a gift.*

Naomi is not afraid to make herself vulnerable. She says *I learned that only when I am not always reacting can I become my true self. Writing haiku showed me the way, for it confined me to the parameters of purely speaking of the nouns of images. This discipline allowed me to be more focused and not so scattered.* She also says, in her characteristically humorous way *I did not plan on these last thirty years (at least not consciously), but I didn’t resist what they offered. I didn’t emerge as some kind of enlightened being. I am still “dull” mentally; from time to time I just don’t “get” things. I am still naïve and jump to conclusions when given the scantiest of evidence. I still get sad and often think mankind isn’t worth the time of day. But most*

days, I am filled with the joy of writing poetry. Where I am is acceptable and for that I am grateful. And we, as readers, are also grateful for Naomi's perseverance, her undeniable ferocity in "getting things done". Poetry That Heals is a testimony to her own life and to the possibility for others. In Canada, the book is available from mail@pagesresort.com and also as an e-book. As "the matriarch of haiku in the area" Naomi (at 87) is entering a life of "retirement from public life". Her three year tenure as the Inaugural Poet Laureate of Nanaimo has ended, and her final poetry reading at Planet Earth Poetry, in Victoria, was given on April 27th, 2018. Her work now is in the garden and home on her beloved island, where (she once wrote) terraces, doorways and windows fascinate me; they are openings that are neither fully inside or fully outside. They seem to define a position that I am comfiest with, somewhere between here and now, somewhere between here and there, and, of course, somewhere between laughter and tears.

*the little monk
jumps into the void
laughing*

Naomi Beth Wakan's Books in Print:

A Gabriola Year, Bevalia Press, 2008.

A Gabriola Notebook, Pacific-Rim Publishers, 2015.

A Roller-coaster Ride – Thoughts on aging, Wolsak and Wynn, 2012.

And after 80..., Bevalia Press, 2013.

Back and Forth, (with Ruth Artmonsky) Pacific-Rim Publishers, 2017.

Bent Arm for a Pillow, Pacific-Rim Publishers, 2016.

Bookends: a year between the covers, Wolsak and Wynn, 2010.

Compositions: notes on the written word, Wolsak & Wynn, 2008.

Haiku: one breath poetry, Heian International, 1997.

Late Bloomer: on writing later in life, Wolsak and Wynn, 2006.

On Poetry (with David Fraser), Ascent Aspiration Publishing, 2011.

On the Arts, Pacific-Rim Publishers, 2016.

pause, (with David Bateman), Bevalia Press, 2013.

Poetry That Heals, Pacific-Rim Publishers, 2014. Reissued in 2018 by Shanti Arts

Reflections: response tanka, with Sonja Arntzen, Pacific-Rim Publishers, 2011.

Segues, Wolsak & Wynn, 2005.

Sex after 70 and other poems, Bevalia Press, 2010.

Some Sort of Life, Pacific-Rim Publishers, 2014.

The Way of Tanka, Pacific-Rim Publishers, 2012. Reissued by Shanti Arts, 2017.

Think Colour (with Ruth Artmonsky), Artmonsky Arts, 2011.

Tidepools, edited by Michael Dylan Welch, Pacific-Rim Publishers, 2011.

The Way of Haiku, Pacific-Rim Publishers, 2012.

Haiku Plus

the blue lips
of the homeless child
snow angels

Marilyn Ashbaugh

In a dark room
of unspoken words
the verb is absent

Cheryl Ashley

banana slugs—
the *ooey-gooey*
of playing outside

Aaron Barry

noisy wind
the discordant flapping
of an election sign

Sheila Bello

in the rain
showers of petals
floating

Agnes Mary Bishop

a body so blue
with bruises
the Mediterranean

the Tiber
another
ancient ruin

Marjorie Bruhmuller

the wild apple
blooms apart from the hawthorn
our great divide

Anna Cates

you are with me
in our favourite meadow
for a sighting
of violet gentians
bursting through the snow

Sonam Chhoki

glad just to see
the old stray on the veranda
home from the clinic

Sonam Chhoki

we fill a bowl
with split tomato—
first day of fall

painted forest—
standing among giants
I am nothing

Susan Constable

a leaf falls
with my elbow
tai chi

Jeanne Cook

my father practised
a chickadee whistle—
he calls me yet

Merridy Cox

duck and cover
the love note sealed
with gum

quiet bluebirds
a preschool lesson
in lockdown

Bill Cooper

Christmas Eve—
we gather to unwrap
the old stories

beads of rain
on a crow's back
night dreams

Dan Curtis

snowflakes
a squirrel buries the last
pumpkin seeds

Carole Daoust

cawing crow
in a crabapple tree
the sound of laughter

Ed Dewar

grieving his death . . .
in the garden
I waltz in moonlight

Charlotte Digregorio

from my finger&thumb
a tiny puffin lands and sticks
to the envelope

-upside-down-clothes-pegs-
a t r a i g
l e n t n
—right-side-up-grackles—

Michael Dudley

a flock
of snowbirds
twitter past

Marje A. Dyck

writer's block
sounds of distant mowers
and close mosquitoes

melting snow fort
lacking the will
to say no

Ignatius Fay

such a lovely urn
the thought of being ashes
not a bad one

Muriel Ford

maple seed pods
two hikers caught
in the drop zone

Jay Friedenber

prairie wind
the high, lonesome
echo in her voice

mockingbird's song
lower your rifle
he tells his son

William Scott Galasso

nodding in secrecy
against the wind
daffodil bonnets

Marita Gargiulo

no accident
we once named cars
for conquerors

Barry George

library discards
spiders cordon off
true crime

downsizing
we lose the Lamborghini
poster

LeRoy Gorman

class reunion
our eyes still remembered
that one night

Arch Haslett

incense smoke
twists, twists, twists...
a nun's kowtow

David He

moving with the sun
a homeless man looks
for the next shadow

Harvey Jenkins

clearfell . . .
lost in contemplation
of what's been lost

David K Kelly

meditation—
I imitate the stillness
of the room

beach fire—
her scar shimmers
in the night

Nicholas Klacsanzky

fisherman's wharf
a gentle release of
her stiletto

Deb Koen

cells
under a microscope
our assets divided

twitter war
I deadhead
the peace rose

Deborah P Kolodji

a rope
around her neck:
pearls

Mary forgets her lines
the Christmas pageant
starts over

Angela Leuck

light of dawn
an unfinished dream
she left to me

new in town
the lingering stare
of a stray

Chen-ou Liu

cash return
for every bottle
wildflowers

daylight savings he lies he's not lying

Roland Packer

autumn's circle
the pale one
nearly full

Brent Partridge

hushed church . . .
sunlight illuminates
a cloud of flies

Jacquie Pearce

lost
in spacetime—
the fly on the wall

the voice
of my ancestors—
pine forest

Luce Pelletier

50 years on
watching Apollo 8
circuit the moon

festive parade
booing the female Santa
the hostile crowd

Patricia Prime

cardiac rehab
staff watching
the Food Channel

John Quinnett

the island I imagined as it was not fog

whatever I say she believes in fire

Dave Read

packed subway train
making eye contact
with help hotlines

the dirt road
becomes a river
first love

Brian Robertson

deflating . . .
the inflatable Santa
in the tax office

John Rowlands

icicles trickle
into mud puddles—
I can't recall your voice

Liv Saint James

cell tower zone
I know the sparrow
by a ringtone

Srinivasa Rao Sambangi

dawn ten thousand perseids are nothing

Grant D. Savage

morning coffee a cold wind stirs

d w skrivseth

the healing balm
of new-fallen snow . . .
we crawl
into our quinzhee
and light a candle

Debbie Strange

park bench
at three o'clock a shadow
holds my hand

betting window
a rosary nestled
in grandma's purse

Barbara Tate

hornworm
doing the wave
by itself

white mountaintops
come into focus
snow globe

Scott Wiggerman

baggage claim
his and hers
the second time around

her willowy frame
smoke
through a saxophone

Robert Witmer

EMP
teh disnitergatino
socyeti fo

David J Kelly

Meditations on Paradise Lost

another
eve
holding
the red
delicious
naked
and alone

Anna Cates

La file d'attente

Haïkus réunis par Claude Rodrigue

dans l'encrier
les lettres de l'alphabet
à la queue leu leu

Micheline Comtois-Cécylre

sur le trottoir
une rangée de haïkistes
leurs ombres couchées

Monique Lévesque

flaque de pluie froide
les fourmis tournent en rond
sur le caillou

Cristiane Ourliac

manif sociale
les chants des vols de grues
survolent le bouchon

Bikko

migrants refusés
sur la file passe un vol
d'oies sauvages

Anne Chassing

la queue pour un billet
mille fois plus longue
que le billet

Daniel Birnbaum

gare de Delhi
ils attendent le train en file
pas du tout indienne

Marcellin Dallaire-Beaumont

journée pluvieuse
devant le guichet de gare
des parapluies gouttent

Micheline Boland

file d'attente
seul entre deux couples
et sans parapluie

Philippe Macé

dès potron-minet
la file d'attente s'allonge
soldes d'été

Keith Simmonds

soldes
patientant dans la file
elle tape un texto

Yves Ribot

en file au Van Houtte
par le trou de son piercing
choisir un muffin

Diane Descôteaux

attente à la caisse
côte à côte nougats tendres
et préservatifs

Dominique Champollion

caisse rapide
à chacun de ses articles
un bon de réduction

Sandrine Waronski

sortie de la messe
une procession se forme
chez la boulangère

Gérard Dumon

boulangerie bondée
la cliente devant moi rafle
le dernier croissant

Bruno-Paul Carot

longue attente au froid
petit à petit s'engagent
les conversations

Delphine Eissen

arrivée de loin
dans le son de sa voix
tant de files d'attente

Hervé Le Gall

à la queue leu leu
cohue d'avant la Noël
bal des impatientes

Francine Minguez

soupe populaire
deux ou trois pigeons
dans la file d'attente

Hélène Duc

ventre vides
les files d'attente se remplissent
aux restos du coeur

Béatrice Aupetit

restos du coeur
dans la longue file d'attente
un visage familier

Christiane Ranieri

vaccinations
épidémie de crainte
dans les rangs

Anne Delorme

zoo
dans la file d'attente
son haleine de chacal

Minh-Triêt Pham

gynécologie
file d'attente de femmes assises
les jambes croisées

Liette Croteau

file d'attente
la Joconde
en sourit

Éléonore Nickolay

attente sans file
les abeilles sur le lys
chacune à leur tour

Anne-Marie Joubert-Gaillard

fin des vacances
je monte dans l'avion
en dernier

Luce Pelletier

les moineaux
sur la corde à linge enneigée
attendent mon voisin

Carole Daoust

« Quel que soit la file d'attente que l'on choisisse, ce sera toujours la plus lente même si sa longueur ne le laissait pas présager. »

Auteur anonyme

=====

Prochain thème : **Les lieux de voyage.**



Au delà de ces pages

Au moment où je compose ces mots, il est la mi-janvier et ma voisine vient de « planter » dans la neige devant chez nous les arbres de Noël mis aux rebus, donnant aux passants urbains l'arome d'une forêt de pins. Ces arbres rappellent des « chéris perdus », le nom que je donne aux vers que j'adore, mais que j'enlève du poème d'origine et qui seront éventuellement recyclés dans un autre. Je suis certaine que nous travaillons tous ainsi. Il s'agit de rester patient, que le nouveau poème se révèle.

Je suis heureuse de dire que malgré ma technophobie, notre blogue de recensions est parti au HCshohyoran.blogspot.com (en pratique, *shohyōran* prend un macron sur le 2^e ô). Je tiens à remercier Micheline Beaudry, Sandra Stephenson et Dave Read pour leur collaboration. Nous avons toujours des recensions imprimées, avec le but de les copier au blogue quelques mois plus tard. Ainsi, je remercie André Duhaime dont la recension de *Secrets de femmes* (HCR 12:2, 2018) est déjà affichée.

Je suis toujours à la recherche de poètes qui seraient partant/e/s pour faire des recensions, et aussi de propositions de livres qui méritent d'être lus. reviews@haikucanada.org

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

Recensions ...

Michel Betting, *Rêverie* ; Haïkus. Éditions des petits nuages, Ottawa, 2018. ISBN 978-1926519388, 15x21cm, 56 pages, \$13.35. amazon.ca

De l'éditeur canadien petits nuages, voici un recueil de haïkus par le poète français Michel Betting. Au lieu de répartir ses 88 poèmes selon les saisons classiques, Betting a choisi les périodes d'une journée : matin, midi et soir.

Les saisons sont cependant bien indiquées par les divers figurants de la Nature qui peuplent ces haïkus : insectes, fleurs, et plusieurs oiseaux — merles, étourneaux, goélands, mouettes, canards, héron. En voici un de la section « Matin ».

arrêt en gare
deux minutes! deux minutes! deux minutes!
annonce la mésange

On trouve dans la section « Midi » de nombreuses observations de femmes sous un regard masculin, y compris celles qui en réalité n'en sont pas—qu'il s'agisse de métaphore :

matin de printemps
vitre, vitrine, rétroviseur
partout elle s'admire

—ou bien qu'il s'agisse de « rêverie » :

*ah, la toucher
sa peau, lisse et douce
sculpture de bronze*

Les haïkus cités ici reprennent la police du livre. Les moments du vécu du poète sont en lettres romaines, tandis que les moments qui proviennent plutôt de son imagination poétique sont en italiques.

foule estivale
le goéland se demande
quand reviendra l'hiver!

Qu'il s'agisse d'un « matin printanier », de l'été avec ses plages et sa canicule, ou d'un « été indien » d'automne, les pires moments d'intempéries ne sont que pluie, averse, orage. L'unique présence de l'hiver se trouve dans les pensées imaginaires du goéland. Or, maintenant, le moment même où je partage ma lecture de ce recueil, chez nous, avec le refroidissement éolien, il fait moins 33° C, et je ne peux qu'en faire la remarque: *Rêverie* de Michel Betting nous offre des moments qui réchauffent, car ils présentent une vie—sans hiver!

Recension par Maxianne Berger



Marie Dupuis, *Le chat bourlingueur*; Carnet de voyage; Haïku. Les Éditions David, Ottawa, 2018. ISBN 978-2-89597-660-8, 11x17cm, 80 pages, \$12.95. Aussi disponible en PDF. editionsdavid.com

Le chat bourlingueur est le quatrième livre de Marie Dupuis, son deuxième aux Éditions David. Avec presque cent haïkus distribués en six sections, tel que le dit le sous titre, il s'agit de poèmes inspirés en voyage—aux États Unis, en Amérique latine, en Europe, ... et chez nous, au Québec.

En voyage, on doit respecter les lois des autres.

*Poste frontière
sous l'œil des douaniers
manger tous nos fruits*

Parfois on se trouve à même les grandes manchettes, sans soucis du temps, des lieux et de la bienséance, telle la vraie vie.

*rafale de vent
la terreur au Bataclan
dans notre salon*

Mais à Paris, parmi les fleurs, on trouve aussi le voyageur qui offre au recueil son titre.

*marché aux oiseaux
parmi les acheteurs
un chat bourlingueur*

Nous savons ce que chercherait ce chat, mais que cherche Marie Dupuis? C'est bien le premier haïku de la première section qui nous donne la réponse.

*Emprisonner l'instant
en trois lignes
je pèse les mots*

Le chat bourlingueur, avec ses mots bien pesés, est une invitation au voyage.

Recension par Maxianne Berger



Haibun

Trickster

Eyes like blueberry pies, like blueberry pies, like . . . The rhythm of the car's movement lulled me to sleep, curled up on the passenger seat beside you. From time to time you reached over and touched my hair gently. Our last night together, how could I sleep?

spring skiing
you guide me down
the black diamonds

For the first part of the drive we'd been silly, almost giddy. Our passenger to Smithers kept asking us what drugs we were on. Just a few months before you'd won my heart with your poetry, your stupid jokes, your violin and your silver tongue. You couldn't resist my quick laughter, my eyes like deep mountain lakes, and how I saw the real you but hung on your every word anyway. Such times we had!

raven's shadow
crosses the sun
trickster

We stopped for dinner and an early movie in Prince George, then started our night journey, the sky light until late on that early June evening. The moon came up full over Hell's Gate, and our mood became more quiet, tender. I pretended to doze through the dark hours, until you woke me for sunrise over the Fraser Valley.

At breakfast time we pulled into my aunt and uncle's driveway. As we poured syrup on our pancakes you told them that I was four-fifths of truth. They looked embarrassed. You said I had eyes like blueberry pies. I shrugged. At the car, one last kiss and you drove away.

postcards
from your honeymoon
I weep for her

Ruth Powell

Recovery

Draggin' the IV beside me, inching down the hall.

A man comes out the snack room with his own IV. We almost bump.

"I'll race you," he smiles.

I wink. "I'm training for the Iron Man."

white carnations
under hospital lights
no shadows

Sidney Bending

Modern Medicine

Long-term, high-dosage steroid use to treat a severe respiratory disease. As a result, I was stricken by advanced osteoporosis. We didn't even suspect a problem. I experienced none of the other side effects common to steroid use, and no one thought to check my bones.

Christmas plans
the subdued tones
of the waiting room

One morning, getting out of bed, I put my weight on my left foot and tore the Achilles Tendon in half. Losing my balance, I fell backward onto the bed. Of course, I tensed up as I fell and my contracting muscles fractured my back—fourteen fractures in six vertebrae.

They have never healed. Thirty years of intense pain later, I am eight and a half inches shorter than when it happened.

new year
my youngest sister calls me
little big brother

Ignatius Fay

seasidexodusunset

Roland Packer

This isn't a September Dawn in Dearborn

Cottage country's too cold now for swimming past lily pads and blue herons.
And the phone ads are true, Tom—people do sit on docks with kids, dog
and ignore their partner and the vistas to text with their digital shackles.
Their coffees grow cold. Someone's subwoofer kicks in ehhhh Macarena.

The inflatables and diving rafts are covered in a gardener's dream of turd.

Docks sport metallic pinwheels that seems to amuse the ganders.

I paddle over to pet a tame mallard—decoys are so real. In dissipating fog
floating moves me, as if I were a broom swinging on a nail.

after the storm
sweet air of
broken poplar

Pearl Pirie

Linked Verses and Sequences

La baie d'Angélique

les bernaches dorment
la nuit sur le fleuve
dans la baie d'Angélique

Micheline Comtois-Cécyre

quelle chaleur moite
en ce début d'automne

Christiane Edom

sur nos dos nus
la lune crée
des courbes bleues

Monique Pagé

le jour venu apporte
de nouvelles avenues

Angélique Beauchemin

mes rêves portent
sur les enfants
tiraillés dans les combats

Denise Benoît

une histoire d'amour
au cinéma en grand titre

Francine Desmarteau

à la sortie de la salle
des hommes et des femmes
regardent leurs souliers

Sylvie Hébert

quelle direction prendre
mon chat m'attend

Yvette Plante

Rex s'est enfui
la porte restée ouverte
il en a profité

Isabelle Neveu

du givre ici et là
il faudra bien se couvrir

Olivier Marchand

lilas joli
fleuris ma vie
entre je t'invite

Suzanne Gingras

Renku – Atelier de Verchères, 10/09/18
Micheline Beaudry animatrice



on what was learned in school today

first period

a fly so still it could be dead
on the SMART board

second period

a fly wanders
the SMART board

third period

two flies connect
on the SMART board

fourth period

flies leave
specks on the SMART board

LeRoy Gorman

**a minibus
old and weatherworn
tneqer1 ot emit**

Roland Packer

Off-Piste

fresh powder—
my skis covered
on the ski rack

Michael

the mountain unfolds
on a trail map

Alan

first tracks
through old moguls . . .
bluing sky

Michael

off-piste—
I work my way through
Engelmann spruce

Alan

cannon fire
in the avalanche chute

Michael

hanging on the wall
of the base lodge . . .
my first skis

Alan

Michael Dylan Welch and Alan S. Bridges

Beyond these pages

It is mid January, and my neighbour has “planted” discarded Christmas trees into the snow on the front lawn, providing a scent of pine “forest” to urban passers-by. These evergreens also remind me of what I call “dead darlings”: truly wonderful lines edited out of their original poems and recycled into new ones. My guess is that we all do this to a certain extent. It’s a matter of waiting, patiently, for the rest of the poem to reveal itself.

I’m pleased to report that despite my technophobia, our book review column is up and running at HCshohyōran.blogspot.com (though the macron can be ignored when you key in the URL). If we post a few reviews every month, it will be worth it. Thanks go to Micheline Beaudry, Sandra Stephenson and Dave Read for their help in the launch. We still have reviews in print, and for this issue thanks go to Ruth Mittelholtz and Guy Simser. The plan, too, is to post reviews from *HCR* to the blog a few months after they’ve come out in print. I thank André Duhaime whose review of *Secrets de femmes* is up as well.

I continue to reach out to prospective reviewers. Over the years I’ve learned a great deal from figuring out which poems I especially like, and why—the personal benefits of careful readings. As well, because the haiku community at large has given me so much over the years—especially the welcome—I am glad I am able to give back. So if you, too, are interested in this sort of good-will gesture, even on an irregular basis, I’d be more than happy to send along a book for you to read and share thoughts on. reviews@haikucanada.org .

Happy tomorrows!
Maxianne Berger
HCR reviews editor

Reviews. . .

From the Cottage of Visions: Genjuan Haibun Contest, Decorated Works 2015 – 2017. Stephen Henry Gill, comp. Kyoto: Hailstone Haiku Circle, 2018. ISBN 978-4-9900822-9-1. 111 pages. ¥1,000 / 13\$US (airmail, postage paid). see web site for info <hailhaiku.wordpress.com/publications>

From the Cottage of Visions is the second compilation of winning haibun from the Genjuan International Haibun Contest. Like its 2015 predecessor, *Genjuan Haibun Contest*, which covers the decorated works of 2012-2014, *From the Cottage* is an important addition to haibun literature, not only for the high quality and diversity of the haibun themselves, but as well, what makes both books especially noteworthy is the inclusion of the judges' comments on each haibun. The two compilations also present a haibun by each judge, and several examples of Japanese haibun—classical in the 2015 volume, contemporary in the present volume, which also contains a brief history of haibun in Japan written by Hisashi Miyazaki, one of the judges. The *Genjuan*, Japan's only international haibun contest, is named after Bashō's Lake Biwa cottage, *Genjuan* (Vision-Inhabited Cottage).

Haibun, with its centuries-old roots in Japan, has been little practiced in that country since the turn of the 20th century. When it is, it is rarely called 'haibun.' Instead, as the judges of the Genjuan contest point out, other names specific to the content and form of each piece are used, including *zuihitsu* (stray notes), 'esse' (essay), *shaseibun* (sketch from nature), *kikobun* (travel records), and *san* (eulogy). Stephen Gill, co-founder of the contest and one of the judges, writes in the Preface, "It is clear, though, that there has been no 'haibun' genre *per se* in the minds of any contemporary Japanese haiku poets until very recently."

Nenten Tsubo'uchi, also a judge, writing about what has been known in Japan as 'haibun,' that is "prose written by haiku poets between the 17th and 19th centuries," says "the impression we often get is of casual scribblings by a dilettanti [sic]." and "In contrast, 'Haibun' in English seems to me to be a type of poetic essay featuring haiku poems."

Two of the points on which opinions vary—whether a haiku or a title are necessary—are addressed by Gill in the Preface. He writes that the Genjūan judges as a group defined haibun as *haikai no bunsho* or 'sentences in the haikai style' and adds that "featuring a haiku or two certainly helps" to impart haiku-spirit, but notes that Japanese haibun may or may not include haiku.

Regarding the necessity of a title, Gill writes that the judges see a title "primarily as a convenience; but the choosing of a title also demands—does it not?—a modicum of creative effort and good sense. In this way it becomes another facet for judging."

So, with different practices in Japan and the West in the use of the term 'haibun' and with on-going discussion especially in the West as to the characteristics of haibun, the questions arise as to how the contest judges, two Japanese and two Westerners, specified what they were asking writers to submit, and by what criteria they judged the submissions.

As for the judging criteria, Gill writes in the Preface that the judges agreed that they were looking for literary quality, and haiku-spirit. Miyazaki, in the introduction to his comments on the 2017 prize winners, elaborates further. As a judge he is looking for concise writing, haikai-taste, something clearly said, imagery which glows and vibrates, evidence of literary creation, and some ambiguity. Tsubo'uchi, in the introduction to his 2016 comments, writes "As I went through this year's pieces

evaluating them, I kept in mind the question, ‘What is haibun?’ For pieces written in the Japanese language, my answer would be ‘a short piece of prose of haiku-style inspiration;’ but then again, What, precisely, is ‘haiku-style inspiration’? Defining it clearly is indeed a problem, for it embraces such a wide variety of things.”

Each year, from the 100 or so entries received, the judges award one Grand Prix, three or four *An* (Cottage) Prizes to highly recommended entries, and five Honourable Mentions. The winning haibun and comments, through 2017, have been compiled in the two print anthologies. The top four or five haibun for all contests through 2018, albeit without the judges’ comments, are posted at hailhaiku.wordpress.com/genjuan.

The judges’ remarks range across story summaries, emotional responses, poetics and imagery, and haiku quality. Sometimes the comments are contradictory. Gill writes that the comments should encourage debate and “raise many issues for haibun writers to address in their own way,” and the comments will surely do so. I found the comments of all the judges interesting, thought-provoking and valuable. Of special interest to me were Tsubo’uchi’s brief comments focussing primarily on the emotions elicited and the aesthetics, and Ellis Avery’s lengthy, detailed discussions of the poetics of each haibun.

Let us look at one of the haibun and some of the judges’ responses. Phillippa Yaa de Villiers (South Africa) received an Honourable Mention in 2017.

The Baker’s Insomnia

Unwelcome thoughts break into the soft house of sleep,
splashing the white walls with shadows. The body twists the
sheets left, right. The mind building, breaking , building,

breaking. The pillow is a gagged hostage, suffocating on secrets. The blanket discarded with a fretful kick. A hand reaches for the Nokia phone: the tiny gleam hisses an insult, the bedside light clicks on. Alarm. Piles of papers crowd each surface in the room, muttering threats, repeating recipes.

In the sink of night
dishes wait
to be washed by the light of the moon.

Miyazaki calls this haibun “interesting.”

Insomnia generally has the same symptoms. The baker is suffering from a restless body and overexcited mind. This is reflected in the uncommonly disordered condition around his bed. He may feel threatened by the pressure to use new recipes. The haiku is beautiful. Day has not yet dawned, so he may have to wash the dishes by moonlight.”

Avery considers de Villiers’s poetics. .

[“The Baker’s Insomnia”] goes in a direction that is generally not encouraged by commentators on haibun, both because it lavishes prose on the description of an emotional state rather than suggesting it through imagery and because it makes use of metaphors and similes (“the pillow is a gagged hostage”) rather than the juxtapositions and leaps preferred by most writers of haibun. [. . .] The author does make use of some strong and crisp images to evoke insomnia [. . .] Moreover, there are some truly lovely phrases in this piece, such as the evocative “soft house of sleep.” The concluding haiku [. . .] locates a lyrical magic hidden in the everyday image of dirty dishes and offers a

graceful and unexpected image of nocturnal tranquility in counterpoint to the tortured images of insomnia that precede it.”

The Genjuan contest is international. Among the honorees are poets from the U.K. the US, India, Ireland, and South Africa, as well as from Bhutan, Mexico, Romania, Slovenia, and Japan. The winners from Canada include Ignatius Fay (2016), Dorothy Mahoney (2017) and Beth Skala (2017).

A quibble about formatting: I was a bit bothered by the placement of the author’s name between the title and the body of the haibun, as if two parts of the haibun had been pried apart. My preference would be to see the author’s name and country above the title.

And beyond all the other qualities, *From the Cottage of Visions* is embellished with illustrations by Yosa Buson and Ike Taiga. Purchases support the continuation of the contest which is run by volunteers, does not charge an entry fee, and sends out a prize to each of the top winners: a fine, full-size replica of a Hokusai or Hiroshige ukiyo-e print for the Grand Prix winner, and smaller gifts for the *An* Prize winners. Highly recommended.

review by Ruth Mittelholtz



A Pebble in My Shoe; An Anthology of Poetry. Magpie Haiku & Tanka Poets. Meghan Elizabeth Jones, ed. Calgary : Morcom Enterprises Inc., 2018. ISBN978-0-9693564-5-5. 90 pages +/- . 5¼” x 8¼”. 10\$. Contact inaested@gmail.com.

A Pebble in My Shoe is the third anthology from the Calgary-based Magpie Haiku & Tanka Poets. Each of the eight poets offers a combination of some fifteen haiku and/ or tanka. Three of the poets include work that has been previously published— in the cases of Joanne Morcom and Pat Benedict Campbell, nearly all. Most of the poems, however, appear there in print for the first time. Joanne Morcom’s introduction includes a nice summary of the hoped-for response to the poems.

As for our book title it derives from one of the anthology poems and suggests something small with a big impact, like the kind of poetry we love to write.

The haiku in question is by Mary Vlooswyk.

dark storm clouds—/ a pebble/ in my shoe

Haiku and tanka are explained in Naomi Beth Waka’s Foreword, and she uses illustrative examples from the book itself. In reading through this collection, however, I myself wondered at the haiku-ness and tanka-ness of some of the poems, all the while recognizing that these are poems, whatever name they are given. We can quibble about what constitutes “juxtaposition” in haiku, or simply pause to think deeply about this scene described by Meg Jones:

after the hailstorm/ rose petals strewn/ about the garden

A haiku by Joanne Morcom which also, seemingly, has no juxtaposition engages me similarly.

in the leaf pile/ a bright blue feather/ catches the light

I like to call these *kana* haiku. Many of Bashō's haiku end with the kireji 哉, *kana*, an expression of wonder. It is an invitation to re-read, and to reread again. Something is there.

Often, when needed, the designation "senryu" can be called upon to stand in for "haiku," as with June Read's query, "where does time go/ when it's/ lost?" Time also plays a role in Lucille Raizada's wry observation, expressed as a *tanka*.

insomnia—/ you ask me/ when/ I find time/ to write

Time plays yet another role in Liz Gibbs's four-line *tanka*.

just 18
on the Bosphorous
sailing into Asia Minor
feeling very grown up!

There is such joy in Irene Naested's poem, also a *tanka*: "table set/ matching cloth and napkins/ and sun umbrellas/ the weather goddess/ is with me again!" And although conveying emotion is more often the role of *tanka*, there is something very soothing in the calm I feel in this haiku by Pat Benedict Campbell.

reunited siblings/ I dust around/ their ashes

The Introduction gives no indication of the editorial process in compiling this anthology. I find the quality of poems a little uneven, and wonder whether each member made her own decisions as to what to include, rather than the selections being made by an editorial group, or by the group as a whole.

Whatever my misgivings, anthologies from haiku and *tanka* collectives are a wonderful record of their work, together, and provide readers with a glimpse of the area that inspires them.

review by Maxianne Berger



Hasegawa Kai, *Okinawa*, D. Burleigh & Tanaka Kimiyo, trans. Winchester VA: Red Moon Press, 2018. ISBN 978-1-947271-22-7, 104pp, 5” x 7½ \$15US. redmoonpress.com

This book is a challenge but definitely worth reading with an eye to appreciating gendai haiku. I suggest a quick read for an initial “feeling”, then a close reading of David Burleigh’s *Afterword*, then a return to the poems as often as necessary for deeper understanding. A broad grasp of Japanese culture and shifting literary tastes from the late 1800’s through WW1-WW2 to postwar Japan would help. See some references below.

In April, 1945, America invaded Okinawa, considered “sacred land” of Japan: the first invasion of Japanese homeland. Four months later atomic bombs obliterated Hiroshima and Nagasaki. The Empire capitulated. With his book 70 years later, Hasegawa Kai, a respected gendai haiku poet who has visited Okinawa often to the point of attachment, offers English readers his invocation to Okinawa gods. Why? He views the Okinawa people and “nature” a font for his writing of the sacred. The book provides a 50 haiku sequence launched appropriately for the 2015 Bon religious period (August) when lost spirits of the dead are felt to briefly return to family altar offerings before returning to their underworld. Another 10 Okinawa haiku are appended.

Hasegawa believes English language haiku has for too long been written under the influence of poorly translated Basho haiku, and also through Shiki’s *passé sashei* style. Most Japanese haiku poets have left behind these old haiku models. Note that after considerable study Hasegawa sees Basho’s unique poetic perspective differently from past translators and tries to place this “true” Basho perspective in his own work.

In his introductory notes, Kai wonders how this *Okinawa* invocation will sit with English readers “unfamiliar with the (his)

language, land and haiku sensibility”: a worthy act. My response — once acquainted with the currents of haiku though the 1900’s, fascinating as it is readers may still find Hasegawa’s work obscure because of *kokoro*: the Japanese heart, mind, soul, is not mine or yours.

European dada/surreal poetry/art arose out of WW1. What happened in Japan during that time and what is *gendai haiku* today??? Read and enjoy the ride! Here are other Japanese writers’ poems: *Hiroshima /to eat a boiled egg /the mouth opens*. Sanki Saito (born 1900: arrested in WW2 and a leader of “non-traditional” haiku): He reminds me of French poet Paul Éluard (gassed in WW1) *The wind /undecided /rolls a cigarette*. More recently, Shuji Terayama (1935-1983). *A lonely boy /who slipped /out of me /I go to the winter zoo /to see him*. Terayama had a short but remarkable poetry/film/theatre career. Then there’s Yukio Mishima (1925-1970) thrice nominated for the Nobel Peace Prize (Literature). He also wrote haiku. He died of ritual suicide.

Now, back to Hasegawa’s Okinawa haiku invocation. To write affectively of the horrors of war is difficult, more so for those who have not fought in war nor suffered directly from it. In *Okinawa* I find lyricism, ironic lyricism, surrealism, *honkadori*, personal judgement, empathy, and homage. That’s after three readings, I will return for further enrichment and understanding. In sum, I recommend *Okinawa* for its haiku “depth”.

Here are a few appreciated Hasegawa haiku:

The star festival night /from island to island /a path on the sea

The white shoreline /in early summer /violated

One night in a dream /a column of cloud /somewhere in the sky

This next one recalls the well-known haiku from Basho's haibun, *Oku no Hosomichi*, The Narrow Road to the Deep North.

Summer grasses
such flattery in being called
fighting heroes

Okinawa is one of the Ryūkyū Islands.

Ryūkyū lies
deep within the flower
of a huge sunset

This final haiku has lovely sound and rhythm in Japanese.

War . . .
deep in the heart too
the grass grows thick

Sensō ya kokoro no oku mo kusa shigeru

The ō is a long “o”, optionally shown as “oo” in some English translations. The repetition of “o” is to me captivating; as is the hard “k” repetition.

review by Guy Simser

REFERENCE SOURCES

For readers unfamiliar with the growth of various Japanese haiku “schools” through the 1900’s and post-atomic world of today, here is an annotated list of suggested readings.

General introduction

A Reader's Guide to Japanese Literature. J. Thomas Rimer, Kodansha International (1991). Provides brief commentary on 20 Classical and 30 Modern literary works, thereby providing insights into the Japanese literary vision of themselves, their culture, and the world.

A General History of Japanese Literature Vol. 3. *The Modern Years*, Suichi Kato, Kodansha International (1990). Of pertinent interest period here is from the late 1890's into Japan's flirtation with national expansionism, communism, fascism and post WW2 development; all of which influenced writers and poets.

History books with some poetry

Hirohito by Leonard Mosley, Avon Books (1966). Note:
Contains a few translated poems.

War Criminal: the life and death of Hirota Koki by Saburo Shiroyama. Translation by John Bester, Kodansha International (1977). H. Koki (1878-1948) WW2 Prime Minister and hanged as war criminal. Contains many poems including what I suspect are Koki's death poems.

A Japanese War novel with a difference

Fires on the Plain by Shōhei Ōoka. Corgi Books (1980). A gripping Yomiuri Prize-winning WW2 novel of a conscript soldier who faces the terror of cannibalization and self-mutilation in the Philippines. Christopher Isherwood wrote of this book, "...a man's basest urges in relation to his noblest." My comment; shades of Joseph Conrad.

Introduction to Japanese Modern Haiku, including online sources

New Rising Haiku: The Evolution of Modern Japanese Haiku and the Haiku Persecution Incidents. Itō Yūki, Kumamoto University. Monograph: Red Moon Press, 2007.

Poems of Consciousness by R. Gilbert, Red Moon Press, 2008.

simplyhaiku.com/SHv6n3/features/Kai.html Robert Wilson & R. Gilbert, discussion of "ma"

gendaihaiku.com/hasegawa/index.html

aomoristory.blogspot.com/2010/07/shuji-terayama-memorial-museum.html

Two recommended books written at different stages of the “modern era”

The Kobe Hotel by Saito Sanki (1900-1962) Weatherhill. 1993.

Note: A troubled soul. Arrested 1942. Member of the New Haiku Poetry faction. He left many striking poems: *my feet would soak in the ocean/ if I hanged myself on the crescent moon.*

Kaleidoscope: selected tanka of Shuji Terayama, selected by Kokue Uzawa, translated by Amelia Fielden. Hokuseido Press, 2008. Not “classic” tanka: *For a small bird /to come back /after it’s shot /there is a grassland /in my head.* He puts me in the strange world of Yukio Mishima (1925-1970).

list of references, Guy Simser



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

bottle rockets: a collection of short verse. Stanford M. Forrester, Editor. www.bottlerocketspress.com

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. 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. bearcreekhaiku.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 othersmall 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

call it haiku, 17 new essays by Vincent Tripi. Windsor, CT: Bottle Rockets Press, 2018. \$15.00US ppd within the USA, \$18US ppd outside the USA. bottlerockets_99@yahoo.com

The Worksongs of the Worms; Haiku, by James Roderick Burns. Allahabad, India: Cyberwit.net, 2018. 15\$US
www.cyberwit.net

Mixed Bag; A Travelogue in Four Forms, by William Scott Galasso. Laguna Woods, California: Galwin Press, 2018. 10\$US
amazon.com, 13.50\$Can amazon.ca

Goodwill galaxy hunting, by LeRoy Gorman. Haiku, tanka, and visual poems. Windsor, Ontario: Urban Farmhouse Press, 2019. 17.95\$Can. urbanfarmhousepress.com

trimming the tiniest branch evening snowfall

d w skrivseth

Haiku Canada Review

Mike Montreuil, Publications Editor.

Claude Rodrigue, editeur des haïkus en langue française.

Maxianne Berger, book reviews editor / responsable des recensions

Micheline Beaudry, réviseure-conseil pour la langue française

Submission Guidelines / Soumissions

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

English submissions:

Mike Montreuil, Publications Editor,
1409 Bortolotti Cr., Ottawa, ON K1B 5C1
publications@haikucanada.org

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

Soumissions en français :

– haïkus, selon le thème proposé

Claude Rodrigue, haikufrancais@haikucanada.org

– autres formes japonisantes

Mike Montreuil, publications@haikucanada.org

Numéro	Date limite	Date de publication
hiver/ printemps	le 31 décembre	février
été/ automne	le 31 août	octobre

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

Book Reviews: poets and publishers to contact Maxianne Berger, book-review editor: reviews@haikucanada.org. Depending on the book and the timing of the request, accepted reviews will either be posted on the Haiku Canada book review blog at HCshohyoran.blogspot.com, or published in *Haiku Canada Review* prior to being posted on line a few months later.

Recensions : poètes et éditeurs doivent communiquer avec Maxianne Berger, reviews@haikucanada.org. Selon le livre et la date de la demande, les recensions acceptées seront soit affichées au blogue des recensions de Haïku Canada au HCshohyoran.blogspot.com ou bien publiées d'abord dans le *Haiku Canada Review* avant d'être affichées sur le blogue toile quelques mois plus tard



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
membership@haikucanada.org



Haiku Canada Executive

President: Claudia Coutu Radmore, 49 McArthur Ave., Carleton Place, ON K7C 2W1 president@haikucanada.org

Vice President: Claude Rodrigue, 779, place Drapeau, Baie-Comeau, QC G5C 1H4 vp@haikucanada.org

Membership Secretary: Katherine Munro, 19 Hayes Cres. Whitehorse, YT Y1A 0E1 membership@haikucanada.org

Treasurer: Agnes Jackle, in memory of Ruby Spriggs

E-News Coordinator: Carole Daoust newsletter@haikucanada.org

Website Coordinator: Luminita Suse webmaster@haikucanada.org

Publications Editor: Mike Montreuil publications@haikucanada.org

Archivist: Position open

Secretary: Lynne Jambor secretary@haikucanada.org

REGIONAL COORDINATORS/CORRESPONDENTS

BC, YT, NT: Vicki McCullough, 301-1125 McLean Dr., Vancouver, BC V5L 3N5 vmccullough@haikucanada.org

AB, SK, MB: Joanne Morcom, 1314 Southbow Pl. SW, Calgary, AB T2W OX9 morcomj@telus.net

ON: Claudia Coutu Radmore president@haikucanada.org

QC: Angela Leuck, 122 Rue Main, Hatley, QC J0B 4B0 acleuck@gmail.com

NS, NB, PE, NL: Position open

NU: Position open

long past his release
the steps of a poet/priest
resound in the yard

for Johnny Baranski

Barry George