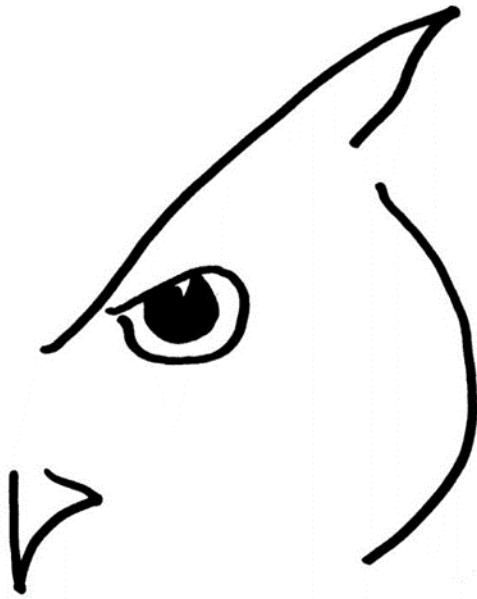


# HAIKU CANADA REVIEW



Volume 13

October 2019

Number 2

# **HAIKU CANADA REVIEW**

**Volume 13**

**October 2019**

**Number 2**

**[www.haikucanada.org](http://www.haikucanada.org)**

# Haiku Canada Review

Copyright 2019 © Authors and Artist

ISSN: 1914-3680

## Table of Contents

From the Editor. . . . .	3
Note from the President . . . . .	4
Errata . . . . .	5
The Haiku Canada Marianne Bluger Book and Chapbook Awards . . . . .	6
Call for Entries . . . . .	8
Under the Ginkgo Tree: Essays on Female Pioneer Haiku Poets in Canada - Part six: Ruby Spriggs . . . . .	11
Questioning Haiku: A Shiki Manifesto . . . . .	21
HCW Sea to Sky Haiku Contest Results . . . . .	25
Haiku Plus . . . . .	27
Les lieux de voyages . . . . .	44
Haibun . . . . .	51
Linked Verses and Sequences . . . . .	59
Beyond these pages . . . . .	74
Reviews . . . . .	79
Journals of Interest . . . . .	92
Net Briefs . . . . .	93
Et Cetera . . . . .	95
Haiku Canada Review . . . . .	96
Submission Guidelines / Soumissions . . . . .	96
Membership & Subscriptions . . . . .	97
Haiku Canada Executive . . . . .	98

**Art:** Cover and interior drawings – Sidney Bending

**Sheets:** – bodies of cadence by Marshall Hryciuk

– Jeu d’enfants par Luce Pelletier

– Cancer Clinic by Ruth Powell

## From the Editor. . .

Greetings,

Another year is quickly coming to a close. For us sports fans, fall is a great time for viewing sports at arenas, stadiums or on television.

Fall is also time to begin thinking about editing your haiku and senryu for our annual Betty Drevniok Contest, The Prix Jocelyne-Villeneuve and our annual Members' Anthology. Also in this issue, you will be able to find the call for entries for the first Marianne Bluger Book Awards. We hope that you take part in at least one of these activities.

Just as an early reminder, our next Haiku Canada Weekend is in the planning stages. The get-together will happen May 16-19, 2020. Please check the website for updates.

Thanks for taking the time to read this edition of the Review.



## **Note from the President**

These days everything is more expensive. After much discussion, the Executive has decided on a Membership fee increase. This increase will keep our website, Haiku Canada Weekends, and our Haiku Canada Review and related publications up to world standards.

Membership fees will increase by \$10 as of 01 October 2019

Regular annual membership for Canada: \$40 CDN

Regular annual membership for USA & International: \$45 US

Student annual membership \$25 CDN

Also, due to unforeseen issues, PayPal is no longer available as a payment option.

For 2020, fees can be paid by:

- Personal cheque drawn on an account with a Canadian or US financial institution,
- an International Money Order or bank draft in either Canadian or US dollars,
- Interac e-transfer to [treasurer@haikucanada.org](mailto:treasurer@haikucanada.org) from an account with a Canadian financial institution registered for Autodeposit.
- Payment by credit card through the Haiku Canada website (Coming soon. Members will be notified by email when available)

*Claudia Radmore*

## Errata

We would like to apologize for two mistakes that appeared in recent Haiku Canada publications

In the February 2019 issue of the Review, the following poem was attributed to *Agnes Mary Bishop*. The poem was submitted by *Frances Mary Bishop*.

in the rain  
  showers of petals  
    floating

*Frances Mary Bishop.*

In the 2019 HC members' Anthology, there is a spelling mistake in the poem by Brent Partridge. It should read:

wild plum blossoms  
  a golden wind  
    blows into long log ago

*Brent Partridge*



**wondering which way to turn the nut in charge**

*Robert Witmer*

## **The Haiku Canada Marianne Bluger Book and Chapbook Awards**

*by Angela Leuck*

I am very proud to announce the first edition of the biennial Marianne Bluger Book and Chapbook Awards to recognize excellence in English-language haiku and related Japanese-inspired short form poetry in Canada. Books and chapbooks published between January 1<sup>st</sup>, 2018 and December 31<sup>st</sup>, 2019 are eligible. I look forward to receiving your submissions before January 15<sup>th</sup>, 2020.

Who was Marianne Bluger and why are the awards named after her? For those of you unfamiliar with this Ottawa poet and long-time Haiku Canada member, here are a few facts:

Marianne Bluger was born in Ottawa in 1945 and died at her home in the Glebe area of Ottawa in 2005.

She was the author of two haiku collections: *Tamarack and Clearcut* (Carleton University Press, 1997) and *Early Evening Pieces* (Buschek Books, 2003).

Her collection, *Gusts*, published in 1999, was the first Canadian book-length collection of English tanka. (Tanka Canada's biannual journal *Gusts* was named in her honour.) Her second tanka collection was *Zen Mercies/Small Satoris* (Penumbra Press, 2005).

She was also a lyric poet with six published collections of which *Summer Grass* (Brick Books, 1992) won the prestigious Archibald Lampman Award.

For twenty-five years, she was administrator of the Canadian Writers' Foundation, which offers financial help to writers in need.

Along with Murial Ford, she wrote the Haiku Canada constitution. (She will also be remembered for the armfuls of budding branches and flowers she would unfailingly bring to the Haiku Canada Weekends whenever they were held in Ottawa!)

A committed social activist, she co-founded both Christians Against Apartheid, which operated for many years to exert pressure in Canada and abroad to end Apartheid, and the Tabitha Foundation, a charity bringing aid to the people of Cambodia.

I first met Marianne Bluger in 2003 when I was writing an article about her for *American Tanka*. I emailed her to ask if we could meet for an interview. Bluger promptly replied and along with her husband, Larry Neily, offered to drive to my home in Montreal. This began a sadly short (Marianne would succumb two years later from cancer) but memorable friendship. She was a caring and inspiring mentor to many, including myself. I remember one time sending her some of my poems and even though her mother-in-law was suddenly taken ill and Marianne and her husband suddenly had to drive to Nova Scotia the next day, Marianne still got up and emailed me her comments at 4 am, before they left for the Maritimes. Her brilliance, dedication, kindness, and most of all her joy are what I will always remember about Marianne.

When asked why she wrote poetry, Bluger replied: "Poetry moves me to a kind of reverence — not all of it, but much of the best of it. When I engage with poetry, I become contemplative



and mystically transported to a deeper awareness, to a kind of enlivened, prayerful consciousness; and to gratitude.”

It is most fitting that these awards are named in her honour. Marianne would, I’m sure, despite her modesty, be pleased.

## **Call for Entries**

The biennial Marianne Bluger Book and Chapbook Awards have been established in memory of the late Marianne Bluger. The goal of the awards is to recognize and encourage excellence in published haiku and related forms (tanka, renga, senryu, sequences, haibun, and visual haiku) in English

The first Bluger Awards will be presented in 2020, and every second year thereafter.

There will be two (2) categories:

- (i) Best English-language book
- (ii) Best English-language chapbook\*

\*A chapbook is defined as less than 50 pages and in the event that the publisher (author) would like to have it be considered as a book, they will have the right to do so.

1) Three (3) copies of the chapbook must be included along with the entry; three (3) copies of the book must be included for books.

2) The submission deadline will be **January 15<sup>th</sup>**, of the year in

which the awards are given. To be eligible, books and chapbooks must have been published during the 2 previous calendar years, as evidenced by the date on the copyright page.

3) A **“short list” of 3 books and 3 chapbooks**, chosen by the judges, will be made from all the eligible books and be announced on the website and social media by **March 15<sup>th</sup>**, of the year in which the awards are given.

4) Entry forms can be found on the Haiku Canada website, in the Awards section.

5) There is no entry fee.

6) The names of the award winners will be announced at that year’s Haiku Canada Weekend and printed in the fall edition of the *Haiku Canada Review*.

7) Books may be submitted by the publisher or the author. Publishers/authors may submit more than one book and/or chapbook per two-year period. Books are to be sent to the Administrator, who will then forward the books to the awards judges.

8) The competition is open to Canadians and to non-Canadians who are members of Haiku Canada .

9) Individuals on the Haiku Canada executive are eligible to submit books or chapbooks for the award. It is only closed to the Administrator and the judges for that year.

10) Haiku Canada reserves the right to not award prizes in any of the categories if there are insufficient submissions or if they

deem the quality of the submissions lacking in merit for that particular 2-year period.

11) As compensation for their services, judges will be entitled to keep the books they are judging. The same individual may not serve as judge twice in a row. The third set of books will be deposited at the new Haiku Canada Archives.

12) (i) Books may be haiku or other Japanese-related short form poetry. i.e. tanka, renga, senryu, sequences, haibun, and visual haiku. Definitions of each of these poetry forms may be found on the Haiku Canada website.

(ii) Books may contain other forms of poetry, but at least 50% of the total pages must consist of Japanese-related short form poetry.

(iii) Books may have more than one author.

(iv) Edited collections and anthologies are not eligible.

(v) Translations from other languages into English are eligible, in which case the author and translator will share in the prize (50/50). (While the author must be a Haiku Canada member, it is not necessary for the translator to be a member.)

13) The winners will receive: \$250.00 for the best English-language book and \$125.00 for the best English-language chapbook.

Book entries are to be sent to:

Angela Leuck  
Marianne Bluger Awards Coordinator  
122, rue Main  
Hatley, QC  
J0B 4B0

# **Under the Ginkgo Tree: Essays on Female Pioneer Haiku Poets in Canada Part six: Ruby Spriggs**

*Terry Ann Carter*

“Ruby Spriggs loved irises and gardens, and created her own flower meadows. She loved the flowers and the chipmunks and groundhogs that ate them. One time in the early spring, when the tulips were in bloom and we were out on the deck, a chipmunk decided it would show us who was boss. It walked up and grabbed a tulip and bent it down, then bit off the bloom and ate it. It looked around at us, then started on another tulip. Ruby shouted “no” but it wasn’t listening, so she soaked him with the contents of a full stein of beer, a tidal wave of it to a chipmunk of course. The chipmunk rushed coughing and spluttering under the deck, and turned and ran the next time Ruby said, no!”  
Excerpt from an email from Grant Savage, September, 2014.

Ruby Boyce was born in a small working class village near Leicester, England, April 25th, 1929. There were three other siblings: two older brothers and a younger sister. Later, a brother in law, the well known crooner, Engelbert Humperdinck. She was implicated (as a victim) in the great crash of ‘29 and the resulting economic depression and suffered from depression herself, most of her life, partly due to psychotic reactions to certain foods, notably wheat, which wasn’t cured until a naturopath diagnosed the problem, and a dairy intolerance allergy as well, in the early sixties.

A creative child, Ruby made dresses for dolls and wrote plays with her sister. Aged 11 -15, she was part of a troupe of young

women who performed for young British soldiers. She was the “straight singer” (the best and most capable singer, especially when she sang one of her favourite songs: The Last Rose of Summer with words by Sir Thomas Moore.) By 16, the war was over, and she was diagnosed with polio which resulted in a twisted spine (scoliosis) which impeded her grade eleven examinations; she was not able to continue her education

It was around this time that Ruby began her professional life as a bespoke tailor on Savile Row. She was also singing for the D’Oyly Carte, Gilbert and Sullivan troupe, and balanced sewing for dukes and duchesses with the role of “Buttercup” in H.M.S. Pinafore. It was also around this time that she met her future husband, Jim Spriggs, a mechanic in the British Army who later became a professional engineer in the budding communication and technology business. In the late fifties, connected to the Suez crisis, they moved to Montreal with their daughter Amanda Louise, and later, a move to Arkansas, with Westinghouse, Jim’s new employer. Working with radar and NORAD, he moved his young family back to Canada (North Bay, Ontario.) Eventually there were two more daughters and a son.

Ruby learned new skills as the owner of a hobby farm, in Wendover, Ontario. With a move to Toronto, and courses at Ryerson, Polytechnical Institute, Ruby met George Swede, Eric Amann and Betty Drevniok. Her haiku life began. Her husband’s life also began to emerge into the world of direct multiple switching (DMS) and employment with Bell, Northern Telecom, and Nortel. Jim died in 1988 of prostate cancer.

Ruby continued her haiku studies with a move to Ottawa. Living on Broadway Avenue near the canal, she took courses at the Ottawa School of Art and studied sumi-e with Madame Kodama.

But, it was her Queen Elizabeth 26<sup>th</sup> floor apartment where she hosted haiku gatherings and discussions on art and poetry. Marianne Bluger considered her a mentor.

It was at a poetry reading in Sandy Hill (for haiku poet Michael Dudley) that Ruby Spriggs met Grant Savage. Ruby became Grant's mentor and a good friendship began. Together they worked on the Haiku Canada Newsletter; she was the editor. Soon they began writing renku and by the early 90's they became lovers. Grant remembers fondly their trips to Florida and Costa Rica, and her writing habits at the cottage they shared near Sharbot Lake, Ontario. Here is a funny anecdote: "We went to Florida and Costa Rica together. Well, Ruby was a little different in her writing. A lot of the time she wrote original material between 6 am and 9 am. When we were at the cottage together, if I happened to be up early, I would be told to go fishing and chased off the premises until nine am. Sometimes I would row her across the lake to the water lilies. One time, the first time we had gone in the fishing boat together, it turned out to be a row not a row. She claimed to know how to row, but she was in the boat facing the wrong way, and proceeded to back row around the lake, going in circles with me upset and yelling imprecations round and around the lake. Calling her a stupid woman didn't seem to help either of us."

I met Ruby and Grant at a writing course at the University of Ottawa in the early nineties. Award winning poet Nadine McInnes was the instructor. Somehow we began speaking about our love of poetry and I learned about their passion for Japanese literary forms, especially haiku. Ruby was also a very fine tanka poet. Her poem about the pigeons in Venice won the Countless Leaves/ Inkling Press Alberta Poetry Society (Traditional Tanka Section) Tanka Contest. In a recent email,

Grant confided, “a week after her death, that news arrived in my mailbox. Michael Dylan Welch referred to it as ‘one of the greatest English love tanka written to date, when he published and commented on it for *Ribbons: Journal of the Tanka Society of America*.’ Countless Leaves was dedicated to her.”

a sudden loud noise —  
all the pigeons of Venice  
at once fill the sky  
that’s how it felt when your hand  
accidentally touched mine

Grant’s response to this tanka, composed two or three years later:

stem length circles  
a water lily drifts  
between its pads  
how often you speak of  
that first accidental touch

Ruby’s contributions were often “behind the scene”; she attached small drawings to window sills at all our Ottawa Haiku Canada weekends. She hugged closely and smiled vivaciously. And there was a red tam. Her diagnosis of breast cancer in the early 90’s made her particularly vulnerable; the haiku community of Ottawa “circled the wagons,” and care for Ruby was a constant thread in the fabric of our gatherings. Her family also rallied to her side; she was so proud of her four children and eight grandchildren. Sadly, she passed away July, 6<sup>th</sup>, 2001, and a few days later a memorial funeral service was held for her at Kelly’s Funeral Home, where Grant read the following tanka:

a loon calls its mate  
wind ripples the sinking moon  
you pull me down  
until i'm the moonlight  
filling you blindly

in her garden  
pink irises past their best  
a deeper bloom now  
the wish to fade and darken  
one and the same up the stem

swans paired with themselves  
a tale repeated by love  
and memory like water  
you and I again  
and again in this mirror

Along with confederation poet Archibald Lampman, Ruby was buried in Ottawa's Beechwood Cemetery.

**Poetry:**

**From William Higginson's *The Haiku Handbook***

moment of birth new shadow

**From the *Anthology Canadienne/Canadian Anthology***

in the core another spring

listening to the clouds lapping in the warm lake



answering the door-bell lilac scent

**From the Hexagram series book *Switching off the Shadows***

life in and out of a cat' nose

in the motel room  
someone else's  
stale smoke

wet glass buildings  
reflect wet glass buildings  
and clouds

by the lake twice the moonlight

my head in the clouds in the lake

morning  
all of the chairs  
facing the TV

season's end  
the cabin clock continues  
to measure the silence

school bell  
all of the shadows  
into one

snowflakes I see the wind

switching off the light  
switching off the shadows





days when information on renku was limited, before the information explosion that took place generally with the sudden advent of internet computer literacy, the organization of these renku was about the best that the average writer could do. We didn't know that moon was necessarily autumn in two of the three moon positions in a kasen renku. Neither did we know that the blossoms links weren't the same as flower links; that we were supposed to refer to blossoming fruit trees in spring. You will also notice the closeness of the links. The verses are linked a bit too tightly. However, an attempt was made to include all the seasons in each renku. If anything the renku are too light, and too suggestive-romantic, almost too entertaining, to be considered top notch in today's renku world. Often there is something close to back linking. Then things become suddenly interesting as an attempt is made to break out of the developing lockstep."

### **From *Sun Shadow Moon Shadow***

A very brief bio appeared on the back cover. "Born in England, Ruby Spriggs came to Canada in 1957 living in Montreal, Toronto and finally in Ottawa. Best of Issue in Frogpond 1982, and the Museum of Haiku Literature, Tokyo".

The book was dedicated to her husband and in memory of her sister.

the river curves the mist

park bench someone else's warmth

day dwindles into a loon's call

to no special place  
the wind blows the leaves  
out of the blue night snow scent  
nothing  
depends on  
this hyacinth blooming  
on one leg  
the heron spreads its stillness  
over the still lake

The haiku “on one leg” was a favourite Ruby Spriggs. It was reprinted twenty times. Philomene Kocher honoured it in her fine brushed (with blue ink) haiga. Grant Savage believes it has been “honkadoried to death,” which he says is a true Japanese tradition. Ruby did it herself.

I would like to close this essay with words from Grant, Ruby’s writing companion, lover, and travel partner towards the close of her life. Grant cared for Ruby in her days of sickness, and in so doing, made way for his own acceptance of her death. They shared a deep compassion for each other, an interest in the occult, and a passion for Japanese literary forms. They read together, wrote together, and toward the end of her life, held a strong Buddhist belief in the transience of all living things. Grant writes, “There are hundreds of my tributes to Ruby throughout my writing. Ruby made my thoughts, my words and love, real. Ruby was the snow, then the summer, then the summer snow that stayed.”

## Questioning Haiku: A Shiki Manifesto

*Michael Dylan Welch*

In 1896, chafing against the stale haiku traditions of the day, Shiki published a manifesto in *Nippon*, seeking to bring about a revolution in haiku practice and appreciation. Here he positions himself and those sharing his persuasion against a “they” of the proletarian writers of that era:

1. We strive to appeal directly to emotion. They often strive to appeal to knowledge.
2. We abhor trite motifs. They do not abhor trite motifs as much as we do. Between a trite and a fresh motif, they lean toward the former.
3. We abhor wordiness. They do not abhor wordiness as much as we do. Between a diffuse and a concise style, they lean toward the former.
4. We do not mind using the vocabulary of ancient court poetry or of modern vernacular slang, or words loaned from Chinese or western languages, as long as the words harmonize with the tone of the haiku. They rebuff words of western origin, confine the use of Chinese words within the narrow limits of contemporary convention, and accept only a small number of words from ancient court poetry.
5. We do not attach ourselves to any lineage of classical haiku masters or to any school of contemporary haiku poets. They associate themselves with lineages and schools, and are smugly confident that they are especially honoured poets because of those associations. Accordingly they show an unwarranted respect for the founders and fellow poets of their own schools, whose

works they consider unparalleled in literary value. As far as we are concerned, we respect a haiku poet solely for the merit of his poems. Even among the works of a poet we respect, we distinguish between masterpieces and failures. To define our position, we respect not the poet but the poem.

This translation comes from Makoto Ueda's *Modern Japanese Haiku: An Anthology* (Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1976; 5). Ueda also says "It is clear that Shiki was opposed above all to the mannerism of contemporary haiku" (6). Shiki was also striving to emancipate haiku from longer linked poetry, taking the hokku or starting verse out of renga – seeking "a complete independence of haiku as a poem" (7). As such, to stand on its own, haiku needed a new underpinning, a strong new aesthetics and poetics, and manifestos such as Shiki's sought to set that new course for Japanese haiku poetry.

I note how this manifesto begins with a call to emotion – to feeling instead of the intellect. A significant amount of current gendai or at least avant garde haiku (in Japanese and English) seems beholden to the intellect, even though the revolution Shiki began pointed directly to emotion over knowledge. As Cummings said, "feeling is first."

We may also wonder how a motif becomes trite, or what Shiki considered trite. Is it trite to write about homeless people or beggars – or even summer clouds or fresh snow – because that has been done so often, and risks unearned emotion through a knee-jerk or stock emotion in reaction to the stereotyped *subject* instead of the distinctive *poem*? At what point, if possible at all, do particular season words themselves become trite, such as cherry blossoms, or is it the overuse of common subjects *with* established season words that too easily becomes trite, repeating what is too easy and too common?

And did the didacticism that Shiki abhorred also fall into the realm of triteness? Shiki valued Buson as a model to follow, saying, according to Ueda, that Buson's poetry "was objective and picturesque; by presenting objects or scenes that excited emotion, it avoided describing the poet's emotion itself" (7), thereby engaging the reader. This is how, as Ueda notes in his preface, "Any poem demands a measure of active participation on the part of the reader but this is especially true of haiku. With only slight exaggeration it might be said that the haiku poet completes only one half of his poem, leaving the other half to be supplied in the reader's imagination" (vii). Thus, as Sensensui rightly said, haiku is an "unfinished" poem.

And what is the difference between wordiness and rightness, and the difference between a fullness of words and the opposite problem, excess minimalism? Is there a difference between as short as possible versus as short as necessary? (For me, the difference is crucial.) Is minimalism in haiku akin to anorexia, or can the minimal also achieve rightness? How is wordiness defined, and by whom? And can a 5-7-5 haiku achieve rightness too, or will the extent of its content always smack of obesity compared with Japanese haiku?

Next, what diction do we allow in our haiku? Are the Anglo Saxon-rooted words better than Latinate, such as "dog" and "cat" verses "canine" and "feline"? Do we cut ourselves off from the full range of poetic expression if we do not allow a greater variety of words from within English, as well as words borrowed from other languages?

And finally, do we revere certain poets just because they're revered? Or can we honestly assess — and if necessary, reject — weaker poems by even the best English-language haiku poets



among us, and those of our recent past? Western haiku may not have schools the way they do in Japan, but factions clearly exist, such as the so-called objective realists, those who are more subjective or opaque, the yuki-teikei traditional camp, the minimalists, those who write seeking only to count 5-7-5 syllables, sometimes as a sort of joke, and those who write in a variety of others ways or for a range of purposes, such as meditation, therapy, or for school-book exercises. Are these not schools of haiku in English, even if they do not have defined leaders and hierarchies as they do in Japan? What can we learn from each of these approaches that might loosen up our repeated habits, our narrow views? Or how can an openness to each of these “schools” broaden what has become our own trite or mannered way of writing only in particularly ways? And yet, can approaches to haiku be too broad and at some point cease to be haiku?

Ueda’s summary of Shiki’s revolution is as follows:

The poet has complete freedom both in the way in which he sees beauty and in the way in which he expresses it in his poem. The poem, therefore, can show any one of many types of beauty, colourful or austere, simple or complex. The merit of the poem lies in its individuality, in its independence, in its degree of freedom from stereotypes. A good poem will always be new in its motif, unhackneyed in its material, uninhibited in its vocabulary, and therefore direct in its emotional appeal and fresh in its overall impression. That is the *haiku*, as different from the *hokku* of old. (8)

Ultimately, what does Shiki have to teach us today? These questions may find different answers in each haiku poet. What are your answers?

## HCW Sea to Sky Haiku Contest Results

Haiku, with a nod to the Sea to Sky theme of the 2019 Haiku Canada Weekend, were to be written between arriving in the Vancouver area until contest closing at 9 p.m. on Saturday, May 18. Tanya McDonald was the judge in the double-blind selection process.

1st place:

diagnosis . . .  
from sky to sea  
November rain

*Michael Dylan Welch*

2nd place:

Musqueam old growth —  
the sea and sky  
we share

*Michael Dylan Welch*

3rd place:

that bit where the ocean  
shines up  
through moonlit cloud

*Karen Sohne*

4th place:

grey sky  
the gull's plaintive cries  
fade into a wave

*Alegria Imperial*

5th place:

eagle's wings  
slowly stitching the gap  
between sea and sky

*Josephine LoRe*

6th place:

am I standing  
on somebody else's  
distant horizon?

*Josephine LoRe*



**blackout poetry all my little strokes**

*Debbie Strange*

## Haiku Plus

learning to breathe  
for both of us  
through the fog

*Joanna Ashwell*

peach fuzz . . .  
mom calls me  
mister

*Aaron Berry*

the river lock's gate  
still broken  
damsel flies

*Maxianne Berger*

the gardener mows  
a cultivated lawn  
not sparing the tulip

*Frances Mary Bishop*

breakthrough  
the crow studies his sky  
in a puddle

*Marjorie Bruhmuller*

sweltering day  
home from work he lolls  
in the child's swing

*Pat Benedict Campbell*

a small fish  
in a blue lake  
the sun

*Mariangela Canzi*

frogs croaking  
into the night  
bedtime stories

*Susan Colpitts*

1887 – 1888

\* \* \*

her gravestone  
buried in birdsong

*Susan Constable*

day moon  
he never looks  
into my eyes

*Vera Constantineau*

hothouse mum  
in a beer bottle  
almost spring

*Jeanne Cook*

orchid bloom  
the long wait  
for a judge

once a seed  
orbiting the moon  
this sycamore

*Bill Cooper*

sudden downpour —  
the unison  
of umbrella blooms

*Ellen Cooper*

origami cranes —  
the crepe myrtle  
flowering

*Pamela Cooper*

tornado alert  
in a windowless closet  
a children's picnic

*Dina E Cox*

talk radio  
the silence  
of the night sky

*Dan Curtis*

dog days  
the silence  
of sparrows

*Carole Daoust*

rubber bone  
his after dinner mint  
under a kitchen chair

*Ed Dewar*

a young eagle  
in a broken  
birch tree  
flexing  
brand new wings

*Marje A. Dyck*

too-long laces  
dragging the sidewalk  
tent caterpillar

*Ignatius Fay*

late autumn  
mother's walker  
now mine

*Nika*

simple proof of qi  
orchid roots

*Muriel Ford*

fire permit  
a year of bonfires  
for \$13

*Gill Foss*



sprint and hover  
the silent beat  
of a dragonfly's wings

*Jay Friedenber*

gin and tonic, July  
the slight dissipation  
of tropical heat

where once a torch  
was held on high  
razor wire

*William Scott Galasso*

hopscotch  
fork to spade to bough  
the robin

*Mike Gallagher*

goodbye hug  
we exchange  
shadows

*Rajan Garg*

only his side  
of the conversation  
birdsong

*Barry George*

moonlit corn  
should I write  
a love poem

battlefield tour  
we follow  
the arrows

*LeRoy Gorman*

i age and  
depend more on friends  
and depends

*Arch Haslett*

a tangled  
ball of wool . . .  
possibilities

*Marilyn Henighan*

as dust spreads  
I sign  
the coffee table

*Helen Herr*

a shooting star  
pierces my heart  
and that lie

*Kim Horne*

dust storm  
who's to say  
who won the battle

*Louisa Howerow*

cranberry juice  
I limit myself  
to one drink a day

*Harvey Jenkins*

daybreak . . .  
I erase  
her lip prints

*David He*

twilight stroll  
a dandelion wedged  
between stones

*Alegria Imperial*

traveling alone —  
a robin's call  
gets two replies

*Skylar Kay*

Dali o'clock ~  
a misshapen dandelion  
losing its head

single use plastic  
the plunged syringe  
in a junkie's arm

*David J Kelley*

city reservoir  
a toddler on the lookout  
for sharks

*Deb Koen*

camp stove  
under the rain tarp  
soup

donation center  
all those bags  
of her clothes

*Deborah P Kolodji*

Valentine's Day  
my Prince Charming  
has yet to arrive  
is he stuck in rush hour  
or questioning his gender?

*Anne-Marie Labelle*

lamenting the lack  
of good men  
we turn our meal  
of leftovers  
into a feast

quarreling like crows  
my husband and I  
suddenly speechless  
at the sight  
of an indigo bunting

*Angela Leuck*

distant sirens  
a raven spreading  
its shadow

a wild flower  
unfolds pink by pink  
in the moonlight  
she holds my hand  
tighter than ever

*Chen-ou Liu*

elderly woad warrior  
blue rinse  
shampoo

*Sue MacKenzie*

hunting season  
the cougar touches up  
her lipstick

weeping willow  
the surface of the pond  
indiscernible

*Vicki McCullough*

war memorial  
losing count of the acorns  
within its shadow

*John McManus*

reunion —  
rain overflows  
from the tulip

*Indra Neil Mekala*

downpour  
the dirt road  
deepens

*Joanne Morcom*

beach festival  
girls sing harmonies  
under an awning

*Sharon Morrison*

teenaged grandsons  
ice cream sandwiches  
at grandma's

*Mary Nelson*

photography course —  
the old wagon wheel  
an art object

*Nola Obee*

a trickling creek  
from her watercolors  
hospice care

*Victor Ortiz*

auto shop  
tools hang on the pegboard  
with a six-string

*Roland Packer*

swallows over a field  
in the heat shimmer  
moonrise

*Brent Partridge*

beachcombing  
our kids collect  
the names of boats

*Jacquie Pearce*

papirovka apples  
the firm grip  
of my mother's hand

*Robert Piotrowski*



giving their perfume  
to the evening breeze  
unknown flowers

*Patricia Prime*

good to see you  
my eye doctor says  
needle in hand

outdoor café  
I decide it's her dog  
who's flatulent

*John Quinnett*

squirrel snow tracks  
sometimes I too  
am disoriented

*Lucille Raizada*

ocean breeze . . .  
the coconut scent  
of sunscreen

*Dave Read*

homecoming  
the garden chipmunk  
grown fatter

*Bruce Ross*

storefront bakery  
eyeing the girth  
of the chestnut tree

*Lyle Rumpel*

hotel sink  
the candidate washes away  
a thousand promises

*Barbara Sabol*

restless  
all but two  
of the stars go out

*Karen Sohne*

new silk quilt  
father's best ties  
working overtime

*Susan Spooner*

looking away  
from our campfire  
for a moment  
we see that the stars  
have been here all along

*Debbie Strange*

perigee moon  
the closeness  
no one relies on

*Luminita Suse*

autumn  
grandpa's hunting jacket  
by the kitchen door

*Barbara Tate*

winter sun i await a conclusion

*Stephen Toft*

clean windows  
inside and out  
lilac blooms

*Betty Warrington-Kearsley*

shadows ascend  
the valley's rocky slopes  
bird song fades

*Val Finnemore*

under construction . . .  
the empty shopping carts  
of the homeless

hens  
crying in vain  
fox news

*Robert Witmer*



## Les lieux de voyages

Haïkus réunis par Claude Rodrigue

dans ma tête  
clouée sur mon lit  
je voyage debout

*Béatrice Aupetit-Varin*

brin de nostalgie  
au téléphone un accent  
de la Gaspésie

*Diane Descôteaux*

parfum de mimosas  
dans le coffret de savons  
la Côte d'Azur

*Natacha Karl*

fleurs de cerisier  
quelque chose du Japon  
juste devant moi

*Micheline Boland*

du mont Yoshino  
un cerisier reste en fleur  
sur mon fond d'écran

*Sandra Houssay*

route en lacets  
vers le village natal  
chicorée en fleur

*Maria Tirenescu*

pique-nique  
à la halte de Tadoussac  
le brouillard se lève

*Géralda Lafrance*

la pluie résonne  
sous le panneau des départs  
un sans-abri

*Sandrine Waronski*

aéroport désert  
une mouche peaufine  
son décollage

*Hélène Duc*

tarmac sous la neige  
le soleil des Seychelles  
porte trente-deux

*Yves Ribot*

nez au hublot  
quitter l'Irlande  
et ses moutons

*Christiane Ranieri*

maison de vacances  
les mêmes meubles Ikéa  
que par chez nous

*Marie Derley*

volcans d'Auvergne  
sur le mur de l'auberge  
un extincteur

*Minh-Triêt Pham*

loin de la ville  
on partage la plage  
avec les tortues

*Lavana Kray*

baie de Somme  
couchées sur un banc de sable  
deux bicyclettes

*Françoise Maurice*

village de Pesmes  
retrouver  
ce qui n'existe plus ailleurs

*Salvatore Tempo*

Notre-Dame de Paris  
l'ornithologue attend  
le retour des faucons

*Eléonore Nickolay*

touristes japonais  
mitraillant la place de Bruges  
sourire à tout hasard

*Damien Gabriels*

réveil au ryokan  
pour se lever du futon  
mille contractions

*Monique Lévesque*



vers le monastère  
à peine commencé  
le voyage vers soi-même

*Rodica P. Calotă*

en Andalousie  
au son du flamenco  
saveur de Sangria

*Liette Janelle*

riad de luxe  
dans la cour  
deux rats jouent

*Kent Neal*

se recueillir  
sur la tombe d'Yves Saint-Laurent  
jardin Majorelle

*Claude Rodrigue*

remparts de Mogador  
sur chaque merlon  
une mouette

*Marc Bonetto*

au bout du monde  
un pot de géranium  
à ma fenêtre

*Yann Quero*

ruelles de Santorin  
les chats errants se prélassent  
trop chaud pour chasser

*Charline Siciak-Nicaud*

aux anciennes colonnes  
le temps s'est arrêté  
au pied des temples

*Josephine LoRe*

retour de voyage  
plaisir d'être étranger  
dans sa maison

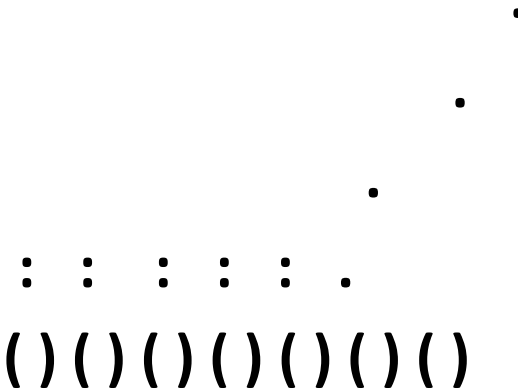
*Jean Antonini*

retour de croisière  
ma boîte aux lettres  
inondée

*Marie-Alice Maire*

« *Qu'est-ce qu'un voyageur ? C'est un homme qui s'en va chercher un bout de conversation au bout du monde.* »  
Barbay d'Aurevilly (1808-1889)

Prochain thème : thème libre



*LeRoy Gorman*

# Haibun

## Something Lost/Found in the Translation

*Sidney Bending*

On a flight from Singapore to Hong Kong, my seatmate watches the man on the other side of me. She covets his used beer can for her world-wide collection. I ask the flight attendant to translate for us. The man agrees with a laugh and tells his friend.

We promptly receive, from his tour group, 36 empty beer cans.

border guard  
he stamps my passport  
with his boot



## Embarrassment

*Ignatius Fay*

My sixteen-year-old daughter and I are at the video store, where we have an account. The store files its accounts by phone number. The checkout clerk today is a boy from her school whom she thinks is cute.

She is ahead of me, carrying the videos, when we get to the checkout. The clerk looks at her and asks — Phone number, please.

Leaning towards her, and using my best stage whisper, I say –  
See, I told you he'd ask for your phone number.

prom night  
dad makes a last minute  
dress repair



## Peaked

*Dave Read*

It freaks me out he says referring to the steep drop-off alongside  
the highway. It freaks me out too I think from my seat behind  
the wheel. How that skinny metal railing is meant to keep a van  
travelling 100 km/hour from rocketing over the cliff is beyond  
me. As a means of distraction, I point to a goat on the adjacent  
slope. Together we watch its effortless motion; marvel as it  
climbs our fear of heights.

mountain side  
the sunlight funnels  
dusk



explorers

*Roland Packer*

## Walking to the Moon

*Ruth Powell*

vino tinto  
on the shelf  
season's over

Oof! The tang of lime. The bite of gin. The bittersweet fizz of tonic. The chill of ice. How did it become the summer of gin and tonic? Your voice on the phone, bubbling with excitement, just back from walking the Camino alone in early spring. 900 km by yourself. Through the Pyrenees, across the Meseta in wind and torrential downpours. Swept into a rain-swollen river with your pack on your back. Blisters. Cold weather. The night you lay awake, afraid, sending emails from some dodgy place where you took shelter when you ran out of daylight. With every step you became stronger. Helped strangers. Accepted help. And at the end of each day you stopped at that village's bar, joining other pilgrims for camaraderie and a well-earned drink. A gin and tonic for you.

birdcage open  
her song  
as she learns to fly

Back at home you were already planning a summer of camping, kayaking and hiking. He bought you a camper van, and even went with you sometimes. When I could get away I was happy to join you. I saw how confident you'd become, relished our weekend adventures. He saw you changing too.

fighting kites  
his tiger cuts  
her swallow free

Sometimes I think you dream of walking to the moon. But that's for you to learn. No one can walk the whole way with you. Our paths travel together at times then diverge. My hope is that we continue to share adventures from time to time. When our adventures continue, I'll be ready with the lime and tonic.

loneliness  
the stone you carry  
along the way



## **Stopped For Slowing**

*Chuck Brickley*

“Turn off the engine I said!”

The Mountie, irked that he had to ask me a second time.

“Already did,” I answered, fumbling through my wallet for a driver's license.

“Yeah? Then what's that sound?”

Kim put a hand on my shoulder, motioned with her eyes toward the back of our flatbed truck. Of course. The reason why I was letting every car pass us on the highway.

“Do you mean . . . the bees?” I asked.

“The what?”

“See the stack of white drawers behind me? Got 50,000 bees for our garden. Sound riled up, do they?”

“Uh . . .”

And faster than you can say *I’m outta here*, the Mountie was.

tire-squeal  
sunflowers turning  
with the sun



## Nuit orageuse et ténébreuse

*Monique Pagé*

Un premier éclair érafle l’air. Un flash net, sans bruit. Je n’ai pas le temps de voir le visage de mon enfant endormi près de moi.

Toute la soirée, les feuilles du vieil érable ont chuchoté. Maintenant, le feuillage répand un chuintement de mauvais augure autour de la maison. Un frisson me traverse. Je suis seule avec mon petit de 5 ans dans la rase campagne, j’ai fui le domicile conjugal mercredi, nous sommes samedi.

Suis-je en sécurité dans cette plaine où les voisins les plus proches sont hors de ma vue?

Cette maisonnette dont mon amie a hérité de ses grands-parents lui sert de pied-à-terre entre deux contrats à l’étranger. Elle m’a offert les clés – au cas où... disait-elle– un mois plus tôt avant de prendre l’avion. Personne d’autre ne peut savoir que nous nous y



réfugions en ce moment. Mais elle est si bavarde quelquefois.

sur fond de nuit noire  
mon reflet dans la vitre  
alter ego

Deuxième éclair. Le roulement du tonnerre recouvre les champs de maïs. Et toujours ce verbiage incessant dans les feuilles. Ces remous dans les entrailles des nuages.

Sur le toit de tôle, d'énormes gouttes se mettent à tomber une à une, puis se déversent bruyamment sur notre abri. Voilà qu'un fouillis d'éclairs est suivi de décharges tonitruantes à peine quelques secondes plus tard.

Un frissonnement acéré s'étoile sur ma peau. Mes pensées se chevauchent : le feu pourrait prendre; personne ne viendrait; vaudrait-il mieux descendre au rez-de-chaussée, prêts à sortir? Protéger mon fils. Le soustraire une fois de plus à la tempête.

sur la photo  
entre papa et maman  
tes p'tits yeux trop grands

Coincée entre le rideau et le cadrage de la fenêtre je surveille nos alentours. L'averse blanche inonde la route de terre battue maintenant canal de fortune entre les champs. Je pense à notre isolement quand une auto arrive de l'est, ralentit puis tourne très lentement dans notre longue entrée de gravier. La voiture s'arrête à mi-chemin. Je retiens mon souffle.

Encore des éclairs. Une voiture compacte de couleur verte, je

crois. Comme celle de P. Je lui ai laissé un mot sur la table : « pas la peine de t'excuser ni d'apporter des fleurs, nous partons ».

Son auto. Moteur coupé. Et la déverse infernale des nues.

Je suis paralysée entre les gestes possibles: descendre vérifier la serrure; trouver un bâton, un couteau. Nous cacher au grenier, mais ma voiture garée près du hangar nous dénonce.

Réveiller mon fils, nous sauver par la porte arrière? Sa voiture bloque l'entrée. S'il en descend je..., je ne sais pas. Il peut être hors de lui et imprévisible ou calme et glacial, prêt à m'expliquer que j'ai besoin de lui pour me défendre de moi-même. Mes cris ne serviraient à rien.

Il est trois heures du matin. Comment a-t-il su? Elle peut être si bavarde quelquefois.

Rien ne bouge. Pourquoi?

entre loup et brebis  
des heures de vigilance  
puis une seconde ...

Trois heures trente, la pluie se poursuit moins arrogante. Aucun son étrange. Il doit attendre ou s'être assoupi. Je quette.

La pluie diminue. Je reste là comme une condamnée en attente du verdict.

La pluie cesse. De petites vagues traversent les immenses flaques d'eau.

Trois heures trente-cinq. Il démarre. Allume les phares. Quelques secondes de plus et l'auto recule, reprend la route. Je reste là, proie transie. Si fatiguée.

J'ai dû m'assoupir, il est sept heures dix. Le soleil étreint mon visage.

le corbeau  
devant l'arc-en-ciel  
rate sa proie

Maxime se réveille aux cris des oiseaux. Il sourit, heureux de me trouver à ses côtés. Il me prend dans ses petits bras et me gronde : j'ai encore une fois gratté au sang l'eczéma sur mes jambes. Il me dit qu'il va me surveiller aujourd'hui, m'empêcher de me faire du mal.

un corbeau  
érafle  
l'arc-en-ciel



O

pppp    q   p    qqqq

*LeRoy Gorman*

## Linked Verses and Sequences

### Gun Smoke

*Ruth Mittelholtz*

ruined homes  
shattered landscape  
is it Dresden  
Kabul, Nagasaki  
Troy, Jericho . . .

*Shattered Landscape*, Alex Colville, 1945, watercolour

in the fading light  
of late afternoon  
you pause in your chores  
weary of loneliness  
weary of not knowing

*The Soldier's Wife*, Elizabeth Cann, c1941, oil

he sketches  
the internment camp  
the looming mountain  
a strip of sky  
and washes it all in deep blue

*Tashme at Dusk*, Kazuo Nakamura, 1944, gouache

beyond the ruined fields  
beyond the dead trees  
is it spring mist  
veiling the horizon  
or gun smoke

*The Sadness of the Somme*, Mary Riter Hamilton, c1920, oil

## **Second Wind**

*Margaret Rutley*

wedding day  
grandchildren carry  
the rings

lavender trousseau  
a polyester dress  
and compression stockings

switching tracks . . .  
in the sleeper car  
skis and canes



## **cynicystic**

*Charlotte Digregorio*

## Green Maple Keys

*Led by Marshall Hryciuk*

after breakfast stroll  
our feet sliding  
on green maple keys

*Marshall Hryciuk*

a caterpillar pauses  
at the road's edge

*Tanya MacDonald*

custody day  
a soap bubble  
rises to the ceiling

*Michael Dylan Welch*

into the silence  
a prolonged whisper

*Lynne Jambor*

moonlight spills out  
an opened window  
the aroma of espresso

*Josephine LoRe*

trays of chanterelles  
by the cargo hold

*Astrid Egger*

beached dinghy  
the widow lies down  
all alone

*Alegria Imperial*

news of the school shooting  
on page 8

*Michael*

the president  
accepts another donation  
from the NRA

*Nick Avis*

New Year's Eve  
at last     ice wine

*Claude Rodrique*

banging pots  
out in the dark  
a dog barks

*Helen Baker*

my new school uniform  
a hand-me-down

*Jacquie Pearce*

night walk  
Tanya shouts out  
*THE MOON*

*Michael (w/Tanya)*

outside a club  
hipsters vape

*Sharon Morrison*

around again  
on the ferris wheel  
his kiss with the other girl

*Jacquie*

from under the bridge  
a pair of koi

*Tanya*

phlox push up  
the colour blue  
from behind timber

*Rich Schnell*

tracks of the lynx  
in the dry riverbed

*Michael*

a toy train  
on the closet shelf  
since December

*Julie Emerson*

extra rugs for all the boots  
solstice party

*Karen Sohne*

congress of snowblowers  
in the parking lot  
with ravens

*Ruth Powell*

the psychic  
notices the sun has set

*Jim Roberts*

the vampire  
on the threshold  
checks his breath

*Tanya*

burned as a witch  
for delivering the stillborn

*Karen*

looking under the couch  
for the missing link

*Eureka*

*kjmunro*

now that the chainsaw works  
he rips the logs in two

*Nick*



the clear cut starker under the moon

*Ruth*

painting over the graffiti  
with a rainbow

*Jacquie*

her fake tan  
fully exposed  
at Wreck Beach

*kj*

tumbling in the surf  
bikini bottoms

*Karen*

transistor blares  
the Gibb Brothers  
gulls harmonize

*Josephine*

ravioli again  
at the in-laws

*Michael*

belief in the weather  
isn't required  
wild strawberries

*Jim*

destination wedding  
rained out

*kj*

red rhododendrons  
line the streets  
of James Bay

*Rich*

we sing along  
to aurora borealis

*Michael*

This renku was begun at 9:57 pm Friday May 15th in the Gage Apartments at the Point Grey Campus of the University of British Columbia during the Haiku Canada 2019 Weekend held on that campus in full recognition that where we linked had been traditional Native tribal land for thousands of years before us.

We broke after the first 18 verses at 12:35 am Saturday and resumed Saturday at 9:30 pm to finish of our full kasen, *Green Maple Keys* by 11:55pm Saturday



flash

mob

swirl

and

scatter

the

courtyard

leaves

*Roland Packer*

## Plowshare

*Hans Jongman*

Sunrise  
descending from the triplex  
a mob of blackbirds

the ivy flower cluster  
takes in all the light

Sunday Mass  
dominant on the steeple  
the old weathercock

bunched together  
in the sacristy  
bellflowers

through a crystal vase  
the light's diffraction

potter's field  
dust billows  
behind the plow

## A Walk with Friends – A Kasen Renku

January 19th & March 2nd, 2019

Patrick Gallagher, Sabaki

a walk with friends  
snow geese settling  
on the tidal flats

*John Green*

humming as I hang my parka  
still warm from the dryer

*Sheila Sondik*

under the covers  
your cold toes  
touching mine

*Eileen Coughlin*

the running toddler giggles  
even harder after she trips

*Seren Fargo*

a gentle breeze  
across the pond  
ripples the moon

*Victor Ortiz*

my headlights light up  
a pile of fallen leaves

*Gary Evans*

politicians swept away  
in a wave of protest  
against the Donald

*Pat Buckley*

to his surprise he finds  
she's booked a room for two

*Patrick*

after the wedding  
he still finds love notes  
in his lunch box

*John*

married fifty years  
something worked

*Gary*

cat and her kittens  
around and around the room  
chasing their toy mouse

*Kaea Morris*

Brittney Spears lip synching  
live in Las Vegas

*Eileen*

shooting shots  
of Patrón Silver  
in summer moonlight

*Victor*

skinny dipping at the beach  
under the southern cross

*Gary*

a 911 call  
from the space station  
lightens the news

*Seren*

you should look both ways twice  
when crossing a busy street

*Patrick*

we find we're losing  
our sense of proportion  
under the blossoms

*Sheila*

during spring cleaning  
I discover a forgotten friend

*Seren*

from the bleachers  
the pop of gloves  
and the crack of bats

*John*

her pram passes gumtrees  
full of flying foxes

*Sheila*

after polite hellos  
we took off the gloves  
and wrote renku

*Eileen*

burning incense  
fills the darkened church

*Victor*

deer grazing  
in the grass wings  
of melted snow angels

*Eileen*

an enormous to-do list  
on this shortest day

*Seren*

in middle school  
crazy monkey love  
fills the hallways

*Gary*

we share a wink and a smile  
and a promise for later

*Sheila*

a friend reveals  
he is dumpster diving  
for a new wife

*Patrick*

I use my iPhone  
to write my iPoems

*John*

recalling the name  
of the CCR song  
“Bad Moon Rising”

*Seren*

leaf skeletons  
scrape across the pavement

*Kaea*

Thanksgiving dinner  
fills you up but there's always  
room for pie

*Gary*

at the Humane Society  
the python chooses me

*John*

ventriloquist's dummy  
reveals the secrets  
of the universe

*Sheila*

leaving Disneyland  
heading for Disney World

*Victor*

our orchard  
chose to blossom  
when we weren't looking

*Gary*

peepers serenade us  
as we close down for the night

*Sheila*

#### Contributors

Patrick Gallagher, Sabaki

Gary Evans	Sheila Sondik
John Green	Seren Fargo
Pat Buckley	Kaea Morris
Victor Ortiz	Eileen Coughlin



## **Downtown**

*Michael Dylan Welch, Deborah P Kolodji, and Naia*

school crossing  
the chalk outline  
of the cop's body

*Michael*

black spray paint  
on the stadium exit sign

*Debbie*

bathroom stall  
he carves her name  
with a switchblade

*Naia*

bite marks  
on the bailiff's pencil

*Michael*

out of ink  
before I finish my name  
marriage certificate

*Debbie*

the plastic surgeon's Sharpie  
presses into her chest

*Naia*

## Goblin Voices

crossing the chasm —  
my childhood troll  
reappears

*Carole MacRury*

goblin voices  
in the river's roar

*Vicki McCullough*

at the bottom  
of a deep well digging  
for thoughts

*Lynne Jambor*

he winks at her  
from across the bar

*kjmunro*

in this garden  
more gnomes  
than flowers

*Carole MacRury*

drop a line in the sea  
pull up a flash of hope

*Sonja Arntzen*

## Beyond these pages . . .

### Reviewing books within a small community

by *Maxianne Berger*  
*Book Reviews Coordinator*

Haiku Canada is fortunate that there are several people willing to read books closely and share their analyses, be it in print or in pixels. One challenge, however, has been to find reviewers for books by poets we all seem to know personally, and as such feel that we cannot be detached. Yet the works of these poets surely deserve written notice as much as do those of poets we don't know. Sometimes it is possible to find outside reviewers, but what if all those approached decline? I do feel it is possible, with a suitable disclaimer, to review a book with an attempt at clinical remove, and so, here, I'll attempt exactly that by using, as my example, Marco Fraticelli's *A Thousand Years* (Catkin, 2018; 978-1-928163-27-5), which received a Touchstone Distinguished Books Honorable Mention. What follows, then, includes usually-silent questions, as well as explanatory comments.



**What forms does this book consist of and, if appropriate, where and how does this book stand within the poet's list of publications? How does this matter?**

Marco Fraticelli has been writing haiku for over four decades and has been active in the haiku community, in a variety of roles, for almost as long. (I state here that I have known Fraticelli for the near-twenty years I myself have been a member of Haiku

Canada.) *A Thousand Years*, his most recent book, is an interesting companion piece to his previous one, *Drifting* (2013), also from Catkin Press. Both are collections of haibun, and both are “collaborations” with women who have been long-deceased. For *Drifting*, Fraticelli excerpted the actual early-twentieth-century diaries of a Canadian woman who took care of the home and children of a younger, male cousin for whom she carried a torch. To these excerpts, Fraticelli added haiku. Conversely, in *A Thousand Years: The Haiku and Love Letters of Chiyo-ni (1703-1775)*, this celebrated poet’s haiku already exist, and Fraticelli has added prose texts. The Preface explains that Chiyo-ni entered a monastery in her fifties and became a Buddhist nun. Fraticelli invites readers to imagine that while she was there, “she wrote a series of letters . . . [to] a former lover.”

**How is the book structured? Are there any themes? Any stylistic devices? The excerpts serve several purposes. They illustrate and support statements made in the review about the book. As well, in order to maintain “detachment” and to avoid overtly addressing the quality of the writing, samples give readers an opportunity to judge for themselves. At the end of this sort of presentation, the reader of the review will know whether this is the sort of book they would like to read.**

In a front note, “Chiyo-ni,” the I-persona, addresses that “you.” “I have decided,” she says, “that each week for the coming year, I will write a letter to you.” The book is thus divided into seasons, here beginning on New Year’s, in winter, with thirteen haibun in each section. There is a final gathering of twenty-two haiku which, “Chiyo-ni” tells her former lover, “were all written since we were last together.”

“And so begins another year without you.” The first sentence of the first letter sets the tone for the book: the nature of love and absence through the cycle of seasons. “Chiyo-ni” uses a metaphor of planting. The haiku follows the final paragraph.

*Romance is simply a seed that has found fertile ground  
in our fear and loneliness. It is something that we  
humans have created, like an artificial moon to shine a  
little light on our darkness.*

*new year's saké  
a first pleasure  
until the next*

Although each letter tacitly subsumes the existence of an addressee, the “you” is not spelled out in every letter. In spring, for example, “Chiyo-ni” verbalizes thoughts about human intervention in the natural world.

*This morning there was a beautiful spider's web  
blocking my path to the flower garden.*

*I had to break it to pass.*

*Preparing the garden for planting, I felt badly as I  
pulled out each weed. I wondered why we are so intent  
on destroying them. They are more beautiful than some  
of the flowers . . .*

But the “you” maintains a frequent, visible presence throughout, as in the final words of this letter from summer.

*My life is filled with ghosts, and you, you are one of them. Everyone knows that ghosts show themselves most often at night. Like the moon, they are rarely seen in the daylight.*

*moonflower  
a woman's skin  
as she disrobes*

It seems counter-productive to compose letters to some one we'd like to forget. Such is the paradox of past love. By autumn, the fourth season, memory remains ever present. Musing about dreams, "Chiyo-ni" compares what is remembered of them to "broken eggshells . . . after the young birds have flown away," and she continues,

*In the mornings, it's so difficult for me to recall what my dreams were about, but very often I do awaken with a lost and unsettled feeling.*

"Chiyo-ni" concludes the letter by saying, "I must have been dreaming about you." The linked haiku then shifts the reader towards auditory and visual imagery.

*solitary and silent  
a willow  
in the moonlight*

**Because these are haibun, this final illustrative example is a useful place for a segue to the genesis of the poet's English versions of Chiyo-ni's haiku. For a more expansive look, examples of translations by others could be brought in.**

One question that invites being asked is how Fraticelli, who neither speaks nor reads Japanese, has come by his English versions of Chiyo-ni's haiku. His explanation is at the back of the book. "They are my attempts to capture the spirit of Chiyo-ni's haiku as I feel she might have written them today." This involved his submerging himself into each haiku through multiple translations in French and English, and emerging with his own. He identifies twenty separate sources, adding, just prior to the list, that in "almost every case I avoided using their translations verbatim."

**Due to the nature of this collection, it is important to consider the creative act of inventing experiences for and ascribing thoughts to an actual historic figure.**

But "Chiyo-ni" questions whether these are actually "her" haiku in the book's Afterword. "She" begins by reminding readers that the "supposed letter fragments . . . are figments of an author's imagination." Fraticelli's "Chiyo-ni" is a literary construct. All characters presented by authors are constructs. Some are wholly invented, some are modelled upon actual people, even historic personalities, and some of these are even given their names. Such is the case in *A Thousand Years*. It is a trope that lends believability to the words. It seems appropriate, here, to echo the final words ascribed to "Chiyo-ni" and addressed to the reader: "I leave it to you to decide what is true."



## Reviews . . .

*The Way of Haiku*, Naomi Beth Wakan, (Shanti Arts Publishing, 2019). 110 pp. ISBN 978-1-947067-67-7 (Also available in ebook). \$15.95 US.

Naomi Wakan is the author of over 50 books. Now in her late 80s, she shows few signs of slowing down. Her most recent publication, *The Way of Haiku*, is the third installment of a trilogy that includes *The Way of Tanka* (2017) and *Poetry That Heals* (2018), all of which were published by Shanti Arts.

In the Introduction to *The Way of Haiku*, Wakan states that she is “writing for absolute beginners.” This should not be taken to mean that the book is of interest only to them. I’ve been writing haiku for 20 years, but I still found it a worthwhile read. Not that I learnt anything I didn’t already know, but the book presented me with an opportunity to revisit the various elements of haiku and think about my own views on each of them, thanks to Wakan’s well-researched and engaging text.

For example, on the topic “What is haiku,” Wakan provides a variety of definitions by both Japanese and English-language poets, then ends, as she puts it, with her own “rather modest offering”:

*Haiku are small verses, centered in the here and now, thus often including a seasonal reference, that present juxtaposed images in a way that opens the moment described to a deeper depth of understanding, not just of that particular moment, but of all moments in space and time.*



Wakan's definition is somewhat over the top, but she is nothing if not passionate about haiku. (It should be pointed out, that Wakan also writes longer form poetry and has had numerous collections published by respected Canadian literary presses such as Wolsak and Wynn). For Wakan, haiku is not simply a form of poetry, but a "way".

*The Way of Haiku* consists of short but informative chapters examining topics such as syllable counting, different approaches to writing haiku, seasonal words and topics, cutting words, the Japanese sensibility, the role of emotion, compression, and editing. Wakan provides memorable quotes from dozens of respected haiku poets and critics and includes a varied selection of haiku—both examples of contemporary English-language verse as well as translations from the Japanese. Even more interesting, though, are Wakan's own views on haiku, which she freely shares.

Wakan devotes a chapter each to senryu, haibun, and haiga. Her brief overview of the history of haiku covers the usual four masters, Basho, Buson, Issa and Shiki, and adds two more: the female poet Chiyo-ni and the more recent Seishi (1901-94).

Wakan is clearly knowledgeable about haiku's Japanese past as well as its now over 100-year history in the West. Her two years spent living in Japan appear to have given her insight into the Japanese sensibility, and I particularly enjoyed her chapter in which she renders *wabi*, *sabi*, *aware*, *yugen*, *makoto*, *shibui*, *hon-i*, and *karumi* more accessible to the Western mind.

For many years, Wakan has hosted an annual haiku get-together at her home on Gabriola Island. For those of us not close enough

to be able to attend, Wakan's books are the next best thing to spending time with this remarkable woman and poet, among whose honours include being chosen as Nanaimo's Inaugural Poet Laureate and being named a life-time member of The Federation of BC Writers and their first Honorary Ambassador.

*Review by Angela Leuck*



kjmunro, *contractions*: haiku. Winchester VA: Red Moon Press, 2019. 978-1-947271-36-4. 102 pages, soft cover, 4.25" x 6.5", 15\$US. redmoonpress.com

*contractions*, by kjmunro, is a haiku collection that looks at locale as well as the interactions of people. Through these 90 poems, munro examines her Yukon home, various relationships, and other topics. Alternatively serious and humorous, *contractions* provides a peek into its author's northern world.

Over the course of a year, there are significant differences in the length of a Yukon day. While summer days can have 19 hours of light, winter days may be six hours long. munro speaks to this phenomenon in her haiku:

February  
breakfast coffee  
no longer in the dark

She also highlights the relationship Yukoners have with their environment:

Yukon hike  
water sloshes to the beat  
of the bear bell

first frost  
the outdoor runners  
hibernate

In the spring setting of munro's first haiku, bear avoidance is particularly important. At that time of year, protective mother bears will be out with their cubs. Bells let the bears know you are coming so they can avoid you. The second poem provides a humorous take on fair-weather athletes with a Yukon-specific flavour. The "outdoor runners" are linked to northern mammals implicitly through "hibernation".

*contractions* also looks at interpersonal relationships. Several poems concern munro's ailing mother:

finding my mother more difficult than losing her  
  
two years past the earthquake tremors in her voice

As our loved ones deteriorate with age and illness, they become less recognizable to us. munro has suffered that experience with her mother. The individual she once knew has been lost and she struggles to see glimpses of the person her mother used to be. In the second haiku, munro uses metaphor to describe a stroke. While the stroke, as an earthquake, happened two years earlier, its impact continues to linger through "the tremors in her voice".

Likewise, in many of her poems munro focuses on children:

empty nest  
the whisper of wings  
past my ear  
(for Melissa & Jeremy)

the toddler moving the houseplants higher

These two haiku occur at different stages of childhood. In “empty nest”, munro’s grown children have moved out. While she describes their new found freedom as “the whisper of wings”, she still holds some involvement as their mother. It is her ear, after all, which the whisper passes. “the toddler”, on the other hand, creates funny pictures through its expertly crafted composition. Read straight through, it is the child who is moving the plants. Yet when the poem is read with a cut after “toddler”, it is the parents moving the plants, to prevent their being knocked over.

Beyond the Yukon and relationships, *contractions* presents other topics, too. munro demonstrates self-effacing humour in the following poem:

the view  
from the high diving board  
I saw it once

She also is capable of poignancy that resonates regardless of place:

lone yellow flower  
in the graveyard  
October sun

*contractions* is a very good collection of haiku that explores a variety of themes. From her life in the Yukon, through her relationships, and into other topics, kjmunro is a strong writer of haiku. *contractions* is a book to be recommended.

*Review by Dave Read*



Terry Ann Carter, *Tokaido*. Winchester, Virginia: Red Moon Press, 2017. 978-1-936848-93-5. 82pp. redmoonpress.com

By way of hint as to how this book could be taken, look at its last words, attributed to the destination city of Kyoto (where the words of this review were also penned):

It is hard to hold on to nothing.

[ . . . . . ]

There will be an autumn moon.

There will be Miles Davis.

Alas, by Terry Ann Carter's 'word-jazz' I found myself far from moved. Perhaps this is merely an admission of my own inability to enjoy a jazz session, but I'm afraid that I found this book rather trying. As narrative, it lacks momentum and asks of the reader a great deal of interpretation. I just didn't have the patience. In spite of the changing place names, I never felt we were really journeying at all – apart perhaps through the mind of the narrator. With a packaging of 'journey', this was disappointing.

A nice production, though: titles and haiku emboldened black, subtitles and prose are grey. The coloured cover depicting Hiroshige's print of Station 16, Yui, the Frontispiece by Stephen Addiss (nicely written), and the initial intriguing "Nihombashi" entry all led to expectations which unfortunately the subsequent narrative did not fulfil.

I wondered if there were enough real references to the scenes depicted by Hiroshige in his print series to have perhaps warranted inclusion of black and white reproductions of each — or at least some — Stations in the 53 + 2 sections. There were none at all. The connections are probably very slight, but many readers will no doubt have the same thought. The narrator calls the artist "Hiro," as if she is talking with him along the road, and yet there is no integration of her own musings with the real story of Hiroshige's party on its way to deliver a white horse to the Emperor. Fantasy rules.

I did however like a few of the sections, e.g. "Station Eleven: Mishima: Morning Mist," in which the prose entry evoking the Hiroshige print (not reproduced) is followed by this haiku:

over the moon  
I walk  
in another woman's shoes

Here — and in a few other places — I walked with the I-persona, somehow in step.

But then, section 16 (Yui: Honouring the Insect Trapped Inside An Amber Ring) begins with the absurd question, "How does the fossil feel about light?" It proceeds with the information that the narrator here "stay[s] away from bitter herbs[,] and ends with the haiku:

this Bach suite  
erases my monkey mind  
evening shadows

Make those connections, if you please. I simply couldn't.

I wondered why there are so many references to tattoos and to spines, beginning in “Station Two: Kawasaki: Considering a Declaration of Love”:

Hiroshige, I want you under my skin. If you practiced *horimono* you could carve a tattoo into the small spaces between my breasts. Across my back. Down my spine.

This faint eroticism re-appears, for example, “Young woman behind the counter with a gecko tattoo on her left shoulder” (Station Eight); or “like your fingerprints on my cheek and spine” (Station Forty-Eight).

Later, we become aware of the subplot of the I-persona's partner fighting cancer (this other ‘journey’ is only in places overlaid). Again, poor integration, for not enough is said for this reader to become emotionally involved.

There is the rigorous formula of the Stations, intelligible enough, as some sort of psychological journey chopped up, but it is not adequate for a writer to throw mere musings towards the reader and expect to arouse his empathy when the prose tends to run like this, from “Station 37: Fujikawa: Living Like Lions”:

If I were a lion, I would wait all day for the silver  
winged moths wandering through the bright fields.  
[ . . . . . ]

I think I will always be lonely. In this world where lions  
and moths bow down to the moon. This weight of  
absence. And old dusks.

dry waterfall  
the whispering monks

And with this two-line haiku, here the section ends.  
While a haibun should have an element of ellipsis, ask too much  
and you risk losing your reader. I do commend Terry Ann

Carter's risk-taking approach, although for me this time it didn't  
work.

*review by Stephen Henry Gill*



***goodwill galaxy hunting***, by LeRoy Gorman. Crossroads Poetry  
Series, UFP, Windsor, Ontario, Canada, 2019

LeRoy Gorman was awarded the 2017 Dwarf Stars Award from  
the members of the Science Fiction and Fantasy Poetry  
Association for this one-liner haiku:

aster than the speed of lightf

Gorman is a master of “scifaiku,” sometimes known as “science  
fiction haiku” or “speculative haiku.” Nowhere is this more  
apparent than in his new book, *goodwill galaxy hunting*. In  
addition to tanka and visual poems, his scifaiku sparkle  
throughout the 62 pages of poetry.



Scifaiku is much harder to write effectively than it appears. Many would-be scifaiku poets tumble into several pitfalls, all of which Gorman deftly avoids. First, there needs to be a sense of focus otherwise the reader may get lost. Gorman's scifaiku are focused and clear unless he is being deliberately vague for effect.

a star  
it's only  
light years

time portal wedding  
an exchange  
of news

A second pitfall of writing scifaiku is to set the haiku in a place so alien that there is no way to relate. An author has created a world in his/her mind and we aren't privy to that world. Gorman avoids this by mostly sticking to places/themes we already recognize—Mars, the moon, time travel, etc.

Mars hangover  
morning's a blinding  
blue stop sign

This one is even better if you know that sunrise/sunset on Mars is blue.

all you can eat  
for nothing  
the hologram buffet

Finally, the final challenge of writing a good scifaiku is to make it relevant. We may read a haiku about a creature on a newly

discovered planet but what does that mean to us? This is where Gorman really shines, many of his scifaiku laden with a sense of humor.

late summer cold  
the gardeners of Mars  
have gone to seed

Jupiter spring  
so many moons  
but no place for love

time travel dating  
a rejected lover  
never leaves

Travel the pages of Gorman's universe and you will discover more about yourself and your own universe. I can't recommend this book enough.

*Review by Deborah P Kolodji*



***A New Resonance 11: Emerging Voices in English-Language Haiku.*** Jim Kacian & Julie Warther, eds. Winchester VA: Red Moon Press, 2019. 978-1-947271-38-8. 176 pages, soft cover, 5.5" x 8.25", 17\$US. [redmoonpress.com](http://redmoonpress.com)

The *New Resonance* series, started in 1999, aims to present work by newer voices in the haiku community. This crop proposes fifteen haiku each by seventeen poets. In the majority of instances, the works are previously published, an aspect that

tends to insure the overall strength—as I’ve said in other reviews, thrice vetted: the poet initially revised and revised before choosing to submit it; the journal or anthology editor accepted it; and here, now, from among the haiku presented to the *New Resonance* editors, a final selection has been made.

The editors introduce us to Jacquie Pearce with the statement, “[i]t is the linear effect—the shortest distance between two points—that seems most of interest to this poet; how we are directed and moved from place to place.”

This example (previously unpublished) is filled with possibilities of travel despite the limited range of movement within the haiku itself.

snowfall . . .  
the muffled clank  
of shunting rail cars

Winter is one of Canada’s two seasons. As such, sound, too, has its winter season. In this next poem (*DailyHaiku Cycle* 8) the poet again focuses on sound, on how it moves.

wind-stirred night  
dog barks domino  
down the street

Dave Read is another featured poet. The editors present his work by explaining that “while we supply these hints about the known, the testable, in truth it is what there is to be discovered ‘off the map’ that defies and most intrigues us.” This first example (*Frogpond* 38:3) shows that literally.

wilderness trail  
he wanders off the edge  
of his map

This second example (*Presence* 57) also includes an unnamed elsewhere.

fading light  
her child's name  
fills the street

The dread, too, remains unnamed.

The editors call Jessica Latham's haiku "joyful poems, poems that give full rein to the romantic element in all of us" They mention, too, "our hopeful selves," as seems evident in this haiku (*hedgerow* 113).

dandelion fluff  
the silly things  
I still wish for

Hope is also evident for the haiku community itself. The editors give the year of birth in each of the poets' profiles. Twelve of them are under age 60, and five under age 40. For those of us over seventy, this is hopeful news indeed. As is the quality of the haiku in this most recent edition of *A New Resonance*.

*Review by Maxianne Berger*

## Journals of Interest

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

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

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

**bottle rockets: a collection of short verse.** Stanford M. Forrester, Editor. [www.bottlerocketspress.com](http://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](http://haiku-hia.com/index_en.html)

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

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

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

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

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

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

## **Net Briefs**

a short list of online publications of interest.

**scifaikuest**, teri santitoro, Editor.  
<https://albanlakepublishing.com/scifaikuest-online/>

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

**The Heron's Nest,** John Stevenson, Managing Editor.  
[www.theheronsnest.com](http://www.theheronsnest.com)

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

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

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

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

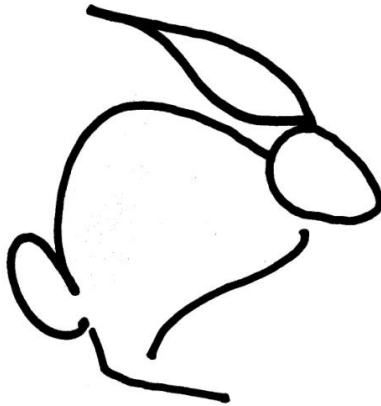


## ashtag

*Aaron Barry*

## Et Cetera . . .

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



---

**(belie)f**

*Roland Packer*



## Haiku Canada Review

Mike Montreuil, Publications Editor.

Claude Rodrigue, Éditeur des haïkus en langue française.

Maxianne Berger, Book Reviews Coordinator / responsable des recensions

Micheline Beaudry, Révisseur-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](mailto: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](mailto:haikufrancais@haikucanada.org)

– autres formes japonisantes

Mike Montreuil, [publications@haikucanada.org](mailto: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, Haiku Canada E-News Coordinator  
[newsletter@haikucanada.org](mailto:newsletter@haikucanada.org)

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

\$40 CDN yearly (\$15 students) in Canada, \$45 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.

Please consult the Haiku Canada website for payment details.  
<http://www.haikucanada.org/membership/join.php>

## Haiku Canada Executive

**President:** Claudia Coutu Radmore, 49 McArthur Ave., Carleton Place, ON K7C 2W1 [president@haikucanada.org](mailto:president@haikucanada.org)

**Vice President:** Claude Rodrigue, 779, place Drapeau, Baie-Comeau, QC G5C 1H4 [vp@haikucanada.org](mailto:vp@haikucanada.org)

**Membership Secretary:** Katherine Munro, 19 Hayes Cres. Whitehorse, YT Y1A 0E1 [membership@haikucanada.org](mailto:membership@haikucanada.org)

**Treasurer:** Agnes Jackle, in memory of Ruby Spriggs

**E-News Coordinator:** Carole Daoust [newsletter@haikucanada.org](mailto:newsletter@haikucanada.org)

**Website Coordinator:** Luminita Suse [webmaster@haikucanada.org](mailto:webmaster@haikucanada.org)

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

**Archivist:** Position open

**Secretary:** Lynne Jambor [secretary@haikucanada.org](mailto:secretary@haikucanada.org)

### REGIONAL COORDINATORS/CORRESPONDENTS

**BC, YT, NT:** Vicki McCullough, 303-1125 McLean Dr., Vancouver, BC V5L 3N5 [vmccullough@haikucanada.org](mailto:vmccullough@haikucanada.org)

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

**ON:** Claudia Coutu Radmore [president@haikucanada.org](mailto:president@haikucanada.org)

**QC:** Angela Leuck, 122 Rue Main, Hatley, QC J0B 4B0 [acleuck@gmail.com](mailto:acleuck@gmail.com)

**NS, NB, PE, NL:** Position open

**NU:** Position open

1887 – 1888

\* \* \*

her gravestone  
buried in birdsong

*Susan Constable*

**ISSN: 1914-3680**