

HAIKU CANADA REVIEW



Volume 14

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Number 1

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r(ev)ising mist

Sidney Bending



Haiku Canada Weekend 2020

May 15 - 17

McMaster University
Hamilton Ontario, Canada



In partnership with
The Socrates Project



俳句

Haiku: The Wordless Poem



Registration and
accommodation
details will be
available on
haikucanada.org
mid February

Illustration by Ruby Spriggs

From the Editor. . .

Welcome to the “Who turned the outside furnace down?” issue of the *Haiku Canada Review*.

I hope you saw the announcement on page 3. It is our wish that many of you take the time and come to this year’s HC Weekend at McMaster University.

For all you romantics, Niagara Falls is just an hour away.

Stay Warm!
Mike



N F T
I A S
A L I
G L M
A S
R
A

Ruth Mittelholtz

Errata

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

In the October 2019 issue of the Review, the following poem was attributed to Vicki McCullough. The poem was submitted by John McManus.

hunting season
the cougar touches up
her lipstick

John McManus

And from the “Let’s try that again department:” please note that 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 long ago

Brent Partridge



game over a steaming pot of jambalaya

Bill Cooper

Haiku Plus

freshly pressed
the paisley jacket
still holding his shape

Joanna Ashwell

marriage proposal . . .
I'm feeling so many
emojis right now

flower child she has her mother's peace sign

Aaron Barry

winter solstice
sky gazing
in new pajamas

Sheila Bello

a cappella
an acre
of crows

Sidney Bending

reading his email
at the bus stop
light snowfall

Maxianne Berger

conqueror
a new layer
of lichen

Chuck Brickley

shooting star
as bright as a planet
gone forever

Bob Butkus

traffic lights
hurried honks
and the moon

Elena Calvo

new moon —
slow waves
stalk the sand

Lysa Collins

morning rain . . .
the moan of a warbird
on Remembrance Day

Susan Constable

spring cleaning
a fish tail flung
from the nest

Bill Cooper

fireflies . . .
he discards
his cigarette

Pamela Cooper

caked mud
after the flood
rose sprouts

Jeanne Cook

winter solstice
my geraniums and I
a bit weather-beaten

Dan Curtis

after the rain
sunlight dipping
into the lake

Carole Daoust

restored Buick —
a red-tailed hawk's
effortless spiral

Ed Dewar

lost on the path . . .
the scent of
honeysuckle

Charlotte Digregorio

winter solstice
eating his hamburger
off the bottom bun

David Eyre

waning moon . . .
a crescent cut
in the outhouse door

Elizabeth Fanto

at Halloween
a happy eighty-year-old bee

Muriel Ford

wedding anniversary
a trail of rose petals disappears
. . . under the bedroom door

Jay Friedenberg

over the hill
same old
train whistle

Marita Gargiulo

November
as dark as can be
and be daybreak

zigzagging in autumn —
a father and son
riding bicycles

Barry George

false teeth
in a glass
World Peace Day

election recount
fog blankets
the swamp

LeRoy Gorman

dust clouds
allowing my thoughts to come
and go

Devin Harrison

snowplough overturns
more leaves than snow
first blizzard

Arch Haslett

ice floes . . .
hidden memories
surface

Marilyn Henighan

steadily moving
to see the moon
hidden behind a branch

Brendan Hewitt

the campfire
sparks back to life
autumn stars wander

Robert Hittmeyer

almost night
the loon owning the lake
with one call

Gary Hotham

light fading . . .
mother's lullaby
within my reach

Louisa Howerow

candle ice—
wood frogs
accompany the song

Charlotte Hrenchuk

sunlit cloud
 past the drawn blind
drifting eastward

Marshall Hryciuk

school playground . . .
off in a corner by itself
a violet

Elinor Pihl Huggett

winter solstice
a short-eared owl glides
through thin shadows

Alegria Imperial

plastic globe
on teacher's desk
— a world made in China

Roberta Beach Jacobson

winter hayrides
the Clydesdales look at
every passing barn

Harvey Jenkins

early November —
haunting the neighbourhood
a whiff of pumpkin spice

David J Kelly

leaving the cemetery
a butterfly glides
over the fence

Philomene Kocher

hospital window
yesterday's flowers
on the window sill

Deborah P Kolodji

farm stand
every color
from earth

Deb Koen

slowly a shadow
fills the donation kettle
wind surge

Chen-ou Liu

mother kneels
before the stone Buddha
in incense smoke
I feel the weight
of her unspoken words

Chen-ou Liu

fading light
I count the buds
on the Christmas cactus

Angela Leuck

late afternoon
crows work
the schoolyard

Vicki McCullough

dancing wild peacocks day-glo cries

cold snap
bend of the bamboo
at the hospice window

Beverly Acuff Momoi

frozen ground
the graveside service
delayed to spring

Joanne Morcom

debating
election results
triple tier tea tray

Sharon Morrison

flooded meadow –
swaying on a low branch
a mouse

Ulrike Narwani

forest shadows
a grey stone marks
the soldier's grave

Nika

the soaring hawk's
ride on thermals
descending up

Nola Obee

first bloom
the raised arm
of a mailbox

Victor Ortiz

ice rain against the glass sonatina

Roland Packer

street dog
an old man staring
in silence

Pravat Kumar Padhy

one of the first nice days —
wild turkeys
peek into a nail salon

Brent Partridge

nursing home visit
he remembers the name
of our dog

Jacquie Pearce

a ride
back from wherever
Indian Summer

the story
not quite the same —
cold coffee

Luce Pelletier

in the corner
dripping moonlight
Father's umbrella

Robert Piotrowski

doctor's office
his calendar hanging
by one corner

completing the crossword
he asks what is a
homunculus

Patricia Prime

at the pool
enough tattoo
to forego a bathing suit

Lucille Raizada

winter pond
keeping company
with a rubber duck

T-ball
thrown out at first
the boy keeps running

John Quinnett

financial district
each umbrella's
self-interest

wind chimes
our deceased neighbour's house
still vacant

Brian Robertson

a star's slow path
across the skylight
promised snow

Bruce Ross

dead tree
shining ivy
shares its shape

John Rowlands

father and son
the parabolas of our pebbles
into the sea

John Rowlands

grandson . . .
under his training wheels
the gravel shifts

Margaret Rutley

winter night
the length of a hug
on an orphanage floor

Srinivasa Rao Sambangi

circling the lamp
the housefly waits . . .
for the guest to sleep

Rich Schnell

blossoming crocus
shrinking with twilight
mom's warm heart

Guy Simser

a full-throated song
escapes the singer's country
radio's banned width

Sandra Stephenson

a flurry
of wings strumming
wintry air . . .
you urge me to leave
while I still can

Debbie Strange

what goes up
must come down
my toenail

Magdalene van der Kamp

in the chiller
opening their eyes
dormant potatoes

Betty Warrington-Kearsley

Christmas reflexion
searching for some lost childhood
in old ornaments

R.W. Watkins

cracked paints
on a wooden palette
autumn leaves

a puzzling character
my son returns
with a new tattoo

Robert Witmer



braided garlic . . .
the walk of her fingers
into my dream

vijenac od češnjaka . . .
hod njenih prstiju
u moj san

fountain statue
pissing over the edge —
a pigeon drinks

kip iz fontane
piša preko ruba —
golub pije

*Nexus Haiku by Michael Dudley, Tomislav Maretic,
and Dejan Pavlinovic*

Haïkus – Thème Libre

Haïkus réunis par Claude Rodrigue

nouvel agenda
chaque jour de la place
pour les rêves

Sandrine Waronski

Saint-Valentin
les chocolats consolent
les cœurs brisés

Liette Janelle

pelouse enneigée
sous l'épais manteau blanc
des perce-neiges

Charline Siciak

mi-mars rue piétonne
filant dans l'air vrombissant
le fauteuil électrique

Céline Boutant

printemps précoce
un rayon de soleil
étire la tortue

Christiane Ranieri

soleil printanier
sur le banc du parc
deux vieux s'embrassent

Claire Du Sablon

cour de récré
de mon premier baiser —
à peine changée

Marie Derley

insomnie
il lit un roman d'évasion
du bout des doigts

Monique Lévesque

grincement
du volet sous mes doigts
l'aube fraîche

Nicole Pottier

rentrée tardive
pour me guider sur le chemin
un lampyre

Josette Pellet

fraîcheur de l'aube
le trille de l'alouette
plus limpide

Maria Tirenescu

s'il avait des ailes
on l'aimerait lui aussi
l'écureuil à la mangeoire

Hélène Boissé

arrêt de bus
un homme se tient fièrement
dans ses chaussons

Philippe Macé

enterrement
le parfum amer
des thuyas taillés

Éléonore Nickolay

quelques moineaux
dans le cèdre abattu
jalousie de l'épouvantail

Marc Bonetto

samedi 14 —
toujours à la recherche
d'un trèfle à quatre feuilles

Minh-Triêt Pham

lire « tarte aux fraises »
soudain l'odeur dans le nez
et l'image en tête

Diane Descôteaux

repas de famille
sur le miroir du bouillon
se pose une mouche

Micheline Boland

scène nue
la danseuse dessine
l'espace

Carole Daoust

jour de lessive
sur le fil
un string

Yves Ribot

marée basse
le menu du goéland
sommptueux

Luce Pelletier

sur les battures
des milliers d'oies blanches
bientôt la neige

Géralda Lafrance

j'aime le vent
j'aime le vent d'automne
et aussi les violons

Janine Demance

chemin forestier
devant la cabane en ruine
un renard assis

Claude Rodrigue

nuit froide
sur un seul côté du lit
les draps froissés

Louise Dandeneau

matin de neige fraîche
être la première
à laisser des traces

Iocasta Huppen

petit matin neigeux
psalmodiant un moine balaye
le silence de la nuit

Bernard Cadoret

lune d'hiver
la jolie silhouette
de son ventre rond

Françoise Maurice

douceur de Noël
au coin de la cheminée
une part de bûche

Sandra Houssoy

lune de toundra
une légère brise déplace
le reflet des étoiles

Hélène Duc

« *L'oreille s'est amourachée avant l'œil.* »
Proverbe du Maghreb (1855)

Deux erreurs de transcription de noms sont survenues.
Vous devriez lire Sandra Houssoy et non Houssay et Béatrice
Aupetit-Vavin et non Aupetit-Varin. Merci d'en faire la
correction dans HCR d'octobre 2019.

Claude Rodrigue

Prochain thème : Le chocolat.



Recension

En attendant les étoiles, Collectif sur l'enfance, sous la
direction de Jimmy Poirier, Ottawa, collection Haïku, Éditions
David, 2019. ISBN 978-2-89597-713-1. 14.95\$.
editionsdavid.com

Un collectif de haïkus sur le thème de l'enfance ? Pourquoi pas !
Après tout, certains instants vécus durant l'enfance sont si

importants qu'on s'en souviendra toute notre vie. Jimmy Poirier a réuni ici 16 haïkistes, québécois pour la plupart, qui n'en sont pas à leurs premières armes. Huit haïkus sont proposés par poète. Les poèmes de chacun ont la particularité d'être précédés d'un court texte en prose, où on y raconte une anecdote quand l'un et l'autre étaient haut comme trois pommes. Cela donnera habilement le ton à la lecture des haïkus de chacun, comme si on ouvrait à chaque fois la porte d'un petit univers toujours très personnel. Ce sont souvent, bien évidemment, des souvenirs d'enfance :

de retour du champ
des lumières par dizaines
dans mon pot de verre
Jimmy Poirier

... parfois des moments furtifs qui font sourire :

trois poires dans le plat
une minuscule croquée
sur chacune
Carmen Leblanc

... ou qui ne font pas du tout sourire :

dimanche soir
sa petite valise à la main
changer de maison
Hélène Bouchard

... ou alors les années se télescopent :

retrouver
mon corps d'enfant
baignade au lac

Joanne Morency

... ou encore on évoque une certaine transmission :

nuit de fatigue
berçant doucement ma fille
je pense à ma mère

André Vézina

On peut aussi y découvrir quelques poèmes où on sent le regard si singulier que l'enfant pose sur la réalité, et qui lui permet d'en faire tout autre chose. On les accueille avec plaisir, puisqu'il est si rare d'exploiter cette vision du monde dans le haïku, d'ordinaire plutôt réaliste :

pente croûtée
sur mon toboggan
glisser jusqu'à la lune

Jeannine St-Amand

échanger quelques mots
avec une bernache
début de l'été

Hélène Leclerc

Il y aurait bien d'autres haïkus à citer. Du beau travail.

Recension de Jeanne Painchaud



Haibun

Stumbling Stones

Bruce Ross

I had read about stumbling stones — holocaust memorial stones embedded in stone streets across Europe — but couldn't find many listings while visiting Switzerland except for two in the south. When we found the area of these two we asked the young neighborhood child where they were. She pointed to two very small memorials embedded on the driveway curbs of two houses with only the name of the former owner. Seeing our disappointment our driver convinced us to cross into the nearby border town in Germany at a sea resort now out of season. He stopped and we started looking where he pointed. There they were. Two huge stumbling stones in front of two private houses. What we saw reminded us of sidewalks around the world.

stumbling stones
decorated with bright flowers
by a child's hand



destiny

Roland Packer

Wobble

Dave Read

In the front pew I sit awaiting my parents. Before me is a huge old cross to which a wooden Jesus is nailed. I examine His outstretched arms, the way His head hangs down. My atheist uncle says death on a cross comes through asphyxiation. There's no way, he argues, that Jesus called "Why hast Thou forsaken me?" while choking to His death.

The Pastor's hand on my shoulder startles me. He meets my eye, then looks up to that same cross. "What's amazing," he says while pointing with his Bible, "is that everything inside this Book is true."

My parents arrive as the service begins. As much as I try to pay attention, I get distracted when the Pastor clears his throat.

afternoon sun . . .
my shadow and I
the same length



Personal Effects

Valorie Broadhurst Woerdehoff & *Connie R Meester*

Not wanting to leave a bigger mess than I have to, for those left behind when I die, I plod through the effort of gathering the few things that might matter, when the time comes: log-ins, emergency phone numbers, my will, power of attorney, disposition of personal effects.

Always one to overdo, I even draft my obituary, minus the failings of course. The only thing missing — at least for now — is my body. I copy all of these things to an external computer drive and share it with my daughter. She looks at me and nods. Our eyes meet, neither of us hurrying to look away.

*owners of the funeral home
our parents leave
no arrangements*

Death is full of surprises, even when we plan for it. When it is sudden, there is no amount of preparation to ease the chaos that enters the lives of those still living. My years growing up in a funeral home taught me that death is frequent, a perception that my peers, who rarely even dealt with family death, have not integrated.

I kept it to myself, as I did so many things that I witnessed when families came to our home for comfort and services for their loved ones. Amazingly, I married a young man who had only attended one funeral at the time we met. He and so many of

*my friends lived as though death happened only to others. I lived
as though it was always right around the corner.*

a thin place
tending to the here
and gone

Dark-Sky Reserve

Maxianne Berger

he: *any moonless nights over our vacation dates?*

she: *here [finger on the calendar] New Moon Friday the 13th*

he: *[with much impatience] I said NO moon not NEW moon*

she: *[sigh] (which one of us is the haiku poet?)*

stars
deep in the furrows of space
you squeeze my hand



sidestepping crows shuffle the spaces between them

Susan Constable

Linked Verses and Sequences

Nudged By the Wind

Vicki McCullough (sabaki) and Naomi Beth Wakan

fish scales sequin
the porcelain sink —
the uninvited wasps *Vicki*

ocean bioluminescence
makes us angels as we dive *Naomi*

down the road
bluegrass jammers singin'
'bout God's golden shore *Vicki*

an empty rocking chair
nudged by the wind *Naomi*

stopped atop a Ferris wheel
she reaches
for the moon *Vicki*

raccoons share our crop
of coronation grapes *Naomi*

braided garlic
hangs from the rafters
All Souls' Day *Naomi*

adrift on neon streets
the man with hollow eyes *Vicki*

personal ad
“must love watching life
from a café table” *Naomi*

after sex
the tweeting *Vicki*

musk lingers
on a paisley shawl
all that remains *Naomi*

when the inhaled world
is hostile *Vicki*

how distant the moon seems
trapped among
ice-covered branches *Naomi*

we dance round a chafing pot
dipping beeswax candles *Vicki*

tie-dyed shirt
pulled from an old trunk
I’m back in the ’60s *Naomi*

are you on the bus
or off the bus? *Vicki*

faces raised
to just-opened blossoms
mouths shaped in “Ah!” *Naomi*

wishing for a red ribbon
on her communion dress *Vicki*

late at night
the commotion
in the foaling stall *Vicki*

children sit on luggage
waiting for the emigrant boat *Naomi*

listen, she says,
with your hands
and your heart *Vicki*

after years together his body
knows hers so well *Naomi*

in the studio
squeezed tubes of ochre,
lead white and cinnabar *Vicki*

a parabola contrail
disperses into blue *Naomi*

raspberry ale
foam turned to lace
in the frosted glass *Vicki*

crisp linen dresses
and the click of croquet balls *Naomi*

to find your way home
don ruby slippers,
heed the power of 3 *Vicki*

a slight shift of mind
and all is magic *Naomi*

moonlit
a Barbary wild boar
rushes from the undergrowth *Naomi*

crows peck at
sunflower heads *Vicki*

deck chairs
put away in the shed
spiders silk-bomb the yard *Naomi*

mountaintop monastery
the eight-fold path *Vicki*

a small boat
moves slowly forward
against the current *Naomi*

first day of sandal weather —
massaging Mother Earth *Vicki*

remembering
her crystal bowl filled
with white lilacs

Vicki

Yeats dreamed of nine bean rows
I plant two — it is enough

Naomi

Written via email from August 22 to September 20, 2012



Jours de pluie

Luce Pelletier

c'est moi qui ai pris
cette photo où tu souris
heureux
elle plaira à une autre
sur la toile

jour de pluie
inaugurer ce bloc-notes
sur un air des Beatles
la Terre le permet
envoyer tout promener

la lune
après l'orage
dans la flaque immobile
chercher ton visage
se découpant dans le noir

Ambience

Hans Jongman

crack of the whip
around the circus ring
a captive audience

different viewpoints
our city's skyline

highrise
the probing touch
of a child's fingertips

funeral procession
a jogger keeps pace

dog days
replenishing
the lawn water bowl

patio mosquito
sharing a drink



græd

Roland Packer

Hiver

Angélique Beauchemin /Diane Bertrand

rafale de neige —
mon vieux voisin
sans pitié

*douce pluie d'hiver
rue des châteaux de glace
pourquoi s'en vouloir*

les fêtes sans neige
déplacements faciles
et enfants tristes

*la lune saute
d'une fenêtre à l'autre
son clin d'œil*

coutume de Noël
faire cuire la dinde
mon fiasco

*aube orangée
à travers les branches
de l'épinette*

rêver aux étoiles
éveillée je fais
mon scénario

*matin frisquet
qui veut voler le soleil
du ciel nacré*

des hirondelles
devant ma fenêtre
déjà les prémisses

*hiver de printemps
tempête des corneilles
de la neige encore*



Beyond these pages . . .

We treasure books. Our bookshelves overflow with books. Books are piled high on our bedside tables. We fall asleep, our open books rising and falling as we breathe. And so I want to take this opportunity to add my own thanks to Angela Leuck for her determination in establishing the Marianne Bluger Book and Chapbook Awards, and my congratulations and well wishes to Haiku Canada for the launch of its inaugural edition. Book reviews are one way of verbalizing the whats and hows of a book. Making the short list for a book award is another. And winning? Winning an award for one's carefully selected and arranged and presented poems honours the poet as no mere review ever could. Kudos to all concerned.

Happy tomorrows!
Maxianne Berger
Book Reviews Coordinator



Reviews . . .

a hole in the light: The Red Moon Anthology of English-Language Haiku 2018, (Red Moon Press, 2019), edited by Jim Kacian and the Red Moon Editorial Staff. ISBN: 978-1-947271-37-1. 208pp. 5.5" x 8.25", 17\$US. www.redmoonpress.com

Opening the book at random and flipping only a few pages I knew I had a jewel in my hands. There was Leroy Gorman in all his splendour and I can't even say why his lines are so deeply

moving. These are only the three middle lines of one poem,

dark matter
is not
nothing

and the rest of it is equally exciting. On the facing page, poems by Joshua Gage and Scott Glander take the breath away, respectively, in a guffaw and a sob. And later in the book, there is Hilary Tann's

twilight river
the wake brighter
than the paddler

I put the book away for a month. Sometimes that's what it takes to be able to read something new and masterful. You need to build the mental muscle to approach it without bringing your own act of reading to it. A book like this could take a lifetime, each poem plenty for a daily dose.

Credit goes to Jim Kacian and the Red Moon editorial staff; they sure had wealth to manage. The selections were made from among the 2500 poems by 2000 poets that were nominated by staff, their readings backed up by at least two people each, while the editor in chief read all of them. The process described at the back of the book is exacting, making it nothing short of heroic for one of the anthology's editors to have poems of their own included.

A hole in the light is hefty considering its contents are by people parsimonious with words. It gets progressively more "not nothing," from the first section of haiku and senryu through

linked forms and into essays. It's a book of contradictions, pluralities and paradox as its title suggests, in Buddhist style. Take for example Matthew Caretti's haibun, "Confessions of a Wall Street Yogi" (I've shortened some titles as the book is at times title heavy). We almost don't need to go past his title. Here is haibun put to a purpose. While Roberta Beary's haibun, "Threading Cobwebs on the Upper West Side," provides the pocket to put her prose into by way of a lovely haiku at the end of her story, Matthew Caretti's haiku provide no resolution, no summation, no pearl condensed from his story, no pocket. Caretti links haiku and prose to enable dialogue between two voices, giving purpose to his form. Too often haibun are self indulgent, an author explaining or contextualizing their nugget of a poem, but the two voices coming from a single person in Caretti's give the reader the opportunity to marvel, deliberate, and join the narrator in laughing at himself.

In this volume there are far too many memorable haiku to comment on more than a few, representative of themselves alone. It's an international production containing the best of the world's known haiku from 2018, collected from thousands recommended, 10s of thousands written and published. Each year produces *un embarras de poèmes*, an embarrassment of poems if you have to choose just a few. My shortlist from this book had 13 poems. Those I include illustrate some categories described in "*Haiku How-to Books: Retrospective Reviews*," an essay by Randy Brooks appearing in the last section of the book. His categories are: objective, subjective, transactional and literary. There are subcategories of interest too. The way I apply these categories is not definitive but meant to illustrate a way Brooks offers, for thinking of the haiku you read and write.

In the objective category I include:

the yellow canoe
hung upside down —
autumn stars

Jennifer Burd

In the subjective category:

the foal and I
on nodding terms
early daffodils

Bill Cooper

A subcategory is therapeutic haiku (Brooks doesn't use the term *senryu*):

shorter days
angling my book
to catch what's left

Shrikaanth Krishnamurthy

Transactional (the poet wants you to “get it” your way):

trains zipping unzipping the landscape winter coats

Amy Cygan

and, of the emotionally evocative transactional:

after her death
putting puzzle pieces
back in the box

Devon Richey

Finally, in the literary category I chose two poems illustrating language play, double meaning, and even perchance reference to another writer. From John Stevenson, we have

more automatic words about weapons

And by Christopher Patchel,

to get off
or not . . .
jury duty

Brooks also mentions humour, and that's worth its own example.

on the other hand mood rings

Robert Epstein

In his historical review of haiku, Randy M. Brooks's even-handed observations are my newest haiku manual. In categorizing poetic orientations over time, the 14 books considered in his "Retrospective Reviews" include Betty Drevniok's *Aware – A Haiku Primer* (1981) but surprisingly missing are Terry Ann Carter's *Lighting the Global Lantern* (2011) and Naomi Beth Wakan's *The Way of Haiku* (originally published in 2012). However, the Red Moon editors conscientiously followed up Brooks's article with Terry-Ann Carter's "Essays on Female Haiku Poets in Canada: Betty Drevniok." Still, Brooks's academic exercise is full and useful. It reminds one that preferences in haiku are personal, not universal. The way his categories are applied will vary from person to person as shown in my sorting of featured haiku above. Brooks's analysis of types of haiku and their personalities constitutes a handbook for writers and an example of quiet objectivity.

Of the other essays and reviews, I recommend Charles Trumbull's essay on nakedness because it's on nakedness; and Cherie Hunter Day's review of Jim Kacian's latest collection, *after/ image*, because it reminds us of what haiku can do. The idea of making a single haiku or a collection hang together as "more than a string of firecrackers," bears repeating. The whole collection in *a hole in the light* is beyond organic. It has a quantum effect. Looking at my friend Pearl Pirie's haibun: "to get a thing is something," rounding out Gorman's "not nothing", I wonder if in this North American haiku community, personalities are being forged as in other times groups of poets have left their collective contrails. As in Issa's day, or Tu Fu's or Sam Hamill's or Betty Drevniok's poetry gatherings, personalities of poets in this collection — ego-less or otherwise — peer from the poems. We sense the collectivity from the collection, including those who were not included. We have the light and the hole in the light.

Review by Sandra Stephenson



Haiku as Life: A Kaneko Tohta Omnibus, Richard Gilbert, Ito Yuki, David Ostman, Masahiro Hori, Koun Franz, Tracy Franz, Kanamitsu Takeyoshi, Winchester VA: Red Moon Press, 2019. 978-1-947271-40-1. 524pp. 6" x 9", 35\$US. redmoonpress.com

For such a small poetic form, haiku has generated a great deal of controversy. What is haiku? This is a simple question, but one that is frequently answered in two opposing manners. The traditionalists view haiku as nature-based poems. They argue for objectivity, saying that the form's purpose is to record what *is*, set two images side by side, and let the reader explore the

differences between them. The gendai (modern) haikuists, on the other hand, believe that haiku can take on a broader range of topics. They do not want haiku limited to a prescriptive formula. Here, subjectivity is not taboo. In fact, it is often encouraged. The gendai haikuists argue that the poet should be engaged with the issues of his/ her time through writing that reflects social consciousness.

Kaneko Tohta, one of the great poets and theoreticians of modern Japanese haiku, falls into the latter camp. In *Haiku as Life: A Kaneko Tohta Omnibus*, the editors lead us on a journey that explores Kaneko's quest to write "freely about all living things" (p. 34) and show how he has "redefined haiku as a modern poetics of individual and social relevance" (p. 425). Divided into four main sections, the book presents Kaneko through the transcript of one of his lectures, an interview, many of his haiku, and essays that examine elements of his thought. From within these diverse writings, *Haiku as Life* explores Kaneko's viewpoints on intellectual wildness, rawness, and the settled wandering of the modern poet.

One of Kaneko's early introductions to haiku came through the haiku group his father founded. The group left an indelible impression on his young mind. Kaneko describes his "pleasure to observe wildness in the quarrels among members. Those poets were replete with wildness, and I felt intellectual wildness in them." (p. 40) These were "Real, raw human beings" (p. 40) and included "many wild mountain men of Chichibu" (p. 439). These individuals not only wrote nature-based haiku but also haiku about their personal lives. As a result, Kaneko "never believed that haiku was limited to *kachō* (birds and flowers)" (p. 40). The intellectual wildness he admired came to be a strong source for his poetic philosophy. Indeed, Kaneko's early proximity to these

men along with his interest in the Chichibu Incident of 1884 (a failed rebellion of the Chichibu people) led to him advocating for haiku steeped in social consciousness. For example:

spider lily —
every kid shows a belly
in Chichibu (p. 183)

bombed breadfruit tree —
somewhere about
an infant islander cries (p. 206)

These two haiku articulate themes of poverty and the consequences of war respectively. Both showcase Kaneko's social consciousness and the potential that well-written haiku can have in shedding light on human concerns.

Haiku as Life also highlights a concept that is integral to Kaneko's poetic philosophy: rawness. Much like the members of his father's haiku group, Kaneko was not interested in "dissecting minor ideological points, or spending time in useless discussions" (p. 41). Instead, Kaneko believed in speaking "with the words of your own body" (p. 42) and that "The raw perception of living being connects us" (p. 57). The concept of rawness, for Kaneko, comes through writing with immediacy, expressing reality without filters, and articulating emotional honesty directly. Two examples of raw haiku can be found in the following poems about Kaneko's mother:

summer mountain country
mother there calls me,
"good for nothing" (p. 86)

my long-lived mother delivered me as if a shit (p. 87)

Kaneko sees these poems as going together and describes both as exhibiting a great deal of rawness. “summer mountain country” alludes to his mother’s disappointment that Kaneko, as the oldest son, did not become a doctor like his father. She called him “yota” (good for nothing) and questioned his spending time on useless things like haiku. The second poem, “my long-lived . . .” refers to a comment his mother’s midwife made regarding the relative ease with which she gave birth. It is so raw that Kaneko claims “people either love or hate that haiku” (p. 405). However a reader may feel about it, this poem is presented with undeniable directness and immediacy.

The idea of settled wandering is also prominent in Kaneko’s thought. This concept is derivative of his studies of the “drifting” poets from previous eras, especially Issa and Santoka. Kaneko believed that “in looking at their manner of living, I thought that I was able to recognize the true appearance of a human being” (p. 44). He viewed both men as being driven to wandering as a result of seeking the purity that decreases over time when set within the negative aspects of society. That wandering, however, resulted in heightened sensibilities, especially in the case of Issa. Yet in postwar Japan, and indeed around the world, physical wandering was less a possibility. Instead, one was left to “wandering in consciousness while physically residing in one place” (p. 113). Kaneko sought to attain, despite being rooted, the sensibilities of the poets he admired. An expression of settled wandering can be found in the following haiku:

birds migrate
the moon transits the valley –
an aged man (p. 394)

Haiku as Life: A Kaneko Tohta Omnibus provides an in-depth examination of the personal poetic philosophy of Kaneko Tohta and its application to his haiku. A gendai haikuist, Kaneko redefines the form to include individual and social relevance through concepts such as intellectual wildness, rawness, and settled wandering. *Haiku as Life* is an important study of one of the leading modern figures of Japanese haiku. It is highly recommended.

Review by Dave Read



Mittens Mismatched, by Pamela Cooper. Ottawa: Éditions des petits nuages, 2019. ISBN 978-1-926519-43-2. 73 pp. 5 ½” x 8 ½”, 14\$. editionspetitsnuages@gmail.com

The 120 haiku contained in this outstanding book are grouped according to the seasons – 26 for spring, 44 for summer, 33 for fall, and 17 for winter. The majority of the poems are previously unpublished, which makes *Mittens Mismatched* a true collector’s item of Cooper’s work. She gives credit to her mentor Angela Leuck for introducing her to the haiku form and for her assistance in the book’s completion. As well she acknowledges the inspiration of her family, including her sister Ellen Cooper, herself a haiku poet. Also noteworthy are Luminita Suse’s colourful book cover design and interior photographs, which add visual appeal to the collection.

The haiku themselves focus on the extraordinary in the ordinary, such as clouds reflected in puddles, wildflowers rolled into hay bales and snow-filled footprints. There’s also a nod to human

goings-on, often with a flash (pun intended) of humour, as in the poet's reaction to a romantic break-up.

his new girlfriend
my Bunsen burner flame
turns a brilliant green

My favourite poem in the spring section appeals to virtually all the senses, especially sound and smell. This is also a poem of interesting contrasts, between the colour and movement of the sheets versus the stillness of the lavender.

white sheets
flapping in the wind . . .
fields of lavender

In the summer section, the poet again uses colour as a seasonal symbol, to great effect.

dandelion field
the yellow beaks
of grazing starlings

The first two lines describe a peaceful, pastoral setting, while the somewhat jarring third line reminds us that there's a feeding frenzy in progress. As well there's a sharp contrast between the yellow field, the yellow beaks and the black birds.

The symbolism of colour continues with the fall poems, as in this excellent example.

how soon it sets
behind the cornfields —
autumn sun

Many shades are suggested, from the harvested corn to the darkening sky to the fading sun. The first line also suggests the poet's mixed feelings about what she's observing and experiencing. As the year winds down, she may be happy or sad, about yesterday, today or tomorrow. As readers we can decide for ourselves, while imagining being at a similar point in our lives, and in the same state of mind.

Moving to the final winter section, I'm again most attracted to a haiku that mentions colour, in the form of a clever figure of speech.

white lie
the moon
not quite full

Like a gibbous moon, a white lie isn't quite what it seems, or is it? The question is intriguing, as is the implication that deception will be exposed, whether harmless or not. This simple yet complicated haiku says a great deal — in seven words consisting of one syllable each. It's quite remarkable, like the entire collection of Cooper's delightful, thoughtful and memorable poems. I look forward to reading another one of her books in the foreseeable future.

Review by Joanne Morcom



amor(ph)ous

Sidney Bending

Rough Cut; Thirty Years of Senryu, by William Scott Galasso. Laguna Woods, CA: Galwin Press, 2019. ISBN 978-1-7327527-1-9. 137 pp. 6" x 9", 12.95\$US. Amazon.

The subtitle of William Scott Galasso's second book of his "legacy series" invites a brief consideration of the nature of senryu. Galasso provides the Haiku Society of America's definition which begins, "[a] senryu is a poem, structurally similar to haiku, that highlights the foibles of human nature, usually in a humorous or satiric way."

Although many haiku journals and anthologies don't, technically, distinguish between the two forms, others do explicitly. Notably, *Prune Juice* specializes in senryu and kyoka. The submissions guidelines for *The Heron's Nest* specify the editorial preference. "Although we enjoy senryu immensely, we wish to focus on haiku. There are, of course, poems that fall into a gray area between the two genres." Some publications name both genres and intersperse them. One telling example concerns this poem of Galasso's.

hip new bistro
when did I become
invisible

Page 99 in *Rough Cuts*, it is included in the section "Haiku / Senryu" of *Big Data*, the Red Moon Anthology for 2014 publications.

In *Rough Cuts*, one also finds numerous poems addressing human foibles that do include kigo.

my father's anger —
approaching the purple
of ripened plums (p. 16)

This poem also shows another permission of senryu: the use of schemes and tropes, in this case a simile. Here are two more, the first with a seasonal reference, the second without (p. 39). Both show the sort of word play usually discouraged in haiku.

she zigs
he zags
mating season

separated by
a common language
his and hers

Galasso has engaged with many topics in his thirty years of exploring the human experience, from family relationships to social commentary, through war, dying and death, to label but a few. Here are some that I find quite affecting.

widower
through a window
pixilated by rain (p. 36)

border town
neighborhood children play
red light, green light (p. 69)

the bass hum
of bow on strings . . .
her deepest secret (p. 114)

Galasso concludes his Introduction with the hope, “that you may recognize your own *dramatis personae* among the *senryu* you find here or that you may connect with those you have touched or been touched by on this life’s journey.” I have recognized. I have connected.

Review by Maxianne Berger



Sunshine Blooms & Haiku, by Sneha Sundaram. Jersey City: Sneha Sundaram, 2019. ISBN 978-0-578-60174-8. 142 pp. 5 ½” x 8”, 14\$US. snehasunderam.com or Amazon.

This debut collection from Sneha Sunderam is organized in traditional seasons, with 25 haiku each, one per page, some justified left, some centered. They are interspersed with delicate drawings by Unmesh Nayak.

The topics, too, are traditional, even classical. Among the birds and flowers of “And suddenly spring,” one finds a monk (p. 24).

in cherry blossoms
the monk finds
himself

“Summer’s Longing” includes personal relationships, such as this (p. 35).

fishing village
the smell of the sea
on grandpa’s shirt

Among the fall poems is this monostich (p. 107).

I wish I had laughed more crow's feet

Sundaram lives in New Jersey, however many of the haiku have roots in her native India. The section "First Rain" between those for summer and fall represents an important season there.

Inhaling and exhaling
the monsoon winds
my accordion plays itself (p. 70)

The final section, "Winter Rose," includes the haiku from this collection that I find most poignant, albeit enigmatic.

barbed wire
memories roll in
with the fog

Sundaram's haiku have been widely published, and many have earned awards. I do have one quibble with the layout: the presence of asterisks on the poems themselves, leading to same-page glosses of certain words. Whether of the Hindi *jugalbandi*, or Japanese terms such as *wabi sabi* and *ikebana*, an explanation near the bottom of the page, in smaller print, with no intrusive asterisk on the poem itself, would be less distracting, more discrete, and quite sufficient. That being said, over all this is a solid, traditional first collection.

Review by Maxianne Berger



Leaf Raking, by Michael Morell. Stanford M Forrester, ed.
Windsor, CT: buddha baby press, 2019. 66 pp. 5” x 7”. 10\$US.
michaelnmorell@gmail.com

Leaf Raking is Michael Morell’s first haiku collection. Each of the 52 poems has its own page, and although unlabeled, there are four sections of varying length.

Readers are initially led into the poet’s relationship with Buddhism and meditation. The title poem had me searching the dictionary.

leaf raking –
so many different words
for dukkha (p. 6)

The second section presents moments from family life, recognizable moments, heartfelt moments, regretful moments.

November sun –
the way my father
loved me (p. 10)

The next set of haiku concern love, or rather, an unsuccessful relationship.

dipping my toes . . .
waiting for the ripples
to reach her (p. 25)

last kiss goodbye who knew (p. 28)

The final section is the longest: a 25-poem sequence through unnamed but easily identified seasons because of kigo. These two are from fall and spring respectively.

the emptiness
between my breath
and bare branches (p. 32)

another no hitter —
a boy throwing a ball
against a brick wall (p. 47)

The cover image is striking: a leaf rake standing on end, tines up, against a shed of cracked wood and flaking paint. The photo is unattributed, but likely by Morell himself. It perfectly illuminates the philosophy of the poems, as expressed in the poet's chosen epigraph, by Dōgen: "To be in harmony with the wholeness of things is not to have anxiety over imperfections."

Review by Maxianne Berger



Rightsizing the Universe: Haiku Theory, by Gary Hotham. Scaggsville, MD: Yiqralo Press, 2019. 40-page chapbook. 6 ¾" x 4 ¼". 4\$US+shipping from Lulu.com/shop, 4\$US+1.50\$ from the author. garyhotham@aol.com

Gary Hotham 23. Green River, VT: Longhouse, 2019. Signed, 4-page foldout. 3 x 4 ½". 15\$US. longhousepoetry.com

Rightsizing the Universe is a small, themed collection of 32 haiku from a poet who has been nurturing the craft for over fifty

years. As the subtitle indicates, these haiku position experiences in our world against the setting of the very cosmos. It is apt that cherry blossoms, standing in for our own ephemeral existence, bookend the collection. Here is the first.

squeezing
into our universe
cherry blossoms

And between the two, Hotham reveals human moments, the interpersonal ones shared with others, and those experienced in the wider world around us — such as these (pp. 10 & 15).

Mom's home
the last cup
she drank from

years of tradition
the wind
knows its way out

At 4\$US, this book is more than a bargain: it is a gift at any price — for its illustrative presentation of “haiku theory,” as practiced by a skilled poet.



As indicated in the title, *Gary Hotham 23*, this wee handmade book includes 23 haiku. As with those in his *Rightsizing the Universe*, some are personal, and some, observations of the world around us.

after listening
rings for two
coffee cups

For a reviewer, the challenge was to decide which haiku to use as an example. Any of the twenty-three would be as worthy.

Review by Maxianne Berger



Humoresques. Lyric poetry, haibun and haiku by Hans Jongman. Carleton Place, ON: Catkin Press, 2019. ISBN 978-1-928163-32-9. 79 pp. 5” x 7”. \$15 shipping included (15\$US to US) hansjongman381@gmail.com

Of the seventy or so poems in this collection, some 25 are haibun. Aside from the fact that it is nice to see this genre shoulder to shoulder with “lyric” poems, it is also nice to see them as a vessel for humour. “A Leisurely Shower . . .” (p. 45) is brief enough to quote in full.

A leisurely shower to start the day although the water
feels hard. I worry, hard water leads to premature
calcification.

The Joy of Sex
a bookmark
slips out

I consider “Town” (p. 14) a haibun. There is no prose. The haiku is a link and shift follow-up to the opening quatrain. It’s refreshing to see these variations on expectations.

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

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. kokakonz@gmail.com

Ribbons: Tanka Society of America Journal, Christine Villa, 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

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.

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

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 Editor.
www.theheronsnest.com

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

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

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

tinywords – haiku and others small poems. Kathe Palka & Peter
Newton, editors. www.tinywords.com

Wales Haiku Journal. Paul Chambers, editor.
www.waleshaikujournal.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

Furrows of Snow, by Glenn G. Coats. Arlington, VA: Turtle Light Press, 2019. ISBN 978-0-9748147-6-6. 33 pp, 5.25 x 8". 12.50\$US. turtlelightpress.com. 2019 TLP Haiku Chapbook Competition Winner.

Coffee Shop & thé vert au jasmin; tanka prose by Mike Montreuil & Anne-Marie Labelle. Lovita Labelle, illustrations. Ottawa: Éditions des petits nuages, 2019. ISBN 978-1-926519-39-5. 60pp. 6 x 7 1/2". Responsive exchange in French and English.

Mapping Absences: haibun and tanka prose by Sonam Chhoki and Mike Montreuil. Ottawa: Éditions des petits nuages, 2019. ISBN 978-1-926519-44-9. 41pp. 5 3/4 x 8 1/4".

Back Porch Haiku: haiku by Marjorie Bruhmuller. Ottawa: Éditions des petits nuages, 2019. ISBN 978-1-926519-48-7. 76pp. 6 x 9".

Haiku Canada Review

Mike Montreuil, Publications Editor.

Claude Rodrigue, Éditeur des haïkus en langue française.

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Soumissions en français :

– haïkus, selon le thème proposé

Claude Rodrigue, haikufancais@haikucanada.org

– autres formes japonisantes

Mike Montreuil, publications@haikucanada.org

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Carole Daoust, Haiku Canada E-News Coordinator
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NS, NB, PE, NL: Position open

NU: Position open

one of the first nice days —
wild turkeys
peek into a nail salon

Brent Partridge

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