

# HAIKU CANADA REVIEW



Volume 14

October 2020

Number 2

# **HAIKU CANADA REVIEW**

**Volume 14**

**October 2020**

**Number 2**

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

# Haiku Canada Review

Copyright 2020 © Authors and Artist

ISSN: 1914-3680

## Contents

From the Editor. . . . .	3
Marianne Bluger Book and Chapbook Awards 2020 . . . . .	4
Les prix du livre André-Duhaime de Haiku Canada. . . . .	6
Word Wandering: The Verbal Ginkgo . . . . .	7
Ringling the Bell: Learning Haiku from Mary Ruefle . . . . .	18
Postscript: Bells and Whistles . . . . .	24
Haiku Plus. . . . .	26
The COVID Blues . . . . .	42
Chocolat. . . . .	46
Au delà de ces pages . . . . .	53
Recensions . . . . .	53
Haibun . . . . .	59
Linked Verses and Sequences. . . . .	64
Beyond these pages . . . . .	71
Reviews . . . . .	71
Journals of Interest. . . . .	93
Net Briefs. . . . .	94
Et Cetera . . . . .	96
Haiku Canada Review . . . . .	97
Submission Guidelines / Soumissions . . . . .	97
Membership & Subscriptions . . . . .	98
Haiku Canada Executive. . . . .	99

**Art:** Cover and interior drawings – Marianne Paul

**Sheets:** – Sneaking a Peek by Carole Daoust

– Douze haïkus urbains par André Duhaime

– Fetch me a stoup of liquor by Robert Witmer

## From the Editor. . .

Greetings,

When I began to think about this small introduction, I had in mind to talk about the merits of the NHL Stanley Cup playoffs taking place in the months of August and September. That notion has changed ice hockey from a winter to year-round kigo. The same can be said of basketball, a summer sport, now played throughout the year.

However, the second wave of the Covid-19 pandemic is upon us. Perhaps by the time the Oct 2021 issue of the review is out, there will be a vaccine. Who knows?

Be safe everyone and enjoy this latest offering from the Haiku Canada Review team.

Mike Montreuil



*f*            *i*                            *f*    *s*  
*f*                    *r*    *i*  
**in dead of *e* night the *l* flickers of *e* faith**

*Michael Dudley*

## **Marianne Bluger Book and Chapbook Awards 2020**

The judges were Jan Draper and Robert Piotrowski

Winners (tied) in the Best English-Language Book Category  
(each awarded \$125.00):

-*A Thousand Years* by Marco Fraticelli

-*Tsugigami* by Valorie Broadhurst and Connie R Meester

Honourable Mentions:

-*Earthshine* by Chuck Brickley

-*Good Will Galaxy Hunting* by LeRoy Gorman

-*Back Porch Haiku* by Marjorie Bruhmuller

-*Shift Change* by Hans Jongman

Winner in the Best English-language Chapbook Category  
(awarded \$125.00):

-*Body Weight* by Marianne Paul

Honourable Mentions:

-*Long Ago in a Small Logging Town* by Mike Montreuil

-*23* by Gary Hotham

The first-place winners received cash prizes and certificates,  
Honourable Mentions received certificates.

## **Judges Comments:**

Judging collected writing is never easy. But some of the secret lies in looking for balance. Naturally, the words on the page are most important. But technique, editing, and design are also paramount.

A great book of poetry also requires cohesion. After all, it's one thing to populate a ream of pages with poems over the span of a weekend or a handful of years; it's another to gather a body of work – be it 10 or 510 pages – that collectively transfers a tight and eager energy and embeds in the reader a glittering shrapnel to carry with them after the last page has been turned.

Although there were a number of well-written entries in the first annual Haiku Canada Bluger Book Awards, in the end we agreed those listed above excelled in the combined categories of content, energy, and design. Individually, they are strong collections of poetry; together, they cater to readers looking for everything from edgy to warm to thought-provoking verse.

To everyone who submitted: We thank you for your efforts, words, and the lessons you have taught us.

Jan Draper and Robert Piotrowski



today's obits the roads not taken

*George Swede*

## **Les prix du livre André-Duhaime de Haiku Canada**

Lors de la dernière assemblée générale de Haiku Canada, le vendredi 19 juin 2020, il a été proposé par deux membres de Haiku Canada, madame Angela Leuck et monsieur Mike Montreuil, et accepté à la majorité, de créer les prix André-Duhaime, afin d'offrir aux francophones et aux francophiles de Haiku Canada une alternative aux prix Marianne-Bluger. Le nom des prix se veut un hommage au pionnier du haïku au Québec, monsieur André Duhaime, qui a su être à la fois un levier et vecteur international du haïku francophone sous toutes ses formes.

En alternance annuelle avec ses homologues anglophones, les prix André-Duhaime visent à reconnaître et à encourager l'excellence dans le haïku et ses formes connexes (haïbun, haïga, haïku visuel, haïsha, renku, senryu, séquences et tanka), publiés en français.

Les premiers prix Duhaime seront décernés en 2021, puis à tous les deux ans par la suite. Exceptionnellement, et seulement pour la première année d'existence des prix, la période de publication des soumissions pourra s'étendre sur trois ans avant l'année de la date butoir, donc du 1er janvier 2018 au 31 décembre 2020, tel que mentionné par les droits d'auteur.

Les règlements et un formulaire d'inscription du Prix André-Duhaime se retrouvent sur le site web de Haiku Canada [www.haikucanada.ca](http://www.haikucanada.ca)

# Word Wandering: The Verbal Ginkgo<sup>1</sup>

*Maxianne Berger*

Language is a constraint. We choose words according to their denotations, these coloured by connotations and allusions. A judicious juxtaposition of a few words allows for a synergy of meanings. As to haiku, it, too, is a constraint: to convey in a few words the experience of a specific moment. And yet no one suggests there is anything heretical about a haiku based on an imagined, hypothetical experience rather than a moment that has been directly perceived through the senses. Calls for submissions of haiku with specified themes don't require that the moment be lived. What matters is that the moment could be real.

As such, using examples from the work of others as well as my own practice, I'll briefly present a few constraint-based approaches to haiku. Often, the work of others means "haiku," however constraints can also serve as a way to leave one's everyday in search of something new – new, but not necessarily strange.

## **why constraints**

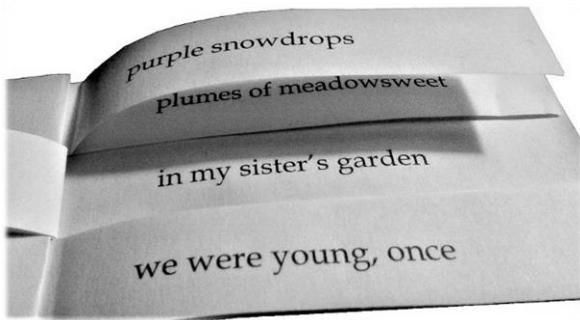
There are a variety of reasons writers use constraints. Some like the challenge, others are looking to be "experimental," and others are finding ways around writer's block. Certainly, the use of constraints to writing is not new, and wasn't new in the early nineteen-sixties when Raymond Queneau co-founded the Oulipo group (*ouvroir de littérature potentielle*/ workshop of potential literature). Queneau apparently suffered from writer's block after



the success of his novel *Zazie dans le métro* (1959), and to get over the hurdle, produced an interactive book using ten sonnets – his *Cent mille milliards de poèmes* (1961), printed on cardstock, one poem per page, each page cut into horizontal strips, one line per strip.<sup>2</sup> Austin Kleon, who popularized the erasure procedure black-out poetry, was also motivated by writer’s block.

### **interactive fun**

For Haiku North America in 2017, it was both the challenge and the potential that led me to produce a **fliplit**. Inspired by Raymond Queneau’s sonnets, I conceived of “What’s Left Unsaid”<sup>3</sup> whose pages are cut, like Queneau’s, for mixing and matching. The five haiku can recompose into 125 different combinations. The potential of such a booklet is in how it can show, for example, the effects of different kigos, or in a hands-on way, show how a single line can change everything.



With a booklet, those new to the genre can discover haiku by playing with the strips. As to benefits for the poet, just making such a little book requires careful attention to possible structures of haiku, and to how words modify the impact of a poem.

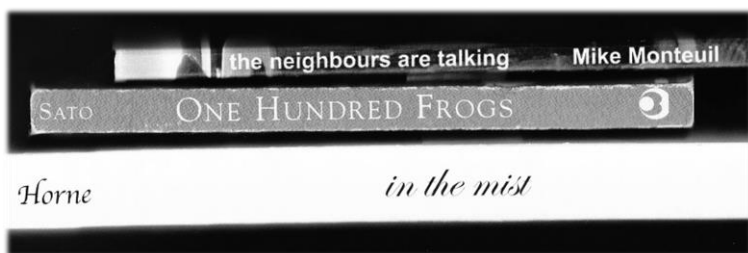
## book-spine poetry

Another kind of recombination is **the book-spine poem**, which works quite nicely for haiku. This form is a variation of a cento, a poem pieced together from lines by other poets. Book spines provide their titles as lines of poetry. If you google *book spine haiku*, any number of images will come up. Many are basically lists, but there are actual haiku/ senryu among the photos — because they are presented as photos of the book spines. This one is apparently by Monica Gudlewski.<sup>4</sup>



island in the sun/ the little red fish/ by water's edge

The key to haiku, with this approach, is to ensure that one of the titles can combine with another to make a phrase — for example by beginning with a preposition or a present participle. I recommend gathering those books first. Others titles will more easily slip into position. In my personal library, Kimiko Horne's *In the Mist* serves the role well. Set alongside Hiroaki Sato's *One Hundred Frogs*, they easily follow Mike Montreuil's *The Neighbours Are Talking*.



the neighbours are talking/ one hundred frogs/ in the mist<sup>5</sup>

Respect for the authors means ensuring the visibility of their names in the photo. If not possible, cento practice would have an attribution key under the image. As to choosing titles, there is something quite pleasurable in looking through one's home library for all the haiku hiding on the shelves, in plain sight.

### **erasure**

Another approach to finding poems hidden in plain sight is **erasure**.<sup>6</sup> In a given text, one finds words that, in their original order, compose a new text that is independent of the source. Over the years, *Geist* magazine has held several erasure contests. One honourable mention in the second contest (2013) is a 5-7-5 haiku by Lucy Bacon.

cup of tea in hand,  
old man on wintry morning –  
cherished old woman.<sup>7</sup>

I tried my hand, albeit unsuccessfully, the following year, submitting a 5-7-5-7-7 “tanka.”

now my home is dust  
and time the clock gone quiet  
I just feel the air  
something of you in the cold  
the grey wind singing goodbye<sup>8</sup>

Despite their experimental genesis, some of the images seemed worth keeping, so a revision — no longer a strict erasure — found its way into *A Hundred Gourds*.

under dust  
the clock gone quiet  
outside  
something grey in the wind  
singing goodbye<sup>9</sup>

At the time I entered the *Geist* contest, in 2013, my own erasure project was well underway, and *Winnows* was eventually published by Nietzsche's Brolly in 2016. Its 136 haiku are composed of words, in their original order, located in the text of each chapter of Herman Melville's *Moby Dick* (1851). I wasn't looking for strange, haikuesque concoctions, but gathering words into normal phrases and fragments that would be accepted as real haiku.<sup>10</sup> It took seven years to find them all. I add, here, that the limits to available words is mercifully mitigated by haiku's main device, juxtaposition. This haiku is from chapter CXXVI.

nightfall/ the blue shadow of snow in the woods/ . . . come<sup>11</sup>

An early composition stage saw “in the woods” as a boringly banal third line. Without the constraint it would never have occurred to me to use that imperative verb, but with limited text remaining in the chapter, nothing else was remotely possible. I permitted myself to leave my comfort zone.

## palindromes

Poets don't need permission from the Japanese to compose haiku based on verbal approaches. Certainly, haiku in English happily include calligrams and other variations of wordplay. It is worthwhile, however, to recall the Japanese **palindromes** of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The **kaibun** (circle sentence) reads the same from right to left and from left to right (or top to bottom, and from the bottom up). Gozan (1695-1733) made it his death poem.

かやひらきのりとくとのきらびやか  
*ka ya hiraki nori toku tori no kirabiyaka*

Blossoms scent the air  
a carefree birdsong  
echoes truth<sup>12</sup>

Kaibun were written in hiragana rather than in both kanji and hiragana in order to emphasize the mirror correspondences. Notice that the complement of *hi* is *bi* – the same hiragana, ひ, but with a diacritic, び. **Letter reversal palindrome** poems exist in English, too, as evidenced by Anthony Etherin in his *101: A Collection of Palindrome Haiku* – all 5-7-5 with titles. “Autumn,” is representative.

Relapse, calm idyll...  
Autumn words drown mutually –  
dim laces paler.<sup>13</sup>

Where the title can be considered a headnote, the poem itself, truly a remarkable feat of linguistic gymnastics, is a gathering of three fragments and is not what we would nowadays call haiku.

For poems that are less strange (and yes, there is room for strangeness, but that is not the purpose of this article), there seem to be possibilities in the **word reversal palindrome**.

The Poetry Foundation, to illustrate the word palindrome, offers this example: “fall leaves when leaves fall.”<sup>14</sup> Were this to be revised as a haiku, one version might simply be its essence.

leaves fall leaves

Instead of the original main clause with subordinate clause that straightforwardly tells readers exactly what to understand, the reduced version produces a tension as the meanings of the word groups shift and interact: leaves fall/ subject verb; fall leaves/ qualifier noun; fall leaves/ subject verb. The delight of such a poem is in the interplay of the multiple possibilities that so often characterize monostich haiku.

The most promising version of palindrome for a haiku poet is the **line-by-line palindrome**, in which the second half of the poem repeats the previous lines in reverse order. For us, this is quite simple: lines 1 and 3 would be the same. Luce Pelletier’s haiku shows its characteristics, although the poem was not conceived of as palindrome.

un dernier pétale  
une autre marguerite  
un dernier pétale<sup>15</sup>

last petal  
another daisy  
last petal

So much human experience seems contained in that telling repetition. Similarly, note how the emotional response to the sound of cicadas changes in Ben Gaa’s haiku:

cicadas  
tornado sirens  
cicadas<sup>16</sup>

Repetition is obviously a poetic figure, a rhetorical device some would frown upon in haiku because it draws attention to the pointing finger. If such repetition were absolutely not acceptable, though, what would we do with Issa's world of dew? With Chiyo-ni's nightingale? Repetition could be considered stylistic, however in the above examples of line-by-line palindrome haiku, the second appearance of the words shows a nuanced modulation of meaning.

### **lipogram**

Although more easily feasible than a letter palindrome, a somewhat difficult constraint is the **univocal lipogram**. The objective, here, is to choose a vowel and to compose a poem made solely of words that contain no vowel other than the one chosen. A frequently-cited example is by Howard Bergerson. Like Etherin's palindrome, it is composed in 5-7-5 and has a title, "Haiku of Eyes," which puns on the vowel.

In twilight this spring  
Girls with miniskirts will swim  
In string bikinis.<sup>17</sup>

Since my purpose, again, is to feature poems that seem perfectly "normal," and since contemporary haiku in English is not further constrained by a Procrustean bed of 5-7-5 syllables, I might here suggest a lighter, more allusive revision: girls/ in string bikinis/  
spring twilight.

To come up with a haiku that is within the realm of sounding normal, this univocalic approach is especially challenging, and I have produced only one, a monostich that also features twilight.

with twilight drifting in his kiss<sup>18</sup>

In English, making “i” the only vowel offers a certain degree of flexibility. It enables the present participles and gerunds of some verbs, the possessive *his*, the demonstrative *this*, the prepositions *in*, *within* and *with*, and the third-person singular form of the verb to be, *is*. Aside from words whose only vowel is “i” there are similarly acronyms and common abbreviations whose only vowel is “i”, and some acronyms include no vowels at all.

Although the approach is difficult, it does have the potential of juxtaposing elements unexpectedly, so recently, I tried my hand at it again, and eventually came up with this.

his kids  
whirling in Big Bird PJs  
sixth inning

I had flirted with *his twins*, *his twin girls*, *his girls*, *his lil’ miss*. These protagonists were *grinning*, *whirling*, *twirling*, and *sitting*. At times their *PJs* were *pink* or *Twins* rather than *Big Bird*. Naturally, the *inning* could be *first*, *fifth*, *sixth* or *ninth*.

The poem, already close to rebarbative, does little to engage the reader. The constraint, in this case, is too limiting. However, it is important to remember that **one can authorize oneself to abandon the constraint**. When a poem being worked on would be really improved by words that the “rules” can’t deliver, the gift we get is the final haiku, a haiku which would never even



have been a kernel without the constraint that got it going.

Keeping the juxtaposed elements of a baseball game and the presence of a child, a familiar sight in the spirit of *shasei*, after a few false starts, and helped by a final tweak proposed by *Modern Haiku* editor Paul Miller, through that haiku's metamorphoses I eventually arrived here:

infant daughter  
sound asleep in his arms  
sixth inning<sup>19</sup>

### final words about words

A word here, a phrase there, the very flowers of language can serve as inspiration. The examples discussed in this article are merely starting points. As in the case of Raymond Queneau, writer's block wants inspiration, and sometimes playing with words seeds inspiration. The poem can then continue within the constraint. Or not. Because the point is not the constraint. The point is the poem.

---

<sup>1</sup> This article adapts and expands on aspects of my "Le ginkgo oulipien : se balader dans un paysage de mots" (*Gong* 68 juillet-septembre 2020, pp 7-10), which in turn adapts aspects of "Winnows: HaikOuLiPo" (presented Sep. 15, 2017, Haiku North America, Santa Fe NM).

<sup>2</sup> *One Hundred Thousand Billion Poems*, trans. Stanley Chapman, 1961.

<sup>3</sup> "What's Left Unsaid" can be read at The Haiku Foundation's digital library: <[thehaikufoundation.org/omeka/items/show/5271](http://thehaikufoundation.org/omeka/items/show/5271)>.

<sup>4</sup> <[pinterest.ca/pin/527976756291617964/](https://pinterest.ca/pin/527976756291617964/)>. Embedded in the image is a dead link to MonicaGudlewski.com, so authorship is assumed but not verified. The photo unfortunately doesn't show the names of the authors whose titles compose the haiku: Alec Waugh, Taeun Yoo, and Kay Barone.

<sup>5</sup> From the haibun "And They Talk, Too," *Failed Haiku* 57 (Sep. 2020) p.80.

<sup>6</sup> Other names for erasure include *black-out poetry* (Austin Kleon, mentioned above), *plunderverse* (Gregory Betts), and as a variation where word order can be changed, the *cut up* (William S. Burroughs).

---

<sup>7</sup> Lucy Bacon's poem is an erasure of an excerpt from *How Should a Person Be?* (2010) by Sheila Heti. <[geist.com/poetry/erasure-haiku/](http://geist.com/poetry/erasure-haiku/)>.

<sup>8</sup> This "tanka" is an erasure of Rachel Lebowitz's poem "Exhibit 37: Hawthorn Branch," *Cottonopolis* (2013).

<sup>9</sup> *A Hundred Gourds* 3:3 (June 2014) p. 12.

<sup>10</sup> Over the years I was heartened that editors of journals and anthologies accepted these erasure haiku at face value. Even more encouraging, The Haiku Society of America's 2017 Merit Book Award honoured *Winnows* with a third-prize tie.

<sup>11</sup> French version in *Ploc14; La revue du haïku* 42 (April, 2013) p. 4: «au couchant/ les ombres bleues de la neige dans les bois/ ... viens».

<sup>12</sup> Yoel Hoffmann, trans. in his *Japanese death poems* (Tuttle, 1986) p. 179.

<sup>13</sup> Anthony Etherin, *101; A Collection of Palindrome Haiku* (2015) <[anthonyetherin.files.wordpress.com/2016/09/101.pdf](http://anthonyetherin.files.wordpress.com/2016/09/101.pdf)> p. 2.

<sup>14</sup> <[poetryfoundation.org/learn/glossary-terms/palindrome](http://poetryfoundation.org/learn/glossary-terms/palindrome)>.

<sup>15</sup> Luce Pelletier, *Y marcher jusqu'à l'orée* (Éd. Marcel Broquet, 2012) p. 48. My translation.

<sup>16</sup> Beb Gaa (as Ben Moeller-Gaa), *Notes from the Gean: The Journal of Japanese Form Poetry* 10 (Sep. 2011) p. 13.

<sup>17</sup> Howard Bergerson, in Dave Morice, ed. *Alphabet Avenue: Wordplay in the Fast Lane* (Chicago: Chicago Review Press, 1997).

<sup>18</sup> *Frogpond* 41:2 (2018) p. 41.

<sup>19</sup> *Modern Haiku* 51:3 (2020).



## Ringing the Bell: Learning Haiku from Mary Ruefle

*Michael Dylan Welch*

a chime of bells  
across the snowy field—  
the horse's breath  
MDW, *Frogpond* 18:4, Winter 1995

In the Spring 2019 issue of *Sewanee Review*, poet Mary Ruefle offers numerous comments on tone in poetry, particularly haiku—equating haiku to the sound of a bell, distinct from an orchestra of sounds that may emanate from longer poems or prose. In “Hell’s Bells: Notes on Tone” (<https://thesewaneeereview.com/articles/hells-bells-notes-tone>), she writes that “Bells are so constructed as to give one fundamental tone when struck. . . No poetic form embodies the bell so much as the haiku. The haiku is the most bell-like thing in language I know. Haiku simply strike the present passing moment, stilling it in such a way that we pay attention.”

cathedral bells . . .  
the chestnut vendor's  
steaming cart

MDW, Shiki Internet Haiku Contest,  
1997 Runner-Up

Indeed, the sound of a bell is a fitting metaphor for what a good haiku does, which is to offer clarity and focus—a single note

struck with precision and confidence. And as I've said elsewhere, haiku are assertive, saying "this is so," or simply "this is." Ruefle expands on this idea:

A haiku gives us what it is, nothing more or less; that's why Roland Barthes was obsessed with them. "The haiku sets a bell ringing," he said, and he even uses the word *tintinnabulation* in speaking of haiku. For him, they had a purity that exceeded anything intellectual or emotional, they simply said, "That's it!" "Clearly," he said, "the bell is anti-interpretation." I love the word "clearly" being used in regard to a bell. Of course, he also spoke less clearly, and said that haiku granted "aeration to the space of discourse," and I can't help thinking of golf shoes with spikes on their soles, putting little holes in the grass as the golfer walks; some people, you know, wear them around their lawns, to aerate the soil. To put a hole in discourse, to put a hole in meaning, to open a space, a breathing space filled with nothing but oxygen; Barthes finds haiku "oxygenating," and he turns to them, as I do, when he needs to be oxygenated.

ringing church bell —  
moonlight dimmed  
by a gentle snowfall

MDW, *Geppo* XXIX:5,  
September–October 2004

Yes, haiku is a breath of fresh air. We can be nourished by many kinds of food, and water is essential to life, but air is the most fundamental sustenance of all. Haiku, accordingly, is the most primal of poetics, an expression of words that says yes to life.

distant dinner bell –  
one more time  
through the labyrinth

MDW, *Matrix* #107, Fall 2017

More Ruefle:

“That has taken place” is the philosophy of haiku, and all haiku appear to have actually happened. I suppose we can’t be sure, but the idea of “inventing” a haiku for the sake of writing one – something we do all the time with poems – is absurd. A haiku is traditionally prompted by something seen or heard. A haiku, according to Barthes, “notes a tiny element of real, present, concomitant life.” And a *notation* is always a protestation of the Void, even as it partakes of it.

Ruefle says the idea of “inventing” a haiku is absurd, but on that point I would disagree. The reason lies in her prior statement that all haiku *appear* to have actually happened – and that we “can’t be sure” anyway. Whether the event or focus of each haiku truly happened or not is secondary, and unprovable, but it’s paramount to construct them in such a way that they *seem* plausible and even reliable. The reader needs to *believe* that each poem’s event happened, and be brought to *care* about what is presented. The extent of this goal could easily lead one to imagine that “inventing” haiku is antithetical to haiku, but that’s the power of haiku itself, to seem that even their “invention” is not possible. Such is the strength of haiku that are indeed invented – as most haiku are, at least partially.

temple blossoms . . .  
the deep tones  
of wind bells

MDW, *Brussels Sprout* 10:3,  
September 1993

At the very least, we may wonder if Barthes (and Ruefle) are unaware of the extent that haiku were routinely made up and revised by the great Japanese masters. In *The Spring of My Life*, Sam Hamill's translation of Issa's *Oraga Haru* (Boston: Shambhala, 1997), Hamill gives an example and says that "Issa was not the least bit reluctant to engage his imagination to manipulate circumstances to benefit his work" (xv). In *Traces of Dreams: Landscape, Cultural Memory, and the Poetry of Bashō* (Stanford, California: Stanford University Press, 1998), Haruo Shirane has also written how Bashō routinely changed the facts to suit his needs in writing the *Oku no Hosomichi*, or *Narrow Road to the Interior*. More specifically, in his essay "Beyond the Haiku Moment: Bashō, Buson, and Modern Haiku Myths" (*Modern Haiku* 31:1, Winter–Spring 2000), Shirane wrote that Bashō "often rewrote his poetry: he would change the gender, the place, the time, the situation. The only thing that mattered was the effectiveness of the poetry, not whether it was faithful to the original experience" (52). Ruefle comes around to this understanding, that the effect of the poem matters more than the source. After quoting haiku by Yaha and Bashō, she writes:

And as all these moments will pass, will die, they reveal "the extent to which the haiku is an action (of writing) between life and death." The haikuity of a bell! Goodbye discourse, words, meaning! Imagine the sound of a temple bell.

What she's driving at is that the poem moves beyond meaning to be transcendent, like the utter absorption of listening a rung bell. It's pre-cognitive, post-cognitive, anti-cognitive, all feeling, all sensation, all identification.

noon rain  
syncopating  
church bells

MDW, *Cicada* VI:3 (#20), July 1994

Ruefle again:

Once I had a brief fantasy: what if the earth was devoid of all poetic forms except the haiku, and every single living person wrote them, and as a result *the world would be full of the world*. I came to my senses — the world is already full of the world, and what a great, great loss it would be, to lose the literary voices of all the writers I've ever loved.

As such, there's room in poetry for the full orchestra. And yet. And yet the haiku is that primordial sound, the belle of the literary ball, that fundamental resonance and tone that rings the essence of each experience, each image, each sensory awareness. Haiku is the bellwether of poetry.

dinner bell —  
her husband comes  
as fast as the cat

MDW, *Ērshik: Journal of Senryu  
and Kyoka*, July 2013

Mary Ruefle's conclusion:

I believe the beginning of the universe — what scientists call the Big Bang — was but the striking of a tremendous bell, and its vibrations have been spreading ever since, and every voice that has ever lived, is living, or will live, is part of this vibration, this struck tone, which is expanding just as the universe is expanding, and as it expands, it cools.

Coolness —  
the sound of the bell  
as it leaves the bell

You see, we can speak of the *haikuity* of the universe, for the whole unfathomable, unmeasurable universe, however infinite and long-lasting it seems to us, is merely a haiku, about which we can only say: That's it.

Indeed, a well-rung haiku stills the passing moment, drawing us to attention, invoking the entire universe in the nothingness of its distinct and diminishing sound, in the everythingness of its cooling and calming presence. Yes.

distant church bells . . .  
a sparrow's breath  
lost in the holly berries

MDW, *Frogpond* 20:3, December 1997



## Postscript: Bells and Whistles

A point worth noting here is that Mary Ruefle may quote the Barthes translation correctly, but that the translator may not always represent Barthes verbatim. The phrases Ruefle quotes from Roland Barthes appear in *The Preparation of the Novel: Lecture Courses and Seminars at the Collège de France (1978–1979 and 1979–1980)*, translated by Kate Briggs (New York: Columbia University Press, 2011; original French version, Éditions du Seuil, 2003; du Seuil published a transcription of the taped lectures in 2015).

Haiku is discussed in the lectures of 6 January through 24 February 1979. Specifically, in these lectures, Barthes’s analogy for haiku is that of the ding of a pinball machine when it “tilts.” This sound draws the player’s attention to indicate that the machine has been tilted to one side, at least a little, which is considered an unfair way to play, usually halting the play. Although Barthes referred to the tilt sound, what’s relevant is how this sound gains the player’s attention, which is an apt metaphor for haiku, halting our flow of time to be present in the moment. Elsewhere in these lectures, where haiku is discussed in depth through the course of more than 100 pages, each time Barthes interjects “tilt”, he implies a bell, ringing the haiku moment.

While Ruefle’s emphasis on haiku as a bell remains sound, the Barthes antecedent could benefit from clearer representation. Specifically, consider the passage where Ruefle says “‘Clearly,’ he said, ‘the bell is anti-interpretation.’ I love the word ‘clearly’ being used in regard to a bell.” What she quotes from Barthes is Kate Briggs’s translation, page 422. Aside from Barthes using the word “tilt” in both notes and lecture, what he actually wrote in his notes is “évidemment” (“obviously”), and what he said in

class is “naturellement.” “Clearly” was the translator’s choice, and lovely relative to the notion of haiku being like a bell, also her choice. Likewise, consider this quote from Ruefle: “‘The haiku sets a bell ringing,’ he said, and he even uses the word *tintinnabulation* in speaking of haiku.” Where he wrote *tintinnabulation* in his notes, what he actually said in class was “sonnerie,” or “ring,” often said of bells, not “tintinnabulation,” and here is where he referred to the “tilt” bell of a pinball machine (in the translation, described in an endnote on page 422, referring to page 78; the metaphor of “tilt” is mentioned only in this endnote, though it’s more prominent in Barthes’s original text, even being the title for one section of his lectures). In French, in the transcription of his actual lecture (page 127), Barthes explains, “le haïku est quelque chose qui fait tilt, comme on dit quand on joue dans les cafés, la machine fait tilt. Eh bien, le haïku fait tilt. C’est un son, le tilt.” This may be translated as “haiku is something that tilts, as we say when playing in cafés, the machine tilts. Well, the haiku tilts. It’s a sound, the tilt.” Shortly after, he says, “Et peut-être que le haiku . . . c’est une sorte de tilt aussi. C’est une sorte de sonnerie, de son de cloche très bref, unique et cristallin qui dit : je viens d’être touché par quelque chose. Voilà ce que ça veut dire, le haiku.” This may be translated as “And maybe haiku . . . is kind of a tilt too. It’s a kind of ringing, a very brief, unique, and crystalline bell sound that says: something has just touched me. This is what haiku means.”

A full essay would be most welcome on Roland Barthes’s extensive discussion of haiku as presented in *The Preparation of the Novel* and other lectures, especially his notion of haiku as a tilt or bell sound.

*Michael Dylan Welch*

## Haiku Plus

summer thunderstorm  
the letter from my parents  
flutters to the floor

*Koichi Anderson*

seeded  
in the blue sky  
a dandelion burr

*Joanna Ashwell*

hilltop wood  
the shape of the wind  
in each tree

*Michael Baeyens*

rainstorm  
nostalgic memories  
flooding my thoughts

*Sheila Bella*

early frost  
our Garden Mums  
sparkling

*Frances Mary Bishop*

a seaweed strand  
wraps around my finger  
Pacific wedding

*Louise Carson*

winter wind—  
the river reeds  
chattering

*Lysa Collins*

morning chill  
a snow cap on  
each toadstool

*Sue Colpitts*

tv dance moves of a latchkey child

*Bill Cooper*

brainstorming —  
what I said without thinking  
went over my head

road trip  
we replace the map  
with a whim

*Susan Constable*

autumn chill  
the shadows of chimney smoke  
on bare branches

*Jeanne Cook*

late afternoon —  
the turtle lags  
behind its shadow

*Ellen Cooper*

moonless lake  
I float over  
the milky way

*Dan Curtis*

hospice visit  
she is back  
to the future

*Maya Daneva*

fallen leaves . . .  
lamenting on the dreams  
I left behind

*Rise Daniels*

winter wedding  
he installs chains  
to the car's tires

lobotomized  
my pumpkin stares  
with stupid eyes

*Marie Derley*

something  
out of antiquity  
the pine beetle's pose

*Marje Dyck*

deserted house  
layers of paint cover  
circus wallpaper

*Gary Evans*

divorce  
a forever-diamond  
hocked

*David Eyre*

ebb tide  
an empty silence  
blankets the marsh

*Jay Friedenber*

Dawn of a new life—  
this brilliant orange sky  
as the world shatters.

*Jan Friend*

winter has come  
to this body of mine  
first stent

*William Scott Galasso*

sunday night  
with ed sullivan  
— old flannel pj's

*Line Gauthier*

buffalo dream —  
the herd in waves of brown  
turn suddenly white

school desk left for trash —  
a history in the gum  
stuck underneath

*Barry George*

fall fun fair  
first a few words  
from the principal

boarded church  
a hole in the roof  
lets in light

*LeRoy Gorman*

**(w)age equity**

*Debbie Strange*



trying me on  
then taking off  
the yellowjacket

the crack of dawn we slip through

*Benedict Grant*

raindrop  
on the window  
autumn kaleidoscope

*Arch Haslett*

northern Idaho  
dress code  
six-shooters

*John Hamley*

passing clouds the shape of half remembered dreams

*Gary Hittmeyer*

church bells  
the rose petals swirl  
with our footsteps

darkness  
before the dawn  
silent prayer

*Richard He*

on the phone  
she talks over  
the snow

every day rain  
farmland older  
than the farmers

*Gary Hotham*

early frost  
I offer you a slice  
of passion fruit

*Louisa Howerow*

Friday night sunset  
her blush  
lingers

*Charlotte Hrenchuk*

after the white  
violet rhododendrons  
clot the wooden fence

*Marshall Hryciuk*

overgrown jade plant . . .  
I tamp down soil and repot  
my grievances

*Elinor Pihl Huggett*

heading to work  
migrating starlings gather  
near the bus stop

*Harvey Jenkins*

would you miss me  
if I'm gone  
dry cicadas

*Deborah Karl-Brandt*

fireworks  
kissing a slug on the lip  
of my glass

lake retreat  
we kept our distance  
before the campfire

*Deb Koen*

seeing them through  
my guest's eyes  
cobwebs!

*Angela Leuck*

lazy afternoon  
floating back to shore  
with the seaweed

bonfire stories  
the shifting narrative  
of shadow and light

*Kristen Lindquist*

another shooting . . .  
sunflower petals twist  
in the wind

*Chen-ou Liu*

crossing  
the double yellow line  
the vulture's shadow

*Tanya McDonald*

railroad siding  
a homeless man leans into  
the glow of an oil-drum

talk of fencing wire . . .  
the old farmhand reaches  
to his glass eye

*Mark Miller*

spring stretches  
the quickening drive  
of push-ups

*Lenard E. Moore*

break-up  
her romance books  
trashed

falling leaves  
a dandelion blooms  
in the alley

*Joanne Morcom*

moving day  
the panhandler relocates  
across the street

ahead of me  
on the escalator  
mismatched socks

*Nika*

an arc of sparrows  
on the highest twig  
partial rainbow

*Nola Obee*

word salad . . .  
notes pressed into the pine  
of his desktop

shorter days  
a mailbox at the end  
of a wheelchair ramp

*Roland Packer*

fog city —  
haunted Zendo  
not      empty

*Brent Partridge*

Autumn sunset  
all the shadows turn into  
alley cats

lake ice  
again I try to stop  
loving you

*Robert Piotrowski*

end of summer  
I surrender my garden  
to the weeds

*John Quinnett*

enunciating  
your apology  
aftertaste

summer window display  
the faceless children  
already back to school

*J. Brian Robertson*

waiting for news . . .  
sycamore leaves  
semaphore moonbeams

*John Rowlands*

star nursery  
we gaze  
at the newborn

*Lyle Rumpel*



grass patterns  
ancient messages  
from modern gods

*Sandra St-Laurent*

I stand  
beneath a canopy  
of white,  
the span of my hands  
against an aspen's heart

minnows dart  
between our fingers . . .  
summer fling

*Debbie Strange*

regrets  
copper and gold leaves  
airborne

*Luminita Suse*

ragweed pollen—  
itching eyes and a fog clinging  
to the pond's distant edge

*Jack Vian*

leaving you at the airport  
coins shift  
in the coin holder

mud stains  
on the little leaguer's pants—  
spitting rain

*Michael Dylan Welch*

invisible seeds  
hanging on the updraft  
I sign the prenup

*Genevieve Wynand*

**lattice work  
geometry  
of  
rose  
moon  
glow**

*Michael Dudley*

## The COVID Blues

fourth month  
he notices the wall holes  
of old pictures

*Margaret Rutley  
and Sidney Bending*

lockdown  
a man paper bags  
full to overflowing

*Patricia Prime*

I embrace  
my enemies —  
coronavirus

*Luce Pelletier*

sold out . . .  
washing his hands  
with vodka

*Margaret Rutley  
and Sidney Bending*

washing my hands  
a fly  
demonstrates

*John Quinnett*

measuring time  
the “I miss you”  
travel-ban

*Sebastian Fox*

quarantine —  
I dream of daisies  
between my toes

*Luce Pelletier*

our usual table  
dressed for dinner  
mannequins

*Bill Cooper*

Zoom meeting —  
he unmutes  
the cardinal

*Pamela Cooper*

coronavirus  
so much yellow  
in the taxi lot

*Vicki McCullough*

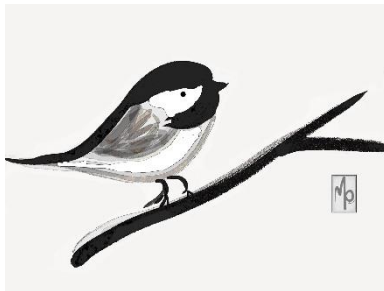


*None of us wants to be a martyr*

*Chen-ou Liu*

hospital window  
the Maple Leaf flying  
at half-mast

*I'm starving. Thirsty. Tired. I wore my N95 mask for ten hours straight. Careful to conserve my #PPE . . .*, her last tweet has gone viral. Now, this dedicated nurse, a mother of two girls, becomes a dot added to the heat map of COVID-19 confirmed cases and deaths.



## winter come spring

*LeRoy Gorman*

comes in  
like a lamb  
goes out  
like a lion  
COVID-19

something old  
something new  
something borrowed  
something blue  
COVID-19

not everyone  
gets to Mars  
not even  
the moon  
COVID-19

in a world  
other than ours  
April showers  
bring May flowers  
COVID-19

colder the space  
between us  
grave to grave  
we shelter in place  
COVID-19

# Chocolat

## Haïkus réunis par Claude Rodrigue

nommée Chocolat  
du fond de mon enfance  
la petite chèvre

*Céline Boutant*

blizzard  
des fondants au chocolat  
sans le petit-fils

*Géralda Lafrance*

matin de Pâques  
mon ami chocolatier  
me pose un lapin

*Laurence Fischer*

jour de Pâques  
dans le poulailler  
un oeuf en chocolat

*Yves Ribot*

un petit panier  
pour les oeufs en chocolat  
cachés dans l'herbe

*Janine Demance*

réveillon champêtre  
des plaques de chocolat  
sur chaque table

*Keith A. Simmonds*

chocolat breton  
sur le bout de ma langue  
légère pointe de sel

*Nicole Pottier*

ciel étoilé  
sur les madeleines au chocolat  
le sucre granulé brille

*Hassane Zemmouri*

passage orageux  
au moment du dessert  
l'éclair au choco

*Sandra Houssoy*



jour pluvieux  
une pincée de cannelle  
dans son chocolat

*Sandrine Waronski*

boîte en fer  
l'amertume  
d'un chocolat noir

*Françoise Deniaud-Lelièvre*

elle est à croquer  
sa joue bien ronde  
poudrée de cacao

*Anne Brousmiche*

mousse au chocolat  
tirer la langue en cachette  
dans le fond du plat

*Diane Descôteaux*

les enfants  
aiment jouer aux grands  
pipes en chocolat

*Martine Le Normand*

Papa  
même à quatre-vingt-dix ans  
du chocolat au bord des lèvres

*Salvatore Tempo*

la vieille soeur  
savoure son chocolat  
mains jointes

*Monique Paré*

goût de chocolat  
au bout de mes doigts flétris  
se souvenir

*Claire Andrée Bourgeois*

menotte alerte  
arabesques de chocolat  
tracées par son doigt

*Bruno-Paul Carot*

repas de fête  
des traces de chocolat  
sur l'interrupteur

*Carmen Leblanc*

les enfants partis  
enfin tremper mon doigt  
dans le pot de Nutella

*Christiane Ranieri*

chaleur estivale  
l'amertume du cacao  
sur ses doigts

*Ophélie Camélia*

serrés sur le banc  
un couple et quatre enfants  
six glaces au chocolat

*Philippe Macé*

grande solitude  
le chocolat partagé  
avec les fourmis

*Rodica P. Calotă*

absente 3 jours  
3 tablettes de chocolat  
combient le vide

*Claude Rodrigue*

mousse au chocolat  
mes pensées soudain  
plus légères

*Hélène Duc*

départ pour le couvent  
des chocolats aux cerises  
du petit voisin

*Liette Janelle*

chagrin d'amour  
je lui prépare  
un chocolat chaud

*Éléonore Nickolay*

divorce  
l'amertume  
de mon chocolat noir

*Minh-Triêt Pham*

son marin mesquin  
cachait du chocolat partout  
une cause de divorce

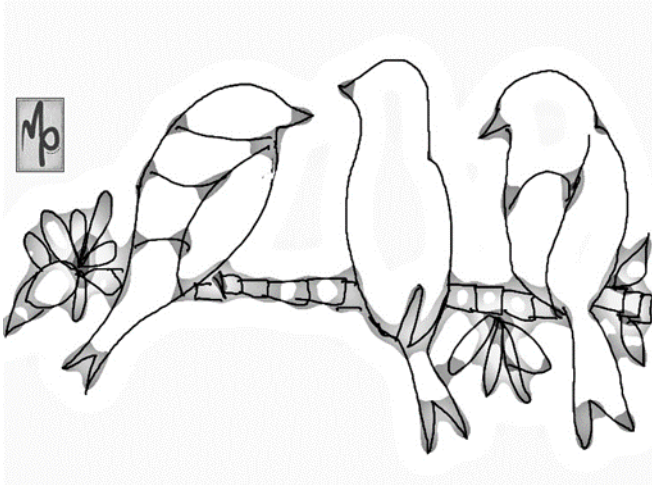
*Micheline Comtois-Cécylre*

chocolat au lait  
un petit encas sucré  
avant de dormir

*Nathalie Lesné*

Le prochain thème : **le cinéma**

Citation à retenir : « *Le chocolat est notre ennemi, mais fuir devant l'ennemi c'est lâche!* » Auteur inconnu



## **Au delà de ces pages ...**

En février 2020 notre monde était différent. Or, depuis, la pandémie a changé tant de choses que nous prenions pour acquises. Cependant nous avons toujours nos livres et nos lectures qui nous offrent un répit pour nos soucis. Notre propre créativité nous permet de mieux négocier le vécu quotidien. Si rien n'est certain, il nous reste à chérir le don de l'espoir.

ayez toujours  
un sourire sous le masque —  
Maxianne Berger  
coordonnatrice des recensions

## **Recensions ...**

*Paroles d'hommes*; collectif de haïkus coordonné par Dominique Chipot, Hélène Leclerc, Philippe Macé et Daniel Py. Paris, Éditions Pippa, 2020. ISBN : 978-2-37679-039-6, 11.5 x 18cm, 96 pages. 16€. [www.pippa.fr](http://www.pippa.fr)

« *Nous vivons à la merci de certains silences.* »

Patrick Modiano

*Paroles d'hommes* est un titre qui annonce un vaste sujet. Dans une société souvent machiste où le sport a une telle importance, où les paroles du pouvoir politique sont en majorité des paroles d'hommes, où ces paroles d'hommes initient souvent les liens des couples, on pourrait s'attendre à plusieurs sortes de recueil. Le haïku cependant, trace ses sentiers vers le quotidien, le simple, le naturel.

Le premier chapitre *Main dans la main* regroupe des tercets émouvants enveloppés d'enfance ou de paternité. « *L'enfance, ai-je remarqué, c'est d'abord une lumière particulière.* » nous dit Dany Laferrière en faisant allusion à Petit Goâve.

On y retrouve une tendance de notre société où les hommes rapprochent leur rôle familial de celui des femmes. *Les nouveaux hommes* souligne Philippe Gutton. Pères-poules, ils assument une dimension importante de la relation à leurs enfants, petits-enfants, enfants de leur conjointe, enfants adoptés etc. La première image-sensation de ces paroles d'hommes, c'est donc 'papa'.

*grand potager  
un enfant y sème  
de petits pas*

Jimmy Poirier

Le second chapitre *Sel de sa peau* invite au romantisme. Poèmes d'amour et de non amour. Les paroles de l'amant, de l'époux, du séparé. Selon la tradition japonaise, l'humour teinte les deux tiers de cette série de haïkus.

*électrocardiogramme  
de mes chagrins d'amour  
plus la moindre trace*

Michel Duflo

plus nostalgique,

*croix de fer rouillée  
dans un cimetière en friche  
un vieillard se signe*

Claude Rodrigue

*Le facteur disparaît*

Ce sont peut-être les poèmes les plus genrés du recueil. Plusieurs corps de métier s'échelonnent en plus du *facteur qui disparaît dans le brouillard*. *Les mains calleuses de l'ouvrier, les mains veinées de graisse du garagiste...*

*blocage d'usine*

*la pluie sur le brasier*

*et les hommes qui attendent*

Serge Tomé

L'auteur nous offre une image sociale de la planétisation du monde du travail. Les jours de grève, il pleut souvent. Dans l'incertitude des heures, les hommes attendent sans pouvoir se réchauffer.

*Le sentier de demain* semble plus léger et orienté vers des souvenirs de vacances de loisirs et de voyages. Ce sont les pages où les paroles d'hommes rendent visibles les horizons d'ailleurs, les temples asiatiques, le bivouac, les villages de pêcheurs. Les décors de vacances ramènent la mer, 'La mer, toujours recommencée !' de Paul Valéry. La mer que les citadins espèrent retrouver d'année en année. Les sports estivaux comme le cyclisme, la course à pied, la plage. Mais peu de ballon. Le foot est pratiquement absent. Au pays du P.S.G.

*Routes des vacances*

*étroitement surveillées*

*calvaires et radars*

Bernard Chemin

*Le pain des oiseaux*

Plus centré sur le lien avec la nature et les saisons, il compte de nombreux poèmes qui auraient pu être autant paroles de femme



que d'homme si ce n'est l'accord masculin d'un adjectif ou d'un participe passé et parfois sans. On y parle de l'hiver, du printemps, de la solitude, des fleurs et des oiseaux.

*ma respiration  
le cri aigu des outardes  
haut dans le ciel*

André Boyd

*Confettis multicolores*

Moins le chromosome Y que la prostate s'affiche au milieu des confettis tombés aux pieds du mendiant.

*filet flûté  
le concert  
de la prostate*

Daniel Py

Et ce haïku prémonitoire qui annonce la pandémie mondiale qui arrive au printemps 2020 :

*frissons de fièvre  
je m'entraîne un peu  
à mourir*

Philippe Quinta

Ce recueil avec ses multiples facettes est le regard haïkiste porté par des paroles d'hommes. La lueur haïku qui fait rougeoier la ville, la vie.

*camion diesel  
l'encens  
de la ville*

Mike Montreuil

*Recension par Micheline Beaudry*



*L'écho du vent: haïkus, tercets, aquarelles et photographies*,  
par Geneviève Rey et Pierre DesRochers. Québec : La pruche et  
le pin, maison d'édition, 2019. ISBN 978-2-98176-673-1. 154  
pages. 32\$, 27€, frais inclus. pierremdesroc@gmail.com ;  
facebook.com/pruchetpin/

Un recueil esthétique qui conjugue poésie et arts visuels.  
Geneviève Rey et Pierre DesRochers se sont rencontrés dans des  
ateliers kukaï à Québec. C'est une première collaboration.  
Geneviève nous avait initiés à son art de l'aquarelle dans un  
recueil antérieur : *Le musée des beaux arbres*, dessins et haïkus  
en 2016.

La page couverture illustre bien la quête de Geneviève. Son  
crayon, son pinceau ne souhaitent pas reproduire un arbre mais  
nous livre rapidement au vent. Le lecteur est absorbé. L'arbre à  
peine dessiné explose en mouvements. Le poids des branches se  
métamorphose en lignes dansantes.

*'Le vent souffle où il veut, et tu entends le bruit; mais tu  
ne sais d'où il vient, ni où il va.'* –Jean, 3,8.

*tout seul – au sommet de la montagne – l'arbre dans le vent*  
G.R. p.28

L'ombre des arbres s'allonge comme le trait du crayon qui  
traverse la page. Un chapitre consacré à l'enfance : le père, la  
mère, les arbres, tous présents, tous nourrissants.

*souvenirs flous – les îles de l'enfance – dérivent au vent*  
G.R. p.71

Les photos et les esquisses alternent, à peine teintées. Elles évoquent plus qu'elles ne décrivent. Le poème inachevé s'insère dans le trait du pinceau, se colore s'atténue, s'illumine.

*ciel marine - montagnes couleur de nuit - la lune se lève*

G.R. p. 22

L'arbre n'est qu'un prétexte du vent. La beauté ultralégère de la tache aquarelliste. Parfois, la photo dans la page d'à côté souligne la réalité de la nature. L'iris aquarellée, le haïku de l'iris violet, la photo de l'iris, en début d'été.

Les haïkus sont des poèmes de peu de mots et les mots finissent par perdre des syllabes en faveur d'une musique du bref : le vent, les vagues, les draps, le café.

*l'été s'en va – ce dernier jour – je l'aurais aimé bleu.*

G.R. p. 46

Ce conditionnel est un armoire à rêves pour ceux et celles qui n'ont plus beaucoup de temps et tant de souvenirs.

D'une image à un mot, le destin humain se révèle dans la douleur d'être humain.

*cris dans la brume – où vont-ils – notre monde et ses drames?*

P.D.R. p. 137

*Recension par Micheline Beaudry*



# Haibun

## Mosquito Wine

*Esther Saanum*

Ellen walked down the long, tree-lined lane to the main road, her limbs heavy. She'd felt slow and tired lately. This late August afternoon was coming to a close too soon. Summer hadn't felt savored; she wanted more; needed more. Everything was coming to an end too quickly. Things were changing too early: shorter days, mist rising from the lake in the morning, nature's intense summer green palette fading, garden plants and blooming perennials past their glory skulked in their beds. Fewer daylight hours were causing everything to diminish.

Trees cast long shadows. Though it was only 5 o'clock, it seemed later, already evening. The pitched voices of crickets no longer sounded frenzied and urgent. Summer's pulse had slowed.

An onset of SADS routinely struck Ellen at this time of year. It passed as autumn rekindled her spirit with crisp evenings, sunny days, and glorious foliage blooming on the hillsides and along the tree lines of roads and pastures. But, just now, she was filled with remorse for opportunities not presented and potential not fulfilled. This had been a summer of restraint, caution, fear, and an enormous lack of socialization. Past summer days and evenings had always been filled to bursting with activities: plays, concerts, market days, swimming and barbecues, all rounded out with friends and new acquaintances surrounding her with smiles and laughter, conversation and music.

Ellen turned back towards the house at the top of the hill and scanned the sky, calculating where that sun would set; much too far to the south. There might be a glorious sunset. The night sky might provide good star gazing, if it remained clear. Some wine while seated on the deck and drinking in all that Nature offered for the next couple of hours was the restorative she needed. If nostalgia dogged her through the course of the evening and warm memories surfaced, they would be welcomed.

cigar smoke wreath  
his warm palm  
on my nape



## **Do Not Touch**

*Ulrike Narwani*

Exploring the Louvre, I come across a series of brightly coloured balls of increasing size lined along a narrow hall. People walk slowly by. Some stop and stare as if wondering what they're about. Would they bounce? I see a father with his daughter. She's smaller than most of the globes. She lets go of her father's hand, skips and dances beside them, waving her arms.

flying high—  
a love letter folded  
into an airplane

## Trans(Atlantic)mission

*Tanya McDonald*

It's enough to know you're still out there, that you haven't fallen into a fjord or been gored by a woodpecker. A simple *like* on a social media post and I know you haven't been carried off by a sea eagle or trampled by a vengeful glacier. It's not my business to count the time zones to where you draw breath, nor to allocate a wish to the plane that carries you to arrive without mishap more dire than running out of Bloody Mary mix. For all I know, you could be awake at this very moment, sweating out a nightmare that requires more salve than you can locate in the minibar. But I hope not, for all the good that hoping does anymore. It's 4:52 a.m. and the sun won't start putting your stars to bed for another three hours. Roll over on that king-sized tundra, tucked under the wing of sleep, and dream of standing thigh-deep in river, the day and all its trout ahead of you.

a strand of hair  
tangled in my toothbrush—  
unsent email

~~~~~

s o n o g r a m  
*at 20 weeks floating cross-legged like Buddha*

*Michael Dudley*

## Groove

*Speranza Spir*

Skin wraps around bones. Shoulder blades glide. Gravity slices through skin, like rain falling vertically through me. I can control the force. Negating gravity.

Far away engines ignite bringing available energy to travel through the whole of my back. Slowly admitting the weight of the body. Changing relationships between parts constantly. Directing it. Yielding to ball joint movement in my ankles, knees, hips, elbows, wrists. Enlivened with an emerging repertoire.

Clear form. Soft gestures. I can move like this all day.

snake of the spine  
mesmerized  
by the teacher's voice

~~~~~



## Ancient Script

*Lenora Corday*

The night was dark. No moon. It had been a mist filled evening, thick mist. He was tired, his mind fogged with memories. The coffee made no difference. The radio had not worked for days. He was alone in the cabin. One cricket was heard.

It wasn't cold, though he had made a fire. It no longer crackled or blazed, only quiet embers. A fire without flame or sound. Usually, he liked the quiet. Yet, tonight, it was one cricket... and memories. He sat and reached for an old book of poetry. A small piece of paper fluttered to the floor. A slow reach and he picked it up. There was unfamiliar writing on one side. He noticed the paper itself was unfamiliar. He put on his glasses. The paper had a look and feel of old parchment. He turned it over a few times, looking more closely. He began to read, what looked like an elegantly handwritten ancient script.

Two words . . .

*Travel Inward*

He closed his eyes . . .

full moon  
freed of moving clouds  
Light







## **Rooftops**

Alan S. Bridges and *Michael Dylan Welch*

redhead  
the colorful rooftops  
of Reykjavik

*long lines for the Vasa museum . . .*  
*Stockholm's first snow*

old Helsinki opera house  
the dulcet voice  
of a ghost

*the Little Mermaid*  
*beheaded again*  
*Copenhagen sunrise*

engulfing the sculpture park  
Oslo's northern lights

*Tórshavn waterfront –*  
*a turf roof*  
*in need of a mow*

## Sunday Afternoon at the National Gallery, London

*Catherine Anne Nowaski*

### ENTRANCE

all the music of  
St. Martin in the pealing  
of its bells

### IN THE GALLERIES

turning  
from the young ambassadors' eyes  
to meet mortality

the crowd parts  
    Vincent's solitary seat  
the crowd re-gathers

hushing the hubbub—  
the hay wain's  
mellow tones

arching above  
floating upon  
immersing in...

l i l y   p o n d

### EXIT

downpour in Trafalgar Square  
Les Parapluies  
inside and out

Art referenced:

- 1-Historic Anglican church, St. Martin-in-the-Fields, renowned for its music
- 2-“The Ambassadors,” Hans Holbein, 1533
- 3-“Van Gogh’s Chair,” Vincent van Gogh, 1888
- 4-“The Hay Wain,” John Constable, 1821
- 5-“The Water-Lily Pond,” Claude Monet, 1899
- 6-“Les Parapluies” (The Umbrellas), Pierre-Auguste Renoir, 1881-1886



### ***BAIKU -Two lyrical haiku duets***

*Gerald St-Maur*

Softened by ice fog,  
a cluster of bare birches    in the bitter cold,  
breathing parkas watch    boots treading on hard-packed snow  
squeak to each other

Suddenly let go,  
snow cascading from a spruce... in morning sunshine,  
branches wave farewell    even icicles join in  
the winter meltdown



## **What remains . . .**

*Sonam Chhoki*

summer  
of unrelenting rain  
I half-believe  
our garden is an outpost  
of the Naga's underwater world\*

the shadow  
of elsewhere within her  
she meets him  
there is so much to say  
there is nothing to say

it's your birthday  
should I text or call  
what will we talk about  
the lockdown, the weather  
never why you left

forehead to the pane  
she keep keeps watch  
another night  
of distant lights  
in the cold rain

soft gold  
of an old bamboo mat  
in the hearth room  
still aglow over the years  
the meals, the stories we shared

\*Note: *In Hindu, Buddhist and Jain iconography the Naga are depicted as half-human half-serpent beings, who inhabit the underworld. They are the guardians of the rivers, lakes and streams.*



## **One for Sorrow**

Tanya McDonald  
*Lew Watts*

pre-dawn blackbird  
the bottle  
empty

*melatonin . . .*  
*the insomnia of crows*

stars  
fading into starlings  
jet lag

*house stirring*  
*a dark-eyed junco*  
*in the leaf mulch*

rook on the rock wall  
first whiff of coffee

*morning vodka*  
*a jackdaw*  
*clears its throat*

## Skin in the Game

*Jeanne Cook and r.sorrels*

*the empty stems  
of butternut squash  
a thief steals summer*

rustled leaves  
inside the wind

*snakeskin belt  
in his drawer when he left  
a slithering sound*

moon spilled pools  
flicker between fleeing clouds  
blinked back tears

*the squirrel drops a long bone  
when the calico runs*

this morning light  
following its paled reflection  
last night's parting

## Beyond these pages . . .

In February, 2020, we lived in a different world. The pandemic has changed so much of what we'd long taken for granted. Yet we still have our books and our reading to offer us respite from concern, and we have our own writing to help us negotiate our experiences. Nothing is certain, but because we are not *On the Beach*, we have the blessing of hope.

May there always be a smile  
behind your mask –

Maxianne Berger  
Book Reviews Coordinator



## Reviews . . .

**Haiku Canada: History, Poetry, Memoir**, by Terry Ann Carter. Victoria, BC: Ekstasis Editions, 2020. ISBN 978-1-77171-382-5. 214 pp. 24.95\$. [www.ekstasiseditions.com](http://www.ekstasiseditions.com)

Terry Ann Carter is well-known throughout the haiku community as a prolific writer, editor, musician, actress and former president of Haiku Canada (2012-2018). Her latest work *Haiku Canada: History, Poetry, Memoir* further cements her formidable legacy by fulfilling the mission her subtitle proclaims. As a history it is meticulously researched and comprehensive in its scope, as a collection of poetry it is generous providing nearly four hundred haiku by a hundred and eight-five poets, as memoir it places her squarely in the epicenter of Haiku Canada since she began her journey in Ottawa to her present home in Victoria, B.C.



To begin, the first view one has of Terry Ann Carter’s book is a stunning cover photo of a Dragonfly by haiku poet and photographer Philomene Kocher. However, one may dispense with the old adage not to “judge a book by its cover,” as the quality of this fine book is outstanding from the first page to the last. Carter’s choice of the haiku she’s chosen to represent Haiku Canada clearly resonated with her as it will for her readers. Her fore/word lays out how she came to haiku and the context in which her project began, as a presentation of the Haiku North America Conference in 2011, (though the concept for the work appeared years earlier in previous iterations) via excerpts in *Frogpond: The Journal for the Haiku Society of America*, and the *Haiku Canada Review*. It was within this fertile soil that her project grew into the work it has become.

The fore/word is followed with an introduction by George Swede. It was he, along with Eric Amman and Betty Drevniok who became the founders of Haiku Canada in Toronto in 1977.

Carter proceeds from this point in chronological order providing a description of what haiku is, where it came from and how it subsequently evolved. She does so by acknowledging the rich Japanese culture which gave haiku its related forms of tanka and haibun to the world, and she provides us with samples of the haiku masters – including Basho, Buson, Issa, Shiki and Chiyo-ni (foremost among women writers of haiku) – and presents this famous piece by Basho:

old pond  
a frog jumps in  
water sound

Haiku founded upon the aha moment is then presented in

contemporary terms beginning with the first Japanese-Canadian Haikukai (Haiku Circles), formed during the years of internment following the attack on Pearl Harbor on Dec 7<sup>th</sup> 1941. At this time Japanese-Canadian citizens were removed from the west coast and were sent into the interior of the country. In 1991, the voices of the internees finally found the light of day in a work by Keibo Oiwa entitled *Stone Voices: Wartime Writing of Japanese-Canadians*, and in a chapter of the Slovan Diary he provided these samples of haiku written by female poet Kaoru Ikeda, among the first examples of haiku translated from Japanese to English in Canada.

picking berries  
I happen on a bear print  
in the Slovan mountains:

mountain life  
gathering wood  
the right job for an old one

Chapter 3: Early Pioneers gives us offerings by Hiro Kobayashi, French haiku Pioneers, Jocelyne Villeneuve, Antoine Savard and others, plus a first haiku by a leading poet and singer-songwriter in English, Leonard Cohen:

Summer Haiku

Silence  
and a deeper silence  
when the crickets  
hesitate

In addition, Carter reveals her love for Canada's people, its

cultural diversity and the spectacular geology, flora and fauna which have always inspired Canadian writers and given the world an appreciation for this vast, rugged beautiful country.

Chapter 4 tells us how the Haiku Society of Canada was formed, when, how and by whom, building on those introduced to us in the fore/word. Later in (Chapter 5) she relates how Haiku Canada continued to thrive and develop up until the present time. This is not however “dry stuff,” as Carter infuses these and subsequent chapters with anecdotes of the people, personalities and a plethora of fine haiku/senryu and a few tanka and haibun (some traditional, some experimental) that will delight and inspire haiku writers everywhere fortunate enough to read this book. These later chapters (6 and 7) cover regional group development in the provinces, offering English and French haiku with translations provided. There are so many great haiku I can only pick a few:

northern lights  
just beyond the reach  
of my walking stick                      kjmunro

weathered barn  
the silence of cobwebs  
in moonlight                              Debbie Strange

fifty autumns  
is it the same wild goose  
reminding me?                            Luce Pelletier

The final chapters, “A President Says Goodbye” and “My Life in Haiku” (8 and 9) fill in the gaps of memoir from Carter’s own unique story. In them, she provides insight into her haiku

journey, enlightening us to the poets who inspired her and to the life experiences that inform her work. There is much to learn here but I will not give away the “punchlines.”

Finally, she provides an After/word and some very useful information in three appendices along with an extensive Reference section which would be a model upon which one could build a library. That said, if one wishes to learn the state of haiku in Canada gift yourself with this work by Terry Ann Carter. You will be well rewarded for having done so. Highly recommended.

I conclude with these haiku from Carter’s own work, *day moon rising* (2012):

water urn  
the candle’s flicker  
drowns itself

cloudless  
the outstretched arms  
of begging children

going steady  
with the tuk-tuk driver  
spring moon

*Review by William Scott Galasso*  
author of *Rough Cut: Thirty Years of Senryu*



*Small Hadron Divider*, by David J. Kelly. Winchester, VA: Red Moon Press, 2020. ISBN 978-1-947271-54-8. 96 pp. 6"x9". 15\$US. [www.redmoonpress.com](http://www.redmoonpress.com)

David J. Kelly's *Small Hadron Divider* is a collection of haiku that utilizes the metaphor of a quark, the smallest particle of matter, as its organizing principle. The sections of the book are titled for the "individual flavours" of the quark which, loosely, provides a thematic framework for the poems. Utilizing conventional haiku, one-line haiku, gendai haiku, 5-7-5, haibun, parallel haiku, and concrete haiku, Kelly has, through a broad examination of the form, assembled a powerful book.

Each section of *Small Hadron Divider* is introduced with a haibun and followed by several haiku. Take, for example, the following from *down*:

slam dunk a donut lands in my coffee

orange-tipped  
a butterfly's wing  
dips into sunset

Both poems, using "dunk" and "dips" respectively, are linked to the theme of *down*. However, they are very different in terms of structure and content. The first poem is written in one-line and is light-hearted. The second is a conventional haiku which beautifully depicts a nature scene. Despite the differences, they fit well together within Kelly's structure. The variety here provides a richness that would be lacking with a more uniform approach.

Similar connections amongst the haiku can be found in *strange*:

a ling rook  
rilliant uttercups  
a land with no bees

overthinking  
thinking it over  
I'm over thinking

On the surface, these *are* very strange poems. Yet in both cases, form matched content. In “a ling rook”, the missing “b”s of the first two lines match the final line’s claim that this is “a land with no bees” (despite the ironic appearance of the “b” in the name of the insect). Likewise, in “overthinking”, the repetition of “over” and “thinking” works brilliantly in emphasizing that the narrator, indeed, is overthinking. What is missing defines the first poem while what exists in abundance defines the second.

As good as Kelly’s haiku are, he really shines as a writer of haibun. Kelly’s prose is clear, bright, and compelling. Unlike many writers of haibun, Kelly does not fall into sentimentality as his default mode. Instead, humorous and self-effacing, he approaches the world as it is—warts and all. Furthermore, his haiku work well in juxtaposition to the prose, adding to the narrative in the process. The haibun *up*, for example, tackles the weakening physical abilities of an old mountain hiker, along with the self-consciousness of this deterioration. Protecting himself from judgement, Kelly’s narrator decides that “To guard against the humiliation of failure, such ventures are usually conducted under cover of secrecy or anonymity.” He follows

this thought up with the haiku:

how your praise  
sounds like criticism  
scald-crow

*Small Hadron Divider* is an excellent book. Kelly utilizes a broad range of forms within the haiku genre to provide diversity within the collection's themes and increase the richness of the book in the process. Highly recommended, *Small Hadron Divider* is a must-have for all readers of haiku.

*review by Dave Read*



**Vera Constantineau, *three lines at a time a selection of haiku, senryu, & small poems*** Windsor, CT: buddha baby press, 2020. ISBN 978-1-7327746-7-4. 60 pp. 4¼” x 5”. 10\$ + p&h. Info.: ctrlfrk51@hotmail.com

This small book is a veritable treasure chest of poetic gems about Mother Nature, human nature and the intersection of both. The first haiku in the collection references spring with such delightful imagery that I had to smile when I read it. Also noteworthy is the word play, as the ducklings “moon” the sky.

spring moon sinking –  
six duckling bottoms  
pointed to the sky

Smiles turn to sighs upon reading one of the collection's very poignant senryu in which a simple image takes on great significance for the poet and readers who have experienced the loss of a parent.

mother's grey hair  
in the brush  
only I use

Here's another touching senryu that speaks volumes in just eight short words. Yet each word is so meaningful that this tiny poem has the impact of a full-blown story or even a novella.

stage four  
not the actor  
he once was

The poet's subtle sense of humour enhances and enlivens many of the poems, as in this slice of life example that most readers can identify with quite readily.

family reunion  
at the centre of the crowd  
the black sheep

I want to point out one more witty poem that made me chuckle because of the unexpected second line that reads like the punchline of a clever joke.

that book on snails  
. . . slow going

Some of the poems in *three lines at a time* have been previously published, while others are making their debut. Kudos to Vera Constantineau and her editor Stanford M. Forrester for working together to create a sparkling collection to be treasured for years to come.

*Review by Joanne Morcom*



***Body Weight***: A Collection of Haiku and Art, by Marianne Paul. Wilmington, DE: Human/Kind Press, 2019. ISBN 978-1-951675-02-8. 42pp.10\$US; pay what you want for ebook. Humankindjournal.org

Marianne Paul's *Body Weight* was the winner of Haiku Canada's Marianne Bluger Chapbook Award for 2020. Her 38 haiku appear alongside several pieces of art. The poems are organized as pairs on the page, with a defining word between the two haiku.

All of the haiku in *Body Weight* are well-crafted and strong. Paul demonstrates a good mastery of the form, and has success in probing broader spaces to make personal discoveries:

deep space  
the galaxies inside  
my skull

Aging is also a common theme for Paul:

forgetfulness  
my granddaughter fills in  
the word

Despite the strength of the haiku, the manner in which the poems have been organized weakens their impact. While all of the pairings work in and of themselves, the additional word between the haiku limits the breadth of interpretations for the reader. For example:

rapid eye movement  
fat-belly tadpoles too big  
for their bodies

metamorphosis / Morpheus —

caterpillars dreaming  
of cocoons and other lives  
die into moth wings

The addition of “metamorphosis / Morpheus” between the two poems is unnecessary. Tadpoles and caterpillars are, by their nature, implicitly associated with change. The emphasis on metamorphosis strips away the reader’s ability to make that connection herself, while needlessly accentuating that particular theme of these haiku. It is often said that a haiku, or in this case a pair, are co-written by the poet and the reader. Unfortunately, the additional word between the poems here constricts the reader’s ability to contribute.

Even so, the quality and strength of the haiku in this book make reading it worthwhile. *Body Weight* is recommended to all readers of haiku.

*Review by Dave Read*



the growing sinkhole in the road to memory

*George Swede*

Gary Hotham, *Park Bench Memories: Haiku Tailwinds*.  
Scaggsville, MD: Yiqralo Press, 2020. ISBN 9798667125679.  
5\$US. Amazon

Here is a poet who understands  
line breaks.

What seem like simple, even light-weight poems gain gravitas from the pause at the end of each line. In that pause lies the turn of most of the poems. Often each line-break will elicit a turn, two per poem.

The order of the haiku makes perfect sense, but doesn't feel predictable. From the outset it's clear this is death — photos of leafless trees bracket the book. The season is set in winter in the first poem, where snow is more than that, it has weight. It's a *snowfall*.

Every line is sticky with meaning: hospice walls/ a print of the famous/ still life. Hospice is death, walls are enclosures, a print also hints at the shadow or imprint of people who die there, including the famous who must also die. All become stilled life. Of course, if you don't get all that, you still get an image of sombre cheer on the walls of the dying — sunflowers, say. A still life becomes famous because it's enigmatic more than because it's perfectly executed. Feelings around death and dying are also conflicted. Hotham has found words “not written down” to speak of them. Small significances that tell a story of loss: one parent then the other, or a sibling.

yesterday's fallen leaves/ with today's

Some are wry thoughts from sitting alone in a cemetery where names on headstones slowly wear away and one more cricket adds its voice to an overwhelming chorus. And then,

in the night  
the phone number  
my parents had

Curiosities show up among the complexities, such as the black and white Inukshuk-like self-portrait of the poet as sculpture, say by Mondani or Miró. Or the poem:

sleeping dog/ the storm runs out of/ snow

The poem swirls with the storm running instead of the dog running out the door, heightened by a line enjambling on a preposition. The resulting effect is the dog participates in the storm, perhaps in dreaming, and wakes only to find accumulation. This happens in another poem, where a death is noticed only by its aftermath. A poet who can create effect as in the dog poem, has stumbled on something exceptional, recognized it, and makes a practice of repeating the experience. This is a poet who seizes the moment, “clouds we’ll never feel again[.]”

The book ends with life stuttering back to life, bringing new meaning to the front cover which looks like sunset but is more likely the beginning of a new day. I only dislike the title, evidence of a writer who thinks in haiku even for titles!

References to Gettysburg and the Bible are incidental to my reading of this delicate chapbook. They may pop out to others with shared history. For me they are, “sea fog/ a way to hear/ the

rocks[.]” The quotations in the appendix, from a theologian Hotham admires, allow the poet to comment about poetry, and haiku in particular. I requote in part:

[. . .] wonderful things we find in personality [. . .] are not ephemeral data, doomed to be snuffed out in cosmic calamity; rather they are aspects of what is most permanent, most ultimate.

— John M Frame

I’ve written more words here than there are in Gary Hotham’s whole little book.

*review by Sandra Stephenson*



*The Alchemy of Tea*, by Pat Benedict Campbell. Carleton Place, ON: Catkin Press, 2019. ISBN 978-1-928163-31-2. 7” x 7”, 64 pp. 15\$. Info.: pmbenedict739@gmail.com.

What are the elements that make for a successful haiku collection?

While reading through *The Alchemy of Tea*, a book that brings together the best of Pat Benedict Campbell’s haiku, senryu as well as some tanka, I came up with the following tentative list.

### **Write about what you know.**

This is such a well-known truism that we sometimes overlook it. Campbell spent many years in acting and theatre. In writing about what she experiences in her daily life, she produces poems that are original and striking.

filming over —  
amputee actors  
get back their limbs

break on the film set  
a cowboy, hand on gun  
orders a yogurt

### **Use fresh images.**

Campbell uses non-traditional images such as energy efficient eavestroughs and ice scrapers which make for a more modern haiku.

new eaves  
not one icicle  
to capture the sun

spring morning  
the sound of ice scrapers  
fill the air

### **Connect us to the place where you live.**

Born in Ireland, Campbell emigrated to Canada and lived many years in Calgary. She incorporates place specific terms and events to capture the flavour and uniqueness of this Canadian city.

the chinook's in  
melting snowman  
loses face

Calgary flood  
just the silence  
and the moon

### **Include some humour.**

You can never go wrong in a poetry collection by including some humour, which Campbell does in spades.

doctor's rounds  
a frantic search  
for her false teeth

puppet show  
I applaud  
a block of wood

**And a little sexiness doesn't hurt either!**

flamenco dancer	spicy new dish
in tight pants —	his eyes smile seduction
I admire his fretwork	my nose drips

**Tap into deeper emotion.**

Campbell has the ability to compose haiku and tanka which elicit a strong emotional response.

depth of winter  
the sea wall takes a beating . . .  
*my fault* she says  
about her bruised face  
*fell over the dog*

he dozes  
in wheelchair restraints —  
I kiss his hand  
releasing him to the world  
of his dreaming bones

**Challenge expectations.**

Rather than lament the passing of the years, Campbell shows that she most certainly has not lost her *joie de vivre*.

rock concert	feeling sassy
smiling teens stare	I flirt with the stock-boy
at my white hair	shaken
then help me	he returns to counting
find the bar	his plums

These, I propose, are some of the most important elements that make a strong collection and, in the case of *the alchemy of tea*, a memorable one.

*review by Angela Leuck*



***All the Way Home: Aging in Haiku*** Robert Epstein, ed. West Union WV: Middle Island Press, 2019. ISBN: 978-1734125429. 344 pp. 6" x 9", 22\$. Amazon

Robert Epstein is the author, co-author, editor and co-editor of numerous books, many of these haiku, however as a practicing psychotherapist, there are also approaches to healing. *All the Way Home: Aging in Haiku*, at 344 pages, is weighty even as the PDF edition I have on hand.

Epstein's own background sees him through a multi-faceted introduction that covers thoughts about aging by other therapists—notably Thomas Moore and Carl Jung—as well as an examination of the various preoccupations of those who are aging. Certainly in the anthology itself, the haiku provide a full gamut of themes and topics: looking back/ looking forward, Change/ Loss, and Belonging/ Loneliness, to name but a few.

Many of the scenes that come to life in these poems are ones that many can identify with. There are those people we knew and cared about in younger days.

forty-fifth reunion . . .

seniors

again

Charlotte Digregorio





And of course, there is old age itself.

golden years . . .  
no one tells you about  
the tarnish

Debbie Strange

The poems in this anthology are not organized according to theme, but rather alphabetically by the poets' last names. Although I consider this as making the poets more important than the poems, in this case the effect is interesting: one sees themes recur throughout, which supports the premise that we all live through these experiences, that many share these experiences, and that our own emotions around aging must be valid.

*review by Maxianne Berger*



***Ripples of Air; poems of healing***, by Charlotte Digregorio.  
Winnetka IL: Artful Communicators Press, 2020. ISBN 978-0-9912139-1-7. 236 pp, 5½" x 8½", \$19.95 US + p&h. Info.:  
artfulcommunicators@icloud.com

As indicated in the subtitle, Charlotte Digregorio's *Ripples of Air* is organized and composed around the premise that poetry, both writing it and reading it, helps make us feel better. As she states within the Introduction (p. 2),

From short poems like haiku or cinquain, to longer poetry, the written word validates us. Through poetry, writers share thoughts that can transform us in big ways and small. We discover that a poem provides solace

when we realize that poets express our own feelings.  
Through poetry, we find we are “normal.”

The book is organized in twelve thematic chapters, such as “Work,” “The Heart,” “Solitude,” and “The Spiritual.” Among the longer poems Digregorio includes well over 200 haiku and tanka, as well as several haiku sequences. Each chapter has its own introduction, explaining the “healing” aspect, but also suggestions on how a poem can be inspired by the topic. For example, in “Nostalgia,” the opening discussion’s concluding paragraph (p. 9) begins by indicating that “[y]ou can write poetry about your nostalgia by perhaps reviewing a journal you’ve kept and drawing from it” She ends by stating that “[t]he beauty of writing a poem, even a short one, is that you can take a ‘mini-vacation’ to your past that was a peaceful or enjoyable time.”

Here is one haiku from that section that particularly strikes me:

my old school . . .  
stillness of the  
merry-go-round

There is a quite unexpected dramatic irony lurking in the chapter on People:

november election . . ./ fog masks/ the candidate’s smile

The introduction to “Art” ends with the verbalization of what I have often experienced: “[a]rt allows us to drift and dream, and leave our personal world of cares and concerns behind for at least a few moments” (p. 129). I love how this is expressed in the synesthesia of this haiku:

music at the art center . . .  
watercolors play upon  
the pianist

This poem recalls a previous use of synesthesia, early on, in the chapter on Peace. She recalls a place of work, in the preamble, when at lunchtime she would “sometimes take ten minutes to ‘hear’ and ‘see’ peace” (p. 31). Here, this synesthetic scene takes place just before sleep:

lights out . . . / I see/ silence

Aside from the haiku sequences, one also finds haiku starting with the same line but assigned to different chapters—presumably for illustrative purposes. The first of these is from “The Heart” and the final two on separate pages of “Aging, Illness and Death.”

after mother’s death . . .  
finding my baby locks  
in her box of jewels

after mother’s death  
saving her gift  
of parchment

after mother’s death . . .  
a queen bee hovers  
over my window sill

How very differently each of these conveys the feelings of this personal loss.



## 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)

**Kingfisher**, biannual journal of haiku and senryu, Tanya McDonald, Editor. [www.kingfisherjournal.com](http://www.kingfisherjournal.com)

## 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 other small poems.** Kathe Palka &  
Peter Newton, editors. [www.tinywords.com](http://www.tinywords.com)

**Wales Haiku Journal.** Paul Chambers, editor.  
[www.waleshaikujournal.com](http://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](mailto:imagorediron@gmail.com).



## 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, other Japanese forms, as well as articles, from both members and non-members. For reviews, do query first. Please send up to 10 poems maximum. For linked forms and haibun, no more than 2 pieces can be submitted. All work submitted must be the authors' original work. Submitted work must not be under consideration elsewhere and not be previously published. 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. If submitting by postal mail, kindly include a 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:** Marjorie Bruhmuller [secretary@haikucanada.org](mailto:secretary@haikucanada.org)

### REGIONAL COORDINATORS/CORRESPONDENTS

**BC, YT:** 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:** Ignatius Fay, 600 William Ave. Unit 33, Sudbury, ON P3A 5M9 [ifay@vianet.ca](mailto:ifay@vianet.ca)

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

**NS, NB, PE, NL:** Miriam Dunn, 267 Jim Sutherland Rd, Tatamagouche, NS B0K 1V0 [miridunn@outlook.com](mailto:miridunn@outlook.com)

**NU:** Position open

blank page  
basking in the wheelhouse  
the captain of thought

*George Swede*

**ISSN: 1914-3680**