

Haiku Canada Review



Volume 15

February 2021

Number 1

HAIKU CANADA REVIEW

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www.haikucanada.org

Haiku Canada Review

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ISSN: 1914-3680

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Art: Cover – Rick Black

 Interior – Rick and Mellie Black

Sheets: – Winter Walk by Claudia Radmore

 – Chopped Beets by Alegria Imperial

From the Editor . . .

Greetings,

Just over one hundred years ago, past generations of ours survived a worldwide flu pandemic. It is our turn, now. We got through 2020, and 2021 promises better things for us and our planet. With a bit of time, we will hopefully be able to re-connect with our neighbours, friends and acquaintances.

For most of us, there will be a time to resume our haiku journeys in much better spirits.

Mike Montreuil

2021 Haiku Canada Weekend

Due to the ongoing COVID-19 pandemic, Haiku Canada will not be hosting a physical, in-person Haiku Canada Weekend in 2021.

Claudia Radmore
President

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, Révisseure-conseil pour la langue française

**A Mind in Three Lines:
The Haiku and Life of Winona Baker
March 18, 1924–October 23, 2020**

by Helen Baker

Strong winds from the sea
Have blown these white gulls inland
To this old graveyard
They cry among the headstones
As if searching for your name
– *Winona Baker*

Winona Louise Baker was born March 18, 1924, in Southey, Saskatchewan, sixth child in a family of eight. Her father William McLeod was homesteading when he met his bride Winnifred, a prairie school teacher in a one-room school. At a country dance they waltzed. When a coal lantern blew out, he stole a kiss in the dark and slipped a ring on her finger.

The romance ended there. Winona's mother Winnifred had six children in eight years and lost one baby to the Spanish Flu in 1919. When the Great Depression hit Canada in 1929, Winona's parents were ground-down, defeated by drought, dust storms and crop failure.

The children endured poverty, hunger and domestic abuse that Winona recounts in *Flesh in the Inkwel: Poems from a Writer's Life* (Leaf Press, 2010). In the poem 'Problem Child' Winona recalls the shame of being ragged, dirty and smelly, a ghost that still came knocking at her door:

Don't want
This timid bookwormish dreamer
With picked-up manners
Parroting phrases she hopes will please
Smiling at people whose cupboards are full

Who feels damned
For something she can't remember doing and
Goes like a stone where kicked

In 1930, William sold the farm implements, mostly for IOUs, packed the family into a Model-T Ford and left Saskatchewan for a new life and new farm in the West. Winona's haiku 'Fence mending' hints at uneasy truces and sad leave-takings:

fence mending –
the weathervane spins
by the setting sun

In BC, Winona and her sisters and brothers worked hard on their new farm in Langley. Year round, there were morning and evening chores. The children watered, fed and cared for of all the livestock: cows, horses, pigs, sheep and poultry. Winona talked of those days at her readings:

Wood had to be cut and brought in for the stove. Coal oil lamps, water from a well, an outhouse, no central heat. That was the way our large family existed, familiar with the seasons, animals and plants. We knew what things looked like: knew smells, textures, sounds. The squirt and feel of them.

Words were around Winona from an early age. Her father sang Burns songs in his baritone voice. Winona's mother memorized

hundreds of poems and recited poets like Wordsworth and Keats as the family worked, sparking Winona's early love of words and poetry. When she could sneak off, she climbed apple trees in the orchard and read books brought to their country road in a library bookmobile.

The early days on the family farm found their way into many of Winona's haiku:

shaky foal
smells of the mare
and himself

first warm day
mother lets down the hems
of summer dresses

wild stallion
calls across the river —
the pack horse tenses

At 14, Winona moved to her uncle Rory's home in town to go to high school in Burnaby. Rory was a doctor and Winona enjoyed indoor plumbing and electricity for the first time. She joined a youth church group and helped write and edit the school paper and annual.

During summers, Winona made money picking berries in the Fraser Valley. When she was older, she worked at a salmon cannery up a coastal inlet, in a remote port called Bella Coola. She made friends with the workers, including local First Nations girls. In photos, the friends posed after work on the cannery dock, smiling and laughing together in pleated skirts and saddle shoes.

After graduation, she went to UBC, became a teacher and taught in Vancouver. At a war-time dance, she met a handsome RCAF flight engineer named Art Baker. He took leave to marry her in Vancouver on May 9, 1945. The night before the wedding, Art called the phone in the hall of her rooming house, where she was busy hemming her dress. *Had she heard? The war had ended! Could she meet him and the best man at the Birks clock at the corner of Granville and Georgia?*

Winona ran down the steps to the street and rushed through crowds of people dancing, singing and hugging. Toilet paper was strung in the trees. She heard Art call her name: *Win!* She pushed through the throng. Art slapped his Air Force cap on her head and kissed her.

After a few years working in Vancouver, Winona and Art moved to Art's hometown of Nanaimo, BC on Vancouver Island. They lived there together for the rest of their life and their love stayed strong. They celebrated their 67th wedding anniversary before Art passed away after a fall, picking pears, in 2012.

Winona and Art had four children that they raised in the house that Art built. At her reading chair, Winona had a view through the picture window of the old town cemetery and the roads that sloped down to the harbour and the Georgia Strait beyond.

Vancouver Island inspired much Winona's poetry and haiku, with its killer whales, old-growth rain forests, First Nations history and culture.

Winona wrote of the Island's beauty, but also lamented the destruction of the land, the clear-cutting of old-growth forests, and the past crimes against the First Nations people and their culture.

Gallows' Point—
A lighthouse blinks
Where men were hung

snowflakes fill
the eye of the eagle
fallen totem pole

when it rains like this
green things are beaten down
and things not green

Winona also chronicled her family life in haiku moments and in poems sometimes meditative, wistful, and often wry:

his size 10 oxfords
on her dance shoes
even in the closet

Partners often step on each other's toes as they try to keep their own identities within a relationship. Winona was restless in mid-life as her children grew up. She wanted to write. She sent out stories, screen plays and TV scripts, but only got rejection slips back. She wrote a poem "Blessing for the Editor Who Rejected My Poems." It was published.

Limp from the depths Hephaestus
Forge your strongest chain
Fasten him to the Urals
Whistle the vulture again...

In the early 70s, Winona focussed on poetry and haiku and began getting poems and haiku published in small journals and 'zines. She took a creative writing class at night at Malaspina College,

and shortly after, helped formed the Nanaimo Writers group with friends she met there.

The Nanaimo Writers Group met weekly to critique each other's work and share news about poetry and fiction markets. A local independent bookstore — Bastion Books, run by Thora and Jerry Howell — began holding readings for local and national writers at their store and selling their books. Winona became a popular reader there, in solo and group readings.

During these early days Winona found a battered copy of *One Hundred Poems from the Japanese* by Kenneth Rexroth in a thrift store. It contained a few haiku by Basho and inspired her to learn the form and read more. Later, she found other influences in the books of R.H. Blyth, Harold Henderson, the Tuttle Translations, the prose of Lafcadio Hearn and modern haiku writers.

In 1986, a haiku she wrote in 1974 was picked as one of the top five written in English or Japanese, at the International Haiku Symposium held at the University of BC (UBC) in Vancouver, held in connection with the 1986 World's Fair (Expo 86).

summer's cold
the fireplace brightly burns
next winter's woodpile

Winona came to Vancouver and was awarded a Shikishi (brush stroke painting), done on site by calligrapher Akiro Mizuno, of a haiku written by Tohta Kaneko. The contest was judged by Kazuo Sato, director of the four-floor Haiku Museum in Tokyo, literature instructor at Waseda University and editor of the English language haiku column in the Mainichi Daily News (Tokyo).

Winona was thrilled to receive the Shikishi award, attend the symposium and meet Sato — who she described as the Northrup Frye of Japan.

Three years later, in 1989, Winona was busy scratching out haiku and poetry at her kitchen table when she got a surprise phone call from Kousaku Ninomiya of Radio Japan (NHK). Ninomiya informed Winona that her haiku ‘moss hung trees’ had won the Foreign Minister’s prize in the World Haiku Contest.

moss hung trees
a deer moves into
the hunter’s silence

Ninomiya asked if Winona had a passport, and if she could come to receive her award, which would be presented as part of a Festival celebrating the 300th anniversary of Matsuo Basho’s masterpiece “Oku No Hosomichi” (Narrow Road to the Deep North).

Come to Japan? The heartland of haiku? At a Festival honoring Basho? All-expenses paid? Winona couldn’t believe her ears. “Yes,” she said. “Oh, yes!”

Two weeks later, Winona flew to Tokyo. Hiroaki Ohtawa, an executive of NHK, met Winona at Ana airport. Later in the day, they were driven by limo to small airport for a domestic flight to Yamagata.

Ohtawa got her everywhere she needed to go, acted as her translator for the events at the festival and on-stage when she accepted her trophy.

In her diaries, Winona wrote with giddy excitement about her trip – the flight attendants waving the plane off from the runway, rice paddies passed in the limo, and the curious bird song played in hotel elevators. She marvelled at impromptu theatre and music at the Festival, ate buckwheat noodles and watched duelling haijin – calligraphers performing rapid rendering of haiku on large strips of paper.

The Awards Ceremony was broadcast live on radio and on NHK TV. Well-known mentors of the haiku world, including Kazuo Sato, Shuntaro Tanikawa and Jack Stamm were part of the four-hour program. Winona was invited on stage to accept her trophy and certificate, and speak to the crowd.

“When I first encountered haiku 20 years ago I was amazed that such a short poem could have such an impact,” Winona told the mostly Japanese audience. “I think haiku is wonderful because I can express my whole mind in a mere three lines.”

The following year 1990, Takeshi Sakurai, spoke of Winona’s haiku on the program ‘Haiku Corner’ on NHK. “It’s been said that a haiku lives by the silence around it,” Sakurai said. “Winona’s haiku ‘moss hung trees’ is a fine proof of this.” Sakurai also praised another of Winona’s poems and read it:

winter maple
stripped of everything
but a blue kite

“ . . . This poem demonstrates a good rule to remember in haiku writing,” Sakurai said. “Let the last line be a surprise.”

A note from Winona's daughter, Helen:

My mother Winona passed away October 23, 2020 in a palliative bed at the long-term care home in Nanaimo where she lived for the last three years of her life.

I hope Winona's haiku will keep her spirit alive for her friends and family and that her haiku will continue to surprise – and delight – readers and writers of haiku.

Haiku took my mother many places big and small – Tokyo, Yamagata, Bucharest, Bainbridge Island, Ottawa, Alymer, and all around BC for Canada Council- sponsored readings. She was a member of Haiku Canada, the Haiku Society of America, The BC Federation of Writers, The League of Canadian Poets, Haiku International and the Nanaimo Writers Group and made many close friends through these associations and groups.

Mom was proud to have published six books of poetry and haiku, and three chapbooks. Her haiku have been published around the world and translated into many languages, including Romanian, Croatian, Yugoslavian, Japanese and Greek. She is featured in over 90 journals and anthologies, including the noteworthy *Haiku Moment* and the Norton *Anthology of Haiku*.

Winona's haiku are archived at the Tokyo Museum of Haiku, the Basho Museum (Yamagata), the Haiku Society of America Museum (California), the Rosa Pauline Leuck Haiku Collection (Montreal), the digital archives of the haikufoundation.org, and the recently created Haiku Archives and Library at the University of Victoria (UVIC).

Mom never made it to New York, but “His size 10 Oxfords” was made into a sculpture as part of “The Shoe Projects” by artist Shelley Holmes and exhibited in the Whitney Galleries “Art on Madison” show, in New York.

“Strong Winds From the Sea” won first prize in the English Category of the 3rd *Hoshi -To -Mori International Tanka Contest* in June 2001.



An Infrequent Structure for 3-Line Haiku¹

Maxianne Berger

Many years ago, while reading a haiku collection, I found myself zoning out: I was reading, turning pages, but nothing registered. Psychologists call this phenomenon the decoupling of attention from perception. It is accompanied by either mind-wandering or by mind-blanking. I suspected then that the repeated structure of the haiku – they were all fragment-phrase – might be contributing to this disengagement.

Juxtaposition of a 1-line fragment with a 2-line phrase separated by a clear caesura is a key foundation of 3-line haiku in English, and my analysis below supports the intuitive feeling that most haiku are thus structured. There is of course no way to prove that this repeating melody might be lulling, however I will also present a structural variation that poets might want to explore.

A summary analytical accounting of the 1025 independent 3-line haiku in six journals published in 2020, and on hand at the time of this writing,² is shown in this first table.

structures of 1025 3-line haiku		
journal	1 single clear caesura	other structure³
<i>Autumn Moon</i>	118 (92%)	10 (8%)
<i>Frogpond</i>	243 (83%)	48 (17%)
<i>Heron's Nest</i>	97 (85%)	13 (14%)
<i>Haiku Canada</i>	76 (91%)	7 (8%)
<i>Modern Haiku</i>	232 (83%)	45 (16%)
<i>Wales Haiku</i>	122 (83%)	24 (16%)
totals	878 (85.6%)	147 (14.3%)

Eighty-five percent of analysed haiku present an evident caesura with structural juxtaposition.⁴ Further analysis reveals that the fragment-phrase structure is more prevalent than the phrase-fragment structure, as per this second table.

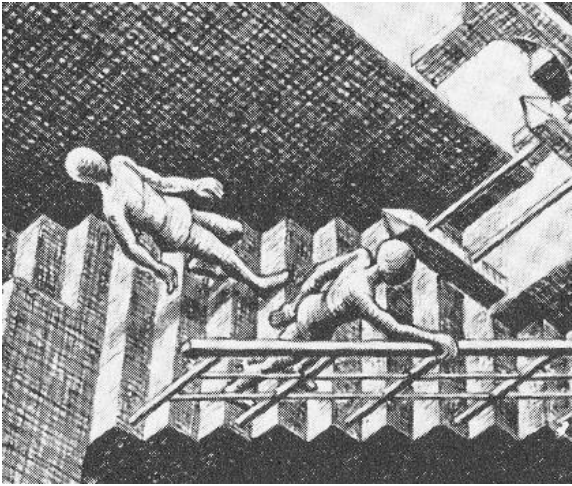
structures of 878 3-line haiku with one clear caesura		
journal	fragment/phrase	phrase/fragment
<i>Autumn Moon</i>	88 (74%)	30 (25%)
<i>Frogpond</i>	177 (73%)	66 (27%)
<i>Heron's Nest</i>	78 (80%)	19 (19%)
<i>Haiku Canada</i>	60 (79%)	16 (21%)
<i>Modern Haiku</i>	156 (67%)	76 (33%)
<i>Wales Haiku</i>	91 (74%)	31 (25%)
Totals	650 (74%)	228 (26%)

These numbers indicate that three quarters of haiku with one evident caesura have a fragment-phrase structure, and one quarter, phrase-fragment. Obviously, this is not a carefully-controlled scientific study, but one can definitely state that there is a trend. What follows now is based on the premise that a different structural melody might be a nice change.

Over the years I have given numerous writing workshops and have always been surprised, when trying to find examples, that a certain type of line-two pivot is quite rare. Also known as a hinge, grammatically this pivot can be a squinting modifier, and rhetorically, a zeugma. Whatever its name, line two works simultaneously with both lines one and three. In the type of haiku I am referring to, this pivot line – within its two phrasal pairings – also changes its vocation, its nature, or its referents. Visual analogues from the world of art can be useful, here, in showing how these pivot structures work.



This first example focuses on **M. C. Escher's Relativity (1953)** or, more specifically, concerns the two figures on the stairway at the top.



Now, consider the first two lines of this haiku by Rachel Sutcliffe.⁵

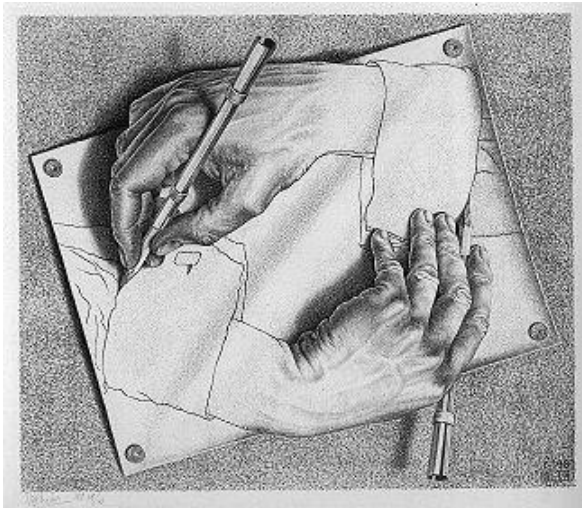
hill walking
I reach the half way mark

A reader can easily imagine a distance marker on a small sign pegged to the ground, however as soon as one reaches line three, the meaning tilts:

hill walking
I reach the half way mark
in my flask

As our understanding wavers back and forth between the two interpretations, the shifting perspectives, as of Escher's stair-climbers, are clearly manifest.

Escher's Drawing Hands (1948) also lends itself to the analysis of a haiku. There is *shasei*, the literal sketch from life, and there is also the quite figurative and self-referential evidence of artifact.



This next poem, by Nick Virgilio,⁶ has similar qualities. Lines one and two are *shasei*

on the manuscript
the shadow of a butterfly

Lines two and three taken together, however, are figurative.

on the manuscript
the shadow of a butterfly
finishes the poem

Virgilio's haiku, like Escher's *Drawing Hands*, makes us aware of its own making. As well, the vacillation between the poem's two different meanings adds to the pleasure of the text.



A final example can be illustrated by **René Magritte's *The Explanation* (1953)**.

In "traditional" haiku in English, the attention is to the juxtaposition of the carrot and the bottle.

A more intriguing haiku structure would show, rather, the morphing of the two.

I find similarities to this in Claudette Russell's haiku.⁷ Lines one and two are a phrase with an expectation of completion.

folding your laundry
exactly the way

Line three, however, while it does complete the phrase initiated in line two, arrives totally unexpected.

folding your laundry
exactly the way
I want you to be

Line three has a further effect: it adds another layer of meaning to the domestic activity described in line one, something

interpersonal beyond the *I*-persona's folding "your laundry." Until line three begins, "the way" refers literally to how one folds laundry. Once line three has been read, "the way" refers to some figurative state of neatness for the "you."

The main feature to remember in all three of these haiku is that syntactically, lines one and two form a phrase, and lines two and three of the same haiku also form a phrase. Equally pertinent, line two serves *a different purpose* in each of these phrases. Readers understand the first phrase on its own. Momentarily. That momentary quality lasts the duration of the line break between lines two and three, at which point the second phrase comes into focus with line two assuming its other role. Then the shifting interpretations begin their magic.

Yet even knowing how to make such a poem, writing one is a challenge I have not met. I imagine, too, that those who have, have done so through serendipity. The structure is rare enough that several days of poring through books and journals enabled me to locate only an occasional haiku that features a transformed vocation of the pivot line. Here is one more, by Dan Schwerin.⁸

stained glass brightens
the chalice
I could be

Schwerin's chalice is *shasei* when paired with line one, and metaphoric when paired with line three.

Poets are certainly aware of haiku with a line-two pivot, however the structure most often seen is a little different: although line two independently couples with lines one and three, its nature does not change. In a recent Haiku Dialogue post at The Haiku Foundation, Tanya McDonald discusses one by Susan Rogers.

evening walk
despite the darkness
songbirds⁹

By its nature not changing, I suggest that the line itself means the same thing, however differently it resonates with what precedes and with what follows. By way of contrast, in Sutcliffe's haiku, the half way marks for hill walking and for a flask have different physical referents. In Virgilio's haiku, the shadow of the butterfly changes from mimetic to figurative. That Rogers's "despite the darkness" does not demonstrate this sort of shift does not take away from the wonderful resonances it affords a reader. If I bring her haiku to Escher's *Relativity*, the flight of stairs has only one perspective, but the walkers are on different steps, and a viewer would still enjoy them differently. McDonald's substantial commentary, which fully explores this effect, concludes with her own delight as a reader.

Whether the poet intended both versions of the haiku (and there could be more interpretations), I don't know, but I appreciate the opportunity to explore different angles of an experience, all within three short lines.¹⁰

As to my initial premise informing this article, that it might be worthwhile to explore other ways of putting together a haiku, I am not alone to notice a potentially soporific effect of repeated structures. Dominique Chipot, editor of the online French journal *L'ours dansant*, opens a recent review with the statement: «*Certains auteur.es écrivent mécaniquement : plan large—césure—détail. Leur recueil formaté en devient monotone.*»¹¹ In English that would be, "some authors write mechanically: wide angle view—caesura—detail. Composing to format renders their collection monotonous." Agreed. And would that I could avoid such monotony in my own writing.

¹ This article expands on one aspect of my presentation for the panel discussion “Vision in Haiku” at the Seabeck Haiku Getaway, November 1, 2020.

² *Autumn Moon Haiku Journal* <autumnmoonhaiku.com> 3:2 (Spring/ Summer 2020); *Frogpond* 43:3 (Fall 2020); *Haiku Canada Review* 14:2 (October 2020); *The Heron’s Nest* <theheronsnest.com> XXII:3 (September 2020); *Modern Haiku* 51:3 (Autumn 2020); *Wales Haiku Journal* <waleshaikujournal.com> (Autumn 2020) .

³ Other structures include no caesura, three fragments, or otherwise untypable. Haiku with an evident pivot would fall into this “other structure” group.

⁴ For purposes of this summary analysis, I did not distinguish between juxtaposition through punctuation, through syntax alone, or juxtaposition through use of fully different themes.

⁵ Rachel Sutcliffe in Jim Kacian & eds, *Old Song: The Red Moon Anthology of English-Language Haiku* 2017 (Winchester VA: Red Moon Press, 2018) p. 68.

⁶ Nick Virgilio in Raffael de Gruttola, ed., *Nick Virgilio: A Life in Haiku*. (Arlington VA: Turtle Light Press, 2012) p. 68.

⁷ Claudette Russell in Jim Kacian & eds, *Nothing in the Window: The Red Moon Anthology of English-Language Haiku* 2012 (RMP, 2013) p. 62.

⁸ Dan Schwerin, *The Heron’s Nest* XXII:3 (September 2020) p. 3.

⁹ Susan Rogers, “Haiku Dialogue – Connections Found & Introduction to A Walk on the Wild Side,” The Haiku Foundation (Jan. 6, 2021). <<https://thehaikufoundation.org/haiku-dialogue-connections-found-introduction-to-a-walk-on-the-wild-side/>>

¹⁰ Tanya McDonald, *ibidem*.

¹¹ Dominique Chipot, «PAS SI LOIN LA NEIGE Marie-Louise Montignot», *L’ours dansant* 3 <100pour100haiku.fr/tout_ours.html> (novembre 2020) p. 6. In his review, Chipot expresses admiration for Montignot’s haiku because she does not do what others overdo.



Haiku Plus

stalling
just long enough
for sunset to end

rainstorm
the sky darkening
to a mercurial haze

Joanna Ashwell

before
and after the owl
Orion's silence

Michael Baeyens

hardcoremorants

Aaron Barry

in a field
of devil's paintbrush
JESUS SAVES billboard

Marjorie Bruhmuller

rainy day I feel the music

Mariangela Canzi

floating
in this body
frail bark

Louise Carson

target practice
shooting the “P”
in the Dr. Pepper can

Terry Ann Carter

Father’s Day card from the cat

Marcyn Del Clements

yoga pose
sunlight on the tip
of a kitten’s tail

Susan Colpitts

Christmas . . .
the loan
he didn’t get

puzzle page —
the repetitive click
of a ballpoint pen

Susan Constable

doing dishes
with long sleeves
autumn rain

Jeanne Cook

bocce
geckos rattle
a fallen frond

dad dyeing
the tip of a woman's shoe
sputnik beeps

Bill Cooper

ice pellets . . .
the six-arcminute space
between two planets

Pamela Cooper

in the rosemary
the hum of honey bees
sheltering in place

family reunion
one acorn, then another
hits the roof

Dan Curtis

caregiving . . .
Mother calls out
again

Charlotte Digregorio

beginning of winter
from the computer
to the fridge
to the sweep of snow
outside my window

Marje Dick

inexorably
irrefutably
springtime

David Kāwika Eyre

alphabet soup
the floating gaps
in each child's name

Jay Friedenber

silent horror films . . .
she fingers a chip
in her black nail polish

Joshua Gage

politics . . .
where's that bar of soap
when needed

her hand slips
into mine . . .
forgiveness

William Scott Galasso

on social media
the skinny kid from gym class
with white hair

even the cars
in the junkyard gleam —
spring sun

Barry George

spiritual retreat
politics lightens
the mood

LeRoy George

stopped in mid sentence
by her eyes
which speak

Arch Haslett

delivering
winter coats to the Mission
Christmas lights go on

Marilyn Henighan

spring snow
the dogwood stretches
into a brighter red

Louisa Howerow

our courtship
on face time
alone together

Charlotte Hrenchuk

purple finches' teeter-totters on trumpet-vine tailings

probably Big Dipper
but myriads of stars
over the lake

Marshall Hryciuk

bread aisle . . .
a shoplifter walks off
with a loaf of stolen

Elinor Pihl Huggett

family
funeral
reunion

Cyril Ioutsen

walking by myself
without a mask
my shadow

Liette Janelle

moonlit breath—
already forgetting
what she said

Skylar Kay

deathly quiet
from one shadow to the next
cemetery fox

starting to show
a fuller rounder shape
green apples

David J Kelly

fall hawk watch—
the declining numbers
of humans

Deb Koen

in all her glory
the Christmas angel
at the thrift shop

Angela Leuck

the way
I fold my shirts
mother is still here

Ryland Shengzhi Li

night shift
I mistake falling leaves
for snow

Kristen Lindquist

touchdown . . .
the atheist beside me
stops praying

Carole MacRury

sunshine
flooding her Beirut home
an old woman
plays *auld lang syne*
amidst shards of glass

foam ebbs
with the summer tide
two fifth-graders
just short
of touching noses

Chen-ou Liu

food grade lightning in a plastic cup

Tanya McDonald

old tombstones
in the grass
killdeer nests

Ruth Mittelholtz

year-end haircut—
twilight touches
the neon sign

Lenard D. Moore

melting snow
our long estrangement
comes to an end

Joanne Morcom

blackberry fingerprints . . .
the love poem
almost unreadable

Ulrike Narwani

spring equinox
the half-life of
infatuation

underneath
grandfather's rocker
a neckie rug

Nika

cedar waxwing
in the saskatoon bush
my irrelevance

starlings unwelcome
at the bird feeder
dandelions

Nola Obee

in the net
of a salmon shaman
a blind human

Victor Ortiz

a deep bow
to the afternoon sun
snowman

Roland Packer

the cherry tree's
first blossom —
alone at last

Scott Packer

a vast rose garden
tiger swallowtail
very near my heart

Brent Partridge

soap opera
the many meanings
of meanwhile

hearing aids
in his pockets
food court

Luce Pelletier

under
scarlet rhododendron petals
the roadside chapel

Patricia Prime

farm pond
pulled from the sky
a string of geese

in his hand
the boy's lightning butt
is a firefly

John Quinnett

river bank . . .
a washed up
line of credit

earth day . . .
the joke I tell
falls flat

Dave Read

cancer diagnosis
invitation
to a better life

Leslie Robert

Parting,
the missing handshake
divides us.

Gerald St.Maur

avoiding a faux-pas
at tonight's concert
ironing my best mask

Sandra St-Laurent

tulip garden
a painter's mix
and match

Srinivasa Rao Sambangi

freezing lake water
the sea kayak still
on the beach

Rich Schnell

the still brook —
a barren apple tree
in reflection

Bernice Sorge

contractors
they used to be my age
these young men

Susan Spooner

daffodils at dawn thunderhead

Derek Sprecksel

idle tractor
puddles of sunset
in every furrow

Debbie Strange

polar lights
the degrees of my latitude
suffice

Luminita Suse

bay leaves and garlic
bless the steaming artichokes
how can you leave me?

Lilita Tannis

how blind I've been
mountain ridges
after snowfall

she blooms
before my eyes
paperwhite

Scott Wiggerman

lockdown walk
the little run
of one dry leaf

Kath Abela Wilson

a painter's touch
she draws me
water from a well

a homeless woman
sips from a birdbath
wrinkles in a rainbow

Robert Witmer

quarry poppies
he drops
my hand

Genevieve Wynand

Cinéma

Haïkus réunis par Claude Rodrigue

il replace
les dessous de la femme
quinzième prise

Monique Pagé

starlette au volant
ses trois rétroviseurs
ne voient qu'elle

Bikko

épouse en voyage
Au lit avec Madonna¹
pour la soirée

Gérard Mathern

court métrage
mon plus beau scénario
un haïku

Patrick Somprou

nuit des étoiles filantes
notre premier film
en haut de la colline

Iocasta Huppen

tout seul le vieillard
assis devant sa fenêtre
septième art en boucle

Diane Descôteaux

l'octogénaire
son cinéma intérieur
en noir et blanc

Cristiane Ourliac

Pépé le Moko²
les voix nasillardes
du passé

Luce Pelletier

La vache et le prisonnier³
3.2.1 silence! on tourne
pet de Marguerite

Salvatore Tempo

rabais pour les aînés
trop vite alloué
méchant coup de vieux

Diane Landry

séance du matin
seule
avec une mouche

Sandrine Waronski

La Passion d'Augustine⁴
de bons bons souvenirs
comme couventine

Liette Janelle

assis dans le fauteuil
ses pieds ne touchent pas terre
premier film

Françoise Maurice

Peau d'âne⁵
cette inoubliable première
séance de cinéma

Natacha Karl

samedi soir
avec les petits-enfants
revoir La Guerre des tuques⁶

Géralda Lafrance

film western
les spectateurs dans la salle
eux aussi masqués

Paola Carot

un film triste
pourquoi suis-je venue
remuer des cendres

Micheline Comtois-Cécylre

baisers
24 fois par minute
vie plastifiée

Yann Quero

St-Valentin
dans la salle de cinéma
un seul spectateur

Jo(sette) Pellet

long film romantique
j'avais envie d'un baiser
mais j'étais bien seule

Micheline Boland

premiers émois
être Yvonne de Galais
et lui Le Grand Meaulnes⁷

Anne-Marie Joubert-Gaillard

film d'aventure
avoir même osé
prendre ta main

Philippe Macé

dans l'obscurité
d'une salle de cinéma
mon premier baiser

Philippe Pauthonier

entracte
pour un baiser volé
tout un cinéma

Christiane Ranieri

incompréhensible
et trop long film de la vie
entraîne aux toilettes

Simon Galand

Retour vers le futur⁸
la DeLorean traverse
mes ivresses

Hervé Le Gall

La Gloire de mon père⁹
performance mémorable
des cigales

Sandra St-Laurent

monstres à l'écran
effets spéciaux et de réel
mon fauteuil grince

Claire Mélanie Popineau

La Guerre du Feu¹⁰
sur le mur d'à côté
un extincteur

Minh-Triêt Pham

films muets
à vitesse accélérée
lire sur les lèvres

Bernard Cadoret

générique
elle attend jusqu'au bout
le nom de son fils

Éléonore Nickolay

cinéma muet
un couple commente le film
avec les mains

Bruno-Paul Carot

sortie du ciné
tout à l'air d'être irréel
dans la vie réelle

Marie Derley

« Il existe quelques règles de mise en scène, comme il existe des règles de grammaire. Connaître la grammaire ne fait pas de vous un Victor Hugo, le même raisonnement vaut pour le cinéma. »

Claude Chabrol (1930-2010, France)

¹ Documentaire : Madona, Truth or Dare par Alex Keshishian, 1991, États-Unis.

² Film de Julien Duvivier, 1937, France, d'après le roman éponyme.

³ Film de Henri Verneil, 1959, comédie, France-Italie.

⁴ Film de Léa Pool, 2015, Québec, Canada.

⁵ Film musical de Jacques Demy, 1970, France.

⁶ Film pour enfants d'André Melançon, 1984, comédie dramatique, Québec, Canada.

⁷ Film de Jean-Gabriel Albicco, 1967, France, d'après le roman éponyme (il y a une version 2006).

⁸ Film Back to the Future (trilogie) de Robert Zemeckis, science-fiction, 1985, États-Unis.

⁹ Film de Yves Robert, 1990, France, d'après le roman éponyme.

¹⁰ Film d'aventures préhistoriques de Jean-Jacques Annaud, 1981, Canada-France, d'après le roman éponyme de 1909 (une version en film muet français suivit en 1915).

N.B. :

« Une erreur dans la transcription d'un nom (Monique Paré) s'est produite dans la revue d'octobre 2020. Vous devriez lire Monique Pagé. Merci d'en faire la correction. »

Prochain thème : **La (les) maison(s).**



au delà de ces pages ...

Au Québec nous sommes en confinement avec couvre-feu. Même adolescente je n'avais pas de couvre-feu. Mon père disait que ce qui se fait après minuit peut facilement se faire avant. Son *ce qui se fait* est rendu bien loin de l'esprit de cette petite vieille, mais la poésie, elle, m'enchante autant que jadis. Si notre quotidien semble limité, ses détails nous interpellent toujours, et quelle chance pour nous d'en percevoir l'importance et de pouvoir la partager—voire de la valider—en haïkus.

que 2021 soit une année douce
Maxianne Berger
coordonnatrice des recensions



Recensions ...

La route des oiseaux de mer par Hélène Leclerc. Ottawa: Les Éditions David, 2020. ISBN 978-2-89597-770-4, 96 pages.
14,95 \$, 9,99 \$ PDF] <editionsdavid.com>

La route des oiseaux de mer, «cette route invisible où la lumière et les oiseaux voyagent sans entrave» écrit Hélène Leclerc, dans l'avant-propos, est sa cinquième publication. Auparavant, elle a assumé quatre codirections de collectifs, tout en participant à plusieurs autres.

Le recueil est divisé en quatre sections. Chacune est illustrée avec des photos prises par l'autrice. Le nombre de haïkus est quasi égal dans chaque section.

La première section, *L'aube déborde* (22 haïkus), tire son nom de la «petite auberge/ derrière les rideaux/ l'aube déborde» (p. 22). La thématique papillonne entre les oppositions matin et soir, car «presque le soir/ entre l'arbre et la mer/ le chuchotement du vent» (p. 21), tout en remarquant que «peu à peu/ un bateau s'efface/ [un] matin de brume» (p. 18) ou bien avec les contrastes blancheur de la lumière et noirceur avec «au large/ un chemin d'étoiles/ derniers rayons» (p. 27) ou, enfin, entre la vision et la dissolution de l'objet. En quelque sorte, c'est le va-et-vient de l'aube au crépuscule par petites touches discrètes d'eau, d'oiseaux et de ciel.

La deuxième, *Je t'entends écrire* (27 haïkus) doit son titre à la «pause lecture/ de l'autre côté du mur/ [où] je t'entends écrire» (p. 36). Leclerc exploite l'idée de la modernité avec la «petite nuit/ en cuillère avec lui/ au téléphone» (p. 47). Elle fait aussi allusion à l'écriture avec le «vieux calepin/ ton numéro de téléphone/ entre deux haïkus» (p. 35) et à la lecture lors d'une «tempête de vent/ ton beau message retrouvé/ dans mes pourriels» (p. 48) ou encore avec un brin d'humour, et même d'ironie, pour se préparer à un «récital de haïkus/ enfiler ma robe/ *made in China*» (p. 47).

La troisième, intitulée *Jardin d'hiver* (25 haïkus), suggère que le «jardin d'hiver/ [devenu] soudain visible/ [fait découvrir] la poésie du monde» (p. 56) dans les moments d'intériorité. De plus, dans ce contexte de froidure, l'autrice crée des moments de solitude en rappelant une «soirée d'écriture/ que du piano/ sur la page blanche» (p. 58). Elle évoque alors la création dans solitude de l'artiste. À l'occasion, elle crée des oppositions humoristiques en remarquant que dans la «salle de spectacles/ [apparaissent] les jeux d'éclairage/ sur les crânes dégarnis» (p. 60), tout en

illustrant l'omniprésence du blanc par des détails de la tempête. Parfois, elle rapporte une perle lors d'une «rencontre familiale/ [où, poliment, on s'informe:] et puis écris-tu encore/ des sudokus?» (p. 61) ou que dire des jeux de mots inattendus nés du hasard lorsqu'à la «Saint-Valentin/ le pommier de la cour/ [est] chargé de gros-becs» (p.64).

Enfin, la quatrième section, *Dans le creux du vent* (24 haïkus), virevolte sur les ressentis, au sens propre ou figuré, de l'air, du mouvement, des déplacements puisque le «ciel blanc/ [trace] la route invisible/ des oiseaux de mer» (p. 83). Au gré des mots, on voyage de la «corde à linge/ [de] toute la famille/ [qui s'agite] dans le vent» (p. 72) au «ciel sans étoiles/ [où] le ventre blanc des oies/ traverse le ciel» (p. 76). Tout n'aspire qu'à la mouvance de «puis soudain/ [que] les bécasseaux s'envolent/ dans le creux du vent» (p. 85) avec le dernier vers, suivi d'une photographie d'un ciel sur le fleuve, clôturant le recueil d'Hélène Leclerc.

recension par Claude Rodrigue



ÉCRIRE, LIRE—*Le Dit de 100 poètes contemporains*. Collectif de haïkus inédits dirigé par Belleau Janick, illustrations de Pauline Vaubrun, Paris: Éditions Pippa, 2020. ISBN: 978-2-37679-045-7, 163 pages. 20 € <pippa.fr>

C'est une publication sobre et impeccable des Éditions Pippa, maison très active depuis quelques années dans le domaine de la poésie et du haïku tout particulièrement. Les nombreuses illustrations au crayon, à l'encre noire, de Pauline Vaubrun permettent de prendre de légères pauses durant la lecture, l'imagination voyageant autrement.

Voici un projet admirable par la quantité de travail accompli par Janick Belleau. Cent poètes ont répondu à l'appel qu'elle a lancé sur «écrire» et «lire». De tout ce qui a été soumis, un peu plus de 400 «poèmes» ont été retenus et regroupés en quatre volets: «Écrire» (86 «poèmes»), «Le quotidien entre écrire et lire» (112 «poèmes»), «Lire» (111 «poèmes») et «Hommage à l'écriture» («112 haïkus et 9 tankas»).

Je me dois de soulever deux questions face à cette publication.

D'une part, écrire sur l'écriture et la lecture. Ce n'est pas traditionnel comme ce qui s'écrit selon le «shasei» (description d'après nature ou croquis sur le vif – de Shiki Masaoka, 1867-1902) et le «kachō fūei» («fleur»/»papillon» ou chanter la nature – de Kyoshi Takahama, 1874-1959).

D'autre part, le choix des textes pour un collectif de haïkus. Dans la préface, Janick Belleau écrit: «Vous trouverez dans cet ouvrage quatre types de poèmes inédits: des haïkus traditionnels [...] des tercets [...] des senryūs [...] et des haïkus libres [...]», ce à quoi il faut ajouter quelques tankas. Il y a donc cinq types de poèmes. Pourquoi inclure des «tercets» et ainsi engendrer une mécompréhension de ce qu'est le haïku. Le tercet porte à la confusion par rapport au haïku devenant une sorte de coquille vidée de son essence. Le tercet (qui est par définition une strophe non autonome de trois vers) emprunte généralement aux figures de style traditionnelles de la poésie occidentale alors que, sans artifices littéraires, le haïku doit être la perception d'un instant par les sens. Le haïkiste, pour paraphraser Corine Atlan, doit être «[a]ttentif à voir directement la réalité telle qu'elle est – et non telle que l'intellect la cartographie, la décrit ou la conçoit [...]»¹.

Cela dit, il y a plusieurs haïkus qui me semblent tout à fait réussis, et par le moment qui peut être ressenti et partagé, et par l'efficace simplicité. En voici quelques-uns.

Volet 1 «Écrire»:

écriture bâton–
elle fait son exercice
sur la vitre embuée *Graziella Dupuy (p. 14)*

humeur du jour
agencer les lettres aimantées
sur mon frigo *Sandra St-Laurent (p. 32)*

sur la rue
les cendres
de livres brûlés *Mike Montreuil (p. 35)*

Volet 2 «Le quotidien entre écrire et lire»:

odeurs d'enfance
le livre de recettes
de ma mère morte *Céline Landry (p. 53)*

au crayon noir
occupée à imaginer
mon épitaphe *Marie Derley (p. 64)*

urgence bondée
dans la paume d'une infirmière
au nom griffonné *Andrée Paradis (p. 74)*

Volet 3 «Lire»:

nous manteaux serrés
dans l'ascenseur un enfant ouvre
son livre d'aventures *Nicolas Sauvage (p. 83)*

Salon du Livre
l'enfant patiente
tablette en mains *Patrick Fétu (p. 83)*

retour à la maison
il m'attend sur le quai
un livre à la main *Françoise Maurice (p. 102)*

Volet 4 «Hommage à l'écriture»:

jour de tempête
au coin du feu
Je suis un chat *Christine Portelance (p. 127)*

l'adieu au Japon
au fond de mon sac à dos
Le Pavillon d'or *Isabelle Freihuber-Ypsilantis*
(p. 140)

journée de mouille
un temps pour Laferrière
et un peu de jazz *Denise Therriault-Ruest (p. 145)*

Enfin, je tiens à souligner l'actualité de ce projet qui a été réalisé durant la présente pandémie, quelques haïkus en rendent compte. Les mots d'Hélène Leclerc conviennent à ce sujet:

«J'écris pour célébrer ce qui reste de beauté dans le monde en cette époque de grands bouleversements.»²

vie solitaire –
les personnages des livres
pour compagnons *Agnès Malgras (p. 116)*

télétravail –
son clavier surélevé
par *Le Capital* *Carmelina Carracillo (p. 122)*

voyage annulé
par le coronavirus
relire *La Peste* *Géralda Lafrance (p. 136)*

recension par André Duhaime

¹ Corine Atlan et Zéno Bianu, *Le poème court japonais d'aujourd'hui*, NRF, poésie Gallimard, 2007, p. 11.

² Hélène Leclerc, *La route des oiseaux de mer*, Éditions David, 2020, p. 12.



Brin de paille dans les cheveux, Haïku, par Diane Descôteaux.
Paris: éditions l'Harmattan, 2019. Avant-propos Claude
Rodrigue, illustration Hélène Phung. 90 pages. ISBN: 978-2-
343-18709-9, 90 pages. 25\$. Disponible en numérique.

Nous étions habitués à lire des recueils de poésie qui avaient une dimension érotique chez Diane Descôteaux. À travers tous ses voyages, la poétesse nous ouvrait largement des lignes, des pages sensuelles de ses cahiers intimes. Avec son habileté à broder des images chaudes et colorées, elle écrit des saisons où même la glace brûle.

*nus sur du coton
à six cent vingt fils au pouce
nos corps à tâtons*

Ce dix-huitième ouvrage semble le plus maîtrisé. Il y a dans les tercets de Descôteaux une triple contrainte de langage. Elle écrit avec la brièveté d'une poésie japonaise codée, elle retient également les rimes et le rythme du sonnet qu'elle a pratiqué durant plusieurs années et enfin, elle impose un thème, l'érotisme, où elle est en quête des mots du désir. Son style devient ainsi unique. La tournure a une légèreté, une fantaisie qui laisse filtrer à la fois, sa grande érudition, sa connaissance de la versification et son réalisme brut.

*qui me sauvera
de tout, surtout de moi-même
quand vous êtes là?*

Le sonnet utilise des figures de style qui donnent aux tercets un relent de classicisme. Elle passe du vous au il, du je au tu et au nous en introduisant des dialogues qui jouent avec la distance et l'intimité. Elle introduit ainsi la narration qui nous fait lire le recueil comme un roman. Qu'arrive-t-il à l'amant dans la page suivante? Que pense l'amante en ce soir sans clair de lune? Cela fait tourner la page.

Ses haïkus ne sont pas libres. Elle y tient un compte rigoureux des syllabes : 5-7-5. Alors que le haïku moderne se libère de cette règle. Elle peut donc utiliser les exclamations : oh! ah! hi hi! ô, oups, onomatopées très japonaises. On entre ainsi dans le concept de *mono no aware*. La beauté et la tristesse de la nature, des saisons et des fleurs, de l'amour

évanescent : « les hommes qui passent maman. »

*plus de trente et une
trop interminables nuits
sans vous et sans lune*

Le poème devient vivant, domestique, romancé. Est-ce sagesse, est-ce le destin humain aussi fatal que dans la mythologie?

*moi, l'idéaliste
je sais bien trop qu'entre nous
rien n'est réaliste*

Une lecture nous attend où nous serons partagés entre le plaisir de la poésie et l'urgence de vivre. Au centre de ces contraintes rythmiques, nous avons rendez-vous avec la plus libre des poétesses.

recension par Micheline Beaudry



Haïkus et tankas d'animaux, ouvrage collectif coordonné par Georges Chapouthier, illustré par Aurélia Colombet et Daniel Cardona, Paris: Éditions Pippa, 2020. ISBN 978-2-37679-044-0, 110 pages. 16 € <pippa.fr>

Un collectif de haïkus et de tankas illustré sur le thème des animaux? Quelle excellente idée! Après tout, les animaux sont souvent au cœur de la poésie japonaise qu'apprécient les haïkistes d'aujourd'hui, de la grenouille de Bashô aux chats d'Issa. Des animaux les plus familiers comme les chats et les chiens aux espèces les plus étrangères à l'espèce humaine comme les invertébrés, 118 poètes adultes et 29 enfants présentent ici des instants partagés avec ces autres êtres bien

vivants. *Haïkus et tankas d'animaux* aura sûrement le grand mérite d'intéresser au haïku et au tanka un plus large public, en particulier un public de jeunes des écoles primaires.

le bonjour du chat
sa queue en balancier
tâte l'ambiance

Danièle Duteil (p. 12)

blackout–
je suis mon chien
aveugle

Eléonore Nickolay (p. 18)

os et plumes
dispersés sur les rochers
qui pleure la mouette?

Nane Couzior (p. 84)

devant l'école
l'escargot
–bon dernier

Chantal Couliou (p. 71)

Les sections du collectif les plus réussies sont sans contredit celles qui concernent les petites bêtes comme les insectes, les papillons et les araignées. Rien d'étonnant, puisque nous entretenons avec les bestioles des sentiments toujours changeants: fascination, surprise, agacement, peur ou même phobie. Maurice Coyaud, qui a commis la très belle «anthologie-promenade» *Fourmis sans ombre, Le Livre du haïku* (Phébus, constamment réédité depuis 1978), ne prétendait-il pas que «les insectes sont là pour remettre l'homme à sa place»?

ricochets–
des ronds dans les ronds
des araignées d'eau

Annie Chassing (p. 59)

le bourdon butine
le cœur de la pivoine
je l'envie

Jean Deronzier (p. 63)

déjeuner sur l'herbe
une fourmi s'invite
dans mon sandwich

Béatrice Aupetit-Vavin (p. 64)

boîte à bijoux
ultime cachette
de l'araignée

Isabelle Freihuber-Ypsilantis (p. 67)

Classiques, les illustrations au crayon mine (on voudrait presque sortir nos crayons de couleur!) ponctuent de belle façon l'ensemble du livre. Quelques bémols, pourtant: la cohabitation plus ou moins harmonieuse des haïkus et des tankas, aux tons trop différents, et la présence de plusieurs poèmes moins réussis.

recension par Jeanne Painchaud



Haibun

What If?

Ignatius Fay

Love has nothing to do with it. The decision is cut and dried, though no less emotional. I have several lung diseases and she smokes far too much. Living with her would kill me! She also does far too many drugs. The weed doesn't bother me — no real evidence of long-term negative affects. And it does mellow her out. The acid is another problem altogether. She drops every day. Far too often her druggie friends show up at her door at 5 AM, looking for LSD, and more than once I've driven her around in the wee hours trying to score some for her.

One afternoon I arrive to find her in bed, hemorrhaging. A stay in hospital and a hysterectomy later, we are facing the decision. If this continues, one of us will end up dead.

“Marry me and I'll quit.”

“Doesn't work that way. Quit and I'll marry you.”

She doesn't and I don't.

After almost 50 years, I still wonder, ‘What if?’

the heat breaks —
rainy afternoon
love at first sight



The Licence to Kill

Sidney Bending

My uncle, a senior, has been driving since he was 16.

The road test examiner tells him several times to slow down and look at the speedometer. Uncle says, “I can’t take my eyes off of the road to look at the dash.” So, he won’t.

The examiner reminds him to shoulder check when he changes lanes. Uncle says, “I’m not doing that.”

Now he tells everybody that he didn’t pass his driver’s test because the examiner didn’t like him.

winding road –
he lives until 94
by riding the brakes



An Old Photograph

Elehna de Souza

Both of us, arms around each other, beaming.

Marcus went to Portuguese School, I to the British School. And when school was out, we got together and played. Non-stop it seems. At tea time his amah would arrive at the front gate of my house with a glass of milk and a cookie or two. A brief interlude.

He gulped down the necessary sustenance, and off we went again, immersed in play until I had to go indoors and he had to go home.

We reconnect in fits and starts, like an old engine coming back to life.

Shared memories, the things we did back then. How we flushed crickets out of their holes and trapped them in jars; set fuzzy caterpillars alight; smashed the shells of large garden snails. Our innocent and primal dominion over nature.

The paper boats we made, launching them into eddies of rising water during a tropical storm; climbing onto the flat roof of my house to fly kites made of newspaper and coloured streamers; somersaulting off the piano in his house when his old aunties weren't around, landing on the sofa. The two kind spinster aunties who indulged us with the Chinese treats we loved - pickled ginger, preserved plums, sweet olives and more.

I remember how he tried to kiss me once after one of these spectacular somersaults. I was horrified, pushed him away. We've made no mention of this in our correspondence. He, now with wife, three grown daughters, eight grandchildren. Me, a solitary soul.

How would our lives have turned out if he had not left for Australia when we were nine?

we pricked fingers
blended blood —
our childhood passion



Linked Verses and Sequences

Covid Days

Leader: *Patrick Gallagher*

a cat in her lap
as she lectures
covid days

John S Green

social distance
learning to love
being alone

Lynne Jambor

snowbound hospice —
on my phone I show mother
a photo of her garden

Michael Dylan Welch

unmasked dogs
and faceless people
fallen leaves

C. J. Prince

day after day . . .
watching squirrels chase squirrels
in the back yard

Victor Ortiz

crossing the street
a muffled hello
to my neighbor

Susan Erickson

Halloween night
many new ghosts
this year

Patrick Gallagher

quarantine
the sun still rises
and sets

Gary Evans



backstage
before curtain time

EXIT

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Roland Packer

pictures at an exhibition

public showing

enduring style

boundary breaking

indisputable talent

award winning

fully realized

thought provoking

LeRoy Gorman



mist-shrouded trail

droplets fall branch to branch . . .

we pause in a clearing

cedars sway

parting the wild horse's mane

in unison

Gary Evans

Scratching the Itch

Tanya McDonald and *Lew Watts*

another Valentine's Day . . .
between the lines
not-so-invisible ink

*roses from her ex
thorn in my side*

slipped into her locker
a love note
from the wrong guy

*candle-lit dinner
he asks
if she's ovulating*

Bukowski leers at her
from the nightstand

coitus interruptus —
*she answers the call
from Big Boy*



Beyond these pages . . .

In Quebec we are again in lockdown, and a curfew has been imposed. Even as a teenager I had no curfew. My father believed that anything done after midnight could also be done before! Of course, that *anything* is far from the mind of this little old lady, but poetry enchants me as much as ever. If our day-to-day appears contained, small things continue to call out to us, and how fortunate we are to recognize their importance and to share it – *viz* validate it – through our haiku.

may 2021 be kind
Maxianne Berger
Book Reviews Coordinator



Reviews . . .

Moonflowers: Pioneering Women Haiku Poets in Canada, by Terry Ann Carter. Carleton Place ON: Catkin Press, 2020. ISBN 978-1- 928163-35-0, 120 pp. \$20.00 plus shipping

Terry Ann Carter has once again performed an invaluable service to the Canadian haiku community in collecting material on the lives and work of 14 seminal women haiku poets. Carter was thorough in her research, undertaking personal interviews with the poets when possible and/or with family and friends through correspondence and telephone calls, as well as sifting through old newsletters, anthologies and online archives. Altogether, the project took Carter 10 years.

The result is not merely a historical gathering of the facts. In Carter's telling, these women are interesting, indeed, fascinating. Without a doubt, all possessed poetic talent as well as what my mother would have called "gumption."

Take Betty Drevniok (1917-1997), for instance. We remember her as the former president of Haiku Canada, and an annual haiku contest is named in her honour. But Betty, we learn, was also interested in alternate energies and was a real "back to the lander." On her 6-acre property along the Madawaska River in Ontario, she constructed a 4-story wooden pyramid which became a local landmark. When teachers brought their students there for school excursions, Betty proudly pointed out that the tomato plants growing on the pyramid's second level were twice their normal size. In many ways, Betty, too, was clearly larger than life!

Or, take Marianne Bluger (1945-2005), who after graduating *summa cum laude* from McGill was offered a scholarship to medical school, but turned it down in order to marry an itinerant Buddhist monk and moved with him to New York City to study Korean and Buddhism.

Then, there's Dorothy Howard (1948 -), who founded, and for 12 years edited, the journal *Raw NervZ*, which Charles Trumbull described as a journal that had "a little something in each issue to offend everyone as well as please everyone."

I will not tell you more. Rather, I will leave it to you to discover each of the unforgettable women in this collection. I was pleased to see that Carter includes a significant number of each poet's haiku so that we are able to get a good sense of their work.

Although these are “early” pioneers, do not imagine that their work is at all dated.

murmuring on my
windowsill...a pile of shells
from last night’s oysters *Claire Pratt*

rainy afternoon
we watch fractals
blossoming *Muriel Ford*

feral cat
licking the snow
off her kittens *Betty Drevniok*

t.v. gunfire
the sleeping child’s
eyelids flutter *Marianne Bluger*

and tall quiet hallways
leading to libraries
and cool leathers *anne mckay*

eyes fixed on the hockey game
a father
folds diapers *Jocelyne Villeneuve*

As we have come to expect from Claudia Coutu Radmore’s catkin press, *Moonflowers* is beautifully designed with an attractive cover. It also includes inside a striking colour reproduction of a haiga by Ion Codrescu based on a haiku by Chiyo-ni.

My only criticism — not so much a criticism as a wish — is that Carter might have included portraits of each of these pioneering women. Even for haiku poets, a picture is worth a thousand words.

Review by Angela Leuck



Legacy; Thirty Years of Haiku, by William Scott Galasso.
Laguna Woods, California: Galwin Press, 2020. ISBN: 978-1-7327527-1-9. 163 pp. \$14.95 U.S. Amazon.com

In the preface to his remarkable collection, William Scott Galasso states, “May you reader find in this work a journey worth taking.” Not only is the journey worthwhile, but it’s also essential for anyone following a haiku path or taking those first footsteps into a world where poetry and nature intersect in such subtle yet profound ways.

On the “About the Author” page, we learn that Galasso is the author of sixteen books of poetry, including *Rough Cut: Thirty Years of Senryu*, the companion book to *Legacy*. His work has been published in more than 235 journals, anthologies and on-line publications in over fifteen countries. He’s also participated in 300 readings, appeared on TV and radio programs, and he’s recorded a spoken word audio CD.

Legacy, his latest work, contains approximately six hundred haiku, written and previously published in a variety of forms over more than two decades. The poems are grouped into seasonal sections, including New Year’s Day, which opens the collection. Here is one from the winter section that tells a

poignant story entirely through sound imagery. The stark contrast between carol singing and the sound of the wind lingers long after reading the poem.

no caroling this year
where your voice was
now only the wind

In the following delightful haiku from the spring section, Galasso demonstrates his clever use of wordplay, enhanced by a hint of eroticism. Yet the symbolism suggests that seductive charms fade over time, just like blooming flowers.

her lipstick
and the tulips
same naughty red

Some of the poems read like a joke, with a punchline at the end. But they are far from trivial, as they contain an underlying serious message, reminding us that humour acts like a rubber sword, making its point without drawing blood. We smile as we acknowledge the importance of seizing the day because today is really all we have with certainty.

summer's end
passing the hearse
while I can

The following two haiku are excellent examples of the author's keen sense of human and natural history, both of which add depth and resonance to the poems and the collection itself. The first one in particular reads like a compact history lesson.

Ephesus
the brothel's location
carved in marble

under my feet
a thousand years
of leaf fall

Also noteworthy is Galasso's photograph of Diocletian's Palace that graces the book's front cover. With the focus on a bird flying over the famous ruins, the photo highlights his reverence for the past, as well as his appreciation for haiku moments in unexpected places. These moments can happen anywhere and anytime. Sometimes it's simply a matter of looking skyward for inspiration. But haiku lovers don't need to look any further than this collection to be inspired. My only quibble with *LEGACY* is that it contains so many amazing poems that I had difficulty choosing just a handful for review purposes. Here's one more from the autumn section that tells a complete story in eleven syllables. It's heartbreaking and hopeful at the same time.

terminal ...
still the gardener
plants his bulbs

A legacy is a gift, and this collection is certainly that—a gift to not only haiku enthusiasts but poetry lovers of all stripes. Hopefully Galasso continues to shower us with his gifts for years to come.

Review by Joanne Morcom



The Wanderer Brush, edited and with haiga by Ion Codrescu. Winchester, VA: Red Moon Press, 2020. 978-1-947271-62-3. 180 pp. \$30 U. S. redmoonpress.com

The Wanderer Brush, edited and illustrated by Ion Codrescu, features the work of 79 Canadian and American poets. It gives each poet their own page with a bio, two haiku, and a short commentary on a piece by another poet. Adjacent to each author's page is a haiga by Codrescu that includes that author's work. While this unique layout helps give broader insight into the writers, it is the haiga themselves which are the anthology's focus.

In his Introduction, Codrescu emphasizes the importance of the unity between the image and the haiku in haiga. He argues that the "image and text must have an inner connection." Furthermore, he believes that the image, like the haiku, "must retain its condensed spirit. A few words mean a few brushstrokes." In other words, a brief poetic form is best complemented by a brief artistic one.

Throughout the book, Codrescu's haiga, for the most part, effortlessly and beautifully attain this unity. Take, for example, the haiga that features this poem by Jim Roberts:

 this path again
 light slips
 along the rail

Roberts's words are juxtaposed against a simple, long, curving brushstroke. Without looking like a path or a rail, Codrescu's image implies both. Further, one can visualize the movement of

the light along the rail from the picture's dynamic swoop. This is an effective haiga. Haiku and image work in unity.

Another example of the complementary nature of haiku and image in haiga comes in Codrescu's interpretation of this Sheila Sondik poem:

a male spider
touches her web
the dance begins

Here, Codrescu's abstract image moves down the page and is augmented by a series of fine lines. The result is motion. The viewer can almost feel the vibrations radiating across the spider web as a result of the male spider's light touch. Again, the image and poem work in unison to create a haiga whose impact is greater than either the haiku or picture alone.

There are, however, a handful of haiga that are not as effective. In all these cases, the image directly depicts something from the haiku. The haiga for Vicki McCullough's haiku . . .

after yoga
my hips open
to red geraniums

. . . is accompanied by the silhouette of a person practicing yoga. The connection between image and poem is too obvious. It does not allow for much in the way of exploring the juxtaposition between the two parts of the haiga. While both the poem and the image are good, their impact as a haiga is not as strong as the examples previously discussed.

The Wanderer Brush is a unique collection that features many poets and the haiga of Ion Codrescu. Codrescu's goal to create haiga that unify image and text is largely obtained. This book is full of excellent work and is recommended for all fans of haiga, haiku or art.

Review by Dave Read



Big Blue Sky Haiku and Reflections, by Joanne Morcom.
Calgary AB: Painted Turtle Press, 2020. ISBN: 978-0-9693564-6-2, 2020, 50pp. \$10+postage. morcomj@telus.net

This slight volume, the fifth poetry collection from Joanne Morcom, displays in the bio on the back cover a quote from Emily Dickinson – “I dwell in possibility.” This quotation is perfectly illustrated by the expanse of blue sky on the beautiful cover, as well as the sunny yellow endpapers.

Within the covers, one finds twenty haiku, ordered seasonally from spring to winter, each preceded by a brief paragraph of prose. The publishing credits at the back range from 1992 to 2020. As friend & fellow haiku poet Nika states in the Foreword, these haiku are “. . . glimpses into much larger stories . . .”.

Aside from occasional interviews, poets rarely have the opportunity to write about their own work. And while some haiku journals actively encourage discussion of the poems that they publish, none that I am aware of allow a printed introduction to be included with the work. Morcom's “reflections” are sometimes instructive, & are ideal for someone starting out on their haiku journey. Several Japanese concepts are discussed, such as *sabi* & *wabi*. Every poem has its larger story, & this commentary is an unusual & welcomed addition.

I have a couple of editing quibbles – I prefer it when sources for quotations are cited, even when they are in the public domain, & I also think translators need to be credited. (And winter solstice is the longest night, not the shortest.)

My favorite poem, from page 41:

the old corral
corrals
a snow drift

As with all good poetry, rereading is always rewarding.

Review by kjmunro



Tùkhòne: Where the River Narrows and Shores Bend, by D.A. Lockhart. Windsor ON: Black Moss Press, 2020. 60 pp. \$18.95

Given the significance of Nature in First Nations’ culture, I have often wondered when Canadian indigenous writers would “discover” haiku and how they might find ways to adapt and integrate it into their writing. We have no better example of what is possible in this respect than in the work of American, Gerald Vizenor, a Chippewa scholar, writer, and author of numerous fine haiku collections.

I was thus excited to learn of D.A. Lockhart’s latest poetry collection, *Tùkhòne: Where the River Narrows and Shores Bend*. Lockhart is a Turtle Clan member of the Moravian of the Thames First Nations and lives in Windsor, Ontario. He has a degree in Indigenous Studies from Trent University and

completed a graduate writing programme in Indiana. *Tùkhòne* consists of, in the author's words, "a series of poems constructed using Japanese lyric forms of haiku and haibun."

The book's first part is entitled *Ntakyëmëna* (Our Land) and is organized around the passage of the 13 Lenape full moons, starting with "*Mëxate Kishux*" (Deep Snow Moon) and ending with "*Pahhitëkw Kishux*" (Cracking Tree Moon). Each of the sections contains between 8 or 9 haiku-length stanzas, except for "*Kwënpiskewëni Kishux*" (Longest Night Moon) which has 5. I use the term "haiku-length stanzas," because for me it is not entirely clear if they are intended to be looked at as "haiku-like" or actual haiku.

If the latter, then it seems valid to examine them in terms of what I believe to be the commonly accepted principles of contemporary North American haiku.

What is immediately apparent is that Lockhart's "haiku" frequently contain too many images and too many words. It is hard to resist the urge to go through some of the verses and cut out superfluous images and pare down the number of words. To do so would give them more clarity and punch.

Here are two examples that are typical of Lockhart's overpacked three lines. Note the length: the first poem has 20 syllables, the second 22!

Low April sun ticket stub,
cut-finger gloves linger. Laser
chirps, path to green fields.

Steam jets up from Madison.
Starlings murmur, descend from Opera
House. Goodrum takes first.

Another element standing out in Lockhart's work is its somewhat telegrammatic style, a result of the author frequently dropping definite and indefinite articles.

Through fogged window
indigo surges around OPEN
sign. Man carves shawarma.

Teenager rests
on empty stage, lighter
taps out passing time.

While such clipped phrases once may have sounded experimentally "modern," they now seem awkward, recalling earlier haiku translations from the Japanese.

A more serious challenge to the reader is Lockhart's use of Lenape words. I can sympathize with the author's desire to include terms from his ancestral language — and given the current socio-political landscape, I'm sure many agree — but for the majority of readers who don't know the language, the presence of these words makes it difficult to experience the "haiku" (or as Lockhart terms it, the "glimmer") moment. While a glossary is included at the end of the book, it nevertheless requires tiresome flipping back and forth:

Hinutètàk bounce
between trees, pakànke
quiet their song

Above creation
hunter's dog catches bear
sëpi shukël turns red.

Translated, the poems are

Wrens bounce
between trees, cicadas
quiet their song

Above creation
hunter's dog catches bear
sugar maple turns red.

While I appreciate the Lenape poem titles (with accompanying translations), inclusion of Lenape words in the poems themselves reminds me of translations of Japanese haiku that retained Japanese words a Westerner likely would not know. This was no doubt intended to lend an oriental flavour to the haiku. The result, though, was that they became much less accessible. More interesting, I think, would be if Lockhart were to provide a full Lenape version of each verse side by side with its English counterpart (as is indeed done in many haiku collections that involve translations).

One critic has written that Lockhart's trademark writing style juxtaposes elements of prose and poetry. Haibun, then, which makes up the second part of the book entitled "Kityènay Asukwakàna" (City Songs), would therefore seem ideally suited to this poet's gifts. In his introduction, Lockhart describes his

haibun series as an exploration of the music of Detroit. In each of the 17 haibun, the poet alludes to and riffs on a chosen popular song, which he elevates to the level of a contemporary “medicine song.” These creations give rise to “visions” and serve as the “guideposts to the path of healing and beauty.”

The complex layering of music, place and culture in “Kityènay Asukwakàna” brings to mind another recent haibun collection: *Tokaido* (Red Moon, 2017) by Terry Ann Carter. Whereas Lockhart moves within the confines of the modern city of Detroit, with its cars and music,” in *Tokaido*, Carter, through the medium of art — namely, Hiroshige’s woodblock prints — revisits the 53 stations of the ancient passage between Kyoto and Tokyo. Although their subject matter is distant in place and time, these two haibun sequences share the same ecstatic breath and wild unleashing of the poetic voice. Both poets push the boundaries of the form.

If the haiku is perhaps too limited a form for Lockhart, the haibun gives him the room to explore and use language to its fullest. (Interestingly, the haiku which end each of the haibun are much more streamlined and focussed.) Here, all the elements of the poet’s vision and craft come together in an original and engaging tour de force.

Review by Angela Leuck



Whether Forecast; haiku and related poems, by Margaret Rutley and Sidney Bending. Cyberwit.net, 2020. ISBN 978-9389690378, unpaginated. \$20. Amazon.ca

This collection of haiku, haibun, and sequences by Margaret Rutley and Sidney Bending shows all that is good and right

about collaborative writing as their collaborations are interspersed among the many individual poems by each poet.

Both poets show an observant eye and the *shasei* of mimesis, as exemplified by Rutley, here.

dying embers . . .
a log cabin quilt
freezes to the wall

Bending's poems often show her gift for word play.

forgotten *anniversorry*

The poems, whether by Rutley, Bending, or both, are carefully arranged, one or two per page. These two, on the same page, share the theme of emerging.

covered bridge
at the other end
greeting my shadow

Rutley

leaving Tokyo subway
a hundred umbrellas
rise in unison

Bending

When a poem is attributed to both poets, other than for haibun, the individual contributions are unsigned.

rain forecast
the dowsing stick
rises

new fence
finished
gossip too

The beginning of the haiku sequence “Breaking the Hush” is enough to show how effectively verses gathered in a *rensaku* can work together to create a mood.

sacramental wine
an altar boy
in the confessional

meadowlark
on the steeple
a call to prayer

collection plate
a child’s laughter
breaks the hush

That individual contributions to the collaborations are not individually attributed can be understood by their writing process, explained at the end of the book.

Usually lots of discussion and co-operation goes into each poem. Can we make it more impactful? Musical? Insightful? Can we refine the meaning? Specific words are bantered back and forth. (from “Collaboration”)

This description verbalizes what feedback and suggestions entail. The book shows what it can produce. This collection is dedicated to friendship, and to the memory of Carlos Colon who was

mentor to Bending and Rutley. He had once told them, “[s]uperb work. You are extremely gifted haijin.” *Whether Forecast* honours him well.

Review by Maxianne Berger



The Language of Loss; Haiku & Tanka Conversations, by Debbie Strange. Greensboro NC: Sable Books, 2020. ISBN 978-1-7333671-2-7, viii +36 pages. \$12US sablebooks.org

How can I write a review of a book about death and marital loss published in 2020 without mentioning Covid, even if the disease and its collateral damage to family ties and mental health were unheard of when this book went to print? Is it a timely book? Yes. Can it soothe people who have experienced their own recent loss? These poems are very personal. Whispered confidences about specific troubles. The lift in them comes from the author’s real affection for and inspiration from the natural world. The whistle of a wood duck, the yellow leaf, the necklace of sea foam, the antelope, the orca, the bridge. Pan-Canadian.

empty nest
on the *for sale* sign
mourning doves

When it won the 2019 International Women’s Haiku Contest, a great deal was made of the conversational presentation of the haiku and tanka in Strange’s collection. They appear on the page in pairs: one tanka, one haiku. A modified renku of the writer with herself. Strange has possibly invented a new form, one that could be played with.

For example, on p. 18 there is a tanka that could be split into haiku and response, and it's followed by another haiku which could as easily be a tanka using the last two lines of the poem above it as its first lines.

a car filled
with catcalling men
follows me . . .
I long to walk alone
in the sweet evening air

city sirens
the wolves that used to
sing us home

Arranging it as she has bespeaks a solidity and a flow which give the works authority.

A Canadian living in Winnipeg, Debbie Strange fills out a missing voice in this country, and represents Canadian haiku abroad by participating. I took note of her in my review of the *Wales Haiku Journal* last winter. Some of her poems have a signature subtle elegance. Ten awards and 34 publishers who already printed these poems are listed in the back of the book. There's nothing I can add to these commendations.

dense fog
the softened beacon
of an ambulance

Review by Sandra Stephenson



And Perusing The Pixels . . .

reviews by Maxianne Berger

we do not bleed like nightingales when felled singing: a sequence of one-line poems by Alegria Imperial. Denmark: BonesJournal.com, 2020. PDF chapbook, 22 pp.

While reading through *we do not bleed like nightingales when felled singing* by Alegria Imperial, one slowly realizes this sequence is “about” a difficult relationship. The book consists of 31 monostich haiku, two per page save the last, one upper left, one lower right, surrounded with plenty of white space. As in the case of any sequence, each poem works individually, and one can find haiku’s signature juxtapositions throughout.

beat by beat animal moans... the sky’s malignant blue
(p. 14)

And as we read them sequentially, as parts of a larger piece, we can see connections, continuity and links. This “narrative” is discernable from the beginning. The first poem (p. 3)— “somehow it’s frail the silence between sun breaks and blizzards”— serves as a starting point. I have closely grouped together the three that follow (pp 3-4) to illustrate this point.

as if the soft rocking of brown willows were a psalm
a gull’s cry knee-deep in foam... the tide our quiet souls
flailing winds... whole notes the size of sea spray

Obviously, from the examples I’ve given, one can deduce that as an examination of a relationship, the entire sequence is highly metaphoric, with this ending (p. 31).

already the poison ivy disentangling to bed our fall

Available at the Bones Journal library, Alegria Imperial's *we do not bleed like nightingales when felled singing* can also be read at thehaikufoundation.org/omeka/items, the digital library of The Haiku Foundation.



Eyeball Kick, Retina Splash, & Vitreous Humor, by Michael Dylan Welch. BonesJournal.com, 2020. A trilogy of PDF-chapbooks, 40 pp each.

All of the 43 poems in each of these three books begins with the identical phrase, “hydrogen jukebox.” Although a repeating line or phrase has long been a rhetorical device in poetry, its use in haiku is not widespread. I first encountered it with Nick Virgilio’s “Litany for the Dead,” a sequence that continues to stun me with its power (*Selected Haiku*, 1988, pp 50-53). This being said, Michael Dylan Welch’s goal in his three books is quite antipodal to Virgilio’s realism. As Welch explains in his first introduction,

Each short poem in this collection presents a disjunction in the manner of what Allen Ginsberg conceptualized in the phrase “hydrogen jukebox” — originally from *Howl*, and later an opera by Ginsberg and Philip Glass. It’s a deliberate compression of two disparate and unexpected elements — low and high, common and uncommon — in this case to the point of surrealism, designed to produce what Ginsberg called an “eyeball kick,” or a double-take. (*EK*, p. 6).

As a reader, I was set up for two different experiences: the joys of unexpected juxtapositions, and what my reasoning mind would attempt to make of them. And joys did, and meaning was. On occasion, the metal machine of the first line happens to introduce another machine.

hydrogen jukebox
the blip on the radar screen
disappears (EK 12)

At times, for this reader anyway, the metal machine itself is remembered as well as one's teenage years can be.

hydrogen jukebox
the cottage cheese
of memory (EK 18)

Obviously, a poem more senryū than haiku, and perhaps more Dada than merely surreal, nevertheless the curdy mush of memory couldn't be better expressed.

Retina Splash adds to the original introduction: "What we have here, in no intentional order, are more poems that pair a repeated phrase with the quiddities of living, plus a twist or three" (RS, p. 6). Here are two more whose playfulness appeals to me, this first one by its intertextuality.

hydrogen jukebox
the planes in Spain
fall mainly in the rain (RS p. 9)

In this next one, I admire the chutzpah of such abstraction in a poem based on concrete imagery.

hydrogen jukebox
finding the essence
of nothing

(RS 25)

In *Vitreous Humor*, the final book of the three, Welch presents more, . . .

More quiddities, more whatnots, more highs and lows, more heres and theres, outs and abouts, shouts and echoes, whispers and dreams, more touches of daily living combined with the peculiarities of whatever a hydrogen jukebox is. (*VH* p. 6)

The third book of the collection ends as strangely, or perhaps, better put, as uniquely as the series itself begins.

hydrogen jukebox
for all the words
in China

(*VH* p. 39)

Each book includes 40 plus poems, and a generous selection of beautiful Japanese papers serve as fly leaves and section divisions. If this is the sort of writing one enjoys, or to discover if it is, this trilogy by Michael Dylan Welch can be read at the on-line library at the Bones Journal web site.

On a personal note, I would add this. At the 2019 Oulipo writing workshop in Bourges, France, Ian Monk had us write a poem where each strophe begins with the same short phrase of our choosing (like his own *Aujourd'hui le soleil* [today the sun], 2019). Had I been familiar with the likes of Welch's *Eyeball Kicks* et al, I'd have been inspired to produce something much more imaginative, adventurous and fun!



Between Satellites: Haiku and Asemic Writing by Dave Read.
BonesJournal.com, undated. PDF chapbook. 23 pages.

In this collection of twenty monostich haiku, Dave Read shows what this form can do, as meaning slides into unexpected places.

she turns to leave my paradigm

There is room for word play.

an iceberg the size of Manhattan breaking dawn

On occasion, Read punctuates, which is counterintuitive, the monostich haiku having as its poetics the shifting connectivity of adjacent words.

just pretending. to be. mist on a stone

Here, however, the decision is well served: the invitation to stop seems stronger than that of a line break.

As to asemic writing, it is writing with no semes, a term in linguistics for a unit of meaning. These are mysteriously cryptic, as if there *ought* to be meaning, if only we could read it.



The collection itself, however, *can* be read, and it is definitely worth taking a look. It's in the library at bonesjournal.com.



Endangered Metaphors, by George Swede. BonesJournal.com, 2020. PDF chapbook, 24 pp.

After reading so much of George Swede's writing, his haiku as well as his critical writing, it is a revelation to me to read these twenty-one poems because it is a departure — for me — simply a side of Swede's writing I had not been familiar with — till now.

The title says it all: metaphors are a lovely source of play and word play, and Swede makes imaginative use of these while simultaneously commenting in careful statements about the scariness of reality. This poem aptly sums up life on our planet.

the game with
seven billion players
one ball

He juxtaposes the practicalities of that life, again, with that same life's existential angst — “shopping list running out of despair”; and conveys the realities of our loneliness — “from inside the Rembrandt the empty museum[.]”

And although permissions are not needed, the nicest bonus about this book is the permissions it gives.



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Journals of Interest

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

Modern Haiku, An Independent Journal of Haiku and Haiku Studies. Paul Miller, Editor. www.modernhaiku.org

Frogpond, The Journal of the Haiku Society of America. Michael Ketchek, Editor. www.hsa-haiku.org/frogpond

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

Kō. Kōko Katō, Editor. 1-36-7 Ishida cho, Mizuho-ku, Nagoya, Japan 467-0067, \$20US (no cheques or money orders) for two issues.

HI. Haiku International Assoc., 7th Floor, Azuma Building, 2-7 Ichigaya-Tamachi, Shinjuku-ku, Tokyo, 162-0843, Japan. Membership: \$50 US. haiku-hia.com/index_en.html

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

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

Ribbons: Tanka Society of America Journal, 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. www17.plala.or.jp/ITS117/English%20index.html

Kingfisher, biannual journal of haiku and senryu, Tanya McDonald, Editor. 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

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

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 other small poems. Kathe Palka &
Peter Newton, editors. www.tinywords.com

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

mittensmitten

Debbie Strange

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.

Errata

It has come to our attention that there was an error in the review of *Leaf Racking* by Mike Morrel and edited by Stanford M. Forrester. The Front Cover photo of the book was taken by Stanford M. Forrester and not Mike Morrel.

On page 26 of the October 2020 issue, there was a cut and paste error with a haiku attributed to Sheila Bella. It should be Sheila Bello.



Haiku Canada Review

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. In Canada, anything posted on social media, blogs and websites is considered 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

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

Soumissions en français :

– haïkus, selon le thème proposé
Claude Rodrigue, haikufrancais@haikucanada.org
– autres formes japonisantes
Mike Montreuil, publications@haikucanada.org

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

Haiku Canada Sheets are open to members only, or non-members by invitation. Published and unpublished work is considered for sheets. Sheet payment is 10 copies.

Haiku Canada E-News issues news provided by members and others in a timely manner. All news such as conferences, contests, deadlines, and regional news should be sent, copy ready, to:

Carole Daoust, Haiku Canada E-News Coordinator
newsletter@haikucanada.org

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

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

Membership & Subscriptions

\$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>

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NU: Position open

les montagnes s'éternisent sous les neiges éternelles un voyageur ordinaire
quelques mots dans un carnet instants rescapés de cette chimère flottante
c'était un château de glace c'est un tas de neige déprimante de fin d'hiver
crimes et tragédies dans le journal du matin leurs traces sur mes doigts
d'un jour à l'autre les choses se ressemblent mais les t-shirts s'usent
gratter le premier givre sur la vitre de l'auto avec des ongles courts
wii sports comme cadeau l'oncle et le neveu liés par les dragonnes
bagues et bracelets sur la peau de cette femme aux joues creuses
cet automne renaître en grand-père chercher un nom pour l'enfant
le vent se lève la pieuvre éolienne commence son chant fascinant
glisser sur les jours et tels les fruits du plateau être vieux trop tôt
poser un pied puis l'autre aucun désir de voler comme un oiseau
au coin de la rue dans la tasse du mendiant tombent des flocons
sur le pyjama d'un bébé endormi les yeux ouverts des moutons
photos de vacances entre leurs mains pâles nos corps bronzés
sur les trottoirs les ombres d'anciennes amours qui se croisent
-29 degrés celsius et ces filles qui essaient des bikinis en solde
dans son coin une plante négligée déroule une nouvelle feuille
tempête hivernale son texto annonce qu'ils ne pourront venir
il en discute le prix puis laisse là les roses l'amour a un prix
au buffet chinois la conversation voyage sur trois continents
faire les cent pas dans un stationnement sous les goélands
la lèvres percée du jeune homme qui mendie sous l'abribus
lundi matin soubresauts de l'autobus soupirs puis silence
une autre année un nouveau calendrier suspendu au mur
une simple vitre sépare déjà qui part de qui reste
et les murs et nos os que le temps travaille

je l'attends par la fenêtre embuée sa silhouette
en mode vibration ces mots qui piègent le cœur
sur un banc public petite pause au soleil de mai
ces choses de la vie dans une notice nécrologie
premiers flocons le sourire d'une voisine taciturne
là dans la rue un sans-abri semble si las de la rue
une jeune femme passe à cloche-pied sur la marelle
soleil du matin les miettes sur la table ont une ombre
un bouton défaut laisse entrevoir le tatou sur son sein
la retraite ne plus la compter en étoiles mais en lunes
le cerf-volant mis en bouteille le vent ne l'emporte plus
mains esseulées elle buvait ses mots il buvait ses yeux
tout le restaurant sur le dos de la cuiller tient facilement
cette cicatrice ne plus ressentir de mal qu'en la touchant
vente de garage première visite chez le deuxième voisin
des jours durant les médias retransmettent l'inimaginable
hp laserjet 4350dn la grosse boîte fourre-tout du sans-abri
assis sous les lilas les branches sans feuilles m'ensoleillaient
le goût du voyage par un après-midi où tout semble possible
un garçon passe pourchassant une cannette du pied gauche
le large sourire matinal de la serveuse qui va entre les tables
dans la poudrerie les couleurs vives des fruits sur le panneau
de nouvelle vague en nouvelle vague cheveux gris demandés
après des années une rencontre par hasard nos courts cheveux gris
toute cette violence contre la peau d'une lèvre pour rester impassible