

HAIKU CANADA REVIEW



Volume 15

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Number 2

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From the Editor . . .

Greetings,

Like many of you, I was hoping for some resemblance of normalcy after a year and a half of living under COVID. A part of me now begins to wonder, if normalcy will ever occur. The other part of me knows that things will never return to the way they were in the summer of 2019.

That being said, this issue tries to help us focus on the task ahead while remembering all of the unsolved problems that still face us on this planet.

Also, we are happy to include sketches from renowned printmaker Bernice Sorge. Please visit her website <https://bernicesorge.ca>

Mike Montreuil

Haiku Canada Review

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Claude Rodrigue, Éditeur des haïkus en langue française.

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forgotten combination to the safe word

Maxianne Berger

In Memory—Muriel Ford (1926–2021)

PART 1: Philomene Kocher

It is with sadness that I share the news with the Haiku Canada community of the passing of Muriel Ford on June 10. Her nephew, Bill Anderson, kindly notified us.

Her first haiku was published in *Modern Haiku*, and the editor wrote to her that it was the first time the magazine had published a “first” haiku.

switching on the lamp
recording another dream
the moth re-appears

Muriel’s first collection *At Any Time* (Éditions des petits nuages, 2016) included her poetry as well as several of her drawings and paintings — for she was accomplished as a visual artist, as well as a poet.

in the piazza
rain — and a symphony
of unseen doves

Muriel was fierce in her support of Haiku Canada, and worked with Marianne Bluger to create its constitution that still guides the organization today. In recognition of her substantial contributions to haiku in the early years, she was included in the recent book: *Moonflowers: Pioneering Women Haiku Poets in Canada* (Terry Ann Carter, catkin press, 2020).

transforming it —
crabapple blossoms
in the small strip mall

She was also a staunch supporter and friend to many in Haiku Canada, and showed this through her dedication to mail correspondence — and, more recently, the occasional phone call. Here's what she wrote to me in 2015: *What a fascinating group of people have been attracted to Haiku Canada.*

She sent me this poem a few years ago, and I share it here as a tribute and blessing.

those stones
formed by water
now sing with it



Part 2: Kim Horne

My heart at the moment is very heavy and it will help sharing some of the memories with others.

We all miss Muriel Ford who passed away on June 20th, 2021, and I would like to share with you some of her haiku submitted to e-Kukai and celebrate her extraordinary life. She was to be 95 on December 22.

Muriel was a member of e-Kukai since its conception in 2012 till last year and never missed the deadline for submission or comment four times annually despite her situation of having no computer, relying on Canada Post and her own handwriting. Along the way, we exchanged a lot of talks, particularly on art. In the mid 1990s she showed me her artistic talent when she stayed at B & B in Niagara, and I admired her sensitivity toward things around and including haiku.

Most of us saw Muriel the last time when she showed up at the Haiku Canada Conference in Toronto because her residence was not too far from the conference location.

Her haiku:

shadows
of lace hummingbirds
in the moon light
(2013)

harp music
ripples through the rose
and me
(2014)

walking on the floor
of a long dead sea
cows too
(2015)

autumn glory
traffic hum drifts into
a city ravine
(2016)

lobbying
for flower status —
tall dandelions
(2018)

swallows dart
through sunbeams and dust
in the old barn
(2020)



Haiku Plus

river smooth
a token left
on my sill

Joanna Ashwell

mud
in the well —
too many wishes

Munira Judith Avinger

rock in its path
the pause of an ant
before turning

Sheila Bello

beaver slicks
along the dike trail
vanishing contrails

Brad Bennett

where wreaths are laid
perennials bloom
at the monument

Frances Mary Bishop

rain drops
each one carrying
its own moon

Marjorie Bruhmuller

snowbound
a wheaties box
dines with me

Alanna C. Burke

my stories
confined in a page—
forget-me-not

Benedetta Cardone

old Mushroom
sensitive to light
my heavy head

Louise Carson

empty nest
she tugs the bedsheets
tighter

Antoinette Cheung

divorce papers . . .
time to separate
the lemon iris

Susan Colpitts

quarter moon
the crease in her cheek
when she smiled

Vera Constantineau

indicted lawyer
a blueberry pancake
ripe for flipping

Bill Cooper

bouncing ball . . .
a boy runs after
the cottontail

Ellen Cooper

the changing pitch
of her grandson's voice
autumn distance

Jeanne Cook

long lockdown
the never-ending
circle of koi fish

Alvin B. Cruz

holiday's end
squeezing out the last bit
of toothpaste

Dan Curtis

stuck for words
now and then
low tides

Maya Daneva

away at college . . .
the dog naps in his room
at home

Charlotte Digregorio

clearing sky
the sparkles in
damp mud

Janice Doppler

little sister's
yellowed letters . . .
your sweet innocence
stolen
by the years

Marje Dyck

mountain track
a thrush call
in & out of my step

Jenny Fraser

zen meditation
trying hard to think . . .
about nothing

Jay Friedenberg

bifocal prescription
seeing her again
for the first time

Joshua Gage

desert winds
the heat and dust
of old aspirations

William Scott Galasso

graveyard
the moon bathing
all of them

Mike Gallagher

long ago afternoons
in a seashore town . . .
the paperboy's singsong

Barry George

the taste
of another tongue
foreign port

Benedict Grant

roaming eternally
this book that carries
my name
my gift
to the world

Élisabeth Guichard

his old eyes
see the tree once a sapling
once a boy

Arch Haslett

rain runs
down grass blades . . .
all her spoken words

Richard He

lightning strike
if I hadn't been
moving

Brendan Hewitt

beach sun
our grandson picks a shell
the wave had

Gary Hotham

dandelions
dent-de-lion
dot the lawn . . .
bouquets for mamie
jars of wishes for me

Louisa Howerow

Saturday morning heat
when all the power tools stop
cicadas

Marshall Hryciuk

kitchen table . . .
the chatter of farm kids
plucking chickens

Elinor Huggett

rain-fed stone
slowly
a smile

Alegria Imperial

in the bookcase
dictionaries for a
dead language

Deborah Karl-Brandt

border lake
gulls cross over
the eclipse

Deb Koen

shell gathering
her collection
of stray people

Deborah P Kolodji

summer night—
in her sequined dress
she becomes starlight

Angela Leuck

summer drought
the woodpecker's drumming
becomes a summons

Kristen Lindquist

news after news
of record-shattering heat
day after day
a homeless man evicted
into the mayor's silence

Chen-ou Liu

on my balcony
the light fading
in a sparrow's eye

Vicki McCullough

trip cancelled
we buy souvenirs
at Goodwill

Joanne Morcom

seeking solace . . .
her daily stroll
among the graves

Luciana Moretto

kamloops graveyard
the wilted heads of buttercups
mown down

Isabella Mori

mirror:
serene in my
leisure

Rimi Nath

galaxy t-shirt
dandruff hides
among the stars

David Oates

hanging cloud
the hair of an old man
in a photogravure

Nola Obee

without her —
more stones than water
in our summer creek

Victor Ortiz

a rose
long past time
barfly

Roland Packer

an old garden shop
closing for all time —
east corner purple in summer
— west corner red in winter
unstopping

Brent Partridge

the morning train . . .
journey of water
from ocean to rain

Amarutha Prabhu

the homeless man
curled up in a doorway
sickle moon

John Quinnett

hearts and flowers
embossed on life
his

Joan Roberts

choir door
rime
over the ring

Lyle Rumpel

noon beach
snoozing long enough
to grow a shadow

Liv Saint James

graveyard
all the hands stuck
at twelve

Srinivasa Rao Sambangi

becoming
who she is
starry fields

Derek Sprecksel

clear conscience
a loon's call drifts
into morning

Debbie Strange

part green part yellow
ginkgo leaves
know the truth

Luminita Suse

abandoned homestead
a divining rod
against the fence

George Swede

clear-cutting
the morning sinuses
meth burn

Jack Vian

inner tube
my childhood river
in need of a spare

Robert Witmer

church thrift shop
another dusty saint
falls to the floor

Geneviève Wynand

P
E
A
C
E
T
O
W
E
R

we get an A
for eh

(for Deb Koen)

LeRoy Gorman

hop, skip

p
o
v
e
r
t
y

l
i
n
e

and a jump

Roland Packer



La maison

Haïkus réunis par *Claude Rodrigue*

rêve de maison
son enfant lui construit
un château de sable

Éléonore Nickolay

soirée arrosée
il reste dormir sur place
l'escargot

Jo(sette) Pellet

café matinal
sa future maison
au crayon

Cudillero Plume

à l'orée des bois
la maison de mon enfance
m'a faite comme je suis

Micheline Comtois

retour dans la maison familiale
comme il grince
le portail de l'entrée

Samuel Marin-Boche

maison d'enfance
sur le seuil elle dépose
ses soucis

Sandrine Waronski

rentrer à la maison
elle caresse l'icône
et la photo de sa mère

Maria Tirenescu

un courant d'air
traverse la maison
retour de mon père

Christiane Ranieri

dans ma maison
une grande fenêtre
sur le fleuve

Monique Pagé

jour de canicule
un moustique et moi
claquemurés

Marie Derley

retour de voyage
plaisir d'être étranger
dans sa maison

Jean Antonini

sarabande au grenier
musaraignes et loirs
ne m'invitent pas à la fête

Marc Bonetto

casser maison
dans un bac le p'tit Jésus
libéré de sa croix

Sandra St-Laurent

libérer la maison
dans le dernier tiroir
les diplômes de maman

Monique Lévesque

déménagement
peu à peu le vide meuble
les pièces

Marie-Alice Maire

casser maison
dans une boîte au grenier
quatre albums de bébé

Géralda Lafrance

maison désertée
seul un bruit d'ailes de mouche
dans la pénombre

Françoise Maurice

chrysanthème en fleurs
cette nuit les vieilles poutres
parlent de ma mère

Yann Redor

jour de l'enterrement
la maison est pleine
de vides

Louisa Howerow

dernier regard
vers la maison vendue
la gouttière se vide

Anne-Marie Labelle

« l'amour vous sourit
dans la huitième maison »
dixit le biscuit

Diane Descôteaux

porte Art nouveau
le même grincement
que les autres

Iocasta Huppen

histoire sans paroles
se racontent d'antiques demeures
exsangues et belles

Jean-Pierre Marcadier

bouquet géant
près de la maison ancestrale
le pommier en fleurs

Claude Rodrigue

ce parfum...
sur la façade lépreuse
s'épanche un figuier

Danièle Duteil

maison délabrée
l'hirondelle remplit un trou
de son nid fleuri

Rodica P. Calotă

maison abandonnée
par les fenêtres béantes
l'écho des vents

Geneviève Rey

maison d'enfance
on coupe le lierre
pour y entrer

Lavana Kray

mas à l'abandon
la vieille glycine verrouille
la grille

Françoise Deniaud-Lelièvre

dans la vieille grange
les deux vélos de l'exode
reposent en paix

Cécile Magnier-Cotte

petite maison blanche
survivante du drame
au Lac St-Jean

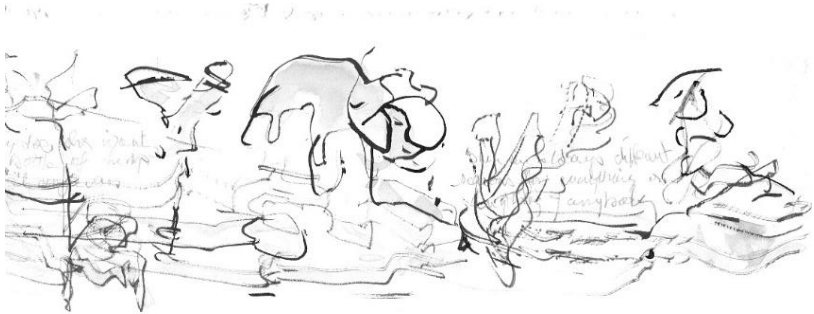
Liette Janelle



« Ce ne sont pas les pierres qui bâtissent la maison, mais les hôtes. »

Proverbe indien

Prochain thème: **Les animaux sauvages.**



au delà de ces pages ...

Nous voici en septembre 2021. Ce qui n'a pas changé, d'avant, de pendant et encore de maintenant, en ce temps de vigilance post-vaccin, c'est l'« invitation » de la poésie: vers d'autres mondes et également vers nos propres pensées, simultanément. L'invitation est en cours et nous n'avons pas à nous soucier d'en épuiser l'accueil. Bonne lecture!

Maxianne Berger
coordonnatrice des recensions



Recensions ...

Mon été haïku par Jeanne Painchaud, illustrations de Chloloula, Montréal, Éditions Druide (coll. Petite marmite), 2021. 978-2-89711-556-2, 52 pages. 19,95 \$ CAN.

Le projet est né à la suite d'une résidence d'écrivain à la Bibliothèque de Pointe-aux-Trembles (Montréal) en 2017 (six mois) et d'une autre à celle d'Arts et de rêves en 2018 (deux semaines) à Sutton.

L'histoire de *Mon été haïku* débute après le déménagement de Jeanne. Elle rencontre Thomas (10 ans) et Billie (7 ans), les enfants de ses nouveaux propriétaires qui sont intrigués par le haïku. Chaque soir, ils reviennent la voir pour en savoir un peu plus. Paradoxalement, elle ne veut pas être traitée de « TOP Grincheuse du quartier ». Elle essaie de les éloigner par différents moyens de se garder du temps pour l'écriture de son recueil de haïkus. Peine perdue. Bien malgré elle, la poète les

initie à l'art du haïku, pendant qu'au fil des pages se révèle la raison empêchant la famille de s'éloigner de la ville. Elle cogite différentes activités pour les deux enfants. Finalement, avec leur aide, elle organise une soirée-activité haïku pour les enfants et les adultes du quartier, par exemple, un parent qui s'essaie avec « chez la voisine d'en haut/ nos enfants retrouvent le sourire/ magie du haïku » (p. 37) ou Billie qui parle d'un « nouveau voisin/ il est baveux/ l'escargot » (p. 29).

Vous pourrez lire 62 poètes-haïkistes qui ont participé à l'album jeunesse dont 8 Japonais (8), 44 francophones canadiens (66) et 10 enfants de niveau primaire (10) pour un corpus de 84 haïkus. Jeanne Painchaud a laissé beaucoup de place aux poètes. Elle n'a utilisé que 6 de ses haïkus, déjà publiés, qui font sourire comme celui-ci : « insectarium/ manque de courage devant une/ sauterelle sauce soya » (p. 30). Nous pouvons aussi lire plusieurs de ses créations par la bouche de ses personnages : « le tonnerre/ il y en a aussi un/ en moi » (p. 17). Après une première lecture, essayez celle-ci à haute voix, vous découvrirez un autre registre.

À la fin de l'album papier, l'autrice a inséré un dossier pédagogique de 5 pages, avec des suggestions pour animer des ateliers auprès des jeunes qu'elle fréquente depuis une quinzaine d'années. Vous trouverez, entre autres, 10 conseils d'écriture et 6 techniques de bricolage pour les enfants dont un carnet d'écriture, un jeu de marelle... On peut également obtenir gratuitement des fiches pédagogiques sur le site de la maison d'éditions *Druide*. Ce sont de petits trésors d'activités à exploiter par les enseignants.

Chloloula (Chloé Germain-Thérien), l'illustratrice, a dessiné les personnages en à-plat. Les dessins situent le lecteur dans une ambiance estivale, baignant dans une atmosphère chaude et réconfortante, soit dans un parc ou dans les ruelles de la grande

ville, parfois sous la pluie ou lors d'une soirée de feux d'artifice, etc. Les deux enfants ont les cheveux frisés et la peau foncée. Quant au personnage de Jeanne, elle ressemble à l'autrice. L'album est très coloré, mais jamais surchargé. La répartition du texte parsemé de haïkus et des dessins est adéquate, sans excès. Les arrière-plans sur lesquels reposent les textes (histoire et haïkus) sont variés.

D'un point de vue sociologique, son approche est plus qu'intéressante. Je laisse la découverte et l'utilisation de cet aspect aux parents et aux enseignants. L'album *Mon été haïku*, aussi ludique qu'instructif, dégage une ambiance festive. C'est un magnifique livre jeunesse à se procurer pour le plaisir des yeux, la belle sélection des haïkus et la finesse de l'écriture.

recension par Claude Rodrigue



angle mort, haïku, André Duhaime; photographie, Raymond Aubin. Ottawa: Éditions des petits nuages, 2020. 978-1-926519-52-4. viii + 66 pages.

Les routes. Les chemins. Les rues. Pour automobiles, vélos et piétons. Surtout dans la ville—autant les secteurs commerciaux et industriels que résidentiels. L'angle mort. Ce que l'on ne voit pas dans le rétroviseur—« un cycliste/[...] / que je ne vois plus » (p. 19). André Duhaime et Raymond Aubin nous prêtent leurs yeux.

Ce recueil montre toute la prouesse d'observation d'un maître haïkiste. Duhaime a organisé les poèmes selon les saisons, en commençant et en terminant avec l'hiver—car c'est bien l'hiver qui définit notre chez-nous. Mais bien d'autres petits détails aussi représentent nos réalités quotidiennes.

Par exemple, au volant, on doit faire attention aux enfants :
« bottes et motton de glace/ des garçons jouent/ hockey sur la
rue » (p. 8).

Nos printemps arrivent dans les traces de l'hiver, et des passants
inconnus sont prêts à le démontrer: « matin de printemps/ un
bonhomme sourire/ sur une auto sale » (p. 21).

Le vocabulaire de l'hiver—dans ce cas, du ski alpin—est présent
en plein été: « zone de construction/ un cycliste slalome/ entre
les cônes orange » (p. 42).

L'angle mort n'est pas uniquement un point de manque
d'optique. Avec nos hivers, il y a le voile de la poudrerie, et
l'aveuglement volontaire de « déplacer l'auto/ sans la déneiger »
(p. 13). En automne, « dans le brouillard/ voir ni devant ni
derrière/ le réel de novembre » (p. 49)

Entre les haïkus, huit photos panoramiques remplissent deux
pages qui se font face: les rues et chemins et ce et ceux qui s'y
trouvent. C'est pour accommoder ces photos que le livre mesure
21.5cm de large sur 14cm de haut. Cette disposition permet aux
trois haïkus sur chaque page d'être placés en « escalier » avec
beaucoup de blanc autour.

Duhaime clôt son livre avec une ouverture sur l'avenir (p. 66).

fatigue du voyage
les paupières mi-closes
la route continue

C'est bien la route du haïku. Merci André Duhaime.

recension par Maxianne Berger



Le haïku en 17 clés, Dominique Chipot. Illustrations, Anna Maria Riccobono. Paris: Éditions Pippa, 2021. 978-37679-050-1. 240 pages. 20€. www.pippa.fr

Un manuel sur le haïku: Dominique Chipot offre autant aux curieux qu'aux poètes et aux animatrices et animateurs d'ateliers, un livre compact et plein de renseignements utiles et intéressants, appuyés et illustrés par des exemples pertinents et justes.

Le nombre de « clés » est symbolique, cependant Chipot sait comment organiser des données, ces 17 clés étant réparties en 3 sections: « Découvrir », « Approfondir » et « Poursuivre ». Parmi les 7 clés de la première section, on trouve les origines japonaises et la pratique en français. Chipot traite de « L'art de la rhétorique » du haïku aussi, et insiste sur la simplicité. Cet aspect se poursuit dans « L'art du dépouillement » et dans « L'art du banal ». Le « banal »!? « Style minimal, format minimal, syntaxe et vocabulaire simples au service d'une habile évocation des sensations. [¶] Telle est la base du haïku banal qui se doit de *transcender le banal*. » (p. 100; mes italiques)

La deuxième section, « Approfondir », contient 8 chapitres sur la composition même du haïku. Chipot considère le choix des mots, le rythme, les verbes, le « je », le kigo.

Dans le chapitre « Rhythm and ku » il compare le vide autour des mots, sur la page, et le vide métaphorique entre les mots, et conclut: « Ce n'est pas du vide qui l'entoure dont le haïku a besoin, c'est du vide entre les mots, du non-dit. » (p. 127).

Le bobo/Du bébé/A remué cinq étages

Julien Vocance (p. 128)

Dans « La relativité du réel » Chipot rappelle l'importance de la

participation du lecteur: « Pour le lecteur, un haïku ne peut vivre que s'il peut y projeter ses propres sensations, souvenirs de ses expériences. » (p. 161)

«L'illusionniste» *haijin* organise les éléments. Chipot utilise le langage du scénariste. Par exemple, l'« effet de grand-angle »:

Marché de Noël –/ je regarde voler/ des oies en partance
DC (p. 182)

Pour la dernière section du livre, Chipot parle de « L'esthétique japonaise ». On y retrouve parmi plus d'une douzaine de concepts, le mystère du *yūgen* et la mélancolie de l'*aware*.

*Poètes émus par les cris des singes,
entendez-vous l'enfant abandonné
dans le vent d'automne ?* Bashō (p. 199)

Et certes, Chipot parle du *wabi-sabi*—« l'humble beauté des choses simples, patinées par les années et les épreuves » (p. 202).

*Des gardiens des fleurs
têtes blanches tous les deux
en train de causer* Kyorai (p. 202)

Chipot termine ce recueil avec l'importance de « Suivre sa voie »: « *Haïkudō*, la voie du haïku, est un chemin à parcourir, non pour atteindre un but déterminé mais pour poursuivre cette découverte ... » (p. 214).

Le haïku en 17 clés de Dominique Chipot est soucieux et clair. Sans être ultra-prescriptif, il s'agit d'un excellent guide accompagnateur à la découverte du *Haïkudō*.

recension par Maxianne Berger

Haibun

Chinatown

Angela Leuck

I'm walking in New York's Chinatown with the man who will eventually become my husband. We're here on a 5-day visit—our first together, as well as my first to the Big Apple. We've walked miles every day, seeing as many of the sites as our feet will allow. Now it's suppertime on our last evening, and we're trying to decide on a restaurant. There are so many. How can anyone choose? We wander up and down the streets reading the menus posted outside. We pass one restaurant, nondescript, not much different than the others; we both look at each other and agree, this is the one! We have the best Chinese food I have ever tasted. Maybe all the restaurants here are good, or maybe it's being in love in New York on a warmish day in early January that makes the food taste so good. When we've finished eating, our waiter brings us each a fortune cookie. Mine tells me to accept the next job offer I receive. I fold the tiny slip of paper and put it into my wallet. When I get home to Montreal, I listen to a message on my answering machine. It's offering me an ESL contract. The college needed someone immediately. The teacher who had been hired was ill and had cancelled. Of course, I said yes. I packed my bags and a few days later caught a plane to teach abroad for 2 months.

Beijing Airport
a fortune cookie message
flutters to the ground



Deep Time

Tanya McDonald

The stone I pocket each morning is from a river I met the summer before I met you. Pale and striated, a scar of sediment bisects its uneven shape. Someday, I will drop it warm into your palm, study your stubbled face as you examine it, tell me what kind it is, how old it is, and how it was formed.

the months since
and the months until . . .
pilot light blue



Shikoku

Robert Witmer

Another day of cycling along the coast of Shikoku. Past a pack of curious macaques — seeing, hearing, and speaking no evil — I push on in the gloaming round the beautiful Ashizuri Misaki, until, well after dark, I reach a tiny village by the sea.

I set up my tent on the beach and go in search of food. There are no eateries I see, but there is a general store, closed it seems, though a faint light is visible through the glass-windowed doors.

I slide open one of the doors and call in a greeting. It's alright, come in, a friendly voice replies — and so, with my foreign face,

helmet and odd-looking bicycling gloves, I enter and start to peruse the aisles for snacks I might munch in my tent. Sardines, peanuts, dried seaweed and a can of beer — that should do the trick.

I make my way to the counter to pay, and call again to the proprietor, who has, in that trusting Japanese village way, let me roam the shop alone. She appears. Middle-aged, fresh from the bath by the smell of things, smiling. She is wearing something like a loose skirt, though I really don't see that clearly, for she is naked from the waist up.

I remember those old National Geographics that my adolescent friends and I would rifle through in the school library, looking for the latest exposé from some exotic land where the people have a rather different sense of modesty from what we learn in Middle America. I smile back at her smile but immediately drop my eyes to my purse, where I pull out the coins for my purchase. She smiles again, takes the coins, thanks me — and that's it. I walk out of the shop, ride my bike back to the beach, stare at the sea and sip my beer. Negative capability Keats called it: "being in uncertainties, mysteries, doubts, without any irritable reaching after fact and reason."

expatriate
returning home
from home



without a word

Pearl Pirie

Dear Dad,

I thought I was clever at 17, when at dusk I put the step ladder casually next to my bedroom window so I wouldn't have to jump down with a thump. Who came and checked on me in my sleep? Mom? Bet she got you out of bed.

When I came back from sitting out in the 3 a.m. forest, the ladder was gone. No light. No one waiting up. I had to get the spare key and cross the kitchen's two squeaky floorboards. At breakfast no one mentioned anything.

night quiet
up into the trees
white arms of cars

And when I was siphoning your gin faster than you were drinking it, and adding a little water, one evening, when mom was out of the room, you looked me in the eye, smacked your lips and said, *they don't make it as strong as they used to*. No accusations, no reference to it again. I knew I was busted. And if I did it again, you'd tell tea-tootling mother.

her crocheted slippers
the yellow drawstring
of the Crown Royal bag



Linked Verses and Sequences

Here'sh Lookin' at You, Kid

Tanya McDonald & *Lew Watts*

the sharp snap
of a parsnip
new implants

*“red lorry, yellow lorry”
until the baby giggles*

tongue twister
finding my way
past her braces

*late shift –
giving him a lift
just for that lilt . . .*

. . . or lisp, loving
each dental fricative

*Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogery-
chwyrndrobwlllantysiliogogoch
his sixteen-karat smile*



jazz club conversation in e minor

Aaron Barry

August's Innocence

Ignatius Fay & Robert Piotrowski

chasing crayfish
among the river stones
slippery green algae

*jostling for footholds
water striders*

drying in the sun
wearing only briefs . . .
what Dad doesn't know

*drifting in and out
of boyish daydreams
this growing thirst*

stopping in the yard
to drink right from the hose

*sneaking the day's catch
into the house
warbler's song*



whatdovehavehere

Aaron Barry

A Quintet of Haiku (in the time of Covid)

Dina E Cox

brass quintet
a dry leaf drifts
into the tuba's bell

first day of fall
the dissonant shriek
of a blue jay

a last, lazy bee
buzzes the bell
of my French horn

"Stardust"
from line to line
one wasp ascending

empty feeder
under the thinning maple
two red lawn chairs



daybreak I trap the light in my soul

Mariangela Canzi

Belvedere

Hans Jongman

Welland Canal
the slow passage
of a summer day

leaping off the bridge
cormorants

sprinkle of rain
the old paving bricks
glisten once again

roosters after a hen
their fiery red cockscombs

a midnight tryst
returning to the heart
of the ship

blue-veined hands hold
the aerogram's lightness



(ir)rational thinking you might even be right

Debbie Strange

Echoes of Peace

by Jo Balistreri and *Wilda Morris*

Hiroshima peace park
an elderly man bends
to the blossoms

sunrise
dew on the branches

origami cranes
in the lobby's warm-air currents
senior living

a goldfinch lands
in his outstretched hand —
St. Francis

tendrils of sweet peas
the fragrant sound of windchimes

children's voices
echoing
*Let it begin with me**

* The quote in the last line is from the song, "Let There Be Peace on Earth," written in 1955 by Jill Jackson-Miller and Sy Miller.



Mile 0

Jacque Pearce & Alan S. Bridges

taking only
what they can carry
flood refugees

*the white of a snowshoe hare
against the brown of the earth*

drifting smoke . . .
the full moon
blood-red

*searing heat
the starch
in a congressman's collar*

another species
gaining latitude

*relentless sun
cattle waiting
by the dried-up pond*



the ball rolling forever through my little league legs

Robert Witmer

Shaughnessy

sunbreak . . .

a crème brûlée

between us

Michael Dylan Welch

lemon tart

is she?

Alegria Imperial

New York cheesecake

jazz

on the side

kjmunro

sticky toffee pudding

may I borrow a spoon?

Susan Munro

housemade sorbet

melting

our conversation

Carole MacRury

chocolate pannacotta

to go or not to go?

Vicki McCullough

Written on 13 April 2019, at Shaughnessy Restaurant, VanDusen Garden, Vancouver, British Columbia, inspired by all the options on the restaurant's dessert menu. Written after the first day of the 2019 Sakura Days Japan Fair sponsored by the Vancouver Cherry Blossom Festival.



campaign sequence

pivot

wheel

pirouette

circle

twirl

rotate

spin

LeRoy Gorman



A Bowl of Windfall Apples

reunion
we gather around a bowl
of windfall apples CM

Birch twigs skitter
across my skylight SS

messages
written in the lines
of migrating birds AW

rain puddles reflecting the colors
of children's umbrellas GE

she shares
her s'more
in the moonlight JG

I release the firefly
from my cupped hands JG

only a few Trumpers
smart enough to mask
at the August rally GE

the date begins
with oyster shooters PG

they save
their mother tongue
for love talk CM

lost deep inside
the comfort of routine PG

side by side
they fall asleep
while watching porn GE

after the downhill run
her frozen smile GE

a snowman
has only the moon
for company SS

there is no plan
and no planet B AW

a firefighter
gets the news
of his burned-out home JG

my old slide of Paris
taken from Notre Dame PG

in the open guitar case
more blossoms
than coins CM

Paschal mystery
revelations on Zoom AW

spring frenzy
stealing fledglings
to feed his eaglets LJ

the toddler whirls around the bar stool	SS
a Chinese satellite burning up over Bellingham	PG
Buddha Board footprints in the sand	JG
eye to eye a 17-year locust on my hand	GE
waitress in a red dress gets an extra tip	VO
elopement they couldn't wait for COVID to be over	PG
the kids asleep we talk about the kids	SS
no easy answer to the doctor's question about their sex life	SS
tomato plants drooping with spider webs and dew	GE
first light new craters on the moon from our back yard	VO

a sidewalk slippery with fallen leaves	LJ
carving pumpkins I roast the seeds with salt and pepper	JG
we kayak to shore telling our stories	VO
from down the canyon peals of laughter echo our own	GE
seedlings in new pots	LJ
Stravinsky the bassoon fills with blossoms	LJ
at the farmers' market the scent of hugging	VO

Renku composed via Zoom on September 25, 2020 and June 4, 2021

Contributors

CM Carole MacRury, Point Roberts, WA
 SS Sheila Sondik, Bellingham, WA
 AW Alison Woolpert, Santa Cruz, CA
 GE Gary Evans, Stanwood, WA
 JG John S Green, Bellingham, WA
 PG Patrick Gallagher, *Sabaki*, Anacortes, WA
 LJ Lynne Jambor, Vancouver, BC
 VO Victor Ortiz, Bellingham, WA

Covert 20

by Gerald St. Maur

Faceless eyes
searching the meaning
of muffled tones.

Together masked,
the silent drumbeat
unites us.

Parting,
the missing handshake
divides us.

Memory
fades into the past.
The die now cast?

Now alone,
the spirit awaits
uprising.



Beyond these pages . . .

It is September, 2021. What has not changed, from before, during and still now, in these times of post-vaccine vigilance, is the “invitation” of poetry: into other worlds and also into our own thoughts, simultaneously. The invitation is ongoing, and we needn’t be concerned about wearing out the welcome. Happy reading!

Maxianne Berger
Book Reviews Coordinator



Reviews . . .

Wind on the Heath: New and Selected Poems, by Naomi Beth Wakan. Brunswick, ME: Shanti Arts Publishing, 2020. 978-1-951651-55-8. 222 pp. \$18.95 USD. www.shantiarts.com

The deeply-hued colours of heather, gorse, and sky on the cover of *Wind on the Heath* convey a sombre beauty, but the inside pages illumine a lively life and mind. I have known poet and literary ambassador Naomi Beth Wakan, who hosted the annual haiku gathering on Gabriola Island from 2002–2013, for almost 20 years. A gift of her work is that the person one encounters on-the-ground in face-time comes beautifully alive on the page. Playful and opinionated, witty and often wise, she holds the bitter with the sweet, seeking “to find duende in the everyday.” Wakan identifies herself in the preface as “basically a personal essayist,” but admits that “poetry in the form of haiku, tanka, and free verse has occupied a large percentage of my waking hours and many of my sleeping ones.”

This collection, published in her 89th year, spans roughly 65 years of her life — from childhood in the carny town of Blackpool in the UK, to teaching English in Japan, to blossoming as a writer on the fertile ground of Gabriola Island in British Columbia, to the slow dance with approaching death.

The book is sectioned into previously unpublished poems written in her late 20s and 30s; selections from three earlier poetry collections, *Segues* (2005), *Sex After 70 and Other Poems* (2010), and *And After 80 . . .* (2013); samplings from her term as inaugural poet laureate for the city of Nanaimo, British Columbia (2014–2016); and new poems written between 2018 and 2020. Among the 24 longer poems that served the laureate mandate, a good number elucidate and extol the value — for everyone — of hearing, reading, and writing poetry. Thirteen pages of discrete haiku and/or tanka are identified by the italicized text on these untitled pages, and additionally, there are 27 sequences or thematically collected haiku and/or tanka, for a total of 68 haiku and 183 tanka bookwide.

Haiku and tanka themes often figure in some of the 104 longer, free-verse poems, which include the now ubiquitous (on the Canadian west coast, at least) “How to Write a Haiku.” And in the hilarious “Sex After 70,” her publisher is flummoxed when she insists — waxing rhapsodic about “how each noun condenses a universe” and how “the pause at the 5th or 12th syllable, opens so many possibilities to dwarf all orgasms” — that her next book will be on haiku. In “Reprimand to Those Japanese Court Women” she gives snap-out-of-it advice to the lovelorn women of the Heian court, and in “The Uses of Tanka,” she writes: “These days, I write tanka/ when my haiku get uppity/ with the conceit that they have/ nailed the moment to the page.”

I’m partial to Naomi’s tanka, which with the longer poems well

serve her curious, essayist mind and her love of “linking the unlinkable.” Here are a few to enjoy:

summers long ago,
before sunscreen was invented,
when we got burned
and peeled long strips of skin
from each other’s backs

This tanka is rife with nostalgia — yet there’s a hint of something darker, with “burned” and “strips” and “backs.” And from the constrained sequence “10 Tanka for Krishnamurti,” in which the last line is text quoted from religious philosopher and teacher Jiddu Krishnamurti:

going to
the ends of the earth
is a waste of energy
hang around the homestead for
truth may be under a dead leaf

Further regarding spirituality, from the sequence “The Meaning of Life”:

we all
find the Gods that
will work for us.
I watch Virtue and Moir
glide across the ice

I figure skated growing up and have remained a fan. It is true that not much approaches perfection like the dance team of Tessa Virtue and Scott Moir. Love and relationships, however, are rich with imperfection — Naomi’s husband, sculptor Eli Wakan, has a recurrent presence in the book, and there is much to be gleaned about how a healthy, co-operative marriage can work:

Valentine's day
is it massacre or love?
sometimes
it's hard to tell the difference . . .
he says he has no regrets

we lie together
like a knight and his lady
in a tomb effigy . . .
only the rise and fall of the covers
shows we are still of this world

This latter poem, with its prescient air, is from “Endpapers,” the sequence that concludes the collection. And that sequence concludes with the following haiku, which in a recent podcast interview Naomi cited as her death haiku (albeit the third line spoken as “I will so drift along”):

clouds move
across the skylight
I also drift along

I highly recommend welcoming *Wind on the Heath* to your home and bookshelf, so you, too, can hang out with Naomi Wakan from time to time.

review by Vicki McCullough



the toddler's chant, by Stanford M. Forrester. Colrain, MA:
Stark Mountain Press, 2020. 978-0-98322984-1. 136 pp.
bottlerocketspress.com

This is the third edition of Stanford M. Forrester's *toddler's chant*. The first was published by the author's own bottle rockets

press in 2009 and was 96 pages long. In her February 2010 review in the online journal LYNX, the late Jane Reichhold wrote (and this remains true today): “The haiku have a strong leaning toward Japanese images and way of seeing the world, and yet there is something so American, so East Coast American, so clearly Forrester’s own way of experiencing his life.” She also praised both Forrester’s skill in arranging his haiku as well as the foreword written by Michael Fessler.

A second edition appeared in 2012. Published by Stark Mountain Press of Jacksonville, Vermont, *the toddler’s chant* was expanded to 136 pages but retained the book’s initial size of 8½ by 5½ inches.

This most recent edition was once again published by Stark Mountain Press and contains the same number of pages but with a different front and back cover. It is also slightly smaller at 8 by 5½. Another difference is that the foreword by Michael Fessler has not been included.

While the reader might well hope that a third edition would include more of the author’s recent haiku, sadly, despite having added *tonight’s dinner*, *matcha*, *getaway car*, *orphan poems*, and *smiling anyway* to his list of publications, no new poems have been added, though several have been altered, giving insight into Forrester’s editorial choices. The poems on the left are those from the second edition, those on the right from the third.

after the bang	bits of paper & smoke...
bits of paper and smoke...	a bottle rocket
a bottle rocket	after the bang
afternoon light...	afternoon light
a single bird singing	a single bird singing
in the amphitheatre	in the amphitheatre

tumbled
pillars
crooked
shadows

tum
bled
pillars
crook
ed
sha
dows

autumn sky...
not a single cloud shaped
like Buddha

October sky...
not a single cloud shaped
like Buddha

Some haiku have become monostichs in the third edition.

Zen archery
letting go

Zen archery letting go

Jizō altar...
the faded face of a Kewpee doll

Jizō altar the faded face of a Kewpee doll

reruns
of Saturday morning cartoons
2AM

reruns of Saturday morning cartoons 2AM

Only one haiku has been omitted from the latest version

middle age—
sending more sympathy
than birthday cards

Readers familiar with Forrester's work will know his poems stand the test of time and many, if not already so, are on their way to becoming classics. For those unfamiliar with his work, this new edition provides an opportunity to discover it. The rest of us will wait expectantly for a fourth edition which we fervently hope will include a generous helping of the author's more recent haiku.

review by Angela Leuck



Histrionics: A Medley of Haiku & Haibun by Hans Jongman. Mississauga, Ontario: SureWay Press, 2021. 978-0-9739148-6-3. 82 pp.

Cashing in on Sunlight: haiku and tanka by Hans Jongman. Carleton Place, Ontario, Canada; Catkin Press, 2020. 978-0-928163-36-7. 82 pp.

Hans Jongman, a long-time member of Haiku Canada, has recently released two new books: *Histrionics* and *Cashing in on Sunlight*. The former is largely a collection of haibun with a handful of haiku sequences included, whereas the latter is a collection of haiku and tanka sequences. Both books showcase Jongman's wit, insight, and thematic range across their chosen forms.

In *Histrionics*, Jongman's haibun contain great variety. Ranging in length from a handful of sentences to several pages and expressing diversity of theme from light-hearted jokes to the impact of childhood anxiety, there is nothing narrow about Jongman's scope. In all cases, Jongman's prose is clear, straightforward and easy to read. Furthermore, his juxtaposition of haiku to prose often yields interesting results. Take, for example, the humorous haibun "Doggy Bag" (p 4). In the prose, Jongman recalls asking his grandson, who couldn't finish his

meal, if he wanted a doggy bag. The boy had never heard the expression and had no idea what his grandfather was talking about. This exchange between old man and child is set against the following haiku:

animal shelter
a stray dog tries
shaking a tick

Here, the dog's inability to shake off the tick is like the grandfather's inability to let go of old expressions.

A much different theme is presented by the haibun "Retention". Jongman articulates his initial childhood excitement of going to grade one against his disappointment and "lifetime of low self-esteem" upon being held back, as he much later discovers, for being "too playful". Here, he presents a sad and disturbing story of how such thoughtless judgment against a child can impact the rest of their lives. The differences between "Doggy Bag" and "Retention" highlight the variety, both in length and theme, of Jongman's haibun; variety that runs throughout the rest of the book.

Cashing in on Sunlight, on the other hand, is a book of haiku and tanka sequences. Some of the sequences present a very loose connection between the poems. In these, Jongman leaves a lot of room for interpretation in the relationship between the haiku. Take, for example, these two haiku in the order they appear in "Head Heavy" (p. 6):

chaining the tables
and chairs to the sidewalk
the moon reappears

in the playground
the father counts the children
over and over

Here, the first poem clearly informs the second. By recounting the children, the father is, metaphorically at least, ensuring they are “chained” in place. Furthermore, like the moon in the first haiku, the father is implicitly at a distance from the children in the playground. While there is no direct or causal link between the poems, the images loosely mirror and enrich each other through their juxtaposition.

In other sequences, however, the link between poems is clearer. “Squalls” (p. 37), for example, consistently articulates winter themes in each haiku. Variety on the winter theme is expressed throughout the sequence. Take the first and fourteenth poems:

Snow squalls
white knuckled against the pull
of the steering wheel

Christmas over
a struggle to fit the tree
back in its box

These two haiku present very different moods. The first effectively expresses the stress of winter driving, while the second presents a lighthearted, and somewhat melancholic, look at the end of the Christmas season. Despite their differences, both work within the context of “Squalls” and are aligned with its larger winter theme.

Both *Histrionics* and *Cashing in on Sunlight* are well-written books which showcase Jongman’s ability to tackle a variety of

subjects. While my favourite between the two is *Cashing in on Sunlight*, I recommend both books to all readers of haibun and haiku.

Review by Dave Read



Prairie Interludes, by Debbie Strange. UK: Snapshot Press, 2020. 36 pp. Winner of 2019 Snapshot Press chapbook award. snapshotpress.co.uk/ebooks/Prairie_Interludes.pdf

This tightly constrained chapbook shows us the prairies by glimpses. The whole set of haiku seems an appreciation with an attentive eye to light. It starts with poems of dark rain and overnight owls, setting the scene for light in the pelican's skin, light refracting off a wet beaver until we reach dusk again as a natural arc.

The haiku touch down from subjects in the air to literally ground, such as in this monostich.

washboard road every now and again not

This common experience is well expressed with a touch of humour.

Images are pastoral but not always quiet. There's an implicit danger of injury spotted through the stark beauty of the flatlands.

antelope
the humming of wind
in barbed wire

Even objects find their voices in this Strange frame. Where there is barbed wire, there is snagged skin and blood but, not yet. This poem like the wire is held in tension. Human invention is held in contrast to the other species in *antelope* and in *rusted nails*.

rusted rails
a meadowlark with the sun
in its throat

From the opening frame of the haiku, old and worn and inert wabi-sabi nails, we cut to embodiment of light and life and then expand with a twist of line 3. Is it the colour of sun at the neck, or the song itself bringing sunshine to the day, or singing what sunlight is in its song?

prairie dusk
the last braid of geese
comes undone

A poetic kind of view, where closure is an opening, a loosening into night. The cyclical nature suits the subject and gives a sense of finality, reinforced by a hook back to owls from near the beginning and a return to the opening point of ground level of a field.

Although the poems are widely published and awarded prizes, publications and honourable mentions, as a set they have a new kind of force by their arrangement together. Over the 36-page eChapbook, poems segue through the rural scenes sweetly.

Review by Pearl Pirie



Favorite Haiku and Other Collected Essays by H. F. Noyes, selected and edited by Jim Kacian. Winchester VA: Red Moon Press, 2021. 978-1-947271-81-4. 283 pp. redmoonpress.com

This comprehensive collection contains all five volumes of H. F. Noyes' Favorite Haiku and other essays published with Red Moon Press in the late twentieth century. The over 300 haiku, combined with Noyes' commentaries and quotes from a tremendous variety of writers, scholars, philosophers and mystics amount to a fascinating read.

Here's a haiku from volume four written by the female poet Chine-jo and translated by R. H. Blyth. According to Noyes, she likely lived hundreds of years ago and this one is her death poem. It's as enlightening today as it was then.

How easily it glows,
How easily it goes out —
The firefly.

Also in volume four is this sparkling gem from LeRoy Gorman. In just ten syllables, it tells a story with an ending that surprises and delights.

the old mine
a goldrush
of dandelions

Noyes comments on the contrast between the mine's darkness and the dandelions' brightness. He also singles out the word "goldrush" as ". . . among the most truly inspired I've encountered in haiku." I agree and would add that its placement in the second line connects the first and third lines ingeniously.

An outstanding senryu by Yvonne Hardenbrook appears in volume three.

fence fallen away
I close the rusted gate
behind me

As Noyes observes, Hardenbrook's awareness of her own absent-mindedness is engaging and pleasurable. There's also clever wordplay involved, as the poet's attention falls away like the old fence and her ability to concentrate seems a little rusty, like the gate. What's distracting her? Readers can only speculate.

Volume five is divided into three sections titled Haiku Spirit, Haiku Magic, and Haiku Techniques. The sections are instructional for both novice and experienced haiku poets, with references to numerous masters of the form, from the 17th century to the present. Here's one of Noyes' haiku from the final section that expresses the poet's heartfelt wish: "Let us write haiku sans frontières, in the spirit of One World and a new millennium:"

From all sides
the voice of the mountain ...
one world

Noyes' voice continues to resonate in his essays and his poetry that have stood the test of time. It's a voice that commands attention, softly yet insistently. *Favorite Haiku and Other Collected Essays* is an essential volume – for the haiku world and beyond. I'm thrilled to add it to my library as one of my most cherished books.

review by Joanne Morcom



Alone after being Alone by Jocelyne Villeneuve. Mike Montreuil, ed. Ottawa, ON: Éditions des petits nuages, 2020. 978-1-926519-47-0. 85pp. Canada\$20 (US\$25), postage included. mike58montreuil@gmail.com

All the world loves a love story. From Cleopatra and Marc Anthony to Dante and Beatrice, from Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn to Gertrude Stein and Alice B. Toklas, and even in the fictional Romeo and Juliet and Tawara Machi's imagined love saga in *Salad Anniversary*, the human race races toward love. Jocelyne Villeneuve's *Alone after being Alone* is a love story as well. Of a different kind. With the assistance of an Afterword by editor Mike Montreuil, we are given more clarity as to how this collection of poetry came to be published. He writes,

The haiku in this English language collection, by the late Jocelyne Villeneuve, form part of a much larger typed manuscript left behind, following her death in 1998, along with other haiku material.

The original manuscript, "Personal Haiku," consists of over 1500 poems, in chronological order, written from 1984 through 1986 [which explains some of the chapter titles]. Montreuil's "intention" with this collection is "to present the story behind the haiku in a more concise manner." He suggests the possibility of a fantasy: "perhaps Jocelyne Villeneuve took the persona of another woman." Then again, perhaps the story is true, "despite her physical limitations following a horrific car crash" Montreuil points out, however, that "the events present a one-sided view . . . 'walking on a one way street'". The man of these haiku had existed: "In this love story, confirmed by her brother Jacques, her adventure and its denouement are as important as the memories she recorded during those years."

And in the end, it is the poignant haiku that make this book shine, and for this I can forgive the somewhat confusing “set-up,” beginning with an epilogue usually used at the close, and section subtitles with names of persons we don’t know, and who are not “introduced.”

Some of the haiku speak of absence, where “silence speaks” and where

I leave
without the memory
of an outstretched hand

alone
after
being alone

Some reveal a tender togetherness, in which “quiet/ carries on our conversation,” and there is

candlelight in a boat dish
your smile
lighting the way

Along the journey of this love story, there are questions, complications, confusions. I suppose, like any love story . . .

let’s not do it
and say
we did

let’s do it
and say
we didn’t

Montreuil has done a fine job of sequencing the haiku — mysterious as some of them are. *Alone after being Alone* is a poignant collection by one of French Canada’s premiere haiku poets. Jocelyne Villeneuve wrote in both English and French, and it is suiting that she is honoured each year with a French-language haiku contest named in her memory. Highly recommended, with gorgeous interior book illustrations by Rebecca Cragg.

review by Terry Ann Carter



Window Seats: A Contemporary Anthology of Cat Haiku & Senryu, edited by Stanford M. Forrester/sekuro. Windsor CT: bottle rockets press, 2021. 978-1-7366037-1-0. 150++ pp. bottlerocketspress.com

I begin this review with the disclosure that I do have a poem included among the one hundred and fifty haiku that Stanford M. Forrester has gathered into these pages. And although he indicates in the Introduction that this book is “NOT” (his emphasis) “an haiku encyclopedia of cats,” we do meet cats of all stripes showing all their well-known behaviours, and beyond that, the humanity of our responses to them.

It is said that if you use masking tape to outline a small square on the floor, the cat will lie in it. Cats do look for marked off areas, as it were, and a simple piece of paper will do.

tax time
the missing receipt
under the cat

Jacquie Pearce

However babylike a cat sounds when “asking” for food, they are predators, both in play and in real life.

morning dark —
the cat stalks
my new fuzzy slippers Bonnie Stepenoff

neighborhood cats
another little pile of feathers
on my lawn kjmunro

There are cats who have no homes, and cats who do.

pussy willows
the swollen bellies
of feral cats Debbie Strange

sun puddle
my old cat
eases in Dan Curtis

The idea of “cats” can serve in ways beyond felinity. Robert Piotrowski’s juxtaposition establishes a fascinating comparison.

like Kerouac and Hemingway
I too love cats but
that’s where it ends

This is an invitation to consider the multiple marriages and affairs, and the lifetimes of boozing. And perhaps, too, Piotrowski’s own humility in placing his I-persona in the company of these literary giants.

The very first cat haiku I ever fell in love with is by Issa: “rainy afternoon . . . / little daughter/ you will never/ teach that cat to

dance” (Peter Pauper Press, *The Four Seasons*, 1958. p. 26). Many of the poems in *Window Seats* stand well with his, and certainly Forrester’s aesthetics for this book support that. Near the end of his Introduction, he reminds us that “we”

aren’t high on the mountain meditating or gazing off into the clouds and sky everyday. No, we are home feeding our cats and cleaning out their litter boxes. It doesn’t get more Zen than that.

The anthology is organized alphabetically by poet, one page each, with one to three haiku per page. In this manner, any recurring themes become echoes, reminders of catness. As a dog person who happens to live with a cat, I am happy to say that sighs of recognition add to the enjoyment — and surely will for fully non-cat people as well.

review by Maxianne Berger



Sirens and Rain by Barry George. Lexington, KY: Accents Publishing, 2020. 978-1-936628-62-9. 80 pp. US\$16. accents-publishing.com

Ok, I’ll admit it. I’m a fan of Barry George’s urban haiku and senryu. Why? It’s because we both write about the homeless, the disenfranchised, and the everyday of living in cities in North America. I can hear arguments that a city like George’s Philadelphia is different from Toronto or in my case Ottawa. But when you look deep down, our cities have problems, and we choose to report on them.

Barry George’s latest collection of urban haiku and senryu *Sirens and Rain* collects such moments of city life. The cover of

the book plops us down on the sidewalk of a downtown street, including the obligatory transit bus with an advertising poster for a law firm. True to life.

The book is divided into five sections which relate to the urban area's seasons. The first, "Heat Wave," describes the good, bad, dad and funny moments of a city in the middle of summer, when "a fan blows in/ the street's scent —" and when

after the storm
he is rich in umbrellas —
the homeless man

It is a sudden rain or downpour which brings out the smell of concrete, and in some instances, perhaps, the smell of the garbage dumpsters located in the alleyways between or behind the high-rises. The picture of the homeless man rich in material goods (i.e., umbrellas) seems to be a perfect metaphor for the capitalistic societies we live in.

Section II, "Cicada Season," places us between summer and autumn, when signs of fall begin to appear.

the white and whiter
shades of a fountain —
cricket song

It is also in this section that the descent of the city's cultural and sports history is revealed, especially of boxing, where the sign above a mattress store "still says/ *Joe Frazier's Gym*[.]"

In "Moon Gazing," the third section, we find ourselves squarely in the middle of autumn. The city, too, begins to change in subtle ways, as there is "a chill today/ in the shadows[.]" While the

greyness of the city becomes more evident, there is a loneliness that appears.

unweeded, overgrown
I sit among them —
autumn marigolds

Now, we arrive in winter, the fourth section. It is when the little things in life become more important. The bleakness of the city forces us to observe them.

I was here before —
beneath the sycamores
of winter.

Yet, as we enter February, we know that eventually the sun will get stronger. Hope returns in a chalked “sidewalk valentine[.]”

Finally, in Section V, spring does arrive, and with it, the colour of one of my favourite urban wildflowers.

park statue
a French general bowing
to dandelions

As the city moves forward towards another summer,

railroad boxcars
scrape along the tracks —
a night of cherry blossoms

Because of course, even in the grit of Barry George's *Sirens and Rain*, there is room for cherry blossoms.

review by Mike Montreuil



Journals of Interest

See websites 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. Tom Sacramona, 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, US\$20 (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: US\$50. haiku-hia.com/index_en.html

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

Kokako, a biannual journal of haiku, tanka, haibun and linked pieces by New Zealanders and others. Info: Patricia Prime, Editor. kokakonz@gmail.com

Ribbons: Tanka Society of America Journal, Christine Villa, Editor. www.tankasocietyofamerica.org/ribbons

GUSTS, biannual publication of Tanka Canada. Kozue Uzawa, Editor. www.tanka.a2hosted.com/g-u-s-t-s-homepage-3.html

Star*Line, newsletter and network instrument of the Science Fiction & Fantasy Poetry Association. Jean-Paul Garnier, Editor. www.sfpoetry.com/starline.html

International Tanka, Journal of the International Tanka Society. Aya Yuhki, president and publisher. Info: ayayuki@sc4.so-net.ne.jp

Kingfisher Journal, biannual journal of haiku and senryu, Tanya McDonald, Editor. www.kingfisherjournal.com

Net Briefs

a short list of online publications of interest.

The Asahi Haikuist Network; a selection of seasonal haiku from poets living around the world. David McMurray, Editor. asahi.com/ajw/special/haiku

Autumn Moon Haiku Journal. Bruce Ross, Editor. www.autumnmoonhaiku.com

Bear Creek Haiku – poetry, poems and info. ayaz daryl nielsen, Editor. bearcreekhaiku.blogspot.ca

bones – journal for the short verse. Aditya Bahl, Melissa Allen, Johannes S. H. Bjerg, Editors. www.bonesjournal.com

cattails. 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

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



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.

Erratum

On p. 65 of the February 2021 issue of *Haiku Canada Review*, the haiku attributed to Betty Drevniok is actually by Hans Jongman.

feral cat
licking the snow
off her kittens

This haiku is from Hans Jongman's book *Shift Change*.

The haiku by Betty Drevniok that was intended is this one:

Autumn loneliness —
in the dusk, an unknown bird
answers my call

Haiku Canada Review regrets the error.



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Roland Packer

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 website 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
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été/ automne	le 31 août	octobre

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

Book Reviews: poets and publishers to contact Maxianne Berger, book-reviews 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, soit publiées d’abord dans le *Haiku Canada Review* avant d’être affichées sur le blogue quelques mois plus tard

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NU: Position open

where wreaths are laid
perennials bloom
at the monument

Frances Mary Bishop

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