

Haiku Canada Review



Volume 16

February 2022

Number 1

HAIKU CANADA REVIEW

Volume 16 February 2022 Number 1

www.haikucanada.org

Haiku Canada Review

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ISSN: 1914-3680

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Art: Cover and interior drawings – Sharon Morrison

Sheets: – Passage by Hans Jongman

– Jet Set Garden Party by Angela Leuck

– In the Butter Churn by Nola Obee

From the Editor. . .

Greetings,

It's one of those January afternoons where one the most infamous quote from Yogi Berra comes to mind. "It's déjà vu all over again." Yep. I can recycle "From the Editor" from any of the last three issues. Perhaps a new variant . . . And yes, that's a bad joke.

Let's continue to write our way through 2022 and still be honest with ourselves. Constant change has always been here to stay. Omicron willing.

Mike



Haiku Canada Review

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winter solstice night light sight

Sandra St-Laurent

Defining Moments

Michael Dylan Welch

“By the time a thing is
noticed, it has happened.”

– *Kay Ryan*

“When you write you do not know whether you are obeying
the moment or eternity.”

– *Edmond Jabès*

“Wonder is the heaviest element in the periodic table of the
heart.

Even a tiny piece of it can stop time.”

– *Diane Ackerman*

In his book *In Praise of Wasting Time* (New York: TED Books/Simon & Schuster, 2018), Alan Lightman writes a chapter on “Chronos and Kairos.” He defines these terms from ancient Greece in ways that may be relevant to writers of haiku. “*Chronos* is clock time,” he says, “quantitative time . . . sequential time . . . relentless time” (73). In contrast, *kairos* “is time created by events,” and he says that “*Kairos* time is forever. It is the time of memory. It is the time of being” (73). Or as Frank Kermode wrote in his epilogue to *The Sense of an Ending* (Oxford, England: Oxford University Press, 1967, 2000), “within human time one can distinguish between the *chronos* of mere successiveness and the *kairos* of high days and holidays, times or seasons that stand out (red-letter days, as one used to say) as belonging to a different temporal order” (192). It would seem, in

fact, that haiku poets seek kairos time *amid* chronos time. A haiku may look like it is recording chronos time, but its deeper goal is to discover, uncover, or at least to suggest kairos, that different temporal order that infuses the best haiku with transcendence. Haiku seeks to *capture* quotidian moments of chronos time, to be sure, but what the poem *releases* is kairos time—the eternal, the momentous. As Thoreau said, “Now or never! You must live in the present, launch yourself on every wave, find your eternity in each moment.” Or as Edward Hirsch put it in *The Demon and the Angel: Searching for the Source of Artistic Inspiration* (Orlando, Florida: Harvest/Harcourt, 2002, 163), “The epiphanic experience ruptures time.” Or, more gently, as Bob Dylan once said, “The purpose of art is to stop time.”

first snow . . .
the children’s hangers
clatter in the closet

Additional thoughts on this topic may be found in *The Postman’s Round* (Toronto: The Dundurn Group, 2005, translated from the French by Liedewy Hawke, 2008; republished as *The Peculiar Life of a Lonely Postman*, London: Oneworld, 2017). In this magical novel by Denis Thériault, in which haiku figures prominently, its readers are reminded that “haiku sought to juxtapose the permanent and the ephemeral” (45). Using Japanese terms, Thériault’s protagonist explains that haiku seeks “the delicate balance between *fueki* – the permanent, eternity extending beyond us – and *ryuko* – the fleeting, the ephemeral that passes through us” (46). These terms have also been described as immutability and fluidity, or constancy and change. In many ways, chronos time equates to *ryuko*, kairos to *fueki*, and haiku is a marriage of both. It takes a moment to notice

haiku, as both writer and reader, but in haiku a moment's notice is noticing more than just the moment.

first star —
a seashell held
to my baby's ear

The dictionary defines *kairos* as “a propitious moment for decision or action.” A defining moment. Haiku poets present moments of time, moments of heightened awareness. They may not be highlighting instances of decision or action but simply *isness* or *suchness* — the fleeting and ephemeral. And yet, aren't such moments in haiku also moments of decision or taking action? On one level, haiku poets decide to appreciate the ordinariness of each moment, recognizing that certain moments may well be as propitious as others. And yet, the dictionary definition does not say *kairos* is a moment *of* decision but a moment *for* decision — a moment at which one *could* or perhaps *should* make a decision. So, on another level, the moment *in* the poem, as with every moment in life, can be a moment of choice. When another player passes a soccer ball to you in front of the net, you may have one propitious moment to swing your foot to score a goal. That's a sort of *kairos* time, made even more momentous if the score is tied and a championship game is in its last minute of overtime play. But the haiku poet recognizes the subtler moments before and after as being equally momentous, of having a different kind of value — the way the ball rolls on freshly cut grass, or the way a waning sun angling through the bleachers catches that part of the playing field. And through each instant in time lies a path to the timeless, if the haiku poet can find it. In *How to Write a Haiku* (n.p.: Verborum Editions, 2016, 37), David Lindley says, “We might in fact redefine the haiku as

the art of recognising the universal in the particular, of apprehending something enduring at the centre of transitory experience.”

first frost . . .
the downy woodpecker
stops a moment

Rather than being moments of here and now, though presented as such, haiku poems are more accurately understood as moments of history, as I’ve explored in my essay, “Haiku as History: The Ultimate Short Story” (*Modern Haiku*, 1998). All haiku are moments from the past (even if very recent) presented *as if* in the present. The idea is that haiku offers these moments on silver platters, claiming that they matter, each one brimming with “existential gratitude,” as Billy Collins has described haiku. Or as Carl Jung once wrote, “If our religion is based on wonder, our chief emotion will be gratitude.” In this way, haiku can convert chronos time to kairos time, balancing *ryuko* with *fueki*, deepening our gratitude for the momentous value of highlighted events in ordinary life, moving them from the timely to the timeless, asserting that all moments are defining moments.



Your obit contains
Beloved of this poet
Moon, I promise you

stephanie roberts

Haiku Plus

winding back
into the forest
so many secrets

Joanna Ashwell

to: happyperson@gmail.com
from: mothernature@gmail.com
subject: seasonal depression

Aaron Barry

From chin to nose-bridge
she wears a mask —
I still love her eyes

Brian Bartlett

suburban street
the casual stroll
of a coyote

Sheila Bello

forest canopy
I view the full moon
on the calendar

Alanna C. Burke

shooting star
as bright as a planet
gone forever

Bob Butkus

warmth of
the winter sun—
her first word

Christopher Calvin

alarm clock
an instant becomes
an hour

Elena Calvo

dying sun
kites fall
onto the grass

Mariangela Canzi

freezing rain
a travel mug rolls
down the driveway

Louise Carson

without masks
the gardeners discuss
toxins

Terry Ann Carter

lost
in the forest
the cry of a loon

Lysa Collins

crescent moon
just enough love
to try again

Sue Colpitts

winter blues
the sky that isn't
the mood that is

Susan Constable

pursed lips
in a losing argument
with a smoke

Vera Constantineau

the wind swallows
the order to shelter in place
cherry blossoms

Jeanne Cook

trustee den
the smooth wood handle
of a dueling pistol

the flat stem
of an oak leaf
Three Mile Island

Bill Cooper

dandelion puffs . . .
two young girls
blowing bubbles

Pamela Cooper

Christmas Eve
she hangs her paper cranes
near the star

Alvin Cruz

long afternoon
our last trip
to the vet

seaside cafe
my view obscured
by their chatter

Dan Curtis

mom's cremation
a star becomes
dust fire

dad leaves
a falling maple leaf
shows the way

Maya Daneva

Out of the blue
A blanket of woolly
Clouds

Carole Daoust

after our quarrel . . .
oak leaves splotch
my windshield

Charlotte Digregorio

turkey vultures
drifting in the breeze
a whiff of skunk

Janice Doppler

holiday dinner
leftovers . . .
a different time and age

Hans Dringenberg

in a valley
below the monastery
evensong

P.H. Fischer

empty cup
filled
with her conversation

Doris Fiszler

slow blues
candlelight in the shape
of her thighs

Joshua Gage

snow
before a boot print
mars it

hitchhiking
on a box turtle's back
dragonfly

William Scott Galasso

Apollo 11 countdown—
a priest watching TV
with the wives

recessional hymn—
louder
as the choir goes by

Barry George

writer's block
first the panic
then the blowflies

Leroy Gorman

a photo exhibit
of lost gloves . . .
one could be mine

over and over
Old Uncle opens his arms
pulls in air . . .
an empty net
in a North Sea grey

Louisa Howerow

moonlight
on thin ice
the path to your door

Charlotte Hrenchuk

skinned birch
I once owned this house
he says

Alegria Imperial

the languid sway
of her scarf
lingering heat

Alegria Imperial

picking dandelions
for a salad—
Italian neighbours

Liette Janelle

frosted windows
the potted flower leans
toward the wood stove

Harvey Jenkins

we sail
the river of stars
a dog howls for dinner

Meghan Jones

winter rain—
my stubble back
already

Skylar Kay

morning meditation
the window cracked
just enough

Deb Koen

encouraging result
after the scan
desert sky

sunset reflection
the yin yang
of submerging turtles

Deborah P Kolodji

hurrying to cross the road
a coyote
with a heavy date

through the window
that hard to pronounce star —
Betelgeuse

Joseph M. Kusmiss

winter narcissus . . .
i crossed out and changed
to I

Chen-ou Liu

hollow beat of the drum
missing
mother's rhythm

Lillian Nakamura Maguire

meteor shower
pinecones flung
far from the front yard

Dorothy Mahoney

falling snow
candles by the window
dripping wax

Joanne Morcom

among sodden leaves . . .
a trespassing
mask

Luciana Moretto

stone walls
laid by old neighbours
prairie sun

Sharon Morrison

from the dry prairie
to newsprint-wrapped fish and chips
Cornwall by the sea

Mary Nelson

long married
in the kitchen a spice bottle
never opened

he gives the mirror
a stern talking-to
coffee smell

David Oates

S.A.D.
the audience is invited
to sing along

Roland Packer

eroded roots-
discussing poverty
with mother

Scott Packer

hiding in the open—
a turtle's stillness
floating

Brent Partridge

hoarding
Post-it notes—
memory loss

Luce Pelletier

morning light
chrysanthemums in bloom
on a frosted pane

Dottie Piet

words
to ponder with love
it's a girl

Susan Bonk Plumridge

holiness church
the shouting starts
the hounds to howling

John Quinnett

ice particle blush
at the horizon
my coffee warming me

the will signed and dated
I walk home on top
of the snowbanks

Claudia Radmore

break of dawn . . .
my son casts
his first ballot

Dave Read

crescent moon above
setting sun below
a walk in the twilight

Bernice Sorge

mountain winds
all of us
become pines

Derek Sprecksel

childhood friends
felled like hapless trees
in old-growth forests
we prostrate ourselves
before the powers that be

Debbie Strange

a hundred years
from now
a bench I sat on

Sandra Stephenson

snow angels
the wing prints
of dreams

Luminita Suse

a good day
the ocean breeze
with a hint of umami

George Swede

for the umpteenth time
I clean the kitchen floor . . .
does life have meaning?

Naomi Waken

counting the years
a heart-shaped
mossy stump

Kathabela Wilson

jewel thief
in the middle of the night
falling stars

Robert Witmer

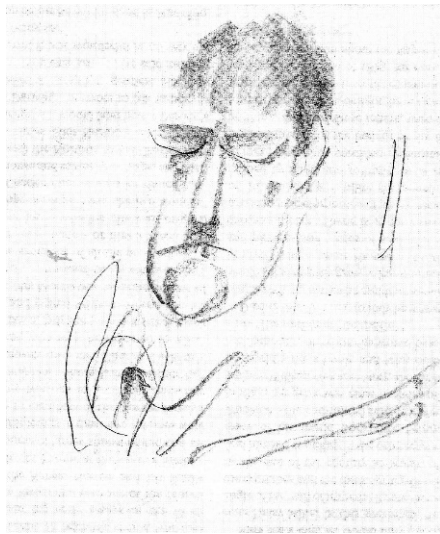
family reunion
the lake shallower
every year

heirloom quilt
mom's stories
before I could read

Geneviève Wynand

global conference
two thousand birds meet
without a translator

Chen Xiaouu



ammuammummunition

Michael Dylan Welch

Les animaux sauvages

Haïkus réunis par Claude Rodrigue

orfèvre placide
l'escargot cheminant trace
un ruban d'argent

Roland Corbelin

passage des saisons
mes photos du vif lézard
sans lézard

Marcellin Dallaire-Beaumont

marmotte et son ombre
printemps précoce ou tardif
fêtons la Chandeleur

Clarisse Vaea Frodeau

la tendresse
dans les yeux de mon chien
qui a peur du loup ?

Anne-Marie Labelle

métavers —
mon avatar
un loup

Luce Pelletier

la nuit
grand émoi au poulailler
le renard en visite

Ivanka Popova-Veleva

au pied du mélèze
le musc de carcajou
propriété privée

Sandra St-Laurent

parfum d'asclépiades
espérant voir le monarque
j'entends le brame d'un cerf

Micheline Comtois-Cécylre

brame
le massif forestier suinte
la testostérone

Bikko

quelque peu gêné
sous le regard de la biche
finir de pisser

Nicolas Ozoux

terrain de golf
l'échange de glougloutements
des dindons sauvages

Monique Lévesque

journée d'automne
les cris des faisans appellent
au cessez-le-feu

Micheline Boland

champ de neige
dans les yeux du loup
un homme avec fusil

Alexandra Ivoylova

feu monsieur sanglier
voit passer les générations —
trophée de chasse

Marie Derley

trophée de chasse
une tête d'orignal
aux yeux vides

Geneviève Rey

du brouillard
surgit un orignal
« Madame, m'entendez-vous ? »

Géralda Lafrance

une tortue luth
s'aplatit sur la plage
la nuit bleue d'une carapace

Louisa Howerow

brouillard épais
le chant doux et plaintif
du bouvreuil pivoine

Charline Siciak

tichodrome échelette
drôle de nom pour un oiseau
et pourtant quelle classe

Hervé Colard

jamais le tigre
ne rattrape l'éléphant —
à bord du carrousel

Samuel Martin-Boche

confinement —
le blues du chimpanzé
privé de visites

Jo(sette) Pellet

fin de l'arc-en-ciel
le paon replie les plumes
de sa traîne

Françoise Maurice

arc-en-ciel
un crocodile interrompt
la douche des hippopotames

Hassane Zemmouri

visage masqué
dans un camaïeu d'automne
dort un panda roux

Christiane Ranieri

Noël
un lion s'échappe
du cirque Playmobil

Éléonore Nickolay

retour d'Afrique
tout là-haut sur son nid
la cigogne

Françoise Deniaud-Lelièvre

ruines du château —
la légende resurgit
dans le cri du corbeau

Minh-Triêt Pham

séance photo
au bout de la jetée
une mouette ricane

Julie Turconi

cri percutant
les ailes du pygargue
coupe la lumière

Micheline Aubé

un pic mineur frappe
ma cheminée de métal
réveil majeur

Monique Pagé

refuge des cormorans
sur les rochers blanchis
fermer la fenêtre

Claude Rodrigue

« L'être humain est, au fond, un animal sauvage et effroyable.
Nous le connaissons seulement dompté et apprivoisé par ce que
nous appelons la civilisation. » Arthur Schopenhauer, philosophe
(1788-1860)

**Prochain thème : Les bouches (humaines, de métro,
d'égouts...)**



Au delà de ces pages...

Nous voici au début d'une troisième année de notre nouvelle réalité, sans vouloir, tout de même, l'accepter comme « normale ». Serions-nous déjà lassés des poèmes sur la pandémie? Je ne suis pas prête à faire l'autruche face à ce que nous vivons. Et comme vous le constaterez, non plus certains des poètes présentés ci-bas. Heureusement, il existe toujours les moments classiques de haïku également, et c'est dans cette complexité de l'existence que nous continuons à donner sens à notre monde, dans la mesure du possible, par notre poésie. Que 2022 soit une année douce.

Maxianne Berger
Coordonnatrice des recensions

Recensions...

Jusqu'au bout de moi (haïbun) par Jocelyne Aquin avec Diane Descôteaux, Éditions des petits nuages, Ottawa (Ontario), 100 p., 978-1926519-54-8. \$20,00. dianedescoteaux.com/boutique

Dès l'introduction, Diane Descôteaux nous entraîne dans l'atmosphère des haïbuns de Jocelyne Aquin qu'elle a accompagnée dans la réalisation d'un ultime rêve. La pierre angulaire du recueil : « seize février / un dernier coup de houppette / de son poudrier » (p. 5) rappelle le dernier mouvement de toute son aventure dans une presque symétrie littéraire avec : « seize février / un ultime coup de plume / dedans l'encrier » (p. 7) : le dernier geste de la concrétisation de son rêve.

Aquin partage 45 haïbuns, dont 15 très courts, souvent moins de 2/3 de page. Le recueil comporte 14 illustrations de Laura Desjardins, dont quelques-unes en noir et blanc. La jaquette du livre est conçue à partir d'une peinture de Nathalie Dupont.

L'autrice écrira : « Je ne veux pas résumer ma vie en trois lignes » (p. 9); d'ailleurs, qui le souhaite? Pourtant, le haïku l'aidera à réaliser son projet qu'elle ne verra jamais. Par la juxtaposition des mains de ses enfants, elle parcourra chacune des lignes comme un « héritage / toujours vivante à travers / l'odeur du lilas » (p. 12) de son jardin.

Les haïbuns, en ordre non chronologique, ne laissent pas entrevoir une fin inéluctable. Chacun est une pièce du casse-tête qui n'attend que l'assemblage mental du lecteur et de la lectrice avec la toute dernière page.

Elle apprend, seule, à l'hôpital, qu'elle ne pourra pas guérir. Nous sommes en novembre 2020, pendant la Covid-19. On palpe le « Désarroi » dans ce long haïbun (p. 34-36) empreint de solitude par l'impossibilité d'être avec sa famille ou Sylvie, sa meilleure amie. L'autrice exprime une vérité universelle, si importante dans un tel moment : « dans une main / trop de doigts pour compter / les vraies amies » (p. 33).

Cette infirmière clinicienne évoque sa famille, ses amis, ses petits bonheurs, ses moments d'hospitalisation sans ambages, avec lucidité. Elle attendra trois semaines avant que le verdict « sur la lame / du microscope se joue / [de] mon avenir » (p. 19), car le temps lui est compté. Quant à la résilience, nous la percevons dans différents textes. Elle accepte de mourir en « espérant le meilleur / mais prête pour le pire / ma [nouvelle]

devise » (p. 25). Elle se pose, et nous pose, une grave question face aux fréquents changements de dosage des médicaments, à la douleur, à la nausée et aux vomissements : « Jusqu'où souffrir pour rester vivante? » (p. 37) quand on a l'impression de mourir avant son temps?

Ainsi, à son premier cancer, en 2015, elle puisait son réconfort dans « sa boîte à bonheur » où elle accumulait tous ses petits trésors. Avec celui-ci, son soutien provient de « sa chaudière à courage » virtuelle. Elle souhaite aller à la limite de ses capacités et écrire une soixantaine de pages, mais le temps presse et elle se questionne : « autrice / aurais-je le temps / de me relire? » (p. 43). Sa condition physique se dégrade et elle doit faire des choix, mais aussi continuer de vivre « quinze minutes à la fois ». (p. 48) C'est aussi ça la vie, c'est aussi ça « réussir / dans la vie / et dans la mort » (p. 51). C'est aussi poser des gestes symboliques pour se rassurer. Parfois, c'est une lecture qui apaise comme le recueil *L'Ours aux 100 noms* d'Huguette Ducharme qui l'a profondément émue et réconfortée, sans négliger la beauté au quotidien avec les levers de soleil. Parfois, la vie à des complications, elle contraint à emprunter un « sombre tunnel / [où l'on crie :] rallumez la lumière / s'il vous plaît » (p. 61) la gorge nouée. La tête lutte et le corps abdique. La colère gronde, devient sourde, puis dévastatrice jusqu'à l'accalmie. Mais les souvenirs des « beaux soupers » de la fin de semaine avec ses enfants remplacent les humeurs maussades comme « soixante ans plus tard / dans ce macaroni / [où] le goût de l'enfance » (p. 73) renaît à son retour à la maison malgré la perte d'autonomie. Depuis, elle ne cesse d'écrire « à travers les maux / juste pour le plaisir des mots / [car] le ciel peut attendre » (p. 82) bien que son état se détériore. Enfin, elle conclut que « mourir, c'est emprisonner la vie dans une boîte pour l'éternité » (p. 90).

Jusqu'au bout de moi est à lire **l e n t e m e n t** pour mieux ressentir les émotions de Jocelyne Aquin pendant ses dernières semaines d'hiver, sa saison bien-aimée.

recension par Claude Rodrigue



Je pense à toi! Collectif francophone de haïkus coordonné par Françoise Maurice et Éléonore Nickolay, illustrations par Éloïse Letournel, Pippa éditions, Paris. 978-2-37679-051-8. 76 p. 16€. www.pippa.fr

Françoise Maurice, dans sa préface de ce collectif qu'elle a réalisé avec Éléonore Nickolay, présente l'interaction humaine et le soutien mutuel qui servent de base à ce collectif : « *Je pense à toi!* Toi dont je comprends la souffrance. Toi que j'accompagne. Toi que je soulage. Toi que j'aime. » (p. 7)

Ce livre, organisé en 7 sections, présente plus de 200 haïkus, des moments à apprécier et dont on peut s'inspirer. « Le parfum du bonheur » offre des délices.

beignet maison / le bisou de l'enfant / parsemé de sucre

Najat Aguidi (p. 27)

On peut partager des moments privilégiés avec « L'esprit apaisé ».

son divorce frais / le glissement du pinceau / sur la toile vierge

Louise Dandeneau (p. 37)

La douceur d'« Un brin de muguet » se retrouve dans les poèmes qui nous rappellent notre situation.

cœurs de papier
collés sur la fenêtre
amours à distance

Sandra St-Laurent (p. 48)

ville confinée
les hirondelles aussi
réparent leurs nids

Andrée Paradis (p. 49)

Quand on considère les implications de l'exhortation « Prends soin de toi », toi inclut non seulement les êtres humains, mais aussi la nature, tout ce qui partage notre planète fragile. Ainsi, nous prenons soin aussi des autres, flore et faune.

chuuuuuut
l'arrosoir se répand
dans le silence

Jeanne Painchaud (p. 61)

céréales pour l'écureuil
nous déjeunons tous les deux
dans un rayon de soleil

Geneviève Fillion (p. 63)

Vers la fin de sa préface Maurice nous donne le contexte qui rend si nécessaire ce collectif.

Dans ce monde complètement bouleversé par cette crise sanitaire inédite, qui réduit notre espace de vie et remet tout en cause, nous avons besoin de nous choyer. (p. 9)

Alors que la vérité dans laquelle nous vivons ne se presse pas à disparaître, cette lecture, poème après poème, une page à la fois, nous fait du bien. Et comme le conclut Éléonore Nickolay dans sa postface, « vivons! Vivons les beaux jours! » (p. 66)

recension par Maxianne Berger



Mouvance; conversation en haïkus de juillet 2019 à juin 2020, par France Cliche et Diane Lemieux. 978-2-9817848-2-7. 160 p. \$20. maeva5@videotron.ca ou france.cliche@hotmail.com

Deux haïjins québécoises présentent dans ce recueil le fruit d'un échange de haïkus qui a duré un an, tout en chevauchant les mois avant et après le début de la pandémie. Les sections ne sont pas nommées, mais des dessins par les poètes marquent des divisions entre groupes de haïkus.

Avec quatre exceptions seulement, les poèmes sont disposés deux par page, le haïku de France Cliche en haut à gauche, et celui de Diane Lemieux en bas à droite, ce partenariat en création illustrant si bien les pas de côté si prisés en échanges.

Parmi les premières pages, on perçoit une sensualité estivale qui correspond à la saison au début de la conversation (p. 6).

champ de lucioles
souvenirs
d'un amour éteint

France C.

pleine lune
sur mon dos nu
sa caresse

Diane L.

En automne, il y a du givre, les feuilles tombent des arbres, et les oies s'envolent. La domesticité intérieure, aussi, suit le cycle du temps (p. 68).

pluie froide
se réchauffer sous la couette
avec un bon livre

France C.

changement d'heure
le chien nous réveille
à la même heure

Diane L.

La réalité de la première année de la pandémie se révèle fin
hiver, début printemps : les poètes juxtaposent ce qui a toujours
été et ce qui est nouveau (p. 120).

sur le fleuve
de plus en plus bleu
deux canots à glace

France C.

mars ensoleillé
champs nus et rues désertes
le virus court

Diane L.

Les exceptions à la disposition des haïkus incluent deux pages où
les haïkus sont par la même auteure, et aussi deux haïkus
composés à quatre mains, dont celui qui clôt le recueil, seul et
centré sur sa page (156), et qui malgré sa grande abstraction
représente si parfaitement la vie, avec ou sans pandémie.

évanescence
ne reste que des points
de suspension...

Diane L. et France C.

Si j'ai un bémol, il s'agit du placement du nom de chaque poète directement sous son poème, page après page, que je trouve distrayant par le manque de subtilité. Cependant cette conversation entre Diane Lemieux et France Cliche, composée de poèmes bien conçus, forme un tout intéressant et agréable à lire.

recension par Maxianne Berger



Haibun

Colleagues

Bryan Cook

1995, Paris, and I'm dining too sumptuously with delegates to the International Energy Agency in the ornate Salle des Conférences of the Palais du Luxembourg. After the crème brûlée, we push back for brandy, and my affable German friend lights a large cigar, gazes at the gilded ceiling and sighs long and hard. I ask him to share his thoughts. "Here we are, my friend, sharing good food and discussing energy technology, where once my father directed air operations for the Luftwaffe."

A stunned silence. My mind recalls the terrible newsreel images of the London Blitz and the forty thousand dead, the Underground crowded with homeless and frightened folk, my grandma's brush with death sent from a Heinkel bomber, the bombed houses in which I played as a kid, Vera Lynn's poignant "We'll meet Again," and the Battle of Britain when the best and brightest burned and died in the cockpits of Hurricanes, Spitfires and, yes, Messerschmitts. It's hard to be patriotic fifty years later when I think of Air Marshall "Bomber" Harris and the Allies levelling the cultured heart of Dresden, killing twenty-five thousand, including children burning as phosphorus dripped from the sky.

I touch my friend's shoulder and ask about his father. "He is still a passionate Nazi, who believes in the righteousness of the Third Reich, in the God ordained destiny of Germany to rule the world.

He damns Hitler and Göring for failing to lead the Luftwaffe and Germany to glorious victory. He is a bitter and angry man, but I love him nevertheless.”

There are tears in our eyes, the kind of tears which grown men don't cry. We shake hands, embrace and never speak of it again.

the wail
of air raid sirens
moon shadows



Talking

Ruth Mittelholtz

Four more weeks but it seems like a lifetime. I'm dead tired but here I am, 9 a.m., sitting on a sidewalk bench, the summer sun already hot. City folk dash by, going to work, shopping, grabbing a quick coffee. I'm not doing any of that. I'm escaping the eternal chatter of my roommate at the Lodge. She's always there. And she's always yakking. Now why get so upset about it? It's a little thing, really. It's as if I'm more bothered by a temporary annoyance than I am about having cancer. Or burnt skin from daily radiation. Lots of people have lots worse things. It's only four more weeks. I'm lucky, really.

dodging the crowds
a pigeon
pecking for crumbs



Temps Perdu

Robert Witmer

Walking past a school in Tokyo. The smell of a cafeteria. Before I know it, I'm at J. George Becht Elementary, in that basement room with seasick green walls. The cafeteria. Not for lunch, but to square dance. Music class. My worst. Boys in a line on one side; girls on the other. I count. I am better at mathematics than music, though that is out of tune with Pythagoras, who insisted that the planets make music as they move to equations known only to the universe and the soul.

springtime —
the pigeons too
nodding their heads

We are pairing up to square dance and my palms are wet. Karen Peterson is number nine in the girls' nice straight line. I am somewhere between seven and ten among the jostling boys. But I can manipulate numbers. First love. We square the circle. The dance begins — but soon the spell is broken. My piriform cortex has let go. Memory, emotion, metempsychosis, the immortality of death.

Looking back toward the school, I see two pigeons on a wall.
They mate for life.

park bench
an old man tugging his beard
the lovestruck pigeon nods



Write About What You Know

Ulrike Narwani

I was taught that, believed that. Until Toni Morrison said “Write about what you don’t know.” As if she were saying: Be the young black African man who leaves home to escape poverty and war.

Hearing her, I cross searing desert, head for the cool Mediterranean. My goal — the shores of Europe, anywhere close. Finally, alongside many others, I clamber aboard a boat woven from the gossamer spider silk of hope.

waking birds —
the ancient lighthouse
rose-lit



Night on the Couch

P.H. Fischer

The sound of a Northern Flicker wakes me.

Wintering birds gather at our living room window feeders. Without my glasses, I try to discern various blurred species by their flight, sound, and size as they fight for their share of seed, suet, or nectar.

I feel for my phone on the coffee table. Bringing it within an inch of my face to check the time, I notice she texted overnight. Sorry for her part.

Finding my specs, the birds come into focus: Pine Siskins, a Purple Finch, Chickadees, and one Anna's Hummingbird wearing the first rays of the sun.

I get up, turn the stove on, fill the kettle, and place it on the brightening coils. Waiting for the whistle, I sit down and look squarely at my part.

frozen
the smallest of feathers
in our bird bath



Paradise at minus 30

Charlotte Hrenchuk

The enormous silver sun cleverly made from chip bags hangs suspended by the far wall. Beside it, spotlights. We make our way through scattered beach toys and giant paper flowers sprouting from the Astroturf. This is the spot! Relaxing in lounge chairs, we bask in the glow of the spotlights sipping drinks sporting tiny umbrellas. Warm at last.

in the heat
of the moment
icicles



As he walks

Lenora Corday

He shuffles as he walks on the narrow edge of the paved back parking lot. He's wearing a white tee, dark slouch sport pants and thick-rubber sandals. His hair gray, his face wrinkled. The lot surrounds an old low-priced hotel on the edge of a college town, the grounds well-kept, the hotel not. Cars and trucks can be heard from the not-too-distant highway. Only one car left the parking area this early morning.

He shuffles as he walks slowly yet determined, the same way he smokes his cigarette. Another long-drawn inhale and he stops. A dog, small black and white, four steps behind him, also stops. The man turns slowly to look, and sees the dog. He turns back and continues walking, slow steady, somewhat heavy in nuance. The dog follows. The man takes another long slow-paced draw on his cigarette and stops. Again, the dog stops, staying the four steps back. The man turns, looks at the dog. Then, turns forward, again resumes his walking, his rhythmical, determined shuffle. The dog, also, resumes walking.

old clock tower
haltingly strikes
on the hour



stationary bike writer's block

George Swede

Blue Christmas Treasure

Rich Snell

At Christmas time, we would station the oldest kids as lookouts, about 100 feet, north and south, from the pickup. Their task was to warn us about oncoming vehicles, especially railroad police, or signal checkers. We were going onto railroad property and didn't want to be caught harvesting our annual Christmas tree. We were always successful in our harvest. Sawing down the selected tree, with my sons, then dragging the evergreen back to the pickup truck. We quickly tie the tree down with paracord to the truck bed cleats, and make our getaway to the house.

More recently, my Christmas adventure is similar to venturing up with my son and nephew on [Mýrdalsjökull glacier](#) (fourth largest in Iceland), the glacier sitting right beside [Eyjafjallajökull](#) glacier. To prepare to climb a glacier, I readied my *Chouinard* ice axe, gathered my well-worn orange crampons and readied my aluminum ice ladder to be able to cross any crevasses.

On the 24th of December 2021, I await until 25 minutes prior to sunset, but the Sun has already transited behind the hills two hours ago. I suit up, climb, snap and zip into my harness, tighten the heavy woven belt, strap my unforgiving crampons onto my 50-year-old Sorel winter boots, and slide my *Chouinard* ice axe into its holster. I adjust, and test my head lamp, reset my baseball cap backwards, so the lamp shines in front of the helmet, and then pull on my ice-climbing gloves. I head away from my truck, one more time checking all my climbing gear, including my new D-ring carabiner clips.

After several minutes on the snow, I encounter my first obstacle: a deep ravine lined with a rapidly flowing icy stream, one I definitely don't wish to plunge into. I flatten a circle, and swing my climbing pack around, off my shoulders. I unlatch, and snap out of its cleats, and slide out my 10 ft. high aluminum climbing/fording ladder.

I decide to position the fording ladder six feet to my right. I place its bottom side down, and then let it drop fall to the west side of the icy stream. The climbing ladder sets perfectly, I mean perfectly level. I stomp several times on the eastern end, to make sure it is set in place and won't roll on me. I take small steady steps across, with no thought of stopping or halting. A steady crossing. I pivot, lean over and examine the ladder, then refasten my back pack. I snap back on my safety carabiner .

Next, I encounter a vertical ice wall and slide my ice axe out of its clasped holster. I call him, Marty, or sometimes, Smarty Marty. I think I could slice a tomato with this serrated blade, or take out a huge truck tire. I survey the ice wall, tighten my climbing gear, and make my first assault on the ice. My ice axe bites immediately, and I check its stability. Next, kick my left crampon onto the ice wall. She holds, I shove up with my weight, and stomp in my right crampon. It also holds sufficiently. I grab for a right-hand hold, and find a sturdy rock. Kick up on my left foot while chopping down with a new swing of the ice axe. In, bite and secure. I pull myself, repeating this sequence multiple times until I crest the ice wall, and climb one leg at a time over the wall. The surface is flat. The field is covered with fresh snow. I reorient myself and head off at 253 degrees, WSW, toward my destination, a towering pine tree. Arriving at the site, after a legion of snapped branches, needle pokes and scratches, I locate the treasure.

I grab for my Smarty Marty and clear an 18 in. circle surrounding my prize. The treasure I seek lies there in the center, a blue glow emanating from inside. I reach forward, clear away snow, grab Mr. Marty, dig, then remove and place the buried treasure into my small gear bag, attached to my climbing harness.

The Sun is beginning to set off the highest peaks. Dusk is rapidly approaching. The temperature has dropped 10 degrees°C since the commencement of this venture. Now the wind is picking up from the Northwest, the coolest in this region, and I must make haste to return to my house, with the newly acquired treasure.

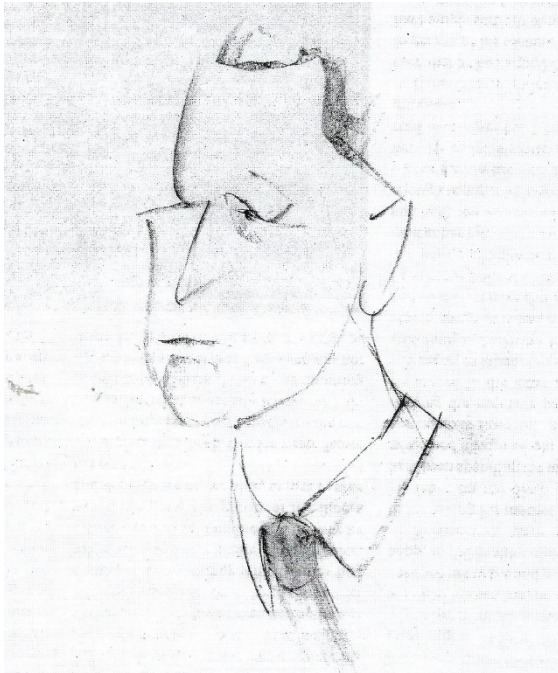
I turn and make my way through the forest following the shadows of huge crampon tracks and snapped tree twigs. I reach the top of the ice wall, and focus, become mindful, and step off backwards, after securing a hold with the ice axe. My left leg lowered while holding on to the pick with my left hand, and a huge pine bough with my right hand.

My left foot crampon grips the hard wall, and holds. I lower myself over the edge, and plant my right toe into the ice wall. Secure. This time I'm using a rappelling climbing rope I've tied off to a huge red pine, just in case I lose my footing. I repeat the sequence, until I reach the base of the ice wall. I snap the crampons against each other (I was taught never to do), and pivot on my left foot. I walk toward the ice ladder, still positioned perfectly over the icy crevasse, and begin fording the icy stream . . . over, and out!

I'm back on terra firma, a level terrain. I trudge over to the truck, remove my climbing gear, inventory it, then toss it into the back

of the access cab. I walk around the truck, over to the driver's door, climb in, and then listen to that sweet roar of the engine starting. I head down the dirt road far enough until I reach a safe turnaround spot, and begin my 3-point turn. Heading north, and bound for home with a blue insulator glass, a Christmas treasure for my wife, Zoanne, who is also a treasure.

150 years ago
railroad workers raise a tower
from a tree, blue coloured glass



Linked Verses and Sequences

Wash and Fold—a haiku sequence

Roberta Beary

all night laundromat
a dogeared bible
tops the dryer

homeless bundle
the change machine also
out of quarters

no smoking sign
tobacco flecks ribbon
the wash bag

bleach stained apron
the laundromat lady
unpins her hair

all night laundromat
the spin cycle's thrum
of possibility



heir(b)looms

Debbie Strange

Snowed In

Michael Dylan Welch, Kristen Lindquist, and Brad Bennett

dawn blizzard
the sizzle of fried eggs *Michael*

home alone
our Frosted Flakes
shared with Fat Albert *Kristen*

yogurt fills the space
between granola bits *Brad*

fighting over
strawberry Pop-Tarts
right out of the box *Michael*

every well of my waffle
brimming with syrup *Kristen*

a big bowl of Life
spilled milk drips
off the table *Brad*



MS my hands washing my hands

Roland Packer

Swallows Return

Anton R. Kelian & Sue Colpitts

catching
insects in flight
fork-tailed swallow

drowsy flies buzz
asparagus buds

feathers air-whistle
beak tic-notes
of courtship

it's so pretty
the rhubarb's heart-shaped
poisonous leaf

nest cup of grass and mud
wide open mouths

bolted lettuce
fledglings on the summer
kitchen roof



in a hole on the floor a busy ant

Mariangela Canzi

Gatherings

by Michael Dylan Welch and Elizabeth-Ann Winkler

a time for blossoms . . .

the organist

late for church

Michael

all hands raised

at the student council meeting

Elizabeth

hush of the crowd—

a penalty flag

on the final touchdown

Michael

last squeeze of the bagpipe—

a girl guide lays a wreath

on the cenotaph step

Elizabeth

a cheer goes up

for the guitar solo

Michael

winter light . . .

the judge turns

to instruct the jury

Elizabeth



politicians working their way to a foregone conclusion

Susan Constable

47 Ways

solstice haiku discussion group, Whitehorse, YT

record snowfall
a raven eyes me
from the roof

kjmunro

shovelling towards the truck
my back aches

*Lillian Nakamura
Maguire*

tiger balm
overpowers
the cookie smell

Sandra St-Laurent

gingerly taste-testing
yesterday's milk

*Ian Ruitenber
& Pamela Jeanne*

waiting for evacuation
another moonrise
blackens with wildfire

Corinna Cook

refugees migrate
in a chaotic covid world

Lillian

forty-seven ways
to undress each other
without saying forgive me *Corinna*

the clothesline swaying
intimate secrets *Pamela*

hidden beneath the gnarled tree
a troll graveyard
hums *Charlotte Hrenchuk*

online
lurking *Arlin McFarlane*

reading
a crumpled stained grocery list
in the cranberry patch *Ian*

long after the decorations are packed
the poinsettia still blooms *Charlotte*

The renku schema is called a 'Yukon-icho' since it is an adaption of John Carley's Junicho. It is a 12-Stanza 'Autumn' Renku, & the winter season is emphasized in this renku in order to reflect the reality of the Yukon.

He Said, She Said

Chen-ou Liu

twenty years
and three children later . . .
his marriage
worn away to a circle
of routine and aversion

he's a good man
a good father to our children
we've never quarrelled . . .
cracking on the last words
her voice fades to a murmur



flood's highwater mark
all that we have gained

LeRoy Gorman

Beyond these pages . . .

Here we are, entering a third year of what has become our new reality, if we are not yet ready to accept it as “normal.” Are we already tired of pandemic poems? I’m not ready to turn a blind ostrich’s eye to what we experience. Nor are some of the poets whose work are discussed below. Fortunately, our world still has its old-world haiku moments as well, and it is within this complexity of existence that we continue to make sense of it, as well as we can, with our poems. May 2022 be kind.

Maxianne Berger
Book Reviews Coordinator

Reviews . . .

Finding the Other Door, by Agyei-Baah, Adjei. Kumasi, Ashanti, Ghana, West Africa; Mamba Africa Press, 2021. 23 pp. ebook. www.mambaafricapress.com.

One of the unfortunate realities of “poethood” is the rejection letter. While we put our hearts and souls into our writing and try to send “our very best” with each submission, not every poem is destined to find a home. Many things can lead to rejection. Sometimes, an editor may read your work carelessly. Other times, the submitted poems, however well-written, are simply not a fit with the intended journal. And finally, let’s face it, some submissions are just plain bad. Whatever the reason, receiving a rejection letter is, at best, a disappointing experience and, at worst, a downright disheartening one.

In his book of senryu, *Finding the Other Door*, Adjei Agyei-Baah explores rejection from the poet's perspective. Written in English with Twi translations, the 21 poems in this collection detail a variety of responses the rejection letter may prompt. From feigned indifference to outright anger, from indignation to sadness, Agyei-Baah runs the emotional gamut of rejection's impact on the poet. Consider the title poem:

rejected submission
finding the other door
to the editor's mind

Here, Agyei-Baah takes a constructive approach to rejection. Rather than moping in self-pity, he tries to find "the other door/ to the editor's mind" as a way of perhaps creating a successful future submission. Furthermore, as he mentions in the Acknowledgment, this is the only previously published poem in the collection. It is appropriate that in a book about rejection, only one senryu has found its way into a journal. Set against a series of unpublished works, this poem becomes a beacon of light, a representation of the reason for the continued efforts to try to publish despite the fear of being turned away.

Not every rejection, however, presents the final judgement of a haiku's merit. A poem's quality may sometimes only be discovered through a fresh set of eyes:

clear blue sky . . .
my rejected haiku moves on
to win a contest

In *Finding the Other Door*, Adjei Agyei-Baah has created an entertaining and resonant look at the rejection letter. This book is recommended to all poets who have ever experienced, in Agyei-Baah's words, "the sharp edge of rejection".

review by Dave Read



NEXUS haiku, by Michael Dudley, Tomislav Maretić, Dejan Pavlinović. Published by Dejan Pavlinović, Zagreb, Croatia, 2021. 978-953-59233-1-2. 118 pp. 12€ michaeljdudley.com

According to the preface of this unique collection, all the contents were "... co-created, composed equally and collaboratively" by the three poets, which means that every poem is an example of nexus, "a central focal point of connection." It also contains an insightful foreword by Sanela Pliško, as well as charming cover and interior artworks by Nina Šestanović. Equally remarkable, it's cross-cultural and bilingual (English and Croatian.)

The book is divided into fourteen sections, consisting of 85 stand-alone haiku, five rengay and five sequences. Subject matter ranges from the seasons to landscapes, animals, people and more. Many touch the heart and the funny bone, often at the same time.

an acorn cupule
falls from a squirrel's mouth,
becomes her doll's tam

How amusing that the child uses a discarded acorn cap as a hat for her doll! Does she also realize that she's recycling from nature? She likely does, which makes the poem quite moving and impressive.

Here's another stand-alone haiku with simple yet profound imagery that lingers in the reader's mind.

saved
in the hostel Bible,
a fallen leaf

The leaf may just be a bookmark, or it could represent our fallen transient world saved by belief and faith. For me, this is a deeply spiritual poem that conveys a strong message without preaching.

SPRING TOWN is the title of the book's opening renga and its six stanzas pay tribute to a season of hope and promise, delightfully encapsulated in the first haiku.

a hand-made wreath
of daisies on her head . . .
sun between the clouds

The second last haiku sequence is titled MEMORIES and it contains four sensuous poems about an unforgettable summer of love. Sights, sounds, smells and touch enliven the sequence, including the final link.

cold toes
peeping out of the iron bed
hot memories

Perhaps the poet is recalling the experience years later, in the cool autumn or winter months. He seems to be alone, yet he's far from lonely. His memories are lusty, while his iron bed suggests strength and vigour. In other words, the sequence ends on an uplifting note, which is true of the entire collection.

The book's most outstanding feature, aside from the content's high quality, is the flawless collaboration among three poets, who have joined forces to speak with one articulate voice about the pleasures and challenges of daily life. *NEXUS haiku* is a collection that I'll read again and again, with great admiration for a co-created work.

review by Joanne Morcom



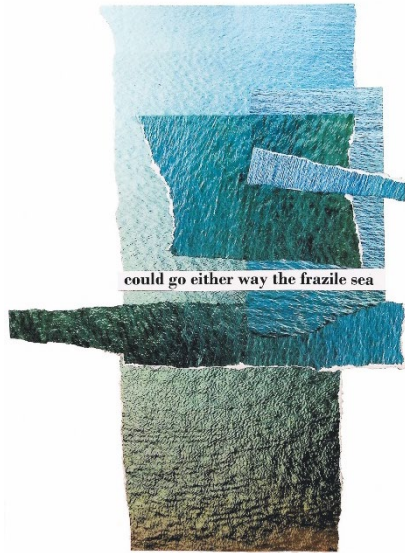
the endangered c; playing with language, typography, space. Jim Kacian, monoku; Terry Ann Carter, paper art; Claudia Brefeld, commentary. Red Moon Press, 2021. 978-1-947271-87-6. 112 pp. US\$35\$. redmoonpress.com

Collaborative haiga by two premier creators, elucidated by a specialist. From the poet's foreword, one gathers that paper artist and poet Terry Ann Carter approached poet and publisher Jim Kacian with collages she had produced in response to some of his monoku, a term coined by Kacian himself, compressed from "monostich haiku."

The forty poems included in this collection, previously published between 2007 and 2010, are all ones that inspired Carter to produce collages, primarily of torn or hand-cut pieces from art

magazines, tissue paper, piano roll paper, packing papers, etc, which are then “assembled on a base of handmade rag linen.”

Colour is not possible in these pages, however the textures of this collage, featuring Kacian’s “frazile sea,” show that however abstract and non-figurative Carter’s interpretations may be, she is faithful to the spirits of the poems that inspire her visual art, as she moves upwards, in this case, from grey greens into aquas.



The third collaborator for this book is perhaps less well-known to Haiku Canada readers. Claudia Brefeld, long active in the German Haiku Society and former editor-in-chief of the haiku magazine *Sommergras*, has been editor of the website *Haiga im Focus* since 2017. She has fascinating insights into the poems, images, and how they resonate and connect. Consider this monoku.

wanting to save what’s in the kaleidoscope now

For the collage, Carter’s approach is to evoke glass shards in shades of pinks, greys and blues. In her commentary, Brefeld begins her discussion of the poem, quite naturally, with the main image. “With a kaleidoscope, sometimes you don’t want to stop

turning, so beautiful and different are the images it creates.” Her next paragraph, though, reaches into metaphysics.

And yet: who doesn't know these moments that are so special and unique? With the desire to capture them inevitably resonates the knowledge that time cannot be stopped — so we have to leave these moments behind.

There. It's stated. *Time cannot be stopped.*

Brefeld's comments about the complementary interaction of word and image are not the only valuable explanations in the collection. Circling back to Kacian's foreword, we learn of his approach to this most minimal of haiku, to how much can be elided without sacrificing meaning, and about meaning added through that very same elision as it engages a shift in emphasis. He explains, for example, the title poem, which I present, here, for reference.

the endangered c in the middle of the arctic“

This poem, he says, “points to an instance of actual elision currently taking place in the language.”

The “c” in “the endangered c in the middle of the arctic” is of course our northernmost “sea”, threatened in so many ways, but it is also the “c” lost when one smooths it into “ár - tik”.

This book is beautiful and insightful, and we are blessed to be able to turn its pages.

Review by Maxianne Berger



Long Rain, by Lenard D. Moore. Berkeley, California: Wet Cement Press, 2021. 978-1-7324369-9-2. 140 pp. US\$14.
www.wetcementpress.com

This collection of 104 tanka arranged in four sections – earth, wind, fire and water – immerses us in the sounds, colours and scents of North Carolina poet Lenard D. Moore’s beloved deep South. “Memory links me here,” he writes. It is not grand manor houses and lush gardens that he recalls, but rather old homesteads, shacks, and junk heaps, onion patches, cotton fields and tractors. Moore’s memories run deep. We learn of Fanny, his proud and stern great-grandmother, born twenty-four years after the American Civil War, who worked the land until her death in 1972, and of his grandfather, whose house burned a year after he completed boot camp.

Not surprisingly, given Moore’s well-known love of music, references to sound occur frequently in *Long Rain*. The poet tells us that the rhythm of blues tugs at him. We encounter in his tanka a couple hugging and dancing to a jukebox song, a woman chanting blues, and another singing “The Negro Anthem.”

washing a pan
in the broom-swept yard
a black woman at dawn;
she sings “The Negro Anthem”
as maple leaves rustle

But it is not only in the actual music that Moore encounters “the rhythm of blues.” It is there in the everyday sounds of rural life that he records in his poems: a woodpecker hammering, a powerline humming, bullfrogs croaking, an alligator splashing,

dogs barking, water gushing from a fire hydrant, cornstalks rattling, a shack door slamming, and perhaps most memorably, the shattering into shards of the poet's grandmother's vase. All of which come together in a remarkable, living cacophony of the blues.

Colour is also of great significance to Moore, whom we gather is also a sometime painter.

I paint my own face
the oval mirror gives back,
and autumn maples
dripping through the bay window,
still I brush stroke the canvas

Because this is the South, Moore usually identifies the people in his tanka as being white or black. This deeply engrained awareness of "colour" surfaces not only in identifying individuals, but also in other images the poet selects: white moonlight, a trail of black exhaust, a white tulip garden, black alligator shoes, a white sandy road, and a black snake. Of course, the poet's palette extends to vibrant shades as well: red earth, a bluegreen meadow, pink sheets, yellow willows, brown horses, purple collards, a chipped blue plate, and a glistening green dumpster.

Moore's memory is triggered as well by smells of the South. With sheer joy, he recalls the fresh scent of earth, of cut grass and crushed berries. Among other keenly remembered scents are honeysuckle, old lilies, wind-tipped roses, pines, watermelon, rotting pumpkins and the smell of gumbo.

All the sounds, colours and smells in this collection contribute to creating a rich and sensuous picture of the American South. For Moore, the South is also linked in his memory to the sensual and erotic.

honeymoon night —
her gown on the bedpost
as the bedsprings creak
hour after hour spring rain
dripping down the window

May midnight —
she turns the light out
and the music on,
suddenly our rapid breaths
are all I hear

Long Rain is a superbly crafted and evocative collection. Moore shows the importance of place and how it can be a source of striking images and powerful emotion.

review by Angela Leuck



Safety Last, by Brian Bartlett. Gaspereau Press, Devil's Whim Chapbook no. 42, 2019. 9781554472055

This is a beautiful little book from Gaspereau Press, just my cup of tea. Edgy, contrarian, in some ways post-modern (design by Andrew Steeves), and all on really satisfying heavy paper with correspondingly textured cover. I look forward to more from Devil's Whim, a fun chapbook imprint by Gaspereau. It has the quality of a broadsheet, but is sold almost below cost at \$4.95. Congratulations to the publisher!

I think the introduction explaining the source of the title in a Harold Lloyd film is unnecessary. Brian Bartlett's collection stands on its own: even if the reader has no knowledge of Lloyd's work, the poems make total sense. Does it come across, as Bartlett wishes, as comic, cartoonist, as inspired by Harold Lloyd? Does it contain "the recklessness and daring found in comic narratives that seem to seek stability and calm?"

Well, I love the way the poems jump around the page. I don't even mind that there are occasional hand-printed corrections for missing letters ("powerpuff" is corrected to "powderpuff" – lol lol). This is what I think a haiku book should do – come alive. All the same, turning page after page, there is a pattern to the leaping that provides structure. It's a smorgasbord, there are so many poems on a single spread. But they are arranged with attention to the disposition of the whole – colours and themes set out as by a master of plattering. Again, credit for this may be due to the layout person as much as to the poet. It doesn't read so much like frames in a comic strip, as like single cartoon boxes:

Fireman passes
lit cigar to fireman
burning his hand

Do not trust the doctor
who barks at the dog
for licking his hand

First page: hands. Second page: food. Third page: cops and robbers. Page four: delicately introducing a woman. Page five: before you know it, they're married and have a baby. And slide into trouble, and a sort of unhinged resolution. Damn! So tidy.

No stranger to trouble* myself, I very much like the apparent simplicity of this.

So let's look at a couple more poems. All while wondering if Brian Bartlett is related to Captain Bob Bartlett of the *Karluk*, an Arctic ship of Peary fame, who had a knack for trouble too (answer: he's not). This book came out in 2019, so it's not about covid, but there is an eerie applicability. Maybe it's just me finding it hard even to read like I used to:

hat thrashes
on the tablecloth? — diners flee
from the living fish

Probably my favorite lines are, “he detours to a piano/ thinks with the keys[.]”

These lines seem to contain a certain envy — “oh, to be able to do that!” Well Brian, I think you did, only your keyboard is QWERTY. Is it a silent movie, Lloydesque? A bit. The silence is there, so much unsaid. The famous MU, inviting the reader in, to dream up their own captions. Did Brian Bartlett put safety last in putting out this little book? Maybe there is a confession in there. There is also calm.

review by Sandra Stephenson/ Czandra

In stating that she is “No stranger to trouble myself,” Stephenson is alluding to her tanka collection, *Asking for trouble*, forthcoming this year from Yarrow Press. MB



Stardust, by Janice Doppler. Phacops Publishing, 2021. 978-1-7770895-9-7. 88 pp. \$15 (US\$12). Amazon.

As a first book it is very contained and controlled. Split into five chapters, each of them starts with a haibun. Then the first four continue with several haiku, one per page, all observational and light (except one of roadkill.) The poems often find that balance of right detail to express a universal experience

winter morning
that warm spot
in the bed p.12

Or a simple observation that is suggestive of a wider meaning.

short-grass field
killdeer eggs and pony dung
side by side p.26

First in its appeal is the paying attention to notice the eggs and dung, second to place them in the poem as in life side by side with the link & shift of shape, and third the sense of ephemerality of eggs & dung, closeness of new life and back to dirt. It also touches on how humans encroach on bird habitat and endanger it with our insistence on plodding outwards, our big feet, and those of our domesticated animals.

A newcomer to haiku, Janice Doppler jumped in fast, and most of these haiku have found homes in magazines over the last three years.

Unlike some haiku which try to pack in too much, these hit a sweet spot of not over explaining. Occasionally they don't give enough details for me to catch the tone or implication until the second or third read.

coronavirus
a vase of daffodils
in the living room

p. 34

It seems plain description, dull dark days of lockdown versus making our own spark of colour and joy. Or is it also hinting at while Covid ticks up casualties, cancer continues to take the lion's share of lives?

Haiku are allowed to be surfacy and they do not need a symbolic second meaning. There are few poems so it doesn't allow a context of second meanings. This allows them to land lightly, and steer clear of authorial batting of poet voice.

Sometimes it is only the simple moment that haiku can anoint worthy of note.

new moon
coyotes howl
anyway

p. 45

Wonderful economy of image, and accuracy of observation that recognize coyotes do what they do and not by our stereotypes of their timing.

For a first book, albeit a first book of a poet selected for her promise, it is strong, not sentimental and heavy handed. She worked with Ignatius Fay in the mentorship program of the

Haiku Society of America. Together they successfully selected poems that go together for a cohesive whole that ponders not panders.

review by Pearl Pirie



rounded by the sea, by Bill Cooper. Winchester, VA: Red Moon Press, 2022. 978-1-947271-88-3. 104 pp. US\$20.
redmoonpress.com

Observations of tiny moments can convey what others miss, and they can also be momentous. In these 120 haiku organized into four sections, Bill Cooper shares what he has noticed, about children and about nature — air, land, and sea.

The section “child” begins with memories of the I-persona’s own childhood

warm breeze
grandpa lifting me
to the tractor seat

It paves the way for the very next haiku, too, and initially conveys a remembered childhood.

preschool
each superhero
masked

Obviously, however, although rooted in memory, this haiku resonates all the more strongly with readers because of today’s context.

The three nature sections, water, land and air, are populated by a varied and representative selection of flora and fauna — oyster, pufferfish, woodpecker, turtle, bear, spider, gecko — and dune grass, dahlias, cherries, cypress — and the humans who observe them while inhabiting the same environments.

These species interact, at times through subtle movement.

a squirrel flattens
on the climb down
hawk shadow

Through haiku's juxtapositions, humans are presented with interesting, and apt, metaphors.

tai chi
the stiffness of an onion
near its core

The poet's personal life as a professor and university president emeritus gives rise to views others might not imagine. As such, they can be surprisingly startling.

midnight
every light on
in virology

The poems in *rounded by the sea* speak with a praiseworthy balance of economy and clarity. Wherever here is, whenever now is, Bill Cooper's observations capture each moment just so.

review by Maxianne Berger



Journals of Interest

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

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

Frogpond, The Journal of the Haiku Society of America. Paul 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, \$20US (no cheques or money orders) for two issues.

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

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

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

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

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

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

International Tanka, Journal of the International Tanka Society. Mari Konno, Editor. 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.

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



not even sure what I want ads

Dave Read

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 imagediron@gmail.com.



autumn leaf
e e
me d
a r
n s
to the ground

Arch Haslett

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. 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 |

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Roland Packer