

# Haiku Canada Review



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# **HAIKU CANADA REVIEW**

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# Haiku Canada Review

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**Art:** Cover and interior drawings – Diane Descôteaux

**Sheets:** – dusty piano by Elena Calvo

– Haïkus d’hiver par Claude Rodrigue

## From the Editor. . .

Greetings,

I wasn't quite sure what to write about in this greeting to the October 2022 issue of the *Haiku Canada Review*. So, I'm relying on what has kept me company these past three years, besides family and haiku.

They say the pandemic is over, yet they are still offering a new vaccine. All this to say that COVID will be with us for a long time, just like influenza.

Despite, this prognostication, we still have many things to be thankful for. It is our love of haiku and its related forms that keep us moving along in our journey through life. All of us on the editorial team hope that you will enjoy this issue.

Mike



## Haiku Canada Review

Mike Montreuil, Publications Editor.

Claude Rodrigue, Éditeur des haïkus en langue française.

Maxianne Berger, Book Reviews Coordinator/Responsable des recensions.

Micheline Beaudry, Révisseur-conseil pour la langue française.

Sandra St-Laurent, Proofreader-Révisseur.



## Tribute to Margaret Rutley

*Sidney Bending*



The kindest person I have ever known passed away peacefully surrounded by family. She wrote lyric and haiku poetry published in Canada, USA, UK, India, Africa, and New Zealand. Co-created a book of haiku and related poems with Sidney Bending in 2020 called *Whether Forecast*. Published poems for seven years as part of *The Heron's Quill* with Sidney Bending and Nika (Jim Force).

Sang in a night club in Halifax, played a grand piano on main stage, taught piano to her grown children and a young grandchild, played guitar for years leading her Brownie and Girl Guide group. Typed and proofread braille, even created new symbols. Won prizes and awards with Avon, sold the most products in the province. Trained dogs and rode horses.

Volunteered for the SPCA and Wild ARC (Animal Rescue Centre). Decorated cakes. Much of her life, hiked 5 km a day. Served her country in the Air Force. Raised a kind and compassionate family.

Proud to be her best friend for a quarter of a century . . .

finding  
her field of daisies . . .  
bone orchard

for Margaret Rutley (RIP August, 2022)

*Sidney Bending*



**Four haiku by Margaret Rutley** (from *in and out of potholes*, Haiku Canada Sheet, 2018).

burrowing owl  
the prairie farmer gears down  
through a rough patch

money potion . . .  
for the psychic  
an IOU

Mother's Day meal  
in and out of potholes

new jewelry box . . .  
sorting the shiny  
from the tarnished



## The Queen and Mrs. Bishop

*Philomene Kocher*



A few weeks after Queen Elizabeth II celebrated her jubilee on June 3, I interviewed Frances Mary Bishop by phone for this profile. I would like to thank Frances for her willingness to answer my many questions, and also her daughter Elizabeth who was visiting from Prince Edward Island.

Frances is a contemporary of the Queen as they are the same age (Frances was born on January 26, and Elizabeth on April 21). Although the Queen was honoured for her platinum anniversary (70 years), Frances is celebrating closer to a silver anniversary (25 years) as a haiku poet.

Frances was born at the Toronto East General Hospital, and her family lived in East York – well before it became part of the GTA (Greater Toronto Area). She attended Earl Beatty Public School from Kindergarten to Grade 8. Interestingly, Muriel Cobb (later Muriel Ford) was also a student there, although Frances said “we were not always in the same class.”

Frances was a teacher: she taught private piano lessons for 9 years, and also taught in schools for 9 years (including in Barrie, and on Amherst Island near Kingston). As some of the schools were in rural areas, Frances said that she taught “all the grades.”

She told me that she was interested in poetry, and found her way to haiku through a library book: *The Way of Haiku* by James W. Hackett: “I was impressed by all the deep meaning in just a few lines. He stuck to 5-7-5 quite a bit. He made you think. I would go over the haiku and see what he was trying to tell you. He actually attended a meeting I attended.”

And then a synchronistic meeting took place in 1995 that brought Frances to the Haiku Canada community. She was taking a walk in her neighbourhood. As she turned the corner, she met Muriel who had been visiting her mother (who lived just a few streets away). I asked her how she recognized Muriel, and she said “oh, she looked the same. I suppose I looked about the same too.” They talked about what they were doing, and Muriel mentioned that she was writing haiku. One thing led to another, and Frances joined Muriel at the 1996 Haiku Canada Weekend at Glendon College where “George Swede gave a talk.”

Frances joined the Haiku Deer Park group that met at the Deer Park branch of the Toronto Public Library from 1998 to 2008 (the book *Haiku in Canada* notes that the group met 96 times over those years). She said, “I increased my knowledge greatly by going to those meetings. There were very few meetings that I missed. It took me about half an hour on the subway. The group ended soon after I left for Alexandria. I just had a great delight and wanted to be there. I couldn’t wait until the next meeting.”



This haiku is from *Haiku in Canada*.

the gardener mows  
a cultivated lawn  
not sparing the tulip

1998 was outstanding for Frances as she received several awards that year. She had framed the letter for her First Prize, and after retrieving it from the wall in her home, she read:

*I am pleased to be writing to you to advise you that your submission “early spring thaw” has been nominated as Prize Winner for the British Haiku Society James W. Hackett Award 1998. I’m sure you will appreciate that this accolade was gained against a high standard of competition. My personal congratulations to you. The £70 winner’s cheque is enclosed.*  
[Martin Lucas, BHS Hackett Award Administrator]

early spring thaw  
all the prints of our dog erased  
last walk in winter

Also in 1998, Frances received an Honourable Mention in the LaPointe Prize awarded by the Acorn Livesay People’s Festival for one of her haiku.

She said that she had “quite a few haiku published in the 1990s and in Haiku Canada publications.” Over the years she attended the Haiku Canada conferences when she was able to – in Toronto, Ottawa, and Kingston. She continues to contribute to the Haiku Canada Review and the annual Haiku Canada Anthology.

At the end of our conversation, we talked again about the Queen. I asked her about the Coronation in June 1953: “Just what I saw on TV. I watched the whole service. I remember the crown, and how heavy it was on her head, and heavy in different ways even though she’s not wearing it much now.” About the recent Jubilee celebration: “I watched the service – it was on at 5 in the morning, and I watched it right through to the end.”

*NOTE: This profile was written in the summer, and so before the Queen’s passing on September 8, 2022.*

### Works Cited

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Hackett, James W. *The Way of Haiku: An Anthology of Haiku Poems*. Tokyo: Japan Publications Inc. (1969).



### **Four haiku by Frances Mary Bishop**

ice sketches –  
the Artist’s new creation  
upon transparent glass

after the storm  
dead trees  
in glassy whiteness

elevator immobile –  
quiet neighbours chat

torrential floods  
upon the earth  
no way but up



## Points of Growth: Learning Haiku Truth from Louise Glück

*Michael Dylan Welch*

In her book *Proofs & Theories: Essays on Poetry* (Hopewell, New Jersey: The Echo Press, 1994), Nobel prize winner Louise Glück offers a set of challenging essays, one of which is “Education of the Poet,” meaning herself. She says of her early explorations of poetry, “I loved those poems that seemed so small on the page but that swelled in the mind” (4). Haiku poets should all wish to write poems like this, even if she means longer poems that still seem small on the page. Here are some other quotations from the book’s various essays, all related to haiku in a perhaps haphazard way, all offering points of growth.

In the essay just mentioned, Glück writes, “The artist who bears witness begins with a judgment, though it is moral, not aesthetic. But the artist whose gift is the sketch, the anecdote: that artist makes, as far as I can tell, no such judgment” (15). This seems on the surface to be true of haiku, especially the *shasei* (sketch of life) haiku advocated by Shiki. But is it true? Do we begin such poems without judgment? Billy Collins has said that haiku poets drip with existential gratitude, and it is surely this attitude that generates most haiku — and surely that’s a judgment, or at least a stance. However, in the best “sketch” haiku, no judgment is *imparted* by the haiku poet; the thing is what it is, and a sensitive reader will cotton on to its nuances of feeling. The *writing* of good sketch haiku, at the very least, should be uninhibited. As Glück adds, “nothing impedes the setting down of detail, because there is no investment in the idea of importance” (15). The paradox, perhaps, is that the detail in every haiku is at once both unimportant and indispensable. And we value the vital even

as we recognize its ephemerality — all while we swell with gratitude. Or as Glück puts it, “the desire to make art produces an ongoing experience of longing” (16). Why would that be but for our recognition of importance, that gratitude entreats us to pay attention, as Mary Oliver has said, to be astonished, and to tell about it.

In an essay on “The Idea of Courage,” Glück writes, “Poets have something to gain by giving currency to the idea of courage” (23). I’ve written before that each haiku is an act of vulnerability, offering observations that matter to us, asking if they matter to others — and sometimes they don’t. Although vulnerability takes courage, I propose that she does not mean the bravery of telling one’s story, dark as it may be, or of confrontationally advocating for the downtrodden or signaling virtue in the face of injustice or inequity. Rather, she speaks of the courage of attention: “courage . . . concentrates on the poet’s relation to his materials and to his audience, rather than on the political results of speech” (24). In other words, stick to your knitting. She adds that “courage is also accorded to the writer who makes some radical change of style and so courts disfavor” (24). Fortunately, this courage is not without reward. One benefit is that “the poet engaged in the act of writing feels giddy exhilaration” (25), yet she cautions later, “obsession is not courage” (126). Ultimately, before euphoria comes courage, something to grow into.

Glück’s essay “On George Oppen” presents an extended paragraph that seems relevant to haiku:

As a reader, consequently as a writer, I am partial to most forms of voluntary silence. I love what is implicit

or present in outline, that which summons (as opposed to imposes) thought. I love white space, love the telling omission, love lacunae, and find oddly depressing that which seems to have left out nothing. Such poetry seems to love completion too much, and like a thoroughly cleaned room, it paralyzes activity. Or, to use another figure, it lacks magnetism, the power to seem, simultaneously, whole and not final, the power to generate, not annul, energy. (29)

Haiku poets know this silence, of course, the unsaid, and have learned how to summon thought (or feeling) rather than to impose it—a skill that may be haiku’s central art. It would seem to take practice to recognize if one’s own poems create energy or drain it, to reverberate rather than implode, but that is a useful step in the haiku poet’s maturity. All of this revolves around silence, perhaps wordlessness, empowered as a voluntary silence. To summon rather than impose both thought and feeling seems to be an effective mantra for haiku composition. In a later essay, “Disruption, Hesitation, Silence,” Glück writes the following in a similar vein:

I am attracted to ellipsis, to the unsaid, to suggestion, to eloquent, deliberate silence. The unsaid, for me, exerts great power: often I wish an entire poem could be made in this vocabulary. It is analogous to the unseen; for example, to the power of ruins, to works of art either damaged or incomplete. Such works inevitably allude to larger contexts; they haunt because they are not whole, though wholeness is implied. . . . It seems to me that what is wanted, in art, is to harness the power of the unfinished. (74–75)

Toward the end of the same essay, Glück quotes T. S. Eliot:

Words, after speech, reach  
Into the silence. Only by the form, the pattern  
Can words or music reach  
The stillness, as a Chinese jar still  
Moves perpetually in its stillness.

We might move for a moment from the wordless to the wordfull. As such, I wonder if the following comment in the George Oppen essay applies to gendai haiku, or at least its avant-garde variety: “precision is not the opposite of mystery” (31). Think about that, but not too much. Later, Glück writes, “When poems are difficult, it is often because their silences are complicated, hard to follow” (82), and still later, “The poems from which I feel excluded are not poems from which I can learn. Neither are they poems I can ignore” (123).

Oscar Wilde is said to have declared that “All bad poetry is sincere.” Whether that’s true or not, my favourite essay in Glück’s book is perhaps “Against Sincerity.” Near the start she says, “The artist’s task . . . involves the transformation of the actual to the true. And the ability to achieve such transformations, especially in art that presumes to be subjective, depends on conscious willingness to distinguish truth from honesty or sincerity” (33). For me, haiku is a truth beyond whatever happened, and if we can grow into recognizing that, we can become stronger and more assured as haiku poets, and broader in our range and opportunity.

The same essay also says, “the source of art is experience, the end product truth, and the artist, surveying the actual, constantly intervenes and manages, lies and deletes, all in the

service of truth.” (34). She opines that “There is, unfortunately, no test for truth” (34), but another growth point for haiku poets would seem to be this ability to migrate the actual to the true (including, as I’ve said elsewhere, transforming private meaning to public clarity), transforming incident to transcendent. In a later essay she writes that “the true is not a resting place, not an epiphany” (81), and indeed we have the opportunity to find each poem’s truth beyond whatever epiphany it may offer. Many haiku poets may believe that haiku’s epiphany *is* its truth, but some epiphanies might be just sugar, not substance. In *Poetry* magazine, Christian Wiman once wrote that, “Nature poets can’t walk across the backyard without tripping over an epiphany.” Such epiphanies are deeper truths that may have a confident, quieter, less flashy unfolding.

after the garden party    the garden

*Ruth Yarrow*

Later in “Against Sincerity,” Glück writes that, “When we speak of honesty, in relation to poems, we mean the degree to which and the power with which the generating impulse has been transcribed” (35). But here she emphasizes “Transcribed, not transformed,” adding that “Any attempt to evaluate the honesty of a text must always lead away from that text, and toward intention” (35). We can transform the actual to the true, but the honesty within the true, the generating vision, must still be transcribed – not transformed. And this is where we come to intention. In *Empire of Signs*, Roland Barthes said haiku should signify (that is, simply point to things named), and not symbolize. I have never felt comfortable with that perspective, which stinks of Zen, and Glück seems to agree, invoking intention. It can indeed be fine if some of our haiku get away

from us, so to speak, finding meaning beyond our intention, but I think the best haiku still blossom from intention, even if subconscious. To me this is how haiku find honesty, the deeper truth of the self. I have sometimes heard Japanese haiku poets say that a weakness in some haiku is that they are “common thought” haiku – holding up some detail that anyone could produce. The implication is that the best haiku need to dwell in what only *you* can say, or on how only *you* can say it, thus representing *kokoro* or heart.

Ultimately, as Glück concludes later, “authenticity, in the poem, is not produced by sincerity” (44), insisting that “the processes by which experience is changed – heightened, distilled, made memorable – have nothing to do with sincerity” and that “The truth, on the page, need not have been lived” (45). This last thought may be a remarkable claim when applied to haiku, when so many Westerners have been raised on the oatmeal of direct personal experience as the only source of haiku. But this need not be so, if one chooses to grow into broadened opportunity. Glück concludes her essay by asserting that “The true, in poetry, is felt as insight. It is very rare, but beside it other poems seem merely intelligent comment” (45). Yet I wonder, are these insights not the same as epiphanies? Perhaps we have to figure that out for ourselves and entertain the idea that Glück, and perhaps we ourselves, contain multitudes. At the end of another essay, on Stanley Kunitz, Glück writes, “whatever the truth is, to speak it is a great adventure” (111).

In the “Disruption, Hesitation, Silence” essay mentioned earlier, Glück writes, “All earthly experience is partial. Not simply because it is subjective, but because that which we do not know, of the universe, of mortality, is so much more vast than



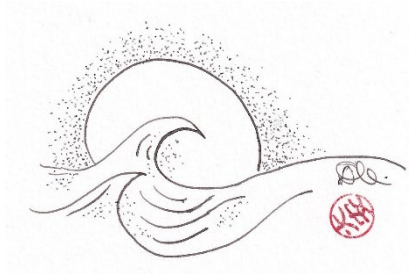
that which we do know. What is unfinished or has been destroyed participates in these mysteries. The problem is to make a whole that does not forfeit this power” (74). She also adds that “What wholeness gives up is the dynamic: the mind need not rush in to fill a void” (75). This is how the juxtaposition of the haiku’s two parts creates a “vacuum” that sucks readers in. It is unwhole, incomplete, inviting mystery. But if the poem is whole, saying too much, or imposing judgment or feeling, then the mind (or heart) has nowhere to go, no void to attempt to fill. Nothing is summoned. The best haiku create this void, this nothingness, this reverence for the Chinese jar’s emptiness.

Included in *Proofs & Theories* is Glück’s essay that introduced the 1993 edition of *The Best American Poetry*, for which she served as guest editor. She writes that “we must remember [the poem’s] agenda: not simply to record the actual but to continuously create the sensation of immersion in the actual” (92). The nuance here is part of what I think she meant earlier by transforming the actual to the true. She adds that “Art’s truth is as different from sincerity’s honest disclosure as it is different from the truth we get in the doctor’s office” and that “The poem may embody perception so luminous it seems truth, but what keeps it alive is not fixed discovery but the means to discovery” (93).

One of the later pieces in Louise Glück’s essay collection is “Invitation and Exclusion,” in which she writes, “If you treat objects as icons, presuming some inherent significance, you presume, likewise, the universal applicability of that single significance, and this assumption of common ground links the poet to the reader” (118–119). As Joyce said, Dublin is everywhere. A point of growth here is to recognize and celebrate

this common ground, this gestalt of the collective unconscious. Perhaps commonality is too easily presumed in haiku poems, to the point of seldom being mentioned, but it's worth emphasizing that a good haiku makes readers realize what they already know – as Glück says, “contact, of the most intimate sort, is what poetry can accomplish” (128), which can be a reward for writers beyond momentary vulnerability, and thus also a reward for readers.

In the “Invitation and Exclusion” essay, Glück also says “The sea is an occasion” (118) and explains that “If . . . objects are occasions, and the notion of inherent significance secondary, beside the point, if it exists at all, then all weight, all import, is conferred by the perceiving eye” (119). This thought puts a great and welcome burden on the haiku poet, the perceiving eye. And this attention lies at the center of haiku, to be not just an eye but to perceive the sea of experience in all its weight. In the end, if we grow into achieving universality through commonality, if we transform the real into the true, if we embrace a kind of impoverishment that makes us hungry with “passionate openness” (134), then the path before us as haiku poets remains wide and welcoming.



## Haiku Plus

morning fog  
a friendly pup's  
wet kisses

*Jessica Allyson*

swift flight  
finding a way  
to thread shadow

*Joanna Ashwell*

apartment nights –  
rooming with  
the neighbor's footsteps

*Munira Judith Avinger*

sighing winds  
inviting melancholy  
closing the door

*Sheila Bello*

spring at work  
irises bloom  
on computer screens

neighborhood watch  
penstemons  
invade the perimeter

*Alanna C. Burke*

contemplating  
a mating call  
mockingbird

midnight subway  
echoes resonate  
within shadow

*Christopher Calvin*

an old couple by the river sunrise

*Mariangela Canzi*

her perfume  
lingering . . .  
the passing bicyclist

*Terry Ann Carter*

rag  
                  ged  
butterfly  
    win  
    gs

*Louise Carson*

Zoom meeting . . .  
my thoughts drift  
to mug cakes

*Anna Cates*

ebb tide  
all the things still left  
to say

*Lysa Collins*

forty years  
bringing me home  
to his mother

*Vera Constantineau*

no word  
from the lost Quaker parrot  
autumn rain

*Jeanne Cook*

arrivals gate  
now i am the father  
who waits

*Bill Cooper*

unmarked graves—  
a raven's quill  
breaks the silence

*Pamela Cooper*

anniversary dinner  
I ask her to pass  
the salt

*Alvin Cruz*

crow talk  
the day shift  
heads home

faraway shore  
my boyhood dog  
waits for me

*Dan Curtis*

curled dried leaf  
the cricket  
spies on me

*Carole Daoust*

jardin d'enfance —  
derrière le grillage  
ton chapeau de paille

childhood garden —  
behind the wire mesh  
your straw hat

*Sandrine Davin*  
*trad: Mike Montreuil*

papercut  
pain  
after the hurt

*Lorelyn De la Cruz Arevalo*

Mother visits . . .  
spider in the corner  
spins my white lies

*Charlotte Digregorio*

one year since her passing . . .  
fresh snow on every branch

*Hans Dringenberg*

cathedral  
the exact conformity  
of votive candles

*David Kāwika Eyre*

acorns  
where the  
old oak  
fell

wind shift—  
i loan my phone  
to davy jones

*P.H. Fischer*

summer garden  
two hummingbirds  
twirl the sky

*Jay Friedenber*

Midsummer shooting stars

*Sharon H. Frost*



moonlit windowsill  
our cat purrs in tune  
with the Harley

*Joshua Gage*

barefoot  
how far out to sea  
her sky-blue gaze

park busker  
his lively fiddle  
turning heads

*William Scott Galasso*

bogland  
beyond the stunted birch  
windblown decades

*Mike Gallagher*

abandoned football field—  
the “sled” in a tangle  
of wildflowers

his cardboard home—  
as if my footsteps might  
awaken all us all

*Barry George*

autumn dusk —  
red racing purple  
up the mountains

*Ruth Esther Gilmore*

the one clean spot on the wall  
Jesus  
had it covered

*LeRoy Gorman*

fog lifts  
the wooded hillside  
clear-cut

*Jon Hare*

time well spent  
i wait for  
the next leaf to fall

*Arch Haslett*

old leather wallet  
finely honed  
wealth in retirement

*Brendan Hewitt*

in the basket  
that warmed her feet  
a peony

*Robert Hirshfield*

empty drinks  
clouds never old enough  
to be yesterday's

*Gary Hotham*

woven into the nest  
strands of my hair  
when it was grey

my five-year old  
keeps walking forward-backward  
a funambulist  
in training her tightrope  
firmly on the grass

*Louisa Howerow*

lunar eclipse  
my daughter's  
new promotion

*Charlotte Hrenchuk*

Saturday morning heat  
when all the power tools stop  
cicadas

*Marshall Hryciuk*

moonlight  
my glass of water  
no longer half-empty

*Harvey Jenkins*

blue cloud  
out of the garage  
a Mustang convertible

*Hans Jongman*

heat wave  
a water shortage  
in the haiku

*Deborah Karl-Brandt*

— dust settles  
on her mantelpiece  
the husband's urn

*Noel King*

the difference  
a season makes  
spring onions

*Deb Koen*

threatened wetlands  
a western chorus frog  
sings the blues

*Angela Leuck*

cicada cries  
the rise and fall  
of nations

*Ryland Shengzhi Li*

my hand  
over my fast-beating heart  
as I recite the pledge . . .  
a voice fills my head,  
*are you Canadian enough?*

*Chen-ou Liu*

garden harvest  
she emerges with a bouquet  
of rhubarb

*Lilian Nakamura Maguire*

down narrow hallways  
passing neighbours dance  
a Covid two-step

*Carole Martignacco*

each night  
the one  
mosquito

*Vicki McCullough*

yoga class  
dead to the world  
in corpse pose

*Joanne Morcom*

sunbeam  
in the fog  
boysenberry pie

*Luciana Moretto*

bitter winds  
about the widow's broom  
blowing snow

*Nika*

TSA line  
he reaches under his shirt  
with his deodorant

*David Oates*

absent ear buds  
the rustle of leaves  
under my feet

*Nola Obee*

a toast  
until the glass is empty  
winter solstice

*Roland Packer*

labouring through  
home (...) job (...) hope (...)  
(less)er class covid

*Scott Packer*

fiddleheads unraveling my past

*Lorraine Padden*

Monarch migration southward  
garden shop  
lunch stop

*Brent Partridge*

octopus pot  
the curve and contour  
of no escape

*Marianne Paul*

trout fishing  
an afternoon spent  
chasing rainbows

*John Quinnett*

dinosaur bones . . .  
grandpa digs up  
an old story

midnight jazz . . .  
the soft-brush percussion  
of rain

*Dave Read*



morning breeze  
on each turned leaf  
still sunlight

*Bruce Ross*

winter solstice  
she tries to limit herself  
to two . . . three drinks

*Derek Sprecksel*

setting sun  
a little piece of the moon  
behind each maple leaf

*Bernice Sorge*

if I list them  
will they stay longer?  
crocus scilla violet  
forget-me-not  
snow-drop stay!

*Sandra Stephenson*

wintry mornings . . .  
we seek out sunbeams  
stretching  
like contented cats,  
purring with delight

*Debbie Strange*

Indian Summer  
a murmuraton  
polishes the sky

nearing infinity  
the snowflakes  
I count to sleep

*Luminita Suse*

battle zone  
from the mass grave  
hints of green

photos of ever more  
far away galaxies —  
the bees among  
the blooms of  
ivy on the wall

*George Swede*

the past lies  
truth is in the eyes  
of the best teller

*Graham Swanson*

blood pressure cuff  
left on the table  
first frost

*Magdelene van der Kamp*

the old body lying  
next to my old body . . .  
our years together

*Naomi Beth Wakan*

summer sky  
the pale blue  
of my father's eyes

*Joseph P. Wechselberger*

rained-out picnic —  
the view we could have had  
into each other

*Michael Dylan Welch*

a barnacle  
on a shipwreck  
the divorcee's tattoo

*Robert Witmer*

heirloom brooch  
the weight  
of ash

*Geneviève Wynand*

incessant rains  
I row up the street to  
my favorite café

*Chen Xiaou*



## Les bouches

Haïkus réunis par *Claude Rodrigue*

bouche ronde  
ouverte sur le sein  
l'enfant dort

*Monique Pagé*

ta main de bébé  
sur ma bouche de maman  
douce exploration

*Natacha Karl*

ce grain de riz  
dans sa bouche  
sa première dent

*Marianne Dronne*

enfant apeuré  
de la bouche de la mère  
sortent des mots doux

*Micheline Boland*

matin de printemps  
la bouche de l'enfant prononce  
son premier maman

*Paola Carot*

mon petit-fils  
ferme ma bouche de ses mains  
on commence à se connaître

*Louisa Howerow*

pluie de pétales  
l'enfant en attrape un  
dans sa bouche

*Lavana Kray*

ciel bleu  
avant de faire un vœu  
l'enfant embrasse le pissenlit

*Hassane Zemmouri*

commençant l'école  
la bouche dégarnie  
en sifflant ses mots

*Liette Janelle*

colonie de vacances  
derrière le brise-vent  
leur premier baiser

*Éléonore Nickolay*

délicat baiser  
sous un cerisier fleur  
la fin du printemps

*Baptiste Le Lunaire*

pétale de fleur  
déposé sur ma bouche  
baiser d'un ange

*Jean-Marc Bonnel*

le cœur à l'arrêt  
le bouche à bouche réanime  
les deux amoureux

*Simon Galand*

un tendre tourment  
nos bouches volages se frôlent  
et les sens s'affolent

*Octave Alphée*

de bouche à oreille  
les histoires ont voyagé  
déformant ses secrets

*Léna Darriet*

concert nocturne  
trente bouches ouvertes  
en chœur

*Geneviève Rey*

fraises des bois  
des souvenirs d'enfant  
sur les papilles

*Françoise Maurice*

ta divine brûlure  
m'arrache de douces larmes  
piment adoré

*Franck Stevens*

elle mange peu  
la vieille en résidence  
saveurs oubliées

*Micheline Aubé*



drôle d'enseigne  
est-ce du lard ou du cochon ?  
*Bouche-qui-rit*

*Jo Pellet*

bouche de métro  
suivre les panneaux  
et son déhanché

*Christiane Ranieri*

bouche vieillie  
un beau rouge à lèvres cerise  
dans le miroir

*Salvatore Tempo*

assoupi sur la chaise longue  
une mouche entre et sort  
de sa bouche édentée

*Marc Bonetto*

le *Cri* de Munch <sup>(1)</sup>  
devant *L'Origine du monde* <sup>(2)</sup>  
bouche-bée

*Bernard Cadoret*

fin des exigences  
ces lèvres venimeuses  
resteront closes

*Corbal*

de la bouche d'égout  
des volutes de fumée  
j'ajuste mon collet

*Monique Lévesque*

couvre-feu  
sur une bouche d'aération  
le SDF<sup>(3)</sup> se réchauffe

*Minh-Triêt Pham*

passe le métro  
sous la maison des écrivains  
pleine de sortilèges

*Micheline Comtois-Cécylre*

bouche de gouttière  
le filet d'eau ou s'abreuve  
un escargot

*Anne-Marie Joubert-Gaillard*

les nuages se fendent  
et les bouches débordent  
bombe météo

*Géralda Lafrance*

la *Bouche de la Vallée* <sup>(4)</sup>  
une biche traverse  
la rivière claire

*Maria Tirenescu*

tourbillons de mai  
aux bouches de la Loire  
bans de civelles

*Hervé Loubière*

bouche du vortex  
dis-moi tout de l'univers  
quantas de l'étrange

*René-Pierre Buigues*

Note 1 : Edvard Munch, peintre et graveur norvégien (1863-1944)

Note 2 : Gustave Courbet, peintre et sculpteur français (1819-1877).

Note 3 : Sans domicile fixe.

Note 4 : Toponyme en Roumanie.

**« Montréal, août 1973. Vers la fin des vacances d'été, on ne savait plus quoi faire pour s'amuser, Alain et moi. Alors nous prenions le métro, juste pour passer le temps. »**

Michel Rabagliati, BD, *Paul dans le métro* (2005)

Prochain thème : **Les cimetières.**  
**SVP Seulement trois haikus par soumission.**



Cueillir un regard  
dans la foule  
— fleur des champs

One glance  
plucked from a crowd  
— field flower

*Armelle Chitrit*  
*Trad: Yannick Morin*



## Au delà de ces pages...

Celles et ceux parmi vous qui liront les pages en anglais verront que de ce côté là, je quitte le poste de coordonnatrice des recensions, et que Dave Read en assume la responsabilité. Je continuerai, cependant, de voir aux recensions des recueils de haïku en français avec une toute nouvelle adresse de courriel.

À toutes et à tous, bonne lecture et beaucoup d'inspirations !

Maxianne Berger  
Coordonnatrice des recensions  
recensions@haikucanada.org

## Recensions ...

Blanca Baquero, *Aussi loin que le vent* (haïku), Ottawa, éditions David, 2022, 97 p. (ill.). 782895-978466 14,95 \$.  
editionsdavid.com

Blanca Baquero est née à Chicago. Elle habite maintenant Canning, en Nouvelle-Écosse. Entre 1965 et 2002, elle a vécu sur la Côte-Nord. *Aussi loin que le vent* est son premier recueil composé de 99 haïkus, en 7 sections. La préface, écrite par Hélène Leclerc, souligne que l'auteurice a renoué avec la langue française par le haïku et que ce livre est « la matérialisation d'un grand rêve » (p. 11).

Chaque être vivant poursuit un but avec les 18 haïkus de la section « Se frayer un chemin ». Ce peut être en vivant son destin

d'animal lorsqu'un homme donne « sur le flanc de sa vache / une dernière tape d'affection / [le] jour d'abattage (p. 21) ou bien à la largeur de ses épaules, une personne chemine en pensant que, comme le fait la nature depuis des millénaires, « tous les deux / on se fraye un passage / le ruisseau et moi » (p. 17).

L'introspection se poursuit avec les 13 haïkus de la section « Premiers flocons ». Avec l'hiver, retour des souvenirs, le cocon de la maison est attaqué par la froidure québécoise. À une autre époque, c'était à la « messe de minuit / se rappeler de la réponse / et cum spitiru tuo » (p. 36) et ne rien comprendre, sauf vivre l'émerveillement et la beauté des chants et de l'orgue. Après l'engourdissement des chants en latin, ne voir que la « neige / le silence du vide / devenu blanc » (p. 37) à la sortie de l'église.

« Je me souviens » est la 3<sup>e</sup> section, de 11 haïkus, qui remémore à l'autrice ses séjours à Gagnonville, à Port-Cartier et à Sept-Îles. Cette dernière est aussi la devise du Québec et rappelle aux Nord-Côtiers que nous vivons le long d'un « chemin montagneux / sans raccourci / la route 138 » (p. 41) dont les panoramas sont à découvrir. Ensuite, elle nous conduit sans « aucun bruit / sauf son propre bruit / [à] Manic-5 » (p. 42) dans un immense cratère, L'œil du Québec.

La 4<sup>e</sup> section, par 13 moments haïkus, illustre « Les césures de la vie » par le quotidien, avec ses joies et ses peines, comme cette journée où « deux tourterelles / se bécotent sur une branche / [et] tu cries après moi » (p. 54). Tout devient lourd et gris avec les épreuves qui assomment et l'on souhaite « une césure / dans ma vie de haïkiste / colostomie » (p. 51).

Dans « Deviner la lune » avec ses 15 haïkus plus légers, Baquero s'inspire de la générosité de la nature, puisqu'au « crépuscule / le ciel change / de Monet à Cézanne » (p. 65). En d'autres circonstances, nous découvrons la légèreté de l'instant observé : « l'abreuvoir / une libellule se prend / pour un colibri » (p.64).

« Courir vers l'été » (6e section) annonce, en 17 haïkus, les réminiscences de l'enfance avec le sourire du « dernier jour d'école / lancer son sac / en courant vers l'été » (p. 73). Demain, avec insouciance, on se retrouve « dans un champ / le rire des balles de foin / [et les] jeux de cache-cache » (p. 76). Tous ces moments surgissent à la mémoire de l'autrice dans la « douceur du soir / [avec] le mugissement des vaches / et le p'tit au sein » (p. 76). Elle entrevoit alors la lueur de la lune et la vie.

Le recueil se termine avec les 12 haïkus. « D'Aussi loin que le vent » rappelle la joie d'être, la complicité, avec les « draps chiffonnés / entre les plis le ruban / glissé de mes cheveux » (p. 85). La fin du recueil est marquée par l'image symbolique, perdue ou trouvée, de « l'aigle / aussi loin que le vent / sa liberté » (p. 91), mais aussi en lien avec le 2e sens, « on se fraye un passage », du premier haïku.

Un rêve s'est réalisé avec *Aussi loin que le vent*. Poursuivez celui-ci en vous laissant imprégner et charmer par les sourires que Blanca Baquero sème dans ses haïkus.

*recension par Claude Rodrigue*



***Cha ba da ba da*** Collectif francophone de haïkus coordonné par Dominique Chipot, illustrations par Pauline Vaubrun. Pippa éditions, Paris. 978-2-37679-063-1. 98 pp. 16€. [www.pippa.fr](http://www.pippa.fr)

Le titre de ce collectif, Chat ba da ba da, évoque sans façon la musique de Francis Lai, et produit un encadrement domestique pour cet animal qui partage notre vie, tout comme un homme avec une femme : les hauts et les bas, les joies et les tristesses, et comme l'explique Dominique Chipot dans son prologue, « un pays fascinant, où règnent sérénité et sauvagerie » (p. 7).

Ce livre, organisé en 11 sections, présente plus de 226 poèmes par 115 poètes de la francophonie. On retrouve cette domesticité « Sur le divan », avec les vies en parallèle :

*faibles miaulements  
sous la machine à coudre  
la chatte lèche le dernier*

Géralda Lafrance (p. 16)

*mémé s'assoupit  
la chatte aussi  
ronron de la télé*

Geneviève Rey (p. 24)

« Avis de recherche » présente divers aspects de perte, d'absence, de départ. Pour Janick Belleau (p. 29), le côté positif, pourrait-on ainsi l'interpréter.

*mon chat se cache pour souffrir—  
que j'aimerais me soigner  
dans un hôtel particulier*

Le chat est partout dans « Le bruit du lait ». Je pourrais moi-même attester la réalité qu'exprime Luce Pelletier (p. 43).



*petit déjeuner– / un poil de chat / sur la langue*

Cette présence se sent aussi dans le changement de l'environnement. Diane Descôteaux (p. 67) l'explique avec un jeu de mots brillamment choisi dans « Le chat s'est enfuit ».

*chatte de luxe / au grand salon / tous nos meubles griffés*

« Où est la souris? » offre aux lecteurs la sauvagerie toujours présente chez nos petits favoris, et comme le rappelle Nane Couzier (p. 51), leurs offrandes.

*miaulements doux / la vieille chatte m'offre / un mulot*

Tant de chats, tant de surprises : les révélations de moments parfois banals, mais pourtant enduis de signification. Un tel exemple, dans « Suite d'impromptus », est saisi par Hélène Leclerc (p. 60).

*entre deux étirements  
le chat et son envie  
de voir le monde à l'envers*

Nos chats sont bel et bien membres de la famille, et portent même des surnoms amusants et, espérons le pour ce haïku de Sandra St-Laurent (p. 61), sans réalité.

*nuit d'orage / mon père rassure / le sac à puces*

Chipot dit bien dans son prologue que « les amoureux des chats reconnaîtront avec amusement des portraits de leur compagnon

favori » (p. 7). Il a bien raison. Dans mon cas, le poème qui me touche le plus correspond bien à ma propre réalité:

*présence du chat*  
*le silence*  
*change de couleur*

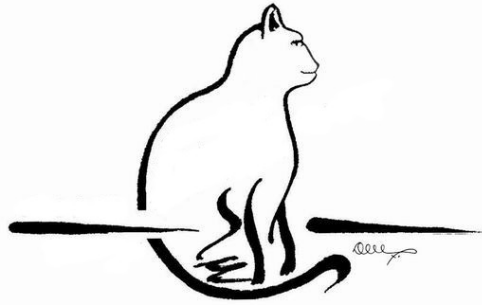
Philippe Macé (p. 12)

*recension par Maxianne Berger*



## shadows lingering over tea

Linda Anne Baker



# Haibun

## Birdsong

*David Witmer*

Drunk birds slur their songs. That we have learned, boozing finches far beyond their wintered berries.

How birds resemble ourselves. The anthropologist Claude Lévi-Strauss noted that, "like us, birds love freedom and they build themselves homes in which they live a family life and nurture their young." Literature is rich with metaphorical bird communities. Aristophanes showed that life is for *The Birds*, while Chaucer had Nature teach the importance of free will to a *Parliament of Fowls*.

Since ancient times, the songs of birds, pouring forth their tuneful souls, have inspired musicians and poets. Some have even speculated that human music, our universal language, has its origins in birdsong. We make music because it sounds beautiful to our ears, and we use it not only for enjoyment but also to celebrate important events.

day begins  
the voice of a nightingale  
imprisoned in the violin

The French composer Olivier Messiaen was fascinated with the connections between music made by humans and that of birds. As a prisoner in a Nazi concentration camp he composed his *Abyss of the Birds*, eight movements of astonishingly beautiful

music, where the instruments weave in and out of their harmonies, rhythms, and chords to rise up toward a heavenly end. In the living hell of the camp, his winged spirit brought together the sonic enthusiasm of birds with the long, dark weight of eternity. In his notes to the piece, he wrote: “The birds are the opposite of time. They represent our longing for light, for stars, for rainbows, and for jubilant song. In my hours of gloom, when I am suddenly aware of my own futility, when every musical idiom — classical, oriental, ancient, modern and ultramodern — appears to me as no more than admirable painstaking experimentation without any ultimate justification, what is left for me but to seek out the true, lost face of music somewhere off in the forest, in the fields, in the mountains or on the seas, among the birds.”

With winged words Walt Whitman sang that the poet should learn his music from the mockingbird. In such a way, the German artist Kurt Schwitters turned the songs of birds into his famous sound poem *Ursonate*. The poet’s song may take flight and transcend mundane life, allowing anyone who makes that song their own, by giving to its syllables their breath, a means to rise above the sullen earth and like the lark sing hymns at heaven’s gate.

sunlight on water  
vowels  
in the syllables of birds

Why do birds sing? Their songs keep flock and family together; they unite pairs in the spirit of love; they teach the young. Their music is essential to their survival. Humans share with birds the ability to learn to sing.

baby finches hunger for their father's songs

And yet we put birds in cages. As Shelley sang of one young woman: "Poor captive bird! who, from thy narrow cage, / Pourest such music, that it might assuage / The rugged hearts of those who prisoned thee, / Were they not deaf to all sweet melody." And as the poet Paul Laurence Dunbar sang of black Americans: "I know why the caged bird sings." He was singing for the freedom that is the natural province of the bird, as it is for all human beings.

music repeats  
the uncaged melody  
a beak between the bars

**Notes:**

1. The French avant-garde composer Olivier Messiaen was one of most distinctive voices in 20th century music. He had been fascinated with the connections between music made by humans and that of birds since his teenage years. During the early years of WWII, he was a prisoner in the Nazi concentration camp Stalag 8A, which held over 30,000 people. The Red Cross gave him music paper and identified a few other musicians in the camp, and they secured a few violins, cellos, clarinets, and a single piano. There, he completed one of his most celebrated compositions, *Abyss of the Birds*, the first of many to feature the sounds of birds.

In eight movements of beautiful music, the four instruments weave in and out through unusual harmonies, rhythms, and impressionistic chords that rise up toward a sonic, heavenly end. In the first movement, the clarinet and violin trade sounds from blackbird and nightingale, and the solo clarinet third movement is an attempt to link the endless enthusiasm of singing birds with the long, dark weight of eternity.

2. Studies show that drunk birds slur when they sing. Bohemian waxwings get tipsy on fermented berries and fly into windows and walls. Good Samaritans that they are, the environment department in the Yukon, in Canada, has set up avian drunk tanks, where the wasted waxwings, with red-stained beaks, can sober up before they fly off into spring.



## Full Circle

*Dina E Cox*

Now that baseball season has begun in earnest, I've been musing on why I enjoy the season so much. I think it goes back to the days when I was very young, and my Dad and his friend would spend whole afternoons washing their cars to the 'tune' of some baseball game, as they watched me and my friend playing nearby. That memory is as crisp today as it ever was. It reaches back to before our first black and white television. Much has changed since then, including in the world of baseball. Still today, as I watch my own grandchildren on the baseball diamond, I am reminded happily of those carefree hours.

newly polished car  
a dragonfly lands  
on its reflection



breakfast at the beach house   scrambled

*Joan Roberts*

## Release

*Gavin Austin*

Shards of cobalt pierce an inky sky; tear the frayed gown of night to reveal the pale bosom of waking day.

Morning moves with stealth between the paper barks and pines, reaches with cold fingers, which rouse me from a place where no moonlit shadows fall. Her touch is cold, her breath damp on my skin. Bird song perforates the stillness. In my litter of fallen pine needles, I straighten and stretch.

On unruly legs I blunder across the park towards the lake. Like raucous schoolboys, a flock of white cockatoos shriek profanities at the world as they wheel across morning sky.

I stand, pensive, on the sloping bank; sniff the air to gage the weather. Silver water sleeps beneath a diaphanous duvet. The smell of mown grass hangs in freshly-laundered air, as damp clippings adhere to my purple feet. I've left behind the incarceration of leather; forgotten the warmth and protection it may provide.

white spirit  
is my woman now  
her fire bites  
through frozen nights  
and reality's stakes

## “Twingeing Screws”

*Bryan Cook*

The lure of lake trout, a two hundred pound outboard and a seventy-six-year-old back do not make a happy combination.

My partner scolds “Why didn’t you call a neighbour to help with the lifting? You’re not young anymore. Now look what you’ve done! What am I going to do without you?”

What does she mean by “without you?” I’m not dead yet.

Friends confide in her that I’ve aged terribly in the last two weeks, offer a stroller, even suggest a wheelchair!

I’ll stick to my anti-aging strategy of moving and doing, despite the “twingeing screws”\*. There’s many more fishing seasons in me yet, if only I can swallow my stupid pride and let the young’uns do the heavy lifting.

first fish of spring  
a two-stroke splutters  
into a tranquil dawn

\* “Twingeing screws” (correct spelling), a colloquial British expression for incapacitating aches and pains, first used in the British radio comedy “The Navy Lark” (BBC 1959-1977) by Chief Petty Officer Pertwee as an excuse to avoid going to sea.



## Nosegay

*Sidney Bending*

In 1866, in *Medical Press and Circular*, a Professor Bank published information to assist in diagnosis:

*The odor of small pox has been compared to the smell of a he-goat; that of measles to a fresh-plucked goose; scarlatina to cheese. The smell of plague has been compared with the odor of May flowers, and that of typhus with a Cossack.*

losing  
my sense of smell . . .  
omicron

## Sharp focus

*Sharon Morrison*

It's my dad's last month. He says 'if you say so' (bluff he can't remember what you've said) or to a question . . . what was mum's favourite chocolate bar? 'what **was** mum's favourite chocolate bar?' He has old school manners, and his conversation's light. He never argues, no matter how outrageous the comment. He says 'very good' very often. He's elegant in simple ways. He eats with broad strokes and ample flourishes settling morsels on

his fork. He has memorable gestures, even to how he uses a hankie. Everything about him is dear.

old man's cheeks  
move rhythmically  
air in, air out.

## Poetry Night at the Library

*Roberta Berry*

Next up a man reads a melody by Thomas Moore. And I am back in the old house, my fingers fluting notes on the baby grand.

My father sings along. He knows the words by heart. So does the man in the library. Who looks like my father. Same spectacles, wide green eyes, wispy white hair.

It is 15 years since my father died. But tonight, his ghost roams the library. Singing about endearing young charms and loveliness that fades.

At the song's end the man takes a bow. I sit and silently clap for man and ghost. Then turn off my computer.

old sheet music  
the gene sequence  
of marginalia

## Osteria Napoli, East Vancouver

*Chuck Brinkley*

We make short work of the steamed mussels, a good start to what promises to be a magical evening. A waiter on his way to the kitchen stop-whirls to our table and reaches for the emptied bowl.

“Not so fast!” Startled, the waiter steps back. Kim nudges it my way, knowing I will defer. She shrugs, and with scarcely concealed anticipation, lifts the bowl with both hands and carefully pours what’s left of the sea-seasoned sauce into her wine glass.

*Mamma mia!*  
a passing busboy drops  
his anchor tattoo

All eyes are on Kim as she lifts the wine glass to her lips, tilts it up, and up a little higher — that one last sliver of garlic! The waiter, who should have already taken the bowl away, watches my wife’s performance as if from a backstage wing. At last, our star sets down her glass, and sighs.

“You can take this, too. And bring a new one, per favore.”

“Naturalmente, signora!” He wipes the table and, glass in bowl, marches off to the beat of the accordionist’s spirited *Funiculi, Funiculà*.

la famiglia ristorante  
Shirley Temple asks me  
for my umbrella

I salute  
the cannelloni sauces  
*il Tricolore*

squeezing the mic  
the drunk diner drops to one knee  
. . . *I did it MYY WAAAY*

zabaglione  
the floor-to-ceiling fresco  
of Mount Vesuvius

Too full to move, let alone get up and put on our coats, we linger in the candlelit alcove. A short, silver-haired man in a striped apron pulls up a chair, flashes a gold tooth. We take turns shaking hands with Tony, the chef/owner of this fine, bustling enterprise on the far edge of town.

“What a night!” Tony wipes his brow with his apron, lights a cigarette. One twirl of his finger, and a waiter appears with three shot glasses and a bottle of limoncello.

“I’m happy to meet you — meet the woman like my sauce and a, drink a — outta wine glass! *Alla salute!*”

smoky grotto —  
in floats la bella donna  
on a scallop shell

## Touching an Image

*Lenora Corday*

A girl touched the image of a robin.

A boy touched the image of a playful monster.

Then, they drew their images with red and blue and orange crayons.

Someone saw the drawn images.  
Both drawings looked the same.

Both children . . . blind.

a raindrop  
falling on the clear window  
and another . . .  
rolling down the glass  
they meet



*André Duhaime*

## Linked Verses and Sequences

### Painting Zen

by Anton R. Kelian & Sue Colpitts

another dab of ink  
falls on rice paper  
lily pads

*the ma between  
leaping frog and water*

rain ripples  
the unnamed pond  
sumi-e circles

*bamboo brush  
with one swoop  
a heron lands*

lotus petals closing  
enso pearls

*small red koi  
the artist stamps  
his hanko*

*Notes:*

*ma – negative space*

*hanko – a personal stamp or seal*



## Seventh Inning Stretch

*Dina E Cox*

listening hard  
through dappled trees and static  
for the umpire's "Safe!"

crack of the bat  
in fuzzy black and white  
from my father's knee

losing the ball  
in deep shadow  
the breathless wait

instant replay  
just as beautiful  
second time round

seventh inning stretch  
I limp to the kitchen  
for more goodies

that time of evening . . .\*  
light slides slowly  
across home plate

my grandson  
brings home a foul ball  
too bad they lost

\*Trillium Haiku Group Anthology 2021 p. 15

## What Once Was

*Elinor Pihl Huggett*

old walnut desk  
in the back bedroom . . .  
winter deepens

the bottom drawer sticks  
Dad's wallet  
secured with rubber bands

worn leather . . .  
his driver's license  
and a few coins

black and white  
the photo of mom  
young and smiling

snow starts  
to softly fall  
shadows lengthen . . .



**the dreams we held a child's first boomerang**

*Mark A. Forrester*



## Are We There Yet?

*Wilda Morris and Michael Dylan Welch*

summer storm —  
traffic lights  
blinking red

*Michael*

Grand Canyon exit  
the deer we hit

*Wilda*

coast road —  
the top down  
all the way

*Michael*

quick stop  
thump of groceries  
in the trunk

*Wilda*

empty middle-school lot  
my daughter's first drive

*Michael*

sleeping child  
lifted from the car seat  
home again

*Wilda*



white out

home

papers & disposables

*Lev Hart*

## Inner Harbour

*Ron C. Moss and Michael Dylan Welch*

Sydney Harbour  
ferry boats list and bob  
in the hailstorm

*Ron*

the Opera House  
cupping clouds

*Michael*

Kings Cross  
broken neon flashes  
in shades of lipstick

*Ron*

blue day –  
a family outing  
to Manly Beach

*Michael*

children and koalas  
at the Taronga Zoo

*Ron*

far from home  
the inner view  
from Sydney Tower

*Michael*



***thunderstorm rock music pouring down***

*Mariangela Canzi*

## One for the Road

*Roberta Beary*

micro brew  
the taste of being  
somewhere new

tending bar  
she jiggles her  
tip jar

sampling beers  
from all four corners  
homebody

one for the road  
goodbyes spin  
off the barstool

morning after  
a cacophony  
of crows



the affair unfolding and folding a bedsheet

*Chen-ou Liu*

## Assembly Required

### A Spring Demikasen

a young girl  
slips into her satin dress  
Easter lily

Jocelyne Villeneuve  
trans. Mike Montreuil

a new cross  
sways on a chain

Vera Constantineau

For Sale signs  
and an open house  
on every street

Sandra St-Laurent

the path  
not taken

Ruth Mittelholtz

super moon  
snowflakes streaming  
old movies

Deb Koen

cold colder coldest  
the empty bed

Louise Carson

gift in the mail  
a red heart  
assembly required

Elehna de Sousa

he lets the sugar run out  
bitter tea

Angela Leuck

in the bowl  
reflection  
of a narrow universe

Maxianne Berger

questions unanswered  
in the sweat lodge

Sandra

the blinking light  
of the rotary phone  
cruise with your credit card

Hans Jongman

waxing moon  
the almost-leafless maple

Pam Cooper

planting bulbs  
a lesson  
in patience

Louise

my mother combing my hair  
snarls and whimpers

Angela Leuck

a tetanus shot  
before giving the cat  
a pawdicure

Maxianne Berger

nothing but dirt  
in the planter boxes

Vera

rainbow colours applied  
the college's  
zebra crossing

Hans

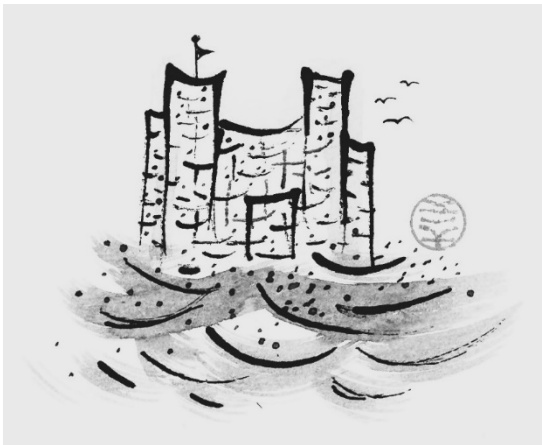
a cherry petal falls  
into her picnic basket

Pam

**Demi-Kasen** (18 verses) SPRING

Renku Session #2 HC Canada Week (Zoom)  
Started May 21, 2022  
Session led by Mike Montreuil.

The Demikasen schema is from *The Renku Reckoner* by John Carly, Darlington Richards (2015). Many thanks to Marshall Hryciuk for his editing expertise.



## Beyond these pages . . .

After five years as coordinator of book reviews for Haiku Canada, seeing to these pages and to the ShoHyōRan, the time has come for me to pass the baton. Although I will be continuing with reviews of books in French, I am delighted to announce that for reviews of books in English, Dave Read has accepted to don the coordinator's hat.

I'd like to take this opportunity to thank yet again all the poets over the years who have shared their reading insights in these pages and beyond. Instead of coordinating with them, I'll be joining their ranks: a reader willing to share the reading experience with all the derived insights and joys.

Maxianne Berger  
outgoing Book Reviews Coordinator

## Reviews . . .

*Time Together*, poetry by Naomi Beth Wakan, photography by Elias Wakan. Brunswick, ME: Shanti Arts Publishing, 2022. 978-1-956056-41-9. 120 pp; 54 full-colour, high-resolution photos; 5.5 x 8.25. US\$23.95. [www.shantiarts.com](http://www.shantiarts.com)

It is a pleasure to spend time with *Time Together*. Riffing through the pages, whether forward or back, is a colour treat. Nothing glossy here: the Shanti Arts design team has produced a book that brings to my mind the aesthetic of *Harrowsmith* publications or the *Edible* magazines that may be distributed in a community near you. Every page is planet-Earth-toned, and every spread is variably laid out.

Dedicated “To Gabriola with Love,” *Time Together* is memoir, celebrating an island, creativity, a relationship and, ultimately, a co-created life — that of poet and essayist Naomi Beth Wakan and sculptor and mathematician Elias Wakan.<sup>1</sup> Images selected from Eli’s accumulated bank of photographs are paired with tanka by Naomi.

For those who never attended the bygone Gabriola Haiku Gathering (2002-2013), this publication will give you a feel for being on Gabriola Island and at the Wakans’ Drumbeig House. There is even a photo, from July 2010 (yup, I was there), with Jim Kacian and Michael Dylan Welch in rapt discussion and haiku poets in a cozy circle raptly listening. Other photos hearken to the garden where, once, haijin ginkoed and workshopped haiku; yet other photos show Eli’s mindboggling wood sculptures we admired.

A further hint of what this book offers: for example, a full two-page spread of a single photo depicting an idyllically set table, with this accompanying tanka:

the days  
when ‘apps’ meant  
appetizers . . .  
the first act of a meal  
we can no longer make

This poem, which appears to be newly written for the photo (versus pairing with an oldie-but-goodie tanka, which is done in some instances), is vintage Naomi Beth Wakan, with its twist on the last line for impact. While there is a bit of unevenness in the quality of tanka overall, as a few have been purposed to give



insight into an abstract image or provide context for the memoir aspect, the collection serves the project well. Naomi's poems thread the whole with gratitude, humour, honouring, reconciliation, and wisdom – and they are enriched by, and enrich, Eli's photo graphics.

Here is one more tanka by Naomi, juxtaposed to Eli's *wabi sabi* photo of a tea bowl:

to reach an age  
when things fall away  
unneded  
as spent petals from a flower  
as skins of summer snakes

If you know the Wakans or their work, you will want this book. If you don't know the Wakans, through *Time Together* you can come to know a little of the art they've made of life.

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<sup>1</sup>Because author and photographer share a family name, in this review they will be referred to by chosen first names.

*review by Vicki McCullough*



***Teaching and Learning Haiku in English***, by David McMurray. Published with the assistance of a grant awarded by The International University of Kagoshima, Japan, 2022, 978-4-901352-66-6, 148 pp. hardcover. \$40. [mcmurray@int.iuk.ac.jp](mailto:mcmurray@int.iuk.ac.jp)

In Chapter 1, "Introduction To The Field of Haiku Education," David McMurray notes that he's been teaching and learning

haiku in English at The International University of Kagoshima in Japan since 2000. He started writing this book in July 2020 on the campus, during the COVID-19 pandemic. He also experienced earthquake tremors, volcanic eruptions, rainstorms and heavy snowfall. Later, in early 2022, Japan felt the effects of the Tonga Islands tsunami. In the middle of the chapter, he quotes one of his haiku that received the grand prize in the 75th Basho Memorial English Haiku Contest.

sharing a futon  
in temporary shelter  
snow-covered windows

He hopes that readers begin the book with this haiku in mind and an awareness of how the Japanese people cope with large scale natural disasters, as well as a pandemic. For me, the first line is the most significant, as it illustrates how people look after each other during trying times.

Seven more chapters follow: “Understanding International Haiku,” “How to Teach Haiku,” “Teaching and Learning Haiku by ICT,” “Teaching and Learning with Haiku Contests,” “Sharing Haiku at Academic Societies,” “Trends in International Haiku and Photo-Haiku” (chapters 2-7). These are followed by “Endnotes, Translations, References, Index” (Ch. 8). Each chapter includes black and white photos, and at the end of the book is a series of colour photos taken at the university and other locations in Japan. As well, tucked into the book’s centre is a lovely maple leaf, which is referenced in McMurray’s clever haiku at the beginning of chapter one.

the red maple leaf ...  
returned to the library  
on page 69<sup>1</sup>

I found Chapter 2, “Understanding International Haiku,” to be especially enlightening, as McMurray focuses on the different ways that Japanese and Western haikuists view haiku, photo-haiku and the world in general. According to his hypotheses, which are confirmed by studies, “Western perceptions tend to focus on salient foreground objects in photographs,” whereas “Japanese are more inclined to focus on context and the backgrounds of photographs.” These difference in perception greatly influence how haikuists write their poetry. The many examples cited also support his hypotheses.

In “How to Teach Haiku,” a fascinating teaching point involves the use of punctuation in haiku, particularly ellipsis. McMurray traces its lengthy history in literature, including haiku. He provides numerous examples, like this one by Julie Bloss Kelsey that won the 2021 Golden Haiku competition. With the help of ellipsis, it pivots from a seasonal haiku to a delightful slice of life.

blossoms on the breeze ...  
I exchange a wink  
with a stranger

In “Sharing Haiku at Academic Societies,” McMurray observes that haiku season words have changed due to global warming and suggests safeguarding the form by adding it to the UNESCO Intangible Cultural Heritage list. This idea makes sense, considering that haiku poems are a “world treasure” – to use his term. *Teaching and Learning Haiku in English* is itself a treasure, for those who read, write, teach and share this exquisite international poetry form.

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<sup>1</sup>This is an allusion to Marshall McLuhan’s Page 69 Test.

review by Joanne Morcom



*After The Storm*, by Ignatius Fay & RJ Belcourt, 978-1-7770895-4-2, 2021, 72 pp., perfect bound. \$16.25. amazon.ca

The pages of this slim volume contain storms, but the poems seem to have been written in the calm between them. The beautiful cover photo — mostly a sky of complicated clouds, with a little pink colour in them that extends dramatically on the back of the book — reminds me of the saying “red sky in the morning, sailor’s warning...”. The photos in the book are not titled; I might suggest ‘Sailor’s Delight’ for the cover...

In the brief introduction, Ignatius Fay & Ray Belcourt explain what is meant by the terms ‘Haiga Prose’ & ‘Taiga Prose’ — combinations of haibun, tanka prose, & photography. Some of the photos have been manipulated, to interesting effect.

The layout of the book is consistent throughout — text on the left-hand page, enhanced photos that include a poem on the facing page. The photos are fabulous, but the words may have been just as strong without them. The same can be said for the titles of the pieces, which break the flow from one piece to the next. So many of the poems appear to be autobiographical, one wonders about re-working them to form one long memoir instead of these separate stories — the author would no doubt invent a name for this as well!

Themes include time passing, music, different kinds of pain, memories, & nostalgic glimpses of the past. I particularly like the treatment of the jigsaw puzzle photo & accompanying poem towards the end of the book.

Many of the poems lean toward the narrative... ‘Fishing Story’ is a favourite. In ‘Truth in Advertising’, the link & shift between prose, haiku & photograph is unsurpassed.

Favourite poem, from ‘Dressing for the Weather’:

nursing home  
an unfinished mitten  
still on the needles

*review by kjmunro*



***Ditch Walker*** Haiku by Bernice Angeline Sorge, Yarrow Press, 2021. 9781990657023. 90 pp. \$12.  
[shorelinepress.ca/DitchWalker.html](http://shorelinepress.ca/DitchWalker.html)

At 90 pages, *Ditch Walker*, the first collection of Bernice Angeline Sorge, is a book of poetry about being keenly alive and present, as should be the case with haiku.

At one to two haiku per page, plus illustrated chapter pages, the book structurally gives time to slow down and decompress with the writer. It is arranged traditionally in 4 sections from winter to autumn, “Walking the Snow-dusted Road,” “Under a Plum Blossom Sky,” “The Indolent Flight of the Cicada,” and “Dry Fall.”

The Quebec haiku tradition, more than in English North America, is to publish a book of haiku without previous publication credits or awards. The book is presented whole, new and fresh. This, though English, is published in Quebec and follows that custom.

The poems and the preface speak of how observing the cycle connects us to nature and each other. Living in the countryside it is easy to forget how comically divorced city-dwellers can be from nature’s cycles as she points out (p. 16).

no not a frog  
a raven call  
my city visitor

The amused twitch returns ( p. 19).

snowed in  
jump or  
clear the stairs

Most poems are pleasant awarenesses and vignettes – a cyclist stopping for ice cream, gardening or grandchildren, or observing snow falling while indoors. It is not a poetry that in aggregate becomes a narrative arc of villains and triumphs. There is no engulfing grief or punchy satire, no sweeping eroticism or profundity. Each haiku points at one's self here, here, here. Juxtapositions are gentle. That is not to say the poems are populated solely by tranquility and blossoms. Diaristic, there are also small events captured, albeit with more words than might suffice (p. 34).

three vicious dogs charge me  
the neighbour and the scream  
I never knew I had

It is within reactions, not solitude that we learn who we are. There is a gentle compassion in a few of the poem that can be read literally and on other levels (p. 57).

oncoming car  
she saves the centipede  
all its legs kicking

Isn't that so very human, trying to save whomever we are able to, whether they know they are being helped or not.

There is a longing flush worthy of *Tangled Hair: Selected tanka from Midaregami* in Sorge's poem (p. 45).

how beautiful  
the one that didn't get picked  
chartreuse parsnip in seed

It's a hard toss up whether that is my favourite poem or the following one – for its brevity and for how it is a coda for the themes of the collection, of the cycles we can't escape (p. 55).

blazing hot sun  
returning the pond  
to the clouds

A good number of the poems are well worth rereading and reflecting upon, perhaps with the cool water of a pond or in a garden near you.

*review by Pearl Pirie*



***Transcribing Moonlight*** by Skylar Kay. Frontenac House Poetry, 2022. 978-1-989466-34-6. 74 pp. \$19.95  
frontenachouse.com

From the title you might expect a work of synaesthesia: the flow of one element into another. The fluidity of moonlight, rather than its tired femininity. Light in the darkness, reflection rather than generation of light, light without heat, the moon's changing aspect: some of these figure in the poems of Skylar Kay which track her gradual transformation from gender to gender.

Many readers like me have questions about transgeneration, and know it's uncool or insensitive to ask. Some of them are addressed in Kay's 2022 book, *Transcribing Moonlight*. In the journal that constitutes the book, is a clear will to document the frontier of gender transformation for the undecided, for the disbelieving, for the similarly intrepid. Everything in the book is seen through the lens of yearning for a sex-change to happen, as the author walks through her personal chronology leading to surgery now nearly one hundred years in application. My preparation to read it was the film, "The Danish Girl." I also spent enjoyable time listening to the song of the skylark and Anita Day singing "Skylark," in deference to the author's choice of name for her new identity.

Kay has chosen the haibun form, always slightly risky because of its invitation to explain where a simple haiku might do. In this case, the explanations are necessary and welcome, taking the form of musing more than teaching. Prose and haiku flow into and out of each other nicely. The author has chosen no punctuation as her prose gives way to poem. There are good lines that justify the prose: "the liminal space between an awakening and loyalty" means so many things beyond the rooster and walking the dog, beyond even the Chinese Zodiac reference in the text. But suddenly this journal entry (p. 15) seizes on a stitched-on name on a hockey jersey, and in the haiku it's evening. In this poem I wish the writer had dallied more in the morning, the dawn of the year, the newness, and brought her awareness to day. Multiple layers of increasing abstraction and subtlety seem at times to distract the writer from the job of the haiku: nailing a relevant moment with utter attention to detail, and resolving it with the prose text. This moment is the one the reader will experience upon seeing, not identical to the actual moment experienced by the writer.



Kay does not turn her back on abstraction, allowing us, readers, to go there too. Her use of classical referents like Greek icons invites us to ask: were eunuchs, castrati and Cleopatra's maids precursors of this generation of bodily discontent? Those gender slaves had little choice. Kay also had little choice, "always" having been a woman in all except body. The metaphorical referents span China and Japan, and only balk at the Latin root of Luna. I feel the youth of this writer. So much easier for us of advanced age to focus on the present and abandon the allure of the hypothetical metaphorical magical idea. Yet this young person has taken an idea, a nearly unthinkable idea once, of changing her very gender, and has made it real. Her mission in writing about it: "I want to show other trans people they are not alone. Then again, maybe this journal will just help my body remember its own progress[.]"

I had to read the whole book through one and a half times before writing about it. That's the challenge of something really new. Is this generation looking for a frontier? Something never done before *en masse*? Something that will revolutionize our relationships with each other and with the earth? Is it one (irreversible) way to break through "compulsory normativity", and go dancing on the outside (p. 53) . . . even if it might lead to "another homeless or murdered trans youth"? (p. 56) This is a chronicle of climate change by fire, drawing down the moon to cool it in a puddle—"p( | )th( | )le" (p.51)—of Greek mythology. The sense is metaphorical again and again. Other poetry forms erupt. Moments like: "I watch the moon rise, count my breaths one through five . . . consoling me half as much as I need. One . . ." merge nicely with the haiku aesthetic, bringing the reader not into a past moment so much as into the middle of the one now, a moment every one of us can relate to.

There's too much moon. In answer to a question in one journal entry, the moon does not know it is changing, because it is not changing: but the author chooses to "orbit my stories around her changing permanence" anyway (p. 10). Change, even huge change, is a matter of perspective, it seems. "Queering" the story of Vega and Altair (Arab star names for a Chinese legend) produces statistics about suicide (41% among trans people), but the way to get to that statistic was pretty convoluted. Leo and BC wild-fires, a sunburn, masculinity, okay, but maybe a tad too much astrology? Why, poetically, is there so much smoke? Déjà vu crops up repeatedly but its significance remains mysterious. Aphrodite and Eros and sausage-less buns pass through the work wryly. Falling leaves are everywhere, in all seasons, even "falling forever" in fresh concrete. This work is full of the unexpected; mixed boundaries, but never a missed opportunity.

passing cloud—  
I skip a stone  
across the wake

And it ends somehow, unexpectedly, with Jenna's head on her shoulder, "my arm too / falls asleep." A success story. Mentored in part by Terry Ann Carter, champion of women haiku poets. Satisfying and open-ended. Nothing but the metaphors are predictable here. I enjoyed the poetry best.

*review by Sandra Stephenson/Czandra*



sundogdayafternoon

*Debbie Strange*

*Still* by Philomene Kocher. New, selected & collaborative haiku. Ekstasis Editions, 2022. 978-1-77171-468-6. 104 pp. \$23.95 [ekstasiseditions.com](http://ekstasiseditions.com).

A new book of haiku by Philomene Kocher, this collection offers four seasonal sections plus a haiku travelogue through Egypt. There is also a lovely bonus: fourteen septenga exchanges with Marco Fraticelli. More about this form below.

Kocher uses kigo from one of the haiku as section titles, so the seasons are well indicated. “Blizzard”’s title poem shows the starkness of winter while evoking a more clement season through its very absence (p. 34).

blizzard  
the gnarled branches  
of the magnolia

There is a senryu in “Dandelion” that recalls the early days of the pandemic (P. 49).

social distancing    in the lineup    at the liquor store

Among the summer scenes of “Fireflies,” Kocher shows (p. 53) this outdoor experience.

darkness falls  
the rock I sit on  
warmer now

As a reader, I feel a sudden awareness of the here and now, perhaps after a period of serious focusing, or daydreaming, or even fuguing. Notice how subtly she conveys the passage of time.

With autumn's "Harvest" comes cooler weather. The domesticity in this haiku is a small detail that I am so glad Kocher has noticed (p. 68)

shorter days  
I find a place  
for the teapot

Yes, it is teapot time again, and I can relate! As Kocher explains it in her note about haiku (p. 10),

Because there are so few words, it is the reader or listener who "fills in the gap" with their own lived experience.

As such a reader, I see the teapot coming out of storage, because with the advent of cooler temperatures, hot tea again becomes a daily warming beverage.

Aside from the *toriawase* haiku that most people are encouraged to write (two juxtaposed elements with a caesura), Kocher handles *ichibutsujitate* haiku with remarkable skill (p. 69). In this type of haiku, there is no actual caesura, and all is a single image in the same location, here and now.

the wrinkled page  
in my journal  
where the tears dried

I think of poems with this structure as *kana* haiku. *Kana* is a *kireji* that is placed at the end. There actually is a caesura here. It is between the first and second reading.

About one third of the poetry pages in *Still* feature septenga exchanges with Marco Fraticelli. According to an explanatory note at the beginning of the book (p. 11), the form was developed in 1997 by Alexis Rotella and Ai Li. Each of the seven haiku (3-2-3-2-3-2-3) is linked to the previous one, and the final verse links to both 6 and 1. The form also permits a common theme. As an example of how this works, consider these subsequent pairs in “The Second Time” (pp. 20-21; Kocher, 3-lines, Fraticelli, 2-lines).

train station recording  
“this is your first and last call”  
the second time

again this year  
her twin in the other class

A theme of duality and divergence emerges, and the final two links show this thoughtfully and clearly.

sports coverage  
interrupted by war

the V of geese  
divides into two  
honking together

Philomene Kocher’s bio note (p. 100) concludes with a statement that is evident throughout the book: “haiku fosters the ability to find beauty in the ordinary.” True in general, it is manifest with much care in the poems of *Still*.

*review by Maxianne Berger*



*Asking for Trouble*: Tanka by Czandra. Hatley, QC: Yarrow Press, an imprint of Shoreline Press, 2022. 978-1-9906570-1-6. 117 pp. [shorelinepress.ca/AskingForTrouble.html](http://shorelinepress.ca/AskingForTrouble.html).

I have been privileged to hear poems by Czandra (aka Sandra Stephenson) in our writing group KaDo. A scattered poem in progress every quarter of the year or so is enough to enjoy, but it is an entirely other scale of pleasure to have a whole freaking tanka collection in hand. This intense, coherent collection is revealing and insightful.<sup>1</sup>

A sense of poetry pervades even the section titles: love these days, a kiss is not enough, thickening furies, and poplar fluff. The foreword mentions thoughtfulness, courage and gentle restraint. I would concur and add humour to the list, as here (p. 51).

the son who travels  
music fest to music fest  
will not allow  
his father or me  
to sing in the car

The first section, love these days, are poems of romance of a long-time couple that really warm my heart cockles. Here is one (p. 39) that gave me goosebumps.

in the shower  
before his dentist appointment  
my husband shampoos his beard  
the soap slips  
from his hand to mine.

The intimacies and negotiations and love shining through these poems are very good for the heart. If I might add one more (p. 40),

I invite him to help me  
choose a spot  
for the iris  
a gardening  
concession

The tension and playfulness are balanced with poems of that particular ache of life with aging parents, as here (p. 45).

scrap paper scoresheets  
from cribbage games  
she's forgotten the rules  
my heart  
with child

Isn't that a striking and novel image the tanka closes with? It takes a risk and it evokes a weight and a promise. It pivots weight from line 4, which presents as if a hand over heart of the loss of someone else's memory then deepens in line 5.

I am sometimes wary of tanka as vehicle beset with loose sentiment, generic adjectives and truisms, but this collection steers clear. The pathos is not easy nor cliché but comes at a unique angle. It goes to show that I haven't read one tanka, read them all. These tanka are alert and intelligent, such as this one (p. 56).

towels on the clothesline  
stiff as boards  
so the neighbours  
understand  
sublimation?

There's a classic country image, and a movement as if to ponder, what will the neighbours think, in a world where land covenants ban clothes lines, the concern isn't about wagging tongues, but science understanding.

There's a self-deprecation and a truthiness of basic human nature at the same time. For example, these two poems (p. 83).

long-horned beetle  
without a name  
dies in a bottle  
waiting for me  
to find out if its harmful

People die for lack of understanding every day, and bugs also pay the price for our ignorance and fear. How to self-soothe or correct course when the world is too much but to take refuge in acknowledging and letting go or holding on, where relevant

I can't let myself  
enjoy anything  
because  
the polar ice  
is melting.



It's such a lovely physical object that I couldn't find myself marking pages so am forced, happily, to re-read the whole, to find more poems you should have within you if you don't yet have this collection on your shelf.

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<sup>1</sup>An interview with Czandra about her book is posted at pesbo poetry blog: [pearlpirie.com/mini-interviews-czandra](http://pearlpirie.com/mini-interviews-czandra).

*Review by Pearl Pirie*



***Spirit Level***, by Benedict Grant. Red Moon Press 2022. 978-1-947271-98-2. unpaginated (86 pp.) \$20US [redmoonpress.com](http://redmoonpress.com)

If haiku is about what's left unsaid, this one takes "best in class". My nose tells me the smell of whiskey. *Spirit Level* is a fine memoir, in the sense of a fine distillation—subtlest hints of smoke and mirrors. The morning after reading I had to tone down my notes, which went over the top at first writing. Even out of chronological or contextual sequence, the lines drop you:

a faint red line  
[ . . . . . ]  
ocean floor

In order, the poems are almost explanation to his family, to whom they are dedicated. Like good Scotch they skirt self-justification, chronicling in suggestive ways a history lived by the children as well. Now they are privy to the author's repeated attempts to regain moral balance in his own self-regard – his "spirit level." When does the spirit of a man become obvious? When the spirit of barley, barely whiffed, is his ink. Whether

Benedict Grant is “intoxicated by the air that he breathes” as he quotes from Thoreau, or by the drink of his father, “whiskey sour”, is not material.

asking mum  
what *mortal* means...

is not just asking mum what *mortal* means, it is asking her while lying on the grass looking up at summer clouds. So very much in three lines. Impossible? Try this cipher:

family upright  
learning to play around  
the sticky c

A new life begins, though, and the “cord of an old life” is cut. Now it’s

one small step  
beyond your crib  
centre of gravity

Each verse turns so solidly into gravity and heights around the middle line, that it describes a complete circle, a moving wheel. The “passable performance / of the big bad wolf” at bedtime imitates his own father in a children’s story. Because at “dusk / the shadows begin / their itinerary[.]”

I would quote the whole book if I continued this way. There’s not a poem that doesn’t hit the mark. The one-liners are exquisite, offering multiple meanings without more than a breath. You must discover them on your own. They are “one tiny

sip/ of never enough”; to write about them would be to comment too much.

the way you scowl  
when i say the word *soul*  
rumble strip

So Scottish, yes. Gaelic, more. Light as a fairy, and brutal as an ogre’s knobby club.

dinner date  
not that hungry  
for you

The lie. The end of the world.

my sunny disposition unmarked grave

Still, for lovers of light endings, there is one, for “every cloud has a silver strikethrough[.]”

The uplift of the ending verses (there are only 74 to tell a man’s whole life) is soured, contrite, almost pious. Yes, I’m reading into. These poems are an invitation.

*review by Sandra Stephenson/Czandra*



silence waving prayer flags

*Ulrike Narwani*

## Journals of Interest

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

**Modern Haiku, An Independent Journal of Haiku and Haiku Studies.** Paul Miller, Editor. [www.modernhaiku.org](http://www.modernhaiku.org)

**Frogpond, The Journal of the Haiku Society of America.** Paul Sacramona, Editor. [www.hsa-haiku.org/frogpond](http://www.hsa-haiku.org/frogpond)

**bottle rockets: a collection of short verse.** Stanford M. Forrester, Editor. [www.bottlerocketspress.com](http://www.bottlerocketspress.com)

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

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

**Haiku Presence: Britain's leading independent haiku journal.** Ian Storr, Editor. [www.haikupresence.org](http://www.haikupresence.org)

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

**Ribbons: Tanka Society of America Journal,** Christine Villa, Editor. [www.tankasocietyofamerica.org/ribbons](http://www.tankasocietyofamerica.org/ribbons)

**GUSTS,** biannual publication of Tanka Canada. Kozue Uzawa, Editor. [www.tanka.a2hosted.com/g-u-s-t-s-homepage-3.html](http://www.tanka.a2hosted.com/g-u-s-t-s-homepage-3.html)

**Star\*Line**, newsletter and network instrument of the Science Fiction & Fantasy Poetry Association. Vince Gotera, Editor. [www.sfpoetry.com/starline.html](http://www.sfpoetry.com/starline.html)

**International Tanka**, Journal of the International Tanka Society. Mari Konno, Editor. [www17.plala.or.jp/ITS117/English%20index.html](http://www17.plala.or.jp/ITS117/English%20index.html)

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

## **Net Briefs**

a short list of online publications of interest.

**The Asahi Haikuist Network; a selection of seasonal haiku from poets living around the world.** David McMurray, Editor. [asahi.com/ajw/special/haiku](http://asahi.com/ajw/special/haiku)

**Autumn Moon Haiku Journal.** Bruce Ross, Editor. [www.autumnmoonhaiku.com](http://www.autumnmoonhaiku.com)

**Bear Creek Haiku – poetry, poems and info.** ayaz daryl nielsen, Editor. [bearcreekhaiku.blogspot.ca](http://bearcreekhaiku.blogspot.ca)

**bones – journal for contemporary haiku.** Aditya Bahl, Melissa Allen, Johannes S. H. Bjerg, Editors. [www.bonesjournal.com](http://www.bonesjournal.com)

**cattails – the journal of the united haiku & tanka society,** Two issues yearly. Sonam Chhoki, Principal Editor. [www.cattailsjournal.com](http://www.cattailsjournal.com)

**Charlotte Digregorio's Writer's Blog.** Features "Daily Haiku" of submitted, previously published haiku and senryu.  
[charlottedigregorio.wordpress.com](http://charlottedigregorio.wordpress.com)

**Failed Haiku – A Journal of English Senryu.** Mike Rehling, Editor. New issue monthly. [www.failedhaiku.com](http://www.failedhaiku.com)

**The Heron's Nest,** John Stevenson, Managing Editor.  
[www.theheronsnest.com](http://www.theheronsnest.com)

**is/let,** Scott Metz, Editor. [isletpoetry.wordpress.com](http://isletpoetry.wordpress.com)

**Juxtapositions: The Journal of Haiku Research and Scholarship.** Peter McDonald, Sr. Editor. Online & print.  
[www.thehaikufoundation.org/juxta/about-juxta](http://www.thehaikufoundation.org/juxta/about-juxta)

**NeverEnding Story: First English-Chinese Bilingual Haiku and Tanka Blog.** Chen-ou Liu, Editor/ Translator.  
[neverendingstoryhaikutanka.blogspot.ca](http://neverendingstoryhaikutanka.blogspot.ca)

**tinywords – haiku and other small poems.** Kathe Palka & Peter Newton, Editors. [www.tinywords.com](http://www.tinywords.com)

**Wales Haiku Journal.** Paul Chambers, Editor.  
[www.waleshaikujournal.com](http://www.waleshaikujournal.com)



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*Roland Packer*

## Et Cetera . . .

**Red Iron Press**, Karen Sohne, Editor. Red Iron seeks poetry, fiction, concrete to be published generally in a folded paper format (8.5 x 11 sheet folded and cut into 12 panels). For details, contact Karen at [imagorediron@gmail.com](mailto:imagorediron@gmail.com).



## International Haiku Organizations

Below is a short list of English and French language Haiku Societies and organizations. Please consult their websites, for further information.

Australia Haiku Society. [australianhaikusociety.org](http://australianhaikusociety.org)

British Haiku Society. [britishhaikusociety.org.uk/](http://britishhaikusociety.org.uk/)

Haiku International Association. [haiku-hia.com/index\\_en.html](http://haiku-hia.com/index_en.html)

Haiku Society of America. [www.hsa-haiku.org](http://www.hsa-haiku.org)

New Zealand Poetry Society.  
[poetrysociety.org.nz/affiliates/haiku-nz/](http://poetrysociety.org.nz/affiliates/haiku-nz/)

Association francophone de haiku.  
[association-francophone-de-haiku.com](http://association-francophone-de-haiku.com)



# 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](mailto:publications@haikucanada.org)

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

### Soumissions en français :

– haïkus, selon le thème proposé, **trois haiku maximum**  
Claude Rodrigue, [haikufrancais@haikucanada.org](mailto:haikufrancais@haikucanada.org)  
– autres formes japonisantes  
Mike Montreuil, [publications@haikucanada.org](mailto:publications@haikucanada.org)

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

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



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

Carole Daoust, Haiku Canada E-News Coordinator  
[newsletter@haikucanada.org](mailto:newsletter@haikucanada.org)

**Book Reviews:** poets and publishers to contact Dave Read, book-review coordinator: [reviews@haikucanada.org](mailto:reviews@haikucanada.org). Depending on the book and the timing of the request, accepted reviews will either be posted on the Haiku Canada book review blog at [HCshohyoran.blogspot.com](http://HCshohyoran.blogspot.com), or published in *Haiku Canada Review*.

**Recensions :** poètes et éditeurs doivent communiquer avec Maxianne Berger, [recensions@haikucanada.org](mailto:recensions@haikucanada.org). Selon le livre et la date de la demande, les recensions acceptées seront soit affichées au blogue des recensions de Haïku Canada au [HCshohyoran.blogspot.com](http://HCshohyoran.blogspot.com) ou bien publiées dans le *Haiku Canada Review*.

## **Membership & Subscriptions**

\$40 CDN yearly (\$15 students) in Canada, \$45 US elsewhere, December to December for 2 Review issues, Haiku Canada Sheets (broadsides) as available, inclusion in the annual Members' Anthology, and electronic mailings of Newsletter issues.

Please consult the Haiku Canada website for payment details.  
<http://www.haikucanada.org/membership/join.php>

## **Haiku Canada Executive**

**President:** Angela Leuck, [president@haikucanada.org](mailto:president@haikucanada.org)

**Vice President:** Claude Rodrigue, [vp@haikucanada.org](mailto:vp@haikucanada.org)

**Membership Secretary:** Katherine Munro,  
[membership@haikucanada.org](mailto:membership@haikucanada.org)

**Treasurer:** Agnes Jackle, in memory of Ruby Spriggs

**E-News Coordinator:** Carole Daoust, [newsletter@haikucanada.org](mailto:newsletter@haikucanada.org)

**Website Coordinator:** Luminita Suse, [webmaster@haikucanada.org](mailto:webmaster@haikucanada.org)

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**Archivist:** Vicki McCullough, [archives@haikucanada.org](mailto:archives@haikucanada.org)

**Secretary:** Carole Martignacco, [secretary@haikucanada.org](mailto:secretary@haikucanada.org)

## **Regional Coordinators**

**BC, YT, NT, NU:** Sandra St-Laurent, [bc-territories@haikucanada.org](mailto:bc-territories@haikucanada.org)

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*emoji-based interpretation  
of Basho's famous poem.]*

*Aaron Berry*

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