

Haiku Canada Review



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From the Editor. . .

Welcome hockey fans from coast to coast to coast. At least we have something else that binds us together, here in Canada. For others across the world, it is haiku. Bonds that go past all the shenanigans of our leaders. Poets from around the world have contributed to this issue. I hope you enjoy it.

Mike



Haiku Canada Review

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light years hence —
seen from a far galaxy
LeRoy with a journal

Nola Obee

in memoriam: Ignatius Fay

Janice Doppler

autumn afternoon —
in the muddy boot print
a dropped trilobite

The 36-year-old has just lost his left lung and been told he will not see his fortieth birthday. A social worker asks what the man what wants to do to make the best of his remaining time. He replies, “*Write. I want to write, write, write! Probably science fiction.*” Iggy is connected with a local author to gain insight into the discipline and commitment it takes to become a published author. She offers him a book of haiku. He accepts it just to be polite; however, he is captivated. He gets busy outliving the doctor who predicted a short life . . . and writing haiku. Friendships grow. Stories of life are shared:

“When I was a boy, my physician explained that the symptoms of the cardiopulmonary disease with which I was born would disappear in my late teens. He said I would feel like it was gone, but it would return after a decade or two. In my years of good health I married, fathered two daughters, and became a university professor after obtaining a doctorate in invertebrate paleontology.”

humid day
above something new
circling vultures

“A farmer in Alberta, Canada, asked me to examine a strange bone he discovered on his land. I told him I was an invertebrate specialist; he should contact the university’s bone man. The “bone man” had already refused and the farmer insisted a paleontologist had to see his find. Reluctantly, I visited the farm and was astonished by what I saw. I phoned the university’s dinosaur vertebrate expert about a possible triceratops leg bone. Over several years, thousands of bones belonging to centrosaurus, a triceratops-like species, were uncovered and the area became famous as the world’s largest dinosaur graveyard.’

side by side
dinosaurs and a man —
drifting snow

Originally published in Frogpond, Vol 46:1, Winter 2023, Page 103.



the hands
that shaped our family
at rest now
in this prairie meadow
alive with bumblebees

harlequin ducks
ride swelling waves
I wait
to catch a glimpse
of the real you

Debbie Strange

Looking Back: A Conversation with Marshall Hryciuk

Philomene Kocher

Marshall Hryciuk (pronounced ri-CHOOK)¹ grew up in Hamilton and began writing poetry in high school. For close to 50 years, Marshall has written haiku, and he has been awarded prizes in Croatia, England, and Japan. Marshall currently resides in Toronto with his wife, the gardener-poet, Karen Sohne.

From 1978 onward, Marshall has been active in Haiku Canada (originally the Haiku Society of Canada). He attended the early “Festival of Falling Leaves” meetings that were held at the residence of Betty and William Drevniok. He was one of the organizers of the prestigious Harbourfront International Haiku Festival in 1980. Two years later, he and Keith Southward inaugurated the haiku publication *Inkstone*, which appeared over the next decade. “The periodical became known for its hard-hitting but well-reasoned reviews.”² Over the years, Marshall has served on the Haiku Canada Executive, including as President (1990-1998).

After studying philosophy at university, Marshall moved into a career around books: “He has held a variety of jobs in the book publishing industry, including warehouse supervisor, bookstore buyer, sales representative for a literary publisher, and president of a trade book wholesaler.”³ He is also a publisher, with Nietzsche’s Brolly as an imprint of his Imago Press.

If you have attended any Haiku Canada or Haiku North America events over the past several decades, you have likely had the opportunity to connect with Marshall who has led over 50 renku sessions. In this interview, he shares about developing his role as

a sabaki (renku leader), and some of the behind-the-scenes aspects of facilitating a renku. kjmunro reviewed the book *petals in the dark* (catkin press, 2015) and notes that: “‘the energy of renku lies in responding to poetry with poetry.’ With humour & patience, & with amazing results, Hryciuk asks his renku participants to commit poetry – just do it!”⁴ As a participant in more than a few late-night renku parties, I can attest to the congeniality and sometimes hilarity that permeates the atmosphere. Marshall and Karen read the renku at the end of the conference, and it is usually published as a Haiku Canada Sheet as well.

This interview took place by email in February 2023. I am grateful for Marshall’s willingness to share such vivid recollections of his early years with haiku and Haiku Canada.

How did you find your way to haiku?

Actually was already writing a few usual-length poems, usually about nature's cycles when i was 17 in 1968-69. The big threshold for me doing that was finishing Hesiod’s *Theogony*, where he speaks of being given his poem “by the honey-tongued Muses;” *The Bhagavad Gita* by Vyasa, where Krishna tells Arjuna “It doesn’t matter *what* you do on this earth, but whether you do it out of devotion to what is holy;” and Kant’s *Critique of Pure Reason* which, i didn’t realize ‘til 2 readings later, i didn’t really understand—except for the part about the imagination, not as a conjurer of images but as the human faculty for synthesizing the perceptual and intellectual data from those faculties into a coordinated whole. As a kind of gestalt. Also, i was expecting, at least from the latter work to be given some strictures about how to ‘think properly’ and understood from the end of that book that

all options were open, and i could think by myself as long as my imagination was given free reign and i was consistent in what i believed to be true. So i was free to write: long poems, short poems, what have you.

One of my first efforts was:

fir tree gazing through me
i gaze back
my leaves tremble

to which Bill Higginson responded YECH! when i submitted it to his *Haiku* magazine in 1975 or 76, and another:

in our arms
the oneturned
turning

Then i discovered my mom had a copy of Alan Watts' *The Way of Zen* on her bookshelf next to the 'beauty aids' brochures. The third or fourth chapter is called "Haiku" — so after reading that chapter i just said to myself, "So that's what they're called." But reading his translations and his commentary did help me confirm that the line should end where the breath ends (he may have got this from Charles Olsen), and knowing when the first (implied) metaphor has ended, that's a complete poem — and if it doesn't feel like it is complete, dismantle the would-have-been-haiku and write a longer poem.

Was there any aspect of your childhood / youth that you believe laid the foundation — so that when you found haiku, you recognized it as your way of expression?

I was lucky enough to spend most of my summer holidays outdoors between the ages of 6 and 12 playing baseball or chasing butterflies, sometimes for 6 hours a day; first in an abandoned field next to a lonely Loblaws parking lot, and then after i was 11 there were acres of overgrown fields just across the road. Just nature as nature, wild carrot, goldenrod, burdock and grasses of all kinds getting in my way as i chased mostly black swallowtails and monarch butterflies and sometimes cabbages, sulfurs and wood nymphs just for fun. Solitude and the smell and buzz of fields overgrown with weeds (as we called them then).

So when i came to enjoy writing and sometimes felt it was coming towards me, it never occurred to me to write about anything else but wild nature, perhaps in an abstract and ‘gardened’ way. But the world seemed just a site of necessary aggression and competition to me then, and i actually quit organized baseball, football and hockey when i started to look forward to what i was going to write about next. This was before grade 13, i would have been 18 that August.

So ‘way of expression’ was really a choice. It’s one of the things i could do when no one knew what i was doing. I genuinely believe that no one chooses to be a poet. Poetry chooses you.

Back then, of course, i didn't theorize this way – just enjoyed myself. I remember my last year of baseball, i was one of the few returning members of a championship team and the coach telling me “We’re going to make you Captain, but you have to stop laughing so much.”

Would you please share any special memories you have about the early years of Haiku Canada?

Like Marco Fraticelli says, “It’s all about the Weekends” — Haiku Canada gatherings. The very first one at Betty Drevniok’s home and cottages in Combermere, Ontario, where Marco stayed inside his car because he was in awe of George Swede, Rod Wilmott and Eric Amann and some of the New York City poets who showed up. Displays of books of haiku i’d never even heard about and talking poetry all day then eating, talking, finding a place to sleep, and then talking poetry all day again with multi-coloured leaves slowly dropping all around mixed in with pine needles that would brush against my beard in the dark, and also a lake.

Another one when we did the first “Holographic Anthology” — poets who hardly knew each other feeling slightly magical as they circled the tables picking up one copy per pile to compose the book.

Of course, the one where i was one of the featured Saturday night readers and had a new book, but chose instead to introduce sexuality as the way nature erupts into and through the human, culture-contrived world. Closest our meetings ever got to a riot. But I’ll never forget Betty, our first President, lifting to her tip-toes to kiss me on the lips and say, “You’ll always be nothing but a big teddy-bear to me.”

What has sustained your writing of haiku for so many years? Or, how has haiku sustained you?

Always had things i wanted to read, to know about, to translate

but didn't want my writing to be on anyone else's timetable — so i had to have a day job, luckily in books. But when people mentioned 'Writer's Block' i just said, usually to myself, "Oh, i don't have time for that." Not everything i wrote was great, but it always came with an urgency through me.

I didn't call myself a poet until i was 38 — after about 20 years writing — the term seemed too exalted and i hadn't done enough, but i did have a writer's penchant for grandiose projects. For instance, the overall plan for my first book, *fine wing* (that i published in 1978) had drafts of poems that were central to 2 later books of mine. For years I'd have 2 or more manuscripts that i was adding to as I'd walk around, or lie awake at night thinking about. When nothing interested me about the continuing larger projects at a given time, i could always think back over the moments i experienced during the day or see something new and think of a haiku; though thinking for me is a process that comes to me — i don't seek it out, nor can i prevent it from happening.

Two things in my practice that helped me immensely were: (1) always bring a poem or poems to rewrite out in 'fair copy' to begin with — gets me 'into cadence' and seems to align my writing arm and hand with the spacing of the cadence of the poem and the page. At the most minimal, gets my brain focused on the nuances of poetry as opposed to conversation or expository prose; and (2) Don't commit anything to paper until you have a first line. When younger, i would worry that i might forget the moment because i was holding back until i had a chance to copy out some other poems and have an excellent first line, but now that I've been doing this for 50 years and have attempted over 2500 haiku, i can recall only one experience where a week after i savoured a moment and thought 'put this

one away for later,' i couldn't recall it.

Then, of course, there's haiku magazines, *Haiku Canada Review* among them, that keep welcoming my submissions and publishing some of my haiku. Rarely more than 10 of them on my 'send-to' list at one time, usually 8 and usually 6 of them have some of my haiku in their docket or most recent issue. I don't expect encouragement — an earlier interview of me was entitled, "Don't Expect Encouragement" — but having my work recognized and knowing hundreds of people who have some idea of what a haiku is, read it, this is undeniably exhilarating for me.

What's also been self-supportive for me is inaugurating my own presses: Nietzsche's Brolly in 1985 as a platform for my writing without worrying about whether other publishers (who in Canada were mostly just other writers who shifted gears to a 'work-week' life) would like it or not; and Imago Press in 1992, a more congenial name for buying or distributing other poetry-based presses under a corporate umbrella. Most of my haiku books are published under the Imago imprint; Nietzsche's Brolly i reserve for the more radical side of my publishing, though some of that is haiku too. I use Imago Press for sales and catalogues and fair registrations, etc.

You have led many renku sessions, and they are certainly a popular feature of the Haiku Canada conferences. Is there anything you would like to share about this experience?

Leading renku sessions has led me to realize that i get 'adrenaline-on-the-brain' when i concentrate that hard for that long. It just clicks in. As at book fairs when i felt i was hovering

over my table and the table across from me, or at the all-night *Finnegan's Wake* reading when i read from 17 interspersed sections and asked a friend after one of them, "How did i sound?" he drew a breath and said, "Well, first of all you read twice as fast as anyone else."

I tell the participants, just let your right brain go with associations of what's possible as a link *to the previous verse only* within the confines of my instructions; I'll be your left brain and keep us all on course. What I've come to realize is that my right brain, or intuitive side, if you like, has grown accustomed to, is, picking up on the adrenaline, guiding me to an overall unity of a poem and a microcosm for the universe without me consulting a category page of a list of topics to be ticked off, and certainly not a template for what season goes where or what order. So i am inordinately sensitive to when a participant in the last 6 verses attempts to "summarize" the renku — i have to temper my response because i feel that submission is cutting my intuitive side short, and it's howling in protest. I like what John Stevenson said on zoom prior to the HNA sessions from Victoria: "Nobody in the room needs to know the rules of renku, except the leader" — to which i would add "Just do what you're told." Which of course people don't like to do and don't want to surrender that much authority to me, so i just let it go. Also, the renku should be like a relay with only 5 or 6 actual haiku, a relay of energy with maybe only 5 kireji breaking the flow, but i find this impossible to accomplish during live, in-person sessions, so i let that go too. The only rule i adhere to is no progression of season, spring can never follow winter. For example, WE ARE NOT WRITING A NOVEL — there is a climax and it's always the same: blossoms. So, there is no plot. And, of course, if you know me at all, DON'T TELL THE SEASON WORD: that's not

a rule, that's an impossibility. I sincerely believe that doing these two things are what make the renku i lead compelling reading even if you're not a fan of 'linked-verse:' saying *autumn rain* is just too facile and connotes nothing to an English-language reader, except that the experience of the season has been short-circuited by the author telling it, and that it is raining. Does not mean i let people short-change a link because it doesn't need a season word and it's not a haiku; most of the verses in a renku are not haiku, but none of them should be facile.

Also, let me mention the guidance of Tadashi and Kris Kondo here, who after i met them at Renku North America in New York in 1992 invited me back for a home-stay with them in Atsugi Japan after i attended the Tokyo International Book Fair in that November. Not only did Tadashi drive me all over Honshu Island in his custom Nissan, but he introduced me to in-person renku as it's composed in Japan. Relaxed but competent on all sides, with no apologies for rejected links. And delicious food. Kondo's own master, Ryukon also invited Tadashi and i back to his home and as he processed the afternoon's session, i picked up on saving some very good verses that don't fit immediately for use later, and, on the sabaki's prerogative to alter words or lines so as to avoid repetitions of words, images, motifs or back-links that weren't so evident at the moment of composition.

Then in 2004, he attended the Carleton University, Ottawa HCW along with Cor van den Heuvel, Alan Pizzarelli, Mykel Board and several other New Yorkers. When asked if Marshall's leading of renku were genuine or just a frivolous pretence, he pulled aside from the group to read a few and when he returned said, "The first quality of a renku is that everyone has fun, and Marshall seems to ensure that." He was puzzled though, that he

very often couldn't tell what season the links were in. I brushed this off, saying that if he lived in our part of this continent consistently, he'd recognize the seasons in our renku more readily; but as I've explained, i emphasize the seasonality of the link over the presence of any season word. I once made the analogy with sexuality; that the process of being sexualized is more generalized and communicative to a broader spectrum of people than an individual or specific sexual part or act can be. Then, as an aside to me he said that i needed to include more of my work in my led renku; the implication being that this would upgrade the writing quality of the renku as a whole. I shrugged at this too. I think, from what I've said above about how intently my brain is working and playing during a renku I'm leading, to pull back and compose something fresh just feels out of the question for me. I do bring a sheet of possible links to each renku i lead that could be fit in or modified to do so; but only insert them if: a) it was my intent to use that verse at this time because no one else would publish it, b) i didn't compose the hokku at the beginning and the sabaki should have at least one link within the renku, or c) the group is becoming weary and it's going near 10 minutes without anyone giving me a suitable link or my having, from earlier in the session, a quality suggestion that i could use at that point. Sometimes there's gasps that i didn't vet my link before saying it's included. Thus, d) it's a way of re-iterating my authority over the renku, of which usually at least some of the participants need several reminders.

How has English-language haiku evolved from the 70's to now (if at all)?

To this one, I'll give a tempered response mostly because a rant won't help. It's been the best of times: accessibility to wider audiences and more and more inclusiveness, in people around

the world being interested in writing haiku. But it is also dismal times: people reverting to 5-7-5 line breaks and thinking of a haiku as a stanza form, instead of as a complete poem-in-itself. And there's this horrible obsession of wanting to be 'accepted' by the "mainstream poetry" (still being one of my favourite oxymorons). If you're reading poetry, you're already on the margins of totalitarian capitalist society, so why not enjoy it here. Even as a 7 year-old, i never wanted to be normal or 'like-everybody-else,' why would i want to join now? If I'm writing verse that claims an intuition can bring me into touch with the cadence of the universe in one breath or one metaphor, why would i concern myself with accessibility or acceptance into the Western Poetry World of over-bloated rhetoric? So, great strides in haiku promotion, slight backward step in the overall percentage of published haiku being actually haiku — but not enough to actually affect what i enjoy about haiku and how i go about my joy in being involved with it.

How have your own haiku evolved over the years (if at all)?

I don't like the term 'evolution' — sounds like it could refer to a squirrel of 70 million years ago that's evolved into a planet-destroying mammal. My play and work moves by leaps and bounds, and sometimes tumbles into valleys — such as when i was the primary care-giver for my baby son his first 4 years and my output totaled 27 poems, including haiku, for that whole time. Usual output is about 80/year. In 1985, when i named my publishing activities "Nietzsche's Brolly," some people had thought I'd stopped writing.

The most important thing in my writing is cadence. What makes me different and sometimes obtuse to understand is that my project isn't to communicate with humans but with the subject

I'm writing 'about' – although from within this perspective, I'm writing not 'about' a thing or condition or moment but to bring that within or to include it in words, so the subject or moment is able to continue its motion into and through human worldhood into a sensual artifact for who knows whom.

Important also to remember, i chose haiku writing (not my only writing) to replace western narrative, and have no interest in haiku 'going mainstream.'

A fourth thing is in that grain of resistance, where western writing and a lot of published 'haiku' point out foibles or failings and suggest improvements – conversely, the thing i focus on, when i can, is that the universe is always perfect in this particular moment of eternity that we are actually living; how does this would-be haiku of mine show how this moment is perfect (= unalterable or necessary), and how well does it perform as a vehicle for that necessity and perfection. I state this here, but do not preface any reading i would do with a statement like this, because i find my listeners are then not so much listening to my haiku but for whether i measure up to my idealized claims.

Which leads to me saying, i don't 'think' of all this before i compose a haiku – i just wait til i have a first line and write what i feel as I'm in, or remember, the particular moment. It does explain, however, my perspective when i come to 'fine-tuning' a prospective haiku of mine. I'm not always, and don't expect to be, of the same intensity or sensitivity from time to time; and, as you may know, i don't really believe i have a 'self.'

So time has gone on. I wrote this when I was 27:

this is hilarious

“

being me

I'm now 71. What's developed in my writing is a confidence across the board in the sense and use of these important elements of my writing. Recognizing and embracing the cadence of the moment — my use of spacing is meant to match this. I believe it's because my main sense is touch or feeling and the expression for that is a dance, that when I'm spacing i feel I'm tracing a choreography onto the page. Also, when i began, i didn't know i puzzled people by just wanting to 'make art' without caring if i were understood. So now when people say “sounds great, but i don't think i understood it,” i don't respond out of disappointment and just ask “but did you enjoy the listening?”

That brings up another item of difference: i don't prioritize the oral reading of a poem or a haiku as its existence. In fact, i emphasize the reader in silence with a choreographed page — hoping people have an inner ear for cadence and poetic language. Reading aloud is for fun and promotion, but most of us, i believe, do our most attentive reading in a quiet, private place. Reading and writing poetry and haiku were never for me a social experience. In this attitude i have not relented. Oddly, i think this has helped me be more congenial at haiku gatherings, because i'm not expecting any kind of perfection or serious outcome from a particular meeting.

To me, being artistic means having the option of not having to repeat yourself. I don't write with a destination in mind, have no books to finish or an editor I'm eager to show my work to, but i have 'slowed down' in output simply because i can feel in a

moment “oh, i already wrote one like that,” or i’ve used a fun word (like ‘reverberate’) too many times in my writing already. This is where a renku meeting is a kind of release for me because it doesn’t matter if what i contribute is a ‘haiku’ or not (unless of course, it’s the hokku).

So, not always improving in a straight line as a writer of haiku, but more confident and patient with writing and so more able to accept when i’ve misstepped or written awkwardly. And i still insist that, just because haiku are brief, they don’t have to be clipped in their diction. Haiku should still be a lyrical pleasure to read.

I am still finding joy in doing what i do when i’m experiencing, listening to or writing haiku.

Would you be willing to share a favourite haiku you have written, and why?

you stand
to watch the
sunrise
i watch it
shine on you

(i) I chose this haiku not just because it indicates the beauty of Karen Sohne’s naked body in the new light of day, but also (ii) because it displays in mimic how a haiku is a transfer from a fact / perception via human language into a secondary experience – which is, however, just as enjoyable and in authentic relay of the first perception’s energy as the original non-verbal experience. Atop the Ichoi-Mura Summit Hotel on Sado Island Japan at a Renku Conference in 1997, lying, sated, on a sumptuous bed that

itself is at floor level, i, the poet, am happy to watch the dawn's light rise over my wife's body and feel no need to rise out of bed and see the sunrise 'for myself.' I am happy with the beautiful rise of light in a dark, unfettered room from where i am; not over Hinshu Island but a shapely woman's body. Just so in haiku; the words can never be the perception but they can be the vehicle for a refreshed and slightly different experience of the original experience (which was Karen's). But neither can take the place of the other, and it is the written one that is the haiku. Just as, conversely, Karen's body belongs to her and not to the haiku. (iii) I like it because it's here just as i wrote it, pulling down a pen from a table and writing it this way. (iv) Then, more fancifully, the hollow at the centre of the poem could be imagined to be the circular sun that, by the time you've got to this part of this response, would be fully risen over the Sea of Japan, and the haiku would also be a salute to our exploding orb whose fallout-light is the source of life on earth.

Do you have any other reflections that you would like to add?

I only want to say this: a haiku is a complete poem

1. Pronunciation guide for names of haiku poets. Accessed February 2, 2023. <https://www.graceguts.com/essays/pronunciation-guide-for-names-of-haiku-poets>
2. Carter, Terry Ann. *Haiku in Canada: History, Poetry, Memoir*. Victoria: Ekstasis Editions (2020).
3. Haikupedia: The Haiku Foundation Encyclopedia of Haiku. Accessed February 2, 2023. <https://haikupedia.org/article-haikupedia/marshall-hryciuk/>
4. kjmunro. Book review of *petals in the dark: 15 renku led and edited by Marshall Hryciuk*. Haiku Canada Review, Vol. 9 No. 2, October 2015.

Haiku Plus

on my own
rows of empty boxes
fill the pantry

Michelle V. Alkerton

speculaas treat
our generations
mixed together

Jessica Allyson

ripple in time & space scar tissue

Cheryl Ashley

sunbeam slide
yesterday's thoughts
already gone

Joanna Ashwell

chopping wood some go with the grain

Alexandria Barbera

moving van window . . .
even the raindrops
want to stay behind

Royal Baysinger

evoking memories
of mother's final days
chrysanthemums

Sheila Bello

the odd siren
light green
with pink accents

Jerome Berglund

it keeps on going
the snail I am talking to
like the people I meet

Daniel Birnbaum

within the trees
so motionless
many hidden there

Frances Mary Bishop

turtle bowl
feeding the goldfish
a likely story

sun dogs!
the gossip comes back
as news to her

Randy Brooks

first day of October
nothing but mist
stretching to eternity

B.L Bruce

chipping ice
from the windshield
another doctor's visit

Alanna C. Burke

slow dance . . .
old women
picking tea

Mariangela Canzi

problems with a mouse
I shift the lap cat

Louise Carson

under the sofa
the ball of a cat
never replaced

Jean-Hugues Chevy

chrysanthemums
ever blooming
on her forearm

Meagan Bussert

fallen leaves –
the scrunching sound
of a carapace

Lysa Collins

winding road
from beginning to end
grampa's story

Sue Colpitts

coin laundry
a homeless woman
restacks her bags

Vera Constantineau

garden overgrown
is it time for
a haircut?

Sophia Conway

shadow
on the sundial
dragonfly time

Jeanne Cook

for a brief moment
a reprieve from the sun—
crow's shadow

Pamela Cooper

graduation
a memory
in every tear

Liz Crocket

cloud storage
the rapid growth
of a cumulonimbus

Dan Curtis

this rain
almost too gentle for me
to hear

Carole Daoust

migrating geese
a finch calls out
its rhetorical question

Edward Dewar

leaving confession
blustering wind
follows me home

basking in the shade fuchsia and i

Charlotte Digregorio

bullfrog croaks—
between my toes
marsh mud

Janice Doppler

city zoo
children busy folding
paper cranes

Christa Downer

homeless encampment
fresh mulch and flowers
around his tent site

Hans Dringenberg

war museum
peace doves
marked down

David Kāwika Eyre

excitement
the old man talks of
future discoveries

Yasir Farooq

her stage 4 cancer
a snow blizzard
blinds me

Doris Fiszer

week old snow
the sour taste
of mittens

Debra M. Fox

winter drought
the whoosh of the log
as it ignites

Jay Friedenber

unlit doorway—
now and again
the rain pauses

Mark A. Forrester

sipping sangria
a seaborne *shift*
in wind

William Scott Galasso

a tale
from another shore
seashell

Mike Gallagher

now they've paved
the parking lot and put up
condos

for Joni Mitchell

Barry George

snow to rain
Easter
communion

LeRoy Gorman

the way we come
back to the world not as dust
as sepals

Katherine Gotthardt

mascara runs
stewardia blossom
stained with pollen

Jon Hare

I return
to her funeral . . .
a faded lily

David He

old forest growth
clinging to granite rocks—
tall white birches

Deborah Burke Henderson

night walk
we are the wind
we listen to

Robert Hirschfield

water lily:
there were marshes
on Mars

Kimiko Horne

deep down
dust part of
our keepsakes

Gary Hotham

autumn weather
the dark rustles
by

Gary Hotham

autumn
and the sky fills
with geese
their calls so much like
those of children at recess

Louisa Howerow

round rock
cradled by mountain stream
our time together

Charlotte Hrenchuk

warm breeze
slithering across the lawn
a snakeskin

Elinor Huggett

solstice
the last foursome
stretching the day

Hans Jongman

lamenting summer
without electricity . . .
lone ukulele

Monica Kakkar

back then
the scent of cherry blossoms
faded blue ink

Deborah Karl-Brandt

downtown hospital
only part of the tree
in blossom

Philomene Kocher

box elder
the messiness
of aging

labyrinth
 over
 thinking

Deb Koen

born an activist
what Belafonte said
about being . . .

Jill Lange

explaining the nuts and bolts
to the mechanic
heart specialist

high C
the slit
in the soprano's skirt

Angela Leuck

divorced again . . .
this wrinkled Paris postcard
signed with *love*

Chen-ou Liu

drizzle
the conversation
doesn't change

Heather Lurie

valedictorian speech . . .
louder and louder
near the end

Anthony Lusardi

long ago spring river
poems like petals
I float to you

Sue Mackenzie

corn tassels
rustle in the wind
Mum's taffeta dress

Lilian Nakamura Maguire

just enough
of a smile to realize
it's not true

Dorothy Mahoney

pioneer cemetery
white butterflies
among iron crosses

Ruth Mittelholz

blue moon
I think of him
now and then

Joanne Morcom

dinner buffet
a sad child reflected
in the koi pond

Anne Morrigan

newspaper mulch
weeds keep coming up
with stories

Ulrike Narwani

beggar's sign
"Why lie? I need a beer"
summer heat

David Oates

summer illusion
that blue darning needle
must have wings

Nola Obee

a crystal collection
has become sentient —
new moon

Brent Partridge

room to room
a thought
goes missing

soft steady rain —
a whisper passing
from tree to tree

M.R. Pelletier

used record shop
the cashier tells the old man
she gets off a six

all over town
spinning poems like spider webs
Autumn sunset

for Ignatius Fay

Robert Piotrowski

collecting colour . . .
green continues deep
into July

Susan Bonk Plumridge

through
a partly closed window
moonshine

Patricia Prime

a stone cairn
next to the creek
his only instructions

used book store
War and Peace
for two-bits

John Quinnett

butter chicken—
loosening my grief
as I stir

Sally Quon

in conversation
the sparrow and he
perched

alone in the Thrift Shop
shelf after shelf
of his treasures

Joan Roberts

standing dead tree —
an angel's breath
in the understory

Jacob D. Salzer

tulip bulb —
once when this body
was young

i forget more often . . .
cool winds off
the river

Mark Smith

nude beach maieutic discussions

Derek Sprecksel

farmer's tan
the white stripe
on a black swan's bill

Debbie Strange

air raid
two teddy bears
huddle together

another war
headlines become
front lines

Luminita Suse

who I am when a down feather comes out of nowhere

Patrick Sweeney

'flatten the curve'
grandpa straightens
an old nail

first kiss
we merge into the same blue dot
in Google Maps

Tomislav Sjekloća

solstice
the tug
of wintersleep

Magdalene van der Kamp

a snowflake
loses its name
drop of water

David Watts

camping
the sound of water
boiling on the fire

Joseph P. Wechselberger

from here to there
the hare aware
of my stare

Michael Dylan Welch

two-sweater day
I teach my daughter
how to cook moose

Erin Wilson

a rooster crows
chickens in the marketplace
hanging upside down

Robert Witmer

stargazing
he guides me along
unfamiliar paths

broken wick
another grudge
against the moon

Geneviève Wynand



Les fenêtres, les portes . . .

Haïkus réunis par *Claude Rodrigue*

tongs près de la porte
depuis l'été dernier
un désir de départ

Suzanne El Lackany

vol de nuit
hublot étoiles
au bout des doigts

Louisa Howerow

dimanche d'avril
de l'autre côté du torii ¹
mon nouveau nom

Cristiane Ourliac

depuis des siècles
il cherche la sortie
le cheval de Lascaux

Anne Brousmiche

le portier
un air de mousquetaire
dans sa livrée

Claude Rodrigue

vue du MBAM²
sur le mur de brique
Léonard Cohen

Diane Robert

retour de vacances–
sur le seuil de la porte
une feuille morte

Nicole Pottier

clé dans la serrure
c'est toujours le même bruit
depuis mon enfance

Pascal Pozzo di Borgo

feu de forêt
les chênes prévus pour les portes
partis en fumée

Salvatore Tempo

temps des travaux
en guise de table
une vieille porte

Françoise Deniaud-Lelièvre

vieilles fenêtres
sur le gazon les jeunes bricolent
un igloo de verre

Sandra St-Laurent

avant de sonner-
je hume le parfum
des derniers muguets

Géralda Lafrance

tintement des clés-
le chien remue la queue
devant la porte

Calotă Rodica

le vent se faufile
sous le seuil
souliers transis de froid

Tzonka Véliкова

porte du frigo
le tour du monde
en quatre-vingts aimants

Yves Ribot

tes petits yeux
immenses devant la porte
du frigo

Monique Pagé

l'observer dormir
dans l'embrasure de la porte
ses premiers soupirs

Diane Descôteaux

écrire un haïku
en attendant le sommeil
le bruit de la chatière

Coralie Papillault

vide-grenier
devant la porte grand ouverte
des morceaux de vie

Danièle Duteil

salon funéraire
annonces publicitaires
à la fenêtre

Micheline Aubé

maison de retraite
la mouche à la fenêtre
veut aussi partir

Éléonore Nickolay

école vide
derrière la fenêtre
mamie s'ennuie

Françoise Bourmaud

tirant le rideau
ma mère fait signe de revenir
j'ai oublié son bec

Christiane Jacques

première chaleur
collée à la fenêtre
spleen de la mouche

Lydia Padellec

la mouche d'été
je lui ouvre la fenêtre
qu'elle ne voit pas

Jean Antonini

derrière la vitre
une abeille butine
fleurs en soie

Yann Quero

j'ouvre la fenêtre
déjà la mouche rejoint
le panier du chien

Micheline Boland

cerisier
les ailes des pigeons s'ouvrent
avec les persiennes

Jean-Hughes Chevy

grains sur le chambranle—
une tourterelle domestique
dans le tilleul d'à côté

Maria Tirenescu

le nid d'hirondelles
accroché à la fenêtre
gîte chez l'habitant

Raymond Derouen

entre deux fenêtres
une corde à linge est tendue
des liens se tissent

Laurence Wagner

fenêtre entrouverte—
elle parle à mots feutrés
à son vieux chat

Marie-Alice Maire

soir d'été
murmures d'amour
sous les fenêtres

Agnès Beaumale

par ce vasistas
escapade en amoureux
oh! Paris la nuit

Valérie Le Goff

fenêtre fracassée
et des tiroirs renversés
sans ne rien voler

Liette Janelle

jour naissant
par la fenêtre de sa prison
la lumière danse

Daniel Langlois

derrière la fenêtre
l'ombre sur son visage
des barreaux

Léna Darriet

ce rectangle bleu
dans les yeux du prisonnier
sa raison de vivre

Roland Corbelin

buée sur la fenêtre
le doigt dessine
une danse éphémère

Hélène Wagnet

début d'automne
les géraniums retournent
derrière les vitres

Geneviève Rey

ciel étoilé
l'hiver frissonne
à la fenêtre

Natacha Karl

Saint-Valentin
le chat de la voisine
seul à la fenêtre

Marie Derley

=====

¹ Torii : portail traditionnel à l'entrée d'un sanctuaire shintoïste.

² MBAM : Musée des Beaux-Arts de Montréal.

=====

« Les erreurs sont les portes de la découverte. »

James Joyce (1882-1941)

« Usage de la fenêtre : inviter la beauté à entrer et laisser
l'inspiration sortir. »

Sylvain Tesson (1972), écrivain voyageur,
in *Dans les forêts de Sibérie* (2011)

N.B. : Une erreur s'est glissée dans le numéro de février 2023.
Vous auriez dû lire *Monique Pagé* et non Paré. Merci de faire la
correction.

Prochain thème : **La ville.**



Recensions . . .

Dérive, Marco Fraticelli. Traduit par Bertrand Cyr. Extraits des journaux personnels de Celesta Taylor (1860-1937), choisis et accompagnés de haïkus par Marco Fraticelli. Catkin Press, 2023. 78+ pp. 978-0-9880784-4-4. \$15.00. kingsroadpress@gmail.com

Dans les années 70, un ami a offert à Marco Fraticelli les journaux intimes de Célesta Taylor (1860-1937), une femme des Cantons de l'Est (Québec), qui vers 1900 est allée travailler comme gouvernante pour son cousin Henry Miles. On connaît des détails de la vie de Célesta non seulement par ses écrits personnels et quelques lettres retrouvées avec les carnets, mais aussi car Rina Fraticelli (sœur de Marco Fraticelli) avait fait des recherches historiques menant au documentaire *Celesta Found* produit par David McIlwraith (2002).

Fraticelli s'était proposé d'insérer des haïkus parmi des extraits choisis des journaux pour produire des haïbuns à quatre mains. Ce n'est qu'après quelques décennies, cependant, qu'il a complété *Drifting* (Catkin Press, 2013). Les haïbuns dévoilent dans la prose de Célesta la vie quotidienne d'une femme de l'époque vivant à la campagne—les besognes, les voisins, la famille, les problèmes de santé, les défis quotidiens. Ces extraits datés, assez courts, souvent placés plusieurs par page, sont parfois écrits de façon fragmentaire : juste les quelques mots qui suffisent à rendre l'idée. La traduction par Bertrand Cyr reproduit fluidement la simplicité sans façon du style de Célesta.

9 janvier 1906

X Débuté une grosse cuve de beurre. La maison Davis a brûlé.

Parmi les entrées de Célesta, Fraticelli propose des haïkus qui présentent la saison, le temps, la vie naturelle aux alentours. Il précise son processus dans la Préface. « Je les ai écrits en imaginant comment Célesta l'aurait fait. »

29 septembre 1909

J'ai mis en conserve 13 pintes de tomates.

5 octobre 1909

J'ai cousu toute la journée. Travail général.
Plus de bonne humeur sans raison.

un papillon
se pose
sur une de mes mauvaises herbes

Aussi n'oublions pas que ces journaux chevauchaient aussi le temps de la première guerre.

28 février 1915

Viens d'apprendre que Willie Richardson est allé au front en France cuisiner.

cette longue nuit
une feuille d'érable rouge
comme signet

Un aspect très intéressant des journaux, et très inattendu, est que Célesta s'était imaginée que Henry était aussi amoureux d'elle qu'elle en était de lui, et même que les deux allaient se marier. Elle vivait son illusion et sa déception tout au long, et nous,

lectrices et lecteurs, partageons non seulement ses pensées, mais aussi la mélodie en contrepoint des haïkus de Fraticelli.

2 juillet 1916

Reçu la lettre que j'espérais mais elle était tellement glaciale qu'elle m'a presque tuée. Il m'a hantée toute la nuit. J'ai dormi que peu.

regardant le chat
regardant l'oiseau
regardant le papillon

Le clou final est dans la lettre du 3 décembre 1916 qui sert de clôture aux haïbuns. Célesta reçut cette lettre trois jours plus tard. Ainsi, je donne le dernier mot à Marco Fraticelli : le haïku accompagnant l'entrée du 6 décembre.

ton nom
gratté dans le givre de la fenêtre
le bout de mon doigt...si froid

recension par Maxianne Berger



Tant de Souvenirs, tankas et haïkus par Diane Lebel. La Plume d'Oie Édition, Montmagny, Québec, 2023. 88 pp. ISBN 978-2-89539-313-9. \$ 15. laplumedoie.com

Diane Lebel, avec *Tant de souvenirs*, partage avec nous 115 haïkus et huit tankas. Haïkiste depuis 2007, elle nous propose des poèmes qui suivent les saisons de la Côte Nord, du fleuve, de la forêt, mais aussi ses regards sur voisins, famille, et voyages.

La saison qui s'impose le plus, sans surprise, c'est l'hiver.

branches verglacées
le soleil s'y répand
en mille couleurs

p. 32

Les enfants sont souvent présents, avec leur compréhension bien spéciale de la vie.

ventre de maman
pour y voir son petit frère
il veut une fenêtre

p. 39

Oui, Lebel sait vraiment saisir l'instant, et aussi quels instants méritent d'être saisis.

Le recueil est dédié à sa mère, et nous la rencontrons aussi parmi les pages.

sept ans plus tard
trouver les lunettes de maman
sans ses beaux grands yeux

p. 79

Les tanka sont regroupés dans la première section du livre. Poème un peu plus long, il y a de la place pour les émotions. Et pour les craintes.

du haut de ses 150 ans
le phare
témoin du souffle
de milliers de baleines
mais demain ?

p. 19

Cette crainte pour notre planète est tacitement exprimée aussi dans plusieurs haïkus.

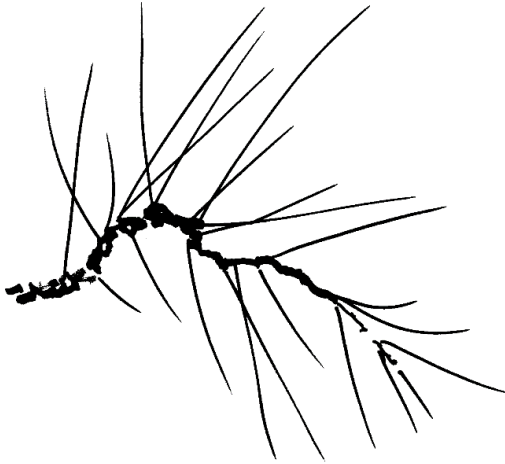
ciel bleu
dix nuages s'échappent
de l'usine à papier

p. 54

Dans la Préface, Monique Lévesque résume parfaitement : « la nature teinte son écriture. Une nature immense, sauvage, où le froid omniprésent encourage le développement de cette chaleur humaine qui caractérise si bien les Nord-Côtiers. » (p. 6)

Cette Côte Nord, avec toute sa force et sa majesté naturelle, on la retrouve dans les photos prises par Diane Lebel et qui jonchent le recueil. Un beau partage de *Tant de Souvenirs*.

recension par Maxianne Berger



Haibun

Prairie Farm

Sidney Bending

for Rick, my new-found brother

Below-zero weather. His dad would heat rocks in the fire, put them on the floor of the wagon, and cover them in hay. An added blanket kept everybody warm going into town.

basket
behind the wood stove
piglets



Underworld

Roland Packer

Oh, there's Michael, my old school friend among the crowded faces at the counter. I haven't spoken to him since I can't recall when, as I continue to struggle through the line. Maybe it would be easier if I just gave him a call.

Then, the eerie pause as I remember . . . he's been dead for years.

subway gust . . .
my doppelgänger
boards the train

Red-Blooded

Janice Doppler

mildewed walls —
on the pitted chalkboard
algebra

Each group of students asks similar questions during my tour of schools in Jingdezhen, China. How can they improve their English? Do teenagers work hard in school in the United States? What do American teens do for fun?

An eighth-grader breaks the norm. Do I have big ears? A hush falls. Anyone can see his ears are somewhat larger than usual. I am the first American these youngsters have met, possibly the last. I must be honest *and* I cannot embarrass the boy. Charged silence hangs in the air. A chair squeaks.

Yes, you have big ears, but the size of your ears is unimportant. The size of your heart is what matters.

The child responds with a new question. Would you like me to sing you a song? I nod yes. He flashes a smile, walks to the front of the room, and belts out a tune.

people's park
a porcelain dragon
guards the gate

Reel Nostalgia

Bryan Cook

The 1950s and I'm peddling my rounds as a fishmonger's delivery boy, intent on earning enough money to buy an icon of French technology, the Mitchell 300 spinning reel. Virtually indestructible, it casts long distances accurately with barely a bird's nest. So much easier than my old sidewinder and, among my friends, a status symbol to boot.

2023. Covid, pneumonia and an overheated climate force me indoors. Bored out of my skull, I find solace in repairing fishing reels. Out of a junk box emerges my old Mitchell, gummed solid, salt encrusted, and battle scarred. I want to breathe new life into her and the internet's full of scavenged parts

Scrubbing each cog and anti-reverse dog with an old toothbrush, getting high on WD-40, I drift back to those halcyon days with buddy John, catching conger eel off the Irish shore, bream in the River Thames, pike in the Kilglass lakes. Proudly earning our Kingfisher Badges from the Angling Times Guild before our teens.

She's now humming and clicking. I repair another friend's reel and we plan a nostalgic Mitchell-only fishing trip to celebrate our youth.

a cast into
the ocean of time
catching memories

Winter Augury

Karin Hedetniemi

The hour aches with unnamed sadness. Beyond the windshield, prairie fields brushed with snowy ice crystals, the sky washed in pewter — a timeless monochrome postcard. Birds long gone on their southward migration. Now, it is my turn.

In a quiet mood, driving a winter highway to the airport, I tune the radio to a classical piano recital. Chords stream my body in a strange metaphysical familiarity. The music is a clarion call signalling an invisible shift. I grip the steering wheel, transfixed, listening for hidden messages.

I am bound for warmth: wood fires, pots of coffee, the weekend newspaper, some sections still folded and waiting for me. But I sense home slipping inside an alternate trajectory. Some small tender things will come with me — most will be left behind. I can only go forward, brave-hearted, into all that grief and beauty.

Bach's chorale prelude *Alle Menschen müssen sterben* translates to "all men must die." In my faraway trance with the linen sun muted by clouds, those grave words from the radio host invoke my transmuting world.

wingtips shear the wind
over buried fields —
snowy owl

Music Practice

Angela Leuck

My best friend lives in the duplex next door. Her older brother helps out in the music room at school, where he is in charge of lending out instruments.

Every Friday, I stand in line, and when he sees me, he goes in the back and brings out a long cardboard box. Inside is the largest ukulele, which he saves just for me.

I lug it home up the mountain, then on Monday morning carry it back again without even having opened the box.

Unchained Melody

no need
for words



the clock's hands meet
as the last customers leave
in dim barlight
glass after glass this impulse
to drink away my past

Chen-ou Liu

Linked Verses and Sequences

Wedding (is) Toast

Sidney Bending, *Terry Ann Carter*
Victoria, B.C.

a white paper bell
rain soaked
 here comes the bride

the knot
in the flower girl's sash

mother of the groom
"It's not too late
to say no"

a small crack
in the punch bowl

hitting a high note
someone's uncle
steals the mic



it's Molly Bloom down on the Liffey skipping the dishes

Marshall Hryciuk

home opener

in baseball jerseys
as they stroll through gates
home opener

Marshall Hryciuk

while at the swamp
song of a bullfrog

Deb Koen

admiring the lines
the vacuum left
on the living room rug

Karen Sohne

frost on the tent fly
and mist on the lake

Ruth Powell

neighbour's cat
in the herb garden
by moonlight

Jessica Allyson

only bones
we settle for soup

LeRoy Gorman

bootlegger
on the college dorm's
top floor

Nancy Richards

more fuel for the fire
the Alberta election

LeRoy

Russian prisoners
fight on the front line
nothing to lose

Ruth

all we know
all the snow

LeRoy

outside the daycare
single mitten
frozen to the sidewalk

Karen

choosing a gift
that i can't give away

Nancy

full moon
teens lighting firecrackers
down a back alley

Ruth

glimpse his face
through the train window

Jessica

would another really hurt?
another cup
of sake

Sharon Morrison

every colour green
in the new leafed woods

Karen

the arboretum
a crazy quilt
of white and pink

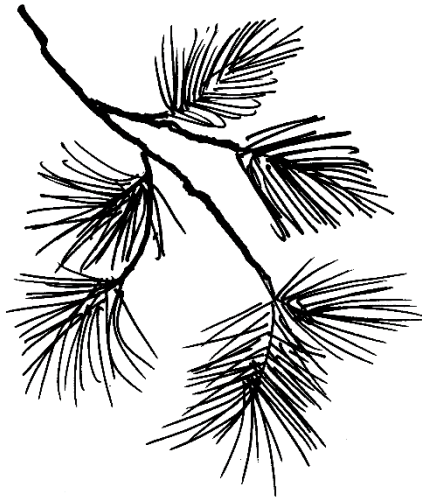
Jessica

the way she paints
the sky

LeRoy

home opener was begun at 10:12 pm, Friday May 19 in a study room of the Royal Victoria College Residence during the Haiku Canada Weekend Montréal of 2023 and completed by 12:07 am the next morning.

The renku was led by Marshall Hryciuk



Ring of Fire

Sue Colpitts

Johnny sings
'Ring of Fire'
record heat

wildfire smoke
downwind the scent
of things to come

b-side 'I'll Still Be There'
evacuation order

homeless family
crossing the road
a doe and two fawns

Anahim Peak
can the flames
go higher?

no rain in sight
Donnie Creek
burns, burns, burns



winter wind wheezing through the hole of me

Robert Witmer

Friday Night Out

Michael Dylan Welch, Michelle Schaefer, and Dianne Garcia

animated conversation . . .
an extra plate
of calamari

Michael

between tea and sparkling water
we pour the wine

Michelle

unsentimental
we eye the crabs in the tank
my child orders salad

Dianne

our compliments to the chef
for the eggplant moussaka

Michael

late evening —
still time to order
the chocolate death

Michelle

another local red wine
and a yellow taxi home

Dianne



carefree from a distance sailboats

Judith Avinger

Alakazam

Sidney Bending, Margaret Rutley, and Michael Dylan Welch

magic show
the trap door opens
at the right time *Sidney*

hocus pocus . . .
the purple silk scarf turns green *Margaret*

in a puff of smoke
a white rabbit
twitches its nose *Michael*

a red ace of spades
up a puffy sleeve *Sidney*

dimly lit stage—
a shill planted
in the crowd *Michael and Sidney*

for abracadabra
my fake French accent *Michael*

Note: Margaret passed away before the three of us could finish this rengay together.



old lady nursery rhyme one two Velcro my shoe

Marianne Paul

Reviews . . .

SAFFRON SKIES by William Scott Galasso. Laguna Woods, California, U.S.A.: Galwin Press, 2022. 978-1-7327527-3-3. Perfect bound 6”x9”, 127 pages (including related material and photos), Matte four-colour covers; \$16.95 US.

Saffron Skies by William Scott Galasso is a collection of poems that runs the gamut of Japanese forms. The poems, written between 2020-2022, are organized in “sections by both season and subjects”, with each section beginning with an original photo by the author. Galasso makes use of haiku, senryu, tanka and haibun as a means of showcasing his unique poetic voice.

Galasso’s haiku feature both shasei (sketch from life) and poems with conventional juxtaposition. One example of his shasei is:

hitchhiking
on a box turtle’s back
dragonfly (p. 31)

The clarity of the image as an observation becomes the strength of this poem. Likewise, Galasso is skilled in writing more conventional haiku:

daylight savings
the sidewalk snail
sets its own pace (p. 16)

Here, the slowness of the snail is cleverly set against the human idea of “daylight savings”. With more time in the day, the snail can maintain its leisurely rate.

Saffron Skies also features a haiku sequence titled “Ukraine”. These poems record the Russian invasion of Ukraine and the horrors of war, perhaps best depicted in the following haiku:

his breathing
the gurgle of rain
in drainpipes (p. 18)

Galasso’s collection also makes use of the senryu to highlight both his humour and his humanity. Consider the following two senryu about the pandemic:

post pandemic
hometown gossips
hard at work (p. 84)

pandemic
the constant click
of worry beads (p. 72)

While the first poem is lighthearted and gently laughs at the return of gossip after the lockdown, the second effectively emphasizes the anxiety induced by COVID. It was a time of uncertainty which Galasso poignantly captures with his image of clicking worry beads.

Tanka likewise play a prominent role in Galasso’s collection. The following poem is about its narrator’s growing maturity and sense of calm in the face of passing time:

once I rebelled, raced,
raved against time
now
I flow with it
a leaf on a stream (p. 5)

Finally, *Saffron Skies* includes a handful of Galasso's haibun. His haibun are strong in creating meaning through the juxtaposition between prose and haiku, and perhaps nowhere better than in "At the Mercy of Poseidon". The prose is about a bodysurfer being pulled underwater by a big wave. The writing ends with ". . . in an instant the world turns upside down and I inexplicably land on my feet" before the concluding haiku:

MRI test
no tumour,
no clot (p. 90)

Galasso has created a very strong metaphor of surfing to represent the trials and tribulations of awaiting one's MRI results. Just as the surfer landed on his feet, so too was this patient fortunate enough to receive a negative MRI.

Saffron Skies is a strong collection that features many of the Japanese poetic genres. I recommend this book for all fans of haiku and related forms.

review by Dave Read



birthday on use-by date

David Kāwika Eyre

Enlightened by Defilement Haibun: An Almost Memoir, by Vera Constantineau. Latitude 46 Publishing, 2023. 9781988989617. 131 pp. \$22.95 latitude46publishing.com

“If a haiku [or senryu] is an insight into a moment of experience, [then] a haibun is the story or narrative of how one came to have that experience.” (How to Haiku by Bruce Ross 2002) The truth of Ross’s statement is more than evident in this beautiful haibun collection, *Enlightened by Defilement Haibun: An Almost Memoir*, by Vera Constantineau. Constantineau bravely turns events of her life into stories rich with evocative sensory detail and full of shocking twists and turns. She writes of breaking rules and taking risks, and the repercussions of those choices. Her telling is sometimes raw, sometimes funny, and always honest.

From the moment of her arrival into her complicated family in “Introduction to me Number Eleven” (p. 3), Constantineau skillfully shows how her self-identity begins with a complex array of shifting relationships. Defilement. A sister who is a mother. A brother who is an uncle. An unknown father. Among those “tangled roots” though, is her grandmother/mother Grace, the tap root of the family tree. It is through Constantineau’s relationship with Grace that the reader gets a glimpse into the deep love of family, even complicated ones, and the joie de vie of family life. In “Bits of Fancy” (p. 109) Constantineau crafts a lovely image of mother and child having tea:

She’d prep our cups, generously adding milk. Pour the tea, choosing the pouring height of the fragrant stream to maximize results.

The resulting bubbles make the poet girl giggle as her mother intended. This lovely moment echoes a reoccurring theme — what started as a potentially difficult life has ascended into a life of love, with the unconditional love of one woman for a child. The final haibun in the book brings the theme full circle. In “New Dollar Store Plant Pots” (p. 127) the poet is enlightened by the same fullness of mother-child love as she was with Grace proving that family is more a feeling than it is genetics.

There are firsts in this collection too — first drink of alcohol, first time away from home, first kiss. Like the defilements of Buddhism, each first is an opportunity for learning and for growth, and sometimes just an understanding that life’s a crashout. In “Risk And Reward” (p. 9), they both tried smoking, she and her brother, but he got addicted and couldn’t beat the habit until he was diagnosed with cancer. Reflecting on the ultimate cost of defilement, Constantineau writes:

the flick
of his lighter
last time

Constantineau brilliantly captures the foolishness of youth, the stubbornness of young adulthood, the arrogance of middle age and the wisdom of old age. In “Vanity” (p. 90), the author talks of the hair style she had for years and her understanding that, while vain, it is a choice she makes, part of her identity and influence — her own “special sauce”. We age with Constantineau. The defilement of firsts and the enlightenment of aging allows the reader to relate to this “Almost Memoir”. We nod our heads and say, “That happened to me.” The reader keeps moving forward through the pages wondering what will happen next.

There are poems in this collection that made me laugh out loud every time I read them. In “Introduction To Science” (p.31), you can see the cogs in a little girl’s mind turn as she plots to learn if a clock can still tick under water. In “Learning Curve” (p. 32) the same little girl who drowned the clock, attempts to chop a hand-held leaf with a lawn mower. In “Less Than Sixty Seconds” (p.47) Constantineau tells of the first bar fight she was in – lying flat on her back on a bar floor, defending herself against a rabid woman. These comedic moments work effectively to give the reader a moment of joy among more poignant, sad or just plain horrific events in a life well lived.

To read *Enlightened by Defilement* is to come to know the poet – her humour, her skill and her insight into her own life, the good and the bad, and the sometimes-ugly world around her.

review by Emily De Angelis



UNCLE JOHN’S HAIKU by John Hamley. Published in Canada by John Hamley, Distributed by INgramSpark 2022 ISBN 978-17781274-0-3, softcover, 8” x 5.5”, 78 pp, more information at johnhamley.ca

In his back cover blurb, John Hamley very accurately describes his collection as, “A potpourri of haiku mixed with photos, anecdotes and snippets of information on the author and the world he lives in.” I was intrigued by the autobiographical slant, as the author has led an eventful life which is a rich source for his particular brand of haiku.

For example, he mentions wintering in Cuba on an annual basis. Here's a haiku based on that experience.

Your best friend
a plastic bag
one peso

He points out that some Cubans supplement their incomes by selling plastic bags for a small profit. Another slice of life poem was inspired by his adventures in Brazil.

Brazil speed bump
prone policeman
lies in wait

Here's one that seemed very mysterious until I read the explanation in NOTES ON THE POEMS.

Vultura dances
in the Elbow Room
half frozen hot sandwich

The Elbow Room was a topless bar in Alaska that the author visited in 1972. He later learned that Playboy Magazine rated it the grungiest bar in the U.S.A. Other haiku in the collection are more nature inspired and family oriented, with a touch of nostalgia rather than humour.

Father's watercolor
so blue the lake
of my childhood

Hanley writes, “To me each haiku is a universe of its own. It makes its own rules, and my job is to tell it the way it wants to be told.” This is certainly the case with his haiku that leave an indelible impression on the reader’s mind with their unique imagery. The poems are enhanced by numerous photographs taken by the author, ranging from his youth to the present day. *Uncle John’s Haiku* is both an entertaining and enlightening read.

review by Joanne Morcom



swallow s tail s, by Marshall Hryciuk. Toronto, Ontario, Canada: Nietzsche’s Brolly, 2023. 978-0-920489-82-6. Softcover, 5.5’x4.5’, \$18 Cdn (including postage).
imagediron@gmail.com.

How does one write a review of a book like Marshall Hryciuk’s *swallow s tail s*, which challenges linearity? My role is to appreciate and possibly interpret Marshall’s subjects’ word-flights, though they invite a more aerated response than this. For his 2023 book of visual poetry (*vispo*), Marshall seems to have recorded observations in haiku-like manner, then splayed them apart for dimension and lift, for hologrammatic layers that seem to correspond interestingly with the ways sight and mind work together to process data input. He’s given the poems “thrust”, as the ladies say in the movie *Chicken Run*.

The booklet measures 5.5” x 4.25”, just the size to press most local butterflies in, except *secropia* or *luna* moths. Scanning its

pages as one would a detailed photograph or painting, at times the letters peppering each page suggest the form of wings, sometimes of flight. Some, like the gyr-falcon poem (no page numbers to refer to), can be viewed circularly. Pretty much all have a right side and a left side which can be read vertically, distinct & complementary, from and to the other side. There are different ways to view the visual poems in this booklet. I prefer to say view rather than read, because the poems are visual impressions saying something about how eye and brain take in information, particularly in the wild where linear order is subordinate to the wild in the moment. Each poem, like each point of focus in the natural world, suggests its own order, its own way to read it through eye and ear, through space, movement, and context.

Some poems begin with a word representing sound, often onomatopoeic such as yelping or honking: in Marshall's words, "visib – all warbling". Most deconstruct and recombine words and their letters like dust motes in sunshine. Some sift in subliminally, such as "volcanic tuff", wherein some viewers will see "thigh" and others "highway". Even the book's title with its ambiguous apostrophes, seems lusty. In one poem, fleeting words "peels and skims my head" together suggest "skin s my head". Some are *start ling*, using wordplay to catch the reader by surprise. In one, the grass is twitching / its ears/ even though that's not actually how it's written. If you're thinking by now that you need to see the book and just use this review as a tour guide, you would be right.

It is a catechism of space, likened by the poet to Manet's *hirondelles*. It's a tribute to the freedom of the natural world,

effable and ineffable. Fallible and infallible. In its essence only glimpsed; captured only to be released. There is a risk of lists, but no sooner do they begin to form, than they scatter away and reshuffle as the eye moves and regroup words.

Throughout, I question the inclusion and use of tiny words floating alone on the page – articles, prepositions, and possessive pronouns: are they necessary? They do add something in:

an		orange
	Indian	paintbrush

I would almost prefer the poems use exclusively other parts of speech, especially nouns. (I've been told that English, to a Micmaw speaker, is a language of nouns, while theirs is a language of verbs.)

Toward the centrefold of the book, the poems become increasingly difficult, disintegrating into letters and syllables sometimes stuck to words they don't belong to. In the second half of the book, they begin to coalesce into more recognizable haiku, or maybe by then the reader is initiated enough to be able to read them more easily. But just when you think you've got it, they scatter again.

It's difficult to cite a whole poem because formatting issues could reset it, but here's a poem that refreshingly points to a quality in Marshall's catalogue of impressions: an admission of not knowing, an acknowledgement of the subliminal disconnect before words impose order.

waking at
sunset
snowy fields
or
a raging
sea don't
know

Nature herself knows and does not know, and we can be at one with that. The mixture of playful teasing with transcendence fulfills the promise in the title poem, of something finer following the swallows' tails or swallowtail, or both. The reader swallows the tale, pretty much whole.

review by Sandra Stephenson



Haibun Chowder by Bryan D. Cook. Orleans, Ontario, Canada: B.D.C Ottawa Consulting on the Amazon/Kindle Platform, 2022. 979-8-8477418-3-5. Perfect bound 6" x 9", 111 pages.

Haibun Chowder, by Bryan D. Cook, is a collection of haibun that reads like a memoir of the author's many experiences and adventures. The 85 poems cover a broad span of time, reaching back into his childhood through the current day.] Always playful, often humorous, Cook recounts a variety of topics utilizing unique techniques and approaches to the haibun form.

Many of Cook's haibun start with a childhood memory, turning to reflect on the topic at hand from the current perspective of the

author. These pieces work much like poetic miras where the writer looks to the past but can still see his present reflection. A good example of this technique can be found in “Gardening Instinct”. The haibun begins with Cook’s grandfather who gardens out of necessity. He is shown stooping “in his coal miner’s allotment, growing the only fruit and vegetables his family can afford” (p. 20). The haibun continues from Cook’s school years, where he won local horticultural competitions, through the current day. He “still cannot resist growing a garden, though produce is cheaper at the market stalls” (p. 20). The poem reflects upon Cook’s heritage and childhood, providing a narrative of how both inform his gardening as a grown man. Cleverly, he concludes with a haiku tangentially related to gardening, giving depth to the piece as a whole:

*worms wriggle
in the trenches
a robin waits (p. 20)*

Cook also includes several haibun with sections that read like chapters or, perhaps in concert with other Japanese forms, can be seen as haibun sequences. “Spiders”, for example, houses two haibun tilted with the scientific names of the arachnids depicted: the Phormictopus Cancerides (tarantula) and the Latrodectus Mactans (Southern Black Widow) respectively. The two haibun here explore encounters in Hawaii with poisonous spiders, both of which meet their ends at the bottom of a boot. Cook successfully showcases his humour, describing how he uses the dead tarantula in the first poem to startle unsuspecting victims. Likewise, his humour shines through in the second where he breaks into a toilet stall to help an old man scared of a Black Widow crawling on the floor, who has “his drawers

around his elevated ankles” (p. 67). Both haibun work well together linked in a sequence where the whole becomes greater than the sum of its parts.

Finally, *Haibun Chowder* is defined throughout by the author’s playfulness and humour. While many of his haibun could be cited as examples, “Cat-Pecked” is a poem that stands out. Here, Cook tells the tale of relenting to pressure from his wife and children to start taking in stray cats. They assure him that they will do all the chores to care for the felines. false promise, we read on to see, as the narrator finds himself doing all the work. Cook’s comment that “I’ve said NO to anymore cats, but who knows what might sidle through the back door” (p.59), is followed by a hilarious haiku that likely describes the author as much as the parrot it depicts:

humane society find
a grey parrot
that swears like a trooper (p. 59)

Bryan D. Cook’s *Haibun Chowder* is a fun and funny read that utilizes unique and well-written haibun while maintaining a sense of humour throughout. This is a good book, recommended to all readers of the Japanese forms of poetry.

review by Dave Read



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LeRoy Gorman

Haibun: A Writer's Guide by Roberta Beary, Lew Watts and Rich Youmans. Ad Hoc Fiction, 2023. 978-1-917247-40-7. 120 pages. £13.99 at adhocfiction.com. ≈ \$23 at amazon.ca.

Haibun: A Writer's Guide is a welcome overview of how to approach contemporary haibun in English. A collaboration by three respected poets and editors, Roberta Beary, Lew Watts, and Rich Youmans, the book presents the form as its twenty-first-century self. Looking at the contributions and interactions of the three parts — title, prose, and haiku — the authors guide their readers towards a deeper understanding of the hows that make a haibun more than the sum of its parts.

Of course, we know what the parts are, however, now, in the twenty-first century, defining haibun as a titled prose paragraph or so, with one or more haiku is reductive, because

what of those haibun where haiku are combined with verse? Or where the prose is being reformatted to resemble items on a shopping list, or a telex message, or even the clues in a crossword puzzle? (pp. 5-6)

These are fully addressed in chapter 5, “Variations in Haibun.” There is a tribute to pioneers in chapter 2, “A Brief History of English-Language Haibun,” and the important meat of this guide in chapters 4 and 5, “Reading Haibun,” and “Writing Haibun.” Especially useful are the many examples, fully annotated, so we learn to relate theoretical concepts to practice.

Although not all examples are displayed as a table, this illustration from “Writing Haibun,” about potential roles of the haiku, shows how brilliantly the authors elucidate their explanations. They’ve selected an excerpt from the prose poem

“Mott, North Dakota,” by Jim Johnson, and placed haiku in different positions to alter the overall effect (p. 38).

1. As an introduction or scene-setter	2. To clarify or conclude the prose
<p>the small world of prairie dogs . . . big sky</p> <p>Flat and barren here. The barn caved in. The silo rolled away. Only yesterday the roof blew off the house. Little to stop the wind except this faded building once a schoolhouse.</p>	<p>Flat and barren here. The barn caved in. The silo rolled away. Only yesterday the roof blew off the house. Little to stop the wind except this faded building once a schoolhouse.</p> <p>dust bowl tour all the children on their phones</p>
3. To amplify or deepen the prose	4. To leap and open new narratives
<p>Flat and barren here. The barn caved in. The silo rolled away. Only yesterday the roof blew off the house. Little to stop the wind except this faded building once a schoolhouse.</p> <p>where it began— stripped birch switches in the cane rack</p>	<p>Flat and barren here. The barn caved in. The silo rolled away. Only yesterday the roof blew off the house. Little to stop the wind except this faded building once a schoolhouse.</p> <p>20th reunion the classroom bully looks like Dad</p>

The penultimate chapter gives each author a chance to share two favorite haibun, one by another poet, and one of their own. The last chapter, “Final Thoughts and Tips,” includes the authors’

reasons for writing haibun. According to Beary, “everything is grist for the haibun mill.”

I write haibun for the people who view themselves as unseen and unheard. The person whose hurt is too big to carry. Or who was told no one will believe you. (p. 71)

Watts finds an outlet for what is usually held inside.

To surface memories that are not “safe.” I have written of abuse, and of my mother’s suicide. I have confessed to things that I never would have admitted, even to myself. (p. 73)

Youmans focuses on the form’s breadth. Coming from long-form poetry, he appreciates that in a haibun there is

room to capture episodes in my life that, I felt, warranted a more complete recounting (my mother’s gradual loss of eyesight, experiences during my days working with autistic adults and children), and a haiku (or several) to draw out those moments that captured far more than I could ever say in prose. (p. 73)

This final chapter, to assist poets in their practice of haibun, also includes several lists of guidelines such as, “The Three Rs: Reading, ’Riting, *Risk-Taking*” (my emphasis), and “Submitting to Journals, or Things Your Aunt Sadie Never Told You.” And yes, there are plenty of prompts, exercises, and resources in the appendices.

Circling back to chapter 1, “Introduction – What Makes a Good Haibun,” I see in these two sentences the crux of what the haibun

poet is aiming for. “Successful haibun share one key attribute: the haiku add to and deepen the meaning of the prose.” (p. 9) The important word is *deepen*. And here, talking about the pairing of prose and haiku, we are reminded of their synergy:

To succeed, each needs to bring out something more than either could alone: $a + b = c$, with c being the “aha” that derives from the combination, like a spark from two live wires. (p. 9)

With its clear style and its many, many judiciously selected illustrative haibun, this book is readable, comprehensive and encouraging. *Haibun: A Writer’s Guide*: yes!

review by Maxianne Berger



This is the Year of Hope and Peace by Ruth Esther Gilmore, Geest-Verlag, 2022, ISBN 978-3-86685-885-5, 271 pp., 12.80 Euro. Available from Amazon.de.

It was interesting to receive an English language haiku book from Germany, especially from someone you never heard of before — *This is the Year of Hope and Peace*, by Ruth Esther Gilmore.

The front cover of the book is more than the title and the author’s name: it includes a photo of the stained-glass window of St-John’s Scottish Episcopal Church in Edinburgh, Scotland. Those of you that have visited cathedrals and churches know the power of the images in those stained-glass windows.

In her Introduction, Gilmore writes, “What happens after the pandemic of 2019-2022 is extremely important. . . . tragedies, . . . can only be overcome when everyone works together in trust, faith, and peace.”

The first and longest section of the book, “Of Hope and Peace,” includes poems, haiku, and senryu.

In its last stanza, the initial poem, “Signs of Peace,” provides what we all wish for

unseen a dove broke
olive branches off a tree—
bringing signs of peace

Have a look at the stanza once again: it’s written in 5-7-5. As an editor, I know that Gilmore does not usually write with this syllable count. Here it is deliberate. Also, as opposed to the lines from a beginner, nothing is forced in Gilmore’s 5-7-5 lines. But can we say that the lyric poems in the first section are haiku sequences? I’m not convinced they are, since many of the stanzas are sentences set over three-lines.

In fact, in the section we do come across actual haiku, albeit in 5-7-5. The quality is in the images and how we are blessed by the events portrayed.

THE ISLAND OF OKINAWA

sails of peace contain
the curvatures of the winds—
a break in the storms

Having a head note for a haiku is not that common today, but I have seen it in some of the translated haiku by Buson (1716–1784.) The use of a head note leaves us to contemplate the meaning of the haiku and not solely as to where in the world it was written

CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK

a butterfly flies
with hope on its yellow wings—
both fragile in time.

VILNIUS, LITHUANIA

the songs of freedom
rang today over tilled lands—
miraculous peace

Section Two, “The King of the Moor,” contains the long poem “Come Hither my Visitor, I am the King of the Moor.” It is a wonderful poem full of joy and sorrow as the king reflects on his life. It’s also a pleasure to read and to ponder over.

Alas, my life was between their security
and a promising destiny;

Treason was the poison
that flowed through the veins of my enemies,

betrayal, lies and deceitfulness chained
my foes to one another

Alliances against my throne were created
and bathed my soul in doom.

Finally, we come to the third and last section of the book, “The Bottle of War,” which to me is the main reason to buy and read the book.

Here, Gilmore borrows from the Japanese form, the haibun. In the first section of prose, we find a teenaged Peter visiting the grave of his sister. From there a glint of light in the bushes prompts him to discover a partially buried bottle. Inside the bottle is a rolled sheaf of papers with poems on them.

Each poem is written by a different person or soldier. As Peter begins to read the second poem, he is transported to a war zone and lives the moments where a soldier dictates his last poem to an unwavering woman.

I did not see the bullet coming;
neither did my companions,

In a later stanza, he feels,

a burning sensation is now
tracking my last breath,

In “Do not forget the POWs,” the I-persona addresses the reader.

Do not forget the once enslaved POWs
at Tamarkan,

Further on we are left with a plea.

Remember their unbroken willpower,
endurance, and unflinching bravery,

Near the end of the section, Gilmore calls to mind the next war—against the monsters roaming the internet tormenting the youth, our future.

This world is too old for me
and I am immature
nobody warned me or gave me advice

Review by Mike Montreuil



Journey Ongoing: a meander of haiku by Michael Dudley
(Self-published, 2023) 127 pages, ISBN 79-8398850758. Printed
in Alberta. Available in paperback only. \$26.47 at Amazon.

One of the first things that struck me with Michael Dudley's *Journey Ongoing* is the physicality: the weight of paper that doesn't bleed poems through transparency, and the use of colour. Not only does it integrate 12 pages of colour photos, but it also includes pops of coloured text. What publisher would give that affordance? The colour seems emblematic of the vividness of a unique mind turned to the world.

The poems and process matter more than the packaging but the packaging rocks. Moving on . . . his haiku. Dudley treats language as a physical, manipulatable toy as plays out on p. 22,

conversational
pause, I pick up driftwood
the shape of a comma

This use of lineation is knowing the rules and knowing you know the rules. How awkward a pause in conversation when your partner is distracted and giving all their attention to driftwood, and how that pause has shapes, intentions, and shapes of representations: a comma, wood shaped like a comma, a gap in verbalized. The placement of haiku has the give and take of conversation and the back and forth of waves. The haiku invite considering and rereading.

In the concrete poems of the book, an asterisk may be cast to play the part of both vowel and snowflake. A haiku of a field of pumpkins has each o turned orange within the field of the poem.

These poems are formed with the materiality of language, using it as a technique as the pivot shift moment in a different dimension. Instead of a cut word on line 2 we have the break on expectation being the baseline of the text as in p. 35:

h
into edge out in s ring sparrow
p

The word and letters of “hop” become the bird itself. The text enacts itself not through old school meter but letters actually acting as actors on the micro scale bird hopping.

It may be a book to read with a dictionary. He doesn't dumb his words down to a grade 5 reading level seeking universal accessibility but uses the particular language of the local. I appreciate this big vocabulary, such as, from New Zealand, tui,

(which is a bird, and a word useful in scrabble games) and Japan's den-den-daiko, a drum.

That said, Dudley's world, and the book as a mandala of the world, is inclusive. We are not confined to English but have various parallel texts in other languages.

Many of the poems encourage a slowing down, not being crowded onto the page and not stranded islands in white. The symmetry and proportion of the physical page reinforce the experience of the poem.

twiggy osprey nest
the raveled evolution
of creation

There's a literal level and the subjective. The nest creation, the act of creation that pushes our own personal evolution of how to be in the world, what capacity we are born knowing and what do we learn. All these ponderings are invited in beneath the bird's creation.

There are moments that I didn't initially know how or if to ascribe weight or significance. Or is *this is, this is noticed, this is sufficient*. Does it deny the narrative cut and clever spin? Or say by the structure (p. 47) be aware you hold something as delicate as a blind rat pup.

hairless, deaf,
blind rat pup
foetal in my palm.

“That’s it. That’s the tweet” as the social media cliché would put it.

The weight is the content, the pauses of punctuation, and the meter, isn’t it? Almost no stressed syllables, the middle line is like a drum. Where’s the juxtaposition? We don’t need a big cut to contrast time and space with the tiny helpless creature in the cup of a warm palm, the bare skin of mammal to bare skin of mammal. The lack of chasm to cross is the point. A delicate move for a fragile situation. It uses the rules of haiku to break them.

His writing is largely a quiet, relatable humour as this gentle chuckle,

February snow . . .
the last of my resolutions
quietly buried

It’s not stressful Western hard hitting pathos haiku for eliciting sales and sighs but a more sustainable read of gentleness and ampleness where life gives more than you anticipated such as on p. 39.

trailside rest—
a walking stick starts walking up
my walking stick

The written word not just the ideas are imbued with the potential to set up and subvert expectation. Many of the poems are watching for playful beauty, but in the context of the Reaper.

Journey Ongoing doesn't risk floating off into pleasantness by being tethered to death in the last poem and by a memorable gravedigger poem early on.

5 feet down
the gravedigger pauses
to answer his cell

It's a simple scene and yet gives goosebumps. What a place to take a call and yet work is work and life goes on, and yet the gravedigger stands in a muddy cell that could be forever. As an aside, personally I appreciate when numbers are written as numbers.

That said, few haiku are as palpable as this hunting season one as p. 46,

tub rinsing
fresh venison shoulder,
clank of the bullet

The clank is onomatopoeic, a sound shift after all the sibilants of the first two lines sounding watery. It has a shocking aspect, that end, concrete details, a hard pivot, a cultural time and place anchor, and a sense of death's inevitability that shows that Dudley also can make a traditional effective haiku.

Beautifully laid out with breathing room, his text is also permitted physical colour. As a substitution here I will use italics to mark the blue text, p. 67.

reopened gallery
footpath *splatter* abstract
of *burst* mulberries

The built world echoed the natural word and vice versa. It is perceptual connection through the inner world. The poems have a kindness and balance to them, even a joy as in here, there's an exuberance on the street.

The use of colour polaroids in haibun is an enviable inclusion and hard to convey in words alone as the link between the image is an ineffable addition. Picture if you will, p. 44, a Polaroid of the husk of an empty cocoon sitting in a palm, followed by the haiku,

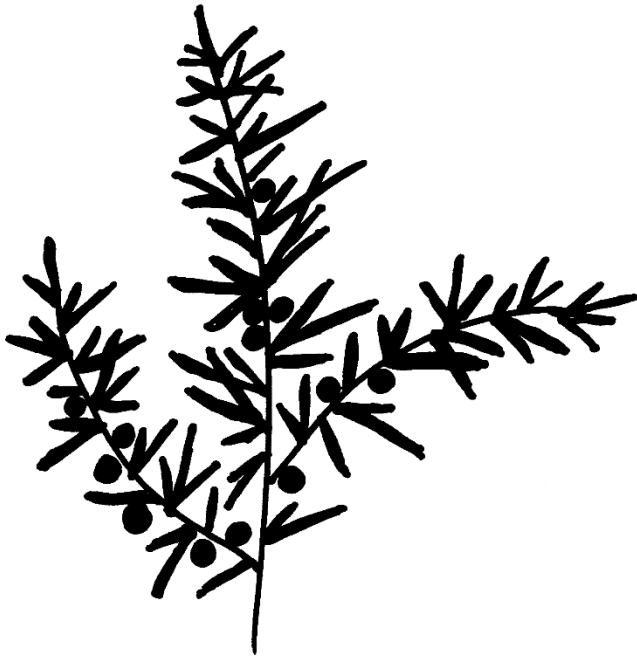
wildwood debris
what's left behind
of what used to be

The physical opens to the metaphorical suggestion of change and nostalgia and the inability to fit back where and how we used to be. The use of "wildwood" and its turn to "debris" adds connotations of freedom and wastage that set up the remainder to good effect. Like much of the collection, the effect is forward-facing, onwards facing. These are souvenir memories, but they don't dwell in the past as ideal or sad to have lost so much as acknowledge the journey.

Not surprisingly many of the poems have publishing, editor's choice, and award credits. His poems have been published since 1977. Without that evidence, the poems themselves speak to

someone who both knows what he is doing and is energized by playing and experimenting rather than replaying old hits. A quite enjoyable re-read.

reviewed by Pearl Pirie



Print 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, \$20 US (no cheques or money orders)

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

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. uzawa@shaw.ca

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., itseditors@googlegroups.com

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

first frost, Dale Wisely, Elizabeth McMunn-Tetangco, Eric Burke, and Michael Dylan Welch, Editors. <https://www.firstfrostpoetry.com/>

On-Line Journals of Interest

cattails – the journal of the united haiku & tanka society, Two issues yearly. Sonam Chhoki, Principal Editor. www.cattailsjournal.com

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

bones – journal for contemporary haiku. Aditya Bahl, Melissa Allen, Johannes S. H. Bjerg, Editors. www.bonesjournal.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

tinywords – haiku and other small poems. Kathe Palka & Peter Newton, Editors. www.tinywords.com

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

Net Briefs

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

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

Charlotte Digregorio's Writer's Blog. Features “Daily Haiku” of submitted, previously published haiku and senryu.
charlottedigregorio.wordpress.com

Juxtapositions: The Journal of Haiku Research and Scholarship. Peter McDonald, Sr. Editor. Online & 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

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.

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

British Haiku Society. britishhaikusociety.org.uk/

Haiku International Association. haiku-hia.com/index_en.html

Haiku Society of America. www.hsa-haiku.org

New Zealand Poetry Society.
poetrysociety.org.nz/affiliates/haiku-nz/

Association francophone de haiku.
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 author's 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/X 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, **trois haiku maximum**
Claude Rodrigue, haikufrancais@haikucanada.org
– autres formes japonisantes
Mike Montreuil, publications@haikucanada.org

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

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

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

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

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

Recensions : poètes et éditeurs doivent communiquer avec Maxianne Berger, 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 ou bien publiées dans le *Haiku Canada Review*.

Membership & Subscriptions

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



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Roland Packer

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country café
gray heads look up
from mashed potatoes

Robert Lowes

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