

Haiku Canada Review



Volume 18 February 2024 Number 1

HAIKU CANADA REVIEW

Volume 18 February 2024 Number 1

www.haikucanada.org

Haiku Canada Review

Copyright 2024 © Authors and Artist

ISSN: 1914-3680

Contents

From the Editor.	3
Looking Back: A Conversation with LeRoy Gorman	4
Learning Haiku from Anna, and Maybe Mister God	16
Haiku . . . Plus.	23
La ville	43
Recensions	52
Haibun.	55
Linked Verses and Sequences	61
Reviews	70
Print Journals of Interest	77
On-Line Journals of Interest.	78
Net Briefs	79
Et Cetera	80
International Haiku Organizations	80
Haiku Canada Review	81
Submission Guidelines / Soumissions	81
Membership & Subscriptions	82
Haiku Canada Executive	83
Regional Coordinators	83

Art: Cover photo and interior photo art – Luminita Suse

Sheets: – Remembering Covid by Dina E Cox

 – Dwelling . . . by Maya Daneva

 – Chicken Scribbles by R.A. Garber

From the Editor. . .

Here we are in 2024. For many of us, it all seems strange following the previous four years of this century. Perhaps we might even witness the end of two wars and also of the hate that seems to occupy the world's attention.

We at the Review were sad to receive the news that Dave Read will be leaving his post as Book Reviews Editor after this issue. Thanks, Dave, for all your hard work.

Mike



Haiku Canada Review

Mike Montreuil, Publications Editor.

Claude Rodrigue, Éditeur des haïkus en langue française.

Dave Read, Book Reviews Coordinator.

Maxianne Berger, Responsable des recensions.

Sandra St-Laurent, Proofreader-Révisseure.



Errata

In the October 2023 issue, the haiku “room to room” is by Marianne Paul and not by M.R. Pelletier. The haiku for Debra M. Fox should read:

week old snow
the sour smell
of mittens

Our apologies to all three haiku poets.

Looking Back: A Conversation with LeRoy Gorman

Philomene Kocher

Hospitality is a word I associate with LeRoy Gorman: his goodwill and welcome were so very encouraging when I first connected with Haiku Canada. I imagine that many newcomers would have seen their first publication through the Haiku Canada resources that LeRoy edited for many years, and what an important step that is for any poet.

LeRoy was born in Smiths Falls, Ontario, and grew up on a dairy farm near Merrickville, Ontario. After attending Carleton University for a Bachelor of Arts degree, he studied at Queen's University to become a teacher. He is now retired from his 38-year teaching career, and I can't help but wonder how many students he has influenced around poetry.

He is the author of two dozen poetry books and chapbooks. "In 1998 he began to publish poetry leaflets and postcards under his pawEprint imprint." (1) He has been a member of Haiku Canada (originally the Haiku Society of Canada) since its beginning, and his haiku were included in the influential *Canadian Haiku Anthology* (Three Trees Press, 1979) edited by George Swede. LeRoy's chapbook, *glass bell* (King's Road Press, 1991), was the first title in the distinguished Hexagram Series edited by Marco Fraticelli. In addition to writing under his own name, he has published under at least fifty pseudonyms. "His poetry consistently shows admirable creativity, courage, and range, embracing both traditional and visual/minimalist approaches to haiku and related genres of poetry." (2) Many of his poems have been recognized with awards, including The Poetry Society of Japan's Tanka International Contest in 1990:

I knew nothing
of the ginkgo
until autumn
laid a thousand fans
at my feet

and, more recently, the 2017 Dwarf Stars Award accorded by the Science Fiction & Fantasy Poetry Association:

aster than the speed of lightf

Along with being a prolific poet, LeRoy contributed greatly to the growth and interest of haiku in Canada in his role as the Haiku Canada Publications Editor: *Haiku Canada Newsletter* 1995–2006, and *Haiku Canada Review* 2007–2017. For his significant contributions, he has been acknowledged with the following: designation as Life Member of Haiku Canada, appointment as the sixteenth honorary curator of the American Haiku Archives (2012-2013), and the dedication in his honour of the Haiku Canada Members' Anthology 2018 (*a far galaxy*).

This interview took place by email in late 2023. In an interview from 1993, LeRoy stated “I’m inspired by anything I’m doing, and nature is the great inspiration for haiku.” (3) The Canadian and international haiku communities are richer for his poetry and years of service.

How did you find your way to haiku?

Though I knew about haiku, it wasn’t until I began looking for methods to teach poetry that I ran across the following by Basho

summer grass
all that remains
of warriors' dreams

I'm not sure if this is the exact translation but this is the way I remember it. I was moved by the way so few words could express the futility of war. At this point, I was hooked. I researched and read as much as I could and began to write my own.

I soon discovered *Haiku Magazine* edited by William J. Higginson and sent something along. Bill was very encouraging and told to get in touch with Eric Amann who was taking over the magazine. On contacting Eric, I learned that he was starting a new periodical called *Cicada*. He was receptive and featured my work prominently.

My interest in poetry, in general, led me as well. I had been writing longer poems and continued to do so alongside haiku. I was publishing as many longer poems as haiku in the late Seventies and early Eighties. Concrete, sound, found and language-centered poetics figured large in my writing as well. For a while, I delved into speculative/science fiction poetry. As time went on, I focussed more and more on haiku.

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?

Growing up on a farm on the Rideau River in Eastern Ontario put me in touch with the natural world. I was free to have adventures on the water and explore the countryside. Having relatives who were avid story tellers and keepers of family and

local history gave me a love for narrative. My mother studied and taught art, painted a bit and was skilled in fabric crafts. She encouraged me to appreciate art. I can remember her taking me to the National Gallery (the old one on Elgin Street just off Sparks in Ottawa) where I could be still and stare into a painting and lose myself in a world far removed from the city outside. I was introduced to music. My father played the fiddle when I was very young. I was enrolled in piano lessons and became somewhat knowledgeable though never proficient.

In school I was fortunate to have teachers who opened my eyes to the arts. My grade five teacher, Mrs. Ramsbottom, encouraged me to draw. In high school, three English teachers guided me. Miss McCarthy, who was keen on acting and public speaking, was an inspiration. Miss Orr, who could almost single-handedly perform Macbeth, gave me a vital appreciation of Shakespeare and the poetry of his language. Mr. Kelso's casual delivery and analysis of poetry compelled me to reread poems in a way I had never done before. It was only natural that I would go on to study English which in turn increased my love of poetry.

In my teens, the poetry of popular music was in the air everywhere and I breathed it in. The songs of Bob Dylan, Leonard Cohen, Gordon Lightfoot, the Beatles and countless others played no small part in my journey into poetry and to haiku. Years later, I still allude to these poet-musicians in my haiku.

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

In the beginning, the annual meeting, known as the *Festival of the Falling Leaves*, occurred over the Thanksgiving weekend in

October. These gatherings were hosted by Betty Drevniok and her husband Bill at their small cabin resort on the Madawaska River in Combermere. This is where I first met Eric, George, Rod, Marshall and Marco. We lived and breathed haiku for three days. We visited nearby attractions such as the Bonnechere Caves and Bear Mountain where we hiked and wrote haiku (I don't think we were calling them ginko walks at this point). On one of these I remember being inspired to write a sequence "Up Bear Mountain." Filled with an almost manic enthusiasm (or maybe it was the spirits), we talked haiku long into the night. The setting was idyllic and Betty and Bill were generous and welcoming hosts. They opened up their home and cabins to give us a five-star haiku retreat, which also included Thanksgiving dinner.

At some point the annual haiku weekend moved from fall to the spring. It first occurred on Mother's Day weekend, but this had to change if any of us were to remain in the good books with our mothers and families. The move was made to adopt the Victoria Day weekend which continues to be, with a few exceptions, the time to gather.

After Combermere, André Duhaime and Dorothy Howard organized what became known as Haiku Canada Weekend at Le Monastère, in Aylmer, Quebec. Being close to Ottawa, this venue provided an ideal location to attract new people from across the country and beyond in what was becoming an ever-growing community of poets. As with Combermere, the atmosphere was filled with warmth, enthusiasm and inspiration. A memorable feature was the Saturday night reading where we sat around a large room more or less in a circle and read aloud one haiku each. It was an excellent icebreaker and gave everyone an opportunity to share and comment on the poems. Another

notable feature was the weekend renga. One poet would write the hokku and pass it on to another, who in turn would add a link and pass the new one to the next and so on until completion. Participants knew only their link and the one preceding until the final reading.

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

Haiku has sustained me. I write to be right. I need to write something, and haiku has become my mainstay. I'm not happy if I don't write. As Sheila describes it, I get "grumpy" if I don't get time. Fortunately, she is understanding and supportive.

For many years, you served as Editor of the Haiku Canada Newsletter (1996-2006) that later became the Haiku Canada Review (2007-2017). Is there anything you would like to share about this experience?

When I volunteered to edit *Haiku Canada Newsletter (HCN)*, at the 1995 AGM, I saw myself as a temporary custodian until a permanent editor could replace me. It took twenty years but I'm not complaining. I came to enjoy all aspects of the job, which in the beginning, included typing issues and making cut-and-paste paper masters before going to the printer. In the actual editing, I tried to be inclusive by mixing conservative voices with forward-looking "experimental" ones and everything in between. I welcomed the work of writers not necessarily considered haiku poets such as John M. Bennett.

None of this was particularly new. I was doing much the same as Eric Amann in his journal *Cicada* and Dorothy Howard during her tenure as editor of *HCN* and later in *RAW NerVZ HAIKU*.

Continuing the *Haiku Canada Sheets*, done so well by Dorothy, was a feature I very much looked forward to. All this came along with notices, thumbnail reviews and whatnot since this was a newsletter, not a poetry journal.

Muriel Ford had been saying, for some time, that there was enough poetry to warrant a journal separate from the newsletter. With increased electronic communication through the internet and ample poetry, the move to separate the two came about. With somebody else doing the newsletter component, I was able to bring Muriel's vision to reality and *Haiku Canada Review (HCR)* was born.

For the next decade, I watched *HCR* grow to include more new voices and more poems in French alongside English. I had always admired the French HC Sheets Dorothy produced but knew my fluency and understanding of French was inadequate to do anything but the English. I was fortunate to have Micheline Beaudry and later Claude Rodrigue to edit the haiku in French.

As the twenty-year mark approached, I realized I had done enough and it was time for a new editor. It was paramount that this be someone who was proficient in both English and French. That's where Mike Montreuil came in. As my successor, Mike has taken his skill and an understanding of a tradition going back to Betty Drevniok to continue to make *HCR* a vital part of Haiku Canada. I'm glad I was part of it.

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

Most obvious is in the number of poets who have turned to haiku not only in Canada but around the world. This is happening not

only in English but in many languages coupled with a growing culture of translation from English into other languages and vice versa. A good example is Chen-ou Liu's blog *NeverEnding Story*. He presents English haiku alongside Chinese translations with new haiku appearing almost daily. This wouldn't have been possible in the Seventies. The internet's ability to offer an ever-increasing number of places devoted to promoting and publishing has made it easier and quicker to move haiku from writer to reader.

The growth in number of haiku poets has made it possible for haiku groups and societies to grow and flourish. Haiku Canada, Haiku Society of America, the British Haiku Society and others keep attracting members. Within these societies there are smaller affiliates. A few in Canada include: *Kado* in Ottawa, *Trillium Group* in Ontario, *Arbutus* in British Columbia, *solstice haiku* in Yukon. *The Haiku Foundation*, the brainchild of Jim Kacian, and his Red Moon Press keep bringing new voices to light. The work of Michael Dylan Welch in his promotion of such ventures as the Haiku North America Conference and Seabeck Haiku Getaway is another example. There have been and continue to be tireless anthologists assembling landmark anthologies. A few Canadians include: George Swede (*Canadian Haiku Anthology*), Rod Willmot (*Erotic Haiku Anthology*) Dorothy Howard and André Duhaime (*Haiku Anthologie Canadienne / Canadian Anthology*), Marshall Hryciuk (*Milkweed: A Gathering of Haiku*), Marco Fraticelli (*Hexagram Series*). And I can't forget the tireless promotion and education by Terry Ann Carter, Claudia Radmore, Angela Leuck, Ignatius Fay and others.

When it comes to the actual writing of haiku and how it has evolved or, in the least, changed, there seems to be a healthy openness to new ideas alongside traditional ones. Content has

also become more global allowing haiku to include things indigenous to many places and cultures. And it goes further. Scifaiku (science fiction haiku) is taking us beyond our planet. It seems the stars are the limit.

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

To begin, I chose to realize that haiku was poetry first and haiku second and that its power lay in a lyric ability to succinctly express and elicit emotion.

A few works were essential in guiding my journey. These included: R. H. Blyth's *Haiku* (four volumes), Makoto Ueda's *Modern Japanese Haiku*, Cor van den Heuvel's *The Haiku Anthology* (the first one) and Eric Amann's *The Wordless Poem*. I think it was in Blyth that I first came to see haiku as poetry foremost and not an isolated entity unto itself. Without Blyth's work and the others just mentioned, I might have followed a different path.

At one point, along with Eric Amann and George Swede, I wrote two-word haiku ("binary" as George called them). At the heart of this was an effort to achieve, in a sense, the wordless poem by reducing the number of words as much as possible. Cor van den Heuvel's one word haiku "tundra" was never far from my thinking in this process. In the same vein I wrote haiku as word melds of two or more words such as "beeswar(m)". Along with a number of poets writing similar poems, I was included in a small anthology, *Ampersand Squared*, edited by Geoff Huth who referred to the poems as "pwoerwords."

Also, in this quest for the wordless poem, I can't forget my writing that was heavily influenced by concrete poetry. Eric

Amman featured many of my visual haiku or “typestracts” as he called them in *Cicada*. bp Nichol took an interest in these and, through *Underwhich Editions*, published a selection in my chapbook *whose smile the ripple warps*. At some point, I moved from the typewriter to using transfer lettering (Letraset) and cut-out letters from magazines mixing various fonts to create my visual pieces. I really liked the hands-on cut-and-paste aspect and have never felt the same comfort doing these with the computer.

The poetics of the L=A=N=G=U=A=G=E movement, that of non-reference, as expressed primarily by Charles Bernstein and in an essay by Steve McCaffery influenced me. Eric Amann featured some of my work along with a short essay on language-centred haiku. Bob Grumman of *Runaway Spoon Press* published my chapbook *heavyn* and Marshall Hryciuk, through his Nietzsche’s Brolly imprint, brought to light *where sky meets sky* a small book of ten language-centred sequences.

Not all my work was what many would call “experimental.” I was constantly reading and learning from contemporary mainstream haiku poets. Two of these, Elizabeth Searle Lamb and Raymond Roseliep, had a significant impact on me. My reading of Elizabeth Searle Lamb’s *Picasso’s Bust of Sylvette* led me to write my billboard girl haiku. If someone could write ekphrastic haiku inspired by a work of art then why not for a ubiquitous commercial icon. The second poet was Raymond Roseliep. I was really drawn to his originality, depth and playful concision.

I wrote in French (or tried to). Rod Wilmott wanted to create a bilingual renga which involved two poets native to English and two to French. Rod and I wrote the English while André

Duhaime and Robert Melançon wrote the French. This inherently meant that we had to have, or develop, some translation skills. We got a start but things fizzled after a few links. Not all was lost, though. André and I liked the concept and decided we would do our own. The result was our book *voyage parallèle/parallel journey* printed in the same bilingual format as federal government documents. I found the translating of French into English challenging yet rewarding.

In recent years I have made a return to science fiction poetry. I had written some in the late Seventies but never really took science fiction haiku seriously. In the late Nineties I came across Tom Brink's *Scifaiku Manifesto* and dabbled with the idea. It wasn't until I heard Deborah P Kolodji's talk at the Haiku North America Conference in Ottawa in 2009 that the lights came on, and science fiction haiku made sense to me. Thank you, Debbie!

All in all, I have taken in everything I could to grow my haiku. My work has moved from the personal and introspective content to social and environmental concerns and beyond. I'd like to think that I continue to move forward in a meaningful way.

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

Let's go with—

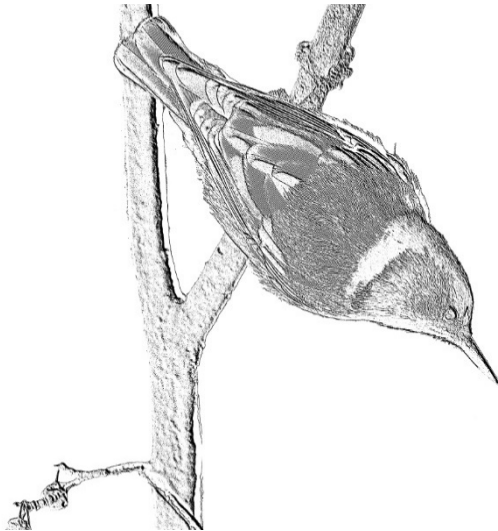
dementiautumnnight

This was written in my mother's dying days. When a haiku expresses and elicits a strong emotional response, as I think this one does, it stays with us. And I like the way three words pulled into one can say it all.

Are there any other reflections that you would like to add?

It is important that haiku remain open to new ideas and utilize aspects from all types of poetry.

1. Carter, Terry Ann. *Haiku in Canada: History, Poetry, Memoir*. Victoria: Ekstasis Editions (2020). [page 70]
2. Appointment Announcement, 2012–2013 honorary curator of the American Haiku Archives at the California State Library in Sacramento. Accessed August 28, 2023, <https://www.americanhaikuarchives.org/curators/LeroyGorman.html>
3. Owens, Ann-Maureen. “LeRoy Gorman.” *Profile Kingston*, January 13, 1993.
4. dementiautumnight. *Bones* 5, November 2014.



Learning Haiku from Anna, and Maybe Mister God

Michael Dylan Welch

In 1974, an author named Fynn, whose real name was Sydney Hopkins, published a bestselling book called, *Mister God, This Is Anna*. It had two sequels, *Anna's Book* (1986) and *Anna and the Black Knight* (1990). These books tell Fynn's story of meeting a profoundly wise four-year-old girl named Anna in London's East End in the 1930s. Her simple and unshakable faith in God and delight in life inspired Fynn into his adult years. The child died in an accident at the age of seven, and her precocious wisdom seemed too amazing to be true. Many of her words speak also of the haiku spirit, in their joy and their acceptance of life, and have much to say to haiku poets.

As mentioned, all three books have made readers wonder how much of their stories are fact or fiction. These books appeared in various versions, and one version, *Anna, Mister God, and the Black Knight* (New York: HarperCollins, 1990), includes an introduction by theologian Vernon Sproxton. Sproxton refers to Jeanette Winterson, who wrote *Oranges Are Not the Only Fruit*, which he says "centered on her strange, constricted, religious upbringing in a northern [British] town." When asked how true the story was, Sproxton reports that Winterson had said "it was difficult to say, because the memory manipulates fact and fiction, and blurs the distinction between them" (pp. 6–7). The same seems true of Fynn's story, perhaps a melding of fact and fiction, and the stories are compelling whether they are "true" or not.

What this has to say to haiku poets is that fiction can be truth just as much as nonfiction, and that authenticity lies in the reader's

interpretation, regardless of whether something really happened or not. Not everyone will agree, of course, but there's something to be considered in Fynn's writings, because of their spiritual overtones, that applies to haiku — and not just on the topic of authenticity. As Sproxton also says in the introduction, "elements of transcendence [are] hidden in the space between the [author's] words, as he speaks and writes about simple, ordinary things" (pp. 5–6).

At the beginning of the *Black Knight* book, the narrator's mother says, "You've got to learn more . . . to protect your self from what you already know" (p. 11). Isn't that the way it is with any specialty, any art? With haiku, one typically begins by learning to count syllables. One certainly needs to learn more to protect yourself from that superficiality. And so it goes, with everything one might learn about the haiku art — or any subject. At any point you can please yourself in what you choose to believe or accept, or at least try, but there's always something more to learn, something just around the corner that might challenge what you thought was true — and that you might need protection from. Indeed, it's worth knowing about the *Dunning-Kruger Effect*, a cognitive bias, according to Wikipedia, "in which people with limited competence in a particular domain overestimate their abilities." Of course, we all start in haiku knowing just a little, but the best poets remain open and seem to be on a permanent path to learning more.

Children in the book, meanwhile, are like children everywhere. The narrator of *Black Knight* is a teenager. He is in school for the first day of the term when he is asked to write his name and address on the cover of the exercise books. He says, "like so

many other pupils must have done, mine ended up with: / London / England / Europe / World / Solar System / Universe” (p. 12). I’ve seen my own son write the same thing, and I did it too. Have you? What this means, I think, is that where we are is a fundamental question, and this particular way of answering the question is a primal urge in children everywhere. To the extent that haiku poets promote primal experiences, perhaps it is no wonder that we repeat ourselves and others with our haiku, producing what I call “*déjà-ku*” more often than we may realize. It is not necessarily plagiarism, but simply our turn to write what everyone must surely write. Once we know where we are, we can begin to write more inventively.

The narrator’s schoolteacher, John D. Hodge, later says that “people will protect their wrong beliefs with greater ferocity than they ever will their right beliefs” (p. 24). He was talking about religion, but he might as well have been talking about the belief that haiku in English has to be 5-7-5 syllables. I guess that’s another sort of religion, isn’t it? Religion need not be considered wrong in this scenario, and even 5-7-5 can be a conscious and seemingly conscientious choice. What’s relevant here is that, in any belief system, including religion and haiku, one may have wrong beliefs. And oddly, one may defend them with irrational ferocity. I wish I could better understand the psychology of those who cling to the myth of 5-7-5 in English-language haiku. Is it because they learned this supposedly simple and reliable “truth” in grade school, when they were impressionable, and have forever tucked haiku away into that little syllabic box?

I once taught a haiku workshop in which I referred to 5-7-5 as an urban myth, explaining the reasons why. At the break, one

student came up to me, visibly shaken. It turns out that she had been writing a daily haiku — all of them 5-7-5 — every day, for *thirty-five years*. That's nearly 13,000 poems. I had pulled the rug out from under every single one of those poems, so no wonder she felt shaken. That's how insidious this misinformation is, and if you've invested thirty-five years of daily practice into trotting down what might be the wrong path, of course you're going to be defensive. But I've also found people to be defensive who don't write haiku daily, or who write just a handful of times in their entire lives. They've "learned" haiku, and even if they've not written a single one since grade school, they are ferocious in their defense of what they think to be fact. To me this is a lesson in how impressionable young children can be. And it's also a lesson in learning that teachers need to be ever vigilant with even the most trivial details of their lesson plans. It's a literary travesty that nearly all of the hundreds of lesson plans on teacher websites such as *Lessonplanet* continue to perpetuate the urban myth of 5-7-5, as do countless instructional videos on YouTube.

Latin comes up now and then in the *Anna* books, and there's a delightful instance in *Black Knight*. The narrator describes a brooch that Anna has, with a Latin phrase on it, and then says, if he were to make one for himself, it would say *Quantum sufficit* (p. 34). This means "As much as is sufficient." Isn't that a good guideline for haiku? When people say that haiku should be "as short as possible," I always wince, because that stance too often leads to unnatural brevity or awkward truncation, including the lopping off of natural articles (which in 1975 Paul O. Williams called "Tontoism"). Rather, I think it's better for haiku to be as short as *necessary*, balancing both sound and sense in an efficient and aesthetic whole. Later, when asked to say what

poetry is, six-year-old Anna says, “It’s the least said the better” (p. 93). Well, I’d say she’s on to something, and it’s just what haiku is on about. Such brevity needs bravery, a kind of assertiveness that says this is what is, and to trust the well-chosen image to have its predictable emotional effect (while avoiding manipulation and sentimentality). The poem has to say what it needs to say, to be as long as necessary. And we as writers and readers can learn to trust the well-crafted poem.

Later in the book, Anna is asked to define love. She says, “I think it’s got something to do with seeing in others the mystery of yourself” (p. 66). For many years now, I’ve thought that the core of haiku lies in empathy, perhaps even more than in reality. If we can see in others, and their experiences, the mysteries of ourselves, and our experiences, isn’t that a good place for haiku to come from? It relies on a sensitivity to mystery, and perhaps that’s just another word for wonder. If we find wonder in the world, especially in ourselves, surely, we can find it in other people too. What a wonderful world!

Thoreau is often quoted as saying “It’s not what you look at that matters, but what you see.” In *Black Knight*, the narrator’s mother dances with this idea, even if unknowingly, when she says to the narrator, “You never notice what you see most often” (p. 72). Here she means the mere looking that Thoreau referred to rather than a deeper seeing. But the point is that if everything is routine for us, we may never really see it. In her book *The Sense of Wonder*, Rachel Carson tells the story of wanting all adults to retain the wonder of childhood, where everything always seems to be new. W. S. Merwin has said that “Poetry is a way of looking at the world for the first time.” Haiku, of course, is an art that helps us see, to pay attention, to feel joy and gratitude, and

to share our moments of celebration—even if the subject is dark. Haiku is brimming with existential gratitude, as Billy Collins once said. As Anna also observes, “All things were bright and beautiful . . . if you only stopped to look at them” (p. 123).

At another point in the book, Anna says, “you have to know much more to be silent than you do to keep talking” (p. 102). Surely that thought resonates with haiku. For how “silent” haiku is, by saying so little, it surely “knows more” than it would seem to let on. Or at least this seems true with the best haiku poems. There’s wisdom behind them. Not the wisdom of a platitude that you might embroider on a decorative pillow, but the wisdom of a deeper understanding that doesn’t need to embroider anything, an understanding of being part of a larger whole—a transcendent acceptance. The moment in a haiku, as fleeting as it is, points to all the moments before and after it, all the spaces around it, the unfolding of all seasons in context of the current season, whether a falling leaf, a falling snowflake, a falling blossom, or falling sunlight. The careful reader of haiku will seek these moments, these unsaid silences, the larger knowledge that the poem refrains from spilling.

Right near the end of *Anna, Mister God, and the Black Knight*, the narrator’s mother consoles him by quoting his teacher’s words about Anna: “Anna has shown me . . . that to know God is altogether different from describing God” (p. 175). If you believe that nature is God’s handiwork, but even if you don’t, haiku is a love letter to nature’s handiwork. Yet the best haiku, it seems to me, don’t just describe this handiwork, but somehow know its maker, its design, its harmony, its transcendence. And from this source haiku gains its ultimate power to commemorate and communicate.

In *Upstream: Selected Essays*, Mary Oliver said, “Writing is neither vibrant life nor docile artifact but a text that would put all its money on the hope of suggestion. *Come with me into the field of sunflowers* is a better line than anything you will find here [in Oliver’s essay], and the sunflowers themselves far more wonderful than any words about them.” Haiku dwell in commemorating and communicating all of life’s sunflowers, in conveying their truth, a truth beyond mere fact that does not limit itself to what we might believe “really happened.” Indeed, Kathleen Rooney’s 2013 essay from *Poetry* magazine, “Based on a True Story Or Not,” says that an audience’s refusal to accept made-up poetry seems to be “a catastrophic failure of imagination and empathy.” What, therefore, is the larger truth in each of our haiku?

Whether Anna’s words are fact or fiction, they are imaginative and empathetic. They have something to say to all of us, even about haiku.



Haiku . . . Plus

teddy bear
still holding onto
my secrets

an end
or a beginning
December sky

Joanna Ashwell

laughter by the bay —
the season shifts
to blue water

Judith Avinger

childless now —
i stand among couples
cradling dogs

parkinson's —
his vowels missing
in action

Roberta Beary

in a garden
admiring flowers
my rooted feet

Sheila Bello

a mallard
struts its colours
spring break

Maxianne Berger

winter rain —
an abandoned house
waiting for its owner . . .

Shiva Bhusal

milky moon
the evening cold slips
beneath the door

B.L. Bruce

dusting of snow
a valentine's bouquet
of daisies

Alanna C. Burke

old letters
what was once
certain

Elena Calvo

snowfall
on the fence
a magpie

Mariangela Canzi

trying to remember
when she stopped
making the tea

Louise Carson

sun glued to the wall
faster than light
a gecko's shadow

Jean-Hughes Chevy

split rail fence
for now we agree
to disagree

Susan Colpitts

dark clouds
the time it takes
to die

Vera Constantineau

security lights
the stolen shades
of night

aging
with my ageless classics
a page falls out

Jeanne Cook

news of war
timpani brushes
on piano string

the invasive vine
wrapped around a pin oak
fascism

Bill Cooper

frost flowers —
a leaf blows into
the tea room

Pamela Cooper

new moon
his wife returns
to her first love

Alvin Cruz

in her dream
she fully recovers . . .
fireweed blossoms

moon halo
a few snowflakes
round the fallen apples

Dan Curtis

rain clouds
approaching
the beauty of
uncertainty

Carole Daoust

lost in dementia
his reflection
in the mirror

Jake Dennis

hearing the soil
whisper its truth
let the garden grow

Dakota Dexter

Mother bedridden . . .
on the wall
shadow of sunset

Charlotte Digregorio

snow flurries
checking his new hip
the young nurse

Janice Doppler

autumn sun —
a slow cup
of smokey tea

Allison Douglas-Tourner

they grow
they go
wildflowers

Hans Dringenberg

city lights —
I can remember
the stars

Ana Drobot

cloud
warmth
cloud

David Kāwika Eyre

August drought
a raindrop wets
my cheek

Doris Fiszler

after the war
a soundtrack
by john cage

Mark A. Forrester

cramped elevator
the new father
pushes the wrong button

Debra Fox

late summer
a weed whacker
. . . fades to cicada

Jay Friedenberg

one small pebble
the weight of eons
in my hand

falling leaves
taking your books
to the charity shop

Joan Gibson

Spring equinox
Impressionist Painters
lies in her lap

William Scott Galasso

fall afternoon
city streets glittering
like the end of days

Barry George

fifty years
still fireflies
past our bedtime

alone
she settles
for wildflowers

LeRoy Gorman

failing light
a drawer full of keys
to forgotten doors

second summer
taking them both
for sisters

Benedict Grant

facing crowds
the welcoming smiles
of croissants

Jon Hare

a silent prayer . . .
the echoes
of temple bells

David He

in our first garden
overgrown zucchini
baseball bats

Janet Ruth Heller

crepuscular light . . .
roe deer
knee-deep in powder

Deborah Burke Henderson

escaping
the chain link fence
Virginia creeper

Marilyn Henighan

Mom's photo album
names of the dead
in her hand

on paper
the signature breaks
the mood

Gary Hotham

on a high shelf
children's books
waiting . . .

Charlotte Hrenchuk

great blue heron
into wind
over white petals

Marshall Hryciuk

hunt over
the old cat presents me
with her catnip mouse

Elinor Huggett

a purple thistle
swaying on a windless day —
the weight of a bee

how limitless
the wind-blown
oak tree

Peter Jaeger

pressed against the wall
the last bed
in the homeless shelter

Harvey Jenkins

through the forest . . .
the vascular systems
of hikers and trees

Hans Jongman

welcoming the stars
together in pergola —
Kentucky bluegrass

Monica Kakkar

full moon —
beneath the snow
a blade of grass

Brian Kates

domestic violence
effortlessly drawing blood
the cat licks my scalp

David Kelly

footsteps on gravel
perhaps it's time to change
the litter tray

David J Kelly

a Paris welcome
chocolates wrapped
in Toulouse-Lautrec

make-believe
the grass salad
edible after all

Deb Koen

watering my elderblack
life grows back
into me

Anne-Marie Labelle

pinning a red ribbon
to the pine wreath
how it stays the darkness

Jill Lange

seagull silhouettes
against a white sky
snowflakes

Mary L. Leopkey

her hair
in cornrows
harvest dance

Angela Leuck

just to be alive . . .
yet the weeping willow
heavy with snow

for Mary Oliver

Chen-ou Liu

he pulls me
into his silence
falling snow

Heather Lurie

florist shop . . .
still shilly-shallying
on a rose color

Richard L. Matta

after the diagnosis
the diagnosis

Ruth Mittelholtz

war news
the cherry blossoms
letting go

Joanne Morcom

detox centre
the math teacher plays cribbage
with his student

Ulrike Narwani

the fox's labour
through a snow field
cawing crows

the only dark street—
imagining the sky devoid
of myths

Nola Obee

tent city
round and round the winds
of a town hall

Roland Packer

up high
ravens sightseeing —
the way north

Brent Partridge

electrical storms
the weatherbeaten paths
of my heart

at birth
gender assigned
tomboy

Marianne Paul

eye exam
an F or a P
that is the question

drunk at the bar
she shows me pictures
of her grandkids

John Quinnett

telling a tale
while spinning a yarn
her alibi

Joan Marie Roberts

black iron fence
its dusk shadow disappearing
into the lawn

Rich Schnell

winter solstice
only the north wind
breaks the silence

Thomas Smith

on the crosswalk
my shadow
run over by cars

Bernice Sorge

I collect
the broken ones . . .
ditch bottles

Debbie Strange

fog
lifting . . .
spirits too

Jan Stretch

sirens blaring
blossoms camouflage
the shelter's entrance

Luminita Suse

war zone cease fire
a spider re-spinning
its web

in the long DNA hallway
dusty portraits
of cardiac arrests

George Swede

a streetlamp
catches them walking
the mist disarmed

Lilita Tannis

it shuts you up

.....

Niagara Falls

Magdalene van der Kamp

rejected poems

toilet paper

less shapely and soft

Chris Verhagen

another mystic

bends a spoon

frozen yoghurt

old church

the smell of tiny candles

in a silent movie

Robert Witmer

a postcard from afar —

peach cobbler

fresh from the oven

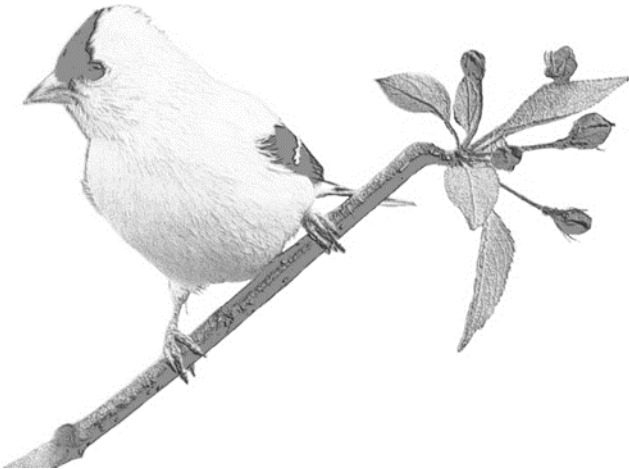
Michael Dylan Welch

last drops
of my coffee:
drift of dry leaves

Alan Yan

first summer
without you —
watching rainfall
the darkened bough
with white blossoms

Anthony Lusardi



La ville

Haïkus réunis par *Claude Rodrigue*

un bébé dans les bras
le regard sans espoir
de la miséreuse

Cédric Paillet

dans l'abribus
dort un sans-abri
son chien près de lui

Diane Robert

prémices d'hiver
ma nuit plus longue
que celle du SDF*

Anne Dealbert

près de Schwartz's Deli*
dans la poubelle à roues vidée
un homme dort

Claude Rodrigue

bidonville
le relent des déchets
et de l'abandon

Minh-Triêt Pham

plage de la ville
la nuit des pauvres dorment
sur les transats

Marie Derley

métro vide
il va et vient à petits pas
le pigeon

Émil Karla

3h du mat'
le vent sur René Lévesque
pousse un sac plastique

Bikko

perdue dans la ville
elle s'invente des rencontres
au coin de la rue

Chantal Clément-Demange

sur la chaussée
une tache d'huile
et le silence

Monique Pagé

les sons étouffés
dans le brouillard automnal
odeurs de la ville

Laurence Luyé-Tanet

six heures du matin
le rideau de fer du bar
se lève en grinçant

Delphine Eissen

journée de grève
la ville porte les voix
de désespérés

Micheline Boland

aux heures d'embouteillage
personne n'avance
sauf les piétons

Ivanka Popova-Véléva

quai de la Seine
renifler les vieux livres
à pas de tortue

Géralda Lafrance

surprise à l'heure de pointe
parmi les klaxons
le cri de la mouette

Rhéal Dufresne

office de l'immigration
le trottoir
parsemé de mégots

Damien Gabriels

le long des trottoirs
les pigeons chassent les miettes
mais pas les mégots

Pascal Pozzo di Borgo

scène d'automne
dans le kiosque à musique
dansent les feuilles mortes

Marjolein Rotsteeg

devant le cinéma
la Mini-Morris* d'époque
souvenirs mal garés

Jean-Hughes Chevy

dans la vieille ville
un marchand de parapluies
rue des Quatre vents

Raymond Derouen

son de la cloche
les vagues du passé
percent la neige

Laurence Cénédèse

au coin de la rue
un demi pas à la fois
l'ancêtre et l'enfant

Élie Duvivier

maison de la vieille
des fleurs de glace
à la fenêtre

Maria Tirenescu

tête des voisins
l'invitation publiée
en cinq langues

Manon Tessier

balade sur les Pentes*
habitées pendant 25 ans
une rue... un souvenir

Jean Antonini

cohue
au centre-ville
Dame Nature fait des siennes

Christiane Jacques

crachin sur la ville
un chien tout crotté
trottine sur le trottoir

Yves Ribot

mes doigts congelés
libérés de cent lettres
retour de la poste

David Colling

en métro
hommes et femmes masqués
par leurs cellulaires

Jean Dorval

métro bondé
sous le nez la fraîcheur
d'un bouquet

Cristiane Ourliac

chambre de bonne
sa vue imprenable
s'arrache à prix d'or

Anne Brousmiche

48^{ème} étage
un moucheron se demande
où il est

Christel Yven

calendrier de l'Avent
toutes les fenêtres éclairées
de la tour à bureaux

Marcellin Dallaire-Beaumont

départ de la ville
parechoc à parechoc
aoûtiens fébriles

Diane Descôteaux

nuit en avion
les lumières des villes
en pointillé

Geneviève Rey

veille de Noël
on décore un sapin
dans l’abri souterrain

Lavana Kray

=====

*Notes * :*

SDF : sans domicile fixe.

Schwartz's Deli : fondé en 1928 par les 2 frères Schwartz, il est un des restaurants de sandwichs à la viande fumée les mieux connus et les plus courus de Montréal.

Mini-Morris : voiture économique mis en marché par la British Motor Corporation (1959-2000) avec un moteur transversal très compact. On la connaît sous plusieurs noms : Austin, Rover, Authi, etc.

Pentes : Pentes de la Croix-Rousse, à Lyon.

=====

« Comme remède à la vie en société, je suggère les grandes villes : c'est le seul désert à notre portée. »

Albert Camus (1913-1960)

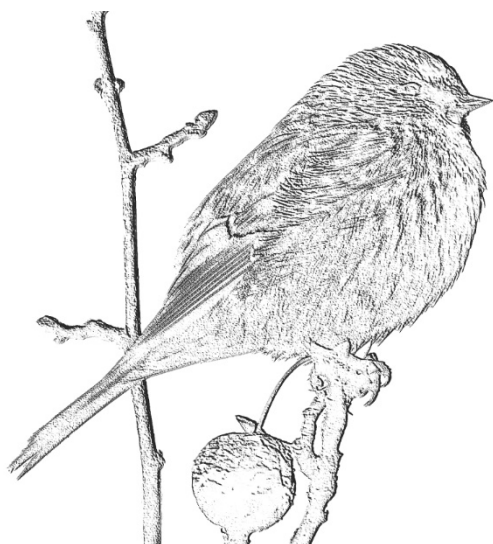
=====

Correctif :

Dans l'édition d'octobre 2023, une erreur s'est produite dans la transcription d'un patronyme. Vous auriez dû lire Hél^éna Wagret et non Wagnet. Désolé et merci d'en faire la correction.

=====

Prochain thème : La pleine lune.



Recensions . . .

Mitai mon nom japonais – haïkus et tankas, par Micheline Comtois-Cécylre. Préface, André Duhaime. Illustrations, Hélène Lapointe. Éditions du grand ruisseau, Saint-Sauveur-des-Monts, Québec, 2023. 112 pp. ISBN 978-2-924470-44-2. \$ 22.
<editionsdugrandruisseau.ca>

Dans son deuxième recueil de poésie, haïjin Micheline Comtois-Cécylre reprend en mots, de nouveau, les instantanées de ses expériences et de ses impressions de notre monde.

écho sur le lac
le huard crie son adieu
au croissant de lune p. 48

Environs 120 haïkus sont répartis en quatre sections qui, à la façon classique japonaise, correspondent aux quatre saisons. Quinze tankas suivent en une cinquième section.

Le recueil est dédié à son feu conjoint dont la présence continue de se manifester. Ainsi, Comtois-Cécylre, comme dans son premier recueil, extériorise de façon bien habile des sentiments.

sous la pluie
les pommiers en fleurs
une certaine tristesse p. 21

La lune semble parfois devenir un reflet de la personne narratrice. D'abord ...

une chambre à moi
qui connaît ma solitude
lune à la fenêtre p. 17

et ensuite,

toujours seule
la lune n'a pas d'amant
pourtant elle y pense p. 21

Il y a aussi l'érotique.

la lune
sa nudité dans la nuit
à peine voilée p. 82

S'agit-il d'un haïku *toriawase*, avec une césure ? Est-ce une femme nue dans la nuit dont l'image est juxtaposée à celle de la lune ? Ou bien, ce haïku, est-il un *ichibutsujitate*, sans césure, dans lequel tout ce mystère est attribué à la lune elle-même ? La puissance du haïku est dans cette tension entre possibilités.

Dans un des tankas, la lune devient porte-parole de l'amoureux qui n'est plus là.

l'allée des pins
traversée par les fougères
pourquoi rêver d'ailleurs
la lune m'a dit tout l'amour
que tu as pour moi p. 96

Ces exemples de poèmes bien différents où figure la lune font preuve non seulement des maintes interprétations en un seul concept, mais aussi de l'adresse de celle qui les explore. Comtois-Cécylre nous présente évidemment bien d'autres manifestations de la nature et de la vie quotidienne, et de leurs

possibilités en tant que corrélats objectifs. Machine à café, grillons, bernaches, casquette Sherlock Holmes, rien n'échappe à sa plume.

Pour cette lectrice, malgré le décès du bien-aimé, sa présence ici et là parmi les poèmes révèle la joie d'avoir aimé, et aussi d'avoir été aimée. J'ai même l'impression que ces instantanés, ces moments de grâce devenus haïkus sont des plaisirs à partager avec lui. Comme le dit André Duhaime dans sa Préface : « Après la période de deuil, le souvenir d'un amour est un baume, un nostalgique poème. » (p. 10). Ayant parcouru les pages de ce recueil, je suis complètement d'accord.

recension par Maxianne Berger

N.B. Pour moi, ce livre ne présente qu'un seul bémol, et celui-là revient à la maison d'édition. L'épigraphe de chaque section de haïkus en est un par Bashō, en traduction. Les poèmes du grand maître, en japonais, sont dans le domaine public. Selon la date de décès du traducteur, les traductions présentées le sont peut-être aussi. Or, même si les traductions sont dans le domaine public, le droit moral du traducteur mérite d'être respecté en le reconnaissant. Et s'il ou elle est inconnu/e, qu'on le dise. J'ai cherché en vain cette attribution. *MB*



kiosque de glaces
l'enfant dresse le calendrier
de l'été

Sandra St-Laurent

Haibun

That's Amore

Robert Witmer

Old photos show me my mother was quite good-looking as a young woman. She served in the Women's Army Corps during World War II, driving trucks and helping to guard German and Italian POWs. She told me once that the German prisoners were very stoic, stern-faced and mostly uncommunicative, while the Italians were different, chatty, some even amorous. As it turned out, her favorite singer was Dean Martin. However, one must always be wary of stereotypes and all forms of comparison. When the moon hits your eye like a big pizza pie, you may very well be suffering from a cataract. The beautiful winged boy carrying the bow and arrows is sometimes painted blind.

boy and girl
under a single umbrella
not a cloud in the sky

winter blossoms
the elderly couple shiver
together in the shower

lost love
the silence
of a frozen waterfall



So you want to be a millionaire?

Bryan D. Cook

At the lottery kiosk, emptying my wallet overstuffed with tickets. All I get is a measly free play for the 100 dollars charged to my card over several trips to the garage and grocery store. It makes no sense in these penny-pinching times.

My Dad, a veteran of frugal years of war, had warned me not to get sucked into buying stuff on hock.

Now, I'm doing even worse by gambling on credit.

But there is always that chance of winning big.

taking the bait
its lure
of fortune



Prima Facie

Edward Dewar

A little-known fact, she could read palms. I picture her as the first gypsy woman, determined and fiery. Able to think on her feet and not afraid to take a chance. She sees romance and bonfires on the beach. Teens sneaking into the local pool to skinny dip. She also sees a slamming door in London and a young poet throwing stones into a lily pond. Her partner is nervous and excited and keeps repeating. *What do you see, what do you see?* Eve hands Adam the apple.

autumn —
bellies finally full
partners head south



Behind the Faces

Richard L. Matta

“It was only a white lie,” I said. Mom walked me to her easel: dipped, quickly painted a small face in my favorite turquoise color, then stippled it white. She handed me her brush, saying, “can you restore the pigment’s original hue?”

a child’s homework
the three red dots after
seems like AI



Make a Wish

Roland Packer

The foundation regularly grants the kids with cancer a wish, especially a dream trip to Disney World with their families—all expenses paid.

During this summer of remission, the oncologist advises that now is the time to take the trip.

So, we do.

first star
of twilight
. . . falling



After Blake

Brent Partridge

A co-worker at the garden shop finds a big white plastic bucket mostly full of water—iced over. All of the ice has very precise, very detailed, down to the minute veinings—patterns of tiny elm leaves. The only elm trees nearby are miniature varieties in small plastic pots about ten meters away. Their leaves have fallen much earlier.

what divine hand and eye
puzzles us
with such peaceful symmetry

Life Just Goes on . . .

Chen-ou Liu

*isn't it vexing
not to know what plants will bloom
next year?*

my wife murmurs to a lone rose
bent above near-leafless branches

I don't know what kind of question that is. My silence slows the pace of time passing; however, nothing is really unusual between us, a quiet couple as seen through the eyes of our friends and neighbors.

I go into the house, turn on the TV, and spend the rest of this afternoon drowning myself in the sound and fury of war news.

awake
in pre-dawn darkness . . .
twenty years now
I sleep side by side with her
this familiar stranger



existencexistencexistense

Roland Packer

Seaside Retreat

Janice Doppler

lilies of the field
neither toil nor spin—
white snakeskin

The bell of a buoy clangs when the wind gusts. Beyond waves crashing on the granite headland below me is a black guillemot in breeding plumage. White spots that camouflage the bird as it rests on the water surface make the bird quite obvious when it holds itself erect and flaps its wings. Surrounding me are salt-stunted pines growing where soil has accumulated between rocks. Will they speak to me if I close my eyes and listen?

It looks like everything we need miraculously appears on this glacier-scraped place we call home. Humans are intrigued by our stunted stature and twisted trunks, but we are small and bent because growing between rocks is a struggle. There isn't enough space for our roots so we can't absorb all the nutrients we need. Fresh water is limited. We are often too hot. It rains, it snows. Animals nibble us, suck our sap, mark us with their scent. And then, there was that snake ...



snap, crackle, pop the soundtrack of aging joints

William Scott Galasso

Linked Verses and Sequences

Metamorphosis

Bryan Cook

vernal pools

*spring thaw
into forest hollows
amphibian rebirth*

strings of pearls

*thousands
of black dots
shape-shifting*

in each a song

*out quacking
the mallards
wood frog chorus*



spring pond a snake celebr**ate**s the frog

LeRoy Gorman

handfuls

Terry Ann Carter and *Sidney Bending*

frigid fjord
the eighty-year-old
makes a splash

*jumping in puddles
to break the ice*

rain clouds
their black lab
tugs on his leash

*fountain in the square
a little girl gathering
handfuls to drink*

international school
all their washed faces

*dripping water . . .
wet socks and mitts
on the radiator*



released from hospital . . . scent of lilacs

Ruth Mittleholtz

Anticipating

The Heron's Quill — Sidney Bending and *Nika*

Christmas carols
by Vietnamese Elvis
mall nail salon

*circling the parking lot
every stall taken*

Santa photos
one boy in the line-up
pushes to the front

*granddaughter's
wish list everything
Taylor Swift*

spruce tree tinsel
in her ponytail

*mistletoe . . .
anticipating the joy
of a kiss*



first love forget-me-nots

Mariangela Canzi

girl on a swing

girl on a swing
back and forth
through shadows

Marshall Hryciuk

a great white heron
elevates

Patricia J. Machmiller

glory reds
of poison ivy
the first to turn

Matt Snyder

sunset slowly
 decomposing

Warren Decker

scent of cider
wafting
up to the full moon

Patricia Wakimoto

froth on lake
edge of a ripple

Sharon Yee

vacation kids
hydroplane
off the back pier

terry ann carter

fireflies light up
the past

Jonathan English

snowsuits
puddling on the floor
beside the hot chocolate

Lynne Jambor

making stew
with old parsnips

terry ann

the pumpkin smiles
at the squirrel
on the porch

Patricia W.

orange moon
the taste of smoke

David Grayson

his endless hours
in the batting cage
not enough

Matt

the locket she always wore
empty Karen Sohne

I step out
the door
to my existence Patricia W.

taking off
a layer of cardboard Warren

that one magnolia
when we revisit
our old neighbourhood Karen

croustilles de maïs
with our sake Warren

rainbow mermen
team up
with bad-ass Orcas Karen

tripling their acreage
non-GMO Matt

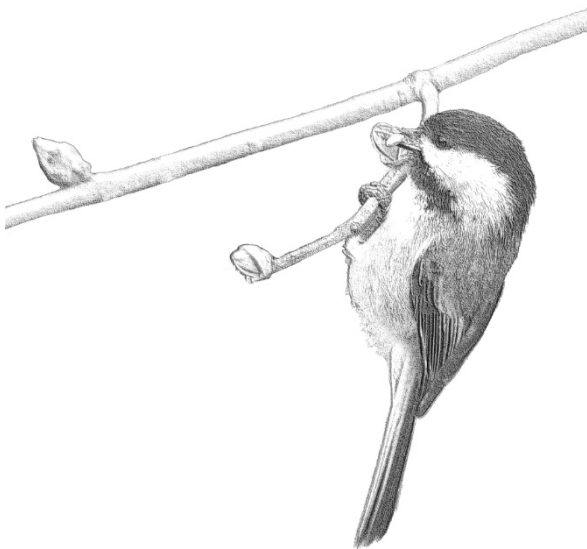
morning snow
footprints

into undiscovered country Jonathan

her new diary
a gift from mom

Matt

girl on a swing was begun at 9:42 pm Thursday, June 29
in The Rookwood Room of the Hilton Netherland Plaza
Hotel during HNA Cincinnati 2023 and completed at 12:30 am
Friday, June 30th. It was led by Marshall Hryciuk.



Nightlight

Michael Dylan Welch and *Geneviève Wynand*

goth toddler
the second-hand stroller's
broken wheel

her name in fresh ink
goth toddler

eating the biscuits
left out for the dog
goth toddler

fangernails polished
with ten black olives
goth toddler

crossing goth with toddler
Scrabble night

the nightlight left on
for her teddy bear
goth toddle



(h)actress

Sidney Bending

Hymn

Michael Dylan Welch and *Caleb Mutua*

such quiet . . .
snow filling
the birdhouse hole

*windshield wipers
swishing snow*

the creak of rafters
in the old wooden barn—
midday snowfall

*children squeal—
a zigzag track
on the sledding hill*

the snowplow rumbles
up the back alley

*church doorway—
a Christmas hymn
mingles with snowflakes*



prior**IT**y

LeRoy Gorma

Reviews . . .

ADDING UP TO THIS, haiku and tanka by Pearl Pirie. catkin press 2023. ISBN 978-1-928163-47-3. softcover, 8.5 " by 5.5", 17 pp. www.pearlpirie.com

According to her bio, Pearl Pirie has been writing haiku since the 1980s. In this her most recent collection, some of the poems have been previously published, while others appear for the first time. In addition to the 42 haiku and tanka, there are six zip poems, a 15-syllable form that Pirie has mastered together with the longer forms.

Many of the poems are emotional and sensuous, yet quietly understated. Here's a tanka that I read several times to fully appreciate the unique way in which the poet expresses the joyfulness of an intimate relationship.

in the night
I am your jewel
clasped tight
in the setting
of your limbs

Others display a wry sense of humour that perhaps only long-married couples can understand. The subtle wordplay in this one made me chuckle.

crack of dawn
your back to me
pulling on pants

Still other poems focus on loss and grief, which are overwhelming at first but gradually become bearable (in most cases.) Yet the pain of loss never goes away completely.

after the funeral
every day ends
in y and why
cleaning out the garden
*under the discipline
of heavy sorrow*

Complete with an attractive front and back cover, *ADDING UP TO THIS* is a collection to cherish. As a poetry reader and writer, I'm very pleased to add it to my library.

Review by Joanne Morcom



Nature Is Calling for Peace—The Best Haiku and Senryu Collection for Students, by Ruth Esther Gilmore. Visbek, Germany: Geest-Verlag, 2122. ISBN 978-13-86685-928-9. 188 pages. €12.50 www.Geest-Verlag.de; ≈ \$20 at amazon.ca.

Ruth Esther Gilmore's collection, *Nature Is Calling for Peace* — The Best Haiku and Senryu Collection for Students, contains some five hundred three-line poems, three per page, all left-justified. The book is divided into four seasonal sections — Summer in Peace, Autumn in Peace, Winter in Peace, and Spring in Peace.

In the introduction to her young readers, Gilmore explains how nature and poetry can be sources of encouragement. "It is

between the leaves of nature and the words of poetry where we can always find the strength to carry on and to enjoy even the smallest things in life” (p. 8). The next paragraph is one five-word sentence. “You are the greatest poem.”

With such a lead-in, it is not surprising to find, scattered among the haiku and senryu, poems that celebrate poetry, offer words of support, and give pep talks.

be proud
of everything
you have achieved (p. 60)

stay safe
in the haven
of a haiku (p. 152)

Of course, those well-versed in haikai realize that these are not even senryu. The difference in structure and content from an actual senryu is quite apparent.

through the thin walls
I hear a rattling cough —
no money, no warmth (p. 103)

The above poem includes a mainstay of Gilmore’s writing: “I hear.” There are many poems in which the I-persona is “reminded of” something — all taglines that can be omitted from haiku and senryu because the detail itself shows what the tagline implies.

Actual haiku in this book are certainly as good as any. In Autumn and Winter respectively, we have, as examples:

autumn dusk —
red racing purple
up the mountains (p. 65)

the valleys of white
stretch beyond the wooden walls
of cabin fever (p. 106)

This last is what I have come to call a *kana* haiku: *kana* is a *kireji* placed as the final word. It shows emphasis and wonder. The caesura is thus between the first and second readings of the haiku. It is straightforward to understand how this last haiku differs from a one-sentence description spread over three lines. Such is the case in this next poem.

in the distance
the farmer guides his tractor
at an even pace (p. 37)

There is no caesura, but there is also no wonder — no *kana* ending.

The inclusion of simple descriptions, aphorisms and pep talks unfortunately undermines the quality of a book that would be much stronger if only true haiku and senryu were included. Where some 500 three-line poems by a single poet constitute “The Best Haiku and Senryu Collection” for any reader, it is useful to remember this is half of Bashō’s lifetime production. (Jane Reichhold’s 2008 *Bashō: The Complete Haiku* includes 1012 by the classic master.)

Gilmore’s collection would benefit from gardening, and the subtitle might better include the disclaimer “and other brief

poems.” Editors and publishers are ultimately responsible for letting things pass. The publisher, however, seems to have an unusual way of implying quality, as per its blurb (p. 187). This may well be a simple misuse of English by someone whose primary language is not English German, however. . . It is stated in the blurb that Gilmore’s book was “chosen” for the Griffin Poetry Prize. Not “submitted,” “chosen.” In Canada, we know the importance of the Griffin Prize. Naturally publishers strongly believe in the quality of their products, but submission to a contest is not touted as proof.

From reading this review, readers surely see that I am not impressed. I recognize, however, that I am not the intended reader. The subtitle clearly indicates that *Nature Is Calling for Peace* is “The Best Haiku and Senryu Collection for Students.” I cannot help but think, though, that Gilmore’s student readers will be misled into thinking that “haiku and “senryu” include all those other tercet genres that are neither.

Review by Maxianne Berger



dream of my mom
after she passed
Will you be here when I return?
Yes

Marshall Hryciuk

One Less Raindrop on the Peony by Carole Daoust. Hatley Quebec, Canada: Yarrow Press, 2021. ISBN 978-1-990657-05-4. Perfect bound, 5"x7", 87 pages. \$12.00.

Carole Daoust's *One Less Raindrop on the Peony* is a collection of haiku that focuses largely on nature. Daoust's haiku portray small animals, observations of nature's inanimate forces, and people's interactions in the world, often with a witty sense of humour.

Small animals appear in many of Daoust's poems. Consider the following two haiku:

wolf moon
the hare shrinks
into the hedgerow (p. 34)

an ant quenching its thirst
one less raindrop
on the peony (p. 42)

The first poem cleverly implies that a hare is preparing to hide from its nocturnal predator, while the second, the book's title haiku, demonstrates the author's subtle power of observation. Even the small actions of an ant can impact its environment.

Likewise, Daoust makes shrewd observations of the inanimate elements of nature:

tiny dew drop
catching the sun
a thousand ways (p. 9)

sneaking a peek
through the old barn window
moonlight (p. 24)

The second of these haiku is particularly well written. The personification that describes the moonlight as “sneaking a peek” works in sync with the implicit human presence of the barn, a man-made structure.

People’s interactions with nature are also featured:

a whiff
of our pumpkin spiced tea
autumn wind (p. 21)

old gramma and me
shelling fresh garden peas
snap chat (p. 54)

The pun of “snap chat” in the second haiku provides strong, subtle humour. On the one hand, snap chat can be read as the sound of the pea pods popping during shelling and the chatter between the two women. On the other hand, Snapchat is a social media app most used by younger people. Here, Daoust creates a strong matrix of humorous implications: the garden of the haiku contrasts with the technology of the app, while gramma is much older than the typical Snapchat user.

Carole Daoust’s *One Less Raindrop on the Peony* is an enjoyable book. I recommend it to all readers of haiku.

review by Dave Read

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

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. Bryan Rickert, 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. bearcreekhaiku.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



waiting for a moon shadow puppet

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 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



s(h)ituation

Sidney Bending

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 X or Facebook. A submission to *Haiku Canada Review* is taken as acceptance of this condition. If submitting by postal mail, kindly include a self-stamped 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 Maxianne Berger, book-review coordinator: reviews@haikucanada.org. Depending on the book and the timing of the request, accepted reviews will either be posted on the Haiku Canada book review blog at HCshohyoran.blogspot.com, or published in *Haiku Canada Review*.

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

\$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/membership.php>



Haiku Canada Executive

President: Angela Leuck, president@haikucanada.org

Vice President: Claude Rodrigue, vp@haikucanada.org

Membership Secretary: Katherine Munro,
membership@haikucanada.org

Treasurer: Agnes Jackle, in memory of Ruby Spriggs

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

Website Coordinator: Luminita Suse, webmaster@haikucanada.org

Publications Editor: Mike Montreuil, publications@haikucanada.org

Archivist: Vicki McCullough, archives@haikucanada.org

Secretary: Jessica Allyson, secretary@haikucanada.org

Regional Coordinators

BC, YT, NT, NU: Sandra St-Laurent, bc-territories@haikucanada.org

AB, SK, MB: Joanne Morcom, prairie@haikucanada.org

ON: OPEN

QC: Carolyn Rafman, quebec@haikucanada.org

NB, PE, NS, NL: Paul Grant, atlantic@haikucanada.org

sprinkling
fairy dust
cherry blossoms
Sally Quon

ISSN: 1914-3680