

Haiku Canada Review



Volume 18 October 2024 Number 2

HAIKU CANADA REVIEW

Volume 18

October 2024

Number 2

www.haikucanada.org

Haiku Canada Review

Copyright 2024 © Authors and Artist

ISSN: 1914-3680

Contents

From the Editor.	3
Results from the 2024 Haiku Canada Weekend Ginko Walk, Acadia University, Wolfville, NS,	4
The Story Behind the Story: A Conversation with Marco Fraticelli.....	5
Haiku Plus.....	12
La pleine lune	31
Recensions	40
Haibun	51
Linked Verses and Sequences.....	56
Reviews	71
Print Journals	83
On-Line Journals	84
Net Briefs.....	85
Et Cetera	86
International Haiku Organizations.....	86
Haiku Canada Review	87
Submission Guidelines / Soumissions.....	87
Membership & Subscriptions.....	88
Haiku Canada Executive.....	89
Regional Coordinators	89

Art: Cover photo and interior photo art — Heather MacDonald

Sheets: — moon shadows by Elehna de Souza
 — After the Diagnosis by Ruth Mittelholtz
 — Late for Lunch by Frances Mary Bishop
 — Coming of age: With the Beatles by Deb Koen

From the Editor. . .

As I write this during the first week of October, I'm surprised by the lack of autumn colours. What and Who are to blame for this? I'm also aware that we can include the other three questions that form W5. I'll leave those questions unanswered for now. October is here and many boys and girls are practicing and playing hockey. Anybody have a good hockey haiku? Mine are twenty-five years old.

Mike



Haiku Canada Review

Mike Montreuil, Publications Editor.

Claude Rodrigue, Éditeur des haïkus en langue française.

Maxianne Berger, Book Reviews Coordinator.

Maxianne Berger, Responsable des recensions.

Sandra St-Laurent, Proofreader-Révisure.

Maxianne Berger, Proofreader-Révisure.



**Results from the 2024 Haiku Canada Weekend
Ginko Walk, Acadia University, Wolfville, NS,
May 18th, 2024.**

First Place:

norway spruce
going deeper
into the story

Nancy Richards

Second Place:

white petals
decorate a stone path
wedding invitation

Rob Greenough

Third Place:

streamlet rilling
through black earth
phantom ticks up my pant leg

Sandra Stephenson

French language:

petits cônes rouges
des épinettes de Norvège
les mouchérons virevoltent

Claude Rodrigue

The Story Behind the Story: A Conversation with Marco Fraticelli

Philomene Kocher

Dear Elsa (Red Deer Press, 2023) is the first children's book (ages 9-12) by the award-winning haiku poet Marco Fraticelli who spent close to 50 years teaching Grade 5 in Montreal. His expertise in both haiku and teaching are fully evident in the book, along with his enthusiasm for teaching students and inspiring teachers.

The story is about Leo and Elsa who become 'pen pals' via email for a school assignment. Their exchanges take place across their Grade 5 year, and are by turns funny and poignant. Leo writes haiku: first because it's one of his school lessons, and later because he comes to enjoy it. Here are the endings of two of his emails.

September 30

PS Obstreperous means noisy and difficult to control. Sounds like me, I guess.

PPS Here's my latest haiku:

*THIS IS
THE SHORTEST HAIKU
EVER WRITTEN*

June 23

PPPPPPS What is really super weird is that you were my best friend this year, and you don't go to my school, or live in the same city, or even in the same country as me.

*at the ocean
teenagers
compare tans*

I will disclose first off that I am a friend of Marco's. I assisted with proofreading on this project, and this provided a perspective that is unique: I watched as the book took its shape over several years, almost doubling in size from its first draft. I became curious about how Marco, an accomplished poet, could write emails and haiku in the voice of a young person. This prompted me to interview him about his writing process — to learn more about the story behind the story.

His book has garnered awards: Finalist, Diamond Willow Award — Grade 4 to Grade 6 [Saskatchewan Young Readers' Choice Awards, 2024], and Honourable Mention in the Marianne Bluger Book Award [Haiku Canada, 2024].

A poet, musician, editor, publisher, and educator, Marco Fraticelli lives in Pointe Claire, Quebec. He contributed as an executive member of Haiku Canada (1988-2014), and as an editor and publisher of the literary magazine *The Alchemist* (1974-1987). He also created and published the *Hexagram Series* of haiku chapbooks (1991-2012).

His poetry has won awards in Canada, the United States, and Japan. Fraticelli has been invited to provide keynote addresses, read at community events and poetry conferences, facilitate workshops, and judge haiku contests. He is currently working on a memoir (of sorts) with haibun inspired by Beatles' lyrics. You will find more information about Marco and his books on his website: marcofraticelli.com

What was the spark for writing this book?

There has long been a feeling among most haiku poets that haiku is very misunderstood and doesn't have much acceptance outside of the haiku community.

At the start of the COVID pandemic, I was contacted by Claudia Coutu Radmore who was then the president of Haiku Canada. She suggested that I create a series of YouTube videos to try to explain haiku to those unfamiliar with the form. While the idea of creating videos didn't really appeal to me, I did feel the need to do something to explain to the general public the true nature of a haiku. It was then that I came up with the idea of writing a story for children (and teachers) that would include a strong haiku element.

I know your book shifted in direction as you worked on it. Was there anything that surprised you in the writing process?

Yes. Originally, the main focus of the book was meant to have been haiku, but very early on in the writing, the two main

characters seemed to take over and the book got away from me. Leo and Elsa insisted on having their stories told, and I was forced to try to wedge in a bit of haiku theory wherever I could. One of the main characters, Leo, includes haiku in many of his emails.

How did you write haiku that would represent a Grade 5 level of proficiency, and that would improve over the course of the story?

Because of my many years teaching Grade 5, writing in the voice of a ten-year-old came to me much more easily than I had expected. However, writing the haiku was probably the most difficult part of the writing process for me. Leo's first attempts at writing haiku had to be terrible and I meant them to be primarily humorous. But as his interest in haiku increased over the year, I was forced to create haiku that sounded like they could have been written by a youngster, and yet be good enough to serve as models for those readers with little knowledge of haiku.

What would you like educators to know about teaching haiku to middle-school-aged children?

Elementary school is the perfect time to learn about haiku. In those first few years, our educational system hasn't yet totally drummed out the sense of wonder that children naturally have. Examining the uninhibited art created by young children, it becomes obvious how every year in school the art they create becomes more rigid and less spontaneous. "Colour within the lines," they are taught. The same might be said of their writing.

The use of imagination in the stories written by younger children seems limitless—but by the time they are ready to graduate to high school, it's evident that we have driven most of the spontaneity and creativity out of them. We have taught them to stay within the lines rather than to write between them.

How has English-language haiku changed over the years since you first began writing and publishing in the 70s?

It saddens me to say that unfortunately the English-language haiku seems to have lost its way over the last 40 years or so. I'm not a believer in blindly following rules especially in artistic endeavours, but these days the pendulum seems to have swung too far away from the working definition that we had back in the early days when I first started writing haiku. Today, any three-line poem seems to pass as a haiku. A large majority of the short poems that appear in even the most prestigious haiku magazines don't feel like true haiku to me.

So, what then do you believe constitutes a true haiku?

Let me say to begin with, that what concerns me is the state of haiku as conceived of by English-language poets here in North America. This is different from how I perceive poets in other countries and different languages think of haiku.

I suppose the biggest difference that I see in today's English-language haiku is that it has become so 'confessional.' Writing about your feelings, I believe, belongs more in the realm of lyric poetry or tanka. In fact, I suspect that the enormous rise in

popularity of tanka is what has contributed much to the dilution of the haiku as I knew it. That isn't to say that tanka isn't a legitimate form in its own right, just that tanka and haiku are entirely different. The problem, as I see it, is that newcomers are confusing the two forms and believe that they are the same except that one is 3 lines and the other 5.

There are other differences too that concern me. For example, today there seems to be far less emphasis on the concrete world and more on the realm of abstract ideas. This shift also seems to have taken us away from the focus on the present moment which was originally so important to us. I worry because today, many of the 'haiku' that I read are essentially lyric poems which have been shortened to fit into 3 or fewer lines.

What has sustained you in writing haiku?

I still remember the first time I encountered a haiku. It must have been close to fifty years ago.

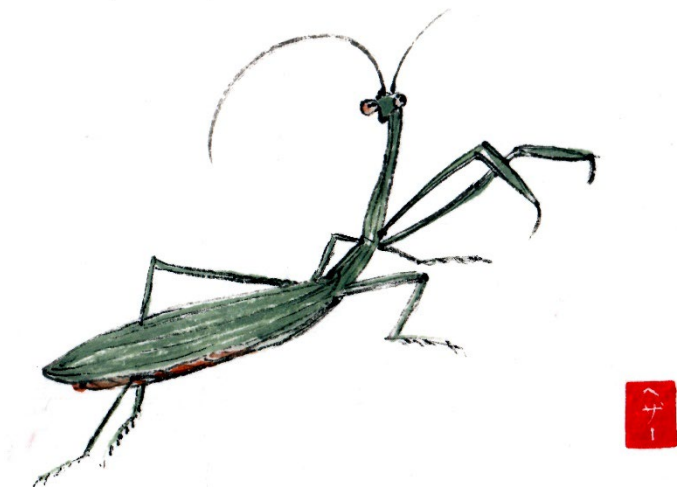
It was in a coffee-table book in an apartment in Toronto where I was staying for the weekend. It was a black and white photograph of a winter scene with the following haiku printed on it:

how beautiful
the usually hateful crow
this morn of snow

It might not have been the best translation of Basho, but it was the first time that I experienced 'a haiku moment.' In that instant,

I felt that I had just learned all that I needed to know about haiku. Sure, a bit presumptuous on my part, but hey it was fifty years ago. Like most people I felt that I knew it all at that age.

I'm not a follower of any particular religion or philosophy, but what I do have in my life is haiku. Haiku is what centres me. It helps me to try to stay focused and to live more in the present moment. "Be here now" is the slogan that we used to chant in the 60s, and for me, that message is even more important now than it was then. The entire world seems to be sinking deeper and deeper into chaos, and I have a strong need to avoid being drawn down that rabbit hole. Since I believe that haiku concerns itself with experiencing the present moment (and capturing it in words), I see my writing of haiku as a way of helping to keep me on this path.



Haiku Plus

big sky dreaming broken clouds

Cheryl Ashley

shared access
the open field
of cows and sky

Joanna Ashwell

garden buddha
the green world
and its shadow

Munira Judith Avinger

setting sun
dried leaves and flowers
one with earth

Sheila Bello

an owl's call
grandmother's story
under the stars

Shiva Bhusal

goutte de rosée
étanchant toutes les soifs
espoir liquide

liquid hope
a drop of dew
quenching all thirst

Marie-Liesse Boutry

beer aisle
cardboard girl without
a beer belly

cemetery maze
looking for a way
out

Randy Brooks

hot summer invasives doing well

Kevin Browne

love at first sound
the house finch tells me
what I want to hear

Alanna C. Burke

puppies everywhere —
the military band
plays *Imagine*

Mariangela Canzi

a beautiful day
going nowhere
and not wanting to

John Paul Caponigro

gaslighting
all the better
to see you

Louise Carson

indian summer
sun pearls
on the jogger's skin

Jean-Hughes Chevy

a vine wrapped
around the wheel hub
cranberry harvest

Bill Cooper

no word for days
and then her smile
in the obits

the differences
in wind and
wind

Vera Constantineau

on vibrate
a double crocus
in the breeze

Jeanne Cook

a beam of moonlight
realigning itself . . .
kayak ripples

Pamela Cooper

a book falls —
from fluttering pages
a dried leaf cracks

Lenora Corday

her only child
on the spectrum
indigo sky

Alvin Cruz

summer scent
her morning
coffee ice cream

Daniel Shank Cruz

secluded beach
seagulls Hitchcock
our cookout

Dan Curtis

paper mill
two swans beat their wings
across an ink sky

Philip Davison

All Saints' Day
new lichen
next to the old

Maya Daneva

storm tossed trees
I too keep my inner
balance

Carole Daoust

Autumn rain
the weight
of words half-spoken

Grace De Sousa

settling matters
another pebble
into the pond

Jake Dennis

a single crow
cawing all morning
daylight savings

Edward Dewar

after his departure
silence
speaks to me

Charlotte Digregorio

slow crawl
over the mountains
winter rain

C. Jean Downer

in the dental chair
the doc's breathing
heavier than mine

Hans Dringenberg

autumn wind —
a deep change
of heart

Ana Drobot

late dinner
by candlelight —
fireflies

Doris Fiszer

sycamore leaf
in the shallow stream
it stops and starts

Mark Forrester

whine of the respirator
he shares a secret
with the nurse

Jay Friedenberg

withered garden
fingering the scars
from Ma's washcloth

Joshua Gage

Lincoln's photo
darkly
futuristic

Barry George

a bur-bordered path
the guide drifts
into politics

LeRoy Gorman

resewn socks —
will they last me
until spring?

Elisabeth Guichard

the last lot
cleared of trees
blue eggshells

Jon Hare

winter sun . . .
I warm my hands
on the window

David He

waiting for summer
the dark shadow
his fedora makes

Robert Hirschfield

journey's end
the hotel's ice machine
greet us

years since
dandelions seeding
the battlefield

Gary Hotham

leaving him
one drawer
at a time

Charlotte Hrenchuk

one of those April evenings
smoke blowing level
from a chimney

crow and i
strolling a new green
each our own wobble

Marshall Hryciuk

home again
the water tastes
like water

Edward Huddleston

loving his body
when no one else does
clear mountain stream

Deborah Karl-Brandt

running along
the setting sun
my father's fishing line

someone is talking —
a tree creaking
in the woods

Chen Jie

her sundress
in a gentle breeze
monarch butterfly

Brian Kates

heads
tilted to the right
used bookstore

tangled
in the steeple
storm clouds

Ian Kenney

open pasture
a lamb in search
of her baaa

Deb Koen

before the storm
shinning on the porch
two small wisteria seeds

Jill Lange

the tiny tug
dragging a distant boom
felled forest

Mary L. Leopkey

walking
after midnight
to the kitchen and back

Angela Leuck

courthouse hallway
this rapid staccato
of my ex's high heels

my friend gone too soon . . .
a piece of paper falls
from her diary
with words in red bold font:
I've had enough of self-love

Chen-ou Liu

should I trust it?
the wind tugging
my umbrella upward

Robert Lowes

the last holiday
before she departed us
autumn crickets

Anthony Lusardi

chimes
the empty space
of wind

sparkling towers
across the lawn
first frost

Heather Lurie

graffiti tracks
a train rumbles
through city rage

Richard Matta

no more
than a memory . . .
mayflies

Rowan Beckett Minor

greying days
a goatsbeard waits
to wither

Biswajit Mishra

telltale typhoon trail
of single-use plastic
broken umbrellas

flower power and
poetry blooms in the streets . . .
1968

David McMurray

photograph
the caterpillar forever
a caterpillar

Ruth Mittelholtz

at a glance
ten thousand
dancing dandelions

Monty Moniz

harvest moon
another year
of crop failures

Joanne Morcom

after rain
my mycelium mind
fruiting

Ulrike Narwani

Boxing Day
the leftovers' leftovers
left over again

Nika

radiators hiss
tea
with honey

Gareth Nurden

Joe Henderson's
tenor saxophone
a down duvet

Nola Obee

s()nscreen —
transaction
denied

Roland Packer

after Mom's gone —
colors in her raku work
never seen before

tide turning
a blue butterfly's
pirouette

Brent Partridge

origin stories
lies we tell
the machines

Marianne Paul

his secret route
to the last giant cedar
logging road

Jacquie Pearce

summer of love —
dragonflies mate
mid-air

M.R. Pelletier

moon in the branches
her cheeks
in black lace

Jon Petruschke

August heat
not the parkette's single oak
but its shadow

Robert Piotrowski

cloaked in fog
ships in harbour
play a dirge

Peggy Pilkey

a white butt
mooning me
mourning dove

Pearl Pirie

lilac in bloom
tracing the scent back
to granny's porch

John Quinnett

her secret . . .
the weight of snow
in the raven's nest

Jacob D. Salzer

spring notes
from an open window
rain and chimes

Sandra St-Laurent

refrigerator hum
a summer breeze
leaves a secret

Thomas F Smith

the dances
we used to know . . .
wagglng bees

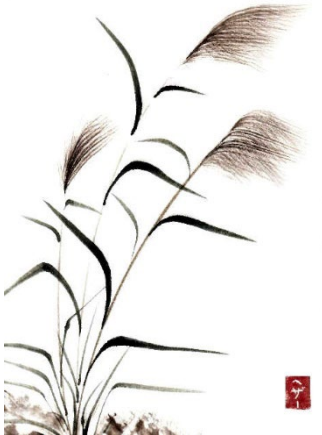
Debbie Strange

a white cloud
keeps the sky honest
glory to heaven

Margaret Sullivan

my gleaming skull
in the foggy mirror
a bathrobe of bones

Robert Witmer



La pleine lune

Haïkus réunis par *Claude Rodrigue*

pleine lune
sur le granit noir du comptoir
l'enso de lait

Sandra St-Laurent

dessin d'enfant
de la lune
il ne reste qu'un croissant

Cédric Paillet

pleine lune
l'enfant retrouve à la vitre
son ballon perdu

Pascal Arnaud

eaux dormantes
la lune se berce
au fond de l'étang

Geneviève Rey

vieille grange
la lune placarde sa lumière
sur les planches

Elena Luz Martinez

douceur du soir
parfaire mon bronzage
à la pleine lune

Damien Gabriels

reflet de la pleine lune
sur la pointe d'un brin d'herbe
une coccinelle endormie

Thérèse Beaufrils

l'astre rond de nuit
la dame à la robe blanche
séduit les lucioles

Amadou Tidiane Mbow

pleine lune
du fossé
monte un solo de crapauds

Yves Ribot

la pleine lune
éclaire la pinède
les arbres flirtent

Charlotte Tikk S.N.

vent d'été
le vieux chêne chatouille
la lune ronde

Pascal Pozzo di Borgo

arbres dénudés
la pleine lune se couvre
d'idéogrammes

Delphine Eissen

la pleine lune
exerce son attraction
le fleuve frissonne

Micheline Aubé

pleine lune
dans le vieillissement des pierres
ton ombre

Sandrine Davin

le village de grand-mère
un berger chante
sous la pleine lune

Maria Tirenescu

chaleur de l'été
une nuit de pleine lune
le loup en moi hurle

Delphine Ealet

je regarde la lune
que là-bas tu regardes
le halo s'illumine

Marie Derley

voyager ensemble
au cœur de la pleine lune
y graver nos vœux

Marie-Ange Claude

reflets de la lune
sur la Méditerranée
m'asseoir sur le sable

Claude Rodrigue

amour d'été
la lune se jette
à mes pieds

Anne Brousmiche

pleine lune
elle s'agite dans le lit
pas moyen de dormir

Jean Antonini

tiédeur de la nuit
clarté étrange de la lune
sur les draps froissés

Chantal Clément-Demange

ce bref tango
entre le soleil et la lune
une éclipse parfaite

Micheline Comtois

la lune cuivrée
descend vers l'horizon
qui l'a engrossée

Diane Robert

mariée haute et marée basse
la pleine lune les suit
d'un visage aminci

Rodica Calotă

rouler vers la lune
à chaque virage
elle est ailleurs

Géralda Lafrance

soir de pleine lune
la journée se termine
par ce point final

Micheline Boland

taper « Pleine Lune »
deux émojis apparaissent
sans aucune émotion

Suzanne El Lackany

pleine lune en majesté
mes soucis
minuscules

Christel Yven

lune d'Halloween
un peu moins seul
avec mes angoisses

Minh-Triêt Pham

minuit l'heure du crime
dans un disque de pleine lune
une chouette hulule

Christine Le Doré

chrysanthèmes blancs
un seul témoin
la pleine lune

Elena Zouain

belle lune ronde
un silence énorme pèse
sur nous les soldats

Claude Schroeder

pleine lune
le chuchotement du vent
entre les tombes

Hina

verglas
entre deux branches brisées
la lune accrochée

Monique Pagé

nuit de pleine lune
la bipolaire a oublié
ses médicaments

Ninon Dubreucq

ronde, la lune titube
en sortant du bar
je la raccompagne

Jean Gennaro

Beaujolois nouveau
tabarnak
que la lune est ronde

Iocasta Huppen

la pleine lune
combien d'abonnés suivent
cette influenceuse

Yves Abramovici

« La lune est le rêve du soleil. »

Paul Klee (1879-1940)

« Il faut toujours viser la lune, car même en cas d'échec, on atterrit dans les étoiles. »

Oscar Wilde (1854-1900)

Prochain thème : **La douleur, la peine.**



Recensions . . .

Je suis toujours là... par Isabelle Neveu. Durham-Sud : Les Éditions mp tresart, 2024. 978-2-9820926-3-1. 126 pages.
\$30 + frais. www.editionsmptresart.com

Selon la quatrième de couverture, suite au décès d'Isabelle Neveu en octobre 2023, « en sa mémoire, son époux Ronald Tremblay décide de réaliser le rêve d'Isabelle, soit de publier un recueil de ses haïkus ». Divisé en deux sections, « Nature, voyages, famille » et « Amour », *Je suis toujours là...* présente plus de 250 poèmes – haïkus, senryūs, tankas et tercets – qui révèlent la vision et la vie de l'auteure.

La saison la plus importante dans notre grand chez nous, c'est l'hiver, dont les tombées importantes de neige mettent en cause nos déplacements en auto : « tempêtes d'hiver / on obéit aux ordres / on reste chez nous » (p. 50)

On retrouve la faune et le goût du plein air :

en camping
la corneille
brise le silence matinal
(p. 59)

les huards s'appellent
de chaque côté du lac
la nuit est tombée
(p. 63)

Neveu s'exprime aussi en tankas. Dans « Amour », un voyage à Paris réunit la fiction et la vie personnelle.

les gargouilles de pierre
de Notre-Dame de Paris
me parle [sic] de Quasimodo
comme nous tous
il rêvait d'amour

(p. 72)

La section « Amour » ne manque pas non plus de l'érotique :
« sous-vêtements / en dentelles colorées / séduction » (p. 88).

Parmi ces pages, on trouve aussi des pensées philosophiques et existentielles – ni haïku, ni senryū, mais certainement des moments à partager.

où vont mourir nos rêves?
les heures passent
on les oublie, on les efface
(p. 97)

Le recueil contient aussi quelques photos de famille, des illustrations, et des témoignages de famille. Ainsi, dans ces pages, Isabelle Neveu est bien *toujours là*... Important à noter : 10\$ de chaque livre vendu est remis à la Société de l'Alzheimer de la Rive-Sud.

Recension par Maxianne Berger



Le plus petit poème du monde, par Hélène Leclerc. Ottawa, Éditions David, 2024. 9-782895-979814. 204 pages. \$17,95. éditionsdavid.com.

En mars 2024, les éditions David ont publié *Le plus petit poème du monde* d'Hélène Leclerc. Le livre est composé de deux parties : une introduction au haïku et ses particularités (en 15 petits chapitres) et une anthologie (133 haïkus) regroupant uniquement des haïkistes francophones du Québec et des autres provinces canadiennes.

Le regard que je pose sur ce livre est celui d'un enseignant qui a, durant 35 ans, accompagné des étudiants dans leur apprentissage de la littérature et de la langue. Peu importe le genre de poésie auquel une personne veut s'adonner, il faut des références, des modèles ou des exemples concrets. D'ailleurs, on ne retrouve que des haïkus qui ont été écrits par des haïjins qui les ont publiés à partir de l'an 2000, sauf le cas d'un haïku, en 1987. Les références sont donc contemporaines. Je ne me suis pas attardé à voir si d'autres champs d'exploration du genre étaient possibles ou meilleurs comme approche dans le cadre d'une initiation. Pour moi, cela viendra plus tard avec l'expérience de l'écriture et des années. Selon mon expérience de haïkiste, les questionnements philosophiques viendront assez vite...

N'oublions pas que *Le plus petit poème du monde* s'adresse aux personnes qui souhaitent s'initier au haïku. Il peut être aussi utile pour celles qui désirent rafraîchir leurs connaissances sur les concepts d'écriture du genre littéraire. Pour les enseignants de l'élémentaire et du secondaire, au lieu d'aller glaner toutes sortes d'information sur la toile, c'est un bon outil pour préparer les élèves à une première rencontre avec un ou une haïkiste

chevronné'e. Ensuite, il pourra devenir un livre de références, un aide-mémoire facile à consulter.

L'autrice, Hélène Leclerc, présente de nombreux exemples, tirés de ses recueils, qui illustrent pertinemment les notions théoriques et les pièges du genre. Dans plusieurs cas, elle explique le contexte de la naissance de l'idée, par des réflexions personnelles ainsi que l'évolution du tercet, avec ses propres haïkus. C'est une approche intéressante et concrète pour le lecteur qui apprivoise le genre.

Pédagogiquement, c'est un livre accessible à tous les types de lecteurs sans restriction d'âge. Le vocabulaire est simple, mais efficace. Le vocabulaire technique du haïku est bien expliqué et accompagné d'exemples. Les informations sur les principales caractéristiques du genre sont pertinentes pour écrire un haïku dès la fin de la lecture du livre. Enfin, la deuxième partie, la section anthologie brosse un bon portrait des notions expliquées dans la première partie avec les haïkus d'une cinquantaine de haïjins.

Somme toute, le livre est avant tout dédié à une clientèle jeunesse comme le confirme la collection 14/18, mais il peut être utilisé par un adulte pour une initiation douce au haïku. Le livre est disponible en couverture souple, en PDF et en EPUB.

Recension par Claude Rodrigue



Lumière sur quatre silences ; Haïbun par Ghislaine Lavoie et Louise Martin. Ottawa : Éditions des petits nuages, 2024. 80 pages. 978-1-926519-77-7. \$20 frais au Canada comprises.
mar_pain2005@hotmail.com

Les quatre silences du titre reposent sur des absences : l'enfance et ceux qui la peuplaient, le décès du père, le départ de l'enfant, et l'isolement d'autrui. Ces méditations en prose de Ghislaine Lavoie, chaque section jonchée de trente à quarante haïkus et tankas par Louise Martin, ont de 11 à 16 pages chaque, et permettent aux lectrices et aux lecteurs de naviguer des sentiments difficiles, voire se bercer dans la souplesse de leur expression.

La première section, « Nostalgie de l'enfance », dévoile non seulement les souvenirs, mais également l'expertise avec laquelle ces deux écrivaines s'accordent.

Elle, souvent, reste murée dans le calme des après-midis,
à regarder le mur blanc. Pourtant...

à la maison
l'hibiscus sans fleurs
demeure en silence
telle une mémoire perdue—
c'est moi, maman, ta fille!

Et moi, je l'entends encore annoncer les repas, nous
répartir les tâches, je la devine jauger la température en
soulevant le rideau, s'enquérir de nos habits comme de
nos habitudes. Je l'entends être là. (p. 12)

« Le silence du fils » traite d'un véritable silence : « Car où est-il parti, l'enfant de ma vie? Et pourquoi me tient-il à cent lieues d'ici? » (p. 37). La réalité vécue est celle-ci : « Il est des blessures que seul un enfant peut infliger » (p. 39).

Et parmi ces courts paragraphes en prose de Lavoie, on retrouve les moments complémentaires saisis par Martin.

pleine lune — / peut-être la regarde-t-il aussi / de sa ville
(p. 45)

« Enlisés dans le confinement » nous rappelle les premières années de la pandémie. Pour certains, une période presque sans contact, ni avec nos proches, ni même avec nos voisins. « Rien ne l'avait prévu, pourtant notre monde s'arrête. Le bruit terrible qui ne fait pas de bruit déchire tout. S'infiltrer. Nous sommes dans une brèche hors du temps. » (p. 52).

Les poèmes qui complémentent la prose suivent le cycle des saisons.

sur la piste
ni départ ni arrivée
que des bernaches
(p. 55)

d'autres décès
annoncés à l'écran
le cri des corneilles
(p. 61)

Si ces quatre silences parfois aigres-doux frôlent une certaine mélancholie, une cinquième section s'en libère. « Retour à la lumière » se régale : « L'été, rires fous, rires doux, rires de cloches et d'oiseaux, rire des fontaines » (p. 71).

Les souvenirs ne sont plus des regrets mais des joies.

Le goût de la guimauve, de la tartine de sucre, du pain d'épice. Le souvenir de la cuillère nappée de chocolat que l'on lèche...

Un goût de beurre et de tendresse. Une gorgée de vie et de bonheur.

autour de grand-mère
nos meilleures bouchées du temps
ses trous de beignes

au bout du voyage
le bisou rouge de maman
goûte le passé

(p. 75)

Ce recueil de haïbun par Ghislaine Lavoie et Louise Martin me semble un véritable cadeau pour celles et ceux qui en parcourent les pages. Les tout derniers mots (p. 76) vibrent d'espoir.

Il n'est jamais trop tard. Malgré la crainte des vertiges immobiles, la vie reprend entre ses ailes un refrain...

Qui est lumière sur nos silences.

retour des lilas—
la nouvelle génération
porte la même couleur

Recension par Maxianne Berger



Échappée de soleil ; haïkus par le Kukaï Rouge, sous la direction de Louise Dandeneau. Ottawa : Éditions David, 2024.
9782895979784. 152 pages. \$16 éditionsdavid.com

« Le Kukaï Rouge tire son nom du soleil à son levant ou à son couchant mais, surtout, de la rivière Rouge qui traverse le Manitoba. » En chaque section saisonnière du collectif *Échappée de soleil* Louise Dandeneau présente les poèmes des haïjins – les siens et ceux de ses quatre collègues, Gisèle Fréchette-Beaudry, Nicole Coulson, Lucie-Madeleine Delisle, et Gisèle Désorcy

Où qu'on réside dans notre grand pays du Nord, on reconnaît ces moments vécus. L'hivers avec ses « perles de givre » nous offre le froid, la neige, la glace...

la frange de neige
longe la rivière grise
flocons sur mes cils
Nicole Coulson (p. 20)

vingt-neuf février
le vent toujours cru
on se dit un jour d'extra
Lucie-Madeleine Delisle (p 37)

Le reflet des troncs nous offre le printemps, ses vents, ses débâcles...

fortes rafales
les chatons de saule oscillent
près de l'étang
Gisèle Fréchette-Beaudry
(p. 50)

rivière en crue
sur le reflet des troncs
le canot glisse
Nicole Coulson (p. 59)

L'été se promène « sur le chemin de lumière » avec ses insectes, ses Perséides, et ses repas en plein air....

lac à l'aurore
sur le chemin de lumière
glisse un pélican
Gisèle Désorcy (p. 70)

lune lumineuse
sur la table de jardin
deux verres de blanc
Louise Dandeneau (p. 92)

L'automne se présente en « échappée de soleil » – la tombée des feuilles, la rentrée scolaire, ...

les cris des enfants
dans la grande cour d'école
la cloche sonne
Lucie-Madeleine Delisle
(p. 114)

nos regards
le cerf près de la rivière
et moi dans les bois
Gisèle Fréchette-Beaudry
(p. 117)

Il y a une tendance dans ces haïkus à trouver non une césure entre deux images distinctes, mais une césure syntaxique. Une partie élargit le contexte, par exemple en présentant le moment dans le cycle des saisons – parfois donné par le kigo également – ou bien en précisant le lieu, de sorte qu'on peut aisément reconstruire la scène.

givre tardif
les bourgeons frissonnent
dans la bise
Louise Dandeneau (p. 50)

D'autres proposent le saut exigé par une juxtaposition *toriawase*, tel ce haïku par Gisèle Désorcy (p. 69).

un coup de foudre
la pluie glisse sur le toit
ta main sur mon corps

Pour clore le livre, un moment bien choisi : le soleil se lève sur une nouvelle journée.

aurore bleue
le dernier des réverbères
s'éteint au loin

Louise Dandeneau (p. 121)

Et nous aussi, nous nous ouvrons aux moments nouveaux qui nous attendent.

Le Kukaï Rouge au Manitoba est actif et leurs inspirations partagées avec les lectrices et les lecteurs d'*Échappée de soleil* révèlent en toutes ses couleurs le cycle des saisons.

Recension par Maxianne Berger



Haibun

Dear Editor

re: early Canadian haiku?

P. K. Page's anthology of short poems from 1979* begins with one that might not have been considered a haiku at the time, but with current standards might be. The book ends with another.

The first is by Phyllis Webb (1965):

star fish
fish star

The second is by Stephen Scobie (1971):

listen
listen
listen

silent

Before I became interested in writing haiku, I thought this one was *about* haiku, but now I think it is one. Maybe others have already noticed these, and also think they are haiku. Or maybe others are pleased to find them.

*P. K. Page, ed. *to say the least: Canadian Poets from A to Z*. Toronto; Press Porcépic Ltd., 1979

Sincerely,
Nola Obee

another prayer

Anthony Lusardi

i often carried a prayer stone in my pocket. smooth and black with the word “BELIEVE” engraved on it. a gift made by my father for a celebration of life party where we honored the legacy of my mother madeline. a victim of stage four ovarian cancer after an eight-year battle.

then one day i dropped it, stone to pieces. and though there were dozens more at home, it made me feel guilty. so i collected the pieces and buried them somewhere in her flower garden, like they were special seeds.

that evening, the summer weeds had been plucked. the yellow primroses were closed and the purple clematis were hugging the fences. more buds had yet to bloom and many more would sprout for that season and into autumn. no matter how long she has been gone, the flowers always return. but even they look like they need motivation. another prayer for the next year.

*dayspring
first bloom around the yard
our lady's tears*



HA HA

Ruth Mittleholtz

alone in a motel

For years afterwards I continued to think of that night as funny
and tried several times to tell it as a humorous tale

after the diagnosis

but when I sat down at my computer my fingers refused to move
across the keyboard.

snowbound

It was ten years before I could bring myself to write the story of
the drive home

fly

and another few before I could go back to the joke played on me
by Mother Nature and edit it into readable form.

banging the pane

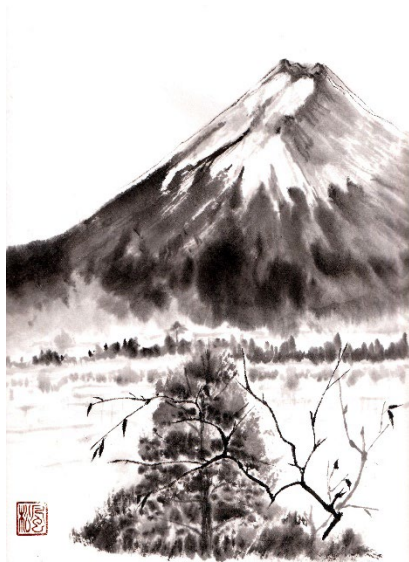


The Bachelor

Robert Witmer

I fell asleep. Waiting for the light to change. We were on the third floor, and I was going up. Next thing I know, I'm in the basement, and church bells are ringing. The bride is wearing a floral dress and a motorcycle helmet. The groom is tall. The ring he places on her finger must weigh a ton. She touches her toes and walks out on her hands. The priest waving goodbye, as sunlight pours through the stained glass and a bellboy from a silent film lifts my battered suitcase and starts up the stairs.

so pretty sure I have no chance



We're All Goin' on a Summer Holiday

prose — Sidney Bending *haiku* — Susan Spooner

I'm 10 and my sister is 13. It's a couple of years after Daddy died. Mom is towing our rented trailer through the Rockies. Our '59 Chevy (cobalt blue, huge tailfins) *struggles* up the steep highway.

Our car overheats again and again. The radiator, steaming. We have to stop by the side of the road and wait for it to cool down. Need to fill our rad but the water can't be too cold, or the metal will crack.

Sometimes...there is no shoulder.

Sometimes...there is no nearby river or waterfall, and we gotta flag someone down to get help.

Sometimes...we overheat, too.

*we only see the bear
when we collect the photos
roadside lookout*



sizzling bacon evening heat

Mariangela Canzi

Linked Verses and Sequences

House & Garden Tour

Maxianne Berger

House & Garden Tour
the matching upholstery
of chaise and dog bed

Laurel hedgerow fence —
a special inner garden
flaunts its own hydrant

polished walnut
in the games room another
beloved Bichon's urn

leaded-glass cabinet
trophies for Best of Breed
and Very Good Boy

master bedroom
asleep on the four-poster

Felis Catus

an old couple by the river Blue Moon

Mariangela Canzi

this cold – a septenga in motion

kjmunro

Corinna Cook

ice cream &
a park bench
in Central Park

*two modern dancers
making glacier shapes*

autumn ginko
another pen won't write
in this cold

*lopsided crimson
one frost-nipped ear*

large mosquitoes
our glasses sweat
on the patio table

*peeling back whale blubber
juices congeal on sea ice*

frigid relationship—
hardening the resolve
to meet

Gurgling Rapids

waterfall
gurgling into rapids
beneath new leaves

Marshall Hryciuk

frog emerges
from the mud

Neal Swift

keep the good going
on the wrinkled
paper bag

Claudia Radmore

dusting
the scarecrow's hat

terry ann carter

under the stars
pine shadows
become smaller

Claude Rodrigue

he might be
too minimalist

kjmunro

she looks down
from her altar
KANNON

Carolyn Rafman

Bullwinkle declines
the reruns

Deb Koen

 barefoot
 to the beach
cooling the sting

Sharon Morrison

 how beautiful the stripes
on the skunk

Claudia

 burrows covered in snow

Brendan Hewitt

avalanche safety
training for fearful
mothers

Sandra Stephenson

let the bunthrowing
 begin

kj

harvesters on the land

steadily drone

into the night

Nancy Richards

crescent moon

scudding over the clouds

Rich Schnell

it's easy to forget

a lone fawn

in the woods

Zo Schnell & Neal

the sap flowing

in everyone

Claude

kissing the sidewalk

to smooch the blossoms

apple cider

Lynne Jambor

Protests Interrupt Graduation

Carolyn

another damn day

of circus coverage

Neal

a new proposal
he rings her in
under the mistletoe

Pamela Jeanne

no one chickens out
holding hands in the polar dip

Sandra

there's nothing better
than dark chocolate and sakē
in a renku

Marshall

waiting for the mountain bluebirds

Zo

winetasting
in the empty bottle
a wildflower bouquet

Deb

camera-enhanced
aurora borealis

Zo

gurgling rapids was composed during Haiku Canada Weekend 2024 at Acadia University in Wolfville NS, from Saturday May 18th at 10 pm until Sunday morning the 19th at 12:25 am in The Classroom of the K. C. Irving Centre. It was led by Marshall Hryciuk.

Note: -bunthrowing: a spontaneous act of celebration, at no particular time for no repeatable reason, said to originate at Abingdon in Britain where the Thames River flows by an Abbey. A propos here since the leader's wife was staying in that town at the time of this renku's making.



sleeper car

Claudia Radmore

*The Ocean, rail route Halifax to Montreal
after Haiku Canada Weekend, 2024*

rail crossing
to bells and lights
spring peeper choir

awash in ice crystals
the man
in the moon

at Moncton
full stop
full moon

exasperatingly slow
the moon
unclouding

with a moon like this
alone
not alone

moon river
New Brunswick style
somewhat cloudy

though pine and aspen
full speed
full moon

full moon moonlighting backlighting clouds

awake
most of the night
thank you moon . . .

how do I repay
the May moon
for these glorious hours

moon up there
me down here
works well, doesn't it

yet another town
asleep
moonglow

not direct rays
but this reflection —
magnificent

in the lunar spotlight
frogs and crickets
a choral event

for health reasons
I pull the blind down
on the moon

but that pull
of the full May moon
I raise the blind again

playing for hours
with the moon
peek a
boo

now I lay me
down...
drop
off

My Old Girl, My Baby

Scott Wiggerman

pre-arrangement
digging a hole
for the last cat

slow descent
of the black anchor
the heavy wait

extending her suffering
by putting off my own
kitten to crone

last hours
the droop
of a ragdoll

it's okay
repeating the lie
for both of us

summer solstice
and the day gets longer
burying my cat



writing a love letter with a stolen hotel pen

Maya Daneva

Buckhorn Shallows

Sue Colpitts

end of summer

lily pads
held by the bay
a red canoe

between otter paws

splash!
something
the osprey missed

a sunfish

the lump
in a heron's throat
silent reeds



**t
h
b r e a k
o
u
g
h**

Luminita Suse

Free Parking

Roland Packer

morning break
the lingerie store's
nightclub groove

no face
on the plus-size mannequin
haute couture

fitting room the shoe doesn't

the swagger
of a mall cop
food court

recycling
every day at noon
coffee clutch

quick as thought *no loitering* seats

enjoy
at your own risk
massage chair

please take one
shoplifters will
be

vintage car chromium sun

lesser moments in Canadian art

Leroy Gorman

en plein air
a breeze scumbles the square
with blossoms

critic's pick
the park statue
dogs piss on

beside the potshop
a mural of Sir John A
blisters in the sun

fall art tour
one tie-dyed shirt
leads to another

big on blues
the painting by a brother
of lesser fame

believing in miracles
the seniors art class
in a church basement

city in blossom
I spend time in the can
with Emily Carr

Autumn

Lakshman Bulusu and Melissa Lemay

a swirl of wind
autumn colors dancing (LB)
in my living room

warm, spiced notes
sipping a cup of chai tea (ML)

a chickadee's song
from my garden (LB)
the bliss of solitude

building a bonfire
at the neighbor's house (ML)
crackle of kindling

Autumn moon
the harvest's elegant bride (LB)

garland lights
swaying in the darkness (ML)
temperature drops



pasturelandbullthistles

Debbie Strange

Reviews . . .

First Notes by Dan Curtis. Winchester, Conn.: Red Moon Press, 2024. 978-1-958408-47-6. 116 pages. 20\$CA
dancurtis8@gmail.com; 20\$US+p&h, redmoonpress.com

I have admired Dan Curtis's haiku since Haiku Canada Weekend in Mississauga where I became enamoured of his speaking voice, its extraordinary resonance, and the gift of hearing his haiku with my ears as well as my eyes. *First Notes* is a welcome collection, one which reminds me again and again how remarkable a voice this poet has, in both senses.

There are 101 haiku in five sections, with personal poems scattered among the more classical. We can share the apprehension in this remarkable moment of contrast:

tornado watch . . .
the first tinkling
of a wind chime (unpaginated)

Here, Curtis shares one tiny moment of annual migration.

bird by bird
the marsh empties . . .
autumn sky

The personal haiku show the same attention to location, to moment, and that other meaning of moment, importance, here, in the chosen juxtaposition:

mom's good days . . .
scattered sunlight
in the garden

As we encounter more poems about mom, we discover that her thoughts, too, are scattered.

dementia ward
she sits on the far side
of the moon

In this poem, more senryu than haiku if one wants to be technical, beyond the rhyming echo with the expected word “room,” there is also the small reminder that “moon” has long been associated with dementia (as, in, “lunacy.”)

Curtis's legerdemain with words is extraordinary.

low tide
lying on the beach
mindcombing

The relationship between the natural world and the personal world seems to be immanent even when nothing human is mentioned. The collection's final poem is set apart from the final section. In it we see sky and water simultaneously.

morning calm
a blue heron steps
into a cloud

The personal aspect of this haiku is in the intelligence that has observed the moment, recognized its import, and chosen to record and share it. Dan Curtis's *First Notes* will leave any reader hoping for seconds.

Maxianne Berger

Slowly Turning – Haiku, by Marco Fraticelli, Coaticook: Yarrow Press, 2024. 978-1-990657-11-5. 76 pages. \$12. shorelinepress.ca/YarrowPress.html or kingsroadpress@gmail.com

Marco Fraticelli has been writing haiku for some five decades. In this most recent collection, he gathers his favourites – 72 from among the thousands he has written, either as independent poems or as a part of linked forms.

I have reread it several times, and each occasion is a joy. At first, I experienced the welcome recognition of familiar haiku I already admired, and the discovery of haiku I had never before read. With each rereading, these, too, have become old favourites.

The book is divided into the traditional seasons, titled after Ecclesiastes: A Time to Be Born, A time to Plant, A Time to Reap, and A Time to Die.

The layering in this scene plays out again and again:

watching the cat
watching the bird
watching the butterfly

(p. 29)

These two, of which the title poem, spring their surprise.

leaves
slowly turning
into an old man (p. 45)

years after his death
my father watches me
shaving (p. 53)

The winter section includes a poem from Fraticelli's 2013 *Drifting*, a tale retold in haibun effected through his interspersing the dated entries of Celesta Taylor's journal with his own haiku.

your name in the window frost
my fingertip
so cold (p. 65)

An apt illustration of the importance, in linked forms, for the haiku component to be able to stand, strongly, on its own.

These poems are fully in the spirit of contemporary haiku in English. But then, of course, Fraticelli is one of our pioneers. His selection process for inclusion in this collection is stated in the preface: "I have gathered together those haiku which, for me, have stood the test of time." (p. 9). Would that other poets consider said "test of time" when choosing. As to choices for reading, Marco Fraticelli's *Slowly Turning* deserves a spot in everyone's library.

M.B.

Linije Života / Life Lines / 生命線; Haiku by Dejan Pavlinović.
Foreword, Nina Kovačić. Croatia-English translations, Dejan Pavlinović; Japanese translations, Ikuyo Yoshimura. Pula: Udruga Tondak, 2024. 978-953-46031-1-6. 156 pages. To Canada, \$21 + \$5 shipping. dejan.pavlinovic@gmail.com

Dejan Pavlinović's fine trilingual collection, *Linije Života / Life Lines / 生命線*, reveals the poet's gifts of observation and awareness of interconnectedness. The one hundred haiku are presented in four sections – "life lines," "breath of air," "coexistence," and "breaking waves."

The details Pavlinović uses are striking, and he manages to show the unexpected in what might otherwise be an ordinary experience.

step by step
I move the mountain
with my muddy boots (p. 46)

running
down the street
yesterday's snowman (p. 82)

empty battlefield
the soldiers still aligned
in the mounds (p. 117)

The poet's use of language's denotative and connotative possibilities simultaneously is remarkable. I can only assume that he has done this both in English and in Croatian versions. Given my own attempts to compose in English and French

simultaneously, I can attest to the difficulty of finding correspondence.

Life, however, is not one straight line, but intersecting lines, *voire* intersecting concerns. The collection is dedicated *To my parents, Branka and Ivan*. and here and there the poet interweaves moments experienced in seeing his aging parents through to their deaths. Readers know these are other because the font changes to italics.

*short days . . .
the silence in the waiting room
lengthens* (p. 37)

*last kiss
the forehead
still warm* (p. 105)

Difficult to select illustrative haiku because so many are worthy of attention. Dejan Pavlinović's *Linije Života / Life Lines / 生命線* is an apt ambassador for the humanity a good poet can imbue in haiku.

M.B.

Dreamer's Moon by Mark Forrester. Windsor CT: buddha baby press/bottle rockets press, 2024. 72 pages. \$15 US in the US; \$20\$US elsewhere. www.buddha-rat.squarespace.com

Mark Forrester's *Dreamer's Moon* is itself a haiku reader's dream. If only all poets and editors would be as careful and

choosy when putting together collections. There is not a false note in this gathering of 58 haiku, one per page, Forrester's second "chapbook" (Technically, anything over 48 pages is a book, not a chapbook. All the better for readers, however, because here, more to enjoy.)

The poems loosely follow the seasons, at times naming them. Here, the brevity of life is conveyed in two brief lines.

the sound of cicadas
the silence of cicadas
spring rain (p. 22)

In this next one, the spring kigo "mist" identifies the season.

rising mist
somewhere a woodpecker
is everywhere (p. 27)

The poem begins in silence, and rapidly fills with that single singular sound.

The placement of the fragment, here, is unusual — in its own way interrupting a conversation as form emulates content.

between your words
a flurry of snow
and mine (p. 58)

Forrester's ability to use silence is remarkable, be it his ability to convey what he doesn't say, or the presence of "silence" in the haiku itself. Consider this next haiku, set in winter. What is left unstated speaks volumes.

hospice tree
the same ornaments
year after year (p. 65)

The same ornaments, yes, but merely inferred by the locale,
those gathered around the tree would change from year to year.

Silence itself is not only in the absences, what Forrester does not
state directly. It is also used very aptly when explicit.

Sunday dinner
four generations
of silence (p. 54)

In reading through this collection, I must have circled a good
dozen as possible examples, and even then was wistfully
skipping over just as many. Mark Forrester's *Dreamer's Moon* is
powerful in its restraint, its careful word choices, its
juxtapositions. We find life as we experience it, and as moments
come to the attention of a thoughtful poet.

M.B.

Weather, by Rob Taylor. Kentville, Nova Scotia: Gaspereau
Press Limited (*Printers & Publishers*) 2024. 9781554472635.
128 pages. \$25.95. <http://www.gaspereau.com>

Rob Taylor's *Weather* is his fifth collection of poetry. The
author's Afterword places him, during the pandemic, doing his
work in the woods near his home, and "when time allowed"
waiting "in that quiet, that wind and birdsong, for haiku [. . .]"

losing all track of time as I teased out the essential from the good. And what was that “essential”? *Oh, nothing*, I would have once said. A leaf in sunlight. The sound of some distant animal moving through the forest. The colour of moss. The small moments out of which we assemble our lives. (p. 115)

Yes. *The small moments out of which we assemble our lives.*
These are haiku moments.

light January rain —
fifty-eight geese
and time to count them (p. 65)

showing my son
all the wild cherry pits
in the bear scat (p. 93)

At first glance, “showing my son” appears to be an *itchibutsujitate*: a single-image haiku with no caesura. Because the notion of juxtaposition of images (*toriwase*) is so ingrained in the writing of haiku poets, this single-image structure is less prevalent. Yet, in Japanese, they might end with the kireji *kana*, expressing wonder. In English, the wonder itself invites a reread, the *kire* being between the two readings. Where *toriwase* refers to the care with which two objects are combined, in fact Taylor’s single-sentence haiku does contain two focuses if not two images: a father showing a young son about nature, and how nature recycles itself. It’s simply a question of the poet’s not using a grammatical break.

Taylor includes a fair number of metahaiku — haiku about writing haiku.

cloud and fog —
the poem on the page
and after (p. 101)

too cold to write down
the poem about clouds
keeps changing (p. 40)

This last haiku features a line-two pivot: “the poem about clouds” serves both as object of line one and as subject of line three.

My favourite haiku is one clearly inspired by Issa:

come on, hummingbird!
I'd like to get a little
work done too (p. 97)

In *Weather*, Rob Taylor has put together a lovely collection: haiku, senryū, the odd tanka, and some longer pieces which, though clearly not rensaku, are informed by haiku's attention to clarity of image and essence of expression.

M.B.



Laugh Lines and Other Wrinkles, by Vera Constantineau,
Ottawa: Éditions des petits nuages, 2024. 978-1-926519-79-1. 64
pages. \$15.00 (includes shipping within Canada).
ctrlfrk51@hotmail.com

In her Foreword to Vera Constantineau's *Laugh Lines and Other Wrinkles*, Emily De Angelis says, "this collection of haiku and senryu by Vera Constantineau, strives to overlay human emotion onto images of the physical world — both the human and the natural." Those familiar with Constantineau's poetry would readily agree.

The 108 poems, two per page, provide plenty of scope for exploring: "shopping list/ — gravestone/ — candy" (p. 7)

Canadian winter plays its important role — "variations/ on a lasting theme" (p. 55) — be it smile-producing wordplay or a telling representative of contemporary concerns.

blizzard dump
all the sidewalks
marginalized (p. 21)

snowballs
in short supply
climate change (p. 13)

Sometimes these strongly dip into the realm of metaphor

shadowed path
all the dark turns
out of sight (p. 39)

solstice seconds
so much more
than light (p. 54)

Constantineau knows when to leave details unspoken.

fall asters
dusted with frost
first treatment (p. 48)

But after all, after the loss of friends, after concerns about aging, about illness, loss of memory. . . . Constantineau uses a single event, a Paris sunset, to remind us that “what matters/ is now” (p. 56).

As I read through *Laugh Lines and Other Wrinkles*, I easily identify with Vera Constantineau’s vision — we are, after all, of a similar age. The quality of the writing is such that any reader of any age will find joy, recognition and solace in these moments that are at times at times wistful, at times wry, and at times outright comical.

M.B.



Print Journals

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.
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

Ribbons: Tanka Society of America Journal.

Susan Weaver, 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

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

Autumn Moon Haiku Journal. Astrid Andreescu, Editor.
www.autumnmoonhaiku.com

Failed Haiku – A Journal of English Senryu. Mike Rehling,
Editor. See submission guidelines. www.failedhaiku.com

The Heron's Nest, John Stevenson, Managing Editor.
www.theheronsnest.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



EMPTYWISHUPONASTARVING

Marianne Paul

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



F-----E-----N-----C-----E

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: Sally Quon, 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: Hans Dringenberg, ontario@haikucanada.org

QC: Carolyn Rafman, quebec@haikucanada.org

NB: Carole Martignacco, nb@haikucanada.org

PE: Nancy Richards, pei@haikucanada.org

NS: Blanca Baquero, ns@haikucanada.org

NL: Contact: office@haikucanada.org

someone is talking –
a tree creaking
in the woods

Chen Jie