Haiku Canada Review



Volume 20 October 2026 Number 2

HAIKU CANADA REVIEW

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Haiku Canada Review

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Art

cover & interior: Sidney Bending

Sheets

Making More Time by George Swede
2026 Betty Drevniok Award
Prix Jocelyne-Villeneuve 2026

From the Editor. . .

It's a great honour to present to you my first issue of *Haiku Canada Review* as publications editor. It's been quite a learning experience already! You'll notice some editorial changes moving forward as we address some of today's realities. For example, beginning with this issue, we will be producing a digital version alongside the regular print run. As well, to aid us in better tracking your work, we're implementing submission windows. And finally, I'm excited to let you know that as of the next issue in February 2027, we will be including haiga/shahai. **Please take a few moments to read the updated Submission Guidelines at the end of this issue for more details.**

A big thank you to Mike Montreuil for his ongoing guidance, to the rest of the team below for helping bring this issue to life, and to all of you for sharing your work with us. Enjoy!

Jessica

Haiku Canada Review Team

Jessica Allyson, Publications Editor
Mike Montreuil, Linked Verse Co- Editor, this edition
Claude Rodrigue, Éditeur des haïkus en langue française & Réviseur
Pearl Pirie, Book Reviews Coordinator
Maxianne Berger, Responsable des recensions en français & Proofreader-Réviseure
Sandra St-Laurent, Proofreader-Réviseure

Errata

Our apologies for the typo in W. Jack Petersen's poem on page 67 of the February 2026 issue. The poem should read as follows:

"a bee finally circles the impatiens"

Haiku...Plus

butterfly lands
winging it
I snap the photo

Joan Almond

never really a knitter
with only one stitch
looping over and over
the unwinding scarf
in colours of wind

Joanna Ashwell

rain on the pavement
a song
for hard times

Munira Judith Avinger

braces off
her smile reflects
in a candy apple

Millicent Bee

fluttering partners
maple and birch leaves
autumn twilight

Sheila Bello

making mountains
out of molehills . . .
braille proofreader

Sidney Bending,
in memory of Margaret Rutley

waiting
for it to fade
latte heart

Tom Bierovic

no chance
against spirulina
poor spinach

Boryana Boteva

no flowers on
a roadside cross
halfway there

Matt Brak

waiting it out
the awning
torn

Chuck Brickley

egg timer
enough sand to fall
for you

Randy Brooks

Canadian geese
on the American side
of the lake

Korie Beth Brown

crisp evening
the scent of wet leaves falling
and still, the flowers

Nadia Barghout Brown

onset of winter
even the sun
flies south

Alanna C. Burke

grass court
I miss my return
with a sneeze

Elena Calvo

terra terra
firma, rara, cotta
ora . . . ora

Louise Carson

betw een miss ing te eth
bite s of wa rm po tat o . . .
soup kitchen

Anna Cates

sandcastle . . .
signing the papers
and walking away

Souvik Chakraborty

rain at the window
I pull the blanket up
over her shoulder

Jean-Hughes Chevy

summer dusk
my childhood street
doesn't know my name

Manasa Reddy Chichili

jazz dirge—
top hat
on his chest

Andrea Cisco

still in bloom
unknown red flowers
in a known place

Cloud

wingbeats
on a bent sunflower
young blue jay

Susan Colpitts

high wind overnight
every hanging pot
devoid of blooms

Vera Constantineau

smiling upward
with an open hand
cue the oboe

Bill Cooper

whistling kettle
the trill
of a groundhog

Ellen Cooper

Murney Tower—
through the rifle slit
Lake Ontario

Pamela Cooper

snow geese
swirling down . . .
withered fields

Dan Curtis

autumn sun
I pick the red and orange
gumdrops

Maya Daneva

not quite
all tuned in
spider web

Carole Daoust

fish moon
even worm dreams
end badly

José del Valle

the end of recess
rock paper scissors
teachers resolve a dispute

Edward Dewar

night alley—
a can
still rolling

Elliot Diamond

after my birthday party
i spot Dad
peeling off his clown face

Charlotte Digregorio

mending fences
between neighbours
orb weaver

C. Jean Downer

looming recession
bagged bread
beyond the best-before

Hans C. Dringenberg

unanswered knock
moss covered roof
of the recluse

Tim Dwyer

how simple!
we became friends
like children

Joseph Elliott

coming divorce
she squeezes sand tight
between her toes

Elizabeth Fanto

summer vacation
no family outings
on the calendar

Bruce H. Feingold

early October
the scent of a wild rose
still lingers

Doris Fiszer

war news . . .
my father's childhood
poems

Mark Forrester

luggage carousel
passengers tumble toward
the starting chute

Jay Friedenberg

river rain
ripples
torn to shreds

Dennis Owen Frohlich

full moon
the cats chase each other
well past midnight

Joshua Gage

the last haiku
the last kiss
the last

William Scott Galasso

notebook closed
no muse
to move my pencil

Mary Gastmeier

retail politics
the weary candidate shakes
a mannequin's hand

Barry George

on her lips
saltwater—
sweet reminiscence

Andrei Gongescu

poutine
it's the cheese
that binds us

LeRoy Gorman

tree frogs whirr
in the aftermath
first responders

Valerie Green

ghost bunny
crosses the path
or . . . did it

Barbara Grueger

it will take years
to unwind my heart from yours
love skein

Jennifer Gurney

around the corner
straight into a wall
of wind

Lev Hart

the back road
inside
the lantern

Robert Hirschfield

bitter medicine—
the old man closes his eyes
before swallowing

Seyed Edris Hosseini

waiting in the rain
a stoplight
before home

Gary Hotham

third time's the charm—
reaching the end of
Why Can't I Concentrate

Louise Howerow

grocery receipt
he tightens his belt
again

Charlotte Hrenchuk

creek fire-pit
rocks around the squash skins
look like fish

Marshall Hryciuk

tornado warning
and yet
day lilies

Morag Elizabeth Humble

night wind
through the mangroves—
a dog howls

Padmasiri Jayathilaka

I held her quiet hands
before she passed
wildflowers

Harvey Jenkins

the old barn
I finally stop to read
"Turkey Raffle Tonight!"

Hans Jongman

Himālayās . . .
blurring borders
flash floods

Monica Kakkar

curious glances
on both sides of the fence
new in this hood

Deborah Karl-Brandt

salmon spawn
bears respond
Cheticamp River

Ruth Kennedy

date night
—her phone pings again and again
and again

Noel King

lizard
searching for a meal
zen garden

Nicholas Klacsanzky

small puffs of smoke
from the candles on the cake
the 7 and the 5

Philomene Kocher

sunrise
shaping up
a new loaf

Deb Koen

northern lights
suddenly she says
i'm sorry

Vikram Kolmannskog

fading poplar leaves
fall to earth
communion wafers

Jen Lailey

dragonfly
copters carefree through
late summer air

Mary Leopkey

porch light still on
prodigal son's
funeral day

Angela Leuck

war news on mute
my wife deadheads
the daylilies

Chen-ou Liu

rusty canoe
the shoreline drifting
further from me

Anthony Lusardi

strawberry moon
full and delicious
stained fingers

Kathleen Macdonald

night life
bats turn on
the sensor light

Dorothy Mahoney

night orchard—
the ladder's rung
still warm

Jacek Margolak

foggy morning
left unopened
your letter

Cendrine Marrouat

porch swing—
the clack of toenails
against the wooden floor

Martina Matijević

harvest of poplar,
logs whistle and sing
an open fire

Mick McGann-Jones

it's all
in one's name
conquest

Mike Montreuil

thrift store
I spot my neighbour
the social climber

Joanne Morcom

tombstone
in the dark
i grope for his hand

Isabella Mori

persimmon tree—
the sweetness
just out of reach

Noriko Morishita

admiring her reflection
in the water
narcissistic moon

Wilda Morris

muscle trucks
parking lot
field of bulls

Sharon Morrison

autumn breeze
the crane's reflection
still still

Soumya Mukherjee

elders smoke salmon
while sharing stories . . .
culture preserved

Lillian Nakamura Maguire

silent morning
a tree frog opens
and closes its mouth

Ulrike Narwani

watching the snow
at the window
a cat with curtain cape

Pegah Rahmati Nezhad

just enough wind
to scatter her milkweed seeds . . .
second summer

Elliot Nicely

first-floor window
school orchestra
climbing into tune

Dazé Nikulásson

shimmering sea
constellations drifting
far and near

Gareth Nurden

no tears today
wide berth around
the toy aisle

Mary Oishi

confessional
the hollow space
in dad's garage

Eric Oswald

November sky
in the mud
a rainbow

Sarah Paris

soybean field
the shadow of a hawk
moving row to row

Travis Park

the mountain is gone—
rain and raven
remain

Brent Partridge

single use plastics
the sins
I take to my grave

Marianne Paul

falling leaves
the nests I didn't see
in summer

Jacquie Pearce

bloom after bloom
in November sun
maritime garden

M.R. Pelletier

teeth cutting
a jungle of nerve ends
growing pains

Erik Peters

birthday presents
rain and wind
then the stillness

W. Jack Petersen

in the dark
my finger finds
your switch

Jon Petruschke

fine lines
gild my bowl—
perfect imperfection

Margaret Pilkey

July long weekend
the shape she leaves
in the sand

Robert Piotrowski

enough for me
too little wind
for the windsock

Pearl Pirie

forest of
charred trunks
fireweed

Lois Potter

High Tea
a giraffe's stretch for
acacia leaves

Dinah Power

fallen apple leaves
a dog turns over
the night

Vishal Prabhu

Honest Abe
by the reflecting pool
penny for his thoughts

John Quinnett

small hands
scoop pumpkin guts
Oíche Shamhna

Audrey Quinn

our family
from forest
cut down
to two

Srinivasa Rao Sambangi

language lab
our dog
is fluent

Scott Reid

purple blush
of ripening grapes
frost warning

Nancy Richards

fence mending
a knot I don't
have a name for

Bryan Rickert

last year's trail—
I scratch out
her initials

Susan Lee Roberts

the weather vane turns—
i hide bulbs
in my neighbors' yard

Paula M. Rodriguez

leaving the station
a transcontinental
loon call

Lyle Rumpel

drought year
the scarecrow's sleeve
buttoned at the wrist.

Mani Shanmugham

cold coffee
the warmth
of her greeting

Manoj Sharma

mustard yellow—
fleets of school buses
and hot dog sales

Jenny Sharpe

trail map
YOU ARE HERE
no help

Thomas Smith

candlelight dinner
a moth
joins us

Srini

plow's sharp edge
turns under the pumpkins . . .
out creep the worms

Julijo Štebih

leafless tree
unfinished crossword
beside an empty mug

Barbara Stefaniak

star dust
being and not
being

Luminita Suse

burger king at dusk
father and son eat
in silence

Lucas Tennen

murder murder
an innocent owl
scared by crows

Manon Tessier

pip by pip
my pockets fill
with orchard

Tré

aspen grove
a swirl of goldleaf
on the sudden wind

Magdalene van der Kamp

washing rice—
a cloud passes
through the basin

Thomas L. Vaultonburg

old wallet—
a bus ticket
to another me

Sathya Venkatesh

slow my heart
water lapping
by the shore

David Watts

holiday clearance
sizing up
next year

Elaine Wilburt

daily kiss
unreturned
in memory care

Jeral Williams

lift chair
scrolling pictures
of winter trees

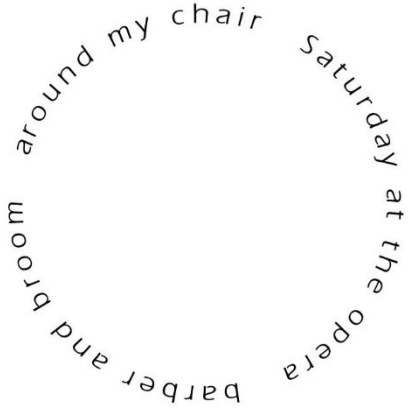
Byron Wilson

merry-go-round
turning
into the suburbs

Jamie Wimberly

cobblestones
the moonlight wobbles
home from the pub

Robert Witmer



Roland Packer

Haibun

Withering

Colleen Farrelly

A breeze rustles the oaks overhead, swirling
autumn around me like a burst maraca
swishing, shushing against the sidewalk.
The gate is chilled in the still of midnight.
No headlights here.
No prying eyes.
Just me and the mist of my breath catching
against the courtyard's cold.

new moon
fresh dew
filling my void
kissing his headstone
with vodka
one last tear



In Dreams We Can Fly

Sarah Paris

With the autumn wind in her back and running downhill, she knew all she had to do was to spread her arms wide and jump to lift off and sail through the air.

girlchild
the pure land still
just a step away

The Gifts of the Magi

Marco Fraticelli

I never even kissed my first girlfriend. I went out with her for a very short time. I was ten, and she was French-Canadian. Her name was Jeanette, and the guys had all warned me about those French girls: “They know the score”. Me, I had no idea what ‘the score’ was.

And as if her being French-Canadian wasn’t intimidating enough, she told me that her last boyfriend, Jimmy, had bought her a pair of red shoes for Valentine’s Day. I was in grade five, and there was no way that I was anywhere near ready to compete with a guy named Jimmy, and a pair of red shoes.

valentine’s day
holding hands
wearing gloves

24th of December

Magdalene van der Kamp

I still have a list of to-dos. Stopped at a red light on Kingsway, I watch the wipers fling wet snow into the dark.
A couple comes towards me on the sidewalk carrying a Christmas tree between them. The man in the lead grips the trunk end with one hand, the other busy with a cigarette. Behind him the woman clutches the sagging tip and pulls a stroller.
As they pass, I see a bundled toddler in it, dusted with snow. The light changes.

sale trees leaning
against the Esso station
ethically grown

The Waiting Room

Diana Bruno

Inhabiting a liminal space—waiting. You don't know what you're going to get. Waiting.

progress
progression
that chaos ion

Two years on, the meds no longer work. Waiting for the new treatment to start. Waiting for side effects.

Alea iacta est.

tug of war
the red flag
goes back and forth



Aftermath

Chen-ou Liu

The porch light hums. Moths circle the bulb. She traces the rim of her cold teacup while I answer a question she never asked. Between us, chirping crickets measure time.

cirrus dawn
my wife's three words
heavier than sky

Ugly Duckling

Bryan Cook

What a stunner!

An antique, rusty motorbike parked beside my Jeep. She's a beautiful old lady with leather straps on her guards proudly proclaiming her Harley heritage. A low slung seat above massive twin Screaming Eagle cylinders and double pipes. She has that mean look, "Ride me if you dare!" A scarred half helmet awaits its owner. Passersby smile admiringly at her. I cannot leave until I hear her roar. A few minutes later, a tall, leathered guy returns and I compliment him on his ride.

"She's a beautiful machine . . . must have quite a history!"
"Actually no, she's still young, a 2019 Soft Tail Slim!"
"You're kidding me!"
"The rust and dirt are all fake. I even rubbed the white sidewalls with fire ashes."
"Why did you do all that?"
"Well, I hate shiny chrome and glossy paint . . . she looks so much better this way!"
"Yep, I agree, let's hear her power."

A push of a button, and she growls to life. That seismic signature throb of a well-tuned Harley before she thunders away.

from the battlefield
in BSA drab green
*my teenage ride**

*BSA, motorbikes of the Birmingham Small Arms Company, with 126,000 seeing active service in World War II

Wiggling Out of Trouble

Robert Witmer

> *Might not returning be even sadder than disappearing.*
>
> *Elias Canetti*

Let us rocket the dead to the moon. So that the massive monoliths that mark their rest cast shadows over our lives. Departed shades shadowing the narrow byways where the living open windows on empty space. Should something go wrong and the dead awake, and wonder whether to return, we shall know. Inside our hollow nature a dream that only sadness could fulfill.

the beauty of ashes
impressions of rain
once the seeds are gone



heat rising out of the blue gunshots not fireworks

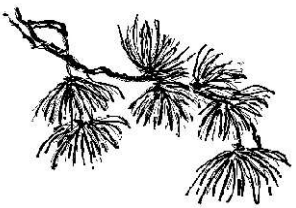
Rowan Beckett Minor

eating potato salad under authoritarian rule

Patrick Sweeney

karaokeing to myself the bodega's bright lights

Daniel Shank Cruz



This Side of the Pacific and That Side

Isabella Mori

examining
three thousand haiku . . .
two persimmons

Masaoka Shiki

Persimmons were my Japanese-Canadian father-in-law's favourite fruit. And, as I learned, also Shiki's. These two men: One, a sickly, politically inclined young poet in Japan, the other a farmboy-turned-factory man in Canada who, he, he told us, was hardly affected by the internment years. The two couldn't have been more different. But. A love for baseball. The confinement: to a bed, and to a city's boundaries ("ok, well, we Japanese, we had a curfew those years, and had to get permission to leave Kelowna.")

And the persimmons.

gaman —
sweetness in the hands
of an old man



dragons blazing
middle earth madness

Cheryl Ashley

northern lights my kaleidoscopic vision

Debbie Strange

HARC 240: Baroque Art and Architecture (for Tina)

Elaine Wilburt

1. Elephant with obelisk
2. Baldacchino
3. Façade of Santa Maria della Pace
4. Ecstasy of Saint Teresa
5. Madonna di Loreto
6. Tre Scalini espresso and triple-tiered server of pastries

Our art professor clicks through the slides as we scribble,
longing to savor it all next year as juniors studying abroad.

taking her for mom,
toddler tugs her hand . . .
Rome at its best

In the Wings

Mary Gastmeier

"I'm like Mary Pickford? Who's she?" My demanding whine is an octave perfected by a seven-year-old. I brace for the worst as my mother's face is stamped with a scowl. "She was a film star known for being overly dramatic." My mother raises one eyebrow as she looks directly at me. "Fortunately, she was in silent film so we didn't have to listen to her melodramatics." Miss Pickford becomes my nickname. The label becomes a mantra: Good girls are silent . . .

Not me—
shrieks of joy escape
my laugh-lined lips

Being Eighty: Shifting Horizons

Dina Cox

I'm eighty now, have been for several months, and while I'm not yet an expert on being eighty, I do have some insights. Have you read the articles and poems about being eighty? Well-informed as they are, they only tell half the story. It's like when your daughter finds the love of her life and you want to tell her about love, not those first overwhelming feelings as if you had just discovered something no one else knows and you want to shout it out to the whole world. I mean love as a verb, committing oneself to another person over time, for better or for worse, but being unable to imagine what could be "worse" since you have yet to experience much that's truly worse, in your young life.

It's like not knowing, when your son tells you he will soon become a father, if you should tell him about sleepless nights, not just the odd one, but months, maybe years of them, of struggling to live, work, love, when a lack of sleep has turned you into a Zombie that moves blindly through its day, waiting for a chance to just relax, but then you have family, loved ones, chores to do . . . none of which changes how you feel about that new baby, but it all becomes utterly overwhelming.

It's about driving through a lovely, forested area, admiring the flora and fauna as you go, thinking what a wonderful country this is, then suddenly realizing that the trees which line the road are hiding an empty wasteland due to sanctioned clear-cutting, and suddenly you wonder what is real, what is illusion, what is happening, and where you fit in that landscape.

I'm not talking about the love, the relationships, the "good times." I'm writing about the reality of being eighty. All those previous milestones recede beyond a far horizon, possibly because there was always the promise of more milestones, more adventures, more of what one considers good and desirable.

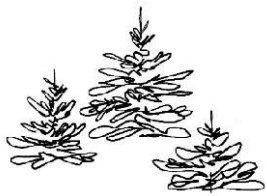
Becoming eighty is like stepping into a completely new and unexplored scenario, or onto a far away planet without recognizable vegetation, with no markers to guide you on your way. Sometimes it is feeling invisible to other humans . . . old, inconsequential. Other times it is as if everything has slowed down, or more accurately, speeded up, except for you . . . you are the one who has slowed down, and you ask over and over, where am I, how did I get here, and how do I navigate this new place, make sense of it, of myself, of the pace at which everything seems to be moving. How do I remain true to myself when everything is so different?

trimming toenails
only slightly softer
after soaking

J'ai entendu dire
que le temps guérit tout
et pourtant, le fossé
qui me sépare de cette terre
ne cesse de se creuser

I've heard
that time heals all
and yet, the trench
between me and this earth
continues to dig itself

Louisa Howerow, tr. Maxianne Berger



Les vieilles maisons, les vieux appartements

Haïkus réunis par Claude Rodrigue

la neige tombe
les lys fleurissent
sur les vitraux

Rachel François

maison d'enfance
de mes yeux d'adulte
tout paraît si petit

Cédric Paillet

chemisé de blanc
l'ancien coffre à jouets
souvenirs d'enfance

Rémi Perronne

des marques de crayon
sur le cadre de la porte
j'ai toujours 7 ans

Mona Iordan

vieille ferme
l'odeur des confitures de prunes
de mémé

Jean-Hugues Chevy

maison de mamie
le parfum du thé de Ceylan
encore au salon

Anne Brousmiche

chez mamie
décoller le papier peint
couche après couche

Louisa Howerow

remonter le temps
sur le mur détapissé
des fragments d'amour

Christiane Ranieri

figé au mur
dans une toile d'araignée
son vieil éventail

Monique Pagé

grenier poussiéreux
une robe de mariée
et deux grains de riz

Valérie Le Goff

maison de famille
les murs porteurs
de secrets

Christel Yven

maison de grand-mère
toujours dans une poutre
cet éclat d'obus

Françoise Deniaud-Lelièvre

Vieux-Québec
dans mon mur de briques
des soupçons d'Anglais

Sandra St-Laurent

soleil bas
deux vieux ratissent leur jardin
maison à vendre

Géralda Lafrance

vieille maison
entre les murs et l'asphalte
courent les liserons

Geneviève Rey

faiblesse du chant
le grillon de novembre
dans la cheminée froide

Marc Bonetto

le plancher craque
dans la maison vide
son genou aussi

André Ryk

maison à vendre
derrière les fenêtres
aucun regard

Rodica Calota

maison de famille vendue
même le cadran solaire
s'est arrêté

François Calonne

maison abandonnée
aux carreaux des fenêtres
de la dentelle

Monique Lévesque

craquements
la maison vit
son grand âge

Claude Rodrigue

toiles d'araignées
la maison abandonnée
demeure habitée

Jocelyn Héritier

pointe du jour
la chevêche sort la tête
du vieux toit

Françoise Bourmaud

le toit affaissé
les murs décrépits
seul visiteur le vent

Ivanka Popova

maison centenaire
il n'y a plus que le vent
qui la visite

Elena Martinez

clair de lune
de la vieille grange
un hululement

Françoise Maurice

sécheresse
les maisons réapparaissent
au fond du barrage

Salvatore Tempo

maison de Victor Hugo
à la place des misérables
des touristes bobos

Minh Pham

« Les portes des vieilles maisons, comme celles des vieux cœurs, sont les plus accueillantes. »
Pensées sauvages (1923) de Augusta Amiel-Lapeyre

Prochain thème : **Le vent, les tempêtes.**

Recensions . . .

Sagement dans sa case, (collectif de haïkus et senryūs) sous la direction de Jean Dorval, Éditions Promeneur des ondées, 2025, Québec, 63 pages, 978-2-9815976-4-9. (15,00 $, CA) dorvj@hotmail.com. Aussi disponible par prêt interbibliothèque

Le collectif est composé de 7 haïjins : Micheline Beaudry, Pierre DesRochers, Jean Dorval, Huguette Ducharme, Richard Fournier, André Marceau et Luce Pelletier. Le nombre de haïkus varie entre 4 et 13 par personne. Les 13 dessins de Marcel Laliberté (un artiste québécois vivant en Suisse) illustrent, non, précisons : il est l'interprète complémentaire des 60 haïkus et senryūs.

La thématique proposée par Jean Dorval, dans *Sagement dans sa case*, est le jeu d'échecs. Le corpus des textes a été élaboré durant la pandémie (2022-2023). Numériquement, les 8 protagonistes suggèrent la structure des 8 x 8 cases du tablier de l'échiquier. Le recueil est aussi le prétexte à examiner les comportements sociaux, en utilisant plusieurs expressions spécifiques au jeu (pièces, déplacements . . .) autant au sens propre que figuré, les jeux de mots, les voyages, les allusions à la culture . . . Quant à la structure des haïkus et des senryūs, elle est variable : plusieurs sont classiques, d'autres plus épurés . . .

Dans certains haïkus, nous retrouvons la métaphore de la société autant ancienne que contemporaine. Selon Beaudry, les pions, ces soldats sacrifiés, sont « le petit peuple / [qui] s'avance au centre / [en affrontant le] choc des couleurs » (p. 15) des armées. C'est la réponse qu'elle donne au haïku de Marceau : « c'est une guerre entre / noirs et blancs. – Encore les blancs / qui ont commencé » (p.14). Il rappelle un autre type d'opposition, quelques lecteurs penseront peut-être au racisme, entre les royaumes pour « asseoir » leur pouvoir et montrer leur

Puissance . . . N'oublions pas que ce sont les pièces blanches qui ouvrent une partie depuis 1880.

Une des nombreuses tactiques aux échecs est présentée par le haïku de Ducharme : « pause accordée / le coup sous enveloppe / en attente » (p. 20) mérite une courte explication. Avant l'interruption d'une partie, il est permis d'écrire le prochain coup qui sera joué par l'adversaire au retour. La feuille doit être placée dans une enveloppe scellée. Elle illustre immédiatement son propos avec « chaque pièce / sagement sans sa case / temps de pandémie » (p. 21) en reliant les mots « pause » et « pandémie ».

Dorval retourne momentanément au Moyen Âge. Il rappelle la chanson de gestes avec sa métaphore du chevalier qui sauve la gente dame d'une prison au sommet d'une tour avec le haïku suivant : « la dame / dans un trou noir / saut du chevalier » (p. 24). Ensuite, sur le plateau, c'est une zone complètement dénuée de défense adverse ou laissée sans protection avec « des allées et des virages / parmi les diagonales – / Le chemin du Roy » (p. 32). Les deux premiers vers montrent un espace sur l'échiquier que les figurines blanches ou noires souhaitent s'approprier. Le dernier vers fait allusion à la première route construite en Nouvelle-France (1534-1763) qui n'était pas protégée contre l'ennemi. Un peu plus loin, il ramène le lecteur à la modernité avec une chanson très populaire, depuis 1976, de Michel Louvain (1937-1921) le gentleman et chanteur de charme québécois avec « en sourdine / en jouant aux échecs / la dame en bleu » (p. 37). Cette musique, de style tango, peut-elle vraiment atténuer la tension et alléger l'atmosphère durant un tournoi ou est-ce intentionnel pour suggérer le combat . . .

Toujours dans le domaine de la chanson, DesRochers souligne le départ de « Raymond Lévesque / décédé de la Covid – / le roi est mort » (p. 43) en parlant de l'auteur-compositeur-interprète, poète, romancier et dramaturge québécois (1928-2021). Lévesque est important dans l'émergence de la culture

québécoise dès 1956 avec, entre autres, sa chanson *Quand les hommes vivront d'amour* qu'il compose durant son séjour en France. Est-ce un subterfuge ou un indice, à demi-mots, pour parler de Garry Kasparov (1963-), le roi et maître de l'échiquier ?

Fournier utilise comme lien un édifice mondialement photographié à Québec sous le prétexte d'un rapport amoureux où le cavalier (dans le langage québécois) se promène avec sa bien-aimée « à l'ombre du Château [Frontenac] / au bras de son cavalier / [durant leur] lune de miel » (p.35).

Un peu pince sans rire, Pelletier rappelle la précision du vocabulaire avec le titre d'une série de livres populaires au Canada. Le lecteur ne peut que sourire quand il lit « Les Échecs pour les nuls / [avec] on dit la dame / pas la reine. Oh! » (p. 37) ou bien la vie de couple avec ce haïku : « notre dispute / j'installe le jeu d'échecs / à court de mots » (p.51) pour poursuivre dans le silence . . .

Un comportement moderne soulève une certaine inquiétude chez Marceau. Entrer en contact avec autrui semble une difficulté majeure dans la modernité. Plusieurs préfèrent être derrière leur écran plutôt qu'être directement en contact avec une personne. Le phénomène s'est accentué avec la COVID comme le suggère son tercet : « j'ai tellement peur des / échecs, que je ne fais plus / que des Réussites » (p. 46). C'est à la fois un jeu de mots avec le jeu de cartes le Solitaire et un constat sur la modernité et les comportements sociaux . . .

Avant de débuter la lecture, le recueil me paraissait compliqué, car je sais à peine déplacer les figurines sur un échiquier. Après la première lecture, je pressentais qu'il y avait plus de profondeur derrière le jeu de société mis en haïkus, mais lequel ? Après une 2e et une 3e lectures, j'ai dépassé les frontières entourant le roi des jeux en côtoyant et en apprivoisant les métaphores suggérées. Euréka ! À votre tour, osez franchir les

barrières de la tactique et de la stratégie. Vous serez conquis par la pertinence des expressions à propos du jeu lui-même. Enfin, n'est-il pas un jeu de logique et de stratégie que l'on enseigne aux militaires gradés ? n'est-il pas l'affrontement symbolique entre deux armées ennemies commandées par des généraux ? À vous maintenant d'établir d'autres liens stratégiques entre le jeu d'échecs et les suggestions des haïkistes. À lire !

Recension par Claude Rodrigue



Des gouttes de lumière, par Carmen Leblanc, Éditions David, Ottawa, 2026, 85 pages, ISBN 9-782898-660986 (19,95 $ CA)

La thématique du quatrième recueil de Carmen Leblanc est la lumière. *Des gouttes de lumière* est divisé en 5 parties, chacune composée de 20 haïkus.

Au début de chaque section, un dessin à l'acrylique dilué donne un effet d'aquarelle. Il accueille, entre autres, le lecteur par sa légèreté et sa transparence. Les illustrations de Valérie Albert, fille de Leblanc, transportent le lecteur dans divers horizons et suscitent une douce ambiance de lecture.

La première partie, *À tire d'ailes*, est illustrée par des herbes hautes avec, en arrière-fond, l'esquisse de 3 oiseaux. Les herbes dirigent le regard du lecteur vers le petit monde des insectes et l'esquisse oriente la pensée vers celui de l'infini par les oiseaux, deux univers en symbiose. En quelques haïkus, l'autrice met en lumière les 4 saisons par des détails : « arrêt sur le quai / les ailes d'une libellule / tout en transparence » (p. 19) ou encore par une « sieste hivernale / des pigeons se blottissent / plumes contre plumes » (p. 26). Enfin, le lecteur voyage dans ces deux mondes. L'illustration de la deuxième partie, *Regard sur les Îles-de-la-Madeleine* est représentée par un rivage et ses rochers. On évoque la luminosité des eaux, les paysages en bord de mer et

même le quotidien des pêcheurs : « aube voilée / des insulaires lèvent l'ancre / malgré le crachin » (p. 32). Le lecteur n'est pas en reste avec les activités des touristes qui envahissent les Îles : « dans ma valise / une pierre polie par les marées / le dernier souvenir » (p. 40) du séjour de Leblanc soulève une menace écologique et touristique. Enfin, c'est une prise de conscience sur le dépaysement et sur l'insularité . . .

La troisième partie, *Des gouttes de lumière* a donné le titre au recueil. Elle est représentée par les aigrettes du pissenlit commun après la fleuraison. L'analogie est intéressante. Les aigrettes suggèrent le mouvement et le déplacement : « sentier en forêt / piétiner l'ombre et la lumière / en alternance » (p. 50) ou encore les différentes façons de percevoir, de près ou de loin, notre environnement dans la nature et la vie quotidienne : « la flamme vacille / sur l'ambre du porto / nos regards complices » (p. 50). Enfin, les haïkus suggèrent différentes représentations de la lumière.

La quatrième partie, *À travers les saisons*, s'amorce par le dessin d'un arbre-fleur sertie d'un cercle lunaire qui ressemble à l'*ensō* (円相) symbole de la vacuité. L'intérêt de l'autrice se porte principalement sur l'hiver et le printemps. Des haïkus comme la « neige d'avril / sur les branches du merisier / l'hiver ruisselle » (p. 62) marquent une transition entre les saisons. En plus, la beauté et l'imprévisibilité de la nature ressortent avec le « coucher de soleil / à l'horizon s'affichent / des ombres chinoises » (p. 66). L'effet devient presque énigmatique. Enfin, le lecteur voyage dans une enfilade de situations liées aux saisons.

Dans la dernière partie, la vue est le sens qui ressort le plus dans *Quelques lignes de vie*. L'autrice témoigne de ses surprises avec cette « trouvaille / dans les emballages déchirées / une barbe blanche » (p. 79). Par moments, elle devient plus sentimentale en se rappelant que « sur le rocher / des initiales s'effritent / le cœur

aussi » (p. 89). Enfin, les hauts et les bas de la vie sont évoqués dans leur universalité.

En résumé, les illustrations sont magnifiques. Le recueil, *Quelques gouttes de lumière*, est un condensé d'expériences sensorielles à la fois individuelles et universelles plein de lumière. À lire !

Recension par Claude Rodrigue



figs and pomegranates an antique lace tablecloth

Barbara Anna Gaiardoni

pink ladies the butterflies flutterby

Violet Avery Hall

contrails cut a clear blue sky healing in time

Jon Hare

lost love forget-me-nots

Mariangela Canzi

the morning stroll's search for meaning
a bakery's wafting aromas

George Swede

What About the 'I' in haiku?

Robert Epstein

Recently, I was speaking to a longtime Zen practitioner who is a published writer and poet familiar with traditional Japanese haiku poetry. She asked me to share some haiku I had written which I readily did. My friend could not help but notice how I referenced myself in some of the poems I recited. As someone who has casually studied Zen for many years (though I am not a Buddhist), I understood the concern that she voiced. At the same time, I also know that many contemporary English language haiku poets similarly use 'I' in their haiku writing (though not always). These days few, if any, give this a second thought, but the attention my friend called to the use of 'I' prompted me to pause and reflect again on the presence of self in haiku.

My first instinct was to consult a collection of Bashō's poetry because, as the father of Japanese haiku, he is, for me, a guiding light. I knew that Bashō referred to himself in some—albeit not all—of his haiku poetry. Here are a few examples from Sam Hamill's collection, *The Sound of Water*, (1) in which Bashō refers to himself via the use of 'I' and its variants ('we, 'me,' 'my,' 'mine'):

Exhausted, I sought
a country inn, but
found wisteria in bloom

This dark autumn
old age settles down on me
like heavy clouds or birds

Through frozen rice fields,
moving slowly on horseback,
my shadow creeps by

I'm a wanderer
so let that be my name—
the first winter rain

I would like to use
that scarecrow's tattered clothes
in this midnight frost

Even in Kyoto,
how I long for Kyoto
when the cuckoo sings

I chose these six poems—and there are more I could have selected—to demonstrate that Bashō's references to himself were not rare. Of course, one could argue that the aforementioned poems may not reflect Bashō's best work but, even if this were true, I do not believe it would be due to the inclusion of 'I' or its variants.

It is also the case that other well-respected poets, including Buson, Chiyo-ni, Issa and Shiki, likewise used the first-person pronoun in their poetry. For illustrative purposes, consider the following poems by each, also drawn from *The Sound of Water*:

Goodbye. I will go alone
down Kiso Road
Old as autumn

Buson (2)

Since morning glories
hold my well-bucket hostage,
I beg for water

Chiyo-ni (3)

Mother, I weep
for you as I watch the sea
each time I watch the sea

Issa (4)

O autumn winds,
for me there are no ancient
gods, no buddhas for me

Shiki (5)

In short, since the time of Bashō, haiku poets have immersed themselves in the poetry they have penned. Maybe not always, but often enough to legitimize the use of 'I' in this brief poetic form.

What are the implications of including one's self in writing haiku? Does this suggest that poets are more focused on themselves than on nature, with which haiku poetry has long been associated? Is haiku poetry little more than a self-indulgent platform or stage for haijin to spotlight or celebrate themselves? These are pertinent questions for haiku poets and haiku lovers to ask ourselves.

What is the 'Self'?

On a very basic level, I know where my nose is as well as my left knee. A three-year-old can easily point to these body parts, if asked. However, I am not my nose or my knee. In other words, it is not so easy to point to the 'I' or self, though one's first reaction may be to reflexively direct his or her index finger to the center of his or her chest. But is this where the self is to be found?

As odd as this may sound, the 'I' or self is not a *thing* in the way that a body part is. That said, the vast majority of people—with

the exception perhaps of longtime meditators and religious devotees—experience the self as an indisputable fact. One has a felt sense that the self exists yet, in actuality, it is a concept or an idea embedded in many cultures.

Alan Watts, a 20th century author who popularized Eastern philosophy and spirituality, wryly described the self as "a skin-encapsulated ego." The ego or self, according to the Buddha, is based on a fundamental assumption that the individual exists (a word which means *to stand apart*) independently of the world. Buddha regarded this as a core illusion and the late Zen teacher, Thich Nhat Hanh, who brought mindfulness to the West in the latter half of the twentieth century, insisted that—spiritually speaking—the self is made up of non-self elements that include the sun, rain, clouds, trees and more. In short, the author of many books, including *Being Peace*, (1987) contends that what we call the self is always and forever based on relationship. For Thich Nhat Hanh, there is no such thing as a self separate from others and the world. He highlighted the term *interbeing* to convey this existential reality. (6)

If there is no 'I' that actually exists, what then is there? In *Zen Mind, Beginner's Mind* (1970), a beautiful book about living Zen which includes meditation, Shunryu Suzuki observes:

> *What we call 'I' is just a swinging door which moves when we inhale and when we exhale. It just moves; that is all. When your mind is pure and calm enough to follow this movement [of the breath], there is nothing: no "I," no world, no mind nor body; just a swinging door.* (7)

For Jack Kornfield, a Buddhist psychologist and longtime cofounder of Spirit Rock, a mindfulness meditation center in northern California, the self is based on the automatic (unconscious) mechanism of identification. He points out in *The*

Wise Heart: A *Guide to the Universal Teachings of Buddhist Psychology* (2009):

> *We create a sense of self whenever we identify with our body, our mind, our beliefs, our roles, our situation in life. This identification happens unconsciously, over and over, whenever we hold our feelings, thoughts and perceptions as me or mine.* (8)

Kornfield continues:

> *What we take to be a self is tentative, fictitious, constructed by clinging, a temporary identification with some part of experience. Self arises, solidifying itself, like ice floating in water. Ice is actually made of the same substance as water. Identification and clinging harden the water into ice. In a similar way, we sense ourself as separate.* (9)

Although a number of haiku literary critics have taken great pains to divorce haiku poetry from Zen Buddhism in recent years, mid- 20th century writers like Jack Kerouac, Allen Ginsberg and others were significantly influenced by the insights grounded in Zen Buddhist teachings. These writers, in turn, significantly influenced well-respected haiku poets like Eric Amann and Robert Spiess. Spiess, a longtime editor of *Modern Haiku*, compiled 365 reflections on haiku and published *A Year's Speculations on Haiku* in 1988 and an expanded edition appeared in 1995. Here are just three observations relating to the self, which reflect the Buddhist understanding of the self-in-relation to the world:

> *January fifth*
>
> *True awareness in haiku means that the poets, and the readers/hearers of haiku, are not separated from the totality of life. That which happens in the flux of now-*

> *moments is not to be perceived by a subject-object relation (which is ego-other) but by the actual events themselves. We are immersed in or one with Life that is living on its own terms.* (10)

Spiess continues:

> *January eighth*
>
> *One of the reasons for egolessness in Japanese haiku, in addition to or in conjunction with Buddhistic influences, probably is that detachment from ego allows the haiku poet to have a profounder empathy with all aspects of creation.* (11)

And this:

> *January 16*
>
> *Where self-consciousness is, haiku is not.* (12)

While I understand the strong assertion that Spiess makes in his January 16th speculation, I think it is, for me, too absolute, which perpetuates a kind of trap for haiku poets and readers. I say this because, if one believes that self and self-consciousness must be eradicated or extinguished in order to write a true haiku, then poets will be exerting endless amounts of energy in the pursuit of an impossible goal. Becoming selfless is not "accomplished" through an act of will. On the contrary, such acts of will only reinforce or strengthen the self.

Consider haiku poet Eric Amann's reflections on the ego or self, drawn from *The Wordless Poem* (1978):

> *. . . we must turn again to Zen Buddhism. Here man [and woman] is not viewed as the 'Lord of Creation', he [or she] stands neither apart nor above the rest of nature, but is an indivisible part of it. The individual is not*

> *regarded as an absolute entity endowed with an immortal soul, but as a cell in the body of the Great Self. A man [or woman] is not born into this world, he [or she] grows out of it like a tree, like a flower: he [or she] blossoms and blooms and passes away to be transformed into another manifestation of the greater reality.* (13)

Lee Gurga, writing in *Haiku: A Writer's Guide* (2010), acknowledged the importance of some form of self-transcendence, which need not be the result of longtime Zen study:

> *Whatever its status as literature, haiku requires a special state of mind, not necessarily Zen satori [enlightenment], but a mindset that impels poets to go outside of themselves to achieve an understanding of the "suchness" or essence of things.* (14)

Based on more recent forays into *gendai* and avant-garde experimentations that make significant use of linguistic and symbolic experimentation, it is not clear whether Gurga still stands by his aforementioned assertion. Bruce Ross, a longtime, respected haiku poet, journal editor and anthologist, concurs with Gurga in his own haiku poetry guide, *How to Haiku* (2002). He doesn't refer to the insistence on selflessness but, perhaps more realistically, to a sidestepping of self:

> *. . . you might find delight in the inner life of a caterpillar's existence or gain philosophic insight into the meaning of death by watching the falling autumn leaves. In order to do this you must deemphasize your ego. Your subject—not your usual old self—is what focuses a haiku.* (15)

The practical ramifications of focusing on one's subject, rather than one's self leads, Ross to offer the advice, "try not to overuse the pronoun 'I'." (16)

What is 'Selflessness'?

If the self is an illusion, does this mean that selflessness reflects a truer reality? I don't think so. As I intimated above, selflessness is no more a "thing" than the notion of self is. Selflessness is also a concept which does not need to be reified. It may serve as a heuristic counterbalance to the fictional self but if one identifies with no-self or egolessness, he or she runs the risk of falling into an equally misguided trap.

That said, *seeing through* the illusion of self is both skillful and liberating. As Kornfield notes:

> *Unlike its Western counterpart, Buddhist psychology recognizes that the ordinary process of development does not end the story. From a functional self, it offers a path to the discovery of selfless-ness. It shows us how the sense of self is created moment by moment. Then it dissolves identification and shows the joyful openness which exists beyond the self.* (17)

Kornfield is quick to add that the key to selflessness is dis-identification, not self-negation:

> *It is critical to note here that selflessness does not deny or reject our experience in any way. We don't get rid of anything [as in the effort to negate oneself]. The experiences are the same. All that's changed is that we have stopped identifying with them, stopped calling them "me" or "mine."* (18)

Frances Vaughan, a transpersonal psychologist and author of *Awakening Intuition* and *The Inward Arc* (1986), concurs with Kornfield:

> *The process of disidentifying from the ego is a transcendence of ego, not a denial [or eradication] of*

> *ego. Typically the inner quest that begins as a search for meaning, on the existential level, leads eventually to disidentification of ego and transpersonal awakening.* (19)

In another passage from *The Inward Arc*, Vaughan makes clear:

> *Psychological development beyond ego is not loss of ego, but transcendence of the verbal-ego-mind and the existential self in a more inclusive, higher-order integration. Letting go of old constricting self-concepts is a necessary part of the process and healing and wholeness depend on it.* (20)

It is unsurprising that many nature-based haiku poets and haiku lovers evidence some self-transcendence, whether or not they practice Zen Buddhism or formal meditation.

In this connection, Amann invokes an oft-quoted passage from Bashō, who had studied both Zen and Taoist teachings, which I think is relevant here:

> *Learn from the pine about the pine, from the bamboo about the bamboo. But always leave your old Self behind, otherwise it will get between you and the object. Poetry springs out of its own when you and the object have become one, when you have looked deep into nature to see the hidden gleam. No matter how well-worded your poems may be, if the feeling is not natural, if you and the object have not become one, your poem are not true haiku, but merely imitation of reality.* (21)

A Myriad of 'I's

Real or not, we can ponder the 'I' that appears in haiku. Perhaps the most common 'I' that becomes a poet is someone who is not a particularly careful observer of his or her surroundings, at least

at the outset. Many, if not most, beginners tend to fall into this category. Generally speaking, the beginner's 'I' reflects inexperience or inattention, and this is all together natural. From an early age, we are subtly or not so subtly conditioned to view ourselves as a subject who encounters objects in the world, and we report on these objects based on our conditioning. Lacking experience with meditation or mindful awareness, we tend to relate to the outside world through our storehouse of ideas, beliefs, images and preconceptions. To put it another way: our relationship with the world is mediated by the thinking mind rather than through our *intuition*, which is a pre-reflective form of knowing that is more direct or *im*mediate. An inexperienced poet will typically write a "haiku" that is little more than a reconstruction of a scene with his or her emotional reactions, leaving no room for the reader to enter the poem:

> *a deer in the woods*
> *how much at home I feel*
> *in the world!* (22)

What the poet has written is innocent and well-intentioned, but not really a haiku, which is why I used quotation marks in the preceding paragraph. While the reader may appreciate the exuberance the poet feels, the automaticity of the 'I' crowds out the deer as well as the reader. Without wanting to cast any doubt on the honest reporting of experience, there is little sense of communion here, either with the deer or the reader.

Another 'I' appearing in the literature is one that is self-absorbed or preoccupied and, in truth, has little interest in the external world. Indeed, such an 'I' mistakenly believes that the world revolves around him or her and, in fact, the outside world is essentially a backdrop for the 'I'.

For the self-absorbed 'I,' the poems one writes are, in effect, an extension of the self. If there are unmet needs for attention, love, acceptance, praise, recognition, status or notoriety, the poet's

writings will invariably call attention to him or herself for the purpose of gratifying these unmet needs. Poems written for attention, etc. will appear closed; the reader becomes an audience for there is no place to enter the poem and explore for oneself. It should not come as any surprise that such poems are rather unsatisfying for the reader unless one is content to offer what the poet is seeking; namely, acceptance, praise, adulation.

In extreme instances, the 'I' that needs to be idolized or revered comes across in his or her poetry as showboating or grandstanding. For the lover of haiku, this can be annoying, if not off-putting. Such may be the case where a poet who assumes the stance of an ideological leader, innovator or activist insists that his or her perspective is superior and must be followed. Initially, the 'I' who claims to promote something new and innovative may attract a following for those who wish to be on the cutting edge of change but, with the passage of time, these cult-like leaders may be exposed as primarily self-aggrandizing or rebellious.

Related to the rebellious 'I' is the defiant 'I'. This is someone who disparages tradition because it is "outdated," *passé*. The underlying rally cry is: "Out with the old, in with the new." This self-appointed poet-agitator has anti-authority leanings and will not rest until all rules and guidelines are completely upended regardless of their enduring value. The shock value of convoluted or deliberately eccentric poems appears to be a driving force among this group. Below are a few such poems found on *Roadrunner Haiku Journal (R'r)*, one of the first venues for *gendai* poetry:

> *anchor*
> *i*
> *tic* (23)
>
> *mountain alone inevitable pronoun* (24)

dead carp
her name can be as short
as (25)

factory
verbs
sperm
in air (26)

barren subjunctive buys her a pony (27)

It is noteworthy that none of the *gendai* poems above include any reference to 'I' at all. Does this mean that the poets have transcended self such that their poems embody egolessness? Far from it. By virtue of the primary process quality of thought (Freud's term), uncensored and highly disjunctive language devices, the poems call overpowering attention to the radically unique and insular world of the poet. What is conspicuously absent is any authentic interest in, or meaningful reference to, the natural world and what the latter has to teach us.

The activist 'I' may very well be related to the rebellious 'I'. This poet may have an overt or covert agenda that he/she is intent on promoting via haiku poetry. It is not uncommon for the activist poet to engage in virtue signaling, which is a form of self-promotion or self-congratulation: "look how dedicated, caring, self-sacrificing, socially conscious I am."

In this connection, the following poem may simply be about the plight of homeless people—a very real concern—or it may be more about the poet even though the latter is not explicitly referenced at all. The reader can decide:

snow falling
on tent city
no chimneys
for Santa (28)

The reference to Santa in the last line is curious: the poet implies that the tent city occupants ought to be living in houses, which typically have chimneys, but are "forced" to live on the streets. More than a few of course choose to do so for any number of reasons, including chemical dependency and/or mental illness. Does the poet not realize that many people live in apartments or condominiums that do not have chimneys? In addition, the haijin also takes for granted that everyone in tent cities is naturally Christian. Perhaps it didn't occur to the poet that there are many different religious faiths—or none at all—that people subscribe to which have nothing to do with celebrating the birth of baby Jesus.

An Observing Witness

In contrast to the aforementioned 'I's (or ostensible absence thereof), there is one who has realized he or she is not the center of the universe. Whether through meditation or some other means of self-discovery—such as an abiding love of nature—this 'I' has evolved beyond a self-focus, if only in transient moments. This self more closely resembles an observing (and unobtrusive) witness who relies on what we might call *bare attention* devoid of artifice or linguistic acrobatics.

It is my distinct impression that the vast majority of English language haiku poetry continue to value, if not cherish, nature and the Japanese haiku tradition rooted in nature, broadly conceived. A nature-oriented haiku poet is interested in learning from the world and sharing what he or she discovers. The nature oriented 'I' is contemplative as well as caring and compassionate. Consider the following poem which includes an explicit reference to 'I':

> *winter stars*
> *once*
> *I knew their names* (29)

Here, the poet sounds like a witness to his own aging process, drawing on the light emitted by stars with an incalculable history. At an earlier time in his life, he may have had a parent (or teacher) who instilled in him a love of astronomy through regular outings under the stars. This parent taught him the names of the stars, and they stuck by virtue of the emotional connection he had with this loving parent. Alas, with the passage of time and little occasion to invoke the winter stars they have receded from memory. This poem, though wistful, does not strike me as full of pathos or self-pity. I don't feel impelled to take care of the poet. Indeed, for anyone over the age of 50, this is a poem the older reader might easily resonate with.

In the poem below, another nature-based poet has an insight about herself through noticing her house plants, and there is an affinity or connection that is immediately recognizable:

> *deep winter*
> *the houseplants and I*
> *root-bound* (30)

The plants are root-bound; they have outgrown the pots they are living in. They need to be repotted so there is more room to "grow." So, too, the poet has been confined to the house due to inclement weather, mild depression or illness/injury.
Is the poet's association with the plants presumptuous or pretentious? I don't think so. On the contrary, it suddenly dawns on her that she too needs new soil, more sunshine, or just more space than her domicile allows.

One might call this reflective 'I' an observing witness who relies primarily on what we might call bare attention devoid of artifice or linguistic acrobatics. The observing witness engages in clear seeing unclouded by thoughts, ideas, etc. If one is a haiku poet, he or she engages directly and simply with the world in the here-and-now where all living takes place. The poet-as-witness has ready access to intuition which leads to comprehensible insights

and discoveries that are vibrant and surprising for both the poet and reader. Accessible and meaningful truths may be revealed by virtue of innocence, genuine caring and empathy.

I wish to emphasize that the 'I' as witness is anything but egocentric. On the contrary, one who has dis-identified with the thinking self is not only unself-conscious but modest, humble, sincere, earnest, unobtrusive. These qualities, however, are not due to any act of will but are, rather, a natural outgrowth of realizing that the 'I' is an integral part of the Whole and that all life is sacred.

Peace-Making with 'I'

If the 'I' cannot be extinguished in haiku poetry, perhaps its standing can be diminished; that is, rendered less intrusive. This can be done, Charlotte Digregorio suggests, in *Haiku and Senryu: A Simple Guide for All* (2014), by putting the pronoun in lower case. Doing so, she writes, communicates "a sign of humility" to the reader, which may make a difference for the poet who does not wish to call undue attention to him/herself. James Schlett likewise underscores the significance of humility among many haiku poets, when he observes in his essay, "The Providence of Moments: "This humility, in part, explains the haiku poet's aversion for writing in the first person ('I'). In the poet's hesitation to write "I," there is, at least unconsciously," a nod to what [Rudolph] Otto [in *The Idea of the Holy*] said the mystic declares in his or her nullity: "I am naught, Thou art all." (31)

Ron C. Moss, a longtime Zen student and master haiku poet/artist, writes: "I often think deeply before using I, me or my in haiku. If I do I lean towards lower case now." (32) Ron goes on to say—and I very much resonate with this salient point—: "I don't feel apart from nature. . ."

For me, a moving example of one's interconnectedness with the world from which we arise is the poem below:

this one life
I move the sparrow
to higher ground (33)

The poet is not identifying with the sparrow but, rather, realizes she and the sparrow are, spiritually speaking, manifestations of the Whole or One. Such an inner knowing prompts the poet to take immediate, compassionate action to safeguard the small, vulnerable being. This is love.

A Cautionary Note

I want to pause here to state in explicit terms that I am not endeavoring to posit the existence of a perfect or ideal 'I' toward which we should strenuously work to overcome. Such striving would be foolhardy as well as contrary to my intentions. My whole point is to encourage poets and haiku lovers to *wake up* from the trance of identification so as to live as fully as possible without the mediating influence of the thinking mind, certainly in the realm of haiku poetry. But this is an aspiration only and not another mythical ideal. I regard the latter to be a form of tyranny, so I have no interest in perpetuating this.

Conclusion

Observing the natural world, I see that the self is a passing autumnal cloud as well as images appearing in the clouds. Looking further, I recognize the self in fireflies I catch glimpse of during summer nights: they light up and go dark, again and again and again. The self appears and disappears. Some may notice a melancholy, sadness or even loneliness arising within their chest. This is understandable and very human. Such feelings may give rise to sensitivity, care and compassion for all beings, including the being one calls 'I'. Haiku has enduring

roots in such deep and abiding truths gleaned from this fleeting world, filled with extraordinary beauty.

> *leaves leaves leaves that's what we are (34)*

Afternote

I had already completed a draft of this essay when I began reading a collection of essays on *zoka,* edited by Janice Doppler titled, *One Thread*: *Zoka in Contemporary Haiku* (2024). I found the Foreword by Kala Ramesh thoughtful and insightful. Her concluding remarks on *zoka*, a spiritual and poetic quality that was central to Bashō's haiku poetics, eloquently summarizes what I have endeavored to convey in this essay:

> *. . . cultivating the strength to step out of oneself is zoka. What is change if not our supreme way of stepping out of ourselves? Only when we step out can we see how connected we are. As long as we remain within ourselves, all we see are the walls hemming us in. Following zoka allows us to connect with a world pulsating with rigour and vigour just a breath away— the huge throbbing web of life. Understanding zoka is one way to enhance our realization of the harmony with nature. (35)*

Notes

1. Sam Hamill, tr. *The Sound of Water: Haiku by Bashō, Buson, Issa, and Other Poets*. Boston, MA: Shambhala, 1995, pp. 110; 15; 23; 33; 37; 39.
2. *Ibid*. p. 49.
3. *Ibid*. p. 117
4. *Ibid*., p. 77
5. *Ibid*. p. 122
6. Thich Nhat Hanh, *Being Peace*. Berkeley, CA: Parallax Press, 1987; p. 87.
7. Shunryu Suzuki, *Zen Mind, Beginner's Mind*. New York, NY: Weatherhill, 1970; p. 25.

8. Jack Kornfield, *The Wise Heart: A Guide to the Universal Teachings of Buddhist Psychology*. New York, NY: Bantam, 2009; p. 25.
9. *Ibid*., p. 65.
10. Robert Spiess, *A Year's Speculation on Haiku*. Madison, WI: Modern Haiku, 1995, pp. 9-10.
11. *Ibid*., 10
12. *Ibid*., 11
13. Eric Amann, *The Wordless Poem: A Study of Zen in Haiku*. Toronto, Canada: The Haiku Society of Canada, 1978; p. 30.
14. Lee Gurga, *Haiku: A Writer's Guide*. Lincoln, IL: Modern Haiku Press, 2003, p. 128.
15. Bruce Ross, *How to Haiku: A Writer's Guide to Haiku and Related Forms*. Boston, MA: Tuttle Publishing, 2002; p. 18.
16. *Ibid*., p. 18
17. Kornfield, *Wise Heart*, p. 66.
18. *Ibid*., p. 75.
19. Frances Vaughan, *The Inward Arc: Healing & Wholeness in Psychotherapy and Spirituality*. Boston, MA: New Science Library, 1986; p. 41.
20. *Ibid*., 35.
21. Bashō, quoted in Amann, *Wordless Poem,* p. 31.
22. Robert Epstein; unpublished poem.
23. Philip Rowland, *R'r,* December 2011
24. Paul Pfleuger, Jr., *R'r,* 13.2, August 2013.
25. Johannes S. H. Bjerg, *R'r*, 13.2, August 2013.
26. Paul Pfleuger, Jr., *R'r*, 13.2, August 2013.
27. Lee Gurga, R'r, 132. August 2013.
28. Charlotte Hrenchuk, *Modern Haiku*, 56.1, Winter-Spring, 2025.
29. Marcus Larsson, *Modern Haiku*, 56.1, Winter-Spring 2025.
30. Annette Makino, Modern Haiku,
31. James Schlett, The Providence of Moments." *Modern Haiku*, 55.3, Autumn 2024, 52.
32. Ron C. Moss, personal communication via e-mail; July 12, 2025.
33. Renee Owen, *Acorn*, #28, Spring 2012.
34. Robert Epstein, *Frogpond*, 46:1, Winter 2023.
35. Kala Ramesh in Janice Doppler, ed. *One Thread: Zoka in Contemporary Haiku*. Boston, MA: Independently published, 2024; p. iii.

Linked Verses and Sequences

opening on a river

straight out ferns
both sides the muddy trail
opening on a river

Marshall Hryciuk

the goslings
wander at will

Jessica Allyson

clouds form
break apart
at the horizon

Dorothy Mahoney

red apples'
worm holes

Jenny Sharpe

a flat
on the North Shore Road
by moonlight

Claude Rodrigue

rubber skid marks
not quite parallel

Maxianne Berger

strobe lights
of laughter
in fireworks

Pearl Pirie

every whichway
blizzard resolutions

LeRoy Gorman

David Attenborough's 100
but where are
his gorillas

Sharon Morrison

two lines not enough
for *Current Events*

Melanie Noll

trick-or-treating
until the pillowcases
burst

kjmunro

hanging out the laundry
under a day moon

Karen Sohne

long term care
thickened cocoa
with a shot of brandy

Jenny

anniversary
it would have been fifty years

Louise Carson

blocked messages
he tells me he thinks
he's been ghosted

Ruth Powell

mayflies
swarming my face

Melanie

ruffle of wind
cherry blossoms
dappling the pond

Pamela Cooper

last round of the spelling bee
in waves of tension

Jenny

smokies
next to the fire
after dogsledding

Ruth

awakened at 4 am
by a snowblower

Claude

next door
an ambulance
with its lights off

Dorothy

don't come a-knockin'
if this van's a-rockin'

kj

late night shift
a double heart
over the dashboard

Deb Koen

scarlet sunset
and Venus rising

Jenny

cicada
in the spiderweb
pull of the moon

Deb

sweat trickles
from sets at the leg press

Melanie

Grandpa
jumping from our dock
with the biggest splash

Dorothy

torching marshmallows
on the barbecue

Jenny

voyage into darkness
pulling eels
into the boat

Louise

I flip through cookbooks
for inspiration

Jessica

all the possibilities
beside myself
in the funhouse mirror

Melanie

so hard to be responsible
with my magic wand

Karen

Santa Claus
arrived from Mars
after losing The North

Claude

Savings Time
getting up really late

Dorothy

orange blossoms
writing the big cheque
for my daughter's wedding

Louise

a pair of doves
take flight

Karen

opening on a river began at 9 pm, Friday May 15th and was completed by 12:22 am in the Ground Floor Common Room of the Endaayaen-Tkanónsote Residence of Queen's University of Kingston, Ontario during the Haiku Canada Weekend held there in 2026. It was led by Marshall Hryciuk.



Untitled

Biswajit Mishra

at the end
of the road
the sun
dips
a dead-end
past
the ramp
waiting
to turn
to the freeway
over
to the other side



Portrait (a Tan-Ku)

Lakshman Bulusu & Melissa Lemay

in the midst
of limitless poetry
a bride
unveils her face
pink sky
LB

gentle glisten
cold dew on grass
sun opens eyes
ML

Sea Breeze

Sidney Bending and *susan spooner*

cobblestone beach
the changing view
of a mountain range

a palette of pastels
on the morning tide

sea breeze
circling the clouds
a hawk's cry

among the seaweed
crabs scuttle sideways
salt licked

wild sweet peas
climb an old driftwood

signs of life bloom
on the bleached bones
of the forest



Basic Math

Janet Ruth, Claire Vogel Camargo & Scott Wiggerman

great-auntie's
porcelain tea cup
search for its matching saucer

JR

the twin
we never knew about

CVC

grandma splits
our stick of gum in half
still rationing

SW

helping mom can peaches
two halves twist from each pit

JR

part of our meal
into a to-go box
Dad waits by his window

CVC

brothers still
double-dipping their chips

SW

Interlude

Victor Ortiz & Gary Evans

its silence
upon the earth
spring mist

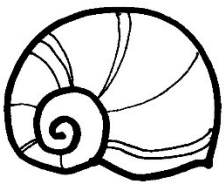
garden interlude
the scent of jasmine

pausing
on my tongue
sea salt

the warmth
of a furbaby
snuggling

golden hour
almost home

Western Gate
the sense of been here
before



Up(rooted)

Doris Fiszer

my parents
mushroom picking
in a war-free country

leaving war behind
their faith grows

Polish-English dictionary
father's new bible

a new alphabet
mother's broken English

Polish church
sharing pierogi and
pickled cucumber soup

unnamed ancestors
fading in photographs

a touch on my shoulder
at the family gravesite
drifting leaf

Haiku for Country Music Lovers

Wilda Morris

possum wandering
out from under my porch . . .
lonely nights

just foolin' around
ravens sliding down
the steep roof . . .

prairie dogs
in their ornate tunnel . . .
friends in low places

my bed of roses
unhealthy
a good year for the aphids

spring in British Columbia
a young male bear
ramblin' fever

rabbits cavorting
in the grass
good lovin'

mayfly adults
one day to mate and die
what a way to live

loons
on the moonlit lake
a song in the night

The Journey

Mary Oishi, Sara Perovich, and Janet Ruth

at the summit
all the mountains
left to climb

MO

mortar boards in the air
momentary weightlessness

SP

the winding trail
maps or tarot cards
to plan the next step?

JR

no boulders or nettles
detected by GPS

MO

at evening
journaling the day
boots by the door

SP

crescent moon at the horizon
a promise of stars

JR

Reviews . . .

the way home by Jamie Wimberly, Red Moon Press, 2026, 88 pages, ISBN 978-1-958404 ($20 U.S. plus shipping)

Part of the art of haiku is the leap. Some people's leaps are so subtle that they could be likened to The Fonz's waltz. If *the way home* by Jamie Wimberly (Red Moon Press, 2026) were a dance, — here my metaphor is at risk of foundering already — it might be a modern dance where the steps confound prediction, but delight, such as the haiku on p. 18,

roadside marker
a country road winding
through grief

Did you see that turn coming? It was clear mood and imagistic then layers on through a pivot, thereby recolouring what came before. It knocked the breath from me. With the addition of L3 it evokes the sad old country song, nostalgia, weedy ditches, clearing the head by a drive alone to nowhere in particular.

Haiku can expand a notch with each line's reveal or zoom in a notch, as on p. 21,

held
by blue thistle
the dying light

This one starts ambiguous and open. It begs the question, what is held by the blue thistle, the speaker's pant leg? Attention? A butterfly in the petals? There are competing interpretations, and then the cinch of the last line makes a sort of zigzag of image from open, to narrow to open but abstract. It's a larger than average leap in haiku, although the metrics of distance of leap might be hard to pin.

L3: “the dying light”. Once that is said, we have a complete scene, a time of day, and a sobering mood filled in, a sense of completion imminent unfolding in the reader’s mind. The progression maps awareness, enacts the surprise of reveal of the poet. With L3, expectations are inverted, the thistle is not this sharp harmful thing but is holding and being held by the dusk. A mutuality. In this built world made for our future selves, even painful things get afforded a cherishing gentleness. There is not conflict but unity and caring suggested. Can the light once anthropomorphized be compassionate since it too experiences a demise? A model for us to change mindset from individual struggle to appreciation of ephemerality.

Wimberly gives a keenness of permission to observe, not the standard bird in winter wind but smaller, with implications, as on p. 27,

> *beach chairs*
> *the small digs*
> *in sand*

There’s the literal level which is imagistic but there’s a deeper level that works with that. There’s a presenting, in L1, of what is at our scale, the chairs, then attending to what impact the chair legs have, and having down that comparison to the scale of a sand grains that are impacted, moved, understanding of ourselves and the chair moving to the context of the scale of the entire beach. We are both large and small, even perhaps peevish (“the small digs”) but this is little against the entire context. This is time off from our usual struggles, a beach vacation where we can let it be, and where we sit harms nothing.

Set against the title “the way home” there’s the sense of the nucleus story of the book, a return to centre, to best selves, to what is good. There’s a golden time in the past but it does not imply a sourness against the future. There’s an affable resilience,

a sense of finding beauty, not as a consolation prize or relief but something soft and expected to continue. A current running through is an acknowledgement and acceptance of difference.

There's an alert mind behind the haiku, not one given to riding the expected momentum of poems. I appreciate his pivots such as on p. 39,

sun glints
on a warming day
I call shotgun

There's a sharp shadow to this one, both by light and invoking weapon. It is light heart of a road trip, letting the unseen other, drive first. I also surmise there's a reference imbedded to the meme of it being so hot that the only solution is the futile wish to be able to shoot a hole in the sun. The focus is good-humoured healing. Even when poems are sad they feel more self-deprecating self-aware rather than moping.

When there are eurekas they are from theory of mind, a reach to the other, as on p. 81,

blue crayon
I will always
be balding

It's not easy to get away with "always" taking up syllable real estate in haiku but he manages. To a child, perhaps a child or grandchild, the image of youthful self never existed. Their awareness has no history. It is in the immediate self. There's a reconciling self across that gap to what is. There is an overall effect of heartening point of view.

Lastly—I'm not sure to mention at risk of spoilers—the collection has a cohesiveness in a non-standard way, linking start

and close in continuity. I will leave the details of that for you to discover.

Review by Pearl Pirie

a boy who lived one day, by Bruce Feingold, Red Moon Press, 2026, 94 pages, ISBN 978-1-958408-85-8 ($20.00 USD)

Family, death, and the acceptance of death, are balanced with Bruce Feingold's forays into the natural world in this new Red Moon Press haiku collection called *a boy who lived one day*.

The poet chooses to write about family members including grandchildren, and the in-between generation, the poet's adult children, as on p. 59,

breaking waves
we talk to our children
about our ashes

One poem in particular lands with emotional impact, p. 47,

summer solstice
a boy and his father play catch
until the light fades

Feingold's father appears in many of the poems such as this one on p. 13,

dad always swiped
a piece of the ocean
jigsaw puzzle

Some of his poems ruminate on a sometime difficult father/son relationship while pairing with the natural world. An example haiku is this one from p. 63,

the many surprises upon his death cactus blossom

I appreciate how rarely the nature poems are left untinged by human mistakes. For example, p. 45,

> *evening breeze*
> *a heron's reflection ripples*
> *near Ground Zero*

After the wry humour of a haiku on p. 23, "after birdwatching roast chicken" comes the same logic taken to its ultimate unflinching conclusion, "the Brown shirts pounding at our door".

I found his political poems powerful, such as this one from p. 85,

> *not far from the garden chickadees detention camps*

I'll end with a particularly lovely gentle poem from p. 28,

> *skimming the lake mist a night heron's croak*

Thank you, Bruce Feingold, for an interesting and moving collection.

Review by Louise Carson

Sea Glass Sands, A Collection of Haiku & Senryū, by Bryan D. Cook. Tisane Press, 2026. ISBN: 978-1-7753462-2-7. 40 pages, $15. Amazon. Bryan.Cook@rogers.com

Sea Glass Sands is a slim chapbook within which Bryan D. Cook has managed to fit almost three hundred poems, a dozen or so per page staggered across two columns. The chosen title's image, sea glass, informs the collection, just as waves polish and smooth shards of broken glass. As Cook explains

> *Like the ocean, I have "mined" several decades of haiku moments... winnowing, rewriting and polishing the more promising" (introductory comments, p. 4)*

Each of its fourteen sections could easily be a chapbook in its own right. “Feathered Friends” is the longest of these, its aviary including the likes of gannets, swallows, bald eagles and robins. However sweet the observations, Cook doesn’t overlook reality:

sparrows at the feeder/ take-out/ for the hawk

(p. 7)

“Canada’s Pioneers” considers days of old and what has endured:

appropriating/ the wild prairie/ barbed wire

country store/ the hobnail hollow/ at the cash

(p. 14)

There is a section for each season, however winter has two because of course, there’s “Winter Driving,”

rubbernecking/ at ditched cars/ black ice

(p. 18)

There are three sections near the end which even by themselves would be fully worth the price of admission. “Just A Kid” is not a syrupy memory of childhood innocence, but includes raw, real-world experiences, with such as the Blitz aftermath, a welfare Grandma, and Martial Law. (pp. 29, 30). “Aging” is familiar, I suspect, to many of us: house clearance, colonoscopy, and the feared “no longer/ playing with marbles/ old age” (pp. 31, 32). “Observations” is a collection of sharp insights, notably some effects of our Anthropocene: “hormone effluent/ the silence/ of the frogs” (p. 33).

I still remember my first encounter with sea glass, 55 years ago on a beach in Barcelona. What marvels! Bryan Cook has spent decades observing and remembering, and this collection is well named.

Review by Maxianne Berger

Honesty Slips, by kjmunro. Montreal: Turret House, 2026. 978-1-998413-17-1. unpaginated (28 pages), $9. turrethousepress.ca

Honesty Slips is not a haiku collection, but one of lyrical poems loosely "organized" into four sections, each one beginning with a haiku that has the strength and power of a lighthouse beacon. kjmunro knows what she is doing (as surely as had, say, Seamus Heaney).

The first "section" recounts memories of childhood and youth. The illuminating haiku is exactly that:

starlight
seeing the past
so clearly

It's the longer poems, though, that reveal the strength of observation a haiku poet can give to each line, to each image, such that here and there a reader finds haiku and senryū embedded into something longer.

These four lines are in "sisters circa 1964."

vertical stripes
of light & shade behind us
curtains
closed

Our western convention for haiku is three lines, but there are times when an extra line break adds a hairbreadth of meaning.

"recollection" recalls a visit with a mother who has dementia.

we chat while I crochet
questions & stitches repeat in a
loop

"runaway" includes these consecutive lines with blank lines between:

grief shadows you

on cloudy days

moonless nights

Nowadays it is acceptable to write haibun with longer verse instead of prose as the juxtaposition to the haiku. The poems in *Honesty Slips* are so resonant that I quite unexpectedly responded to one of these with a haiku in counterpoint—and wonder how kjmunro herself would respond were she to be so inspired. All said, even in free verse, a haiku poet cannot help but be a haiku poet with all the keen-eyed precision of observation that entails.

Review by Maxianne Berger

another pinch of pepper by Hans Dringenberg, Yarrow Press, 2026, ISBN: 9781990657207. 89 pages, $12, Buy via acleuck@gmail.com

Recently I was on the phone with a poet friend, catching up after months of separation. She told me about her long poem projects, and I shared my interests, including writing reviews for Haiku Canada.

"Ah,'' she said, "but that's pleasant."

"Right," said I. "Like eating candy. Licorice nibs, short poems! I may never return to the full Twizzler!"

And she is right. Reading haiku is pleasant. Reading Hans Dringenberg's little book makes a pleasant evening snack, with *another pinch of pepper.* Some poems have spice, others murmur

quietly; some have both, the blooming thistle (p. 37) of a retiring personality. The last section of the book reflects a trip to Japan on vacation, a sort of tribute to the author's dedication to haiku:

> *warm afternoon*
> *the curve*
> *of a young vine* (p. 23)

Several poems hint at loss, disharmony, an uprooted tree, a before and an after:

> *. . . one black hair*
> *in the clawfoot tub* (p. 69)

Considering that Dringenberg has studied dreams and memory for decades, symbology and archetypes could be expected to appear in his poetry; if it's there, it's subtle. The claw is a strong symbol, as is the clawfoot of statuesque heritage, making the above a strong poem without it being clear exactly why. Something is being clawed back, a memory.

There is something foreign in a few of the poems, a hesitancy in English, even though Hans speaks it faultlessly. In one poem, the author writes about pub night: each pint makes his accent stronger (p. 75). A few poems tug my attention to ESL. For example, in the monostich (p. 45):

> *when you can't go on river current*

I wonder whether omitting to write 'the' before river current is a translation issue, an economy issue, or my reading. Monostich should, in my opinion, read smoothly. This one could be read:

> *when you can't, go on river current*
>
> *when you can't go on, river current*
>
> *when you can't go on [the] river, current; etc.*

Why did the writer choose no spacing to replace the usual guide of line endings? In another monostich, he does use spacing. Is it because the river does not stop?

Or, in: twisting trail / the deer and I/ both startled (p. 60), why not leave the verb at "start" or "startle" instead of turning it into an adjective without motion? Is this linguistic? Is he invoking the motionlessness of a startled state? Am I masticating these nibs over-much instead of simply savouring?

Domesticity in the form of rising dough, a winter stew, a morning mirror appears amid the collection, but the dominant sense is one of being outside, and of town scenes. I especially like this one:

church bells
an hour gone
unnoticed
(p. 62)

I lived in Kingston, where the author hails from these days, when the massive brass bells were removed from church steeples and replaced with electronic recordings of bells, so the poem has a double meaning for me. Same for ". . . over my shoulder, rock overhang" (p. 59), because Hans' name in German means "to pierce (the) mountain." It makes me smile, like "guitar strings/ . . . / the songs in all of us" (p. 41),

Review by Sandra Stephenson



Haiku Canada Membership

Haiku Canada is a society of haiku poets and enthusiasts dedicated to:

- promoting the creation and appreciation of haiku and related forms (tanka, renga, senryu, sequences, haibun, and visual haiku) among its members and the public at large
- fostering association, friendship, communication and mutual support among haiku poets in Canada and abroad

Membership is $45 CDN yearly ($25 students) in Canada, $45 US ($25 students) elsewhere. Memberships run December to December and include 2 Review issues, Haiku Canada Sheets (broadsides) as available, inclusion in the annual Members' Anthology, receipt of Haiku Canada E-News, and access to free Haiku Canada events. Please consult the Haiku Canada website for payment details.

International Haiku Organizations

Below are some English and French language Haiku Societies and organizations. Please visit their websites for more details.

Australia Haiku Society. www.australianhaikusociety.org

British Haiku Society. www.britishhaikusociety.org.uk

Haiku International Association. www.haiku-hia.com

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

New Zealand Poetry Society
www.poetrysociety.org.nz/haiku-happenings/

Association francophone de haïku.
www.association-francophone-de-haiku.com

Print Journals

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. Agnes Eva Savich, Interim Managing Editor www.hsa-haiku.org/frogpond

bottle rockets: a collection of short verse. Tom Sacramona, Editor. www.bottlerocketspress.com

Ko. Kōko Katō, Editor. 1-36-7 Ishida chō, 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. www.haiku-hia.com

Ribbons: Tanka Society of America Journal. Susan Weaver, Editor. www.tankasocietyofamerica.org/ribbons

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

International Tanka, Journal of the International Tanka Society, oratok6132@ozzio.jp

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

The Heron's Nest, Christopher Patchel, Managing Editor. www.theheronsnest.com

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

Wales Haiku Journal, Joe Woodhouse and C.X. Turner, Editors. www.waleshaikujournal.com

Net Briefs

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

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

Juxtapositions: The Journal of Haiku Research and Scholarship. Peter McDonald, Sr. Editor. Online & print. www.thehaikufoundation.org/juxta/

NeverEnding Story: First English-Chinese Bilingual Haiku and Tanka Blog. Chen-ou Liu, Editor/Translator. www.neverendingstoryhaikutanka.blogspot.ca

Et Cetera . . .

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

Do you have suggestions of websites or publications that should be listed here? Email us at publications@haikucanada.org



English Submission Guidelines

The *Haiku Canada Review* welcomes haiku and other Japanese poetic forms, letters, articles and book reviews from both members and non-members. All work submitted must be the author's original work. AI-generated work will not be accepted. Submitted work must not be under consideration elsewhere and not be previously published. Work accepted may also be used on the Haiku Canada website or on social media such as X or Facebook. A submission to *Haiku Canada Review* is taken as acceptance of this condition. Opinions expressed are those of the authors and do not necessarily reflect those of other members or membership as a whole.

***NEW* Submission windows:**

Issue	Submission Window	Publication Date
Winter/Spring	December 1-31	February
Summer/Fall	August 1-31	October

Email is preferred, please send to:

publications@haikucanada.org

If submitting by postal mail, kindly include a self-stamped return envelope and send to:

Jessica Allyson, Publications Editor,
4348 Weldon Drive, Ottawa, ON K1J 8R2

- **Haiku/senryū/tanka:** 10 poems maximum
- **Linked forms and haibun:** 2 pieces maximum
- **Articles:** no more than **3000 words** in length
- **Haiga/shahai:** 2 colour or greyscale pieces maximum in high-resolution JPG or PNG format.

Please include your location and the name you wish to be included with your work.

Book Reviews: poets and publishers should contact Pearl Pirie, 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*.

Soumissions en français

Haiku Canada Review présente des haïkus et autres formes japonisantes, des lettres, des articles et des recensions de livres ainsi que l'information au sujet d'événements, de concours dans d'autres regroupements. Tant les membres que les non-membres peuvent soumettre des poèmes et des textes à la revue. Seuls les textes originaux de l'auteur.trice sont acceptés pour la publication dans *Haiku Canada Review*. Les textes générés par l'intelligence artificielle ne seront pas acceptés. Les textes ne doivent pas avoir été soumis ailleurs et ne doivent pas être publiés auparavant. Toute soumission de textes correspond à

l'autorisation de publication. Les textes acceptés peuvent être utilisés sur le site de Haiku Canada ou sur les médias sociaux tels que X et/ou Facebook. Le fait de soumettre un texte à Haiku Canada sous-entend l'acceptation de ces conditions. Les opinions émises n'engagent que celles des auteurs.trices et ne reflètent en aucune façon celles des membres ou de l'organisation.

Des nouvelles périodes de soumission :

Numéro	La période de soumission	Date de publication
hiver/ printemps	du 1 au 31 décembre	février
été/ automne	du 1 au 31 août	octobre

Des haïkus ou senryūs, selon le thème proposé : veuillez **e**nvoyer trois haïkus (maximum) à Claude Rodrigue à haikufrancais@haikucanada.org. Plus de détails sur la soumission en français peuvent être trouvés sur le site de Haiku Canada dans la section « Règles ».

Des autres formes japonisantes : veuillez envoyer à Jessica Allyson à publications@haikucanada.org

- **Des séquences poétiques ou des haïbuns :** deux poèmes (maximum)
- **Des articles :** pas plus de 3000 mots
- **Des haïgas ou des shahais :** 2 images (maximum) en couleur ou en niveaux gris,au format JPG ou PNG haute résolution.

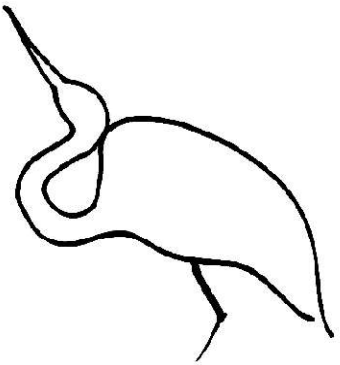
Veuillez indiquer le nom de votre pays ainsi que les prénom et nom ou le pseudonyme que vous souhaitez utiliser pour l'identification de votre texte.

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*.

Related Publications

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 timely updates provided by members and others about conferences, contests, deadlines, and regional news. Please send copy ready, to Rachel Garber, Haiku Canada E-News Coordinator: newsletter@haikucanada.org.



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curious glances
on both sides of the fence
new in this hood

Deborah Karl-Brandt

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