

Haiku Page

俳頁

Issue 10, 2020



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Editor John Zheng

Art Editor Albert Y. Wong

Associate Editor LaTonzia Evans

Haiku Page publishes haiku, haiga, haibun and short essays in the month of July. Submissions can be emailed to haikupage@yahoo.com. All rights revert to authors after publication.

Haiku Page

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Cover Art: "Beyond Illusory Space #068," graphite on paper 14"x10"
by Albert Y. Wong

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Photoku

Deborah Ford
Djurdja Vukelic Rozic
Silva Trstenjak & Anamaria Sever
Jianqing Zheng

Book Information

Note on the cover art and artist's bio:

It is when we focus and try to be in the present that we realize beauty can be found in the small and the mundane. For the cover drawing, done in pencil on paper, I chose a small succulent in a common teacup. Instead of the original inscription on the teacup, *wan shou wu jiang* (萬壽無疆) or longevity without bounds, I replaced with the words *pai ye* (俳頁) or Haiku Page. I hope it brings a bit of delight in the reader patient enough to discover the replacement.

Albert Y. Wong is an artist and professor emeritus from the University of Texas at El Paso. Since his retirement to the North Bay Area of California, he is active in the local arts community and spends his days drawing, painting, and gardening.

INTRODUCTION

John Zheng

Hunkered down for weeks in quarantine, I find myself eating more fruits: apple, banana, kiwi, navel and blood orange. I also make fruit salad with pecans and raisins or peanut butter banana sandwiches served with black tea.

rolling news
about coronavirus
making a cup of
Constant Comment
for a calm moment

It's said that the peanut butter banana sandwich was Elvis' favorite food, and he liked to put crispy bacon in it. I got this recipe from an old friend in Alabama, a poet, violinist, and a retired professor but not a singer. I usually toast two slices of wholegrain oatnut bread, spread peanut butter on them and place sliced banana on them like a row of dominoes pushed down.

Memphis tour
bite a burger
at Beale Street
an Elvis fan
swivel-hipping

Vitamin C has been sold out at the local Walmart store and drugstores. But, I prefer fruits; they are sources of vitamin C, fiber, refreshment, and nutritional contents that make me feel good each day and tint my quarantined life with juicy bites.

Sheltered at home, I also find myself writing more haiku, making more photoku, as well as reading more haiku from books, magazines, and online haiku columns, and, luckily, from submissions to *Haiku Page*, a humble magazine I have an almost irresistible impulse to wake up from its two-year hibernation. Reading is always a pleasure and gives me a break to decompress and reset my mind from academic to creative thinking.

naptime
offer my glasses
to the book

Although haiku is as short as a bird's chirp, reading a fine haiku still requires a slowdown, a momentary stay, or a snapshot in the mind's eye in order to gain an aesthetic taste. Like traveling a scenic drive in the Smokies, each overlook or a roadside waterfall offers a moment to stop and grab some shots before you proceed to the next view. In a sense, haiku writing or reading, like a plate of fresh fruit salad, delights a person.

prescription
for staying healthy...
one haiku a day

Haiku Page started as a brochure. Readers can go to www.thehaikufoundation.org/omeka/items/show/5989 to read past issues. It became irregular as the simple-sentence life changed into a run-on one. You desire to complete more self-assigned tasks, but you are hit now and then by the boomerang. I thought number nine was a lucky number to wrap *Haiku Page* up and keep it in a well-preserved condition. But this pandemic, this masked age, this social or physical distancing seemed to challenge me to untape it and bring it back to life, so that haiku poets have a stage to celebrate and beautify our life against Covid-19 and to cheer up each other in the cruelest month of April, as T.S. Eliot recites in *The Waste Land*.

spring sunshine
bits of green come up
on the tallow twigs ...
will they be infected
by coronavirus?

The revival of *Haiku Page* is like kintsugi, and I hope this world will be repaired and reunited after the battle against Covid-19.

nervous hug
two masked lovers meet
on the park bridge

This issue includes special features of Jim Kacian's one-line haiku, which he calls monoku in his essay "The Shape of Things to Come," and Christine L. Villa's original artwork made of alcohol ink and colored pens. Villa says, "I

think we need bright colors during these times to cheer us up.” Her idea echoes mine in editing this issue of *Haiku Page*.

This issue also includes a collection of haiku, tanka, haibun, tanbun, and photoku by poets from Canada, Croatia, Germany, Ireland, Italy, Jamaica, Mexico, New Zealand, Nigeria, Romania, Scotland, UK, and different states of America, and book information—*Delta Sun: Haiku and Photographs*, a free ebook for a quick looki.

It’s a joy that *Haiku Page* can provide a platform for poetic expressions in the oddest times of our age.

Cheers!

FEATURED POET

Jim Kacian

Monoku in Translation

nothing to buy summer
沒啥買夏

windy day i think in music
風天樂中思

the place where we used to drink heat
舊地飲酒激情燒

soft on the forest quiet a woman's quiet voice
林靜柔如女子聲

a persimmon still hanging the extra day of the year
一顆柿子依舊掛閏日

first spring night our neighbor weeps on her porch
初春夜女鄰廊上泣

gunshot the length of the lake
槍聲量湖長

the place I can't reach itches your absence
癢處難撓離人意

the day now burnt out fireflies
日殘螢火飛

with the fire down to coals whispering
炭火減弱語聲細

deep in space the red shift of my mind
太空深處思紅移

in a tent in the rain i become a climate
雨篷下我自成氣候

still having to say the words out loud loneliness
仍須大聲說寂寞

whiskey i sip it till it loves me
威士忌飲到愛上我

the moon glints in a tilted bottle summer night
夏夜月耀傾瓶中

an empty bottle the past happened here
空瓶往事始於此

telling stories as long as fireflies in the trees
故事長如螢火林間飛

camping alone one star then many
露營孤一星引繁星

night clouds gone the supply of infinity
夜雲散無窮

only blowing leaves the design in my mind
落木蕭蕭獨映腦

FEATURED ARTIST

Christine L. Villa





*trips canceled
due to pandemic
my garden
becomes a refuge
where I can breathe*

Christine L. Villa

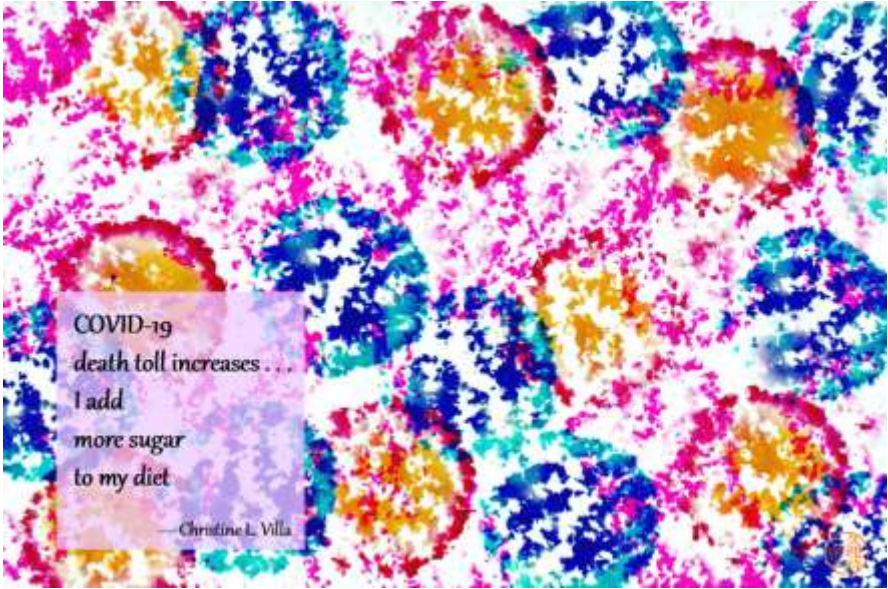


social distancing

this need to get
a little more closer

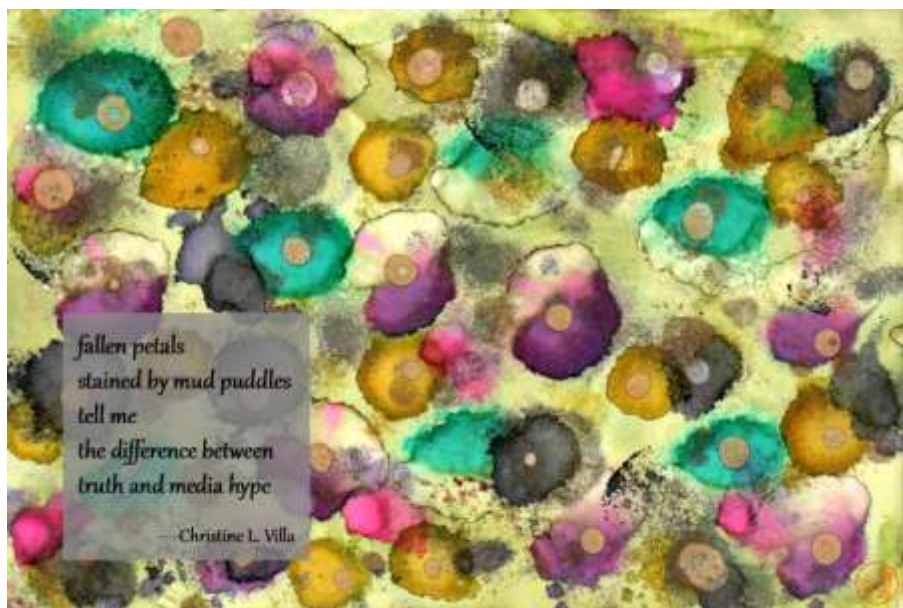
will these words
or splashes of color
connect our lives?

—Christine L. Villa



COVID-19
death toll increases . . .
I add
more sugar
to my diet

—Christine L. Villa



*fallen petals
stained by mud puddles
tell me
the difference between
truth and media hype*

— Christine L. Villa



Christine "Chrissi" L. Villa is an award-winning tanka and haiku poet published in respected online and print journals. Her collection of Japanese short-form poetry is entitled *The Bluebird's Cry*. She is the founding editor of *Frameless Sky*, the first haiku and tanka journal available on DVD, and of *Velvet Dusk Publishing*. She is also the new editor of *Ribbons*, the official publication of Tanka Society of America.

World Haiku

Joanna Ashwell

bluebells, bluebells
raindrops echo
a symphony of blue

Taofeek Ayeyemi

balloons —
my sister burst her
gum bubbles

isolation
a virtual hug
to my crush

R.D. Bailey

crack of dawn
 nothing broken
but silence

amputee:
 scarecrow
 in the breeze

Rodney Bloor

soft rain
limitless sky and streets
strangely quiet

Helen Buckingham

barn owl
ventriloquist
to the stars

Pitt Buerken

going out
the zebra crossing
just for me

Andrea Byrd

glazed yams
sizzling on my plate
Mississippi heat

black hair
curtains closed
for summer shade

Rodica P. Calotă

Coronavirus –
even the dog is wearing
a mask on his muzzle

Pat Benedict Campbell

lockdown
noses pressed to the window
visiting grandma

through a mask—
at drive-by confessional
sins are forgiven

Joan Canby

ice-sleet
chicadee solo
curious sky

Mariangela Canzi

Silence
trees whisper
a song of grief

Terry Ann Carter

trying to cheer him up
I sneak chocolates
past the nurse

bitter almonds
these days
of isolation

Marcyn Clements

house crickets
sing to me
this isolation

Glenn G. Coats

winter moonlight
a crack in the deck
of a fishing boat

the slip from boulder to boulder spring river

Susan Constable

sunshowers
the on and off
of rainbows

Vera Constantineau

collective trauma
a flock of pigeons
huddle in the drive

Bryan Cook

pandemic spring
afraid to emerge
the snowdrops too

Liette Croteau

Meeting on SKYPE-
Canada calls Dubai
for family gathering

Robert Epstein

food shortages —
she heads to the nursery
for lettuce

David Kāvika Eyre

summer dawn
moon on pond
catch and release

lying down
with moonlight
on her bed

Vic Fleming

socially distanced

a poem's lines can begin
to lose their meaning

gas prices are low
air quality is higher
yet we feel sickly

Terri French

this need
for something softer. . .
pink moon

William Scott Galasso

folk singers
blowin' in the wind
wrens respond

pastor's flock
crowds the church
Easter rapture

LeRoy Gorman

harvest scarecrow
the combine shadow
across the field

Paul Guliov

solitary shack,
trapline tales within these walls,
winter's lonely toil.

John J. Han

spring blossoms
ever-growing red dots
on a virus map

J. Todd Hawkins

breakfast with friends
cherry blossoms
fall in coffee

Helen Herr

bent-over/women/find coins

Marshall Hryciuk

accents of clay
in this viewless mist
on the Colosseum steps

Deborah Karl-Brandt

lilies of the valley
in the soap lather
grandma's voice

Carole Katchen

The birds sing outside.
Inside I talk with my dog,
This is the new world.

Skylar Kay

piners bend
in arctic winds—
surgery scars

David J Kelly

quarantini ...
my social circle
shrinking

Howard Lee Kilby

the taxi driver
wears a hospital mask
not so hospitable

the neighbor's dog
scratches at the door
holding his bowl

kjmunro

unforgettable
an entire sky
contrail-free

Joseph M. Kusmiss

old memories—
the smell of woodsmoke
on the autumn air

Chen-ou Liu

social distancing
the darkness
between winter stars

Josephine LoRe

the silence
after robin and magpie
have sung their songs

I hold my breath
waiting for this quarantine
to pass

Daniel Lockhart

sky shatters
into opal glass ribbons
fireworks above river

Lenard D. Moore

Easter morning—
we listen to live streaming
on her cell phone

Holy Week—
still social distancing
in this house

Joanne Morcom

pandemic
my pencil crayons
wearing down

Isabella Mori

spring rain ...
yellow tape
on the playground

park bench empty
under a veil
of white blossoms

Tom Murphy

In Canyon de Chelly
Spider Rock weaves warp and woof
whispers *Dinétab*

Nika

the joy
of open windows
spring rain

self-isolation
even at solitaire
I tend to cheat

Tom Painting

storm warning
chimney swifts
shelter in place

Logan Pollon

Face mask
fogs the spectacles --
Warm winds

Derica Pitters

morning chills
pulling the blanket
over my head

morning sun
the aroma of vanilla
through the air

Shakira Posey

swaying leaves
my dream of going home
in flight

a mound of red ants
I step away
in fear to step on

Ruth Powell

rabbit tracks
in the melting snow
six feet away

Patricia Prime

giving way
to the painted moon
passing clouds

Carolanne Reynolds

*lockdown: so I miss
sakura blossoms' beauty --
but do they miss me?*

Alan E. Rosenau

apostle Philip
dropping in for brunch
six feet away

Kenyatta Robinson

winter chill
plum petals tumble
along the wind

a spider's slow move
a dewdrop rolls
on a blade

Sondra Rosenberg

April is indeed
the cruelest month—fools, taxes
and COVID-19

Ce Rosenow

the crow's flight
leads me to it:
day moon

disappearing
into branches, the hawk
with its mouse

Djurdja Vukelic Rozic

the train station
a bonsai oak tree grows
on the sleeper

Stuart Jay Silverman

bobbing through the air,
a spiky W.W.III mine,
coronavirus

Crystal Simone Smith

Peace Day
he hands me
a de-thorn rose

still in tack
in the rubble ...
exit sign

Susan Spooner

end of the season
a scarecrow in soccer strip
playing defence

Sandra Stephenson

inner harbor sea surges outside

Sandra St-Laurent

from the garage
old puzzles
freshly sorted

Silva Trstenjak

quarantine
a butterfly from our garden
visiting my room

Kathy Waters

A small, flitting bird--
my newly timid spirit
hops alongside her.

Sheila Weaver

no social distancing
for them
frogs' pond chorus

Christine Wenk-Harrison

desert plant test garden
lady finger cactus
collapses

Genevieve Wynand

as if it too
were rising
a poem at dawn

Anna Yin

April rain
petals gather
wherever ashes scattered

social distancing
in the slanting light
our shadows touch

Gideon Young

sunrise

sanitation workers' strike

sunset

Tanka & Short Poems

Andrea Byrd

running to school
sticky syrup
still on her chin
mother's kiss
the perfect goodbye

Ignatius Fay

line-up
at the grocery store
checkout
each shopper standing
on his/her dot

John J. Han

coming of spring
a baby robin jumps
from the nest
as a baby squirrel runs
atop the fence

Chen-ou Liu

*... but where
are you really from?*
the sharp knife of his gaze
tries to pry open
my immigrant memories

Patricia Prime

self-isolation
my coffee table
piled high with books
I put them in alphabetical
order in the bookcase

Yoko's Dogs

NOSTALGIA FOR THE FUTURE

high school yearbook
you feel such tenderness for that face
you once despised

didn't we burn
brightly then in our Red Ribbons lipstick

Ce Rosenow

schools closed
from the pandemic –
neighborhood children
chalk greetings
on our sidewalks

Gideon Young

NEW TRICKS

spiders around here
do not sit in their webs
but lurk to the side
behind quiet leaves
out of view
like media moguls
or noon shadow

Kenyatta Robinson

MOON WATCHING

No stars that peek out
Nor moonbeams to dance
upon the pond.

The sky is an endless black void
as silent as me
who, with eyes wide shut, dreams
a white, techno haze.

SUMMER

So much depends
upon

the blue green
vines that

trail and twist
themselves

between the wood
fences.

Haibun & Tanbun

Glenn G. Coats

NOTES

The surgeons are unable to repair a crack in her thigh bone. They feel the bone will heal on its own. Muscles are no longer limber due to the spinal muscular atrophy. Through-out surgery, arms and legs were placed in positions they were unaccustomed to. Therefore, bruises appear behind shoulders, knees, and arms. The marks will fade in the days to come.

Reminders: Walk behind my wife in case she should lose her balance. Lift her feet as she moves her legs into the car. Lower them when she gets out. If the bed at home is too high off the floor then remove the frame. Purchase a winged-back chair that will allow her to sit in an upright position. Install stainless steel grab bars outside the shower and along bathroom walls.

Questions for the Head Nurse: In order to be discharged, how far must she walk? Should I bring her warmer clothes for the ride home? When will the prescriptions be ready for pick-up? Can the bed linens be changed? Will my wife be going home tomorrow?

voices close to God twilight sparrows

Vic Fleming

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

As names of odd things go, COVID-19 is not so unusual. C-O stands for “corona,” V-I for “virus.” D stands for ... guess what? If you said “disease,” you are correct. What about that 19? Well, it seems that 2019 is when we, as a society, first had knowledge of this novel virus. Novel, as in *new*, not as in a book of fiction. New, as in no one had ever before had it. Thus, there was no immunity, no experience, no real knowledge. Nothing, really, upon which to base expectations. And so ..., we deal.

strange employees
taking my temperature
guarding entrances

Terri French

THROUGH A GLASS CLEARLY

Grass greener than renewed faith. A entire flock of robins baptizing themselves in puddles of fresh rain water. A breeze, still chilled by the last of winter stirring a bed of tulips into the dance of David. In celebration their yellow heads nodding to a new rhythm. Sky so blue, so pure, the blue of virgin birth.

“But ask the beasts, and they will teach you; the birds of the heavens, and they will tell you; or the bushes of the earth, and they will teach you; and the fish of the sea will declare to you. . .In his hand is the life of every living thing and the breath of all mankind.” Job 12:7-10

online sermon
the question concerning
dominion

Mel Goldberg

THE GOVERNMENT STIMULUS

A tourist stops at the town motel, lays a \$100 bill on the desk, and tells the motel owner he wants to inspect the rooms to pick one for the night.

As soon as he leaves, the motel owner grabs the bill and runs next door to pay his debt to the butcher. The butcher takes the \$100 and runs down the street to retire his debt to the pig farmer. The pig farmer takes the \$100 and heads off to pay his grain bill at the Co-op.

The guy at the Co-op takes the \$100 and runs to pay his debt to the local hooker, who has given him her services on credit.

The hooker rushes to the hotel and pays off her room bill. The motel owner then places the \$100 back on the counter moments before the tourist comes back, states that the rooms are not satisfactory, picks up his \$100 bill, and leaves. The townspeople are now out of debt and look to the future with a lot more optimism.

government aid
everyone gets money
but no one is richer

John J. Han

UNDER HOUSE ARREST—SORT OF

The novel coronavirus outbreak reached the American Midwest in March 2020. Two weeks after the first confirmed case was announced, my county is under lockdown. All nonessential businesses are closed, and employees work from home if feasible. Being confined at home around the clock has been a challenge, but I have managed to find ways to cope with it. Boredom is broken by watching videos of cats and dogs playing together or daredevil driving on cliff-side Himalayan roads. Other times, I listen to fast-paced bluegrass music or to relaxing sleep music. In more sober moments, I read a few pages of Albert Camus' novel *The Plague*, which sat idly in my office for decades. The other day, Daniel Defoe's *A Journal of the Plague Year* came to mind; it is now on my reading list. All of the county residents are under virtual house arrest, but the order does not entail electronic monitoring. Actually, the lockdown provides a time for relaxation, reflection, and contemplation.

virus lockdown
watching squirrels flit
from tree to tree

J. Todd Hawkins

DEFINITELY A HONKY TONK

From high atop the power pole, the sodium vapor glow of the lamp sprays everything pink-orange. The old cowboy settles onto the open tailgate of his Ford, his jeans still smoky tan with the dust and corn chaff of the field.

Through the shadows I see him sneer at me as I walk to the door of the clapboard-sided building, its windows opaque, tar-papered over. A brown dog turns from sniffing tires in the parking lot. Through shadows, I see the dog turn, too, sneer. I remember what my father told me about these sorts of places: “A dance hall is where you go to dance with your wife. A honky tonk is where you go to dance with someone else’s wife.” I nod at the cowboy. I ease inside, into the smoky dark.

last notes of primrose
through the kitchen window—
she two-steps alone

Chen-ou Liu

BUT NONE OF US WANT TO BE MARTYRS

hospital window
the Maple Leaf flying
at half-mast

I'm starving. Thirsty. Tired. I wore my N95 mask for ten hours straight. Careful to conserve my #PPE ..., her last tweet has gone viral. Now, this dedicated nurse, a mother of two girls, becomes a dot added to the heat map of covid-19 confirmed cases and deaths.

Susan Weaver

MORNING, *MONTAÑA DE ORO*

Summer fog softens the peaks above us.

yellow flowers
gild the mountain
. . . a visitor
I have no name
to call them

On a bluff overlooking the California coast, my husband sets up his easel. He studies coves and crashing waves, sponges water on paper, picks up a brush.

stroke by stroke
color & shape
become sea become sky
gulls' cries echo
against the cliff

A trail threads through knee-high scrub, the gray-green *chaparral*, where a blacktail doe and her buck graze. Behind them, rows of eucalyptus extend slender branches as if offering prayers.

Yesterday's family wedding
a blur of faces
now pink-blooming sage
line of five pelicans
skyward

Curious, I follow the trail. It descends to a rock-walled cove; fringe of surf on sand. Dried, tubular forms strew the small beach. Tawny, brown, long as my forearm, each has a bulbous end from which dark tendrils curl. I pick one up, smell its salty tang.

what are
these sea dolls
nibbled nearly bald
save for the black bangs
of their kelp tresses

Bull kelp, explains a lone woman, also walking the beach. Its stems are anchored off the coast – thirty, forty, sixty feet down. These gas-filled “heads” – she points – keep long, sun-seeking blades afloat. Below, many creatures feed and shelter.

in the ocean’s forest
rockfish, jellies, sea stars, snails
each has its niche
such fragile order
this hidden world

Sea otters dive for clams, mussels, sea urchins on the forest floor and eat them at the surface. Then they nap in the kelp’s golden canopy, wrapped in a stem to keep from floating away.

In winter, kelp die and wash ashore on the swell and crash of coastal storms. At sea bottom, they start anew from spores each spring . . .

their stipes grow
toward the light
sometimes ten inches in a day
we reach out
with color & word

Note: Bull kelp, with its long stipes (stems), is the largest form of brown algae. *Nereocystis*, this plant's genus, is Greek for "mermaid' bladder."

Pamela Herron & Albert Y. Wong

THE CUP

Cup of emptiness
remade, repurposed, reborn
holding tender green

空杯子
翻新換面重生
育嫩葉

Growing succulents
new buds from a single leaf
cup full of promise

仙人掌
一葉生息嫩芽
杯承誓

Shaft of hazy light
shines on fortune, longevity
tea cup with new life

一線光
照耀福祿壽禧
杯新生

Recently I've developed a hobby of collecting succulents. I propagate different varieties, usually from a small pup or from just a single leaf. When they are mature enough I re-plant them into pots for the house or transplant them to our front yard to replace what was once turf. It's a perfect solution to xeriscaping.

Photoku

Deborah Ford

steadying my heart
accepting not resigning
to more pain ahead



Djurdja Vukelic Rozic



Silva Trstenjak (haiku)
Anamaria Sever (photo)



Jianqing Zheng

wind at dusk
the broken weathercock
head down



Jianqing Zheng
9/29/2018

Book Info

Delta Sun: Haiku and Photographs by Jianqing Zheng.
Red Moon P, 2018. Free copy from this link:
<https://www.thehaikufoundation.org/omeka/files/original/fee4301e3b57994f65e401e5dc97b64f.pdf>

