

*This Week's Montage*

—*The Haiku Capital  
of the Midwest*

*Comparative Haiku*

selected by

*Allan Burns*

It's surely a fact worth remarking that, according to the 2008 Membership List, there are more HSA members from the town of Dubuque, Iowa, (population 57,250) than there are from roughly half the states in the Union. What's going on here?! It all begins with one of the great names in the short history of English-language haiku: Raymond Roseliep, a priest, a poet, and a professor who taught haiku at Loras College, Dubuque, Iowa, starting in the early '60s. Among his many students was Bill Pauly, who later taught a haiku writing workshop at Loras himself for about twelve years. One of his finest students was Francine Banwarth, who never had the chance to meet Roseliep but as a dedicated non-traditional student served as a role model and inspiration to the younger class members. After Bill left Loras, Francine encouraged him to continue teaching his haiku workshops in informal settings, which continue each spring and fall to this day—the results speak for themselves. As Bill puts it, "We like to refer jokingly to Dubuque as 'the haiku capital of the Midwest' because of its high degree of haiku literacy and per capita incidence of committed haiku writers." This gallery honors the memory of Raymond Roseliep, "the John Donne of haiku," who was born on August 11<sup>th</sup>; it also identifies another haiku continuity (Roseliep to Pauly to Banwarth) and celebrates the notable achievements of Dubuque haiku.

*Bill Pauly* (b. 1942)

*Raymond Roseliep* (1917-1983)

*Francine Banwarth* (b. 1947)

still night  
apple fall  
miles away

the old man  
awakened by  
east moving shade

horn wind  
moves the moon over  
the poet's grave

noon  
swallows  
his shadow

branch to branch  
the bluejay  
brightens rain

silk stockings  
rustle  
on thistledown

son, the doublemoon's  
dancing in our pond and sky:  
let's go

from *Wind the Clock by Bittersweet* (High/Coo Press, 1977)

he removes his glove  
to point out  
Orion

"Old man" I whispered,  
arms around my father:  
no leaf moved

never expecting  
the lilies in November  
nor the small coffin

ordering my tombstone:  
the cutter has me feel  
his Gothic "R"

downpour:  
my "I-Thou"  
T-shirt

her hourglass figure  
in  
my father's watch

snow:  
all's  
new

1 from *Sailing Bones* (The Rook Press, 1978)  
2-4 from *Listen to Light* (Alembic Press, 1980)  
5-7 from *Rabbit in the Moon* (Alembic Press, 1983)

water calls them  
out of the sky  
wing-worn geese

river rising . . .  
the trees almost touch  
their shadows

moon blossoms...  
her body prepared  
for viewing

sun dogs  
on the winter horizon . . .  
another body count

spring dawn  
in the wheelbarrow  
some of the rain

autumn nightfall  
dusk in her  
silk stockings

slow with his answer  
the autumn river keeps  
changing colors

1 from *Frogpond* 32.1, 2009; 2-3 from *Modern Haiku* 39.3, 2008; 4 Washington Poets Association Haiku Contest 2007, First Place; 5 from *The Haiku Calendar 2008* (Snapshot Press); 6 from *Modern Haiku* 37.2, 2006; 7 from *Wisteria* 13, 2009, Pinewood Haiku Contest, First Place

*Previous Montages*

*July 26: Birthdays (II)*  
*August 2: Lifefulness*

*Next Week's Montage: Around the World*

Ion Codrescu  
K. Ramesh  
Bob Lucky