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haiku

brett brady

wind in the pages

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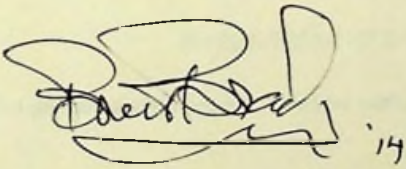
haiku



brett brady

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haiku
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dedicated to

family and friends

the loving memory of my soaring dad and his wonderful sense of humor
my reluctantly grounded mother and her ever-dancing soul

my beautiful daughter Jocelyn
for her brilliance and artistry
love and support

HAIKU & SENRYU

"Haiku show us what we knew all the time, but did not know we knew:
it shows us that we are poets in so far as we live at all."
-R.H. Blyth

Haiku and senryu are miniature "poems" that give expression in simple language to fleeting moments of heightened awareness. They suggest rather than narrate. They can appear fragile, but are in truth substantially robust and resilient. They are also little epiphanies, which, at first, may seem elusive, but are rife with an ever-present constant: an irrepressible ***hint-of-something-other*** which remains doggedly attentive, quietly subtle, and infinitely far-ranging.... meditative-nuance -

"Success" frequently depends upon an alluring facility to quicken the thrill of that which is left unsaid (a wink or a glance; perhaps the magnetic charm of the déjà vu effect or the anticipated draw of the *next* chapter.)

The "form" of three lines arranged in 5-7-5 syllables is not considered an essential by most schools of thought, but regarded as something somewhere between historical misnomer and traditional guideline, the vast difference between Japanese [language of origin] and English gives a parity-nod to fewer syllables.

Haiku take as subject-matter natural situations and, traditionally, employ an evocative word intrinsically particular to the specific season (*kigo*).

Senryu treat human situations, often humorously or with irony or satire. One is the "flipside" of the other.

- hints & meandering notions -

Paul Reps was an American pioneer; a first to explore, adapt, champion, and exploit the use of haiku in English [circa: 1930's]. He referred to his work as ***picture-poems***; ***see say poems, poems before words***, and ***weightless gifts***. In the doing, he brilliantly avoided the still ongoing controversy about what haiku is and/or isn't. These designations obviously emphasize the fact that his "poetic-compositions" are better considered as a visual art than a verbal one. Profound-in-essence; intuitive-in-truth, these are (or should be) the benchmarks for all haiku: more literal than literary; sensuous and visceral as opposed to intellectual and academic ... touch first, think later.

There are generally two types of haiku ["*picture-poems*"?] in this book: the "*ah*" and the "*aha*". The first construct ["*ah*"] is a confluence of lines, which more or less [hopefully less] present one complete image....

i.e.: ***a darkening sky / from hilltop to horizon / all the wild orchid***
or: ***icy path / only a thin rim / of new moon.***

The second ["*aha*"] offers a sort of surprise or revelation. This is usually achieved through an extended-coloration of an image, or more often by an abrupt (apparently unconnected) juxtaposition of one line played against the other two...

such as: ***thru stained glass / ever deepening colors - / slow dusk***
or: ***between waves... / the crab and i staring / across time.***

Haiku complete themselves when a reader embraces the experience. To that point permit a few suggestions on how you might better read one: **1)** read as slowly as possible; **2)** let each line sink-in (picture it) before moving to the next; **3)** read/see again, slower still; **4)** remember there is no more "purpose" to a haiku than a sunset; **5)** bask in this (your) vision!

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Foreword

If brevity is the soul of wit, then perhaps the haiku is the soul of poetic brevity. In this "attention deficit" world where our time has so many demands made on it, brevity and conciseness are almost a vital necessity . . . what more perfect than the ancient yet ageless haiku?

Brett Brady is a master of this exquisite form, and I am honored to be writing this foreword for his book.

Several of his haiku have graced my CDs, all of which beautifully reflect the project for which they were written. One of my favorites was a haiku Brett wrote for my album *The Yearning.* In the CD booklet there is a photo taken in 1927, by my grandfather, of actress Lil Dagover whose beautiful shoulders were legendary. Brett wrote these lovely lines:

orchestra faintly...

the moonlight on her shoulder

never forgotten

Brett's other evocative haiku will, as you will read and linger over them, be equally unforgettable. We are privileged to be in the presence of a master whose beautiful observations enrich us all.

Michael Hoppe
Portland, Oregon
2007

haiku

open diary...
a tradewind flips the pages
sunset reads the words

cold desert morning...
the fading afterimage
of a fallen star

milkweed
growing over the older
tombstones

lily pad...
a cloud slipping out
from under

autumn wind -
the mantis still praying
deep in amber

whistling...
tophat and tails
walking away

dirt road:
a string of smoke
thru red maples

he returns her smile...
the amish shopkeep carving
a faceless doll

half moon
a hemisphere apart
you and i

the sun
thunderlike
thru pines

over stones
a cartwheeling-leaf...
kitten in pursuit

foggy autumn lake...
an occasional ripple
to break the silence

thru dusk
a faint moon
whitens

indian summer...
a napping dragonfly
atop the wheatstalk

two leis
floating side-by-side
beyond the rocks

confessional...
a young priest mumbles softly
to no one

alone on the wharf
-with only his whisperings -
the old lobsterman

ex-monk
raking gently over
the sandtrap

dead leaves...
one by one they go
like butterflies

thru rocks...
each wave suck't-back
into another

jasmine and a moon...
gazebo lights and laughter
from across the lake

mist... hush...
like thunder a sudden
sunburst

torrential downpour...
too much of a romantic
to awaken you

slowly as the sun
slipping behind the mountain...
she removes her ring

the catcher
comes home with a pup
tuck't in his glove

acres and acres...
only weatherworn fenceposts
and vagrant pheasant

puddles...
just one small step
on each moon

old dinner jacket...
embedded in a lapel
fragrant memories

before dawn...
dog and rooster fighting
for the last word

"chinatown
tuesday afternoon..."
stood up

fly
swatter
poised

his quiet fingers
combing gently thru the curls
as she sleeps

her fingers
curling grey curls
on his chest

beggar pigeons
shake off a little rain
and move on

two silences
under one umbrella...
tiny coffin

indigo sunset
wandering with a slow breeze
thru the ironwood

underneath the cloud
-cup't in a calla lily-
the moon's other half

misty bluegrass hills...
an invisible drizzle
blackens the angus

half way
across the garden path...
its trail

sloshing up
against the old pier posts
the smell of the sea

roll'd-up want-ads
swatting at mosquitoes
and eye-floaters

a drop drops
from the moonflower
toward the moon

2 moons -
a dewdrop slips
off the petal

one stone
chased by many echoes
into the abyss

below the branches
a waterfall swallows up
all the crow-squawking

the waterfall
swallowing up all
our words

dark
deepening
silence

from her terrace
a crumb toss't here and there...
now and then

rain.
another invisible
hitchhiker

independence day -
grandma's magnifying glass
behind a cushion

nope!
those 2 flies
are fighting

fishbones
in the hollow of
a beach't tire

noon.
sandcrabs under a heap
of seaweed

winter beach...
sandfleas picking-over
gull bones

a lunar eclipse...
the feral cats, one-by-one,
from out of nowhere

far-off
cricket-songs out
of sync

only the stillness -
a scorpion scoots across
the moonless highway

mt. rd.
a one-eyed cougar caught
in my headlight

the pull of the waves
back thru the sound
of the stones

darkwine sea...
our last day slipping
into silence

the ocean
in her little hands
cup't

cool evening...
the faint scent of rain
and woodsmoke

grey dawn...
a lingering rivermist
softens the crocus

chit-chat chit-chat chit...
tapping her long fingernails
under the table

old piano bench -
the musty stench of moldy
sheet music

rolling out
my new yoga mat...
the cat smirks

finger-flick't
out of the cobweb
into the pond

slow-dusk...
falling iris petals
blurred in shadows

stillness...
the quiet universe
expanding

liquid moon
spilling from a drunken
ca
l
l
a
li
l
y

the crows
here and there
on wires

an orange sun
thru black bamboo
her whispers

a red sun
thru black bamboo
lavender incense

thru black bamboo stalks
the sunset colors inside
her rearview mirror

on lookout pt.
-from a car near the edge-
the flare of a match

black sand...
only the whiteness
of the driftwood

moonlit hwy....
now and then a mongoose
scoots across

still alive
between the whitecaps...
injured wing

over rock
the white-sound of
blue surf

broken dam...
thru the whitewater
a frog on a leaf

cub scouts
buttering pancakes
under a maple

moonlit
thunderclouds
hide the moon

tiny barkings -
a sparrow grips the reed
and rides the wind

at the highest point
-weightless over the river-
i release the rope

light in the window
going out and coming back:
familiar footprints

from the forest
-beyond the footpath-
a dim glow

not a breeze -
the dragonfly still
on a wheat stalk

those yoga poses
stretching beyond her fingers
beyond her toeses

icy marsh
as far as the eye can see
moon-splinters

heavy seas...
the lighthouse appears
and disappears

rainforest
frogs leaping over clouds
of ground fog

2 a.m.
the only payphone
vandalized

gull bones -
the hollow sound of each
pounding wave

purple rose...
holding the morning dew
true to color

dewdrops...
the chameleon's back
changing color

the meerschaum
clinch't between his teeth -
winter night

windowsill candle...
flakes swirling in a circle
of thawed frost

not a breath...
her old rope-swing still
moves a little

a fly
on the wind chime sound
asleep

a fallen petal
caught in mid-flight -
night lightning

thru fog...
on the pier somewhere
playing tenor

empty subway...
"free aza cupla boids"
dog and leash

room 231
at the end of the hall
4 p.m.

new vase,
one stem too short...
the birthday rose

ripe peach -
sinking my teeth in
to the pit

the last butterfly
clings to a fallen petal...
one wing throbbing still

to the breeze
an abandoned web
wriggles free

mix't-messg. -
cardinal and crow
on the same line

a black sea
swallowing the whole
moonfull

anniversary
long-stem roses...
short vase

puppy and leash
visiting every shoe
in the subway

weather'd jacket...
his granddaughter's hand
stroking the sleeve

woolen sweater...
her grandson's fingers
pulling at the frays

low tide -
a crabshell pinch't
between the rocks

the scent of spring
left to memory...
even as they fall

a moon slips
from cloud-to-cloud...
frogsongs

distant moment...
one after another
swans thru a mist

echoes
following stones
falling

wick-smoke
recalling flame-shapes...
dances on

whispers
padding the silences...
old priest

dead pope...
the bougainvillea still
deep purple

only eggshells...
she drops something
and flies off

lightning
-a moth under the eaves-
thunder

daybreak...
fishnets slapping
the water

black sand
beneath each wave
wet clouds

frogsongs
where the river bends
half-an-oar

huddled under
a cardboard shelter
to block the moon

thru heavy fog
the smell of seaweed
and dark sand

silversword
under a thundering
gun-metal sky

thru mist
a lone oleander
full-of-pink

stray calf;
abandoned tractor...
rest in peace

a darkening sky
from hilltop to horizon
all the wild orchid

bored astronaut
-safe behind the window-
thumbs-out earth

still pond...
twilight dragonflies
teasing... teasing...

garden wedding...
a hired dove sits
on the holybook

the coat of hoarfrost
clinging to its rigid hairs -
dead caterpillar

by starlight...
crows flying low
over the corn

fallen palm -
a few fronds bobbing-off
to the open sea

morning mist...
red leaves stuck
to a headstone

murky pond...
a black owl's twin
circles above

winter beach -
the sand has stiffen'd
to a crunch

christmas night...
the smell of tangerines
freshly peel'd

birdbath...
calico-paw-prints
round-the-rim

crack't tarmac -
white stars shivering
in black ice

rain-break...
she stays inside painting
sunflowers

new diet:
only my pants
get thinner

mantis...
still praying deep
in amber

wet headstone:
"thumbs hook't in his belt"
1944-1963

morning fog...
a purple scarf tied
to a willow

at the ground-breaking:
the builders and the buyers
and the 5.8

at the end
of the footpath a few
falling leaves

mid pond...
a dying wasp cradled-in
the white hibiscus

wild orchid
under thunderclouds
waiting... waiting...

after the long day...
four fat men in a thin car
opening windows

orange moon
sneaking thru the grove...
a sudden thud

moon-ripples...
her blue orchids floating
downstream

thru stained glass
ever deepening colors -
slow dusk

prairie winds...
a tumbleweed stuck
in the dry well

almost dead
-the fly on my knee-
tho... not... ...quite!!

black and white birch...
we sit with our silences
deep in mist

just the two of them
-strangers on an empty beach-
a few dunes apart

orchestra faintly...
the moonlight on her shoulder
never forgotten

they meet at sunset
near the end of the pier
as if by chance

her footprints
slowly washing away
with each wave

the total eclipse...
even those bickering jays
suddenly dumbstruck

fog -
tugs hauling barges
out to sea

garbage scow
home from the open sea...
without one gull

dark plaza -
someone collecting coins
from the fountain

dark alley -
someone picking bottles
from a dumpster

20yrs. younger
and 40yrs. prettier...
ah... ...well?

long shadows
wave-after-wave
over the wheat

in white sand
the rust-covered bell...
then the mast

near the exit
he juggles nothing:
blind mime

condor perch't
on a longhorn skull -
closed museum

old man and old cat
fast asleep on the porch swing...
lengthening shadows

spilling branch to branch
-a feathering of snowflakes-
the jays in a snit

moss-top't
lodged in the riverbed:
huge boulder

thru cooling sand
a long palm shadow reaches
the water's edge

eye-exam
the nurse's new frock
miss-buttoned

window frost...
an arrow thru the name
in the heart

moonlit
waterfall...
her eyes

willow-silhouette
back and forth across the moon...
our song comes to mind

thin rain
falling on tiles
and potted trees

east barstow:
hot gusts and the smell
of bacon grease

buzzards
in a mojave updraft...
my canteen sloshing

the last fledging falls
further and further behind
the migrating flock

a feather
drifting... slowly... thru
a moonbeam

top to bottom...
the mountain slowly filling
with sunrise

twilight
creeping up
the mountain

cold snap -
midnight roaches skittering
beneath the fridge

loose leaves
flying thru the crosswalk...
green yellow red

incense
and moon-pieces drift
in concert

timberline -
one small cherry tree
half in bloom

fearless
on a bobbing frond -
little bird

honey bee
and hibiscus
sharing colors

red tide...
the glow of a footfall
two seconds

fronds
then
chimes

frondsthenchimes

low rolling thunder...
the thought of a butterfly
from out of nowhere

where sky
touches infinity...
lavender fields

1001...
2002...3-
!

random memories...
how silent the waterfowl
slipping thru the reeds

her vacant gazing
lost in some distant focus -
crumpled telegram

how familiar
-this journey home-
the day... the night...

ship lights off
in the distance where the sun
went down

in the hollow
of an upcurl'd wingtip...
a deeper dusk

where
they rest
tanline

clouds across the moon...
from the old man's balcony
a woman's laughter

dead battery...
the faint trace of cologne
from the backseat

icy path
only a thin rim
of new moon

at her wedding...
in the back pew i smell
of wet wool

night fog...
a bottle rolling down
the alleyway

again and again
slapping-at that same damn fly
with my haiku book

without a ripple
-fall leaves crossing long shadows-
to another shore

library sign:
"no dogs allowed except
for seeing-eye dogs"

skymoon
lightr thana
pudlmoon

roadside fruitstand -
hung from the banana hook
an empty holster

sea swell
after sea swell
pushing moonlight

two eagles soaring...
on crossing a cloudfaced moon
one changes her course

ant-to-ant
my birthday cake
crumb-by-crumb

moonrise
in one eye only...
beach't whale

a screech owl
settles on a bare branch
in dead silence

hot pond...
up to my neck
in stars

beyond the surf...
over their heads
in moonlight

moonflower
just across the river
morning glory

sundrops
dripping from the lip
of a lilac

garden path...
somewhere near the end
a stone buddah

sun on the moon
in a chameleon's eye
the stillness

sun
on the moon
rising

sun
on the moon
sinking

cold sand -
she deepens her old
footprints

chilly winds
crossing the lake
autumn leaves

all those years,
her faithful companion:
"smokey"

for a year,
that odd little runt:
"willy"

mossy log...
little curl'd ferns
in a sunpatch

polaris -
a desert wind cools
the copperhead

black moth...
dawn sifting thru
a wing

red sky
over the old barn
a crescent moon

from the tall palms
an invisible parrot's
rude remarks

still
sundown colors
the parrot

lightning
-for an instant-
the wolf

dark parts
over scorpio -
nite clouds

a swirl
of dandelion-fluff
flying off

lake-mist...
loons sending echoes
back and forth

cooler breezes
thru the bamboo stalks
a sickle-moon

her lip-print
smudg'd on my teacup...
"red zinger"

dead moth -
the huge ambitions of
a tiny spider

cassiopeia
thru a crescent moon
on the door

whitecaps
-a perfect camouflage-
humpbacks

cormorants...
still on separate rocks
after sundown

K-9's sniffing
around the suspicious
hotdog stand

rain... rain...
a 2nd surgery
to fix the 1st

safe in the shadow
of the flyswatter... the fly
on a private part

hot night -
insomnia soak't
pillowsides

my father's face
laughing at something silly
in the mirror

park bench...
her hand resting on his
white cane

road crew
slapping their necks -
lunch break

to see
in your daughter's eyes
your mother's

circling owls
thermal-to-thermal -
jam'd offramp

one gull
flying thru two
half-shells

thunder-peels...
garden finch shelter'd
in a stone lantern

weather'd tent...
andromeda squeezing thru
a pin-hole

blood horizon...
our local prisoners
planting palms

here and there
the last few fireflies -
late autumn

bright easter morning...
her granddaughter's new white shoes
already grass-stained

grey easter morning...
his grandson's new blue trousers
muddied at the knees

from shore
she considers the wind
in his sails

poplars
giving voices to
the wind

disturbing
the moon in a dewdrop:
a small me

stroke after stroke
her brown arms glistening
lap after lap

a slow flow
of goo-sap covering
a chrysalis

she scoops-up the stars
in a cupped-waterlily...
just to pour them out

head tuck't
safely underwing -
hunting season

an evening breeze
to lift a few neck feathers -
sleeping swans

hunker'd deep
in a cheap raincoat
behind the church

huge moon...
aha! my fat cat
twitch't an ear

grey gulls
thru a fogbank...
2... 3...

shoeless
old man scolding
pigeons

roadkill!
we swerve to avoid
dead bark

pumpkin-headed;
scaring all the crows
in the patch

jasmine
from cassiopeia
thru the trellis

swamp frogs
among the rushes
purple clouds

the trickle
of rainwater slipping-off
a wren's beak

one lily
on the canyon floor
in moonlight

on the dock...
a puppy bites
the air

asleep by the fire,
my old golden lab passes
more gas than mobile

thru the moon
slow-rising curls
of bath-steam

circus prize:
a chameleon on a string
greening itself

the afternoon
on yellow petals now
downstream

tree frogs -
her straw-hat lying on
a mossy stump

"roadside tacos"...
the girl's halter'd baby
thumb-sucking

little spider
quickly crossing over
hot sand

at her eulogy...
my younger brother's eyebrows
gone totally grey

a dewdrop slipping
from one magnolia petal
onto another

fireflies...
i remember her
whispering

fresh snow...
one white owl
circles the meadow

private beach...
behind the driftwood
trespassers

swoop't-up
in a curling wave-scoop -
young turtles

day's end...
dragonfly and ripple
finally meet

in mid-pond...
a dragonfly carcass
snags my hand

from the roof
every shop and cafe
in plain view

top floor -
high-rises popping-up
down the street

penthouse
overlooking the world...
ice tinkling

only stars
and a deepening silence -
penthouse suite

as they gaze
from under one umbrella
to the harbor lights

her open palm
soft upon his cheek...
closing their eyes

still curl'd
into each other...
fully clothed

two moons
and a lake vanishing
into mist

carnival -
a basket of pinwheels
matching the music

3 balloons pulling
1 small girl and 2 huge scoops
of strawberry-swirl

logging road -
dusk hawks figuring
their eights

moon-puddle...
one bug-eyed sumo
bullfrog

photographing
moon-puddles... when a
tiny grasshopper...

leafless birch...
in the corner of my eye
something moves

morning tea...
for a few seconds the cloud
in a cobweb

misty swamp...
a crane's neck stretch't-up
among the cattails

no iguana...
only rope around
the cactus

prairie night -
a faint glow just beyond
the mountain ridge

in the naupaka
squabbling mongooses...
"i have no cheese!"

between waves...
the crab and i staring
across time

sundrops
dripping off the cold
cow's nose

sundrips
dropping off a cow's
hot nose

flat lake...
the space between two
evening stars

still lake...
the time between two
half-moons

new brush:
a soft off-white
bristle

fluttering...
half the leaf stuck
in frozen mud

still...
the sound of banyans
in the mist

still

silent

...meteors!

before stars...
a desert song from
a distant cricket

mexicali night -
a bead-of-sweat rolls slowly
down the cabby's cheek

dry riverbed...
a fly's buzz growing
with the heat

summer heat -
the sound in my glass swizzles
round-n-round

foggy morning...
a mole sleeping in
the duckblind

deep forest...
night winds across
the pinetops

new snow...
the fresh scent
of moonlight

one cricket
deepening the stillness
between stars

meteor shower...
a plumeria petal
slips over the falls

cloud peaks
puffed in the middle of
a nighthawk's eye

the tourist
has found a home
for the stray

new traffic signal -
a wal-mart bag crossing
against the light

sidewalk cafe...
umbrellas block the gossip
below her window

after the quake...
resuming the program still
in progress

trumpet solo
blown from the roof
to the moon

from the roof
-his muted coronet-
to the stars

sunrise
in the dew
footprints

moonrise...
the sudden rustle of
a falling frond

dawn mist...
she graduates tonight
with honors

mud rd. -
deep ruts full
of moon-shards

"closing night"...
echoing theater lights
going offff

winter night -
the hollow of a wave
collapsing

x-country...
these skis way too short
of breath

the wibble-wobble
of a gurney wheel...
growing fainter

a hot gust
one second behind
the truck

rt. 66 -
a fat tarantula stuck
in black-muck

one chirp
wakes up all
the forest

finches in the road
faster than her thunderbird
only by inches

night-on-night...
the full blackmoon
staring back

moonlit path –
a small stone smooth
in my palm

his jar
still remains unopen'd...
flat lake

pond-mist...
a goose feather ferries
a dewdrop across

ssssnap...
ssnap..snap.... a flag
fights the wind

bamboo thicket...
a crack't koa bowl
full of leaves

thick moss
on a blackrock wall
crow bones

the thought of fall leaves
-with every cherry blossom-
slowly... silently...

a small moth
on a swamp reed
before the sun

cloud-wisps...

drifting

into

nothing

the soft fragrance
thru a lavender field...
in a painting

a distant sail
slips over the edge...
i am ocean

grey dawn...
a pink camellia lodged
under the footbridge

cold night
the new moon
thru mist

a trail
where a star fell
still glows

near the end
then the beginning...
wind in the pages

on haiku

"It can be elevated as the ringing of a temple bell, or as simple as the sunlight catching a bit of silverware on your table: as isolated as a mountain top, or acknowledging the ugly. What unifies these (haiku) moments are the way they make us pause and take notice, the way we are still recalling them hours later, the feeling of having had a momentary insight transcending the ordinary, or a glimpse into the very essence of ordinariness itself." *-a.c. missias*

"...a poem of one to four lines / about a moment in time / allowing us a glimpse / of the eternal" *-ai li*

"Perfection in haiku, or as close to it as we flawed haiku poets can get, is achieved not when there is nothing more to add, but when there is nothing else to be eliminated... the best haiku are barefoot; next, the sandaled; and least, those with shoes." *-robert spiess*

"Real haiku is the soul of poetry. Anything that is not actually present in one's heart is not haiku. The moon glows, flowers bloom, insects cry, water flows. There is no place we cannot find flowers or think of the moon. This is the essence of haiku. Go beyond the restrictions or your era, forget about purpose or meaning, separate yourself from historical limitations – there you'll find the essence of true art, religion, and science." *-santoka taneda*

"A haiku is the expression of a temporary enlightenment, in which we see into the life of things." *-r.h. blyth*

"Haiku are serenely vibrant. Although they seldom are concerned with grand or marvelous events, or employ highly charged language, or possess startling qualities, they nonetheless are intensely alive in their quiet and deep evocation of aspects of life and the world, aspects that can easily be overlooked. In and through these haiku we are able to live more fully and with a non-exclusiveness that lets us participate in and appreciate multitudinous event-experiences... a haiku should be like water pouring into water..." *-robert spies*

"You must live in the present, launch yourself on any wave, find your eternity in each moment." *-h.d. thoreau*

"... the now-moment is boundless and (an) inexhaustible eternity. Millennia, centuries, days, hours, are all intellective concepts of persons who love to gauge everything by numbers. True eternity is the now-moment. And it is the now-moment from which haiku are created..." *-philo*

"To generalize is to be an idiot. To particularize is the alone distinction of merit." *-blake*

"Haiku are to be appreciated not by "knowing" but through understanding, for knowing (knowledge) comes about by reasoning, by the intellect, whereas understanding is a function of intuition... in haiku the words should be so exact that the reader forgets them and only the intuition remains... the haiku poet does not need ego in order to be self-aware... a haiku's coherence lies in its being aesthetic, not intellective..."*-robert spies*

"I propose that 'Western Haiku' simply say a lot in three short lines in any Western language. Above all, a Haiku must be very simple and free of all poetic trickery and make a little picture and yet be as airy and graceful as a Vivaldi Pastorella." *-jack kerouac*

"haiku slips beneath our immediate consciousness and plants a moment of fidelity and perpetual agreement... with an eternal integral truth about something quite ordinary, they tender, through delicacy and nuance, an extraordinarily unanimous harmony with everything." *-b. brady*

brett brady

author/poet/musician

[writer, singer, actor, athlete, lyricist, composer, illustrator, lecturer, teacher, coach, news reporter, bus driver, lighthouse sweeper, lobster fisherman, house builder, house parent, construction worker, songwriter, guitarist, flautist, filmmaker, playwright, printer, publisher, director, producer, professor, feasibility advisor, paper boy, garbage man, salesman, life-counselor, camp-counselor, college dean, university executive vice-president, farmhand, and quite likely a few more...]

"There are many wonderful haijin out there deftly presenting the case for haiku. I'm probably better suited as an observer; rather more like a student of the art than a lawyer for its defense [or prosecution.]" "Anonymity [the closest we can get to invisibility] facilitates a wish/need to breathe-in each *now-moment* as fully liberated as possible... there is a serene freedom in solitude. It affords an extraordinary luxury to absorb life... wherein, sometimes, I might jot down a few *ordinary* notes." "To quote Ryokan [a favorite poet]: ***"the nightingale's song / brings me out of a dream: / the morning glows"*** ...then the very fine haijin ai li: *"quiet observation enables us to write truthfully"*... to which I can only add:

"yes!""

Examples of his work appear in various publications, some of which are:

Across the Dark [pub: Celestial Arts]; *Tearing Mind/Silent Streams* [Sea Litho Press]; Dalhousie Gazette [Joseph Howe Award; archives]; Haiku Journal [2nd annual International Yuki Teikei Haiku Contest; Sumitomo Bank Award]; Cicada; Dragonfly; Poet; Lucidity; *Quiet Storms* [Michael Hoppe, Gaia Records]; *The Yearning* [Michael Hoppe; pub: Chordially Yours Music; Bainbridge Records]; *The Dreamer* [Michael Hoppe; pub: Chordially Yours Music; Bainbridge Records]; *Requiem* [Michael Hoppe; pub: Chordially Yours Music];Today's Beautiful Gem [e-mag]; Quotes That Leave A Mark" [e-pub]; Jiyu-Katari [New Haiku Contest (awarded)]; The Hawaii Education Association International Haiku Contest [for: "humourous" (senryu); "Hawaii word"; "season word"]; Clouds Peak; Tinywords; andrearazzauti.com; brettbrady.com; *foggy autumn lake* [B. Brady; A.Razzauti; M.Perez; pub:4evrsumr]; *two eagles soaring* [B.Brady; M.Hoppe; pub:4evrsumr] -

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as well: to those living or dead who knowingly or unknowingly provided inspiration (obvious and/or otherwise) -

omissions:

please forgive my nitwitism, as it was/is (and shall/should always remain) unintentional...and, if you will, also bear with the following rather cryptically knotted explanation....

During my evening walks [ginko], as I begin my disappearing act, which often happens during my evening walks [ginko], I sense/witness a kind of deja vu [maybe more like: *returning to a place I've never been before..?.*] Wherein some bygone random vision or forgotten experience might flicker through a haze of some nondescript thought, which, as it would appear, I am at that exact instant thinking. These chance-moment-flashes, though estranged, are vaguely recognizable. They materialize and dematerialize with ease. It's almost as if I had slipped through Alice's looking glass... or more, as if I were cruising in the backseat of H.G.'s time machine with the reversed rush of old histories spinning inexorably back into a foggy view; each encounter is wrapped in an ambiance of warm sentiment and comfort; effectively offering a pictured fluency of truth and trust. I happily acknowledge these faces and places and feel an alluring wistfulness in their accompaniment. Still, no matter how hard I try to actually affix a tangible designation or point in time to a specific memory, it just won't square. Names refuse to reveal themselves; scenes stay indistinguishably hidden in the mist. Without espousing any kind of apparitional credence to their presence, their presence, none the less, is never in doubt – and thus their poetic influence, though wordless in nature, seems persuasively significant to the very stuff-of-life itself – Here too is inspiration – and so... to all (within heart-sight of this message): you are immeasurably treasured and I humbly offer my deepest gratitude... Just wanted to "put it out there" - and with it a home-like familiar forever-place.....

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afterword

[*a few stray points*]

everything happens for the first time [only]

Once on a mystical-dream-quest (I'd been on many) to find insight and meet-up with my *personal spirit-guide*, I was instructed, through the patchouli smoke, to pay particularly close attention to sunrises and sunsets as these events would bring an extra uncommon energy to the soul... **SLAP!** ... so ended another trip to the cosmos and my direct path to enlightenment. Although a guru's innocuous instruction might seem harmless enough, I was never quite able to reconcile how any one instant (moment or event) should or could be any less valuable than any other. Apart from an obvious "stopping-to-smell-the-roses" message, this credo/decree seemed to ring of some state-of-the-art construct; a disturbing certitude through which a pondering prohibitive singularity might appear. I find it preferable just to *let be* the virtue of the ordinary and welcome the astonishing wonder (therein/of)... wherever (or whatever) the source. This is what an un-focused ***isness*** is and it allocates a kind of loose diffuse view of life while deeply involved in the living of it. Simply put: take it *all* in. The riches always seem to be infinitely more abundant and attainable without the dependence on rule or ceremony, especially in so far as an inspirational impact is concerned –

That which is... is sufficient. Any perception of same mustn't be conveniently maneuvered, nor the so-called "unsuitability" of it purposefully overlooked, (especially via the re-direction of some prescript's mandate or edict (too abrasive? thinking too much? maybe I am, sorry...)) The observer-researcher sooner or later interferes with the experiment-observation, as it were... so, though a sun's close proximity to the horizon is spectacular indeed, (even when it rains) I might tend to dream-drift-off and dawdle-stray away to the underside of some banana leaf, through which the first (or last) sunlit softness was filtering, and discover a sleeping aphid hidden there. Focus wide – be aware that haiku is a simple clear-eyed compositional meditative state, and a way of life which needs no distracting bejeweled finger pointing to the moon, in order to better see the moon [to borrow and twist a famous metaphor] Inspiration is everywhere; always available; totally accessible! A little reach and there it is. If we learn how to look we may see; if how to see... we become visionary... if we are visionaries; well, so forth and so on –

another point:

Michael Hoppe wrote a wonderfully flattering foreword to this book. In his generosity, he provides an example of the following haiku: *orchestra faintly... / the moonlight on her shoulder / never forgotten.* I would like to add a bit of history to the record. For many years [since before high school] I carried a kind of torch for a very dear friend. In those days we attended cotillions, proms, and picnics; school dances, plays and sporting events, we went to movies, surfed the surf and lounged the beaches – we enjoyed all the cordially suitable customs of the time, each and every one of which were sweet purities; fondly remembered with deep affection, and still... remarkably comforting in an unexpected pristine sort of way.

Over the coming and going of the years these preserved respites surfaced more and more frequently, especially as the world began to torque itself away from the innocence I perceived and doggedly upheld (i.e. prior Viet Nam, assassinations, a failed this and an unsuccessful that etc.) A nostalgic wistfulness stayed with me as a kind of indirect connection to what I professed to be a better time and to a youthful past whose history [tho maybe slightly revised here and there] and overall quality of character remained a strong source of consolation; particularly soothing whenever I felt a little too roughened by life. When Michael asked that I address the Lil Dagover photo [taken by his renowned grandfather], I knew immediately the feeling it brought to heart and the dream to which it explicitly called out. It was the same evocative familiarity my friend left with me so many years before. It was also an opportunity, in a small way, to pay a kind of tribute to both realities.

and still another point:

It is the immediacy of the moment which gives us a deeper sense of life. The character of every experience can be seen in all manner of manifestations, particularly if we allow room for our own to evolve and grow. A willingness to embrace this awareness enhances and highlights our abilities to perceive, appreciate, and flesh-out our own uniquely distinctive surroundings in remarkable ways, ways in which we might not have otherwise permitted or considered. To penetrate beyond the walls of our insular selves and fully explore the world as it is, invigorated, invites us to collaborate in its artistry... as we will have learned how to poignantly feel an infinite truth resonating in a single flash of intuitive insight. There is no such thing as a *"second time"* experience. And this is haiku!

one very last point:

the artist's obligation is to compose... leaving self out of the signature...
and to present an unfettered concert of truth –

and finally another one very last point:

my favorite quote:

"the intuitive recognition of the instant, thus reality... is the highest act of wisdom"
-D.T. Suzuki
[the New Yorker, August 31, 1957]

-brett brady

old surfband...
the last stratocaster
wiped-out

(for robbie edwards...
tho he preferred jags and teles)

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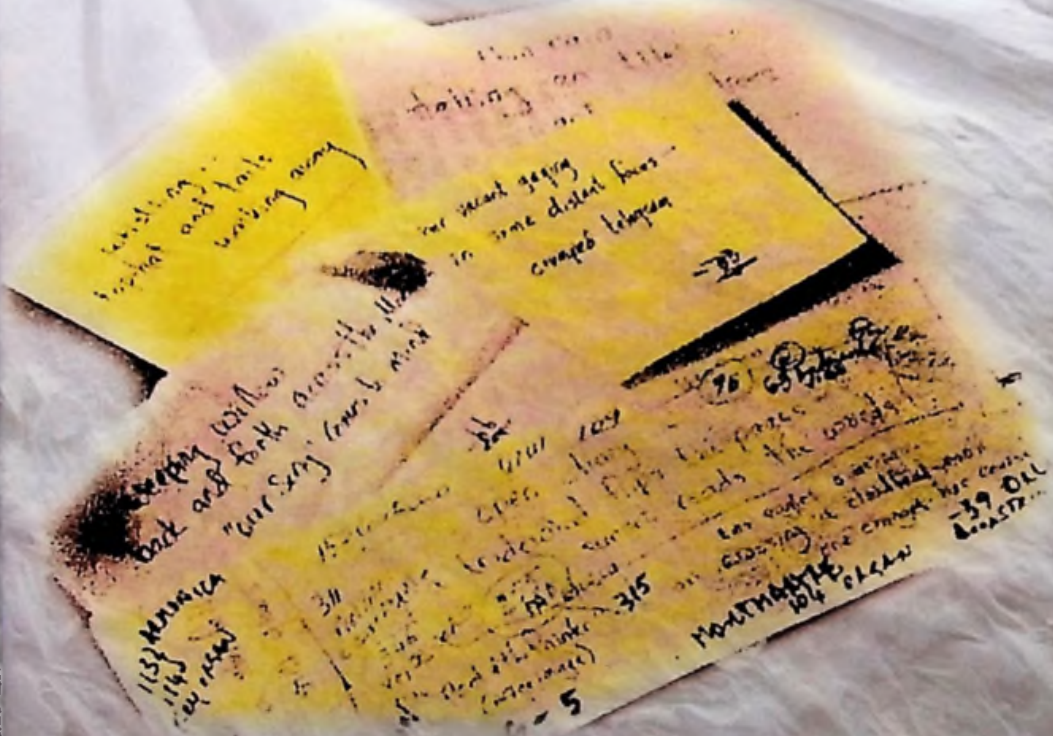
"Go beyond the restrictions of your era, forget about purpose or meaning, separate yourself from historical limitations – there you'll find the essence of true art, religion, and science."
-Santoka Taneda

"If I had more time, I would have written a shorter letter."
-Blaise Pascal



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