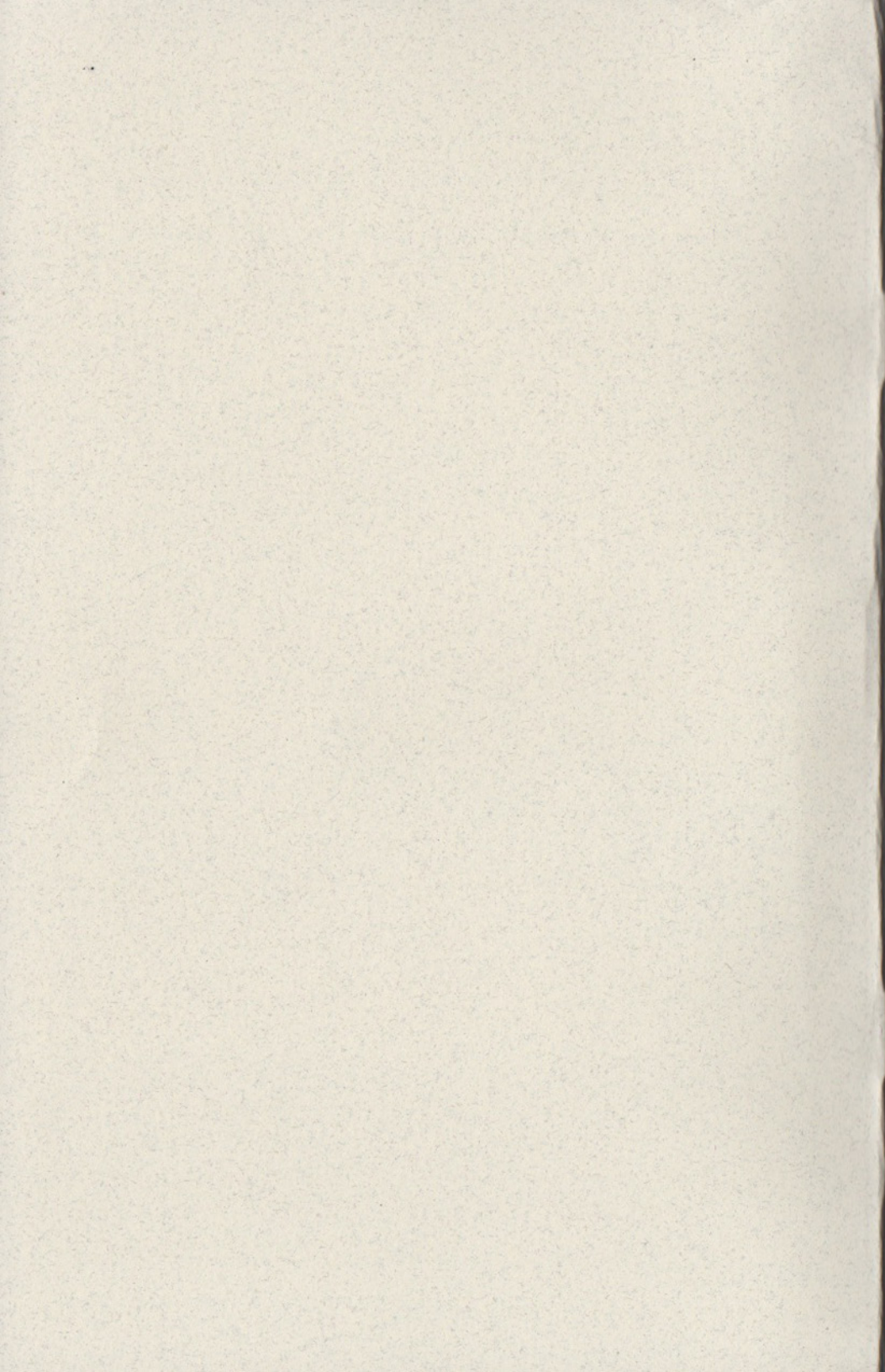


a translucent moon

[haiku & senryu and other frogchirps]

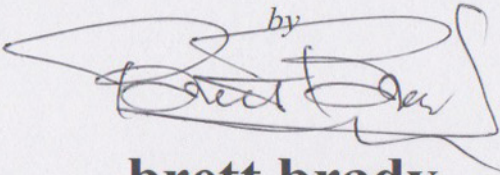


brett brady



a translucent moon

[haiku & senryu and other frogchirps]

by

brett brady '14

Finishing Line Press
Georgetown, Kentucky

a translucent moon

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Notable examples of a wide-range of 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: "humorous" (senryu); "Hawaii word"; "season word"]; *Clouds Peak*; *Tinywords*; *andrearazzauti.com*; *brettbrady.com*; *foggy autumn lake* [B. Brady; A.Razzauti; M.Perez; pub:4evrsumr]; *wind in the pages: haiku* [2007&2008; pub: Outskirts Press, Inc.]; *two eagles soaring...* [B.Brady; M.Hoppe; pub:4evrsumr; CDBaby]; *painting the music* [Andrea Razzauti, pub: Blu Ara Enterprise, LLC]; *Gean Tree Press*; 2009 Chery Blossom Festival (hon.men.); 2010 Sakura Award and honorable mention: Vancouver Cherry Blossom Festival; with words 2010; the eighth annual ukiahaiiku festival 2010; *Tapestry* [Michael Hoppe; pub: Chordially Yours Music; Spring Hill Music Inc.]; *Grace* [Michael Hoppe; pub: Chordially Yours Music; Spring Hill Music Inc.]; *Jango Radio* —

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U. S. A.



"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 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—

The haiku's "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 phenomenon or the anticipated draw of the *next* chapter yet to be read).

The "form" of three lines arranged in 5-7-5 syllables is not generally considered essential by most schools of thought, but typically 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 (**sen**-yoo) treat human situations, often humorously or with irony or satire. One is the "flipside" of the other.

Although haiku is certainly a poetic composition, it is more deeply and easily embraced as a visual art rather than a verbal one. Offered in the most direct and simple words possible, they are not only intuitively truthful, but quite often attain a profundity-of-essence when sparingly sketched; free to be fully engaged—these are the gold standard benchmarks for every haiku: more literal than literary; sensuous and visceral as opposed to intellectual and academic . . .

—touch first, think later—

Unfortunately there still remain a few rather contentious notions about fidelity: what haiku is and/or isn't, particularly regarding the syllable-counting task. There may prove to be a more obliging viewpoint. We accept *form* primarily as the shape of something, a replica; whereas authenticity and art lie in *content*. This is not to say there are no terrific haiku-constructs in the English syllabic style of 5-7-5, there are indeed, but taste and balance and adherence to three words—*sketch*, *suggest* and *deliver*—must take precedence in order to truly haiku . . .

sketch the scene ...

suggest a narrative ...

deliver the experience

haiku

moonrise
across the black lake
a shortcut

autumn leaves
the window a mirror
...a window....

abandoned wren's nest—
the germ of a beech tree sprouts
from the emptiness

fly
swatter
poised

dark
deepening
silence

in the clouds
the crown of a giant
redwood

frogchirps
over here over there...
midnight rain

sundown—
a translucent moon
filling in

elms-of-ice...
a few moon-shadows
filter thru

winter willows—
even the moon-shadows
frozen solid

morning mist...
the unseen rose
in full bloom

last train...
my only companion
a reflection

ghetto moon—
long long cello notes
from somewhere soft

from the petal
an inchworm stretches
to the moon

lifting mist—
sunrise burns off
a dream

in full bloom
the roses she loved
and left

gnat-swirl
in the sequoia
sunbeam

the snowman
finally relaxing—
spring equinox

one skate...
the whole frozen lake
to itself

a sea hawk
adjusting the wind... slightly
tilts a wing

noon heat—
a robin hops across
withered crabgrass

her gardenias...
the fragrance ever-haunting
ever-lingering

nude beach...
everyone's got something
to hide

no matter how far.....
galaxy-to-galaxy
always another

sequoia-sunset...
a butterfly's long shadow
flickering the light

magpies
rising from the willows
into twilight

smoke and embers...
a few campfire sparks
swirl into stars

ocean-to-ocean...
in the eye of an eagle
all one tapestry

flat lake reflections...
a lingering thundercloud's
flickering flashes

moonlight
sifting softly thru
her curls

sunbeams! suddenly
the patagonia mist
a burst-of-rainbows

at iguazu
—cascading over the falls—
the sound of the moon

with the unheld hand
she tickles her fingertips
thru dandelions

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

dewdrops...
every blade of grass
a prairie moon

from the forest
—beyond the footpath—
a dim glow

a trail
where a star fell
still glows

low mist
slowly thru the pines
into the fields

canyon walls...
wingbeats fluttering off
with their echoes

grandma's apron...
cherry petals still
in the pocket

here and there
the last few fireflies—
late autumn

snowdrift
her pet orchids ... purple
at the window

sometimes we're strangers,
today she remembers how
to make snow angels

"slaughterday"
just another mourning
for the old pig

tipping over
a giant sequoia...
the little dipper

winter beach—
the sand has stiffened
to a crunch

cold sand—
she deepens her old
footprints

ex-monk
raking gently over
the sandtrap

still...
the sound of banyans
in the mist

the waterfall
swallows up all
our words

lotus petals...
between the pink folds
unfolds another

almost dawn...
the salt air still moist
on her lips

private beach...
behind the driftwood
trespassers

as the petals drop...
one-by-one... each ambition
drifts into summer

from shore
she considers the wind
in his sails

her black castanets
glistening sweat... her steel heels
machine gun the street!

one lily
on the canyon floor
in moonlight

the trickle
of rainwater slipping off
a wren's beak

thru heavy fog
the smell of seaweed
and dark sand

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

heavy sigh...
an evening breeze cools
her vertigo

swooped up
in a curling wave-scoop—
young turtles

a slow flow
of goo-sap covering
a chrysalis

she scoops up the moon
—cupped in a waterlily—
just to pour it out

grain-by-grain,
slipping over the edge...
without a sound

white rose...
an early ladybug drinks
from a dewdrop

a 3rd place ribbon
pinned to her 1st tapestry
60 yrs ago

fork't road—
half the moon to light
our paths

still
the rainforest goes on
raining

footbridge...
halfway across,
she walks on

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

two silences
under one umbrella...
tiny casket

hollywood and vine—
following the limosine
chanel no. 5

muscle beach...
even their cheeks
booth-tan'd

throbbing flamenco!
his invisible fingers
exceeding lightspeed

from the mist
—to break the silence—
cherry blossoms

white sap—
plumeria milk to salve
a broken stem

cherry blossoms...
a slender moon barely
slipping thru

harbor lights...
only a saxophone
and fading stars

café monmartre...
in the darkest corner
her laughter

square-by-square
the songs and silences...
mother's tapestry

a toddler
squats to watch the butterfly
on a grass blade

mossy frogpond—
a small girl leans in to see
the pollywogs

having blossomed
—from an unknown purple bud—
5 white petals

ground fog
rolling thru
the woods

safe harbor—
sun-streams pouring thru
cloud-holes

a band of gold
on his old record player
all that's left

village market—
deep deep whiffs of fresh-baked bread
before dawn

the muffled sound
of shore-rocks rolling back
out to sea

an orchid
more beautiful
in her palm

a little girl
gingerly lifting the snail
to safety

forked road...
our short journey
ends here

does it wink?
is it a smile?
mooncurve

an orange-scented dusk
meandering thru the grove
jubilant fruitflies

cherry petals
still pressed between the pages...
mom's old sketchbook

elephant-ear leaf...
two inch worms keep measuring
across the dryside

noon—
washing face and hands
the housefly

quiet morning—
mongoose pups scampering thru
lauhala roots

snow white
plum blossoms
in moonlight

at the altar
a cherry petal falls
from her sole

moonrise
over the pacific
a bridge

happy gnats...
round-n-round-n-round
nothing at all

turtle? rock?
where the wave breaks
at sunset

brave flies!
in and out of the dead
frog's mouth

sinking moon
on the horizon
a cruise ship

loons
on lake echo
echo

gray beach...
a stray dog responds
to the wrong name

icy willows...
the sound of moonlight
glittering

awake
on 2nd thought
aware

1st ex:
all her husbands
married well

grand canyon...
a stone pulling echoes down
thru time

old tricycle
the half-peeled paint-chips...
a distant train

abandoned farmhouse—
the rusted out milk bucket
in a burnt down barn

rereading... again
the same paragraph...again
the insomniac

dead strings...
the street musician
plays on

her scarf
waving from the ferry
...slightly

lightning...
a leaf rustles...
a twig snaps!

giant redwoods—
a small puddle holding
galaxies

fork in the road—
our short journey together
so long ago

on point:
one goose “W”s
the whole “V”



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. missies*

"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 spies*

"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 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*

"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 intellectual 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 intellectual."

—*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. Haigin, indeed all artists, must in practice:

...sketch the scene

—suggest a narrative

—deliver the experience..."

—*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!

—b. brady



"Brett Brady, an astonishing poet and lyricist of rare sensitivity and accomplishment, I value his talent very highly"
— **Michael Hoppe**, composer

"Brett Brady's haiku poems are exquisite and his lyrics are enchanting. One doesn't just read one of his poems or lyrics, one experiences them"
— **Colleen "Zelda" Nash**, former aviation/space journalist.

"Brett Brady is not just a profound poet and a particularly unique musician; he is a Renaissance-Man, to be sure: an extraordinary talent...most of all a true artist"
— **Andrea Razzauti**, artist/composer

"Brett Brady's new haiku and senryu collection *a translucent moon* is searingly beautiful—each poem a finely crafted gem. The poems fix on the tiny details, as well as the larger things of nature and humanity, that make up our world, "ocean-to-ocean/ in the eye of an eagle/ all one tapestry."
— **Leah Maines**

"To penetrate beyond the walls of our insular selves and fully explore the world as it is, invites us to collaborate in its artistry—truth resonates in a single flash of intuitive insight—there is no such thing as a 'second-time' experience. And this is haiku!"
— **brett brady**



Brett Brady has lived and worked in many places both domestically and abroad, working as a teacher of the gifted, talented, deaf, and multi-handicapped. He taught grammar school, high school and university, and had a Montessori school when his daughter was of an age to attend it. He attended USC and received his postgraduate degree from Dalhousie University in Nova Scotia. He is an accomplished musician, poet, director, and author. His poetry and songs are award winning, and many of his haiku and senryu are published worldwide. He currently serves as the Hawaii/ Pacific Regional Coordinator for the Haiku Society of America.