



俳句

# haiku Revisited

*Louis Cuneo*

第  
四



Louis Garro

SEE SEER

## HAIKU REVISITED

I do not seek to follow in the footsteps of the men of  
old, I seek the things they sought.

*Basho*



205-206  
HAIKU REVISITED

I do not seek to follow in the footsteps of the men of  
old, I seek the things they sought.

Waka



# HAIKU REVISITED

Louis Cuneo



CELESTIAL ARTS  
Millbrae, California

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CELESTIAL ARTS

231 Adrian Road, Millbrae, California 94030

Originally published by Mother's Hen,  
San Francisco, California

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First printing: September 1975  
Made in the United States of America

Library of Congress Cataloging in Publication Data

Cuneo, Louis.  
Haiku revisited.

1. Haiku--History and criticism. I. Title.  
PS3553.U467H3 1975 811'.5'4 74-25841  
ISBN 0-89087-014-4

Basho quote on half title page is from R. H. Blyth,  
*Anthology of Modern Japanese Poetry*. Rutland, Vt.:  
Charles E. Tuttle, 1972.



A Haiku is not a poem, it is not literature; it is a hand beckoning, a door half open, a mirror wiped clean .... It is a silent language because it only beckons to a certain region, and does not explain why and where and how.



## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Marta N. Hoyos Cuneo for her art work and title;  
Dennis Koran, Edward Mycue and Peter Kastmiller  
for constructive and valid criticism; Barbara  
Maitles and Joe Ramos for their photography.

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To Kobayashi Issa (1762-1826)  
for being very human and writing fine  
Haiku.

*Everything I touch  
with tenderness, alas  
pricks like a bramble.*

*Well! hello down there,  
friend snail! When did you arrive  
in such a hurry?*

Haikus by Issa from *Haiku Harvest*; Mount Vernon,  
N.Y.: Peter Pauper Press.



## HAIKU REVISITED

## CHAPTER ONE:

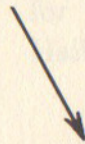
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### CHINESE POETRY

Romance, nostalgia, world-weariness and evocations of glory which Haiku avoids. (Basho constantly read this for its spirit, not form.)

### BUDDHISM

The foundation for simple directness and instantaneous perception.\*



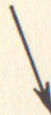
### WAKA

The use of Haiku words make it different from this poetry. The new vocabulary can be used instead of poetic diction to express. The form is 5-7-5-7-7.

### INDIAN BUDDHISM



### CHINESE BUDDHISM

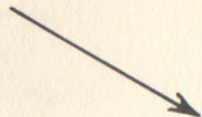


### JAPANESE BUDDHISM



### REnga

Easier than waka and free and easy as Haiku. The form is 5-7-5, 7-7, 5-7-5, 7-7 for fifty or more verses by two or more people.



After R. H. Blyth, *Eastern Culture*, Volume 1. Tokyo: Hokuseido Press, 1949. \*Author's additions to Blyth's chart.



### ORIENTAL ART

Haiku writers added their verse to "intuitive" paintings called Haiga.

### TAOISM

Nature as the focal point and theme.\*

### CHINESE ZEN

### CHINESE ART

### ZEN

Finalized Haiku with simple directness and instantaneous perception which Buddhism started, through Zen Buddhism.\*

### JAPANESE PAINTING

### JAPANESE ZEN

### CONFUCIANISM

Sobriety, reserve, lack of extravagance and hyperbole, brevity and pithiness and a moral flavor that may sometimes be vaguely felt.

### HAIKU

*Loveliness;  
after the fireworks  
a falling star.*

Shiki\*



## CHAPTER TWO: WHY UPDATE HAIKU?

Haiku was formed in the feudal period when Japan was controlled by the shoguns in the late 17th century A.D. by Matsuo Basho from the writing called Renga. It was a time of serfs, samurais, lords, and a completely agrarian economy.

In contrast, presently we are in a period of late industrialization, as Japan is, and live with hundred-story buildings, jet power, urban culture, atom bombs, million-fold population and ever-increasing technology.

There are thirteen states of mind in traditional Haiku: selflessness, loneliness, grateful acceptance, wordlessness, non-intellectuality, contradiction, humor, freedom, non-morality, simplicity, materiality, love and courage. Further, they are all heavily defined by Zen and do not have the same meanings as we know in the Judeo-Christian culture and history.

A Japanese student here for only six months, attending San Francisco State College, told me that every time she sees the moon she feels about it as Basho did and that very few poets in Japan are writing Haiku now because they do not feel they can express themselves without copying one of the masters.

The influence of R. H. Blyth, James Hackett, Harold G. Henderson, Virginia K. Anderson, Gerald Robert Vizenor, *Haiku Highlights* magazine and other Western authorities promoting the writing of traditional Haiku would return us to 17th century Japan. They have made Haiku just a "cute Christmas gift" or a "pretty oriental novelty." They think they are bringing Haiku into the "limelight" or "advancing it." They are helping to destroy it by refusing to accept that THIS IS THE 20TH CENTURY AND THE WESTERN WORLD!

Even so, I commend Mr. Blyth and Mr. Henderson for letting me and others know what Haiku is in the traditional form. They have brought the orthodox form of Haiku to the Western world. Now it is up to us to make Haiku a live writing form! Let us start now, because the future is bright for self-expression, writing as a whole and Haiku!



*CHAPTER THREE:*  
*MASOKU SHIKI (1867-1902)*

Masaoku Shiki started on the road of reform when he startled the Haiku world with his famous "Criticism of Basho" in 1893. Previously Master Basho's rule of the poetic form was unquestioned and languished in traditional beauty.

In another article, he selected as a model for his own school Buson, a conscious innovator and stylist despite his artificiality.

And so with a mind toward reform Shiki gave advice to beginners:

Be natural.

Don't bother about old rules of grammar and special points like spelling.

Read the old masters, remembering that in them you will find good and bad poems mixed.

Notice that commonplace Haiku is not direct, but artificially twisted out of place.

Write to please yourself. If your writing does not please you, how can you expect it to please anybody else?



Remember perspective. Large things are large but small things are also large if seen close up.

Delicacy should be studied, but it cannot be applied to human affairs in seventeen syllables. It can be applied to natural objects.

Haiku are not logical propositions, and no process of reasoning should show on the surface.

Keep the words tight, put in nothing useless.

Cut down as much as possible on adverbs, verbs and "postpositions."\*

And more advice to his third class:

Read whatever you can, all worthwhile books on Haiku; think over their good and bad points.

Know all kinds of Haiku, but have your own style.

Gather new material directly; do not get it from old Haiku.

Know something about other literature also.

Know at least something about all art.\*

---

\*Harold G. Henderson, *An Introduction to Haiku*. New York: Doubleday & Co., Inc., 1958.

Looking at Haiku, now more than three centuries old, you must see and sample the past before you can realize the possibilities for today. What Master Shiki seriously attempted by expressing his views, is a historic record that should be studied, along with the other masters, with an innovator's eye.

In Chapter Five, "My Updating," I have corrected, kept or rejected his ideas until they have become my own advice for writing Haiku—today.



CHAPTER FOUR:  
TWENTIETH CENTURY  
HAIKU INNOVATORS

Mr. Blyth is the man who translated and interpreted Waka (a 31-syllable Japanese ode), Renku (linked verse of fifty or more verses by two or more people; form alternates between 5-7-5 and 7-7), No plays (drama in which movement represents stillness, and the stillness is not immobility but a perfect balance of opposed forces), Ikebana (flower arranging in which heaven, earth, and man are brought together in asymmetrical harmony), Cha no Yu (tea ceremony), Shinto (worship of deities of natural forces), and Haiku for the English speaking world. He gives a full understanding of all those forms within the traditional form.

R. H. Blyth is the teacher for traditional Haiku, and we in the Western world, who are interested in them, are his students. Now we have five Masters of Haiku to learn from: Basho, Buson, Issa, Shiki, and Blyth.

---

R. H. Blyth, *Haiku*, Vol. 1: Eastern Culture. Tokyo: Hokuseido Press.

———, *Haiku*, Vols. 2-3, *ibid*.

———, *History of Haiku*, Vols. 1-2, *ibid*.

### HAROLD HENDERSON

Mr. Henderson does a complete job of attempting to fit Haiku into English language. His book, *Haiku in English*, explains to the beginners and interested persons the early steps in writing Haiku.

He comes from a Japanese base, not trying to find the true place for this form of writing in the Western experience. Still he has a book well worthwhile for beginners to consider seriously.

---

Harold G. Henderson, *Haiku in English*. Tokyo: Charles E. Tuttle Co.

### EDITH MARCOME SHIFFERT and YUKI SAWA

Shiffert and Sawa's anthology has a section of the first collection of Japanese Haiku. It shows samples of Haiku by Japanese since the death of Master Shiki in 1902.

Some of the outstanding Haiku writers included in this book are Hekigodo Kawahigashi (1873-1937), Kyoshi Takahama (1874-1959), Seishi Yamaguchi (1901- ), Takako Hashimoto (1899-1963), Kiyoko Tsuda (1920- ), and Shigenobu Takayanagi (1923- ), with brief biographical notes and samples of their work. Also, there is a fine selected bibliography about Haiku and other Japanese poetry.



*Flashes of lightning  
in the intervals between  
the fireworks—now!*

Hekigodo

*A dewy tree trunk,  
without a sound a locust  
walking along.*

Kyoshi

*Up to the summer weeds  
wheels of a steam engine  
come and stop.*

Seishi

*All plucked off  
a chicken's feathers lying  
under a winter moon.*

Takako

*Greenness everywhere  
and inside it my own child's  
teeth starting to grow out.*

Kusatao

*To be a mistress  
is enough to tame me and  
I cut a watermelon.*

Kiyoko

*Hear a war drum sound  
and desolately  
on autumn  
become a bruise mark.*  
Shigenobu

---

Trs. Edith Marcome Shiffert and Yuki Sawa, *Anthology of Modern Japanese Poetry*. Tokyo: Charles E. Tuttle Co.

#### MAKOTA UEDA

Mr. Makota has compiled and written a concise history of Japanese Haiku since the 19th century entitled "Modern Japanese Haiku: New Poetry in an Antique Form," an essay. He has gone into great detail, but it is very easy to read; any interested person would enjoy reading it while being informed at the same time.

This essay adds to the list of modern Japanese writers of Haiku, besides the ones mentioned in *Anthology of Modern Japanese Poetry*. Saitō Sanki (1900-1962), Hino Sojo (1901-1956), and Akutagawa Ryunosuki (1892-1927).



*The endless  
 falling snow, I wonder what  
 it is bringing to me.*  
 Saitō

*The wind of autumn:  
 a hair has begun to grow  
 on my mole.*  
 Akutagawa

*Spring evening's lamplight:  
 being a woman, she does not have  
 the Adam's apple.*  
 Hino

---

Ed. William J. Higginson, *Haiku Magazine*, Double Issue 6 (1 and 2). Box 2702, Paterson, New Jersey 07509.

#### NOBUYUKI YUASA

Mr. Nobuyuki translates a field of Japanese literature, which is generally unknown to Western readers of creative writing; it is called *Haibun* (mixed form of Haiku and prose). He makes this form real and alive to the Western readers of Japanese traditional literature.

*The Year of My Life* is written by Master Issa whose writings are not as well known in the West as is Master Basho's Haibun, *The Narrow Road to the Deep North and Other Travel Sketches*, also translated by Mr. Nobuyuki.

In my estimation Master Issa is the greatest Master because he included humanism in Haiku, broke away from always writing about nature, included people and personal woes. Mr. Nobuyuki does great service to those who enjoy poetry by bringing Issa's work into English.

---

Issa, *The Year of My Life*, tr Nobuyuki Yuasa. Berkeley, Ca.: University of California.

### JAMES HACKETT

Mr. Hackett is the first American Haiku writer being accepted by both the Japanese and American Haiku lovers. His work reflects his own style along with a knowledge of traditional Haiku. I really do not like his work because it seems derivative.

*The Struggling ant  
is suddenly unburdened  
by his winged cargo.*

---

James Hackett, *Haiku Poetry*, Vol. 3. Tokyo: Japan Publications Trading Co.



## MICHAEL McCLINTOCK

When I find a Haiku writer, or a poet, or an artist,  
or any other creative person who brings me to some  
place special and indescribable, I don't intellec-  
tualize but let it be, flowing with *whatever* to  
*wherever*.

This is what Michael McClintock does for me.

*Point Lobos*

*with the sea mist,  
something of the night  
it spent in the pines*

*washes the broomweed  
vallied light, bent on  
Mal Paso Mountain*

*the sea booms      immense distances*

*breakfast boils*

*the motion  
her belly makes  
stirring the pot*

*the small  
of her back*

*& after the inevitable  
poem we make*

*we watch*

*the gull's rilling flight & cry*

*the breakage,  
the landward blowing of the sky*

---

Louis Cuneo, ed., *Eastern Voices in America*. San Francisco: Mother's Hen, P. O. Box 99592, San Francisco, California 94109.

*CAROL W. BRADLEY*

Ms. Bradley writes in a warm, tender and personal sense, with the woman's touch, world outlook and feelings. She also follows the traditional rules with a strong knowledge of the subject.

She adds an element of sensuality and womanhood between her man and herself, nature and herself, motherhood and herself, and life and herself. She does have her own original style of freshness.

*The first careful step  
Native caution saves the day  
When you're ten months old.*

---

Carol W. Bradley, *Eastern Voices in America*. Anthology, San Francisco: Mother's Hen, Box 99592, San Francisco 94109.



RYAN ABE

Mr. Abe writes a narrative in Haiku. He is able to carry from the first to the last verse a story, but still keeping the spirit of Haiku. This is a most difficult goal to succeed in.

What Mr. Abe has done in his book, *Golden Sunrises*, is a breakthrough in concept for American Haiku. However, this work itself is somewhat repetitious; the narrative form has still to be advanced.

*We had arisen  
shortly before dawn so we  
could greet the new day.*

---

Ryan Abe, *Golden Sunrises*. San Mateo, Ca.: Farris Press.

WILLIAM J. HIGGINSON

Mr. Higginson has compiled a book entitled *Haiku Checklist* which he describes as "An annotated bibliography of Haiku materials in English, will guide readers to translations, critical works, and books and magazines in English. A list of over 150 titles has been compiled with the aid of poets, editors and publishers on the four continents."

---

Ed. William J. Higginson, *Haiku Magazine*, Box 2602, Paterson, New Jersey 07509.

## CHAPTER FIVE: MY UPDATING

### RULES

Without the first two below you don't write Haiku.

#### *What is Haiku?*

Mr. Basho gave us the only definition that explains Haiku: "Haiku is simply what is happening in this place, at this moment." I have found that this communicates more than anything written by myself, R. H. Blyth, James Hackett, or Harold Henderson.

#### *Zen*

In my updating, the only part of Zen thinking that should be kept is: "Your *ordinary mind and simplicity—that is the Way of Zen.*" The rest should be disregarded.

### ADVICE

Read the Masters. You should read Basho for the spirit, Buson for form, Issa for humanism, Shiki for the spirit of reform and Blyth for English translation and interpretation. Please don't put them on golden thrones, but look at them as everyday people who achieved The Way with failure and successes.



*Spirit Not Form*

Haiku is spirit, not form. It's seeing a leaf falling without any thought; feeling love but unable to have it; smelling garbage in the slum and getting angry; eating too much pizza at one sitting and you can't get up; thinking how great it was at a friend's place and you had to go; a conflict between you and the neighbor across the hall over the noise; or waiting for happiness but sadness stays.

*Book Suggestions for Orthodox or Traditional Haiku*

See chapter four.

Kenneth Yasuda, *Japanese Haiku*. Mount Vernon, N.Y.: Peter Pauper Press.

Harold G. Henderson, *An Introduction to Haiku*. Garden City, N.J.: Doubleday, 1958.

Kenneth Yasuda, *Japanese Haiku: Its Essential Nature, History and possibilities in English*. Tokyo: Charles E. Tuttle Co.

Kobayashi Issa, *The Autumn Wind*. N.Y.: Paragon.

Matsuo Basho, tr. Nobuyuki Yuasa, *Narrow Road to the Deep North and Other Travel Sketches*. Baltimore: Penguin.

Upasaka Shiki, tr. Harold J. Isaacson, *Peonies Kana*. N.Y.: Theatre Arts.

Asataro Miyamori, ed., *Anthology of Haiku, Ancient and Modern*. Westport, Conn.: Greenwood Press.

Any book on Haiku from anyone and WRITE YOUR OWN ESSAY ABOUT YOUR OWN STYLE AND PUBLISH IT!

*Traditional Haiku*

To express yourself right away before learning the Japanese style is harmful because you won't have any background in Haiku and your work probably will be prose or poetry in Haiku form, and Haiku is neither.

*In this vacant lot  
a spider builds  
his web from a rock.*

*5-7-5 Form*

First work with this without breaking it. This is only the beginning of the discipline needed to find *The Way*. After you feel (not know) you have gained *The Way*, you will flow into any amount of syllables within two or three lines as you feel appropriate. But as soon as you start to say too much, phony I-ism or too deep, you should return to 5-7-5 until you clean your mind out again.

*One whole day went by  
I haven't seen you at all. . .  
I missed you so much!*



*Simplicity*

Never be complicated! Just describe what is, was or will be with a quick thought (not deep) or action or feeling. GIVE A SIMPLE STATEMENT AND AVOID ALL USELESS AND EXTRA WORDS!

*You're leaving now  
For your own life. . .  
While I'm staring  
At the night  
Through the kitchen window.*

*You're leaving now  
while I'm staring  
through kitchen window.*

*Everyday Language and Subjects*

Use everyday language and subjects, as actions, experiences, speech and words. Basho planned Haiku from the start to be "Every Man's Writing," not the intellectual's or literary genius'. I wholly agree with this as one of the basic foundations of my updating Haiku.

*Smiling people in this room. . .  
stop it  
before I scream!*

*Nothingness*

The subject is impossible to write down because it is not intellectual or solid, but a vague live feeling. After you have achieved *The Way*, it will be plain as the sunshine and show in your life and Haiku. This Haiku is the only way I have found to explain this.

*Cockroach crossing the street  
while two cars are coming.*

*Not Poetry or Prose*

Haiku does not have poetic rhythm or any other characteristic of poetry or prose. It has the NATURAL FLOW OF LIFE, not preconceived style. It is in a class of its own in the world of literature throughout history. Only some American Indian poetry comes close, especially from eastern woodland tribes as in *Heaps of Clouds*: Great heaps/of clouds/in the direction I am looking.\*

---

\**American Indian Poetry*, edited by George W. Cronyn, Ballantine Books, page 14.



*The day at work was so pressing and  
difficult.*

*When I came home at six,*

*We had a fight over some petty subject*

*As two little kids arguing over a toy.*

*I went to my desk to write.*

*I heard the radio playing some loud music.*

*It made me nervous.*

*I got up to turn it off. . .*

*Silence is settling my mind, heart and  
body.*

*The music from the radio*

*making me very nervous. . .*

*my being longs for silence.*

### *Titles*

Titles should not be included because the Haiku must tell what you expressed within "it."

### *Description*

Make it concise, mundane and real. Do not use symbolism, abstractions, poetic terms or adjectives and adverbs like whispering grass, enchanted heart or rarely-ever-known.

*Cry. . . cry!*

*broken hearted man. . .*

*let the sorrow come out!*

*Protest and Struggle*

Men and women have protested and struggled against war, poverty, all kinds of oppression, no jobs, lack of crops, and bad governments from the earliest recorded history. Haiku must, also, reflect this progressive force as poetry and other art forms have.

*Great battle scene:  
Soldiers in mortal combat  
while the generals worry.*

*Indirect or Direct Technique*

In traditional Haiku, the subtle way of telling is the rule, except in most of Issa's work. But in my updating, ideas or feelings can be expressed either way.

*Through the dirty window  
the sun. . .  
brightens the room*

*Dirty kitchen,  
you need me  
to clean you up.*



*Humor*

Please don't forget or omit humor, it is part of life just as sadness, self-fullness, nothingness, and the rest. Only one thing is advised: Don't get clever or cute. Keep it earthbound.

*Working on summer job  
she smokes a cigarette  
with her mother.*

*Tense*

It could be in the past tense, present or future because we, as human beings, live in all of these. I advise you to stay in "Now" because you might otherwise destroy the pure moment.

*Eighty-three dollar  
phone bill came. . .  
I nearly fainted.*

*Beach full of people  
swimming or sunbathing. . .  
deep blue sky!*

*New York,  
in eight months. . . I'll  
see your beauty and ugliness!*

*Natural I-ism*

In the orthodox form, *I* is omitted. But in my updating, it is an important part because *I* happens to *be*, like it or not. Watch out for phony I-isms or too many! Remember there is a big wide world of subjects out there!

*Tonight I'm  
wearing all blue  
to meet my mood.*

*Retouching or Rewriting*

I would advise not to rewrite *unless* it is done WITHIN the exact moment without any intellectual thought, because you will not permit *cleaning* of your mind and kill the *moment's life and uniqueness*. If you write and fail, you should accept and wait until it returns again.

*Intellectualism*

It should be mundane or very, very light, not any deep philosophical statement, implied or inferred. The work might do that accidentally, but let it happen and do not try.

*Walking in the night alone  
seeing the bright moon. . .  
recalling Basho's walking trip.*



*Long Haiku*

This is a whole experience that is put together from individually written Haiku on the same subject without any time period. If the first Haiku does not state the place, situation, or theme, add a title to make the work clearer for the reader. Let the experience give you the beginning, middle and end. Also, never try to arrange them because you might (almost for sure) kill the spirit of Haiku and turn it into a prose or poetry in two or three line segments.

*I gave you a big worm,  
dear small tree,  
to keep you company and healthy.*

*I washed each leaf  
of yours. . .  
now you can breathe better.*

*Hey! you have  
eight new tiny leaves  
since yesterday.*

*Christmas eve  
I'm putting the lights  
and many colored bulbs. . . on you.*

CHAPTER SIX:  
TRADITIONAL HAIKU

*Sound of birds talking  
in dense park. . .  
nowhere to be seen.*

\* \* \*

*Even the kitten rests  
after he has eaten,  
as we do.*

\* \* \*

*Iced trees by mountain road  
with trucks traveling  
in snowstorm.*



*Flow of the stream  
passing through forest. . .  
makes sweet music.*

\* \* \*

*After leaving  
a small coastal beach. . .  
missing the sea mist.*

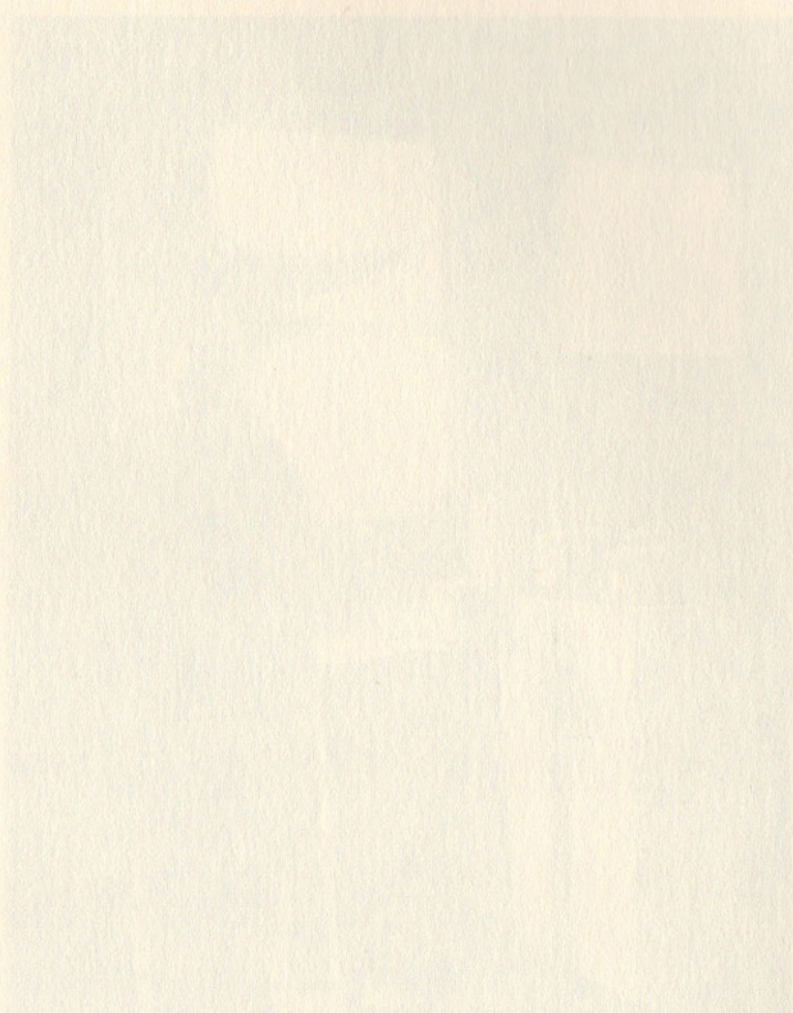
\* \* \*

*Old brick pathway  
wild grasses growing between bricks...  
slowly covering.*

*That wooden fence by  
dirt road near the ocean...  
remembering it clearly.*



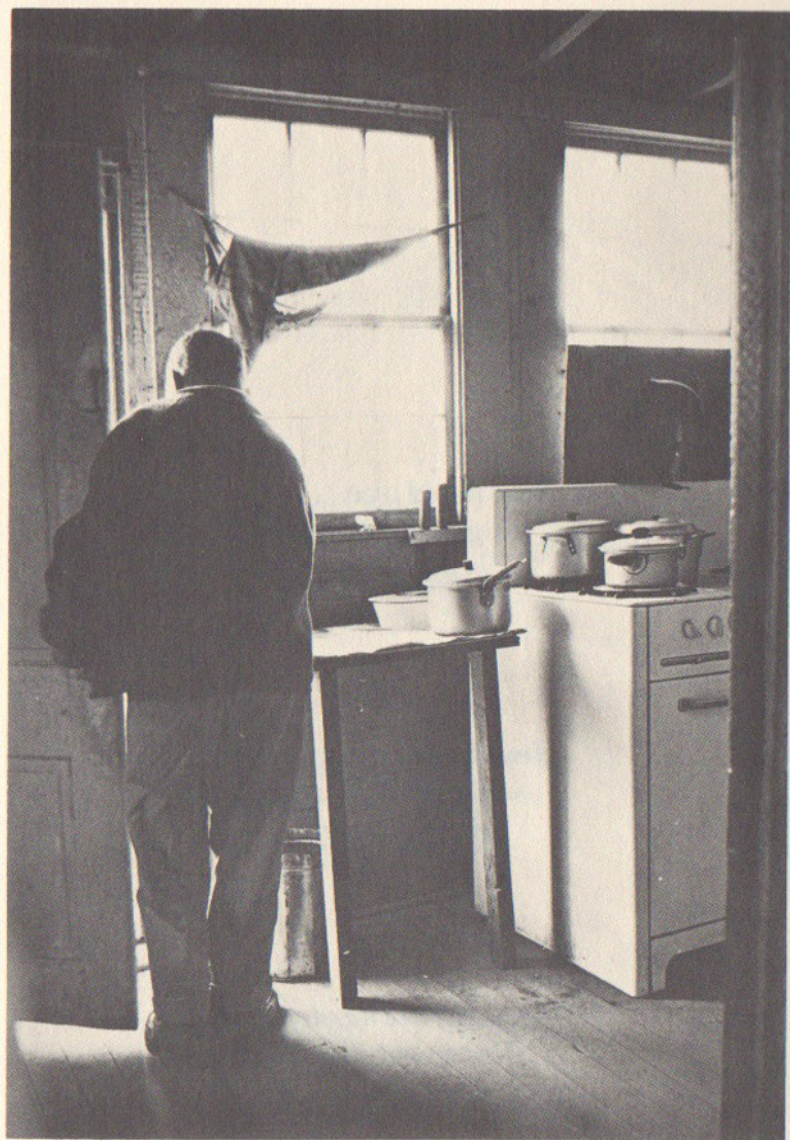




*The willow tree's branches  
twisting, flying in all directions...  
four a. m.*

*Through the dirty window  
the sun  
brightens the room.*





*Next to old tree...  
single blade of grass flapping  
in autumn dusk.*

\* \* \*

*Hear the ocean crashing  
while seagulls search...  
early morning.*

\* \* \*

*Through the hardened soil  
flowers are blooming...  
weak stems.*



CHAPTER SEVEN:  
UPDATED HAIKU

*Hey, laughing youths,  
mocking an old man . . . you will  
be old soon enough.*

\* \* \*

*Trunk of things from  
last home . . . I always  
forget to send for it.*

\* \* \*

*Old tom walks  
on low wall by  
small Japanese tea garden.*

*Right now!*  
*all of me has The Way. . .*  
*I feel free!*

\* \* \*

*Rain rushes toward*  
*the street. . .*  
*miniature flood!*

\* \* \*

*Empty bag of homemade cookies*  
*lying in ash tray. . .*  
*retasting each bite . . . slowly.*

\* \* \*

*Friendly Stranger, my dead cat,*  
*you are still deep in my heart. . .*  
*after a year.*



*I called you long distance. . .  
 how I have changed from  
 when we saw each other everyday!*

\* \* \*

*Performer,  
 preparing to do your set. . .  
 please make me happy!*

\* \* \*

*The street lamps  
 reflect across the pond  
 through Greek pillars.*

\* \* \*

*She's getting dressed  
 to go out . . .  
 singing while putting on makeup.*

*Two wrestlers in Olympics,  
the top one is trying  
to turn over the other.*

\* \* \*

*Damn!  
awaking in donut shop. . .  
without today's newspaper!*

\* \* \*

*Santa Cruz,  
it's so hard to leave  
you . . . each time.*

\* \* \*

*Hulk, your eyes are fire . . .  
can anybody save you  
from your personal hell?*



*Throwing balls at bottles . . .  
 he wins and  
 tosses his coat at girlfriend.*

\* \* \*

*Vacant neighborhood center  
 with dusty windows . . .  
 Join the new majority,' pleaded Nixon.*

\* \* \*

*Shit!  
 I'm getting fatty all over  
 and showing . . . tiny double chin.*

\* \* \*

*In this ash tray . . .  
 there are four cigarette butts  
 and five burnt matches.*

*Clear light bulb smashed  
on floor during the day . . .  
the Milky Way!*

\* \* \*

*He threatens to take away  
my job promotion . . .  
every damn day.*

\* \* \*

*Yes, I hear your voice . . .  
you are destroying  
my sleepy-morning bliss.*

\* \* \*

*Part of porno movie . . .  
young girl getting  
Greeked and . . . liking it.*



*I read your letter . . .  
 remembering your words:  
 I miss our long talks together.*

\* \* \*

*Barefoot Doctor,  
 you act everyday  
 while I'm just talking.*

\* \* \*

*Teenager with parents together,  
 please tell me how  
 it feels growing up?*

\* \* \*

*Two Mayan headdresses  
 with feathers in corner . . .  
 covered by plastic bag.*

*Halloween night  
not one child came trick-or-treat . . .  
what's happening?*

\* \* \*

*You have returned . . .  
I can't take  
my eyes off you!*

\* \* \*

*Little girl stands in front  
of the ladies' room . . .  
door open.*

\* \* \*

*She stares at wall  
holding glass of beer . . .  
not looking around.*



*Looking at apartment . . .  
walls creaking and dirty  
for one-hundred fifty per month.*

\* \* \*

*The sun isn't out  
and wind blows hard . . .  
sidewalk deserted.*

\* \* \*

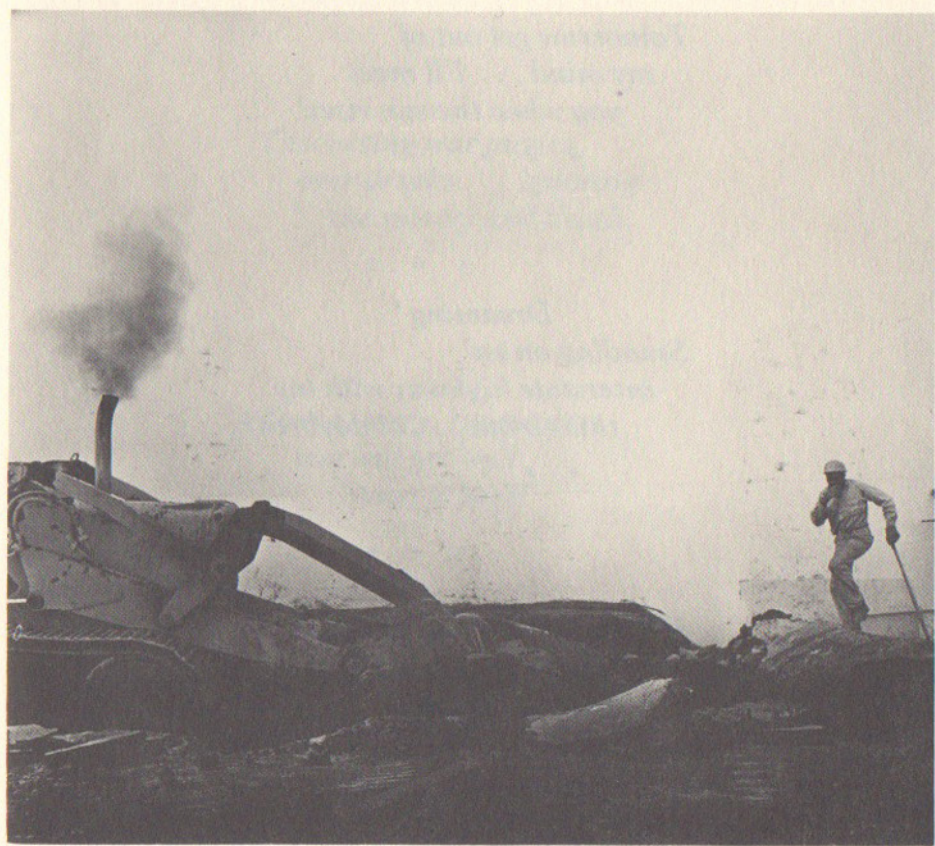
*Hearing the bath water running . . .  
I see kitchen grease and dirt  
flow down the drain.*

\* \* \*

*You won't destroy  
my spirit of defiance and integrity . . .  
boss!*

*Little house being torn down . . .  
making more room  
for parking lot.*





*Rain falling on  
window . . . creating  
new dimension of the world.*

\* \* \*

*Tomorrow get out of  
my mind . . . I'll meet  
you when the sun rises!*

\* \* \*

*Dreaming\**  
*Standing on an  
interstate highway with my  
thumb out . . . at daybreak.*

\* \* \*

*Hearing an old Dylan song . . .  
reliving a large part  
of my early life.*

\*Everything in life has an exception to the rule. This is one.



*Harsh wind . . . please stop  
kicking us out  
of this peaceful park.*

\* \* \*

*Discussing war tactics  
over drinks . . . ignoring  
the misery and death.*

\* \* \*

*Don't worry, typewriter,  
you will get well . . .  
Cuneo is here!*

\* \* \*

*Mother! Mother!  
is it true:  
you will die someday?*

*Here I come  
as you asked me to.*

\* \* \*

*A white wall  
with many spots of food  
and cracks.*

\* \* \*

*The tide takes  
river towards the ocean . . .  
also, carrying wet paper.*

\* \* \*

*After the softball game  
both teams drink . . .  
replaying each hit.*



*She licks the cream  
off the glass . . .  
full of cappucino.*

\* \* \*

*House of the Rising Sun  
is playing on radio . . .  
oh, New Orleans, you are dying!*

\* \* \*

*Lovers! be kind to each other . . .  
because the world outside  
is rarely gentle and understanding.*

\* \* \*

*As she sits,  
I imagine her  
firm and exciting body . . . nude.*

*Multiplying and dividing fractions  
for one hour . . .  
my head aches!*

\* \* \*

*Shit!  
I can't write  
until I go to the bathroom.*

\* \* \*

*Secondhand wicker chair  
with broken seat . . .  
full of two peoples' clothes.*

\* \* \*

*So you complain about the rape  
of American Imperialism in South America . . .  
let's destroy it now!*



*All day was cold  
and rainy . . . I didn't go out  
once.*

\* \* \*

*He tells us that  
he's a poet before  
we know his name.*

\* \* \*

*Finished with the toilet . . .  
realizing that no more  
toilet paper is in house.*

\* \* \*

*Happy New Year's Eve,  
Cuneo . . . again you will  
be working in the kitchen!*

*Woman! you have  
such exciting legs . . . I can't  
take my eyes from them.*





*We walked across town  
in chilly night air . . . how time  
passed with our talking.*

\* \* \*

*African head broken . . .  
artist putting it together  
with careful and loving care.*

\* \* \*

*Driftwood slowly  
touching the shore  
by little bay waves.*

\* \* \*

*Your phone call  
and this bleak morning . . .  
why did I wake up!*



*Group of children playing  
near decaying houses  
with dog shit . . . all around.*

\* \* \*

*Wine bottle and can  
of beans empty in  
pile of bus transfers.*

\* \* \*

*Once we talked . . .  
now we don't see  
each other in the same room.*

\* \* \*

*Child returns from dentist . . .  
her father hugs her  
and tells something in Chinese.*

*"If it weren't for  
a few friends like you . . .  
I wouldn't make it."\**

\* \* \*

*Thank you, my friend,  
letting me read  
your great poems.*

\* \* \*

*He finished urinating . . .  
shakes his penis  
and puts it in.*

\* \* \*

*Such pleasure to see . . .  
breasts bouncing  
in a light blouse.*

---

\*Text by Bruce Chalet, arranged by the author.



*Hell . . .  
I can't function  
without damn cigarettes!*

\* \* \*

*The weight lifter holds  
497 pounds on his shoulders . . .  
waiting for the signal.*

\* \* \*

*Woman abiding  
a red light . . .  
very chilly wind.*

\* \* \*

*I don't have any place  
where my heart feels  
this is my home.*

*Thank you, big-eyed child,  
for chasing the self-pity from me . . .  
by saying bye-bye.*





*Peace rumors are flying  
around the world . . . while  
mankind waits and dies.*

\* \* \*

*This Japanese tea garden  
dirty and dying flowers  
in back of Japanese restaurant.*

\* \* \*

*She had to become  
a human guinea pig . . .  
so she would have bus fare.*

\* \* \*

*"You two have the  
green thumb," she told us . . .  
the plant is dead.*



*I am getting sick, lobsters!  
I must pick one of you  
for the cook's knife.*

\* \* \*

*The fog covered  
the city all morning  
until the afternoon.*

\* \* \*

*The food stamp office . . .  
mother holds her infant  
with one package of stamps.*

\* \* \*

*The sound of dishes  
being put through machine by  
hardworking dishwasher!*

*Reading book on history  
of American labor strikes . . . each page  
makes me cry.*

\* \* \*

*It's your birthday!  
I'm so happy  
being here for it!*



CHAPTER EIGHT:  
LONG HAIKU

Long Haiku No. 2

*Again, riding on Greyhound bus . . .  
seeing the open country  
fly by.*

*A young mother  
puts a fur coat  
on her child.*

*Some rebellious water  
flows  
into a tiny cove.*

*In VW bus  
young boy picks his head up  
from sleeping bag.*

*"Don't worry.  
Just go to city hall  
and ask for information."*

*Green hills  
standing next to  
the rolling river.*

*The motor makes  
most irritating sound  
while we are all silent.*

*As she passes . . .  
she inspects each window  
with hard stare.*

*The bus turns . . .  
we hear the wheels rub  
against something.*

*Santa Cruz!  
Soon I'll smell  
your ocean air!*



*Finding paper about my job  
while strolling along beach . . .  
I throw it away.*

*Form of wave rushes  
forward over dried sand  
and seaweed and footprints.*

*Mother building sandcastle  
with her son . . .  
toy shovel in hand.*

*Make room for the sea gulls!  
it's their home . . .  
we are just their guests!*

*Bunch of seaweed loose  
is being carried back to sea  
by the undertow.*

*She studying some song  
on guitar . . .  
her children playing away.*

*The sound of waves  
crashing against  
the jutting rocks!*

*Couple walking . . .  
wearing loud bathing suits  
along bleached pathway.*

*The shape-cliffed valley  
with many large redwoods . . .  
what a view!*

*The beach long gone . . .  
now I'm in the world  
of cement and buildings.*

*Indian corn and small pumpkin  
lying on apartment floor . . .  
in the dark.*

*Choir . . . sing your heart out!  
make my mouth shout:  
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!*



## Long Haiku No. 3

*Water bugs,  
I see you are enjoying the game  
of tag.*

*Be careful!  
the birds are looking  
at you.*

*There you go  
for a ride  
down those tiny rapids.*

*The bird slopes down . . .  
lands with water bug  
in mouth.*

## Long Haiku No. 4

*Looking out the window  
with my kitten  
during the night.*

*Everything is silent  
and apartments' light on . . .  
few passing cars.*

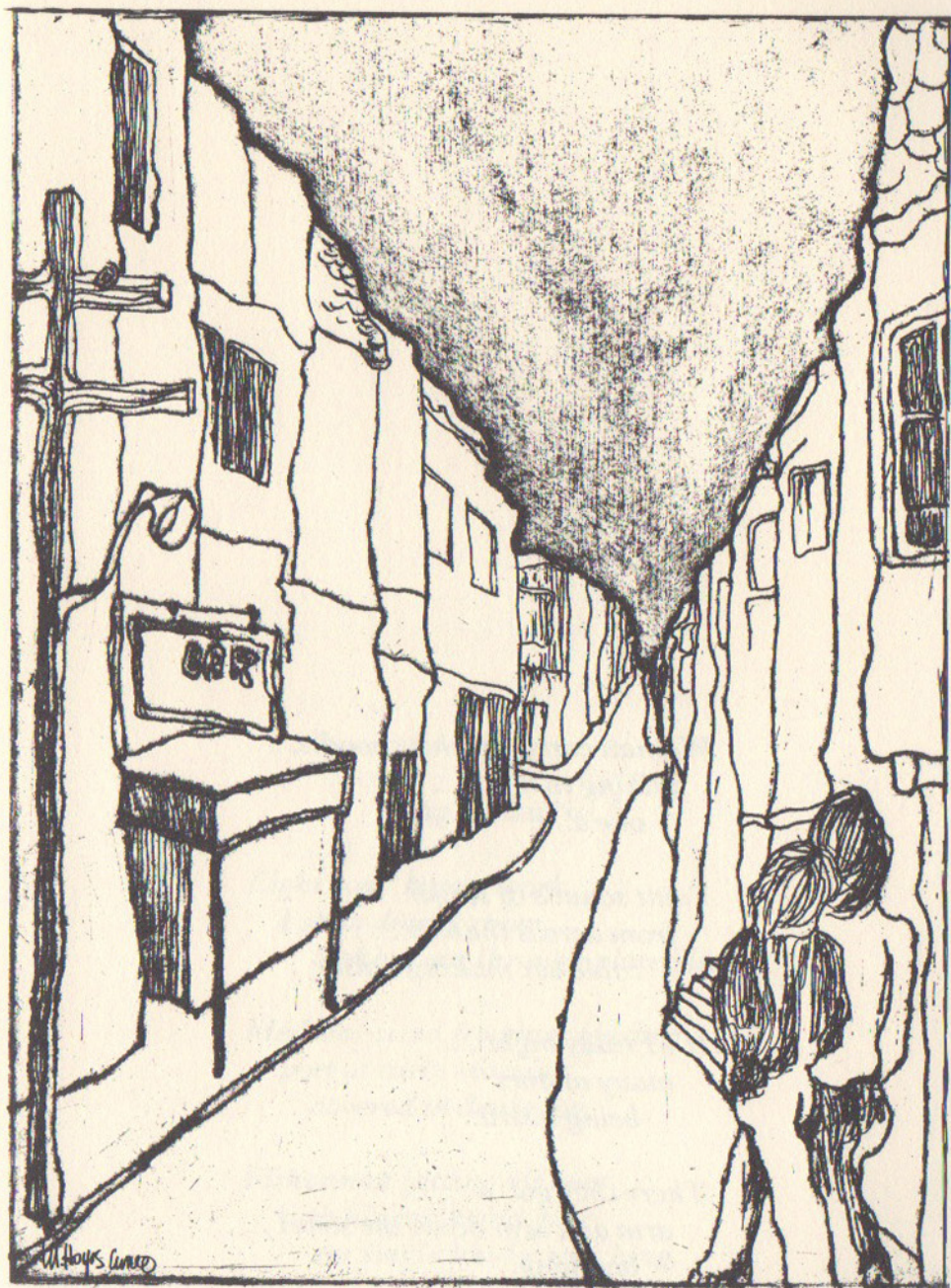
*At eleven p.m. . . .  
fire engine after fire engine  
rushes by.*

*Outside of bar  
few young people passing . . .  
cigarette in the shadows.*

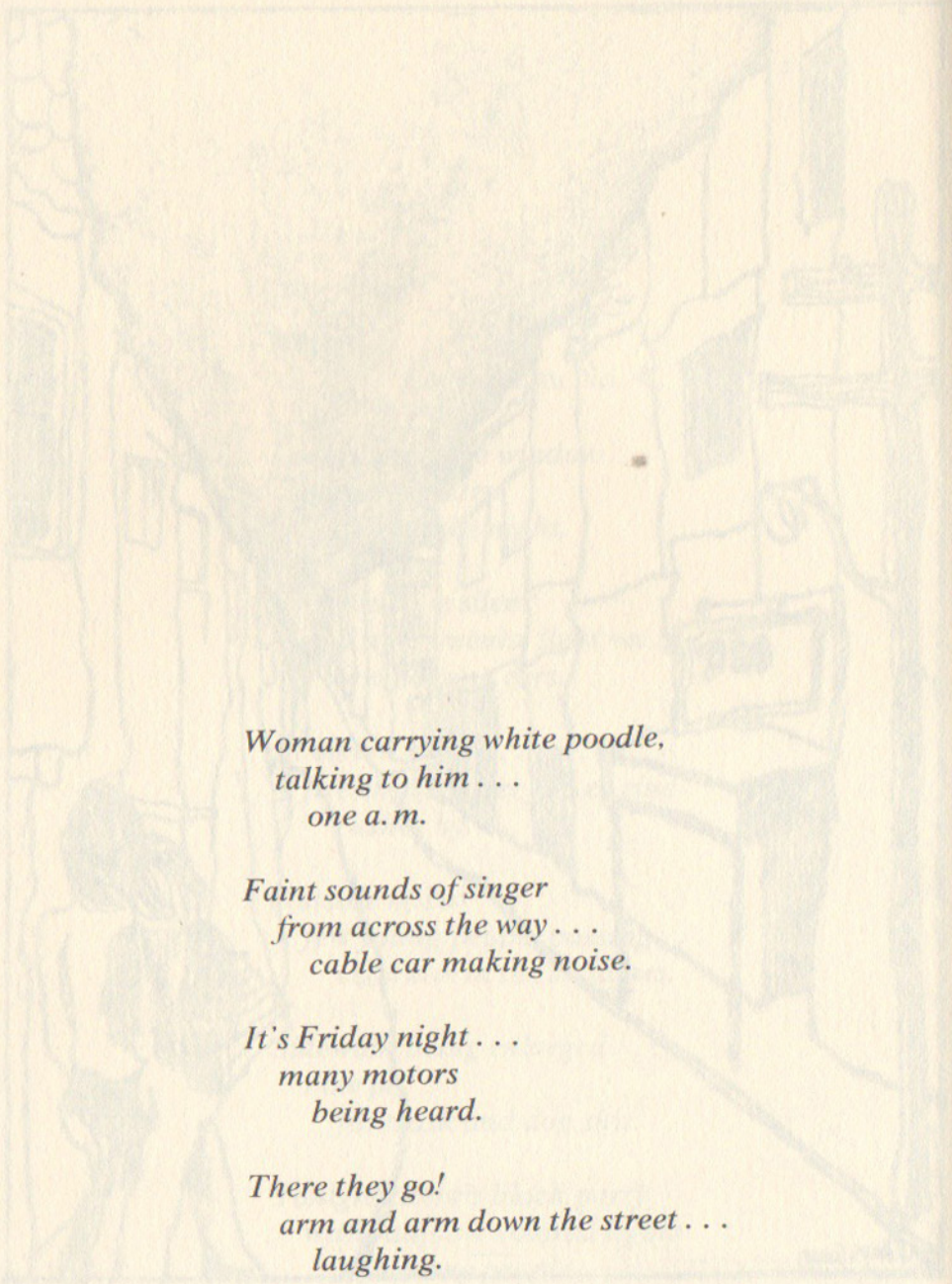
*Sidewalk being enlarged . . .  
now pit  
for trash and dog shit.*

*Tonight there's block party  
with rainbow-colored lights  
and many people.*









*Woman carrying white poodle,  
talking to him . . .  
one a.m.*

*Faint sounds of singer  
from across the way . . .  
cable car making noise.*

*It's Friday night . . .  
many motors  
being heard.*

*There they go!  
arm and arm down the street . . .  
laughing.*



## Long Haiku No. 5

*Eight a.m. before work  
I sit in dining room . . .  
looking out through plate glass.*

*Medium-sized freighter leaving  
port at early morning . . .  
covered in dense fog.*

*Fisherman getting off boat  
with his catch and gear . . .  
not single tourist watching.*

*American flag all wet  
trying to wave . . .  
middle of heavy rainstorm.*

*Workman holding box of fish  
while superior speaks . . .  
in front of fish company.*

*Lone person walking on beach  
during dark cloudy morning . . .  
far from where I'm sitting.*

*At two a. m.  
taxicab riding on street  
and no tourists.*

*Blinking lights on-off . . .  
many single lights  
flickering behind it.*



*Cats starting to  
come on roofs  
of all the fish companies.*

*Heavy wind blows . . .  
moving branches of tree  
next to street lamp.*

*Across the bay  
the hills light  
like thousands of candles.*

*Noise of garbage truck  
driving down the street . . .  
breaking the silence.*

*In empty parking lot . . .  
man closing the booth  
with his coat on.*

## Long Haiku No. 6

*Dear little kitten,  
you are safe from the street . . .  
still you cry.*

*Walking past her  
as she eats chicken . . .  
she growls at me.*

*Please . . .  
stop playing  
with the pen as I am writing!*

*Mechanical dog wags  
its tail . . .  
she's preparing to attack.*



*I'm picking fleas  
from her head . . .  
she has her ears down.*

*Writing a Haiku . . .  
she's demanding attention . . .  
I stop to pick her up.*

*She comes on bed . . .  
I say, "No, Pochita Linda" in  
gentle voice . . . she turns around.*

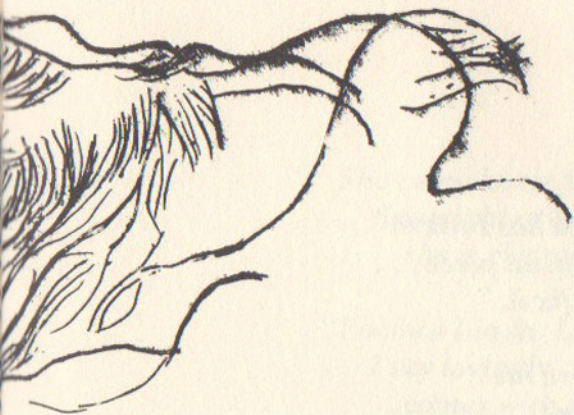
*Archie the tom  
walks in . . .  
she chases him out.*

*Hey!  
I'm not the sparring partner  
for your newly found claws.*

*Six in the morning,  
she climbs over our bodies . . .  
sleeps on the pillow.*







*Live your own life!  
get used to being a cat . . .  
not a dog!*

*"Pochita Linda has broken  
my African head piece . . .  
but I can fix it."*

*Why do you give me  
the dirty stare . . .  
when I'm cleaning your eyes?*

*Why are you  
chasing  
your own shadow?*

*OK! have patience  
I am changing your box . . .  
right now!*

*Another tom and Pochita eyeing  
each other . . . she smells  
him . . . tom strikes.*

*So she waits  
at the door  
meows, meows all day.*



*She came home from  
first night of lovemaking . . .  
she is cleaning herself.*

*"Pochita Linda. Linda Pochita,"  
I say lovingly . . . she  
comes with quiet meow.*

*She sits in open  
window . . . watching the  
rain drops hit.*

*Hey! why do you  
attack my feet  
when I don't move them?*

*Making love at midnight . . .  
local tom calls  
for her.*

*For the last two days  
she has been gone . . .  
we are very worried!*

*"Pochita Linda . . ."  
 she comes running and I  
 carry her home.*

*Thank you, Mrs. Jones,  
 for calling us . . .  
 this Haiku is for you.*

*Freezing night . . .  
 she's cleaning herself  
 between her legs.*

*Tom calls over and over . . .  
 she lays there  
 without moving her head.*

*"Pochita, we are moving  
 tomorrow. Don't worry  
 about anything."*

*My wife takes her  
 out of traveling case . . .  
 she hides behind cartons.*



*As we unpack . . .  
she checks out her new home.*

*Every room we go,  
she follows . . . but  
sits or lays by herself.*

*"When are you going  
to have your kittens?  
We are waiting."*

*I come home . . .  
she meows  
only once.*

*"She will have her  
kittens on the bed."  
"I hope not."*

*I open the door . . .  
she rushes out but  
returns quickly by herself.*

*"Pochita, please have your  
babies when I'm here."*

*As she sleeps  
kicking from her stomach*

*I wake . . .  
she's going through labor  
one inch from my leg.*

*She turns to me  
with passive-defenseless expression . . .  
meows softly.*



## Long Haiku No. 7

*Cement house in ruins  
with half under soil . . .  
next to seacoast.*

*We are reading  
the graffiti on walls . . .  
laughing.*

*Beer cans  
among  
growth and broken glass.*

*My friend with hands  
around rusted iron bars saying,  
"I hate jails."*

*On dirty wall entrance . . .  
the painted word:  
women.*

*"What will you do  
about finding a job?  
"I don't know."*

*Tiny stream flows  
to sea with big dead tree  
over . . . roar of the surf.*

*When the morning comes . . .  
you will be gone,  
again.*

*You are driving  
down the street . . .  
I am missing you already!*



Write your own Haiku

Postscript

*Basho, would you approve  
of what I'm doing  
with your Haiku?*







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# haiku Revisited

The traditional form of Japanese poetry, Haiku, has remained unchanged for more than two hundred years—that is, until Louis Cuneo came along. He is able to retain the enigmatic flavor while avoiding strict adherence to archaic rules—the result is fun, meaningful, and profound.

**HAIKU REVISITED** traces the history of the poetry briefly and gives an updating that makes it highly relevant for today. The formal language and strict rules are for traditionalists and are only a base for the writing of contemporary poetry.

"They are true Haiku worth revisiting over and over; and the sign of a great Haiku is that one's visits grow longer and longer."

*Lawrence Ferlinghetti*



CELESTIAL ARTS  
MILLBRAE, CALIFORNIA

ISBN: 0-89087-014-4