

The Water's Night

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par
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Translated by Mike Montreuil

Alba Publishing

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The French haiku that were translated for this book were originally published in Micheline Beaudry's *Les couleurs du vent*, published by the Éditions David on 2004. However, not all of the French haiku were translated. This was done in order to make a slimer volume of translations.

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A catalogue record for this book is available from the British Library.

ISBN: 978-1-910185-01-8 (paperback)

ISBN: 978-1-910185-40-7 (pdf)

Cover design: Luminita Suse

Interior illustrations: Micheline Beaudry

Book layout: Lynda Wegner—www.freshimage.ca

Published by Alba Publishing

P.O. Box 266, Uxbridge

UB9 5NX, United Kingdom

www.albapublishing.com

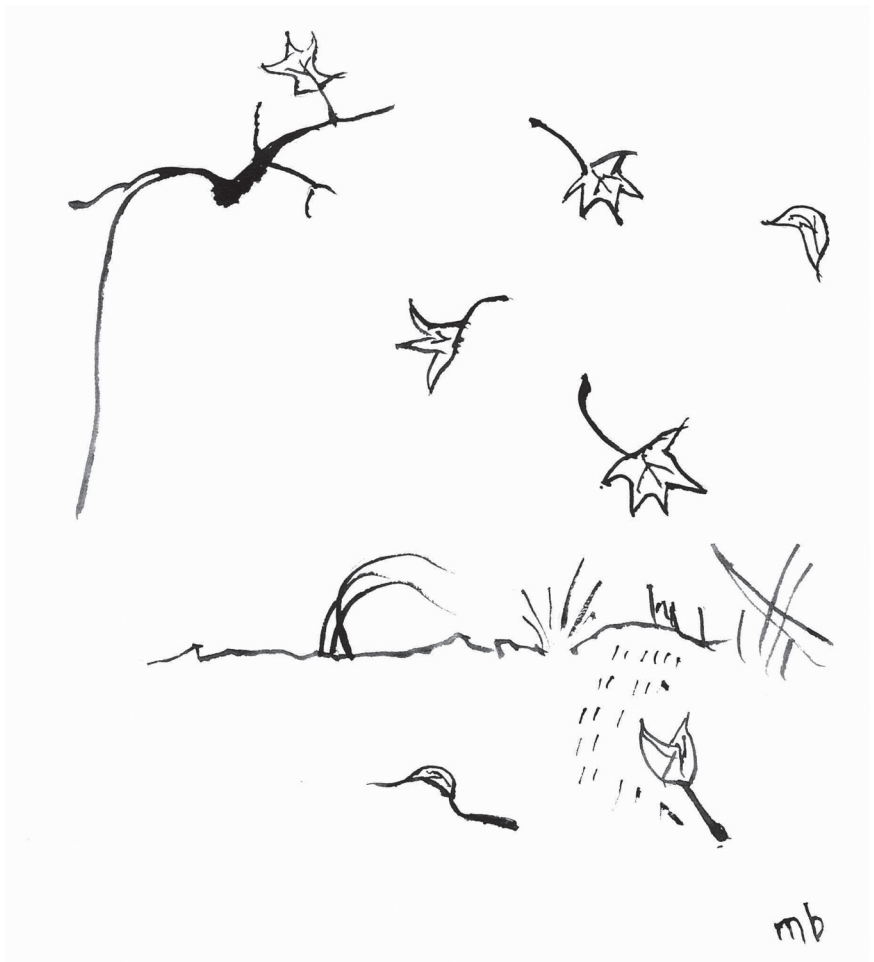
For André Duhaime

*... les hauteurs de la nuit s'éloignent
dans l'aura des montagnes violettes...*

Gaston Miron

Section 1 – OOBURI

Cold Rain and Windswept



North wind
the harbinger cries
of white geese

at the river's bend
the moon
circles the water's night

in darkness
an owl echoes
hurried geese

lady of the night
so many streets
so many men

mourning dove
on the guardrail
a woman's hands

the sky lower
after geese have flown by
September evening

the maples have left
their leaves at my door
it's raining again

last day of October
my nap under the maples
holds back the heat

late afternoon
she listens to a song
much like herself

my dog follows me
walking my solitude
its shadow precedes us

a cat's footsteps
move the silence
a window creaks

a gargoyle
spits out acid rain
its stone grimaces

Indian summer
streak of amber on my cheek
the ecstasy of apples

the night greys
while day lingers
mid-autumn

barefoot in the rain
she pushes heavier bags
the homeless woman

red port
icicles scan the grey hour
of late afternoon

in still waters
fall and tea
mingle their redness

damp smells
the nebulous yellow of leaves
under crushed apples

morning geese
from one side of the window
to the other

perennials or graves
the same sound of earth
being shoveled

the last rose
remains on its stem open
first snow

a star streaks
across the face of the moon
my distracted glance

flowering chrysanthemum
broken glass next door
how quickly night comes!

Section 2 – FUBUKI

Gust of Snow



mb

snow at the window
wasting time between two haiku
my tea cools

in order to shave
he looks into the mirror
not into his eyes

four o'clock tea
the colour of his cognac
without the effects

searching for the moon
from our backyard
while it's out front

his hand slower
at the end of his shakes
cup of green tea

dull moonless night
the door closes on the scent
of gingerbread

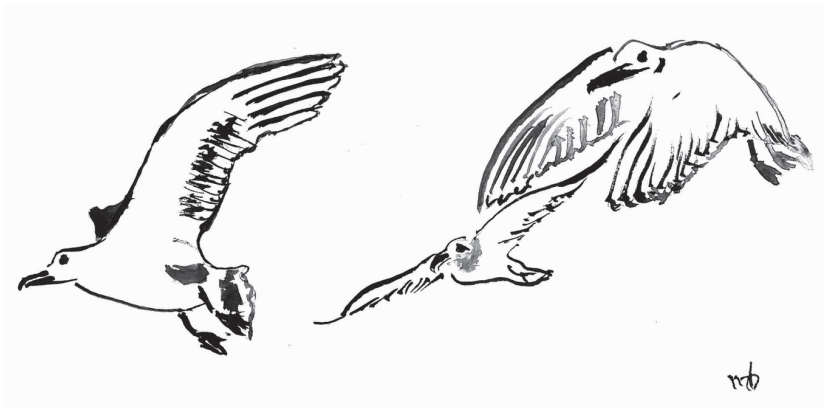
Snowflakes
lengthening the haiku's ink
before the words

end of February
inside me winter so close
to the melt

lthe politician
his warm handshake
and my vote

Section 3 – SHUNRAN

Flurry of Springs



the too full moon
lowers the sky's emptiness
above the roofs

red leaves
forgotten in the underbrush
spring carpet

ochre mountain
from one day to the next
it becomes green

on the bed
his open night-shirt
half moon

full moon
a white flash on things blue
without you

the sun
closer and lasting longer
a nape's warmth

in the city centre
trees already in bloom
carbon dioxide

antique store
in the back of an empty wardrobe
sun rays

end of April
snowflakes gather
until morning

ducking
to pass under the lilacs
heavy with snow

far from war
a stormy night
hushed silence

white silence
as it diffuses
the room grows larger

full moon
making a black night
very blue

between the pale sky
and a maple full of sap
the weight of day

two ambulances
in my neighbour's driveway
false lily

a spring wind
scatters magnolia flowers
she turns 19

the breathing of wood
between her parted legs
the cellist

June's perfumes
on a rainy morning
a woman shivers

Section 4 – RAIU

Storm



in my hair
the wind in his
the embalmer's comb

smog
the freeway draws a line
under the red sun

in the cemetery
a stela topped with a cross
chess game

the river's surface
soaks in the calm
of white clouds

the willow's leaves
and my hair sway
in the same wind

to sing its first note
it prefers the dead tree
that small black bird

an obscure buzz
liven's up the city
on the opposite shore

pale moon
surrounded by clouds
quickenning our pace

the green of clover
spreads onto the face of a child
rolling in it

bare-legged girls
playing hopscotch
grasshoppers

under an August sun
a spider steadily weaves
even its shadow

walking the dog
along the railroad tracks
dreaming of a station

black moon
aimlessly wandering
a sky without landmarks

last moon
before the irradiation
Hiroshima

waning August
the shrill of the cricket
becomes louder

cigarette dangling
the ambulance attendant
brings the oxygen

plum tree branches
arch in the slowness
so close to the ground

at my window
in the hour before dawn
a cricket's song weakens

lichen
swallow the letters
on the tomb stone

Acknowledgements

A special thanks to Maxianne Berger who made valuable comments on the translations in this edition and who originally translated several of the haiku in *Les couleurs du vents* found in the anthology, *Sun Through the Blinds: Montreal Haiku Today*, edited by Maxianne Berger and Angela Leuck, Sainte-Anne-de-Belleville, Shoreline, 2003.

Several French haiku from *Les couleurs du vent* and included in this edition were originally published in the following anthologies:

Chevaucher la lune, anthologie du haïku contemporain en français, sous la direction d'André Duhaime, Ottawa, Éditions David, 2001.

55th Basho Festival Haiku Anthology, Ueno (Japon), Association for the Promotion of Basho, October 2001.

Hopala, Plougastel-Daoulas de Bretagne (France), Association Hopala, mars 2002.

Dire la faune, sous la direction de Francine Chicoine, Ottawa, Éditions David, 2003

Micheline Beaudry lives on the South Shore of Montreal. *Blanche Mémoire*, a renku with Jean Dorval was published by les Éditions David, 2002, as well as *Les couleurs du vent*, 2004. She has participated in various international haiku anthologies and was founding member of l'Association française du haïku. She founded the Groupe Haïku Montreal (GHM) in 2005 and the Groupe de Verchères in 2011. Since 2007, Micheline has edited the French section of the Haiku Canada Review. Her most recent collections are a book of tanka *Comme une étoile filante/like a shooting star* (Bondi Studios) and *rensaku Hiver/Jingles* with Luce Pelletier, Deborah Kolodji & Naia. Les Éditions de la Francophonie published her study of the poetic works of André Duhaime, *L'homme qui plantait des haïkus*, in 2013.

