

# *n e w s l e t t e r*

*contents* page 1 introduction page 2-5 news page 6 guest page 9 haiku page 22 forthcoming events

## Welcome to - haiku ireland - newsletter

We hope you will find this newsletter informative and user-friendly.

The aim of this quarterly bulletin is to give news and information on haiku and forthcoming haiku events in Ireland and in the world and obviously share some haiku.

- haiku ireland - newsletter is an open space for any haiku poet or association in or outside Ireland, so feel free to send us haiku or any item relating to haiku (collection of haiku, essays, web links, information, etc.) for publication in this newsletter.

Please note that due to space limitations, all items received may not be published in the next immediate issue.

**Thanks in advance** for forwarding this newsletter to anyone you know who may be interested in its contents.

Next issue will be published early October 2006.

Send any item for publication by mid-September 2006 at [info@haikuireland.org](mailto:info@haikuireland.org)

## about - haiku ireland -

- haiku ireland - is a group of haiku poets who share the same aims that are primarily to foster the writing of haiku and its related forms to a standard of excellence and in a manner which reflects both its origins and best contemporary practice and to contribute to the development of haiku in Ireland and internationally.

Another aim is to develop and sponsor cooperation between the Irish and the international haiku community and we hope this newsletter will help achieving this goal.

- haiku ireland - organises regular haiku events, such as workshops and ginko that are open to all. For further information on our group, to attend some of our events or to join us, please visit our [Official Site](#) that also contains haiku written by members.

This issue and the previous ones may be downloaded [here](#)

# — haiku ireland —

## *n e w s l e t t e r*

### news

### journals

#### Contemporary Haibun Online

The June 2006 issue of contemporary haibun online is now available featuring an article by our special guest (Ken Jones' Corner: The fourth of a series on contemporary haibun) <http://poetrylives.com/CHO/>

#### Revue HAIKAI

For French-speaking or Francophile haiku amateurs, a new journal - **Revue HAIKAI** - dedicated to haiku, tanka, renku and haibun has been launched under the direction of André Duhaime (visit his on-line [International Haiku Anthology](#)).

You can send your submissions with the form, at [http://www.mille-poetes.com/Publiez\\_Haikai\\_Index.html](http://www.mille-poetes.com/Publiez_Haikai_Index.html) ) or by e-mail at **haiku999@hotmail.com**

André Duhaime  
literary director  
[http://www.mille-poetes.com/Librairie\\_Haikai-001.html](http://www.mille-poetes.com/Librairie_Haikai-001.html)

#### Noon

Noon, the journal of the short poem, has a new address:  
Brillia Gaien Dewazaka #506  
4 Minami Motomachi  
Shinjuku-ku  
Tokyo 160-0012

Noon is pleased to announce that Noon 3 is now available. Hand bound (as previously), and consisting of 74 pages altogether (68 pages of poems), it includes a range of poetry in short forms ranging from haiku to short prose poems and plays. There are contributions from Joseph Massey, Alan Halsey, John Levy, Bob Arnold, Jim Kacian, Sheila E Murphy, Paul Murphy, David Miller, Alistair Noon, Marian Olson, Frank Williams, David Berridge and Theodore Enslin, among others. Some copies of Noon 2 are still available.

Submissions for Noon 4, due to appear in September 2006, are welcome.

For any information, contact Philip Rowland at **rowlandnoon@mac.com**

# **— haiku ireland —**

## ***n e w s l e t t e r***

### **saw**

Saw is at the forefront of a renaissance in cutting-edge poetry in Devon. In fact, since its launch in 2004, it has truly become an internationally known magazine, publishing a wide variety of work by poets from the UK, Nepal, Australia, China, Ireland, Canada, Germany, France, Iceland and the USA.

Saw welcomes unsolicited submissions of a wide spectrum of poetry, by post, or email by January 31st for the April issue, or June 30th for the September issue. There will be a maximum of 80 lines per poem, including title and stanza breaks.

Email submissions can be sent either as an attachment, or in the body of the email using Microsoft Word if possible. Each page must include the authors name and address. Postal submissions should be typed on one side only of A4 white paper, double-spaced. Each page must include the author's name and address. A stamped addressed envelope must be enclosed if you would like your manuscripts returned. Please ensure the envelope is large enough and postage is sufficient. If you are not in the UK please send the appropriate number of International Reply Coupons.

Copyright remains with individual writers. There will be no payment, but contributors will receive a complimentary copy of the magazine in which their work appears.

Contributing poets are welcome to send a brief personal biography, which may be edited into the Contributors' Notes section.

UK Subscriptions. Single Issue: £4:00. Three Issues: £10:00. Six Issues: £18:00.

Worldwide Subscriptions. Single Issue: £5:00. Three Issues: £15:00. Six Issues: £25:00.

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### **competition**

#### **Basho Forum Competition**

"We are looking for Haiku written in English that are original submissions or are unpublished work for our Haiku competition to be held during the Basho festival on October 12th."

Deadline: 31 July 2006

Information, guidelines and submission at <http://www.ict.ne.jp/~basho-bp/english.htm>

# — haiku ireland —

## *n e w s l e t t e r*

### various

**Haiku Quebec** will organise

A Day of Haiku and Renku with **William J. Higginson** in Quebec City

William J. (Bill) Higginson and his wife, the poet Penny Harter, will be in Quebec City on Saturday, August 26 (The Morrin Center, 44, Chaussée des Écossais, Québec (Québec), G1R 4H3).

He will give a talk and answer questions on Japanese haiku in the afternoon of August 26, and they will lead a renku session that same evening.

Bill Higginson is the author of numerous books on haiku and well known as a promoter of global renku, Japanese-style linked poems.

For any more information, contact **haikuquebec@hotmail.com**

### on the web

#### ULITKA

The First Russian On-line Haiku Magazine was launched at  
<http://www.ulitka.haiku-do.com/en/en.php>

Message from the editors:

Dear authors,  
Thank you for considering ULITKA for publishing your works.

The editors welcome submissions of haiku and senryu either in traditional or free form. Please submit your poems in Russian or in English (or in both languages), which have not previously appeared in Russian either in printed or in edited on-line publications. Please note, that postings on the personal web pages, blogs and forums as well as self-publications on haiku-related web-sites are not viewed as publications.

We also welcome submissions of articles on haiku and haiku-related genres as well as tanka, renga, haibun and haiga.

ULITKA is scheduled to be published four times a year at the end of March, June, September and December with the respective deadlines for submissions being the 1st of February, the 1st of April, the 1st of July and the 1st of October.

We would normally confirm acceptance for publication in the coming issue one month after the submission deadline.

# — haiku ireland —

## *n e w s l e t t e r*

Editors of ULITKA encourage the authors to accompany their submissions with a few of words about themselves (and ideally with a small photo). This information will be published in the magazine together with your works. Needless to say that this is not obligatory and does not influence the editors' decision to accept the poems for publication in any respect.

All rights revert to the author upon publication in ULITKA, but we would require mentioning ULITKA as first publication where applicable.

All works (up to 25 per submission) should be sent to **ulitkaonline@gmail.com** in the body of the e-mail (please do not submit your works in attachments or links to web-sites).

### Scots Haiku

John McDonald has launched his blog, a scots haiku page with English versions of each poem adjacent. URL is <http://zenspeug.blogspot.com>

### sites related to - haiku ireland -

#### Redthread Haiku

- **haiku ireland** - member **Jim Norton** manages this site for a haiku group in the UK and Ireland that conducts workshops and publishes the haiku, haibun, and articles of members.

#### Haiku Spirit

Bilingual site (English and French) managed by - **haiku ireland** - member **Gilles Fabre**, named in tribute to **Jim Norton**'s late Irish Journal of Haiku, containing selected haiku from the 20 issues of Haiku Spirit, a technical introduction to haiku (definitions, guidelines to write haiku, bibliography, e-workshop...) as well as hundreds of Japanese classic and contemporary haiku. Haiku Spirit also presents Western haiku and has a guest section for haiku submissions in English and French.

### to find your (haiku) way on the net

This [Open Directory](#) under the supervision of William Higginson and this [Links Page](#) managed by Mark Alan Osterhaus contain links to most sites of haiku poets, associations, publishers, journals, forums...

# — haiku ireland —

## *n e w s l e t t e r*

### special guest

#### ken jones

Ken Jones is a co-editor of the annual volume Contemporary Haibun, and the electronic journal Contemporary [Haibun Online](#). He contributes regularly to UK haiku magazines, as well as being represented in British and American anthologies. He is also a contributor to the [Haiku Sangha Site](#).

For his contribution to Pilgrim Foxes: Haiku and Haiku Prose, co-authored with Jim Norton and Sean O'Connor, Jones was awarded the Sasakawa Prize for Original Contributions in the Field of Haikai.

His haibun "Travellers" won first place in the 2005 English Language Haibun Contest.

Recent publications:

Arrow of Stones (British Haiku Society, 2002)

Stallion's Crag (Iron Press, 2003)

Jones is a Zen practitioner and teacher of thirty years' standing, and secretary of the UK Network of Engaged Buddhists. Of his numerous publications in that field the latest is The New Social Face of Buddhism (Wisdom Publications, 2003). He now lives in Ceredigion, Wales, with his Irish wife, Noragh.

Bibliography:

Pilgrim Foxes (as above, [see extracts](#)), Pilgrim Press, 2001

Arrow of Stones (British Haiku Society, 2002)

Stallion's Crag (Iron Press, 2003)

Currently preparing for the press a new collection of haiku and haibun entitled *The Parsley Bed*

#### 3 questions

##### When and how did you discover and start writing haiku?

It just somehow grew out of my Zen practice -- writing out the "suchness" of things.

Sunlight through bare larches  
this alone  
is enough

But I couldn't have got started without the help of R H Blyth's treasure trove of books, plus the encouragement of that wee black book The Haiku Hundred which ignited so many other newcomers long ago.

# **— haiku ireland —**

## ***n e w s l e t t e r***

### **What is haiku for you?**

I suppose some people live to write haiku, but others, like me, in our long suffering world, write haiku to live -- as some kind of humanistic and spiritual affirmation, that ultimately, the world is in some weird way basically okay. And it's good to share a little bit of humanity, of compassion, with others...

Haiku are one of the ancient Japanese "Ways" of spiritual practice (like calligraphy, the tea ceremony, and the minimal ink paintings, zenga and haiga). They give expression to insight and help to deepen it. Our root unease, our sense of lack, originates in the countless and subtle ways in which we try to evade the totally open experience of just how it is, and how we are. The only effective remedy is, in Blake's words, to "cleanse the doors of perception" and let reality flood in. As all the spiritual traditions affirm, this brings a sense of joy and release and an ability to live more freely in the world – and in the moment. The Zen school is particularly concerned with the cultivation of a profound, down-to-earth awareness of this "suchness", and haiku are the most thoroughgoing expression of literary Zen.

Of all literary genres classic haiku are the least "in your face", they have the least "attitude". Unfortunately the speedy modern mind is attracted to haiku by their intriguing, brevity, whilst commonly failing to appreciate their subtlety, let alone their existential power. To see them simply as a three line poem of 5:7:5 syllables, as do many mainstream poets, is to miss the point altogether. Likewise they are much more than opportunities for the artfulness of wit, word play and epigram.

### **How do you see haiku's place or role in the world?**

In addition to my points above, haiku offer a glancing opportunity, without explicit poetic prompting, to accept for ourselves how it is. Such pure acceptance has qualities of compassion, release, quiet joy, and subtle humour. At their best, classic haiku offer a little whiff of the ultimate reality which is always just under our noses, a little bit of existential therapy shared between writer and reader, a little bit of mutual compassion.

Today the ancient haiku ideal of being at one with nature takes on a more urgent significance. "Perhaps we can learn to think like a cricket, a rainforest, a river or a coral reef," writes Patricia Donegan (in "Haiku and the Ecocastrophe" in Dharmagaia: a Harvest of Essays in Buddhism and Ecology, edited by Allan Hunt Badiner, Parallax Press, 1990, pp197-207). "This is the heart of deep ecology. The practice of writing haiku is a way of thinking and being in nature – a deep way to practice deep ecology".

With extracts of Chrysanthemums and Black Battleships: Haiku and Social Engagement, an essay by Ken Jones

# — haiku ireland —

## *n e w s l e t t e r*

### guidelines by ken jones

# Don't search after haiku. Instead, cultivate alertness so you are inspired by authentic experience when it arises. The clarity of such a "haiku moment" should be infused with some a warmth of feeling, a shared humanity, as with Osai Ozaki:

Tongs  
a mismatched pair  
one whole winter

# Just relax and keep it simple, without any straining after effect. Avoid cliché, cleverness and wordiness. Thus, Basho:

Water jar cracks --  
I lie awake  
this icy night

# SHOW -- don't TELL. Try to express your experiences through the images that you use, rather than actually saying that you are "sad" or "lonely". This gives space for readers to experience such feelings in their own way, as in this by the eighteenth century master, Buson:

The ends of the warriors' bows  
as they go, brushing  
the dew

# Similarly, avoid explanations, abstractions and philosophising. Prefer allusion and understatement. Tread lightly.

# Many of the best haiku present unexpected and *contrasting* images. These can arouse profound and subtle emotions and can convey layers of subtle meaning. The Western convention is to write haiku in three lines, but four-and two-liners are acceptable where that makes the best "fit". Often the first line sets the scene, within which the second line makes an observation. The third line then presents an image contrasting with the second line, throwing our normal expectations out of gear, as it were, and opening up a wider perspective which may be both allusive and elusive. There is a mysterious spark of a wider truth here, which is left to the reader's awareness (an "open metaphor"). The first example below is from Cicely Hill and the second by Ogino Yoko. The inkstone one, by Mitsui Suzuki, is more complex, recalling William Blake's "love and grief are woven fine, a clothing for the soul divine."

Pausing to watch  
breeze over the hayfields  
forgotten names

Hot bath water  
cold on the breastless side  
spring thunder

Inkstone cold  
joy and grief  
one brush

# Finally, are there words which you could omit which would make the haiku work better? And what happens if you change the lines around?



## haiku

### ken jones

Day after day  
the open gate  
the empty moor

Wind howls  
fire blazes back  
in this house of stone

First pale light  
the ivory Buddha  
has come though

This fine evening  
stacking firewood  
how simple death seems

Cat flap silent now  
I lift it  
for a pale moth

Some day  
on the french window  
the quiet knock of a saint

Accidental island  
three stones  
standing as they do

Casting its shadow  
each stippled reed  
half its length

Darting pond skaters  
scratching the surface  
they leave no trace

Mountain wind  
through my ribcage  
already

#### Dogen's Pond

High in the mountains is an old pond;  
shallow or deep,  
no one has seen to the bottom

--Zen koan

Eihei Dogen: a famous thirteenth century philosopher-monk and one of the greatest of the Zen Masters.

[More haiku by Ken Jones](#) (Haiku Spirit [Site](#))

## haiku

### - haiku ireland - members

Nine members of – **haiku ireland** – and three guests, Bernadette O'Reilly, Sean O'Connor and Dubliner fiddler John Sheahan, participated in the first haiku evening organised by – **haiku ireland** – in conjunction with [Poetry Ireland](#) in Dublin, last 16th of May.

The haiku below are a selection from the haiku read that evening.

autumn leaves falling  
slowly onto the river  
frost on the island

strumming bouzouki  
with his right hand  
- how blue the veins!

winter fog  
over the river  
moving

cloudy spring evening  
an old man whistles “Hard Times”  
on Ha’penny Bridge

through the raindrops  
through the rainbow  
the other side

Grafton Street  
he plucks an O’Carolan tune  
- Tokyo harpist

swallows  
glancing the river surface  
midsummer

*Maeve O’Sullivan*

fitting me  
better than I expected -  
my mother's swimsuit

Rock-pools at Skerries  
the barnacles that never moved  
in the sun-lit water

tap water falling  
a sinkful of ice  
melting into itself

St Patrick’s island  
Motionless across the sound  
Vaguely of the past

he tilts the umbrella back  
now I can see  
the waterfall

A scoop in pebbles  
The perfect camouflage for eggs  
Exposed to the sky

*Dermot O’Brien*

## haiku

Morning mist  
Sea and sky  
Become one

Milky Way ablaze -  
sleeping  
is a waste of stars

Waking eyes  
So warm the glow  
On the lilac

deep in this lake  
the memory  
of ancient moons

Ancient gravestones  
Under the Yew  
Sparse grass in the light

go doimhin sa loch seo  
nua gacha éisc  
sean gacha ré

Summer shower  
Last magnolia petal  
Drops on daisy buds

after the storm  
fog  
creeping into sea shells

Cool morning light  
On the wall  
Still embers glow

grey sunless day, still,  
the light runs pink  
through the pig's ear

A downpour  
Plum blossom  
Drop

as she walks away  
the snowflakes  
getting bigger and bigger

Venus lone star  
Nestles in the crescent  
Moon

*Sean MacMathuna*

On my mother's birthday  
A haiku reading  
Flood of memories

Unseen in foliage  
a robin sings its heart out  
on the first of May

*Mary White*

Reflected yellow  
The gorse overhanging a stream  
In the month of May

*Dermot O'Brien*

## haiku

Harold

Face furrowed and  
Weathered, eyes dark shields,  
Coarse hair, wind tousled.

You were cows lowing,  
Steel buckets zinging with streams  
Of warm frothing milk.

You were fields of corn,  
Meadows lined with haycocks,  
And August sunsets.

You were a garden,  
Tilled with vegetables,  
Brought home in our bags.

You were crab apple trees,  
Crows crying, thrushes chirping,  
Blackbirds singing songs.

You were trips to Mass,  
In a pony and trap down  
A stony boreen.

Parents

The silent shadows,  
On the streets of old Dublin,  
Point out their presence.

I miss my impish  
Father, every corner  
Of each days turning.

Mother crocheting...  
Snow-flaking her cottage floor  
With white lace flowers.

Old vellum letters,  
Fast fading after these years\_  
Brittle as old leaves.

*Sean Brophy*

swan making her nest  
places one straw at a time  
ducks plosh in the lake

on my window ledge  
from an overgrown garden  
stolen honesty

seagull with a fish  
soars upward over Dublin  
from Moore Street market

dark crows scattering  
quarreling away the day  
nests atop dead trees

chilly autumn air  
cats noses twitch - they can smell  
cocoa on the hob

rocking in his chair  
revisiting every age  
now eight, playing ball

*Glenda Cimino*

## haiku

mother, childlike now,  
sits alone in her neat room  
waiting for Christmas

Autumn sun  
River as mirror  
Walkable

blank glass buildings  
drugged children stumble and fall  
only cranes rising

Tiny red fruits  
Speckle the yew-tree branches,  
Lighten the morning.

empty holy well  
its basin filled with dead leaves  
workers pour cement

Watercolour sun  
Absorbs the grey tones  
Of winter clouds.

roof rafters an upturned ship  
great beams firm against the gales  
church built by sailors

Walking in the park,  
Black clouds accessorise  
The girl's pink shoes.

hunched against the cold  
cat sleeps... under her nose  
moth rests on her paws

Chestnuts under foot,  
Nature's broken necklace  
Of brown beads.

meadow halfway up  
sheep graze above, below us  
we lie on sheepshit

The blackbird's eye  
Targets autumn berries,  
Shiny black and red.

mother and daughter  
grandmother's shawl warms them both  
leaning together

The spaniel's presence  
Excites the low-flying birds,  
Pleases a cold eye.

where does it come from?  
little spider keeps diving  
off my computer

A jackdaw pecks  
A tiny tinfoil package –  
For food or a fix?

*Glenda Cimini*

*Neville Keery*

## haiku

Asleep on blue ground,  
A white moon matches the snow.  
There is no sound.

A waxing sun seals  
The poet's self-image  
In blinding gold.

*Neville Keery*

Terraced houses in the sun  
each front door's  
a different colour

After mass  
the priest kneels again  
to lock the church door

Back home ~  
at the front door, again  
avoiding this snail

It had only one leg  
the seagull  
that woke me up

(Asia)

To a monkey  
tied to a chain  
I've nothing to give

Swordfish  
for sale on the beach  
one sword points at the sea

The stranger  
who raised his hat to me:  
bald as an egg

(Chile)

In a China cup  
that survived last night earthquake  
I place my wedding ring

(Africa)

The post office clerk  
places stones all over his papers  
and puts the fan on full blast

This yellow headed lizard  
staring at me  
like I'm an alien!

(India)

With this big prawn  
I'll take  
my malaria tablet

(Japan)

Zen monk  
blessing a baby:  
two bald heads

To some moss  
growing in clay pots I make  
the promise to come back

*Gilles Fabre*

## haiku

*Jim Norton* read some haibun, including 'Barbed-Wire & Butterflies' that was awarded 4th place in the Nobuyuki Yuasa International Haibun Competition 2004:

### Barbed-Wire & Butterflies

Returning to the city after a spell in retreat, I received a call for help from an old friend. He was going away for five weeks and needed a dog-minder. My duties were to be light - feed and walk Ty in the morning, a longer walk when I returned from work. Some kind of scotch terrier, he rejoiced when I rattled the lead at dawn, spun with delight when I returned at dusk. Nose-feasting and marking at every corner and post, he dragged me on the outward leg, ambled on the return.

sweet the dust  
just a few raindrops  
and a thousand smells bloom

But he can't hold his water indoors. Little yellow pools everywhere. Luckily the floors are tiled. We don't fall out over it. Except once, when I catch him cocking a leg at the bedroom wardrobe!

For the longer evening walk, I take us both off the lead along the canal bank and note little things along the way, to give an account to my friend on his return:

on a slack leash  
me to the butterfly bush  
he busy below

Descending the steps to the canal, a man sits blocking the way. He's drinking from a flagon. Gets unsteadily to his feet. "No hurry, take your time". Is there just a hint of condescension in my voice? Stepping past him, he says "Your fly is open".

What better place for drinkers to congregate? Along the water-margins, a thousand empty cans and bottles bob in the wake of moor-hen and coot. Their fluffy chicks zip this way and that along the surface, until recalled by an urgent cheep-cheep. So tiny!

A sleeping form on the grassy bank stirs as we approach. Ty sniffs around him. My gaze innocently takes in the large hole in the seat of his pants, the scratching hand and fleshy buttocks. He's not an old man, ginger-haired, sun-reddened.

On the far bank, a golden-stemmed *Salix* overhanging the water brings to mind a poem:

bring to the willow  
all the weeping of your heart  
motherless chicks

## haiku

The lead on again, we cross the bridge. By Lullymore Terrace is a patch of highly sniffable grass, which gives me time to read the nearby lamppost. On it is a list of names written in the one distinctive hand. I try to memorize them but by the time we get home I've forgotten. Next time. One by one.

Buddleia arches through the coiled barbed-wire which guards the gable-end houses. Butterfly bush - it grows everywhere, little shoots in every crack and crevice, exuberantly out of chimneys, at the feet of drainpipes, under the gutters. Stop and sniff the air - its mild scent is all-pervasive.

so few butterflies  
suddenly there's one  
I hardly notice

Though it will rain today, it's warm enough at 6 a.m. to walk outside in shirt-sleeves. Flocks of pigeons own the side-streets. Amorous cocks with fanned tails and puffed throats coo around indifferent hens. Poplar and willow in the grounds of the maternity hospital whisper in the dawn breeze. In the delivery-rooms at this very moment, lungs filled with fluid are sucking-in their first breath. A ginger cat walks along the ridge-tiles of number 5, stares at us and disappears. Hurrying along in his nose-world, Ty ignores them all.

Abruptly he changes direction, tries to make a beeline across the main road. I drag him back. Such a hangdog look! This must have been one of his ways, a songline from his dreamtime. Over we go.

High railings bar us from a vacant lot. It's a grove of buddleia, self-seeded in the heaps of broken brick, long arching stems of pale purple flower-heads, a dot of orange at the centre of each tiny floret. Then I remember - this used to be a pub. His previous keeper's watering-hole maybe. I was here once, though not for pleasure:

so many souls  
the length and breadth of the land  
combed and counted

The publican had kindly invited me upstairs where his agéd mother lived. "Leave me out of it, I'm gone already", she cackled. He completed the census-forms in impeccable copper-plate. We chatted briefly. He didn't envy me my task - the warren of bedsits, corridors and landings of suspicious flat-dwellers. He bemoaned the blight caused by the long-delayed road plans, and as we stand in the doorway, imparts a secret - one of the Liffey's daughter-streams flows under his cellars. No place on the census form for her:

tributary  
into the vacant lot  
a wishing coin



## haiku

The riverbank is dense with alder and sloe, but then comes a break, and there she is -

a mountain trickle  
now she carries all before her  
anna plurabelle

The path is permanently muddied by the clear drip-drip of a tiny spring oozing from the upper bank to join her.

Here on these broad stretches, her circuitous journey almost complete, she gathers herself and pauses before plunging over the weir, into the confines of the city quays and the vast sweep of the Bay, her banks bedecked with wildflowers...rosebay willowherb...balsam with its orchid-like pink flower and scarlet stem, tall, maidenly...

and at the next great bend, the steeples of Chapelizod come into view. What a sight for pilgrim or plundering warrior! Seipeal Isult - the chapel of Isolda. As we approach, the angelus bell rings out for 6 o'clock, a mechanical device but sweet-toned:

that rushing sound  
high up in the poplars  
shaking silver

Alas, the path is blocked. To reach the village we must take to the busy road. We turn back.

thistle-down  
with each teasing breeze  
in twos and threes  
drifting upriver

The anglers are out. These solitary watchers of slack lines, do they ever carry home a trout for supper, a salmon to feast upon? Yet still they sit, and still the waters of the mirror-world drift by them. The heron watches with them from a withered limb, but no kingfisher to be seen, that rare thrill.

Plaintively a boy asks if I know of a good place. If I knew, would I tell him?

I sit with Ty beside the great-branched poplar. Out of sight something big and fat splashes. For long moments mesmeric ripples radiate, each one a leaf-world. In the shade of a willow, a dash of silver smoothes to glassy green

We walk on. A knot of teenage girls sits on the bank, cat-calling to a youngster fishing on the opposite side. He gives as good as he gets. In the middle of this fusillade of sexual challenge and insult

back arching  
out of the mirror  
a fisher's dream

## haiku

Time to pack. My friend returns this evening. Hoover up the dog-hair, mop the little pools of pee.

heady scent  
through the leaky skylight  
butterfly bush

The back door is open, its peeling varnish and worn handle, each nail-mark, illuminated by the slanting sun. Ty lies in the doorway at full stretch, cooling on the tiles. He lifts his head, turns it from side to side, pausing a moment in each degree of inclination, the better to listen. A faint breeze makes a barely perceptible rustling in the tiny garden. In the middle range, a child's voice is just audible. Fainter still, the chiming of cathedral bells. With great attentiveness he listens, then, stretching his head on the tiles, emits a sigh. Not a word, eloquently spoken.

a buddha in the garden  
puts out its horns to explore  
the garden Buddha

A last walk. We head for the canal. He needs no urging, foraging ahead.

At the lamp-post I note the last name:  
Louise Sheila Emer Sam Jade Tina Tasha  
Butterflies of Lullymore.

### - haiku ireland – first kukai results

**- haiku ireland** – members submit a maximum of 4 haiku per month and then vote on the haiku submitted (5 points for #1, 3 points for #2 and 1 point for #3).

Haiku 1:

a skein of geese -  
warmth  
on the hoe's handle

John McDonald

Haiku 3:

march winds -  
daffodils, lightening  
darkening

John McDonald

Haiku 2:

after loving  
the roses  
a deeper red

Roberta Beary

## haiku

### article by Roberta beary

thunder  
the roses shift  
into shadow

This is the haiku I wrote one late summer afternoon two years ago. A few months ago, I entered that haiku in the Kusamakura International Haiku Contest held each year in Kumamoto, on Japan's most western island, Kyushu. Kusamakura (Grass Pillow) is the name of a novel by Japanese writer Natsume Soseki as well as the term for a poetic journey in Japanese literature. In a sense, that haiku has been on its own journey from Bethesda, Maryland to Kumamoto, Japan, where I received the Kusamakura Grand Prize for International Haiku on December 4, 2005.

I first began writing haiku in 1990 when I moved to Japan for five years. Fifteen years later, at the Kusamakura award ceremony banquet, I was able to meet and speak with master Japanese haiku poets, known as "living legends" about the difficulties of writing this deceptively simple form of poetry. At the award ceremony the next day, I was presented with a beautiful certificate and an award of 50,000 yen.

The Kusamakura International Haiku Contest is sponsored each year by the City of Kumamoto's International Division. The number of entries has increased steadily over the years. This year, the 10th anniversary of the contest, there were over 700 submissions. There are two judges for the contest and both must agree on the prize winners. The contest is judged blind, as no names appear on any of the haiku given to the judges. The judges, Morio Nishikawa and Richard Gilbert, are professors at Kumamoto University. Richard Gilbert said that in judging the contest, the judges look for, "experience in the genre, sensitivity in writing haiku in English and a minimal style, required by the form."

The highlights of my Japan trip included the treat of a private tour of Natsume Soseki's house in Kumamoto. There I saw his original manuscripts and writing instruments and many photographs of the writer and his family. I was also given a private tour of Kumamoto Castle and the nearby hot springs of Mt. Aso, an active volcano. My last day was spent attending a haiku workshop with Japanese poets. All in all it was a wonderful experience. I encourage any haiku poets who may be reading this to enter next year's contest.

Further information about the contest can be found on its web page, [www.jonet.ne.jp/kusamakura/english/tukuru.html](http://www.jonet.ne.jp/kusamakura/english/tukuru.html)

Roberta Beary  
February 6, 2006  
Bethesda, Maryland

## haiku

### other haiku

The apple that you  
offered me. Multi-layered  
symbol. Simple fruit.

the thudding of routine  
like rain  
on the arbour roof

*Tony Lewis-Jones*

Pavement warm from sun  
Red poinsettia blooming  
Quiet mind flows.

Silent hands writing  
Flesh over bones --  
Matters in this Now.

*Katie Traeger*

queen bee  
a butterfly moves  
to another blossom

spring rain  
magnolia petals catch  
each drop

autumn's passing-  
the piano's same  
mournful tune

daylily  
a spot of sunshine  
in the garden

summer winds  
the firefly's erratic  
flight pattern

last ray of light  
a church bell chimes  
in the distance

grave marker  
my fingers trace  
her name

*Marie Summers*

## haiku

lost in the snow storm  
too many haiku  
to remember

a turtle as dry  
as the rock face—  
summer creek

island town—  
everywhere the sun shines  
marigolds, marigolds

tropical garden  
suddenly I hear there are  
two fountains

the path of your car  
as we talked  
in falling snow

*Barry George*

black-headed young seagull's  
dived briskly into  
the storm-waves

weathercock  
on the north wind follow  
the course of seagull's wings

summertime wind —  
mother polished his hair and wake up  
small baby in baby carriage

for first scream  
make haste the seagull's  
into the sky

*Jadran Zalokar*

a late run  
from my camp site...  
I unzip the night

St. Ann's Chapel:  
The windows all broken  
and birds singing. (Asahi July, 05)

A fat black-gray moth  
hitting the screen, buzzing,  
again and again

Muffled tolls the bell  
from the Memorial Park  
in the afternoon

Tuonela's Swan  
in a late summer evening.  
Let's sit down a while.

*Horst Ludwig*

# — haiku ireland —

## *n e w s l e t t e r*

### forthcoming events

#### meeting

- **haiku ireland** - hosts a gathering (meeting/workshop) open to all in the Silk Road Café (Chester Beatty Library) on the first Saturday of every month.

**Next Meeting:**

Date: Saturday 2 September 2006 (no meeting in July and August)

Time: 2.30-4.30pm

Venue: Silk Road Café, Chester Beatty Library (Dublin Castle, Dublin 2)

For further details, contact: **info@haikuireland.org**

#### "double rainbow" workshop

In July 2006 - **haiku ireland** - member Maeve O'Sullivan will lead a three-day haiku workshop (with residential and non-residential options) in the Anam Chara Writers' & Artists' retreat in Eyeries on the Béara Peninsula in West Cork.

During this "Double Rainbow" workshop, running from Tuesday 25<sup>th</sup> to Thursday 27<sup>th</sup> July inclusive, the haiku form will be explored in detail, with group and individual tuition offered. Both new and experienced haiku poets should find it beneficial.

There is 15% discount in the fees for - **haiku ireland** - members.

There will also be a daylong midweek "ginko", or haiku walk to selected beauty spots on the Béara peninsula led by guest haiku poet and "Double Rainbow" co-author Kim Richardson.

Further information on activities and costs is available from the workshop organiser Sue Booth-Forbes on 027-74441, e-mail: **info@anamcararetreat.com**

#### thanks

- **haiku ireland** - wishes to thank the [Chester Beatty Library](#), the [Silk Road Café](#) and their friendly staff for hosting our monthly meeting.

- **haiku ireland** - also wishes to thank [Poetry Ireland](#) and their staff for the success of the event held last 16<sup>th</sup> of May.