

Roadrunner Haiku Journal

May 2006 Issue VI:2

Welcome to the Roadrunner Haiku Journal. Roadrunner is a international quarterly online journal that publishes quality English-language haiku and senryu. We chose Roadrunner as the name for the journal because we want it to be at the forefront of haiku thought and practice with a regional flavor.

Edited by
Jason Sanford Brown
&
Scott Metz

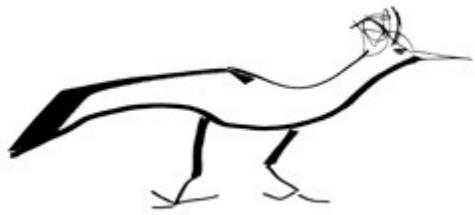
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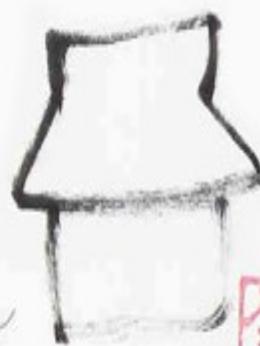
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The special feature section highlights exceptional works or features that do not fit within Roadrunner's normal format.

In this issue, Roadrunner's new co-editor Scott Metz has contributed three haiga.



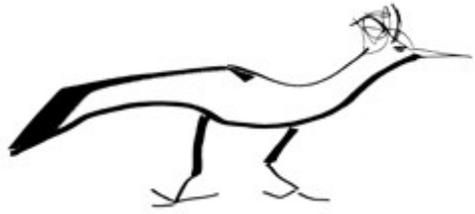
one wise branches off to a lone house covered in snow





sharp moon
each wave flick
with crab eggs





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Haiku

John Stevenson

city moon
generations
of renters

skating partners —
my sense
of her balance

my uncle
was the kind of man
the wind blew away from

K. Ramesh

misty dawn —
shutters open
in the tea shop

blue sky . . .
she tunes
my guitar

spring morning —
the faded cap
of the gardener

Laryalee Fraser

the tilt
of the quarter moon —
his empty bottle

for a moment
the world shrinks —
wild violets

driveway puddle —
ripples from last night's
argument

Dietmar Tauchner

sleepless
the moon's
tick

spring hike —
nothing written
on the trailhead sign

gender god gone deep in the woods

Denis M. Garrison

huddled herd-
their breath rises
and drifts

harvested field
faded mouse trails
follow the rows

silence
among the burnt trees
ravens pace

Gregory Hopkins

summer ends
deep is the silence
between two friends

spider
how I must look
running

fireflies
I rake
the ashes

Kala Ramesh

cow emerges -
the dry weeds knotted
on his horns

midnight -
the rains pour
with such fury

tapering monsoon
from different sides of the hill
sound of cow-bells

Bruce Ross

a junco hops
under the back porch
December chill . . .

from icy branch
down to icy branch
the distant moon

old frozen snow
the Japanese garden closed
by a simple gate

Tom Clausen

night train-
the part of myself reflected
in thought

sharp curve-
a weathered cross
nailed to the tree

the message I sent
from the Dalai Lama
comes back

Matthew Paul

winter sunrise
the pavement-sweeper
waits for me to pass

another year -
two flights of pigeons
amalgamate

finding myself
staring into space -
the shapes of graffiti

Dustin Neal

winter
a fly still in
the cobweb

early thaw—
slowly draining
the baptistry

under the willows
fo ot pr in ts
collecting rain

Andrew Riutta

early thaw
I imitate myself
as a child

it comes and goes
without a sound
evening mist

not one fossil
among these stones
graveyard parking lot

Allan Burns

pointless thoughts...
the hawk has vanished
beyond the ridge

leafy breeze
the puddle shows
it's still raining

tumbleweed
caught in barbed wire
—circling hawk

Minerva Bloom

rainclouds-
no leaf argues
over where to fall

Dia de las Almas-
sweeping a gossamer thread
off the offerings

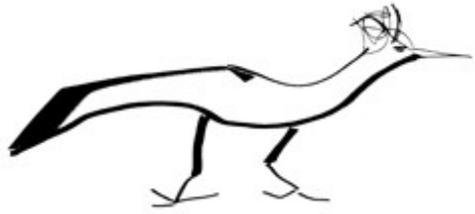
winter beach-
the distance between us
as you speak of ghosts

Francis Masat

crows –
at home
in right field

soap bubbles
-
his dreams

new bridge –
the old stream
smaller now



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Southwestern Haijin Spotlight

Keiko Imaoka

Keiko died in April 2002, and as I sit here four years later preparing the latest issue of Roadrunner, I thought it would be a fitting time to revisit her amazing work in this issue's Southwestern Haijin Spotlight. Though she wasn't active on the Shiki Mailing List when I originally started posting my work there, her influence was still very strong. This is where I was introduced to her work, and it still moves me today. Keiko lived for a time here in Tucson and many of her haiku have specific references to this place. I feel a sense of agelessness and beauty living in the desert and she captured that so powerfully and effortlessly in her haiku.

Many people remember her seminal essay *Forms in English Haiku*, but those I've talked to who met or corresponded with Keiko speak of a profound and lasting connection that she made with those in her life.

I wanted to write something more about her life, but I could find very little biographical information. I'm told she was born in Japan and immigrated to the United States. She lived in Tucson, AZ as well as in Albuquerque, NM. She was an artist and a poet.

Here I present a small selection of her haiku, perhaps someday we can collect all her work and give it proper treatment.

promises
the moon is late
tonight

a sunbaked path no shadow comes to meet me
hideri-michi kage-mo ai-ni konai

el norte
monsoon clouds
over the canyon

new moon
falling and not falling
in love

scorched sand
shimmering shadow
of a butterfly

lost on a trail unknown bird's call

faded memories
a lacewing
brushes my cheek

omoide-wa ase kagerou-ga hoo kasume

clay in hand
I let go
of words

For more information about Keiko Imaoka please visit the following web sites. Special thanks to Karma Tenzing Wangchuck, Yu Chang, Bill Higginson, Charlie Trumbull, Jane Reichhold, and the Shiki Archives.

<http://www.ahapoetry.com/keikopg.htm>

http://www.worldhaikureview.org/2-2/requiem_tribute_imaoka.shtml

<http://haiku.cc.ehime-u.ac.jp/~shiki/shiki.archive/html/9610/0559.html>

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The Scorpion Prize for Best Haiku/Senryu of ISSUE VI:1

The Scorpion Prize is a commendation for the best haiku or senryu of an issue. It is announced in each current issue for haiku/senryu appearing in the previous issue. The award is adjudicated by Jason Sanford Brown or a guest judge. A short summary of the adjudicator's thoughts about the haiku are presented. At this time there is no cash or gift award, just kudos.

First Place: A Tie

winter
the interval
between park benches

John Stevenson

I like a short but evocative haiku. The third line makes me think about our lives in the city. Behind the windows facing the park, people may conduct their daily activities indifferent to their neighbors and the world outside their boundaries. At the same time a word 'interval' in the second line offers hope. This solitary season will end soon. Trees will start to bud. Laughter will fill the streets. Young mothers, lovers and tourists will share these benches and their joy.

the desert
in the stillness
of a dragonfly

Dru Philippou

A poet does not tell us why she sees the desert in a dragonfly. Did she lose something important? Is it the last dragonfly at the end of the season? Reading this haiku, I think about my own desert inside me. When was the last time I spread my wings wide? According to Chinese legend, a dragon goes up to the sky at Spring Equinox and returns to the lake on the earth at Autumn Equinox. This dragonfly may be sent down by the dragon king and is sending telepathy message of what it saw on the earth.

Honorable mention (in order):

a lantern
in the pothole—
moonset

Peggy Willis Lyles

I like compose my own story as a reader of haiku. I see the full moon at the bottom of a deep well. A concubine who lost affection of the Emperor or a village girl who lost her lover during the war might have thrown herself to this well I am seeing. I feel the coldness of the water. I hear the voice of the dead. Tomorrow, the moon starts to wane. The unfortunate returns to their darkness.

City dusk...
a single grey
balloon

Helen Buckingham

A color of this single balloon is the centerpiece of this haiku. Because a balloon is a spring kigo, many balloon haiku will provide the image of hope and happiness. But this haiku makes me think about what will come after the sun sets.

sculpture garden
the criticism
of ravens

Ann K. Schwader

I like lightness of this haiku. What do ravens have to complain about? Lack of care in the garden? Taste of a curator who selected the sculpture? Or a disturbance from the visitors who bother the ravens' community?

Fay Aoyagi