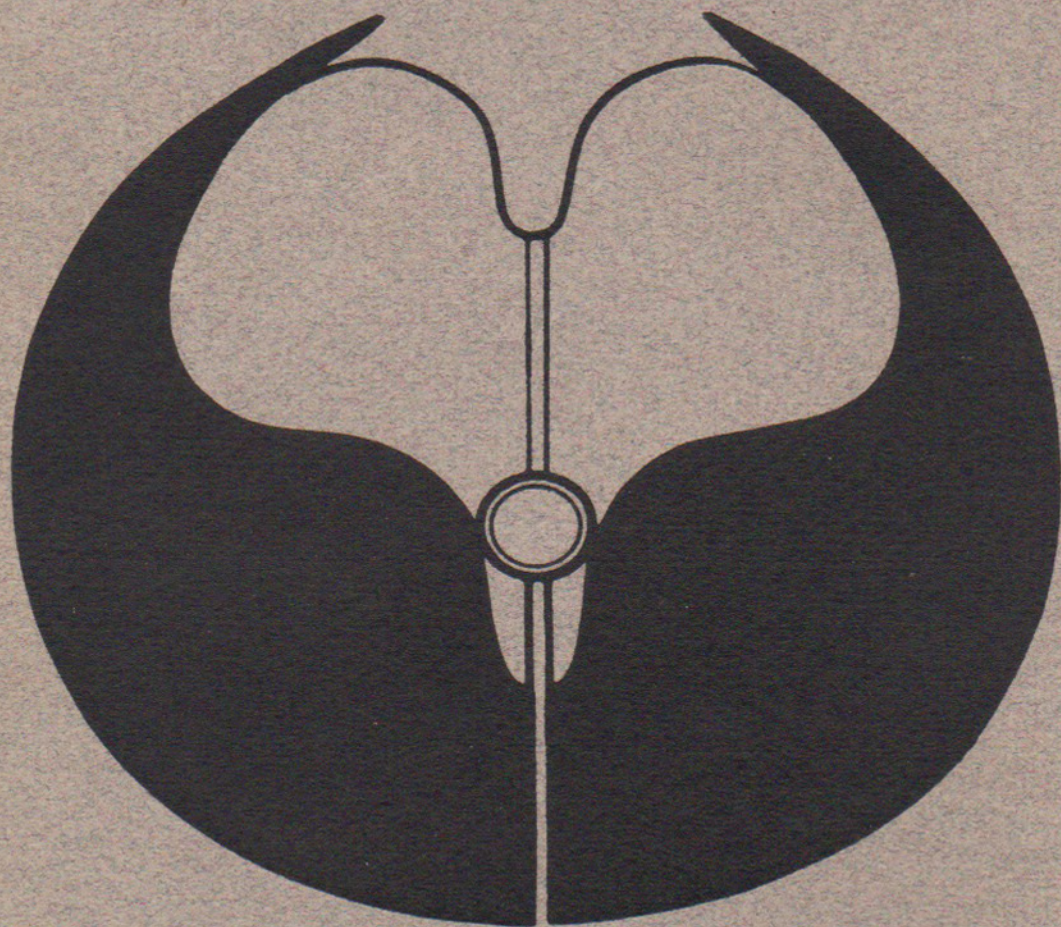

John Esam

Anselm Hollo

Tom Raworth

HAIKU

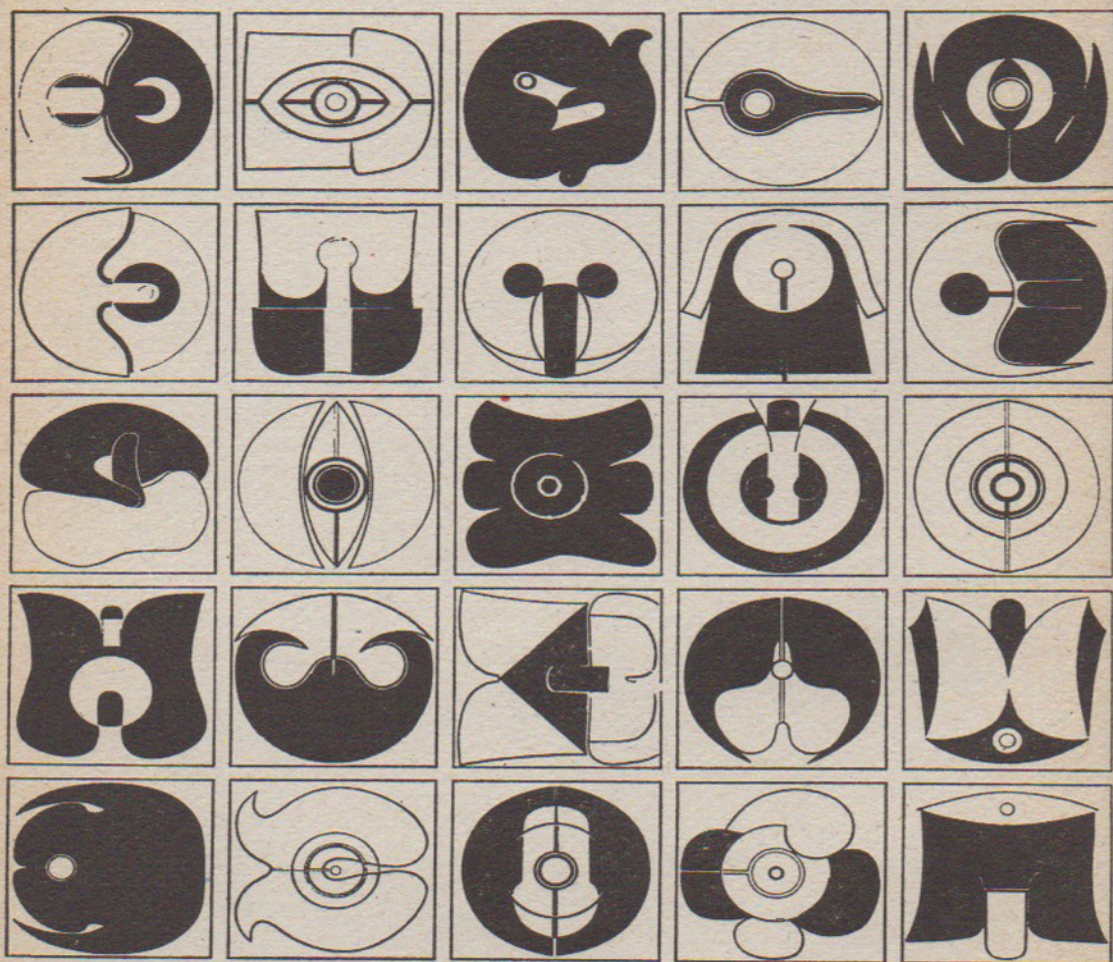


No other Eastern poetic form has commanded the attention of English poets as compellingly as the Japanese haiku. Its conciseness has challenged the writer's craft from the very first time Japanese poetry was translated into English. Other than by its strict syllabic structure, the haiku is difficult to define. It is a three-line poem: the first line contains five syllables; the second contains seven; the last five. But it is the spirit of the haiku which Japanese and English scholars have not been able to define as clearly and concisely as the poem itself should be. And many have tried.


This collection of haiku by three English poets illustrates the diversity of its effect. John Esam, Anselm Hollo and Tom Raworth have used the form in completely different ways, expanding the range of haiku far beyond that for which it was originally intended. In these three-line poems often a broader statement is possible than in the long narrative poem which may have been more typical of English poetry at one time. And often they will reveal new, further meanings in successive readings. That also is in the nature of haiku.

John Esam was born in New Zealand in 1934. Now lives in London; edits 'Image' magazine and 'The Mongol

HAIKU




HAIKU




John Esam A Strange Life



Anselm Hollo 17 × 17



Tom Raworth My Son the Haiku Writer



Trigram Press London 1968

Sixty copies only have been signed by the authors.

This is No. 42

John Egan

Anselm Hollo

John Roworth

Exegeses

"These haiku seem to have formed around visual, mental, existential pulses rather than been determined by syllable count. Thus,

Autumn	1
last year's snows	2, 3
are closer	4

'seem' because I noticed these pulses only looking at the haiku later. Japanese is an ideogrammic language and seeing a plane across the wave of the thing, but the pulses are also to be seen in English translations."

John Esam

"...most of them (are) pretty recent ('island', as *vide* references to hovercrafts, etc.)—& none too 'purist'; quite a few wd probably be classified only as a sort of surrealist 'senryu'."

Anselm Hollo

"the problems of form within this limitation he drops a sylla. . ."

Tom Raworth

John Esam A Strange Life
from Orpheus : Eurydice pt. 6

Half a sentence,
then he walks away. . .
A strange life, Mother.

Summer's day;
but the white butterflies
are not as high as the moon.

The West Wind bends
bamboo feathers out from
the long waves last minutes.

In a letter
she touches her grandmother's hair;
flying crows call out.

Awake, a light boat
poles across
a gorge of dreams. . .

Thinking about death,
I see a kitten after his tail
in the morning sun.

A sunshower marches
across the fields;
two girls laughing somewhere.

In the curve between
the waves, a mountain's
summer smoke.

People moving slowly among
the graves
through the summer haze.

Who am I? What
am I? The sound of the woodcutter's
axe.

A scarecrow creaks
in the evening wind—
Ah-eh. . .

I touch her back;
a stone bell sounds
somewhere.

Even sparrows
form circles
dipping in the old pond.

—*to Issa & Basho*

Lying in bed,
he rolls a cigarette, while I talk
of impermanency.

Autumn;
 last year's snows
are closer.

A crow flies up to
 the weathervane and looks around
this fine spring evening.

The frog thinks
 all night about jumping
into the moon.



Anselm Hollo 17 × 17

passing the bus queue
she glances back, then tells me
“but you *do* look fierce”

on their bawling young
High Street mothers use the slap
lollipop method

follow that airplane
of course I *am* high, this is
an emergency

giant Scots terrier
I thought I saw was known as
Taxicab Mountain

brown photo, legend
"Serene Enjoyment" they suck
pipes bones crumbled back

roaring hovercraft
toad shlups out of the Solent,
disgorges the pale

night train whistles, stars
over a nation under
mad temporal czars

round lumps of cells grow
up to love porridge, later
become The Supremes

we saw her come out
now she comes out like the sun
each day, charges us too

lady I lost my
subway token, we must part
it's faster by air

"but it is *our* world"
tiny blue hands and green arms
your thought in my room

sweet bouzouki sound
another syntax for heads
up to the aether

in you the *in* moon
its rays entwined in my mind's
hair, hangs down right *in*

viewing the dragons
there they ride slim through my dreams
Carpaccio's pair

slow bloom inside you
the mnemonics of loving,
incessant chatter

far shore ferris-wheel
turning glowing humming, love
in our lit up heads

switch them to sleep now
the flying foxes swarm out
great, it's flurry time



Tom Raworth My Son
the Haiku Writer

now the melody
in the pattern of shadows
one shadow behind

slow cello music
pushing the velvet armchair
as the rain comes down

the layers of glass
spinning up in the thermal
what can stop them now?

time under pressure
dawn, and the green butterflies
crossing the ice-cap

to the last ashes
a chance of being gentle
holding the knifeblade

bells of red thunder
the cross of an ape in dreams
my house where i sleep

tracked down by process
inside the dentist's peephole
, but i fixed him good

an airmail sticker
holding linen to her cheek
passing a mirror

voice under voices
i would recognise her walk
twenty one strings vibrate

spinnets of silver
one hair caught between my teeth
whose? i've been away

anonymity
the cloud came down firmly
in music and love

the wax filtered sounds
earth where imagination
spreads a boned circle

the method signs off
measuring the depth of cause
in the case of grass

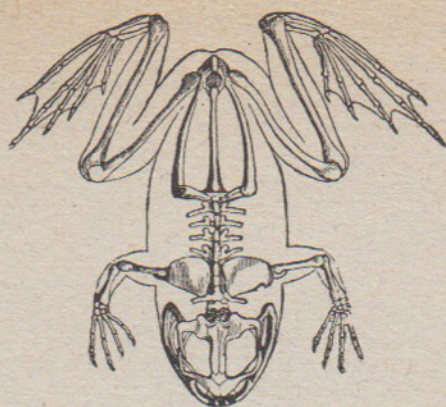
a mould of eyelids
under the singing emblem
cough. and he dropped them

astride the rider
eyes are light like the star light
soft mellow vowels

coughing of amber
strictures between the pillars
in my chair in my

the problems of form
within this limitation
he drops a sylla. . .





Furu-ike ya

kawaku tobi-komu

mizu-no-oto

Old pond:
frog jump in
water sound.

Matsuo Basho: 1644-94

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Review'. For the past ten years he has been writing a long poem in seven parts called 'Orpheus: Eurydice', which is to be published soon. Organised the first Albert Hall poetry conference, 'Wholly Communion', at which he read from his book.

Anselm Hollo came to England from Helsinki where he was born in 1934. He now lives on the Isle of Wight with his wife and three children. He has published numerous books of poetry, among them 'Jistory' (1963), '& it is a song' (1965), 'Paces & Forms' (1965). A new collection, 'The Coherences', is to be published by Trigram Press in the spring of this year. Has edited two anthologies of American verse and published a number of translations of Finnish, French, German and Russian poetry.

Tom Raworth is 28. Between 1961 and 1964, he edited, printed and published the magazine 'Outburst' and also published books under the imprint of Matrix Press. In 1965, he founded the Goliard Press with Barry Hall. His first book of poems, 'The Relation Ship', was published in 1967, and his second, 'The Big Green Day', is soon to be issued by Trigram Press. He is married, has four children, and lives in Essex.

