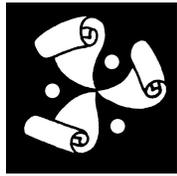


Shamrock

Haiku Journal of the Irish Haiku Society

Haiku from Ireland and the rest of the world



17, 2011

News and
Announcements

Shamrock Haiku Journal Readers' Choice Awards 2010

BEST HAIKU

The following piece that appeared in our No. 13 was voted the best haiku published in Shamrock Haiku Journal in 2010:

dust storm
a trickle of blood
from the horse's nose

-- *Chad Lee Robinson (USA)*

The following two haiku that first appeared in our No. 13 and No. 14 respectively were close runner-ups:

winter rain -
a stuffed starling stares
at the ceiling

-- *Bouwe Brouwer (the Netherlands)*

autumn rain
i'm cleaning the backside
of the mirror

-- *Dietmar Tauchner (Austria)*

BEST SENRYU

We have joint winners in this category:

people pass by...
a dog
waiting for dog

Ayaz Daryl Nielsen (USA) (first published in No. 16)

bathtime reading
ink spilt years ago
diffuses

-- Richard Turner (England) (first published in No. 15)

And the runner-up was the following piece that initially appeared in our No. 14:

under the operating table
a cat rubs herself
against somebody's finger

-- Michael Augustin (Germany)

We congratulate the worthy winners, and express our sincere gratitude to each and every reader who cast a vote.



Focus on

Greece

drowsy water
motionless in your eyes –
a golden evening

-- D. I. Antoniou (transl. by Anatoly Kudryavitsky)

the probability
of having summer's glow
in mid-December

-- Dionyssi Kapsalis (transl. by Anatoly Kudryavitsky)

little child
a handful of snowflakes
takes its time to melt

-- Sophia Karipidis (transl. by Anatoly Kudryavitsky)

shady shrubs
the wind reaching
the roots

inside the mirrors,
the eyes of the dead,
weeping

-- Elias Kefalas (transl. by Anatoly Kudryavitsky)

barren night,
what can an evening star
do for you?

I still remember
a child's hand, its shadow
on white flowers

memories of algae...
hold me, tell me
'You are still alive'

-- Tassos Korfis (transl. by Anatoly Kudryavitsky)

blind falcon –
his cry blurs
the eye of the sun

I ask the stars
not to shine so brightly
they disappear

petrified trees –
a bronze bird
on each branch

-- Nikos Ladas (transl. by Anatoly Kudryavitsky)

the masts and the stars
riding a seesaw
all night long

first nightingale
cutting the edges
of silence

-- Zissimos Lorentzatos (transl. by Anatoly Kudryavitsky)

while you're tight asleep,
the moon gives me
a derisive look

only the mirror
can stand the sight of you
without breaking down

-- John Patilis (transl. by Anatoly Kudryavitsky)

having killed a cicada,
the sparrow
keeps on singing

remaining silent
so I can hear you,
the seaside nightingale

-- Yorgis Pavlopoulos (transl. by Anatoly Kudryavitsky)

nightfall
the weight of
my brother's shadow

-- Antonis Pillas (transl. by Anatoly Kudryavitsky)

clearing autumn leaves
off the footpath –
a black bug plays dead

winter lamplight –
scooping a moth
out of the honey jar

abandoned wheat fields
a snake slides across
the threshing floor

town clock
strikes the hour
a dog sighs in his sleep

afternoon clouds –
a shadowplay on the
mountain slope

-- Rosie Roumeliotis

no boats
in the harbour
fish stand sentinel

thorny branch –
on its tip
a butterfly

all the footprints
have vanished in the sand –
sounds blend with silence

red buckle –
on the garment of darkness,
a little moon

a tinge of sunshine
on the mountain slopes –
wearing a silk shawl

-- Zoe Savina (transl. by Anatoly Kudryavitsky)

twilight or sunshine,
the jasmine
remains white

empty chairs
the statues returned
to another museum

pensive woman
the weight of her breasts
reflected in the mirror

-- *Giorgos Seferis (transl. by Anatoly Kudryavitsky)*

sea foam
and the rainbow
the fish dwells under them

-- *Monk Simeon (transl. by Anatoly Kudryavitsky)*

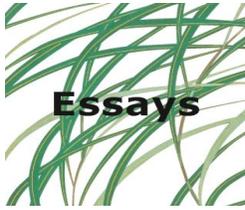
full moon –
an aspirin melting
in my glass

little blade of grass,
one day you'll be
taller than me

a frightened giant,
here I stand by your side,
o daisy!

-- *Christos Toumanidis (transl. by Anatoly Kudryavitsky)*





The History of Haiku in Greece

by Christos Toumanidis

The first mentioning of haiku in Greece and in Cyprus can be traced back to 1904 when a theoretical article about haiku by Spyridonos De Viazis appeared in the "Iris of Athens" magazine. Some 21 years later, in 1925, another Athenian magazine "Lycabette" published six original haiku by the poet G. Stavropoulos, which were called "triplets". Later that year, N. Hagier-Boufidis published five of his "hai-kai" in the magazine called "New Art"; the texts appeared under the assumed name, Isandros Aris, and were accompanied by a short explanatory essay describing this particular kind of poetry. Next year, the Cypriot poet Pavlos Krineos-Michaelidis published ten of his "hai-kai triplets" in the magazine titled "The Big Greek Encyclopedia".

The next period in the development of Greek haiku started in 1940. That year, Giorgios Seferis, who later won the Nobel Prize for literature, published his poetry collection titled *Exercise books*, which included sixteen of his haiku. Seferis was a highly influential poet, and his haiku set the course for the later generations of Greek haiku writers.

However not much happened until 1969, when Zisimos Lorentzatos, a literary critic, essayist and poet, got his book *Alphabet* published. This was the first full-length collection of haiku poems that ever appeared in Greece. In three years' time, i.e. in 1972, another haiku collection followed; this one by D. I. Antoniou; it was titled *Hai-Kai and Tanka*.

The modern period in Greek haiku writing began in 1972. Such poets as Tasos Korfis, George Pavlopoulos, Anestis Evangelou, Giannis Patilis, Argyris Hionis, Zoe Savina, P. Ioannidou-Stavrou, Nikos Ladas, Dionysis Kapsalis,

Elias Kefalas and Panayiotis Kapodistrias produced fine examples of the genre. As it happened, I was the editor of the first ever Anthology of Greek haiku published in 1996, and now awaiting its second, enlarged and updated edition.

In 2007, the Greek Haiku Society was founded. It is a cultural association that was founded to facilitate a further development of the genre in Greece and get more people involved in haiku writing. The Society organised several haiku exhibitions in Athens and in other Greek cities. It now has a small publishing house. Its first publication was *The Bridge of Rhymes* (2010), a bilingual haiku collection by two poets, Millianov Kalupi of Albania and myself. The Greek Haiku Society has recently created its own site (<http://www.haiku.gr>) which is to be further developed in the near future. We are also planning to publish a haiku magazine.

Translated by the author and Anatoly Kudryavitsky

Christos Toumanidis is a founding member of the Greek Haiku Society





"Aqua_53" by [Vassiliki Gerokosta \(Greece\)](#)





winter sunlight
a whole bush twigged
with sparrows

grey day
sprigs of winter jasmine
between the fence planks

gap in the cedar
circling the sun
a dance of midges

returning in moonlight
a white moth
among the aerals

morning glories
wick of a votive candle
catches the flame

-- Diana Webb (England)

bog grasses in the evening –
a seagull
absorbs the light

monastic high cross –
on one arm, a robin,
on the other, the moon

beach sunrise
the fog returns
a dog's bark

spring dew
on a spider's web –
communion veil

shop window –
sparkling in the dark,
Orion's reflection

-- Aisling White (Ireland)

nightfall
owl gives not one hoot
but two

fire-place
orange flames compete
in chimney climb

reflective window
a cat looks out
through herself

beach walk
my footprints stolen
by a wave

river weir
a grey heron
performs mime

-- John Oliver Byrne (Ireland)

dark November
even the gorse bush
has the lights on

icy morning
on the doormat a snail leaves
a gift of silver

stranded seaweed
along the high tide line
birds flock to feast

winter noon –
under fallen tree twigs
a mist uncurls

-- *Maire Morrissey-Cummins (Ireland)*

calm bay
a stone crab's
new claw

between interviews
a few puffs
of the unlit cigar

heavier rain
red berries
aglow

-- *Bill Cooper (USA)*

coastal range –
through gaps in stratus
a glacier

forest track –
before a summer storm
the smell of charcoal

hail on slate above rafters rats scuttle

-- *Rodney Williams (Australia)*

winter playground
ants trail up
the climbing frame

riverside café—
a gull drinks from
the dripping tap

-- *Nathalie Buckland (Australia)*

chilly morning
the old mare snorts
raising a trot

country morning
the milked cows melt
into the mist

-- *Gavin Austin (Australia)*

evening snow
a scent of rabbit
in all the air

wrinkled leaves
hotel children
smell of smoke

-- Glenn G. Coats (USA)

cold moon
snow flowers bloom
on the magnolia tree

just shy of full
the day moon
above barren trees

-- Cathy Drinkwater Better (USA)

cryptomeria bonsai –
many-armed Kali
in green sleeves

rhododendron bonsai –
nothing small
about the blossoms

-- David Ash (USA)

autumn dusk
cigarette smoke blown out the window
blows back in

creaky oar locks
after a few strokes
only fog

-- Michael Ketchick (USA)

blanket of snow
the frozen shadow
of the spire

January dusk —
a camellia follows
the moon's circle

-- Mark Lonergan (Ireland)

hospital walls
in the rowans
starlings snatch berries

iron shed
wild grasses press
at the locks

-- Nick Sherwood (England)

harvest moon
making a splash
on the kitchen calendar

-- *Helen Buckingham (England)*

the blue Pacific
slipping through my fingers
moon jellyfish

-- *Lorin Ford (Australia)*

late
but not tired
the stars

-- *Matt Hetherington (Australia)*

summer rains
between fallen branches
scum gathers

-- *Earl Livings (Australia)*

an old fish
in the quiet pond –
raindrops

-- *Ayaz Daryl Nielsen (USA)*

amid the embers
half read
Christmas cards

-- *Chris Bays (USA)*

spring breeze
the hems of her skirt
lifted

-- *John Zheng (USA)*

thin winter sun –
three pairs of red boots
cross the slush

-- *Irene Brown (Scotland)*

a rocking chair...
two fishing boats
nodding to each other

-- *Sharon Burrell (Ireland)*

waders on the shore
dancing to the beat
of the moon

-- *Iggy McGovern (Ireland)*

buttercup yellow the sheen of the sky

-- *Noel King (Ireland)*

mid-summer sky
even the jet trails
bloom

-- *Walter Daniel McGuire (Ireland)*

dawn slumber
cawing of a tone deaf crow
shatters silence

-- *Helen Simcox (Ireland)*

sunlit grass –
heads bowed
at the funeral

-- *Joanna M. Weston (Canada)*

faint circle
the remains of our
sandcastle

-- John McManus (England)

spring rain –
alongside the road,
railroad tracks to nowhere

-- Joseph M. Kusmiss (USA)

melting snow
the spotted ponies
behind the fence

-- Frances Jones (USA)

first snow –
a manakin moonwalks
on the putting green

-- Ramesh Anand (Malaysia)

Translated Haiku

a dewdrop
bathed in dust
sprinkled with frost

-- Tatjana Debeljacki (Serbia; transl. from the Serbian by Anatoly Kudryavitsky)



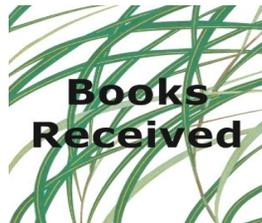
Some Other Time

by Lucas Stensland (USA)

They are building a house across the street from her mother's. They've been at it all summer. Its walls are easily bypassed plastic sheets, and the

place has become a sort of playground for the neighbourhood kids when the workers leave. After watching my worn-down VHS of *McCabe & Mrs. Miller*, we decide to take a late-night walk and end up standing on the dirt floor of somebody's future living room. I hold her in my arms, and we gently kiss, never opening our mouths very wide. Slowly, I put my hand under her t-shirt and lightly caress her waist. That's as far as I go. She asks if I want to go to her mother's and keep her company while she packs. We walk back, our shadows touching more than our hands. I wonder what it will be like next time I see her.

mix tape
how I said
good-bye



100 Selected Haiku of Kato Ikuya

translated and introduced by Prof. Ito Isao

Chuseki-Sha, Tokyo, 2011

104 pp.; ISBN 978-4-8060-4752-0

Available from Chuseki-Sha, Tokyo, Japan

Klaus-Dieter Wirth. Zugvoegel / Migratory Birds

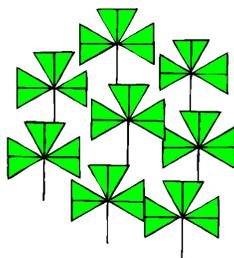
150 Haiku. German/English/French/Spanish/Dutch

Hamburger Haiku Verlag, Hamburg, 2010

200 pp.; ISBN 978-3-937257-27-3

Available from <http://haiku.de>

Stjepan Rozic. Biglisanje / Song of a Nightingale
Haiku. Croatian / English. English translations by Djurdja Vukelic-Rozic
Introduction by Klaus-Dieter Wirth
Otok Ivanic, Clostar Ivanic, Croatia, 2010
208 pp.; ISBN 953-7205-36-2
Available from Otok Ivanic, Vidikovac 8, 10312, Clostar Ivanic, Croatia

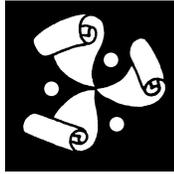


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18, 2011

Focus on

Albania

through the night forest –
moon hanging
on a tree-top

rain-lashed field
rapid streamlets make the soil
subside

river flow
a hungry dog caught
the moon in the waves

dense undergrowth
a streamlet has lost
its way

towards the mosque
or into the blooming garden?
a crossroad

-- Kujtim Agalliu (transl. by Anatoly Kudryavitsky)

autumn leaves
in the wind
their last dance

-- Kujtim Agalliu (transl. by the author)

cold moon in the pond
a raven rests in a
riverbank willow

-- Dritëro Agolli (transl. by Anatoly Kudryavitsky)

a gadfly
on the horse's tail
a slap on the face

-- Nexhip Bashllari (transl. by Majlinda Bashllari)

early in the morning
a bird and the sun
on the same branch, playing

-- Konstandin Dharmo (transl. by Anatoly Kudryavitsky)

pond
fallen leaves extinguish
the fire in the water

-- Nexhip Ejupi (transl. by Anatoly Kudryavitsky)

a procession of ants
in the morning –
the way of the grain

-- Muharrem Gazioni (transl. by Anatoly Kudryavitsky)

ant on the leaf –
dreaming
of flight

three sunny days with you
how strong
the light of your eyes!

first day of the year –
dog-chew bones
go to the rubbish bin

dress lifted
the wind reveals
a girl's birthmark

two candles
burning their shadows
burning silence

fog –
the shining of
orange pips

-- Millianov Kallupi (transl. by Anatoly Kudryavitsky)

watching Mount Fuji,
cool and icy –
its heart burns inside

-- Betim Muço (transl. by Shyqri Nimani)

O volcano Aso,
lend me your mouth, so I
say two words to the world!

counting camellia petals
in the wind –
forgetting my age

-- Betim Muço (transl. by Anatoly Kudryavitsky)

she spreads her wings
in a fierce claw attack,
this eagle of the cliffs

in Hiroshima,
Misasa river reflects
Sadako-san's cranes!

-- Shyqri Nimani (transl. by the author)

kingdom of night
full moon outlines
a couple's silhouettes

-- Shyqri Nimani (transl. by Anatoly Kudryavitsky)

a sheet on the roof
this rainy night –
somebody sings in Chinese

-- Ymer Nurka (transl. by Anatoly Kudryavitsky)

apples falling from the branch –
the wind editing
autumn trees

-- Anton Papeka (transl. by Anatoly Kudryavitsky)

what a beautiful bird!
hunter, blind
and speechless

-- Ali Podrimja (transl. by the author)

a parrot –
speaks in Albanian
and opens the cage door

an elderly couple
throw an old bed to the skip
both silent

-- Petraq Risto (transl. by Anatoly Kudryavitsky)

a lonely glow-worm
softening
the darkness

-- Leidi Shquipanja (transl. by Anatoly Kudryavitsky)

even the lake flowers
blossoming...
memories of spring

-- Xhevahir Spahiu (transl. by Anatoly Kudryavitsky)

autumn leaf
letter remains unopened
since the first chilly day

-- Iliriana Sulkuqi (transl. by Anatoly Kudryavitsky)

the dead of night –
in the owl's eyes
the coming of a dream

in your window,
dying,
the hunger of a bird

lime blossoms –
this May's
fragrant dreams

-- Elisabeta Tafa (transl. by Anatoly Kudryavitsky)

this tree...
its eye has
grain-shaped tears

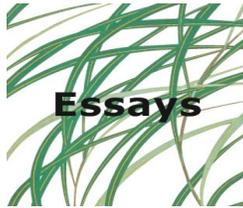
-- Moikom Zeqo (transl. by Anatoly Kudryavitsky)





"Orange Japanese Flowers" by Alush Shima (Albania)





The History of Haiku in Albania

by Shykri Nimani

Haiku first came to Albanian readers as translations from Japanese. In late 1960s I, then a student at the Academy of Arts, was sitting in the American Cultural and Information Centre and reading *Life* magazine, where I found some classical Japanese haiku translated into English by H. G. Henderson. Much impressed, I started translating haiku into Albanian, and some of my translations were subsequently published in the Albanian magazine called *Zëri i Rinisë* (The Voice of Youth). In 1970, I published an illustrated book titled *Japanese Haiku* (it was a 49x9 cm bibliophile edition). I then spent two years in Japan studying the works of Basho, Buson and Kobayashi Issa, as well as paintings by Utamaro, Hokusai and Hiroshige. Upon return, I translated and published an illustrated bilingual book titled *Japanese Haiku Poetry* (*Rilindja*, Prishtina, 1984), in Japanese and Albanian. I based the selection of Japanese haiku on Daniel Buchanan's *One hundred Famous Haiku*.

My translations seemed to inspire Albanian authors, who, in their turn, started writing haiku in Albanian. Between 1997 and 2007 four Albanian poets published full-size collections of their haiku, namely Betim Muço (1997), Moikom Zeqo (1999), Milianov Kallupi (2000) and Nasho Jorgaqi (2005). A few bilingual books appeared, as well; in Albanian and in another language, such as English, Greek, Macedonian, Croatian, Italian.

At present, there are more than thirty Albanian authors who specialise in

this genre. Most active among them are such poets as Dritëro Agolli, Ali Podrimja, Xhevahir Spahiu, Nasho Jorgaqi, Betim Muço, Flutura Aça, Iliriana Sulkuqi, Kujtim Agalliu, Mihal Disho, Milianov Kallupi, Nexhip Ejupi, Moikom Zeqo, Qazim Shemaj, Konstantin Dharmo, Brikena Cera, Ahmet Mehmeti and Elizabeta Tafa. There were three haiku anthologies that appeared in our country: *Agshol* (2002); *Haiku* (2004), and *Albanian Poetesses* (2006). We must also mention a few publications of foreign haiku poets translated into Albanian.

An anthology of Japanese haiku translated into Albanian by the poet Anton Papeleka has recently been brought out by Serembe Publishing in Skopje (Macedonia). It is spanning the period between 15th and 20th centuries. Haiku by Matsuo Basho translated into Albanian by the poet Qazim Shemaj have been published in book-form on the occasion of the Japanese Culture Week. In the course of it the League of Albanian Writers and Artists organised the event modestly called the Great Evening of Haiku Poetry, where this book was launched.

In 2001, the Albanian Haiku Club was established in Elbasan, the city in central Albania. Since 2005 the club periodically publishes the magazine called *Haiku*, edited by the poet Milianov Kallupi.

Translated by the author and Anatoly Kudryavitsky

Prof. Shyqri Nimani is a haiku poet, an academic and a graphic designer.





"Yellow Tulips" by Alush Shima (Albania)



Ezra Pound and Haiku

by Mark Lonergan

The modern haiku in English has evolved in interesting ways. Imagism, the poetic movement that set in towards the beginning of the twentieth century in London, owed much to Ezra Pound (1885-1972) who stressed the importance of brevity, directness and music in poetry. Pound felt that an image should eschew allegory and even metaphor, and be capable of being grasped instantly. The haiku form that allows for the juxtaposition of two disparate images was ideally suited for the goal and aspirations of the Imagist poets. Writing about his short piece called "In a Station of the Metro" Pound admitted that he had written many poems, some of them coming to 30 or more lines, to capture the poignancy and variety of metro commuters, but was dissatisfied with them and subsequently destroyed them all because they lacked the necessary "intensity" of expression – until he wrote the following two lines:

The apparition of these faces in the crowd;
Petals on a wet, black bough.

This haiku, or rather a quasi haiku, resembles the poem written in the 16th century by a Shinto priest called Moritake that Pound himself translated into English:

A falling blossom
Returns to Branch:
A butterfly

It can also be compared with one of Basho's best known pieces:

on a withered branch
a crow has settled –
autumn nightfall

This was Pound's idea of capturing the complexity of thought and feeling immediately, without much ado. The poem strives to go beyond imagism by intensifying the poetic expression. In doing so it enters the sphere of vorticism that, Pound felt, rectified some of the defects of imagism. Successful as a short poem, it fails as a haiku because only the first line deals with an immediate experience while the second line involves the memory of an image that the poet uses overtly as a metaphor. A haiku is a haiku because all the images it conveys occur simultaneously in a person's present perceptions of the world. To become a haiku, Pound's poem would have to indicate that he saw the faces at the same time as he saw the actual petals, in the flesh, not in memory. Changing the poem around was suggested by Higginson by utilising the lesser image to suggest the larger image.

Petals on a wet, black bough;
The apparition of these faces in the crowd.

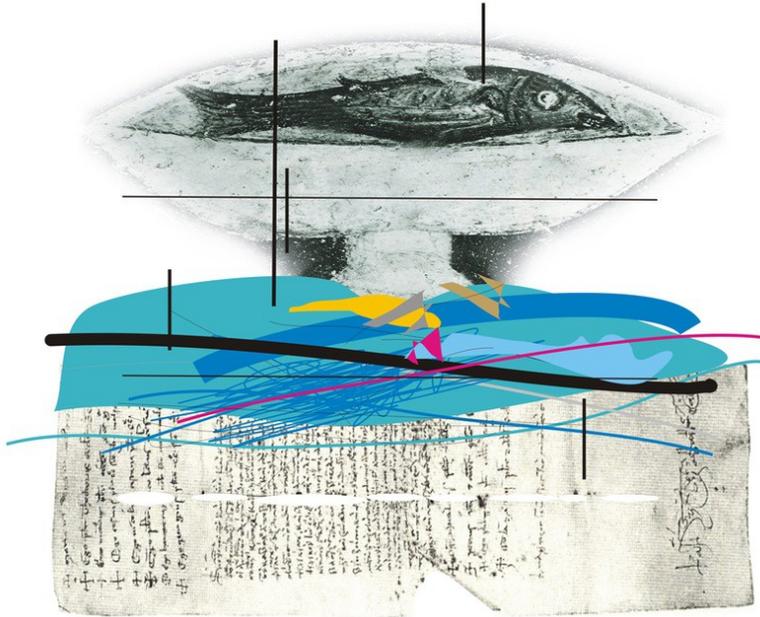
The following haiku-like poem by Ezra Pound in Ts'ai Chi'h, perhaps, brings us closer to the spirit of a true haiku but is lacking the brevity:

The petals fall in the fountain,
The orange-colored rose leaves,
Their ochre clings to the stone.

The minute observation of nature and the subtle play of colour suit the temper and sensibility of haiku masters.

Ezra Pound's translations from Moritake Araki's haiku into English greatly influenced American imagist poets. His famous 'metro station' piece became a predecessor of modern-days urban haiku, where topics such as subways, commuters and shopping centres are ever popular. As modern society becomes predominantly urban based, it is important to have a broader approach to haiku and to tap into these rich sources of inspiration. In this regard Ezra Pound and the Modernist movement were significant in shaping modern notions on haiku. After all, what many have thought to be uniquely Japanese appears to have roots in western literary thought, too.





"Aquarium of Mother Theresa" by Shyqri Nimani (Albania)



winter dawn
a buzzard quarters
the violet mist

again through the afterglow the ticks of a wren

high over the morning mist a lone goose returns

same space as yesterday drone fly

some of the snow falling
some of it rising
new year's day

-- John Barlow (England)

across the lough
hillside shadows
of leafless trees

spectral moon
fields of snow fade
into mist

winter sun
reaching the opposite bank
my riverside shadow

October chill
moonbeams through the buddleia
reveal my breath

snow gone
a darkness returns
to the garden

-- Thomas Powell (Northern Ireland)

snow garden
yellow tipped
daffodil shoots

late autumn
stray cattle canter
past thin hedges

trimming the laurel –
this year's bright shoots
first to go

storm warning –
jack rabbit caught in the gap
between flash and crack

overgrown garden
an old plough
turning brown

-- Martin Vaughan (Ireland)

mid-morning shadow –
last dewdrop
rolls off leaf

midge haze –
a dragonfly skip jives
with its reflection

low tide at noon
in the dry rock pool
a limpet ticks

beach reading
tiny rainbows dance
on her eyelashes

-- Marion Clarke (Ireland)

padding through
the cemetery grasses
her old cat

snails
devour the seedlings
moon-silver path

frosty morning
the aroma of stewed apples
in her hair

-- Dawn Bruce (Australia)

the sand
slips from my fist...
autumn dusk

mirror at first light...
staring into each
other's eyes

40th birthday dream
wandering aimlessly
in the dark forest

-- *Chen-ou Liu (USA)*

snow-capped
the back yard Buddha
smiles on

spring sun –
a tinge of green
in the grey paintwork

-- *Helen Buckingham (England)*

leaf-strewn bridge
a ripple rakes
the stream

trail of bubbles...
a water dragon rests
on the creek bed

-- *Cynthia Rowe (Australia)*

empty shell
a cicada sings
its heart out

the bible
by his deathbed
dog-eared

-- *Quendryth Young (Australia)*

night rain
the stone lions
slump forward

distant thunder
white flash
of the cormorant's throat

-- *Graham Nunn (Australia)*

autumn sunset
the lemon tree aglow
with golden orbs

a corncrake calls
above the haystacks...
coming of summer

-- *Barbara A. Taylor (Australia)*

wind
the mirror
without a face

daily walk
the welcome jig
of an emerald beetle

-- *Bill Cooper (USA)*

sunset
a ground hornbill
sings to the sky

moon glow
snatches of song
in the wind chime

-- *Robert Lucky (USA)*

sitting on
the embankment
midnight swallows

a jolly plump girl
I messed around with
tugboat

-- *Lucas Stensland (USA)*

sleepless night –
the blinking
of radio towers

falling snow...
the steady hum
of appliances

-- *Ben Moeller-Gaa (USA)*

dawn
six starlings on the roof
preparing to jump

after last night's party, dawn chorus

-- *Hugh O'Donnell (Ireland)*

fishtank
during the cleaning
an angel's body

seashore wind
the willow tree
leaning west
-- *John Oliver Byrne (Ireland)*

sunrise
washed up wood
from a distant campfire

funeral –
trapped in an antique vase
air bubble

-- *Bouwe Brouwer (the Netherlands)*

spring in the park
the lawn
chequered with black birds

-- *Bernard Gieske (USA)*

silver snowdust falls
across the moon–
child's round face at the window

-- *Christine Vovakes (USA)*

wrangling
over give and take –
our toddler's smile

-- *Charles Tarlton (USA)*

new dog
calling him
by the old one's name

-- *Irene Golas (Canada)*

March wind
the buzz
of flaking paint

-- *Ignatius Fay (Canada)*

construction site—
an autumn leaf lands
between withins

-- *Lucien Zell (USA – Czech Republic)*

autumn window
the monstera palm
monstera green

-- *Peter Macrow (Australia)*

open-air concert...
the soprano upstaged
by kookaburras

-- *Nathalie Buckland (Australia)*

still water
carp drift
with the autumn breeze

-- *Cindy Keong (Australia)*

the cracked pot
oozes roots ...
scent of thyme

-- *Leonie Bingham (Australia)*

bulrushes
water hen's orange bill
appears then reappears

-- *Helen Davison (Australia)*

crow feather
the colour of
fallen leaves

-- *Lee-Anne Davie (Australia)*

watching closely
over the fallen apples
a garden gnome

-- *Patrick Druart (France)*

children play
in garden shade
sprinkler hiss

-- *Scott Owens (USA)*

spring moon
the scent of jasmine
spreading in the night

-- *Ramesh Anand (Malaysia)*

ants collect
granules of sugar –
daytime moon

-- *J.D. Mitchell-Lumsden (USA)*

first secrets
only the snow camellias
listen

-- *B.T. Joy (Scotland)*

fat man in a green shirt
smiling
at a watermelon

-- *Robert Witmer (Japan)*

on the campus lawn,
fresh anthills surrounded
by fresh mushrooms

-- *Caleb Mutua (Kenya)*

vineyard
we ask for a glass
of water

-- *Stella Pierides (Greece)*

evening in the mountains
the air holds the song
of a temple bell

-- *Seánan Forbes (USA)*

Translated Haiku

the rustling of pages
in the library
a distant river

on a snow-white page
I write the word 'winter'
in white ink

white butterfly
on a snow-white wall
the pitch-black shadow

*-- Herwig Verleyen (Belgium; translated from the Flemish by
Anatoly Kudryavitsky)*

warm rain
a snail peeps out
on both sides of the shell

*-- Artur Lewandowski (Poland; translated from the Polish by
Anatoly Kudryavitsky)*



October

by Steven Carter (USA)

They don't call it the big sky for nothing. Rowing on Swan Lake late one chilly afternoon I see diamond-white Mt. Aeneas, cut by frozen sunlight, dwarfed by thunderheads piling up over the "Chinese Wall" to the east; southward, mountain ranges leap-frog each other below the setting sun until the vanishing point, making my eyes ache.

A quiver of cobras, a battery of barracuda, a sleuth of bears: why not a mystery of mountains? Before and since Lewis and Clark, humans have travelled these mountains to find or to lose themselves. Is there a difference?

ripples fade
how the dark
knows the dark



From Another Celtic Shore

"Another Country". Haiku Poetry from Wales

Ed. by Nigel Jenkins, Ken Jones and Lynne Rees

Gomer Press

First published 2011

176 pp; ISBN 978-1-84851-306-8 (pbk)

Available from the Gomer Press,

Llandysul, Ceredigion

SA44 4JL U.K.

This collection is the first ever national anthology of Welsh haiku, and therefore is destined to be a highly important publication. It comprises works by forty poets born in Wales or long-term residents there. Not only their haiku have been included; it also has a scattered collection of haibun. Tanka are present, as well, and even a rare form of somonka, i.e. linked tanka, found its way onto its pages. A sequence of linked tanka was, oddly enough, written not by two poets but just by one, Leslie McMurtry. The frequently described dualistic nature of a poet may well account for this kind of 'dialogue within'.

Most of the poems are in English; some of them, however, are presented bilingually, and a poem by Eirwyn George is in Welsh only. Texts are arranged by topic, rather than by poet, and the topics are "Age and Youth", "Culture and Society", "Daily Life", "Exits and Entrances", "Love and Loss", "Memory and Imagination", "Nature Observed", "People in the Landscape", and finally "Shorelines".

The poems are followed by "An Afterword: Haiku Poetry in Wales" that gives a short history of haiku movement in Wales, its appearance in the 1960s and its further development that intensified in the last decade.

Looking at the first section, "Age and Youth", we first see three haiku by three different poets, then a haibun, eight more haiku, again by eight different authors, a haiku sequence by Noragh Jones, another haibun, five more haiku, and finally a third haibun. The same principle applies to each and every section of the book. Going through it, you have to constantly switch from one poetic form to another and from one poet to another. Frankly, I don't know if it really makes things easier for the reader. I personally have a liking for well-structured

anthologies but then again tastes differ.

As the editors stated in the Introduction, "work has been selected, primarily, for its quality as haiku writing, and secondarily for its Welsh interest." Indeed, quality is there. Poems by such accomplished practitioners of the genre as Pamela Brown, Arwyn Evans, Caroline Gourlay, Nigel Jenkins, Ken and Noragh Jones, Matt Morden, Lynne Rees, Jane Whittle would ensure a high standard of any poetry collection and, carefully selected for this book, make it a worthy read.

A few examples:

Here's an excellent 'intuitive' piece by Ken Jones:

Freezing wind
the dancing clothes
stiffen into people

The following haiku showcases Matt Morden's keen observation:

end of holiday
a square of pale grass
beneath the tent

The next poem by Arwyn Evans is refreshingly metaphorical by its nature, which is rather typical of Celtic haiku, as well as of Japanese, of course:

Air
the feathering
of falcon's breath

One of the pieces by Nigel Jenkins made me remember Wallace Stevens who liked to describe the source of poetic inspiration in terms of 'more than rational' distortion:

hooter booms –
and a slice of the city
sails into the night

Personally, I would love to see more poems by the English poet Caroline Gourlay who spent most of her life in Wales, but then, of course, her work is well known to all the connoisseurs of the genre. Just one example:

insomnia –
through the door in my head
another door

Reviewing this book in *Modern Haiku*, Charles Trumbull wrote the following: "A volume such as this inevitably raises the question of whether there is a distinguishable "Welshness" about it – whether, after about fifty years, one can already speak of a Welsh haiku tradition. On the basis of this anthology, our answer would have to be no. Apart from haiku with purely local subject matter and poems written in Welsh, the concerns of the writers and their poetic treatment of them are not dissimilar from those of their brethren elsewhere."

One can argue that the concerns of haiku writers and poetic devices they choose to use are similar all over the world, and have been since the times of Basho. This doesn't prevent us from customarily defining such schools of haiku writing as Japanese, American, Australian, English, French, or - dare I say it? - Celtic. And it isn't the local subject but rather poetic traditions of the locality that matter. This determines the way the poets work with the material, not to mention that the material itself may vary a lot, as the nature can be strikingly different in various parts of the world.

Having read this anthology, I can't help thinking that, despite the variety of haiku being written in Wales, the Welsh haiku movement is much closer to the Celtic stream than to the English one, or simply can be regarded as a part of the former. Of course, one cannot and shouldn't underestimate the ever helping presence of a few English born haijin, residents of Wales and acclaimed masters of the genre, but influences like this can only strengthen the already strong tradition of Welsh haiku writing. Efallai y byddant hir hwylio.*

Anatoly Kudryavitsky

* And long may they sail (Welsh).



Maeve O'Sullivan. "Initial Response: An A-Z of haiku moments"

Illustrations by John Parsons

Alba Publishing, P O Box 266, Uxbridge, UB9 5NX, U.K.

2011

66 pp.; ISBN 978-0-9551254-3-0

Available from the publisher.

This is the first individual haikai collection by the Irish poet Maeve O'Sullivan, her joint collaboration with Kim Richardson, *Double Rainbow*, having been published in 2005. The book adorned with a cover image and

two beautiful illustrations by John Parsons comprises 156 haikai poems grouped according to categories in alphabetical order (e.g. **A**utumn, **B**irds and Blossoms, **C**hildren, **D**earily Departed, **E**ating, **F**ather's Death Day, **G**raduation, etc., all the way to **Z**en/Meditation). Of course, topics like some of these account for a great number of senryu (three-line poems that describe human relations), and zappai (miscellaneous three-line poems) included alongside haiku. In fact, they may even outnumber haiku in this collection.

In some of the poems we can trace typically Buddhist themes of renewal of the cycle of life:

I blow raspberries
into your tiny palm –
sleepy nephew

There is much delicacy and subtlety in O'Sullivan's style, particularly in her travel haiku and senryu, which bring us on evocative journeys to Spanish, French, Tunisian and Italian (as well as Irish!) landscapes:

Basque flower market
an orange hibiscus
trumpets its presence

and

I tell him I'm alone:
the look of horror
on the gondolier's face

and

Holy City market
hawkers ignore
the call to prayer*

However it is when the haiku are most specifically descriptive of the Irish landscape that they truly excel:

birdsong
punctuated by dialogue –
ewes and lambs

gorse flowers
cutting through their sweet smell
birdsong

According to the tradition of senryu writing, this kind of poems is supposed to be humorous, which the poet duly delivers:

Chinese restaurant
the bride throws her bouquet
we collect our order

her umbrella blows
inside out again –
mother laughing

As with many of the poems in *Double Rainbow*, some of the author's new works are highly personal and at times deeply moving: dedicated as they are to the poet's father, Maurice O'Sullivan. In making this collection so personal and individual the themes of death, mourning and renewal are developed extensively. Three particularly poignant poems on the loss of her Father are:

father's death day
after hours of phone calls
soft November rain

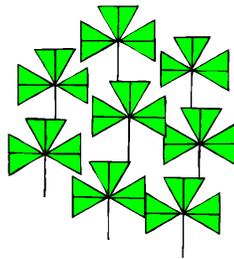
midnight arrives ...
ringing in the first
fatherless year

one sixth of his weight
snug
on my left shoulder

Summing up, we must say that Maeve O'Sullivan has authored a subtle, honed, personal collection, which encapsulates a keen eye for the natural world; together with a gentle humour. However it is her studies on the human heart that are most deeply affecting: an 'initial response' to the pattern of life perhaps?

Sharon Burrell

* The latter senryu was one of three pieces first published in *Shamrock* No 1, 2007, which publication sadly didn't get a mention in the book on the Acknowledgements page. – *ed.*

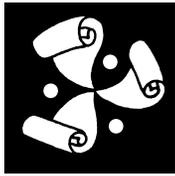


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Shamrock

Haiku Journal of the Irish Haiku Society

Haiku from Ireland and the rest of the world



19, 2011

IHS International Haiku Competition 2011 announced!

Category A (Irish and International)

The Irish Haiku Society International Haiku Competition 2011 offers prizes of Euro 150, Euro 50 and Euro 30 for unpublished **haiku/senryu** in English. In addition there will be up to seven Highly Commended haiku/senryu.

Category B (Irish)

The Irish Haiku Society International Haiku Competition 2011 offers prizes from Dóchas Ireland of Euro 100, Euro 30 and Euro 20 for unpublished **haiku/senryu** in English or in Irish Gaelic (with an English translation) **about Poverty**. Besides being perfect haiku/senryu, the winning poems in this category may include reflections upon or references to "poverty: punishment for a crime one didn't commit." This category is only open for participants born or residing on the island of Ireland. In addition there will be up to three Highly Commended haiku/senryu in this category.

Details here: <http://irishhaiku.webs.com/haikucompetition.htm>

All the entries shall be postmarked by 15th November 2011. No e-mail submissions, please!

Good luck to all!



autumn wind
the sound of surf
in the flame tree

lunar eclipse
a bronze-winged moth
rests on my finger

deepening dusk
with each new star
a cricket

clear-felled forest
the river
I used to know

lunar eclipse ...
shadows with red faces
at the oil-drum fire

-- Lorin Ford (Australia)

marbled mist
the smell of wood smoke
and pine

cloud country
the size
of the cows

having found it letting it go water over stone

sideshow
the interval of lights
and screams

-- Chad Lee Robinson (USA)

from the dark wood:
the sound of last week's snow
sliding off pines

borne by the evening haze the blush of a woodpigeon's
breast

humid night
three ducks follow
the main line out of town

this warm spring night
the honeysuckle scent
partners me home

-- Matthew Paul (England)

hailstones -
on our neighbour's cherry tree
a string of lights

starless heaven
only the moon brighter
than the city

in formation
fourteen swans land
at the pond

-- Gerald England (England)

starlight
a closed parasol stirs
and settles

after rain the green of evening light

midnight moon
spooked magpies rattle
through black trees

-- Thomas Powell (Northern Ireland)

the hills
melt into morning...
drifting rain

polar wind
above the surf
a skua's cry

roosting sparrows
I turn my collar
against the wind

-- Jo McInerney (Australia)

last stars before morning
pumpkin blossoms
in the garden

copper coins
the wishes
I can't take back

the owl's last call
before dawn
winter solstice

-- Aubrie Cox (USA)

spring cemetery –
sounds of a stone cutter
chiseling new names

darkness
from a thunderstorm
becomes night

-- Tyler Pruett (USA)

grandparent's house
a different generation
of trees

salt water
the colors of her face
wear off

-- *Gregory Hopkins (USA)*

afternoon heat
wasp shadows
in the curtains

spring afternoon
picking the garden
from my fingernails

-- *Ben Moeller-Gaa (USA)*

first light
red leaves lie scattered
on the frosty lawn

summer dance
swirls of gold and green
in the windy garden

-- *Dawn Bruce (Australia)*

clouds behind telephone wires
gathering
a harvest of crows

blowing wet kisses to the wind
my daughter's t-shirts
on the line

-- Dave Lewis (Wales)

low summer sky –
in the gooseberry bush
cats' eyes

lighted candles fade –
beyond the window,
flowers and people

-- Kate O'Shea (Ireland)

a touch of velvet
December sky
hanging low

Christmas Eve
blue lights on the trees
outline darkness

-- Anna Grogan (Ireland)

ragged clouds
the horses gallop
through flying leaves

-- *Gavin Austin (Australia)*

still morning
down the lavender path
the spring of bees

-- *John Parsons (England)*

first snowfall
a spider's silken web
sprouts lace

-- *Craig Steele (USA)*

mossy steps
across the brook -
the lives of rocks

-- *Ayaz Daryl Nielsen (USA)*

cherry petals
settle on his belly
Laughing Buddha

-- *Chen-ou Liu (USA)*

waves recede
sandpipers
search for bubbles

-- *Mel Goldberg (USA)*

spring mist
a woodpecker's call
echoes the unseen

-- *Joseph M. Kusmiss (USA)*

alone tonight ...
the cat snuggling
even closer

-- *Nancy Nitrio (USA)*

cat in freezing rain –
first its breath,
then its cry

-- *Sean Lause (USA)*

happy hour
the moon hardly makes into
my wine glass

-- *Tad Vojnicki (USA)*

morning run –
a step behind
my shadow

-- *Steve Calamars (USA)*

cloud of dust
trailing a bus –
village path

-- *Aju Mukhopadhyay (India)*

a caterpillar
hanging from gossamer
her infant's eyes

-- *Andrew Shattuck McBride (USA)*

orchid bloom
a honeybee's
powdered footprints

-- *Lex Joy (USA)*

retiring moon
the yellow immaturity
of summer damsons

-- *B.T. Joy (Scotland)*

Blackpool Promenade –
the iron balustrades
hiding the sea

-- *Noel King (Ireland)*

harbour rocks
a cormorant
measures the length

-- *John Oliver Byrne (Ireland)*

strolling past a graveyard
in late summer –
how sweet the air

-- *Conor O'Neill (Ireland/Chile)*

morning frost
robin searches for
the first bite

-- *Tom Moloney (Ireland)*

wooden sea-shell
with an ear-hole –
whistling wind

-- *Diarmuid Fitzgerald (Ireland)*

summer storm –
between the maize fields
a strip of heat

-- *Beth McFarland (Northern Ireland/Germany)*

ripe mango
on the garden floor
an aphid takes a bite

-- *Adjei Agyei Baah (Ghana)*



cold rain
even the forest lake
gets goose pimples

-- Nicola Djuretic (Croatia; translated from the Croatian by the author)

dustbin
sticking out, the legs
of an old scavenger

-- Nicola Djuretic (Croatia; translated from the Croatian by Anatoly Kudryavitsky)

ice water –
with his eyes closed, a thrush
washes himself

going straight up,
this maple seed's
tap root

bluebells dancing around the wild strawberry

scratching himself
as he chirps,
a sparrow

*-- Olga Logosh (Russia; translated from the Russian by Anatoly
Kudryavitsky)*

February chill
through the door –
cat's tail stops swaying

laundry on the line
spring wind dancing a polka
with pants and night-shirts

*-- Solveig Rabb (Finland; translated from the Swedish by Anatoly
Kudryavitsky)*

wall of rain
the swollen river explores
the banks

snow-covered twigs

over untrodden snow –
perfect stillness

a new offshoot
on the magnolia tree –
the year's start

*-- Annelies Verbeke (Belgium; translated from the Flemish by
Anatoly Kudryavitsky)*

growing on the shore,
these tangerines that smell
of seawater

night moth,
you have your own universe
in my room

*-- Jadranka Vucak (Croatia; translated from the Croatian by
Anatoly Kudryavitsky)*

first dawn –
the monuments'
long shades

hole in the fence –

a boy counts
piglets

*-- Djurdja Vukelic Rozic (Croatia; translated from the Croatian by
the author and Anatoly Kudryavitsky)*

early afternoon
carp in the pond moves to
a sunny spot

no fireplace now –
the grandfather keeps
chopping firewood

*-- Klaus-Dieter Wirth (Germany; translated from the German by
Anatoly Kudryavitsky)*





"Moorland Scene" by J. Hayward (England)





Stepping Back, Moving on

by Martin Vaughan (Ireland)

On a cool August morning I find myself on a rare return to active service on the family farm where I head out to the far pasture to fetch the cows for milking. Twenty five years ago this was part of my daily routine. Did I really believe that one day I would be the farmer? It all seems far removed from the life in the city I've since come to know. Every move I make has a disarming sense of déjà vu.

As I wash the milk tank or mark out a fresh strip of grass for grazing, every half forgotten task is fulfilled through a strange mixture of instinct and memory.

morning dew
wet grass wipes yesterday
from my boots



One Hundred Poets on Mount Ogura, One Poem Each

Edited by Stephen Henry Gill and Okiharu Maeda

Published by People Together for Mt. Ogura and Hailstone Haiku Circle, 2010

136 pp.; ISBN 978-4-9900822-4-6

Available from Hailstone Publications, c/o Miyazaki, 54 – 16 Hamuro-cho, Takatsuki-shi, Osaka 569-1147, Japan

Priced at USD 12 (cash), USD 15 (airmail, postage paid)

The epigraph from Sei Shonagon's *Pillow Book* says "Of mountains, firstly, Ogura." This mountain (some call it a hill) situated not far from Kyoto is renowned as Japan's Mount of Poetry.

The book contains one hundred poems, haiku and tanka, which were, according to the preface, "written by young and old, by men and women from many different countries." Some of them are published poets, some others complete beginners. The profits of the sales of this book will go towards the rubbish-tip-clearing and other natural conservation in the area.

The idea to use poetry for raising money to help nature sounds appealing. Of course, poems in the book are uneven, which seems to be unavoidable in cases like this.

What follows are the pieces that we especially liked.

Firstly, a few excellent haiku by Japanese haikai:

Remains of the party
the crickets had last night:
wild chrysanthemums bloom

(Jin Matsumoto)

All around
the monument to Zhou Enlai
spring birdsong

(Akiko Takazawa)

Discarded glass bottle –

inside, the arabesque
of green fern

(Keiko Yurigi)

Reading haiku like this, one can't help regretting that this particular bottle will be removed from the spot!

Now, a few Western haiku:

Above the Hozu River –
splayed maples shake
to a deer's call

(Ted Taylor)

Picking up the heap
of last year's rush-screen...
a young centipede stirs

(Laura Bean)

Hozu River:
wisteria claims
the wooded gorge

(Ellis Avery)

A haiku by a member of the Irish Haiku Society that found its way onto the pages of this book:

Little round mushrooms
cling to a twig –
buttons on a flute

(Diarmuid Fitzgerald)

And, of course, a haiku by the editor:

following the monk
with a key as long as a wand...
autumn leaves

(Tito)

In the *Afterword* the editor, Stephen Gill aka Tito, reminds us that Mount Ogura has been one of the nation's preeminent sites during the past twelve centuries of Japanese literary

history. It was celebrated in tanka and haiku. He quotes a waka by Ki no Tsurayuki:

In the cry of the deer
on Mount Ogura
where the moon's eye
gleams in the twilight sky...
The end of autumn, felt...

The *Afterword* also offers a small selection of poems from "One Hundred Verses in a Day", a limited edition published locally.

Overall, it is a nicely presented and well designed publication that establishes yet another possible – can we call it reciprocal? – connection between nature and poetry.

Anatoly Kudryavitsky



Zugvögel / Migratory Birds / Oiseaux migrateurs / Aves migratorias – 150 Haiku

by Klaus-Dieter Wirth

Published by Hamburger Haiku Verlag, Hamburg, 2010

200 pp.; ISBN 978-3-937257-27-3

Available from Hamburger Haiku Verlag, Postfach 20 25 48 – 20218 Hamburg, Germany or via www.haiku.de

Priced at Euro 14.90

In this collection, 150 haiku are presented in four languages: the original German, English, French and Spanish. All the translations have been made by the author, Klaus-Dieter Wirth, a philologist, who has been known and well respected in the haiku community for many years. Haiku connoisseurs will surely remember excellent self-translations of his haiku edited/polished by David Cobb. Two of Klaus-Dieter Wirth's haiku were published in *Shamrock* No 14 in translations made by the author of this review; two more (not from the reviewed collection) are being published in this issue among the translated haiku (see above).

The first poem in the book was written as early as in 1967; the rest of them come from the 90s and 00s.

Not being able to fully enjoy the French and the Spanish translations because of language limitations, we have to limit ourselves to commenting on the English texts – and

occasionally on the German originals.

There's a lot to enjoy in the book. E.g. haiku like this:

the brighter the night
the lonelier the snowman
by the entrance path

It is interesting to see how the author contemplates the changing of the seasons in terms of changing emotional states. The reader will surely take pleasure in the poet's close observation of the natural world:

wayward wind
playing with the insects
in the cobweb

in stagnant water
a pattern of whitish scum
forming a lotus

The following haiku – an excellent piece! – was written directly in English:

Poplar columns,
the dome of the sky
out of reach

Klaus-Dieter Wirth's senryu are equally convincing:

artificial flowers
grandma puts them into water
to keep them fresh

or

archaeologist
more and more interested
in his own wife

or

customer's complaint
after one hour's wait
for his snails

The poet here is a satirist who has a keen eye and a sharp pen.

We didn't really want to comment about translation issues in this review but we feel that we have to do so. The order of words in English is (or should be) completely different from what is has to be in German. Sometimes the word by word method of translation played a

trick on the author. E.g. the following haiku:

Über
Tausenden Sonnenblumen
bleich nur ein Mond

was translated as

Above
thousands of sunflowers
pale just one moon

Same here:

Endlessly barking
a dog as evening falls.
louder and louder

In some of the translations the author tries to recreate the 5-7-5 pattern of the original. Despite the original haiku being convincing as a poem, the translation sometimes looks like this:

The solo flautist
is swaying like a rush, is
playing with the wind

Also, it isn't clear what prevented the author from getting rid of all the forms of the verb 'to be' in this and some of the other translations.

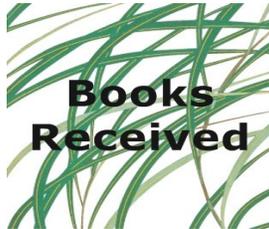
The abundance of direct simile is a suspect, too. "Swaying like a rush", "Night is closing in like an open question", "A cloud like a knife cut the moon in two"... Isn't it enough to juxtapose the two images, i.e. to put them next to each other, so the readers can figure out all those 'like' and 'as' for themselves?

Phrases like "a year full of flies", or "telephone wires busy with little birds" sound a little puzzling, so the reader has to consult with the original texts – if he/she is lucky to understand German.

We have repeatedly warned our brothers and sisters in haiku about the perils of self-translation, especially where they translate themselves into English. Unfortunately, English is not particularly forgiving in cases like this.

Summing up, we must say that it is an impressive collection by one of the masters of the genre, with much admirable work included, and we recommend it without any reservation. A word of warning for those who have to rely on the English translations: not all of them work.

Anatoly Kudryavitsky



Peggy Heinrich. Peeling an Orange. Haiku

Photographs by John Bolivar

Published by Modern English Tanka Press, Baltimore, Maryland, 2009

82 pp.; ISBN 978-1-935398-12-7

Available via www.themetpress.com

Priced at USD 11.95

Marshall Hryciuk. Arizona to Crete. Haiku of the Open Road

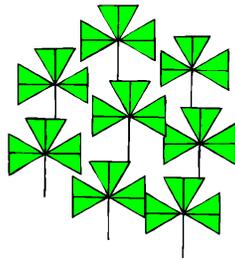
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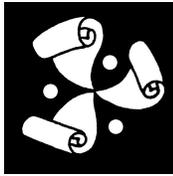
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Shamrock

Haiku Journal of the Irish Haiku Society

Haiku from Ireland and the rest of the world



20 ~ 2011

Shamrock Haiku Journal Readers' Choice Awards

We invite all the readers of Shamrock Haiku Journal to vote for the best haiku/senryu poem published in 2011, i.e. in the issues SEVENTEEN to TWENTY (you cannot vote for your own poem, though). To vote, send an e-mail to [irishhaikusociety\[at\]gmail.com](mailto:irishhaikusociety[at]gmail.com) with "Best haiku of 2011" or "Best senryu of 2011" in the subject line. Please insert the full text of the poem you vote for (only ONE poem in each category) plus the name of its author in the body of your e-mail. The deadline for vote is 28th February, 2012. The best poems will be named in the next issue of Shamrock Haiku Journal.



the last flicker
of the last Sabbath candle
a winter night

cold spring rain...
plants have grown around
the roadside cross

Haiku Poetry Day
the solstice wind rustles
the prayer strips

-- *Bruce Ross (USA)*

last leaves
a mistle thrush holds
its rain-soaked pose

the robin's bill opened
by the softest of songs
September dawn

hail and snow
the weathered-apple hues
of a fieldfare's breast

-- John Barlow (England)

gibbous moon...
a loggerhead turtle
lumbers from the sea

afternoon hush
a king parrot sways
on a seed-bell

the scent
of autumn...
melon moon

-- Jo McInerney (Australia)

crow song
searching the sky
for an answer

spring breeze
the bare head
of a dandelion

blue sky
nose deep
in a spider's web

-- *Graham Nunn (Australia)*

honeysuckle
the odour
of spent petals

ninth floor
a series of pictures
of grasses

-- *Quendryth Young (Australia)*

open jonquil
the drunken zigzag
of a bee

first warm day
the spots of green on
snowdrop petals

-- Jan Dobb (Australia)

beauty of the mist
waterfall
where the rafters died

yesterday's hailstorm –
same song
different meadowlark

-- Steven Carter (USA)

twilight
the deep glow of coals
from the grill

silverfish
on then off
the ceiling fan

-- Ben Moeller-Gaa (USA)

waves
rushing in
rushing out

-- *John McManus (England)*

white light
through the curtain's chink
the sound of scraping snow

-- *Irene Brown (Scotland)*

misty morning
the campfire smoke
clings to the pines

-- *Michael Ketchek (USA)*

cabin fever
a sheet of snow
slides off the roof

-- *Jay Friedenber*g (USA)

passing storm
ripping to pieces
old photos

-- *Elizabeth Moura (USA)*

the beggar's plea
a blossom clings
to a broken branch

-- *Robert Lucky (USA – Ethiopia)*

meadowlark's voice
crossing the path
ahead of me

-- *Ayaz Daryl Nielsen (USA)*

spring rain
releasing the scent
of the forest

-- *Alan Bridges (USA)*

waiting
an old snag lightens
branch by broken branch

-- *Frances Jones (USA)*

beetle gingerly down a staircase of orange mushrooms

-- *Bill Cooper (USA)*

dog day's night –
just me and Milo
barking at the moon

-- J.D. Heskin (USA)

Colosseum
guides counting heads
at the exit

-- Marleen Hulst (the Netherlands)

sparring gear –
bags of fallen leaves
in a row

-- Tzetzka Ilieva (Bulgaria – USA)

leaving home now
the sound of a scythe
uprooting rabbits

-- Noel King (Ireland)

scent of roses –
a wind tunnel
in the grass

-- *Sharon Burrell (Ireland)*

wet pavement –
upon meeting we stop
the spider and I

-- *Marion Clarke (Ireland)*

swan song
the lake holds
the sound

-- *Brid Sibley (Ireland)*

midnight
a snail paints
the moonlit canvas

-- *Janak Sapkota (Nepal)*

steaming rice
served on banana leaves...
he loosens his tie

-- *Kala Ramesh (India)*

pale moon –
garbage darkens
the Ganges

-- *P. K. Padhy (India)*



at the edge of the town
a granny and a moggy
spinning silence

-- *Malvina Mileta (Croatia; translated from the Croatian by Anatoly Kudryavitsky)*

deserted village –
between the gusts of wind,
a dog's bark

postman
sorting snowflakes
in his huge bag

*-- Marija Pogorilic (Croatia; translated from the Croatian by Djurdja Vukelic-Rosic and
Anatoly Kudryavitsky)*

desolate house
moonlit cobwebs
on the pane

-- Marija Pogorilic (Croatia; translated from the Croatian by Anatoly Kudryavitsky)

leaking roof –
the cat drinks
from buckets and tubs

field of crown daisies
embracing the yellowness
of the rising sun

chess-board
a black beetle takes the place
of the white queen

drizzling
parrots perched on branches
form a rainbow

moss in the yard
awaiting rain
to climb up the walls

sun comes out –
clouds jump
from puddle to puddle

frozen sea
words on the page
melting as you read

-- Terence Portelli (Malta, translated from the Maltese by the author)

light over the sea
brighter than over the shore –
the sky breathing

pond water changed
a few dead fish
left behind

gull standing on one leg
in the sea water
not feeling the cold

this winter day,
folds of the ground frost-hardened –
tomorrow's forecast: thaw

in the park, birds sing,
an orchestra plays –
they don't hear each other

four empty chairs
by a table on the lawn –
awaited guests

scorched grass
sprayed with the lashing rain
water makes birds sing

*-- Herman van Rompuy (Belgium; translated from the Flemish
by Anatoly Kudryavitsky)*

chewing shadows
the morning falls
on the pasture

dew on the car window
all the letters
I never sent

simple dreams –
surrounded by ripe wheat,
a poppy

wet horse
a field where
the rainbow spread

cannonball
from a long-forgotten war
wandering moon

*-- David Rosen (Sweden; translated from the Swedish by
Anatoly Kudryavitsky)*

black oyster
the night devours the redness
of a tired sun

-- Lino Spiteri (Malta; translated from the Maltese by the author)



"New Year" by Shinyo Onchi (Japan)





Pollution

by Ignatius Fay (Canada)

Not that old, really, he walks the same route at the same time each day carrying his oxygen tank. His wide-brimmed Tilley on his head and aided by a gnarled walking stick almost thicker than he is, he has become a fixture on the street these past twenty-five years. Anyone who uses that thoroughfare in mid-afternoon has come to expect him.

He suffers from lung and, now, heart disease and should be long dead. Twenty-five years ago, when they removed most of his left lung, they said the disease would kill him within four years. His response was to ask what he could do to maximize his stay on the planet. They told him.

And damned if he didn't go home and do what they told him to do! And he continues to do it.

So, he walks every day. He carries a net cloth bag attached to his tank with a carabiner. As he encounters them, he slowly and carefully bends to pick up recyclable pieces of trash and stuffs them in his bag. He pauses at the bus stops to empty his bag into the appropriate recycling bins. He believes if you are not part of the solution, you are part of the pollution.

huge iguana
draped over his shoulder
waiting for the bus

Fairy Tale Forest

by Steven Carter (USA)

Another dodge that doesn't work, or work very well: tippling cold Polanaise brand vodka (straight) in the morning. Polish vodka is the best in the world (trust me: better than Russian), and with time on my hands, it's way too tempting, My Fulbright lecture schedule at the Marie Curie-Sklodowska University is once a week, and I can't wait for Thursdays to roll around.

Crossword puzzles don't make the nut either – I mean, how many can you do before depression comes creeping out yet again, like weasels from beneath the antediluvian TV (which, heaven help me, doesn't work).

I know I'm in trouble when, walking back to my apartment past the ebony statue of Marie and through the miniature forest toward my apartment on Skowiniego Street, I notice that the sun is significantly lower in the sky at 2 p.m. Toto, I don't think we're in California any more. So now we have the long Polish night coming on, exacerbated by coal smoke and lowering skies... I ask Sean Molloy, the Irish professor who's been here for six years, what his secret to getting through last winter was. He says, "Simple: I read Gibbon's *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* – all seven volumes; twice."

night wind from Ukraine

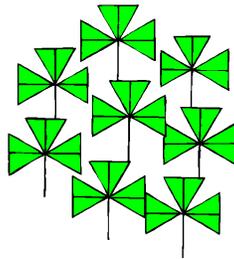
from the ancient forest

a scream

a beautiful graveyard

1000 candles –

Day of the Dead



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