

Shamrock Haiku Journal

Haiku from Ireland and the rest of the world

Shamrock No 13, 2010

Shamrock



Haiku Journal
of the Irish Haiku Society

Announcement

Shamrock Haiku Journal Readers' Choice Award 2009

BEST HAIKU

This year we have joint winners. The following two pieces, which were both published in our No 12, were voted the best haiku poems that appeared in Shamrock Haiku Journal in 2009:

funeral –
spring wind
wrapped in flag

-- *Dimitar Anakiev (Slovenia, transl. by Anatoly Kudryavitsky)*

rainbow –
seven flavours
of rain

-- *Hugh O'Donnell (Ireland)*

The following two haiku that first appeared in our No 10
were close runner-ups

:

in the puddle,
a snowman's
carrot

-- *Alessandro Calamia (Italy, transl. by Anatoly Kudryavitsky)*

sea storm –
in the whispering cove,
a blush of sea pinks

-- *Aisling White (Ireland)*

BEST SENRYU

Again, we have joint winners:

war museum
two gas masks
staring at each other

-- *Anatoly Kudryavitsky (Ireland), first published in our No 10*

tin soldiers
the quick and the dead
in the same box

-- *Max Verhart (The Netherlands, transl. by Anatoly Kudryavitsky); initially appeared in our No 11*

(Nota bene: naturally, none of our authors voted for his/her own poems/translations)

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



Focus on
Spain

autumn rain –
under the eaves
a dove

-- Félix Alcántara Llenas (transl. by Anatoly Kudryavitsky)

waves come
and bring memories –
watching them go

vibrating air –
at the water's edge,
a dragonfly

-- Francisco Basallote (transl. by Anatoly Kudryavitsky)

in the parched
trail of a snail,
the shining of the moon

small hoofprints...
the smell of the herd
still there

-- Susana Benet (transl. by Anatoly Kudryavitsky)

evening
an image of your hand
touching the rose

-- Felipe Benítez Reyes (transl. by Anatoly Kudryavitsky)

first buds
the memories
of a peach tree

winter's end –
white birch,
the skeleton of snow

-- *Valentín Carcelén Ballesteros (transl. by Anatoly Kudryavitsky)*

twilight time
a small pond
begins to shine

only your persistence
keeps you alive in winter,
barren tree

-- *José Cereijo (transl. by Anatoly Kudryavitsky)*

what an obstinate bird!
always sings the same note –
like myself

gate with roses and the Virgin –
open to all
everybody thankful

-- *Ernestina de Champourcin (transl. by Anatoly Kudryavitsky)*

first drops of rain
fish in the pond
goes blurry

dead blackbird
his yellow beak
not one bit less yellow

-- *Luis Corrales (transl. by Anatoly Kudryavitsky)*

old man smiles, too
seeing
a peacock's tail

-- *Jordi Doce (transl. by Anatoly Kudryavitsky)*

dead bird
what a silent agony
of feathers!

summer rain
placing nests in the
green crowns of trees

-- *Juan José Domenchina (transl. by Anatoly Kudryavitsky)*

birds fall silent,
the air trembles...
the passing of cranes

-- *Montserrat Doucet (transl. by Anatoly Kudryavitsky)*

Gypsy elder
under the cloudy sky
a dog barks at him

-- *David González (transl. by Anatoly Kudryavitsky)*

a few pigeons
pecking the
wedding rice

sparrows and the wind
exploring the branches
of a fir-tree

-- *Guillermo López Gallego (transl. by Anatoly Kudryavitsky)*

so lonely,
a crow's feather
in the snow

-- *Antonio Manilla (transl. by Anatoly Kudryavitsky)*

east wind
the petals of a rose
unfolding

-- *Jesús Montero Marchena (transl. by Anatoly Kudryavitsky)*

fluttering on the
railway platform
a butterfly

-- *Jesús Munárriz (transl. by Anatoly Kudryavitsky)*

autumn wind
seeds inside
the egg-plant

quinces falling
to the cracked ground
of the orchard

the knife cuts
through a melon
the breeze drops

--Victoria Porras (transl. by Anatoly Kudryavitsky)

cleaning funeral tablets
an old man
stops to read the names

-- Gabriel Segovia (transl. by Anatoly Kudryavitsky)

tap water
tastes like pencil
childhood memories

leafless plum trees
all the nests
visible

pebbles
each one has
it's own shadow

-- *Frutos Soriano (transl. by Anatoly Kudryavitsky)*

butterfly
guiding the morning,
it doesn't know me

-- *Almudena Urbina (transl. by Anatoly Kudryavitsky)*

endowing the world
with thousands of mirrors,
the rain

-- *Diego Valverde Villena (transl. by Anatoly Kudryavitsky)*



Essay

Haiku in Spain

by Susana Benet

At the beginning of the 20th century, when haiku were first introduced to Spanish readers, another strict form of short poetry already existed in our language and was immensely popular among our people; it is called "*seguidilla*". Apart from being the name of a traditional literary form, this word also describes a certain kind of Andalusian gypsy or flamenco songs. Seguidilla is a 5-7-5-7 verse; here is an example of it, a *seguidilla* written by the famous Federico García Lorca:

*Hacia Roma caminan
dos peregrinos,
a que los case el Papa,
porque son primos.*

(Federico García Lorca. Los peregrinos)

*(Two pilgrims are walking / to Rome / to be married by the Pope, / because they
are cousins)*

There were several factors that contributed to the development of the haiku genre in Spain. First of all, our poets have always been in a close contact with their French colleagues. France was the first country where an attempt was made to adopt this Japanese genre making it suitable for Western readers. This was the age of modernism and symbolism, the two artistic movements that opposed realism and had as their utmost goal the quest for pure beauty, also assimilating elements of some exotic cultures, not only in architecture and decorative arts, but in literature, as well.

Another interesting phenomenon was the development of haiku in South America. In 1919, the first book of haiku in Spanish was published; it was titled "One day", and its author, the Mexican poet José Juan Tablada, used the words "haikai" and "synthetic poems" to describe this particular type of poetry. Tablada was inspired by classical Japanese haiku, although in his own poems he didn't follow the 5-7-5 pattern.

Tierno saúz, / casi oro, casi ámbar, / casi luz...
(Tender willow / almost gold, almost amber / almost light...)

When the poet Antonio Machado arrived in Paris, he discovered Chinese and Japanese poetry. According to Octavio Paz, Machado tried to mix haiku and popular songs, and consequently started creating poems based on a contemplation of nature and its transmutations. He followed the oriental tradition, but used the images he had chosen in the spirit of the Spanish cultural tradition.

Junto al agua negra / olor de mar y jazmines. / Noche malagueña.
By the black water / the smell of sea and jasmine. / Night in Malaga.

Another Andalusian poet of the so-called "generation 27", Juan Ramon Jiménez, was also interested in haiku, which he probably read in English translation. Jiménez was an impressionist; he always used picturesque images and admired

brevity in poetry writing, which can account for the fact that he was a big admirer of haiku.

Está el árbol en flor / y la noche le quita, cada día / la mitad de las flores.
The tree blooming - / each day the night removes / half of its blossoms.)

The years of the Spanish Civil War can be described as a period when haiku writing came to a standstill. Even after the war silence reigned for about thirty years. In the post-war period, many poets thought more important to develop poetry written according to their own cultural traditions.

The beginning of the 1970's witnessed the resurgence of haiku due to the publication of "The Narrow Road to the Northern Provinces", the major Basho's work translated into Spanish by Eikichi Hayashiya and Octavio Paz. Other factors that contributed to the newly found interest in haiku were the growing popularity of Buddhism, publications of English-language haiku poets and the influence of the beatnik writers, e.g. Jack Kerouac. Finally, there have always been contacts with the South American poets, and in those parts the interest in haiku never faded.

In 1972, Prof. Fernando Rodríguez-Izquierdo published his detailed haiku manual titled "The Japanese haiku" (Hiperión Publishing). The same Hiperión helped to promote haiku in Spain by translating classical Japanese poets, and the same did some other Spanish publishers, e.g. Pre-textos and Miraguano. Two other haiku scholars, Vicente Haya Segovia and Pedro Aullón de Haro, also published monographs on haiku, as well as their translations from Japanese masters of the genre. Notably, Pedro Aullón de Haro authored the book entitled "Haiku in Spain".

Among the Spanish poets who tried their hand at haiku writing were Jesus Munárriz, José Mateos, José Cereijo, Antonio Cabrera, María Victoria Porras, Juan Francisco Pérez, Frutos Soriano, et al. Over the last decade several anthologies of Spanish haiku have been published; among them were such books as "Aldea poética", "Alfileres", "Poetas de corazón japonés" and "Tertulia de haiku". We should give a special mention to the University of Castilla-La Mancha that held international Spanish-language haiku contests for a number of years and subsequently published anthologies of the award-winning haiku. In summer 2009 the same university organised also the "1º Encuentro Hispanoamericano de Haiku" in Albacete.

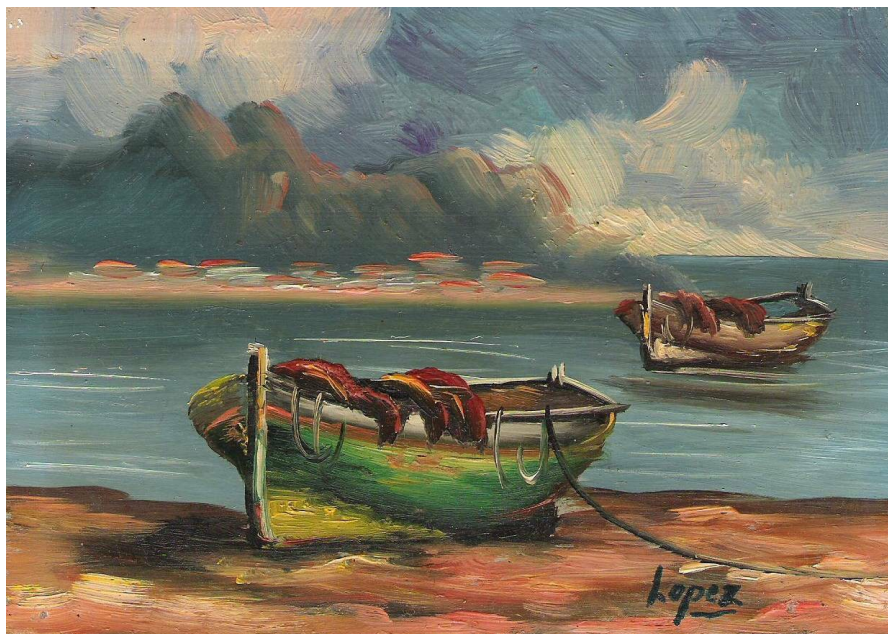
In recent years several associations of haiku poets have been founded in our

country, e.g. the "Asociación Valenciana de Haiku" and the "Asociación de la Gente del Haiku en Albacete" (AGHA). Spanish haiku now have a significant presence on the Internet. There are several websites offering information about haiku. They also host forums where people can learn about the haiku form and post their own poems. The best known sites are "El rincón del haiku", "Paseos" and "No-Michi" (yet another important website dedicated to Spanish haiku, "Haikuweb", has unfortunately gone off the web when Yahoo closed their Geocities hosting – *ed.*)

In conclusion, we should mention that the interest in haiku in our country is on the increase. We won't be exaggerating too much if we say that haiku became firmly established as a genre of Spanish poetry.

Translated by the author and Anatoly Kudryavitsky

Susana Benet is a Spanish writer, a haijin, a creative writing tutor and a psychologist; she lives in Valencia.



"Fishing Boats" by Lopez (Spain)

Haiku and Senryu

high noon
every cicada
has come to town

lightning
the flush of her face
before the thunder

All Souls' Day
a cicada's shell
in a sunbeam

-- William Cullen Jr (USA)

long day
my car's central locking
clunks it's welcome

disused post office
in the doorway
mail builds up

suddenly I notice it
the sideways dart
of a hoverfly

the silence of pines
midges trapped
in a shaft of sunlight

-- David Serjeant (England)

dusty heat
the smell of diesel
and manure

field of dandelions...
the wind
beats me to it

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

heat lightning
the only gas station
for a hundred miles

-- *Chad Lee Robinson (USA)*

Advent night
a coot against the river
gets nowhere fast

a dabchick skids
across the green river -
winter solstice

cockleshell bridge
the chalkstream quickens
over riffles

-- *Matthew Paul (England)*

day moon
sneaking through the traffic
a unicycle

summer's end
advent calendars
deck the shelves

Boxing Day lunch -
the bigger crows already
beside themselves

-- Helen Buckingham (England)

fresh snow
the weight
of her robe

homeless man
wind scatters seed
from the feeder

-- Glenn G. Coats (USA)

morning moon -
above the hoarfrost
a gentle lowing

beyond the slope
of a seagull's wings,
snow-capped mountain

-- *Susan Constable (Canada)*

deep shadows
at the creek's bend -
a dog howls

zephyr breeze
thistledown
sways the spider web

-- *Nathalie Buckland (Australia)*

winter beach at dawn
sea oats
tickle the sun

bulging acorn
the grey squirrel
adjusts his grip

-- *Bill Cooper (USA)*

low over
rose waters
a heron

velveting the derelict roof a patch of moon

-- *Clare Mc Cotter (Northern Ireland)*

a watermelon
the sugar almost crystal
why so many seeds?

a banana
not yet ripe although
beginning to spoil

-- *Alex Cigale (USA)*

drizzling rain -
pine branches decorated
with a thousand pearls

flooding the patio,
the fragrance of
vespertine jasmine

-- *Sylvia Simonet (Uruguay) – transl. by Anatoly Kudryavitsky*

at sundown
a hare's tracks
in old snow

-- *Raffael de Gruttola (USA)*

old woman
touches her wrinkles
gathering crows

-- *Albert Schlaht (USA)*

harvest moon
the playful otter tumbles
through golden shadows

-- Mary O'Keeffe (Ireland)

morning mist -
the church fills
with the smells of overcoats

-- Mark Lonergan (Ireland)

hard to make out...
lambs
against frosted fields

-- Matt Kirkham (Northern Ireland)

end of the harvest
a scarecrow in the trailer
does a lap of honour

-- Patrick Druart (France) – transl. by Arthur Griesel

winter rain -
a stuffed starling stares
at the ceiling

-- *Bouwe Brouwer (the Netherlands)*

staff meeting
a dry bamboo leaf on the floor
starts moving

-- *K. Ramesh (India)*

warm gust
a clatter of walnuts
on the tattered bench

-- *Cathy Drinkwater Better (USA)*

spring equinox -
so many score marks
on student desks

-- *Noel Sloboda (USA)*

spring dawn -
gently unfolding,
a red rose

-- Keith Simmonds (Trinidad and Tobago)

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Haibun

On the Way to Santa Fe

by Barbara A Taylor (Australia)

*desert surprise
flapping balloons
under neon lights*

It's 1969. My girlfriend and I have left London, England, to travel across the United States. Man has just landed on the moon! Today, we're heading for Santa Fe in the middle of a hot dry summer; thumbs are out, our destination sign is clear. The first lift drops us off close to a gas station/cafe/store, out in the middle of a dusty nowhere, except for a few tall cacti between the scattered tumbleweed. Two trucks are parked outside. On the cafe window is a painted message inside a large heart shape: "Congratulations to Mary-Jo and Glen". Inside, a couple slouches at the counter in front of a bowl of red roses, a half-eaten wedding cake; plastic plates of nachos, sauce packets, wilting lettuce. White and yellow ribbons decorate

each corner. A jukebox plays rowdy rock n roll. The soda fountain bubbles with some garish red liquid. There's a warning: "For Adults only".

*the smell of onions
sizzling hamburgers
at the reception*

Welcoming us with his beaming smile, a robust character, neatly dressed in a blue satin shirt with white arm tassels. "I'm Mary-Jo's pop," he raises his Stetson. "Consider yourselves as our honoured guests. There's plenty room." He offers a drink, saying, "Here, there's a kick to it. All's on the house today!"

*a little bleary...
on the blackboard
soup of the day*

Two overfed ginger-haired children, a freckled boy and a freckled girl, spend time looking at different country badges sewn onto our backpacks. The various national flags make for excellent geography lessons. Mary-Jo guzzles that red liquid. She introduces us to her goggle-eyed children and to her new hubby. She seems a little tipsy. Her face flushes. Glen, his check shirtsleeves rolled up, has one hirsute arm over her bare shoulder whilst hugging a beer with his other. We are invited to sign their wedding card, then, to have photographs with the proud father, the newly weds and their kids. "I'm tickled pink to have international folk at my big day!" she giggles, but suddenly bursts into sobs. More drinking, more music, more nibbles ... Hours later, another check-shirted cowboy pushes through the slatted curtain doorway. We assume he must be a late wedding guest, but no, just a regular traveller, stopping to get petrol, pick up a cold drink. What good luck! He offers us a comfortable ride all the way to Santa Fe. Relieved, we leave the wedding party dancing around the piled-high plates of uneaten food. Next stop is a pretty adobe motel in the middle of town and the promise of a guided tour tomorrow.

*morning dew
a coyote and her cubs
at play in the sand*

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Books Received

Yushi and Tenshi's Photo Haiku

Haiku and photographs by Yushi and Tenshi with an introduction by David McMurray

bilingual Japanese/English

Aurora

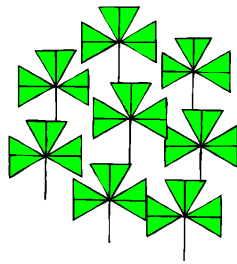
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Focus on

Germany

motorway by night
a ghost rider comes at us,
the moon

a coloured condom
in the Grand Canal
spring awakening

Bremen Music Festival
as usual, a tram plays
first violin

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

first day of spring
rush hour
in the cemetery

-- Michael Augustin (transl. by Anatoly Kudryavitsky)

morning sun –
the oak enchanted
with its radiance

chasing sheets of rain
in the field of yellow rape,
thunder

after a downpour
in these mossy valleys
the earth breathes

glimmering
in the bright night's light,
a slippery path

-- Martin Baumann (transl. by Anatoly Kudryavitsky)

power cut
in the neighbour's flat
someone plays the piano

-- *Sigrid Baurmann (transl. by Anatoly Kudryavitsky)*

Autumn wind
slowly stripping a young birch –
the maple turns red

ringing frost –
in the crunchy wood, footsteps
dying away

-- *Christa Beau (transl. by Anatoly Kudryavitsky)*

hoarfrost stretching out its threads –
over the cherry branches
a spider, trembling

smell of cinnamon in the room –
steaming tea melts
the frost pattern

dark clouds
cover the drowsy landscape
raindrops weigh down the grass

hush you, frogs!
the pond sleeping
in the shade of the trees

-- Dirk Becker (transl. by Anatoly Kudryavitsky)

free morning
a goods train scrapes slowly
across the Main

even the Alsatian dog
turns his muzzle
following that woman

secret of the full moon
unravelling –
a crane cries

tired of travelling...
mussels
clinging to the ship's hull

-- Martin Berner (transl. by Anatoly Kudryavitsky)

New Year's morning -
waiting on the doorstep,
the broom

first snowdrops
the widow wears black
no more

after the storm
each puddle
sky-blue

-- Andrea D'Alessandro (transl. by Anatoly Kudryavitsky)

Amsterdam by night –
creeping along the canals,
cats and humans

a gang of pigeons
surrounding
a flock of tourists

full moon –
the Skyline, too, finds it hard
to get good night's sleep

reflected in the puddle:
the façade of a
skyscraper

winter bargain sale –
freezing on high street,
a homeless man

the border –
identical houses
on both sides

-- Daniel Dölschner (transl. by Anatoly Kudryavitsky)

traders' caravan
showing the way to the south
to birds of passage

gloomy morning
starlings make preparations
for a great journey

wispy clouds
take the form of haystacks –
the wind enjoying idleness

white quilt
covering up the sky
the sun oversleeps

the smell of chamomiles
and sheaves of grain –
a lone sparrow eats his fill

-- Christine Gradl (transl. by Anatoly Kudryavitsky)

in the new house
across the road
first light

dying away
underneath the stars –
crickets' chirr

in my father's hand
a red maple leaf
from my mother's grave

a fair by midnight
snowflakes and cold air
come along

-- Arno Herrmann (transl. by Anatoly Kudryavitsky)

rusty cannon
aiming at
an eagle's shadow

among quivering branches,
the lightning's reflection
in a window

-- Yulia Kudryavitskaya (transl. by Anatoly Kudryavitsky)

bright winter night –
crunching along the footpath,
my shadow and I

in the distance
two white herons and the moon
sinking in the dark

old cemetery –
it feels cooler here,
evening shadows fade

first frosty night –
starlight
clearer now

-- Horst Ludwig (transl. by Anatoly Kudryavitsky)

Martinmas Eve -
lacking a torch,
the child looks at the moon

all alone in the drizzle,
a scarecrow
casts no shadow

-- Conrad Miesen (transl. by Anatoly Kudryavitsky)

Advent
in the shopping trolley
all his possessions

timetable change
ten
unexpected minutes

now tanned
the same
old face

-- Jörg Rakowski (transl. by Anatoly Kudryavitsky)

a jetty
ending into the Baltic Sea
no boats in sight

cow on the road
by the town gate
taking her time

-- Gerhard Stein (transl. by Anatoly Kudryavitsky)

shadows in the sky
the flapping of birds' wings
travels south

-- *Klaus Werthmann (transl. by Anatoly Kudryavitsky)*

warm March rain
knocks on the frozen solid soil –
seeds open

quiet summer gardens –
cones crack open
bumping into concrete slabs

wind harps
silent in these deserted alleys –
light flows lightly

from snow-clouds
above the foggy riverside
it appears: full moon.

frost creeps through the leafage –
safe in the ice cocoon,
sleeping buds

-- *Dagmar Westphal (transl. by Anatoly Kudryavitsky)*

growing on these Jewish graves
flowers
sown by the wind

old cloister..
what father would have said,
we say to each other

-- Angelika Wienert (transl. by Anatoly Kudryavitsky)

new pigs
in the old troughs
the stink of sty remains

a robin perches
on the helve of my shovel –
a short break signal

-- Klaus-Dieter Wirth (translated by Anatoly Kudryavitsky)

scintillating water..
sun dancing on the waves
for no reason at all

seagulls high above
in accordance with a calm –
the sea roars

young vegetables
reach out for the spring sky
already mature

-- *Stefan Wolfschütz (transl. by Anatoly Kudryavitsky)*



Essay

Haiku in Germany

by Jane Reichhold

It has long been a bit of a mystery as to why the haiku or related forms have not been popular in Germany. One cannot imagine a poetic climate better suited for the transplanting of haiku.

Here, where the people have a long tradition of respect and appreciation of poetry, where the folk are by nature precise and succinct with words, where the landscape is varied and beautiful; filled with people walking or hiking in all kinds of weather. No one takes more journeys than the Germans. No one is so knowledgeable about where to go and what to see.

Everyone, it seems, has an answer for the haiku situation in Germany. Many agree with Imma von Bodmershof that it is that so many persons, in Germany and the world, "without knowing the religious life" or the lack of the outlook which comes as a result of Zen living.

Strong within the German soul is a streak of melancholy that comes through their haiku. This tendency can also be found in Japanese tanka (and can be a weakness there, also). Haiku, which grew out of a resistance to tanka, has,

among the masters, very little of this. Stressing the positive, the active, they were able to sidestep the questions of "where am I going?", "and why?", and "for what?" by concentrating on the now-moment.

Over the past twenty years, while Canada and United States were blossoming with new poets and groups of poets, Germany has experienced only a few flowers unfolding in isolation.

Under the influence of Rainer Maria Rilke's writing of haikai in the last years of his life (1920's), many poets tried writing a few haikai almost as a pastime. None took it as seriously as did Rilke, who wrote most of his in quatrains, and in French, many of which still have not been successfully translated into either German or English.

In 1939, in Vienna, an expert on Chinese and Japanese, Anna von Rottauscher, had published her translations of Japanese haiku under the title *Ihr gelben Chrysanthemen* [*Your Golden Chrysanthemums*]. In spite of the interruption of the times and war, this book has continued to be reprinted and is available yet today in a fancy gift edition.

Another Swiss woman, Flandrina von Salis published in the summer of 1955 her book *Mohnblüten: Abendländische Haiku* [*Poppies: Oriental Haiku*] by the Vereinigung Oltner Bücherfreunde [Club of Oltner Book Friends]. Through Flandrina von Salis continued to write and publish other books of lyric poetry, this was her first book and only book of haiku though it is reported that at the time of death she was preparing another book of haiku.

Though in Germany the war stopped the exchange of poetry on one level, yet right after the war, its influence was manifested in another, more positive way. Men who had become translators in Japanese were exposed to the culture through the study of literature, and began translating poems. Of these were Manfred Hauseman, R. Coudenhove-Calergi, Erwin Jahn, and Jan Ulenbrook.

From this a sporadic interest in haiku was manifest; but a pattern seemed to be set that has persisted up until about 1988. Though individuals became enthusiastic, writing and publishing, they remained autonomous; refusing interaction with other countrymen. There was no national group although small groups met in Berlin around 1950 with individuals such as Rolf Schott (1892-1977) who published in "eight European Seventeen Syllable [Poems] in the Pattern of the Japanese Haiku."

There was also Karl Kleinschmidt who began writing haiku in 1953, but here again no groups were formed and the Japanese principle of a master with students or disciples was unheard of. None of these groups interacted with the other and the books published were small and available only from the author. Consequently, nearly all have been lost.

In Vienna a group was formed around H.C Artmann (1921-) in the early fifties and it is possible that it was the influence from here which inspired the first poet to publish haiku over the several years of the rest of her life.

Imma von Bodmershof was born on August, 10th, 1895 in Graz, Austria; the daughter of the founder of the Gestalt Theory, Christian Freiherr von Ehrenfels. Through early contact with the expert on Hölderlin, Norbert von Hellingrath, Rilke and the group around Stefan George, she was influenced in her development of a literary career. From 1925, she and her husband, Dr. Wilhelm von Bodmershof managed the manor Rastback in the lower Austrian forest.

At first (1937) she wrote novels and collections of short stories and in 1962 Hajo Jappe chose a selection of her works to be published under the title, *Unter acht Winden* or *Under Eight Winds*. This could show that through their co-production, haiku was a factor as in that same year Imma von Bodmershof published her first book of poetry – *Haiku*. Though Frau von Bodmershof also maintained a home in Vienna, one wonders how much contact or the importance of the contact with Hajo Jappa (who later published haiku) and Anna von Rottauscher she had. Imma von Bodmershof writes in the introduction to her book, *Sonnenuhr [Sundial]* the following rather charming story.

"The manuscript with my first German haiku was already with the publishers Langen-Müller, when the Frankfurter Allegemeinen Newspaper came out with a long article about the Japanese haiku which was written by Erwin Jahn who had taught German literature for 30 years in the universities of Kyoto and Tokyo.

After a deep analysis of the Japanese art of haiku, the article ended with the comment that true haiku could not be produced in Europe. The reasons were: first, that no poets here live in the close togetherness with nature as do the haiku masters in Japan, and secondly, because this art can only grow out of the basis of Zen culture, from which Europeans are cut off.

Dr. Schondorf, who headed the Langen-Müller Publishing, sent me the article without comment. That left only one thing to do. To send my manuscript to Professor Jahn. His opinion would decide, and I was prepared to accept it, however it would turn out.

The letter, that he then sent to me, belongs to the loveliest that I have ever received, and began a friendship that lasted until his death. I should not worry, he wrote, my haiku fulfil all the requirements for the future German haiku poems. He described how his reading of my work felt like being taken into shady Shinto shrine forest after a long hike through glowing hot Japanese rice fields.

With that was the decision to publish my haiku book in Germany."

Through her close association with Erwin Jahn, Imma von Bodmershof's contacts with other persons concerning haiku were concentrated in Japan she kept informed of haiku activities in North America, citing in her book, *Sonnenuhr*, contact with Aric Amann in Canada. Through this it came about that her haiku were translated by Claire Pratt and the essay written by Wilhelm von Bodmershof, "Studie über das Haiku" from the book, *Im Fremden Garten*, was translated into

English to be published in *Milkweed*, edited by Marshall Hycuik in 1988.

Though Imma von Bodmershof did not have students or disciples in the way Japanese masters did, she, and her husband, were aware of the need to educate and share information about the Japanese culture and literature. Each of her books contains, not only her poems but always a healthy portion of education with them.

Being outspoken, Imma von Bodmershof, was also very critical of the haiku being written in Japan as well as the first efforts made by Germans. In many of her letters to Dr. Sabine Sommerkamp, she repeatedly refers to the misuse of haiku by the uninformed. She maintained that one could not "write" haiku but could only "meet" them and then put down the words. Yet she implied that what most wrote down were not pure haiku.

As she was critical with herself, rewriting her own haiku many times, she was also exact and blunt with others.

For poets and authors who were already publishing, this was often very hard to take, especially when they found in her work, what they thought to be detrimental weaknesses. Still, her poems and her efforts inspired many; including myself, up until her death stopped our flow of letters in August of 1982.

For most American haiku writers, the name they think of when reference is made to German haiku, is Gunther Klinge. For almost 20 years he has continued to write and publish his haiku in America and Japan. Here, Ann Atwood has been active in not only translating the haiku, but co-operating with Gunther Klinge on two books – *Drifting with the Moon* and *Day into Night* – and regularly submitting his work to the haiku magazines. In most German book stores one will find his books in the poetry section. Somewhat of a recluse, he has relied on his poetic works and not any other efforts.

Hans Kasdorff, has taken a softer view. His book, *Augenblick und Ewigkeit [One Moment and Eternal]*, has as authors both his name and his wife's, Hilde Kasdorff, when in fact, all the haiku are written by him. In this way, he has given her credit for living the haiku way with him and thus, indirectly, author of the work. Almost a third of the book is a very illuminating essay, "Über das Haiku."

Other events and other attempts were made with the object of illuminating the paths between haiku writers in Germany. Unfortunately, one after another, they became as brief as the glow of fireflies on a summer night.

"Ersten bundesdeutschen Haiku-Biennale" [The First German Haiku Biennale] met in Bottrop in 1979 with 20 persons attending to discuss what directions the haiku writing should take.

From 1981-85 Dr. Sabine Sommerkamp, Hamburg, was correspondent for "Haiku Spektrum", a feature section which was given to haiku and tanka in the literary magazine, *apropos*. When Karl-Heinz Backer, editor, ceased publication of his magazine, no one was able to continue the endeavor.

Just outside of Hamburg, lives Ilse Hensel who over the years has written and

published her haiku and renga in Germany and America. Currently her chapbooks, *grünfiedrig herab neigt sich der Phönixbambus...* [with greenfeathers the Phonixe bamboo bends itself] and *...unterm vogelschrei, [...under bird cries]* are appearing under Edition He.

Karl Heinz Kurz had, over the years, been writing vast amounts of haiku and renga published under Verlag zum Haben Bogen [Publisher of Half Sheets] which have been distributed around the world.

In 1988, Margaret Buerschaper, of Vechta, organized Der Deutschen Haiku-Gesellschaft e.V. [German Haiku Society]. Suddenly "things" began coming together. Drawing on her ten years of writing and publishing poetry, and close cooperation with Carl Heinz Kurz, along with the full endorsement of the Japanese Consulate in Bonn, Margaret Buerschaper has seemingly started the ball to finally rolling.

A quarterly magazine, *Vierteljahresschrift der Deutschen Haiku-Gesellschaft* [Quarterly of the German Haiku Society] edited by Margaret Buerschaper fills 32 pages with articles supporting various views, reports on happenings in Europe, haiku and senryu by members, book reviews.

In addition to this publishing avenue, Frau Buerschaper edits a series of 4 x 6 32 page chapbooks under the name of Pocket Print im Graphikum for haiku and senryu.

For the publication of sequences, renga, and tanka collections, she publishes slimmer chapbooks in the half-page size.

With the financial support of the Japanese Consulate, full sized, perfect bound books of members' collective works are appearing. In addition to a members' anthology, in which each was allowed two full pages to design and edit themselves, a complete collection of the renga written in German have also been issued.

Not content with these activities, Margaret Buerschaper is very active in writing, working at once on several renga with different persons, most of which are then published.

In contrast to other haiku societies in which anyone with a checkbook can join, the DGH is now, after being established, limiting membership by screening applicants for certain requirements. Instead of having a loose organization, it becomes an honour to be accepted and a witness that one is really a writer of haiku (*ed.*: this seems to have changed more recently). Its website is available for viewing here: <http://haiku-dhg.kulturserver-nds.de/>

Yearly meetings consisting of a weekend have been begun. With a full and varied program, these retreats are attracting writers, not only to absorb inspiration and to meet fellow-writers, but as a chance to see and write in another landscape.

In these few years of beginning, one can already see results. Some very promising talent is being discovered (both men: Conrad Miesen and Rudy Junger). By the distribution of the works of such persons, along with the

openness to look at what everyone is writing, there is real promise that the sleeping haiku spirit in Germany will awaken to fulfil all the hints and promises it has made.

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NOTES

Imma von Bodmershof quote from a private letter to Dr. Sabine Sommerkamp, March, 25, 1980.

Anna von Rottauscher. *Ihr gelben Chrysanthemen*. Vienna:Walter Scheuermann Verlag, 1939 and later editions.

Carl Heinz Kurz, "Mohnblüten und Wahrnehmungen" in the German Haiku Society's quarterly Vierteljahresschrift der Deutschen Haiku-Gesellschaft, IV:1, February 1991.

Manfred Hausmann. *Liebe, Tod und Vollmondnächte*. Frankfurt am Main: Fischer Verlag, 1951.

Erwin Jahn. *Fallende Blüten. Japanische Haiku-Gedichte* Zurich: Die Arche, 1968.

Jan Ulenbrook. *Haiku. Japanische Dreizeiler*. Translated from the Ancient Texts by Jan Ulenbrook. Wiesbaden: Inselverlag, 1960

Imma von Bodmershof. *Sonnenuhr*. Salzburg: Stifterbibliothek Salzburg; Neugebauer Press Bad Goisem, Austria, 1970. Translation: Jane Reichhold.

This resulted in the book, *Löwenzahn*. Die auf 17 Silben verkürzten Haiku. Imma von Bodmershof. Matsuyama, Japan:Verlag Itadori-Hakkosho, September 20, 1979. The remarkable on this edition are the appendix. One is by Hans Kasdorff, who writes explanations for 40 of the haiku. Then is an essay concerning a meeting with Imma von Bodmershof written by Gertrud von Heiseler, followed by tables compiled by Hajo Jappe showing and explaining the revisions Frau von Bodmershof made in these haiku (which were the same 99 published in 1962). Then Dr. Sabine Sommerkamp explains the season words used in ten of Imma von Bodmershof's haiku, which is followed by Akada Toyoji writing of a haiku journey made from Japan through Europe. At the end are biographies of each writer.

Imma von Bodmershof. *Im Fremden Garten : 99 Haiku*. Zürich: Im Verlag der Arche, 1980. This book contains, in addition, an essay by her husband, Wilhem von Bodmershof explaining the Japanese meanings of various subjects plus instructions on how to write haiku.

Milkweed. Edited by Marshall Hyrciuk,1988.

Hans und Hilda Kasdorff. *Augenblick und Ewigkeit*. Bonn: Bouvier, 1986.

apropos -Zeitschrift für Kunst, Literatur, Kritik,was edited and published from 1980-85 by Karl Heinz Backer in Lauingen/Donau.

Frau Hensel has a haiku in The Haiku Handbook by William Higginson and a renga done with Jane Reichhold in German and translated into English printed in *Tigers in a Tea Cup*, (1988) and reprinted in *Narrow Road to Renga* (1989).

Under Frau Buerschaper's leadership, there is shown a concern for deciding what shall be called haiku and which work is senryu. Having discovered that not only is the difference between the two often very slim, they are promoting a new designation, senku, or hai-sen.

Bio-Bibliographie Der Mitglieder Der Deutschen Haiku-Gesellschaft by Margaret Buerschaper and Dr. Tadao Araki, editors and publishers. Frankfurt am Main: 1990.

Gemeinsames Dichten Eine Deutsche Renku-Anthology, Sonderausgabe der "Deutsch-Japanischen

Begegnungen im Lande Hessen". Dr. Tadao Araki, editor and publisher. Frankfurt am Main: 1990.

This essay is an excerpt from Those Women Writing Haiku; Chapter Five: In Europe

(the version published here has been revised and updated by the author)

Jane Reichhold's mini-anthology of German and Dutch haiku here:
<http://www.ahapoetry.com/tsgerant.htm>



Signifika(n)t by Irina Valkova (Berlin, Germany)

Haiku and Senryu

autumn rain
i'm cleaning the backside
of the mirror

train flirt a stranger runs through my smile

promises...
all the snowflakes
dropped off the sky

-- *Dietmar Tauchner (Austria)*

autumn rain –
the desiccated sapling
puts out fresh green

the little larch
still bearing its name-tag
it too turns brown

a huddle of snails
after the ivy's been stripped
the scouring wind

-- *Jim Norton (Ireland)*

humid at dawn –
leopard slugs linger
in the cat dish

evening lull
mud crabs clicking
in the mangroves

fish n' chips r' up!
the stately arrival
of sacred ibis

-- Lorin Ford (Australia)

Sunday lunchtime
the smell of mashed parsnips
rising up through the stairwell

gallery gift shop
the essence of soap lures me in
ushers me out

rain barrel
crooked shadows
bob for the moon

-- Helen Buckingham (England)

one year later
along the cemetery creek
greening willows

at the mailbox
waiting for the cricket
to leave

solid grey sky –
forsythia buds
for a blue vase

-- *Adelaide B. Shaw (USA)*

mist of the river
beyond orange groves
solitary minarets

arctic ice melts
dark waters
of the inland lakes

-- *Raffael de Gruttola (USA)*

at the window
watching
leaves rustle

hurricane's end...
magnolia tree
blossoms

-- *Charlotte Digregorio (USA)*

one minute's silence:
an old man taps
his fingers

walking alone
a leaf blown into
my hand

-- *Quendryth Young (Australia)*

drops of sunlight
on the cheese plant leaf -
some slip through

bleak morning -
across last year's dropped leaf
a snail glints of spring

-- *Diana Webb (England)*

the clatter
of a forgotten wind-chime
icy rain

dissolving fog
silhouettes of sunlit geese
graze the meadow

-- *Catherine J.S. Lee (USA)*

spring lambs yarded up...
alongside the abattoir
hound-dogs howl

inlet or ocean -
weighing up its options
the sea eagle wheels

-- *Rodney Williams (Australia)*

March snow
a magpie hops into
an old nest

between mist and rain
a language I can't read
on a red banner

-- *Robert Lucky (USA)*

on the laptop
the ladybug
too light for words

summer breeze
nothing but this hammock
to catch it in

-- *Peter Newton (USA)*

violets
under snow
her funeral

steady rain...
the slow growth
of a poem

-- Joanna M. Weston (Canada)

wolf moon...
shadowy figures
under the eaves

these piles
of falling plum petals
no new messages

-- Chen-ou Liu (Canada)

warming Sun
snow glitters
then vanishes

nightclub -
removing
his wedding ring

-- Mark Lonergan (Ireland)

coffee with chicory
two daughters
blend laughter

-- *Bill Cooper (USA)*

end of the pier
last pelican
in the setting sun

-- *Bernard Gieske (USA)*

turning
the sunshine
a bird's wing

-- *Donna K. Everhart (USA)*

the old dog licks
the frozen pond -
a white sun

-- *Philip Miller (USA)*

from a flowery meadow,
the echo of
bluebells

-- *Vera Primorac (Croatia, translated by Djurdja Vukelic-Rozic)*

golden afternoon
awaiting
blackthorns' adornment

-- *Natalie Arkins (Ireland)*



Haibun

Yeh go I

by Jim Norton (Ireland)

The slow boy
gazing skyward
hears it first

I put down the map and listen with him, hear nothing but trucks and cars roaring past. He stands quite still, looking at me with that distant smile. "You're sure, I ask." "Yeh go I". Ok. A mile or so off the motorway, sure enough we find it, the go-kart track hidden in the hills.

Now the noise is deafening, boy racers screeching around the big circuit in souped-up roadsters. We watch for a while.

Cows graze the hillsides undisturbed. Clouds in a blue sky sail out to sea. Then to the figure-8 kart track. Around and around he goes at a steady and sedate pace while I watch. Tiring of it, I go back to the van for a snooze, leaving the attendant to keep watch.

"Good?" He nods, and we're several miles away when I notice he's holding his hand awkwardly. A nasty burn, blistering. He gazes stoically out the window. I can get no explanation out of him. Afraid I won't take him again.

The village pharmacist. Cool-gel and a dressing, painkillers. No, he won't take any payment.

Healing hands
where the name itself is balm
Watergrasshill

Drive on to the seaside. He loves the merries. Yeh go we.

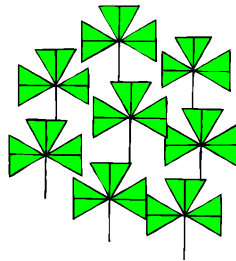
A Dry Music

by Jeffrey Woodward (USA)

The rattles have quieted now. I crouch some dozen feet up the sandy path, at a safe retreat, where I may yet watch closely as the great length of that venom uncoils.

It slowly renews a task, rubbing head and neck against a nearby crag. The papery skin lisps while it peels away from the serpent's back, a row of diamonds there exposed and new, scale after scale aglitter in the late afternoon light.

listen to a scythe
sing to a whetstone—a dry
song of midsummer



Shamrock Haiku Journal

Haiku from Ireland and the rest of the world

Shamrock No 15, 2010

Shamrock



Haiku Journal
of the Irish Haiku Society

Information

IHS International Haiku Competition 2010 announced!

Category A (Irish and International)

The Irish Haiku Society International Haiku Competition 2010 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 2010 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 Ireland in the changing world**. Besides being perfect haiku/senryu, the winning poems in this

category may include reflections upon or references to "what it means to live in Ireland at the beginning of the 21st century". 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 31th October 2010. No e-mail submissions, please!

Good luck to all!

Focus on

Sweden

railway
crickets
jumping across

-- *Linnea Axelsson (transl. by Anatoly Kudryavitsky)*

not a sound –
a fresh-tarred rowboat
devoured by night

-- *Johan Bergstad (transl. by Anatoly Kudryavitsky)*

deep in the woods
an ice-cream van jingle
still audible

fly's buzz
drowning
in Vivaldi's *Autumn*

-- *Iréne Carlsson (transl. by Anatoly Kudryavitsky)*

night hasn't arrived
a song thrush starts afresh
at dawn

-- *Sixten Eriksson (transl. by Anatoly Kudryavitsky)*

skier
stopping to listen
to the silence of snow

the moment
the sun goes down
a sail turns red

rusty padlock
hanging on the unlocked
crypt's door

flag raised
spider on the cord lifted
to the top of the pole

-- *Kai Falkman (transl. by Anatoly Kudryavitsky)*

strong wind
storks in the nest
standing on both legs

-- *Michael Fenlin (transl. by Anatoly Kudryavitsky)*

in the fog
where the circus was,
only smell left

-- *Daniel Gahnertz (transl. by Anatoly Kudryavitsky)*

evening rain
I shut one eye
to see the moon

downpour
even the moon has fallen
into a puddle

-- *Lars Granström*

a ramshackle house
rain fills the drainpipe
again

falling in love,
astronomer starts looking
for Jupiter's moons

still growing
among the ruins
a healing herb

-- Lars Granström (transl. by Anatoly Kudryavitsky)

this year's first cuckoo
not a single word
in the news

-- Karin Gustafsson (transl. by Anatoly Kudryavitsky)

snowfall in April –
a cardinal takes shelter
in the white forsythia

cicadas shrieking –
burning their last evening,
the fervent air

-- Dag Hammarskjöld (transl. by Anatoly Kudryavitsky)

two women
wolf-whistling
at the construction workers

dusk
soccer field
to himself

in the fog
a cacophony of
bicycle bells

-- Jörgen Johansson

the prodigal son
calling on his father
with his son

lumbago...
counting clouds
in pond water

house for sale
a forgotten rake
among brown leaves

-- Jörgen Johansson (transl. by Anatoly Kudryavitsky)

old well
at least one frog
among coins

ruined house
with a dark past
traces of stone statues

bird's nest
the tree has got
an eye!

-- Christer Nilsson (transl. by Anatoly Kudryavitsky)

snow –
choosing a new path
to my workplace

snow –
thirty-nine steps
to my letterbox

-- Magnus Oberg (transl. by Anatoly Kudryavitsky)

sky-blue, almost unreal –
first anemone
in the winter-worn grass

-- Margareta Palmquist (transl. by Anatoly Kudryavitsky)

at our summer house,
a horned owl's shadow
on the blue patch of snow

-- Ola Sigvardsson (transl. by Anatoly Kudryavitsky)

spring rain washing clean
the soft graves of snow –
a chaffinch whirrs

-- Solveig Ström (transl. by Anatoly Kudryavitsky)

icicle hanging
from the street lamp –
a ray of light

-- Julia Sundblom (transl. by Anatoly Kudryavitsky)

darkness and snow –
only the embossed froth
makes the sea visible

-- *Tore Sverredal (transl. by Anatoly Kudryavitsky)*

up one street
and down another
a horseman

hoofs
uprooted plants
a little coffin

-- *Joar Tiberger (transl. by Anatoly Kudryavitsky)*

flying fish
too much salt
on the cabin window

-- *Lars Vargö (transl. by Anatoly Kudryavitsky)*

as soon as we realised
we lost our way –
a deer in the rain

-- *Paul Wigelius (transl. by Anatoly Kudryavitsky)*



The Sea That I See by Benny Ekman (Sweden)

Essays

A Swedish View On Haiku

by Kai Falkman

Swedish readers were first introduced to haiku in a book review published in the daily Svenska Dagbladet in 1933. It was a review of the book by Professor Asataro Miyamori titled "An Anthology of Haiku, Ancient and Modern". The reviewer described haiku as "the world's shortest poem" and expressed doubt about the success of this metrical form among Swedish readers.

He was right. The first ever haiku in the Swedish language was written more than 25 years later by Dag Hammarskjöld, then Secretary-General of the United Nations. During the autumn of 1959 he wrote 110 haiku poems, all of which contained 17 syllables but didn't have any season words. Furthermore, while many of Dag Hammarskjöld's haiku poems were rather abstract and

philosophical, most of them followed the Japanese tradition of being concrete and visual. Just one example:

in the castle ´s shadow
the flowers closed
long before evening

Referring to his poems, Dag Hammarskjöld wrote the following words that reflect the spirit of haiku:

“Simplicity is to experience reality, not in relation to ourselves, but in its sacred independence. /.../ Resting in the centre of our being, we encounter a world where all things are at rest in the same way. Then a tree becomes a mystery, a cloud a revelation, each man a cosmos of whose riches we can catch only glimpses.”

This statement accords with the haiku tradition of presenting a thing or an event just as it is, without connecting it to ourselves. Needless to say that a haiku written by a poet is connected to him anyway. Any special effort to emphasise this connection is, in a sense, redundant.

Swedish haiku usually describe the author's experience not only with nature but also with human relations. We do not differentiate between haiku and senryu. Sometimes a poem has several layers of meaning. Thus a concrete image may bring to the reader's mind some abstract thoughts, depending on his imagination. However, abstract ideas directly expressed in haiku are more like intellectual constructions rather than sensory experiences related to the author's vision, hearing and the sense of smell, and therefore alien to pure haiku. As a rule, haiku strive to depict a real-life scene, sometimes demonstrate a certain occurrence in nature, and occasionally have an unexpected ending or a lingering poetic atmosphere.

The Swedish haiku movement is gradually developing. In 1999, the Swedish Haiku Society was formed in order to bring together all haiku poets in Sweden, spread knowledge of haiku in our country and encourage Swedish poets to write in this particular genre. The Society now has about 150 members. Haiku are being written by many more Swedish people, including even schoolchildren. The best Swedish haiku poems appear in the Society ´s quarterly, *Haiku*.

Kai Falkman is the current President of the Swedish Haiku Society





Sydney Harbour After Rain by Lars Vargö (Sweden)



Inchicore Haiku - 25 Years After

by Mark Lonergan

Born in West Limerick, Michael Hartnett (1941-1999) was one of the most important Irish poets of the last half-century. He published dozens of volumes of poetry in both Irish and English. In 1975 he announced that he was writing only in Irish and that English was “the perfect language to sell pigs in”.

In 1985, however, Hartnett returned to the vernacular with a sustained sequence of 87 poems entitled *Inchicore Haiku*. Although the poems are labelled haiku, it is more correct to call them senryu. They are deeply personal, and encompass a broad range of themes. Hartnett had been in a state of personal turmoil, his marriage had broken down, his father had just passed away, and he had returned to Dublin after attempting to live in rural Templeglantine in his native west Limerick. He was also drinking very heavily. Added to these physical effects, he was in artistic turmoil in that he was contemplating a linguistic U-turn from his previous intention to write only in Irish.

Hartnett was always something of an enthusiast and was always open to the exotic. At 21 years of age, while working as curator of the Joyce museum in Sandycove, he had attempted a translation of the fifth century Chinese poet Tao Yuan-ming. Through his life he translated Catullus, Heinrich Heine, Haicead, O' Raithaille, etc. The tight structure of haiku/senryu allowed him to juxtapose his own life and feeling with the urban landscape

of Inchicore this gave him a route back to English. He chose to adhere to the 5-7-5 structure, which had been abandoned by most English-language haiku poets. The scene is well set in the title page.

My English dam bursts
and out stroll all my bastards
Irish shakes its head

This piece encapsulates the poet's return to English. His present life in Inchicore is alluded to in the first page.

Now in Inchicore
my cigarette smoke rises
like lonesome pub talk

This paints the image of a lonesome man smoking in a pub while thinking after his wife and dead father.

His isolation and inability to engage in social intercourse is touché on in the following piece:

In the empty house
the doorbell calls "Company"
I hide on the stairs

Hartnett is particularly sardonic when address the question of the local clergy in Inchicore, Hartnett, while being deeply spiritual, was no fan of organized religion. There is a strong touch of William Blake in Hartnett's commentary on the religious.

In Saint Michael's church
a plush Bishop in his frock
confirms poverty

What do bishops take
when the price of bread goes up?
A vow of silence

Unemployment and politicians are also commented on throughout his poems. This is still relevant 25 years after, as Ireland finds herself in the throes of another recession.

All the flats cry out
Is there life before Dole day?
The pawnshops snigger

Along Emmet Road
politician's promises
blow like plastic bags

Even though most of the poems can be classed as senryu, there is a strong imagist strain in *Inchicore Haiku*. Hartnett was much influenced by Ezra Pound and the imagist movement. As Seamus Heaney points out, "It is also correct to say that there is a certain resemblance between vernacular Irish and the traditional way of looking at things. The poet's duty is to be truthful and not be bounded in by abstractions of form. Japanese poetry, with its chastity and reticence, grows more attractive. It has closeness to common experience and sensitivity to the grieving nature of human experience." Of course, Michael Hartnett's *Inchicore Haiku* can't serve as a model for a modern-day haiku writer. Only one of these poems passes the time's test and stands up as a perfect haiku, if a 5-7-5 English-language haiku can be perfect.

In a green spring field
a brown pony stands asleep
shod with daffodils

One could, in the words of Oscar Wilde, succumb to temptation and comment on all 87 Hartnett's poems; however it is more apposite to touch more generally on the wider significance of his work. *Inchicore Haiku* was the first ever collection of haiku and senryu by an Irish poet, so Hartnett can be regarded as a trailblazer. In the following 25 years there has been significant interest in haiku in this country. The haiku form has since been embraced by quite a number of outstanding poets, and it is only right that we now celebrate Michael Hartnett's legacy.



Haiku and Senryu

the field hares gilded
by evening sun...
quiet noises of the lane

the sun
just above the bluff
a scurry of lizards

exploring every nook along the way the first bee of spring

a last streak of light in the western clouds all of the mountains

-- *John Barlow (England)*

half moon
the whole clearing filled
with midnight mist

on the dirt
becoming dirt
a rotten log

wild geese
even walking in the field
they follow each other

-- *Dave Moore (USA)*

Hermes hotel -
petals blow into the bus
from wayside trees

cash point -
a dragonfly hovers
above my finger

daisies
half revealed
the morning moon

-- Diana Webb (England)

checking the puddle
for confirmation
summer rain

bathtime reading
ink spilt years ago
diffuses

a week spent
surrounded by vineyards
at last – wine

-- Richard Turner (England)

empty bottles...
another drunkard
full of himself

sunlit slush
I take to church
an unforgiving hangover

at the end of vacation mouldy bread

-- Collin Barber (USA)

distant lamp-post
a star descends onto
the tallest tree

falling chestnuts
the thrush opens a shell on
her sandstone anvil

autumn dew
a flock of cobwebs lands
upon the furze-bush

-- Mary O'Keeffe (Ireland)

clearing sky
each lightning flicker
dims the moon

sudden gust
the driveway puddle
puckers

-- Natalie Buckland (Australia)

rain soaked stadium
after the pigeons fly off
seagulls move in

outhouse cleaning
the spider
re-spins her web

-- *Cynthia Rowe (Australia)*

bulging seedpod
an insect trail
around its skin

rapeseed
a harvester changes
the colour

-- *Quendryth Young (Australia)*

mandarin ducks
feather to feather...
autumn dusk

mid-autumn moon
lingering in my dream
the scent of mooncakes

-- *Chen-ou Liu (Canada)*

standing in darkness
at 3 am
wind chimes

beneath the ice
mountain brooks
urge forward

-- *Scott Owens (USA)*

lit up
on the blue beach
a deserted Ferris wheel

one bloom
climbing
the rotted walking cane

-- *Gene Myers (USA)*

surf sunset
sandpipers chase their shadows
from wave to wave

waiting for her
in the front yard
a maple's long shadow

-- *Jay Friedenber*

rising moon
a thrush's sudden silence
plunges dusk

communal bath
in the blocked guttering
a row of sparrows

-- Thomas Powell (Northern Ireland)

insects circle over
toffee popcorn –
a female singer

blackbird singing
in the chimney –
breakfast delayed

-- Breid Sibley (Ireland)

edge of dawn
a snow-plough takes away
my dream

-- Susan Constable (Canada)

hands and knees -
drunk, grovelling in gravel
for her contact lens

-- *Richard Stevenson (Canada)*

sand ridges...
dark shadows ripple
along the creek

-- *Dawn Bruce (Australia)*

harmattan*
cracking green buds
from the tree

-- *Emmanuel Jakpa (Nigeria/Ireland)*

Harmattan: a dry and dusty West-African wind

frozen puddle
boot print
on glazed autumn leaves

-- *Lerys Byrnes (Australia)*

cloudy night
frog croaks
the rain song

-- *Priyanka Bhowmick (India)*

the ceiling fan
stirs our silence
summer heat

-- *Glenn G. Coats (USA)*

heat lightning
the timpanist
skips a beat

-- *Bouwe Brouwer (the Netherlands)*

embracing
peat carpeted footsteps,
forest bluebells

-- *Paul Dalton (Ireland)*

a diving thrush
lost
in freefall

-- *Kate Richards (Ireland)*

moon glow covering
the musty blanket
her pale shoulders

-- *Lucas Stensland (USA)*

at night
I open the door
darkness enters

-- *Mel Goldberg (Mexico)*



Translated Haiku

shorter days –
at home, freshly baked bread
on the hearth

by supper time
shadows get weaker –
Indian summer

Commemoration Day –
in a park, fog thickens
by the old reed pond

-- Horst Ludwig (Germany; translated by Anatoly Kudryavitsky)

enraged by heat,
midges perform
a dance macabre

light shower
barely cools the heat...
bleating sheep

-- Jan Bontje (the Netherlands; transl. by Anatoly Kudryavitsky)

thin ice
on the garden pond –
a cat watching fish

children making
a sandcastle on the beach...
nearing rain

-- Arne Jerx (Denmark; transl. by Anatoly Kudryavitsky)

“Don't leave home without it,”
the advertising screams –
moon above platform

Receding into distance
jumpsuits of track workers –
bullfinches on the branch

-- Ilya Krieger (Russia; translated by Alex Cigale)

Versions of the same poems by another translator:

“Take it with you,”
a poster bawls –
moon over the platform

in the distance,
railway workers' overalls –
bullfinches on the bough

-- Ilya Krieger (Russia; translated by Anatoly Kudryavitsky)



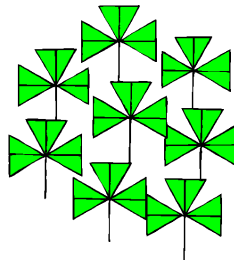
Haibun

Nocturne

by Jane Williams (Australia)

3am, contemplative, I sit on the back step, close enough to see into the neighbour's one lit room. The parted curtains reveal a vase of fake gerberas, the handle bars of a wheelchair and a familiar print of two ducks in flight. When I begin to feel like a peeping tom I look away toward the more public spaces of road and street light. Now and then a taxi or semi trailer passes. A cat pads along the curb. I think about who else might be awake: nursing mothers, shift workers, new lovers. Between these public and private scenes my head is turned again and again until I am half dizzy with the wonder of all lives - the seemingly fixed and inanimate, the ones in full bloom.

moonlit door
my own shadow
coming home



Shamrock



Haiku Journal of the Irish Haiku Society

Haiku from Ireland and the rest of the world

16, 2010

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 2010, i.e. in the issues THIRTEEN to SIXTEEN (you cannot vote for your own poem, though). To vote, send an e-mail to [irishhaikusociety\[at\]hotmail.com](mailto:irishhaikusociety[at]hotmail.com) with "Best haiku of 2010" or "Best senryu of 2010" 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, 2011. The best poems will be named in the next issue of Shamrock Haiku Journal.

Focus on

Hungary

twilight shadows –
frozen, motionless...
broken trees on their knees

rime covering
the deer-dream dawn –
silence dripping from trees

-- *Szilvia Auth*

snail in the sun
crawling up and down
the tinder fungus

-- *Károlyiné Baka Gyöngyi*

sailboat
tied by a glittering
spider's thread

chestnut petals
on the windshield...
a stowaway ladybird

-- *Ferenc Bakos*

black bough
embraced by a white slumber –
cherry blossoms
-- *József Balogh*

rusty chestnut –
the summer swinging
on the last leaf

-- *Zoltán Csíkzsögödi Szabó*

twilight stars
on a garden path, silvery
snail trails

-- *János Csokits*

sunny morning
bonsai tree on my desk
has tiny green leaves

-- *Marcell Domonkos*

empty eye socket –
the birdless autumn sky
staring at me

-- *Csaba Fecske*

dew
washing leaf ribs and
butterfly wings

-- *Miklós Fucskó*

blue tits nesting
in this pillar-box -
don't drop a letter!

dewdrops rolling
on a young leaf -
morning toilet

-- *Katalin Harcos*

New Year day's dawn -
among rimy branches,
the rising Sun

-- *Ödön Horváth*

summer evening
weaving a moonbeam blanket
for this garden

-- *Béla Jánky*

an arrow in the grove
showing the direction
to butterflies

-- *János Kurszán Kántor*

(first published in Shamrock No 3)

young tree
in a small pot
reaching out to the stars

-- *János Karsai*

yellow chrysanthemum
watching the full moon –
a pumpkin lamp laughing

-- *András Ferenc Kovács*

lonely night –
the last firefly
brightens its light

-- *Vincze Lucskai*

lemon moon
my teacup imbibes
the dark

-- *Hajnalka Sánta*

elegant sparrow
cleaning his attire
with the road dust

-- *László Sárközi*

empty promise –
summer rain tears hanging
on the rainbow arch

-- *Klára Siklósi Horváth*

uninhabited island
besieged by waves –
the music of mollusks

-- *Sándor Szúnyogh*

in the wood,
red leaves depicted
against the leaden sky

-- *Attila Török*

in the dusk,
an icy outgrowth on the eaves –
a ringing night ahead

-- *József Utassy*

the sun's wine –
drunken reddish leaves lurch
towards the ground

-- *László Valyon*

tiny icy lace
hanging from the green leaves –
Christmas is here

outstretched fingers
stroke my face –
sycamore leaf

late autumn night
a wild dance of leaves
above the abyss

this heart-shaped island
already in bloom...
young love

birds singing,
the pear-tree flowering:
goulash soup on the simmer

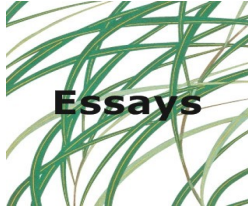
-- *Judith Vihar*

(the last piece first published in Shamrock No 3)

two birds have flown away...
the rustling branch
straightens itself up

-- *Sándor Weöres*

(all haiku in the selection translated by Anatoly Kudryavitsky)



Haiku Poetry in Hungary

by Prof. Judit Vihar

The influence of Japanese poetry, especially haiku, on Hungarian literature can be traced as far back as the end of the 19th century. Hungarian impressionist writers, who at that stage got acquainted with translations of haiku into English and French, were influenced by the economy and the exoticism of these poems, not to mention their rhythmical structure and melodiousness. As we can see, haiku, a genre of poetry that originated in the Far East, came to Hungary from the West. Hungarian poets who were fond of the works of Baudelaire, Verlaine and Rimbaud, started trying to adopt haiku, make them customary for Hungarian literature. As it happened, Hungarian haiku have gone through various stages of development and now we can speak of a specifically Hungarian way of writing these poems, which can account for both their form and content.

Among the Hungarian poets who tried to develop this form we have to mention Dezső Kosztolányi (1885-1936) who published a volume of Chinese and Japanese poetry in his translation. Later, he intrigued his readers with a sequence of tanka and haiku written under a somewhat Japanese-sounding pen-name, Horiguchi Niko. Unlike Japanese haiku, which are mora-based, the Hungarian model of haiku is based upon the alternation of short and long syllables. In Kosztolányi's translations, as well as in his original poetry, he disregarded the 5-7-5 structure; however he arranged his poems into four lines, instead of three. He even used end rhyme and gave a title to each piece. Despite all that, his poems sounded very

much like genuine Japanese haiku. Kosztolányi was so popular in his times that his efforts made haiku widely known to our readers.

Another outstanding poet of the period between the world wars was Miklós Radnóti (1909-1944). A tragic figure in Hungarian poetry, he was sent by the Nazis to a concentration camp and died there. Radnóti was a real virtuoso of verse. He also wrote very short haiku-like poem, which he, by the way, never called haiku.

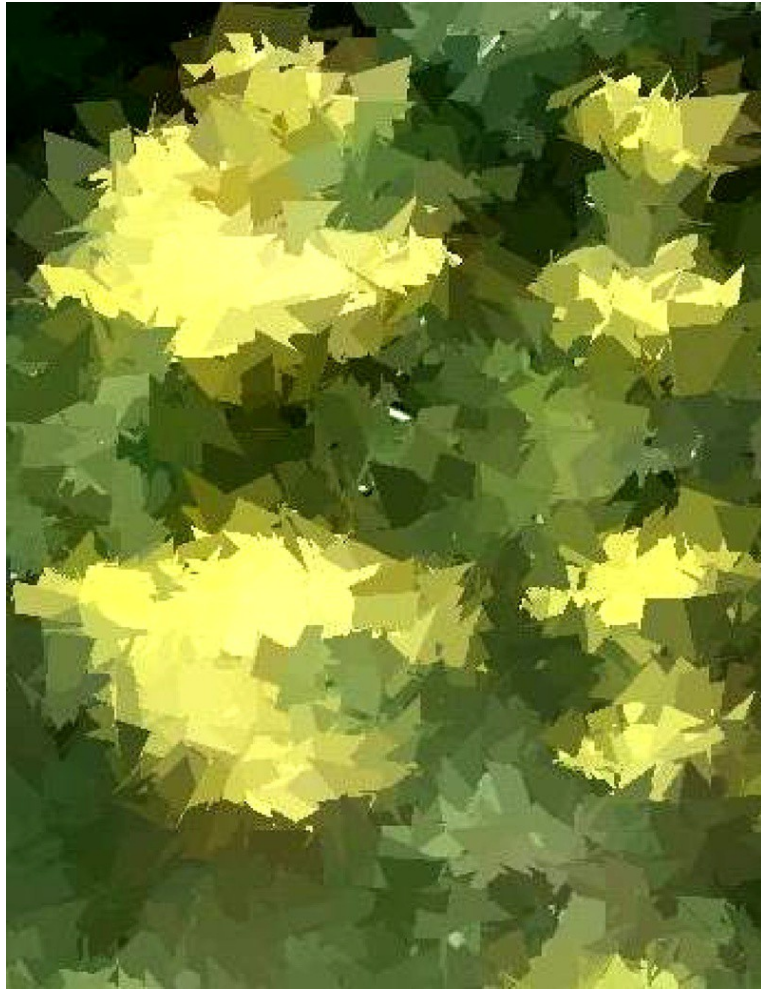
Yet another prominent Hungarian poet, Béla Vihar (1908-1978), created not only the philosophical poetry he is better known for but also short haiku-like pieces. We should also mention Sándor Kányádi (b. 1929), not only an innovative haiku poet but also a notable literary translator.

The popularity of haiku in Hungary was on the increase ever since the beginning of the 1980s. In the 1990's, the sudden, though long-awaited, introduction of freedom of speech in our society had a positive effect on our artists and literati, and encouraged them to try new things. Of course, many of our haiku writers are still influenced by classical Japanese haiku and mostly write according to the traditional *saijiki*, but there are some other poets, at least fifty of them, who are not afraid of experimenting in this genre. An anthology of 1,000 haiku by 282 Hungarian authors has been published in 2010.

In 2000, the Hungarian Haiku Club was founded using the framework of the Hungary-Japan Friendship Society. Many of its members are university students of Japanese, who try their luck at writing haiku, mostly in Hungarian, but occasionally in Japanese. Today, the Hungarian Haiku Club organizes periodical meetings in some picturesque locations, sometimes related to Japanese culture (e.g. in a Japanese garden or in a statue park). In 2010, the Hungary-Japan Friendship Society and the Hungarian Haiku Club co-organized a World Haiku Festival in Pécs, the cultural capital of European Union, which proved to be a great success.

Translated by the author and Anatoly Kudryavitsky

Judith Vihar is a haiku poet and the President of the Hungary-Japan Friendship Society



"Yellow Flowers" by Anonymous (Hungary)



Haiku Poets' Last Line of Defence

by Anatoly Kudryavitsky

Copyright

You may have never thought of it but if you write a haiku you create a copyright to your poem. Here in Europe your right to be identified as the author of your text is protected by Directive 2004/48/EC of the European Parliament and of the Council of 29 April 2004 on the enforcement of intellectual property rights (also known as "(IPR) Enforcement Directive" or "IPRED"). How does it apply to haiku poets?

Copyright Infringements

There were a few notorious breaches of copyright over the last few years. A certain UK resident copied haiku from a few Irish haiku sites and re-published them under his own name naively believing that they were not protected by the copyright legislation as they had initially been published outside his country. A certain Russian haiku site copied the contents of a few issues of *Shamrock* onto their pages; without permission, of course. In both cases it took some efforts to stop the copyright infringers.

Performing in public

The owner of a copyright work has the exclusive right to adapt or perform that work, which includes reading it in public. Reciting somebody else's work in public will therefore require permission. Actually, some authors are very cautious about allowing others to perform their works, and rightly so. So if anybody attempts to

recite your poems at a public reading without your prior permission, as it recently happened in Belgium at the Ghent International Haiku Festival 2010, you should know that it is illegal. If somebody approaches you for permission, you may give your consent or not. Your no is a final no.

Translating Haiku

A translation is an adaptation, too, and will also require permission. However, despite some writers' belief that they hold the copyright to translations of their work into other languages no matter who made them, this isn't true. It is the translator who enjoys the copyright in his original expression embodied in the translation. Let us repeat it: the creator of a text owns the copyright to that text but the translator holds the copyright to his translation. The translation in itself attracts copyright in so far as the translator's skill and effort have gone into it.

Acknowledging Translators' Work

According to the European copyright law, the translator's name must always be stated in literary publications. In fact, even this basic rule is not always observed. The organisers of the aforementioned Ghent Haiku Festival 2010 approached some of the future participants requesting that they translate a classical Flemish haiku by August Vermeulen into their languages. Our translations were later displayed on huge posters hanging around the city, as well as on the commemorative plaque displayed on one of the bridges. Translators' names... you guessed right: they were omitted.

Dealing with Publishers

This can be tricky. Of course, a professional translator won't put a pen to paper without signing a binding agreement with the publisher. This is the only safe way of doing it. You can trust a certain publisher who you think trustworthy but if you haven't signed an agreement be prepared for an unpleasant surprise, like seeing

your name removed from under your translations.

How They do it in Slovenia

The Slovenian haiku poet Alenka Zorman e-mailed me a file that contained twenty-one poems by another Slovenian poet, Marko Hudnik, and also his attempts at translating his poems into English. Ms Zorman's request was to 'proof-read' these 21 self-translations, as they were about to be published in book-form. Having explained that neither proof-reader nor editor could save the poet's self-translations into English, as they were not up to a publishable standard, I offered to make my own translations, on condition that I would be credited as a co-translator. I mentioned that I only wanted to help and therefore won't be seeking any royalties. Ms. Zorman, the editor of the book, wrote to me accepting these terms, and so I made my own versions of Mr Hudnik's poems.

In a few months' time I received a copy of the book. Surprise, surprise: Marko Hudnik was mentioned as the sole translator of his poems despite the fact that most of my translations were published as they were. Just a few examples:

| Marko Hudnik's self translations | My versions | Published versions marked 'translated by Marko Hudnik' |
|---|--|---|
| falling to the old West the sun, on the east side 'nicht neues' | in the west, the drooping sun in the east, 'nothing new' | in the west, the setting sun in the east, 'nothing new' |
| howling no more up to the moon that village bitch | howling at the moon no more a village dog | howling at the moon no more a village dog |

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| | | |
| listening to my steps, the forest's steps through me | listening to my steps... the forest passes through me | listening to my steps... the forest passes through me |
| end of a chapter mid the human tales Silence of the Sea | end of a chapter – between people's stories, the silence of the sea | end of a chapter – between people's stories, the silence of the sea |
| close by the Hell the first circle of Heavens | so close to the last circle of Hell the first celestial sphere | so close to the last circle of Hell the first celestial sphere |
| | | |

I was mentioned in the book as a ‘haiku translation consultant’ (did I consult anybody?), which can’t mask the obvious: I was shamelessly robbed of my right to be acknowledged as at least a co-translator of these poems.

To be sure, I wrote to the editor, Ms. Zorman; to the publisher, Primoz Repar of Apokalipsa Publishing, and to the poet Marko Hudnik demanding explanation. The publisher, Mr. Repar, didn’t deign to answer. Ms Zorman, who gave me her word that I would be credited as a co-translator, replied by saying that “it was difficult to list the names of all the people (??) who co-translated the book”. Apparently, stripping one of the translators of his copyright wasn't too difficult for her. Mr Hudnik’s response was, “I can’t say a single word on our subject.” In relation to Mr. Hudnik, I must confess that I can’t find a single word to describe such a loss of integrity in a poet. I have always been sure that any honest littérateur, if such a mistake had been made, would be the first to admit it... Am I too optimistic? I almost forgot to mention that I had translated both Ms. Zorman’s and Mr. Hudnik’s poems before, and my translations have been published in

Shamrock No 12. Isn't it amazing how some people take you for granted?

How to Deal with Copyright Infringers?

Lawyers recommend that in cases like this a copyright claim should be brought in by the party deprived of their copyright. I hereby lay a copyright claim to the twenty of my translations published in the Marko Hudnik's book as the author's self-translations (the number of poems in the final version of the book has been reduced). I am prepared to prove in any court of law that the copyright belongs to me as my skill and effort have gone into the translated texts. In relation to some of the poems, e.g. the five poems quoted above, I could even have claimed the copyright as the sole translator, and it would have only been fair.

Advice for Translators of Haiku

You surely don't demand a publishing agreement every time somebody asks you to translate a number of haiku. But if you don't you take chances. We have already warned our readers about the perils of self-translation (see the editorial here: <http://shamrockhaiku.webs.com/shamrockno5.htm>). Now, a new danger. Everybody can do a *hudnik*: the method is now known. First Google-translate your poems, then get a native English speaker to actually translate the literals into a good English and finally remove his name and publish his versions under yours. It is easy; as easy as robbing a passerby.

Of course, the readers can draw their own conclusions and give their own answer to the following questions: should we trust all of our haiku correspondents? Is Apokalipsa a rogue publisher? Can Google translations be regarded as your own translations? Can the author of literal translations completely rewritten by another translator claim the copyright to the resulting texts?

The Last Line of Defence

We sadly note that publishers and event organisers of all kinds less and less respect poets and often attempt to use them. Of all poets, haiku writers suffer most. It isn't easy to imagine a poetry festival that lasts the whole week, in the course of which period the invited poets are not allowed to read from their works even once, nor can they say anything during the so-called workshops where the participants can only listen. However this is what actually happened in September 2010 at the Ghent International Haiku Festival where 32 widely recognised haiku poets from all over the world were well fed and well looked after but their voices were smothered by the squall of more or less melodious sounds produced by the local amateur musicians paraded in front of the poets for seven long days.

The fact of the matter is, if you turn your back on poetry it will turn your back on you. This is what arts administrators of all kinds have to bear in mind. Poets' dignity and their moral right to be recognised as the authors of their works are their last line of defence. This is what we have to fight for – simply because we just can't give it up. Unfortunately, these situations are not uncommon. "Pitfalls for poets are many and various," the author Victoria Strauss once said. Let's make sure we know how to avoid them.



migrating birds
a street kid counts his many
train fares home

wind in the eaves...
a distant violin
fills the gaps

through a whale's jawbone
to bargain souvenirs...
autumn wind

windy creek –
each blade of spike rush
in its own circle

-- Lorin Ford (Australia)

winding its way
across the meadow
the horse's muzzle

a gartersnake
in the waterwheel's shade
the dust-lined creek

fallow deer fade into dusk the gathering rooks

flicking twigs from the high tide line winter pipit

-- John Barlow (England)

down the tiled facade
of a half-demolished pub
tepid rain

back and forth over
the road and its treetops
pairs of magpies

all the shovelers up-ending August dusk

-- Matthew Paul (England)

nature reserve
a frog's eyes
in the leaf litter

the waterweed's
thorny flower...
swimming hole

mid-afternoon
the water insects'
slow drift downstream

-- Leonie Bingham (Australia)

seaside centaury
sheltering from the west wind
a pied wagtail

harvest gathering
all around the wheat field
woodpigeons coo

sweeping autumn rain
on the low-tide beach
a figure digs for bait

countless rosehips
in October sunshine
one red admiral

-- Thomas Powell (Northern Ireland)

a grass snake
escaping into
my thought of it

sunlit street
and a shady one –
the busy bridge between

castle keep
ninety-nine steps
to the rising sun

through the window
of a ruined house,
September afterglow

-- *Anatoly Kudryavitsky (Ireland)*

{the last two haiku first published in *Zilverisje Glimt Anthology* (Belgium)}

lost in thought
a breeze I can't feel
glows the embers

in the centre
of the merry-go-round
the fair-worker's scowl

despite
the black ties
the local accents

breaking up his song
the busker's
thanks

-- David Serjeant (England)

morning stillness
the beating of a bird's wings
in the snow

sunrise after the storm
one golden apple left
on the bough

boat ride laughter moves along

autumn breeze
willows paint the water
emerald green

-- *Sharon Burrell (Ireland)*

{the last two haiku first published in *Zilvervisje Glimt Anthology* (Belgium)}

scented air
a shell
without a snail

red dusk
the prison gate
opens shortly

-- Dietmar Tauchner (Austria)

bay horse entering
the clearing
entering the moon

morning rain
weeping under birch
a mare's mane

-- Clare McCotter (Northern Ireland)

people pass by...
a dog
waiting for dog

old stud bull
looking for a weak spot
on the barbed wire fence

-- Ayaz Daryl Nielsen (USA)

in the water
under an old bridge
an old bicycle

harpsichord recital
I listen to
cracks in the walls

-- Owen Bullock (New Zealand)

autumn day
the toaster humming
to nothing

honeycomb
honey and darkness stored
for the long winter

-- Noel Duffy (Ireland)

frogspawn
in a sun-dried pond –
speckled mud

cloud streaks
scarring the sky –
hounded wind howls

-- Tony Bailie (Ireland)

autumn wind
only papers along
the footpath

-- Dawn Bruce (Australia)

September moon
russet leaves quiver
on the terraced slopes

-- *Barbara A. Taylor (Australia)*

coastal lagoon
a black swan glides
between the reeds

-- *Gavin Austin (Australia)*

as we munch waffles
the roads of spider city
shimmer on the lawn

-- *William Hart (USA)*

cerulean sky
framed in the window
folded paper swan

-- Scott Owens (USA)

breaking
the broken branches
summer storm

-- Michael Morell (USA)

palomino sunset...
the inner life
of a lavender cactus

-- Patrick Sweeney (USA/Japan)

street fiddler –
pigeons strut the cobbles
between tapping feet

-- Adelaide B. Shaw (USA)

winter silence –
sudden rustle of snow
sledding down the roof

-- Craig Steele (USA)

the weight
of a peony...
summer rain

-- Nancy Nitrio (USA)

lemons floating –
lost in the forest,
last summer

-- Iain Maloney (Scotland/Japan)

spring thaw
morning sun drips
from icicles

-- *Nika (Canada)*

moonlit room
I wake up to the call
of a distant fox

-- *K. Ramesh (India)*

in the rain forest,
the whistle of
a tree fall

-- *Noel King (Ireland)*

bush trees in bloom
flying fox sucks
the nectar

-- *Maureen Purcell (Ireland)*

gathering leaves –
curled up raindrops
splatter the deck

-- *Maire Morrissey-Cummins (Ireland)*

tree stump rings –
an LP with Vivaldi's
'The Four Seasons'

-- *L. Costa (Brazil)*

midnight -
a dog barks into
silence

-- *Nana Fredua-Agyeman (Ghana)*

noisy geese
crossing the lake
for greener grass

-- Johannes Bjerg (Denmark)

Translated Haiku

glimmer of silverside fish
in billowing water
a captured star

-- August Vermeylen (Belgium; transl. from the Flemish by Sharon Burrell)

silverside fish
through rippling water –
a star caught

-- August Vermeylen (Belgium; transl. from the Flemish by Anatoly Kudryavitsky)

sightseeing...
my camera
viewing the world

blades of grass bending
listening to what the earth
has to say

*-- Jeanine Hoedemakers (the Netherlands; transl. from the
Dutch by Anatoly Kudryavitsky)*

Prize-winning Haiku from the Irish Haiku Society Competition 2010

The Irish Haiku Society is proud to announce the results of the third IHS International Haiku Competition. This year we saw a further increase in the number of participating authors. 227 haiku by poets from eleven countries (Ireland, Scotland, Wales, Northern Ireland, England, USA, Australia, Canada, New Zealand, Portugal and Romania) were submitted to this year's competition in **Category A**. As for **Category B** open only for participants born or residing on the island of Ireland, we received 87 poems. Poets submitting their works in this category were expected to write about Ireland in the changing world and include reflections upon or references to "what it means to live in Ireland at the beginning of the 21st century". This year's competition was adjudicated by Anatoly Kudryavitsky, and it was judged blindly. The following is the list of prize-winning and highly commended haiku in both categories.

Category A

1st Prize

Ernest J. Berry (New Zealand) receives the first prize of € 150 for the following haiku:

chill wind
the windowsill tomato
still warm

2nd Prize

The 2nd Prize of € 50 goes to John Barlow (UK) for the following haiku:

new year's snow
the tracks of creatures
that went by in the night

3rd Prize

Catherine J. S. Lee (USA) receives the third prize of € 30 for the following haiku:

mountain sunset
an eagle rides
the downslope wind



Highly Commended Haiku

In alphabetical order:

Cathy Drinkwater Better (USA)

crossroads
the wind takes my hair
the other way

Scott Mason (USA)

new moon
the night watchman
goes unseen

Maire Morrissey-Cummins (Ireland)

in the chair
the cat curls up
in my warmth

Peter Newton (USA)

where the maple stood
a shroud
of sunlight

Roland Packer (Canada)

the things
we never did
undertow

Cynthia Rowe (Australia)

winter solstice
the barbed wire fence
furry with frost

Eduard Tara (Romania)

Deireadh bliana -
tionlacann bád an abhainn
i dtreo na farraige

(year end
a boat accompanies
the river to the sea)



Category B

1st Prize

Clare McCotter (Co. Derry) receives the first prize of € 100 for the following haiku:

wakening
in a scullery of stars
the wino folds her home

2nd Prize

The 2nd Prize of € 30 goes to Cara Joy (Co. Kerry) for the following haiku:

the small river flows
through the door of the valley
soon to be no more

3rd Prize

Maire Morrissey-Cummins (Co. Wicklow) receives the third prize of € 20 for the following haiku:

on the motorway
abandoned cranes
among ghost estates



Highly Commended Haiku

In alphabetical order:

Susan Flynn (Co. Dublin)

memorial flowers
tied to the ash in full leaf
bowing and sighing

Clare McCotter (Co. Derry)

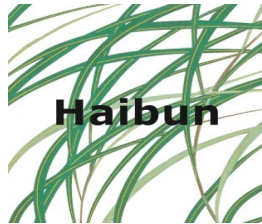
forty seven
and no pension
all the starry heavens

Hugh O'Donnell (Dublin)

recession
more tree
less leaf

Aoife Stephens (Co. Kerry)

despite all reports
of bleak and woeful stories
the sun still rises



Macaroon pudding

by Marleen Hulst (the Netherlands)

Staying at my grandmothers for the weekend meant at least one meal with homemade macaroon pudding for dessert. She would prepare them in ceramic dishes and leave them waiting in her tiny kitchen, knowing I would be pleased to be the one to overturn them and get the shapes out in one piece.

On rare occasions she liked to vary, and pour the hot pudding onto a plate over a biscuit rusk. Before serving, a tablespoon of marmalade was put on top for a bit of extra taste. I remember wanting to ask her at a time like that why she had chosen not to use the cups, but the look on her face held me back.

Just like we had in the war, she would say, and eat quietly.

fresh snow
her footsteps
already gone



Christmas City: A Haiku Sequence

By Helen Buckingham

Othername Press, 2010

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Helen Buckingham was born in London and now lives in Bristol. She authored quite a few collections of her haiku, and has had a number of poems published in *Shamrock*. This time she has had a collection of her Christmas haiku out; it contains 28 texts, all previously published in haiku periodicals. The glossy white cover has an ink drawing by the author on it. This little book follows her critically acclaimed full-length haiku collection, *Water on the Moon*, published earlier this year.

In this particular collection, all the poems are centred on Christmas. As we all know, Zen Buddhism and Shinto were an integral part of traditional Japanese haiku. Since then, haiku poets rarely align themselves with any other religion, therefore Christianity and haiku is not a usual pairing. There were numerous more or less successful attempts to write Christian 5-7-5-ers, especially in Ireland, but texts of that kind are destined to remain outside the haiku genre.

However we wouldn't describe Helen Buckingham's collection as a book of Christian poems. Christmas tree, if appeared there (surprisingly, it doesn't), would rather be a *kigo* than an object of worship. Instead of a Christmas tree, we have a cactus in the following lovely piece:

church cactus
observing
its own advent

The author herself is a keen observer, and the results are often amazing:

sunrise
the snowman's
lopsided smile

The reader can ask himself why we do what we do at Christmas time.

taxi stand
the man in a rabbit suit
fumbles for his watch

Pre-Christmas haste gives place to New Year's idleness:

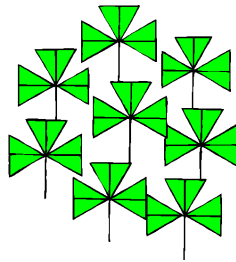
New Year's fireworks –
waking again
with the dog

The author takes us on a short journey in Christmas-time England, and her poems form an interesting mosaic of snapshots. Witnessing life at that time of the year most certainly was an

indescribable feeling for the poet.

Many, if not all, haiku are poems describing our way of living. At the same time, they *are* a way of living, as R.H. Blyth stated in *Haiku, Vol. 2*. He went on to say the following: "Haiku offers itself to mankind, not as a substitute for Christianity or Buddhism, but as the fulfilment." Of course, this is more about writing haiku, however reading them, e.g. going through this collection of Helen Buckingham's poems, is also a very fulfilling thing to do.

Anatoly Kudryavitsky



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