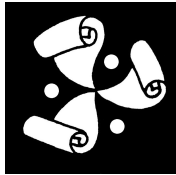


Shamrock

Haiku Journal of the Irish Haiku Society

Haiku from Ireland and the rest of the world



24, 2013

Shamrock Haiku Journal Readers' Choice Awards 2012

BEST HAIKU

The following piece that appeared in our No. 22 was voted the best haiku published in Shamrock Haiku Journal in 2012:

evening traffic
one horn sadder
than the rest

-- *Glenn G. Coats (USA)*

The following haiku that first appeared in our No. 21 was a close runner-up:

in a silver frame
that summer breeze
through our hair

-- *Terry O' Connor (Ireland)*

BEST SENRYU

The following piece that was first published in our No 22 became the winner in this category:

old iron bed frame
the lover my pillows
gossip about

-- *Ayaz Daryl Nielsen (USA)*

And the runners-up were the following piece that initially appeared in our No. 21 and No 22 respectively:

morning market
the face on the t-shirt
sleeps

-- *Tiggy Johnson (Australia)*

wax museum
fear-giggles
from behind Henry VIII

-- *Anatoly Kudryavitsky (Ireland)*

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



lifting fog
reveals the inlet headland
my opening mind

Mount Monadnoch
when the view opens up
cicada

vernal equinox
under forest runoff
greenest grass

the Samedan Alps
crusted with sunlit snow
deeper into myself

the Buddha's chest
fills up with light
this heat

just enough
to make my mind center
the chime's tinkle

-- Bruce Ross (USA)

between the rain clouds,
yellow furze
atop the hill

a pointing spire –
the purples and blues
of the winter sky

house deserted –
rhubarb stumps
in the back garden

a potato mound –
old ship sails
keep it dry

a lettuce head
curling to its heart –
the only one unplucked

rainy summer over –
the hatchet handle
loose

-- *Noel King (Ireland)*

moon shadows
the air sharp
with woodsmoke

clouded dusk
apple blossoms
light the meadow

hard frost
the huddled sphere
of a rabbit

-- *Aron Rothstein (USA)*

counting
scattered peony petals...
my years away from home

change of season –
feeling lighter
after a haircut

Lunar New Year's Eve
I fold a
red-paper crane

-- Nu Quang (USA)

summer stream
my doppelganger
casts a fly

evening pond
one by one
sunfish speak

-- Joseph Kusmiss (USA)

the moan of a dove
I trace the curves
of her womanhood

sex education:
trying to fit a condom
over a banana

-- *Chen-ou Liu (USA)*

forgotten battlefield
a crash of thunder
shakes the grass

wishing well...
a galaxy of stars
on stagnant water

-- *Chase Fire (USA)*

thoughts of past lovers basil on my fingertips

in the eye of the deer a hunter's moon

-- *Mike Blottenberger (USA)*

great tit
scissoring
winter silence

warm front –
rain melts the
dandelion clock

-- *Robert Davey (England)*

tumbling canopy...
the delicate calls
of coal tits

loughside alder –
the magpie's arrival
scatters linnets

-- *Thomas Powell (Northern Ireland)*

country lane
horse and rider cast
one shadow

bleached jetty...
the groaning ropes
of the moorings

-- *Gavin Austin (Australia)*

the first fledgling
zigzags into cabbages
new year's day

heat wave
my neighbour's drumming
goes up a few decibels

-- Jan Dobb (Australia)

masons at work –
creeping along the stone wall
afternoon fog

-- Adelaide B. Shaw (USA)

gazing away from me
toward nothingness –
this wobbly foal

-- Steven Carter (USA)

empty feeder
the hummingbird hovers
by the door

-- Richard Krawiec (USA)

candling pines:
a salamander thrashes
in the heron's beak

-- *Alicia Hilton (USA)*

radiant day
each marigold
an autumn sun

-- *John Zheng (USA)*

beetle
under a leaf
gecko licks bulbous eyes

-- *Albert Schlaht (USA)*

end of winter
a snowman
becomes rain

-- *Craig Steele (USA)*

breath of morning
maiden grass fronds arc
into the pond

-- *Thomas Chockley (USA)*

mountain morning –
sunrise above
a sea of fog

-- *Scott Owens (USA)*

heart of an oak
rising sunlight spills
out in branches

-- *Mark Kaplon (USA)*

xylophone
my child names
the colours

-- *Ramesh Anand (Malaysia)*

misty evening
his empty armchair
full of shadows

-- *Dawn Bruce (Australia)*

by the same moon
to this very well...
our foremothers

-- *Simon Hanson (Australia)*

I blow out the candles
on my birthday cake...
white dwarfs

-- *Dietmar Tauchner (Austria)*

the ringing
in my ears
cricket song

-- *Vera Constantineau (Canada)*

late read
a yawn-tear soaks into
the page of my book

-- *Phillip Murrell (England)*

august night
the moon chooses us
to follow

-- *Paul Chambers (Wales)*

high cry of cygnets
floating backwards
on fast water

-- *Ciarán Parkes (Ireland)*

Georgian doorway –
home to a line
of homeless men

-- *Hugh O'Donnell (Ireland)*

queue outside the book shop –
footprints line up
snow's typography

-- *Adam Rudden (Ireland)*

landfill site –
poking through the rubbish,
green shoots

-- *Rachel Sutcliffe (England)*

winter solstice
a ruby euphorbia
near the fireplace grid

-- *Diana Teneva (Bulgaria)*

dusk
dissolves into whiteness –
first black-necked cranes

-- *Sonam Chhoki (Bhutan)*

last summer day –
her parasol blackens
the rose

-- *Sergio Ortiz (Puerto Rico)*

IHS International Haiku Competition 2012 Results

The Irish Haiku Society is proud to announce the results of the fifth IHS International Haiku Competition. This year we saw a further increase in the number of participating authors. 262 haiku by poets from thirteen countries/territories (Australia, Canada, Chile, England, Germany, Ireland, Japan, The Netherlands, New Zealand, Northern Ireland, Serbia, USA and Wales) were submitted to this year's competition. It was adjudicated by Anatoly Kudryavitsky, and was judged blindly. The following is the list of prize-winning and highly commended haiku.

1st Prize

Alan S. Bridges (Massachusetts, USA) receives the first prize of € 150 for the following haiku:

gale-force wind
a bird's nest becomes
what it was

2nd Prize

The 2nd prize of € 50 goes to Steven Carter (Arizona, USA) for the following haiku:

wind in tamaracks -
whispering to shadows,
shadows

3rd Prize

John Barlow (England) and Ernest J. Berry (New Zealand) each receive the third prize of € 30 for the following haiku:

drawing the geese
from the stubble fields
the pink-tinged sky

(by John Barlow)

funeral march
the crunch crunch crunch
of cicada husks

(by Ernest J. Berry)



Highly Commended Haiku

In alphabetical order:

Owen Bullock (New Zealand)

on the piano
photos of the ones
who don't visit

Tracy Davidson (England)

April showers
my inside-out umbrella
drowns a snail

Cathy Drinkwater Better (Pennsylvania, USA)

November dusk
a cloud of sparrows rounds
the weathered silo

Scott Mason (New York, USA)

end of summer
the busker's trouser cuffs
collect burs

Conor O'Neill (Ireland - Chile)

twilight
the late swallow passes
the first bat

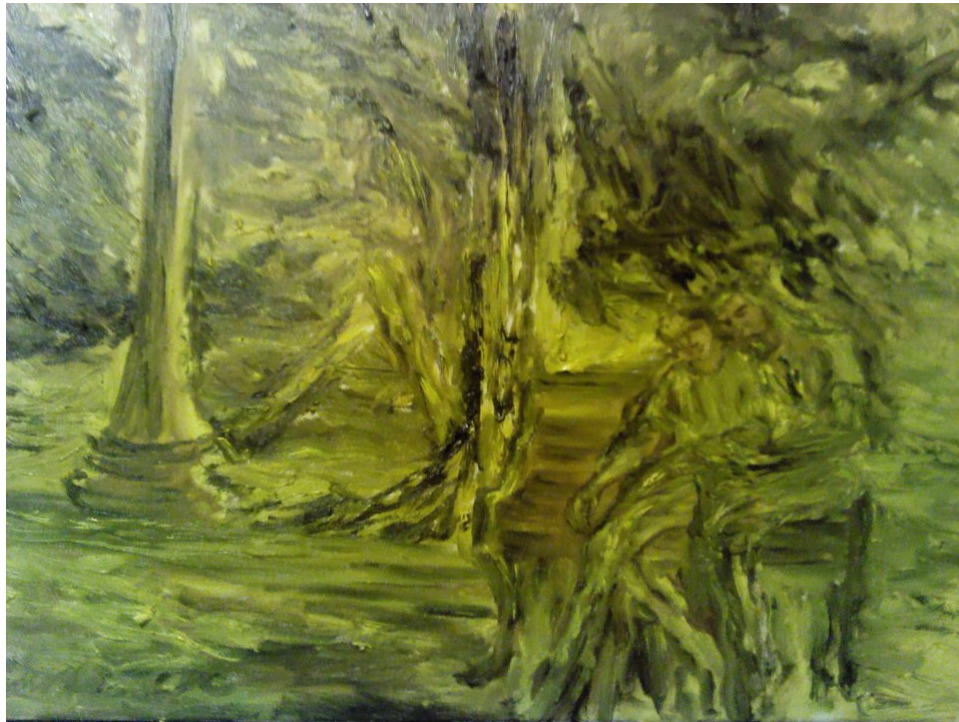
Cynthia Rowe (New South Wales, Australia)

stone steps
an electric ant takes
the handrail

Julie Warther (Ohio, USA)

spring equinox
chaise lounge claimed
by the swollen river

Our congratulations go to all of the winners. We also express our sincere gratitude to the Administrator of the competition, without whom...



"Meditation" by Ammon Con, Taiwan



Near Rue Reydeau

by Steven Carter (USA)

Like an orange amoeba the sun's aura floats behind his closed eyes, sharing a memory of Cheshire moons seen through her blonde hair.

Surrounding him at the park: plots of yellow roses, asters, rosemary, carnations: even lilies.

- And the still, sad murmurs of young couples; these sounds inexplicably put him in mind of a cinematic scene he saw in Stockholm long ago: Death taking a saw to the Tree of Life, telling an actor straddling the top branch: "There are no special regulations... There are no special –"

Ghosts of the living... So where is she now? She loved bluebells, and he imagines her in a field of flowers, opening on a forest of strange trees, the kind that might grow on a distant planet – a paradise of daily picnics: their favourite pastime.

Here they'd live and move and have their beings until – inevitably – she would go down on her knees, praying for ants.

taste of honeysuckle –
dry
wishing well



Spring Clouds: Haiku

by Bruce Ross

Published by Tancho Press, Bangor, ME, USA, 2012
128 pp, ISBN 978-0-9837141-1-8

Available from Tancho Press, Suite 127, 499 Broadway, Bangor, ME 04401, USA.

Priced at \$US14.95.

Bruce Ross, a former President of the Haiku Society of America, who authored four collections of his haiku, is a frequent contributor to Shamrock, as well as many other haiku publications. His previous collections, *Summer Drizzles: Haiku and Haibun* and *Endless Small Waves: Haibun*, were reviewed in our No 8 and No 12 respectively.

This is, again, a collection of his haiku. It contains 114 poems, the majority of which is his new work. The glossy front cover has a haiga by the poet.

The book has a preface where the poet discusses the possible meanings of Basho's *zoka*, the word that some translate as 'nature' but, as Bruce Ross argues, can also be defined as 'creation'. He goes on to make the following statement: 'Basho's *zoka* may be understood to be not a mere collection of objects in the world, but a process out of which these objects emerge.'

Now to Bruce Ross's haiku, which he defines as 'feeling connected to nature.' The poet's superb craftsmanship transpires as soon as you start reading his book.

the sparrow leaps
and his shadow too
lightest snow

without a shadow
without a reflection
lake reeds

Bruce Ross is very adept at writing classical haiku that can stand comparison with any old Japanese and contemporary English-language haiku of the highest standard.

autumn rain
the crow shifts his feet
before cawing

old growth mountain
two red dragonflies couple
and uncouple

This is American haiku writing at its best. Bruce Ross once expressed his concern about "a danger that haiku would, in the near future become undifferentiated from senryu." Not many of his own poems, however, are likely to be confused with senryu or other non-haiku poems. In the reviewed collection, the piece that seems to be the closest to senryu is this:

a billion stars
and not a thought
in my head

A poet's self-deprecating irony usually makes the readers very sympathetic to his lyrical hero.

Bruce Ross's poems like the following will give the reader a chance to, again, admire shasei, i.e. the art of "sketching from life" given to the world by Masaoka Shiki.

spring rain
the dog house older
than the house

a solitary crow
from tree to tree
first snow

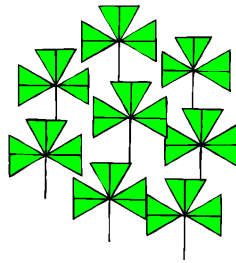
But is Bruce Ross only a neoclassicist? Let's look at the following poem:

another snowstorm...
in and out of my dreams
the morning star

'The morning star' – where? In the poet's dreams – and then coming out of them, thus becoming real? I tend to agree with Jim Kacian who states that this particular kind of haiku "uses a surprising self-referential strategy that in academia might be called post-modern." There are not too many obviously innovative poems scattered around the pages of this collection but doesn't every masterly haiku offer a new way of seeing the world? An innovation by its very nature, or should I call it an experiment in the unknown?

I enjoyed reading this collection very much, and I am sure that many lovers of this genre will find a nice place for it on their 'best-loved books' shelf.

Anatoly Kudryavitsky



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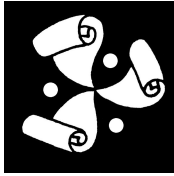
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25, 2013

News and
Announcements

IHS International Haiku Competition 2013 announced!

The Irish Haiku Society International Haiku Competition 2013 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.

Details and previous winners here:

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

All the entries shall be postmarked by 30th November 2013. No e-mail submissions, please!

Good luck to all!



my rumped duvet –
and under the late spring snow
dead lambs

spring thaw –
the twisted splutter
of the outside tap

tangle of tadpoles –
the slime of old spawn
dissolves

such prejudice,
me taking sides against the rat
under the bird feeder

work mate's funeral –
square fold-lines on men's shirts
straight from the packet

-- Graham High (England)

another year...
the rewetting scars
of peat trenches

shifting sands...
the golden marram's
new year seeds

rippled ice
the quivering tips
of dead cotton grass

peat-stained pool
sunlight fractures
beneath thin ice

above the contour
of ebbing snow
two red kites

-- Thomas Powell (Northern Ireland)

boarded up windows –
the house engulfed in
nasturtium flame

August eve by Lough shore –
green algae gather
at wader's feet

steeple high above
an oak grove –
boat circles the island

bulrush feathered
with yellow pollen –
a caterpillar

red harvester ambles
over wheat crop –
a field mouse scurries

-- Kara Craig (Ireland)

spiderlings at play
unripe blueberries
on the way to ruins

purplish orange leaves ballooning under skim ice

our first complete snowman
the dog scampers off
with an arm

twilight
a few trumpet notes
softly played

-- William Cooper (USA)

spring snow...
through the broken windows
of her childhood

chalk-dust
caught in a sunbeam
hands exchanging notes

startling
 a feather
from
 an empty branch...
winter rain

-- Terry O'Connor (Ireland)

salt air
my footprints
also disappearing

cold snap –
a sparrow flicks its tail
of snowflakes

first rays
buds and mist
unfurling

-- Marion Clarke (Northern Ireland)

butterfly...
the gardener opens, closes
his secateurs

night fishing
the moon surfaces
among sedges

town beach
sandpipers step
over paw prints

-- Quendryth Young (Australia)

south coast sunset –
with each wave retreating
the sand sheens pink

after floods
wheatfields flattened
by locusts

grazing freehold –
amid a flock of sheep
three kangaroos

-- Rodney Williams (Australia)

small town
the only traffic light
flashing amber

starling eggs
in an old robin's nest
south wind

-- Ignatius Fay (Canada)

the long curve
of ploughed driveway
two white dogs

sun dazzle
on snow-bound hills
a lone skier

-- Joanna M. Weston (Canada)

waves of wheat
a farmer's fear
of the ocean

dusty road
an indigo bunting
changes everything

-- Alan Bridges (USA)

blue moon
an empty bottle
sings with the wind

storm clouds
rolling in, rolling out
of my slumber

-- *Ben Moeller-Gaa (USA)*

dry creek
the owl goes
unanswered

monkey's wedding
trying to remember where
we first met

-- *Bob Lucky (USA)*

first day of summer
in the garden umbrella
a baby bat

bread baking—
I soften butter
for the first slice

-- *Adelaide Shaw (USA)*

my song
the quiet between cracks
in the campfire

the intensity
of her grip...
thunder moon

-- *S.M. Abeles (USA)*

anchored
to the attic wall
red sailboat

green spider
lands on my sunglasses
outdoor art show

-- *Nan Dozier (USA)*

autumn mist –
somewhere beyond the familiar
one hundred pine trees

almost spring
under a cold grey sky
white snow drops

-- *William Seltzer (USA)*

attic window –
a moth settles
into the Milky Way

winter stars
in the iced tea
my pale face

-- *Vuong Pham (Australia)*

sagging gateposts –
in hard-baked mud
the memory of hooves

-- *Nathalie Buckland (Australia)*

ironing –
all those wrinkles
on my hand

-- *Duncan Richardson (Australia)*

summer heat
overripe plums spill
into a bowl

-- *Anne Curran (New Zealand)*

winter fog
the driver ahead
on his iPhone

-- *Thomas Chockley (USA)*

split loam
well after
the tearing sound

-- *Mike Dillon (USA)*

purple sky –
slicing the wind,
a boomerang of geese

-- *Anna Cates (USA)*

winter night...
the dog buries his bone
in the couch

-- *Marshall Bood (Canada)*

pale seedlings curl
beneath the oak's spread –
mother and child play

-- *Ann Egan (Ireland)*

Valentine's Day
two collared doves
mating on a bird table

-- *Mary Gunn (Ireland)*

shallows
a fish takes refuge
under my foot

-- *Anne Carly Abad (Philippines)*

full moon –
the scarecrow watches
its own shadow

-- *Adjei Agyei Baah (Ghana)*

warm summer sky
mulberry leaves lost
in dreamy slumber

-- *Padmini Krishnan (Singapore)*

night meditation
the calmness of receding
waves

-- *Ramesh Anand (Malaysia)*



seasann faoileáin
ar bharr an tséipéil fholamh
ag breathnú ar an lá

a gull
atop the empty church
watching the day go by

idir an moncaí
agus an duine
a scáil uisce

between the monkey
and the spectator,
their reflections

seanfhear
is a pháirc
níos glaise ag cuimhní

old man's field
greener
in his memory

thíos anseo
canaid don doircheacht
na míolta móra

down below
singing to the darkness,
great whales

*-- Buachallán Buí (Ireland; translated from the Irish by the
author and Anatoly Kudryavitsky)*

ancient warriors' faces
on the mountain side –
no way back

*-- Elena Shuvaeva-Petrosian (Armenia; translated from the
Russian by Anatoly Kudryavitsky)*



"Rose Bush" by Elena Bavilskaya (Israel)



The Edge

by Ignatius Fay (Canada)

My first folding knife...
jackknife, as we call them. He decides that, at age 10, I am mature enough to have my own. We go to the hardware store downtown; it is important to choose your own knife. He explains the different types of steel, emphasizing those that will hold an edge longest. 'Hold an edge' means 'stay sharp.' He shows me examples of ones to avoid, then we move to the good ones. I choose a knife with a dark gray handle and a 4-inch tempered steel blade. We also have to buy a whetstone, he says. You don't use a file to sharpen good steel; you use a whetstone.

Back home, he shows me how to sharpen my new knife. He spits on the stone and rubs it along the edge of the blade in a circular motion. Watching him spit on the stone, I think I understand why they call it a 'wet' stone. Much later, I will find out that 'whet' means 'to sharpen.'

He shows me how to use my thumbnail to test the blade's sharpness. Finally, he hands it to me and tells me this is not a toy. Take care of it. And I do for many years. At forty, I am damned if I know what happened to it.

shaving twigs
for the marshmallows
his suede jacket



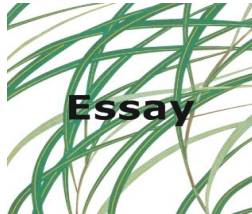
Trapped

by Elizabeth Crocket (Canada)

I sit in the chemo suite and try not to wince as the nurse inserts the needle into the port in my chest. An elegant looking first timer walks past us, regally dressed in black satin and a mauve hat. I wonder why they usher her to a private room, but when we all hear her gentle sobs, we know why. A few of us exchange pitiful smiles, as we remember the grip that fear held on us too, as we entered this world of unknown, uncertain futures. My eyes dart to my watch, so I'll know exactly what time the bag will drip its last drop and I will be free again. Meanwhile, my daughter remains steadfast beside me, and we have no choice but to settle in with magazines and

each other for the rest of the afternoon.

squirrel in the branches
bread too large
for its mouth



The Pleasures and Perils of Banana Throwing

Unscrupulous Reviewers and Negligent Editors, Part 1

The journal *Frogpond* has published a review of *Bamboo Dreams*, the anthology of haiku poetry from Ireland that I edited for Doghouse Books. The review written by the American Roberta Beary is available [here](#).

Normally, I wouldn't comment on a review of any of my publications. But the article in question is not quite a review, it is something completely different. Let's examine it thoroughly.

In the very first lines, the reviewer expresses regrets that the first national

anthology of haiku from Ireland was not "edited by someone with an Irish name." As they say in Germany, "Dr. Goebbels would have loved this." Apparently, a man with a non-Irish surname, no matter how much he has done for the development of haiku in Ireland, shouldn't even think of editing a national Irish anthology and should be confined within an intellectual ghetto, while such non-English names as Nabokov, Joseph Conrad (Korzeniowski) and, say, Aleksandar Hemon should be erased altogether from English literature textbooks.

In the United States, foreignness seems to be a very subjective thing. Many Americans believe that if you want to become an American, all you have to do is say "I am an American." Maybe they are being overly optimistic but I still find it strange to see such an obsession with the name in an American reviewer. Even more mysterious is that she is trying to protect – what? Irishness? Whatever self-appointed guardians of Irishness deem it to be. Where would we all be if the Japanese, in a similar way, obtained a patent for haiku writing, thus disallowing foreigners to practice this genre? I am an Irish descendant, who returned to the country of his forefathers at the beginning of this century, but the question is, does one really have to have some blood relation with the Irish to understand them, or live among them, or become a poetic voice from the country?

Those who, like me, grew up in Russia not having a single drop of Russian blood in their veins are pretty familiar with bigotry. What one doesn't expect is to see such winds blowing from "the land of tolerance, equality and justice for all": the article in question appeared in an official serial publication of the Haiku Society of America. Banana throwing at a football match (soccer match, if you're Irish or American) is now [punishable by law](#). Of course, haiku writing hasn't yet reached the same glowing intellectual and moral heights as football but still Roberta Beary and *Frogpond* could spare themselves the embarrassment.

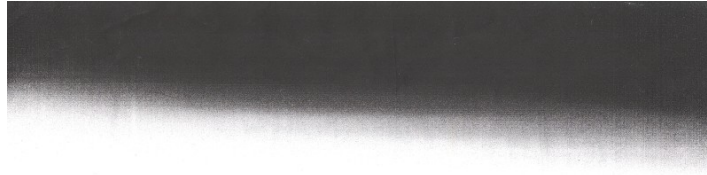
This is not the only problem with the article. The reviewer offers no critique of the book and the haiku included in it. Furthermore, she is unable to define accurately what constitutes perfect and imperfect haiku. She is too obsessed with the editor's origins and biography, and so she feels she must narrate his biography – and does so. Her source was the Wikipedia article. Now, we expect the reviewer at least to tell it in her own

words. Nothing of the kind! Instead, she inserted a lengthy copy-paste from Wikipedia. It's hardly surprising that only at the very end of the article she suddenly recollected that it was supposed to be a book review and got to quote a few haiku, mostly by a couple of fellow Haiku Ireland members known to her from tea-drinking sessions in Dublin's Chester Beatty Library, failing to mention any of the fine poets, members of the Irish Haiku Society, whose works have won many prestigious haiku awards and accolades throughout the world. Having read Roberta Beary's article, one can't help thinking that her knowledge of the situation in Irish haiku is lopsided.

There was even a bigger controversy with one of her further statements. Incredibly, she accuses me of rewriting a poem by Seamus Heaney! She asserts the following: "A poem by Seamus Heaney, arguably the most famous haiku by a Nobel Prize winner, appears on the same page, with *Kudryavitsky's own variations* in line 2".

If punctuality is the politeness of kings, then preciseness shall be the politeness of critics. Otherwise their writings are destined (if not meant) to create a controversy and sow discord. I sadly note that this very thing happened with Roberta Beary's review.

Needless to say, her accusations are totally ridiculous. The new, untitled and revised, version of the well-known haiku by Seamus Heaney was written by no one else but himself. This piece, in Nobel Prize winner's own handwriting, has been available for viewing on the Irish Haiku Society [website](#) since the very day the site was launched at Poetry Ireland in February 2007. And the image is clickable, which leads the reader to the [full-scale image](#) of this document:



Dangerous pavements.
But this year I face traffic
With my father's skill.

Seamus Heaney

I drew the attention of Francine Banwarth, the *Frogpond* editor, to that fact, and she replied with the following: "After conferring with Roberta Beary, I understand that she searched extensively for a publication credit for the version of the Seamus Heaney haiku published in *Bamboo Dreams*."

With all due respect, I find this hard to believe. I didn't do any kind of extensive research; I just entered the whole poem in the Google engine. In a split second, I got to the [following page](#). One of the first links there is to one of the pages of our Irish Haiku Society (IHS) website that displays this haiku in Heaney's own handwriting.

Ok, let's suppose Roberta Beary tried hard to find that version but didn't succeed, which corresponds with a certain paragraph from her review: "How this version of Heaney's haiku changed into the version included in *Bamboo Dreams* is a question for another day."

A genuine reviewer would stop right here. Now, this is the moment of truth: will she or won't she? As we already know, Roberta Beary went on to say: "A poem by Seamus Heaney, arguably the most famous haiku by a Nobel Prize winner, appears on the same page, with *Kudryavitsky's own variations* in line 2." Having written this, she has crossed the line. Now we

can only guess what her motives were. A statement like this is not an honest error; it is the result of an unfounded assumption, i.e. the reviewer's misconduct. If the *Frogpond* editor is in the state of happy oblivion about the difference between the two, as her e-mail suggests, she really must educate herself in these matters. And I believe this publication owes me an apology for what they've printed.

Why two different versions of this haiku? Here's what Irene De Angelis, who had lengthy conversations with the Nobel prize winner while researching for her book, writes about it: "Heaney was dissatisfied with the original version and revised it" (*The Japanese Effect in Contemporary Irish Poetry* by Irene De Angelis, Palgrave Macmillan, 2012, p. 30).

Perhaps if Roberta Beary, who often declared her love for Irish haiku, could find time to visit the IHS website over the seven long years that have passed since its foundation, or read the monograph by Irene De Angelis, she would refrain from making ridiculous accusations. Instead, she now puts enormous pressure on Seamus Heaney trying to force him to disown his latest revision of his haiku that I published in *Bamboo Dreams*. Not being able to contact the Nobel Prize winner herself, Roberta Beary enlisted two clerks from the Copyright Department of Faber & Faber to do the job for her. These two confided to me that they are now bombarding the Nobel laureate with e-mails. Seamus Heaney is still holding on and ignoring them.

Questions also remain over Haiku Ireland's role in this disheartening story. In her review, Roberta Beary, who doesn't know me personally, says the following: "I am an overseas member of Haiku Ireland. During my most recent visit to Ireland in October 2012 I was welcomed in Dublin by members of Haiku Ireland, who presented me with a signed copy of *Bamboo Dreams: An Anthology of Haiku Poetry from Ireland*, edited by Anatoly Kudryavitsky." Haiku Ireland, in their much belated statement, denied their involvement. However after these revelations they may have difficulties trying to persuade people that they had nothing to do with that unprovoked personal attack against me in the guise of a book review. As for me, I would give them the benefit of the doubt. Some may argue that Roberta Beary has inadvertently done more damage to the reputation of Haiku Ireland than to anybody else's – excluding her own, of course.

I found one of the paragraphs of the Haiku Ireland statement particularly amusing. "This issue must be solved privately between the parties involved," i.e. between Roberta Beary and myself. A bright idea! So if an offense is committed, it must be solved privately between the perpetrator and the victim, between the banana thrower and his/her target; as for the community, the people, they shouldn't get involved. Indeed, why do we need law enforcement? Just imagine the amount of taxpayers' money we'll save if we introduce the law of the jungle!

To their credit, many haiku poets, mostly Irish and American, expressed their disgust with the *Frogpond* article. The question is, if a writer sets out to destroy another's reputation, should a respectable magazine give him a platform for that kind of activities? Because this is exactly the situation we all have been trying hard to avoid.

On 24th April Francine Banwarth, the *Frogpond* editor, wrote to me the following: "We will run a correction in the next issue of *Frogpond* (36:2, spring/summer) and amend the text in the review on the HSA website." On the same day I heard exactly the same from David Lanoue, the current President of the HSA: "The correction will be made immediately on the online journal along with a notice of the correction. Since the paper journal has already been mailed, we will print a correction in the next issue." As of these early days of June, no correction has been made in the *Frogpond* article, which still accuses me of illegally rewriting the poem by Seamus Heaney. Surprise, surprise!

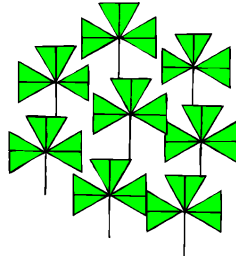
So what is going on with *Frogpond*? I sincerely hope that it is not turning gradually into the part of the landscape described in the classical American poem:

A Bog – affronts my shoe –
What else have Bogs – to do –
The only Trade they know –
The splashing Men!
Ah, pity – then!

(Emily Dickinson, 229)

Anatoly Kudryavitsky

A few weeks after the publication of this essay *Frogpond* has made the original PDF version of Roberta Beary's article unavailable replacing it on the quiet with the [corrected one](#), which no longer has the phrase about me "publishing the haiku by Seamus Heaney with my own variations". Just in case, we keep the original PDF of that article in our files (should any haiku historians express interest in it, it is available upon demand). No such correction could be made in the subscribers' paper-based copies of *Frogpond* 36:1, which had already went out to the subscribers. That's why Francine Banwarth, *Frogpond* editor, wrote to me: "We will run a correction in the next issue of *Frogpond* (36:2, spring/summer). This issue is out now; the editor didn't run a correction. David Lanoue, HSA President, said the same: "We will print a correction in the next issue." They didn't. They also failed to apologise to me for the reviewer's misconduct that could only tarnish my reputation as a writer and an editor. Well, now we know what kind of people they are. Trust them if you dare.



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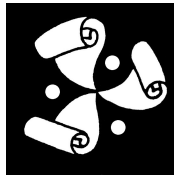
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Shamrock

Haiku Journal of the Irish Haiku Society

Haiku from Ireland and the rest of the world



26, 2013

News and
Announcements

IHS International Haiku Competition 2013 announced!

The Irish Haiku Society International Haiku Competition 2013 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.

Details and previous winners here:

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

All the entries shall be postmarked by 30th November 2013. No e-mail submissions, please!

Good luck to all!

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 2013, i.e. in the issues TWENTY-FOUR to TWENTY-SIX (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 2013" or "Best senryu of 2013" 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 31th January, 2014. The best poems will be named in the next issue of *Shamrock Haiku Journal*.



peach moon
also pausing to stare
the ghost crab

old grasshopper
testing the sway
of a take-off leaf

sand
into sandstone
into sand

-- *Bill Cooper (USA)*

dustbathing crow
flying deeper
into the drought

beachfront underpass –
the concrete tunnel
winged with mayflies

moist mouse nest
upturned with the plow
pink moon

-- Brent Goodman (USA)

shades of autumn –
a phone call for someone
I used to be

egg moon
the comings and goings
of rabbits

no regrets
about rushing into it –
blossom wind

-- Lorin Ford (Australia)

a flower bank
of magenta and cream...
swish of long skirts

cubist lesson...
I look at my cat
differently

-- Dawn Bruce (Australia)

first snow falling
through old leaves
falling

sunlight breaking –
a worm struggling free
of its trampled half

-- Paul Chambers (Wales)

lightning flashes
trees and mountains
in black and white

winter fireplace
the sound
of popping pine

-- Mel Goldberg (Mexico – USA)

our butcher Frank
gossip punctuated with
his bloody cleaver

great-grandfather's journal
on the last page a curl from
great-grandmother's hair

-- Ayaz Daryl Nielsen (USA)

knee-deep weeds
wave after wave of
autumn sun

sudden shower
the sun a pale halo
behind clouds

-- John Zheng (USA)

summer breeze –
just the way
she shakes her hair

moonlit beach –
a bird flies
into midnight

-- Elizabeth Moura (USA)

old diner
closed down...
"For Sale" sign rusty too

pink-dressed, blue-eyed,
young girl stares at rows
of flowers for sale

-- *Edward J. Rielly (USA)*

circling gulls
a line of cars snakes
onto the ferry

scattered showers
a leopard tortoise
spotted with leaves

-- *Robert Lucky (USA – Ethiopia)*

gull dispute –
sun rises
in an office window

dawn –
moon rests on the outstretched
arm of the crane

-- *Hugh O'Donnell (Ireland)*

derelict convent –
black and white little bird
on the windowsill

discarded Barbie
water seeping
through her limbs

-- *Noel King (Ireland)*

night border crossing --
the elephant calf holds
his mother's tail

passing breeze –
the unexpected gift
of a banyan leaf

-- *Sonam Chhoki (Bhutan)*

same size as mine,
handprints on cave walls...
the colors of twilight

-- *Steven Carter (USA)*

early spring morning –
in the drainage ditch,
a lost fish

-- *Joseph M. Kusmiss (USA)*

weekend getaway
nothing but our breathing
in the morning light

-- *Ben Moeller-Gaa (USA)*

night beneath the trees –
cicadas wind down
what katydids began

-- *Scott Owens (USA)*

yellow cottonwoods
the sunsets lingering
less and less

-- *Lolly Williams (USA)*

her perfume
following her
down the bicycle path

-- *Richard St. Clair (USA)*

cutting down
the sunflowers
dusk settles in

-- *Erik Linzbach (USA)*

autumn rain
the sun-dried leaf
bleeds red

-- *David Kavanaugh (USA)*

spring planting
I fill the scarecrow
with fresh hay

-- *Robert Henry Poulin (USA)*

blue moon
waxing and waning
a frog leaps out

-- *Doug Norris (USA)*

my shadow
pushing the bicycle
winter gusts

-- *Chen-ou Liu (Canada)*

jazz festival –
a man loses his newspaper
to the wind

-- *Marshall Bood (Canada)*

snow geese
swirling earthward
more snow

-- *Louisa Howerow (Canada)*

turning tide
boats at their moorings
point the other way

-- *Simon Hanson (Australia)*

elderly neighbour
walks round plane tree leaves
her grandson crunches through

-- *Peter Macrow (Australia)*

chopping wood
a cold wind
across the field

-- *Ashley Capes (Australia)*

purple clematis...
changing her wardrobe
into summer

-- *Anne Curran (New Zealand)*

night aeroplane
in and out of silence
then silence

-- *Gillena Cox (Trinidad and Tobago)*

autumn dusk...
a poodle somersaults
on a pile of leaves

-- *Keith Simmonds (Trinidad and Tobago)*

green grass –
getting used
to patching things up

-- *Ernesto P. Santiago (Philippines – Greece)*

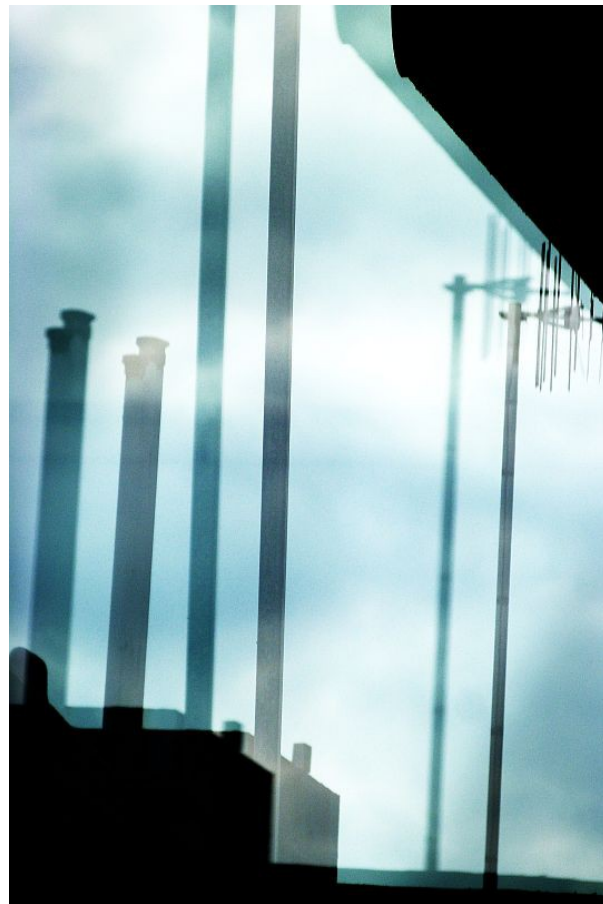


windows washed –
road tarmac
sky blue

clinking of a spoon
against the tea cup –
the tolling bells

bronze Buddha
atop the antique buffet -
forever young

-- *Ella Krylova (Russia; translated from the Russian by Anatoly Kudryavitsky)*



"Double Vision at Ricks" by Eleonor Leonne Bennett (England)



Big Sky

by Steven Carter (USA)

They called it the funny farm.

Half-barren, white gumbo-patches showing through the wheat-stubble, it was a sucker's dream. Even voracious descendants of German settlers from the early 20th century wouldn't touch it with a 57-foot pole.

And a sucker bought it. And made it work! Most ranchers in northwest Montana – the funny farm is midway between the Browning Indian reservation and the tiny town of Hadley – said it couldn't happen.

Rains helped. Cold comforters of winter snow helped. Prayer – Ho! That's where imagination kicks in for yours truly. My uneducated guess (this is what I would've done) is that the owners prayed to the Greek gods. Why not? How do we know they don't exist unless we pray to them, or at least invite them for happy (ah, funny) hour?

– Or Polynesian gods; or Norse; or Mayan, etc.

The Blackfeet of Browning, whose gods are – according to the locals – safely interred beneath the gray earth and twisted wheat-stalks of their own farmlands, may be seen standing beside their junky cars just off Highway 89, checking out the lush fields of the funny farm.

The Blackfeet: far-gazing and expressionless, as always.

shaman-songs
singing harmony
a lone coyote



Fish Debate

by John Zheng (USA)

Zhuang Zi and Hui Si, two ancient Chinese philosophers, stood on a wooden bridge watching fish in the placid pond. When the fish swam toward them, Zhuang Zi clapped his hands, uttering, "Here come the fish. They look so happy!" Hui Si shook his head

with a smirk, "You are not a fish; how do you know the fish are happy?" Zhuang Zi gave his friend a meaningful smile and asked with a drawl, "You are not me; how do you know I don't know the fish are happy?" Stumped by the question, Hui Si looked tongue-tied for a good while. Then he shook his head with an unbelievable look. To him, man was not fish at all; they were two different species, but to Zhuang Zi, man and fish were one, for the whole universe was oneness.

which came first,
the hen or the egg? —
endless rain

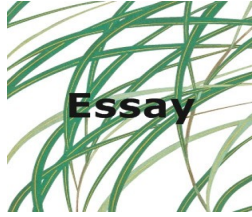


Just Looking

by John Zheng (USA)

Joo-joo-joo...a cicada drops onto the driveway when the sun's last radiance gleamed out behind the dense pecan trees. Lying upside down, it struggles to turn itself over with its well-veined wings as supporters, but each try just makes it more difficult for the cicada to stand on its legs. It gives a buzz now and then, a short, desperate sound for the passing of its life. Minutes later, one of its wings is broken. It becomes quiet, and its legs stop moving. Then another brief, weak buzz, like uttering goodbye to the chorus of cicadas on the pecan tree.

August evening
cicadas' trill louder
than the train whistle



Slander Boldly, or What the Watkins?

Unscrupulous Reviewers and Negligent Editors, Part 2

Not too many things under the moon can surprise me these days but I admit to being quite baffled having read the review of *Bamboo Dreams*, the anthology of haiku poetry from Ireland that I edited for Doghouse Books. This so-called "review" somehow found its way onto the pages of *Kokako* 19. As I said before, normally I wouldn't comment on a review of any of my publications. But the article in question is, yet again, not quite a review, it is something completely different.

The reviewer this time is a certain R. W. Watkins, a native of Canada. The omnipotent Mr. Watkins starts off with insulting no less than the whole Irish nation. St. Patrick's Day and dung-yard "could not be mistaken as having originated anywhere else [but in Ireland]"? And *Kokako* publishes this? The editors surely have got some nerve.

Next comes Mr. Watkins's fatuous comment on the phrase from the Introduction, in which I mentioned that "a few of the Irish haiku poets have chosen to join the British Haiku Society." Mr. Watkins deems appropriate to say: "I cannot help but wonder if such haijins (sic!) have been labeled 'traitor' and subsequently tarred and feathered and tied to utility pole." I feel obliged to reassure Mr. Watkins that we spare such treatment only for those who compare Ireland to a dung-yard. As for the Irish members of the British Haiku Society, there's ample representation of them in both *Bamboo Dreams* and *Shamrock*. It is enough to name such poets as Gabriel Rosenstock, Leo Lavery, Clare McCotter, Beth McFarland and Thomas Powell.

So who is this R. W. Watkins who openly displays anti-Irish sentiment but was still chosen by the editors of *Kokako* to review an Irish anthology? Not much is known about him in the haiku world. None of the recognised haiku periodicals display his works on their pages or websites. The only two haiku that he has ever published online are available for viewing on the site that he edits himself (<http://www.redfez.net/poetry/1710>). Here's one of them (this piece was later submitted to Shamrock, which is why we can reproduce it here):

along the cow path,
where the barn and fog once stood,
all the ghosts have died

Mmm, a 5-7-5 piece about ghosts? Dear reader, does it look convincing to you? Questions, questions...

Mr. Watkins's excursion into the plentiful pastures of haiku theory shows him as an outspoken [advocate of 5-7-5 haiku writing in English](#), which is nowadays considered obsolete. It has been stated zillions of times that English syllables are much longer than Japanese onji (e.g. the word "haibun" has two syllables in it, whereas in Japanese it has four on). It has long been agreed upon that, quoting the late great Keiko Imaoka, "something in the vicinity of 11 English syllables is a suitable approximation of 17 Japanese syllables, in order to convey about the same amount of information as well as the brevity and the fragmented quality found in Japanese haiku" (<http://www.ahapoetry.com/keirule.htm>).

However Mr. Watkins clearly believes that the 5-7-5 structure is the equivalent of the similar Japanese one, and must be enforced. And the editors of *Kokako* gave him a platform for expressing such views. In his article, he slams *Bamboo Dreams* saying that the included haiku are "brief and truncated", and "the truncated form (consisting of roughly twelve syllables or less) [i.e. free-form English-language haiku] is not conducive to detail and clarity." He doesn't seem to be very much in step with the times.

Next comes my turn. "Irish haiku scene is synonymous with the standards

and visions of one Anatoly Kudryavitsky.” Well, if Mr. Watkins seriously believes that I am solely responsible for free-form haiku being widespread in Ireland, he must have completely lost his grip on reality. The further, the better: “Kudryavitsky is the semi-official filter which virtually all aspects of contemporary Irish haiku must pass.” I thought I only edited a magazine filtering good haiku from husk like Mr. Watkins’s oeuvres.

Which brings to mind that in May 2013 Mr. Watkins submitted a few “haiku” of a kind (the ghost piece among them) to *Shamrock*, mentioning in the cover letter that he was “currently putting together a review of *Bamboo Dreams* for one of the North American haiku journals” (if it’s the same review, it had obviously been turned down by that magazine due to its offensive nature before it crash landed in *Kokako*). This is a nice little detail. Why would Mr. Watkins mention that he was going to review *Bamboo Dreams* if he wasn’t expecting favours from me because of that? Unfortunately for him, I am not prepared to compromise on the quality of haiku I publish, so he didn’t manage to force his way onto the pages of *Shamrock*. Of course, a more ethical person would refrain from mentioning to an editor he was submitting poems to that he was going to review the editor’s book. But Mr. Watkins doesn’t seem to be particularly concerned with ethics.

Nor is he committed to the truth. He implies that his “submitting to *Shamrock* drew a barrage of suggested edits and omissions”. Really? Like any magazine editor, I may occasionally offer my suggestion for a particular piece. This is editor’s prerogative. It is entirely up to the poet to take it or leave it. In this particular case, I e-mailed back to Mr. Watkins three of his submitted 5-7-5-ers in shortened versions – just to show him that an overblown and wordy haiku can sometimes benefit from trimming. Would a person of sound mind call a single e-mail a barrage? By the way, I keep my correspondence with our wannabe contributors – just in case one of them decides to go public with blatant disinformation.

The following is from Mr. Watkins’s modest statement that came with his haiku: “I was increasingly devoting my talents to those of a 5/7/5 structure. [...] What fills publications like *Modern Haiku* and *Frogpond* nowadays is mostly bland, artless hack jobs that lack alliteration and consonance, pivot, epiphany.” The editors of these publications have

obviously rejected his 5-7-5-ers about ghosts. Shall I give a word of warning to my colleagues? Watch out, Mr. Watkins will soon be after you!

By the way, Mr. Watkins in his article repeatedly calls *Shamrock* a website. I believe, it is a common knowledge that an online magazine, unlike a website, publishes work that appears in a new edition on a regular schedule, and therefore is called a periodical. It seems like Mr Watkins didn't bother to familiarize himself with the publication he was quick to submit his pieces to.

The next figment of Mr. Watkins's imagination is the claim that "the majority of haiku in *Bamboo Dreams* were selected from *Shamrock*." It seems like something prevented Mr. Watkins from viewing the Acknowledgements page, where he could have found the list of the magazines, in which the poems selected for *Bamboo Dreams* first appeared. All in all, twenty haiku periodicals are listed, including *Acorn*, *A Hundred Gourds*, *Ambrosia*, *Blithe Spirit*, *Frogpond*, *Haiku Presence*, *The Heron's Nest*, *Haiku Spirit*, *The Lace Curtain*, *Lishanu*, *Modern Haiku*, *Notes from the Gean*, *Paper Wasp*, *Poetry Ireland Review*, *Roadrunner*, *Shamrock*, *Simply Haiku*, *Time Haiku*, *Tinywords*, *World Haiku Review*, as well as twenty-seven anthologies and individual collections by the contributors. I wonder if Mr. Watkins's statement is anything but yet another attempt to mislead the public.

I've seen too many reviews of haiku collections where the reviewer offers no critique of the book and the haiku included in it. This is the trouble with Mr. Watkins's article. For him, all free-form haiku are "brief and truncated". Furthermore, he is unable to define accurately what constitutes perfect and imperfect haiku. The reviewer quotes a few pieces that he liked, one that he didn't like, and yet another one (arguably one of the best in the book) that he didn't know what to think of because of "cultural differences" (!) He goes on about "the lack of indentation [in *Bamboo Dreams*] that can make many of these little poems difficult to comprehend." I wasn't sure what kind of indentation he was talking about until I stumbled upon his own piece submitted to *Shamrock*:

extorted fluid
amidst the thorns, morning dew

on wild rose petals

I don't think that the indentation Mr. Watkins employs here makes this piece easier to read and comprehend. I wonder if he is aware of the fact that classical Japanese haiku were not presented as three-liners but were written in a single vertical line; that's why a cutting word (*kireji*) was used to separate one part of a haiku from the other.

The further you read this "review", the more amusing it gets. The next Mr Watkins's statement will surely raise quite a few eyebrows: "75% of the poetry featured on the [*Shamrock*] site has undergone rewriting or abridging at the hands of Anatoly Kudryavitsky." What the dickens, or rather, what the Watkins? As Francis Bacon once put it, "Slander boldly, something always sticks." A statement like this cannot be an honest error; it is the result of data fabrication, i.e. the reviewer's gross misconduct. How the editors of *Kokako*, Patricia Prime and Margaret Beverland, who take full responsibility for what they print, approved such drivel for publication is beyond me.

So now the readers of these pages can take a guess what the aim of Mr. Watkins's "review" was, if not to settle accounts with me. Isn't it a shame that the editors of *Kokako* failed to make sure that the underlying feelings were more appropriate? They are now saying that an apology to me "will be published in the next issue of *Kokako* (April, 2014)." We'll have to wait and see...

I also wonder if *Kokako* is now going to raise the Jolly Roger of 5-7-5. Because if you have said "A", you will also have to say "B", otherwise you'll be accused of bias, and rightly so. Of course, a scientific periodical can get one of the books on the origin of the species reviewed by a creationist and the other ones by evolutionists - but after that who is going to take this magazine seriously? Now I am curious to see how the editors of *Kokako* are going to pull through.

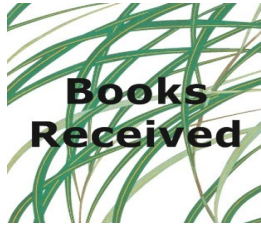
In Part 1 of our "Unscrupulous Reviewers and Negligent Editors" series (see [Shamrock No 25](#)) I wrote the following: "The question is, if a writer sets out to destroy another's reputation, should a respectable magazine give him a platform for that kind of activities? Because this is exactly the

situation we all have been trying hard to avoid." I sadly note that my lamentations didn't stop the rot and it has now reached yet another haiku publication. The bitter personal bile poured out by some individuals and readily printed by some negligent or sensation seeking editors leaves me quite speechless. Of course, it tells its own story, an old story of incompetence and jealousy.

As for Mr. Watkins, his very inspired look can be viewed [here](#). Just so you know who I am talking about. I sincerely believe that Mr. Watkins deserves a place in encyclopedias – alongside a certain [person from Porlock](#). His innovative approach to getting published is clear as a crisp spring morning. I do realise that, having received from somebody a "publish me, or else!" ultimatum, most editors will simply tell this person to go to hell, but I can suggest a better place to send him to. Just tell him, "Go to *Kokako!*"

Anatoly Kudryavitsky

As our readers will notice, I do not comment on Roberta Beary's graceless reply to my essay in *Shamrock* 25, which sullied the pages of *Frogpond* 36.2. Instead of an admission of presumption and carelessness, accompanied by an apology, readers are treated to Ms. Beary's self-excusing reference to sources she (unthinkingly) relied upon. If she had any experience in publishing, she would have known that there are attributable sources of material that an editor of a book can name on the Acknowledgements page, e.g. other books and periodicals, including online magazines, and not attributable ones (other websites, blogs, personal pages, promotional leaflets, etc.). The website of the Irish Haiku Society is not an attributable source, so I couldn't possibly name it. In such a case an editor names the closest attributable source, which I did. Now that the revised version of the poem by Seamus Heaney has appeared in *Bamboo Dreams*, this book becomes an attributable source for it and can be referred to as such. The fact that no information regarding a revised version of a poem is made within a publication is no grounds for a reviewer to account for a discrepancy by jumping to the conclusion that, therefore, the editor must have taken liberties with the text. This reply only confirms what the readers of my essay already know: that the reviewer who has been caught out in what amounts to slander (intentional or otherwise) is guilty as charged.



Glenn G. Coats. Snow on the Lake. Haibun and Haiku

Pineola Publihing, Virginia, USA, 2013

90 pp.; ISBN 978-0-6157-9911-7

Available from Pineola Publishing, 467 North Hardtimes Drive, Prospect, Virginia 23960, USA

Glenn G. Coats is one of the poets widely represented in *Shamrock*, where some of his haiku and haibun found a home for the first time. Having started writing haiku in the 1990s, he is now one of the most exciting voices in English-language short-form poetry. He has an eye for everyday wonders of nature:

evening snow
a scent of rabbit
in all the air

Glenn G. Coats is also one of the top haibun writers of today. His book will be a worthwhile addition to any haiku library.



Klaus-Dieter Wirth. Im Sog der Stille / In the Wake of Silence

208 Haiku. German/English/French/Spanish

Hamburger Haiku Verlag, Hamburg, 2013

240 pp.; ISBN 978-3-937257-72-3

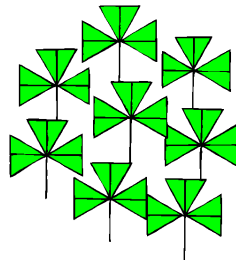
Available from <http://haiku.de>

The previous collection by Klaus-Dieter Wirth, *Zugvögel / Migratory Birds*, has been reviewed in [Shamrock 19](#). This ones brings together 208 of the

poet's more recent haiku and senryu from various haiku periodicals where they first appeared. It represents German and, wider, European haiku at its best. Just one example:

button mushrooms
breaking through the asphalt
Hiroshima Day

This book comes highly recommended.



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