

第三十五卷第十号（通卷三九八号）
令和三年四月一日発行

耕 Kō

HAIKU MAGAZINE IN ENGLISH
Vol.35 No.10 398 Issue
SPRING-SUMMER 2021

Haiku for World Peace



Vol.35, No.10 (398 issues)

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Subscription: Yearly 20 IRCs or \$20 or €20 or £15 Single issue 10 IRCs or \$10

“耕” “Kō” means “ploughing” and “cultivation”. Copyright © Kōko Katō
Printed by Seikōdō, Nagoya, Japan

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For a pine, learn from the pine,
and for a bamboo, learn from the bamboo. *Bashō*
松の事は松に習へ、竹の事は竹に習へ 芭蕉

The Universal Language of Haiku

Words are important, but they are the least part of any poem. It is the spirit behind the words that counts: the pauses, hesitations and the silences between words and between the lines, the silences that make a poem live and breathe. That is the true language of poetry. *James Kirkup*

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The Awards in 2020

Aichi Prefecture Board of Education Award

Richard St.Clair (MA, USA)

approaching dusk
a flock of plovers flying down
the mist of valley

もやかかる日暮の谷や千鳥降る

We can appreciate and imagine the clear and silent scenery from this work.
This is the pleasure that haiku brings us.

Nagoya City Board of Education Award

Barbara Casterline (Nagoya, Japan)

Autumn's first breeze
on my face as I walk
slowly uphill

ゆつくりと坂初秋の風を受け

We know an atmosphere of the first autumn breeze is the most appropriate
for walking slowly uphill. We can enjoy this comfortable haiku as well as
the author.

Selected and translated by Kōko Katō

選・和訳：加藤耕子

Runners-up

Kyōko Shimizu

A summer butterfly
drinking mountain water
with wings upright

Ljubomir Dragović

weed field
rusty hoes
silent motions

Yasuko Eguchi

Falling yellow leaves —
the tone of a cello soaks
through my whole body

Yasuyuki Mikuriya

Creak of doors:
one of sonorous sounds
of nearing winter

David Burleigh

Taller than I am
the sunflower leans down
with yellow petals

Dragan Ristić

first dandelion.
unnoticed by children
on their way to school

Klaus-Dieter Wirth

fresh smell of straw
swarm of tree sparrows
skimming the stubble

Maria Tiresescu

On the road
to the grandparents' village
a flowered chicory

Nina Kovačić

midday siesta...
I am listening to deep
breathing of the sea

Patricia Prime

herb garden
the sudden scent
of mint & thyme

Satoru Kanematsu

Budding grass —
the days I used to read
Hesse in earnest

Bruce Ross

winter begins...
a young tree's branches
outlined with snow

Carl Brennan

Narrowing
the social distance
cats make love

Clelia Ifrim

Tell a word, just one
lighter than a wind whisper!
falling leaves, falling...

Hideo Iwata

heavy snowfall —
having finished to clear it
before breakfast

Horst Ludwig

Seven fall flowers
still arranged in the window
received the First Prize

**The 12th Yamadera Bashō Memorial Museum
English Haiku Contest**

Sep. 2020

Grand Prize (Div. 1a : Japanese applicants)

Satoru Kanematsu

Chilly spring
a cruise liner turns
into gaol afloat

春寒やクルーズ船の牢と化し 兼松 悟訳

Japanese translation by the author

Distinguished Work Prize (Div.1b: Non-Japanese applicants)

Nina Kovačić (Croatia)

bees swarming...
the murmur of a prayer
from the graveyard

蜂群れて墓地に呟く祈祷詠 万里小路譲訳

Japanese translation by Yuzuru Marikoji

Haiku

Selected by Kōko Katō

Arch Haslett
(ON, Canada)

five brown oak leaves
afloat in the spring stream
last year's fleet released

wind chimes
just some random notes
then a tune

Barbara Casterline
(Nagoya, Japan)

Watching the trees,
trying to see ...
the chickadees I hear

At six fifteen
a little bird
sings in the rain

Awakened an hour early
... by a nightingale.
Who can complain?

Barry George
(PA, USA)

“Alright, already!”
to the warbler out back —
impatient for spring

first blossoms —
children swarm the branches
of a giant maple tree

spring training —
the slap, slap, slap
of a ball and glove

Boris Vrga
(*Croatia*)

a field of wheat
far into the distance
lengthened by the wind

a butterfly
folds and unfolds its wings
the same symmetry

Bruce Ross
(*ME, USA*)

spring begins ...
without it for so long
full moon

old barn
long tree shadows
in summer sunlight

Charles Rodning
(*AL, USA*)

brisk evening breeze
thru the tea house —
startles the wind-chimes

fragrant sound —
wisteria brushing
against an old shed

lavender hollyhocks —
hundreds blooming around
an empty farmhouse

David Burleigh
(*Ireland/Japan*)

Lengthening daylight ...
and the streets full of ninja
hiding their faces

A cap forgotten
in the garden rest-house —
fresh waters of spring

The sparrows roosting
in the bushes by the steps —
I climb in silence

So unexpected
on Saint Patrick's Day : the blooms
of weeping cherry

A workman's gloves
lying on the ground below
the cherry blossom

Cherry scatters on
the roof of a shed in which
a foal is waiting

The empty campus ...
scarcely anyone to see
the cherry blossom

Dragan Ristić
(*Serbia*)

fly, fly, ladybug —
no other flights
today

quiet summer day —
unloaded, the donkey
keeps on braying

picking of apples —
carrying home
their smell too

walking through the city —
looking at the world as at
balloon which bursting

Horst Ludwig
(*MN, USA*)

A little birch tree
high on the bombed church gable
rough April wind gusts

John Parsons
(*E Sussex, UK*)

sparrows grow darker
bathing amongst
apple petals

first sky lark song
carries me back down
childhood lanes

sunlit lawns
baby squirrels bounce
off each other

sun filled rain
just enough for small apples
to hold a droplet

summer meadows
rhythmic sound of seed heads
across my toes

Judith EP Johnson hibiscus bud
(*Tasmania, Australia*) gently the sun
 wakes it petals

 spring-scented
 a sprinkle of rain
 on my face

 disused path
 jasmine flowers
 cover the old gate

Klaus-Dieter Wirth little sparrow
(*Virsen, Germany*) hopping into the morning
 hopping into my mind

 blackbird song
 closing my eyes
 to feel its fervour

Kyōko Shimizu Yellow passes 眈をよぎる黄の色初蝶来
(*Nagoya, Japan*) by the edge of my eye
 the first butterfly

 Far from crowds 密遠く人なき寺のさくらかな
 no people at the temple
 cherry blossoms

 Rainy season chill — 梅雨寒やふいに鳴り出す体温計
 abruptly begins to peep
 a thermometer

Cumulus clouds 病窓に視線を捉ふ雲の峰
in the window of a sickroom
catches the eyes

NO VISITORS 病棟の戸に「面会禁止」蟬しぐれ
on the door of the ward
cicadas crying

Refreshingly cool! 涼しさや面会十分許されて
allowed for ten minutes
to see the patient

Playing with water 水遊び木の葉浮かべて追ひかけて
a boy puts a leaf afloat
then chases it

Ljiljana Krstić
(*Serbia*)

dark cottage ...
the spider web torn
by a bat's wing

Mrak u kolibi.
Paučinu pocepa
krilo šišmiša.

Luciana Vladimir
(*Bucharest, Romania*)

At sunset
summer is swinging
its green banners

Maria Tirenescu
(*Romania*)

chirping at dawn —
a few eggs in the nest
of linden

Marshall Hryciuk
(*ON, Canada*)

cicada whine
oaks and maples
shaking in the wind

Michael Dylan Welch
(*WA, USA*)

California drought —
dust hovering
over the raked lawn

Mirjana Svetožarević
(*Serbia*)

With both hands
On her summer hat
She's dreaming

Nina Kovačić
(*Croatia*)

early primroses
stream sweeps away footprints
from the snow

prvi jaglaci
potok odnosi stope
iz snijega

incoming high tide —
boy guards the sand castle
with a game bucket

dolazak plime —
dječak kanticom brani
pješčani dvorac

Patricia Prime
(*New Zealand*)

singing
on the lawn chair
a purple finch

above speeding cars
a monarch butterfly
rides the updrafts

Paul H. Faust
(*Ashiya, Japan*)

children gathering
within the schoolyard to view
abounding blossoms

penetrating rain
blossoms upon the river
flowing to the sea

Priscilla Lignori
(NY, USA)

Dandelion clocks
the children run with the wind
scattering wishes

Part of the landscape
even when he moves a bit —
a frog in the mud

Rebecca Lilly
(VA, USA)

Dark softens the forest edge —
a longwing chrysalis
with tiny barbs

Sun-glow through woods mist —
butterfly wing-patterns
show through the chrysalis

Earth scents the river breeze ...
black-spiked caterpillar
eats passion vine leaves

Forest cools with mist —
a hanging caterpillar
spins chrysalis threads

Bloated frog corpse,
belly-up by the pond —
moonlight on the other shore

Geese cry, returning
to spring river islands —
a friend died too early

Reiko Wani
(*Nagoya, Japan*)

In the garage
struggling no more
a blue butterfly

ガレージに力尽きたる青き蝶

Richard St. Clair
(*MA, USA*)

fat bluejays
warming the chilly days
of early spring

spring morning
its serenity violated by
piledrivers

Sam Cannarozzi
(*France*)

during the calm night
a spider looks to capture
the moon in its web

Satoru Kanematsu
(*Nagoya, Japan*)

New Year's dawn —
having endured the woe
of COVID plague

初まりコロナの病禍耐へ抜きて

Feeling felicity
as I have grown this old
New Year's morn

かく老いて知る目出度さや今朝の春

New Year's calendar
received at family temple
from the priest

菩提寺の御坊に受けし初暦

Evergreen offered
to the home *Shinto* altar
last year and this

神棚に常盤の緑去年今年

New Year's gifts — 手渡すも受くるも笑顔お年玉
handing, receiving them
both with a smile

New Year's wreath — 注連飾り小ささを吾子の車椅子
decking son's wheelchair
with a small one

The year's first job — 初仕事まず電腦を目覚めさせ
waking up my computer
to begin with

Stanford M. Forrester spring cleaning —
(*CT, USA*) a library book
 20 years past due

summer drought —
the cat
bathes more than me

Susan Wade spring morning
(*UK*) Tchaikovsky's Waltz of the Flowers
 on my iPad

Tatjana Stefanović In tight hug
(*Belgrade, Serbia*) yellow tulip petals,
 at least tonight.

Yasuko Eguchi Falling lively 音絶えし路地^{にぎにぎ}賑賑とぼたん雪
(*Sōka, Japan*) on the soundless alley
 peony-like snow

The traffic signal 鳥声を真似る信号春霞
mimicking a bird's song
in spring haze

Moving with care 根方へと落蟬そつと移しけり
back to the root of a tree
a fallen cicada

Great fireworks 大花火残影しばし眼裏に
in my mind for a while
their afterglow

Yasuyuki Mikuriya
(*Toride, Japan*)

April Fool's Day 四月馬鹿まさかこれはの訃報あり
unexpected news of death
can this be true?

The warrior doll 武者人形かつと虚空を睨みをり
glaring at nothingness
with its wide-opened eyes

HOW TO CREATE HAIKU Fundamentals Kōko Katō

1. Form: three lines in seventeen syllables or less
2. Key point: clear haiku moment of perception; sound, not rhyme
3. Content: nature in all its aspects
4. Genre: the shortest of lyric poems
5. Season Word: one season word per haiku, but not essential

EXAMPLE: Stone face of Buddha — かたつむり^{くち}唇^はに這^はわせて微笑^{みしょうぶつ}仏
on his gently-smiling lips
a snail is crawling

佐藤和夫訳

James Kirkup: *Shooting Stars*

A Short Sketch of My Journey

Kōko Katō

本棚に翁座像や去年今年
hondana ni okina zazo ya kozokotoshi

A seated figure
of Bashō on the bookshelf —
the turn of the year

This seated figure of china was presented to me at Iga on the Bashō Memorial Day, when I was a judge of the English haiku contest.

The season word, passing year and coming year 去年今年 *kozokotoshi*, expresses the swift change of a year, the season word of the new year.

この翁座像は芭蕉祭の折に伊賀でいただいたもの。私が英語俳句の選者であった折のこと。季語去年今年は時の移り変りのすみやかな事を言う新年の季語。

B2B: Back to Bashō

David Burleigh

B2B 19: The most common image of Bashō, or the one that most readily comes to mind, is of the poet walking through the country, dressed in dark robes, or occasionally on horseback. This is how he made his long journeys throughout the land, largely on foot, and usually accompanied by one of his disciples. Thus he appears in the ink-sketches by the poet-painter Buson that were made to illustrate the Master's longest journal, and some of which appear in the Penguin edition of Bashō's work, translated by Nobuyuki Yuasa. Yet we know from the journals that he wrote, including the *Oku no hosomichi* or 'Narrow Road to the North', that he sometimes crossed stretches of water, which is not surprising for an island country. However, the only book I have to hand that indicates journeys across water in its visual material is the volume of translation by David Landis Barnhill called *Bashō's Journey*, which has all the journals.* The maps in this book have, in addition to the lines which indicate travel across land, a few short dotted lines where the poet also crossed water, usually a small bay or inlet. Indeed, the cover of the book shows a picture of the sea. One other translation that came out not long ago is of some interest in this regard.

Hiroaki Sato's version of an early *kasen* or linked-verse sequence that Bashō led towards the end of his first long journey from Edo to Nagoya, originally appeared in the American journal *Modern Haiku*, and was reprinted in Sato's book of collected writings *On Haiku* (New York: New Directions, 2018, pp. 77-97). Composed in Atsuta on a boating trip, the opening verse is a well-known one:

海くれて鴨の聲ほのかに白し
umi kurete kamo no koe honoka ni shiroshi

The sea darkens and the voices of the ducks faintly white

The translator gives it in one line, as he customarily does, and it is a verse that has provoked a good deal of comment. It falls into a pattern of 5-5-7, which is unusual, and although this could quite easily be rearranged into 5-7-5, it might well be less effective if it were. Western commentators will be inclined to comment on the synaesthesia it employs, with the sound described in terms of colour, though this has been remarked in Japanese as well.** This 36-verse sequence is less well known than others of this kind that Bashō led, but Sato's commentary on it is illuminating for those who seek to understand the form. Even the digressions that he makes are interesting. Unusually, there were only four participants, and one wonders what kind of boat they had boarded, and whether they actually composed it all while they were afloat in the offing. It is all quite novel to consider.

* *Bashō's Journey: The Literary Prose of Matsuo Bashō*, Translated and with an introduction by David Landis Barnhill (New York: State University of New York Press, 2005). Preceded by *Bashō's Haiku: Selected Poems of Matsuo Bashō* (2004).

** See *Bashō and His Interpreters: Selected Hokku with Commentary* by Makoto Ueda (Stanford: Stanford University Press, 1991), pp. 123-4, for some of these.

B2B 20: One of the most important figures in the global spread of haiku in the postwar era was certainly R.H. Blyth (1898-1964), whose prolific writings on haiku and Zen (usually linking them together), and many volumes of translation, were a major resource and influence. There are books about him in Japanese, and his grave in Kamakura is an object of pilgrimage sometimes for visitors from overseas. The late Kazuo Satō had encountered him in his younger days, and spoke about him, I recall, while the poet James Kirkup shared with Blyth the experience of having been a conscientious objector in wartime, though in a later war. While Kirkup was doing forestry work in World War Two, however, Blyth was interned as an enemy alien in Japan, and used the time to study and write. A new noh play has recently been created and performed based on an episode from Blyth's

life, or rather one that happened after he had passed away.

The title is suggestive of the theme, not only in what it says, but also in the way that it is written:

不来子先生 *Buraisu-sensei*

たたかわざる者 R. H. ブライスと H. ソロー

tatakawazaru mono R.H. Buraisu to H. Sorō

Blyth-sensei

Men Who Would Not Fight: R.H. Blyth & H. Thoreau

The way that Blyth's name is given suggests a youth unwilling to go, while the other person invoked is the American transcendentalist poet and philosopher Henry David Thoreau (1817-1862). In the play, an American scholar of Thoreau, having read Blyth, hopes to meet him in Japan, but discovers that he has already passed away. A student takes the scholar, Harding, to visit Blyth's grave, where Blyth's spirit appears to him and he communes with this until it vanishes again. That is all, although the play lasts an hour and is elaborately performed, with dance and music. It was scheduled for May last year, but delayed until November because of the pandemic, and took place at the National Noh Theatre. Four haiku by Bashō were included in the script, which was made available in English as well as Japanese, and the haiku were in Blyth's translations. Besides these were other references and quotations, including to Tennyson and Wordsworth, all ending with a couplet by Thoreau. The author of this new work, Munakata Kuniyoshi, played the role of the visiting scholar, without a noh mask but wearing a hat. It was really quite a moving piece, both original in content and resonant on many levels, and well performed.

B2B 21: I have mentioned previously (BTB 10) something about Inoue Seigetsu (1822-1887), the wandering poet and dispossessed samurai of the Ina valley in Nagano prefecture, and the excellent film that was made

about him. He has been introduced to schools in the Shinshū district and other places through a booklet about him called *Seigetsu-san*, of which I was asked to prepare a translation, and managed to do this last summer, albeit with some assistance. It has now been printed and is soon to be distributed to schools and libraries in that region, where there is also a museum to the poet. As I also remarked before, he was a poet of a very traditional stamp, much influenced especially by Bashō. Seigetsu lived through an age of great social upheaval, and there are many mysteries about his life, but it seems that he carried in his backpack a copy of the works of Bashō and his school, along with a small statue of the poet (which in fact appears in the film if you look very carefully). Among the few dozen haiku in the fifty-page booklet, I noted this one:

我道の神とも拝め翁の日

waga michi no kami tomo ogame okina no hi

Paying respect to
the god of my chosen path —
Day of the Old Man

The word *okina* (lit. ‘old man’) is a standard haiku reference to Bashō, and here indicates the day of his passing in 1694, November 28 on the solar calendar, though a different date on the lunar one of course. Kōko Katō-*sensei* has sometimes remarked to me about the ‘god of haiku’, though not with specific reference to Bashō, and perhaps more in a Shintō sense. Be that as it may, I discovered an intriguing story about the death of Bashō in the process of looking into Seigetsu, and will say something more about that next time.

Book Review

David Burleigh

Împărăteasa boabelor de orez / The Empress of Rice Grains by Clelia Ifrim, Florești: Limes, Romania, 2020. ISBN 978-606-799-427-8

I Wish / 願わくは edited by Stephen Henry Gill: Kyoto, Hailstone Haiku Circle, 2020. ISBN 978-4-9911809-0-3 To order contact Hitomi Suzuki: indigoapple28@gmail.com

Two small books that have come to hand lately are both of interest, in different ways. The first is bilingual, in Romanian and English, with the former uppermost on the cover and on every page. With not much over fifty pages, each haiku is presented on a single page, some given over to holograph versions in the author's elegant script. Clelia Ifrim is familiar to readers of this journal, and a uniquely gifted, if occasionally baffling, poet.

The title gives a hint that connects to an intriguing preface, for not only are rice grains small, like haiku, but they are also white. In a brief preface called "Argument on a silk paper", the poet outlines her purpose:

Reading this book you will find in it haiku poems in the usual form 5-7-5 syllables, after the Japanese model, but also haiku poems in free form, the form of the white haiku.

This is fascinating. She says the latter kind resemble a butterfly (perhaps a cabbage white?), and then connects that to the "haiku moment", with a "stronger" idea than something passive, explaining: "The idea is there before the form. It is precursory."

Price of a rice bag —
the light of day turns into
a letter of spring

The song of birds
is following their shadows —
a deserted street

There are poems that are both shorter and longer than these, and invoke other colours, like yellow and blue, but the mysterious resonance of white is what seems to linger, and to contain the rest. There are Japanese words scattered here and there as well.

The second book, edited by Stephen Gill, while printed all in English,

embraces more than one world too, having been issued in Japan and at the same time containing a goodly number of both Japanese poets and those from elsewhere who happen to live here too. Its publication intends to mark the twentieth anniversary of the Hailstone Haiku Circle that he established in Kansai, where he himself is based in Kyoto. It is a nicely designed pocket-size volume, with a substantial number of poems, certainly enough to make it worthwhile to carry about with you. The contents have been arranged alphabetically, by author's name, and here are a few of them, from different seasons:

From time to time
the flap of outstretched wings —
a windless afternoon

Branko Manojlović

Bitterly cold
licking ice
a feral cat

Sean O'Connor

Unmanned station —
the sound of insects
comes aboard

Terry Yoshikawa

Perhaps under the influence of Stephen Gill himself, some of the verses take the form of a quatrain or four-line verse, according to the need of the content possibly. Form and content in poetry are always interwoven. At the end of the book there is a novel and interesting section called "Roller Coaster", which collects poems about the natural disasters with which we are only too familiar in Japan:

After the typhoon —
over wet tree bark
inches a white snail

David McCullough

And with that white image I will conclude this brief review. The cover illustration, images of cherry blossom against a purple background and scattering like snowfall, is curiously attractive.

HAIKU REFLECTIONS

On Haiku from *Kō* Autumn-Winter, 2020

Priscilla Lignori

The carillon bells
carry over the grapevines
beginning to wither
— Kōko Katō

I love the images evoked by this haiku. I can hear the sound of carillon bells carrying their music over the trellises at the monastery, covered with vines that are “beginning to wither.” I happen to live next to a Catholic church in the village, and I love when I unexpectedly hear their bells ringing, as they did briefly and unexpectedly on New Year’s Eve last year.

Writing haiku is not just about finding something new to write about, but to find what is new in that which has been seen or experienced by others thousands of times.

An anchored moon —
hooting from an owl from woods
is binding the night
— Branislav Brzaković

I have never thought of the moon as anchored, but I have definitely felt anchored by the presence of the moon — by its surety and consistency month after month, year after year. Owls are also a welcome presence in the village and I find their hoots comforting.

A pomegranate
I'm holding in my hand:
a small universe

— Satoru Kanematsu

How to experience a “small universe” when holding a pomegranate? I believe it can only take place when we are deeply connected to our own hearts. I find that this is what haiku poets do, when at their best — touch upon the mysteries of existence, both small and large, by seeing through the heart.

My fingers sticking
to the cover of the book —
the lingering heat

— David Burleigh

I am struck by the strong sensory experience of this haiku. Heat as a season word is not an easy one to write a haiku about and yet the poet here more than succeeds. The “lingering heat” permeates everything ... Besides form, the use of season words in haiku, at least for me, is essential ... and what makes haiku, haiku.

Falling yellow leaves —
the tone of a cello soaks
through my whole body

— Yasuko Eguchi

Another strong, evocative haiku. I love the pairing of falling yellow leaves and the cello music penetrating and soaking the poet's body. Simply beautiful!

Balmy autumn day —
water reflection flickering
around the arbor
— Kyōko Shimizu

This haiku depicts such a tranquil scene. This in contrast to the chaotic disruptions that the Covid 19 pandemic has wrought upon many communities around the world. The flickering reflections of light are a welcome sight! Capturing these moments with a haiku provides the needed respite from the many difficulties of our times.

trees prepare to sleep
a chilly bite to the air
as darkness descends
— Paul H. Faust

No matter what is happening in the world, Nature's cycles continue. The winter season arrives with its "chilly bite," and darkness comes earlier and "trees prepare to sleep." Winter is Nature's time to rest and regenerate. The pandemic has also forced the world to stop and recalibrate. I wonder what is possible if we become more synchronized with the natural light and dark cycles again and if we resume life at a slower pace. Would this help improve the overall health of our hearts, minds and spirits, and thus the health of our nations?

The Nature spirits
now roam the land assisting
earth's restoration
— Priscilla Lignori

The 12th Kō English Haiku Workshop

Coronavirus:

counting the syllables

— all I can control

コロナウイルスただ音数を数ふのみ

Self isolation

but...azaleas still bloom

leaves turn green

Barbara Casterline

籠りても^{さつき}皐月花つけ葉は緑

バーバラ・キャスタライン

(和訳：兼松 悟)

Distant peaks

mistaken for white clouds

spring nearing

Kyōko Shimizu

白雲と紛ふ遠嶺春隣り

清水 京子

Spring birds songs —

outdoor Great Buddha has

long ear lobes

Satoru Kanematsu

轉りや露座大仏の長き耳朶

兼松 悟

the last train

arrives dashing thru snow

at the station

Hideo Iwata

終列車雪を突き抜け着きにけり

岩田 秀夫

Aiming to snatch

the baits thrown for carp

a black-headed gull

Yasuko Eguchi

鯉に撒く餌を掠めむと百合鷗

江口 靖子

Diamonds

glittering on the lawn

frosty morning

Reiko Wani

金剛のきらめく芝や霜の朝

和爾 玲子

Such a luck!

a cherry blossom's petal

perches on my palm

Yasuyuki Mikuriya

^{たま}偶さかに花びらとまる掌

御厨 安幸

Favorite Haiku in *Kō* Autumn-Winter 2020

Barbara Casterline selected: late summer dusk
 my father's light no longer
 on the planet *Lenard Moore*

By remembering the loss of his father at the time of losing the physical light of the sun, Moore has made very effective use of metaphor from thousands of years. It also reminds me of Bashō's "*aki no kure*." I feel that by terming the loss of light as "on this planet" he doesn't discount the idea that the light may still shine in heaven. What love and respect for his father to think of him as a being who gave forth light!

Horst Ludwig selected: the baby
 taking a nap on the cushion
 big enough *Hideo Iwata*

Adults taking a nap for their recreation to survive do not need a much bigger space than their own size either, — provided they are at peace with the world. Otherwise they need a lot of area that is free from what they fear. And they might even fear the space around them...

Satoru Kanematsu selected: Danse macabre
 in full swing at nursing homes
 spring canceled *Carl Brennan*

COVID infection clusters have appeared, and vulnerable elderly people have lost their lives in facilities accommodating them. This haiku, which compares the contemporary tragedies to a scary medieval practice, makes me shudder as if witnessing a scene of a drama. May this pandemic be contained as soon as possible, and the lost spring be retrieved.

Tatjana Stefanović selected: Fine winter day —
 from time to time speaks
 an old parrot *Yasuyuki Mikuriya*

This very nice haiku reminds me of my granny who also had a little

parrot. Once this little bubbler was lost, but people brought it back, because it could tell my granny's name and address. This is not a fairy tale —, believe me. Oh, those happy days of my childhood...

Reiko Wani selected: proud 5-year-old —
her snowman
the same height *Stanford M. Forrester*

Making a snowman is such an enjoyable challenge for children. I still remember a big one my son made a long time ago when we had unusually much snow. In this haiku "*the same height*" is effective to show vividly the image of a snowman and the girl who is proud of having made it. The author will never forget this happy scene even after the girl has grown older.

Kyōko Shimizu selected: Fresh smell of straw
 swarms of tree sparrows
 skimming the stubble *Klaus-Dieter Wirth*

This haiku shows a peaceful pastoral scene, inviting us to a field where harvest has just been finished. We can enjoy it through the senses of both sight and smell, and also the chirp of sparrows searching for fallen grain can be heard. The alliteration of s-sounds gives this verse lively rhythm.

Yasuko Eguchi selected: A grasshopper
 tinged with withered colors
 makes a flight high *Kyōko Shimizu*

I am impressed with the vitality of the small creature which is to perish soon when winter comes.

Yasuyuki Mikuriya selected: cool rain —
 what if my father could appear
 in this mirror? *Lenard Moore*

The late father of this poet will always be alive in his heart.

—— Books Received ——

With Gratitude

- ◆ ***Blithe Spirit*** : Editor, Caroline Skanne, British Haiku Society, Vol. 30, Number 2, June. 2020, Vol. 30, Number 3, Aug. 2020, Vol. 30, Number 4, Nov. 2020
- ◆ ***Modern Haiku*** : An Independent Journal of Haiku and Haiku Studies, Editor, Paul Miller, Vol. 51.3 Autumn 2020, Vol. 52.1 Winter-Spring, Canada
- ◆ ***HAIKU PISMO*** : Haiku Letter, Editor, Nebojsa Simin, No. 58 Oct. 2020, Serbia
- ◆ ***HAIKU*** : Magazine of Romanian-Japanese Relationship, No. 64. Editor, Vasile Moldovan, Bucharest, Romania, 2020
- ◆ ***The Empress of the Rice Grains*** : Clelia Ifrim, haiku in Romanian and English, Oct. 2020, Limes, Romania

Ziua Hiroshimei —
o vrabie duce apă
pentru mama ei.

*A sparrow carries
water for her mother —
Hiroshima Day*

- ◆ ***Windfall*** : Australian Haiku, Issue 9, 2021, Editor, Beverley George, Blue Giraffe Press, Tasmania, Australia
- ◆ ***The Murmur of Waves*** : Nina Kovačić, haiku in several languages, Croatian Cultural Association, Zagreb, Croatia, 2020

sound of crane wings
in the air — they cannot move
this heavy fog

濃霧なり羽搏きのみに鶴とべず(加藤耕子選・訳)
Selected and translated by Kōko Katō
Bashō Memorial Haiku Contest, 2017

street sweeper
collecting the moonlight
from a broken bottle

ガラスごと月の光を掃き集む(河原地英武選・訳)
Selected and translated by Hidetake Kawaraji
Bashō Memorial Haiku Contest, 2018

- ◆ ***Tara beyond the horizon*** : Zoran Raonić, poems and haiku in English and Serbian, Tara, Montenegro, 2019
- ◆ ***L'île-sirène “遥かなるマルキーズ諸島”*** : Seegan Mabesoone, recueil de haikus マブソン青眼句集 haiku in French and Japanese, Sangetsuan,

Nagano, Japan, Oct. 2020

◆ **Manmaru** : Haiku in Japanese and French, Editor, Yasushi Nozu, No. 6, Oct. 2020, Tokyo, Japan

◆ **International Tanka** : Tanka, publisher, Aya Yuhki, No. 8, Nov. 2020, Tokyo, Japan

◆ **Autumn Moon Haiku Journal Vol 4-1, Autumn-Winter 2020-2021** : Online haiku journal, Editor, Bruce Ross, ME, USA www.autumnmoonhaiku.com

Sharing the night
the light switched off
with crickets

Satoru Kanematsu

a full moon
lighting every house
on the zenith

Kyōko Shimizu

Note

Long-awaited vaccine has finally started to be applied in Japan, but it seems to take rather long time to overcome this pandemic crisis. How is the situation around you ? We hope you are enjoying haiku with a mask on.

As Mr. Stanford M. Forrester wrote in his haiku magazine, *bottle rockets* #43, we also feel that haiku poets are better prepared than some for self-isolation. Actually we have received many fine haiku and writings from them even in these difficult days.

The deadline for the next issue of *Kō* is August 31st, 2021. Please send us less than ten haiku, preferably related to autumn and winter. Essays, such as short comments on a favorite haiku in this issue are also welcomed. Your subscription, submission and correspondence are received by Kyōko Shimizu.

Thank you for your support and interest in our journal.

Best wishes,

Kōko Katō and editorial staff

Kōko Katō c/o Kyōko Shimizu

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The Kō Spirit

This publication is dedicated to haiku and related essays. From the natural world we receive the stimulus for composition. In this way we cultivate our hearts and minds, achieve better understanding of the world in which we live, and spread the light of humanism. We hope that this ideal will pervade creative works in both Japanese and English as well as foster a spirit of benevolence among our members and their friends.

June, 1986

Kōko Katō and Kō Members



Kō Vol.35, No.4

Haiku for the Cover photo
by Toshiko Kikui:

frosted leaves
point each direction
across Winter's tracks

John Parsons

Morning light —
piles of fallen leaves
decked with frost

Satoru Kanematsu

第三十五卷第十号(通巻三九八号)
令和三年四月一日発行

耕Kō

第35卷10号(通巻398号)
令和3年(2021)3月25日印刷
令和3年(2021)4月1日発行
年2回発行

編集発行 加藤耕子
版權所有
印刷所 正鵠堂
発行所 「Kō」発行所
〒466-0823 名古屋市昭和区八雲町64
清水京子 方
振替 00860-3-16474
「耕の会」
電話&FAX 052-833-0717
誌代1部 1,000円(yen)
one issue 10 IRCs, \$10

