

Haiku Page

俳頁

Issue 9, 2018



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Haiku Page

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Peggy Lyles' Haiku in Translation

JOHN ZHENG

Peggy Lyles' Haiku in Translation

It was a rainy night in September 2010, before I knew about Peggy Lyles' passing, I retrieved *To Hear the Rain* from the bookshelf to read and translate. There seemed to be an overlapping of hearing the rain outside my bedroom window and reading her haiku collection, an echo of the tapping rain on the mind, like a call to action:

summer night
we turn out all the lights
to hear the rain

In the hot summer night, rain cools the relationship, softens the hearts, and soothes the souls. It sinks deep in the soil, the root, the mind. Peggy's title haiku offers a moment to hear, feel, calm, and recall.

Peggy sent me a signed copy of *To Hear the Rain* in 2007. She was a fine haiku poet I enjoyed translating. My translation of her haiku first appeared in the February 2000 issue of *New World Poetry*. In 2001 I translated some of her haiku from *Thirty-Six Tones* and published them in a short-lived magazine in Beijing. In 2007, Peggy helped coordinating a haiku page of seven poets from Georgia for the spring 2008 issue of *Valley Voices* edited by me.

Presented here are the fourteen haiku selected from *To Hear the Rain* and translated into Chinese, thanks to Dr. Randy Brooks and Mr. Bill Lyles for granting permissions. Haiku is borderless. Like rain, it reaches far and wide. I hope Peggy's haiku in translation will reach far and wide to readers in China and anywhere in the world.

PEGGY LYLES

summer stillness
the play of light and shadow
on the windchimes

靜謐夏
光與影
戲風鈴

an open window
somewhere
a woman's wordless song

敞開一扇窗
某處
一女子的無言歌

cheek on her hand
...the pages
turn themselves

手托腮
...書頁
兀自翻轉

October twilight
the scarecrow in the garden
drops its other glove

十月斜暉
園中稻草人
扔掉另一隻手套

first frost...
on a silver card tray
wild persimmons

初霜——
銀色卡盤上
幾個野柿子

tea fragrance
from an empty cup
the thin winter moon

茶香
飄空杯
薄薄的冬月

moving day
the dogwood tree
in full white bloom

搬遷日
山茱萸樹
花綻白

summer night
we turn out all the lights
to hear the rain

夏夜
我們關掉所有的燈
聽雨

mother-daughter
small talk
snap beans

母女的
小語
摘豆角

long twilight
at the woman's ear
a small pearl glows

暮色長
女人的耳垂上
一粒珍珠閃

thunderheads pass...
a blue jay bathing
in the dust

雷霆去.....
藍松鴉沐浴
塵土中

Saturday
he whistles as he turns
the children's pancakes

星期六
他邊吹口哨
邊為孩子們煎餅

traffic jam
my small son asks
who made God

堵車
我小兒子問
誰造的上帝

brief visit
peony open
to its heart

短訪
牡丹花敞開
心扉

Haiku by Santa Fe Poets

BASIA MILLER

southwest of Taos
lost in a maze of roads
a mockingbird

turning eighty-two
slow food, slow smile, slow writing
I practice snail's pace

AVA DASYA RASA

still cold—
pink buds
undress

bell crickets
surround the temple—
the voice of buddha

SHARON RHUTASEL-JONES

hand-me-downs
her arms
longer than mine

organic apples
in every other one
a worm

a tree branch
scratches the window
angry words

MIRIAM SAGAN

a rake, a broom
lost memories of how
I loved you

black fingernails—
all the ink
I've spilled...

CHARLES TRUMBULL

Indian summer
the last bit of goodness scraped
from a persimmon

extra sweetness:
the apple I picked
myself

startled, a flock of jays
rearranges itself
in another tree

transcribing Issa
I squash an ant
between the keys

trick or treat
I mistake the living dead
for scarecrows

SCOTT WIGGERMAN

petrichor
thick in the desert air
thinking green

where I thought
sunscreen wasn't needed
melanoma scar

Santa Fe Haiku in Translation

CHARLES TRUMBULL

in the summer rain
there's one thing you cannot hide,
the bridge at Seto!

夏雨難隱瀨戶橋！

still summer day
the old weathervane
rusted in place

夏日靜
舊風向標
生鏽了

girls in uniform
on the crooked little bridge
wild irises

校服女生
走在彎彎小橋上
朵朵野鳶尾

DEBBI BRODY

Stunned by a field
Of sunflowers and finches
I arrive late to work

驚見一地的
向日葵和燕雀
我上班晚了

ALANNA C. BURKE

end of winter
I remove the dead
from my address book

冬末
我把死者
刪除通訊錄

SONDRA J. BYRNES

snowbound
a narrow road
inward

雪皚皚
一條細路
內延

morning prayer
she knots and unknots
her apron strings

早禱
她把圍裙帶
繫了又解

MICHAEL CANTOR

five-thirty AM
garbage trucks and sirens
I Love New York

晨五時半
垃圾車和警笛
我愛紐約

SUSAN GARDNER

black coffee in a mug
over the rim
my husband smiles

黑咖啡
漫出杯外
老公的微笑

RENÉE GREGORIO

I hold strong coffee
the morning soft with longing
outside, spring snow

手捧濃咖啡
柔晨伴著渴望
外面落春雪

CYNTHIA KOWALSKI HENDERSON

alfalfa fields
in every direction
scent of green

苜蓿草場
四面八方飄著
綠色味

wind through the trees
a papery rustle—
back to school

穿林風
簌簌似薄紙——
返校了

MARY COYLE KITE

one thousand mothers
elm seeds confetti spring skies
fertile kimonos

一千個母親
榆莢繽紛春天空
孕育的和服

mud dauber
pushes sky into tunnel
flags sunlight down

泥蜂
將天空推入巢
揮下陽光

DAVID MCKEE

owl flight
the silent wings
in my genome

貓頭鷹飛翔
無聲的翅膀
在我基因里

wrensong unraveling the old argument

鷓歌繹舊論

BASIA MILLER

the kettle whistles—
winter reverie broken
I let the tea steep

水壺哨聲起——
打斷冬天的遐想
茶兀自沏著

fallen oak leaves
on porch
empty shoes

橡葉落
檐廊
空鞋子

AVA DASYA RASA

winter freeze
paperwhites
sprout

冬凝
多花水仙
出芽了

pomegranates,
red leaves—
swallows depart

石榴
葉紅
燕去也

MARIAN OLSON

god or no god
does it matter
wild blue flax

上不上帝
有關係嗎
藍色野亞麻

even clouds
touch and part
I remind myself

連雲朵
都碰了分
我提醒自己

this loneliness
I open the shutters,
bring in the moon

這麼寂寞
遂拉開窗葉
放月進來

SHARON RHUTASEL-JONES

at the church door
she curls around her dog
silent night

教堂門旁
她摟著狗狗
平安夜

paupers' cemetery
only the clouds
come and go

無名墓地
唯有云
來去

BARBARA ROBIDOUX

lenticular clouds
loom over the desert
scent of chaparral

沙漠上空
碟狀雲徘徊
沙巴拉菜味

planting buddleia
to call butterflies
rabbits respond

種醉魚草
引蝶
兔卻先到

MIRIAM SAGAN

tiny bird nesting
in a rolled-up shade
night train

小鳥築巢
捲簾裡
夜班列車

the peach tree
she gave me
drops orange leaves

她送我的
桃樹
落橙葉

in the mirror
a glimpse
of emptiness

鏡中
一瞥
皆空

MICHAEL G. SMITH

planting fruit trees
others will
enjoy

果樹栽給
他人
享

JANE TOKUNAGA

middle-aged man
flirts with me at the car wash
my car and I glow

洗車行
中年男送秋波
車和我亮了

urban flower—
a gelato cup squashed
into pink plastic petals

都市花——
壓扁的綿綿杯
粉色的塑料花瓣

LEW WATTS

eight months...
easing past her
cholla in bloom

八個月了……
小心經過她
綻放的仙人樹

sprouting chickpeas she doesn't want children

鷹嘴豆在發芽她卻不想生娃

SCOTT WIGGERMAN

objects farther
than they appear
canyon echoes

望山
跑死馬
空谷迴音

whoop-whoop
of raven wings
the spaces in between

鴉翅
撲撲
空間距

suspended
in the amber sky
a dragonfly

碧空
懸恒
一蜻蜓

Haiku in Translation

GARY HOTHAM

more footsteps—
the broken branch
breaks again

腳步沓來
斷枝
斷了又斷

JACQUIE PEARCE

first warm day
I bookmark my page
with a crow feather

天初暖
我把烏鴉毛
當書籤

in and out
of the ocean breeze
busker's song

海風隱約賣藝歌

CRISTINA RASCÓN

on the blue sea
like dead whales
two black rocks

藍色海面上
兩塊黑岩
如死鯨

on earth's edge
a miniature sunflower
cannot turn

在地球邊緣
一朵微型向日葵
不轉了

north wind
the clouds on my eyes
already budging

北風
我眼中的雲彩
湧出

Haiku & Rengay

ANGELA BALL

Thanks sparrow for nest-
Ing in my cycle helmet.
Vacant now, it sings.

LATONZIA EVANS

woman of color—
pain, love, and beauty
voiced in autumn wind

KENDALL DUNKELBERG

Swallows swoop low
 over grassy fields at dusk—
Poor insects

In the dry ravine
 one day's splash of color:
cardinal flower

Summer memory
still walks the autumn path:
 husk of cicada

HOWARD LEE KILBY

days of constant rain
I look around at the trees
in silent wonder

tomorrow
the President will tweet
the sun will rise

ALAN E. ROSENAU

onto the cell futon
eyes shifting four directions—
her first new home

SONDRA ROSENBERG

poor turkey, no
presidential pardon--
my turn to be stuffed

STUART JAY SILVERMAN

a closeup rainbow
morning-glories peeking through
the slats of a fence

CHRISTINE WENK-HARRISON

pond sunset
red bobber never dips
the Zen of angling

arc of aligned planets
Venus to Mars
skipping stones across the sky

KATHLEEN O'TOOLE & LENARD D. MOORE

Improv

saxophone wail
from the subway gate
starlings scatter

a quarter
in the rusty pail

street corner improv
the brakes syncopate
his washtub bass

red lights sync
all along the avenue
the breeze-blown flags

down the wind chime bells —
raindrops

the horn's mute
with each upward turn
java scent

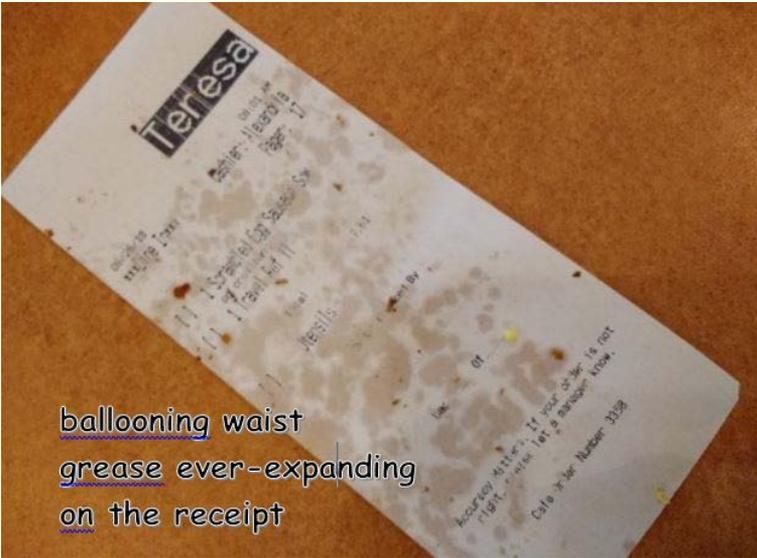
Phtoku / Ekphrastic Haiku

JOHN J. HAN



serene Slovenia
hoopla across the sea
from Venice





ballooning waist
grease ever-expanding
on the receipt







Venetian canal
the forgotten time
in a floating world



street musician
a few coins earn
a blown kiss

J. GUANER



morning reading the sun extends its light



Painting by anonymous artist

cold night
mom repeats “Take care of yourself”
on the phone



Photo by J. Guaner

autumn sun a quaver of light on the wagging tail



lazy breeze
a faint scent of orchid
from the yard



Photo by Ben Huang

delta drought
no more frog hop
in the pond



Mt Rushmore by J. Guaner

a rippling smile
the baby's first taste
of applesauce



School bus by Ben Huang

home for Thanksgiving
my high school fiction
still on the shelf



**cold morning
a warm chat over coffee
about the delta**

for Liz and Margo

cold morning
a warm chat over coffee
about delta tour

(haiku for Liz and Margo)

Short Essays on Haiku

JOHN J. HAN

Short but Long-Lasting: A Haiku to Ponder

The most common strategy for writing a haiku is to capture an insightful moment in life—a haiku moment—by using two images for association, comparison, or contrast; one of the two images typically comes from nature. Sugiyama Sampo (1647-1732), a contemporary of Matsuo Basho, penned one of the best haiku:

Glint of hoe
Lifted high
Fields in summer.

(trans. Geoffrey Bownas and Anthony Thwaite)

In translating the poem, I would not capitalize the first word of each line and would omit the final punctuation mark. Having said that, this poem shows three key techniques useful for haiku poets today. First, the poem captures a seemingly trivial moment in life—the exact moment when the hoe is held high and sunlight is reflected on it. Second, the poet borrows material from an ordinary life—a peasant's life. Third, the two-image poem uses the technique of widening focus: glint and then summer fields. The final note: a 5-7-5 syllabic pattern is not the rule from which to deviate. Japanese haiku go by sound units (on), not by syllables. Most English-language haiku poets today write in free style without exceeding 17 syllables altogether.

LATONZIA EVANS

Love's Repertoire

Haiku (for you)

love between us is
speech and breath. loving you is
a long river running.

This haiku from Sonia Sanchez's *Shake Loose My Skin* represents the complexity of love. As an emotion love can bring pure happiness and delight or pain and anguish. Sanchez was able to embody both sides of love into the haiku. The first line of the poem gives an image of a relationship between two companions who are searching for ways to describe and understand the feeling between them. It resembles a budding of love similar to the first blossom in the spring. The second line provides an answer to line one. By definition speech means the ability to express thoughts and feelings by articulating sounds. Speaking therefore requires the use of pauses either to breathe or to show the end of a thought. Through verbal communication "the life" can be inhaled to represent positive interaction or dispelled from the body to remove negativity. The second line continues with "loving you is" as a cliff hanging which once again sends the lover in search for an answer provided in the third line with a natural image: "a long river running." A river is symbolic for life and re-birth; however, this line also holds another connotation. Just as water brings life, it can bring death by drowning. The lover obviously feels this dual sensation of life and death that love brings into her life. Love is complex.

JOHN ZHENG

On Howard Lee Kilby's Haiku

Haiku is brief, so it requires a poet to catch a moment to think, to remember, or to condense his feelings in an imagistic way. When a poet remembers, his thoughts bring back many experiences to form visual mindscapes for him to choose and write about. Howard Lee Kilby's haiku—

winter evening
reading a three-year-old email
from my mother

—catches such a moment with images of winter, email reading, and the mother figure. Line one sets up the time (a cold winter evening) and indicates the reason to read. At the moment of solitude, the poet reads an old email from his mother, and his reading seems to warm both his body and heart. Mother, who might have passed, still brings warmth to her son through her letter he saved. This reading moment reveals the genuine touching feelings so that we can empathize with the poet. In a word, the ability to share feelings is a universal characteristic of human beings that can reach across cultures, and the ability to share feelings through images is a prominent characteristic of haiku. Another characteristic is to share with a space for a reader to fill in to ponder and empathize.