

# Roadrunner Haiku Journal

November 2005 Issue V:4

Welcome to the Roadrunner Haiku Journal. Roadrunner is an international quarterly online journal that publishes quality English-language haiku and senryu. We chose Roadrunner as the name for the journal because we want it to be at the forefront of haiku thought and practice with a regional flavor.

Jason Sanford Brown, Editor

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## Special Feature

*Roadrunner* is proud to present more poem pairs by Anita Virgil and Robert D. Wilson in this issue's Special Feature.

longing for you  
between bites of shomai . . .  
this full moon!

Robert D. Wilson

sleepless  
the mid-summer moon silently  
trying on clouds

Anita Virgil

where did you go, moon?  
you know i'm afraid  
of the dark

Robert D. Wilson

that moment  
when the night clouds give back  
a star

Anita Virgil

strolling  
beside the lake,  
a moonlit possum

Robert D. Wilson

as though that giant silver moon  
were lodged within my chest  
this fullness  
this shine  
from you

Anita Virgil

"that moment" originally from *Pilot* Anita Virgil, Peaks Press 1996

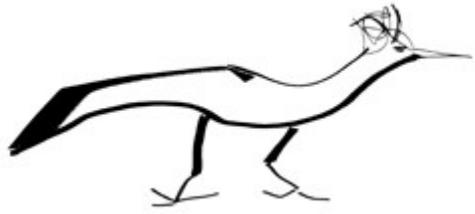
"as though that giant silver moon" originally from *Simply Haiku* Spring 2005, vol 3 no 1

### **Anita Virgil**

A past president of The Haiku Society of America. Poetry, essays and book reviews by her have appeared in all major haiku magazines and anthologies since 1969. Most recently, her poetry and essays appear in the online literary journal *Simply Haiku* (2004 and 2005); *Haiku* (2003, Alfred A. Knopf Everyman's Library edition); *Where Dogs Dream* and *Haiku for Lovers* (MQP London 2003). Her credits include *A 2nd Flake*, *one potato two potato etc*, *on my mind: an interview of Anita Virgil* by Vincent Tripi, *Pilot*, *A Long Year*, *summer thunder*, and editor of Sasa Vazic's *muddy shoes candy heart*.

### **Robert D. Wilson**

Robert D. Wilson is the owner/managing editor of *Simply Haiku*, an online literary journal that showcases Japanese short form poetry ([www.simplyhaiku.com](http://www.simplyhaiku.com)). He is also a columnist for *Teacher Librarian Magazine*, the director of a community day school for troubled teenagers, and has written a murder mystery novel entitled, *Late for Mass*. His *Vietnam Ruminations* are available at [www.vietnamruminations.com](http://www.vietnamruminations.com) [coltrane@lodelink.com](mailto:coltrane@lodelink.com). He lives part of the year with his family near Yosemite National Park and the remainder of the year in the Philippines. He was born and raised in Los Angeles.



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Haiku/Senryu

**Aurora Antonovic**

pressed between the folds  
of his letter –  
violets

at the cemetery  
wishing I still belonged  
to someone

in the moonlight  
whispers of Keats  
against my neck

**Vincent Tripi**

Stop where i  
intend to build a pond  
look-up at the moon

also a road kill the carpenter ant

Carousel...  
the grasshopper riding  
anywhere

## Ed Higgins

splitting wood  
the axe arcs  
deep into winter

on the path  
going barefoot  
to dance

over the barn  
nightwind  
nets the stars

## Vladislav Vassiliev

giving in  
to softness of your hands -  
daffodil

fast train  
a young couple kissing  
non-stop

empty perfume bottle...  
the last remaining hints  
of morning haze

**Marian Olson**

roadside gust  
the hitchhiker lets  
her short skirt flare

to the horizon  
mounds of snakeweed mimic  
white clouds

cosmos surrender  
to the hard rain  
end of summer

**Jim Kacian**

different again tonight the same stars' wobble

up into the sky  
the airplane rides  
my belief

after the ambulance sirens still there

**Deborah P Kolodji**

gleaming water  
tide pools exposed  
by the moonrise

cucumber salad  
the cold look after  
a breakup

seagull moon  
the sky still blue  
this evening

**David Giacalone**

squinting to see him –  
another generation  
sent to right field

fallen blossoms –  
soon  
just another tree

mom's arthritis  
acting up again–  
I take two Advil

**Francine Porad**

beachfront continuum . . .  
within each turbulent wave  
a tumble of stones

in the fabric's  
swirl pattern  
faces

French movie  
with Spanish subtitles—  
the plot thickens (I think)

**Frank Critelli**

water's edge —  
my own cupped hands  
full of sunlight

turning Japanese —  
her flushed face  
on the white pillow

October —  
the tired clicks  
of the last cicada

**Helen Buckingham**

starry night...  
his turn  
for the nit comb

bedridden spring...  
head-to-head  
with the leylandii

buried  
in the sports pages:  
yesterday's daddy-long-legs

**Laryalee Fraser**

new neighbors —  
apples hang on both sides  
of the fence

a star  
from out of nowhere  
her smile

new winter boots  
the moon arrives  
on the front porch

**Bruce Ross**

heat lightning  
with the deep rumbles  
the crickets

4th of July  
silence of the fireworks  
from a country road

not minding  
the drizzles at all  
water lilies

**Margarita Engle**

nearsighted  
I reach for a scrap  
of light

after a nightmare moon on still water

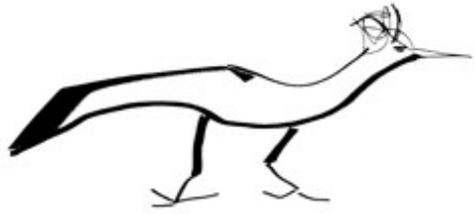
country road  
between weeds and barbed wire  
a drifter's guitar

**Andrew Riutta**

apple wine  
his story better  
the second time

midday heat  
the carpenter's tool belt  
full of plums

the back  
of a woman's knee  
endless summer



# Roadrunner Haiku Journal

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## Southwestern Haijin Spotlight

### Michael McClintock

A proponent of the "Liberated" haiku in English since the 1960s, and of subjective realism in contemporary English-language tanka, Michael McClintock's short poems, haibun (a form of prose-poem), essays and reviews, are read and studied worldwide. An extensive discussion, comparing and contrasting McClintock's poetry, critical theory and practice, to that of the Imagists, Jack Kerouac, and others, may be found in Barbara Ungar's seminal book, *Haiku in English*, published by the Humanities Honors Program, Stanford University (Stanford Honors Essay in Humanities, No. XXI, Copyright 1978, Board of Trustees of the Leland Stanford Junior University). Additional commentary may be found in *The Haiku Handbook*, by William J. Higginsons with Penny Harter (McGraw-Hill, 1985) and *Haiku: A Poet's Guide*, by Lee Gurga (Modern Haiku Press, 2003).

While taking degrees in English and American Literature, Asian Studies, and Information Sciences from Occidental College and the University of Southern California, McClintock was Assistant Editor of *Haiku Highlights* in the late 1960s, Associate Editor of *Modern Haiku* in the early 1970s, and edited *Seer Ox: American Senryu Magazine* and the *American Haiku Poets Series*, 1972-1976. He currently is tanka editor for *Simply Haiku*, and edits with commentary the "Tanka Cafe" column for *Ribbons: Tanka Society of America Journal*.

His collections of haiku, senryu, tanka, and related poetry include *Light Run* (Shiloh, 1971), *Man With No Face* (Shelters Press, 1974), *Maya* (Seer Ox, 1976), and *Anthology of Days* (Backwoods Broadsides Chaplet Series No. 70, 2002) and *Letters in Time* (Hermitage West, 2005). His work has been widely anthologized, and is featured in each of the three editions of *The Haiku Anthology*, edited by Cor van den Heuvel (Doubleday/Anchor, 1974; Simon & Schuster, 1986; W. W. Norton, 1999). The *Tanka Anthology*, which he edited with Pamela Miller Ness and Jim Kacian (Red Moon Press, 2003), includes his groundbreaking "Introduction" to English-language tanka.

Michael McClintock resides in California, alternating his home between Fresno in the central San Joaquin Valley, South Pasadena, and Los Angeles.

a long strand of spider silk  
trailing from the tomb . . .  
paper chrysanthemums

names of lovers  
carved in a whale's rib . . .  
tides of spring

seeing friends off —  
bright shapes they are,  
outlined by darkness

a bug  
on the Pollack painting,  
now climbing the wall

turning on the lamp,  
turning off the lamp:  
an evening in spring

foaming  
the tide pools  
this lonely world

[Basho Festival 2004, Special Award, Japan]

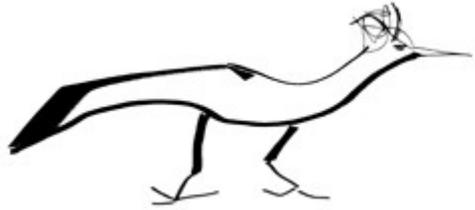
at dawn, the cricket  
blends back under leaves  
fallen in the forest

not green itself  
but a hint of it --  
the slanting spring light

rain pools . . .  
all of them there,  
the mountains of the valley

traveling, too,  
on a seat by the window --  
green melons

[Washington State Poets' Association, Francine  
Porad Contest, Honorable Mention]



# Roadrunner Haiku Journal

August 2006 Issue V:4

## The Scorpion Prize for Best Haiku/Senryu of ISSUE V:3

Naomi Y. Brown

he died in battle  
between pages of *Manyoshu*  
dried forget-me-not

The "Manyoshu" is the ancient repository of Japanese poetic feeling and revered as the centerpiece of the Japanese poetic tradition. I have been recently rereading some of its tanka on love gained and love lost, on erotic ecstasy and desperate hopelessness, particularly impressed by the emotional honesty of Lady Kass. Who died in battle in Naomi's haiku? One of the long dead poets or their lovers in "Manyoshu"? Someone personally closer to Naomi, perhaps a relative, friend, or more in the dreadful pageantry of battle in the last and this century? Whichever or otherwise, the feeling of loss, from "Manyoshu" times centuries long past to the current conflicts worldwide, takes us into the heart of perennial military dissolution. At first in this haiku there is an almost standard refrain of feeling, such as in "Once I Was" or "Remember Me" from popular North American music. But the aged flowers echo with the centuries old "Manyoshu" to help us define and share the human issues of loss and remembrance. But further, more than a keepsake of remembrance, the dried flowers echo a certain "Manyo" sensibility of tenderness that wins the reader over for this haiku. Simple, true, tender. A fine little poem to carry such emotion and feeling.

## Runners-up

Irene Golas

bitter cold--  
the dog's bark  
runs away from it

A metaphor, yes. But with underlying humor. Dogs continually run away, for the moment, from their masters. I had it happen to me and could swear that the corgi was playing with me. But line one underscores the seriousness of the cold where the poor dog might have no energy left to complain (bark). Or enough energy to just not stop.

Marian Olson

surgeon  
her face when she pulls off  
the mask

Yes, perhaps the face is revealing good or bad news. It's a go! We need to talk. Yet (bearing in mind Halloween is near) this haiku also highlights the difference of the professional masked (a child masked as a well-known figure or character) and the human face (and emotions?) below.

John Stevenson

morning clouds  
blue bottles  
on the windowsill

An elegant painterly feel here. The bottles are blue like the sky often is and perhaps transparent like clouds often are. A perfect still life of feeling.

Scott Metz

afternoon rain . . .  
again the simple sound  
of Frogger . . .

So contemporary, if I have it right. The rain dripping on, the video game droning on. A resonance between the two. Comfort taken from a wonder of the technological age.

Petar Tchouhov

full moon  
an orange from the bowl  
missing

Almost a study for an abstract painting. Form reduced to its essence. Yet, of course, humor too. The orange becomes the moon. Perhaps the orange harvest moon. What a fairy tale!

Stanford M. Forrester

the toddler's flashlight  
left on . . .  
August moon

Another moon correspondence. Here the presumably sleeping child's flashlight glowing in the dark echoing the moon glowing in the dark. Perhaps the lens of the flashlight and the moon are round. In all a haiku of tenderness and resonance.

Bruce Ross

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