

# Roadrunner Haiku Journal

February 2006 Issue VI:1

Welcome to the Roadrunner Haiku Journal. Roadrunner is a 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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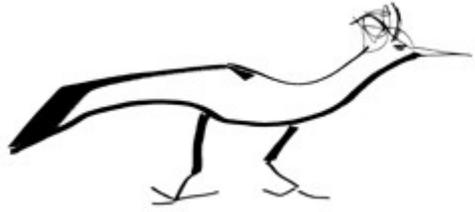
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## Special Feature

The special feature section highlights exceptional works or features that do not fit within Roadrunner's normal format.

For this issue's Special Feature I have reviewed [\*muddy shoes candy heart\*](#) by Sasa Vazic.

Peaks Press has developed a winning formula with their multimedia eBook. Sasa Vazic's *muddy shoes candy heart* beautifully implements this formula with photos and music from her native Serbia and Montenegro that are both haunting and captivating. It is the poetry, however, that is the heart of this collection, the substance beneath the flavor.

winter morning  
just boiled cornflour  
with milk

There is an old world solitude, a sense of necessity that pervades this book. There is a longing and belonging that harkens to a place older than memory but still somehow remembered.

Along the summer path  
two old men talking  
step by step

Country graveyard.  
Pushing away the tall weeds  
searching for ancestors.

There is a sense of loneliness injected with brief but shining moments of joy as in the section entitled "Spring."

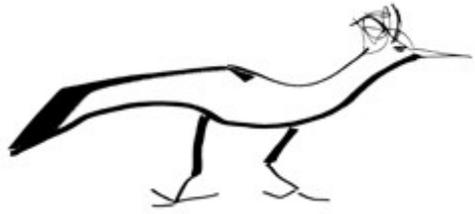
A little sparrow  
looking at itself in the puddle—  
spring at last!

A butterfly touched  
the newly-sprouted flower—  
and is already gone.

Under the section entitled “1999” Vazic has collected poems of war, which bring to our attention the travesty and pain of living in a war zone, without being political or wrought with despair. In fact a feeling of hope is infused, so that by the sections conclusion we are left with hope.

Broken bridge.  
Through clouds of smoke  
birds fly.

Overall, this is a beautifully produced, moving collection reminiscent of Santoka in its sense of place, solitude, and longing. The rich timbre and charming accent of Sasa’s voice round out the production, breathing life and personality into this collection. It is a steal at \$20 post paid and on Roadrunner’s recommended reading list.



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**Haiku/Senryu**

**Keiko Izawa**

winter loneliness  
the warmth of  
the old cat's tongue

heated argument...  
in the soup bowl  
a closed clam

indian summer  
the faint taste of lemon soda  
on his lips

**ed markowski**

fog...  
i've got to begin  
somewhere

long kiss  
we peek  
at the same time

meditation hall  
every monk  
is nothing in disguise

**Ann K. Schwader**

sculpture garden --  
the criticism  
of ravens

counting  
the morning glories . . .  
summer's end

blue light  
threads the lavender  
dragonfly

**Robbie Gamble**

his sneakers dangling  
from the telephone wire  
cloudless sky

tollbooth  
collector's lipstick  
bleeding

almost  
a regular pulse  
heat lightning

**Helen Buckingham**

morning neuralgia  
the bus  
throws its shadow

feet in the harbour  
trading  
reflections

City dusk...  
a single grey  
balloon

**Dru Philippou**

the desert  
in the still wings  
of a dragonfly

cymbal clash  
the silence  
opening between them

Indian summer  
two women on a bench  
discussing hot flashes

**Aurora Antonovic**

unforecasted snowfall  
his letter  
in my inbox

bitter wind  
the old man's  
empty pipe

chipped tombstone  
not even the memories  
are perfect

**Bruce Ross**

wave after wave crash  
I begin to remember  
something lost

Rosh Hashanah  
around the fruit trees  
deep morning mist

autumn rain  
on a draft horse's belly  
sawdust

**eric houck jr.**

once i too  
believed in magic  
winter's ache in my bones

widow's moon  
the scarecrow  
with mended clothes

midnight snow  
only the streetlamps notice  
how quietly

**Kevin Doran**

day planned for the hammock –  
the top buttons undone  
on your blouse . . .

years after –  
the same shrine  
and effigy

boxing day –  
hung-over from irish  
christmas cake

**Elizabeth Howard**

hands on hips  
three boys stand  
by the fresh grave

deep in the woods  
only the hermitage  
covered with snow

a wide river  
splashing rainbows  
of naked children

**Peggy Willis Lyles**

a backhoe  
stalled in goldenrod -  
low sun

a lantern  
in the pothole -  
moonset

the net  
into deep water  
clearing sky

**David Giacalone**

last week of the year  
ice floes rush  
to the waterfall

january thaw  
motionless trees  
tremble in the river

hazy winter moon  
the face I met  
when our skin was smooth

**Margarita Engle**

old barn  
freshly painted  
the hex signs

windstorm  
all the seagulls  
fly sideways

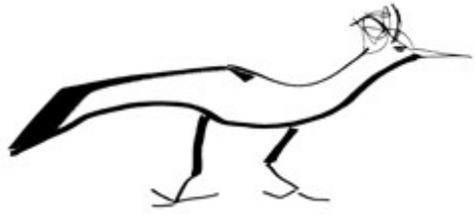
wanderlust  
in a long dream  
time travel

**John Stevenson**

first snow. . .  
settling into  
old feelings

autumn rain-  
certain thoughts  
that I can't shrug off

winter  
the interval  
between park benches



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## Southwestern Haijin Spotlight

### Agnes Eva Savich

Agnes Eva Savich began her haiku journey the year before she got married. A graduate of Northwestern University with a BA in Comparative Literature, she has always written poetry and prose. She first wrote haiku for a silly daily online contest. It started with very elaborate poetic three-line "haiku" in 5-7-5 syllable structure. More research, and the discovery that the Haiku Society of America's website contained an entirely different breed of haiku, led Agnes to discover the rich and meaningful world of true modern haiku. She has been published in Frogpond, Acorn, Modern Haiku, The Heron's Nest, paper wasp, and Simply Haiku. Her work will also appear in the next Red Moon Anthology, as well as in a book currently being written by Ferris Gilli.

Agnes is also the creator and moderator of an online haiku study circle called The Tadpole Society, a group within the larger Pathetic Poets Society ([pathetic.org](http://pathetic.org)). It is a group of about 70 diverse international members - from retirees to corporate workers, students to single mothers - who participate in monthly contests, critique one another's work, and discover the potential of haiku. She also loves to participate in the Shiki Monthly Kukai, as well as being a member of the WHCworkshop, Haiku Talk, and the Haiku Society of America.

Agnes currently lives in Austin, TX with her husband and baby girl. She works from home designing websites, hand-crafting necklaces, and writing a travel memoir.

early spring

everything

dripping

a skipping stone ripples the mountain

cloudless sky  
reaching the peak  
I notice another

crescent moon  
a wedge of blood orange  
bursts in my mouth

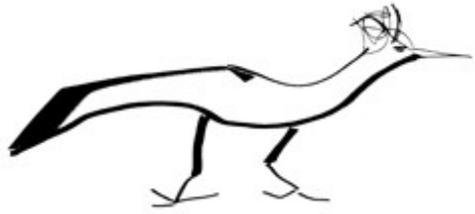
frozen morning-  
a dip into sunlight  
from car to office

quitting time  
the smell of rain  
in the lobby

a dead dragonfly  
skitters along the sidewalk  
autumn wind

the same moon that my ancestors beheld

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# Roadrunner Haiku Journal

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## The Scorpion Prize for Best Haiku/Senryu of ISSUE V:4

Tie:

David Giacalone

squinting to see him —  
another generation  
sent to right field

Laryalee Fraser

new neighbors —  
apples hang on both sides  
of the fence

So many haiku that I read these days fall short of realizing the full potential of the genre because they concentrate on elaborating a single striking image. The way a haiku gains depth and resonance is through the interaction of two images. It is this dynamic that is so often missing.

These two verses are great examples of haiku that fully realize their potential in this regard, and I have singled them out for very similar reasons. First, both are seasonal (baseball—summer; apple—autumn) yet, wonderfully, avoid stating the season obviously with idle date-stamp clichés such as “autumn forest” or “winter snow.” Second, both involve both nature and human nature and use the one to illuminate the other.

Giacalone’s verse, in fact, is arguably a senryu, focusing as it does on human emotions. With amazing economy of words Giacalone tells us in the first line that this is likely an older person watching and in the second and third lines that the situation of a young ballplayer being relegated to right field, the least vital position, is somewhat hereditary in this family. The tone, a wistful blend of grandparental pride and acceptance of less-than-perfect status in life, is marvelous.

Fraser’s haiku also deals with human feelings at a deep level. The arrival of new neighbors is always a little unsettling because a routine is being upset. In this instance, on both the real and the symbolic levels, apples hanging on both sides of the fence bespeak a status quo—probably a happy one—in which apparently the poet and the former neighbors have agreed to let the apple tree do its thing, with both sets of neighbors sharing the beauty of the tree and its fruits. Will the new neighbors be of the same mind? The reader of this excellent haiku is invited to consider the problem and track the ramifications.

Charles Trumbull