

moment in memory that continues to reverberate strongly for me. Others mark more tenuous discoveries, where—if I may borrow from Spiess again—‘language falls into silence and thinking has no way to follow.’ These poems are intuited relationships.

Several of the haiku from the last portion of the book deal with death and dying, such as the following:

grave shopping . . .  
the one with a nearby tree  
for climbing

The book ends with a sense of stories the witness trees could tell beyond our short lives. My favorite from this collection is this haiku of the power of bearing witness to life:

an inch of snow  
a story about my father  
I’ve not heard before

*A New Resonance 12: Emerging Voices in English-Language Haiku* edited by Jim Kacian and Julie Schwerin (Red Moon Press, Winchester, VA: 2021). 176 pages, 5.5" x 8.25". Four-color card covers, perfect bound. ISBN 978-1-947271-79-1. \$20 from [redmoonpress.com](http://redmoonpress.com).

*A New Resonance 12* features the works of seventeen poets who represent a variety of approaches and individualistic voices. Below is a brief sampling of one haiku by each poet.

Mary Jo Balistreri is a musician and painter. Her haiku celebrate the joys of creative perception:

harmonizing  
with the hemlock wind . . .  
winter wren

Susan Burch's senryu sneak up on you with an everyday, aw-shucks conversational tone. Then, they turn and give you a good kick to wake you up out of complacency:

a hand-me-down  
from his father—  
wife beater

I enjoyed Jenny Fraser's haiku of loss and absence. She has a gift of noticing what's not there:

chairs  
just as they left them  
old friends

Simon Hanson is a gardener, and several of his haiku explore the mysteries of growth that come with time and the powers beyond our immediate recognition. He writes about "time passing" and how things come out of the darkness, out of the past, out of our ancestors:

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

As a naturalist, Kristen Lindquist pays attention to the life surrounding her in Maine. Her haiku show an intimacy with this environment:

bare branches  
the skeleton  
in us all

Hannah Mahoney's haiku often express a contentedness in the world, as the editors note, the "Japanese aesthetic of *jinen*," which "values the gentle way of things."

a cluster of mushrooms  
 the snake's quiet  
 leavetaking

Matthew Markworth finds significance in ordinary things encountered in everyday life. He invites the reader to make the emotional connections hinted at in his haiku:

deepening snow . . .  
 the last sleeve  
 of thin mints

Lori A Minor, editor of *Femku* magazine, has a strong feminist voice and holds no punches in her haiku and senryu. Beneath that bravado lies a sensitive, caring, and sometimes hurting woman who seeks to make the world a better place:

family dinner  
 adding salt  
 to my own wounds

Matthew Moffett writes nature haiku despite all of the limitations of our man-made observational windows: a speeding car, cellophane, snapshot cameras, bone scans. Many of his haiku convey an urgency of life rushing by:

stepping into) sunshine (the day's agenda

Michael Nickels-Wisdom likes language, texts, and artifacts of communication, and his haiku revel in the ways we like to stretch and pull words like taffy as wordsmiths:

the me of me;  
 crumpled white paper  
 atop smooth

Keith Polette writes haiku that “conjure sadness.” He writes with an intimacy that puts us into the middle of these losses and hurts:

returned letter  
i cut the bruise  
out of an apple

Bryan Rickert writes haiku that are full of action . . . haiku of doing and noticing how busy the world is around us. Many are also about touching and connecting, even if briefly:

as they pass  
touching for a moment  
two ants

I was so glad to see that our new editor of *Frogpond*, Tom Sacramona, was included in this anthology. I found that several of his haiku excelled in expressing new or changing relationships, and I also enjoyed the sense of exploration evident in several, such as this one:

trail map  
finding the way  
it refolds

Robin Anna Smith (GRIX) writes poems that convey a mythical struggle of becoming and of resisting the paths or molds so often provided in our culture. These are poems that distrust our complacent pronouns and language of identity because they fail our self-creative needs:

a clay goddess I mold the mythology of self

Mary Stevens writes haiku of connections and awareness. She provides us with just enough change to appreciate the passing time that has resulted in this moment, now:

borrowed book  
 a rust stain  
 where the paperclip was

Debbie Strange is a master at setting a scene, then inviting the reader to settle in for a story. She doesn't provide the end of the story, but just enough to get us anticipating or imagining possibilities. We get the gist and feel the feeling of the tale:

porch swing  
 songs where we least  
 expect them

Last, but certainly NOT least, we get a sampling of haiku by Stephen Toft. The editors note "the presence of social, religious, and natural constraints" in his haiku:

a snowflake  
 just out of reach  
 of the prisoner    □■

## REVIEWED BY KRISTEN LINDQUIST

*The Language of Loss Haiku & Tanka Conversations* by Debbie Strange (Sable Books, Greensboro, NC: 2020). 38 pages, 5.5" x 8.5". Matte cover, perfect softbound. ISBN 978-1-7333671-2-7. \$12 from [sablebooks.org](http://sablebooks.org).

Debbie Strange is a widely published, award-winning Canadian poet from Winnipeg, Manitoba. Her book, *The Language of Loss Haiku & Tanka Conversations*, was the winner of the 2019 International Women's Haiku Contest, judged by Roberta Beary, as well as an honorable mention in the HSA 2021 Merit Book Awards (see page 146), judged by Ce Rosenow and Bryan Rickert. Strange's experience shows in this thoughtfully curated, assured, and masterfully evocative collection of 32 tanka/haiku pairings, arranged one pairing to a page.