

bassist plucks chords
before the cymbals ting—
indigo night

Moore's creation and practice of jazzku align with his tradition of writing African American culture. Rosenow re-states the poet's attestation of this in the introduction of the award-winning anthology, *One Window's Light*: ". . . we infuse our poems with rhythm. We live with rhythm. We are rhythm. These poems sing with rhythm."

In chapter four, Rosenow highlights the haiku that Moore is most renowned for—elegiac haiku. Moore's use of haiku as a healing tool in the process of grief is well noted in the haiku landscape. Haiku he wrote for departed haiku poets, as well as his daughter and father are among the examples shared with readers. Rosenow borrows from Robert Epstein's article, "The Transcendent Function of Haiku," to contextualize Moore's penchant to, after profound losses, honor those gone and underscore what remains, and as Epstein states, "ground one's pain or suffering within the larger context of nature." This is evident in the following haiku:

I leave the dusk	Father's Day—
at her grave . . .	sitting alone
crickets	on the mall bench

Rosenow's book is an important addition to haiku scholarship. Apart from previous critical analysis of Moore's long engagement with haiku, this book is an expansive, in-depth look into the poet's versatility, as well as his distinctive approaches and contributions to the haiku. With this book, Rosenow establishes Moore as a virtuoso among contemporary haiku. □■

REVIEWED BY ALAN SUMMERS

Miles Deep In A Drum Solo haiku by Cherie Hunter Day (Backbone Press, Durham, NC: 2022). 36 pages, 7" x 5". Glossy covers, perfect softbound. ISBN: 978-1-7363467-5-4. \$10 from backbonepress.org

Cherie Hunter Day's impressive collection has four sections with a total of sixty haiku: I) the new normal, II) a shortfall of small doors, III) the rollover of unused data, and IV) leftover persimmons. There is a variety within this haiku collection from three-line haiku to single-line haiku and vertical haiku with a freshness that digs in and delights on a quiet yet compelling axis. The artful book design gives the four sections this same feel, as the titles fall down the pages. The collection, for me, continues to sing long after a first or second reading, and into further readings.

star jasmine
scent at the beginning
of acquiescence

The impulse to flood the review with all kinds of haiku is close to overwhelming. I thought a lot about the single-line haiku and why they appealed so much to me. Some single-line haiku can be challenging, if not daunting, for the reader. We might feel we will get something completely wrong, even though we might be starting out on an adventure! Day is negotiating first with her poem and then with each and every reader, which is not an easy task. How far do we compromise or risk abandonment? Single-line haiku are a companion force to the three-line haiku in this collection, and both balance beautifully with their alternate tensions and delivery. About a third of this collection is made up of them, and they are a sublime addition:

crow program running in the background

My personal take on this is the soothing anchor of crows cawing in the background, of something ancient, somehow a reminder that not all that glistens in our modern world will continue to be a constant—in the background of 'advancement,' will be the original 'computer program'.

I invite readers of this review, and of the collection, to consider that haiku can appear as if pulled from the middle of an overheard conversation. These brief poems may avoid set up and conclusion,

and thus, we only have ‘the middle’ instead of the linear and logical narrative that we might otherwise prefer from a poem, or even a novel. We might now need to place ourselves into a situation where we are compelled participants of “telling a story backward”, though it’s a gift to be included both as a ‘companion’ storyteller and as an interpreter of fragments of a story. Another single-line haiku from Day illustrates this observation:

petal rain we imagine a different ending

Perhaps this is cherry blossom rain, or any time that petals might rain down on us, or something else? That “different ending”—is that while watching a film at home or somewhere else, or are we the film, and something has ended differently, for better or for worse? Perhaps we can consider the reverse narrative which has its place within the incompleteness of haiku verses, as well.

Haiku are often thought of occurring as ‘now,’ though they quickly become an ‘active past’ that hangs around the periphery of our present timeline existence. We are unpeeling “the effect before the known cause” and arriving at this “end at the beginning.” And are we not time-travelers in our own lives, navigating the dash between birth and cessation?

last time I heard you became dusk ◻■

REVIEWED BY KRISTEN LINDQUIST

all the stars i can swallow by Laurie D. Morrissey (Red Moon Press, Winchester, VA: 2022). 98 pages, 4.25" x 6.5". Perfect softbound, matte cover. ISBN: 978-1-958408-01-8. \$20.00 from redmoonpress.com.

This second book of haiku from Laurie D. Morrissey is divided into three sections, each marked with a scenic photograph: “all the stars I can swallow,” featuring quiet revelations in nature; “Connecticut hills,” comprising poems of childhood and family memories; and “winter tracks,” showcasing winter/snow haiku. A signature poem early on in the collection might serve as her *modus operandi*,