

*Collected Haiku Moments*



*Wayne Scott Ray*

## Collected Haiku Moments



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<http://hmspress.ca>  
[hmspress@outlook.com](mailto:hmspress@outlook.com)

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### **Original publications:**

*Shashin Kaku Haiku* CPA London essay 2019 4 ed.  
*Jaiku TOPS The Stanza Break Series # 55* 2014  
*Going Down Goose Lane* Harmonia Press 2005  
*In A Dream* Mercutio Press 2003  
*Uketorinin* Hamilton Haiku Press 1985  
*Photographs* HMS Press 1984

## **Haiku from In A Dream**

*Mercurio Press & Uketorinin*

*Hamilton Haiku Press 1987 & 2003*

Uketorinin (Japanese for Receiver) was a small chapbook of haiku published by Hamilton Haiku Press in 1987 when I was working as a receiver at the University of Toronto Bookstore. It was published under my Japanese pseudonym Hanna Kuzu. This later became a full essay on the Canadian haiku style and titled: Shashin Kaku Haiku soon to be republished in a collection of essays. (The original haiku (et al) from Uketorinin were later translated into Japanese by Nami Ohara, St. John's NFLD) and published as In A Dream in 2003 from Mercurio Press of Montreal.

### **Haiku from In A Dream:**

Serving tea  
in the once empty room  
the warmth of you

Jyoji no Ato no Daremo irai Heya de  
Anata no Nukumori wo Kanji  
Cha wo Ieru

Stirring noodles  
over the hot oven fire  
sipping tea

Tagitta Kamado no  
Men Kakimaze  
Cha wo Susuru

Cooks chili  
is bad tonight  
stray cat is blind

Konya no  
Shefu no Chiri no Dekibae  
Noraneko wa Kamawazu

Sipping Green Tea  
after love settles the air  
aroma

Ryokucha wo Ajiwav  
Chigiri no Ato no  
Kaori no Naka de

Winter  
embeds fly in ice  
sad sun melting

Fuyu  
Koori no Naki ni Tojikome rareta Hae ga  
Hi de Tokete iku

In a dream  
they become one  
moth and flame

Yume no Naka  
Karera wa Hitotsu ri Naru  
Ga to Honoo ni

We are asleep  
far away from each other  
Siamese dreams

Tagai ni Hanare te  
Nemutte iru Aida ni  
Futago no you ni Onaji Yume miru

When we awake  
we brush away soft silver  
tendrils of sleep

Watashi tachi ga Mezameta toki  
Yawarakana Gin no Nemuri no Tsuru wo  
Harai Nokeru

Christmas  
in the white snow  
broken candles

Kurisumasu  
Masshiro na Yuki no Naka de  
Oreta kyandoru

If I had a pen  
I would write a haiku  
about this moment

Moshi watashi ga  
Fude wo motte itara  
Kono toki wo Haiku ni kaita darou

stripper  
beer sloshing in her brain  
both mouths smile

Suterippaa  
Guden Guden ni yoi dore  
Futatsu no Kuchi ga Motomu Yorokobi



My body  
is possessed by lice  
hotel is full tonight

Watashi no karada  
Shirami darake  
Konya Hoteru wa Manshitsu

Three girls  
under an umbrella  
acid rain

Sansei u  
Sannin no Syojyo tachi  
Hitotsu Kasa no shita

a sip of wine  
and a poets words,  
thoughts of home

Wain ajiwai  
Shijin no Kotoba kiki  
Notsukashii Wagaya

Searching for candles  
you circle each empty hole  
Menorah

Kyandoru sagashi  
Anata wa Seishyokudai  
Kubomi wo nazoru

Abortion  
is not for any man,  
missing my son.

Sipping on Green Tea  
across from 'Old Loyalist Cemetery'  
long before Vimy.



Outside Tobique  
Nation Drumming Circle,  
Japanese tourist.

Lake George colors  
seep into the dark forest,  
call of the Loon.

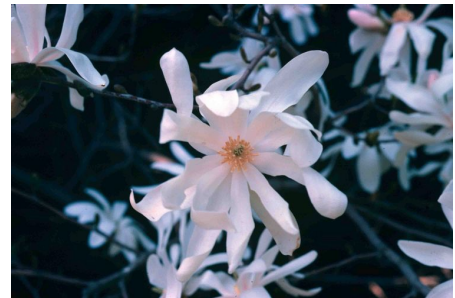
## 2020/21 Haiku:

Counting images,  
the kisses and defeats,  
a Mother's love.

Photos on the shelf,  
the gaze of absent ones.  
My Mother smiles.

Someone keeps  
sending me orphans.  
I send them back.

In the morning rain,  
the Magnolia stellata,  
alone on the street.



In the still Spring air,  
dark cloudy neighborhood life,  
bright magnolias.



Like great pachyderms,  
whales have never forgotten,  
West Coast ancestors, RSVP.

All of Greenland melted  
after a thousand years, Leif,  
truly, first Spring flower.

Mars Rover listens to  
North West Passage Humpbacks,  
East-West reunion song.

**Kelley:**

You go on hikes,  
I too have a wooden staff.  
No social distancing.

**2 haiku by Ashley Oci**

After the walk  
along the escarpment,  
birdsong laughter.

Except for the stars  
so far from the city glare,  
fireflies cast shadows.

## Haiku for Ann Owl :

Your souls mouth drinks skin  
sprinkled with salt and freckles,  
brushed by peppered hair.

When we awake,  
we brush away soft silver  
tendrils of sleep.

Searching for candles  
you circle each empty hole,  
Menorah.

the owls  
are not what they seem,  
praying for prey.



New Year's morning  
and the first ray of light,  
snowy owl snowfall.

We are asleep  
far away from each other,  
Siamese dreams.



The following longer poems are composed of a main prose poem of twelve lines which begins and ends with a Shashin-kaku Haiku of the same theme. I call this style Joge uta (upper and lower poem).

From *Shashin Kaku Haiku* BookClub BookLits:  
Canadian Poetry Association



**Joge Uta Haiku:  
The Juke Box**

music blares  
and in the restaurant  
a blind boy

I see you now  
do you see my sounds  
my vibration's  
my music  
quarter in the slot  
play me  
music plays me  
plays you  
my music box mouth  
has no eyes  
I feel your smile  
feel mine

dark sounds  
penetrate dark spaces  
inside smile

## **Bone Cancer**

his wife sits  
weeping softly as he speaks  
they both hurt

morphine drips  
thin anaesthesia  
through veins  
fragile  
as my friend's  
brittle bones  
aching  
he tells his life  
drifting in and out  
on tides of pain  
there is  
no more time

eyes close  
pain will end too soon  
eternal sleep  
**Miki Mesiab**

## Ann Owl

For eight days  
the owl is sleepless  
Hanukkah

Kissing the warm moist  
just below your heart  
where the salt collects,  
your eyes follow the lines  
across the ceiling as the lids  
close slowly over them.  
Swallowing the warm moist  
of your sweet love  
you become part of me.  
Your arching back slowly  
obscures the face as  
you smile, calling my name.

The owl calls  
from her protected nest.  
Oh, a morning dove!

## **Collateral Beauty**

After the cloudy rain,  
on the tree lined summer grass,  
a single daisy.

On a Morey Tuesday  
overcast day rain recedes,  
grief and loss movie has  
gripped our sixth sense,  
does not heal our wounds , or  
like time, wounds our heals.  
Inside the Chapel theater  
quiet introspection, solitude,  
each man's personal interpretation  
of his own grief and loss.  
A single daisy blooms on the lawn,  
the collateral beauty of tears.

In the Chapel,  
this little light of mine,  
an orange glow.



**Jaiku (*jail haiku*)**  
***Beret Days Press TOPS 2014***

Sun warms the wings  
after flying near the jail  
crimson razor wire.

Sparrow sits and stares  
atop the stainless steel fence  
galvanized blood.

Migration shadows  
as I stand staring  
from my window.

Along the jail fence  
starlings hang on razor wire  
stare at us.

Pulling the last shade  
of night heading south,  
a million starlings.

Playing Scrabble with  
their backs to the window,  
a red-tailed hawk.

Still no wind  
this long dreary winter,  
solitary bird.

Before the eggs hatch,  
two Geese walking nearby,  
eat dead grass.

Out the window,  
New Year's snow has melted,  
lazy bird flies south.

First leaf of fall  
as temperatures drop,  
letter from home.

Facing north  
after the snowstorm  
windless clouds.

Early Winter thaw,  
tends to reveal barbed wire.  
The gravity of snow.



Sleeping on the floor  
three to a cell at Maplehurst  
sounds the guards make.

I hope I never  
have to hear these sounds  
keys, lock, hopelessness.

Homelessness  
is a state of mind,  
someone else's.

In his need for words  
he had never ever read  
1984 .



Just when you think  
it's time to go for Yard  
short staff lock down.

No shortness of breath  
among the proletariat  
his life story.

The old guys  
all get stereotyped.  
Goof-y eh!

I have been here  
longer than I like,  
without butter tarts.





Waiting  
for my coffee while  
the server eats.

Still no wind  
this long dreary winter,  
solitary bird.

Happiness.  
Deep insight sorrow,  
dry Winter night

At the table  
they talk about me,  
beggars, pimps, thieves.

Tomorrow,  
my celly leaves  
for a breach.

At the roof line  
blue sky windows reveal  
wishes only.

Another cold day  
snow along the fence  
escapes in the wind.

A bowed head,  
the only one blessing  
Christmas dinner.

The last six months  
should be the fastest.  
It is still winter.

Traveling through  
the long winter nights  
at the speed of dark.

Criticisms  
my mother brings up,  
February thaw.

Before the eggs hatch  
two Geese walking nearby,  
eating dead grass.

After the search  
not even a sound,  
outside a hawk.

Prison Justice Day.  
The silence of history,  
quiet August

Some months to go  
and I'm still dreaming  
about vacation.

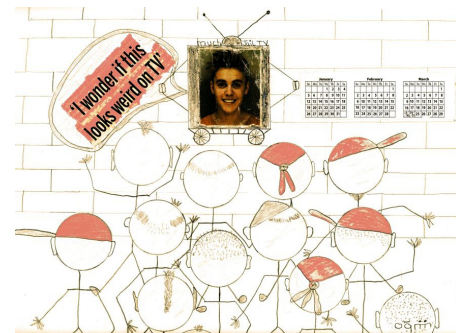
My new celly  
shipped to OCI today.  
Goose droppings.

Stabbed in the back  
someone Googled my name,  
half-friends.

How short was  
his life on drugs?  
Oxy Moron.

Justin Bieber  
and orange clad lepers,  
his week in jail.

All new on the Range  
they rush to the toilet.  
Kinder egg surprise.





Short winter sun  
but trees do not care  
until spring comes.

Dark city nights  
are free of drugs and crime  
two years less a day.

How many half-friends  
did he have upon release?  
One hand-butt.

Solitary  
last question mark,  
at his parole.



After lockup  
orange sun goes down,  
tired reflection.

Sudden March sun  
as the world turns south  
towards my release.

Sure sign of spring  
through bare trees heading south  
jets vapor trail.

Out the cell window  
new year's snow has melted  
lazy bird flies south.

In this cold,  
fresh dust seems heavy  
on my blanket.

Wild turkeys walk  
past the memory of snow,  
this spring's first bird.

New Year's Day  
along the barbed fence  
two white-tailed deer.

After three months  
staring at the brick floor  
Christmas card.

Christmas Day,  
the search for world peace  
continues.

In jail,  
everything changes,  
except Mr. Noodles.

Alone  
for the first time,  
with my ego!

Blue weed  
wedged in a wire fence,  
only grasses move.



## Comfort Women WWII

I saw you walking  
with an empty heart,  
and knew why.

The pain she felt,  
your sister said sadly,  
not a brother's love.

No bowed heads,  
you're the only one  
at your funeral.

It felt like death,  
dressed for a night out.  
I still can't breathe.

Looking away  
is not something I do  
anymore.

It's not like love  
when the Cupids  
are blind.

Ten Day Lilies  
outside my window,  
dressed in orange.

The dead eyes  
of your victim's face,  
still see you.





*Jaiku Haiku* by Ray Scott

Beret Days Press 2014

ISBN 978-1-926495-03-3

Review by Katherine L. Gordon

A cover by Brandt Moore cleverly captures the life-smashing experience of a life suspended: the poet's whole world, caught on a jagged hook, left hanging for some years of time, where observation and insight alone protect the soul from disintegration. We often think of haiku as a delicate cherry blossom capture of nature and spirit interacting. The compact form in Ray Scott's "Jaiku" application has a sledge hammer impact, reminiscent of brief and brutal lines written in war. Yet the understanding of beauty amid barbs is always an undercurrent in a true poet's heart. Ray Scott achieves this for us. There is a lovely and sustained allusion to birds, also such a symbol over battle fields, throughout Scott's sparse verses. Those messengers between the worlds who can fly while we are chained to earthly circumstance. The contrast of 'razor wire', 'steel fence / galvanized blood', 'a million starlings', who can migrate, 'another cold day escapes in the wind' is an extraordinary technique to help us experience the utter loneliness of being confined. There are compact lines where the spirit wins, a dark prison humour smiles out, the little flame of hope still flares. Scott is a master of contrast, leaves us re-reading and relating inwardly to Nature touching, exposing our frailty. A fascinating read to make one appreciate the gifts of spirit that light difficult days, the fortune of small comforts that cushion us from inevitable ordeals of life. Ray Scott has given us a brave book: clever, stark, yet beautiful. The reader will appraise it as a valuable memoir, a key to all the opening doors that will now greet this talented poet.

*Photographs*

HMS Press 1984

review by Bill Bryden CBRA

Wayne Ray's *Photographs* is a collection of 13 haiku poems, one of which I like

greenhouses,  
sea of flat glass,  
flower fish

The other twelve are dispensable. Bad poets always want to write extremely short poems, probably in order to demonstrate complete technical control; however, as the book shows, condensed verse is a test not of technique but of talent.



## Curriculum Vitae Wayne Scott Ray

Wayne Ray was born in Alabama in 1950 and spent the first fifteen years of his life with his family on Ernest Harmon Air Force Base in Stephenville Newfoundland until moving to Woodstock Ontario in 1965. He became a Canadian Citizen in 1978. He lived in Toronto with his wife and two daughters from 1973-1988 where he worked as Estate Gardener to EP Taylor's Windfield's Estate and the University of Toronto President's Estate, when they moved to London Ontario. Wayne founded HMS Press in 1983, publishing over 100 poets and authors to 2019; the Multicultural Poetry Reading Series at the UofT; created the ongoing Scarborough Arts Council Poetry Contest; co-founder of the **Canadian Poetry Association** in 1985 with Ted Plantos, Chris Faiers, Shaunt Basmajian, Beverly Duorio et al., and was its National Coordinator; & co-chairman with Jeff Seffinga of the **League of Canadian Poets: Associates** (Toronto 1985/86). He was a co-director of the Beaches Poetry Workshop with Lola Sneyd in 1983. He was the recipient of the **Editor's Prize** for '**Best Poet Published in 1989**' from the *Canadian Author & Bookman*. He was instrumental in helping establish (and Literary Committee Chair) the **London Arts Council** in 1994, and was literary Chair and President of the **London New Arts Festival** in 1995-99. Wayne has Chapbooks of poetry, short stories, essays, and non-fiction published as well as credits in anthologies, periodicals, journals, and newspapers across Canada between 1983 and 2021.

### Publications:

(books and chapbooks)

<i><b>If You Like: flash fiction</b></i> HMS Press 141 p.	2018
<i><b>Jaiku</b></i> (haiku chapbook) The Ontario Poetry Society Beret Days Press	2014
<i><b>Going Down Goose Lane Toward Broken Jaw</b></i> Harmonia Press 101 p.	2005
<i><b>In A Dream</b></i> (haiku chapbook ) Mercutio Press (Montreal)	2003
<i><b>She Cast No Shadow</b></i> with Cathy Inculet Harmonia Press chapbook	2002
<i><b>Remembering Olga Rechnitzer</b></i> HMS Press local history chapbook	1996

<i>Giants of the North</i>	1992
Third Eye Press 78 p.	
<i>Ukatorinin</i> (chapbook)	1985
Hamilton Haiku Press	
<i>Auschwitz</i> (chapbook)	1984
Unfinished Monument Press	
<i>Suburban Eyes</i> (chapbook)	1983
HMS Press	

**Publications:**

e-books for Kindle etc. available at <http://archive.org>

Ernest Harmon Air Force Base (1987) Wikipedia revision	2020
Creative Writing & 21 Pelicans	2019
Baptist Churches in Alabama	2017
Clay County Alabama History	2017
Botanical Gardens of Canada 1983 & revised	2016
Poetics II: 1969-1984	2016
Poetics III: 1985-1994	2016
Hoarfrost: 1995-2016	2016
Gaol: Dictionary of Canadian Jail Terminology	2015
Editor, design & layout	

**CPA (Canadian Poetry Association)**

***BookClub Booklits Chapbooks***

Updated and republished in 2019 on <http://hmspress.ca>

Literary Highway: Regional Short Stories	1997
Horticultural Influences in the founding of HMS Press	1993
Twin Peaks: an essay	1993
Patterns of Inheritance: family genealogy	1993
Creative Plagiarism (updated 2019)	1991
Shashin Kaku: Canadian haiku styles (updated 2019)	1991
Beatrice Dickerskin: found prose	1991

## Journals & Anthologies

<b>Bridge Celebration</b> Brampton Bridge Ministry	2019
<b>Verse Afire</b> The Ontario Poetry Society	2010-2021
<b>Crossing Lines:</b> <i>Poets who came to Canada in the Vietnam War Era</i> Seraphim Editions Toronto	2009
<b>Trees of Surprise: a western New York Anthology</b> Blaze Vox, New York	2007
<b>Van Gogh's Ear</b> Volume 5 French Connection Press, Paris/Detroit	2006
<b>Unlocking The Muse: Canadian anthology of verse</b> TOPS Beret Days Press	2005
<b>Earth Songs: Canadian anthology of verse</b> TOPS Beret Days Press	2002
<b>Degrees of Closeness</b> CPA Signature Series Marcasite Press Truro N.S.	2001
<b>Waking Ordeals</b> anthology Agram Press Guelph	1997
<b>10<sup>th</sup> Anniversary Anthology:</b> CPA <i>Canadian Poetry Association</i> Toronto	1995
<b>Sacred Climaxes</b> Cosmic Trend, Guelph	1990
<b>The Northern Red Oak</b> Unfinished Monument Press Toronto	1987
<b>BSPS Journal</b> CPA Halifax	1986-1987
<b>Lines Series &amp; Other Channels</b> League of Canadian Poets Associates	1985
<b>Whitewall Review</b> Ryerson University Press	1984

**Magazines & Newspapers:**

Poetry, Prose & Horticulture & Photography 1986 - 2018

Anthos (Perth Ont.), Afterthoughts (London Ont.), Author & Bookman (CAA Toronto), Auto Trader (London), Bridge (Brampton), Cross Canada Writers Magazine (Toronto), Deep Woods Magazine (London), Diarist Journal (Pennsylvania USA), ( Downhomer (Newfoundland), Georgian (Newfoundland), Glassdoor.ca, London Life Office, London Free Press, Lousy Pennies, Poets Corner (Toronto Sun), Literary Review of Canada (Toronto), Pflanzen in Deutschland (Plants in Germany), Singles Voice (Toronto), Surface & Symbol (Scarborough), POEMATA (CPA Toronto/London), Well (Halifax), Wikipedia articles 2008-2015.

**London Arts Council Publications: 1994-2001**

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**Mailing Address:**

**PO Box 340 Station B**

**London Ontario N6A 4W1**

**Phone: 519 870-4740**

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