

She sustains this caliber of richness over 271 pages, through the “Epilogue: Sobi-Shi” at the end of the book. The seven hefty chapters are accompanied by a photo gallery and detailed chronology and bibliography. Her text reads well, graciously avoiding jargon and insiders’ vocabulary, thereby making the book accessible to anyone who might be interested. Importantly—and wonderfully—Bauerly closely weaves the content of Roseliep’s poems into her exploration of his life, establishing clear and comprehensive relationships between what he experienced and the poetry he made from it. A generous sampling is provided from dozens of his longer poems and over 300 of his haiku. Using correspondence between Roseliep and dozens of other poets and writers (i.e., Elizabeth Searle Lamb, A. A. Ammons, Mike Doty, Katherine Anne Porter, Robert Spiess, et al), Bauerly reveals memorable and vivid facets of his character, predilections, involvements, and pursuit of poetic expression, truth, and substance.

Twelve years in the writing, this book is an extraordinary achievement, one of accomplished and frequently brilliant writing, scholarship, research, and understanding.

Past Due, by Jeff Stillman (Winchester, Va.: Red Moon Press, 2016). 58 pages; 4¼" x 6½". Four-color card covers; perfectbound. ISBN 978-1-936848-49-2. Price: \$12.00 from www.redmoonpress.com

Reviewed by Julie Warther

P*ast Due*, Jeff Stillman’s first full-length collection of haiku, is dedicated to a sense of place, in this case Hobe Sound, Florida where Stillman spends a portion of each year. This is a locale for gardening, fishing, and drifting. Of boardwalks, sun tea, and ocean lulls. Stillman seems to invite the reader to have a seat and look at the world through his eyes.

lazy summer
 the empty beach chair
 retains my shape

From this relaxed stance, Stillman presents a number of his haiku in a shasei style, sketching life in Hobe Sound.

gull resting	whistle dangling
on the beached float	from a lifeguard chair
autumn solitude	summer's end

Only six or seven of the total fifty-one haiku seem to take place in Stillman's other home, Norwich, New York. These occasional shifts feel jarring, and are perhaps meant to, as most deal with strife.

arriving with the hospice bed snow that stays

frost most mornings now we barely speak

The book itself exhibits the quality production associated with Red Moon Press. Overall, it can best be described as austere. Other than a brief biography with a photo on the back cover and a two-word dedication, the rest of the pages belong to haiku. One gets the impression this was by preference of the author and there is a humbleness that rises from the absences. If we want to know more about Jeff Stillman, it will have to be through the poems themselves.

As readers have not had an opportunity to see Stillman's work in any sort of gathered way since his appearance in *A New Resonance 6* (Red Moon Press) seven years ago, the title *Past Due* seems particularly apt for this collection. The title haiku, strategically placed on page one, offers additional insight as to the naming.

New Year's morning the rent past due

The idea of starting a new year already behind sets a relatable tone and theme for the haiku that follow; each held lightly as the author examines the constraints of time.

From the viewpoint of a retired elementary teacher, Stillman comments on the appreciation of unfettered time, and the appearance of having more of it.

extra hour now I give the trout more play

A number of the haiku explore the conundrum of a fleeting moment within the context of time consistently marching on.

thunderclap —
the sun tea
darkens

In the breadth of a moment, this haiku sets the heart to racing then slows it to the pace of tea darkening. Tension presents in much the same way in this comparison (and/or contrast) of dusk's gradual descent and the kinetic energy in a rabbit.

dusk inching in the rabbit

A host of possibilities exist. Is the rabbit fleeing? Alternately perhaps frozen in fright? Patiently waiting for the cover of darkness? Or meandering as it grazes? The interpretation lies in the reader's view of time.

Are there too many hours to fill?

ocean lull the same freighter crossing the horizon

Or not enough?

releasing the day's only catch summer slips away

While we often feel engaged in a losing battle, at some point there is an acceptance of our relationship with time.

skies softening for now wait-listed

Past Due unfolds at a measured pace and Stillman, with precision of words, lays out a study on our temporal existence. This is a collection you'll come back to again and again; not to find answers but to ask more

questions. Each rereading offers an opportunity to reconsider any conclusions you may have drawn.

sea retreating for now we both take it back

⊕RS, by Dan Schwerin (Winchester, Va.: Red Moon Press, 2015). 80 pages; 4¼" X 6½". Glossy four-color card covers; perfectbound. ISBN 978-1-936848-35-5. Price: \$12.00 from www.redmoonpress.com

Reviewed by Paul Miller

The title of Schwerin's debut collection contains the logical operator \oplus which insists that of two conditions (or perhaps images, phrases, etc ...) only one can be true; the other must be false. The embedded cross in the symbol also hints at Schwerin's vocation as a minister.

It can be read as a warning of multiple viewpoints or approaches to the poems, the lack of clear narrative that haiku are known for—but also life itself. As would be expected, there are a number of poems about faith:

sitting down to pray the river a stone can hold

all the changes
while we prayed
snow covers the lot

Yet even these have an elusiveness to them. Nothing feels wholly decided, which is refreshing considering the baggage we often associate with men of faith. Schwerin shows that he has the same struggles and doubts as the rest of us.

In the brief biography at the back, Schwerin describes his role as minister as a 'shepherd.' It is not hard to see how this role—corralling, assessing, guiding, and sometimes letting go of parishioners—might create a worldview in line with the \oplus operator. In fact, there are a number of haiku about separation or letting go—and the acceptance such events require.