

my guitar at home  
 at the musician's shrine  
 I cast a coin

behind a monk  
 the swish of his robe  
 turning petals

waiting for guests  
 how silently they sit  
 three tea bowls

*Even the Mountains* also considers the Japanese attention to detail in gift-giving, festivals, and customs related to everything from real estate transactions to family visits and honoring ancestors. The detail of the prose descriptions reminded me how perhaps only this land could give birth to aesthetics from flower-arranging to the tea ceremony to haiku. The eyes of this Irish sojourner have recorded a pilgrimage and a narrative of understanding.

a box of Barry's Tea  
 nothing left  
 but dust

*A Dawn of Ghosts*, by Thomas Powell; 27 pages. *Goodbye*, by Roger Jones; 22 pages. *Stone Circles*, by Cynthia Rowe; 19 pages. *All the Windows Lit*, by Richard Youmans; 21 pages. *Thronging Cranes*, by Allan Burns; 28 pages. *A Fence Without Wire*, by Simon Chard; 30 pages. Ebooks.: (United Kingdom: Snapshots Press, 2017). Price: Free for reading and download from [www.snapshotpress.co.uk](http://www.snapshotpress.co.uk)

*Reviewed by Paul Miller*

Six new ebooks from Snapshots Press. The world of Powell's *A Dawn of Ghosts* is a gray one, made up of mist, haze, and well-trod ruts—most likely his North Irish landscape, yet his craftsman's eye finds unexpected relevance. He is a potter by trade, so his haiku often note how things are used or discarded. Much to be found and enjoyed. *abandoned shed... / a*

*turf cutter's boot / beyond the threshold.* Roger Jones collects fifteen haibun in *Goodbye*. The title haibun details a morning in which his mother than wife is there one minute and gone the next, while the poet drifts from sleeping to waking and back again; that sense of life's ephemerality, as well as the rapid advance of time, could represent other haibun as well. The title haibun's capping verse: *autumn morning / patches of light and shadow / on a stone floor.* Rowe's *Stone Circles* includes fourteen haibun. There is a good distance between the prose and poetry, so the later never feels like a conclusion. Pieces on her work as a teacher, as well as life's seemingly slight—but important—domesticities. Youman's haibun collection *All the Windows Lit* follows the presumptive author through childhood and marriage, interwoven with other family stories and events. The haiku gently expand the scene at just the right distance; this is a collection of stories that illustrate the connectedness, and continuity, of life. As well as how they emotionally connect to the seasons. Allan Burns is one of our favorite haikuists, so we were glad to see more of his work now that his ejournal *Muttering Thunder* appears to be on hiatus. *Thronging Cranes* provides twenty nature-themed haiku. Each haiku has a species of bird for its subject, yet the word "bird" could not be substituted into each poem. These are fully fleshed out scenes that have a Zen interconnectedness. *a grebe's floating nest / attached to broken reeds... / evergreens twilit.* Scottish poet Simon Chard's *A Fence Without Wire* is also grounded in nature and the seasons, although people—workers and lovers—are often their focus. He is a poet who thinks about the words he uses, and many of his poems have a musical quality. He is not afraid to use regional words. The lovely: *evening smirr — / wayside blackthorn / lights the road home*