

individuals. Are these waves maintaining a constant distance, separating from each other or getting closer? Two waves that are phase-locked maintain constant separation, but phases can shift all the time. What of the distance between one of these waves and another? Is one wave shifting away from one, but getting closer to another? Perhaps all of society can be modeled as one giant ocean.

Some of the subjects touched upon here include probability theory, the uncertainty principle, and the multiverse. Having knowledge of physics and these topics will make comprehension of these haiku easier, but that is certainly not a prerequisite for enjoying them. Haiku need not be instantly and easily universal. If they were, we would be limited to understanding only what we already know. One is reminded of the drunk man who searches for his keys at night under the illuminated lightposts. If one encounters a new term or concept in poetry, it only takes a few seconds to look it up online. Once understood, this can then add to our understanding of art and the world.

C. P. Snow, in his book *The Two Cultures*, writes that science and the humanities should not be separate divisions of study, but instead collaborative and mutually informative. He was certainly correct, but the problem is in linking two populations that employ different perspectives and methodologies. The use of technical and scientific source material as the basis for poetry goes some distance towards bridging this gap. The poems in this book will be inspiring to readers of any culture. They stretch our imagination, pique our curiosity, and leave us yearning to know more. □■

REVIEWED BY JAMES SCHLETT

Last Train Home an anthology of contemporary haiku, tanka, and renga edited by Jacqueline Pearce (Pondhawk Press, Vancouver, BC, Canada: 2021). 270 pages, 5.5" x 8.5". ISBN 978-1-9991808-0-5. \$19.95 available from online booksellers.

Last Train Home is a collection of haiku, tanka, and rengay that captures the experience of a long train ride: the excitement of the departure and the longing that ensues, the fascination with the passing landscape that evolves into boredom, the occasional surprises that interrupt the tedium, and finally, the arrival that comes with as much relief as revitalization. This anthology features almost 600 poems from 193 poets and is edited by Jacqueline Pearce, whose grandfather worked on trains and whose mother loved traveling on them. Be prepared for Pearce's introduction to rouse within you an awe of trains you may not have felt since childhood. This is no mere book for hobbyists. It's a romance. *Last Train Home* is divided into six sections that generalize the phases of a train journey: "Departures," "Passing Landscapes," "Counting Cars," "Making Connections," "Crossing Borders," and "Journey's End." The first two sections are by far the strongest. In "Departure," you get a sense of what Walt Whitman said when he spoke of "Beginning my studies," and how "the first step pleas'd me so much, / The mere fact, consciousness—these forms—the power of motion..."

overnight train
a handprint smears
the moon

Paul Chambers, United Kingdom

Frogpond readers will recognize many names of North American haiku poets who contribute to this anthology: John Stevenson, Cor van den Heuvel, Michael Dylan Welch, Robert Epstein, Brad Bennett, Scott Mason, George Swede, Tia Haynes, Tom Clausen, and Tanya McDonald. However, there are numerous contributors from Europe, Australia, and Asia who provide unique and sometimes humorous perspective of trains, which play more important transportation roles in their native countries.

crowded train
I sit in the imprint
of his bum

Vanessa Proctor, Australia

At 269 pages, this anthology is a long haul. Pearce's task of narrowing the selections from the 2,260 haiku, tanka, and renga submissions was not easy. On one hand, this anthology could be stronger by being shorter. But on the other hand, the inclusion of stretches of less standout haiku does create the impression of that point in a train ride where restlessness is rampant but allayed by unexpected experiences. If that was Pearce's intention, it is a bit of genius. *Last Train Home* is a good read and a memorable journey.

last farewell
the train whistle cuts through
our silence

Chen-ou-Liu, Canada □■

REVIEWED BY TOM SACRAMONA

Chrysalis haiku by vincent tripi, eds. Jeannie Martin and John Martone (Swamp Press, Northfield, MA: 2022). 65 pages, 3" x 5". \$25 free shipping in the U.S. (media mail: 2–8 days) (+\$3 for first class: 1–3 days). Paypal to Ed Rayher at <https://swamppress.com/> or check to Swamp Press, 15 Warwick Road, Northfield, MA 01360.

vincent tripi passed away on August 17, 2020. He was born Vincent Garzilli in Brooklyn, New York, and assumed his mother's maiden name "tripi" when he started writing haiku in the 1980s while living first in New Hampshire and then California. At a memorial service for vincent tripi (held over Zoom because of the Covid-19 pandemic), those in attendance gathered to celebrate their friend on what would have been his 80th birthday on June 9, 2021. His sister, Diane Herrlett, shared stories of their Italian upbringing and Brooklyn accents, as well as of their mother and father, who are lovingly remembered in these poems from *Chrysalis*:

Mother's Day—
her favourite flower in the woods
butterfly from it