

Snapshot Press, 2013); all subsequent quotations are from the Introduction (pp. 9–68) unless otherwise noted.

3. Allan Burns (ed.), *Where the River Goes: The Nature Tradition in English-Language Haiku* (Ormskirk, Great Britain: Snapshot Press, 2013), 137.

4. Allan Burns, “Haiku and Cinematic Technique,” *Frogpond* 30:3 (Autumn 2007), 55–64.

5. Burns, *Where the River Goes*, 300.

6. *Ibid.*, 164.



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David H. Rosen. *Clouds and More Clouds*. Northfield, MA: Lily Pool Press, 2013, unpaginated (68 pp.), perfect soft-bound, 5.25 x 5.5. ISBN 978-1-628908-0-77. US\$24.95. Available at Amazon.com.

by Robert Epstein, El Cerrito, California

As I’ve gotten older, I’ve become more and more attached to the sun. I shamelessly depend on it. Cloudy or rainy days have a depressing effect on me. Not so for David Rosen, Jungian analyst and author of *The Tao of Jung* as well as *The Tao of Elvis*. He has befriended the clouds and just about everything else. I admire this about David: the older he gets, the more inclusive he has become, with respect to the vicissitudes of nature as well as the vagaries of this human life we are thrown into. The single haibun at the end of *Clouds and More Clouds*, in which the author shares a shocking revelation, informs and colors the haiku that precede it. Above and beyond all the trials and tribulations, the author of *Transforming Depression* is very much at home in the world; it shows in each and every poem in *Clouds*.

To be at home could very well be a means of experiencing God's presence in one's life. Is that what Rosen intimates in this startlingly spare poem?

Wild . . .
no further proof
of God

Rosen's haiku harkens back to Henry D. Thoreau's quest for God in Nature. The 19th-century transcendentalist author of *Walden* was "to be always on the alert to find God in nature, to know his lurking places, to attend all the oratorios, the operas in nature."¹ And it was Thoreau who famously declared: "In Wildness is the Preservation of the World."² Clearly, Rosen has come to this sacred truth on his own.

There is a quality of wholeness in these pages, which are a reflection of the poet's innocence and sensitivity—qualities he has managed to retain, rather than repress like so many men do, and I applaud him for it. It is this very innocence and sensitivity which have enabled him to access a love that transcends time and space, as the following poem makes clear:

Thank you
for keeping me warm
without being there

Gratitude is but one way we know we are tuned in to the God channel; enthusiasm is another—a word whose root is *theos*. Thus, to be enthusiastic is to be in or with God. *Clouds* abounds in enthusiasm:

Leaving academia
I join my friends
birds, trees, and wind

I know of someone who held a prestigious academic post at an Ivy League university and the occasion of his retirement

plunged this outwardly successful person into a crisis of meaning. Not so for Rosen, a longtime professor of psychiatry. Loss, when held within the larger perspective of being-at-home-in-the-world, reflects a fresh opportunity to commune with Nature without resort to surrealism.

I found myself deeply moved—and inspired—by the self-loving way in which Rosen faces the deaths of his parents. His heart is as wide as the world:

Mother dying . . .
full moon over
Kansas City, the world

The loss of one's own parents is unique to each son and daughter; yet death links us all, as Rosen poignantly recognizes. From the vantage point of the full moon observed the world over—a symbol of enlightenment in Buddhist haiku literature—we are brothers and sisters, we are one family.

Included in the book is a haiku sequence or “riff” titled, “On Mother Earth.” Rosen begins each poem, “On mother earth,” followed by a new realization or observation. He touches giant oaks, a puppy wanting to play, moonbeams and the capping poem:

On mother earth=
Each step Gentle
and measured

The book's depth is greatly enriched by numerous light and delicate illustrations in red ink provided by Alec Formatin Shirley. His depiction of the fawn in Rosen's haiku perfectly mirrors the latter's sensitivity:

First spring day
the fawn startled by
everything

Even the Foreword to *Clouds* calls for mentioning. Addressing the author as “Dear David,” longtime Thoreauvian and Buddhist Vincent Tripi encapsulates the heart of this beautiful book of haiku with his own keen insights. Of the fawn poem, Tripi observes: “There is an intimacy in the exchange between fawn & world that becomes our intimacy.” In the last analysis, perhaps this is what haiku is about: intimacy; the love of life—all life beyond notions of good/bad, right/wrong.

Tripi ends his “letter” to the author with words that reverberate. They deserve to be repeated here, for if ever there was a book of haiku to hold near to one’s heart, *Clouds and More Clouds* is it: “So I say thank you David for this collection. Thank you for a well-needed resting place. A place proportionate to our need for Origins.” By the end of Rosen’s fine collection, I found myself looking out the window for—dare I say it?—a cloud or two to write home about.

Notes

1. Henry D. Thoreau; quoted in Robert Epstein and Sherry Phillips, eds., *The Natural Man: A Thoreau Anthology* (Wheaton, IL: Quest Books, 1978), 2.
2. *Ibid.*, 51.



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