

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

i breathe in deeply
 let it out
 where dad & i flew kites

We know vincent tripi lived the last years of his life in western Massachusetts, where the famous Haiku Circle was held each summer around his birthday. As a larger-than-life figure, tripi's presence and persona greatly affected his small town, prompting the local daily newspaper *Greenfield Recorder* to run an article on him called "Vincenzo the Magnificent," remembering "him holding court at his usual table at the far end of the balcony at Greenfield's Market":

When alone, he would take from his satchel whatever work of philosophy or literature he was tackling at the moment. Then, he would open a composition notebook and start scribbling intricate notations in blue and red, augmenting his tiny handwriting with all sorts of arrows, squiggles, underlines, asterisks, and other hieroglyphics.

In the opening to vincent tripi's first posthumous collection, *Chrysalis*, editors Jeannie Martin and John Martone explain their decision for the collection to appear on notecards: "vince typed the 'final' versions of his poems on 3" x 5" index cards, several thousand of which were found on his desk after his death." This release from Ed Rayher's Swamp Press is a must-have collection for every serious student of tripi's immanent haiku.

Sitting with *Chrysalis* on my lap, I considered how pleased vincent tripi would have been to behold the final product, especially how the stack of 65 cards needs careful handling from their cork laminate pouch with a magnetic closure to open and close:

born premature
 i give the chrysalis
 a very gentle nudge