



## Brent Goodman

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The surest antidote to a romantic cast of mind is loss. Once we become aware of the abyss, our lives are forever marked, and we can't unknow the knowing. But loss is not the ultimate decider of how we conduct our lives thereafter, but merely an inevitable part of the process of life. Whether or not we can retain our feel for redemption is what is truly endangered, and what we most ask our art to maintain. Goodman's haiku evince this romantic cast of mind—so many firsts, and so much belief—and evidence his personal sense of loss, especially in familial terms. But he doesn't lose hope, and it is the hope in the poems that make them appeal to us even as they comfort him. Such hope is ultimately personal, but at the point where articulation of grander truths is no longer possible, it is the personal that remains, as these poems attest.

## Credits

milkweed pod	<i>Frogpond</i> 38.1
learning to weave	<i>The Heron's Nest</i> XVII:2
first house	<i>bottle rockets</i> 34
across the river	<i>The Heron's Nest</i> XV:4
vietnam	<i>Modern Haiku</i> 46.1
horseradish cheddar	<i>failed haiku</i> 4
Father's Day	<i>A Hundred Gourds</i> 5.1
spider	<i>Modern Haiku</i> 46.3
unable to articulate	<i>Moongarlic</i> 4
the flashing stone	17th <i>Mainichi</i> Haiku Contest
misreading the line	<i>A Hundred Gourds</i> 4.3
green corn moon	<i>A Hundred Gourds</i> 3.3
my body turns	<i>Modern Haiku</i> 46.2
singing a while	<i>Take-Out Window</i>
walking across	<i>A Hundred Gourds</i> 5.1

“spider” also appeared in *dust devils: The Red Moon Anthology of English-Language Haiku* 2016 (Red Moon Press, 2017); “the flashing stone” received an Honorable Mention in the 17th *Mainichi* Haiku Contest; “green corn moon” also appeared in *big data: The Red Moon Anthology of English-Language Haiku* 2014 (Red Moon Press, 2015); “my body turns” also appeared in *Haiku 2016: 100 notable ku from 2015* (Modern Haiku Press, 2016).

milkweed pod even if we fell in love

learning to weave  
one breath between us  
the long night

first house  
we carry our reflection  
up the stairs

across the river  
the other side  
of my family

vietnam my father's given name

horseradish cheddar  
sweet white grapes  
after his funeral

Father's Day  
I cast a spinner bait  
into a tree

spider  
unfolding with the lawn chair—  
family reunion

unable to articulate any further the ocean

the flashing stone  
out of water  
fades into my hand

misreading the line where consciousness begins

green corn moon  
finding the way home again  
through my childhood

my body turns the milky way back into water

singing a while  
without realizing it . . .  
the Pleiades

walking across  
the white river  
Easter morning