
Reviewed by Tom Clausen

While reading A Portable Universe, the second collection of haiku and senryu by Mark Gilfillan this quote from R. H. Blyth came to mind:

“The sun shines, snow falls, mountains rise and valleys sink, night deepens and pales into day, but it is only very seldom that we attend to such things. . . . When we are grasping the inexpressible meaning of these things, this is life, this is living. To do this twenty-four hours a day is the Way of Haiku. It is having life more abundantly.”

— Reginald Horace Blyth

A Portable Universe showcases poet Mark Gilfillan ‘having life more abundantly.’ Featuring 182 poems, two per page, in two sections; Turning the Stone Over and Svakia, South West Crete, the book has a wonderful cover photo of a rope handled jar containing illuminated water with ‘a portable universe’ of what may be tiny tadpoles or some little water born lives. The poems are compelling throughout this substantial collection and I enjoyed many wonderfully unique and appealing haiku and senryu in Mark Gilfillan’s second book.

I found the following to be entirely memorable and rewarding (and no doubt each reader will discover their own set of favorites in this bountiful collection).

night train
the briefly lit lives
of others
reacquainted
brushing the Buddha’s belly
a Siamese cat

closely observed
by a mother-to-be
a swan tends her young

Dad’s bedroom
little stacks of bedside coins
a child’s fascination

two fathoms down
reflecting back the sun’s rays
the silvery anchor

A Portable Universe reflects the life of a poet who has a keen awareness to observe and ‘take in’ the wonders of reality at each turn on his way. There is a refreshing celebration of nuance in nature and humanity that moves Mark Gilfillan to write what he sees and experiences in a poetic way that is well worth the reading. There is a lot to like in this universe!

In closing, here are two more favorites that express the quality that can be found throughout the Portable Universe.

ten thousand screams
that worn patch
beneath the swing

beach driftwood all the rough edges rounded