

Summary*

My Last Haiku is a compact, reflective collection of haiku quintets that brings the author's long-running concerns about love, death, memory, and meaning into a final, distilled poetic form. Like his earlier haiku-based books, it uses tight compression to turn ordinary moments, private griefs, and philosophical questions into brief meditations on what it means to live, age, and face mortality with honesty. The result is a book that feels intimate, philosophical, and deliberately spare.

The collection draws much of its force from its personal voice. The poems often move between family remembrance, partnership, aging, and the emotional weight of looking back on a completed life, while also making room for humor, tenderness, and self-awareness. In that sense, the title suggests not only an ending, but also a summing up: a final act of witness shaped by the author's characteristic mix of clarity, restraint, and emotional candor.

At the same time, the book continues the author's habit of treating haiku as more than a fixed Japanese form. His approach emphasizes lived experience, imagery, and the reader's role in completing the meaning, so each poem becomes a small field of suggestion rather than a closed statement. This gives the collection a cumulative effect: each piece stands on its own, but together they create a broader portrait of a mind intent on preserving what matters before time runs out.

Ultimately, *My Last Haiku* reads as a farewell book without surrender. It accepts finitude, but it also insists on attention, gratitude, and the value of making language carry what memory and life cannot hold forever.

*Summary created by perplexity.ai

