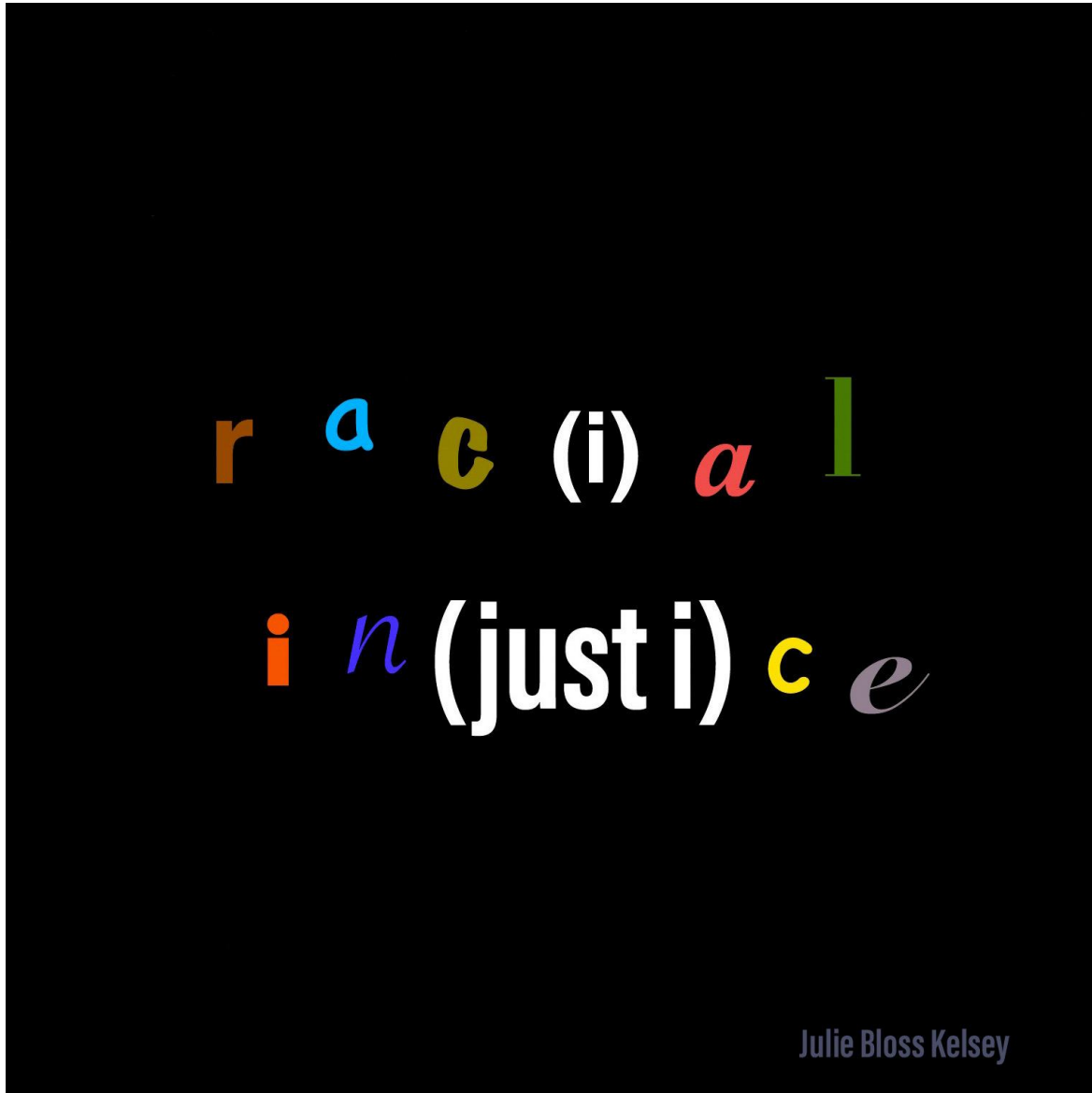


2022 Reichhold First Place Winner

Photographic/Mixed Media Category



First Place

Julie Bloss Kelsey

Kelsey's powerful haiga addresses the tragedy of racial injustice head on, without equivocation. The parenthetical "i" and "just i" get to the root of the problem in no uncertain terms; it is up to each of us to recognize that we all play a role in the problem and its solution. It's easy and tempting to blame others, law enforcement, the courts, the penal system, the educational system, politicians, various "other" ethnic groups without ever acknowledging that the solution for the problem lies within each of us. Change begins when individual people recognize a problem and work together to find a solution. This haiga provides us with the first steps toward potential change. It faces the problem of our tribal tendencies unblinkingly and concludes that the seeds of change begin within each of us as individuals.

-Steve Hodge

First Runner Up

Marisa Fazio



I love how Fazio's senryu takes us back and forth in time like a montage of a silent film. We can hear the crackling of the fire and the laughter then and now. Upon reading the first two lines, we picture two or more siblings sitting around a fireplace and reminiscing about their mother. Maybe the mother died of terminal illness. Maybe the mother didn't get a memorial service because of covid and they didn't get to say proper goodbyes. Maybe it's days after their mother died, the siblings are stepping into her sanctuary in quiet reverence. The first two lines alone packs so much emotion. And there is an interesting twist in the third line which takes us back in time when their mother was just married or she was in a loving relationship with the father of the siblings we first imagined. Now it's suddenly a romance of autumn past.

The autumn leaves that accompany this timeless poem represents the preservation of life and its necessities. This is one such senryu that will linger in your memory long after you left it.

-Hemapriya Chellappan

Second Runner Up

Bona M. Santos/

Susan Burch



*Monday meeting
my voice goes unheard
by the men in suits*

senryu: Bona M. Santos
photo: Susan Burch

Casual sexism in the workplace is no joke. Hailing from a third world country with an abysmal female labor participation rate, this issue is relevant now more than ever. If you are a woman you must have faced similar instances at least once in your life. You're either mansplained or your ideas are not paid heed to. Let alone the objective disadvantages of lower pay, status, and equal opportunities at work. Women are not even listened to. Unfortunately, this systemic issue not only exists in the workplace, but it is ingrained in our culture. Burch's photograph accurately and painfully depicts this reality. Just like the nestlings, women are starved of opportunities and a sense of belonging.

-Hemapriya Chellappan

2022 Reichhold First Place Winner

Traditional Category



First Place

Julie Schwerin

This is a lovely haiga. A woman is planting bulbs that she will never see blossom. Is she planting the bulbs on her property, which is for sale or already sold, leaving the blossoms as a gift to the new owners? Has she been told she will not live to the following spring? Or is she unaware of the fact that she'll never see the bulbs blossom? We don't know.

The artwork in this haiga is as ambiguous as the senryu. We can't identify the type of flower we're seeing or if it's a flower at all. The muted tones echo the reference to autumn found in the third line of the poem, adding another layer of emotional depth which leaves us pondering the meaning of the haiga and how it might eventually become relevant to our own lives.

-Steve Hodge

First Runner Up

Chrissi Villa

meeting him again
my voice doesn't seem
my own



This haiga by Chrissi Villa presents itself as stomach-turning butterflies, a pounding heart and never-ending nervousness. We don't know who the "he" is, but we sense a palpable tension. When you're in love you find yourself unable to think straight, you feel ecstatic, you don't know what's next. You don't think about the future because what could possibly go wrong? But then life happens, and you move on. There is nothing better than reliving those moments with your ex-whomever-it-is. Bittersweet moments maybe before and now but everyday seems like the first time again.

-Hemapriya Chellappan

Second Runner Up

Duro Jaye



duro jaye

my death smile
practicing it
in the mirror



At first glance this one looks like a death poem, but it is much more than that. We can't help but chuckle at the "suchness" of this haiga. Duro Jaiye's mirror captures the pure reality as seen through an enlightened mind and reflects it back to us. The sink drain itself is symbolic of the cycle of birth and death known as samsara. The simple illustration and the accompanying light-hearted poem make us smile widely and repeat 13 times.

-Hemapriya Chellappan