

# frogpond



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Number 3

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CONTENTS

HAIKU & SENRYU

Anthony, Pat . . . . .	5	Grossman, Andrew J. . . . .	32
Antieau, David K. . . . .	26	He Hongzhi . . . . .	41
Asato, Ron . . . . .	38	Heffernan, Thomas . . . . .	39
Atwood, Ann . . . . .	24	Henn, Sister Mary Ann . . . . .	13
Bailey, Jim . . . . .	26	Henson, Vanessa . . . . .	33
Baranski, Johnny . . . . .	22	Hiroyama, Makoto . . . . .	11
Barbosa, José Carlos . . . . .	33	Hull, K. . . . .	42
Berg, K. J. . . . .	33	Huth, G. A. . . . .	42
Bilicke, Tom . . . . .	40	Jafarey, Azmi . . . . .	40
Bonta, David . . . . .	31	Johnson, Robert N. . . . .	19
Borsenik, Dianne . . . . .	27	Klinge, Gunther . . . . .	42
Bruce, E. Warren . . . . .	41	Lara, Martin . . . . .	14
Cashman, David . . . . .	12	Leake, Brent T. . . . .	20
Chessing, James . . . . .	3, 7	Leibman, Kenneth C. . . . .	20
Clausen, Tom . . . . .	39	Leopold, Renée . . . . .	10
Connell, T. Anastasia . . . . .	23	Lipkind, Arnold . . . . .	42
Dalachinsky, Steve . . . . .	35	Little, Geraldine C. . . . .	3
de Chazeau, Eunice . . . . .	13	Louivière, Matthew . . . . .	7
Dickson, Charles B. . . . .	13, 20	Lyles, Peggy Willis . . . . .	6, 34
Duensing, Ed . . . . .	10	Marcus, Daniel . . . . .	12
Dunphy, John J. . . . .	20	Maschinot, Michael . . . . .	33
Dwyer, Michael . . . . .	35	McLaughlin, Dorothy . . . . .	35
Egermeier, Virginia . . . . .	24, 34	McLaughlin, Rosemary . . . . .	38
Etter, Carrie . . . . .	34	McLeod, Donald . . . . .	23
Eymann, Lynda . . . . .	39	McNeill, Robert B. . . . .	12
Feldman, Dale M. . . . .	33	Megaw, Neill . . . . .	27
Figgins, Ross . . . . .	26	Miller, Mark . . . . .	40
Foster, Don . . . . .	6	Montgomery, Carol . . . . .	34
Gay, Garry . . . . .	26, 38	Moore, Lenard D. . . . .	38
George, Bradley J. . . . .	23	Morehead, Barbara . . . . .	41
Gibson, Leo . . . . .	20	Mota, Clarice . . . . .	23
Goodmann, Barry . . . . .	6	Nakamura, Charles . . . . .	34
Gorman, LeRoy . . . . .	20, 38	Neubauer, Patricia . . . . .	13
Goyette, Christina . . . . .	34	Paliatka, Jeanne . . . . .	19
Grant, George . . . . .	5	Pankowski, Elsie . . . . .	40
Gross, Larry . . . . .	31	Partridge, Brent . . . . .	24

Poe, Marian M. . . . .	7	Swist, Wally . . . . .	5, 20
Pupello, Anthony J. . . . .	39	Tanemura, K. . . . .	39
Rengé/David Priebe . . . . .	5	tripi, vincent . . . . .	18
Rinzen, Marlina . . . . .	10	Vaughn, Gary . . . . .	14
Robinson, Frank K. . . . .	26	Virgil, Anita . . . . .	19
Rotella, Alexis . . . . .	5, 42	Virgilio, Nick . . . . .	32
Rowley, B. C. . . . .	31	Viviano, Samuel . . . . .	23
Rungren, Lawrence . . . . .	11, 38	von Sturmer, Richard . . . . .	12
Rutenberg, John K. . . . .	35	Vukmirovich, John . . . . .	14
Shi Yumei . . . . .	41	Webster, Diane . . . . .	7
Simbeck, Rob . . . . .	35	Weinraub, Richard . . . . .	40
Snelling, Kenneth C. . . . .	39	Werner, Florence Nichols . . . . .	5
Stainsby, Martha . . . . .	3	Woerdehoff, Valorie . . . . .	14
St. Jacques, Elizabeth . . . . .	41	Zipper, Arizona . . . . .	3

### SEQUENCES, RENGA & HAIBUN

Into the Fog (Dee Evetts, Adele Kenny, Alan Pizzarelli) . . . . .	15
Cascadilla Creek (Peter Fortunato) . . . . .	27
Salad Eulogy: For Machi Tawara (Sanford Goldstein) . . . . .	36
Dad Calls After Lunch (Lee Gurga) . . . . .	21
Dust: A Haibun (Doris Heitmeyer) . . . . .	8
Land of the Navajo (Ruth Holter) . . . . .	32
Climbing Kachina Peaks (Tom Lynch) . . . . .	28
Six Ways of Seeing Summer Rain (Gregory McNamee) . . . . .	25
Three Found Tanka (Jim Normington) . . . . .	22
Two Scroll Paintings (Gloria H. Procsal) . . . . .	11

### AND MORE

Museum of Haiku Literature Awards . . . . .	4
In Memoriam: Connie Coplan . . . . .	10
Book Reviews (L. A. Davidson; Sanford Goldstein) . . . . .	43
Bits & Pieces . . . . .	47

near wind-blown lilies  
loosing this single balloon  
stencilled with doves

*Geraldine C. Little*

Opening its eyes  
closing its eyes  
a cat in the sun

*Arizona Zipper*

cinnamon bush and ivory tree  
winter patterns  
before winter comes

the break in the storm  
large enough  
for birdsong

*Martha Stainsby*

backpacking:  
the taste of my own sweat—  
mosquitoes buzzing

the misty trail . . .  
finding a walking stick—  
banana slug on it

across the valley  
the silent, ceaseless falls—  
woodpecker . . . again

*James Chessing*

MUSEUM OF HAIKU LITERATURE (TOKYO) AWARDS

\$25 Awards for previously unpublished material

from *Frogpond* XII:2

Haiku

gone from the woods  
the bird I knew  
by song alone

*Paul O. Williams*

Sequence

“Flashes of Sunset . . . All the Way Home”

*The Bodners:  
Richard, Virginia  
Gus, Gita*

In shallow water  
half of the minnows  
are only shadows

Through broken skylight  
in the roof of the old barn  
obelisk of light

*Rengé/David Priebe*

in the hot spring  
sky  
in my hand

*George Grant*

horses drinking up the pictures in the pond

*Pat Anthony*

the ground dove  
walking its gentle way  
into cool shadows

wavering white heat  
swallowing one by one  
the distant cows

*Florence Nichols Werner*

in the one unbroken pane  
remaining in the shed  
full moon

*Wally Swist*

into the haybarn the mare follows her shadow

*Alexis Rotella*

cedar shavings—  
the carpenter's magnet  
snaps up tacks

pause  
in the thrasher's song  
a fern uncurls

haze-blurred horizon . . .  
a painted bunting hovers  
in the sea oats' curve

*Peggy Willis Lyles*

Low tide;  
scratching my dead father's name  
in the wet sand

*Don Foster*

th ck f g  
eng lf ng the h rb r  
the clanging . . .

bones of the ship  
lying naked on the beach  
seashells swirling

teasing the crab  
the ebb  
the flow

*Barry Goodman*



Bent reeds  
whispering on both sides  
of the canal

Fish truck  
the deaf girl  
turns around

At the wake  
—the chandelier is  
lit up too

*Matthew Louvière*

smell of cut grass—  
the years since last I visited  
my grandfather's grave

*James Chessing*

Old cemetery—  
Grandpa sticking his tongue out  
at the camera

August thunderstorm  
ripples through the open window—  
smell of a skunk

*Diane Webster*

Beside the highway  
purple thistles almost hide  
the orange cat's body.

*Marian M. Poe*

DUST—A HAIBUN  
With apologies to Cor van den Heuvel

Doris Heitmeyer

"I will show you just about anything in a handful of dust."

Sirod Reyemtieh

I. If my vacuum cleaner hadn't broken down, dust would not pervade my consciousness as it does now. Dust. As Aeschylus put it, "sister to thirsty mud." Or is it the other way around? The screen of my television has become dim, the picture hard to make out. I see as in a glass darkly. But it seems I dusted it a week ago! I brush a facial tissue across the curved screen. A clear, bright patch appears. In it a girl with a plastic face looking into a mirror and saying, "Pond's cleans like no soap can." I consider putting the dust back again, but I now realize that once a surface has been dusted—there is no way to replace the dust as it was before. Not only has this substance, dust, accumulated, particle by particle, on a sheer vertical surface, but it has done so with an evenness that I could never duplicate. It further occurs to me, is this dust the same dust I removed seven days ago, or different dust?

The sound of the word  
dust  
somehow warm and comforting  
these days of winter

II. I have been walking in Central Park, viewing the early Yoshino cherries along the reservoir. There is a soccer game in progress on the Great Lawn. A vast cloud of beige dust blows across the Lawn, screening the players from view. The heedless exuberance of the dust echoes the vigor of the players and the riotous Spring wind. Tonight I will bring some of this dust home on my shoes, where it will become a component of my apartment's unique mixture of dust. I toy with the thought that in my apartment the dust of a dinosaur, a grain of ash from Vesuvius, or some strange extraterrestrial debris may mingle with my household detritus.

The moon's face  
composed exclusively of dust—  
and yet—

III. August. I welcome the shade of the underpass. Its floor is covered with a thick, velvety layer of pale dust. How cool it looks! I take off my shoes and socks and plunge my feet into it. In Spring, drifts of cherry petals filled the underpass; they turned from pink to pale brown, and now they have become part of this dust. Ahead of me in the tunnel is a man facing the wall, seemingly intent on something written there. He does not see me approach. I pad silently in his direction through the silky dust, my shoes and socks in either hand. Suddenly he buttons his trousers and hurries away. I see a narrow trickle down the wall and a dark puddle in the dust below.

I tiptoe hastily out of the tunnel and shuffle my feet in a patch of grass. I must get that vacuum cleaner repaired.

Shower over—  
sparrows find a dry spot  
for a nice dust bath

IV. I bring home my vacuum cleaner, repaired. It easily picks up the autumn leaves that have blown through the window. As I work, I notice that dust has a tendency to seek corners, an attribute of its unassuming nature—matter reduced to its lowest common denominator, the smallest particles into which a given substance can be broken down. In my apartment, dust is mainly composed of lint from clothing and blankets, flakes of epidermis that I shed constantly, even though I've never caught myself shedding one; old spider webs that have finally fallen from the ceiling, and the coffee grounds I spilled last Tuesday. Most of these have turned to indistinguishable fragments, and have gotten into places you couldn't believe, much less reach. I recall that one day I, too, will become dust; "from dust we come, and to dust we return."

Underneath the bed  
there is someone either  
coming or going



(For those who have never encountered the reference in the above haiku, I decline to cite it.)

IN MEMORIAM

Connie Coplan  
January 13, 1923-June 9, 1989



A grass thatched hut  
pine cones and needles  
fanned to fire  
a monk chants

Clay and fire mingle  
a mended clay pot honored  
tea ceremony

*Connie Coplan*



on the church  
becoming a sermon  
. . . a butterfly

*Renée Leopold*

a jade frog gazes  
over a sapphire pool—  
not even a breeze

*Ed Duensing*

My meditation  
in bondage to the wind . . .  
this shakuhachi

*Marlina Rinzen*

sunlight  
on distant mountains; green  
tea in my cup

being  
or not being . . .  
plum blossom fragrance

evening bells . . .  
full  
moon whitening

*Makoto Hirayama*

## TWO SCROLL PAINTINGS

the wide-eyed doe  
in this bright season  
of falling maple leaves

*after Mori Kansai*  
1814-1894

a young raccoon  
clinging to the cherry tree . . .  
a blossom in his mouth

*after Kishi Chikudo*  
1826-1897

*Gloria H. Procsal*



summer drought  
a frog's  
dry croak

*Lawrence Rungren*

New Zealand:  
The dark trees  
Walk up  
The dry hillside

Rotorua:  
By the sulphur lakes  
The sparrows have yellow faces

*Richard von Sturmer*

climbing the steep path—  
the porcupine unmoving  
on the highest branch

*David Cashman*

breath white this morning  
outside the tent  
slow flakes drifting

together  
we watch trout rise  
at summer's end

through dark trees  
glimmering campfire  
woodthrush stops singing

*Daniel Marcus*

seeing the space  
where the old birch  
used to be



*Robert B. McNeill*

Among ivy leaves  
nothing of the house finches  
but their twittering

*Eunice de Chazeau*

two bright eyes watch me  
beneath the strawberry leaves  
loooooong body slips out

*Sister Mary Ann Henn*

coming into town  
on the evening breeze . . . scent  
of country hay fields

summer twilight  
closing mimosa leaves . . .  
the child put to bed

almost sleep . . .  
fireflies in the jam jar  
blink on, blink off

*Patricia Neubauer*

smoothness on the brook—  
I pause on the footlog  
and look down at stars

through the dark door . . .  
a firefly  
enters with me

*Charles B. Dickson*

circling a quiet pool water striders

pressing the ground into the ground      bear tracks

desert rainstorm the frogs croak in double time

a mountain road  
winding all around  
sun sets

*Gary Vaughn*

Steep mountain trail . . .  
an old hiker fades  
into evening mist

*Martin Lara*

Black thunderheads  
breaking above—in the west  
the red sun

Although only a few drops  
the sweet smell  
of a cloudburst

*John Vukmirovich*

dreamless night gives way  
to sounds of rain . . .  
blackbirds flocking at dawn

*Valorie Woerdehoff*



## INTO THE FOG

A renga composed at the 20th Anniversary Celebration of the Haiku Society of America, Spring Lake, New Jersey, November 5, 1988, 12:00 noon-12:00 midnight.

Dee Evetts (Banbury, England)

Adele Kenny (Fanwood, New Jersey)

Alan Pizzarelli (Newark, New Jersey)

hotel lobby  
late arrivals bring in  
the sound of the sea Dee

rain widening  
the stain on the ceiling Adele

off the car bumper  
sunlight flickers  
across the trees Alan

a disagreement behind  
the door to the kitchen Dee

close in the dark  
they whisper  
in the stairwell Adele

the first hiss  
of the radiator Alan

a pair of mittens left behind in the schoolroom	Dee
daffodils by the garden fence he loves me, he loves me not	Adele
a blue jay pecks at the attic window	Alan
voices below she leans over the sill	Dee
a touch on his shoulder he turns to the empty room	Adele
high tide the awning lifts in the wind	Alan
edge of the dunes seeping into puddles on the pavement	Dee
halos around the spotlights over the prison wall	Adele
through withered leaves in the dark before dawn tiny hailstones	Alan
wakeful child the rustle of gift-wrapping	Dee
last page of the family album the man we can't name	Adele
through the misty windowpane red taillights fade	Alan

perfectly spaced  
the roses  
on the wallpaper

Dee

finding her scent  
in the scarf she left

Adele

the flag flaps  
a gull cries  
over the closed beach

Alan

he faces inland to raise  
the hood of his parka

Dee

flash of lightning  
cutting  
through stars

Adele

a mockingbird sommersaults  
on the roof antenna

Alan

unwatched  
the talking heads  
dissolve into static

Dee

her right arm missing  
a mannequin stares at the crowd

Adele

snow piles up  
the barbershop pole spins  
into itself

Alan

wedding party gone  
he folds away the tripod

Dee

at the stoplight  
her blue garter swings  
on the mirror

Adele

in front of the bakery  
pigeons

Alan

distant gunfire  
the migrating ducks  
form pairs

Dee

illicit lovers  
kiss goodbye at the airport

Adele

the zeppelin's shadow  
passes  
across the football field

Alan

in the locker room  
all the locks broken

Dee

free of his chain  
the dog circles  
and lies down

Adele

the ferris wheel turning  
into the fog

Alan



from a birder's hand—  
the sweetness  
of a plum

the street fiddler plays,  
a cupped leaf  
flickers from his shadow

japanese lanterns  
with yesterday's renga  
cicadas

*vincent tripi*

this spider web  
so different I  
leave it alone

hot afternoon  
a seed being cracked  
pops the silence

glittering heat—  
the finches argue & argue  
the viburnum droops

the evening sun  
goes down  
this waterdrop  
that one  
this

*Anita Virgil*

magpie and tail  
struggle into the air  
long shadows

old two-story house  
the evening pigeons  
circle back

*Robert N. Johnson*

garden harvest . . .  
crushing thyme  
into her palm

*Jeanne Paliatka*

cold morning rain—  
the suspect is booked  
at the station

*Wally Swist*

across the cell floor  
a scratch of lite

*LeRoy Gorman*

jailhouse door    his dog waiting

*Charles B. Dickson*

trembling hands open  
the prisoner's first letter  
from his family

*John J. Dunphy*

twisted on his arm,  
in a quiet bar, the snake  
slides toward the cold beer

*Leo Gibson*

smoky spotlight—  
the naked dancer  
pops her bubblegum

*Kenneth C. Leibman*

as evening breeze—  
from my neighbor's window  
Grateful Dead

*Brent T. Leake*

## DAD CALLS AFTER LUNCH

august heat—  
dad calls after lunch  
with news of a murder

her shrill voice in court;  
the back of my brother's head  
sunspotted

the end of summer  
the sound my mother made  
at the sentence

limestone walls  
in the sunrise frosted  
with razor wire

prison waiting room—  
above, a TV blaring  
"The Waltons"

visiting Jeff  
the shadows of the bars  
disappear in his beard

almost asleep . . .  
a call to discuss  
his release

postal chess:  
he moves me  
from his cell

another christmas  
my parents visit  
the son in prison

*Lee Gurga*

### THREE FOUND TANKA

bumper sticker  
on the back of a car  
from Idaho:  
BE HAPPY AS A NUCLEAR FAMILY  
RADIATE.  
\*\*\*

bumper sticker on the back  
of a motor home  
in California:  
HELP US TAKE THE INITIATIVE  
FOR CLEAN INDOOR AIR.  
\*\*\*

consecutive bumper stickers  
seen while driving highway 101  
to San Francisco:  
PREVENT WILDFIRES.  
SAVE MONO LAKE.  
NUCLEAR POWER MEANS CANCER  
FOR ALL OF US.  
HAVE A NICE DAY.  
\*\*\*

*Jim Normington*

In the wheatfield  
between missile silos—  
burrowing badger

Cyclone leapfrogs  
the grain silo:  
the missile silo . . .

*Johnny Baranski*



summer breeze  
whistles through the hole  
in his wallet pocket

*Bradley J. George*

bag lady's shadow  
draining  
down the park bench

late afternoon—  
the tennis ball's shadow  
slips under the net

during the blackout  
the blindman  
walks his guide dog

*Donald McLeod*

not seeing, not speaking  
tired strangers  
    waiting for the F Train

*Samuel Viviano*

windows closed  
no one to watch  
the sunset

*Clarice Mota*

Following me home tonight  
    stray dog's shadow  
    and the moon.

*T. Anastasia Connell*

Finally  
from the lily's white funnel  
day trickles out

At last the first star!  
and in the dusk-dark house  
the phone is ringing

On black water  
floating candles for the dead  
the river's silence

*Ann Atwood*

coming from out at sea  
a white butterfly  
heads for sand dunes

preceding me  
all down the long beach  
flock of small birds

*Brent Partridge*

The book of verse,  
the bread, the wine—  
and thou, Seagull!

Twilight, moonless beach . . .  
the surf changing  
to a darker song

*Virginia Egermeier*

## SIX WAYS OF SEEING SUMMER RAIN

I

A red shaft of light  
dances on your moist eyelids:  
the searing morning.

II

Frog Mountain rises  
to arch its back in the clouds:  
unforeseen downpour.

III

Three men and three birds  
stand still in the forest, all  
surprised by rain.

IV

Rain like the Deluge:  
a mudspattered Apache  
sings in Cibecue.

V

The day hides itself  
within a grove of aspen.  
Thunder pursues it.

VI

Uprooted clouds:  
Summer holds the pale mountains,  
calls down the clear night.

*Gregory McNamee*

indian summer  
in the grinding stone  
a red leaf

*Frank K. Robinson*

river fog  
percolating thru willows  
crow

*Jim Bailey*

Hiking  
into the clouds  
the view within

Indian paintbrush  
still wet  
with dawn colors

*Garry Gay*

Sitting cross-legged  
reading a book  
the first leaf falls

The old Indian  
preparing for her death  
"too late for flowers"

*David K. Antieau*

shaping a story—  
finger shadows  
play the ancient game

*Ross Figgins*

## CASCADILLA CREEK

Carries the snags,  
the leaves, carries the rocks home,  
carries what we leave it.

Yellow zori flip-  
flopped on its back, midstream,  
sole up like a leaf.

One leaf turned red:  
turning leaves turn in the stream,  
September's end.

*Peter Fortunato*



on the rock  
blue graffiti  
—he loves her

*Dianne Borsenik*

Gathering firewood—  
under leaves, two pale green squares,  
names, edged in dark moss

Ghost swans glide by us  
moved only by moon, night air,  
and the lake's dark pull

*Neill Megaw*

## CLIMBING KACHINA PEAKS

Tom Lynch

Plan a hike up San Francisco Mountains, the Kachina Peaks. Wake at 3 a.m. and make a cup of tea. Moon through the window a waning gibbous.

lift kettle from stove coil—  
orange glow  
lights the kitchen

I throw a few things in pack: thermos of hot water, tea bags, cheese, bagels, an apple, bird book. Hop on my bike for ride to the mountain road.

pedal along dark road  
Jupiter too  
speeds through pines

At 3:30 in the morning no car even on the busy route to the Grand Canyon. I turn off at mountain dirt road, park bike among pines away from view. As I walk, sporadic clouds obscure moon, map no longer readable. Without the moon, which way?

car suddenly here,  
suddenly gone—  
dark mountain silence

Even in cool moonlight the road dust coats my tongue.

hike by moonlight  
dead pine's  
sudden jaggedness

As I climb to a pass the gradual light of dawn emerges from the sky.

moonlight  
dawnlight  
about the same

leaves rustle  
dawn appears first  
in the aspen

faint dawn light  
white aspen among  
dark pines

Hike along thinking of haiku. Stop for tea at sunrise, write them down. Forget some. Sun rises over painted desert. Distant mesas' black juts horizon.

sunrise  
pines above me  
glow orange

purple lupines  
stay purple—  
dawn gold

blue asters  
closed tight—  
cool dawn

dawn light—  
white flash of  
junco tail feathers

Pass through field full of flickers, leaping from grass to tall dead limbs. Fifteen or 20 at least in this one spot. Secret in their throats, a wild cackle. Farther up the trail three bull elk grazing. One astride the trail turns to sniff the air. Considers me a full minute.

bull elk on trail—  
glad  
he's not fierce

Not much sport in the hunt, but it will start soon anyhow. Not long now, these might be dead. They amble off down the slope into dense cover, huge racks gracefully avoid branches.

elk cross trail—  
their scent  
lingers among spruce

Didn't think to bring the field guide, and an unknown mushroom. How many more I don't know about, alive beneath my feet.

As I move higher up the mountain, aspen begin to yellow. At first only the top few leaves flutter golden. On ridge line dead bristlecone pine low to the ground. Huddle behind it out of the wind. How long it lived there, now bone-whitened by mountain winds. On the lee-side, sheltered from gusts, flowers manage, and a good spot for lunch. Look across basin to tallest peaks.

the harsh wind—  
tea in tin cup  
quickly cold

On the Kachina Peaks nature removes a mask.

thin cloud drifts off peak  
hoarfrost glitters  
on black boulders

Where the snows come from. Soon I will be up there.

Clark's nutcrackers seem terribly wild as they fly, piercing the wind with their clattering, near timberline. Several juncos bathe in trail dust. Spin in little dust piles, feathers twitching. Reluctant to leave as I approach, they return immediately when I pass. Nearing the summit, only bristlecone pines and lichen remain to be seen of life.

tiny bristlecones  
lichen covered boulder  
I breathe too

Trail follows cinder block ridge to top. Wind grows immense.  
kicked a minute ago  
boulder far below  
stops rolling

On the distant horizon, Grand Canyon north rim looms above the invisible gorge, cut deep into earth. Brilliant depths invisible from here, hidden beneath everywhere. To the east, beyond painted desert colors, remote Hopi mesas break level horizon. Their prayers, in spite of tourists and ski lodge and hikers such as me, turned towards this sacred ground.

At the summit, so windy I can't stand up. Home of the kachinas. None that you'd notice, though. Maybe they've gone dancing. Clouds form over these mountains, carry rain to distant fields, whether we pray for it, whether we don't. Somewhere up here, under a rock—which one none of my business, or yours—a prayer bundle. Still, good to know. Thunder sleeps in these boulders.

Turn to descend into wind. Pass many hikers on their way up. "How much farther?" "Are we almost there?" Some Sierra-clubber types who look like they'd rather be reading about it.

Walk quickly back into trees, wind eases. Juncos scatter before me, but Clark's nutcrackers high overhead don't notice. An hour later, in a meadow sheltered by aspens, I lie in the sun, drink the last of my tea, watch gold leaves shimmer in sun and breeze. Far above now, the summit. So recently I was there. From the flanks of Kachina Peaks, spruce, aspen, sprout.

suddenly here  
grasshopper on my knee  
suddenly gone

At a small spring I stop for a sip. Water right from under spruce tree root.

glance back  
juncos return  
to the cool spring



Thinking of shower, and hot supper, and how to write this, I hike  
through forest I don't notice. Now, after shower, and supper, and writ-  
ing this, I think of forest I missed.

cold moonlight  
on kachina peaks—  
if I step outside, if I don't



after the tree's crash  
the thrush resumes at a slightly  
higher pitch

in a thick fog  
crushing wild onions underfoot  
nothing but the smell

*David Bonta*

Logged-over land . . .  
silence waiting  
for the sound of leaves

Against the approaching storm,  
dazzle of  
a sun-reflecting bird

*B. C. Rowley*

ECHO  
mockingbird  
    mocking  
        the mockingbird

*Larry Gross*

## LAND OF THE NAVAJO

high in the red rock  
a window admits blue sky  
a cliff swallow

tinkling bells  
goats leading Navajo sheep  
to water and shade

pick-up truck  
Navajo kids and their pet lamb  
going to town

TV antenna  
grows from the earth-covered roof  
of a hogan

*Ruth Holter*



on Lookout Rock  
one step  
to the red hawk

*Andrew J. Grossman*

rain-swollen river:  
a collapsing clay bank claims  
the old cottonwood

the heat decreasing,  
and the crickets increasing:  
scent of goldenrod

*Nick Virgilio*

in my window  
spider webs  
the moon

hopping at my feet  
this morning  
cricket takes my shower

*K. J. Berg*

ruining breakfast—  
this cockroach  
under the oven

pigeons pecking  
just where their droppings  
might have fallen

*José Carlos Barbosa*

under the tv stand  
kitten and cricket  
square off

*Vanessa Henson*

The power lines  
make a net to catch the moon  
for an instant

*Michael Maschinot*

Crickets  
cracking the silence  
of a wakeful night

*Dale M. Feldman*

class reunion  
echoing  
this twang I thought I'd lost

*Christina Goyette*

perfume counter  
the blind girl  
asking her dog

*Carol Montgomery*

reunion:  
the child they said was deaf  
begins to sing

*Peggy Willis Lyles*

Whistling a duet  
with the caged mynah bird,  
the tone-deaf girl

*Virginia Egermeier*

I pass a beggar  
afraid of his eyes

*Charles Nakamura*

shouting at each other  
till  
sparrow song

still angry—  
the tick  
of the clock

*Carrie Etter*

morning gnat—  
its own tombstone  
in wet paint

*John K. Rutenberg*

beyond the fence  
onto the wet concrete  
a leaf falls

*Michael Dwyer*

mountain walking    catydids enter my tiredness  
summer's end    wind bends the marshweeds

*Steve Dalachinsky*

standing with my book  
in perfect stillness, waiting  
for a bird to watch

full moon . . .  
the cat trotting  
up the fire escape

she stares at the moon,  
trying to make out  
Neil Armstrong's footprints

*Rob Simbeck*

old man  
carrying a shopping bag  
through the cemetery

*Dorothy McLaughlin*

SALAD EULOGY: For Machi Tawara

Machi Tawara,  
you have brought tanka  
out of quaint corners,  
and I want to cut salads of five  
for your salad anniversary

my tanka  
I've hung  
in kimono corners,  
and now yours have tapped out  
a jig on Tokyo sidewalks

I want  
my own Spaghetti  
Centennial,  
though I've no spoon  
to stuff down a reader's throat

not once of late  
have I thought  
of a lay over coffee—  
making a tanka  
was something else

you catch the modern squint  
with your 5-7-5-7-7's,  
Machi—  
oh what can I catch  
with my frisbee fives?

you're serious too,  
and still  
your tanka  
come out flip,  
winking at lovers over beer

for twenty-six years  
my tanka  
have lodged in remote corners:  
Machi, you've an eye  
for more than four million ears!

trying to find  
an esthetic  
for your jazzy jewels—  
and still, dear Machi,  
haven't you a *wabi* whimper up your  
modern sleeve?

not another tanka!  
you've heard them say,  
and yet aren't you now  
under a winter *kotatsu*  
tapping out your want-to-be-loved rhythms?

*Sanford Goldstein*

