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蛙の池

XIV:1

HAIKU SOCIETY OF AMERICA
333 East 47th Street
New York, NY 10017

President: Garry Gay, 1275 Fourth St., #365, Santa Rosa, CA 95404.
Vice-President: Lee Gurga, 514 Pekin St., Lincoln, IL 62656.
Secretary: Doris Heitmeyer, 315 E. 88th St., Apt. 1 F, #42, New York, NY 10128.
Treasurer: Karen Sohne, 184 N. Pine St., N. Massapequa, NY 11758.

FROGPOND Editor: Sylvia Forges-Ryan, 87 Bayard Ave., No. Haven, CT 06473.
Consulting Editor: Virginia Brady Young

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THANKS, ELIZABETH

Before I appointed Elizabeth Searle Lamb as Editor of *FROGPOND* in 1983, no candidate had ever been chosen outside of the Greater New York area. As President of the Society for the second time, I wanted to do something different, something that would increase our national membership of 185 and satisfy the majority of our members. I was very pleased with Elizabeth's immediate acceptance. I had perfect confidence in her background in Japanese literature, her general competence and her ability to get along with people. During the next seven years, she functioned brilliantly as editor, balancing the mundane chores connected with the magazine with the more important imaginative and leadership qualities necessary to make a contribution in the field. For the most part, Elizabeth emphasized the classical background of haiku. She was, however, always willing to accept an experimental piece when she believed in the talent and integrity of the submitting poet. *FROGPOND*, under her leadership, has made a varied and compelling contribution to its many readers, who now number over 600.

Elizabeth was an editor of intelligence and energy. An article published in *CICADA* in 1979, *A History of Western Haiku*, remains one of her finest contributions. It is significant that she carried out her multiple duties while maintaining the respect and admiration of her editorial colleagues throughout the country.

For these reasons, we applaud Elizabeth Searle Lamb. She accepted the challenge and devoted her time and talent to the growth of *FROGPOND*, which now is internationally known.

Our thanks, Elizabeth, and warmest good wishes for further creative accomplishments.

Virginia Brady Young
Former President, Haiku Society
of America 1972-1973, 1983-1985

MUSEUM OF HAIKU LITERATURE (TOKYO) AWARDS

\$25 Awards for previously unpublished material from *Frogpond XIII*:4

Haiku

Into old pots and pans
thrown out in the backyard—
the musical rain

—*Tom Tico*

Sequence

"New Orleans Wedding"

—*Anita Virgil*

The firefly
folding, unfolding
its moonlight

—*Vincent Tripi*
(for *Lee Richmond*)

come in . . .
out of the darkness
my firefly catcher
—*Daniel Thomas Manley*

tugging loose
a milkweed seed
into frayed clouds
—*Ruth Yarrow*

dream
 opening
the peony
—*Frederick Gasser*

At the occult shop:
the wizard's crystal ball
catches the morning sun
—*Tom Tico*

trick or treating
my Down's Syndrome child masked
like the other children
—*John J. Dunphy*

Moon in the attic . . .
the wooden horse
saddled again.
—*Vincent Tripi*

without his balloons
the balloonman
still walks lightly
—*Michael Dylan Welch*

Such lightness
 apple boughs
 in the breeze
—*David Elliott*

flowing
into the stream
watersnake
—*Ruth Yarrow*

wind-brushed branches
faintly recalling
the touch of her hair
—*George Ralph*

somehow comforting—
my room darkens
with the winter world
—*Randy Johnson*

More and more snow
the old birch forest remains
a sketch on canvas
—*Jon Codrescu*

Christmas Eve freeze—
a monk's cell window
opens on a star
—*H.F. Noyes*

a frosty dawn—
curtains drawn early
to display cut-glass
—*David Cobb*

Garage Sale:
the music box like mom's
without a key.
—*Vincent Tripi*

in my silver
wedding shoes
.. spider webs
—*Carol Montgomery*

painting more blue
into the delphinium
the widow
—*Elizabeth St. Jacques*

Fifth Avenue
white satin wedding dresses
through a veil of snow
—*Doris Heitmeyer*

summer heat—
two squirrels
meet on a wire
—*Michael Dylan Welch*

in a backyard
two women folding sunlight
into sheets
—*Sandra Fuhringer*

Daylight savings—
the cemetery gate
still open at seven
—*Rebecca Lilly*

dead line:
the grant writer lists books
he never read
—*Ruth Yarrow*

Expressionless
as she puts on
her face
—*Tom Tico*

My guests
Laughing all evening
Their cars towed away
—*Mahdy Y. Khaiyat*

driving to work
past the woods
and the wild roses
—*Karen Sohne*

chainlink fence
overcome
by blackberries
—*Christopher Herold*

in a refugee camp
a child learns to spell famine
on an empty stomach
—*Dorothy McLaughlin*

cold . . .
last night's waterglass
empties with a thud
—*Elizabeth St. Jacques*

vacuuming
the loveseat
and the cat too
—*Patricia Neubauer*

party in full swing
on the wall
Munch's "The Scream"
—*Donald Beringer*

night clouds
touching
the city's aura
—*Francine Porad*

The inner city . . .
On Sycamore Street
not a single tree
—*Tom Tico*

house with peeling paint
the new curtains
keeping outside out
—*Mary Wittry-Mason*

under the analyst's couch
a box
of Kleenex
—*Kenneth Tanemura*

at thirty-four
still afraid to be alone
with her father
—*John J. Dunphy*

phone's slam
cuts the line
to my heart
—*Lora Kalb*

holding
the shape of the wind
the frozen pines
—*Lesley Einer*

all through the night
the neighbor's shutter
tapping in the wind
—*Peter Duppenenthaler*

after telling my brother
a ghost story
I can't sleep
—*Scott Gulyash*

Child asleep—
only the blanket
rising, falling
—*David A. Diotalevi*

night sleigh ride
back up the hill
into the stars
—*Robert Tannen*

Snail,
shall I tell you
how many steps
to the top?
—*Virginia Egermeier*

Walking back
—night crickets
in the bundle of twigs
—*Matthew Louviere*

gravel crossroads
in a prairie dip:
four horizons
—*Ruth Yarrow*

so silent
the migrant workers
songless planting
—*Lequita Vance*

grape harvest—
dust on the wings
of the blackbirds
—*Jim Kacian*

no moon tonight
our eyes are drawn
to the white chrysanthemum
—*Karen Sohne*

quiet rain . . .
sisters braiding each other's
gray hair
—*Sandra Fuhringer*

beautician brags
of her new boyfriend
bride fingers her ring
—*Mary Wittry-Mason*

flashing lights—
the man with the eye patch
blinks
—*Anthony J. Pupello*

crossroads motel
all night
the red pulse
—*Peter Youu*

August heat
I taste the strawberries
on your tongue
—*Judith Clark*

laundromat . . .
power failure . . .
the coolness . . .
—*Carol Montgomery*

stepping out barefoot to hear the night rain
—*Christina Smith Krause*

autumn flowers
despite
my leaving
—*John O'Connor*

Slow dusk
—her shadow
losing its shape
—*Matthew Louviere*

skipping stone
across water—
calling her name
—*John O'Connor*

low sun
my shadow crossing pebbles
and their shadows
—*Peter Yovu*

summer fishing—
the canoe-shaped moon
glides silent too
—*Jerry McGinley*

forsythia in bloom:
winter's yellow ribbons still
rippling in the wind
—*Dorothy McLaughlin*

The Zen Garden—
well-wishers litter
the ponds with pennies
—*Jerry McGinley*

Almost full moon . . .
a rustle of leaves
through the canyon.
—*Vincent Tripi*

street musicians
muffled in the fog
still . . .
—*Judith Clark*

faded from the light
I move my dead son's photo
farther in the shade
—*Lequita Vance*

night lightning
unveiling on the hill
a white chapel
—*Clicie Maria A. Pontes*

Her perfume
in the wind
before his ashes.
—*Vincent Tripi*

brushing the bamboo
last night's rain
falls again
—*Robert Tannen*

first snow
the doctor
increases his morphine
—*Sandra Fuhringer*

in the nursing home
she introduces herself
to her father
—*John J. Dunphy*

Feeling the sun's warmth
by the window
on a winter afternoon.
—*David A. Diotalevi*

funeral over
a midday breeze lifting
the widow's veil
—*Christopher Suarez*

first shovel of dirt . . .
a falcon circles upward
out of sight
—*Sharon Lee Shafii*

rainy highway—
blue morning-glories wrap
the scarecrow's long hair
—*Nina A. Wicker*

bag lady
on the corner
wrapped in fog
—*Judith Clark*

storm clouds
a homeless man searching
for empty cans
—*Christopher Suarez*

left out in the rain
child's bucket of tadpoles
overflowing . . .
—*Patricia Neubauer*

Mountain snow
melting into streams
a robin's song
—*Diane Webster*

The sound—of grandpa's whistle
to and from the woodshed
last night's moon.
—*Vincent Tripi*

Night wind
—wood knocks on wood
at the pier
—*Matthew Lowiere*

after the storm
tossing starfish back
into the water
—*Sharon Lee Shafii*

two kayaks
under the bridge—gone
before we can wave
—*Patricia Neubauer*

evening wind
a solitary seagull
guards the shore
—*Jon Codrescu*

into the world
a spider
spins its own
—*Dave J. Cale*

city park
children swinging back and forth
reaching for falling leaves
—*Peter Duppenenthaler*

exchanging old
Get Well cards . . .
Children's Ward
—*Carol Montgomery*

her childhood home
scuff marks still in the closet
in which she was locked
—*John J. Dunphy*

wind in the maples
she turns up the collar
on her new red coat
—*Sandra Fuhringer*

first snowfall—
tumbling leaf red
in its underglow
—*H.F. Noyes*

withered weeds
upright
in the iced pond
—*Francine Porad*

hog-killing time
around the steaming vat
snow melts to red mud
—*Nina A. Wicker*

pine woods
new lumber road
splitting them
—*George Ralph*

Dusk
my old neighbor who sold her house today
still sitting on her porch
—*Virginia Egermeier*

during the campaign
even his sign in my yard
leaning to the right
—*John J. Dunphy*

abandoned garage:
nest of newborn skunks
scenting the night air
—*Pamela Connor*

lone red berry showing off the evergreen
—*Christina Smith Krause*

unlocking the U-Haul . . .
a neighbor limps over
to help—
—*Carol Montgomery*

Early riser
sweeps the moonlight
from her doorstep
—*Clara Burton Smith*

winning the contest
sending the money
to my landlord
—*Robert Tannen*

two in the morning
watching the sun come up
in the Middle East
—*Doris Heitmeyer*

japanese maple—
the moon sifts
through windless leaves
—*Michael Dylan Welch*

after the first hour
soup kitchen volunteer
stops smiling
—*John J. Dunphy*

Tienanmen Square—
street sweeper pauses, then sweeps
the bloodied banner
—*Mark Arvid White*

last snow—
the old man sweeps
his windowsill
—*Anthony J. Pupello*

dusk
white tails
arc the stone wall
—*Peter Yovu*

windstorm over—
down among cackling hens
the weathervane cock
—*H.F. Noyes*

a rumor of snow
linked lines

and just beyond loon's hollow a rumor of snow m
night marsh the limpkin's forlorn cry d
our last time this meeting by the footbridge m
her aura lingers minnows dart d
shimmer of night leaves cool as quicksilver m
first gust the forest trembles d
sheet lightning a cop car flashes blue d
to sleep with the knife and the rose m
a woodcock's spiral courtship flight the mugger's shadow d
'at five in the afternoon' m
white candles flicker in a sacred place mute oracle d
beneath the star bearing frankincense and myrrh m
before the coven meets a computer printout of the ritual d
ever at odds the cross and the pentagram m
burial prayer her atheist friend bows his head d
yellows dream now in the old furrows m
meandering shrimpboat the helmsman takes another drink d
no chart for this dark journey m
crossing the midnight zone...the last border m
eurynome dances pregnant with spring d
a capella the children's voices in that green garden m
mountain moon banjo and ballad d
still on a may wind the cry of barbara allen cruel barbara allen m
'time's winged charriot hurrying near' d
for one bright moment the damselfly impossibly blue m
in the quarry pool morning star d
his hands shaping the stone shaping the need m
abandoned lighthouse night gales and rain d
all these lateandsummer pears fallen among bruise m
september cotton fields whiter than snow d
the chapel's stained-glass magdalene her tranquility d
sharing the hymnbook slowly their fingers touch m
a campfire crackles beneath the ledge petroglyphs d
only this red moon moving among cedars m
artemis unleashes her hounds autumn equinox d
frost now and the last days of the killdeer m

—anne mckay and Charles Dickson

October 89—October 90 Georgia—British Columbia

this lifetime
linked lines

under cherry blossoms we share lunch and this lifetime p
did you like me take a wrong turn when young m
as the old saying goes I have no vices...to speak of p
to translate wompoems into japanese m
airport greeting the interpreter's printed name held high p
personal copier "great mad mothers"¹ on the move m
earth day hard work on my land the world in fragments m
"shift"² a mini-rake scrapes and pushes paint p
not enough reds invented to express this woman's frustrations m
the Van Gogh's eighty-two million dollar price tag p
all of the unwanted daughters all of their kept-hidden ideas m
new logo new schemes with the Mac II p
will they upsidedown our homes declare things unapplepie m
police car U turns midstreet p
professionals not professional bottom line time is money m
last minute ticket buyers at the goodwill games p
kenichi leaves by greyhound a ton of my rambling words m
speechless first contractions p
monitored heartbeats filling the room I love you p
so few places for honest nature m
hacking a trail through tall grass to the wild blackberries p
stick pins in their at-any-cost-save-maleface m
Persian Gulf crisis Saudi women pull back their veils p
another lesbian community forms m
pollinator planted skimmia's lush red berries p
i just wanna be rootical m
four generations seated round the table thanksgiving p
chaoscoswommos unsheveils her womiverse m
full moon ladybug from petal to petal in slow motion p
hard to hold back dreams of a new nest m
they refuse to defend any actions of the other gender m
covering each name for the art competition jurors p
midnight i begin to pour out my vision to another hag m
she is rainbow surrounded by white light p
seems impossible to gather 22 years of ever-changing haiku m
sunbreak through dark clouds the promise of blue p

¹Painting series by Marlene Mountain

²Painting series by Francine Porad

—Francine Porad and Marlene Mountain

March 1990—December 1990 Washington—Tennessee

FOR THE NUN CHIGETSU, 1622-1706

the farmer's rooster
farther away
this misty morning

storm coming—
light shines
in the rice fields

under this rock
moist dirt
and my fingerprints

hands deep
in the garden—the sun
on distant hills

tea cool now
I stare into the dark
green leaves

cold night—
the moon on my bed
where you were

all night
geese crossing
my quiet breath

on the way
to the toilet—suddenly
wide blue sky

—*Penny Harter*

gastown summer '90

summersadnight in gastown
fad end of downtown
bright illusions

wait and wander
under streetcafé umbrellas
watered wines of reds

and yellows
thinstringed notes sobbing soft
in cobbled corners and

tiny shivering trees
just there for summers
in barrels too small for tall roots

and drums and flutes
and goodnightladies
floating out from latenightwindows

... and the lonely ones
fey ones tooyoung ones
weave in webs of suns gone down

—*anne mckay*

the billboard's shadow
a haiku/senryu sequence

late autumn
the billboard's shadow leans
into the woods

from the stream
two mallards fly straight up
through falling leaves

new year's eve blizzard—
a neon beer-sign glows
behind the steamed window

spring breeze
the woods road is still wet
under the pines

the old watering can
hangs one more rainbow
among the roses

the evening paper
on the darkening lawn—
first star

a letter stuck
in the 11th floor mail chute—
summer night

the blues singer
tells how bad it is
then the sax tells you too

quiet afternoon—
in the meadow, one daisy
leans on another

at the end of a tunnel in the clouds
a sunlit billow

crossing the tracks
at twilight—
the autumn wind

chilly sunrise
a strip of bark flutters
on the lake-side birch

twiddling my thumbs
the sun goes down,
the moon comes up

winter drizzle—
unloading a crate of live ducks
behind the chinatown restaurant

snow melts by the hardware counter—
the squares of color
in the paint catalog

in the mirrors on her dress
little pieces of my
self

a few blocks
from the street festival—
the evening quiet

at the pow-wow—
they pass out ordinary saltines
for the ceremony

while his passengers sleep,
the bus driver watches dawn
break

by the lawn's edge,
the dog barks at the darkness
then looks back at me

dead end—
a few leaves circle
in the headlights

late at night—
a woman alone in the restaurant
addressing christmas cards

snowy morning
the barber appears
in his mirrors

moonrise
the columbine still
swinging

changing pitchers—
the base-runner looks up
at a passing cloud

in the subway
the young conductor cues
imaginary oboes

climbing the stairs
more slowly—
autumn evening

the frozen puddle—
kids slide over a pattern
of red leaves

snow drifts
above the bear's den
starry night

cold spring rain—
a piece of grass sticks out of the birdhouse

—Cor van den Heuvel

AGAIN & AGAIN
A Political Sequence

Pearl Harbor—
a quick goodbye
a long forever

a bugler blows taps—
the straight backs
of Marines

crystal nacht—
and still we walk
on glass

Chamberlain at Munich—
careful to remember
his umbrella

Coventry Cathedral—
kneeling on the shards
of stained-glass windows

Battle of Leningrad—
a baby's head run through
with Nazi sword

G. I.'s landing
on Omaha, their vomit mixed
with waves

at Anzio, the open
eyes rinsed by
lapping waves

my brother blown
to bits in Hurtgen Forest—
sunrise

after the telegram
my mother seems
smaller

opening the package
from the army—my brother's
blood-stained uniform

nights without sleep
days without smiles—
Dunkirk

Marines on Mt. Surabachi
the end of
a day's work

Babi Yaar: above
the skeletons, a baby crawling
on the grass

Lenin
in glass coffin—soldiers
shushing tourists

Hiroshima
never again—
the day before

Nagasaki—
a needless threat
a shameful fire

Dresden 1945:
the china so delicate
it didn't need
a bomb

in the bunker of
der Fuehrer, the staff so busy
dying

at Yalta—cigar
mustache & cape, two friends
out of three

the 49th parallel
invisible
the victory
delayed

Tet Offensive:

G. I.'s forget to say
"Happy New Year"

covering
the earth, napalm and
dead children

volunteers flying
to Arabia—the empty
body bags

—Virginia Brady Young

HSA RENKU CONTEST RESULTS 1990

Four groups entered renku in the 1990 Renku Contest of the Haiku Society of America. All entries were similar in the following ways: three or more participants; thirty-six stanzas, alternating three and two lines, otherwise free-form (i.e., not dominated by syllable-counting or other formal considerations); some use of moon, flower, and love verses; seasonal verses in non-traditional sequences (i.e., seasonal and non-seasonal verses appear in no special order).

The judges had no trouble selecting the one which they felt most satisfying, both most fully meeting the concept of renku as expressed in the tradition of Basho, and a pleasure to read for itself. They did not feel that any entry qualified for a grand prize, but that each of this year's entries falls into a category they would call "semi-traditional renku." Accordingly, a prize of sixty dollars for the best semi-traditional renku in the HSA Renku Contest for 1990 is awarded to "The Swaying Branch", by Alan Pizzarelli, Adele Kenny, and Cor van den Heuvel. (The judges did not have the names.)

Judges' comments on "The Swaying Branch": Several passages flow easily and pleasingly, particularly the opening and closing sections. The best variety of verses among the entries, almost all with clear images. A unity despite diversity. Some really fine linking, especially between the end of the first page (sixth stanza) and the beginning of the second page, on the top half of the third page, and on the last page.

The judges would like to suggest that all of the renku entered could have been greatly improved by an editing session after completion. A few points where "The Swaying Branch" might have benefitted from careful editing: Repeated words or images; for example, the word "ring" (jewelry) appears twice, and "back" appears in two successive stanzas; there are two or more animals in adjacent or nearby stanzas. Continuing or overuse of a given theme or category of image; for example, sky phenomena dominate the opening six stanzas, all of which also contain no people. Normally there is a regular shift between human and non-human images. Wordy or redundant stanzas; for example, water is named three times in "*rainy winter day/ waterdrops run down both sides/of the steamed windows*", and "*sound of crystal/shattering/in the kitchen*" does not need "glass" to make the image clear.

Worrying about such minor quibbles during composition would no doubt have sucked the life out of "The Swaying Branch," however, and the judges were happy to have such a strong winner to select from among the entries, each of which had some fine images and linking to recommend it. This year's judges were Dee Evetts, Penny Harter, William J. Higginson, and Kristine Kondo.

A Note on Titling Renku: Typically the season word of a renku's opening stanza becomes its title. Accordingly, this year's winning renku might be called "The Summer Breeze."

THE SWAYING BRANCH

caught in the tree a fallen branch sways in the summer breeze	1
sunlight ripples across the lake	2
all the geese rise at once distant train whistle	3
the sky darkens mimosa leaves close	1
fluttering in the porch light a moth's shadow	2
the moon springs up from behind the dark billboard	3

closing the casket a wisp of blond hair flies out	1
her voice husky she asks for a ride	2
leaving the New Year's party some of the balloons have fallen to the floor	3
at the edge of the snowy woods a deflated pumpkin	1
after the abortion he sends her a dozen yellow roses	2
from the florist's shop water runs across the hot sidewalk	3
billowing clouds drift from puddle to puddle on the baseball diamond	1
riding the merry-go-round she loses her engagement ring	2
an old man fishing on the pier pulls in an empty hook	3
the wrecking ball hangs in the air beside the abandoned house	1
full autumn moon the junkyard dog leaps at the chain-link fence	2
a porcupine turns slowly and heads back up the mountain	3

Indian summer the acupuncturist brings his cactus back outside	1
in the Chinese restaurant the ice dragon melts	2
rainy winter day waterdrops run down both sides of the steamed windows	3
a strand of tinsel falls on the toy tracks sparks	1
sound of a crystal glass shattering in the kitchen	2
a limo parked by the lilacs the long-lost daughter gets out	3
her mood ring turns blue as they reminisce under the new moon	1
from the outdoor concert strains of "I'll be seeing you"	2
the burglar listens then slowly raises the window as the spotlight hits him	3
leaves scatter behind the gun store	1
kneeling a kid shoots marbles into the autumn sunshine	2
by the goal post a book open to Michelangelo's David	3

setting-up the rock musician does a sound check on his autoharp	1
pressing her muffler against her ears she screams	2
he rises from the ice and does a figure-eight to show he's all right	3
the physicist writes an equation on his cocktail napkin	1
shadowed by the apple blossoms she hands him the key to her Mercedes	2
as they speed along the road the setting sun flickers in the pines	3

- 1 *Alan Pizzarelli*
- 2 *Adele Kenny*
- 3 *Cor van den Heuvel*

THE BLUE OF TWILIGHT

A Reading of Garry Gay

Even though Garry Gay has not been widely published in the various haiku magazines, he is (at least in my opinion) one of the best haiku poets currently practicing the craft. He has a wide range and a keen visual sense—which is not surprising since he is a professional photographer. And although most of the haiku he writes are “serious,” one of the distinguishing characteristics of his work is a delightful humor.

1

Pot bellied
the stove
and the cook

We all know people who look like their dogs (I once knew a little old man full of wrinkles, pouches, and jowls who had a little bull dog: the two of them looked like twins), and man and wife who look more and more alike with the passage of years,—but leave it to Garry to see the physical similarity existing between the stove and the cook. And perhaps it's not surprising that the two should look alike, considering the intimate connection that exists between them.

2

Wood stove:
all around the cabin
stumps

The situation presented here is both understandable and disturbing. An old timer, who has resided in the cabin for years, needs to stay warm, so gradually he whittles away at his environment. The haiku suggests that man's wants, his needs, work to the detriment of nature.

3

Indian summer;
a red-tail hawk's solemn flight
through burial grounds

In Black Elk Speaks, Black Elk tells the heart-rending story of the annihilation of the Sioux nation by the white man. Broken treaties, treacheries, atrocities, and sometimes just plain starvation were the means the white man used to commit that genocide. And this pattern of extermination was not just perpetrated upon the Sioux but upon all the native American tribes. This poem, full of somber power, can be seen as an elegy for all those vanished tribes.

4

Bald tire
still getting good mileage . . .
as a tree swing

Like many of Garry Gay's poems, this one is immediately satisfying and enjoyable. It has a light breezy humor which is totally refreshing, yet it also has a serious side. It suggests perhaps that nature abhors a vacuum and is never finished making use of things. Just when the tire's life span seems over, a whole new career is found for it.

5

Midday heat;
the ice cream melting faster
than I can lick

It's an exceptionally hot day so the poet has an unusually light lunch . . . and afterwards he decides to treat himself to an ice cream cone. "Perfect day for it," he says to himself, and he also thinks that he did have a *light* lunch. He chooses blueberry cheesecake, a double-decker, and with the first bite he knows that he made the right choice—delicious! But he didn't reckon with the effect of the intense heat on his ice cream cone—and within a minute or two he has his hands full.

6

Water melon rind
sitting in its own juice
the summer sun

Perhaps Garry is picnicking in the park with family or friends, having a great time enjoying a beautiful summer day . . . After a delicious lunch he strolls through the gathering, talking first to one person, then to another, relishing the warmth of the occasion . . . As he strolls around he notices the watermelon rind sitting in its own juice, and it seems to him to be a perfect

representation not only of the picnic and the day but also of the season in general.

7

For the first time
touching a book of braille
wondering . . .

From time to time the poet has wondered what it would be like to be blind. But now, as he touches the book of braille for the first time, he gives it deep consideration. As a photographer and a haiku poet, eyesight is crucial, and the thought of being without it is dreadful. He wonders what he would do if he were blind, how he would bear it, and he prays that he never has to find out.

8

Bitter
the cold tea
between two poets

Inadvertently Garry has suffered an estrangement from another poet, a falling-out that he would like to remedy. He arranges a meeting at the tea garden, hoping that in that serene setting all hard feelings will be resolved. At first all goes well between the two poets, with both of them trying their best to restore harmony. But eventually the old issues are raised (issues that are still heated, still touchy) and the peaceful tenor of the conversation swiftly becomes acrimonious. What started out as a healing experience has led to an even greater rupture of what had once been a solid friendship.

9

So gray
as we part,
her hair

Garry is visiting an old friend whom he has not seen for some time. They speak of mutual friends, reminisce about old times, and share present activities and future plans . . . Both agree they must see each other more often. As they say their final goodbyes in the front garden, Garry, for the first time, realizes how his friend has aged. He realizes that time is short for all of us, and he intends to be more conscientious in the pursuit of this friendship.

10

Hole in the ozone
my bald spot . . .
sunburned

Here is a light-hearted (or should I say lighted-headed) verse that immediately evokes a smile or a laugh. But after that initial reaction one realizes that the poem also has a serious import: An ecological concern for the environment and a realization of the danger to mankind when that concern is ignored.

11

Hiking
into the clouds
the view within

Relishing solitude and the experience of nature in its undefiled state, the poet has gone off alone on a camping trip. This day, the poet has chosen to hike to the top of the loftiest peak in the vicinity with the idea of enjoying the expansive view. But as he climbs higher and higher . . . he finds himself enveloped in the clouds. And although he cannot see the external view he had hoped for, the freedom and exhilaration he feels is ample compensation.

12

Walking
beside my footprints . . .
the other direction

The poet is in a pensive mood and decides to take a walk on the beach. Recently he has made some important decisions, decisions of a personal nature, and as he walks along he ponders the possible repercussions. He thinks that often it is hard to know what the consequences of a particular action or decision will be, but, nevertheless, he can't help thinking about it. Eventually, after walking for an hour or so, he turns and starts back. As he notices that he's walking beside his own footprints, retracing his steps so to speak, he gets an uneasy feeling, as if the powers that be were trying to tell him something.

13

In the shadow
of the beached whale . . .
sand fleas

31

It would be difficult to envision a more strongly contrasting juxtaposition of life forms than what is seen here. The poem indicates the poet's concern for the plight of this particular whale (and by extension for the plight of whales in general), and yet it also reveals a keen observation and awareness of all life forms, even the most minute. Perhaps the poet feels that every level of life is sacred, each in its own right.

14

Seal voices
carry from the rocks . . .
the fog

For a time the poet enjoys the vision of the seals perched upon the rocks . . . but gradually a heavy fog rolls in and totally obliterates the view. Before, it had been the sight of the seals which was so compelling, but now it's their strident, evocative voices. As he gazes out to where the rocks were (and still are but cannot be seen), all he sees is the fog swirling in towards shore, seeming to carry with it the barking sound of the seals.

15

Morning glory:
wrapping itself in the blue
of twilight

It's hard to imagine a more beautiful or evocative transition of day into night than is presented in this haiku. The dark blue morning glory wrapping itself in the lighter blue of twilight is truly a striking image. But even as the morning glory is wrapping itself tighter and tighter so is the twilight getting darker and darker. It is as if the deep blue color of the morning glory is gradually being suffused into the deep blue color of the darkening sky

—Tom Tico

Garry Gay has been active in San Francisco Bay Area haiku circles for many years. He was closely associated with *Lean Frog* magazine and has been a central figure in informal haiku gatherings that have met regularly throughout the years. He published Ty Hadman's *The Poor Part of Town* and *Dong Ha Haiku*. He's published two works of his own: *The Silent Garden* and *The Billboard Cowboy*. And he's one of three editors of *The San Francisco Haiku Anthology*. Recently he completed a two year tenure as the first president of the Haiku Poets of Northern California. And currently his is serving as the president of the Haiku Society of America.

A VISIT TO MASTER BASHO

(Originally appeared in *Haiku Kenkyu*, October 1989, in a Japanese translation by Tadashi Kondo)

Heisei 1.7.18 (18 July 1989)

After two days at the Gion Festival and a night of quiet rest at Myoshinji Temple, we prepare to visit sites associated with Matsuo Basho.

At Gichuji in Otsu, we pause at Basho's grave, then join some of the leaders of the Rakushisha-Gichuji Preservation Association at the small temple for a service commemorating the 300th Anniversary of Basho's "Oku no hosomichi." Reverent chanting by Hoda-ni, a nun of Konkoin. During the ceremony she scatters paper lotus petals; one lands on Penny's arm and sits there for the rest of the service.

Following the service Ohnishi Ichie, master of the *ichigenkin* (one-stringed koto), performs four pieces based on haiku by Basho, including one she recently composed to premiere on this occasion. The music moves us with its clarity.

At luncheon we are greeted by poet Yanai Michihiro, board member of both the Rakushisha-Gichuji Preservation Association and the Master Basho Ochiai Festival, who acts as master-of-ceremonies, and by Okunishi Tamotsu, president of the association and Master of Rakushisha. Okabe Nagaakira-sensei, professor emeritus of Foreign Studies at Kyoto University, offers a toast to the 300th Anniversary of Basho's "Oku no hosomichi."

We learn of the other grave here, that of the 16th century knight Kiso Yoshinaka, and Okabe-sensei gives us his own haiku (in English):

a knight and a poet two masters of tombs just starting a journey

Others present include haiku poet Kumakura Bompū, a member of the board of the Master Basho Ochiai Festival, and his wife; Hamachiyo Kiyoshi-sensei, of Kyoto Women's College and author of *Renku: Study and Materials*; and waka poet Yasuda Noriko, successor to her husband Yojuro as editor of the tanka magazine *Fujitsu* (Wind & Sun). They are all staunch supporters of Gichuji and Rakushisha.

After kind introductions by Fukuda Masahisa-sensei of Kokushikan University, organizer of the Master Basho Ochiai Festival, we offer a few words of greeting on behalf of the Haiku Society of America.

Bill notes how, in 1968, he joined with the group that formed the Haiku Society of America, under the leadership of Harold G. Henderson, professor emeritus at Columbia University, and Leroy Kanterman, editor of *Haiku West*. The group started with 20 members, and now has over 500.

Penny speaks of the couple's visit to Yamagata Prefecture in 1987 to follow a portion of Basho's journey of the "Oku no hosomichi." She says "To see through Master Basho's haiku the beauty and meaning of simple, everyday being has helped my own seeing."

In honor of the occasion we offer:

honeysuckle . . . a white butterfly comes then another
—*Hian*

how lightly the water strider rides on the current
—*Muga*

We both express our gratitude to the people here who perpetuate the memory of Basho by preserving the sites which were important to him. In response to questions we tell of the growth of a half-dozen or so local English-language haiku groups that meet regularly in North America. The recent Japan Air Lines USA-Canada Haiku Contest (1987-88) received entries from 40,000 individuals writing haiku in English.

The celebration continues with a short sample of haiku chanting by Yanai-san, and a duet for *ichigenkin* and chanting performed by Ohnishi-san and Hoda-ni. Altogether a lovely close to a festive meal overlooking the grounds of Gichuji.

Since Otsu is on the shore of Lake Biwa, we take off in a small bus for the Ukimido, stopping to view the pine at Karasaki on the way. As we admire the lovely shape of the pine, Okabe-sensei tells us how he saw the original when he was a young boy.

for cooling a new pine rises wide lake Biwa
—*Hian*

Further on, we arrive at the grounds of the Ukimido. Walking out the short causeway to the pavillion, we stop to wonder at the thousand gilded images of Buddha, then look out over the lake. Straight over the water a *tobi* (small hawk, called a "kite" in English) sails alert and serene, its wing-tips curving at the end of each slow stroke. Coming back to land, Hamachiyo-sensei finds the poem stone with Basho's:

jo akete	tsuki sashiire yo	ukimido
<i>unlock the door</i>	<i>to send in the moon!</i>	<i>Ukimido</i>

With a drive up to Mount Hiei, we visit Enryakuji for a glimpse of the flame kept 1,200 years, saved in Yamagata, to give praise to Buddha.

Later, at dinner in Kyoto, Basho-scholar Yamamoto Yuitsu joins us. He kindly brings a rare old book of pictures, stories, and poems on the Three Mountains of Dewa (where we have followed Basho's path in Yamagata) for us to look over. After dinner we go to our rooms at the Shirakawa-in, on the site of the cottage of Chomu, the 18th century poet who revived the memory of Basho.

7.19

Next morning off to Ochiai, on the Kiyotaki River, for the Master Basho Ochiai Festival, celebrating the poem stone established nineteen years ago by Kudo Shiranishi, eleventh master of Rakushisha, and the Rakushisha Preservation Association. As festival participants gather we walk down

at Gichuji or Ochiai. There we also meet Matsuhisa-san, a master carver of Buddha statues. In conversation we learn that the image of Buddha at Dai Bosatsu Zendo, in the Catskill Mountains of New York State, was carved by Matsuhisa-san's father. We will lead our third annual haiku workshop there this September, and have had the honor to chant sutras in front of the statue.

Toward the end of the dinner, Sumisaki Hiroshi-san, caretaker of Gichuji, presents us with some of his haiku on shikishi. He tells how he started out, just thinking of his work as a job, but that the spirit of Basho has penetrated his heart during his many years there. One of his poems:

kiyotaki no matsu no uogite ayu no yado
looking up through Kiyotaki pines . . . the sweetfish restaurant

Before returning to the Shirakawa-in and preparing for our trip to Iga-Ueno the next day, we watch the cormorant fishing, pleasure boats, and fireworks on the Oigawa River. We cannot help but think of Basho's poem:

omoshirote yagate kaniashiki ubune kana
interesting— finally melancholy— the cormorant boat

As the moon rises higher and higher over Arashiyama, its course parallel to the sloping silhouette of the mountain, we take our leave of Saga, with memories of the day lingering.

"Drink up!" says the vending machine after-the-rain moon
—Hian

full moon— the fisherman jerks the cormorant into the boat
—Muga

children's mouths open at the blooming of the fireworks
—Muga

the heron on her rock in the river watches moon clouds
—Hian

Note that "Drink Up!" was in English.

7.20

On the train ride to Iga-Ueno, Basho's old home town, we talk over hokku he wrote there. We are especially moved by

kumo to hedatsu tomo ka ya kari no ikiwakare
friends gone into clouds . . . wild geese with separate lives

On arrival, we go to the park on the old castle grounds, and to the Master Basho Memorial Hall there, and are welcomed warmly by Yamamoto-san, Head Clerk. He brings out two treasures too delicate to display regularly, Basho's illustration of Tokoku's snore and the Master's will, and Fukuda-sensei explains their contents for us.

In the main hall we are particularly taken with an old piece of twisted wood—a natural formation—that resembles a frog, on display with Basho's writing desk and water bucket. A kakemono of a deer with a hokku by Basho's disciple Shida Yaha (1662-1740) also catches our eye:

hatsushimo ya ukagai agethi shika no ashi
first frost . . . lightly lifted foot of the deer

We walk from the Memorial Hall to City Hall, and are granted an interview with Mayor Imanaka Motoo. He kindly tells us of the many events the city has planned to celebrate the three hundredth anniversary of Basho's *Oku no hosomichi*. As he presents us with copies, we learn that a *manga* (illustrated book) of Basho's life has been presented to each middle school student, and that a book about Basho's life and poems has been given to each household in the city. He also gives us anthologies of the top poems in the city's annual haiku contest, selected by Japan's most prominent haiku poets.

From City Hall we go to "Bag-Worm Hermitage," the home of Basho's disciple Hattori Doho (1657-1730), author of the famous three-volume collection of Basho's sayings, *Sanzoshi*. A poem of his which we especially like:

kagero ya horohoro ochiru kishi no suna
heat shimmer . . . grain by grain falls sand from the
brink

The grounds around his place are completely shaded and moss-covered. By the cottage:

when I pick up the shell the snail left— how light
—*Hian*

A few other visits culminate in finding Basho's Birthplace. The house, modest but comfortable, has next to it a small cottage, with a stand of bamboo in front.

arriving home my straw sandals dust on the road
—*Muga*
small white the bamboo blossoming between leaves
—*Hian*

—William J. Higginson (*Hian*) and Penny Harter (*Muga*)

FOXES IN THE GARDEN

Suisen ni kitsuni asobu ya yoi-zukiyo
—Buson

*Among narcissi foxes play under the evening moon**

Among translated Japanese haiku this is one of my favorites. Woven from luminosity and darkness, patterned with recurring *motifs*, the poem is translated by the mind's eye into a vision of exquisite beauty—dark shadows of the slender fox form silhouetted against the luster of white narcissi and a bright moon in the darkening sky. The delicate shapes of fox paws and pointed ears find their echo in the pointed petals of the flower's corona, and the roundness of the moon mirrors the roundness of flower cups. Shadows move, spring mist shimmers in the moonlight, thus, lines become blurred and mass amorphous.

But Buson's haiku offers riches beyond a pleasing picture composed of foxes, moonlight, and narcissi. He suggests other contrasts, other juxtapositions that are expressive of deeper meaning.

Foxes are secretive creatures, seldom seen by man—cunning, roguish, thieving. In folklore, the fox is often a sorcerer who may work evil or good, who may steal away man's soul, or preserve his life and bring good fortune. The narcissus too is wrapped in mystery. White elegant flowers emerge out of the secret heart of a squat, brown bulb. After blooming, the plant's vitality returns to the dark source of its origin to rest,—to bloom again the following spring.

The narcissi, as most of us know them, have been developed and cultivated by man, but the fox remains a wild creature, untamed by man, oblivious to man's particular sense of order. While the gardener sleeps, the furtive fox slips through the breach in the garden wall.

Our feelings concerning foxes at play among cultivated flowers are ambivalent: first, there is something exhilarating about the wild taking back its own, but, at the same, time, there seems to be something vaguely illicit about its doing so.

They say that when we sleep, the censor—guardian of propriety and restraint—also sleeps. Thus, foxes in the garden are like those disturbing and wanton dreams that break into our little world of cultivated conventions as we lie defenseless in sleep.

*Translation from Japanese to English by Hiroaki Sato (September 1990), and to quote the translator "is as literal as literal can be."

—Patricia Neubauer

SEASONED HAIKU: "NICK REMEMBERED"

Selected by William J. Higginson

In last May's *Frogpond* I mentioned a haiku "we'll see in a later column." It should have been in the winter "Seasoned Haiku" (November 1990 issue), but gremlins in my work room buried the poem, and it was accidentally left out. Here it is:

Nick remembered—
deepening the lily
in a woodcut

—*Vincent Tripi*

As those in the haiku community well remember, Nick Virgilio wrote some of our finest haiku. He passed away on 3 January 1989 in Washington, D.C., as he was getting ready for an appearance on "Night-Line," a national television show.

Vince's turn on the usual Japanese "So-and-so's (death) anniversary," seems very appropriate to both the spirit of the Japanese concept and to the flow of English. I therefore recommend that we use the phrase " (Name) remembered" among English-language haiku poets specifically for death anniversaries. As with the Japanese, this phrase will be a season word in the observances category, specific to the date of the mentioned person's death.

Also note that while late winter corresponds roughly to the month of January, it actually begins on 5 January in the traditional haiku calendar, leaving this poem at the end of mid-winter.

Finally, a season word such as "Nick remembered" will take precedence over any other season word that may appear in the poem. Thus "lily," normally a late summer (July) season word, does not govern the poem. That is not to say it has no seasonal significance here, but that Vince has given us a mid-winter artist at work remembering summer in the subject of the woodcut. Nick's famous lily haiku thus becomes an emblem of the poet, "deepening" in the woodcut and no doubt in Vince's mind and ours as well, as the artist illustrates the power of rebirth and growth even in the depths of winter. Surely this is an elegy that Nick, master elegist of our haiku, would have appreciated.

BOOK REVIEWS

Two Autumns, Haiku by Pat Donegan, Eugenie Waldteufel, Michael Dylan Welch, and Paul O. Williams. Edited by John Thompson. 1990. 20 pp., \$4.00 postpaid from Two Autumns Press, 478A Second Avenue, San Francisco, CA 94118.

This inaugural book from Two Autumns Press is a bright promise in the world of revolving door small press publication. Operated as it is by the Haiku Poets of Northern California, the new press is likely to stay around and continue to publish equally good chapbooks in conjunction with bi-annual readings by HPNC poets.

To serve the organization fairly, all members who wish to participate and can agree to be present at a particular reading are eligible for consideration. An editor for each issue will be chosen by the officers—for this book, John Thompson. Design and typography of the very straightforward and attractive 5 1/2 x 8 1/2 booklet containing forty-six haiku is by one of the four authors, Michael Dylan Welch, who edits and publishes books for Press Here, his own small press. Credit is given by the editor to Garry Gay, 1990 President of HPNC and 1991 President of the Haiku Society of America, for having helped start the Two Autumns Reading Series that gave rise to Two Autumns Press.

One of the most interesting features is a page of tightly detailed biographies of the four poets, three of whom are well-founded in the study of English and poetry and widely published.

Eugenie Waldteufel, the only one without a graduate degree listed, says it well: "At the same time that we confront the harsh realities of our time, we can escape with haiku into the riches of our lives, small, simple, but real and embracing." Her twelve haiku are just that, images that go deeper than the image:

reaching
for the sweet berries
...thorns

Each poet has four pages, and all but Welch have twelve haiku. He uses one page for a snowstorm that can pass for random snowflakes until one begins to trace the word snow by linking five each of the letters s, n, o, and w, as scattered on the page. Then it begins to tease, and WOW and WOW emerge. His other nine haiku include a two-liner, the only other non-three-liner in the book:

under the umbrella
stormy face

The work of Paul O. Williams has become so well-known to readers of haiku in English as to need no introduction:

on the wind
dandelion seeds,
church chimes

incorporating the senses of feel, sight, and sound in a few brief words.

The quartet is rounded out strikingly by a second woman poet, Pat Donegan. One cannot refrain from again pointing out her prize-winning poem (First Place, The First International Women's Haiku Competition, 1989—HPNC):

Summer twilight—
a woman's song
mingles with the bath water.

But she is not a one-haiku poet. Each poem is distinct. It is hard to choose:

Last night lightning
this morning
white iris.

Why does it seem that the lightning was so transformed?

—Review by L. A. Davidson

The Haijin's Tweed Coat, Michael Dylan Welch. Press Here, Foster City, CA. \$4.00, 12 pages, unnumbered.

The Haijin's Tweed Coat has been justly praised for its cleverness in mentioning the names of haiku magazines in haiku that does not seem contrived. This is an interesting feat. More interesting to this reviewer is the assumed persona of an old monk "perhaps in Kyoto" recording his day. While a feature of haiku is usually the immediate experiencing of observed moments, these haiku work well. Surely the writer *has* observed such moments in his native California and transferred them to Kyoto! There is a universality about them. For instance, "temple bell/the haijin's tweed coat/sprinkled with pine needles" could be seen almost anywhere in the world. The temple bell resonates in the hominess of tweed, the deceptive simplicity of pine needles. One really does feel the aura of a sly old monk!

Tremors, Michael Dylan Welch, Press Here, Foster City, C.A. \$4.00, 16 pages, unnumbered. Reviewed by Geraldine C. Little

Tremors offers a quite different mood addressing, as it does, the Loma Prieta quake of October 17, 1989. One wishes that the last page of this book had been the first. It is a dedication to the victims of that quake; it would have honored them more arrestingly had we read that first, not last. Those of us 3,000 miles from the site of that quake are apt not to really understand how frightening, and lethal for at least fifty victims, it was. This little book makes us aware of the realities of quakes and aftershocks, aftershocks on the souls of human beings as well as in the earth. Particularly poignant is "another victim — /laying the body bag/on the flower bed." How timely, in this sad time of body bags arriving from the Iraqi conflict. A haibun, "holes in the awning," makes up the last portion of the book. It addresses time a year after the Loma Prieta quake when another small quake wakes the writer. "A healthy fear has come to stay." The memory of the more serious quake is evoked as we follow the writer through several weeks; everything serves to remind him of the previous year's tremors. But, after all, the haibun ends on a positive note: "Today we live with what we lost. We live with what we gained." Even death and destruction offer gain, if we but seek it. Two fine books from an interesting writer.

—Reviews by Geraldine C. Little

from the upper room by anne mckay. Fifty-nine distinctive, lyrical poems, one or two per page; 60 pages; 7 by 4 1/4 inches. \$5. postpaid from the author at Studio 709, 1275 Haro Street, Vancouver, BC, Canada, V6E 1G1.

Ever the one to share her lower-case dreams, anne mckay has distilled her current vision from reminiscence. She calls these the "nana poems." And rightly so, for more than a third of them seem directly inspired by this mysterious woman, nana. She is mysterious not because she lurks in shadows, but because the author chooses only to paint her shadows, to share only fragments of the vision seen of the upper room. This is the upper room of childhood melancholy, the upper room where nana lives her last, where faint realities congeal into memory, rose-colored—and the "upper room" of the mind itself. In the mind of the maker, nana is "still heard, though rarely seen," a woman of substance still "polishing her days" with lemon scent.

As the author drifts along in the stream of her consciousness, she bumps into life and swirls into death:

caught in the nave
sparrow
resting with our lady of sorrows

her thin veined hands
bathing the body
binding the shroud

Along this way of peace she finds both light and dark:

...her scarlet skirt
flaring
to the fiddler's tune

a mosaic
yellowochre russet and brown
leaves laid in ice
woods walking
in a time of trilliums
my hand in her hand

Not all of these poems are haiku, but anne herself does not label them as such. They are free of constraint. Yet in many poems the haiku moment sparks across the carefully created gaps of internal comparison, sometimes as dancing static, sometimes as flashes of lightning.

These highly personal poems, dedicated to Hannah Steen, spring forth from an unplumbed well. Swishing, flowing, resonating, they brush the feathery abstract, as in "green songs" and "rumours of snow." They touch the edge of metaphor, as in "kettles of sorrows." But through each wispy fragment, at times delightfully indirect, at times strikingly precise, these floating poems return to solidity, the cummings-like "unmatchable now."

... and she
kneeling beside the little death
unaware of snow falling

Here and there the poems flow together in a simple dance, each poem more expansive for the ones that precede and follow it. Conjunctions are not so much grammatical but conceptual, conjoining poems and events in space and time and mystery. Adjectives fall mute; the verbs and nouns ring . . .

at vespers
that rush of wings
from the belltower

A new book from anne mckay is good news. As with most of her previous books, this one is elegant and understated, pure white in paper, pure white in heart. Through it all shines nana, a constant once, but no longer. Only the eyes of a rockinghorse in that shadowed upper room continue to reflect her presence . . .

for one bright moment
the damselfly
impossibly blue

—Review by Michael Dylan Welch

Starship Earth, Adele Kenny. Press Here, PO Box 4014, Foster City, CA 94404. 1990, 22 pp., paper, \$5.00

Arranged in the age-old categories of earth, air, water and fire, not. Adele Kenny introduces her poems with quotes from St. Francis of Assisi. But Kenny's world is

an enormous distance from the joy, humility, familiar safety and unsullied nature of St. Francis of Assisi's world. Her senryu and haiku jolt us into the modern world. In the earth section, she highlights our species' destructiveness:

bulldozer
over the hush
of the forest

even when she closes hers
the rapist's
eyes

In the air section, almost every poem ends with an environmental jolt. I found the following one particularly effective because the stench of the bus can be experienced in different ways within the same one line. You can breathe in the exhaust as you stand in line, or stop breathing in a vain effort to avoid it, or wait to breathe deeply until you get in the bus, only to find that the stink affects the whole vehicle. Whatever you do, the waste from fuel comes inside you and becomes part of you.

at the bus stop breathing in the bus

Kenny keeps a glint of humor in the gloom:

hairdo perfectly sprayed she asks about fluorocarbons

In the water section, I find the more general lines such as "more and more of our water / polluted" leave me feeling numb. But the poems that let the reader identify with another living thing are wrenchingly moving:

a mother harp seal
trying to suckle
her bloody pup

Some haiku, such as the following at the end of the water section, feel less heavy and didactic than the senryu. They reverberate, perhaps because they leave space for a welter of emotions.

Venus rising
in the beached whale's
eye

Adele Kenny's book, printed on handsome recycled paper, may be a pioneer in a new genre of environmental haiku. I recommend it highly.

—Review by Ruth Yarrow

Alachua: North Florida Haiku by Kenneth C. Leibman. 51 haiku and one haibun sharing a sense of North Florida. 24 pages; 5 by 7 1/2 inches. \$2.50 postpaid from Druidoaks, 4545 Highway 346, Archer, Florida 32618.

Kenneth Leibman's new book, *Alachua*, begins with an informative introduction. The author explains that "alachua" is "a Spanish attempt to pronounce the Timucuan word for 'jug,' referring to the sinkhole that drains the Great Alachua Savanna" in North Florida. The area, Leibman says, "is host to egret and alligator, sandhill crane and gopher tortoise, anhinga and armadillo, bald eagle and bobcat," and that local vegetation and other rural charms include "liveoak hammocks, piney woods, palmetto thickets, lakes and drowsing towns, all threatened by a randomly overgrown city careering toward unlivability." The poems that follow the introduction echo this sense of place.

Specifically, each page offers two three-line haiku and one one-liner for a total of 51 poems. The unique alternation between three-liners and one-liners lends a pleasing rhythm to the collection. At least six of the poems are deliberately paired by topic or wording on opposite pages—"Easter sunrise," "allnight rain," and "jettrail." Indeed, many topics are repeated, including "pasture," "longleaf pine," "blackberries," "fingers," and "no breeze." But above all, the primary topic is birds. The book mentions egrets, cranes, herons, sea gulls, warblers, hawks, wrens, bluejays, kinglets, vultures, horned owls, crows, doves, and sandhill cranes. Birds are also implied in two other poems, and referred to generically as "birds" in yet another poem. This is a book for birdlovers; feathered species are clearly an integral part of the North Florida landscape.

The recurrence of topics extends beyond the mere repetition of individual words. Two pairs of poems suggest decidedly similar concepts:

winter pasture— flowers on a barren tree fly off as egrets	country road— the flower in the mudhole becomes butterflies
November morning the heron's legs lost in steam	morning fog— a heron flies into <i>nowhere</i>

In the first pair of poems, separated by two pages, Leibman squeezes double mileage out of unexpected transformation. Distant flowers become egrets, and then, at close range, a flower becomes butterflies. In the second pair, separated by a page, herons (or parts thereof) disappear into two different kinds of fog. Some readers may be distracted by this similarity, wondering what the author may have missed in the North Florida landscape by repeating only certain ideas. Others will like the tightness or thematic unity provided by such a repetition of words, topics, and concepts.

Perhaps only residents of North Florida can know for sure.

Whatever your tastes, there are many fine poems in this short, simply printed chapbook. The one-liner, "lone crane flying across the rushhour traffic," points up the tension between nature and the overgrown and increasingly unlivable city with in it. Leibman also plays a fun visual game with:

by the time i see the warbler it's

In another poem, the author deftly expresses intense identity with the terror of what I imagine to be a field mouse:

a tiny scream,
then the horned owl's hoot . . .
i lie awake

Many other strong poems round out this collection, all of the them dedicated to sharing an insider's impressions of North Florida in the regionalist tradition. You may at first think this area holds no special meaning for you, but you would do yourself a disservice not to broaden your geographical understanding to include a sense of North Florida through Leibman's refreshing book. Nevertheless, you may still puzzle over the first sentence of "Oleno," a haibun Leibman includes. It begins thus: "The postbellum North Florida gambling hell, the Town o'Keno on the Santa Fe River, the gamblers run off by crusading clergy, rechristened the Town o'Leno, disappeared in its newfound respectability from the face of the earth, the forest taking over until Roosevelt's CCC built a state park there." Grammarians beware—don't try to diagram this sentence! Beyond this first sentence, though, the haibun improves dramatically, and includes five sensitive haiku. As a whole, Leibman's book contains many outstanding regionally flavoured haiku, and, at only \$2.50 a copy (underpriced), it is cheap enough to judge the haibun for yourself. Three bright moments from this recommended book:

inchworm coming to the tip of the grassblade

no breeze—
the branch
where a bird was

sunflowers:
one facing
the other way

—Review by Michael Dylan Welch

BITS AND PIECES

Contest Winners

THE NORTH CAROLINA HAIKU SOCIETY 1991 INTERNATIONAL CONTEST WINNERS: 1st, H.F. Noyes; 2nd, Charles Dickson; 3rd, Jean Jorgensen; First Honorable Mention, June Moreau; Second Honorable Mention, Patricia Neubauer.

The North Carolina Haiku Society, Tombo Lorraine Ellis Harr 1991 Haiku Contest Winners: 1st, Elizabeth St Jacques; 2nd, Joe Nutt; 3rd, Kathy White; First Honorable Mention, Josephine Upchurch; Second Honorable Mention, Vincent Tripi.

Contest News

THE ANNUAL HAROLD G. HENDERSON AWARDS for best unpublished haiku. These awards are made possible by Mrs. Harold G. Henderson in honor of Harold G. Henderson, who helped found the Haiku Society. First prize, \$100, donated by Mrs. Henderson; second and third prizes, \$50 and \$25, donated by Mrs. Frances Levenson. Deadline: Postmark date August 1, 1991. Entry fee: \$1.00 per haiku. Please write checks/money orders to HAIKU SOCIETY OF AMERICA. Canadian and Overseas members: Check in U.S. funds drawn on a U.S. bank or bank with an affiliate in the U.S. are all right. Canadian or International Postal Money Orders should be in U.S. Funds and made payable to Haiku Society of America, c/o Karen Sohne, Treasurer. Limit: Five unpublished haiku—and not submitted for publication or to any other contest. Submit each haiku on three separate 3 x 5 cards, two with the haiku only (for anonymous judging), the third with the haiku and the author's name and address in the upper left-hand corner. Contest open to the public. Submit entries to: Virginia Brady Young, 44 Currier Place, Cheshire, CT 06410. First prize, \$100; second prize, \$50; third prize, \$25. Winning haiku will be published in *FROGPOND*. All rights revert to authors on publication. Please send SASE if you would like a list of the winning entries. The names of the judge(s) will be announced after the contest. Sorry—entries cannot be returned.

THE ANNUAL MERIT BOOK AWARDS for excellence in published haiku, translation, and criticism. (For books published in 1990) Supported in part by a \$25 donation from Mrs. Frances Levenson. Deadline: Postmark date May 1, 1991. Entry fee: None. Eligibility: Book(s) must have been published in 1990. An author may submit more than one book. Submit one copy of each book, noting it to be a Merit Award entry. Judges may consider books that have not been entered. However, authors are urged to enter their books in order to be sure they are considered. Awards are open to the public. Submit book(s) to: Elizabeth St. Jacques, 406 Elizabeth Street, Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario, CANADA P6B 3H4. First prize, \$100, second prize, \$75, third prize, \$50. The list of awards will be published in *FROGPOND*. Books will remain the property of the HSA and will be added to the permanent HSA Library Collection. The names of the judge(s) will be announced after the awards are decided.

THE ANNUAL GERALD BRADY MEMORIAL AWARDS for best unpublished senryu are made possible by a starter fund of \$25.00 donated by Virginia Brady Young, in honor of her late brother Gerald Brady. Deadline: Postmark date July 1, 1991. Entry fee: \$1.00 per haiku. Please write checks/money orders to HAIKU SOCIETY OF AMERICA. Canadian and Overseas members: Checks in U.S. funds drawn on a U.S. bank or bank with an affiliate in the U.S. are all right. Canadian or International Postal Money Orders should be in U.S. Funds and made payable to Haiku Society of America, c/o Karen Sohne, Treasurer. Limit: Five unpublished senryu—and not submitted for publication or to any other contest. Submit each senryu on three separate 3 x 5 cards, two with the senryu only (for anonymous judging), the third with the senryu and the author's name and address in the upper left-hand corner. Contest is open to the public. Submit entries to: Lee Gurga, 514 Pekin Street, Lincoln, IL 62656 First prize, \$100; second prize, \$50; third prize, \$25. Winning senryu will be published in *FROGPOND*. All rights revert to authors on publication. Please send SASE if you would like a list of the winning entries. The names of the judge(s) will be announced after the contest. Sorry—entries cannot be returned.

NICHOLAS A. VIRGILIO MEMORIAL HAIKU COMPETITION FOR HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS. There is no entry fee for this competition. Founded by the Sacred Heart Church in Camden, New Jersey, and sponsored by the HAIKU SOCIETY OF AMERICA, INC. in memory of Nicholas A. Virgilio, a charter member of the Haiku society who passed away on January 3, 1989. WHO? Any student between the ages of 13 and 19 enrolled in high school (freshman, sophomore, junior, senior) as of September 1991. WHAT? A maximum of 3 haiku per student. Each haiku must be typed in triplicate, on 3 x 5 index cards. The haiku must appear on the front of each card; the name, address, age, grade level, and school must appear on the back of each card. All haiku entered must be previously unpublished, ORIGINAL work and not entered in any other contest. Please keep a copy of your haiku. Sorry, entries cannot be returned. Please do not send SASE's. WHEN? The deadline for submissions is October 31, 1991. Entries postmarked later will not be considered. WHERE? Submit entries to: Michael Welch, 248 Beach Park Blvd, Foster City, CA 94404. WHY? 1st prize, \$200; 2nd prize, \$100; 3rd prize, \$75. Honorable mentions, \$25 each. The list of winners and winning haiku will be published in *FROGPOND* in 1992. The high school of each student winner will receive a one-year subscription to *FROGPOND*. All rights will remain with the authors except that winning haiku will be published in *FROGPOND*.

THE TALLAHASSEE WRITERS ASSOCIATION ANNOUNCES THE 1991 PENUMBRA POETRY COMPETITION: Two Categories: (1) 3-lined haiku; (2) poetry to 30 lines. Unpublished as of July 31, 1991. Format: One poem or haiku per page; two copies each. On the back of *one* copy, write author's name and address and how you learned of the contest. Poetry on 8 1/2x11" sheets, haiku on 3x5" cards. Fees: \$2 @ haiku; \$4 @ poem (members may subtract \$1 from each fee). US check or MO only, payable to Tallahassee Writers Association. Mail to 1991 Penumbra Poetry, P.O. Box 13743, Tallahassee, FL 3217-3743 no later than June 30, 1991. Winners: Announced at TWA meeting and in appropriate media. All winning poems and HM's will appear in *PENUMBRA 91*, a pamphlet available for \$2.00pp. Awards: \$50, \$20, \$10 @ category. Winners and HM's will receive *PENUMBRA 91*. (Optional: SASE for list of winners.) Note: *PENUMBRA 90* is still available for \$2.00 pp. We hope to use profits to purchase small press magazines for our new county library.

BOOKS AND CHAPBOOKS RECEIVED

Listing of new books is for information and does not imply endorsement by the magazine nor the Haiku Society of America. Future issues will carry reviews of some of these titles.

- dandelions & dreams*, LeRoy Gorman. Moonstone Press, 46 Nelson Street West, Goderich, ON, Canada N7A 2 M3. 1990, 76 pages, \$8.95.
- Haiku made in Japan*, Shigeru Ekuni, trans. Jack Stamm. Furansu-do, 2-20-9 Somechi, Chofu, Tokyo 182 Japan. \$5.
- In a Warrior's Romance*, D.S. Lliteras, Hampton Roads Publishing Co., 891 Norfolk Square, Norfolk, VA 23502. 1991, 199 pages, \$11.95.
- Outlines, wee chapbook*, Carol Montgomery. Swamp Press, 323 Pelham Road, Amherst, MA 01002. Softcover, \$3 postpaid; hardcover with a slipcase cast out of paper, \$25 plus \$2 postage on orders under \$50.
- Round Renga Round*, Edited by Jane Reichhold. Illustrated, with Biographies, Fifteen 36-link renga. AHA Books, POB 767, Gualala, CA 95445. Perfect bound, 140 pages, \$8.
- Song of the Toad*, Earle Stone. From the author, 72-685 Haystack Road, Palm Desert, CA 92260. Softcover, 550 haiku with 550 illustrations. Now available for \$8.50 (published at \$12.95).
- Die Sonnensuche (The Search for the Sun)*, Dr. Sabine Sommerkamp, with 22 color illustrations by Irene Müller. Christophorus-Verlag, Freiburg im Breisgau, West Germany. 1990, 96 pages, DM 25, hardcover. (in German, a fairy tale for adults sub-titled "Of Classpeople, Ice-ages, and the Power of Poetry.")
- Warming a Snowflake*, Virginia Brady Young. Sleeping Giant Associates, Hamden, CT. 1990. More than 100 haiku, \$9 from the author, 44 Currier Place, Cheshire, CT 06410.
- White Crow Haiku*, Anna Holley, illustrated by Kirk Wiggins. AHA Books, POB 767, Gualala, CA 95445. 1990, 88 pages, \$7.
- A Woman of Passage*, anne mckay, Wind Chimes Press, PO 601, Glen Burnie, MD 21061. 1989, 53 pages \$5. from the author, studio 709, 1275 Haro St., Vancouver, BC, Canada V6E-1G1.

FROGPOND Corrections

In Kristen Deming's article on page 20 of the November issue, the second sentence in the penultimate paragraph should read "A Japanese poet might say 'autumn wind' or 'spring wind,' and an American poet might just say 'wind' without specifying which season."

In Books Received, anne mckay's address was incomplete. It should read: studio 709, 1275 Haro St., Vancouver, BC, Canada V6E-1G1.

