



frogpond

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HAIKU SOCIETY OF AMERICA

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frogpond

how important
the crunch of fall's leaves

Ronan

Vol. XVIII, No. 3 Autumn 1995
HAIKU SOCIETY OF AMERICA

Museum of Haiku Literature

\$50 for best haiku appearing in the previous issue

Lily pond
with one step the snowy egret
moves the moon

Matthew Louvière

FROM THE EDITOR

I remember going to the New York Paramount some time in 1940; when the movie finished, the bandstand came up with Claude Thornhill's orchestra, which had a greater reeds-to-brass balance than most of the Big Bands. Early in the program, Claude would get the band going, then mosey over to the piano and, standing, begin to pick out a tune with one finger. Then both hands. Then, as he got into it, he sat down and launched into his arrangement of *Autumn Leaves*, ornamented with rapid descending sixteenths. Indeed, autumn is leaves: leaves turning on the trees, leaves falling, leaves on the ground, as depicted in our cover illustration, the theme haiku, and several pages of poems in this issue. Geese and other birds migrate south. Autumn flowers appear: chrysanthemums, asters. Cicadas and crickets sing their last songs, orbweavers spin their sticky webs. And in the midst of the seasonal change, all the passages of life continue, celebrated by poets in these pages.

A major feature of this issue is haibun: haibun of all sorts, including two new forms; one in which a haiku by a Japanese master is the inspiration, and the other in which the prose text and the haiku are written by two different authors. Neither of these new forms has yet been named by their creators. Perhaps we might take a direction from the rengay and call the former form after its creator, Margaret Chula: maybe a *churabun* (or a *magibun*?). Inasmuch as the latter form is a combining of the work of two authors, perhaps it should be called a *renbun*.

Kenneth C. Leibman

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gray daybreak
quiet of autumn
waiting

Jean Campbell Simmonds

The rising sun's
momentary appearance
between clouds

Kam Holifield

early morning calm:
a mullet leaps
shattering the lake

Sue Mill

at first light I take
my latte in styrofoam—
the pale half-moon

James Chessing

October dawn
between the hay bales
dewy spiderwebs

Elizabeth Howard

fog enshrouded shore—
waiting for the sun
to dispel old ghosts

Melissa Leaf Nelson

sunbreak
between thunder clouds—
the elm's thin shadow

Ce Rosenow

the sun
I often take for granted
but this morning's moon . . .

Kay F. Anderson

sunrise in the barn—
the broken pane
frosted

John Means

dawn, blackbird
in the blather of light

James Magorian

trumpeter swan
then a boat motor starting
the human day

Clifford Wood

the orange glint of rush hour way up there a hawk circling

chris gordon

gliding hawk wheels
the north wind going on
without it

George Ralph

hawks circle slowly
in the distance
fire alarm sounds

Cathy Drinkwater Better

at the bus stop,
the waiting measured
in killdeer cries

Peter Brady

the white v of a killdeer's wings
opening in the wake
of its cry

Wally Swist

river road—
traffic slows

to a duck's waddle

Ruth Yarrow

estuary sands.
Ducks sit
waiting to be lifted

Giles Goodland

disentangling itself
from whistling autumn winds
the thrush's song

H.F. Noyes

heavily
it claims a bare limb:
buzzard

Emily Romano

a leaf falls
on the dying heron . . .
waves lap the sand

Charles A. Payne

beyond the scarlet hills
still more
reaching into another country

Kohjin Sakamoto

chill in the air—
a single leaf of goosefoot
trembles bright red

Doris Heitmeyer

slashing
the granite—scarlet
sumac

marianne bluger

in the two days
since I came to the garden
hawthorns bronze

wanting to keep
fall's first red maple leaf,
I give it to a friend

L.A. Davidson

without wind
another aspen leaf falls
my tea getting cold

Naomi Y. Brown

October afternoon—
the sound of an oak leaf
falling through branches

Michael Dylan Welch

autumn wind
peeling the leaves
off the trees

Peter Duppenthaler

The golden maple
more leaves underneath
than on top

Helen V. Johnson

school bus—
the rhythm of a yellow leaf
caught in the wiper blade

Helen K. Davie

the rain stops
my bicycle spins into
showering leaves

Sheila Hyland

autumn gusts—
the leaves and I
all scuttling

Jeannette Stace

across new concrete
dry leaves gently over
fresh initials

Ronan

falling leaves . . .
listening to my noisy feet
I wander

Simon Ott

narrow path
the loam
beneath the leaves

Peggy Willis Lyles

crouching in dry leaves,
the last of the marigolds—
setting autumn sun

Thor Pruszyński

daylight fades—
brown leaves scurry
through the temple door

H.F. Noyes

the moonlight
through the rustling leaves
trembles on the ground

H. Nelson Fitton

White birches
along the river bank
glow on this gray day

Joan C. Sauer

In the shade
still glowing . . .
lemon tree

Barry Dordick

Quaker Meeting outdoors
in the silence
a hickory nut drops

Rebecca M. Osborn

auto junkyard
the surrounding pines
rusted out

Jim Kacian

new owner
cutting down my children's
birthday trees

Addie Lacoë

The forest burning
theforestburning
th e f o r e s t b u r n t

Marje A. Dyck

after rain
echoes of rain
in the aspen

Pamela Connor

touching
the bottom of the stream
bare willow shadows

Peter Duppenhaler

pine needles
heaped over
the wooden doorstep

Ryan G. Van Cleave

a leaning pine
touches the autumn moon

Charles A. Payne

counting the rings
in the stump of the tree
I used to climb

Willie Johnson

manitoba—
in the burnt forest
so many wildflowers

Kenneth C. Leibman

at a turning of the fence
the rose
is

George Ralph

softly stomping
coffee grounds she talks
to her musk roses

Frederick Gasser

through the fog
bright red flowers
floating stemless

Blanche Nonnemann

The woman rocks
on the porch one glance away
—the bare rosebush

William Greenhill

waving me
from the formal garden
that one wild aster

Jeff Witkin

Faded blossom . . .
the flower I waited for
never seen

Edward Grastorf

on the compost pile
the sunflowers from the vase
in the guest house

Tim Happel

After the first frost,
a stray Monarch butterfly
tastes my marigolds

Don L. Holroyd

flowers frost-blighted
I find myself
naming the weeds

Doris Heitmeyer

Daylight narrows—
the flowers crystallize
in October's frost

Joyce Austin Gilbert

drifting with tumbleweed
autumn stops at the end
of a lonely road

Angelee Deodhar

meadow just mowed . . .
each footfall raising
startled insects

new-mown meadow . . .
each footprint circled
by dipping swallows

K.H. Clifton

dying grasses—
the fallen nest cups
a tiny web

Ebba Story

A line of donkeys
with stacks of hay
leaving a golding trail

Flori Ignoffo

a field of pumpkins
drunk
in the afternoon sun

Merrill Ann Gonzales

Side by side
unsplit geode
and moldering pumpkins

James M. Krotzman

still at his post
in a twister-torn cornfield
the headless scarecrow

Mark Arvid White

chilly september night
empty cornfield
cemetery-still

Ryan G. Van Cleave

field of dead crops
many harvest moons
in the shattered mirror

Joseph DeLuise

Winding along
the coast highway—
the edge of the sea

Tom Tico

faded LOVE. . .
the tide
washing out

Zane Parks

autumn haze
an orca cruising south
spouts a parting rainbow

Mary Fran Meer

along the dunes
only wind in seagrass
and a ruined villa

marianne bluger

Far off light glows
over miles of marsh
I know that tower well.

Avery Moseley

in the shifting mist
only you and then
not even you

George Ralph

wino's bottle
the tide going
. . . out

Cyril Childs

more luminous
than sky
the inlet

Ruth Yarrow

missing the ferry . . .
odor of creosote
on the salt air

Ce Rosenow

marsh fog
holding sparrow song
in the thick of things

Robert Henry Poulin

south of the moraine
two kettle ponds turned to bog
in one lifetime

Clifford Wood

night falls
I fall
in the pond

Jennie A. Kies

contemplating the rain my life spills over

Pamela A. Babusci

puddles
gather
her frustration

Tony Konrardy

chasing the wind
as it passes
wearing my hat

Marianne Monaco

after the lightning storm
familiar scents of childhood
revisited

Mary Fran Meer

Harvest Fair—
the empty Ferris wheel
slowly turning in the rain

Helen K. Davie

November rain
the slack rope gongs
the empty flagpole

Jim Kacian

All the strands
of the worn rope untwisting—
autumn wind

Donna Gallagher

grate of cat claws
on the brocade sofa
. . . soft patter of rain

C. Stuart-Powles

another temblor
the cat and I
. . . undercover

Gloria H. Procsal

one cloud
then another . . .
tugboats along the river

Barry L. Dordick

in fog . . .
the church disappearing
into bellsound

Pamela Connor

morning haze—
a turtle takes shape
on the road ahead

Lee Gurga

fog bank . . .
yearling deer pops in
—pops out

joan iversen goswell

woodpile through a chink a chipmunk

Carol Conti-Entin

hesitating
among the brake
snakeskin

Paul M.

even the foam
at the foot of the waterfall
collects dust

Hayat N. Abuza

red moon
when mother sings
the coyote answers

Rita Z. Mazur

A muddy gecko
encounters a clean one
going the other way

Michael Fessler

The side of the road:
the cold wind runs through
the raccoon's fur.

Ross LaHaye

inch by inch
into the snake's mouth
the mouse's tail

Mark Arvid White

The bullfrog's
composure
amid green shadows

Shawn Lindsay

mountain stream
rushing under the larch trees—
the color of stones

Darold D. Braida

mist—

the continental divide

dissolves

Ruth Yarrow

nothing
but cloud and fog and yet
the honking of geese

Robert Gibson

Chill morning
a skein of geese
winging a vee south

Sybella Beyer Snyder

Only the honking
tells of their passing
autumn rain

Richard Balus

this autumn silence—
the birds gone south
to you

Hayat N. Abuza

Three feet away
five sparrows explode
into the air.

Sparrow, distaining sunflower seed,
should I say “Screw you”?
Or bring you millet?

(from *October Rose Garden*, work in progress)

Albert J. Solomon

misty rain
a lone sparrow hops about
the bare apple tree

Robert Gibson

a white feather
and clouds that drift
so slowly

Elizabeth Searle Lamb

young lab surprises
his first pheasant
—and himself

Suzanne Williams

from out of
the darkening autumn woods
the last warbler’s song

joan iversen goswell

unseen at dusk
it sings itself . . .
whip-poor-will

Pamela Connor

Powerless . . .
I watched as the valley
filled with candles.

Chris Linn

Above the gable
of the old Victorian:
the gathering dusk

Tom Tico

No one lights a lamp.
Just our voices in the dark
as the night descends.

Robert Major

new moon
shimmering
. . . 1st night jitters

November evening—
the crucifix's coolness
beneath my robe

Wally Swist

caught by matchlight
n ight

Ernest J. Berry

oddly awkward their second encounter

Charles P. Trumbull

Her warm white thighs on the cool green grass.

Gregory C. Chamberlin

the pinkish-brown
to your eyelids
after making love

Sally Ann Sims

wind and rain . . .
the hand I reach for
in the dark

Peggy Willis Lyles

after moonrise
from a mountain of cloud
it rises again

Margarita M. Engle

slats of the blind
cutting the full moon
into golden pieces

Louise Somers Winder

stars in a black sky—
across the river a clock
strikes one . . . strikes two

Larry Kimmel

harvest moon
the shadow beneath
her ripe belly

Makiko

baby's cry
purple marks
where our love stretched

Heather Jagman

gathering moss—
tiny hand print
in cement

Wilma M. Erwin

clarifying
the
dark
grain
of
an
oak
floor
one
tiny
fingernail

Luke Trent

Nanny watches
blond spiderman
climb the fence

Angela Kountouroudas

Balloon on a string
far below
a small boy

Rebecca M. Osborne

Concert in the park
cries of a lost child
accompany Strauss

Monita McLemore

empty swing
moving in the breeze
a child's funeral

H. Nelson Fitton

gunshots
the children
keep playing

Christopher Suarez

locked in the closet
for years
the teddy still smiles

Brian Buss

Turning in the wind—
tire swing rocks to and fro
zero one, zero one

Warren Lane Molton

remembering
that the last time he was late
I said, "forget it."

Addie Lacoë

"Follow your bliss"
I tell him
knowing I'm not it.

Alexis K. Rotella

thinking about him . . .
angrily
peeling the carrots

Joanne Morcom

autumn rain;
she walks out to the car
to cry

Tom Hoyt

tenth year
since my father's death
—neighbors still quarreling

David C. Ward

Finally
the good-bye hug—
her glasses scratch my cheek

Donna Gallagher

our rendezvous
in the autumn garden—
hydrangeas whisper

Patricia Neubauer

As I listen to
his lie
watching the spider spin.

after all these years
the lies
seem true

Laura Kim

afternoon flurries
one tear slides
down her cheek

Cathy Drinkwater Better

my father
stands
to cry

Joseph A Link

after the argument
I pull up
my socks

Robert Epstein

morning after:
remembering how she pushed me away
last night

Wally Swist

Autumn evening;
before we separate
one last meeting

Tom Tico

tipped wedding picture—
in the middle of the yard
her half of the furniture

Judson Evans

in the moonlight
only my shadow
where she slept

Joseph DeLuise

Still sounding
the porch wind chimes
where she said goodbye

George Swede

before their farewell
the restaurant lights
go black

sally l nichols

Her empty room
only four caster marks
left on the floor

Matthew Louvière

kept awake
by the absence
of her snores

Mark Arvid White

a train enters the distance empty sheets smooth and cool
imagining her with someone else behind the blinds the moon
weeks later, her sweet voice it's just a machine

chris gordon

familiar landmarks
along a known road
then waking up

Jim Kacian

Because I dreamed it
today I take the long way
home

Garry Gay

unable to escape
the subway station
of my dreams

Paul Mena

Donning a jacket
over the sweater, Dad
slips into Autumn

William Greenhill

home from work
dad
and his smell

Nick Ressler

the final game
his parents' seats
vacant

Chad Blocklinger

listening
to the wind
I hear grandfather

Jason Enzler

at Granddad's
lining up for goodbyes
he hides under the table

Rebecca M. Osborn

gazing up at the brown leaves
father asks me
what month it is

Charlotte Digregorio

my ancient mother
each flower new and wondrous

Muriel Ford

old woman
searching for her mother
day after day

Melissa Leaf Nelson

elderly man
and his dog
discuss the weather

Benjamin J. Franzen

short cut cut short
the old man's dog
unchained

Patricia Neubauer

So many days now
the absence of the old man
who sat in the sun

Tom Tico

lying awake
the hospital smell
permeates everything

Jennie A. Kies

this long night's
hospital strangeness
whispers in the hallway

Ronan

Nothing unusual
happening next door today—
just a man dying

Tim Happel

In my neighbor's house
an alarm clock rings endlessly
the day after his death

Charles Bernard Rodning

warm tears
on mother's cold cheek—
last kiss

carrying chrysanthemums to the grave before the morning star

Pamela A. Babusci

A year after
his death . . . his name still on
my birthday list

Gertrude Morris

falling asleep
seeing
the doctor's eyes

former Indy champion
test-driving
a wheelchair

Carlos Colón

Autumn leaves . . .
so many funerals
to attend

Dave Sutter

after her husband's death
watching the half-moon
break through the dark clouds

Rebecca M. Osborn

forever
in stone
the face content

Amy Hackett

autumn moonlight:
my shadow darkens
a stranger's stone

Emily Romano

The sculptured lions
guarding my door are gone:

I
no longer live there.

Irma Wassall

Under the city bridge
some fallen leaves gather
at a cardboard home

George Swede

adding to their city home
a brand new cardboard box . . .
homeless family

Ernest J. Berry

The bill collector pauses . . .
ambulance sirens
for the suicide

Carl Brennan

alone
with my thoughts
sky
crowded with stars

Dianne Borsenik

bright lone star
crossing the Hunter's Belt
. . . drone of a plane

Elsie O. Kolashinski

In predawn silence,
as I walk beside the park—
a cough from the bushes

Tom Tico

first autumn rain
cleans city streets
soaks homeless men

Eve Jeanette Blohm

wading to the schoolbus
his only shoes
dangle from his neck

Kaye Laird

stepping out
of the shadow my shadow
steps out of me

George Ralph

right
outside my door
Orion

Sally Ann Sims

clear California night
the New Yorker remarks
about stars

Michael Dylan Welch

yyellow flag
signals
jellyfish roulette

Connie Brannan

the moon
caught on a
matagourie thorn

(Mazatlán)

Ernest J. Berry

Remembrance Day
billboard lips
too red

Leroy Gorman

sudden chill—
awaiting fresh tea
this empty cup

Nika

the loud silence
after
the cicada's cry

Peter Brady

a week later
Halloween decorations
even more cobwebbed

Gene Doty

breezeless night . . .
spider at the center
of its web

Cherie Hunter Day

napkin flower—a gift
carried the entire day

C. Michael Brannan

snow-capped Aorangi
not too big to overlook
the mountain lily

(New Zealand)

in the rain
the echo of a bugler—
Remembrance Day

Elizabeth St Jacques

sudden squall—
I wrap my hands
around the teacup

Gail Sher

not hearing
the temple bell
until that cricket

Anthony J. Pupello

sudden shower—
rescuing the bathroom spider
with a sponge

Suzanne Williams

October harvest
the orb-weaver
feasting on the moon

Matthew Louvière

shop door closes in its own pressured time

Janice M. Bostok

city sounds
rush hour mirrored
in the high rise

Mary Fran Meer

manhole cover steam
sputtering in the sudden gust
of autumn

Judson Evans

the crosswalk whistles skimming the pavement an empty bag

chris gordon

streets awash from rain . . .
road island sprinklers
splatter my windshield

Zane Parks

42nd St. station
the passengers avoiding
my eyes

Christopher Suarez

Indian Summer—
postponing a bit longer
snowblower shopping

Don L. Holroyd

on the speaker's stand
a glass of water
perspiring

Helen E. Dalton

right book in my hands
at last.

The spine cracks.

Giles Goodland

Alexis's blackbirds
lifting
my frown

Carlos Colón

past midnight
light from her greenhouse
still

anne mckay

goldfish
mouthing with fixed eye,
om

William M. Ramsey

deep in the thicket
where no doves come . . .
a different silence

Gloria H. Procsal

distant churchbells
punish
my Sunday hangover

Paul Mena

Sunday evening
my thumb trying to riffle
the last twenty

Dee Evetts

subway
straphanger's
navel ring

public passageway
the wordless dance
of four strangers

John Stevenson

in the crowded room
a stranger waves
at another stranger

Michael Dylan Welch

my school chum . . .
still smiling ingenuously
at fifty-nine

Charlotte Digregorio

my old friend
I can't stop concentrating
on his missing button

Benjamin J. Franzen

no moon:
my host eats the last cookie
between us

Anthony J. Pupello

Tucked in the pages
of her vegetarian cookbook—
a kielbasa coupon

Alexandra Yurkovsky

in my backyard
i play basketball alone;
the crowd goes wild!

Phil Howerton

Methodist Church
worker applies roof tiles
methodically

Francine Porad

a passing cloud
erasing my shadow
. . . I jog alone

Helen E. Dalton

someone else
catching the biggest fish—
my own little kid

H.C. Augustine

in pieces, yes
but how beautiful
the pieces!

Sydell Rosenberg

The sky
black and blue—
the drought continues.

Robert C. Boyce

high and dry—
just sitting with the leavings
of the ebbtide

H.F. Noyes

autumn at the zendo:
monks raking the mountain
bald

Mauree Pendergrast

fading sun at low tide—
teeth marks
in an old frisbee

Michael Dylan Welch

from my china teacup
drinking the harvest moon

Jamie Breuer, O.P.

a silent sound . . .
Monarch butterflies
flying to Mexico

Charles A. Payne

two in the boat—
the one who doesn't fish
along for the silence

in a graveyard
beyond the monastery
more silence

M.L. Harrison Mackie

each time
the door opens
a few more leaves

Tom Clausen

This far from the bay . . .
the fog illumined
by the streetlights.

Ross LaHaye

Looking Ahead

a lone owl
in the darkness
ground-fog wraps around

its turning head
the sudden hoot
copies across

the plowed field
behind the hundred-year-old barn
grandpa left standing

the full moon
strikes a bent oak
along the path's edge

near the oaken fence
the smell of grape stains
as the week shuts

an old man alone
in complete silence
plotting the long-night-to-come

Lenard D. Moore



For Dianne

flaming match
the candle's wick
turns to black

red roses on their long stems
presiding over dinner

firelight
flickers through the goblet
petals on the plate

all around the room
shadows changing shape

at table
no longer
the clink of silver

tiny bells hanging from her ears
tinkle as she laughs

long dark hair
hides a pale bloom—
the nape of her neck

one white chrysanthemum
trembles in its vase

printed silk
slips from powdered shoulders—
roses on the floor

Brad Wolthers

In memory of
Cy Patterson
1929-1995

 Holding spring
 in his gnarled hands—
 the local florist.

Cy Patterson

THE SIX-O'CLOCK NEWS

Demolition of the Alfred P. Murrah Building
Oklahoma City, May 23, 1995

After the cameras are put away, people still stand and watch. The crowd begins to disappear, and the police, and firemen, and medics. A few remain, staring into the completed ruin. Somewhere, it thunders. Water begins to fall from the sky.

 through the dust a heart-shaped balloon follows me
 going home, scrape—scrape, glass in my sole

Tom Hoyt

Hiroshima resident
perpend his father's watch
stopped at 8:16
(written August 6, 1995)

John J. Dunphy

Haight-Ashbury
a red rose ribboned to the streetsign
one petal torn off
(in memoriam Jerry Garcia, August 9, 1995)

John J. Dunphy

All Souls' Day

cemetery
wind sweeps a floral wreath
into the paupers' section

propped against
the smallest tombstone
a rain-soaked teddy bear

church
homeless man warms his hands
over the votive candles

tear
slinking down
the old woman's rosary

beach
man tosses a single chrysanthemum
into the tide

a flickering candle
on the sidewalk
outside the abortion clinic

junkyard
bouquet of roses resting on
a wrecked car

Washington, DC
standing at attention
'Nam vet salutes The Wall

Mexico
children eating skulls
made of chocolate

rat
gnaws at food
left for the dead

(for Charlie)

John J. Dunphy

from hand to hand

anne mckay
elizabeth lamb

only on tuesday only at twilight a sound of bluehorn bells
the marshland opens to its own magic
from his sleeve twentyseven scarves of silk twentyseven
she smooths away the tiny wrinkles
mirror mirror on the wall who is the fairest of them all
moonshadows come and go
deep in woods the nightingale remembers only half the song
there still that heart and arrow on the elm
emerald green this moss on the rocks lining the spring
again my letter to innisfree returning
from the hills an echo the pied piper's flute
a dream now my father's house
the box encrusted with moonstones its key lost
. . . those pears waiting in the walled garden
small red snake curled in a crevice the sun so bright
soon our days bringing long shadows lean shadows
in the window a chrysanthemum pale petals
framed by lamplight waving
the oldones greynones holding spoons and honeyed tea
windsong hollow in the chimney
first snow rifting scent of nostalgia
soon gone all the leaves
no colour no curlew crying on a midnight water
a dream spins through darkness
and softly softly . . . thou shalt shut doors on me*
sunrise and leaning now toward the east
strange and out of season the flowering of an olive branch
in the flea market she buys a birdcage
waiting for a greener season . . . from rooms of winter
it was years ago small bits of moonrock

*and this hightide how relentless the surge of sea
with lanterns the diggers at mud bay
a bottle from hand to hand the fog thinning
the stranger came and left a stranger
early this year jonquils behind the weathered gate
. . . a singing in the vines*

santa fe vancouver

*dh lawrence



AUTUMN HAIKU BY YOSA BUSON

Translated by John Peters

tobi-tsukusu karasu hitotsuzutsu aki no kure

crows
alighting one by one
autumn twilight

inazuma ni koboruru oto ya take no tsuyu

with the lightning
the sound of spilling
the dew of bamboo

yama wa kurete no wa tasogare no susuki kana

mountains grow dark
a field of
twilight pampas grass

POEMS FROM THE 1995 CALENDAR
OF THE MUSEUM OF HAIKU LITERATURE
(continued from Summer issue)

Translated by William J. Higginson

July:

utsusemi no inside the
naka awa-awa to cicada shell the wind
kaze ga fuku faintly blows

Yūko Kagiwada

yomeiri ni for her wedding
suzushisa dake o I gave only
motasekeri the coolness

Kyōko Watanabe

The “coolness” that refreshes in summer; the poem seems to be by the bride’s mother, speaking of the wedding outfit.

tobikomi no in the middle
tochū tamashii of the leap the spirit
okurekeri fell behind

Michio Nakahara

August:

kawa hikari river light—
higurashi no koe the day-darkener’s cry
mizu ni iru enters the water

Nōichi Imoto

“Day-darkener” is one name for the “clear-toned” or “evening cicada” (*Tanna japonensis*).

September:

hakutō o I peel a white
muku ya yo no kawa peach . . . the evening river
naridohoshi goes on roaring

Nanako Washitani

This poem echos the story of Momotarō, the child who arrived in a large peach floating on a river. Raised by an elderly, childless couple, he grew up to become a great hero.

dinner guests croaking
narrow world views—
a song from the tree frog
awakens me
to shimmering stars

Jeff Witkin

yesterday's
field of buttercups
mown today—
bringing home
my father's ashes

Marilyn Sandall

the mountain
looming over everything
in the countryside
my father's love so plain
he never had to speak of it

Michael Ketchek

year after year
while the moon keeps changing
I walk the creeks
with my song all prepared
for the times we shall meet

Liz Fenn

The Milky Way
goes on and on—
unable to stop
thinking
of you.

Alexis K. Rotella

so many years
i awaited your touch,
once again . . .
the sound of raindrops
hypnotize me

Pamela A. Babusci

cloudy days
and these old
pajamas of thought—
shall I give them
to the scarecrow?

June Moreau

the Canada goose
separates from the flock
his hollow honking
our first Thanksgiving
without my father

i return to school
after these many years—
a bee bounces
against the inside
of my window

Phil Howerton

she reveals
the shape of the wind
where they meet
I follow the grace of her
with a look that's a kiss

Bob Gray

rubbing
the worry-stone
you gave me
my thumb remembers
your lips' warmth

Gene Doty

i remove my cross
before we lie down . . .
together we make
shadows
on the wall

HAIBUN

Late Autumn

Autumn weaves its witchery, as a raw wind strips leaves from trees.
Rain begins, changes rapidly to sleet. I turn up my collar, and increase
my pace through the oak forest.

sleet-sounds;
an acorn falls,
meets moss

Stumbling over an exposed root, I catch my balance by clutching a
ropy vine. Thoughts of Tarzan cross my mind. I hurry on.

remembering
the red fox,
pheasant in jaws

Sleet stings my face. The moss has become treacherous, especially on
occasional rocks in the path. I'm becoming short of breath, but there
is nowhere to shelter, so I press on.

red fox
surely denned, and dry . . .
swifter than I

Emily Romano

Dinnertime at Hostel Sorata, Bolivia

All afternoon the sweet song of rufous-collared sparrows—and now
they perch up on cupolas sounding their last refrains. A sheep is
maaahing somewhere up the mountain. A donkey brays. A bat silk
skeins the sky beside our balcony as twilight deepens—too dark to
write, says Sally. Smells of *la cena* cooking—the *pan fresco*—drives me
crazy. An aria rises from a tape deck in the lobby below.

No cars' loud rumbles
no buses honking on curves
only the sparrow

Marcyn Del Clements

Turtle

Yesterday, I was at a pow-wow. Today, even though I'm not a Native, a gladiolus juts out of the ground with multiple buds, like a spear with many feathers that points the way to the heavens.

Thirty years ago, I had a turtle. I captured him and kept him in a box. I gave him food and water and thought he would love me and stay in my house. But the turtle wouldn't eat. Finally, my father, who had said it was okay to keep the turtle, told me I had to let him go.

My father didn't make me do this right away. I didn't want to let the turtle go because I loved him. He seemed very old and very wise. He most likely was older than me. I thought the turtle had something great to tell me.

When my parents and I were on our way to go to the store, my father told me I had to put the turtle back where I found him. I placed him back under the very same bush. The turtle seemed in no great hurry to leave. I took this as a sign that the turtle loved me and would stay. Its problem was the box, not me. Now that the turtle was outside, he would choose to stay.

As we left in the car, my father thought that this was not true. The turtle will leave, he said. No, I told him. When we returned home, I looked under the bush. The turtle was gone. I looked under other bushes, then the yard, then the street. No turtle. I cried, thinking the turtle didn't love me, that he had nothing to say to me after all.

friend gone
the silence
of untouched water

Yesterday I met an Iroquois man who told me that the earth was created on the back of a giant snapping turtle. The snapping turtle had twenty-eight plates on its underside. There are twenty-eight days between moons. There are thirteen plates on the turtle's back—thirteen moons in a year, thirteen tectonic plates on the earth.

The Iroquois prophesied that, though they would be driven nearly to extinction, their way of life would form the laws that govern the entire earth and bring all the races together in peace. They prophesied that the trees would die from the top down. Acid rain has proven this prophecy true. They prophesied that all nations would come together as one on Iriquois land. The U.N. has proven this prophecy true.

Today, the spear-like flower points to the sky. Most of my race has become aware that the earth is not a pet we can keep in a box and cultivate the way we want. The animals will all die. The earth herself will not speak to us. I remember you, turtle.

hearing what you said
thirty years
after you said it

Charles H. Easter

DESERTED RANCHES, White Sands Missile Range, New Mexico

Here, in the Tularosa oasis just outside the missile range, walnuts drop on our tin roof, echoing in their gentle way bombs blasting out there on the range, never letting us forget the deserted ranches, forced to leave to make way for the Bombing. Buzzards still fly over what was their place and the place we call ours, and bombers fly over that place and the place we call ours; both make shadows, the untold stories. Two kinds of walnuts are here, growing in the cool nights of the high desert.

Old ranchers have come forth now and are speaking their stories; talking with them makes us want to pray, and shouldn't we? Boat-tailed grackles come, walk on water in spare times of rain and on our land when water comes from the Sierra Blanca along the acequias dug 100 years ago, making us know sea and land are one.

	mesquite fires the longing	
centipedes slipping through the sand		at the dry well rain smells crack open
	in the desert rain dropping boat-tailed grackles strutting	
sunset— old rancher's pipe hangs on a cactus		B-2 bombers and buzzards circling shadows on the dunes
	outside the missile range an old tree dropping walnuts on a tin roof	

As Native American people tell us over and over, land cannot be bought or sold; it is the heart of Mother Earth, the place we pray from. Or, I often see it as: all too soon, praying, the mantis loses his head.

Ann Newell

haibun

I am amazed that Tosai, upon reading “the sound of an oar slapping the waves/chills my bowels through/this night . . . tears” has only to say “The poet, unable to go to sleep, must be pondering over time that has passed and time that is to come.”

misty rain
veils Mount Fuji
only to the eyes

Gail Sher

from the eyes of the soul Two Haiku Favorites

An old bottlecap:
now just a little pool
of freshly fallen rain

*Tom Tico*¹

Tornado—
finding in the debris
an acorn with its hat

*Helen J. Sherry*²

The seeking-out of haiku that, for me, represent the inner spirit of the form has become a rewarding pastime. My criteria are: 1) Does the writer give attention to some seemingly insignificant detail of the moment, likely to be overlooked by us ordinary mortals? . . . and 2) Is the observation a purely natural one that any of us with healthy powers of imagination could make? Could make, that is, with an awakened “heart-mind,” which is the first essential to good poetry of any kind. One of the great Greek nineteenth-century poets, Solomos, wrote:

Always open,
ever alert—
the eyes of my soul³

H.F. Noyes

¹*frogpond*, Spring/Summer 1993

²*The Red Pagoda*, Broadside Series, 1986

³trans. by H.F. Noyes

NEW FORMS FOR HAIBUN

The Stick that Strikes

The dragonfly
perches on the stick
that strikes at him

*Koyo**

When my siblings and I did something especially bad, Mother would threaten us with “The Paddle.” This instrument of torture was a child’s toy of the 1950’s—a thin wooden paddle with a small red ball attached to it by an elastic. The goal was to hit the ball with the paddle as many times as you could. Mother’s aim was to remove the ball and use the paddle in a not so pleasant way—one or two swats across our bottoms. That particular day was memorable not only because she was spanking David, her favorite, but because the paddle broke! We could all see that she was upset, not over the paddle breaking but because she had used so much force on her darling child. Two days later David handed her a crude replacement that he had put together down in the cellar. A slab of wood 2" thick with a handle he had taken off one of Daddy’s old hammers. “I broke it, so I made you another one,” he said. Was he innocent or clever, that dragonfly—that young boy?

dead geranium
propped up
with a forked stick

Margaret Chula

I created this form for teaching students who have never written haiku. Offering them a haiku by a Japanese master gives them a place to begin, something to react to (it is important to choose a wide selection of evocative, seasonal haiku). By writing in prose, they can explore their responses more deeply and comfortably than when forced into the constraints of a new form immediately. The resulting haiku often comes as a surprise. It may encapsulate the prose, respond to an image in the prose (or initial haiku), or veer away as in a renga link. This form has been successful in haiku workshops for both children and adults—and I have enjoyed writing it myself as well! —M. Chula

This form was presented at a workshop entitled “Haibun: A Journey into the Interior through Haiku and Prose” given at Literuption 1994 in Portland, Oregon.

*from “Haiku,” by R.H. Blyth. Hokuseido Press, Tokyo, 1952, 1982.

Scissors

before the white chrysanthemum
the scissors hesitate
a moment

*Buson**

All at once it comes to me that flowers should be thankful for doorbells. My sandalled feet shuffle to the door to admit my girlfriend. She comes in with the sunlight dappled by the ivy around the porch and trellis, then we leave the sun and move into the kitchen.

"I have chrysanthemums for you," I begin. "I was just about to trim them and put them in a vase." She walks around the kitchen table to me, and wraps her arms around my neck.

and still we kiss—
scissors clatter
from the table to the floor

Michael Dylan Welch

Written at the workshop led by Margaret Chula, described on the previous page.

*from "Haiku," Volume 4 by R.H. Blyth. Hokuseido Press, Tokyo, 1952, 1982.

The Geese

They arrived around Labor Day. I was never sure what kind of geese they were—the male was white, the female gray—but they never went farther south than the Toms River. I always saw them together, usually on the lawns of the houses across the street, one watching the other feed a few feet away. They mated for life. Coming home along Riverside Drive after a rough day at work, I would slow to see if they were still there. It somehow calmed me to know they were. On bright mornings, it cheered my spirits to see the white goose on a deep-green lawn.

Some time in early May, a seventeen-year-old boy ran over the male. Witnesses said the car had been speeding around a blind bend and could not stop in time. Now there are two duck-crossing signs along Riverside, but they are too late. The gray goose, after several weeks of mournful honking, moved up the river to Windy Cove.

skid marks merge
with twilight shadows . . .
the call of the goose
unanswered

Prose by Frank Finale/Haiku by Rich Youmans

The judging of poetry is by its very nature a subjective process. Tom and I first came to an agreement that the poems under consideration needed to be well-crafted and aligned with general expectations of the haiku genre. We also agreed that the poems should have sufficient unique content to make them memorable and that they reveal something of human nature which would enrich the perception of ourselves and engender kindness and understanding of others. Humor was a high priority but the most important quality we looked for was truthfulness. Poems that were only stated observations or that were merely witty and titillating interested us less than poems with depth and lasting insight.

“clicking off the late movie” captures the moment of someone arising from a passive and long-seated position. We hear the couch sighing relief as the screen goes dark. The room fills with the quiet night as the person moves away. The efficacy of this senryu lies in the adept rendering of the physical setting into a vivid and immediate experience. The isolated sound from the couch contains the possibility of becoming self-aware in the wee hours. However, the contrast of the self-revitalizing cushion with the person now shuffling off to sleep arouses our sympathy and lets us laugh at ourselves and our oh-so-predictable habits.

“opening night” poses the delightful ambiguity of getting all dressed up and going out for the big to-do, while at home a lovely mystery is unfolding of itself. How often do we go outwards to find meaning and excitement when what we seek is right in front of us? The finely balanced play between “opening” and “entrance” provides humorous integrity to the whole poem.

“Forgetting his underwear” has the ring of truth as well as the quality of absurdity. How can such a competent jet-setter get through the world without paying attention to the simplest of personal details? We are allowed to stand here with the poet and merely shake our heads and laugh. The phrase, “flying by the seat of his pants,” comes to mind—but this flier has left his behind.

The four honorable mentions are not ranked. We wished to acknowledge these poems equally for their individual qualities. “his toe” so aptly expresses the simplest, first gesture of reconciliation. “summer concert” contains an amusing self-observation of someone quickened by music in spite of the heat. “yard sale” exemplifies the many re-thought decisions and decisive changes of mind we go through in life. And “overmatched boxer” portrays the poignant moment of facing defeat with resignation and self-knowledge. To all these poets, and to all who observe life with insight and gentle humor, we salute you.

Ebba Story

HOW TO WIN FRIENDS BY INFLUENCING PEOPLE

Ever had that uneasy, sinking feeling: I like my latest haiku but it reminds me of some other—but *which* other? You hunt around; maybe you even lose some sleep. Eventually you find you've repeated yourself or someone else—sometimes, well . . . you just don't know.

What to do? I think—publish; but don't be damned. Looking at the magazines over the years shows that it's a problem we all share. Additional problem: worrying about it inhibits creativity (well, at least then you don't have the first problem to worry about).

If you unconsciously (and I'm sure no one would consciously) repeat something word-for-word, bad luck; it could happen to anyone. If, less embarrassingly, you repeat part of what is legitimately someone else's, there's nothing wrong with styling it "after So-&-so." If you didn't realize but find out later, you can always add the ascription.

I know that the Japanese are said to adapt each others' haiku with, what we might loosely call, "gay abandon." But Shiki didn't *need* to ascribe his firefly to Buson—everyone new anyway. It's not the same for us.

Frogpond 17:4 has a case in point. On p. 19, W.J.H. acknowledges another heavyweight's input, "after Basho's 'met with thieves'." Nice move. One we could do with emulating. Page 9 has this from another poet: "alone/the pine measures/its own height." The syntactical structure is: word/the something somethings/its own something. Close to my: "mountain-side/the train climbs its own/sound" (see *Balancing on Blue*, NZ '91; *Azami* '92; *New Zealand Haiku Anthology* '93, and selections in reviews of the latter in *S.D.T.*, *Sparrow*, *Frogpond*, and *Modern Haiku*, all '94).

Well, on second thought—*No Big Deal!* I published these in *Azami* 8: "mountain shadow/crossing/the valley bridge" and "red swings—/playground/behind the graveyard." The first, I later found, was mainly Foster Jewell's "Mountain shadow/crossing the evening river/at the old fording place" (*The Haiku Anthology*, which I had read). I also came across a very similar haiku to the second in a magazine after having written it. Solution? The first (rewritten) I styled "after F.J."; the second, which was from observation rather than from reading, I left as it was.

I first ascribed a haiku to someone else (Rod Willmot) in '83 (weak haiku, since dropped—I blame Rod) but recently published these in *Azami* under the title "Haiku After":

early spring—/buttoning unbuttoning/my jacket
mountain/shadow crossing/mountain
after the parade/the clown washes off/his smile

The first is after my compatriot, Cyril Childs, the second (as above) after Foster Jewell, and the third from Raymond Roseliep. There was a stage when I thought they were all mine.

But let's be clear; the three haiku quoted derive strongly from the wording, or repeat the action, of other haiku. That, of course, is not the same thing as simply re-using images, be they scarecrows, V8's, or cicadas. Property rights of that sort don't exist in verse.

Thus my

billboard . . ./the lingerie girl smiling/through the snow

has no ascription to LeRoy Gorman. A little blue, perhaps, but clearly in the public domain.

John O'Connor

c	k		i		e		j
a		n		v		s	u
u							g
t							g
i							l
o							e
u							r
s							s

Carlos Colón

PSYCHOLOGICAL RESPONSES TO HAIKU

A workshop/presentation by Francine Porad
at Haiku North America, Toronto, July 16, 1995

The idea for this workshop came from a few sources. One: a review of Nick Virgilio's haiku, "Lily:/out of the water/out of itself", describing the lily as "ripped out of its environment by some unthinking person." It was so at odds with my interpretation of striving and growth. Another response: "feeling out of one's milieu." Two: I found when selecting haiku for *Brussels Sprout* with Connie Hutchison that an entire scene would present itself to me as I read. A poem about a mother-in-law's tongue (a plant with sharp, pointy leaves) placed on a motel room windowsill, I was certain occurred at night; Connie had visualized the scene in a daytime setting. We stated our reasons in minute detail, and then just stared at each other. Of course, there could be no right or wrong. It was a shock! One interprets according to one's upbringing and the happenings in one's life.

Quoting from Raymond Roseliep, priest and poet: "Regarding Bashō's 'haiku moment'—Haiku poets witness firsthand the real nature of things and sometimes even the Buddha nature of things. They aim to use a minimal number of words to report the instant of intuition, uniting the self and the object which has moved them emotionally. . . . Then share with others. . . . It is now up to the reader to enter the original experience (i.e., co-experiencing). . . . No haiku is ever finished, it is only abandoned. So the reader keeps getting on where the poet got off."

Printed below are two of my haiku; responses listed are from prior workshops. Someone suggested that for a haiku to be "good" the reader must have the same emotional response as the writer. David Priebe has written "Reading the Haiku/Senryu we should know and feel exactly what has inspired the author to commemorate the moment of wonder." I disagree with both of these statements. Through an exercise like this one, we get an idea of how varied are readers' interpretations. **Once published, we must let go of the poem.**

a bare foot
surrounded
by all that white

Responses: "a bride acting coy;" "parents tenderly covering a child's bare foot;" "the feel of first snow on bare feet;" "a funeral parlor set-

ject, out again in haste to rush off to another errand/appointment.

Looking down > with omnipresent perspective

Telephone wires > another means by which we hurry

Jodi Russell: Someone leaving home late for an appointment looks to check the weather and notices the birds.

Debra Dupont: It seems that nobody ever takes the time to stand still and appreciate what's around him—there are so many seemingly important things to do—while the dove, who looks at life from a different perspective, innocently enjoys life for what it is. Sometimes we are so busy living that we never stop to truly live.

Lesley Einer: Made me think of angels, serenely watching over us as we flounder through life.

willow shadows

in and out of my cup . . .

tea leaves settling

Christopher Herold

LeRoy Gorman: I imagine the still cup with the moving shadows, likely from a building storm; then the tea is poured. Tea leaves quietly settling replace the shadows. The contrast works to give a sense of tranquility.

Kenneth C. Leibman: The tea is in a Chinese willow-pattern cup. As the leaves settle, various parts of the pattern are alternately obscured and revealed. Alternatively, the tea is being sipped out of doors beside a willow tree, and as the breeze blows, different shadows cross the cup. But the linkage with the settling tea leaves is not as strong in this interpretation. Or the poem may be an allegory of meditation: as I center, thoughts keep coming and going through my head—finally just wisps of thoughts, like willow shadows.

Suezan Aikins: Conjunction of wind current and water/tea current, both ebb & flow: one activated by elemental forces and one by our own seeking lips. Brings a hint of slowing breath, as cares fade & relaxation deepens. Scurrying tea leaves/busy thoughts and feelings are analogous. The circularity of implied sun and the teacup echo meditation's satori peak.

William J. Higginson: 1) I suppose one is sitting with a teacup in view, sun & teacup so arranged that what sunlight falls on the teacup is filtered through a willow tree, gently riffled by breezes such that the

sunlight (and therefore the shadows) shifts into and out of the cup. 2) The tea leaves in shape and color echo the willow-leaf shadows. 3) A lovely moment of peace.

Along the way
an old oak branch
becomes a walking stick

Garry Gay

Margaret Saunders: “Along the way” is the path of life. The old branch is an aid to help an older person finish the path.

Karen Sohne: Someone, traveling light, along his journey uses a found walking stick.

Penny Harter: A person is hiking in the woods—it may be rough going, or he may just admire a fallen oak branch and see the inherent walking stick in its form. “Old” oak branch makes me wonder if it had fallen long ago and was a dead branch, or if the whole tree was old. It also makes me feel the walker may be old . . . and suggests that “old” things still have use.

morning meditation—
a raspberry seed
between the teeth

James Ferris

Martin Lucas: I remember a Zen retreat I attended. For 25 minutes in a cool, darkened hall we had to sit, facing the wall, as still as possible. The raspberry seed (superb detail), presumably a breakfast leftover, makes this impossible, and I must choose to either a) suffer torture, or b) wiggle it out with my tongue as discreetly as possible. A deliciously awkward situation.

Winona Baker: This haiku shows the difficulty of not letting the mind wander when you want the experience of “nothingness,” “worldlessness,” “pure concentration.” Someone said something to the effect that humans couldn’t exist if they really focused on what is usually known as the “important” things/what’s really going on, so thank God(dess) their minds are occupied with trivialities most of the time. I’m learning the art of Tai Chi—moving meditation. If I neglect to do the exercises during the day, I try when in bed to do them mentally. Seldom can I get through the 108 moves before my mind wanders and I fall asleep.

Muriel Ford: Quite wonderful, this haiku! Such an experience is very annoying, but if it is a good meditation the sense of the seed will fade not to be noticed again until you return to normal consciousness.

Marshall Hryciuk: The writer has closed his eyes to begin a meditation and in clearing the daily trivialities from his mind his tongue comes across a seed stuck in his teeth. Perhaps to be spit out; perhaps to become the seed of a profound meditation. Could be a meditator looks up to see a seed in the meditation leader's mouth.

bursting free
from a box-shaped pruning
forsythia branches

Francine Porad

Frances Mary Bishop: Good expression of forsythia branches unable any longer to be confined to limited quarters as they are so full of life; a source of inspiration to a reader who expects that nature cannot be restricted to human methods of preservation of beauty and life.

Garry Gay: At first the visual image I see is a box too small to hold all the branches that are bursting out its sides—or, seeing the shape as a neat box, but with the branches sneaking out in the natural way branches normally do.

Patricia Neubauer: Nature always returns to its own—nature eventually rebels against man-imposed forms (i.e., in the end nature takes its revenge). Perhaps this proves the point that once read, the haiku takes on a life or a meaning of its own.

Lesley Einer: The lines made me think of us as individuals breaking free of the expected; also of our haiku breaking free of traditional laws.

My intention: This represents what I term “a survivor poem.” The last few years I’ve had to deal with illness and death in my family, and so I look for positive, coping images to fill my mind and write about. I was so annoyed last year when the gardener pruned our graceful, arching forsythia into a box-shaped bush, and excited over branches breaking free from confinement.

¹Some participants neglected to hand me a note, which accounts for the varying number of responses to the individual haiku.

²Einer responded by mail.

BOOK REVIEWS

BLOWING REEDS. Wally Swist. Timberline Press, 6281 Red Bud, Fulton, MO 65251, 1995. ISBN O-944048-06-4. 28 pp, 8½×5½ in., paper, handset letterpress, handstitched. \$7.50 + \$1.50 s&h.

A new haiku collection by Wally Swist is always eagerly anticipated, and *Blowing Reeds* does not disappoint. It is his fifth chapbook of haiku, the others being *Chimney Smoke*, *Unmarked Stones*, *Sugaring Buckets*, and *The Gristmill's Trough*.

In the 80 poems in *Blowing Reeds* one finds the quiet music of rural New England. Here are the trails that have led him through meadows, into woods, beside flowing water.

walking farther into it
the farther it moves away
spring mist

One senses that it is not only his companion who experiences a certain lift of the spirit walking here:

the peace
in the strolling dog's shoulders
sharp smell of spring earth

Only occasionally is there some sign that he is not alone in this countryside.

stormy summer morning
a dim light burns
in the migrant's shack

Swist's haiku are cleanly focused, the moment's awareness clearly caught and easily understood. The simplicity, however, is perhaps misleading, for a careful reading often reveals a remarkable tonal sense or the use of a word that is just a little unusual but is exactly right.

Consider the effect of the sound qualities here:

crow carcass
cleaned to the bones
the feathers fluttering

Or the two words which lift this haiku out of the ordinary:

that one bird
with a hinge in its voice
creaks in the wind

Yes, there are a few poems with images which are less than fresh—the swallows changing places on the telephone line, for instance, but these are rare. And one does miss a human connection. It is a solitary work.

This chapbook is beautifully produced. The cover is a striking blue-green with a faint pattern of blowing reeds across the bottom and silver lettering. The layout of the poems is skillfully done; one can actually read the 28 pages as a long sequence. A book to own, to read, to enjoy.

joe-pye weed	out of the blowing reeds
silhouetted in the sunset—	and swirling mist
the heat	voices of geese

Reviewed by Elizabeth Searle Lamb

NO LOVE POEMS: haiku/tanka. Kenneth Tanemura. Prefatory note by Sanford Goldstein. Small Poetry Press, 1994. ii + 20 pp, 5½×8½ in. paper. \$6.00 ppd from author, 10 Wayne Ct., Redwood City, CA 94063.

In the recent California poets' tanka anthology *Footsteps in the Fog*,¹ Kenneth Tanemura frankly refers to himself as "Takubokian." The identification is apt. He might almost appear deliberately to champion the style of this turn-of-the-century Japanese poet in light of the reference by Higginson² to "the Takuboku take-offs of Michael McClintock and Sanford Goldstein which are a bit Romantic in tone." Tanemura forthrightly declares: "Tanka is the song of the self, romantic in nature."

A comparison of selected tanka by both poets can be instructive.

Takuboku: ³	everybody's	get under the covers
	heading in	pull up my feet
	the same direction—	and stick out
	I watch	my tongue
	from the sidelines	at nobody

Tannemura:	alone in a crowd: even the seat in this cafe doesn't fit	loneliness head on my pillow getting used to it
------------	--	---

One is struck by the similarity of experience, of image chosen to convey isolation—as well as by a frequent correspondence in an intense self-reflection.

Takeboku:	biting down on a toothpick I watch the red sun climbing in the winter mists	slept all morning missed reading the paper— now worry about it like an unpaid debt
-----------	---	--

Tanemura:	this longing I can't explain quenched by fatigue	pacing like a boxer before a match— no one to fight but myself
-----------	--	--

While the two poets share a penchant for introspection, Takuboku often strikes a note of what, at least to Western sensibilities, seems excessive self-indulgence. Tanemura in this respect is tougher, stopping short of posturing and self-dramatization or sentimentalism.

Takeboku:	on a white strip of sand on a tiny island in the eastern sea drowned in tears I play with a crab	Tanemura: gazing at the bay water more blue than this melancholic day
-----------	--	--

All of this is not to imply that Tanemura's tanka are imitative or derivative. His is an American, distinctively post-Beat Generation vision (a quality I find he shares with another American writer, playwright Sam Shepard). We find the speaker typically strolling down gray dripping alleys, discovering himself on the other side of the window (or the mirror?), on the outside looking in. He sits in a corner, observing others, acutely conscious of his separateness; perhaps he is himself a ghost, impalpable. A nice ambiguity characterizes many of

Tanemura's tanka, as he assiduously avoids unnecessary details—especially, often, about who the “others” are.

Not all of Tanemura's tanka are somber or angst-ridden. The poet may find himself in the crowd with his pants too short and the cuffs frayed (“. . . not being a student/in this student/hangout”). Or (turning to one of his haiku), upon his starting to write about crickets they lapse into silence—one of several examples of the Tanemuran humorously wistful state of affairs.

The haiku in this collection seem selected with care equal to that of the tanka. References in the haiku are more consistently, and appropriately, to concrete events, objects, moments. The poet's own activities do serve as subject matter, but just as frequently there is an objective observation of other persons' arrested moments. The poet's cat figures significantly in a brief sequence. And the phenomena of nature receive their share of attention. Tanemura can capture the enduring past in an ephemeral present moment, as in:

old house—
voices of summers gone by
in the window's creak

As with the tanka, so in the haiku one finds a pervasive sense of desolation. Even the beginning of spring can be stark:

first day of Spring—
white azaleas withering
in the sunlight

But at the same time the season is not altogether moribund:

to the cello sonata	dead autumn leaves
the morning birds	almost golden
add a lighter note	in the morning sunlight

Tanka and haiku are mixed, occurring usually no more than three to a page. They are grouped under four more or less topical headings, which this reviewer found, while not unreasonably obtrusive, nevertheless unnecessary.

The appearance of *No Love Poems* is auspicious. I would concur with Goldstein when he suggests that Kenneth Tannemura is likely to “become an original in our short-poem universe.”

Reviewed by George Ralph

¹“Footsteps in the Fog,” ed. Michael Dylan Welch. Press Here, 1994

²William J. Higginson, *Mirrors*, Winter 1994

³“Poems to Eat,” tr. Carl Sesar. Kodansha International, 1966

SKIPPED STONES: Faces in Time. Harvey Hess. Eight Pound Tiger Press, P.O. Box 141, Cedar Falls, IA 50513-0141, 1994. Portfolio, 8½×8½ in., containing 31 sheets, designed by Phillip Fass. \$30 + \$4 s&h.

A stretch limousine will get you where you want to go. It is comfortable, roomy, stylish. But it costs a lot and is a gas-hog, difficult to maneuver in traffic, hard to park. A hatchback is less comfortable, roomy, or stylish. But it costs much less, has good gas economy, is maneuverable in traffic, and can be parked in a small space. It, too, gets you where you want to go.

This portfolio contains 28 haiku, one per 28-pound, apparently plasticized, translucent page. The haiku are printed one to a page, yet in the same 10-point type size as that with which this page is printed. The effect is similar to what is described in the last line of the opening haiku, "bird tracks in the snow." The analogy is extended by the style of scattering the lines about the page. The translucent paper allows the reader to see about four pages at once, each less legible than the former. This, says the designer, creates "a sense of depth." It also creates a sense of vertigo as the eye is confused by extraneous, blurred images. Individual pages can be removed for "display or contemplation" or, one fears, for loss, mangling, or randomization (a guide to the proper sequence aids in correcting the latter). And the cost to the reader is well over a dollar a haiku, despite the fact that production costs were partly covered by grants from the National Endowment for the Arts and the Iowa Arts Council. Some may wish to pay for white space, just as they do for silence. Others are content to simply find their own inner silence and space.

In the fancy presentation the haiku are almost lost, which is a shame. Some of this reviewer's favorites (the last reminiscent of Bashō's concern for his neighbor):

a weed-stalk's gall
iced in
with moonrise

each wild strawberry's
dew
drops

out walking
with a young friend
the autumn flowers

the third week
of winter fog . . .
how do the hawks live?

Reviewed by Kenneth C. Leibman

BOOKS RECEIVED

Listing of new books is for information only and does not imply endorsement by frogpond or the Haiku Society of America. Reviews of some of these titles may appear in later issues of frogpond. Prices are US currency except where noted.

Haiku. Bill Albert. Grilled Cheese Publishing, 1991; released to general distribution 1995. 183 + iii pp, 5½×8½ in., paper, perfectbound. \$7.00 + \$1.50 p&h (US); enquire for foreign postage. Make check to/order from Ken DelPonte, 1506 Tenth Ave., San Francisco, CA 94122.

Flori nevândute/Unsold Flowers. Ion Codrescu. In Romanian and English (tr. Mihaela Codrescu). Hub Editions, 11 The Ridgeway, Flitwick, Bedfordshire, England MK45 1DH, 1995. 49 + iv pp, 4½×8 in., paper, perfectbound. \$5.00 US; £3.50 UK.

Sudden Shower. 1995 Anthology, Northwest Region, Haiku Society of America. Ed. Carol Edson, Randal Johnson, & Marilyn Sandall. 32 pp, 5½×8¼ in., paper, saddle-stapled. \$7.00 ppd US & Canada; add \$2 elsewhere. Make check to/order from Randal Johnson, 2325 Schirm Loop NW, Olympia, WA 98502.

A Small Umbrella. Spring Street Haiku Group, 1995. 25 pp (unnumbered), 4 × 5½ in. paper, saddle-stapled. \$3.00 ppd.; make check to/order from Dee Evetts, 102 Forsyth St.#18, New York, NY 10002.

Dance of Light. Elizabeth St Jacques. maplebud press, 1995. 123 pp, 5½×8½ in. paper, perfectbound. \$15.00 ppd US or Canada; elsewhere add \$1.50 surface, \$2.50 air. Make check to/order from author, 406 Elizabeth St., Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., Canada P6B 3H4.

Haiku. Michael R. Collings. Zarahemla Motets, 1995. xii + 34 pp, 4½×5½ in. paper, perfectbound. \$7.50. Make check to/order from author, 1089 Sheffield Pl., Thousand Oaks, CA 91360-5353.

Growing Through the Dark. Michael Dudley. King's Road Press, 148 King's Rd., Pointe Claire, Que., Canada H9R 4H4. 16 pp, 5¼×8½ in. paper, saddle-stapled. \$2 ppd.

Paper Lantern. Ebba Story, ed. Haiku by Donna Gallagher, Lynne Leach, Zane Parks, Tom Tico. Two Autumns Press, 478 Guerrero St., San Francisco, CA 94110. 28 pp, 5½×8½ in. paper, saddle-stapled. US\$5.00 ppd (check payable to Haiku Poets of Northern California).

ANNOUNCEMENTS

CONTESTS

Hawaii Education Association 18th Annual International Haiku Writing Contest

Postmark deadline November 15, 1995. Unlimited entries of unpublished English-language haiku (not under consideration for publication) in three categories: a) Season word; b) specific Hawaii word; c) humorous. Submit each on two typewritten 3×5-in. index cards, one containing poet's name, address, social security number (or other 9-digit number), category, and haiku; the other containing only the ID number, category, and haiku. Entries must conform to rules of classical/traditional haiku, but not necessarily the 5-7-5 syllable form. No titles. Prizes in each category: \$45/\$20/\$15 + HM. Entries may be published in HEA publications; poets retain all other rights. Send to HEA International Haiku Writing Contest, 1649 Kalakaua Ave., Honolulu, HI 96826, with entry fee of US\$1 or 2 IRC's per haiku, and SASE (or 2 IRC's) for winners' list.

Palomar Branch, National League of American Pen Women 1996 International Poetry Contest

In-hand deadline March 15, 1996. Haiku Contest (Category 3) open to all poets; unlimited entries of unpublished traditional or contemporary haiku. Judge, Francine Porad. Send two typed copies of each haiku on 8½×11-in. paper; category number and name on each, but name, address, and phone number on only one. Prizes \$50/25/10 + honorable mentions for each category. Fee: 3 haiku for \$5.00 (check payable to NLAPW, Palomar Branch). Other categories: 1) free verse; 2) rhymed verse; both 30-line limit; fee \$5.00 each poem. Winning poems will be published in a chapbook. Send to Helen J. Sherry, 11929 Caminito Corriente, San Diego, CA 92128, with SASE or SAE + 2IRC's for winner's list.

Winners: Best haiku award in the New Zealand Poetry Society 1995 International Poetry Competition went to Helen J. Sherry. The other HSA member in the winners' list was Yvonne Hardenbrook, with a Commended Haiku.

NEW PUBLICATION: An addition this year to English-language haiku magazines is *Haiku Spirit*, edited by Jim Norton at Lavalley, Gort, County Galway, Ireland. Jim will also accept haiku in "any of the Gaelics" (with English translation). Subscription is US\$12, or \$3 for a single issue.

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