



frogpond

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Art by Robert T. Malinowski

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frogpond

no thought
of air until
that blue feather's drift

Peggy Willis Lyles

Vol. XX, No. 1 May 1997
HAIKU SOCIETY OF AMERICA

1997 H.S.A. PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Welcome to 1997, an exciting year for the HSA and for haiku. Thanks to the hard work of John Hudak and Dee Evetts, the HSA website is now up and running at <http://www.pobox.com/~hsa>. Midwest Regional Coordinator Sara Brant has accepted the challenge of carrying the website project forward by acting as our first official "Webmaster." Thanks to the efforts of California Coordinator Jocelyn Conway, the first 1997 quarterly meeting in San Francisco had as varied and interesting a program as we have ever had: an expert presentation on the potentials of the HSA website by George Olczak, inspired readings by Claire Gallagher and Jerry Ball, ecologically sound hints on recycling haiku by Paul O. Williams, an update on the Haiku Archives by Jerry Kilbride, fascinating interpretations of the haiku of Japanese master Kaneko Tohta by Fay Aoyagi, and an eye-opening workshop on the visual presentation of haiku by Ebba Story. And then there was the HIA/HSA haiku conference in Tokyo. While not all HSA members were able to attend the Tokyo conference, I encourage all members to make an effort to attend at least one of the quarterly meetings remaining this year. Haiku is a social art in Japan and is becoming increasingly so here in the States. And for good reason: social contacts increase the depth and richness of one's experience. So . . . join the party! You will be glad you did.

visiting California . . .
not surprised to see
a street named VIRGO

Lee Gurga

FROM THE EDITOR

This issue comes to you, alas, dreadfully late. Shortly after returning from Tokyo, where I attended the Second Haiku International Association - Haiku Society of America Joint Haiku Conference, I was hospitalized with severe pneumonia, the sequellae of which had me operating at greatly reduced efficiency for well over an additional month. I am so very grateful to all those whose cards, letters, e-mails, and phone calls expressed such loving messages; my recovery was surely speeded by them.

Our cover is the last of a series representing the classical four elements. How may one depict the essential, invisible medium of life, air? Why, by its effects, of course! And Peggy Willis Lyles, in her haiku featured on the title page, tells us of a way of visualizing and appreciating air: by its buoyant effect on something as light as a feather!

Kenneth C. Leibman

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In memory of

Pat Shelley

April 10, 1910 - December 28, 1996

leafless trees
my footsteps
the only sound

*Pat Shelley*¹

her dried
sumi-e brush
winter sunset

Fay Aoyagi

So now the garden
is all abloom . . .
missing you

Garry Gay

rereading The Rice Papers
her voice
her hat
her hand on mine

Kay F. Anderson

a bit of the woods
leaped out across the path
and
for a moment, became
a deer

Christopher Herold

first haiku meeting
no one with red hair
attending

Pat Gallagher

the shadowless sundial—
oxalis in bloom
in the old orchard

Michael Dylan Welch

You were our Shelley
of nature, of love,
and your songs
were short,
were pure

Sanford Goldstein

¹"dreams wander" (Haiku Society of America members' anthology, 1994)

See also tanka sequence, p. 53, and book review, p. 62.

In memory of

Allen Ginsberg

June 3, 1926 - April 5, 1997

Snow mountain fields
seen thru transparent wings
of a fly on the windowpane.

*Allen Ginsberg*¹

haiku, too!
that poet who wrote
"Howl"

Elizabeth Searle Lamb

¹From "Mostly Sitting Haiku." From Here Press, 1978, by permission of the publisher.

Personal memoirs of Allen Ginsberg appear on pp. 48 and 51.

In memory of

Betty Drevniok

December 17, 1919 - March 6, 1997

Former president, Haiku Society of Canada

A jet-plane's exhaust
traces the width of clear sky—
the gull's flight . . .

*Betty Drevniok*²

²RAW NerVZ vol. IV, no. 1 (1997).

trembling
in the morning breeze
jonquils

Kay F. Anderson

daffodil—
brushing the snow
off its petals

eric l. houck jr.

Through the cherry tree
white petals and snowflakes
rise with the wind

Debbie White-Bull Page

forsythia
holds February snow
in its buds

Ronan

Sudden freezing wind—
even scarecrows
flap their arms.

Franchot Ballinger

In the icy field
blanketed horses nicker steam
through the silent air

Nancy S. Young

snow plows
clear away the whiteness
leaving the whiteness

George Ralph

all night long
orange snow flies
by the lantern

Alexey Andreyev

white morning
crystal flowers
on the florist shop window

Evelyn H. Hermann

only shadows
and empty flower pots
—leftover snow

Robert Gilliland

Gardenia blossom . . .
snow of mountain peak
melting

David Offutt

along woodland streams
skunk cabbages rising
out of snow melt

Patricia Neubauer

my quilted jacket warms me almost as much as the pansy blossom

Doris H. Thurston

melted snowman—
a squirrel's toothmark
on the carrot nose

Michael Dylan Welch

apple blossoms
in the valley twilight
a nip of snow

Ebba Story

smoke rising
from the ranks of chimneys
haze around the moon

Tim Happel

morning tea—
listening to rain
stain my ceiling . . .

Michael L. Evans

undefended:
in the cold rain
their snow fort

Tom Clausen

a cold winter rain—
in it all the acacia
has begun blooming

Paul O. Williams

city walking
each block the same—
winter fog

Alexius J. Burgess

the empty old house—
the bare branches of the tree
grow through the window.

Matt Hetherington

against the sky
the last leaf of red sunset
still hanging

Flori Ignoffo

this cold night
each star's clarity . . .
an absent moon

Carol Conti-Entin

still night—
the telephone cord
stops swinging

Michael Dylan Welch

clear sky
clouded
by the window's frost

Jonathan F. Paisley

abandoned brewery:
through broken windows
pieces of sky

Rebecca M. Osborn

warming trend—
the sky
a different blue

Alexius J. Burgess

season's first warbler—
too early for it to sing
its classic spring song

Brent Partridge

bleak March day,
the silo crowned
with blackbirds

Jeanne Harrington

in the tree
we planned to cut down
a tremble of bushtits

Kay F. Anderson

dry-weather sprinkle
a titmouse atop
the rain gauge

Nina A. Wicker

The echo fading . . .
a single night bird
fills the void

Joyce Austin Gilbert

in slow descent
a robin's wing-tips
color the dawn

Gloria Procsal

first grass mowing—
December's tinsel glitters
in the robin's new nest

Elizabeth A. Smith

bluejay's glide, soft
until:
the window

Danielle Kopp

road wind
raising the jay's wing
letting it fall

Susan Pond Wojtasik

in quiet rain
a plain brown sparrow
pecking at the grass

Robert Jenkins

running dishwater—
out on the fire escape
a sparrow bursts out in song

Stephen Page

meadowlark
on top of the fence post
all spring breaks out

Elsie O. Kolashinski

night mist
in metal down-pipe
drip PING!
rip

Jean Rasey

Cape Cod morning
the bagman picking seaweed
before tourists

Sydell Rosenberg

ocean's low tide smell
scrawled on the empty beach
tangles of brown kelp

the river's spring rush—
a busy clicking of stones
urging each other

Ronan

from the pond's bottom
a trail of bubbles
. . . and another

susan delaney mech

fog leaps lightly
into the breeze over the lake,
streams away

Paul O. Williams

fish slide—
into the lake's upswell
the smolt

fish viewing window
my husband up close
with the little kids

Francine Porad

you and I silent,
between us on the sand
a shattered seashell

William Woodruff

red kite
motionless among
the seagulls

Christopher Suarez

Evening puddles—
tonight moons outnumber stars

Victor R. Ocampo

on a shadowed hill,
a small hackmatack
performs its own sunrise.

Andrew J. Gay

Growing out of the ashes
of the burnt forest—
the first green sapling.

Jesse D. McGowan

where the bough broke off
the old oak slowly
healing the wound

lonesome for mountains
I buy a large rock
for the garden

Blanche Nonnemann

carrot peels
for compost going back
to darkness

William M. Ramsey

the first day of spring—
all the poison oak
coming into leaf

Paul O. Williams

shriveled morels
smelling more like earth
than earth itself

kaye laird

thinning mist
a snail pushed up
atop the toadstool

Nina A. Wicker

Moonlight on the roadside—
night-blooming cereus
lights the way.

George Held

headed to work
the edge of morning
just showing

Celia Stuart-Powles

windshield wipers
keeping time with Handel's
"Water Music"

Rengé/David Priebe

hospital copter
coming out of morning clouds
under a rainbow

Eileen I. Jones

small town's stillness:
yet that headline
in the local paper

Mike Dillon

in the S
of BOOKSTORE
a nest of starlings

Ken Hill

new green leaves
a child I don't know
waves to me

Jim Kacian

the only cloud
in this perfect sky
nuclear plant's vapor

Dianne Borsenik

headed home
moon and street lights
equally cold

Celia Stuart-Powles

spring
and suddenly
wildflowers

Jo Lea Parker

streak of dawn—
wild geraniums glowing
in a shaft of sunlight

Wally Swist

almost unnoticed
beneath the rhododendrons
the forget-me-nots

Tom Tico

weaving
through buttercups
a split-rail fence

Marianne Bluger

all at once
peony's petals fall
on the sidewalk

Naomi Y. Brown

*jameen par giri pankhuriyan
ek aur phool banaatin*

petals on the ground
create another flower

(Hindi original and English translation by *Parikshith Singh*)

standing tall
near the lady's slipper—
last year's stalk

Sharon Lee Shafii

On this windless night
the scent of jasmine drifts up
through open windows.

James Shepard

coal bank
glistens with dew
on this spring morning

Cheryl C. Manning

In Canterbury,
blooming near the martyr's shrine—
blood red roses

Tom Williams

my footstep
on this island trail
disrupts so many lives

Suzanne Williams

in the crowd—
a butterfly
still against the wind

Brian Hare

toughest part of town—
a cascade of pink roses
over the spiked fence

Kay F. Anderson

The alley shortcut—
walking briskly until
this winter quince

D. Claire Gallagher

park walking trail
solitude—except for
the butterflies

Patricia A. Laster

faint city stars . . .
the moth's copper dust
in my palm

Ebba Story

the yard that traps me
contains for a moment the fawn
testing her legs

Andrew Grossman

barely back to shore
the exhausted dog back out
to chase that same duck

Dean Summers

Lickety-split
back too, fetching
his tongue

Washo

distant siren
the neighbor's dog
loudly responds

Michael Ketchek

siren sound;
the puppy tries
another voice

Gloria Procsal

Under the old tree
one frog croaks to another
—rain slips through the leaves

Neil M. Levy

old pond
the frog jumps into
squirming tadpoles

Zinovy Vayman

Spring riverbed—
a tadpole swims in the print
of a sauropod.

Richard Chandler

full in the face
of the old Victorian:
spring morning sun

Tom Tico

Goldfish
circle the globe
non-stop

Rubin Weinstein

air terminal
a swallow banks
and side-slips

Cyril Childs

merging with the slate
of the river
bluejay

Karen Klein

offshore ferry:
the rocky point slides
a fiord open

Ruth Yarrow

clear on the land:
the new calligraphy
of the plow

Emily Romano

giant orange sun
between Joshua trees
a stillness

Naomi Y. Brown

below Venus
and the newborn moon
sunset running red

Ayrs Kirkofield

bridal shower:
petals falling
outside the church

Sara Oberhoffer

roses saved
from the 1st Anniversary—
some loose petals

Makiko

speaking of him
her fingers worry
the wedding ring

Jack Lent

one by one
pear blossoms fall . . .
his letters unread

Gloria H. Procsal

unreturned phone call
saying more than
any words

Sheila Hyland

Alone now—
I lay aside the umbrella
that we shared

Joyce Austin Gilbert

new moon playing tag
with the pepper tree
our bed half empty

Michael L. Evans

sleeping alone
each still reaches
for the other's foot

Karen Klein

On that Tet morning
we ran into
death before the sun

robert leagus

the waiting eyes
in the hallway
of the old folks' home

Ronan

hospital check-out:
orderly trundles in
a face on a gurney

Melissa Dixon

running
all the red lights—
funeral procession

Carlos Colón

April afternoon—
at a touch the old gravestone
topples

David Elliott

Cold winter winds—
a continuous spring
around a child's grave

George Skane

the long leg of the moon
stands in stubbled field water
after the storm

Randal Johnson

at midnight, a cloud
slides over the full moon
drinking the moonshine

J. Clontz

turning blue
crisp spring sunlight
in her eyes

Richard Thompson

a child in church
imitating mother
crosses his chest

Robert A. Lynch

children
astride gnarled driftwood
dragon

Dean Summers

dividing her estate
the children eye
the tin watering can

Paul M.

on the bare floor
the hail of jacks
again . . . and again

kaye laird

aquarium—
a child rubs noses
with a clown fish

Frederick Gasser

bare feet
on the top shelf
her old doll

Rebecca M. Osborn

evening star—
she sleeps with lion's tail
in her little hand

Tom Clausen

all night long
the poem and its ache . . .
north star

hooked to catheter and headset
the old musician's playing
an invisible guitar

Margaret Peacock

breakfast in the truck
honey dripping
on the haiku magazine

James Tipton

Guitar strings launch notes
through a cracked third-floor window:
pigeons lifting off.

Matthew Brennan

Falling notes
from the shakuhachi
—unfinished sculpture

Augusta Fox

painting the still life—
I take so long
the onions are sprouting

interrupting the talk
of art students,
Monet's Water Lilies

Frank Higgins

cathedral silence.
shadow of the keystone
deepening the niche

Peggy Willis Lyles

green market
Buddhist monks line
the melon stand

sweet and sour sauce
the Eurasian girl
pouts her lips

Anthony J. Pupello

spring morning
even the garbage pails
are beautiful

Robert Gibson

the meadow
widening
with dawn
Lloyd Gold

kite festival
between the chatterings
of blue jays

Charles Scanzello

spring balloon
translucent as
the day moon

Pamela Connor

spring fever . . .
he plants himself
in the garden

a weed
in her garden—
I stay my hand

Jeanne Emrich

Muzzle to muzzle
with himself, the foal
learns to drink

Shadow of an old horse
stretching out forever . . .
April sunset

Debbie White-Bull Page

full moon
a colt grazes
far from his mother

Janet Krauss

black bough . . .
apricot petals falling
in soft moonlight

Kevin Hull

two years from your death—
ice scabbing over
leaves in the puddle

Judson Evans

first dream—alive
he runs in circles barking
through falling snow

Winona Baker

golden retriever
trying to fetch each bubble
from my wand

Debbie White-Bull Page

Bach in my earphones
me on the carpet
paper-toweling dog pee

William Woodruff

plum tree
its blossoms fallen
just a tree

Robert Gibson

in the haze
crossing the bridge
—her “hello”

Robert Henry Poulin

snapdragons
pop to the touch
her breasts

Makiko

The beam of light
shows through the paleness
of the moon.

Marijan Čekolj

braces finally off
her smile
now ready

Joy Tranel

long afternoon kiss
she looks up and says
“It’s time to wash the curtains”

Zinovy Vayman

angry
at the drowned fly in my tub
I am not Issa

Hayat Abuza

thinking about
mindfulness
I pee on my shoe

Michael Ketchek

Parents ride once more—
bungling about in circles
on their children’s bikes

Robert Major

old car gone—
we sniffle home
from the sale

Carlos Colón

home alone
every light
on

Sarah Richey

writer
late at night
blows a fuse . . .

Edith Mize Lewis

Late Night Call

Late night call
her husband's trembling voice . . .
The wind against my window

Train station at 4 a.m.
Thinking of her smile
rat runs across the floor

Remembering our plans for spring
. . . holding her hand in
intensive care

First warm day
The sun on my face
walking to her funeral
(for Martha)

Tula Connell

Death of a Friend

chemo—
her face lost
in the pillow

for a dying friend:
smell of the rain
in the wet clogs

empty bed—
fluffing the indent
from the pillow

Frank Higgins

delta and back

thirty-one below
all the way to Omaha
icy rear windows

rolling Texas plain
ahead the highway threads up
and down and up and . . .

first view of bayous
from swampy mangrove depths
ghost of an egret

by the levee road
tin-roofed shack consumed
by rust and kudzu

Sam Clemens
eclipsed by Huck and Tom
in his own home town

rounding the bend
raven on flotsam
heading deltaward

home
welcomed by cool flakes
on my tongue

K.H. Clifton

Haridwar¹

*raat ke baad
dhundh*

after the night
fog

*barfili lehron
mein dubkee
samvednaheen*

without sensation
the dip inside
ice-cold waters

*visarjan se pehle
pandit sone kaa daant
chun leta hai*

the priest picks
the golden tooth
before scattering

*gahan dhundh mein
anek chehre*

dense fog
so many faces

*ganga ke tal par
mere dada ki haddiyan*

on the bed of the Ganges
my grandfather's bones

*jalti mashaalein
chattan se challaang
lagaata tairaak*

torches lit
a diver leaps
from the rock above

*lehron ke bhramar mein
phoolon kaa sparsha*

in the swirling currents
the touch of petals

*nagaaron ki goonj
alaav ke paas
thithurtaa main*

the tempo of cymbals
near the flames
I shiver to the bone

Hindi original and English translation by *Parikshith Singh*

¹"The Gate to the Lord," a pilgrimage site where Hindus scatter the cremated remains of their kin.

Hong Kong

at the market
table of dried fish
heads facing south

among the junks
painted Dragon racing boats
resting

hillside temple
breaking the silence
cicadas

at night
the electricity
of Hong Kong

Melissa Leaf Nelson

Malakara

the sound
of a plough turning
wet earth

wind
from the sea
white flowers

evening walk . . .
the click of rain
on dry leaves

endless rain . . .
a grey moth
circles the lamp

(Kerala, India)

Kim Dorman

Spring Flowers

Septenga* by ai li and Alexis K. Rotella

the first daffodils
in a
march wood a

everywhere the smell
of yellow r

a little girl
with buttercups
shallow grave a

chocolate rabbit
minus one ear r

not hearing
birdsong
at the interment a

Chinese New Year—
a pink slip. r

mother
sitting by
white chrysanthemums a

(London, England and Los Gatos, California:
composed via e-mail, February 6 - 7, 1997)

*Septenga: a sequence of seven links of alternating three- and two-line links, beginning and ending with a three-line link. It should have a psychological/empathetical theme and can be written solo or with a partner. A previous example was "In Town," published in *frogpond* XIX:3 (1996).

that she has loved

Rengay by sally l nichols and Carol Purington

looks up from crayons
to whisper
“do you love me, Grammy?” sln

hand-drawn colored cut out . . .
a dozen red roses cp

his goodnight . . .
a touch of piano songs
to her sln

coming out offkey—
the ballad they wrote
together when young cp

that she has loved
stays in her house sln

wearing the ring
he gave her one day in spring
—so many winters ago cp

Snug

Rengay by Carol Conti-Entin and Helen K. Davie
Dedicated to J.L.E. and F.A.C.

pillows touching . . .
that curve between his shoulder blades
where my chin fits

a love note
tucked beneath the sheet

same half of the bed . . .
surrounded by his scent
as our gazes merge

snug against his chest
I linger in our embrace—
heart rhythms

lips kissing fingers
memories of wedding cake

side by side
in the morning light . . .
his breath out, my breath in

HAIBUN

There was a black lump in the middle of my lane. Angry that an animal had been slaughtered senselessly, I thought about the point where technology meets nature and the destruction that results. I thought about ecological systems and the balance that we take for granted and destroy.

dead
in the road
a shoe

Brian Hare

The Handyman

When a family from the city decided to expand their lakeside camp into a year-round home and needed help to complete the job, Marcia's husband said, "I could do that." But then, he never did.

When Marcia's two black labs became infested with fleas and each seemed to need a professional dip, her husband said, "I could do that." But then, he never did.

When local politicians needed help in acquiring door-to-door signatures, and when neighbors needed an extra pair of hands to help mend fence, Marcia's husband said, "I could do that." But then he never did.

And then one spring Marcia's mother came for an extended visit. She helped wash windows one day and then sat down to rest on the sofa for a while, promptly falling into a nap. Marcia's husband glanced over at his mother-in-law, smiled, and said, "I could do that." And he did . . .

the heave of a chest
rising and falling
good intentions

Liz fenn

Determined to Know Beans

I set the cold weather crops into the garden today—spinach, peas, cabbage, chard. The tomato seedlings, thin as hairs, nourish themselves in the window of the sun room. The rest of the seeds lie dormant in their packets, a promise.

planting season—
the greater heft
of the good seed

This turned earth seems cold and inhospitable, yet pigweed and shepherd's purse have already sprouted in abundance. I pluck them up, and lay out the geometry of my small plot, long thin lines, not very deep in the blackness of the soil into which I spill the tiny germs, and cover them. The peas go along the perimeter, up against the lattice where they will twine and climb towards the sun. I mark off the spaces for the tomatoes and squash that I shall lay in in the warmer days to come. There is a deep satisfaction I derive from these actions, something wordless within me which nevertheless binds me, returns me to it each year.

These are the ways in which we come to know the earth: one may settle, or one may rove. These disparate paths are at odds with one another: Cain, a planter and thus a sedentary, slew Abel, a shepherd and nomad, perhaps because the sheep had wandered into a cultivated field. One cannot plant without a sense of ownership of the land, and this cannot help but affect our beliefs, our aspirations, our sense of law, culture, our very selves. And ever since we have sided with the murderer—cities and fences proliferate; access to the way has become a matter of negotiation and exception rather than a right of passage.

Those who have chosen to travel with the seasons regard us with deep suspicion, and our works as evil. The Tuareg avert their eyes from the settlements they skirt; Kurdish nomads shoulder rifles to ensure their passage, and the passage of their flocks, over the steppes of Afghanistan; Mongols will cross the fierce Gobi rather than move their herds through settled land, if their usual way is blocked; the Romany who rove Iberia and France snub their brethren who have lost their way and have come to reside in the slums of cities. There is no arguing against a culture which identifies itself with the way, which lives so exclusively in the present.

In our own country and culture, migrant families drift in caravans up from Mexico and farther south along the California basin deep in-

to Canada with the spring, and down again with the fall, banding loosely in camps outside of settlements, along rivers, beneath overpasses. From our vantage point in the darkness outside their circle, they appear as outlanders, wanderers adrift somehow within the perimeters of our cultural bounds, hungry ghosts cadging scraps—

hands to the fire . . .
their shadows disappear
into the woods

—restless as weather, outside history. They are not garden people.

But if we live with the illusion of the importance of history, and less close to the edge, we have in return the consolation of the continuity of our designs.. My predecessor at Six Directions has planted crocuses, lilies, irises in the rock ledge which runs alongside the house, and they point their tips to the angling sun. In a month this ledge will be abloom with the architecture of that now-departed mind, and I shall reap and share the benefits. Settled, we are the center of our universe, and open outward, whereas in wandering we always travel the circumference, moving about a center for which we must look inward. I have lived both at one time and another, and would be loath to sacrifice either way, either truth. Just now, however, not all the earth comes clean from beneath my nails, and I do not try too hard to dislodge it.

eager fingers
in the just-turned earth
wriggling worms

Jim Kacian

Like a Silkscreen Painting

Fog, like diaphanous silk, veils the valley. Now and then, fragments of green foliage are visible, as fog swirls and separates momentarily.

cutting through grayness
the startling contrast
of a cardinal!

Emily Romano

Lights Flashing

A year ago today, my father slipped away from the world we can see, touch, taste Very soon, Annie Chiu of Sun Luck Garden will serve her special feast to welcome a new year, a new spring.

Snowflakes dancing towards my windshield. Ahead, a small school bus. It is almost lunchtime—a cargo of kindergartners? The bus's rear warning lights begin flashing; I slow my car to a stop. Where a side street meets the bus, a young man, bundled up against the cold, expectant.

To my left, other flashing lights. A funeral home. In its parking lot, a hearse, limos, people getting into cars, the cortege forming. Ahead, the bus's rear lights now flashing red, the driver's-side stop sign extended. The bus door opens.

he leans down to hug
his daughter and her backpack;
my moistened windshield

Carol Conti-Entin

A Flock of Seven Hundred Swans

Whooper swans (*Olor cygnus*) in the north of Japan have a Shinto shrine related to them on Mutsu Bay. For hundreds of years they have been fed and protected there. Sometimes a thousand of a number of varieties of other waterbirds may be seen there too, all semi-tame. Not only do the swans in Japan have the black on the other end of their beaks, but they have less intense serenity and poise than the type of swans that Westerners know.

This type of swan dances. I saw them do three dances. The first is very likely their mating dance; it may be done while they are sitting on the water or when they are standing in shallows. They face each other, pretty close together and a little away from the main part of the flock. Each stretches its neck up and down about twenty times, suggesting shared migration.

crying to the sky
in alternating rhythm
—swans mating for life

The other two dances are for announcing abundant food, and for preparing to depart. In all three dances, when their heads are raised, they call out. There are feelings of different kinds of joy in their dances and calls.

The flock does not all arrive at Asadokoro Beach at the same time, but they all arrive with the first big snowstorms coming from the north. Then, as the snow is melting in springtime, they leave for their nesting grounds in Siberia.

Brent Partridge

A Favorite Haiku

spring rain
 if I lie
 quite still

*Jim Kacian*¹

Since we don't strive for perfection in haiku, it would be odd, I think, if we haiku poets wondered why a perfect haiku doesn't happen more often. One of J.W. Hackett's "suggestions" is: "Remember that *lifeliness* . . . is the real quality of haiku."² It isn't in the nature of this "lifeliness" often to come to us in the form of perfection—as indeed it does here—even when our senses and our soul's antenna are fully awakened and engaged. There is something hesitant about spring rain; it is "shy" in the sense that spring buds "peep" before coming out. Kacian may be feeling that only utter stillness can summon forth such a gentle rain. He may sense that any sound or movement may keep the spring raindrops from falling, much as the fisherman knows how easily he may miss his chance for a bite. In this haiku moment there might equally be a mere passive listening for the rain's soft patter—by one in spirit ready and welcoming—just as the wandering monk Ryōkan "accepts" the falling leaves into his begging bowl.

H.F. Noyes

¹*South by Southeast* vol. 3, no.2 (1996)

²"The Zen Haiku and other Zen Poems of J.W. Hackett," p. 256. Japan Publications, Tokyo, 1983.

THE IMAGINATIVE HAIKU

Readings by Tom Tico

“The world of reality has its limits; the world of imagination is boundless.”

Jean-Jacques Rousseau

Although the haiku poem is generally a straightforward presentation of “things as they are,” some haiku are infused with the imaginative point of view of the poet. In other words, the intuition of the haiku cannot be separated from the poet’s imaginative perspective. Haiku such as these can be exceedingly delightful, and the writing of them stretches back to old Japan. Buson, in particular, was a master of this type of poem:

From blossoming plum trees
does the fragrance float upward?
a halo round the moon

Swallowing clouds,
vomiting cherry blossoms—
Mount Yoshino!

Although not plentiful, a number of imaginative haiku have been written in English. The following are some of my favorites.

1

In her old shoulders
the shadow of an athlete
swimming the channel

Marian Olson

The poet is aware that the old woman was once a great athlete who had actually swum the English channel. And in her old shoulders the poet still sees the remnants of the strength and power that allowed her to accomplish that feat. But it wasn’t strength and power alone that lead to the success of that undertaking. It was also force of character and a fierce determination. As the poet dwells upon all that it took to make that crossing, she slips into a reverie and sees the dramatic event in her mind’s eye: the young and superbly conditioned athlete surging through the waves in an undaunted quest to reach the far shore.

2

autumn leaves
 turning my windowpane
 to stained glass

Ce Rosenow

Tantra, that great teaching of Hinduism and Buddhism, tells us that everything is sacred. Samsara is nirvana. "This very world is a mansion of mirth." We live and breathe and have our being in the bliss—only most of us are unaware of it. As William Blake says: "If the doors of perception were cleansed every thing would appear to man as it is, infinite."

How simply and beautifully this haiku suggests that Tantric state of mind. More specifically it suggests the sacredness of nature and the sacredness of the home in which the poet lives.

3

On a friend's sofa,
 envisioning my place in the park—
 this cold rainy night

Tom Tico

As the poet nestles under the covers, he listens to the pleasant sound of the falling rain . . . and he vividly imagines what it would be like in the redwood grove where he usually stays. As he ponders the impossibility of getting to sleep in that situation, he feels particularly grateful to the friend who has put him up, grateful to all his friends who have manifested their loving concern for him.

4

piano bar
 Cole Porter flirting again
 through supple fingers

Marian Olson

The man who gave us *Night and Day*, *I've Got You Under My Skin*, and many other wonderful standards died in 1964—but still he flirts with us through supple fingers. And not only did he write that great music, he also wrote those incomparable lyrics.

His life was interesting and not without a tragic element. In 1892 he was born in Peru, Indiana to wealthy parents. He was in Paris when the first World War began and promptly joined the French Foreign Legion; later he served as a French artillery officer. After the war he inherited a fortune, married, and led a merry life during the '20's mainly in Europe. In 1937 his legs were smashed in a riding accident when a horse fell on him. Crippled, he endured countless operations and continuing pain throughout the years. Finally, in 1958, he lost his right leg. But through all of these trials, he never stopped composing.

5

wind-brushed branches
faintly recalling
the touch of her hair

George Ralph

The poet is deeply in love, and frequently through the day his mind dwells on his beloved. Just as kindling easily catches fire, so do the poet's thoughts readily return to her. And almost anything can bring this about. In this instance it's the windblown branches, but it could just as easily be the scent of a flower or the drift of a cloud. The poem charmingly suggests that when we are in love we feel a much deeper intimacy with nature. One could say that our feelings for nature become almost romantic.

6

inside the darkness:
imagining your soft smile
when you speak my name

Dwight Spann-Wilson

ˆ To be in a deeply satisfying romantic relationship is something that people dream about. In books, movies, and especially in song this ideal is presented to us time and again. And yet, it is an experience denied to many. But not apparently to this couple. The haiku indicates that they are involved in a passionate relationship with sweet-hearted feelings for one another. Whether this will last or not, who can say. But it is taking place in the present, all-encompassing moment.

She won't speak to me . . .
 neither will Basho, Buson
 or even Issa

George Swede

Having had a falling-out with his sweetheart, the poet is upset and seeks refuge in the old masters. He hopes that the serenity of those splendid poems will calm his troubled spirit. But he finds that the discord he's experiencing prevents him from connecting with the harmonious spirit of the poetry. He's always loved all three of these poets, but he's felt a particular rapport with Issa. The fact that he can't even connect with the work of Issa shows him how deeply he's disturbed. It dawns on him that when you're in great upset with one person, you're in great upset with the whole world.

coughing blood,
 Shiki stains the river
 and the Milky Way

Bill Pauly

Yogis say that thoughts vibrate eternally. Perhaps that explains the amazingly confident utterance of Christ: "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away." Shiki, who suffered from tuberculosis, wrote many intense haiku about the ravages of the disease. He put his heart into those poems, and they are still read today in the original Japanese and who knows how many languages in translation. Maybe he poured so much energy into those poems, they affect not only the earth, but even the furthest reaches of the galaxy.

Among these mountains,
 I've lost my longing to live
 in an ancient time.

James Hackett

This modern mechanistic age isn't very appealing to the poetic spirit and true lover of nature. So the longing to live in an ancient time, with its aura of mystery and enchantment, is practically irresistible.

Perhaps the poet has imagined a life in T'ang dynasty China or Tokugawa Japan, and thinks how his temperament would be much more attuned to those cultures. But now, in the undefiled beauty of the mountains, he relishes the present moment, the immediate time in which he lives.

10

gray globe of seeds
to all the winds that scatter you
I add my breath

John Thompson

Contemplating one of those dandelion puffs that seem just perfect, the poet addresses it, and in so doing seems to be invoking the very spirit of nature. Then, with a hearty breath, he scatters the seeds to the innumerable winds.

The poem has a delicacy of thought and imagination that is totally original, and the natural mysticism that pervades it is worthy of Wordsworth or even Lao Tzu.

Introduction. Buson's haiku: English adaptations by Tom Tico.

1. In her old shoulders *Modern Haiku* XVII:3 (1986)
2. autumn leaves *frogpond* XV:2 (1992)
3. On a friend's sofa *frogpond* XV:1 (1992)
4. piano bar *Modern Haiku* XXVI:1 (1995)
5. wind-brushed branches *frogpond* XIV:1 (1991)
6. inside the darkness *Modern Haiku* XXV:2 (1994)
7. She won't speak to me *frogpond* IX:4 (1986)
8. coughing blood *frogpond* X:1 (1987)
9. Among these mountains "The Zen Haiku and other Zen Poems of J.W. Hackett."
Tokyo: Japan Publications (1983)
10. gray globe of seeds "Cricket Song." John Thompson. Santa Rosa, CA (1993)

**WINNERS,
1996 NICHOLAS A. VIRGILIO MEMORIAL
HAIKU COMPETITION FOR HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS**

Lee Gurga and Paul Mena, judges

Margaret Miller Age 17; grade 12 Hopewell Valley Central High School Pennington, NJ	first snow the whole pomegranate one seed at a time
Bryan Roberts Age 16; grade 10 Waialua High School Waialua, HI	silence I wait for the starter's pistol
Adam Dodds Age 18; grade 12 Wahlert High School Dubuque, IA	rain finding the hole in my shoe
Scott Splinter Age 17; grade 12 Wahlert High School Dubuque, IA	first date her dog likes me
Brian Mulligan Age 18; grade 12 Wahlert High School Dubuque, IA	dark street a lit cigarette moves closer
Krista Dodds Age 16; grade 11 Wahlert High School Dubuque, IA	Halloween my feelings behind a mask

HSA RENKU COMPETITION 1996

Grand Prize: \$150

Another Painting

Nijūin Renku by Ion Codrescu and John Stevenson

first snow— they put another painting in the living room	Ion
common weeds encased in ice	John
lifting the stone its pattern on the ground	Ion
her hair in curlers reading a novel	John
harvest moon counting each cloud	John
waiting for a lover the Milky Way	Ion
geese just two of them this time	John
Beethoven quartet softly heard	Ion
at the bottom of the bottle dark sediments	John
through the window smell of plum brandy	Ion

chipmunks racing around garbage cans	John
for a while the moon in the swimming pool	Ion
long story the pasta gets overcooked	John
the MOMA Marilyn cards out of shelf	Ion
salmon a bear's mouthful of eggs	John
fixing the walls of the cabin	Ion
over the roof the smoke goes straight up	Ion
melt off meanders through a parking lot	John
in the distance blossoming orchard and then the village	Ion
a warm breeze turns the weather vane	John

Second Place: **Paper Shamrocks**, nijūin renku by Shokan Kondo, Charles Trumbull, Arthur Goodrich, Joseph Kirschner, Lee Gurga, Lidia Rozmus, John O'Connor, Sara Brant, Mary Jo Cally, Kris Kondo, and Ellen G. Olinger.

Honorable Mention: **First Footprints**, kasen renku by Jim Mullins and Susan Stanford.

Judges' Comments

The judges are pleased to report a substantial increase this year in the number of entries received: eight in the 36-stanza *kasen* category as well as four 20-stanza *nijūin*.

We are also delighted to announce a Grand Prize winner, “Another Painting,” by Ion Codrescu and John Stevenson. The poem exhibits the qualities of diversity and unity, subtlety and clarity, balanced with an assurance that is by no means easy to achieve. Avoiding any semblance of narrative, it yet carries the reader along without mere randomness—as if, from a boat conveyed by the current, were given views and glimpses of scenes along a shore. We really want to know what is around the next bend. The closing section of the poem deserves special mention. In the last five stanzas we move easily from a wilderness link to a directional one, then a scenic connection, to end with a particularly lovely *ageku*. It is an image that more than fulfills the requirements: in the season of spring, and on a positive and forward-looking note. Some readers may feel that the linking is occasionally too subtle, to the point of invisibility. We do not find it so. Between stanzas #8 and #9, for example, there is an underlying connection by mood: a suggestion that the music too has “dark sediments.” Between #11 and #12, on the other hand, the link is more straightforward, being the contrast between movement and tranquility (the authors may have had something else in mind—this does not matter).

All this is not to say that the poem is without flaws, which could hardly be. In stanzas #5 to #7 there are three “things-in-the-sky” in succession, keeping the reader looking upward far too long. And in stanza #14, only a New Yorker or someone familiar with the art world could know that MOMA is the Museum of Modern Art. Thus a majority of readers will be stopped or snagged by this—which in our opinion weakens the overall effect. These quibbles notwithstanding, “Another Painting” gave much pleasure to the judges, and will surely do the same for many other readers.

Second place (with honor but no prize) goes to “Paper Shamrocks,” a *nijūin renku*. The fact that eleven poets were involved makes its even quality and delicate resonance all the more impressive. By way of a sample (which we hope will not prevent an editor from publishing the entire poem), here are the first four stanzas:

fine rain
paper shamrocks
in the window

Shokan Kondo

feeling for green buds
on the willow

Charles Trumbull

baseball—
players overweight
spring training

Arthur Goodrich

viola sings
stroked by a new bow

Joseph Kirschner

A well-deserved Honorable Mention goes to the kasen entry, “First Footprints,” by Jim Mullins and Susan Stanford. Another pleasing entry, “Steam from Morning Tea,” by Jeff Witkin and Jim Kacian, disqualified itself by having 38 stanzas, two more than required. We hope the authors will make the necessary adjustments, and look forward to seeing both these poems in print.

That the two top places were taken by nijūin entries should not discourage aficionados of the kasen form. True, it is in general more difficult to avoid lapses in a longer poem. But skillful linking remains the essence of all renku writing, and it is likely that if the authors of “Another Painting” had chosen the longer form, they would still have come out ahead.

We will conclude with a summary of the pitfalls into which many entrants fell—or blithely marched. First, a classic example of that old bogey of renku writing: regression. If you have “the red sea” in stanza #18, then the last thing you want is “son of man” appearing in #20. Instead of moving forward, suddenly the poem jumps backward. Next, the problem of repetition is amply illustrated by the entry which featured a veritable menagerie: a total of 18 creatures, including three dogs, a coyote, and a fox. And an interesting error was perpetrated by three of this year’s twelve entries: all had an image in the ageku (final stanza) that deliberately or inadvertently echoed the hokku. This kind of closure-by-coming-full-circle is a Western literary device, and has no place in renku, which by definition moves ever onward. Finally, we found heavy-handed or overobvious linking to be a very common weakness. In our opinion, the essentials of good linking are encapsulated very neatly and usefully in the term rendered into English by Tadashi Kondo as “link and shift.” Each succeeding stanza should not only make a connection, but should move the poem significantly forward. A too literal connection (such as “apple” with “orchard,” “chords” with “piano music,” “veil” with “purdah,” “wine” with “tipsy” . . .) ignores the importance of shift, and tends to create a narrative effect. Ideally, close links such as these would be interspersed with more distant or subtler ones.

The four poems singled out above succeed to a very large extent in demonstrating the principles of “link and shift,” so central to the art of renku. We hope to detect the positive influence of such examples in coming years.

Dee Evetts and Jean Jorgensen, judges

A HOMAGE TO ALLEN GINSBERG AND HIS HAIKU

Patricia Donegan

Based upon a lecture given at the Second HIA/HSA Haiku Conference,
April 20, 1997

“Buddha died and/left behind a/big emptiness” said Allen Ginsberg in one of his ‘reflective haiku.’ And so, too, we can say, “Allen Ginsberg died/left behind a/big emptiness.”

On April 5th of this year, 1997, American poet Allen Ginsberg died at the age of seventy. Because he was such a famous poet and I was fortunate to know him closely for some years, I wanted to share his haiku with Japanese haiku poets as well as Americans who may not be aware that he wrote haiku, and to share how haiku was historically perceived and used by a major American poet. Japanese poet Kazuo Sato has documented this in his history of American haiku, and American poet William Higginson and others have documented it as well. And so, I too felt the call to document this today—I was blessed to have known Allen Ginsberg as both my poetry mentor and a colleague as faculty in the same Poetics Department at Naropa Institute over a ten-year period (1976-1985), where I taught haiku/east-west poetry and he taught Western poetics yet often referred to haiku.

Most people know Allen Ginsberg as a beat poet, a political poet, a gay poet, a Buddhist poet, but they may not know he was also a serious haiku poet. And although Allen visited Japan several times—one time in the early '60's to visit Gary Snyder and another time in the late '80's to give poetry readings with modern Japanese poets—he is not that well-known in the Japanese haiku world. He was originally exposed to haiku in the early 1950's by fellow beat poets Snyder and Jack Kerouac, who had read books on Zen and R.H. Blyth's books on haiku—an early haiku of Allen's goes, “looking over my shoulder/my behind was covered/with cherry blossoms”. The beats were the second wave, yet the first American poets to truly begin to understand haiku, after the first wave of Imagists introduced haiku to the American literary scene decades earlier. Allen's haiku from early on attest that haiku has been embedded in American culture for the last fifty years. And although all the beat poets experimented with and wrote haiku, Allen was the only one who continued his whole life to use this form seriously, merging it with his meditation practice and strong poetics of presenting the clear image of the moment. During the last twenty

years of his life, he used poetry and haiku more and more as an 'awareness practice,' under the guidance of Tibetan master Chogyam Trungpa Rinpoche. In an interview last year in *Nikkei Shimbun* (January 28, 1996 issue) Ginsberg said that he was teaching more classes on 'how to write haiku,' for he believed that poetry could be a meditation, a way to purify the self, and live more compassionately.

Allen was interested in the 'haiku moment,' first experienced in an early satori-like vision (inspired by the poet William Blake), which pervaded all his later poetry, whether long or short—and so he howled these moments in his long Whitman-breathed poem *Howl*, and in his short haiku as well. He was known for his long ecstatic lines, but he liked the short quiet *ahs!* of haiku as well, as in his "snow mountain fields/seen through transparent wings/of a fly on the windowpane".

Allen was interested in the bare perception of the thing itself expressed by Pound and later by Ginsberg's mentor Williams in his 'no ideas but in things.' As in his haiku echoing Williams' 'red wheelbarrow' poem: "a red sweater/crumpled on lawn grass/under bright streetlights". Whether his poems were several pages long or a three-line haiku, he was true to the image; in Bashō's or Shiki's terms, 'a sketch from Nature.'

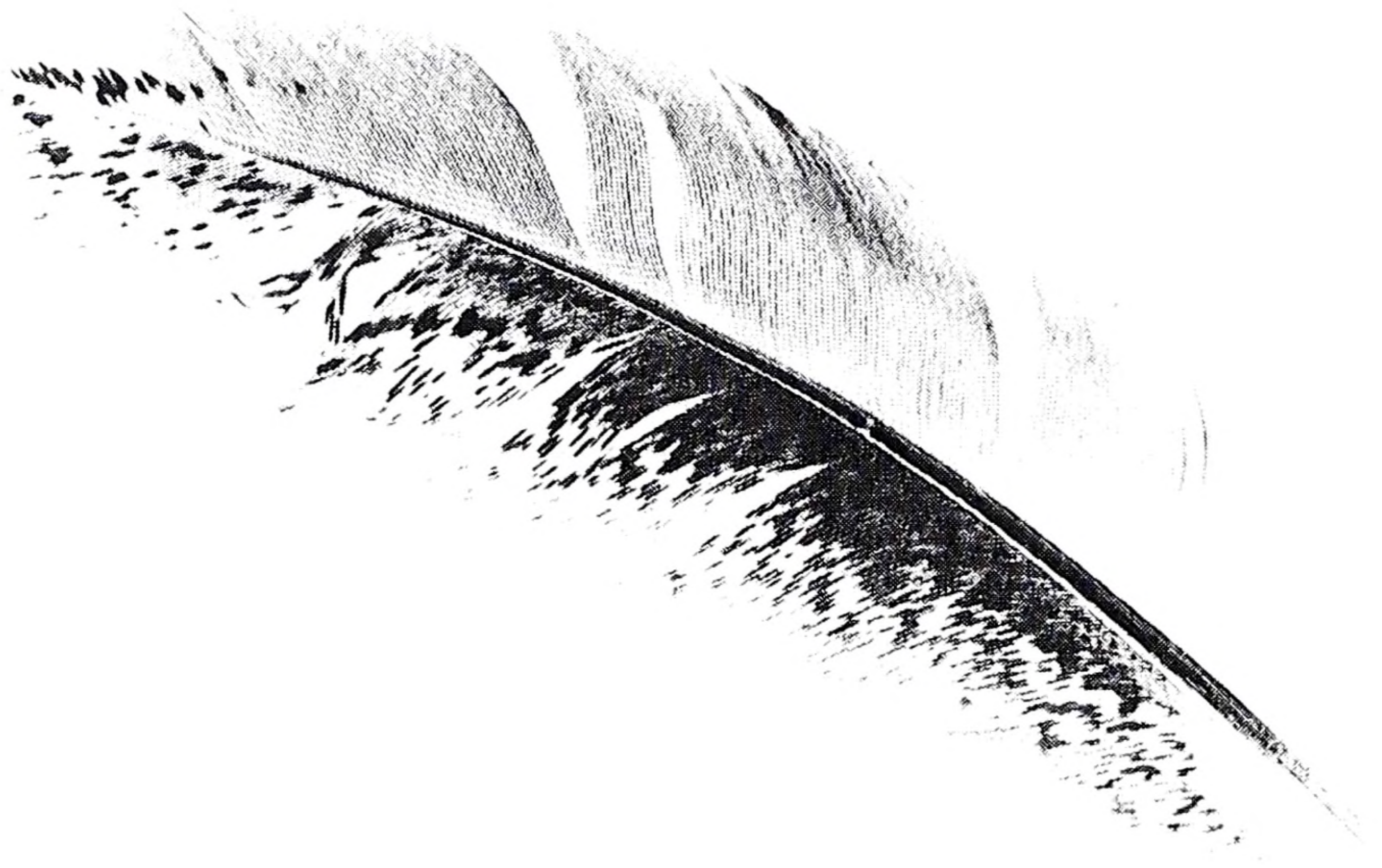
Allen was interested in presenting his raw, honest feelings and thoughts, whether they were about sexual longing, old age, or protesting the bomb, following the practice of his slogan, 'first thought, best thought' and shown in these haiku: "fly on my nose,/I'm not the Buddha,/there's no enlightenment here" and "a thin red-faced pimpled boy/stands alone minutes/looking down into the ice-cream bin".

Besides giving poetry readings, Allen was interested in composing on the spot (as traditional Japanese poets did) which was a social as well as a meditative activity. Sometimes even for special occasions at Naropa Institute, we were called upon to compose haiku/haiku-like poems on the spot in front of large audiences. Whether composing with his mouth or pen, he was a devoted and passionate poet, always scribbling in his black notebook, looking out of his dark eyes—one kind eye drooping from a minor stroke, the other piercing to the bone of whomever or whatever was seen. Even the day before he died he was recording his own 'death poems' . . . yet the transitory nature of life wafted through all his poetry, as epitomized in this haiku: "mountain wind/slow as breath,/mist drifts over pines".

Most of the haiku quoted here were taken from a small collection of Allen's called *Mostly Sitting Haiku*, published by Higginson (From

Here Press, 1978), and some from a later book of *Collected Poems: 1947-1980* (Harper & Row, 1984); his haiku seem to range widely—from mere descriptions, through short imagist poems and Buddhist reflections, to pure traditional haiku.

In conclusion, he may be the only major Western poet who used haiku as a vehicle for his life and writing, as a way to keep attentive to the moment, whether it be in a long or short poem. He fully connected to the moment in his daily life whether responding to the news of the CIA in South America or the trees of heaven swaying outside his kitchen window—and illuminated these moments in his howling words His howls continue, even now rising from the dust, going beyond, as aptly expressed in his own haiku: “sunlight mixed with dust/rises behind a truck/on the road”. And so the road of his haiku lineage continues even in the emptiness left behind, for it is full of possibilities, as seen in the further internationalization of haiku in this Japan-U.S. Haiku Conference this weekend. May his dust and our dust continue to rise in the sunlight.



REMEMBERING ALLEN

Memoir by William J. Higginson

I knew Allen Ginsberg first from the poems in *Howl* and from the letter-excerpts in William Carlos Williams's *Paterson*. I came close to meeting him in the late 1960s when I lived in New Haven, attending Southern Connecticut State College on the GI Bill. I was president of a campus organization that protested the Vietnam War and encouraged interaction between the mostly white student body and the people of the town's black ghetto between our campus and Yale's. One of my fellow officers planned to go to a reading by the famous Allen Ginsburg, being held at Yale. She later reported to me her fury at finding a \$10 price-tag on tickets to the reading, which had not been mentioned on the posters advertising the event (in those days my family of three was eating on about \$40 a week). She was so angry she waited outside the hall and when Ginsberg approached with his friends she went up to him and demanded to know if this was his intention, that only rich cats could come to hear him, and she unable to pay, being a self-supporting older student putting herself through collage. Allen invited her to join his group of friends, and she listened to the reading from a chair on the stage among them.

I did not meet Allen until the early 1970's, when I was living in Paterson, New Jersey, his home town. Alan Pizzarelli, whom I had met through the Haiku Society of America, introduced me to Ginsberg at a reading he and his father Louis did in a nearby town. In turn Allen introduced me to Leo Fichtelberg, director of the Paterson Library, where special events encouraged poets in the region. Through connections made there I joined Poets-in-the-Schools, which became my major livelihood for a decade. Thus Allen helped me enter the poetry scene in my home state, as I'm sure he did for many throughout his career.

Allen took note of my attendance at his readings, and of *Haiku Magazine*, which Eric Amann had passed to me a few years before. I helped start an annual poetry festival at the Passaic Falls in his honor, and emceed some of the events for it. One time when we met in Paterson he asked if he could send me a few haiku for the magazine. I said I'd consider them, the same as anyone else's, publish some if I liked them. He said okay, and I thought he'd forgotten about it. But no, a few months later came a bunch of manuscripts. In the meantime

I was preparing to shut down the magazine, and had started From Here Press, publishing thin chapbooks of poems, some haiku and some not, by people I respected. I asked if he'd like me to do a chapbook; *Mostly Sitting Haiku* resulted in 1978. I found him the easiest author I'd ever worked with. He accepted my suggestions, even one that resulted in substantial reorganization of a sequence. And he was grateful for any attention to details of design and the like.

Allen received half the press run as a royalty, and two New York City rare book dealers bought out most of the rest of the edition of 500 copies. That was in 1978, and my life was changing rapidly, so I was not able to get out a second printing to capitalize on the momentum—something I've always regretted. The book, originally aimed at the haiku community, hardly reached any of its members.

In later years, whenever Allen and I met—usually at an event where he was performing—he'd draw me aside and whisper in my ear something like, "Here's a haiku I wrote a few days ago; what do you think of this?" and he'd recite a one-breath poem, usually a good one.

Allen always responded clearly and cleanly to the situation he was in. When he gave you his attention you had it all. When he attacked the CIA they had it all. His smiles, his frowns, always genuine. He knew his life was an act, and he acted it to the full, sincerely serious and sincerely playful at the same time. I have not known anyone else who was so deeply himself at every moment.

Allen sick?
No, gone. But still
apricots bloom.

Museum of Haiku Literature
\$50 for best haiku appearing in the previous issue

ill again
a dry leaf
across porch boards

Hayat Abuza

Seeking the Wren

shared tanka-sequence by
David Rice
Pat Shelley

garden bean seeds
I swear they grew three inches
overnight
all my children have grown up
and still I feel thirty three

no poems this morning
only the crisping sound
of frost-bitten leaves
I wonder—does time pass
do the years go?

your tanka to the wind
asking it not to muss your hair
always moves me—
I've asked the rain to stop
and gotten thunder back

I've become
so much a part of the garden
wild finches
fly down to me—bees
dip into my hair

your seeds and flowers
must be abundant and rich
your tap root deep
I hope someday to settle
where a wren can learn my name

dreams
of the young woman
never fulfilled
if I still pursue
I do it for her

May 3, 1996 - June 16, 1996

BOOK REVIEWS

noddy. Robert Spiess. Modern Haiku Press, POB 1752, Madison, WI 53701; 1997. viii + 64 pp, 5½×8½ in. paper, perfect-bound.\$9.00 ppd.

The title tells you that you are in for something different. Whatever is a “noddy?” According to the preface, it is “an eccentric, even a sort of booby; (one) wonders if he is not fulfilling his life by according with the two sides of his nature: that of the student of both the manifest and the transcendent, and the humorist.” In other words, a noddy is a person who is seen differently by different people. To some, an eccentric, a fool. To others, a student of life and spirit, one who sees things as they truly are, that is, as a divine joke. In addition, one finds hints as to the meanings of two other unfamiliar words that appear in the poems: “digs” (a very basic dwelling), and “tumbly” (undefined, but related to “tumbledown”).

The preface also tells us that the collection contains 64 poems, one to a page, mostly haiku and senryu, some with “untraditional architecture for these genres.” Matched on each page with its poem is one of the 64 hexagrams from the *I Ching*. The associations seem surprisingly apt, and their juxtaposition with the poems provides another level of relationship for the reader to ponder.

The first poem is in many ways representative of the collection:

gently odd
a noddy
in tumbly digs
trying words
mumble mumble

First of all, it contains all three of the unusual words explained in the introduction. Second, it contains 17 syllables, but arranged in the five line form familiar to those who have read Spiess’s “The Cottage of Wild Plum.” The poem is humorous in a playful, self-deprecating way, coaxing us to join in the fun.

Some of the poems are classic haiku, producing the resonance of skillfully juxtaposed images:

field
of stunted hay
sharp
grasshopper feet
crawl
my sweaty back

There are poems in 3, 4, and 5 lines (one is even in 12 lines, but on reading it becomes apparent that it is really a short haibun that ends with a 4-line poem), as well as haiku in the vertical one-word-to-a-line pattern. For those into minimalist haiku, this collection will perhaps be somewhat unsatisfying, as most of the poems are 15-17 syllables. In fact, a surprising number of the poems are in the three-line, 17-syllable rhymed form that was championed by Kenneth Yasuda in his "The Japanese Haiku" 40 years ago. but rarely seen since. Is there any particular significance to this fact? Is this just old-fashioned? Or is it a sign of poetic maturity?

Spiess sometimes uses rhyme to give an epigrammatic quality to a poem:

the moments when
we need to wait—
the moments then
to meditate

(One would somehow not be surprised to come across this poem on a dusty sampler in grandma's attic). In other cases, rhyme is used (as in Spiess's earlier "Bold Silverfish and Tall River Junction") to give extra punch to the punch line:

this lens should tell
enlarging thrice
damn it the hell
they're pubic lice!

Many of the poems were written with the close attention to sound, particularly vowel sounds, that is characteristic of Spiess's work:

a willow
beside the marsh
the fragrance
of its catkins
fills the skiff

Assonance and consonance (perhaps because more subtle) seem more effective than alliteration, which can be overpowering in a short poem:

marshside's tumbly digs—
at midnight moonlit mallards
still softly jabber

As in any self-edited collection, there are poems that are less effective. For example,

noddy's friend
the one who still
owes a loan
is back again
hat in hand

is just a sentence sans punctuation, without the rhythm or sound quality that makes other poems in the collection so effective.

Where do these poems fit into American haiku literature? As a framework for discussion, it might be productive to think of them in relation to Shiki's esthetic, as explained by Makoto Ueda in his "Modern Japanese Poets." According to Ueda, Shiki proposed three different theories of writing haiku, depending on the maturity and experience of the poet: these are *shasei* ("sketches from life"), selective realism, and *makoto* ("truthfulness").

Of the three, *shasei* is the most famous. In advocating *shasei*, he emphasized the basics of realistic presentation: close and correct observation. A poet should, he felt, discipline himself to observe, not obtruding his thoughts or feelings and subordinating fanciful impulses to the simplest, most direct, and most common impressions of the things around him; he should express his observations in equally direct and simple language (p. 10).

Yet intrinsically the principle of writing from direct observation was too simplistic, a tool for beginning students only. For more advanced writers, Shiki refined his theory by introducing the principle of selection, the selection being made by the poet on the basis of his individual aesthetic sensibility. Each poet has his own taste, a personal predilection for a certain type of beauty. A poem composed through this process will be more than a sketch from nature; it will be an externalization of the poet's sensibility, an expression of his aesthetic feeling (p. 13).

Shiki seems to have thought that a student who had mastered the art of selective realism could increase the amount of subjectivity in his poetry if he saw fit. He seems to have believed that an artist—master artist—does not merely imitate nature, but corrects her imperfections. Once he has established a basic truthfulness to things, an artist should also be truthful to his own wishes and ideals (pp. 13-14).

Makoto, then, is *shasei* directed toward internal reality. It is based on the same principle of direct observation, except that the object to be observed is the poet's own self. The poet is to experience his inner life as simply and sincerely as he is to observe nature, and he is to de-

scribe the experience in words as simple and direct as the ancient poets—so simple and direct that they seem ordinary (p. 17).

Clearly, Spiess is one of the few American haiku poets who have entered Shiki's third stage of development.

So, hurrah for haiku and senryu with humor. Not the humor directed at the shortcomings and hypocrisy of others, but humor exploring and sharing our own flawed humanity. Haiku and senryu of life genuinely lived. Wit that is self-effacing in the way one would expect of someone who has come to a true realization of his place in the cosmos.

Take a look at "noddy." Explore the craft. Note for yourself its strengths and weaknesses. Then read it again in a year. Then in another year. Note the presence of *karumi*, the lightness that was the defining characteristic of Bashō's mature style. Eventually, you may find the measure of your own maturity in it.

Mumble, mumble, indeed!

Reviewed by Lee Gurga

between God & the pine. vincent tripi. Conté crayon drawings by Marlina Rinzen. Hand-cast, printed, and bound at Swamp Press, 1997. 85 pp, 5½×8½ in., paper, hand-tied, printed dust-jacket. Numbered limited edition. \$15.00 ppd from author, 478 A Second Ave., San Francisco, CA 94118.

vincent tripi has chosen a title for this book of haiku which seems to be a haiku ready to happen. It seems a koan waiting for its mysterious answer:

between God
& the pine—
* * *

What word, or words, would you put here to finish it?

In the very first pages of this book, tripi includes a note from his journal: "If someone should prove to me that God exists outside of the pine . . . then i would choose to be the wind between them."

I have read the 157 poems over and over. Still, I feel there must be one haiku there that completes this poem with a word other than "wind." This feeling of searching is not new for those readers familiar with vincent tripi's haiku.

How often have you read one of the poems over his name in a magazine and though you understood the words, felt your mind had not reached the final depth of his meaning? Did you, as I do, carry the ku around in your mind, written in wrinkles on your forehead, until days later, while doing something unrelated, his haiku flashed out with its deeper meaning?

Its shadow . . .
the trellis that always held
blackberries

Here, in the present, vince makes a very subtle movement between the past and future. Berries which have been, berries which will be. Shadows of blackberries—coming and going.

This is authentic tripi. He takes a haiku ‘rule’ like “haiku are written only in the now-moment,” thumbs his nose at it, bends it over until it is just ready to break, and then, into the crack, he inserts the precious sliver of insight.

And he always has an insight in his haiku. There is a way of writing haiku in which one finds an admirable haiku—perhaps a contest winner—and rewrites it using one’s own images. It is a valid training technique that has the unfortunate result of turning out cookie-cutter haiku, meaningless in a near-perfect format.

From the beginning, even in his first book of haiku—*Haiku Pond*, ten years and ten books ago—tripi refused the molds of the typical haiku. As poet he instinctively turned his back on the accepted methods and the many rules of haiku writing.

Instead he went to his heart—his center—to begin writing his way out to the printed page. Instead of waiting for the perfect haiku moment, he wrestled his poems from every moment. And each moment, in his grasp and under his pen, yielded up not one poem but many poems. And each of those poems splintered into many versions. And each version was polished with erasures and crossing-out marks of the pen until the final result shines with his very own inner light.

A New Year—
the snowman made with fallen
& the falling snow

Think about it. Who else but vince would be so sensitive as to notice that the snowman is made of fallen snow—fallen snow; what kind of echoes does that bring to your mind? And the idea that the falling snow continues to make the snowman. Isn’t that what we are?

We are made of the fallen material in this world and that which continues to come to us builds us also.

Whorl by whorl
the horsetail fills with light
sound of a skipping stone

There. A perfect haiku. Again as poet, vince saw the relationship between the dark ragged whorls of horsetail—that ancient reed-like plant that grows by ponds—and the whorls made in the water by the skipped stone. By referring to the horsetail filling with light, the juxtaposition opens the mind to the idea that maybe the whorls of the skipped stone have entered the plant—are incorporated into the plant's design, that the plant is designing itself from this very moment by the sound of the skipped stone—the architectural tone that formed each cell of living matter.

Herein is what I feel is vincent tripi's greatest contribution to haiku literature—his spirituality. This has almost nothing to do with Zen or the Catholicism of his family. All religions strive for the spiritual life, so if the poet can leap over the millstones of religion—organization and community—to fly directly to the elemental center of any thing and any one and write back out from that heart to the page and word where the readers are, he or she will arrive covered with the pollen of God-being.

We know of tripi's hours of meditation, of his daily practice of writing down life and striving to bring an authenticity of feeling, knowing, and writing which spreads outward so it touches each reader of his poems. We are lifted up by his work. His example exhorts us to delve more deeply into ourselves.—to make us fit to find and appreciate the glow of life in every little thing.

First turtle—
all the rocks in the pond
come alive

The “Hallelujah Chorus” of haiku. These journeys are not made easily. They are the result of the shaping of his own soul. His breathing in and out have opened his channels so the star-like spirit has illuminated him from within. And his poems reflect this. For the reader who carries even one of them, like a koan held before the mind, another level of spirituality may open out.

Marlina Rinzen played a beautiful role of matching his spirit with her drawings. Not an easy job, yet she complements tripi perfectly.

Together, with Swamp Press, they have brought haiku literature a new standard.

By his choices, of images, of words, of publishers, of fonts, of papers, of methods, of desires tripi has made a path so we readers can follow his journeys into the very being of dragonflies, bobcats, sunflowers, starfish, and ravens.

In the same way
i listen to snow
& the snowman

Haiku, when it was broken off from the tanka, in the 16th century in Japan, was stripped of the spiritual associations (yes, I consider the love tanka as spiritual!) by being cool, observant, detached. We revere Bashō because he stemmed this tide, he turned his hokku around, pointed them back to their tanka roots of passion. When he died, his vision died with him. And the emerging form that became haiku no longer had the depth of feeling he had given it except when it was revived by Buson and Issa.

Until now. vincent, with the muscle of his own spiritual growth, has brought haiku back to the path of the inner life.

Hereafter . . .
pine cones falling
where I knelt to pray

You see he has reached a pinnacle where this man we know as vincent tripi stands, and he writes down the messages he intercepts in his position. In doing this, he has become more pine-like—as directed by the admonishment “go to the pine” accredited to Bashō. His poems now come, even more clearly, from that space between the pine and the God-life grandeur that is the pine, in the pine, and beyond the pine.

One can feel humble before this book as before a great wind. So often vince is gentle and quiet, hiding himself in his days. But when I see these ten books on which he has carved himself, I am enriched and raised up by his mark.

So what is the third line to “between God / & the pine” that reverberates in my mind? The answer is printed on the glossy book cover:

between God
& the pine—
vincent tripi

THE HAIKU HABIT. Jeanne Emrich. Lone Egret Press, 9349 Palmer Rd., Bloomington, MN 55437; 1996. 48 unnumb. pp, 5½×4¾ in. paper, hand-sewn, gift-boxed. \$13.00 US/Canada; \$15.00 elsewhere.

Small gifts often hold lovely surprises. When I unwrapped Jeanne Emrich's "The Haiku Habit," my eyes popped. In the shape and design of an envelope that opens across the width, the book's buff-colored cover is a handmade paper called "Philippine Lupa with Abaca Strings"—its texture reminding me of thick, quality papier mâché. The bold script title appears against a deeper buff background on an attractive hand-sewn paper "plaque." As a bonus, the book comes in a plain brown paper gift box adorned with a matching title plaque. All this was enough to make me purr, but more was to come: exquisite full-color artwork by sumi-e master Susan Frame appearing on fine ivory inside pages absolutely stole away my breath. Altogether, a unique, eye-catching package.

Jeanne Emrich created this book as a teaching tool for novice haiku poets. In her Introduction that provides a brief, informative description of the haiku form, she gets off to a good start by including two haiku examples—one of her own and one of Bashō's (Hurrah! This author resisted quoting Bashō's famous 'frog' haiku!).

The remainder of the book focuses on "How To Get Into The Haiku Habit." Here, the beginner learns helpful exercises "to get (into) the haiku frame of mind," how to draw from one's senses for inspiration, the importance of brevity and using "simple language," ideas on how to emphasize a "break." Other points discussed: how to add depth to haiku, the use of "natural symbols," how to achieve resonance through juxtaposition, "sabi," humor and the human element, among other things. The author even finds room in this under-sized book to supply a list of season words. Best of all, guidance here is accurate, easy to understand, and interesting.

Along this how-to path, Jeanne offers her own haiku as examples, all of which are three-liners. As "experimentations with the form" are mentioned in this book, it's unfortunate that a few examples aren't included here. That aside, however, most of Jeanne's 32 haiku are fresh, vivid, and beautifully crafted. The following are among my favorites:

spring storm—
in the cornfields
puddles of sky

morning reflections—
suddenly a fish leaps
into the trees

first snow . . .
lined up against the window
red peppers

winter stillness . . .
the last leaf on the bush
curling into itself

Reviewed by Elizabeth St Jacques

Turning My Chair. Pat Shelley. Press Here, POB 4014, Foster City, CA 94404; 1997. 64 pp, 7×10 in. paper, perfectbound. \$16 ppd (add \$1.75 outside North America).

Too often one is wont to find in a review of haiku/tanka books words of wildly exuberant praise or morbid disenchantment, even though postmodernism has long established that all knowledge is subjective. I introduce this review on a postmodern note because I consider Pat Shelley to be postmodern, though I am more certain that she would have resisted such a label. What I mean is that she recontextualized Japanese tanka of the past, particularly the work of the modern romantic poets, Akiko and Takuboku. Pat often referred to herself as “Takubokian.”

A simple explanation is all the room I am allotted here, but Takuboku remained within the traditional context of romantic/expressive aesthetics in tanka that was established in the *Kojiki* (the oldest Japanese book, dating back to 712), and initially elaborated upon in Tsurayuki’s preface to the *Kokin Waka Shu*: “Japanese poetry has the hearts of men for its seeds, which grow into numerous leaves of words. People, as they experience various events in their lives, speak out their hearts in terms of what they see and hear.” Yet Takuboku changed the context of its aesthetics to suit the vicissitudes of his personality.

Pat Shelley, in turn, recontextualized through a form of Menardism what Takuboku did by borrowing his diary-like process of composition and extricating it from the nihilistic, despairing subject-matter of his poetry.

In one of our many discussions, Pat emphasized that Takuboku’s influence is exerted primarily through his theory. She was, in fact, put off by Takuboku’s negativity and extreme self-involvement; her reaction to *The Romaji Diary* was “Why don’t you get out of bed and do something about your problems instead of whining?” Pat succinctly summarized her theory, or non-theory of tanka, in her preface to *Turning My Chair*: “My tanka have no order in terms of linear time.

They are little parts of my life. They start where they start and drift along as if time were all of a piece, and I don't know what comes first—young days, old days, sorrow, joy, the present moment. What comes next may have already happened, and I haven't gotten there yet." This remark bears and uncanny resemblance to Takuboku's theory: "Poetry must not be the so-called poetry. It must be a detailed report of the changes that take place in a man's emotional life . . . Hence it must be fragmentary—it must not have unity . . . unlike a minister gathering material for his sermon or a streetwalker looking for a certain kind of man, a poet must never have a preconceived purpose."

There seems to have been a dialogue across time between the two poets, though as I mentioned the content or emotional aura of their poetry could not have been more different. To illustrate, here is a poem by Takuboku from *Sad Toys*: "somehow/tomorrow will/be better—/ yeah, sure . . ./I go to sleep." Takuboku's mind is turned upon itself in a sharply negative and critical way. Pat also reflected upon her own feelings, but in a drastically different context:

The year after your death
all the pelargoniums you loved
froze one winter night
ten winters later
I am not yet consoled

The idea of time is central to this poem, which is implicated in the memory of her husband, mortality, the short span of a man or woman's life which must have been overtly conscious to a poet like Pat who sensed the ephemeral nature of experience. This poem is jarring to me since it was first published in *Five Lines Down*, and I don't think I realized the many layers that lie within the aesthetic experience at the time. Pat shared a love of flowers with her husband—for Pat her garden was central to both her life and work—so the loss of the pelargoniums refers to the loss of her husband while at the same time symbolizing a part of her that died with her husband through the imagery of frozen flowers. Time is also evoked in the chronological order in which the events in the poem occur; the pelargoniums froze one year after her husband's death (within a seasonal context—Winter), but it is not until ten years later that she realizes that she had never attained a sense of consolation, which circles back to reverberations of what their relationship must have been like many years ago when the pelargoniums were an object of

mutual admiration as opposed to a symbol of death. I believe that this is what Pat means when she says that "What comes next may have already happened, and I haven't got there yet." That is, at the time when she enjoyed a mutual admiration for the flowers with her husband, she could never have imagined that she would be writing this poem in such a disturbing context sometime in the distant future.

Takuboku, of course, also evokes time, but in a divergent frame of reference. Time is treated only insofar as it refers to himself, and rather than creating waves that crest on some universal meaning, time becomes a concept of dread which is internalized—hence the lack or unnecessary of any imagery. The experience is imprisoned in Takuboku's conscience, but Pat, through a process of recontextualization, maintains Takuboku's underlying theory/aesthetic while creating a totally original kind of poem.

In what way does this process of recontextualization occur? After all, she shares no personality characteristics with her antecedent model. I believe that Pat employs the romantic/diary aesthetic while making alterations to suit her own inclinations. The two most conspicuous alterations are 1) a rejection of the closed gap between Takuboku the man and his work, and 2) a subtle resistance to the romantic aesthetic through which she develops a slight autonomy from the work she signs her name to and her actual self.

This is an aspect to romantic tanka that Akiko and Takuboku would not consider; it went against the grain of their beliefs. We have already referred to Takuboku, but for Akiko too, life and poetry were intertwined. Akiko said in *Talks on Tanka*: "Tanka served as the best expression of my love. It became an inseparable part of my life . . . I can honestly say that my life gained its fullest expression by means of tanka, and that my tanka suddenly made progress by means of love."

I am not suggesting that Pat's life was not intertwined with tanka. What I am saying is that her aesthetic process differed while always remaining in the romantic frame of context.

But it is important to examine what effects her two "alterations" to the romantic aesthetic yielded. Here is another poem from *Turning My Chair* which I believe would be illuminative upon such examination:

I would like to return
to the mountain meadow where
together we picked wildflowers
but how would I find my way
without you?

The poem focuses around Pat's personal experience and her emotional response to it, but she creates an autonomy from the poem, a delicate, elusive distancing from the poem-as-word. This distance allows the poem to give itself over to the reader and accords the poem universal applicability. The poem, of course, is a part of Pat—after all, she composed it—but it also assumes its own identity. Pat looked outwards to the world of relationship-with-people, and relationship-with-the-world; a relationship with external phenomena which makes it easier for us to identify with her experience because we all live and breathe in a world of people—strangers, friends, acquaintances, lovers—and we all inhabit the phenomenal world every day.

These are common structures, some of which are tangibly visible to everyone. But Pat does far more than merely distance herself from her work to give it over to the reader (almost like a gift—which is, perhaps, the only symbolic exchange left in the world).

Akiko and Takuboku took the romantic aesthetic and made it their own, as if it was some ideology they possessed. Pat was a romantic but unlike Akiko and Takuboku, she didn't see a binary opposition between herself-as-romantic against others-and-the-world.

In fact, the way she perceived the world was directly antithetical to this view. As a romantic she saw herself in alliance with others, in the sense that we are all romantics to some degree, otherwise we wouldn't fall in love and marry and have children. Her poetry expresses this view, and has the effect of drawing out the romantic aspects that exist in everyone, which is one of the reasons why her poetry is so powerful.

Even in a clanging, chaotic world, the romantic part of the self never dies, and a glimpse into Pat's tanka is like a glimpse into the heart of one's own romantic self while standing on a four-way intersection in downtown San Francisco on a Monday lunch hour.

This is a poem from *Turning My Chair* which I feel elucidates how her poetry works on this level:

Young girl in love
the soft of it
in her eyes
the sheen of it
in her hair

These are not things that we become aware of as a young girl passes us when the whirl of traffic comes to a stop on the curb of a crosswalk, but perhaps we do perceive it unconsciously. Becoming aware

of what we already know is far more surprising and jolting to us than becoming aware of something that is alien to us, especially when that knowledge seems to run contrary to the way our days in a technocratic culture are shaped.

I should like to conclude by focusing on the poem from which the title of the book is taken:

Sometimes
if I just turn my chair
around
the forms of things are not
as they were a moment ago

This poem has a specific meaning for me, because I watched her compose it in her library a few years ago. Pat, David Rice, and I were sitting in her library working on what was later published as the first “triple tanka string,” and Pat composed this poem as a possible link to the string.

The poem exemplifies how Pat wrote, thought, and lived. Her view was not one-dimensional as was the case with Akiko and Takuboku (for Takuboku internalized, for Akiko sensually narcissistic—and for both, nonperipheral). She was always open to people, the world, experience, and this poem can be seen as a converging point of the relationship with the poet and everything-that-exists-outside the poet’s self. It is a fragile, delicate relationship yet supportive, like a chair.

Pat did not intend this in an impressionistic way, as in Cézanne painting objects that are shifted by light and movement. She was concerned with shift but in an experiential way. The interplay between self and other, a shift in perspective but always in relation to something (a person, an experience, a thing, or all three), and the volatility of this shift and interplay. The fickleness of human nature, an awakening to epiphanies that crest and lull, impelling another epiphany that hypnotizes like the swaying multiplicity of waves. The contingencies of everything she writes about—love, nature, family, mourning. This poem suggests to me a reevaluation, about how one feels about oneself and others, and our tenuous connection with the world, neither regressive nor progressive, just simply a state of is-ness, through which the wilting of a “Golden Summer Lily” creates an absence, roses and chrysanthemums are transmuted into a lifestyle, impending womanhood is signified by stirring “white curtains,” the death of a friend is aligned with the death of a hero, where memories of wildflower-picking and letters from faraway countries still carry the resonant tingle

of recognition, where possession is not possession and love is made real by its "necessary flaw," where the moon is the source of answers, where sorrow is not anguish but even beauty, where romance neutralizes bad art.

Pat wrote,

Marsalis on music
on rhythm and harmony
he has things to tell us
we never dreamed of
—listen

I feel that the same is true of Pat Shelley as a poet.

Pat's death scooted my own chair a foot or two; her poems are like melodies that haunt my mind, for which I cannot find the record. She encapsulated all that is profound in our lives with simple language: the sharp beauty and pain, the subtle perception and wistfulness. If you scoot your chair around a bit, you might just see what she saw.

Reviewed by Kenneth Tanemura

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.

a matter of wings. anne mckay. wind chimes press, 1996. 64 pp, 5½×4¼ in. paper, saddle-stapled. \$4.50 from the author, Studio B, 1506 Victoria Dr., Vancouver, BC V5L 2Y9, Canada.

AQUARELLES. Edna Kovacs. Amelia, 329 "E" St., Bakersfield, CA 93304-2031. ii + 20 pp, 5½×4¼ in. paper, saddle-stapled. \$5.00 US, \$6.50 foreign, ppd.

blue smoke rising. Larry Kimmel. Winfred Press, 364 Wilson Hill Rd., Colrain, MA 01340; 1997. Haiku/senryu and tanka. 33 unnumb. pp, 4×5½ in. paper, saddle-stapled. \$3.50 ppd.

Capturing Spring. Richard Livsey. Funky Diction Publishing, 127 MacDougal St., Suite 965, New York, NY 10012. 8 unnumb. pp, 4×5¼ in, paper, saddle-stapled; pages of hemp paper. \$1.00 US, \$2.49 Canada.

driveway from childhood. Pamela Miller Ness. Small Poetry Press, 1997. iv + 28 pp, 5½×4¼ in. paper, saddle-stapled; Indian-paper flyleaves. \$5.00 ppd from author, 33 Riverside Dr. #4-G, New York NY 10023.

dwelling. John Martone. Irving Street Press, 3439 NE Sandy Blvd., #174, Portland, OR 97232; 1996. 24 pp, 4¼×5½ in. paper, saddle-sewn. \$5.00 ppd.

Freamăt și Cleștar (În preajma haiku-ului)/Froufrou et Cristal (À l'approche du haiku)/Rustling and Crystal (Close to the haiku). Eugenia Faraon. In Romanian, French (trans. Constantin Frosin), and English (trans. Virginia Cucu). Editura Haiku, București, 1996. 152 pp, 4×5½ in. paper, perfectbound. Lei 2000; enquire author, Str. General Teleman 26, Bl T1, et 2, ap 3, jud. Vaslui, Huși 6575, Moldavia.

Good Quiet. Ryokan. Trans. Cid Corman. tel-let, 1818 Philips Pl., Charleston, IL 61920-3245. 10 pp, 4¼×5½ in. paper, end-stapled. Free for 32¢ stamp.

Haiku World: An International Poetry Almanac. William J. Higginson. Kodansha International, 114 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10011; 1996. 407 pp, 5½×8½ in. paper (jacketed), perfectbound. \$19.00.

KiROI Rokku Kashu/Yellow Rock Singer/Poésie de Roc jaune. Rockan Harazaki (in Japanese, romaji, French, and English). Pub. Keizo Harazaki, Planning Station Sapporo, South 4, West 26-2-1-106 Chuou ku, Sapporo 064, Japan; 1996. 132 pp, 5¾×8¼ in. paper, perfectbound. ¥1,500.

No Sanctuary. Sharon E. Martin. Amelia, 329 "E" St., Bakersfield, CA 93304-2031. ii + 20 pp, 5½×4¼ in, paper, saddle-stapled. \$5.00 US, \$6.50 foreign, ppd.

o lentilă pe masă/a lens on the table. Constantin Abăluță. Haiku and tanka in Romanian and English (trans. Gabriela Abăluță). Editura Leda. Constanța, Romania; 1996. 64 pp, 5¼×8½ in. paper, perfectbound. Npg; enquire author, str. Arh. D, Hirjen 76, sect. 2, ap. 39, 73281 București, Romania.

Red Fuji. Selected Haiku of Yatsuka Ishihara. Ed. & trans. Tadashi Kondō and William J. Higginson. Intro. Kristen Deming. From Here

Press, POB 2740, Santa Fe, NM 87504. 86 pp, 5½×8½ in. paper, perfectbound. US\$12.00; Can\$16.00; ¥1500.

Silence: Collected Haiku. Bruce Ross. HMS Press, 1997. 60 unnumb. pp, 5½×8¼ in, paper, perfectbound. \$8 (\$10 foreign) ppd from author at POB 18930, Rochester NY 14618.

Spirit Dance. Charles Easter. Haibun and sequences. *black bough* books, 7 Park Ave., Flemington, NJ 08822; 1997. ii + 43 pp, 5½×8½ in. paper, saddle-stapled. \$7.00 ppd.

Spring Thunder. Ikuyo Yoshimura. Collected haiku, 1991-95 (in Japanese and English). Rainbow Press, Oonawaba 4, Gifu 500, Japan; 1996. iv + 84 pp, 5¾×8¼ in. paper, perfectbound. US\$10.00.

Still Waters. janice m. bostok. Earthdance, 50 Coral St., Cape Paterson 3995, Australia; 1997. 24 pp, 5¾×8¼ in. paper, saddle-stapled. Npg.

Surâsul călugărului/The Monk's Smile. Vasile Spinei. In Romanian and English (trans. Mihaela Codrescu). Illust. Ion Codrescu. Editura Leda, Constanța, Romania; 1966. 117 pp, 5½×8½ in. paper, perfectbound. Npg; enquire author, Puskin, str. 22, Casa Presei, et 4 "Viața Satului," MD 2012 Chișinău, Moldova Republic.

The Haiku Seasons: Poetry of the Natural World. William J. Higginson. Kodansha International, 114 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10011; 1996. 171 pp, 5½×8½ in. paper, perfectbound. \$16.00.

The Red Moon Anthology 1996. Jim Kacian, ed. Red Moon Press, Rt. 2, Box 3977, Berryville, VA 22611; 1997. Haiku, haibun, sequences, linked verse, essays. xii + 146 pp, 5½×8 in. paper, perfectbound. \$13.95.

U Srcu Tišine/In the Heart of Silence. Marijan Čekolj. Haiku and tanka in Croat and English. Hrvatsko Haiku Društvo, Smerovišće 24, 10430 Samobor, Croatia; 1997. Book 11 of series, "Croatian Haiku Poets." 105 pp, 5½×8 in, paper, perfectbound. Npg.

Winter Tea. Margaret Waller. Black Squirrel Press, Arlington Books, 21 Arlington Ave., Ottawa, ON K2P 1C1, Canada; 1996. viii + 11 pp, 5½×8½ in. paper, saddle-stapled. \$5.00 + \$2.00 p&h.

HAIKU SOCIETY OF AMERICA AWARDS AND CONTESTS, 1997

HAROLD G. HENDERSON AWARDS FOR BEST UNPUBLISHED HAIKU

These awards are made possible by Mrs. Harold G. Henderson in memory of Harold G. Henderson, who helped found the Haiku Society of America. \$100 toward these awards is donated annually by Mrs. Henderson.

1. DEADLINE: Postmark date **July 31, 1997**.
2. Entry fee \$1.00 per haiku; checks/money orders (**US funds only**) to Haiku Society of America, % Raffael DeGruttola, Treasurer.
3. Limit: Ten unpublished haiku, not submitted for publication or to any other contest.
4. Submit each haiku on three separate 3×5" cards, two with the haiku only (for anonymous judging), the 3rd with the haiku and the author's name and address in the upper left-hand corner. Please designate as Haiku.
5. Contest is open to the public. Members of 1997 HSA Executive Committee may not enter; however, Regional Coordinators may enter.
6. Submit entries to **Alice Benedict**, HSA Contests Coordinator, 2579 15th Ave., San Francisco, CA 94127.
7. PRIZES: First, \$150; Second, \$100; Third, \$50.
8. 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.
9. The name(s) of the judge(s) will be announced after the contest.
10. Sorry—entries cannot be returned.

GERALD BRADY MEMORIAL AWARDS FOR BEST UNPUBLISHED SENRYU

The Gerald Brady Memorial Awards are made possible by a starter fund of \$25 donated by Virginia Brady Young in memory of her brother Gerald Brady.

Rules 1-6 and 8-10 are identical to those for the Harold G. Henderson Contest, except that for "haiku" read "senryu" throughout. On 3×5" cards, please designate as Senryu. PRIZES: First, \$100; Second, \$75; Third, \$50.

THE ANNUAL MERIT BOOK AWARDS for excellence in published haiku, translations, and criticism

1. Deadline: Postmark date **May 31, 1997**.
2. Entry fee: NONE.
3. Eligibility: Book(s) must have been published in 1996. An author may submit more than one book.
4. Submit one copy of each book, noting it to be a Merit Award entry. Judges may consider books that have not been entered. Authors are urged to enter their books in order to be sure that they are considered. In order that no book of merit be overlooked, members should contact the President some time before the deadline about such books to ascertain whether they have been received.

5. Awards are open to the public. Books published by 1996 and 1997 HSA Officers will be considered.
6. Submit book(s) to **Lee Gurga**, 514 Pekin St., Lincoln, IL 62656.
7. PRIZES: First, \$75; Second, \$50, Third, \$25.
8. The list of awards will be announced in *frogpond*.
9. Books will remain the property of HSA and will be added to the permanent HSA Library Collection.
10. The name(s) of the judge(s) will be announced after the contest.

HSA RENKU COMPETITION
for linked verse of 36, 20, or 12 stanzas

1. Deadline: Postmark date **October 1, 1997**.
2. Entry fee: US\$15 per renku; **US funds only**: checks/money orders to Haiku Society of America, % Raffael DeGruttola, Treasurer.
3. Contest is open to the public. Entries must be in English. All 1997 HSA Officers, including members of the Executive Committee, may participate in renku submitted in this competition.
4. Length, authorship, limit of entries: For the purposes of this contest, a renku may consist of 36, 20, or 12 stanzas (*kasen*, *nijūin*, and *jūnichō* forms) written by two or more persons, each of whom contributes a substantial number of individually authored stanzas. Any particular author may appear in no more than three different renku entered. No entries will be accepted that include work by any of the judges. Entries must not have been previously published, nor contain any stanzas previously published, submitted for publication nor entered in any other contest.
5. One copy, with full authorship information stanza by stanza, must give the full name and address of all authors and indicate which is the coordinator (to whom any correspondence will be addressed). This copy must be signed by *all authors*. Three additional copies, without authors' names but marked with numbers or letters to show the sequence of authorship, must accompany the identified manuscript. Failure to follow this format will make it impossible to judge an entry.
6. Submit entries to **Alice Benedict**, HSA Contests Coordinator, 2579 15th Ave., San Francisco, CA 94127.
7. Grand Prize: up to \$150 and publication in *frogpond*. Amount of the Grand Prize and additional prizes may vary, depending on the quality and number of entries. If no renku is deemed by the judges to merit the award of Grand Prize, renku awarded lesser prizes may or may not be published in *frogpond*. All rights revert to authors upon publication.
8. Please send SASE for list of winning entries.
9. The name(s) of the judge(s) will be announced with the winners.
10. Sorry—entries cannot be returned.

NOTE: Prospective contestants may wish to review the "Report of the Renku Contest Committee" published in *frogpond* XIII:2 (May, 1990) for background on the contest and renku in general. For information on the two shorter forms please refer to the article "Shorter Renku" published in *frogpond* XVII:2 (Winter 1994). Copies of both articles may be obtained by sending an SASE to the contest coordinator (see item 6, above).

**THE NICHOLAS A. VIRGILIO MEMORIAL
HAIKU COMPETITION FOR STUDENTS**

(There is no entry fee for this competition)

Established by the Sacred Heart Church in Camden, New Jersey, and sponsored by the Nick Virgilio Haiku Association in memory of Nicholas A. Virgilio, a charter member of the Haiku Society of America who died in 1989.

WHO MAY ENTER:

Any student, grades 7 through 12, enrolled in school as of September, 1997, is eligible.

WHAT TO SUBMIT:

A maximum of 3 haiku per student. Each haiku must be typed in triplicate on 3×5" index cards. The haiku must appear on the front of each card; your name, address, age, grade level, school, and address of your school must appear on the back of only one of the cards for each haiku. Please DO NOT use STAPLES for any purpose. All haiku must be previously unpublished, ORIGINAL work not entered in any other contest or submitted for publication. Please keep a copy of your haiku; entries cannot be returned. Please do not send Self-addressed stamped envelopes.

WHEN:

The deadline for submissions is March 25, 1998. Entries postmarked later will not be considered.

WHERE?

Submit entries to **Tony Virgilio**, Nick Virgilio Haiku Association, 1092 Niagara Rd., Camden, NJ 08104.

WHY?

Six haiku will be selected and each awarded \$50. The list of winners and winning haiku will be published in *frogpond* in 1998. All rights will remain with authors on publication. The high school of each winner will receive a one-year subscription to *frogpond*.

OTHER CONTESTS

Florida State Poets Association 1997 Annual Contest, Haiku Category

Postmark deadline: August 15, 1997. Unlimited entries of unpublished 3-line haiku not under consideration elsewhere, never won more than \$10 in any contest. Type 2 copies on 8½×11" paper, both labeled in UL corner: "Category 8: Berniece McConahay Memorial Award"; author's name and address on one copy only (UR corner). Prizes, \$25, \$15, \$10. Send, with \$1.00 per poem entry fee (checks in US funds made out to F.S.P.A., Inc.) and SASE for winner's list to Flo A. Ruppert, 2727 N. Wickham Rd. 5-202, Melbourne, FL 32935.

Indiana State Federation of Poetry Clubs 1997 Fall Poets Rendezvous Contest

In-hand deadline August 15, 1997. This contest has a "Traditional Haiku" category, but one entry fee of \$5 covers from one to 26 categories. For contest brochure, write (SASE) to Dottie Mack, ISFPC Contest Director, POB 643, Hometown, IN 46748.

Poetry Society of Texas 1997 Annual Awards, Senryu Award

In-hand deadline September 1, 1997. One unpublished (and not under consideration elsewhere) "Western Haiku" with a touch of humor or Philosophical insight . . . *NOT*

a traditional 5-7-5 nature or seasonal observation." Single prize, \$40. Type on duplicate 8½×11" sheets, with "Contest 43, The SENYRU Award" in UL corner of both; no poet's name on either; center title over poem (whether the senryu should have titles is not specified). Include a 8½× 11" cover sheet, with poet's name, address, and phone no. in UL corner, and the contest number & name, plus poem title in column form. First-place winning senryu will be printed in Society yearbook. Send with \$2.00 entry fee (check payable to Poetry Society of Texas), to Annual Awards Committee, c/o Laura Birkelback, 3005 Stanford Dr., Plano, TX 75075.

1997 San Francisco International Haiku, Senryu, and Tanka Contest

In-hand deadline: October 1, 1997. Type or print each unpublished entry, not under consideration elsewhere, on two 3×5" index cards; in the UL corner of each card identify the poem as haiku, senryu, or tanka. On the back on one card only of each pair, print your name, address, and telephone number. All rights revert to authors after announcement of results. First prize in each category, \$100; 2nd & 3rd prizes in haiku category: \$50, 25. Send unlimited entries with entry fee of \$1 per poem (checks \$ MO's in US funds payable to HPNC) and SASE for winners' list to HPNC Vice-president Eugenie Waldtaufel, 325 Melrose Ave., Mill Valley, CA 94941. HPNC officers ineligible.

The 1997 HPNC Rengay Contest

In-hand deadline, October 1, 1997. Submit each unpublished rengay, not under consideration elsewhere, on two separate sheets; on one print only the rengay and a non-identifying capital letter to identify each poet's link. On the other sheet print the rengay and the authors' names, addresses, and phone numbers. Each rengay should be titled. First prize \$100, with up to 3 HM's. Send, with entry fee of \$5.00 per rengay, and SASE for winner's list, to HPNC Vice-president Eugenie Waldteufel, 325 Melrose Ave., Mill Valley, CA 94941. HPNC officers ineligible.

PUBLICATIONS

Haiku Society of America: 1997 Members' Anthology

Deadline for receipt of haiku: **August 15, 1997**. Only paid-up HSA members for 1997 may be included in the Anthology. Send a page **in duplicate** containing five of your best haiku or senryu and your name and address. Poems may be either unpublished or previously published (in the latter case, give name and year of publication). Also include your check for \$8 (entry fee/prepublication price) made payable to John Stevenson, who will edit this year's Anthology. Enclose SASE to learn which poem will appear. Mail to John Stevenson, HSA Anthology, P.O. Box 122, Nassau, NY 12123. One of your haiku/senryu will be published in the Anthology and you will receive a copy of the book.

Heron Quarterly of Haiku and Zen Poetry: The first issue of this magazine has appeared. Haiku and "Zen poems" no longer than 32 lines are published. Subscription price \$16 per year US & Canada, \$20 overseas. Information: Carolyn Thomas, editor, Thinking Post Press, 17825 Bear Valley Lane, Escondido, CA 92027.

Persimmon: A semiannual haiku magazine of this name is in planning by Jim and Mary Taylor. Subscription \$8.00 per year (checks payable to Persimmon Press). Deadline for

submissions for the first (September) issue is July 25, 1997. Up to 10 haiku may be submitted on an 8½×11" sheet, with author's name and address in UL corner. Include SASE. \$1.00 will be paid for each published haiku. Address Jim & Mary Taylor, eds., 19626 Damman, Harper Woods, MI 48225.

THE HAIKU SOCIETY OF AMERICA

ANNUAL FINANCIAL REPORT (January - December 1996)

Income

Balance	\$12,729.95	
Additional Income	33.05	
Membership Dues	16,478.00	
Interest Income	654.26	
<i>frogpond</i> Samples	550.50	
Contributions	2,589.00	
Contest Fees	1,370.00	
<i>Haiku Path</i> Sales	1,909.66	
Museum of Haiku Lit.	200.00	
Miscellaneous	<u>50.00</u>	
Total Income		\$36,564.42

Expenses

Contest Awards	\$ 675.00	
Contest Expenses	28.21	
Honorariums	250.00	
Office Supplies	368.16	
Postage	843.05	
Copying/Telephone	1,464.83	
<i>Haiku Path</i> Postage	184.60	
Meeting Room Rentals	231.00	
Training (Secretary)	189.00	
Miscellaneous	207.68	
<i>Newsletter:</i>		
Printing & Copying	2,413.74	
Postage	1,184.94	
Miscellaneous	412.18	
<i>frogpond:</i>		
Printing & Copying	7,314.60	
Postage	1,280.49	
Miscellaneous	<u>118.96</u>	
Total Expenses		<u>17,166.44</u>

Closing Balance

\$19,397.98

Submitted by Raffael de Gruttola, Treasurer

Hayat Abuza 25,52
ai li 30
Kay F. Anderson 4,6,9,15,23
Alexey Andreyev 6
Fay Aoyagi 4
Franchot Ballinger 6
Marianne Bluger 14
Winona Baker 24
Dianne Borsenik 13
Matthew Brennan 21
Naomi Y. Brown 14,17
Alexius J. Burgess 8,9
Marijan Čekolj 24
Richard Chandler 16
Cyril Childs 17
Tom Clausen 8,20
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Ion Codrescu 44
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Tula Connell 26
Pamela Connor 22
Carol Conti-Entin 8,32,36
Helen K. Davie 32
Raffael de Gruttola 74
Mike Dillon 13
Melissa Dixon 19
Adam Dodds 43
Krista Dodds 43
Patricia Donegan 48
Kim Dorman 29
David Elliott 19
Jeanne Emrich 22
Judson Evans 24
Michael L. Evans 8,18
Dee Evetts 46
Liz fenn 33
Augusta Fox 21
D. Claire Gallagher 15
Pat Gallagher 4
Frederick Gasser 20
Andrew J. Gay 12

Garry Gay 4
Robert Gibson 22,24
Joyce Austin Gilbert 9,18
Robert Gilliland 7
Lloyd Gold 22
Sanford Goldstein 4
Andrew Grossman 16
Lee Gurga 2,54
Tim Happel 7
Brian Hare 15,33
Jeanne Harrington 9
George Held 12
Evelyn H. Hermann 7
Christopher Herold 4
Matt Hetherington 8
Frank Higgins 21,26
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Ken Hill 13
Kam Holifield 23
Kevin Hull 22
eric l. houck jr. 6
Sheila Hyland 18
Flori Ignoffo 8
JeanPaul Jenack 23
Robert Jenkins 10
Randal Johnson 19
Eileen I. Jones 13
Jean Jorgensen 46
Jim Kacian 13,34
Michael Ketchek 16,25
Ayr's Kirkofield 17
Karen Klein 17,18
Elsie O. Kolashinski 10
Danielle Kopp 10
Janet Krauss 22
kaye laird 12,20
Elizabeth Searle Lamb 5
Patricia A. Laster 15
robert leagus 19
Kenneth C. Leibman 2
Jack Lent 18

Neil M. Levy 16
Edith Mize Lewis 25
Nathan Lewis 23
Peggy Willis Lyles 1,21
Robert A. Lynch 20
Paul M. 20
Robert Major 25
Makiko 18, 24
Cheryl C. Manning 15
Jesse D. McGowan 12
susan delaney mech 11
Margaret Miller 43
Brian Mulligan 43
Melissa Leaf Nelson 29
Patricia Neubauer 7
sally l nichols 31
Blanche Nonnemann 12
H.F. Noyes 37
Sara Oberhoffer 18
Victor R. Ocampo 11
David Offutt 7
Rebecca M. Osborn 9,20
Debbie W.-B. Page 6,22,23,24
Steven Page 10
Jonathan F. Paisley 9
Jo Lea Parker 14
Brent Partridge 9,36
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Francine Porad 11
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Rengé/David Priebe 13
Gloria Procsal 10,16,18
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William M. Ramsey 12
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David Rice 53
Sarah Richey 25
Bryan Roberts 43
Emily Romano 17,35

Ronan 6,11,19
Sydell Rosenberg 11
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Charles Scanzello 22
Sharon Lee Shafii 14
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James Shepard 14
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Elizabeth A. Smith 10
John R. Soares ibc
Scott Splinter 43
John Stevenson 44
Elizabeth St Jacques 61
Neca Stoller 23
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Rubin Weinstein 17
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Nina A. Wicker 9,12
Paul O. Williams 8,11,12
Suzanne Williams 15
Tom Williams 15
Susan Pond Wojtasik 10
William Woodruff 11,23,24
Ruth Yarrow 17
Nancy S. Young 6
Alexandra Yurkovsky 23

ERRATA

■ A manuscript line was omitted from the final paragraph during typesetting of Pariksith Singh's article on Lorca's haiku-like images (*frogpond* XIX:3, p. 59 (1996)). The entire corrected paragraph follows:

“To me, Lorca is essentially a visual poet. He frequently uses the concrete as abstract and vice versa and depends more on imagination and inner vision than a perception of the external world. It is curious to see how he comes up time and again to present an objective description of the physical world and plunge again into his world of dreams. I recommend his poetry to lovers of haiku to study (if nothing else) how he has used the principles of haiku for a purpose entirely his own.”

■ John R. Soares, whose haiku “alone on a ridge” was printed on page 7 of *frogpond* XIX:3 (1996), was inadvertently omitted from the Author Index.

The editor sincerely regrets these errors.



