



INTERNATIONAL

President's Message

I'm very happy to be part of the Haiku Society of America at this special time. I hope to be able to follow John Stevenson's fine example. It's comforting, also, to be able to work with such a slate of officers as Pamela Miller Ness, Howard Lee Kilby, Raffael de Gruttola, Jim Kacian, and Charles Trumbull. I must also commend the efforts of the regional coordinators who make major contributions to the cause of haiku with little acknowledgement. My association with the executive committee has been harmonious and productive; *Frogpond* and the HSA Newsletter are both class acts; and now our web site is finding the same level of excellence. The Education Subcommittee has produced an excellent teaching aid and is helping improve the level of haiku understanding and practice around the world. I am very impressed with the enthusiasm and diligence of the members of our organization.

I see several things worth commenting about. First, I think the level of writing and scholarship has both spread and improved greatly in the recent past, and this has been influenced by our organization. We are creative, vibrant, critical, industrious, and productive as never before.

Second, I see the cause of haiku spreading world-wide. The international conferences (many due to efforts of H.S.A. members) are a cause for rejoicing.

Third, the size of our organization is increasing and so are the costs. I invite members to contact officers in the organization with ideas and concerns. We invite differing ideas. Where everyone thinks alike, no one thinks very much. Our people are our best resource. We, the officers, are dedicated to receiving and harmonizing ideas for the good of haiku both in the United States and, now, in the world.

I look forward to a useful and productive year and I thank all concerned for this opportunity.

Jerry Ball

haiku

1) An unrhymed Japanese poem recording the essence of a moment keenly perceived, in which Nature is linked to human nature. It usually consists of seventeen *onji*.

2) A foreign adaptation of 1, usually written in three lines totalling fewer than seventeen syllables.

International Haiku Issue

Welcome to this special issue of *Frogpond*, featuring the work of poets from around the world.

As most of you perhaps know, I have had the good fortune to have spent many months of the past year traveling the globe in the name of haiku. I have met poets and talked poetry on four continents in that time, and have had lively debates through the mails and online with poets from two other continents. There is a great deal of interest and variety to be found out there, and this is an excellent time to share some of my findings with the members of the Haiku Society of America and our many other readers.

Many things are being done in the name of haiku around the world. Not all of these things are in strict alignment with our old ideas of what haiku ought to be. We have already successfully resisted the *pro forma* notions of a strict syllable count and *kigo* in English-language haiku. But there are other issues about which it is possible to be just as dogmatic, and which are worthy of our attention and consideration. If haiku is poetry, then why do mainstream poets not consider us poets? It is too self-serving simply to dismiss them as not knowing better—some of these poets have made serious study of haiku, and have arrived at a place different than our “mainstream.” What of metaphor? Aren’t all haiku, and all poems, metaphors on the meta-level of reality? Why do we dismiss them categorically? What do keywords offer me that *kigo* don’t, and why should I study, not to say, adopt them?

You probably won’t find any definitive answers in these pages, but you will be challenged by the work of poets from around the world considering such ideas. I hope this international exchange livens your own practice and thoughts concerning haiku, and deepens the conversation we might have.

Jim Kacian, Editor

bird songs:
the trees are blooming
over the headstones

Silvia Ovejero

the first tulips—
girl in a yellow sweater
leans over the blossoms

Stephen Page

In the vacant lot
a blue-eyed cat
my favorite

Maria Haydée Aguilar

The rain has stopped
but not the perfume coming
from the jasmine

Manuel Asorey

Native oven bird
perched on the high wire
searches for the moon

Ròmulo Cartagénova

INTERNATIONAL

Waking from a nap,
a flawless trill
has pierced my heart

Mònica Viviana Asorey

Incas plow
the millenary lagoon—
braided bulrushes

Susana de Luna

Dewdrops forming,
the footfalls of a cricket
that stays up late

Liria Miyakawa

Full beard
sadness in the look
hunger-lashed

Maria Celia C. de Casanova

Cats and a fly
drawing in the air
magic lanterns

Lia Miersch

ARGENTINA

spring dawn—
the day starts with laughter
of kookaburras

Alma E. Bird

grey smoke haze
jacaranda flowers slightly bluer

Ron Heard

every hour a bush the flower clock

Christina Kirkpatrick

8

wind
across the pampas
a mexican wave

Sue Wilson

thundering possums spill over the dry roof

Rosanna Licari

INTERNATIONAL

through dunes to beach
... a trail of gold
toffee wrappers

Lyn Reeves

estuary—
spring tide returns
the moon to me

John Bird

almost winter
the press of grape leaf upon grape leaf
how red!

Ross Coward

haijin clenching his fist breath by breath

Ross Clark

three-quarter moon
the gecko moves
from light to shadow

Sue Mill

AUSTRALIA

moon almost full
behind the clouds
in the dog's eyes

Alice Ruiz

Six o'clock:
cicadas' calling stretches
the temple bells.

Anibal Beça

Blackwater pool,
above it the yellow dance
of a butterfly.

Cyro Armando Catta Preto

10

Anchored to the ground
I look at the sky with vague envy—
Farewell, swallows.

Douglas Eden

At the same corner
new prostitutes.
Cold night goes on.

Francisco Handa

INTERNATIONAL

Tadpoles swim.
(A clay pot
left in the open.)

Luiz Bacellar

Slow, slowly,
a kaleidoscope turns.
Sunflower bends West.

Oldegar Vieira

yellow *ipê* tree
even the sidewalk
blooms

Ricardo Silvestrin

time for a walk
a swarm of butterflies
follows the gardener

Rosa Clement

Cauliflower in hands,
A teenage girl practices
The wedding march

Teruka Oda

I open
my eyes—
they are looking at me
Radoslav Ranchin

This scream
in the night, is it
from that falling star? . . .
Zdravko Kisaov

. . . also the border
beyond which is night
i go through alone
Omila

12

Between the winter
and spring. Naked tree
with a single leaf.
Ginka Biliyarska

The song of a bell at the cloud—
the rain sounds the silence

Lyudmila Balabanova

INTERNATIONAL

Angels come down
now with the fall of
innocent snow

Dimitar Stefanov

Death will come in through the vein
expanding in my leg

Nikolai Kantchev

13

A room corner,
a piece of candle, a bit of love,
what more.

Mina Versano

Summer stable.
In the Milky way
the Moon shine

Gencho Vitanov

Mother next to the stove:
the fragrance of new bread
and glasses of milk

Raina Sotirova

freshly fallen snow
opening a new package
of typing paper

Nick Avis

new apartment
to the wall's whiteness
a fly stuck

Michael Dudley

spring morning
tic-tac-toe
on my dirty car

André Duhaime

14

easter sunday
on tv
thin women

Marco Fraticelli

quiet graveyard
warm breeze and an end
to alphabetic order

LeRoy Gorman

INTERNATIONAL

a red jeep backing into
a narrow space—

Valentine's Day

Dorothy Howard

rosehips and roses
and buds all on the same bush

August evening

Philomene Kocher

15

for the fourth time

rearranging the roses

he will soon come

ann mckay

flea market visit
at the bottom of an old urn
leftover ashes

Margaret Saunders

another anniversary

fortune cookies

left untouched

Elizabeth St Jacques

the sky
that has a big hole
hurts day and night

Tai Ke (Taiwan)

after snow
stars have frozen
on the lake

Chen Minghua (USA)

earth polluted—
lakes and mountains look sad and
birds and beasts frown—

Xue Yun (Taiwan)

16

tree stumps—
mountains' angry and
desperate eyes

Jiang Tian (China)

no longer see
mountains, rivers and grass green—
sky and earth aging

Liu Ziliang (Taiwan)

INTERNATIONAL

in breezy moonlight
garbage piles into mounds
a graveyard

Wang Lusong (Taiwan)

the gray city
turns green all at once—
plastic green

Lin Wenjun (Taiwan)

dumpster
dumps all things humans don't need
into its stomach

Fu Yu (Taiwan)

loneliness
a gecko clings
on the wall

Cheng Wai Ming (Macau)

living in straits
I hide myself
in the empty wallet

Liu Huangtian (USA)

in the decaying leaves
the colour of late autumn
reddishgold

Boris Nazansky

Under an old palm tree
the lonely girl listens to
a ballad of the sea.

Zdravko Kurnik

Blossoming boughs
silent couple close together
Moon in the tree-crown

Dusko Matas

18

the sway of buckwheat
instead of the wind
swings the bees

Mirko Varga

I lick the bone.
The little dog barks
under the table.

Borivoje Bukva

Unending thoughts
in the silence of sleeplessness
—daybreak...

Marijan Cekolj

At summer noon
even the flies become
gold-plated.

Nada Sabadi

19

Winter excursion--
the snow repeats the last
words of song.

Marinko Spanovic

The rainbow is disappearing...
It surely reminded
in the child's eyes

Masa Bambic

A mountain coming
out of the fog. A pine-tree
out of the mountain.

Vladimir Devidé

shaded coolness . . .
a moorhen's cry flying
deep into the reeds
Keith J. Coleman

mid-autumn
the fridge magnet
slides to the floor
john crook

migraine—
through zig-zags
the rain still falls
Jackie Hardy

thunder at twilight
the rusty tin roof
begins to brighten
Claire Bugler-Hewitt

equinox
a family of refugees
feeding the ducks
Matthew Paul

INTERNATIONAL

harvest moon
the cat shapes itself
in the empty pot

David Rollins

wind-blown rain slotting another stone into the cairn

Stuart Quine

21

moving house
he closes his door
on a fly

Fred Schofield

journey's end—
my stick
that much shorter

Brian Tasker

light rain—
the postman's bike
outside the shop

Alison Williams

Evening light
at the seacoast
on the snowman

Kazuko Nozaki (France)

bright moon, dark moon
one clasping the other
this morning

Serge Tomé (Belgium)

And a drop of rain
disappears in the pond
like a distant sob.

F. M. El Fathemy (Morocco)

22

Spring tide
The seas can be heard
Rummaging in the trash

Alain Kervern (Bretagne)

A carpet of waterlilies
covers the pond,
clouds cover the pale blue sky.

Bocar Sow (Senegal)

INTERNATIONAL

Nothing left
of this cigarette
of that desire

Jean-François Somcynsky (Canada)

Under my footsteps
the noise of the dead leaves
covers up my thoughts.

Bonvin Martine Françoise (Switzerland)

23

Frozen ground,
the chicken hesitates
to move another step.

Bruno Halin (France)

The heron rising,
his slow wing-beats
drunk with springtime.

Marianne Louise Six Dykstra-de Ruyter (Netherlands)

A man reading and
a bird watching him
in the spring fields

Ichiro Kitazawa (Japan)

Drive to the ferry.
On the hard-top, rolled flat,
a work glove.

Erika von Stetten (Germany)

All that he owns
he carries on his back,
looking at the sea

Mario Fitterer (Germany)

the old village pond
still mirrors clouds and farmsteads—
but the swallows?

Rudolf Thiem (Germany)

Veiled in the distance:
In milky hazes swimming,
the New Year's Day sun

Gerold Effert (Germany)

the brass band's playing
the sun's shining, the flowers blooming
and good old Franz lies in his coffin

Roman York (Germany)

Now that I have labored
to clean the entire house,
I'm taking a trip.

Johannes Ahne (Switzerland)

Long shadows thrown
by the leafless ash tree—
to lie down like that!

Leonie Patt (Switzerland)

In the park the old man
looking where to sit down.
Buds are opening.

Friedrich Heller (Austria)

Buds on the bushes
the song on the winds sounds
like a shepherd's shawm

Johanna Jonas-Lichtenwallner (Austria)

Night drive.
Heading straight for the moon
wheels marking time.

Klaus-Dieter Wirth (Germany)

looking at the clouds
don't crave for them
they are nomads.

Satyabhushan Verma

ever laughing
in the arms of the sea
crazy, mad moonlight

B. S. Aggarwala

carrying Hiroshima dust
spring roams
among the populace

Sneharashmi Desai

26

how beautiful
fresh green leaves
again—a new year returns

Shirish Pai

from a chimney
black smoke
chases the wind

Nikhil Nath

grey owl
looks behind
into my window-pane

Parikshith Singh

Power failure—
Closing my book
I listen to rain

K. Ramesh

27

clinging so hard
to the old water bucket—
last years leaves

Noor Singh Khalsa

quietly settling
like dust on the street on my
hands and face & my age

Sanjiv Bhatla

snow flurry
at the turn of a wrist
a paper-weight winter

Angelee Deodhar

The birth cry
between my thighs
stretches into budding tree darkness

Mikajo Yagi

Cherry blossoms are falling—
you also must become
a hippopotamus

Nenten Tsubouchi

A rhinoceros under the tree
no more full speed running
no more collision

Tohta Kaneko

28

Salmons wounded:
generation after generation
lives swim upstream

Seiro Ishikawa

For three hundred years
blue black blue black
New York

Ban'ya Natsuishi

INTERNATIONAL

Man will lean,
someday, a ladder
against the Milky Way

Toshiro Yoshia

If that is the cello
of Paradise,
the orangutan should play!

Kiyomi Sato

29

Behind, a stillness
like my image cut out
of a forest of paper

Kan'ichi Abe

A seed of Japanese medlar
is just on the way
going up to the sun

Goro Wada

Towards him, towards him
heaven's azure
avalanche

Sayumi Kamakura

JAPAN

her pupils and her arms
filled
with the lilacs she brings

Rafael Lozano

Today's a holiday:
the hope and sadness
of going for a walk

Olga Arias

black cat:
the night slowly awakens
step—by—step

Gabriela Rabago Palafox

30

bamboo and giraffes
swaying their necks
at the river's edge

Arturo Gonzalez Cosio

Yankee Stadium is closed:
a discarded flask
full of fireflies

Francisco Hernandez

A scissortailed bird
cuts the swallow off—
Spring

María C. Casparius de S.

passing by this way
the priest, a cow, and the last
rays of sunlight

Carlos Pellicer

31

EL GALLO
arrogant and gallant,
the rooster with its fire-red
crown on its head

Armando Duvalier

thick branches and straw:
buddhas and insects come in
through the crevices

Octavio Paz

striking the eyelash
the light declares
sea

José Luis Rivas

a leaf or two
blown into the house
when she left

Fred Flohr

We keep on talking
across the shadows
in each of us.

W. J. van der Molen ✓

His displeasure
with words about the weather
balanced again.

Jeanine Hoedemakers

32

lawn-mowers
loudly buzzing everywhere
my neighbor is dead

Hans Reddingius

her garden bench
she was always sitting—
butterfly on moss

Emile Molhuijsen

The inner foot blooms
the dike belongs to the dry ñ
the sea combats it

Inge Lievaart

before the fresco
just painted afresh
ñ the first prayer

Wim Lofvers

33

Warrior ants
are climbing in Indian file
on the totem pole.

Willy Cuvelier (Flanders)

the little clouds
are on the third floor
much nearer

Marcel Smets (Flanders)

between the trees
in a beam of sunlight
a slant ladder of mist

Riet de Bakker (Flanders)

Christmas Day—
a boy in a red jacket
runs past gravestones

Alison Wong

pigeons overhead
suddenly remembering
that unposted letter

Greeba Brydges-Jones

Calcutta—
the street kid's
white teeth

Nick Williamson

34

dusk—
up to my ears
in birdsong

John O'Connor

for JK

two drunks prop
each other up
to get a better punch

Jeffrey Harpeng

INTERNATIONAL

gathering eggs . . .
the warm one!

Helen Bascand

pulling staples
the old carpet
won't let go

Bertus de Jonge

35

end of night
the end of summer
—backyard dog

Vivienne Plumb

tangi—
outside the *wharenuī*
kids mixing shoes

Sandra Simpson

tangi = funeral; *wharenuī* = meeting place (from the Maori)

nearly blind
the old woman stoops
to pick up the sunlight

Nola Borrell

Dull sun on the boughs
 snow is widening
 all the streets

Constantin Abaluta

late winter—
 the core of the cabbage
 still so fresh

Manuela Miga

Sun thawing
 the snow on the drum—
 first news

Clelia Ifrim

36

After rain . . .
 A bird drinks water
 From a hoofprint

Paul Dicu

Crossing the bridge,
 The river takes my shadow—
 Summer's end

Lucia Amarandei

A crucifix by the crossroads.
A leaf is covering
Christ's wound.

Dumitru Radu

deserted village—
the acacia flowers
above a plough

Sonia Cristina Coman

37

glowworms
the only reason
for tonight's struggle

Constantin Paun

The first white frost
Under a heap of leaves
The hop-sotch

Elena Manta Ciubotariu

withered leaves
gently float the river . . .
letter to my mother

Tereza Muresan

guests gone . . .
 I eat again
 from a cracked plate

Valeria Krestova

a lone rose
 in the unkown woman's hand
 night subway

Dmitry Kudrya

young women in the office
 chirp about summer vacation—
 here is spring!

Alexei Alyokhin

38

red rose . . .
 white mums
 thrown on the floor

Irina Dobrushina

yawning waiter
 only brushed leaves off
 my half of the table

Alexei Andreyev

my lover has left—
nobody around
to be unfaithful with

Stella Morotskaya

Kamakura rain
at the gate of the temple
a shiny Toyota

Olga Vozdvizhenskaya

39

growing mute
from desire
to speak

Ira Novitskaya

first snow once more
is lighting early
the darkening world

Vladimir Gertzik

through thin ice
bright maple leaves
from the other side

Marina Gagen

a look through the goal
disappears
in the fog of March

Edin Saracevic

dry laundry—
the fish-pattern towel
still damp

Alenka Zorman

burned landscape of my youth—
we are talking about dry hills
of San Francisco

Dimitar Anakiev

40

walking through the thoughts
on the bottomless way
a lot of cliffs

Primoz Repar

in the angle of my window
a piece of cosmos
closed eyes

Zlata Volaric

INTERNATIONAL

autumn wind--
the last dandelion shines
at the dark meadow

Joze Volaric

listening
to my steps
forest
passing
through
me

Marko Hudnik

4 ||

summer dreams
a buzzard floating
above the sleepy meadow

Silva Mizerit

open window—
dots behind eyelids
stars, stars

Darja Kocijancic

school bus
on the windshield glitter
dew drops

Alma Anakiev

cleaning mushrooms
the smell
of the forest floor

Tom Gomes

water
trickling down the window
winter afternoon

Yolanda Erburu

last day of the year
the mirror shows me
my first grey hair

Etsuko Sakurai

42

harbour in winter
the ferry docks
crowded with seagulls

Jesus Masanet

humbly waiting
for spring—
gnarled grape vine

Ena Linares

INTERNATIONAL

Windmill,
a tethered nag,
the knight missing

Joaquin Gonzalez Estrada

continually inhabited
by something other than silence
the empty old house

Juan Cervera Y Sanchiz

43

The first color of morning
and the last of the day
red

Rafael Alberti

Above the mountains
spreading its wide wings in the wind
the golden eagle

Antonio Machado

The narrow lane
ends suddenly—
lovers!

Luis Rosales

Hummingbird:
so soon there
so soon here!

Victor Manuel Crespo (Venezuela)

first fireflies:
a boy runs out to fetch them
for his sick friend

Jorge Teillier (Chile)

ground spider:
an epaulette fell off of
time's shoulder

Jorge Carrera Andrade (Ecuador)

44

from out of the mist,
the butterfly arrives
with all its color

Humberto Senegal (Colombia)

"It's a hot afternoon,"
the quiet men mention
once again

Alfonso Cisneros Cox (Perú)

And the rains of July
dam up in the gullet
of every mockingbird

Flavio Herrera (Guatemala)

all dressed up tonight
with stars
a dry tree

Gloria Ines Rodriguez Londoño (Colombia)

45

Dusk . . .
a lot of sunlight pulsating
in the daisies

Ana Rosa Nuñez (Cuba)

hooked to the black rock
the seagull
half-asleep

Isaac M. Colon Francia (Puerto Rico)

When walking,
all the landscape moves
with me

Alberto Guillen (Perú)

I let a secret out
to resonate with
silent rain

Tomas Tranströmer

fully covered by honeysuckle
rotten steps of
an emergency ladder

Per Wästberg

human steps left untouched
the moon
in a puddle

Roland Persson

46

hidden sun
on the frosted grass remains
the shadow of a hedge

Kaj Falkman

the wind carrying the silence
through the forest

Roger Melin

military boots
in a sunny spot
in the desert after war

Fredrik Ohlsson

between the bare branches
of a Christmas tree
a saxifrage's first flower

Sofia Knutsson

47

summer evening—
shadows of the ruins reach
a heron wading a shoal

Hans Olsson

all the withered and fallen summer
of the balcony
now in a plastic bag

Ingrid Eklund

from autumnal darkness
appear
apples' various colors

Sten Svensson

full
moon
kissing
entirely

Ed Baker

almost winter
the golfer putts
through his shadow

Yvonne Hardenbrook

nearly dawn—
my neighbor's coffee grinder
just before mine

Veronica Johnston

48

vacation's end
just noticing the pattern
on the old quilt

Lori Laliberte-Carey

leaves look larger
on the stream's bottom
autumn deepens

Burnell Lippy

homeless shelter
where have I seen you before?

Molly Magner

hiking, whistling blues
—a mild October wind
adding its angles

Brent Partridge

49

shake it once
only the heart is left
old peony

Nicholaes Roosevelt

the dog goes his way—
flakes of falling snow melt
on the steaming dung

Robert Spiess

As night falls,
transferring
from one bus to another

Tom Tico

drizzle at dusk
through the open window
the bleating of lambs

David J. Platt (Scotland)

below the door
of the photo booth
unlaced shoes

Caroline Gourlay (Wales)

in the brown-black heart
of a bracken bank:
one pale green leaf

Pat Irvine (Scotland)

50

a skein of cyclists
unravels
across the valley

Jennifer Holland (Wales)

You standing bare
in this cool shuttered room—
cream Ming vases

Bruce Leeming (Scotland)

INTERNATIONAL

Drifting
in a mackerel sky
the upturned boat

Ken Jones (Wales)

Shuffling cards:
the old man
with no visitors.

John McDonald (Scotland)

51

the cracked lintel:
the soundless
passing of time

Chris Torrance (Wales)

Blue stillness: from the
Hillside a sheep coughs twice—then
Silence can be heard.

R. L. Cook (Scotland)

last light
foot prints run together
into the sea

Jane Whittle (Wales)

sunset—
 down a green hill the shadow
 of an apple tree

Zoran Doderovic (Serbia)

along the endless way
 of a millstream race
 the moss

Dusan Gladic (Serbia)

Pole-star wanes . . .
 Through the long nightmare-sleep
 a bomber passes by.

Bogdanka Stojanovski (Serbia)

52

tears of youth
 in these dewdrops
 the shine of the morning

Ljubinka Tosic (Serbia)

An old man
 leaning on the fence
 says goodby to the road.

Zoran Raonic (Montenegro)

Before the sunset
the last swimmer bathes
in the golden path of the sun.

Nada Zlatic-Kavgic (Serbia)

A gust of rain
is disturbing the frogs—
the night's gurgling.

Micun Siljak (Montenegro)

53

in a blind alley
a boy rolls the halo
of the Holy Mother

Novica Tadic (Serbia)

The whole morning lost
to haiku, my little child
wants to go to the snow.

Rade Dacic (Serbia)

a funeral—
a flash lightens the faces
of wet people

Dejab Bogojevic (Serbia)

A shining full moon
Only a few women don't have
A crying child

Hanne Hansen (Denmark)

night on the roofs
the moon flying
does not make noise

Roberto Boldrini (Italy)

I am standing on the bridge
my shadow in the water
flows into the distance

Dimitar Argakijev (Macedonia)

54

horns receding
a snail
on the satellite dish

Gabriel Rosenstock (Ireland)

this deep hole—
my daughter's small hand
lifts me out

Christian Aspegren (Finland)

sparrow song
the scent of sleep
in his beard

Maria Steyn (South Africa)

Acacia smells sweet
but don't touch her leaves:
why must we know the future?

Jadwiya Stanczakowa (Poland)

55

slight ripples
in the cistern's water—
first dim stars

H. F. Noyes (Greece)

In a drop of rain
down the petal of a rose
The Sky and Sun

Ljiljana Tomljanovic (Serbian Republic, B&H)

morning meditation
awakened by the bell
of an ice cream cart
gop (Thailand)

it's already September
the pallid leaves tremble
without memory

Angelo di Mario (Italy)

Island in darkness,
atmosphere of mystery,
solitary watch.

Ann Bilde (Denmark)

The blind child
glues to the wall a poster
of cuted circle

Aleksandar Prokopiev (Macedonia)

56

after a storm
fog off the sea
curls into snail shells

Seán MacMathúna (Ireland)

all ears
motionless on the slope
the hare.

Marcel Smets (Belgium)

INTERNATIONAL

Desert wind—
looking at my books
as human beings.

Bakos Ferenc (Hungary)

eating the pear
by one hand,
writing about by another

Hristo Petreski (Macedonia)

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Summer holiday
hadidas laz'ly shouting
"ha ha hadida"

Wilhelm Haupt (South Africa)

drunk of light
you sing of your own death
brave cicada

Fabrizio Virgili (Italy)

spiderweb
is the dream trapped
or in a silent realm?

Antonio Carano (Italy)

Haiku of Argentina

Correspondents/Translators: **Stephen Page & Ty Hadman**
All poems previously unpublished and originally in Spanish.

Ovejero: *cantan las aves: / los árboles florecen / sobre las tumbas*
Page: *Seis horas da tarde: / sons de cigarras prolongam / os sinos do templo.*
Aguilar: *En el baldío / gata de ojos azules, / la preferida*
Ma. Asorey: *Cesò la lluvia / y no llevò el perfume / de los jazmines*
Cartagénova: *Homero criollo / posado en la maroma / busca la lune*
Mò. Asorey: *Fin de la siesta. / Un infalible trino / me ha flechado*
de Luna: *Surcan los incas / milenaria laguna, / junco trenzados*
Miyakawa: *Casi rocío, / las pisadas de un grillo / transnochador*
de Casanova: *Barba crecida / tristeza en la mirada / azota el hambre*
Miersch: *Gatos y mosca / dibujan en el aire / linternas mágicas*

Haiku of Australia

Correspondents: **Janice Bostok & Lyn Reeves**
All poems previously unpublished and originally in English.

Haiku of Brasil

Correspondents/Translators: **Edson Kenji Iura & Rosa Clement**
All poems previously unpublished and originally in Portuguese.

Ruiz: *lua quase cheia / por trás das nuvens / nos olhos do cão*
Beça: *Seis horas da tarde: / sons de cigarras prolongam / os sinos do templo.*
Catta Preta: *Poça de água preta, / sobre ela a dança amarela / de uma borboleta.*
Eden: *Ancorado ao chão / olho o céu com baga inveja — / Adeus, ardozinhas.*
Handa: *Na esquina de sempre / renovam-se as prostitutas. / Note fria avança.*
Bacellar: *Nadam girinos. / (Alguém de barro / deixado ao relento.)*
Vieira: *Lenta, lentamente, / um caleidoscópio gira. / Gira-sol poente.*
Silvestrin: *ipê amarelo / até a calçada / floresce*
Clement: *hora da caminhada / bando de borboletas / segue o jardineiro*
Oda: *Couve-flor nas mãos, / Uma adolescente ensaia / A marcha nupcial.*

Haiku of Bulgaria

Correspondent/Translator: **Dimitar Anakiev**
All poems previously unpublished and originally in Bulgarian.

Ranchin: *Otvaryam si / ochite — / gledat me*
Kisaov: *Tozi zvezda li, / padayki ot nebot / izvika v noshta ? ...*
Omila: *... I granicata / zad koyto e noshta / sama presicham*
Biliyarska: *Mezhdur zimata / i proletta. Golo darvo / s edno listo.*
Balabanova: *Pesen na kambana / popiva v oblaka — / d'zhdoven zvan oglasya tishinata*
Stefanov: *Smrtta shte mine / točno tam, kadet / na desniya mi krak se razshiryava vena.*
Kantchev: *Slizat angeli / sega, kogato vali / nevinnyar sryag*
Versano: *Agal na staya, / parche svesht, malok obich / kakvo poveche.*
Vitanov: *Lyatna koshara. / V Kumova slama / lunata svetli.*
Sotirova: *Miris na prepechen hlyab / Chashi s mlyako / Mama kra i pechkata*

Haiku of Canada

Correspondent: **George Swede**
All poems previously published and originally in English.

Avis: from *footprints*, King's Road Press, 1994
Dudley: from *Growing Through The Dark*, King's Road Press, 1995
Duhaime: from *Hanging From The Clouds*, King's Road Press, 1998
Fratelli: from *still winter*, pawEpress, 1998
Gorman: from "Modern Haiku XXXI:2", 2000
Howard: from *spring keen*, "Haiku Canada Sheet", 1998
Kocher: from *rosehips and roses and buds*, "Haiku Canada Sheet", 1999
mckay: from *intermezzo*, Wind Chimes Press, 1998
Saunders: from "RAW NerVZ V:2", 1998
St Jacques: from *on the edge*, pawEpress, 2000

Haiku in Chinese

Correspondent/Translator: **Jianqing Zheng**
All poems previously unpublished and originally in Chinese.

Tai 台客 天空破了一个大洞 日夜疼痛
Chen 陈铭华 雪后 星星封冻在湖上
Xue 薛云 污染的地球 湖光山色正泛愁 鸟兽皱眉头
Jiang 江天 树桩青山 愤懑绝望的眼睛
Liu 刘荒田 生活困窘 我把自己藏在 干瘪的钱包
Wang 王禄松 月明风凉 破烂堆成山坟场
Lin 林文俊 灰色的城市 忽然绿了 塑料绿
Fu 傅子 垃圾桶把人类不要的东西 统统倒进肚子里
Cheng 郑炜明 寂寞一条 壁虎扒在墙上
Liu 刘自亮 不再见山青水碧 翠绿天老地荒

INTERNATIONAL

Haiku of Croatia

Correspondent/Translator: **Dimitar Anakiev**
 All poems previously unpublished and originally in Croatian.

Nazansky: *U trulom lisicu/boja kasne jeseni/crvenozlatna*
 Kurnik: *Pod starom palmom/usamljena djevojka/slusa baladu mora*
 Matas: *Rascvale grane/dvoje zblizernih sute/Mjesec u krosnji*
 Varga: *Usjev heljde/unjeto vjetra/zanjihale pcele*
 Bukva: *Lizem kost./Maleno stene laje/ispod stola.*
 Cekolj: *Beskrajne misli/u tisini nesalice/—svaruice*
 Sabadi: *U ljetno popodne/i muhe postaju/pozlacene.*
 Spanovic: *Zimski izlet—/zadrje rijeci pjesme/ponavlja snijeg.*
 Bambic: *Nestaje duga../Sigurno je ostala/u dječijim ocima*
 Devidé: *Planina se/pojavljuje iz magle./Bor iz planine.*

Haiku of England

Correspondent: **Martin Lucas**
 All poems previously unpublished and originally in English.

Haiku from the French

Correspondent: **Jim Kacian**
 All poems originally in French.

Nozaki: *La lumière du crépuscule/au bord de la mer/sur le bonhomme de neige*
 François: *Sous mes pas/Le bruissement des feuilles mortes/Dissimule mes pensées.*
 Tomé: *lune claire, lune sombre/l'une enserrant l'autre/ce matin*
 El Fathemy: *Et la goutte de pluie/s'vanouit dans l'étang/comme un sanglot lointain.*
 Kervern: *Grande marée/On entend la mer/Fouiller dans les ordures*
 Somcynsky: *Il ne reste rien/de cette cigarette/ni de ce désir*
 Sow: *Le tapis de nénuphars/les flots couvre, /et les nuages le ciel blafard.*
 Halin: *Hiver, terre, gelée/la poule hésite/à poser l'autre patte.*
 de Ruyter: *L'heron se lève,/des lents coups d'ailes,/Enivré du printemps.*
 Kitazawa: *Un homme qui lit/et un oiseau qui le voit/aux champs de printemps*

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Haiku from the German

Correspondent/Translator: **Horst Ludwig**
 All poems originally in German language or dialect.

von Stetten: *Zufahrt zur Fähre./Aug dem Asphalt, plattgewalzt,/ein Arbeitshandschuh. (Kumamoto Haiku Contest 1999)*
 Fitterer: *Die ganze Habe/auf dem Buckel des Alten/im Auge das Meer*
 Thiem: *Der alte Dorfteich/spiegelt noch Wolken und Höfe—/aber die Schwalben?*
 Effert: *Verhüllt in der Ferne:/In milchigen Dünsten schwimmt/die Neujahrssonne.*
 York: *die blasmusi blast/die sun scheint, die plumen plüht/unds frazl liegt im sarg*
 Ahne: *Jetzt, da ich mit M'h'/das ganze Haus gereinigt./geh ich auf Reisen!*
 Patt: *Lange Schatten wirft/die blattlose Esche—/so/sich niederlegen!*
 Heller: *Im Park der Alter,/er sucht Platz auf einer Bank./Knospen springen auf.*
 Jonas-Lichtenwallner: *Knospen an Sträuchern/das Lied in den Lüften klingt/wie Hirtenschabmei*
 Wirth: *Auf nächtlicher Fahrt,/immer dem Mond entgegen,/stehn die Räder still.*

Haiku of India

Correspondent/Translator: **Dr. Angelee Deodhar**
 Poems previously unpublished and as noted.

Verma: *meghon ko dekh/mat tarsao, ye to/banyaaren hain.*
 Aggarwala: *khilkhilati/sagar ki bahon main/mat chandni*
 Desai: *hiroshma ni/raj lai janaman/ghume wasa nta*
 Pai: *navya pavvicha popti rang/kiti sundar !/paratOvarsh ulatlyavar*
 Nath: original in English
 Singh: *meri khirki ke/kaanch mein murkar taakta/matmaila ulloo*
 Ramesh: original in English
 Khalsa: original in English
 Bhatla: original in English
 Deodhar: original in English

Haiku of Japan

Correspondent/Translator: **Ban'ya Natsuishi**
 All poems unpublished and originally in Japanese.

Yagi: 菰ふ7間々ふ7車Y赤コ花駁網りふ7
 Tsubouchi: 紫□車Uぶ歸ふ ぶねぶえぶ 鶯花^番nふ/
 Kaneko: 車□花コふ7紫^車e態網ぶ 鶯蕉コ
 Ishikawa: 紫□ 魁□ 菰Q蕉旒ふ7ふ7魁□ ふ7菰pふ3
 Natsuishi: *Santayaku-nen bun-turakku-bun-turakku-Nyūryōku*
 Yoshida: 赤1ふ^ぶ 鶯ふ1ぶ 欽鶯花^ふ/ 綴□ 車q間
 Sato: 間y花\ふ7 x^x F x 紫ぶねぶ 磯ふ林綴eふ1 x |
 Abe: 赤てぶ7ぶねぶ. ふてぶ□ 車←ぶ7網り車
 Wada: 態e琳zぶ3紫sふ1屯r綴←ぶねぶ駁
 Kamakura: 番 ぶ3ぶ7ふ□ ぶ3屯V蕉取ぶ7態屯

Haiku of Mexico

Correspondent/Translator: Ty Hadman
All poems unpublished and originally in Spanish.

Lozano: llena de lilas, / traía flores en las manos / y en las pupilas
Arias: Un día feriado: / la esperanza y la tristeza / de paseo . . .
Palafox: felino negro, / la noche se despierta / paso a paso
Cosio: bambús y jirafas / bambolean sus cuellos / en la margen del río
Hernandez: Yankee Stadium esta cerrada: / frasco botado / lleno de luciérnagas
de S.: Colatijera / corta la golondrina — / la primavera
Pellicer: pasan por acá / el cura, la vaca y los últimos / rayos de sol . . .
Duvalier: EL GALLO / un arrogante doncel, / que porta con gallardía / una encendida corona
Paz: Troncos y paja / por las rendijas entran / Budas e insectos
Rivas: a un golpe de pestaña / la luz declara / mar

Haiku of the Netherlands

Correspondent/Translator: Max Verhart
All poems unpublished and originally in Dutch or Flemish.

Hoedemakers: een paar bladeren / het huis binnen geblazen / toen zij vertrok
Vermeeren: Wij blijven praten / over de schaduwen heen / in elk van ons.
van der Molen: Zijn ontstemming / met woorden over het weer / in balans gebracht.
Molhuysen: grasmaaimachines / overal klinkt luid gezoem / mijn buurman is dood†
Lievaart: de oude tuinbank / waar ze altijd zat — / een vlinder op mos
Lofvers: De binnenvoet bloeit / de dijk hoort bij het droge — / de zee bestrijdt het
Cuvelier: foar it fresko / krekt nij skildere! — / it earste gebed
Mesotten: Rode mieren / klimmen in Indianenpas / op de totempaal
De Bakker: de witte wolkjes / zijn op het derde verdiep / heel wat dichtter
Denis: in een bundel zonlicht / staat schuin tussen de bomer / een ladder van mist

Haiku of New Zealand

Correspondent: Cyril Childs
All poems previously unpublished and originally in English.

Haiku of Romania

Correspondent: Ion Codrescu
Translators: Ion Codrescu & Jim Kacian
Poems previously published in *Albatross* and originally in Romanian.

Abaluta: pe crengi soare mat / zapada largeste / toate strazile
Miga: iama tarzie — / inima verzei inca / atat de proaspata
Ifrim: Soarele topind / zapada de pe toba — / primele vesti
Dicu: Dupa ploaie / Pasarea bea / Din urma copitei
Amarandei: Traversaz puntea, / Raul imi duce umbra — / Sfarsitul verii
Radu: Troita-n rasucaci / O frunza acopera / rana lui Christ.
Coman: sat parazit — / flori de salcam / deasupra plugului
Paun: Doar liciericii / noptilor tarziu dau sens / zbaterii mel
Ciubotariu: Prima bruma / Sub maldar de frunze / Sotronul
Muresan: Frunze galbene / plutind usor pe Cerna . . . / scrisoare mamei

Haiku of Russia

Correspondent/Translator: Zinovy Vayman
All poems unpublished and originally in Russian.

Krestova: Гости ушли. Я снова ем из треснувшей тарелки.
Kudrya: одиночество розы в руках незнакомки / ночное метро
Alyokhin: Девушки в офисах шепчут о летних путёвках. Вот и весна!
Dobrushina: красная роза белые хризантемы брошены на пол
Andreyev: зсвающий официант смёл листья лишь с моей половины стола
Morotskaya: мой любимый уехал и стало мне не с кем ему изменять
Vozdvizhenskaya: в Кампусе дождь у ворот храма блестит чья-та Тойота
Novitskaya: и онеметь от желанья говорить
Gertzik: Опять первый снег осветил ненадолго Темнеющий мир
Gagen: сквозь ледяной узор яркий кленовый лист с той стороны стекла

Haiku of Slovenia

Correspondent/Translator: Dimitar Anakiev
All poems unpublished and originally in Slovenian.

Saracevic: pogled skozi gola / se izgublja / v marcevski megli
Zorman: suho perilo — / le brisača z ribami / ribjim vzorcem / je Šcaron; e vla*na
Kocijancic: odprto okno — / pikace za vekami / zvezde, zvezde
Repar: sprehod v mislih / na brezdnosti poti / veliko ceni.
Z. Volaric: V okvirju okna / ujet delcek vsemirja. / Zaprte oci.
J. Volaric: Jesenski vecer. / Na njivi svetijo zadnje / regratove lucke.
Hudnik: prislushkujoch / mojim korakom — / skozme potuje / gozd
Mizerit: poletni snovi / skobec lebdi / nad zaspanim travnikom
D. Anakiev: spaljen pejzaz detinjstva / pricamo o suvim brdima / San Franciska
A. Anakiev: solski avtobus / na steklu le lesketajo / kaplje rose

INTERNATIONAL

Haiku of Spain

Correspondents/Translators: Ty Hadman & Jesus Masanet
All poems unpublished and originally in Spanish.

Gomes: *limpiando champiñones/el olor/de la tierra del bosque*
Erburu: *hilos de agua/se deslizan por el cristal/tarde de invierno*
Sakurai: *último día del año/el espejo me muestra/mi primera cana*
Masanet: *puerto en invierno/sobre el muelle de los ferries/cientos de gaviotas*
Linares: *esperando con humildad/la primavera—/para nudosa*
Estrada: *Molino de viento /un rocín atado /falta el caballero*
Sanchiz: *sigue habitada/de algo más que silencio/la vieja casa*
Alberti: *Es el primer color de la mañana/y el último del día:rojo*
Machado: *¡El callejón—/sin salida/con enamorados!*
Rosales: *Al viento sobre la sierra /tiene el águila dorada/las anchas alas abiertas*

Haiku from the Spanish

Correspondent/Translator: Ty Hadman
All poems unpublished and originally in Spanish.

Crespo: *Colibrí:/tan pronto allá/tan pronto aquí*
Teillier: *las primeras luciérnagas:un niño corre a buscarlas/para su amigo enfermo*
Andrade: *araña del suelo:/charretera/caída del hombro del tiempo*
Senegal: *De la neblina,/llega con todo su color/la mariposa*
Cox: *Tarde caturosa /los hombres callados/dicen lo mismo otro vez*
Herrera: *Y las lluvias de julio/rebalsan en el buche/de todos los sinsontes*
Londoño: *con estrellas/se viste esta noche/el árbol seco*
Nuñez: *Mucho sol agoniza/late/en las margaritas*
Francia: *una gaviota/aferra la a la negra/roca, dormita*
Guillen: *Cuando camino,/todo el paisaje se pone en movimiento/corrimigo*

Haiku of Sweden

Correspondent/Translator: Jim Kacian/Ban'ya Natsuishi
All poems previously published in *Aprilsnö*, and originally in Swedish.

Tranströmer: *Hör suset av regn./Jag viskar en hemlighet/för att nå in dit.*
Wästberg: *Kaprifolen döljer/brandstogens mörka pinnar*
Persson: *Fotstegen/lämnade orön//gyttjepölens måne.*
Falkman: *Solen borta/Staketets skugga/kvar i gräsets rimfrost*
Melin: *Vinden forslar tystnaden/genom skogarna*
Ohlsson: *Min militärkänga/i solen/efter deserteringen*
Knutsson: *Mellan julgranens/avbarrade grenar/de första snödropparna*
Olsson: *Sommarskällarna—/då när ruinens skugga/vadande hägrar*
Eklund: *Torr och utblommad/för hela balkongsummarnum i en platsäck*
Svensson: *Ur höstens mörker/framträder skifningar av/äpplenas färger*

Haiku of the United States

Correspondent: Jim Kacian
All poems previously unpublished and originally in English.

Haiku of Wales and Scotland

Correspondent: Martin Lucas
All poems previously unpublished and originally in English.

Haiku of Yugoslavia

Correspondent/Translator: Dimitar Anakiev
All poems previously unpublished and originally in Serbian.

Doderovic: *zalazak sunca—/niz zeleni breg spustena/senka jabrike*
Gladic: *Mahovina/na beskrajnem putu/milnskog tocka.*
Stojanovski: *Nestaje severnjaca . . . /Kroz dugu nocnu moru/prolazi bombarder.*
Tosic: *suze detinjstva/pretocene u kapi rose/sjaje zorom*
Raonic: *Starac—/oslonjen na ogracu/ispraca put.*
Zlatko-Kavcic: *pred zalazak/poslednji se plivac kupu/u zlatnoj suncevoj putanji*
Siljak: *Ljetnji pšusak /uznemirio zabe—/grgoši noc.*
Tadic: *Starac—/oslonjen na ogracu/ispraca put.*
Dacic: *Haiku straci/celo moje jutro—/unuk zuri na sneg.*
Bogojevic: *sabrana—/lica pokislih ljudi/osvetli munja*

A Haiku Miscellany (originals in English except the following)

Hansen: *Fulbnänen lysor/Kun få kvinder har ikked/Et grædende barn (translator: Hansen)*
Bokdrini: *Notte sui teti/volando la Lina/hon fa rumore (translator: Raffael de Gruttola)*
Argakijev: *stojam na most/mojata senka so vodata/tece vo dalecina (translator: Argakijev)*
Stanczakowa: *Akacja pachnie/nie dotykaj jej listków/po co zrac przyzyslose? (translator: Jim Kacian)*
Tomljanovic: *U kapi kis/niz laticu ruze/Nebo i Sunce (translator: Dimitar Anakiev)*
di Maria: *E già settembre/la foglia trema pallida/senza memoria (translator: Raffael de Gruttola)*
Bikle: *Oslapeno dete/na zsilot lepi poster/so isehen krug. (translator: Prokopiev)*
Prokopiev: *Oslapeno dete/na zsilot lepi poster/so isehen krug. (translator: Prokopiev)*
Smets: *onbeweeglijk/zit de haas op de helling/een en al oor (translator: Smets)*
Ferenc: *Sivatagi szél—/ha embert vágyom látni/csigánra nézek. (translator: Ferenc)*
Petreski: *so abna rakalrusa grizam/so druga toa go opisuvam (translator: Dimitar Anakiev)*
Virgili: *Ebbra di luce/tu canti la tua morte/breve cicala (translator: Raffael de Gruttola)*
Carano: *Tela di ragno/trappola è il sogno/o muto regno? (translator: Raffael de Gruttola)*

essays

Wright Redux

Upon beginning to read Richard Wright's haiku (*Haiku, This Other World*, Arcade Publishing, New York 1998), I had two immediate reactions: first, that the poems were beautiful, and second that they were surprisingly continuous with the classical Japanese tradition in both feel and subject matter. I was struck again and again by parallels between Wright's poems and those of the Japanese masters, and it came as no surprise to me to learn that he had studied Blyth's then-recent volumes. The first one to strike me this way was #7:

Make up your mind, Snail!
You are half inside your house,
And halfway out!

This haiku is redolent of Issa, with his constant identification with insects and birds; it immediately brings to mind poems such as this one (translations taken from Hass' *The Essential Haiku*):

The snail gets up
and goes to bed
with very little fuss.

Again, in Wright's #11:

You moths must leave now;
I am turning out the light
And going to sleep.

a seeming response to Issa's:

I'm going to roll over,
so please move,
cricket.

But while Wright is clearly attracted to this more subjective style of Issa, he also has many poems that harken back to the earlier masters. For example, Basho's well-known poem

A crow
has settled on a bare branch—
autumn evening.

reflects a lonely feel captured somewhat more directly in Wright's #117:

The crow flew so fast
That he left his lonely caw
Behind in the fields.

Similarly, Wright's #78:

An apple blossom
Trembling on a sunlit branch
From the weight of bees.

would seem right at home next to a poem such as one of these:

A bee
staggers out
of the peony.

Basho

The cherry blossoms fallen—
through the branches
a temple.

Buson

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But these comparisons should not be interpreted as expressing the view that Wright's haiku are merely imitative. It is clear from the breadth of the collection that he had fully internalized a haiku way of seeing, and was thus able not only to become more attuned to nature in his failing days, but also to see through to the "suchness" of his modern urban life. Some of his strongest haiku are those that defy comparison with traditional models, but instead demonstrate his own evolving voice. Among those I would place the following, that span the range from celebratory to sad:

Just enough of snow
For a boy's finger to write
His name on the porch
(#33)

Where the tree's shadow
Lingers on the macadam,
Traces of spring rain.
(#99)

A chill Spanish dawn:
Vapor from the blood of a
Freshly slaughtered bull.
(#68)

The Christmas season:
A whore is painting her lips
Larger than they are.
(#365)

In the falling snow
A laughing boy holds out
his palms
Until they are white.
(#31)

The arriving train
All decorated with snow
From another town.
(#526)

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Thus, one can hardly doubt that Wright had a firm grasp of the essential core of haiku as a way of viewing the world. This awareness is shown further in his arrangement of his own poems (which were numbered by the author for this one-day publication): the collection begins with a large assortment of Wright's more traditional haiku—those that fall well within the mainstream conception of the haiku approach, in objectivity and resonance—before including later in the collection a number of poems that are more overtly metaphorical and experimental in composition. This seems to me to indicate that the author wished to establish his credibility up front, and realized quite well which of his poems diverged more greatly from the traditional model. As for the overall impression of his work, even as I wish I could go back and talk him out of the 17-syllable structure that sometimes pads his poems beyond their most effective core, I am left with no doubt that Wright has written many haiku of lasting significance.

books

&

review

Bigger & Smaller: Two Reviews

Corman, Cid *nothing doing* (New Directions, 1999), 150 pp., perfectbound softback. \$13.95.

This latest collection from the internationally-renowned poet, editor, and translator presents work from the 1980s and 1990s culled from scores of limited edition book and magazine publications. Corman is a master of the lapidary muse. His poems are brief, precise and, on the whole, stunning.

Two major categories of poems can be seen in this book: the first, and least successful (to my mind) are the “wisdom poems.” An intelligent voice speculates on presence and absence in time, urging stoic resolve in the face of ultimate dissolution. The printed word is posited as an object of meditation, a bulwark against nothingness. Large issues are mulled over and questioned, yet the ultimate answers often arrive in statements like this:

the
meaninglessness

We live
because
life wants
us to.

which reads more like a marginal note to Teilhard de Chardin than a poem. Others are more successful:

We want to
want more than
anything.

which could easily find a home among La Rochefoucauld's *Maxims* and Lichtenberg's *Aphorisms*. Unfortunately, statements such as these do not do the work of poems—i.e. the language is not compelling enough to draw attention to itself, though vertically arranged on the page and exhibiting limited word play and vowel music. Fortunately, Corman takes his own advice as offered in one of the “wisdom poems,” the Blakean

If you would step into the infinite—
Only go into the finite everywhere

with the second major type of poem the result. Rather than telling us how to think, they show us words engaged with each other and with the world mediated by a keen and attentive mind.

A leaf on
the doorstep—
don't even

have to pick
it up to
know the news.

Moreover, Corman's "Psalms" show us that a King James-like music is not out of place in miniature poems. Corman's mind ranges among the greats of Western art and literature—da Vinci, Stein, Joyce—taking their measure in five lines or less. Issa and others are honored with deft translations sifted in among the original work without fanfare. More personal poems give us further evidence of Corman's attentiveness to the word:

Shizumi

from the height
of the nuns'

68

temple steps

running down
as the sun

sets to me.

The sureness, the simplicity, and the clean lines of these and many more of the poems offered in *nothing doing* show the hand of a master at work. Cid Corman, now in his seventies and living in Kyoto, continues to write such fine poems every day. For this we should be thankful.

Proceedings: The 1st International Contemporary Haiku Symposium
Gendai Haiku Kyokai, 7F Second Kairaku Building, 6-5-4 Soto-
Kanda, Chiyoda-ku, Tokyo, 101-0021, Japan. 70 pages. \$10.00

Photographs of participants, essays on the future of haiku and the necessity of international haiku as a key to peace and understanding, as well as translations of guest haikai's offerings, all done up in Japanese, French, German, and Spanish translations should make for interesting reading. Unfortunately this booklet is more a well-meaning gesture than a solid contribution to haiku scholarship. All of the guests seem to agree that the globalization of haiku is a good thing and that sharing haiku is an especially good thing. The writer/translator Stephen Gill seems to agree, yet he also tells us that there is a danger in Japan of publishing too much haiku, and in foreign countries of accepting any written thing containing syllables in a 5/7/5 pattern as haiku. Surely this cannot hold true for every foreign country, could it? And who is it that Gill is referring to as doing the accepting? And who in Japan is doing too much publishing? He doesn't say. Further on he tells us that haiku over the ages has swung pendulum-fashion between serious and comic poles and "will continue to do so." Unfortunately, such easy generalizations are simply untrue, however good they may sound at a gathering of gracious, well-intentioned people enjoying time together. And that is the point this publication drives home with every essay: one had to have been there to have gotten the significance of the event memorialized in these pages.

Proceedings does contain several interesting haiku, however. The very best (in English) is this one:

count-down
to reef-detonation
birds in clouds

Ryusai Takeshita (Trans. William J. Higginson.)

Recommended only for archivists of haiku-related ephemera.

—Jesse Glass

Sports & Divertissements

Light Verse from the Floating World: An Anthology of Premodern Japanese Senryu, Compiled, Translated, and with an Introduction by Makoto Ueda. Columbia University Press, 273 pp., 1999.

My employer, a Japanese trade agency, holds an annual New Year senryu contest. One entry back in 1992, when Bill Clinton was elected U.S. President, went: *Arkansas aakansasu jaa aakannzoo*, which may be translated, limply: “Arkansas: it won’t do to say Ah Kansas.” It was a clever caveat to Japanese who might assume that the obscure state from which the president-elect hailed was pronounced to rhyme with “Kansas.”

I remembered this when I took up for review *Light Verse from the Floating World*, a selection of some 400 senryu from the Edo Period by the accomplished translator Makoto Ueda. Senryu, a genre of wry, if not entirely satirical, verse, depends for its effect on a clever turn of phrase or an adroit choice of word. Knowledge of specific time and place also helps—can, in fact, often be crucial.

Take what Ueda calls “one of the most famous senryu of all time”:

70

the official’s little son—
how fast he’s learned to open
and close his fist!

I can’t tell just what this translation, which is pretty accurate, makes the reader think of, but the original, *yakunin no ko wa niginigi o yoku oboe*, twits the government employee for his propensity to accept—nay, demand—bribes, a bad habit even his baby boy quickly learns to copycat.

The pivotal word is *niginigi*. A derivative of *nigiru*, “to grab” or “to grip,” and a typical example of the baby-talk vocabulary with which the Japanese language abounds, *niginigi* describes the innocuous way an infant is induced to

open and close his palm. You can almost hear a happy child gurgling.

You must also know that the senryu directly refers to one distinctive aspect of the period in which it was composed: the Age of Tanuma. Tanuma Okitsugu (1719-1788), who ruled the land first as shogunate advisor, then as top administrator, was so tolerant of bribery that his name became almost synonymous with the corrupt act. Given this, the description of the innocent act takes on a sinister meaning.

If some of this can be surmised from Ueda's translation alone, this senryu must be counted, from the translator's viewpoint, among the more fortunate. Most classical senryu, with references often too remote from us, are hard to comprehend without explications. An alien experience that has to be explained can be a death knell for the verse translator. This is especially true when the form consists of only 5-7-5 syllables, too brief to allow circumstantial padding.

This does not mean senryu are basically not amenable to translation. There are, according to Ueda, about 200,000 senryu that survive from the Edo Period. In that multitude there are bound to be a sizable number that appeal across ages and languages. Here are some samples.

“Sudden change for the worse”
a doctor always has
that escape clause”

hen to iu nigemichi isha wa akete oki

“There is no hell” —
to his mistress, the priest
tells the truth”

kakoware ni jigoku wa nai to jitsu wo ii

the laundryman
feeds on the filth
of his neighbors”

sentakuya kinjo no hito no aka de kui

the lion dancer
when his show is finished
chokes the lion to death

daikagura shimau de shishi wo shime koroshi

“Lock up the doors when you go to bed,”
says the thief
leaving for work”

yoku shimete nero to ii ii nusumi ni de

Burton Watson once rendered the same senryu: “Off to work, / the burglar to his wife: ‘Lock up tight when you go to bed!’”

first eye to eye
then hand to hand
and mouth to mouth

mazu me to me sore kara te to te kuchi to kuchi

This one reminds me of Donald Richie’s amusing essay, “The Japanese Kiss,” which begins: “More than 100 years ago, May 31, 1883, to be exact, the brothers Goncourt wrote in their journal that dinner conversation had been about kissing and that ‘somebody who had lived for many years in Japan said that the kiss did not exist in Japanese love-making.’”

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how long it seems
when you unwind a woman’s sash
while lying in bed!

nete tokeba obi hodo nagaki mono wa nashi

Watson: “When you’re trying to get it / unwound in bed, / nothing’s longer than a kimono sash!”

the whole town
knows of it, except
her husband

chônai de shiranu wa teishu bakari nari

reunited
with his lost child, he says thanks
in a hoarse voice

mayoigo no oya wa shagarete rei wo ii

going to the outhouse
and finding it occupied
he admires the moon

setchin e saki wo kosarete tsuki wo home

Watson: "Beaten / to the privy, / he praises the moon."

"Don't let this worry you,"
he says, then tells you something
that has to worry you

ki ni wa kakerarena to kakeru koto wo ii

Watson: "Don't worry!" he says, / and then tells you
something / that really gets you worried."

till the rain lets up
he haggles over the price
of an umbrella"

ame no yamu uchi karakasa now negitte ii

Ueda groups his selection into ten categories and provides each with a helpful guide to relevant societal and cultural backgrounds. He also gives footnotes. As the examples I've cited here may show, though, the senryu that come across in translation are mostly found among those dealing with common, daily behaviors.

In going over a Japanese selection to review *Light Verse*, I spotted one senryu that reminded me of two other pieces.

The 1765 *Yanagidaru*, the first collection of senryu edited by Karai Senryû (1718-1790), included the one about the official's little son. It also had *hinnuita daiko de michi o oshierare*, "With a pulled-out daikon I was shown the way."

One suspects Issa knew this senryu when he wrote the haiku: *daiko-hiki daiko de michi o oshiekeri*, which R. H. Blyth translated, "The turnip-puller / Points the way / With

a turnip.” The American poet Alan Pizzarelli, like many English-language haiku writers an admirer of Blyth, paid homage to Issa and, if indirectly, to the anonymous senryu poet when he wrote:

the gas station man
points the way
with a gas nozzle

Hiroaki Sato

BOOKS RECEIVED

Simin, Nebojsa, Editor *Treca Obala Reke (The Third Bank of the River)* (Futura Publications, Novi Sad 2000). 48 pp., 5.25" x 7.75", perfect softbound. No price or availability information provided. *A small but serious anthology of Serbian poems translated into English, French and German.*

Herold, Christopher *A Path in the Garden* (Katsura Press, PO Box 275, Lake Oswego OR 97034, 2000). 92 pp., 5.5" x 7", perfect softbound. Watercolors by Ruth Yarrow. ISBN 0-9638551-3-1. \$14.95 from the publishers. *An important collection of poems by one of the best haiku poets writing in English.*

75

Jorgensen, Jean *a canopy of leaves* (privately published, 2000). 82 pp., 5.5" x 8.25", perfect softbound. ISBN 0-9694973-3-4. \$8US from the distributors, Four Seasons Corner, 9633-68 A St., Edmonton AB T6B 1V3 Canada. *An impressive collection from an experienced poet, whose canny, lyrical voice is evident everywhere here.*

Berry, Ernest with Jerry Kilbride *162 Haiku: a korean war sequence* (Post Pressed, Flaxton New Zealand 2000). 140 pp., 5.75" x 8.25", perfect softbound. With photos and artwork by the author. ISBN 1-876682-13-2. Enquire with the author for price. *While the book suffers from being overly busy, there are many outstanding poems to be found in this, a self-described "sort of haibun."*

Coman, Sonia Cristina *Leaganul gol (The Empty Cradle)* (Editura Bradut, Targu-Mures Romania 2000). 48 pp., 5.75" x 8.25", perfect softbound. ISBN 973-8085-01-2. Enquire with the publisher for price. *These poems tend toward the traditional, but are competent and mature—which says a lot about the 12-year-old author.*

Baker, Winona *Even a Stone Breathes* (oolichan books, PO Box 10, Lantzville, BC, V0R 2H0 Canada, 2000). 76 pp., 5.5" x 8.5", perfect softbound. ISBN 0-88982-181-X. \$13.95 from the publishers. *A full-length collection from one of Canada's best-known haiku poets, in an attractive format, with an especially attractive cover.*

Lang, Evelyn *Wild Pond: Collected Haiku 1991-1999* (privately printed, 2000). 40 pp., 5.5" x 8.5", saddle-stapled softbound. Japanese Brush Painting by Robin White. \$5 from the author at 111 Nottingham Road, Deefield NH 03037. *The author's first collection clearly indicates her preoccupation with the natural world that is her home.*

Kennedy, Bruce *an upside down bucket* (Hermit's eye Press, 62 Sterling Place, Brooklyn NY 11217, 2000). 32 pp., 4.25" x 5.5", saddle-stitched softbound. \$4 from the publisher. *30 original haiku by an early editor of frogpond in a handsome small production.*

Gurga, Lee *a penny face up* (tel-let, Charleston IL, 2000). 28 pp., 3.5" x 5.25", saddle-stitched softbound. From the author at 514 Pekin St., Lincoln IL 62656. *A pleasing brief collection in the usual attractive tel-let production style.*

76 Barlow, John, Editor *The Haiku Calendar 2001* (Snapshot Press, PO Box 132, Crosby, Liverpool L23 8XS England, 2000). 28 pp., 5" x 5.5", unbound in folding display. \$9.95 from the publisher. *A great idea, carried out in an attractive and useful fashion, featuring work by 31 different poets.*

Gallagher, D. Claire, Editor *Crinkled Sunshine* (Haiku Society of America, 2000). 60 pp., 4.5" x 8", perfect softbound. ISBN 0-9631467-9-3. \$9US from the editor at 864 Elmira Drive, Sunnyvale CA 94087. *The latest Membership Anthology from the Haiku Society of America, featuring poems (and occasional haiga) from 191 poets.*

Baker, Ed & Fay Chin *Twenty-Four Ways of Seeing* (tel-let, Charleston IL, 2000). 27 pp., 8.5" x 11", stapled in die-cut binder. From the author at 8215 Flower Ave., Takoma Park MD 20912. *A collection of zen-like aphorisms and short poems, often amusing, against a repeated enso-and-bamboo background, in an interesting format on nice paper.*

Martone, John *nest* (dogwood & honeysuckle, 325 W. Tyler Apt. B, Charleston IL 61920, 2000). 36 pp., 2.5" x 2.75", saddle-stitch softbound. *cells* (dogwood & honeysuckle, 325 W. Tyler Apt. B, Charleston IL 61920, 2000). 40 pp., 2.5" x 2.75", saddle-stitch softbound. From the author. *A pair of chapbooks in the inimical style of the author, in his usual effective presentation style.*

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Leonard, John *Fallen Leaves* (Two Autumns Press, 478 Guerrero Street, San Francisco CA 94110, 2000). 24 pp., 5.5" x 8.5", saddle-stapled softbound. \$6 from the publisher. *Another beautifully produced volume from readings in the San Francisco area, featuring this time poems by Roger Abe, Laura Bell, Rich Krivcher and Eugenie Waldteufel.*

Anakiev, Dimitar, Editor *Parce Nebal/Kousek Nebel/A Piece of the Sky: Haiku from an Air-Raid Shelter* (Pro Studio Forma, 1999). 80 pp., 4.75" x 6.5", perfect softbound. Available from the editor at Brunov drevored 19, Tolmin 5220, Slovenia. *A small anthology of war haiku which won, for the editor, the Franz Kafka literary medal from the Czech Republic.*

Fukutomi, Tateo *Straw Hat: An Anthology of Haiku Poems* (Kaiteishinsha, 4520605 Hongo-cho, Funabashi-shi, Chiba-ken, 273-0033 Japan, 2000). 28 pp., 6" x 8.25", perfect softbound. \$10 from the publisher. *A modest first volume of poems in English translation, some quite affecting, in an attractive production unfortunately marred by many typographical errors.*

Hart, William *Wildcat Road* (Timberline Press, 6281 Red Bud, Fulton MO 65251, 2000). 34 pp., 5.25" x 8.25", perfect softbound letterpress. Illustrated by Jayasri Majumdar. ISBN 0-944048-17-X. \$7.50 from the publisher. *The third collection of haiku by one of our more interesting poets outside the haiku mainstream.*

Swede, George *Almost Unseen: Selected Haiku of George Swede* (Brooks Books, 4634 Hale Drive, Decatur IL 62526, 2000). 128 pp., 5.75" x 9", hardcover with dust jacket. ISBN 0-913719-99-4. \$20 from the publisher. *A major collection of the haiku of one our most significant poets. You'll find all the poems you expect here, and some less expected as well.*

Suzuki, Masajo *Love Haiku: Masajo Suzuki's Lifetime of Love* (Brooks Books, 4634 Hale Drive, Decatur IL 62526, 2000). Translation by Emiko Miyashita and Lee Gurga. 112 pp., 5.5" x 8.5", perfect softbound. ISBN 1-929820-00-3. \$15 from the publisher. *The title says it all—the inspirations of our most enduring myth.*

Colón, Carlos, Barbara Verrett Moore, Jeffrey L. Salter, Editors *The Best of the Electronic Poetry Network* (Shreveport Regional Arts Council Literary Panel, 2000). 44 pp., 5.5" x 8.5", saddle-stapled softbound. From the editor at 185 Lynn Ave., Shreveport LA 71105. *The hard proof of a wild idea, a collection of haiku from the on-line Electronic Poetry Network, which has brought haiku (one per week) to the internet in a useful and instructive way since 1997.*

Machmiller, Patricia and June Hopper Hymas, Editors *Young Leaves: An Old Way of Seeing New* (Yuki Teikei Haiku Society, 20711 Garden Place Court, Cupertino CA 95014, 2000). 130 pp., 8" x 10", perfect softbound. Enquire with the Society. *A work of love, this is the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society's 25th Anniversary volume, full of poems, essays, photographs and good will. A wonderful compendium.*

Gross, David *Cup of Moon* (privately printed, 2000). 32 pp., 4" x 5.5", saddle-stitched softbound letterpress with dust jacket. \$7 from the author at 1536 White Tail Road, Pinckneyville IL 62274. *An elegantly produced chapbook of haiku & small poems, modest of size, not of voice and resonance.*

Bogojevic, Dejan *In the Sky Mirror* (Lotos Press, 14202 Raijkovic, Valjevo Yugoslavia, 1999). 32 pp., 4.75" x 7.75", perfect softbound. Illustrated by the author. Available from the publisher. *A bilingual edition by one of the leading Serbian haiku poets, editor of Lotos.*

Clausen, Tom *Homework* (Snapshot Press, PO Box 132, Crosby, Liverpool L23 8XS England, 2000). 36 pp., 4" x 5.75", saddle-stapled softbound. ISBN 1-903543-00-2. \$7 from the publisher.

Gay, Garry *Along the Way* (Snapshot Press, PO Box 132, Crosby, Liverpool L23 8XS England, 2000). 36 pp., 4" x 5.75", saddle-stapled softbound. ISBN 1-9526773-0-X. \$7 from the publisher.

Herold, Christopher *In the Margins of the Sea* (Snapshot Press, PO Box 132, Crosby, Liverpool L23 8XS England, 2000). 36 pp., 4" x 5.75", saddle-stapled softbound. ISBN 1-9526773-9-3. \$7 from the publisher. *Three titles from the attractive Snapshot Press series, each with a particular theme dear to the poet: Clausen examines domestic life with his compassionate eye; Gay his vocation of photography, often with a sardonic touch; and Herold the sea nearby to which he has been called to live. Each is a good sampling of the work of these three fine poets.*

Samuelowicz, Katherine *noticing the view: haiku & other poems* (Post Pressed, 31 Allara St., Flaxton, Queensland, 4560 Australia, 1999). 46 pp., 5.75" x 8", perfect softbound. ISBN 1-876682-03. From the publisher. *Poems of awareness of self and nature, haiku, tanka and other short forms, in a pleasing volume.*

HISA

News

Harold G. Henderson Contest 2000 for the Best Unpublished Haiku

First Place: Michael Dylan Welch (Foster City CA)

meteor shower—
a gentle wave
wets our sandals

Eight words take us to the writer's side, on the edge of an ocean, a lake or a stream. We look upwards in excitement and wonder to a clear night sky glimpsing the fast and graceful arcs of meteors as they enter the atmosphere of our tiny spaceship Earth. We do not notice the approach of a small wave and it washes gently across our sandals. Such a small thing, yet it reminds us that all things in the Universe are connected and pulse with miraculous life; that our own lives are crucially dependent on the fragile atmosphere and hydrosphere of our planet. This haiku did not shout to us "choose me." Rather it appealed through its subtlety, beauty, aptness and strength that grew on us with familiarity. It is the achievement of a writer whose eyes, heart and mind are open to Nature; of a poet who knows the craft of haiku.

8 ||

Second Place: Yvonne Hardenbrook (Columbus OH)

mountain hike
we drink from the beginning
of a great river

Anyone who has experienced the pleasure and freedom of drinking fresh untainted water from a small upland stream will relate to this moment. Such an experience could be taken for granted in most parts of the world only a generation

ago. With increasing populations and pollution, how many of our children and grandchildren will come to know it? As the hikers are refreshed by the bracing water they become an integral part of the vast reach and history of the nourishing flow and, if they are open to the haiku moment, they arrive at a greater knowledge of the powers that surround them. The poem reminds us that there are always beginnings and ends—for the hikers, for all forms of life, even for great rivers, our mountains, our Earth . . .

Co-Third Place: Tom Clausen (Ithaca, NY)

spring sun—
 high in his arms
 the newborn is shown

This poem captures that special moment when a young first-time father shows off the amazing fragile creature that he and his partner together have created—perhaps to a grandparent or an elderly neighbour. This father cannot quite believe it. Why is it that he holds the newborn high? We don't know, but that he does is also our experience. Initially, the first line might easily seem irrelevant. We suggest it's not. The sun provides the energy we need for warmth, for life and growth. Since it is spring we know that the newborn has developed in its mother's womb through the winter. Preparations for the birth have been made, but this father could never prepare for the miracle of the reality. Like spring, the newborn brings new warmth, new light, new possibilities . . .

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Co-Third Place: Marian Olson (Santa Fe, NM)

snail—
 to know
 its heart beats too

How many of us, we wonder, have asked the question that seven single-syllable words here answer? This wonderfully simple and innocent Issa-like poem sent us scurrying to biology reference books. In confirming that snails and their close relatives do indeed have hearts we experienced the moment of recognition, understanding and sense of unity that the writer records. This little creature, so often despised in our gardens or gathered as a culinary delicacy, is not so different from us. The poet has slyly seen fit to immortalize the snail in a poem with concrete form . . . so take a good look before it starts moving right and off the page.

Honorable Mention (alphabetical order by author)

lethal injection
unable to shut
the blind dog's eyes

LeRoy Gorman (Napanee, Ontario, Canada)

end of summer
the shape of his feet
in his sneakers

Peggy Heinrich (Bridgeport CT)

Geronimo's grave
someone has left
plastic flowers

Linda Jeannette Ward (Coinjock NC)

Three poems—all of which for us have lasting quality and considerable merit. Geronimo's grave is not just another "plastic flowers" haiku. The key to this poem is in wondering about who has left the flowers, and why, in our world of fast changing attitudes and values. end of summer is a fresh image that makes us think of relationships, their beginnings and ends.

lethal injection: we imagine the sad but necessary end of a loving relationship. Poignant yet also strangely apt that the previously useless eyes cannot be closed.

Judges' comments

There were 849 entries for the Henderson Awards of 2000. We strived to be true to the usual processes that conscientious poetry judges follow: thoroughness, re-readings, cycles of discussion and consideration, as we narrowed down to fewer and fewer poems and eventually made our final decisions. And, of course, we were unaware of writers' names during our judging. In particular we took time to let the poems mature in our thoughts, both conscious and subconscious. As time passed some faded, others emerged. We both feel strongly that lasting resonance is essential in the very best of haiku—poems that we experience more deeply the longer we know them. We worked collaboratively and iteratively towards agreement both in judging and in preparing our comments. We thank the entrants for the opportunity to study their poems, and the HSA for the privilege and pleasure of judging the Henderson Awards.

Cyril Childs (Lower Hutt, New Zealand)
Jerry Kilbride (Sacramento, California)

Gerald Brady Contest 2000 for Best Unpublished Senryu

First Place: Yvonne Hardenbrook (Columbus OH)

the clerk's lip ring—
I forget what
I wanted

For many of us, body piercing isn't an everyday thing. It is a little jarring, and can blow out of our minds what was rattling around in there. We would prefer that those we deal with are basically more invisible. This senryu states this idea economically and without embellishment. In fact the brevity of lines two and three suggests the speaker's embarrassment at his or her distraction, even while acknowledging that it has occurred. We are quietly amused. (PW)

If haiku seek to elicit an "aha" moment, I like to think that senryu can be judged by what we might call the "guffaw" moment. And when I read this senryu, I let out an audible guffaw. Many of us have probably had an experience like the one described in the senryu, being disconcerted by the latest fashion craze of youth. And at first reading, I took this poem to be a commentary on goofy kids. But then I reflected, doesn't every generation do this? Isn't it likely that the poet did something similar in their youth? And suddenly another guffaw! This senryu is skewering not just the foibles of youth who follow crazy fashion trends to shock their elders, it's also skewering the elders who grow so stodgy that they are so easily shocked. For its simplicity yet complexity, and for its insight into a common moment of contemporary life, this senryu was the clear winner. (TL)

Second Place: Robert J. Guarnier (Syracuse NY)

in the midway sun
corn-on-the-cob customers
grinning ear to ear

Basically a pun, this poem also is a *bon mot*, that is a figure of speech in which what is a common locution is given a new twist and so redeemed from being a cliché. We laugh. Another modified cliché is “the midway sun,” not “the mid-day sun,” giving us in that one word the setting—a fair, where people enjoy themselves with simple pleasures. Of all the many puns among the poems submitted, this one seemed perhaps the most delightful because of its simplicity and double *bon mot*. (PW)

Third Place: LeRoy Gorman (Napanee, Ontario, Canada)

school library
such quiet
books

In its brevity, seeming simplicity, and silence, this poem appears quite haiku-like. And one might suggest that it is more haiku than senryu. But then it hits one, why is the library so quiet? There are books, but where are the students? What kids can be bothered with reading? Who wants to be such a dork? And a poem that might be a haiku suddenly unfolds as a critique on the death of reading. Ah, the tranquility of an empty library. . . . and the librarian gets what she wants, peace and quiet . . . *shhh*. (TL)

86

Honorable Mention (alphabetical by author)

At the fence
they sit on their tractors
talking hay
Garry Gay (Windsor CA)

Talking over the fence is a centuries old custom, and it seems perfectly natural that the tractor drivers should be talking about hay. They aren't making hay but just talking about it. We delight in the pauses in our work days when we can just talk about what we do. And for people really involved in something, the subject is never boring. Their work has forced them to think a whole lot about hay, and so they have something to say about it. It all comes pouring out. We are amused. (PW)

three surgeons
five nurses
wrong leg

Timothy I. Mize (Yukon OH)

87

This senryu is not for everyone. The poem may be a bit too gruesome or bleak for some readers. But we've all seen stories in the news where surgeons have removed the wrong leg, or the wrong kidney, or the wrong whatever. Our wonderful high-tech medical system, with highly trained, vastly skilled, often arrogant, and always overpaid surgeons, and the most simple-minded blunders still occur. Yes, for the patient involved, cutting off the wrong leg is bleak, bitter, and terribly sad, but, since it wasn't our leg, also sardonic and, admit it, a bit funny, too. (TL)

Full moon—
I iron a wrinkle
into his pants

Marian Olson (Santa Fe NM)

Speaking as one who always irons as many wrinkles into things as out of them, I find this poem true to life. The first line is also suggestive, perhaps of the person whose pants are being ironed standing there pantless, as well as of the rambunctiousness of people's reputed behavior under the influence of the full moon. There is also a suggestion present of the possible resentment of someone asked to do a domestic

chore that traditional wives used to do without a thought. It is a modern poem. Everyone should iron his own pants, perhaps. (PW)

Valentine's Day—
she reminds me
to fasten my seatbelt

Michael Dylan Welch (Foster City CA)

What has become of the passions of early romance? Small gestures of caring, little naggings, and yet not without sincere sentiment. (TL)

before the guests arrive
I straighten
the straight cushions

Michael Dylan Welch (Foster City CA)

Who can't read this poem and think, "been there, done that"? One needn't be a finicky housekeeper to relate. The senryu, it strikes me, is more about the nervousness we feel when important visitors are coming than a comment on overzealous housekeeping *per se*. (TL)

a lull in her hands—
the hairstylist asks
how I part my hair

Michael Dylan Welch (Foster City CA)

88

How many of us dive into our work and plow ahead only after awhile to wonder what we are doing. The hairstylist, sure of her skill, has realized she is beyond her depth for a moment and is caught up short, and has to ask what she should be doing. The way line one is expressed seems both natural and yet original—very nicely done. (PW)

your fingers touch me . . .
sunlight on the tree
moves down the trunk

Valorie Broadhurst Woerdehoff (Dubuque IA)

An erotic poem, this senryu also contains an incipient metaphor. It suggests a couple together in the morning, as the sun comes up. But it also suggests the internal response of the one touched as the fingers move down his or her trunk. This economical and touching poem conveys so much through its three simple lines . . . very well done. (PW)

Tom Lynch (Las Cruces NM)
Paul O. Williams (Belmont CA)

Merit Book Awards 2000 for Book Published in 1999

From the 44 books that were considered for the Merit Book Awards, we have selected the following winners and honorable mentions. We carefully read and discussed the many fine volumes and each of us had our own unique selection criteria for this end of the century harvest of haiku books.

90 Ebba looked for overall strength and evenness of the poetic work in combination with design and presentation (after all these are things—books—being evaluated and not just poems). She valued unity and consistency within each volume. Often less proved to be definitely more in terms of the quality of the book. A number of volumes could have been “better-than-good” had they been more precisely edited and weaker poems winnowed from over-long works. She also felt it important to ask the questions “What does this volume contribute to the ongoing body of haiku in the West? Does the book inspire and excite and does it speak clearly and finely for the genre—single author’s voices as well as collective works—and will it last and be meaningful to readers in the future? And, finally, does it establish a high level of excellence that writers can turn to for direction as a definitive standard for haiku literature?”

The three winners surely meet these expectations, as do the Honorable Mentions. Of special note among the Honorable Mentions is Cor van den Heuvel’s *The Haiku Anthology*. For showcasing and celebrating the breadth of styles and voices in the haiku community there is no peer to the enduring influence of this expanded, perfect bound 3rd edition.

Tom spent time over the summer with each of the books and felt heartened by each entry for its triumph of creation

and its being a poetic embodiment of each author. He also looked at the collections with an eye and ear to which were most satisfying to revisit and gain inspiration from. He found it a very difficult task to narrow and limit selections to the few we have out of the many entered. Like Ebba, he evaluated the books on the basis of a sense of unity and consistency and felt very honored to be able to commune with so many fine books in one truly special haiku summer!

There is no question that to create sufficient haiku to produce a superb book collection reflects on the devotion and commitment of the author to a way of life that is keenly perceptive and utterly open to the best of micro-moments and simple gifts that for many of us make all the difference in the world.

Congratulations to all who published this year. And many, many thanks to all the writers who continue to make haiku a vital and deeply felt part of our lives.

Tom Clausen & Ebba Story (Judges)

First Place

Gary Hotham (Laurel MD)

Breath Marks: Haiku to Read in the Dark

Second Place

Margaret Chula (Portland OR)
Rich Youmans (North Falmouth MA)

Shadow Lines

Third Place

Randy Brooks (Decatur IL)

School's Out: Selected Haiku

Honorable Mention (alphabetical by author)

Across the Windharp: Collected and New Haiku
Elizabeth Searle Lamb (Santa Fe NM)

Family Farm: Haiku for a Place of Moons
Carol Purington (Colrain MA)

the day i find poems from a desert hermitage
vincent tripi (Tempe AZ)

Outside Robins Sing: Selected Haiku
Paul O. Williams (Belmont CA)

Special Category Honorable Mention

1. Haiku Anthologies

The Haiku Anthology: Haiku and Senryu in English
Editor: Cor van den Heuvel (New York NY)

*A New Resonance: Emerging Voices
in English-Language Haiku*
Editors: Jim Kacian (Winchester VA)
Dee Evetts (New York NY)

2. Haibun Anthology

Wedge of Light
Editors: Michael Dylan Welch (Foster City CA)
Cor van den Heuvel (New York NY)
Tom Lynch (Las Cruces NM)

3. Travel Journal

Oaspete strain: A Foreign Guest
Ion Codrescu (Constanta, Romania)

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Museum of Haiku Literature Award
\$50 for the best haiku or senryu
appearing in the previous issue of *Frogpond*
as voted by the HSA Executive Committee

summer evening . . .
fanning myself
with a paper moon

Stanford M. Forrester

Erratum from FPXXIII:3

closing time
the barber combs his hair
just so

Cathy Drinkwater Better



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