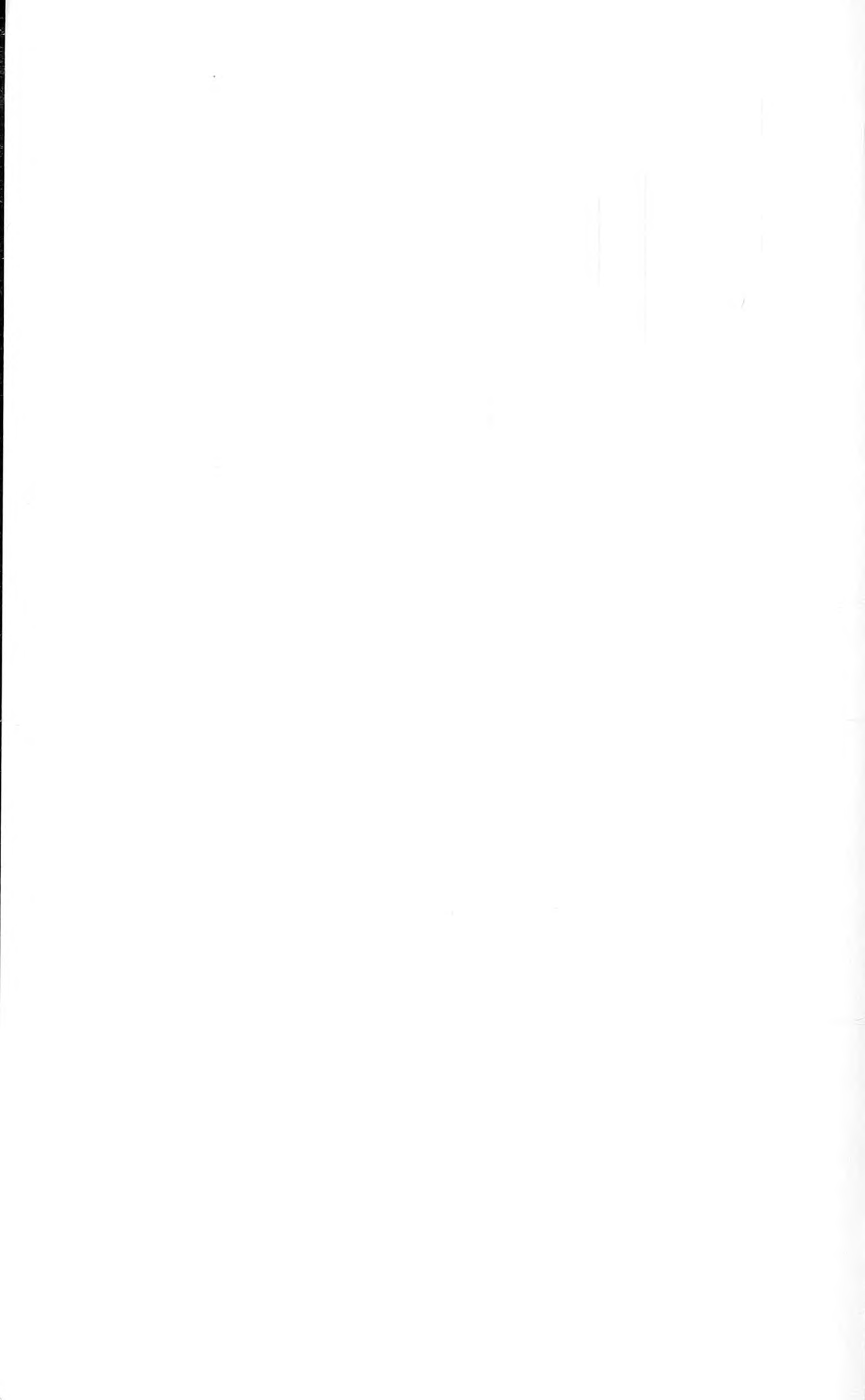


FROGPOND XXVI:3



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HAIKU SOCIETY OF AMERICA  
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<<http://www.hsa-haiku.org/>>

Established 1968

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## President's Message

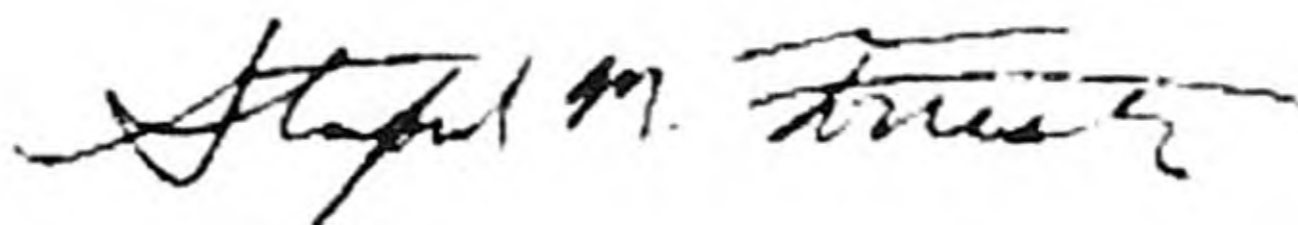
Dear members of the HSA and friends:

It always amazes me how quickly time passes and that with one blink we are already in the midst of autumn. This year especially has been an important one for the Haiku Society of America as well as for haiku in general. Regarding the HSA, many organizational issues have been reexamined, addressed and fine-tuned with the hope of making the HSA a more professional, efficient, and financially healthier organization that can better serve its members. We've initiated a membership survey to increase the flow of communication between members and gathered much valuable feedback. We are happy to report that the HSA Logo Contest is well underway and that we will have an official logo by year's end. Another exciting event we are proud to announce is our partnership this year with the Japan Society. They are celebrating an important anniversary and they! have chosen us to be the co-sponsor of the Japan-US 150th Anniversary Haiku Contest. I hope that all of you will participate. And finally, our membership numbers are climbing and haiku is in the news on a regular basis. The future looks very bright.

With all that said, I'm sorry to say that I will not be running for another term. It has been both a great pleasure and a challenge and being president has put me in touch with so many wonderful poets and lovers of haiku--I couldn't be more grateful. Thank you for electing me and allowing me to serve you. I would also like to give a special thanks to all the officers on both the executive committee; Pamela Miller Ness, Tom Painting, Dave Russo, Jim Kacian, Michael Dylan Welch, Karen Klein, and Tom Borkowski, and the nominating committee; Raffael de Gruttola, Howard L. Kilby, and Bill Higginson for spending countless hours keeping the HSA afloat. Their only payment has been their love for the HSA and haiku. And last but not least, the biggest thanks to my wife, Mary, and to my daughters Abigail and Molly for lending out their father for a year to the HSA.

So I will leave you with another thank you and a wish that you have many haiku moments to come.

In haiku friendship,



*Stanford M. Forrester, President*

# 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.**

ultrasound picture  
slowly passed from hand to hand—  
beginning of spring

*Michael Dylan Welch*

first robin  
keys clink  
the steering column

*Jeffrey Winke*

5

first spring day—  
signing our daughter's  
financial aid form

*Lenard D. Moore*

wild bird  
its flutter  
in my hand

*Linda Jeannette Ward*

shimmering  
full moon  
and spring peepers

*Robert Mainone*

light spring rain . . .  
green lichen on the roof  
of the birdhouse

*Bruce Ross*

worn creek path  
tips of shed antlers  
nibbled away

*Elizabeth Howard*

first catkins  
in the riverbank trees  
the tide, turning

*Martin Lucas*

6

one spring stream  
joins another  
mountain darkness

*Burnell Lippy*

the river thunders  
through the gorge—  
scent of black locust

*Tim Hawkes*



Hospital garden—  
last year's leaves  
cling to the wall

*Ian Daw*

too windy for work  
the window washers' ropes  
float free

*Lee Giesecke*

7

Easter lilies  
filling the maple shadows  
with their sheen

*Merrill Ann Gonzales*

spring memorial  
the dampness  
in a handful of soil

*Alice Frampton*

end of spring  
a memory is lost  
to the breeze

*Stephen Toft*

Mother's Day  
I spend the morning gardening  
as she once did

*Robert Epstein*

peony clusters . . .  
the way loneliness hides  
in all things

*Marjorie Buettner*

she leans  
a little closer  
ladybug on my palm

*Yu Chang*

8

I'm eighteen,  
imagining my son  
under the moon

*Timothy Duffy*

summer pajamas  
the smell  
of last year's me

*Connie Post*

wild roses—  
the scent rambles beyond  
the rock wall

*Adelaide B. Shaw*

the woods' long vines  
reaching the ground  
evening calm

*Burnell Lippy*

9

A sip of wine—  
the slow drift of clouds  
and cottonwood seeds

*William Scott Galasso*

the ant hauling the moth wing  
sails backwards  
and then keeps going that way

*Andrew Haganis*

its own voice humidity at dusk

*marlene mountain*

From the balcony unreachable mountains

*Dimitar Anakiev*

horizon  
why and  
why not

*Rajiv Lather*

a steeper trail  
hickory trees  
grow from rock

*Peggy Willis Lyles*

10

the distance  
between the mountains  
and the clouds

*James Fowler*

watching trail dust  
disappear down  
the shower drain

*Harriot West*

cloudless blue  
an inchworm dangles  
from the daylight moon

*Robert Gilliland*

letting it go  
the firefly's  
grip

*Rees Evans*

11

starry night  
bobby pins  
in her hair

*w. f. owen*

pulsing of cicadas  
we settle into  
the quiet

*Carolyn Hall*

all night long  
in my single bed  
the heat of summer

*Tom Tico*

# The Conscious Eye

Dee Evetts

TO CONCLUDE THIS SERIES on the theme of parents and children, I have an assortment of material that declined to fit easily into the scheme of my two previous articles. Nonetheless there are some smaller groupings that suggest themselves, and I want to start by comparing two poems—one by Randy Brooks, the other by Paul M.

after all these years  
she asks about her mother  
I put on another log<sup>1</sup>

strewn driftwood  
a boy asking  
about his father<sup>2</sup>

12 We can only guess at the circumstances, the particular history underlying each of these poems. Death, divorce, adoption—all are possibilities. And this ambiguity would seem to indicate that in each case the poet is concerned more with the quality of the moment than with biography. In this regard there is an interesting commonality. Walking by the ocean, sitting beside a dying fire, both are situations we can all recognise as conducive to contemplative silence as well as to the exchange of confidences.

There are also some distinct dissimilarities. Brooks writes in the first person, and his closing line “I put on another log” manages to convey a mingling of relief, love, and resolution. The overall effect is one of intensity and intimacy. In marked contrast, Miller’s voice is far more detached. Grammatically speaking at least, it is conceivable that his poem is about acquaintances, or even strangers. However, it seems more likely that the poet has chosen the third person voice in order to take a deliberate step back

from his own experience, thus achieving a largeness or universality. This would be consistent with the “strewn driftwood” of the first line, which (without insisting on metaphor) offers an image that accords with the idea of elusive or doubtful parentage.

These two poems glance backward in time, from a very present moment. Somewhat unusually for haiku, Roberta Beary below uses a memory to evoke her past and bring it into the present for the reader:

piano practice  
in the room above me  
my father shouting<sup>3</sup>

It may be that my own early years lead me to see a child doggedly, even desperately, continuing with her scales, perhaps trying to drown out the anger directed at—her mother, a sibling? In any case it is hard to avoid the conclusion that the poet has deep-seated feelings connected with this episode.

David Cobb does something temporally different again, in his

pickabacking my son  
I feel my father’s shoulders  
in my crotch<sup>4</sup>

Here past and present experience are overlaid, one calling forth the other in a very physical way. The poem starts out lightheartedly enough, then becomes slightly unsettling—a mood reinforced by the uncompromising choice of “crotch” as the last word.

That aside, Cobb’s poem is clearly meant to express the onward roll of generations. Louise Beaven aims for the same thing, but with a world of difference:

watching my daughter  
watching her daughter washing  
her doll’s white socks<sup>5</sup>

There is nothing in the least disturbing about this. On the contrary, Beaven’s domestic scene, so tidily conjuring up four (count them) generations of women, comes within a

breath of being saccherine.

“Cute rots the soul”, Andy Warhol has declared. This may be debatable in everyday life; in the realm of artistic expression it is difficult to refute. In an earlier article I remarked that one haiku about the loveliness or charm of children is much like another. It is as if an excess of sentiment obliterates the individuality of writer and subject alike.

On the other hand, somewhere in my notebooks I have a quotation that eludes me for now, and which I must therefore paraphrase: *good writing approaches sentimentality without succumbing to it*. I have selected the remaining poems for discussion with this in mind.

chicken pox—  
the embrace of my daughter  
even warmer<sup>6</sup>

This is by Dimitar Anakiev, who without embellishment records his sick child’s feverish hug. The play on “warmer” is understated, yet conveys the enhanced emotions of both father and daughter.

my son’s x-ray  
clamped to the light  
cowlick faintly visible<sup>7</sup>

Difficult indeed to write about a cowlick without waxing sentimental; David Elliott succeeds here by keeping his diction strictly clinical. This same restraint has the effect of making the parent’s concern and anxiety all the more evident.

Finally a poem by Paul Muldoon that confounds most of my predilections concerning haiku and senryu:

I’ve upset the pail  
in which my daughter had kept  
her five—“No, six”—snails.<sup>8</sup>

It is only after the poem has delighted me (an immediate response) that I notice the five-seven-five syllable count. Normally this would set off alarm bells, as would the single run-on sentence without any apparent break or juxtaposition.



In part it is because of the natural flow of language that I overlooked all this. Besides that, there is a master stroke in the third line. The surprise interjection of direct speech serves to mask the regular count, while providing a second dimension that the poem would otherwise lack. It is a brilliant and genuinely comic device—to allow the little girl to interrupt the poem, and admonish the writer for not observing the exact magnitude of his carelessness. And then to resist the temptation (or not even be tempted?) to put an exclamation mark in the obvious place.

In the end I can only say: bravo.

\* \* \*

15

1. *School's Out* (Press Here, Sammamish WA 1999)
2. *Modern Haiku* XXIX:1
3. *Woodnotes* 31
4. *Snapshots* 4
5. *The Haiku Hundred* (Iron Press, North Shields UK 1992)
6. *Frogpond* XXII:3
7. *A New Resonance* (Red Moon Press, Winchester VA 1999)
8. *Hopewell Haiku* LXXV

The next theme for this column will be the urban environment. As regular readers will guess, I am not looking simply for pictures of city life, but preferably the edgier kind of work: poems that catch something quintessential about the urban experience or predicament.

(Submissions for this column may be sent to Dee Evetts, 131 Roszel Road, Winchester, VA 22601. Please indicate whether the work has been previously published, supplying details.)

caught his limit—  
an angler watches  
the sunrise

*Mathew V. Spano*

solstice dawn  
a dragonfly dips into  
night-cool water

*Emily Romano*

whispering pines—  
the mid-week cleanliness  
of park latrines

*Carolyn Hall*

16

slowly pulling  
the black mud skyward  
painted turtle

*Glenn G. Coats*

the black cricket's legs  
sing furiously until  
the lake is on fire

*Janaka Stucky*

warm summer day  
bathing  
in it

*Bob Boni*

ants riding  
the moth's wings  
others drag

*Yasuhiko Shigemoto*

17

high summer  
clouds

sound  
of the well  
rig

biting  
rock

*Judson Evans*

A hot summer night:  
the garbage bag heavy  
with watermelon rinds

*Tom Tico*

summer orchard  
the bounty of peaches  
left to decay

*Joann Klontz*

soft summer air  
your apricot tie  
crooked

*Jay Surdukowski*

a jar of honey  
from all through the summer

*Doreen King*

18

hopscotch path  
evening shadows darken  
the worn numbers

*Ron Moss*

asleep  
among watermelons  
the vendor's children

*Angelee Deodhar*

hot city asphalt  
my thoughts go barefoot  
in the grass

*Alenka Zorman*

sunny mall  
palm tree roots broken  
through the planter

*Allen McGill*

19

laps around the track . . .  
the purple bloom  
of self-heal

*Connie Donleycott*

dust devil  
the laughter of children  
on the playground

*Victor Ortiz*

late sun—  
water from washing the car  
runs down the street

*Barry George*

under the willows . . .  
the sweep of a mare's tail  
across her foal

*Joan Morse Vistain*

Glenn Miller . . .  
summer heat through  
the hat vent holes

*George Skane*

August pasture  
a herd of angus cattle  
shaded by billboards

*Elizabeth Howard*

20

jackknifed rig  
a trooper waves us  
into wildflowers

*Robert Gilliland*

into fall . . .  
having dreams that my car  
doesn't brake

*Christopher Patchel*

Labor Day  
a popsicle stick  
spans the storm grate

*Bill Cullen*

state fair  
her last dollar wins  
a goldfish

*Tom Painting*

21

autumn heat  
my mother's  
side of town

*paul m.*

autumn  
the room  
swept empty

*Jay Surdukowski*

writing to you—  
the tardy autumn sunshine  
falls short of the hill

*Caroline Gourlay*

late shadows  
geese curve into  
the mountains

*Rebecca Lilly*

leaves in piles . . .  
eggshells saved  
for the school diorama

*Michael Dylan Welch*

stopping to rest  
on the way to class  
autumn wind

*Michael Fessler*

22

autumn chill  
the crack of an acorn cup  
under a shoe

*Curtis Dunlap*

rainy night—  
the lower case letters  
of my wife's email

*Lenard D. Moore*



Late October warmth—  
the crackles of oak leaves  
lodged in the branch forks

*Rebecca Lilly*

All Saints  
the faceless  
pumpkins

*LeRoy Gorman*

23

Thanksgiving—  
grandma's face flushed  
from the stove

*Nancy Stewart Smith*

the side road  
jars of jelly reflect  
passing cars

*Glenn G. Coats*

autumn evening  
tipping the lamp shade  
for story time

*w. f. owen*

waking up  
to the sun  
in my dream . . .

*Makiko*

Yucatan morning  
the deeper yellow  
of the egg yolks

*Carolyn Rohrig*

passing barge  
dawn colors  
slap at the bank

*Ken Hurm*

24

watching the ocean—  
gum wrappers  
balled up in my hand

*Gary Hotham*

autumn beach  
the sand our children built  
into their castles

*F. Matthew Blaine*

stone fence  
mica flecks  
return the sun

*Lynne A. Steel*

practicing chords—  
a seagull floats  
close to shore

*Diane Lynch*

25

beach path—  
wild roses bring the stars  
a little closer

*George Dorsty*

salt wind—  
moonlight silvers the sand  
in our hair

*Angelee Deodhar*

cast ashore  
a spiral conch  
and my mother's voice

*Karma Wangchuk*

ruins  
of a smokestack  
full of leaves

*Dan McCullough*

homesteader graves  
the grit that has settled  
into their names

*Bill Cullen*

fiftieth anniversary  
of my mother's death  
the tall dark pine

*Edward J. Rielly*

26

freezing dusk  
funeral fire  
and the outstretched hands

*Rajiv Lather*

shortest day  
pine scent fills  
the foyer

*R. A. Stefanac*

christmas night  
a neighbor switches off  
his wise men

*Rees Evans*

a volkswagen's battery  
propped against the oil stove—  
cold winter night

*Frances McConnel*

27

blackberry winter a touch of perspective

*marlene mountain*

last moon of the year  
throwing away  
worn slippers

*Emily Romano*

nine months pregnant  
water drops  
from icicles

*Marcus Larsson*

# senryu

**1: A Japanese poem structurally similar to the Japanese haiku but primarily concerned with human nature; often humorous or satiric.**

**2: A foreign adaptation of 1.**

Metropolitan Museum  
I join the line  
to Mesopotamia

*Yu Chang*

museum guard's white-gloved hand feels for a bomb in my purse

*Ruth Holzer*

29

a slice of beef  
between chopsticks—  
televised war

*D. Claire Gallagher*

used books—  
leaving the shop  
an hour older

*Christopher Herold*

it's too late for me to care about the Etruscans anymore

*Ruth Holzer*

after school  
the janitor reads the board  
before erasing it

*John O'Connor*

just arrived—  
their dog sniffs  
our tires

*Tom Clausen*

Manhattan restaurant  
everybody's voice I can hear  
but mine

*Brian Tasker*

30

burning holes  
in a bamboo cane—  
the scent of music

*Max Verhart*

after dinner  
the brothers-in-law smoke  
in different rooms

*Hilary Tann*



receding surf  
the undercurrent  
in her voice

*Darrell Byrd*

hungry tonight ate everything in sight the crescent moon

*Karim Berrahal*

31

park fountain—  
a pocketful  
of wet pennies

*Michael Meyerhofer*

receiving a balloon  
the baby's face becomes  
another balloon

*Ion Codrescu*

mother's house  
still water  
in the tire swing

*Carrie Beauchamp*

new recipe . . .  
the scent  
of ink

*Alice Frampton*

wedding cake  
putting the final touches  
on the bride and groom

*Carolyn Rohrig*

Tasting the word husband for the first time

*Nancy Stewart Smith*

32

powdering her face—  
he plumps  
the pillow

*Norene Law*

catching my breath  
like a fly  
ball

*William Fraenkel*

making love —  
her smoker's cough  
cuts in

*John Ower*

Easter morning—  
the Madonna's roses  
wrapped in plastic

*Pamela Miller Ness*

33

sorting grandma's things for goodwill / elvis on the radio

*Norene Law*

morning after  
a sexy cassette  
in the VCR

*Bob Boni*

EKIN  
across her chest  
in the gym mirror

*Mykel Board*

the load tied down—  
her painted toe nails  
on the dashboard

*Tom Clausen*

a long day  
recedes . . .  
a roomful of dozing cats

*Andrew Haganis*

after practice—  
dad rubs the buzz cut  
on his shortstop

*Don L. Holroyd*

34

first jog in years  
way up ahead  
my former self

*Rob Scott*

on the road again  
Willie's voice  
and static

*Gloria Procsal*

a lawnmower purrs . . .  
one neighbor  
helping another

*Liz fenn*

custody hearing  
she goes in her suit  
and slippers

*Tim Bravenboer*

35

shooting you  
with a finger gun  
my love

*Makiko*

Valentine's Day  
the heat of his pants  
from the dryer

*Maureen Gorman*

neighbour's party  
kids bounce above  
the fence

*Vanessa Proctor*

your call  
with regret I eat the noodles  
you love

*Marian Olson*

a few gray hairs—  
I straighten  
the mirror

*Philip Miller*

styling mouse  
expands in her palm-  
salon gossip

*D. Claire Gallagher*

36

after sex  
muffled sounds  
of a bulldozer

*Ernest Sherman*

evergreen night  
another reason to stay  
single

*Roberta Beary*

the fish smell  
then the people  
at the seafood festival

*Ion Codrescu*

you don't even like her yet she tells you about owls

*Jon Cone*

37

Playing mini golf with her  
I'm not interested  
in the score

*Tomislav Maretic*

detour  
she returns my hand  
to the wheel

*Tom Painting*

at the farmer's stand  
a woman scolds her children  
—my children listen

*Kathe L. Palka*

July heat  
after the long session the dog trainer  
rewards herself

*Robert Epstein*

self-help books  
the shipping box  
padded with bags of air

*Connie Donleycott*

divorce support group  
wedding ring groove  
on my finger

*John J. Dunphy*

38

shoe shop  
I squeeze into  
the sale pair

*Vanessa Proctor*

late  
we find time  
to argue

*Tim Bravenboer*



Christmas lights across the lake  
your wine-breath  
in my ear

*Eric May*

Saturday night  
the buck on the bar  
a little moist with beer

*Michael Ketchek*

39

donuts & coffee  
the outstretched hand  
every morning

*Victor Ortiz*

eyes lowered  
communion wine  
with a pulse

*Mike Taylor*

anonymous—  
a stale cup of coffee  
dumped

*Gary Hotham*

linked

forms

*tan renga*

The bridge architect  
crosses the river maybe  
for the last time.

*Feeling clearly the shape of  
the coin for the ferryman.*

41

Horst Ludwig/*Ingrid Kunschke*

darn a haiku about dubya since dubya's nature too  
oh no the daylilies beginning to bloom

*marlene mountain*

## *Round the Midden Mound*

flaming sunshine—  
a dog chases chickens  
round the midden mound JC

the beetle hesitates  
before descending DP

he opens out  
a paper towel to check  
the engine oil KK

painting my Airfix kit  
von Richtoffen red JC

in the mist a bell tolls  
a flittermouse  
flips across the moon DP

drunk on plum brandy  
the widow does a jig KK

leaning forward  
Lenin glowers at a bust  
of Groucho Marx JC

Elsbeth, married out,  
keeps Passover at home DP

the goosedown quilt;  
wherever you walk  
angels dimple the snow KK

perfection, a dream  
a dream I dreamt last night DP

patching the rips  
in the tool shed roof . . .  
cherry blossom JC

April Fools line the fence  
grinning at the crowd KK

*John Carley, UK, Dick Pettit, DK, kirsty karkow, USA*

*late of june*

the long morning not an inch of caterpillar on the milkweeds  
reflected in humidity the pond  
at dusk daisies without their yellows  
unthankable the heat

*marlene mountain*

43

*night flight*

full moon—  
along the runway  
blue lights begin to blur

turning after takeoff  
the moon disappears under the wing

for a moment below  
in the Mississippi,  
a white oval

the seat-belt light  
blinks back on with a beep—  
the moon lost in clouds

in-flight magazine:  
a four-letter word for lunar

movie over,  
the moon lightens  
the snow-capped mountains

*Michael Dylan Welch*

## Quiet Playground

---

quiet playground—  
two children take turns  
pushing the swing

*such a delicate scent  
from violets you picked*

44

the plop! plop!  
of matzoh balls  
into the soup pot

*by lantern light  
the potter pinches the clay*

a slip of cloud  
and a crescent of moon  
with deft brushstrokes

*I lift an antler  
from the withered grass*

*after Halloween  
a brass cornucopia  
on the thrift store shelf*

her “borrowed” garter tossed  
on the back seat of the Chevy

*knee-deep in breakers,  
shall I kiss the salt sprary from your  
lips?*

this parting  
such sweet sorrow

*dulcimer tones  
waft through silken tents  
at the renaissance fair*

with that blue ribbon  
his standing went up a peg

*summer moonbeams  
fill both sockets  
of a wayside skull*

la cucaracha tries again  
to right itself

*a bristle  
of TV antennas  
on the rooftop*

how the sparks fly  
when he brushes mother’s hair!

*ah, cherry petals  
like you I would leave  
this world behind*

her tight clutch on the diploma  
as she steps from the podium

at dawn  
there's no broody hen  
on the middle nest

*then Robinson Crusoe spies  
a fresh set of tracks*

week's end  
and the CEO's in-box  
still piled high

*the reek of hades rises  
from a bubbly spring*

in snowy woods  
the sound of  
one hand clapping

*feverish with flu  
I study the blank wall*

a hard crust  
around the lid  
of the mustard jar

*new twists in foreplay  
from the kama sutra*

deeper and deeper  
under the covers  
their mutual sighs

*a mottled cheetah  
vanishes into veldt*

once you've seen  
the Man in the Moon  
you can't not see it

*and a swig of hard cider  
with a bite of green cheese*

*stucco pillars  
mark the main entrance  
to the vineyard*

the hypnotist's performance  
brought down the house

*pretending to sleep  
my cousin bursts out  
in giggles*

the Energizer bunny  
gets a second wind

*all aquiver  
the pale blossoms  
near the taiko drum*

even in spring mist  
the archer's true aim

## *Bamboo Haiku*

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA WAS SO CROWDED, strip mall after strip mall. We went in search of any small oasis of the beautiful, the tended. At the botanical garden, the volunteer made us listen to the entire history of the place before he'd take our money. I leaned on my folding cane with my bad hip.

I'm growing older  
Leaning on my stick—  
Wind in the bamboo.

I wanted to see the bamboo groves first—an enormous variety. Apparently they harvest the giant bamboo here and send it down the coast to the San Diego Zoo for the giant pandas. We saw two of them there—sleeping on dead tree trunks. They didn't always eat just bamboo—this developed from the constriction of their range.

My hips ache  
Walking  
Through segmented bamboo.

Rich, my husband, of course likes trees with fruit. He is a great believer in food—and scavenging.

An overlook tower points to the Pacific.

View of the sea  
Waning cloud moon; behind—  
Suburban sprawl

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I plead for a few minutes to just sit on a bench and think—look, contemplate, take it all in. “You want ten minutes?” Rich says, incredulous. He likes to zip around. Sitting and looking, I can't help but think of the Chinese painters. “To paint bamboo—go to the bamboo. To paint pine—go to the pine.” And bamboo in poems.

Old timers  
Tried this line, that line . . .  
Bamboo

I think about how my daughter told me about a giant panda mother who didn't bond with her baby, wouldn't take care



of it. The zoologists showed her a movie of giant panda mothers and she caught on. "A movie!" my daughter had exclaimed—amazed at how civilization could re-unite with instinct.

Rich zips back. He wants to show me the tropical forest,

I'd rather just sit  
And listen  
To the bamboo

He comes around the corner in his goofy beret, looking cute, and expectant. So I get up and stroll with him.

I thought it was you—  
Soft wind  
Disturbing bamboo.

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*Miriam Sagan*

### *The Wind*

WE FINALLY CUT UP our dogwood and Virginia pine today. The giant oak and cedar are still lying in the front yard, waiting for a professional lumber service. Shredded leaves from twisted treetops are strewn everywhere. The ridge, which is usually full of nature sounds, has been strangely quiet since a tornado touched down here last week. So much of the landscape, forever changed. Fighting back tears, I tell my four-year-old son that our precious kitty is also gone. I try to explain how it will be easier, in time, to remember Jasper without feeling sad. He looks up at me then, smiling, and says "But he's still here with us, see?" My son opens his hand to show me a tuft of Jasper's hair. When I ask him where it came from, he says, "The wind just gave it to me . . ."

coyote tracks  
in the mud crust  
a strand of red yarn

*Katherine Cudney*

## *Men of Property*

I LET MY EYES AND HANDS RUN OVER THE TOOLS he had used—the trowel, the spade, the mulching fork. I gazed at the few remaining tin pails, enameled green, and recalled how the one got its crimped side and the other its bullet hole. I pocketed the worn canvas gloves; the man buying the place had much smaller hands than dad's, and could not wear them. But all the tools and pails and contents of the shed he said he would use, and would be grateful to have them.

I stepped out of the shed and walked onto the broad sloping hillside, only a small corner of which belonged to the property. The shed was planted in the middle of six rows of fruit trees, six trees to a row, with extra room made for the shed and open ground around it for loading boxes with fruit from the buckets: oranges, lemons, plums. I could still hear my father from somewhere in the trees calling to my brother and me, to bring him a ladder, or come get the dog, or haul out the pails full of fruit, or stop horsing around and go in to supper—he'd follow.

hefting a plum—  
I know by heart  
my father's orchard

*Michael McClintock*

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### *anniemoondaughter*

ANNE MCKAY recently died peacefully in her sleep. Extremely fragile and afflicted with a series of petit mal seizures, she took great pleasure in participating in the renku form by mail. It was her way of feeling an active part of the haiku-community beyond the confines of the tiny rooms of what she called her nightstudio on Victoria Drive in Vancouver. As soon as we would finish a 36-link poem, she'd give out with a deep throaty sigh over the phone. "Please, darling, let's hurry back to the middle of the dance floor." She was Ginger to my Fred and one of us would immediately begin work on another hokku.

One summer afternoon we strolled slowly past a park, where old Italian men played bocci ball, toward a Greek restaurant on Commercial Avenue. Over spanikopita, we discussed Nikos Kazantzakis and Constantine Cavafy, in addition to the haiku of Elizabeth Searle Lamb and Raymond Roseliep. On the second day of my brief visit, we pushed her reserves a bit too far in going to a Chinese restaurant, located a further block down Commercial. Although having enjoyed the meal, she found she lacked the strength to walk home. She laughed as I picked her up. Weighing 80 pounds, she placed her head against my left shoulder, her long hay-colored hair falling across my shirt, her thin legs dangling over my right arm, and anniemoondaughter's feet swinging to-and-fro as if joyfully dancing through another renku.

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nightstudio—  
one last link  
about the moon

*jerry kilbride*

### *Rapunzel, Rapunzel!*

I LEAN ON THE RAIL of my balcony on the 15<sup>th</sup> floor. The view is spectacular, the weather picture perfect.

Anchored in the sparkling blue water of the lake, a schooner. And I wonder where has it been and what have they seen. Off in the distance, the rumble of a train. Overhead, the roar of a plane.

The trees and flora spread out before me. Always beautiful and always the same.

I could take the elevator down and sit by the pool but . . . I wait for my prince to take me away. There is so much more waiting for me.

Sunday afternoon.  
After *The New York Times*  
What else?

*Betty Kaplan*

## *A Curve*

I AM A LONER. I always have been and thought I always would be, until I met a few like-minded women who live nearby. We meet for an hour once a week. It is an unusual group. Different walks of life, different shapes and different ages but we seem to think alike. The talk is about books, philosophy and spiritual endeavor. I have grown to love the interaction. So, I am still a loner but not so alone . . .

curve in the road  
a stone wall between  
oaks and elms

*kirsty karkow*

## *Gallup, New Mexico*

JANUARY

The convoy of trucks zooms past on the slushy winter highway. I skid in a squall of dirty snow, blinded. What I know of surrender: the other side of the bridge is soft and white. Life is breath I remember, breathe.

In the far distance  
the Sandia Mountains  
Mind of the Buddha

*Marian Olson*

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## *Hats*

ON THE COAT RACK and wall: baseball cap, squashable terry cloth slouch hat, summer straw with a silk rose, multi-colored from Peru, southwesters, huge sombrero and Thai peasant's straw hat. In a box, knit hats from Ireland, Scotland and three made by my mother over 40 years ago.

a new day—  
the television on  
the weather channel

*Adelaide B. Shaw*

## *Chimayo*

HAVING LOST THE FAITH, but not the habit of prayer—I went because of her. Guidebooks spoke of sacred dirt, the red dust rubbed between pilgrims hands. The road sifted between our fingers on the map, fined down to a single lane and on either side lightning unraveled its silk. A parking lot with the overspill of trash cans, and the Bible verses: Do not leave cars unlocked, Protect your personal belongings.

A small outdoor shrine like a charcoal broiler stoked with wilted flowers and the sultry too sweet smell: bush mint, sage, the litter of fallen catalpa flowers. If “dirt” is “matter out of place”, here earth fit like flesh in the chapel’s adobe arms, its dovecote squat the barber pole stripes of pastel pink wrapped the pillars of retablos, gaunt Christ with a hank of human hair, a few old women lighting candles. I bowed and—prayed. Only for, there was no to.

palm fronds, wrappers, soda straws  
crosses woven  
in a chain-link fence

*Judson Evans*

## *almost touching*

WALKING THE PATHWAY high above the gorilla area at the St. Louis Zoo, I notice one large gorilla looking up at me. I am drawn into the cavelike vestibule below to observe him more closely. A potbellied man in shorts stands in front of the floor-to-ceiling thick glass window, mocking the apes. Folks laugh. I step up beside him. The gorilla, crouching some ten feet away and staring blankly, suddenly rises and comes forward. He sits in front of the window. The laughter ceases.

almost touching  
through the glass wall  
his palm to mine

*Gretchen Graft Batz*

## *Killing Issa*

THE MAN IS HERE. Waiting at the open window, I watch him turn into our drive and stop. The side of his white van advertises "YOUR HOME GUARD" in shiny red letters. Though I have been dreading this day, I am relieved in a cowardly fashion. Within the hour, it will be out of my hands and too late for me to change my mind. Carlos the one-man crew asks me in an appealing Spanish accent where I am seeing them. Everywhere, I tell him, every room, four different kinds. I explain that the last straw was a few days ago, when I saw a fierce, black, undulating trail, moving between one dry Cheerio and an invisible entry along the wall; on the dining room floor, on the just-cleaned carpet, right where my grandson had been crawling five minutes before. Carlos is a grandfather himself. He quickly agrees. We must protect the babies.

For the next twenty minutes, I look at enlarged photos of ants, at dead ants under a magnifying glass, and learn things about Carlos that have nothing to do with his work. I draw him out, asking about his family and their home in Venezuela. Eventually he brings us back to pests, and I ask questions about roaches, spiders, beetles, whatever comes to mind. He lets it drop that his treatment gets rid of crickets too. After a minute of silence, I sigh and head for the door. Time to quit stalling. Outside, Carlos prepares his equipment. Not talking now, I watch and listen, thinking, "This would kill Issa."

spring begins  
deep within the sweetgum  
a blue jay's soft croak

A fine mist of edible deathtrap granules, sprayed all around the house. The swath a yard wide. Carlos assures me it will wipe out all manner of bugs and keep on working for months, but it won't hurt birds. Of course, it will slay small fish or even frogs; but I have no fish, and frogs won't eat it. That's good, I mutter, trying not to think of the creatures that feed on insects.

After Carlos leaves, I read the paper I signed. The common names of all the many-legged targets on the hit list. I put it in my pocket and begin pouring sunflower kernels into a hanging feeder.

the female cardinal  
lowers her crest . . .  
twilight rain

*Ferris Gilli*

### *jamaican holiday*

THE SUN, THE SAND, the caribbean's patchwork blues. another pitcher of rum punch up on the balcony, and we tear each other down until well past sunset. then we make love.

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glass bottom boat tour  
everyone watching  
the thunderclouds

*Ed Markowski*

### *Gone in Sleep*

CHICAGO, FOR ALL ITS BREATHTAKING skyscrapers and densely multi-racial population, lacks the hustle, bustle, and buzz of New York City, true midwestern city that it is. And unlike many other great cities worldwide, Chicago features clean streets, with only a few of its homeless visible. Just outside a breakfast place was one of them—he looked up at me from his seated position with bright eyes and the most dazzling smile I had ever seen, as if a light had gone on in him, as if I were his best friend—but I walked by and into the place, to return to the street only after breakfast.

a warm breeze  
the beggar's dazzling smile  
gone in sleep

*Bruce Ross*

*essays*



## W. W. E. Ross and the Haiku Spirit

HERE IS A POET who, like many haiku poets who seek the pure and unadorned image, writes so close to the edge of the banal that his pen sometimes slips into it. However, when he does manage to get along that edge without going over, the descriptive sketches that result have a rough and simple purity that takes us into the heart of nature with an immediacy that suggests the presence of the haiku spirit. Here is the starkly vivid "One Leaf" from 1929:

One leaf is  
floating on  
ripples in  
shallow  
shore-side  
water

over the  
sand at the  
bottom that  
shimmers in  
sunlight

where the leaf's  
shadow lies  
motionless  
almost  
there on the  
flat sand

among the  
swift-moving  
bright  
refractions of  
sunlight.

Part of Ross's magic with such pieces—one hesitates to call them lyrics for their language is too haltingly unpolished—is his use of repetition. This has an almost incantatory effect which helps to etch the image into the reader's imagination. (The repetition works in two directions: while it adds to the visual effect, the auditory result is less than smooth or melodious.) In the above, note

that the sunlight appears at the end of both the second and fourth stanzas. Its first appearance seems to be on the sandy bottom where it “shimmers,” but in the second the “refractions of sunlight” appear to be among the ripples on the surface of the water as well as on the bottom. I get this sense because they are described as swift-moving and bright. The refractions are the bending of the light rays as they go from the air and enter the water. So they appear on the bottom in a spot not directly under where they strike the top but at an angle to it. The observer however will see both the reflections off the top and the light on the bottom at the same time, doubling the sparkle and shimmering that are going on around the leaf among the ripples and its shadow on the sand. The light is dancing on the bottom as well as the top because the refractions keep changing the angle that they take through the water as the ripples change the angle of the water where they enter it. A lot of action going on in these few words and yet the overall effect is one of peaceful joy at the silent choreography taking place between leaf, shadow, light, and water.

Some of Ross’s most effective brushstrokes come when he is observing water. In “By the Shore” the water and light are interacting with not one leaf but many leaves—leaves that are still on the trees:

Down by the  
shore hangs a  
branch of the  
pale-stemmed  
trembling-leafed  
poplar

Leaves whose  
suspension is  
delicate—  
poised, never  
quiet

Looking down  
through that green  
screen I see  
sparkling in  
morning sunlight

Ceaselessly  
passing, the  
blue-tinted  
waves on the  
bay

Like most haiku written in English, this poem is open-ended. It has no period at the end. I thought this might be a proof-reader's, or printer's error, but of the 122 poems in *Shapes and Sounds* (published in 1968, two years after Ross's death) there are four others with no punctuation at the end, one from as early as the 1920s. "By the Shore" was written in 1940, and there are even two poems in this style from 1958 in the collection, so he continued to write imagist poems into his maturity. However, at various times he was also interested in automatic writing, sonnets, and mysticism—and he wrote prose poems influenced by Max Jacob (whose prose poems he also translated) and Franz Kafka.

Barry Callaghan, the Canadian literary critic, in a memoir/introduction to *Shapes and Sounds*, has an interesting theory that Imagism actually originated in Canada. He writes:

Imagism, the kind of poetry Eustace [W.W.E. Ross] wrote, is at the base of all modern verse. It is a curious fact that Imagism, as a movement, was conceived in Canada. T. E. Hulme, the English literary theorist and poet, boarded a cargo boat for Montreal in July of 1906. And Hulme crossed the Ontario north and the prairies. Struck by the vast forests and the flat spaces, he recognized that the vague, artificial language of late-nineteenth-century verse was simply inadequate. What was needed to capture a landscape so raw was direct poetic statement, a language that was clear and hard, images that would convey immediately the incomprehensible prairies and northland.

T.E. Hulme returned to England and within a few years the Imagist movement had been organized. In revolt against flabby, pretty verse were Ezra Pound, H.D., William Carlos Williams, and Amy Lowell. Eustace Ross was not a member of that group, for the Imagists stayed together only a few years. but when Eustace began publishing in the *Dial* and *Poetry* (Chicago) in the twenties, he had mastered the techniques of Imagism.

The poems that Eustace wrote, some of them more than forty years ago, remain convincing because there is no faking in his verse. Each word and each phrase is exact, not nearly right or merely decorative. There is no surface verbal complexity, no comfortable moralizing, no deliberate stylishness. Only poetry that is hard and clear, never blurred or indefinite. It is the most difficult kind of verse. Each image succeeds or fails in itself—no fancywriting covers up imaginative weakness. Concentration and objectivity are the essence of these short poems. Concentration in pursuit of the objects Hulme thought incomprehensible—the trees, the rocks, the silence—the Canadian landscapes.

The iron rocks  
slope sharply down  
into the gleaming  
of northern water,  
and there is a shining  
to northern water  
reflecting the sky  
on a keen cool morning.

[—from “Rocky Bay”]

Behind Eustace’s poetry is the conviction that the image in itself communicates meaning. These images are complete and self-sufficient poems, seizing reality in a quick but perfect observation. The trees, the lake, or pine gum, exist in themselves, not as parts of any moral design.

58 The white gum showing  
in the gloom  
along the massive  
trunk of a great  
pine-tree standing  
on the hill  
with a deep bed  
of needles below.

[—from “Pine Gum”]

It may come as no surprise to learn that Eustace Ross was by profession a scientist. There is no attempt in his best works to be poetic or pretty, there is a careful description of things as they are. When he does stray into a more decorative vein, he reaches for a cliché, as in the last stanza of another

four stanza poem about water, "Ripples." Here as he seeks to describe the kind of light that is shining on the water, he says it has

fallen from  
that sphere of  
glory the  
high morning  
sun.

Though Ross has been called an Imagist, he started writing his imagist-like poems sometime after the original Imagists were active in the 'teens and early twenties of the twentieth century. He seems to have been pretty much alone in Canada in attempting this simple kind of poetry shorn of metaphor and other figures of speech. He sent some of his descriptive poems to the *Dial* in 1928, where they were accepted by the editor Marianne Moore, who was also considered an Imagist for a while. As Callaghan mentions, Ross's work also appeared in *Poetry* (Chicago). His first small book *Laconics* (1930) contained his early imagist poems. Some of his critics feel that, though he was familiar with the work of such Imagists as Pound, Amy Lowell, and William Carlos Williams, he was most influenced by Moore and E.E. Cummings. He knew a little about Japanese haiku, for he published his own adaptations of some of Lafcadio Hearn's translations of haiku about fireflies. He rendered them as four-line poems with no set syllable count, varying the haiku from twelve to nineteen syllables each. They are end-stopped with periods or exclamation points.

William Wrightson Eustace Ross was born in Peterborough, Ontario, on June 14, 1894, and grew up in Pembroke in the same province. In 1914 he got a degree in chemistry from the University of Toronto. He went on two surveying trips during the summers of 1912 and '13 into the wilderness areas of northern Ontario, which helped nurture his love of nature. In World War I he served in the signal corps as a private and on his return began a lifelong career as a geophysicist at the Dominion Magnetic Observatory near Toronto. He married, had two children, and lived in a house in Toronto, where he died in 1966 (August 26) from cancer. He only published three small

chapbooks of his poetry—in 1930, 1932, and 1956—during his lifetime. His only substantial collection is the posthumous *Shapes and Sounds*. Many of the poems in that book were selected from the chapbooks. Others were from his magazine contributions, from anthologies, and from his unpublished writings.

Ross was a very private person and did not pursue literary recognition with any marked enthusiasm. So he was not well known as a poet during his lifetime though some of his more popular imagist-style poems did appear in anthologies. Younger poets discovered his work in the 1950s and '60s which led to the publication of the posthumous book (the poet Raymond Souster was a co-editor). These poets were attracted to Ross's concision, precision, simplicity, and the immediacy of his descriptive, imagistic style.

—Cor van den Heuvel

[This essay is from a work in progress entitled *The Haiku Spirit: One With Nature in North America*. "One Leaf" and "By the Shore" are from *Shapes and Sounds: Poems of W.W.E. Ross*, published by Longmans Canada Limited, Don Mills, Ontario. © 1968 Mary Lowrey Ross.]

\* \* \*

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Errata from *Frogpond* XXVI:2

Deep  
sleeping midnight.  
My lover  
arouses  
a rising moon.

Alzheimer's ward  
again father counts  
the afghan squares

both *Pamela Miller Ness*

"a wished wind" should be attributed to Joan Vistain Morse.

The tan renga attributed to Yvonne Cabalona should also be attributed to w. f. owen.

## New Tools: The Dimension of the Line

It was Tohta Kaneko who first noticed that Masaoka Shiki was the first haiku poet to establish the dual structure of haiku<sup>1</sup>. That is to say, who noticed that dualism is the true nature of haiku, in many of its aspects: it is a popular poem easily written by anyone, and at the same time, it can be the highly artistic product; it is both a national and international poem; etc. Such dualism has provided the form with an enormous dynamism, flexibility and open-endedness throughout its duration as a genre.

It is interesting seeing the “three eternal dogmas” of haiku (fixed form, *kigo* and *kireji*) eroding one by one through time, starting from the most external (form) to the most essential. That process occurs in Japanese as well as international haiku through the works of creative poets, editors and translators. The most recent replacement of *kigo* by *key-words* offered high hopes for new possibilities of a universal understanding in haiku. But even after accepting such radicalization of the basic haiku tools—like *kigo*—the sense remained that haiku remained based upon a single one, the first and the last, eternal principle: the *kireji*. The use of *kireji* established the technique of juxtaposition, influential in other arts<sup>2</sup>, and became the basic foundation of western haiku as well. Even more, it seems that *kireji* is the main “culprit” for another haiku dogma: the representation of haiku as a three-line poem among Westerners.

A new translation of the haiku of Santoka executed by Hiroaki Sato<sup>3</sup> has come just in time to reintroduce the one-liner in a completely new and artistically successful way. Ignoring the traditional tool of *kireji*, Sato’s translation opens a new dimension in haiku, introducing new tools for the composition of haiku, and creating an independent, autonomous artistic language. Even though I count myself as a local expert in Santoka’s work, having translated ten years ago this same collection of Santoka’s poems for the first time in the Balkans<sup>4</sup>, *Grass and Tree Cairn* fascinated and surprised me. Perhaps this is because the translations meet my thoughts about the autonomous and universal language of haiku, expressed in my speech at the first World Haiku Association Conference<sup>5</sup> and much more concretely in another article published in *Ginyu*<sup>6</sup>.

Let me introduce some idea of these tools of artistic language provided in English by these translation masterpieces.

In this first example, Sato counters the most basic haiku strategy, the limning of images, through a pointed verbalism—let's call it “cumulative line”:

*Yuki ga furu furu yuki miteoreba*

The snow falls falls as I watch the snow

The translation works in Serbian too:

*Gledam sneg kako pada pada sneg*

The tension is created through the repetition of a single noun and a single verb. The “cumulative line” is the only poetic tool employed, quite outside any particular national tradition—that is, it works equally well in different languages. It creates a kind of “magic structure” well known from primitive poetry as well as in western expressionism.

Another strategy I would like to term “lineal syncopation”:

*Houi konnani yaburate kusa no mi*

My monk's robe so torn grass seeds

*Ova moja mantija bas pocepana trava korou*

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Syncopation is widely used in many free form haiku but is usually built through the creation of a new line. It may be a mechanical break or physical break. But here we have very new idea, a substantial break which results from liberating words from any syntactical function (“grass”, “seeds”) and transforming them into pure objects. Here they cause a break in the phrase, creating their own space and a smaller break between them. In this example it is the only strategy used and is, also, independent of any haiku tradition. Syncopation is a recognized jazz technique, and seems like an ideal tool for free form haiku, particularly the one-liner. It, too, works equally well in several languages.

There is yet another strategy I would like to borrow from the art of filmmaking. (Through the years of development of the art of film filmmakers have borrowed many



artistic tools from haiku; perhaps the time has come to pay back the debt). This one is known as the “subjective take”. Let’s take Santoka’s next poem in two English translations:

*Yuki e yuki furu shisukesa ni oru*

Snow falls  
On the snowfall  
Silently.

(Translated by John Stevens)

I’m in the quietness of snow falling on snow  
(translated by Hiroaki Sato)

In translating the above poem John Stevens chooses the strategy of objective representation. It is the “mainstream” strategy in both Japanese and US haiku, following Shiki’s conception of *kyoakkan byosha* (objective description), but we know that Santoka and other poets of the *jiyuritsu* (“free style”) haiku school did not follow these mainstream rules. Similarly, in the theory of shooting some filmmakers choose the strategy of “subjective take”, breaking the illusion of objective perception with a strongly pointed psychological aspect in the take. In Sato’s translation the center of the expression moves from the objective to the subjective. The power of the poem is not in the building of a clear image (following T.S. Eliot’s “objective correlative”); the position of the poet is not merely academic, that is, is not that of a detached observer. The power is in the unity of the poet and nature. This is a typical Zen point of view. In my opinion the subjective take is the most outstanding trait of Santoka’s poetry.

It is interesting that the linear translation nicely points to this subjectiveness (the time aspect!) while three lines occupying the space points to the image and objectivity.

Finally, I want to suggest a technique borrowed from the art of film: action cutting.

*Asayake ame furu daikon makou*

Morning glow rain falls I’ll sow daikon

*Rujna zora kisi sadicu daikon*

Actually this is a poem in three parts: “Morning glow”, “rain falls” and “I’ll sow daikon” even without a *kireji* but still works as a dualistic poem: “Morning glow” and “rain falls I’ll sow daikon”. The transformation into dual structure is very important. The functional link between the latter two images are edited like two takes from a film: in the art of film it is possible to link two different contents by moving an action from take to take. For example: black girl in Nigeria is moving up the hand (cut) a white boy in Russia is moving his hand to the ear—both takes are linked by the action of hand. This is “action cutting”. In haiku the role of “action” is taken by the verbs. The energy of the verb can similarly link two (or more) elements within a poem even though they contain different contents, especially in the one-liner. This opens up possibilities for using verbs in haiku, as Santoka has freely done. “Action cutting” is the only strategy in this haiku and again works in different languages equally well.

A careful reading of these translations of Santoka’s one-liners yields much creative joy and many surprises, and demonstrates great creative potential for one-line haiku.

Formal elements can never be eternal dogma. They are changeable and adaptable to the needs of time and space. The only “eternal qualities” of haiku are internal ones, related to the spirit: the “haiku moment”, and even more, poetic truth.

*Dimitar Anakiev*

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1. Tohta Kaneko “On Shiki Masaoka Proceedings”, Deutsche-Japanese Haiku Gespraechе, Gendai Haiku Kyokai, Tokyo, 2002

2. A contribution of haiku to the art of film editing is noted in many works of the Soviet film school (Lev Kuleshov, Sergei Eisenstein)

3. Santoka *Grass and Tree Cairn* translated by Hiroaki Sato, illustrations by Stephen Addiss, Red Moon Press, VA, 2002

4. Santoka *Pesme samoce* translated into Serbian by Dimitar Anakiev, autorsko izdanje, Nis, 1993.

5. Dimitar Anakiev “Towards an universal poetic genre”, Meeting Booklet, World Haiku Association Inaugural Meeting, Tolmin, Slovenia, 2000

6. Dimitar Anakiev “The language of minimalism”, *Ginyu* 7, Tokyo, 2000

## Re: Readings

NOW THAT READERS ARE PRODUCING enough material to sustain this column, some format changes are in order. Each paragraph will begin with a heading indicating the name of the reader who is commenting, the author of the poem commented upon, and the text of the poem. The remainder of the paragraph will be the reader's comments, sometimes edited for the format or to conserve space.

Marc Thompson—on Lenard D. Moore—(haloed moon—/the dark space between/my neighbors' houses) “Since my health condition has changed, I look at poetry differently. This poem seems to say a lot about the distance we have between ourselves and others, even those who are close to us. And the reference to darkness speaks to me of the possibility of death that exists between and for all of us. I think Lorca would approve of this one: it's filled with *duende*.”

Tom Tico—on Lenard D. Moore—(haloed moon—/the dark space between/my neighbors' houses) “[This poem] contrasts the light and holiness of the heavens with the dark imperfection of human affairs. Perhaps the poet knows of hard feelings that currently exist between his neighbors, or worse, of a feud that has gone on for years... The poem, though specific and clearly rooted in reality, lends itself to musings on yin and yang.”

Michael Dylan Welch—on Peggy Willis Lyles—(crowded mall/water magnifies a goldfish/in a plastic bag) “Not only do we see the goldfish in a comical way, but ourselves, too, for perhaps we are all in a goldfish bowl—magnified and on display—when we visit a shopping mall. Or at the very least, while shopping, we're often wide-eyed.”

Michael Dylan Welch—on Patrick Sweeney—(Easter Sunday:/the astonished looks on all/the bowling balls) “[This] is not just an amusing anthropomorphic look at bowling balls, but a deft juxtaposition with Easter and the astonishment at the resurrection of Jesus.”

Karen Klein—on Leatrice Lifshitz—(*Only*) “. . . my knowledge of her death inclines me to love this sequence, but I think even if I didn't know her via email or know about her death, I would feel the profound sense of mortality and the gravity, beauty, and simplicity with which she expresses

it. From the narrowing of the path to the dark house to the stone vase, I feel the heaviness, but also her keenly observant eye as the grass waves with one shadow, as if it were the world waving goodbye to her.”

Stephen Toft—on James Fowler—(planting moon/the garden gate/ajar) “The image of a moonlit garden is an evocative one for me, bringing back memories of childhood stories of secret and magical gardens. There is also a certain amount of ambiguity . . . as to whether the gate was left open from earlier in the day or if someone has been there at night, which I believe adds to the effectiveness of the poem.”

Stephen Toft—on Catherine Bullock—(at the fair/two didgeridoo players/swap email addresses) “Maybe this registered particularly well due to the similarities between didgeridoo players and haikuists. One on the fringes of music, one on the fringes of poetry—makes meeting a fellow fanatic that much more exciting.”

Bill Cullen—on Edward Zuk—(Crescent moon—/the white claw of a crab/washes ashore) “Seldom does the backdrop image resonate with its own intensity so that it too pushes forward into the foreground of the reader’s consciousness. Zuk’s haiku is an excellent example of how the effective use of diction and juxtaposition can bring additional overtones out of a scenic backdrop image to reverberate forward and intensify the close-up image.”

Karen Klein—on Ed Duesterberg—(tossed treetops/the stillness shifts/its weight) “This haiku might violate the prohibition against abstractions, but stillness here has the weight literally of the heavy treetops and works for me as a concrete description of them. The poet’s pairing of stillness and weight is an unusual one and does what I think poetic use of language should do, extend it beyond the usual and expected. His pairing of the two words was a haiku aha! moment for me.”

Carolyn Hall—on Joann Klontz—(early spring/yielding the road/to the harrow) “One of the great pleasures of haiku is that in a well-written poem the reader is drawn into the poet’s experience, even an experience quite foreign to the reader. City girl that I am, farm machinery is peripheral to my everyday existence—I see the wide harrow taking up more than its share of the road. I see the driver of a car

pulling off the road to make way—only then do I grasp the meaning. “Early spring” conjures the end of snow; the beginning of the greening. Before planting can begin, the harrow will [prepare] the ground. Just as the driver yields the road to the harrow, winter yields to spring; and the poet throws off the physical and mental constraints of the long, cold season and happily yields to longer days and all the things spring turns one’s mind to.”

Carolyn Hall—on Judson Evans—(moon/under/ice/ where the divers have stopped/searching) “Sends shivers down my spine. Clearly it is not only the moon that is under the ice. Evans has come up with a wonderfully novel use of what can so easily seem a tired, overused image.”

Peggy Willis Lyles—on Kristen Deming—(taking the garlands of light/from their cartons—/the longest night) “*[This poem]* recreates a familiar moment in the annual process of decorating for the holidays. The simple and absolutely credible juxtaposition with “the longest night” expands the action to include the mysteries of the universe—and grand chunks of human history, too. What a rich texture of ritual we have developed to help us through winter’s cold darkness! The haiku engages my senses and emotions. It is satisfying intellectually, too, as I move beyond the first AHA! of recognition. The end-rhyme, usually undesirable in haiku, seems just right here. It occurs naturally, and gently emphasizes our ongoing adaptation to the cycle of seasons.”

Tom Clausen—on Carol Raisfeld—(winter rain/a flowered umbrella/at the funeral) “Winter rain at a funeral [conveys] the sense of loss, misfortune and overwhelming sorrow that life delivers from its stacked deck. What I particularly like about this poem is how it can operate as a type of Rorschach test for the reader. Does one accept the cheeriness of a flowered umbrella in the moment or does one resist and find it too incongruous and in poor taste. We can learn something of our inner self when we imagine our reaction.”

Readers, remember to keep this column going. Send us your readings on any of the poems that you especially appreciate in this issue.

Compiled and edited by *Jim Kacian & John Stevenson*

books

&

reviews

## Two Short, One Long

Tokutomi, Kiyoko, *Kiyoko's Sky: The Haiku of Kiyoko*. Translated Patricia J. Machmiller and Fay Aoyagi. Introduction June Hopper Hymas, commentary by Shugyo Takaha. (Brooks Books, Decatur, Illinois, 2002.) ISBN: 1-929820-04-6. 128 pages, 8.5" x 5.5", perfect softbound. \$16 from the publisher.

IN NORTH AMERICA, Kiyoko Tokutomi is best known for being a founder of the Yuki Teikei Society, which since 1975 has argued for the importance of the traditional elements of Japanese haiku: a 5-7-5 syllable count, the seasonal element, and the idea of the haiku as a sketch from nature. In Japan, however, Kiyoko Tokutomi is best known as a poet in her own right, and with *Kiyoko's Sky* readers can sample over 150 of her Japanese haiku in translation, 10 of her English-language haiku, and commentary on her work by admirers from both the United States and Japan.

Reading these haiku, I felt that the works showed a Japanese sensibility rather than a Western one. Part of my impression derives from her absorption of Japanese models and aesthetics to an extent that is impossible for an American haiku poet, and many of her poems read like textbook examples of *karumi* (lightness) or Shiki's "sketch from nature." Another part of this impression lies in her Japanese subjects: although she immigrated to America in 1954, Tokutomi's poetic imagination stayed rooted in Japan with its *mochi* cakes and local festivals, and whenever she remembers her hometown her writing shows a real affection. But there is a deeper difference as well, one that I cannot fully explain. Toyotomi's poems are built on tender perceptions, and they allow her observations to speak for themselves to an extent that is rare in Western haiku:

At its bottom  
all things are visible  
winter river

On the pond's bottom  
a round, round stone  
and this spring carp

Before reading these lines, I had forgotten that rivers are calmer and more transparent in winter, and that a pond contains round, as opposed to jagged, stones. And it was a delight to discover that effective poetry could be made from

these perceptions without any of the word play, revelations, experiments with form, startling imagery, or implied drama that often characterize North American haiku. Of course, there are quiet haiku in English too, but I usually find them creating a sense of occasion, surprise, or revelation, which leads to less of an absorption in small observations of nature in and of themselves.

It is this sense of encountering a Japanese approach to haiku that makes *Kiyoko's Sky* a rewarding book, even though North American readers will find several aspects of it less accessible. Her invocation of Japanese culture is difficult to respond to emotionally, even with the helpful notes, and phrases like "winter river" or "spring carp" may sound natural in Japanese, but they come off as clumsy in English. Still, I did find this book to be deeply moving, and even the most experienced haiku poets will learn much from Tokutomi's gentle vision and her ability to work from within the tradition of Japanese haiku.

\* \* \*

Fraenkel, William A. *Haiku for all: A Book of Poetry* (Writer's Club Press, New York 2002). ISBN 0-595-25617-1. 125 pp., 6" x 9", perfect softbound. \$13.95 from the author.

70 IT IS HARD TO KNOW WHAT TO SAY about the poems in *Haiku for All*, a biography in haiku of an amazing life. William A. Fraenkel was a child of the depression, a combat marine in World War II who fought at Iwo Jima, a Peace Corps member, a Ph.D. in psychology, and a worker who has helped adults with AIDS, drug addictions, and severe disabilities; more recently, he has been a self-described hippie complete with tattoo and ear studs, a cancer survivor, and a New Yorker who witnessed the September 11th attacks. As a result, these haiku provide a commentary on virtually every major event of the past seventy years. But the haiku fail to rise to the task of describing the poet's life. They rest on the level of clichés, the borrowing of other poets' opinions and phrases, and vague perceptions:

let me count the ways  
I love you  
forever and a day

a bird came  
and flew away  
with another bird



Reading these haiku and their far more interesting explanatory notes, I could not help but think how cruel is the process that decides who receives, or fails to receive, poetic talent. If this were a just world, Dr. Fraenkel would have been granted the gifts of a Baudelaire or Wordsworth to describe his experiences; instead, I can only hope that he continues to derive enjoyment from his writings.

One word of caution: on page 18, the first stanza of Wallace Stevens's "Thirteen Ways of Looking at a Blackbird" is slightly rewritten and presented as an original haiku, a grievous oversight on the part of the author and editor.

\* \* \*

Ross, Bruce, *How to Haiku: A Writer's Guide to Haiku and Related Forms* (Tuttle Publishing, Boston, 2002.) ISBN 0-8048-3232-3. 167 pages. 5.25" x 8", perfect softbound. \$12.95 at bookstores.

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WHAT IS THE BEST introduction to haiku? There are dozens of possible answers to this question—a friend or teacher, a journal, contest, or any number of anthologies or individual collections of poetry—but over the years two authors have introduced more American poets to haiku than any other sources. Harold G. Henderson's *Haiku in English* (1967) or his earlier *An Introduction to Haiku* (1958) and R. H. Blyth's four-volume *Haiku* (1952) stand at the head of haiku in English. It would be hard to imagine two better, or more different, roads into the form. Henderson's books are slim and objective, meant to introduce readers to the beauty of haiku on its own terms. Blyth takes an opposite approach. Arguing that "haiku is Zen" and "Zen is haiku," his work is half an anthology of poetry and half a manifesto of the author's understanding of Zen. What makes these works into classics is their willingness to defend a distinctive approach to haiku, with Henderson maintaining that the haiku is primarily a poetic form, and Blyth declaring that poetry and spirituality are intertwined.

As good as these works are, however, both do show their age. Neither author could foresee the ways in which the American haiku movement would develop, and by necessity they based their views on Japanese, rather than Western, practice. Clearly, a new introduction based on contemporary haiku practice is long overdue. Bruce Ross's *How to Haiku*

is a major attempt to provide an up-to-date alternative to the works of Henderson and Blyth. *How to Haiku* makes American haiku the basis of an introduction to the form, and now prospective haiku poets can learn their craft through a discussion of recent poetry and haibun written by their peers. With the backing of Tuttle Publishing, I have few doubts that this book will be instrumental in inspiring the next generation of haiku poets. Yet I cannot recommend it over its predecessors. *How to Haiku* is an intriguing and even necessary book, but puzzling errors in fact, an uncertainty of tone, and the shallowness of its overarching arguments keep it from joining the works of Henderson and Blyth as a great one.

*How to Haiku* is divided into six major sections covering the art of creating haiku, senryu, haibun, tanka, haiga, and renga. Each section sketches the history of its subject, discusses Japanese and American examples, and then provides suggestions to inspire new poets. After these chapters are four appendices, which in turn discuss the finer points of haiku form, *ginko* (walks meant to inspire haiku), haiku aesthetics (a section written in part by H. F. Noyes), and suggestions for further readings. Ross, a past president of the HSA and the editor of the anthologies *Haiku Moment* and *Journey to the Interior*, is fully qualified to survey these topics, and several of his discussions are illuminating. When he presents one- and two-line haiku and then asks if the poems would be better written in three lines, I found the exercise of trying to decide this question to be rewarding. His suggestion that tanka poets correlate their emotions to varying line lengths was also insightful.

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Yet throughout the book numerous errors creep into the discussion. Here I will point out only the major ones that I found in the introduction and the first chapter. Ross translates a famous haiku by Basho as “stillness:/sinking into the rocks/a cricket’s voice” (p.3), but the versions I’ve read give the last line as *semi no koe* (a cicada’s or locust’s voice), a more rasping sound. Ross states that Imagist-inspired haiku continued until the 1940s (p. 7), but the Imagists stopped writing short, haiku-like poems before 1930. He defines *kigo* as words that provide the “naming [of] the season” (p. 12), but *kigo* are words or images that suggest a season. His statement that “American haiku there-

fore is also written in three lines with a break after the first line” is simply wrong, as the break can occur anywhere, and some haiku contain no break at all. A “found poem” does not refer to a response “to a humanly constructed experience or thing” (p. 18), but rather to the use of the language from a non-poetic source in a poem. And it is not “obvious” that “repetition would unbalance the haiku” (p. 22), for as Ross points out later in the same paragraph, repetition can be used for an artful emphasis, though redundancy should always be avoided.

It is puzzling that more care was not taken to ensure an accurate text. But these errors can be corrected easily, and I would like to end this review with a discussion of two deeper flaws in the text. The first involves Ross’s uncertain view of his audience. *How to Haiku* is aimed at both adults and children interested in the form, but throughout the text Ross seems to talk down to a student audience, at times belabouring the obvious: “to sum up, my advice for writing senryu is to have a good sense of humour and to keep your eye open for the funny things people do” (p. 54), for example, or “capture the essence of a haiku in your [haiga] drawing” (p. 110). Most students and virtually all of his adult readers, I imagine, would appreciate more of a challenge.

My second concern involves the weakness of Ross’s vision of haiku. Throughout the book, Ross fails to argue consistently for any higher purpose for the haiku, in spite of passing references to Emerson and Pound. Instead, he maintains that haiku poets should strive to recreate the mindset of a child. The introduction states that in writing haiku “we are trying to be as open to the ‘things’ as little children are, and to have the same kind of simple happy and sad feelings little children have” (p. 5), and the book ends with the declaration that to write effective haiku “we must slow down, and like the little child at the street corner, we must stop, look, and listen” (p. 148). I found this strain of the book rather feeble and, even worse, it is demonstrably wrong. Many great haiku present a mature social or existential vision, like Basho’s:

under one roof	sick on a journey—
prostitutes, too, are sleeping—	my dreams wander over
bush clover and the moon	a withered moor

What child could have written either of these poems? The social acceptance of the first haiku and the bitterness of the second derive from an adult poet conveying the full range of his sensibility. The weakness of the arguments in *How to Haiku* is disappointing, since in his anthology *Haiku Moment* Ross showed a willingness to argue for a more serious vision of haiku rooted in Zen and Shintoism. Whether this view was right or wrong does not matter. What does matter is that Ross challenged haiku poets to consider the deeper wellsprings of their art, a task that *How to Haiku* neglects.

In making these criticisms, I do not want it to sound as if Ross did not write an interesting book, or that younger or new haiku poets would not benefit from reading it. But I am looking forward to a revised version of *How to Haiku*, one that corrects the obvious errors, challenges its readers to higher modes of expression, and urges haiku poets to write about their mature insights as well as their flashes of child-like perception. Until this revised edition appears, new-comers to the haiku are advised to read either of the introductions by Henderson or Blyth for their greater vision of what a haiku can and should be.

*Edward Zuk*

## A Brief Visit

Gibson, Robert *Westport Haiku* (Holly House Publications, 4400 S. Holly Street, Seattle, WA 98118, 2002). ISBN 1-57726-154-2. 32pp., 7.5" X 5.5", saddlestaple softbound. \$5.95.

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Robert Gibson, retired field anthropologist, has spent many years visiting, in all seasons, a small fishing village on the Pacific, Westport. This delightful little chapbook, from its bright Stuart Davis-like cover of a sailboat and gulls, to its deceptively transparent one-to-a-page haiku, published in *Frogpond*, *Presence*, and *World Haiku Review*, to its pleasing pen and ink drawings by Marlyn Venegas, offers the atmosphere and occurrences of a place known and loved well. The haiku have their depths and their humor, with many sea sketches imbued with a light touch of feeling.

albatross  
on the sand  
becoming sand

beach road  
kids' bare feet  
out the windows

*Bruce Ross*

## Rich and Strange

Takaha, Shugyo *Selected Haiku*. Edited and translated by Tsunehiko Hoshino and Adrian Pinnington. Introduction by Tsunehiko Hoshino. (Furansudo, 1-9-61-102 Sengawa-cho, Chofu-shi, Tokyo 182-0002 Japan, 2003) ISBN 4-89402-524-8 C0092. 112 pages 5.5" x 8.25", perfect softbound. \$16 or ¥1905 from the publisher.

HAIKU IN ENGLISH, and the English-Language Haiku Community, has clearly become important to the Japanese. It's not simply a matter of conferences and exchanges—these have been held in a number of other countries and cultures. But when a haijin decides it's time to release a volume of his work in a second language, the language of choice is English. The result has been a spate of books from leading contemporary Japanese poets in the past few years, from which it is perhaps finally possible for those of us here in the west to glean what is happening to our genre of choice in its country of origin.

Or is it? For we are in an odd position vis-à-vis haiku, and what we are confronted with usually confuses more than codifies. Instead of finding contemporary Japanese haiku to be like our own, only more so, we discover that it is suffering a sea-change into something rich and strange, and that the gap between our understanding of Japanese practice is as vast as ever. Is this a function of the actual poems of the contemporary Japanese masters, or is it actually the fault of those unlucky few whose task it is to translate these protean and elusive germs of poetry?

The probable answer is, both. Typically, the volumes which our Japanese comrades issue in English are a kind of "greatest hits", poems selected from the entire span of an illustrious life of work, upon which the reputation of the poet largely rests in his own country. That is, these poems are the very ones which most deeply have affected his countrymen in their native idiom, are the most inseparable from their hearts. But it is almost a truism that what is deepest in the literature of a culture is that which is most ineluctable about it, that which defies translation. These poems are about being the most Japanese in a lifetime of being Japanese. How can we expect them to be American

as well, in any real sense? When some poems do seem to cross cultural boundaries, often it is in the form of a somewhat generalized universalism, which rarely rises to the level of the very finest work of the poet.

Or else he might try to select with an eye to what might work best in the culture of the language of translation (nearly impossible in English, since to do so would mean to encompass the sensibilities of Americans, Brits, Aussies, Kiwis, and many more—no native English speaker has done it, so what chance has someone from another culture?) But this presumes that the poet has written material that might be available in this way, and that he is aware of what sorts of things might be of interest in the new language.

Or he can simply try to fall back upon the cult of personality, presenting work that suggests a unified persona of the poet. To do so suggests a somewhat smaller range than other choices, but at least there is cohesiveness to the finished product, and the presence of like poems might facilitate better translation and comprehension, as the work will be seen in its own gathered context.

Oh, yes, translation—that other variable. As if there aren't enough issues on the table, there's also the matter of whether or not the translation delivers something like the experience available in the original poem. Does that mean felicity to the original poem's words? To its spirit? Both? Form? Dialect? Tone? And so on. When a poet decides to enter the world of bilingualism, he had best be prepared to deal with matters he never had to consider when he was merely a great poet in his native land.

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So why, then, do poets leap into this void? It certainly isn't for the money—most of these books of translation will sell fewer than a hundred copies, and the bulk will be sent to editors, reviewers, archives, museums, friends and collectors. And these volumes are not usually the sumptuous productions that the poet would expect at home. They are instead modestly printed and priced. It's not the book as art that entices. Rather it is the element of achievement, the fact that the poet has "made it" to a degree sufficient for such a volume to be considered. A book in translation conveys status, elevating the poet from merely national to international consideration. It doesn't really matter what is in the book or who reads it: it matters that it exists.

Shugyo Takaha is the latest poet to decide to sail in these waters, and this volume is typical in many ways. It is a selected volume which features work from each stage of his long and meritorious career. It is possible to arrive at a sense of Takaha as husband, father, businessman, editor and poet from these pages. Many of the poems are easily accessible through what seem to be useful and even occasionally serendipitous translations. Take, for instance, the evocative “one after another / like a postscript, / four or five wild geese”. This is a fine glissade between the traditional and the modern, and is that a hint of Yeats? Consider the telling personification of “red plum blossoms— / each twig fights / for its share of the sky”, or the close observation of “as I sink the blade / I feel its resistance— / a green apple”. And of course his famous “like a giant ear / the lake receives / the cry of the cuckoo”. A couple other favorites: “the wind shines— / that is to say, / everything shines”—with kudos to the translators; and for editors everywhere, “the first manuscript of the year, / looking for that one word / which will act as a wedge”. We know we are in the presence of a poet, and the book offers many pleasing moments.

So it is hard to accommodate the portentousness of “oh, how dark is the life / of life and death— / water full of tadpoles”, or the blandness of “picking strawberries, / just like picking flowers, / one flower after another”. We suspect something else is going on here that has not been caught, and we have no recourse. This makes it no worse than any other volume we might encounter in English, unevenness being much more the norm than sustained resonance. But what is being espoused here is much more, is a promise of insight into one of the great poetic minds of our time. And thud is that much more obvious in this context of sparkle.

I recommend you buy and read this volume. It's a fine book. But I myself remain dubious of the enterprise which drives it and others like it. I'm glad for the attempt, and hope for more, but am chastened in thinking that the goal can ever be achieved. Of course it goes without saying that the same is true in the other direction: what must English poems seem like to Takaha? Will we ever be able to tell him what we really mean?

*Jim Kacian*

## Books Received

Rosenstock, Gabriel *Forgotten Whispers* (Anam Press, 5 Friars Court, Friars Street, Kinsale, Co. Cork, Ireland, 2003), ISBN 0-9543032-0-X. 24 pp., 5.5" x 8.5", saddlestitched softbound. £6.50 postpaid. Available from the publisher.

*Rosenstock's evocative poems, set off by great narrative black-and-white photographs by John Minihan, make this a very attractive chapbook, while the inclusion of the original Irish texts adds a touch of the exotic as well. Very nicely produced. Recommended.*

Key, Joanna *Haiku* (self-published, 2003), No ISBN. 6 pp., 4.25" x 3.75", folded softbound. No price. Available from the author at 2115 University Drive, Charleston IL 61920.

*Too short a sampling to get a real feel for the poet's range and style, but at least one of these poems is quite good, and a promise for things to come.*

Davidson, L. A. *Jamaica Moments* (DLT Associates, 3245 Village Green Drive, Miami FL 33175, 2003), ISBN 0-9674991-2-7. 64 pp., 5.5" x 8.5", perfect softbound. \$12.25 ppd. from the publisher. *It's a delight to have another collection of Davidson's poems after a 20 year hiatus. The poems are culled from her many years spent part-time in the Caribbean. The book includes a useful essay on haiku as well. Recommended.*

Cobb, David (Editor) *Haiku: The Poetry of Nature* (Universe, New York 2003), ISBN 0-7893-0826-6. 144 pp., 6" x 7", cloth-bound with dust jacket. \$18.95 ppd. from bookstores.

*This volume, featuring 40 illustrations from the collections of the British Museum and translations of classical Japanese haiku, is premised on the assumption that good poems and good pictures will fit naturally together. Undeniably beautiful though the end-product is, I find myself unconvinced that what is realized is something greater than the sum of its parts. Nevertheless recommended for its elegance.*

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Yoshimura, Ikuyo & Mitsugu Abe (eds.) *Haiku no Susume (Invitation to Write Haiku)* (The Japan Times, Tokyo 2003), ISBN 4-7890-1124-0. 186 pp., 5.75" x 8.25", perfect softbound with dustjackets. ¥1800 ppd. from bookstores.

*It is, of course, impossible to recommend a book written in Japanese to the HSA membership, but it is perhaps worth bringing this volume to its attention. Well-known poet and scholar Yoshimura's text is intended to be the primer for Japanese wishing to write haiku in English—a how-to which clarifies the differences between writing praxis here and there. An important book, and one that will have repercussions on the art, its practice and its study in Japan for years to come.*



Lyles, Peggy *To Hear the Rain: Selected Haiku of Peggy Lyles* (Brooks Books, 3720 N. Woodridge Drive, Decatur IL 62526, 2003), ISBN 1-929820-03-8. 128 pp., 5.75" x 8.75", clothbound. \$24.50 ppd. from the publisher.

*Another volume in the Goodrich Haiku Masters series from this excellent press, this collection of Lyles' fine haiku is most welcome, and maintains the high tone of this important series. Recommended.*

Engle, Margarita *Dreaming Sunlight* (Feather Books, Shrewsbury UK, 2003), ISBN 1-84175-140-5. 24 pp., 5.75" x 8.25", saddle-stapled softbound. \$8 ppd. from the poet at 9433 North Fowler Avenue, Clovis CA 93611 USA.

*A first collection from a poet who has previously published fiction and scientific writing. This constitutes a solid debut emanating from the poet's meditative walks in Central California.*

Moore, Lenard D. *Gathering at the Crossroads* (Red Moon Press, PO Box 2461, Winchester VA 22604-1661, 2003). ISBN 1-893959-25-2. Photographs by Eugene B. Redmond. 16 pp., 5" x 8", saddlestapled softbound. \$7 ppd. from the publisher.

*This chapbook celebrates one of the seminal moments in recent Black American culture, the Million Man March, through haiku and photos by two of the best-known voices in African-American poetry, who were integral to the program along with chronicling the event.*

Kaplan, Betty & Max Verhart *smoke signals* ('t Hoge Woord, Rijsterdijk 25, 8574 VW Bakhuizen, Netherlands, 2003). ISBN 90-75951-44-2. 32 pp., 2" x 2.875", saddlestitched softbound. No price, enquire with the publisher.

*My current favorite chapbook series is the Radish series from Wim Loufers' press in the Netherlands. This tiny group of books can be a bit fussy to handle, but they more than make up for it in their consistently excellent content. This set of innovative renga is no exception.*

Heffernan, Thomas *White Edge, Curling Wave* (Saint Andrews Press, 1500 Dogwood Mile, Laurinburg NC 28352, 2003). ISBN 1-879934-81-7. 16 pp., 5.75" x 4", saddlestapled softbound. No price, enquire with the publisher.

Heffernan, Thomas *Christmas Gifts in South Japan: Haiku Essays* (Saint Andrews Press, 2003). ISBN 1-879934-80-9. 60 pp., 5.5" x 8", perfect softbound. \$11 from the publisher.

*Thomas Heffernan, for those of you who don't know, has been a fixture in the haiku world for decades, including co-editing the short-lived but influential Plover. It is a welcome event to have a (all too brief) haiku collection as well as his recent haibun (styled "haiku essays" here). Important work from one who has been at it a long time. Recommended.*

King, Dr. Doreen *Poetology of Bob Cobbing* (Feather Books, PO Box 438, Shrewsbury SY3 0WN, UK, 2003). ISBN 1-84175-133-2. 60 pp., 5.875" x 8.25", perfect softbound.

King, Dr. Doreen *short essays on experimental poetry* (Feather Books, 2003). ISBN 1-84175-137-5. 50 pp., 5.875" x 8.25", perfect softbound.

King, Dr. Doreen *GOOST (a haiku sequence)* (Feather Books, 2003). ISBN 1-84175-141-3. 60 pp., 5.75" x 4.25", perfect softbound. £4 each, or £10 for the trilogy. From the publisher. *This series of books from (relative) newcomer Dr. King is a useful source of basic information on a variety of art and poetry movements, though not a substitute for in-depth reading. The poems show a love of iteration and a talent to control it, and we look forward to future work.*

Savli, Slavica *Vracanje u cas/Returning in Time/Vracanje u vrijeme* (Haiku Balkan, 2003). ISBN 961-236-436-2. 64 pp., 5" x 8", perfect softbound. No price, enquire with the author at <slavicasavli@yahoo.com>.

*Some of these poems seem very good indeed, and others are difficult to fathom. At least part of the variability must be due to the usual causes: the different needs and goals of different traditions, and translation issues. Overall, a nice debut in a very attractively produced volume.*

Gorman, LeRoy (Editor) *these silent rooms* (Haiku Canada, 67 Court Street, Aylmer QC, J9H 4M1 Canada, 2003). ISBN 0-920752-24-1. 32 pp., 5.25" x 8.5", saddlestapled softbound. \$8 from the publisher.

*The membership anthology for 2003 from Haiku Canada features many fine poems and most of the names you'd expect to find here. Produced in Gorman's usual sterling, clean style. Recommended.*

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Grand Central Station Tanka Café *unrolling the awning*, (bottle rockets press, Wethersfield CT 2003), No ISBN. 24 pp., 5.5" x 4.25", saddle-stapled softbound. \$3 ppd. from Pamela Miller Ness, 33 Riverside Drive Apt. 4-G, New York NY 10023-8125. *An attractive collection of work from what may be the first tanka workshop group assembled in the United States. Recommended.*

martone, john *periwinkle incorporating all the other worlds* (dogwood & honeysuckle, 2003), No ISBN. 20 pp., 4.25" x 5.5", handsewn softbound. No price. From the author at 1818 Phillips Place, Charleston IL 61920 USA.

*The prolific Martone (can one be considered prolific if one produces 3 books of perhaps 20 short verses per year?) offers another collection in his signature style, in his usual attractive format. This one adds the dimension of a photo-essay, an interesting curiosity.*

Corman, Cid *One Man's Moon: Poems by Basho & Other Japanese Poets* (Gnomon Press, PO Box 475, Frankfort KY 40602, 2003). ISBN 0-917788-76-1. 128 pp., 5.5" x 8.5", perfect softbound. \$15 from the publisher.

*This is an expanded edition of the volume of this title published in 1984. It includes sizeable sections on Basho, Issa and Santoka in Corman's eclectic style, which is intensely poetic, for better and worse. Recommended.*

Sanfield, Steve *Sierra Song* (Tangram, 22000 Lost River Road, Nevada City CA 95959, 2003). No ISBN. 20 pp., 6" x 10.5", saddlestitched softbound. No price, enquire with the publisher. *American haiku in the best tradition, poems about the sense of being located in place, in a beautiful handsewn volume. Recommended.*

Ward, Linda Jeannette *a delicate dance of wings* (Winfred Press, Colrain MA & Clinging Vine Press, Coinjock NC, 2002). Art by Pamela Babusci, Introduction by Larry Kimmel. ISBN 0-9702457-4-2. 51 pp., 5.5" x 8.5", perfect softbound. \$11 ppd. from Clinging Vine Press, PO Box 231, Coinjock NC 27923. *I received information on this book but had not actually seen a copy of it by the time we went to press, so I cannot offer comment at this time.*

Rao, G. R. Parimala *Birth of Hope* (Anika Prakashana, No. 1003, 27th 'A' Main Road, 9th Block, Jayanagar, Bangalore 69, India, 2003). No ISBN. 114 pp., 4.875" x 7.25", perfect softbound. 50 Rupees or \$5 from the publisher. *Another glimpse at how haiku has manifested itself in other cultures. These will probably seem too didactic and thought-based in the main to most readers, but are well in keeping with the traditions of the poet, and her sensibility and heart are evident throughout.*

Gibson, Robert *Except perhaps in spring . . . in love poems* (Holly House Publications, 4400 South Holly Street, Seattle WA 98118, 2003), ISBN 1-57726-155-0. 36 pp., 5.5" x 8.5", saddle-stapled softbound. \$8.95 ppd. from the publisher. *The poet's unabashed love poems for his recently departed mate, this is a compelling group of haiku, tanka and prose. Recommended.*

thomas, carolyn *puddle on the ink stone* (self-published, 2003), ISBN 0-9724396-0-9. 142 pp., 5" x 6.5", perfect softbound. \$12.50 ppd. from the author at 36679 Las Begonias, Cathedral City, CA 92234 USA.

*This collection features other short poems and sumi-e by the poet as well as haiku and tanka. The self-deprecation of the title belies the sure hand which the poet exhibits throughout. A minor quibble: the slick paper seems unfit to the project. Nonetheless, recommended.*

Kyle, Helen & Ikuyo Yoshimura, eds. *Evergreen Haiku Anthology* (Rainbow Press, 4-1-3 Onawaba, Gifu, 500-8889 Japan, 2003). No ISBN. 160 pp., 6.25" x 11.75", perfect softbound. No price. Enquire with the publisher.

*Ikuyo Yoshimura has been seminal in creating interchange between haiku cultures. This is another of her projects, guiding across her rainbow bridge many Japanese who recognize the growth of haiku in English and wish to participate. Not a great collection of poems, but important as a document of where will may lead.*

van den Heuvel, Cor & Alan Pizzarelli *Haiku Cowboys* (Islet Chant Books, 118 Schley Street, Garfield NJ 07026, 2003). ISBN 0-9626040-7-0. 36 pp., 5" x 7", saddlestapled softbound. \$7, from the publisher.

*An unusual but not wholly unexpected collaboration by two of the mavens of English-language haiku: this is a nostalgic look at cowboy movies, a narrative sequence which anyone to whom Tom Mix and Hopalong Cassidy are a reality will recognize.*

Duhaime, André *le soleil curieux du printemps* ISBN 2-921353-92-X *châteaux d'été* ISBN 2-921353-93-8 *automne! automne!* ISBN 2-921353-80-6 *bouquets d'hiver* ISBN 2-921353-981-4 (Plaines, <www.plaines.mb.ca>, 2003). Illustrated by Francine Couture. 32 pp., 8.5" x 8.5", saddlestapled softbound. No price. Enquire with the publisher.

*The redoubtable M. Duhaime enters the children's book market with this quartet of seasonal books "pour les jeunes et les moins jeunes." One would have to be very "moins jeunes" not to enjoy these volumes. In French, and for those who read it, recommended.*

Kerouac, Jack *Book of Haikus* (Penguin Books, New York NY, 2003). Edited by Regina Weinrich. ISBN 0-14-200264-X. 200 pp., 4.875" x 6", perfect softbound. \$13 at bookstores.

*The definitive collection of "haikus" by the famous beat writer, years in the making and beautifully realized here. Highly recommended.*

Gill, Stephen Henry & Hisashi Miyazaki, eds. *Lost Heian* (Hailstone Haiku Group, 54-16 Hamuro-cho, Takatsuki-shi, Osaka 569-1147, Japan, 2003). ISBN 4-9900822-1-4. 104 pp., 7.25" x 5.125", perfect softbound. \$10 ppd. from the publisher. *Lost Heian is an anagram of Hailstone, the group which produced this volume. This is some insight into their relationship with words—knowing, unconcerned with boundaries, playful. Perhaps they won't mind my pointing out, then, that other anagrams might be O, the snail! and Stainhole, both of which might be equally apropos. This varied volume has much enjoyment in it. Recommended.*

Wilson, Billie (ed.) *Raku Teapot: Haiku* (Raku Teapot Press, 1170 Fritz Cove Road, Juneau AK 99801 USA, 2003). ISBN 1-891691-04-X. 112 pp., 5.5" x 8.5", perfect softbound. \$14 plus postage from the publisher.

*This book, featuring the work of 24 members of the Raku Teapot Haiku Group, would be an attractive volume simply for its variety of voice and clean design; the addition of a CD with the poets reading their own selections makes it the first of its kind. Recommended.*

Biliarska, Ginka (ed.) *The Rose: european haiku* ISBN 954-737-355-2. 76 pp., 6.25" x 9.25", perfect softbound. *The Flower: bulgarian haiku* ISBN 954-737-270-X. (both Angoboy Publishers, Sophia, 2003). 76 pp., 6.25" x 9.25", perfect soft-bound. Enquire with the publisher at <angoboy@abv.bg>.

*In April 2000 the Bulgarian Haiku Club was founded, and in that short time its members have published over 40 volumes of poems, often in both Bulgarian and English. These compilations show what they can do with the single themes announced in the titles. Impressive.*

Yates, Evelyn Catharine *Karumi Moon* (De Senlis & Evelyn, 2304-100 Spadina Road, Toronto ONT M5R 2T7 Canada, 2001). ISBN 0-9684301-2-0. 56 pp. (recto only), 5.5" x 8.25", perfect softbound. No price. Enquire with the publisher.

*The subtitle, "probing ancient and modern haiku", means pouring new wine into old bottles. The author is intent to capture a sense of modernity in the formal (5-7-5) haiku and other haikai which she espouses here, while the sensibility is redolent of Japanese originals, and especially the wabi/sabi axis which has informed so many of us on our way here.*

Kirschner, Joseph *Inside Out: Haiku and Dreams* (Deep North Press, 2021 Harrison Street, Evanston IL 60201, 2003). ISBN 1-929116-10-1. 88 pp., 5.5" x 8", perfect softbound. No price. Enquire with the publisher.

*This unique volume consists of two parts: an introduction to the idea of the use of dreams in haiku (and therefore in practical terms in our ordinary lives), coupled with poets' actual rendering, in prose description and haibun, of how these dreams have mattered to them. Recommended.*

Moldovan, Vasile *Fata Nevazuta a Lunii (The Moon's Unseen Face)* (Editura Semne, Bucharest, 2001). ISBN 973-654-155-X. 88 pp., 4.75" x 7.75", perfect softbound. No price. Enquire with the publisher.

*A bilingual volume (Romanian/English) from one of the emerging voices in Eastern European haiku, this is marred (as usual) by poorish translations, usually missing the spirit more than the words, but lacking idiomatic sense in many instances as well.*

HSA

News

# The HSA Merit Book Awards 2002

This year it was our turn to select from among twenty-three books presented for the Merit Book Award. We carefully read and reread each selection. Our discussions were lengthy, as well as satisfying. Happily, we were able to agree on which books we thought deserved special recognition. Without exception, we offer our praise, and thank the authors for their dedication and hard work.

—Michael Ketchek and Tom Painting, *Judges*

## Best Individual Collection

*finding the way* by paul m. (Press Here)

## Highly Commended

*Shadwell Hills* by Rebecca Lilly (Birch Brook Press)

*Still Here: collected haiku and senryu* by H.F. Noyes

## Commended

*To Hear the Rain: Selected Haiku of Peggy Lyles* (Brooks Books)

*this wine* by William M. Ramsey (Deep North Press)

## Best Anthology

*the loose thread: The Red Moon Anthology of English Language Haiku 2001*, ed. Jim Kacian *et. al.* (Red Moon Press)

## Highly Commended

*listening to the rain: an anthology of Christchurch haiku and haibun*, ed. Cyril Childs and Joanna Preston, The Small White Teapot Haiku Group.

*The British Museum Haiku* ed. David Cobb (British Museum Press)

## Best Book of Haibun

*a delicate dance of wings* by Linda Jeannette Ward (Clinging Vine Press and Winfred Press)

*finding the way* by paul m., typography and design by Michael Dylan Welch. (Press Here, 22230 NE 28th Street, Samamish WA 98074-6408 USA). ISBN 1-878798-25-1, 52 pp., 4.25" x 5.5". \$6 ppd. payable to Michael D. Welch in US funds. *finding the way* is a collection of 55 haiku that invite the reader on journey of the author's observations and musings. paul m.'s haiku resound long after the initial reading, and make a return visit to his poems most rewarding. The subtle play of images and juxtaposition makes the haiku in this collection a pleasure to ponder. The beauty of this book extends beyond the poetry. Its modest size, beautiful cover art and eloquently written narrative between sections contribute to a unified whole, sure to please.

*Shadwell Hills* by Rebecca Lilly (Birch Brook Press, P.O. Box 81, Delhi, NY 13753) ISBN 0-913559-79-2, 72 pp., 5.5" x 8.5". \$16.

Rebecca Lilly presents one hundred haiku, firmly rooted in the tradition of seasons and nature. This is a very satisfying collection that becomes more enjoyable with each reading. Several wood engravings by Frank C. Eckmair enhance this lovely book.

*Still Here: collected haiku and senryu* by H.F. Noyes (self-published). No ISBN, 88 pp., 5.75" x 8.75". No price given. *Still Here* is a collection that encompasses a wide range of subjects. With wit and wisdom these haiku and senryu explore not only nature, but also the heart and mind of the author. Nicely illustrated by David Kopitzke.

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*To Hear the Rain: Selected Haiku of Peggy Lyles* (Brooks Books, 3720 N. Woodridge Dr., Decatur IL 62526). ISBN 1-929820-03-8, 128 pp., 5.75" x 8.75". \$22.

*To Hear the Rain* is a stunning book featuring poems in a wide range and breadth from one of our most highly regarded English-language haiku poets.

*this wine* by William M. Ramsey (Deep North Press, 2021 Harrison Street, Evanston IL 60201-5838) ISBN 1-929115-08-X, 96 pp., 4.5" x 8.25". No price given.

*this wine* is a collection of haiku that have the ability to draw the reader into contemplating the author's compelling world view.



*the loose thread: The Red Moon Anthology of English Language Haiku 2001*, by Jim Kacian, editor-in-chief (Red Moon Press, PO Box 2461, Winchester VA 22604-1661). ISBN 1-893959-32-5, 160 pp., 5.5" 8.5". \$19.95 ppd.

The annual Red Moon Anthology continues to present the best of English language haiku, haibun, linked forms and essays. This attractive volume features the work of a diverse group of writers, consistent with the Red Moon editorial philosophy to present choice haiku in a wide range of style and form. Those familiar with the Red Moon anthology format will appreciate the continued high standard set by Jim Kacian and his editorial staff. Those for whom this book will be their first in the series will be glad they ventured in.

*listening to the rain: an anthology of Christchurch haiku and haibun*, edited by Cyril Childs and Joanna Preston (The Small White Teapot Haiku Group, 6 Ballantyne Avenue, Christchurch 4 New Zealand). ISBN 0-473-08339-6, 72 pp., 5.75" x 8". No price given.

This collection of outstanding haiku and haibun is spiced with regional flavor on universal themes. *listening to the rain* offers the reader an opportunity to become more familiar with a group of poets who have and will continue to receive critical acclaim.

*The British Museum Haiku* ed. David Cobb (British Museum Press, 46 Bloomsbury St., London WC1B 3QQ). ISBN 0-7141-2401-X, 6.25" x 7.5". No price given.

This book is a splendid collection of haiku by the Japanese Masters. The haiku are presented not only in translation, but also in Japanese. Text is accompanied by high quality reproductions of Japanese art from the British Museum collection. This appealing book will be treasured, whether one is a haiku enthusiast or not.

*a delicate dance of wings* by Linda Jeannette Ward (Clinging Vine Press, P.O. Box 231 Coinjock, NC 27923 and Winfred Press, 364 Wilson Hill Rd. Colrain, MA 01340). ISBN 0-9702457-4-2, 5.5" x 8.5". \$11.

*a delicate dance of wings* is a wonderful book featuring consistently good haibun, accessible and poignant. Ms. Ward employs a straight-forward style of prose, complimented by solid haiku. Prints by Pamela A. Babusci and J.W. Stansell add another delightful aspect to this publication.

# The Nicholas Virgilio Memorial Contest Awards 2003

What? None of the five haiku chosen for merit have the 5-7-5 syllable count? Although we have nothing against such structure, the poems that we honor happen not to have it. We believe that other elements are more important. These include the sense evocation of a moment of heightened awareness, a story presenting just enough detail so that the reader is enticed to finish. the experience in a way that may personally resonate, and possibly a seasonal reference that deepens a poem with enriching connotations. We also looked for interesting contrasts, juxtapositions, well-thought-out word choices, fresh images, a good use of rhythm, and language that shows rather than tells—characteristics of all good poetry. We commend the large number of young people who submitted haiku to this contest. This indicates an interest in haiku and the mastery of words to communicate ideas, experience and feelings. We send a pat on the back to the many authors whose poems nearly made the finals. The five poems selected are of equal merit and are not ranked. Our warmest congratulations to the authors of the haiku below!

Claire Gallagher & Anne Homan, *Judges*

88

\* \* \*

summer breeze  
the flutter of clothes  
thrown over a chair

Laura Santiago(Grade 9)  
School of the Arts  
Rochester, NY

The poet's keen observation is suggestive of an unknown story; the absence of extraneous detail allows the reader to imagine the circumstances and to read into and resonate with it. Mystery that does not succumb to lack of clarity

enhances this poem. The reference to a season is a traditional device that deepens the poem by calling upon the common associations we all have with a welcome “summer breeze”. The soft consonant sounds provide a good flow in this poem, rather like a breeze, and there is a pleasant, unforced rhythm to the whole poem. The long vowel sounds of “breeze”, “clothes”, “thrown”, and “over” increase the languid feeling, while the short vowel in “flutter” seems to mimic the breeze. We particularly liked that the poet chose the definite article “the” before “flutter”; this gives focus to the poem. The poet has made choices that produced a well-crafted poem, so well crafted that it appears effortless.

\* \* \*

pebbles underfoot  
in the cold stream  
stars

Henry Argetsinger (Grade 9)  
School of the Arts  
Rochester, NY

This haiku utilizes several writing techniques to produce a winning poem. There is a strong juxtaposition of disparate images that give the poem a spark. The second line acts as a pivot line that can be read with the first line as a continuous thought. Alternatively, a pause after line one would allow lines two and three to link in thought—nicely done. The inference of bare feet evokes early summer near a stream of snowmelt as well as other wading experiences. There is vivid sensory information; the stream-rounded jumble of pebbles is pressing into bare feet. Overhead, and reflected in the water, is the ordered array of blue-white stars. In addition the flow of the stream around the poet’s ankles might give a feel of the transience of life under stars that seem eternal. This poem reads well; there is no forced rhythm.

\* \* \*

in front  
of the meth lab  
three children hopscotch

C. J. Welch (Grade 12)  
Walhert High School  
Dubuque, Iowa

In this haiku the poet chooses a moment in time that presents an interesting contrast between the sordid contemporary world of a meth lab, and the bright spring-time image of children playing. The latter image brings strongly to mind E.E. Cummings' poem "in Just-" in which "bettyandisbel come dancing from hop-scotch and jump-rope and it's spring". Notice that the children in the haiku are playing in front of the meth lab—they are not afraid of the place—it is simply an accepted part of the neighborhood. The strong break in the poem after the second line not only gives the pause in rhythm that is traditionally valued in haiku, but also neatly creates a break in thought. The ending of the poem with the word "hopscotch", however, brings the reader quietly back to dark implications—the syllables cut off quickly on the tongue. The meanings of "scotch" as a verb include "maim", "crush", and "stamp out", stark words implying perhaps how the meth lab could affect these children's lives in the future. The poet has suggested all this to the reader without actually saying, "How terrible life can be!"

\* \* \*

Ash Wednesday  
 from lines of silent people  
 a cough echoes

Emily Cornish (Grade 8)  
 School of the Arts  
 Rochester, NY

90 The poet of this haiku has begun with the seasonal reference needed to add resonance. Ash Wednesday is a Christian celebration falling in late February or early March. It marks the beginning of Lent, a time of fasting, contemplation, and penitence during the days before Easter. Believers come to church on this day to receive ashes on their foreheads. But even more can be connoted from these two words. What has occurred before Ash Wednesday? Especially in New Orleans and Rio de Janeiro, people celebrate Mardi Gras—Fat Tuesday—with high spirits and even indulgence. The poem has a pause in the rhythm after the first line; this slows the reader, allowing time to anticipate a change. With its

description of a moment in time, the rest of the poem tells a story, but not a complete story—the reader is allowed to fill in the details. We imagine a large stone building—a church, even a cathedral—where the smallest sounds echo. Perhaps the author is thinking about personal intentions for Lenten sacrifice. We feel a sense of community in this moment. The congregation waits patiently in line to receive the ashes. There are no children whining, no adults whispering the latest gossip—only that reverberating cough. The poem ends nicely with the word “echoes”, a word that lingers with its long “O”.

\* \* \*

spring evening  
rain soaks through the newspaper  
on my head

Laura Santiago  
School of the Arts  
Rochester, NY

91

This poet begins the haiku effectively with a traditional seasonal and time of day reference—“spring evening”. The sun has set, but the stars are not out yet. This may be during daylight savings time, when the evening is longer and easier to savor. After a nice break in thought, the second line begins a mini-story. It is raining hard and soaking through a newspaper. The third line gives us a little surprise—the newspaper is not in a gutter or on a lawn, but on someone’s head! Now we have more ideas and questions to add to the story. Did the person carelessly forget an umbrella or never bother with one; did the day begin, as spring days often do, with a sunny, cloudless morning and surprise him/her with spring’s changeful nature? This poem illustrates an excellent choice of a moment in the stream of our experience. The poet leads us to further implications, as the transient daily news dissolves in a life-giving spring rain.

\* \* \*

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# THE HAIKU SOCIETY OF AMERICA

## Treasurer's Report Second Quarter (March 1 through June 26, 2003)

### CREDITS:

Balance from Fourth Quarter 2002	\$24,505.08
Membership Dues and Contributions	4,162.00
Henderson/Brady Fees	131.00
Education Packets	400.00
Merit Book Awards Entry Fees	110.00
Logo Contest Fee	50.00
Frogpond Samples	155.00
Museum of Haiku Literature	300.00
Balance from Sec'ty Expense Advance	49.91
2003 HSA Anthology	540.00
<b>TOTAL CREDITS</b>	<b>\$30,402.99</b>

### DEBITS:

Frogpond Account	\$8,839.18
Newsletter Account	2,261.25
Merit Book Contest Expenses	25.73
Sora Award	99.00
HSA 2003 Brochures	99.00
Education Packet Inserts	16.25
HSA 1st Quarter Meeting Rent/Insur.	200.00
Travel Stipend (2002 Annual Meeting)	100.00
Telephone (President)	12.08
Postage First VP	66.23
Secretary Expenses	331.02
Bank Processing Fee	4.00
<b>TOTAL DEBITS</b>	<b>\$12,053.74</b>

**BALANCE:** **\$18,349.25**

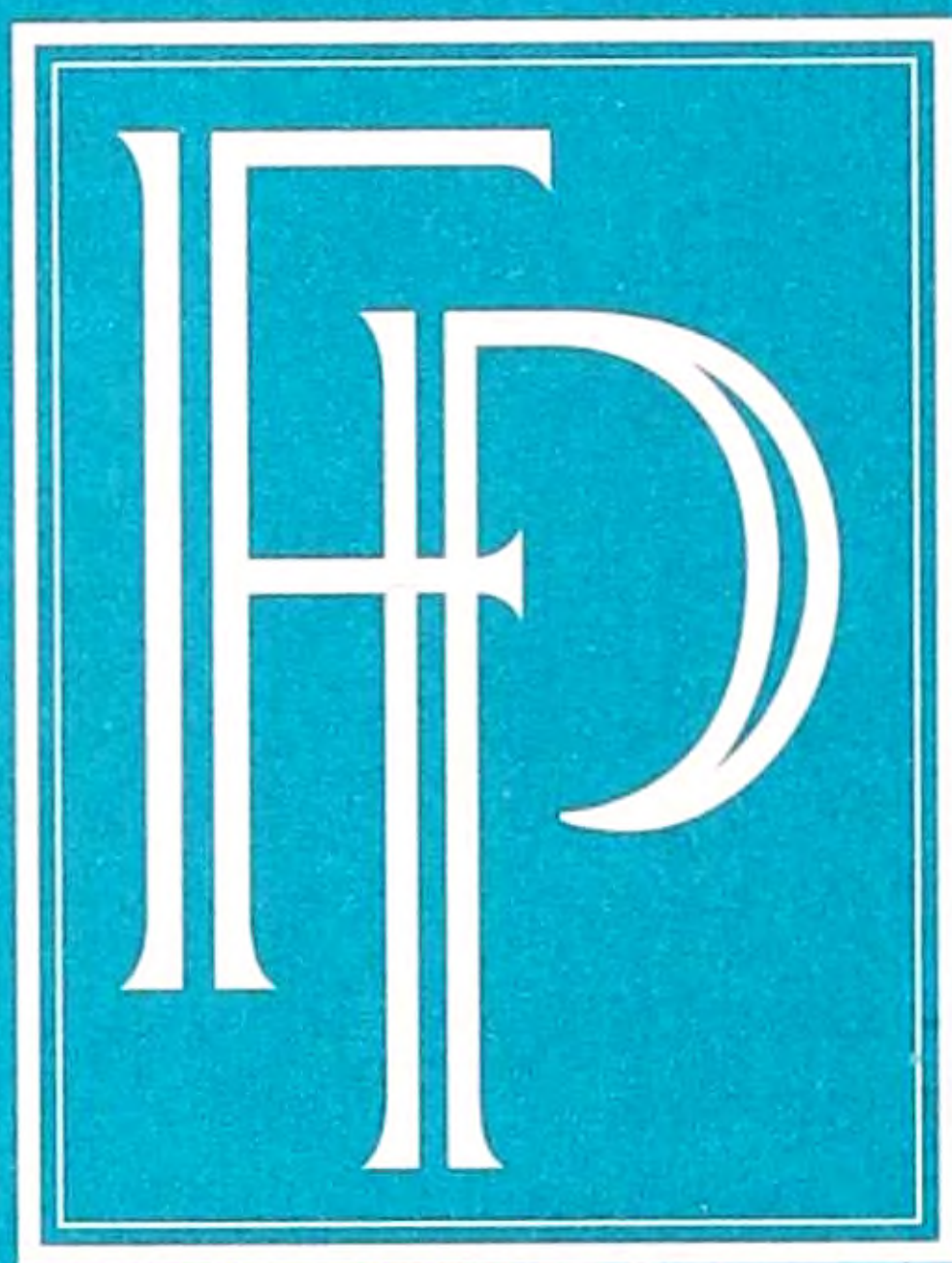
Respectfully submitted,

Thomas R. Borkowski, Treasurer

**Museum of Haiku Literature Award**  
**\$100 for the best unpublished work**  
**appearing in the previous issue of *Frogpond***  
**as voted by the HSA Executive Committee**

*late summer*  
*black men spreading tar*  
*on the side road*

**Lenard D. Moore**

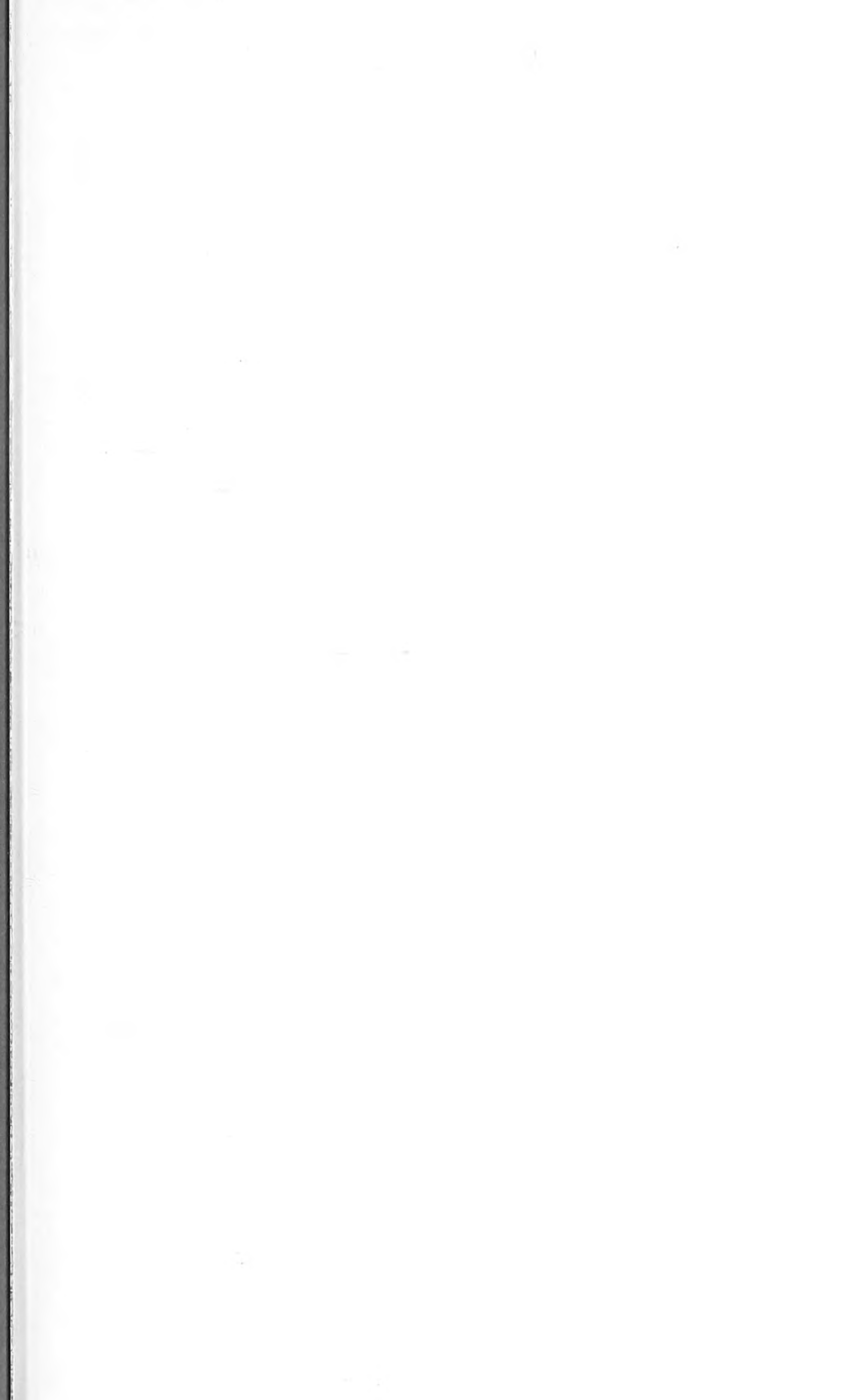


*Frogpond Capping Poem*

writer's block  
sky above earth below  
not mingling\*

*Ruth Holzer*

\* Based on the I Ching Hexagram PI, Obstruction.  
[Please submit your two-line cap with SASE on the theme of "writer's  
block" to Frogpond, PO Box 2461, Winchester VA 22604-1661.]



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