





# Frogpond

The Journal of the Haiku  
Society of America

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*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\$100 for the best unpublished work  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

# From XXVIII:3

after sunset . . .  
the shapes  
of the clouds

*Hilary Tann*

Haiku Society of America

deep winter  
we agree that the lost thing  
is in a safe place

*Peggy Willis Lyles*

Reaching  
into my winter coat,  
winter wind

*William Scott Galasso*

some things  
can never be shared  
winter moon

*Marian Olson*

chilly wind  
i imagine the crow  
as a dinosaur

*Marilyn Appl Walker*

winter fly—  
no snap  
in the string beans

*Carolyn Hall*

## Frogpond XXIX:1

graveside  
the mourners stand  
in a wintry mix

*Tom Painting*

my night prayers  
the extended rumble  
of a freight train

*Christopher Patchel*

spring dark  
pivot of the flight  
of barn swallows

*Cherie Hunter Day*

first warm day  
my finger fills  
the wedding ring

*Chad Lee Robinson*

daybreak—  
the spider centered  
in its web

*Tom Clausen*

Haiku Society of America

real loud and real pure  
the music of young men—  
hard summer rain

*Bonnie Stepenoff*

July Fourth parade  
blare  
of geraniums

*Jeffrey Stillman*

afternoon heat—  
the bird cage  
stored in the attic

*Gary Hotham*

summer haze  
dried beer foam  
in my empty glass

*Rob Scott*

reading the news  
his fan slowly  
becomes still

*Scott Metz*

## Frogpond XXIX:1

fireflies . . .  
what I knew  
as a child

*Chad Lee Robinson*

lazy day  
a croquet ball  
rolls into long grass

*Harriot West*

across the lake  
voices  
of summer people

*Robert Mainone*

nightfall  
a starfish expands  
in five directions

*William Cullen Jr.*

slate gray glacial water  
the guide  
talks of blueberries

*Richard Tice*

## Dissection of the Haiku Tradition: Food and Beverages

By Fay Aoyagi

When I had arrived in New York twenty-something years ago, my first place to live was a college dormitory. I was surprised to see raw broccoli at a salad bar at its cafeteria. Of course, I ate uncooked vegetables before moving to the United States. But, they were mostly tomatoes, cucumbers (both are summer kigo) and lettuce (a spring kigo). Recently, at a reception, my Japanese client whispered into my ear, “We eat raw fish. Americans eat raw broccoli.”

*hanabie no ikari sôsu ni renbo seyo*

cherry blossom chill  
let's fall in love  
with Ikari sauce

*Toshinori Tsubouchi* <sup>(1)</sup>

Ikari (anchor) is a brand name for bottled Worcestershire sauce. The company was incorporated in the late nineteenth century. Like Del Monte ketchup here, Ikari has been a household name in Japan.

During the first few years in the United States, I missed minor things such as my favorite comic magazine and a familiar brand of yogurt. In the winter of 1989, after several years away from my native land, I returned to Tokyo. At a busy intersection in downtown, I was swept up by the sea of black-haired people. I suddenly realized how uniform my home town was.

*oitachi no nitari yottari aisu tii*

our personal backgrounds  
not so different—  
iced tea

*Madoka Mayuzumi* <sup>(2)</sup>

## Frogpond XXIX:1

While growing up in Japan, I watched dubbed American TV programs and Disney movies. I read translations of *Winnie the Pooh*, *The Chronicles of Narnia* and *The Lord of the Rings*. I thought I was exposed enough to Western culture. But my first American boyfriend showed me how much I had yet to learn. At 2am on Saturday morning, on the way back from a party, he said, “Let’s go and have an omelet.” This was a habit of his. I was not accustomed to eating “breakfast” before going to sleep. He confessed he had never met a person who wanted a bowl of ramen noodles for “breakfast.” Eventually, he married his high school sweetheart.

*biiru kumu waga honmyô o tsugu beki ka*

pouring beer  
should I reveal  
my real name

*Kidong Kang* <sup>(3)</sup>

This haiku starts with a normal, everyday scene. A couple of businessmen decide to have beer after work. They pour beer for each other and clink their glasses. Then, the poet begins to ask himself whether he should tell his real name. Kidong Kang is Korean-Japanese. If you want to know more about Kang, please read the excellent essay by Ikuyo Yoshimura <sup>(4)</sup>.

I had a friend in high school who was Korean-Japanese. At our ten-year high school reunion, I learned his real Korean name for the first time. He explained he had wanted to avoid unnecessary bullying and discrimination. He himself did not feel genuinely Korean in his teens. He was born and raised in Japan. His parents were both born in Japan. He had never been to Korea until he was grown and started working for his father. Studying the language of his grandparents did not have a high priority when he was young.

## Haiku Society of America

Sometimes, it is helpful if a reader knows the history and background of a poet. At the same time, I strongly believe haiku should not be limited to only one interpretation. There is no “correct” way to interpret my haiku.

slicing  
longitude and latitude  
into the peach

*Suezan Aikins* <sup>(5)</sup>

I write haiku to present a tiny slice of my world. I knead, stir-fry, steam or boil the ingredients. I may use a hidden spice which I keep secret. In real life, I am not a good cook. But I wish I could be a master chef in the haiku kitchen.

*yudôfu no kakera no kage no atatakashi*

shadow of a piece  
of steaming tofu  
the warmth

*Minoru Ameyama* <sup>(1)</sup>

Recently, I watched a Japanese drama about an extended family. A dinner scene was in every episode. A program with a lot of eating scenes seemed to have high ratings in Japan.

This past Thanksgiving, I visited New York, my old turf. An Italian-American friend prepared a feast. Though he does not live far from his parents, he hasn't been to their house for Thanksgiving in the past twenty years. With a shy smile, he said, “My family is not truly comfortable when I bring my boyfriend.”

When I was about ten years old, I told my mother she did not have to cook breakfast for me anymore. I de-

## Frogpond XXIX:1

clared I would eat toast instead of steamed rice and miso soup. My older sister continued to eat breakfast the way my mother had always served it.

The next theme in the series will be holidays and observances.

- (1) *Gendai no Haiku* (modern haiku anthology) edited by Shôbin Hirai, Kadokawa Shoten, 1982
- (2) *Beemen no Natsu* (My summer at B-side), haiku collection of Madoka Mayuzumi, Kadokawa Shoten, Tokyo, 1994
- (3) *Shin-se-ta-ryong* (Personal story), haiku collection of Kang Kidong, Sekifu-sha, Fukuoka, 1997
- (4) “*Kidong Kang: The Haiku Autobiography of a Korean Japanese*”, *Modern Haiku*, Volume 35.1, Spring 2004, [www.modernhaiku.org](http://www.modernhaiku.org)
- (5) *Haiku World*, edited by William Higginson, Kodansha International, Tokyo, New York, London, 1996

All Japanese translations by Fay Aoyagi.

Haiku Society of America

fluttering beach towels  
on the cottage deck  
a pair of breasts now and then

*Linda Jeannette Ward*

hearing the dog  
drink from his bowl  
I feel cooler

*Michael McClintock*

warm wine  
divers' lights  
follow the reef

*Lynne Steel*

hay rolled into bales  
the spacing of my steps  
returning home

*paul m*

the odor—  
places the old paint shows  
under the new

*Gary Hotham*

## Frogpond XXIX:1

passion for the garden some of it begins to end  
*Marlene Mountain*

roses on the casket  
shaking  
at the lowering  
*Michael Dylan Welch*

Unbelievably clear sky  
of autumn—  
Hiroshima  
*Yasuhiko Shigemoto*

August birthday . . .  
making a wish  
that summer will never end  
*Michael Boyajian*

early autumn—  
reaching for blankets  
after midnight  
*Hilary Tann*

Haiku Society of America

cool wind  
on my harp strings—  
a prelude

*Elizabeth Hazen*

last year's crumbs  
and pencil shavings  
fall from the backpack

*Sari Grandstaff*

up close  
the dead flowers  
still smell sweet

*Andrew Bleeden*

still life:  
the pear's  
pitted skin

*Helen Buckingham*

autumn sun  
a crystal glass scatters light  
on my medical chart

*Yoko Ogino*

## Frogpond XXIX:1

new coolness—  
too much soap  
for just this cup

*Scott Metz*

suburban autumn—  
colors bounce harmlessly off  
the SUVs

*Mathew V. Spano*

late afternoon sun . . .  
the glow  
in each marble

*Stanford M. Forrester*

looseness  
where linoleum joins  
autumn evening

*Burnell Lippy*

a jagged moon—  
I wander over  
the rumble strip

*Peter Yovu*

Haiku Society of America

the leaves  
crisply colored  
magnets click

*Dave Boyer*

rusted wheels . . .  
the scrape of squirrel claws  
on pine bark

*John Barlow*

autumn leaves  
good to feel lighter  
these days

*Marian Olson*

full moon  
mist from my whisper  
on her silver earring

*William Cullen Jr.*

in the moonlight  
peppermint scented sighs  
against my neck

*Aurora Antonovic*

Frogpond XXIX:1

a pair of crows  
touch wings in flight  
and the wind begins

*Brent Partridge*

pampas field  
silver waves roll toward  
the end of autumn

*Yoko Ogino*

November night  
the roof's peak  
nicks the moon

*Pamela Miller Ness*

vanishing deer—  
each small twig distinct  
in the mountain air

*H. F. Noyes*

even in its shed  
outshining November sun  
John Deere tractor

*Judson Evans*

Haiku Society of America

real autumn  
the first wood fire  
scents the air

*Peter Duppenthaler*

wide of  
the goal posts  
autumn wind

*Stephen Peters*

last bright leaves—  
the black flap  
of a raven

*Ann K. Schwader*

a thin new moon—  
from the training camp barracks  
the sound of taps

*Patricia Neubauer*

still no snow—  
a white bag  
snagged in the stubble field

*Peter Yovu*

## Frogpond XXIX:1

November dusk—  
cotton flurries  
on the road to the gin

*Linda Jeannette Ward*

advent  
the snow on the ground  
almost gone

*og aksnes*

winter morning  
the shadow of my head  
on father's face

*Dietmar Tauchner*

winter moon  
you could wake up  
and talk to me

*William M. Ramsey*

freezing platform  
the lights  
of a departing train . . .

*Jörgen Johansson*

senryu

Frogpond XXIX:1

lull in Iraq  
the sparrow feeds  
its cowbird chick

*Ferris Gilli*

Alone again  
under the stars  
the village drunk

*George Swede*

children's ward  
she lines up her cards  
in the sunlight

*Frances Angela*

in the company of crows  
the boy with spit  
on his back

*Patrick Sweeney*

knife wound—  
the smell of metal  
in my blood

*George Dorsty*

Haiku Society of America

preparing to land,  
my new friend and i  
fall silent

*Marcus Larsson*

boys in the park win the war in Iraq

*R. P. Carter*

first floor apartment . . .  
wondering how much  
the neighbors weigh

*Marie Summers*

broken concrete  
the wrecking crew  
eating sandwiches

*Michael Fessler*

how carefully  
she folds her napkin  
my new daughter-in-law

*Carolyn Thomas*

## Frogpond XXIX:1

grey siblings gather—  
the touch-me-not explodes  
untouched

*Elizabeth Hazen*

the house sells . . .  
living here  
as an outline

*George Dorsty*

20 years single  
the garage door opens  
and turns on the light

*Joyce Clement*

at the school reunion  
chatting with the priest  
who heard my confessions

*Tom Tico*

after cremation  
a scatterd family  
splits up the ashes

*Susan Marie La Vallee*

Haiku Society of America

easy listening—  
somebody else's child  
having a tantrum

*Duro Jaiye*

crowded park—  
trying to walk as elegantly  
as my dog

*Margaret Chula*

harbor cruise  
the captain speeds ahead  
of the taped narration

*Victor Ortiz*

mastectomy:  
the surgeon's word massive  
in my mouth

*Ruth Yarrow*

chill air  
in the patient care unit  
the clack of heels

*Lenard D. Moore*

Frogpond XXIX:1

end of haggling  
at Souq al Juma—  
call to prayer

*Brian Pastoor*

gentle wind  
the teenager and florist  
settle for one rose

*Marcus Lassson*

hanging the pictures  
that travel with me  
from place to place

*Tom Tico*

small town  
my accent starts  
a conversation

*Yu Chang*

French village  
half of the tree roots  
under the road

*Bruce Ross*

Haiku Society of America

a long corridor  
her four part shadow  
moves toward him

*Stanley Pelter*

mental health day cleaning my handguns

*R. P. Carter*

Ash Wednesday shower—  
a pedestrian shields  
his forehead

*John J. Dunphy*

cross stitched  
on my zazen cushion—  
the serenity prayer

*CarrieAnn Thunell*

a generic cereal  
called “Frosted Moons”  
autumn evening

*Andrew Riutta*

Frogpond XXIX:1

hewn stone  
even the tourists  
are sacred

*Janet Brof*

after the workshop  
on jazz and haiku  
empty coffee cups

*Lenard D. Moore*

wedding reception—  
the weight of her bottle  
on the lip of my cup

*Michael Dylan Welch*

lemonade stand  
the girl next door  
gets one on the house

*Andrew Riutta*

water damaged paperback romance falling apart

*David Gershator*

Haiku Society of America

turning the page . . .  
her prized rose petals  
fall into my lap

*Joan Morse Vistain*

the old fish market  
hawks and crows fight for control  
of a plastic bag

*Ian Willey*

Valentine's Day—  
he tells me I'm number one  
on his speed dial

*Billie Wilson*

well fed,  
my fat cat  
sniffs the garbage

*David Gershator*

a nibble  
behind her ear . . .  
she stirs the batter

*Randy M. Brooks*

## Frogpond XXIX:1

first drop of rain  
the pitcher throws  
a spitball

*Raffael de Gruttola*

my hot tub  
without him  
not so hot

*Beverly J. Bachand*

painting the nursery  
my hair  
yellow-speckled

*Vanessa Proctor*

my name  
sounds so mean  
in her mouth

*Muriel Ford*

dentist yawns—  
slight stain on the  
upper right molar

*Audrey Olberg*



## Rengay

*Pages 39, 48*

## Haibun

*Pages 40 - 43*

*Pages 45 - 47*

*Pages 49 - 55*

## Linked Verses

*Page 44*

**RENGAY**

**“Aphrodite Rising”**

garden path  
the smell of fallen leaves  
after the rains

*orange blossoms tangle  
in my hair*

overnight stay—  
“sea foam”  
the only soap

*Aphrodite rising  
I turn my face into  
the shower head*

another night of drowning  
in her eau de cologne

*cut roses  
he has no nose  
for them*

Lane Parker (verses 1, 3, 5)  
*Yvonne Cabalona (verses 2, 4, 6)*

## INTO THE NIGHT

ACROSS THE TARMAC in the Middle East, carrying my gear. Sixty pounds divvied up between my backpack and two helmet bags. Headset, survival kit, gas mask, manuals. My green ID card is in the right front pocket of my flame-retardant flight suit. Checked for it three times, though I can't imagine why I'd need it since I'm not expecting any Geneva Conventions to be honored here. Sweat slides between my breasts. Always sweaty. Heat and sand permeate everything. Clothing, tent, bed . . . lungs. Dog tags stick to my chest as I climb the metal stairs to the Boeing's looming side door.

Ten feet up. My mind hesitates at the door's edge, while my legs dutifully carry me inside without a pause. Hot concrete below shows through the open space in front of the airplane's skin as I step over and into the relative darkness. I slide my sunglasses up onto my head. Against regulations, but I don't much care. Too damned hot! Like a plastic garbage bag, my flight suit clings to the curve of my back, the insides of my thighs. The aircraft cooling system strains against a relentless sun. I'm baking. Silted sand clings to my teeth. Wiping it off with my finger, I rub it on my pant leg and drop the gear at my seat.

mother's voice  
calls up the stairs . . .  
kids, supper's ready

Flight suit unzipped a few inches. Preparing for the job ahead. All around me my crew is getting ready for take off. I punch at keys on my keyboard emptying mission details from my mind into the computer. Friendly positions. Enemy camps. The radar scope comes alive. Leaning back in my seat, warm air blasts my face from the vent above my head and sunlight disappears as the door is closed. A hiss shoots through the cabin as it begins to pressurize. A flit of panic skips through my chest as my ears adjust. I tell myself I am right and good for getting on the

## Frogpond XXIX:1

plane. I let my headset squeeze around my skull and breathe into the long night ahead.

mighty Midwest lake  
waves pull at sand  
beneath my feet

One by one the engines turn. Their familiar rhythm vibrates the cabin floor. My seat rumbles. Nothing seems amiss. A relief. I tell the commander over the intercom that I am ready for take off . . . remind myself that I trust him. Familiar voices of crew-mates echo "ready" across the line and into my headset. Eyes closed, I rehearse the phrases.

I am not in control of what is to come. When your time is up, it's up. I could walk across the street back home and get hit by a bus. My fate is not different because I am here . . . doing this.

Today I will believe that I will land back in this sun-scorched place in thirteen hours. I will find myself squinting into the morning sun, sweating.

leaves rustle  
outside a girl's window . . .  
whispers of adventure

Our plane banks sharply to the left.

"They missed us," the pilot says over the intercom. I hadn't noticed the shift, except to adjust the radar in compensation. Routine procedure.

Night wears on as we trace orbits in the battlefield sky. Waiting. Waiting for the Mid-East morning sun.

toy plane in hand—  
my baby boy marches off  
across the summer lawn

*Stephanie Harper*

## CAROLING

SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA, two weeks before Christmas. Choir members gather on the lawns of Macquarie Hospital, all wearing Santa hats. The afternoon sun is still fierce and I feel a bead of sweat slide down my temple. The warden directs us into a mini-bus headed for the secure unit. Once we arrive gates are unlocked and we walk single file past several chain-smoking patients into the dayroom. The heat is oppressive. We have a large audience; people are crammed into rows of chairs and at the back there is standing room only. We line up against the wall, trying to look cheerful. I recognize familiar faces from previous years: a woman in the front row continuously crossing and uncrossing her legs, a man with a stubbly beard muttering to himself, a young girl whose face is in profile as she stares out the window. Our job is to entertain, to get them singing. We know their favorites: "Rudolf the Red-Nosed Reindeer," "Santa Claus is Coming to Town." The warden clears his throat and introduces us as 'the highlight of our Christmas celebrations'.

Silent Night  
the harmonies  
sharpen

*Vanessa Proctor*

## AUTUMN

I HAVEN'T CALLED my painting teacher in over a year. She lives in the foothills of the Ozark Mountains where late August is the beginning of autumn. One can tell it's coming because the air begins to dry, and school opens. I think of her as I dip my brush.

day moon  
all the colors  
in this handful of stones

*Carolyn Thomas*

## THE PROGRAM

JUST TEN INCHES OF HAIR is enough to make a wig for a child who has lost her hair to chemotherapy. My nine-year-old granddaughter has beautiful, long blond hair and, when she heard about "Locks of Love," my dear Zoe decided to give.

All summer she measured her hair, until she had the ten inches . . .

making a wish  
she blows away  
dandelion fluff

*Betty Kaplan*

## NAME GAME

owl's eye  
on the moth  
winks as she flies

A CLASS OF 63 PRE-NURSERY TODDLERS, all present—each child with pet names like Bubblu, Twinkle, Kitta, Chinnu, Sweetie and so on . . .

Now—to get them to respond to their new school name. I get a stiff back bending down to read these names pinned to their shirts—names that they themselves are not aware of . . .

Is there no better way, I ask myself?

just divorced—  
my new sense  
of obscurity

*Kala Ramesh*

**LINKED VERSES**

**‘even thunder’**

even thunder keeps its distance a blue air of indifference  
the cicadas wear out  
what to write without humidity smack dab in the middle  
floors swept mist remains in the hollows  
glads tied straight dusk on the uncomfortable pillows  
good memories where the irises died  
dusty earth a bit of garlic odor left in cloves grown thin  
up at dawn a call from the garden  
in the valley a pileated and i peck away the morning  
shadows break down to nothing

*Marlene Mountain*

## UNGLAZED POTTERY

THE BOWL IN HAND is slightly rough in texture, with two ear-shaped handles. There is no signature or other identifying mark, but wait . . . where the bowl curves under (inward) toward its base, I discover the whorls of a fingerprint, baked into the clay. Placing my own fingertip over this print, I realize it must be from the potter's middle finger, right hand. I, too, am right-handed. I decide to purchase the bowl.

wind gusting  
as I cross the street  
my hair in my eyes

*Emily Romano*

## MAMMOTH CAVE

THE ENTRANCE TO THE CAVE is crowded. As we descend into the dark shadows, my granddaughter whimpers. "They'll have lights," I say. We wind through damp passages, "oh" and "ah" at stalactites, stalagmites, drapery, otherworldly formations.

We are seated on benches in a high-domed rotunda listening to the guide spout history and geology when the electric lights go out. "Lightning," she says. A thunderstorm above. No fear of that in this cave. We're safe as a bug in a cocoon."

"What about an earthquake?" a lad asks.

"No earthquake here," she says. "We're sitting on rock nearly as old as time."

"But . . .," the lad says.

She turns on a flashlight, scans the silent faces.

granddaughter's grip  
the earth in her eyes  
shaking

*Elizabeth Howard*

## AGE HAS ITS PRIVILEGES

MY MOTHER'S HOSPITAL ROOMMATE was an elderly and attentive woman. When her physician arrived, and they chatted, it was apparent that they shared a good deal of history. As only a woman of a certain age can do so well, she tells him directly, "Doc, I want you to promise me one thing."

"Yes," he replies.

"Just make sure that when you work on me, you treat me as good as you treat your boat!"

November sky . . .  
in a fluorescent-lit room  
the brightness of laughter

*Andrea Grillo*

## A SUMMER EVENING

I AM EIGHT YEARS OLD and walk from the trolley stop to the amusement park. My aunt and older sister are with me. From two blocks away, odors of cotton candy, hot dogs, fried fish. The wind from the ocean sweeps these odors in and out, along with the noise.

beyond the park lights—  
the growing darkness  
of the sea

The fat lady with her maniacal laugh stands at the entrance to the fun house. Too scared to go in; too scared to wait outside alone.

sneaking a peak  
in the darkened tunnel—  
eyes half shut

## Frogpond XXIX:1

Any ride we want, my aunt says. The giant Ferris wheel, caterpillar, bumper cars. Rides my father would not allow.

screams and laughter  
on the roller coaster—  
which are mine?

I try games of chance and skill. The penny toss, spin the wheel, pop the balloons. Have neither skill nor luck and leave with no prize and a long face. "Cheer up," my aunt says. "Time for one more ride."

The merry-go-round. The best for last. I choose a big black and white horse. An outside horse, one that moves up and down. No stationary animal for me. Gaining speed. The calliope pumping a tune, quick and gay. I reach for the brass ring. Arms way too short. Next year, I think.

*Adelaide B. Shaw*

\*\*\*

## HÖGSTORPSVÄGEN 71

THIS MORNING, reading the paper, wife still sleeping and the child having left my lap minutes ago.

called to the window  
to see the rain—  
autumn

*Marcus Larsson*

**RENGAY**

**“LETTER IN MY POCKET”**

*letter in my pocket  
white magnolias open  
on a leafless bough*

a tiger swallowtail  
dries its wings

*string pulled taut  
the kite's roar  
in March wind*

the syncopated slap  
of ropes on pavement—  
double dutch

*faint smell of vinegar  
from the Easter eggs*

ripples on the lake  
the heron returns  
to last year's nest

*Ebba Story*  
Carolyn Hall

## FIELD NOTES

*Grid F-4, Savannah River site (3rd loamy layer)*

Artifact: 10-inch plastic tube, white with vertical stripes

Identification: drinking straw

Function: portable hydraulic lip valve extender

Artifact: faint, thin, meandering impression in a desiccated stool remain

Identification: annelid track

Function: the early worm gets the turd

Artifact: APPETIZ S

Stuffe mushroo

hicken up

Identification: restaurant menu fragment

Function: I'll have the hot chicken soup, please

Artifact: diaphanous, luminous, refulgent, ineffably wispy pouf

Identification: woman's wig

Function: Beauty

Artifact: glistening, fleshy, grayish beige blobs, with parsley

Identification: oysters on the half shell

Function: gelid repose

Artifact: Easy now. That's it. Just a whisker more to the left.

Identification: gently

Function: Okay, Bud, set it down there now.

## Haiku Society of America

Artifact: “The force with which we resist these torrents of tendency looks so ridiculously inadequate, that . . .”

Identification: philosophical text

Function: unknown

Artifact: airliner abruptly falling from flight path

Identification: the gravity of dying mortals

Function: wonder

Artifact: O god help me, god help me, god—

Identification: faith

Function: This can't be happening to me, not me, oh no, oh no, no no no no

Artifact: a grackle settling  
in autumn dusk on  
a blank white billboard

Identification: metropolitan haiku

Function: significance

*William M. Ramsey*

## HIS MARK

MY FRIEND AND HAIKU MENTOR Jerry says on the phone that he feels he's about to “crash and burn.” That's the way he hopes to go. All I can do is sigh and silently agree with him. Leave your mark, don't linger.

a trace of dust  
on the window screen  
autumn butterfly

*w. f. owen*

(for Jerry Kilbride)

## TALKING TINA

too much affection  
the doll's head  
has come off!

*Shunmu*

I HATED THE DOLL Mother gave me for Christmas 1957. That was the year she left Daddy, taking us five kids to live with Nana and Papa. She got her old job back working at the post office. That Christmas she said we could each have one expensive present. I asked for a Talking Tina. Talking Tina had arms and legs with joints that clicked her into new positions. She could kneel, kick, throw and wave. And when you pulled a string at the back of her neck, she would say: "Hi, I'm Tina!" or "Do you want to dance?" Tina had long legs and breasts that pushed out her angora sweater. I'd seen her at Woolworth's, smiling behind the cellophane in her box. My younger sister wanted a doll too, but hadn't decided which one. On Christmas day we both ran for the big boxes and tore off the wrapping paper. I got a doll all right, but she had brown hair-not blonde—and her arms and legs had no joints. Kathy had Talking Tina! I yanked my doll out of her box and began twisting her rubbery arms and legs into grotesque shapes. Mother was watching me from across the room. I held it up and yelled, "Look what an ugly doll you gave me!" Kathy smiled and pulled the string. Talking Tina said: "Do you want to dance?"

Mother's ninetieth  
the click-click-click  
of arthritic knees

*Margaret Chula*

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## OPEN MIKE

I LOST THE STORY'S PLOT several minutes ago, and I can't tell who's who: too many characters, all of whom have names, nicknames, aliases. The reader seems determined to go on for a long time. Behind her is a glass door; I put on my "I'm thinking deeply about this piece" face and focus on the flowers at the edge of the parking lot: summer annuals, cleome and zinnias mostly. A chipmunk wanders into the scene, pauses as if to listen, then scurries off. I wish I could scurry. Have I ever scurried in my life? Could I scurry if I had to? No, I'm the lump-on-a-log type, pretending to listen politely, secretly indulging in a good daydream.

hazy evening  
pale moths for stars  
polite good-byes

*Jean LeBlanc*

## IN MEMORIAM

THE DRIVER WHOSE CAR WAS HIT broadside died on the scene. Her name sounded familiar, sent me to my old gradebook: yes, several semesters ago, average student, back row, talkative, a bit surly. I can't quite picture her face; I know I'm mixing her features with the girl she sat next to. They both used Good Friday mass as an excuse to leave early that day. And I let them.

A few days after the news of her death, I'm sitting in the faculty offices when I hear a dull thud: my colleague has thrown away a folder labeled with the dead girl's name in red ink. A research project, a final exam: papers whose grades no one will ever dispute.

raking leaves  
against the wind  
another ghost

*Jean LeBlanc*

## NECESSITY

IN THE NORTH each morning begins with the same sounds. A clatter of the iron cookstove top. Crumpling paper. Small kindling and bark chips dropped in. The clunk of a large wood piece.

The pipe damper is opened wide, metal scraping on metal, the round firebox damper twirled toward a wide slot for quick draft. The top is lowered, sometimes slipping off the hook with a bang, the front firebox door unlatched and opened.

A match is pulled across the sandpaper surface and the paper rockets into flame. Flame, warm first in sight . . . then in air.

a flame leaps  
from paper to wood  
day begins

*Doris H. Thurston*

## KOREA

DAD WAS A NAVY PILOT. During the Korean War, he served on an aircraft carrier. He did aerial reconnaissance. The planes for that had little or no armament. Fighters accompanied them for protection. Another pilot was sick and Dad's best friend volunteered for the mission. When MIGs appeared he was intent on completing the assignment. One last photograph.

winter coming  
geese  
close up a gap

*Zane Parks*

## O. T. BLUES

DAY 1: PRE-OP CHECKUP: The anesthetist, in sky blue scrubs, is all smiles and reassurance. My husband and I, as doctors, have already written out a detailed history of his complaints, so it is easier for her to examine him. She explains the anesthetic procedure, an epidural, which will be used for the bilateral total knee replacement, and tells us that he will be kept in the ICU for 48-72 hours, post-op. We promise not to cause any panic, or make unnecessary demands.

I travel back in time to when I wore similar blues and flip-flops and reassured my patients—so very long ago, it seems like a dream . . .

DAY 2: The operation over—he is sedated, but smiles when he sees me. He has a catheter, an oxygen mask, two drains in his knees, and two intravenous lines—one for the blood and the other for the glucose saline.

DAY 3: First postoperative visit to the ICU—I don a green cap, mask and gown.

Afterwards, my hands now sore with arthritis, fumble with the ties at the back of my neck . . . the same hands that so dexterously sutured various parts of the eye with fine filaments of silk, now so clumsy.

DAY 6: Finally transferred to a private room after a stormy post-op period, requiring transfusion of half a dozen bottles of blood, he is cheerful, though still weak.

DAY 8: Discharged and home again, he uses a walker to visit the chrysanthemums in our backyard. With the dogs at his feet, he dozes in the sun

chill dawn air  
the muezzin's first call  
as Orion dims

*Dr. Angelee Deodhar*

### 3 WAY MIRROR

I FIND IT ON THE SALES RACK. sleeveless blue polka dot swing dress. i slip it on in a cramped dressing room. i love this dress. i must have it. mother at a long ago summer party in our backyard. in my baby doll pj's at the upstairs window, i sneak a look at the arriving guests. the loud voice of the saleswoman cuts in, do i want to buy the dress? flabby arms and too thick waist cinched by a matching belt. it's not quite right, on me, is it? i slip the dress over my head and place it back on its wire hanger.

after rain  
mother's scent  
in the roses

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### REARVIEW MIRROR

I AM THE LITTLE SISTER and my brother is the boss of me he gives me a yellow plastic sifter and sends me to the waves if i can fill the sifter with water i will earn his skeeball prize

on the way home he rides in the front seat keeping watch

estate sale  
the fuzzy dice  
marked 'sold'

*Roberta Beary*

# Essays

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## A SWEDISH VIEW ON DEFINING HAIKU

AN ARTICLE “On Defining Haiku” by Cyril Childs in *Frogpond* XXVIII:1, Winter 2005 informs the reader that the Haiku Society of America (HSA) has presented a new definition of haiku:

*A haiku is a short poem that uses imagistic language to convey the essence of an experience of nature or the season intuitively linked to the human condition.*

This is of interest to the Swedish Haiku Society, which is likewise dissatisfied with antiquated definitions of haiku in dictionaries. Let me venture some personal points of view.

I agree with Cyril Childs that seasons are part of nature and not necessary to include in a definition. I also agree with the notion that it is possible to link anything we see to the human condition. But why this striving to link everything to ourselves? Dag Hammarskjöld, Sweden’s first serious haiku poet (110 haiku in 1959), wrote in connection with his poems:

”Simplicity is to experience reality, not in relation to ourselves, but in its sacred independence. It is to see, judge, and act from the point of rest in ourselves . . . Resting in the centre of our being, we encounter a world where all things are at rest in the same way. Then a tree becomes a mystery, a cloud a revelation, each man a cosmos of whose riches we can catch only glimpses.”

This statement accords with the haiku spirit of “sono mama,” to present a thing or an event just as it is, without connecting it to ourselves. As soon as we write a haiku, it is connected to us—needless to say. Any special effort to make it so is, in a sense, redundant.

Swedish haiku describe experiences not only of nature but also of human situations. We do not differentiate between haiku

and senryu. I do not find it useful to enumerate that haiku should convey “insight, connection, and/or wonder,” as suggested by Childs. A simpler and more comprehensive wording is “to communicate layers of meaning of various kinds.” In this way a concrete image may evoke higher abstract meanings responding to the imagination of each reader.

”Imagistic language” refers to images, which are fundamental in haiku, but I would like to add the word ”concrete.” Abstract ideas are intellectual constructions rather than sensory experiences of the physical world (vision, hearing, smell) and therefore alien to pure haiku.

The HSA definition and the Cyril Childs definition are incomplete as long as they omit mention of syllables and lines.

Here I venture to summarize my own, more comprehensive, descriptive definition:

*Haiku is a short poem that uses concrete images to convey the essence of an experience of nature or of human situations, communicating layers of meaning of various kinds. Originally a Japanese poetry form, now written in many languages all over the world, haiku traditionally consists of 17 syllables, though often less in contemporary practice, and is normally transcribed in three lines. Haiku strives to depict a scene that shows a change, if possible with an unexpected ending or a lingering poetical atmosphere.*

(Thus, three sentences that describe haiku: (1) in general terms, (2) its history and form, (3) its content.)

*Kai Falkman*

*President of the Swedish Haiku Society*

**THE SEED OF WONDER:  
AN ANTIDOTE TO HAIKU INFLATION**

*by Michael Dylan Welch*

A dark sea  
another star  
sets in the mist

—Garry Gay, *River Stones*

As haiku poets mature into their art, I believe a sort of “inflation” of expectation often occurs: As we read more and more haiku, it typically takes an ever more superior poem to catch our attention, let alone impress us. Thus we may read journals such as *Frogpond* or *Modern Haiku* or any other journal for years and have the growing sense that the quality has lessened. Perhaps you’ve had conversations with people who say they’re less enthralled with haiku books and journals than they used to be, feeling certain that the poems aren’t as good as before. Yet what may be happening is that we, as readers, have progressed to a saturation point where haiku has to accomplish more and yet more to “top itself” and get our attention—not by being over the top, pretentious, or in your face, but by being truly new, fresh, and insightful. Old haiku poets can simply become blasé about the wonder and awe that assails them through the pages of haiku journals and books. Call it, if you will, haiku ennui.

Indeed, in giving the impression of diminishing quality, it’s not necessarily the journal that has moved, but us. The question is, if we feel this happening to ourselves, how can we revitalize haiku, or our sensitivity to it? I’m reminded of environmentalist writer Rachel Carson, who once wrote in *The Sense of Wonder*, “If I had influence with the good fairy who is supposed to preside over the christening of all children I should ask that her gift to each child in the world be a sense of wonder so indestructible that it would last throughout life, as an un-failing antidote against the boredom and disenchantment of

later years, the sterile preoccupation with things that are artificial, the alienation from the sources of our strength.”

Carson’s wish is perhaps the remedy to the problem of haiku inflation—that we not take the world for granted, and that we remind ourselves that life and experience are precious. Carson also states that “it is not half so important to know as to feel,” and that “If facts are the seeds that later produce knowledge and wisdom, then the emotions and the impressions of the senses are the fertile soil in which the seeds must grow.” Haiku is the poetry of the senses, and its objective depictions present the facts that can be seeds of understanding and awareness in our lives. If we slow down and take extra time reading each haiku poem, perhaps we can provide better soil for the seed of wonder to grow and flourish—and thus revitalize our sensitivity to these poems in the act of reading them. And perhaps we can revitalize our way of writing haiku, too. By being more acutely aware of our emotions—something that academics call the “precognitive response”—we can be in better touch with ourselves and what it means to be human. The best haiku begin and end with emotion, and if we are too hurried to notice, and to feel, it’s no wonder that haiku and haiku moments sometimes pass by without getting under our skin the way they used to, even while, in an intellectual or habitual way, we continue to pursue our haiku passion.

Life is achingly wonderful, endlessly brimming with beauty, and the art of haiku lies in capturing that wonder, whether each subject we apprehend is beautiful or not. Perhaps you know the scene in the movie *American Beauty*, where the character with the video camera is entranced by a white plastic bag that blows around persistently in front of a red brick wall. For many long minutes he films the random and ultimately ordinary beauty that he sees—a beauty of everyday life. If we keep ourselves from merely consuming haiku, and give ourselves more time to deeply feel and empathize with each poem and the touch of life behind it, we can combat their tendency towards a cumulative dullness, and catch their joy and fullness—or catch, as Carson calls it, “a breathtaking glimpse at the wonder of life.” That’s what authentic haiku is all about.

The British critic and philosopher Owen Barfield has said that “wonder is our reaction to things which we are conscious of not quite understanding.” Wonder at the beauty of life, and in poetry, can take us closer to what Barfield calls “strangeness.” This strangeness, he says, “arises from contact with a different kind of consciousness from our own.” Because haiku is such a personal poetry, in both the writing and reading of it, the wonder that can help us appreciate the subjects and content of haiku can also help us appreciate the varying and sometimes “strange” consciousness of their writers. “Strangeness,” Barfield says, “arouses wonder when we do not understand, aesthetic imagination when we do.” As Harold Bloom says in *The Art of Reading Poetry*, “poetry at its greatest . . . has one broad and essential difficulty: it is the true mode for expanding consciousness.” This difficulty, he concurs, he has “learned to call strangeness.” Perhaps if some of the haiku we encounter seem not only remote but strange, this may be a signal that they stem from a different sort of consciousness from our own. We can more deeply appreciate “strange” poems not only with a renewed sense of Carsonian wonder, but with the realization that they may be challenging us with the very strangeness of the unique consciousness out of which every haiku is written. We should apprehend haiku not just from where we are, but from where the poet is. If we put ourselves where the poet was, rather than remain indolent and always expect the poet to come to where we are, we may find that poems we might otherwise let pass by will instead streak brightly to life. An attitude of empathy, which can begin with the seed of wonder, will take us to new places from whence each haiku originates. These new places are often psychological, and will include not only the consciousness of the poet, but places where our own consciousness is expanded as well. In both strange and wonderful ways, if we let it, haiku can change our consciousness.

I would like for all readers and writers of haiku to know the following anecdote, also conveyed by Rachel Carson in her book *The Sense of Wonder*. I hope this story will take you to the intuitive, passionate, and consciousness-altering place where haiku can always begin, where both the reading and

writing of this transformative poetry can always be fresh and intense.

*Exploring nature . . . [Carson writes] is largely a matter of becoming receptive to what lies all around you. It is learning again to use your eyes, ears, nostrils and finger tips, opening up the disused channels of sensory impression.*

*For most of us, knowledge of our world comes largely through sight, yet we look about with such unseeing eyes that we are partially blind. One way to open your eyes to unnoticed beauty is to ask yourself, "What if I had never seen this before? What if I knew I would never see it again?"*

*I remember a summer night when such a thought came to me strongly. It was a clear night without a moon. With a friend, I went out on a flat headland. This is almost a tiny island, being all but surrounded by the waters of the bay. There the horizons are remote and distant rims on the edge of space. We lay and looked up at the sky and the millions of stars that blazed in darkness. The night was so still that we could hear the buoy on the ledges out beyond the mouth of the bay. Once or twice a word spoken by someone on the far shore was carried across the clear air. A few lights burned in cottages. Otherwise there was no reminder of other human life; my companion and I were alone with the stars. I have never seen them more beautiful: the misty river of the Milky Way flowing across the sky, the patterns of the constellations standing out bright and clear, a blazing planet low on the horizon. Once or twice a meteor burned its way into the earth's atmosphere.*

*It occurred to me that if this were a sight that could be seen only once in a century or even once in a human generation, this little headland would be thronged with spectators. But it can be seen many scores of nights in any year, and so the lights burned in the cottages and the inhabitants probably gave not a thought to the beauty overhead; and because they could see it almost any night perhaps they will never see it.*

This essay, in a shorter form, was originally presented as the opening remarks for the 2005 Haiku North America conference, held September 21 through 25 in Port Townsend, Washington. The poem by Garry Gay appears by permission of the author.

## KASEN-SUMMER MOON

*translated by Eiko Yachimoto with John E. Carley*

*(This Kasen was composed in Kyoto, in summer, 1690 and Edited in 1691. Translation started on 28 July, 2004 and completed on 20 April, 2005)*

this inner city  
plethora of smells —  
the summer moon

Boncho

‘muggy, so muggy!’  
the call from gate to gate

Basho

second weeding  
still to do, yet spikes  
of rice poke out

Kyorai

whacking the ash  
from a strip of sardine

Boncho

along this byway  
silver's hardly known,  
such poverty!

Basho

brashly out of kilter  
his long short sword

Kyorai

- - - - -

the grassy places  
hold a fear of frogs  
the looming dusk

Boncho

butterbur-bud hunt  
jolt, the lamp goes out

Basho

# Haiku Society of America

- awakening to the way  
never comes  
at the flower's peak                   Kyorai
- winters in Seventh Tail,  
life is just plain hard               Boncho
- reduced to slabber  
on the bones of fish,  
I have known old age               Basho
- Komikado's key admits  
the one pined for                   Kyorai
- straining over they  
knock down the screen,  
ladies-in-waiting!                 Boncho
- this bath-shed with its  
humble bamboo grid                 Basho
- winnowing seeds  
from a patch of fennel,  
evening storm                       Kyorai
- turning chilly, is the monk  
not temple-bound?                 Boncho
- a monkey and his master  
do the rounds  
the autumn moon                   Basho
- measuring a bushel  
for the year's rice tax             Kyorai

- - - - -

## Frogpond XXIX:1

five or six raw logs in the pool get a thorough soak	Boncho
a black dirt lane the tabi getting grubby	Basho
sweeping all before him the swordbearer on the post-horse	Kyorai
a merchant boy has spilt his load of water	Boncho
every door and screen sealed up with mats, estate for sale	Basho
'ceiling protectors' already ripening	Kyorai
the grass-sandal weaver stealthily works picked out in moonlight	Boncho
up to shake off fleas this early autumn	Basho
as it happens the mouse drop-box has just come down	Kyorai
warped, the lid won't fit the half-size chest	Boncho
having lived awhile in this hermitage now to break away	Basho



*“By grace I mean an inner harmony, essentially spiritual, which can be translated into outward harmony. I would like to achieve a state of inner spiritual grace from which I could function and give as I was meant to in the eye of God. Vague as this definition may be, I believe most people are aware of periods in their lives when they seem to be ‘in grace’ and other periods when they feel ‘out of grace,’ even though they may use different words to describe these states. In the first happy condition, one seems to carry all one’s tasks before one lightly, as if borne along on a great tide; and in the opposite state one can hardly tie a shoe string.”*

from “*Gift from the Sea*” Anne Morrow Lindbergh

## **Grace and Renku - a renku translator’s tomegaki**

*Eiko Yachimoto*

*Kasen-Summer Moon* is the second of the four *kasen* in *Sarumino*, the famous haikai anthology published in 1691, which has ever since been acclaimed as a jewel in the history of haikai. It is said that Boncho’s wife and their little daughter liked Basho dearly as they accommodated him in their small house for this session.

*\*omote, the first six verses*

It is amusing to see that Basho never had to edit his verse at #5 despite the total replacement of the verse before it. With the brilliant moon in the hokku, there could be no moon at the first moon position, hence ‘no silver.’ Can’t we feel the presence of a witty personality from this, across more than three hundred years?

*\* the renku wave*

Links and shifts were hardly based on the succession of each poet’s subjective associations and impressions, but were based

on grace, or discoveries of word power. Everyday language has a pitfall of becoming automatic when we only follow the logic of cause and effect. Renku makes the innate language visible. (See verse 26 where Basho successfully makes us feel the air of autumn by reversing our assumption.)

*\*peak and balance of this kasen*

Knowing where and how to create the peak of the renku wave, at #17, the designated blossom position, Basho wrote a superb autumn moon verse. Monkey being the icon of this anthology, there can be many interpretations of this moon verse. The moon, or the Muse, might represent Basho who sees how Kyorai (the monkey driver) does rounds with Boncho (the precious monkey). He was also conscious about the balance of three different moons in the kasen and the collaborative effects of the flea and lice in moonlight and in the blossom shadow respectively.

*\*the importance of a static, neutral landscape verse*

After the first renku wave, we are shown “a pool” in the 19th verse. A landscape verse of this type is quite effective to prepare us for the next wave.

*\*the second folio (or the latter half)*

Please observe how skillfully Basho guides our viewing angle from the verse on ‘ceiling protector’ to the verse on ‘mouse drop-box’. For clear communication, one’s vantage point is a crucial factor. What is at stake is how we perceive things through language, how this creates subtly nuanced yet vividly living images in our brain and how these images reach down into our soul.

*\*acknowledgment*

I owe a lot to Tsuguo Ando for his dedicated writings on Basho’s renku and I shall never forget the simple fact that the creation of this English poetry text could never have been done without John Carley. There already exist many translation texts for this renowned kasen, but ours is the collaboration of two renkujin in practice!

## Re:Readings

H. F. Noyes on Scott Mason (“lost in the woods a stone wall. . .”) “A fine example of a one-liner whose adequacy needs no season reference. Most readers will experience this haiku moment as I do, with immediacy and clarity. We see that lost wall and feel the essence of *sabi* loneliness in its abandonment. Yet the woods lends to the haiku’s austerity a background freshness, color, and animation.”

H. F. Noyes on Marlene Mountain (“it’s only february comes after it’s only january”) “Should anyone doubt that a brief eight words can express as much feeling of ennui as a sonnet, just show them this *senryu*. Why our dragging winter spirits should be so effectively captured in these particular words is, to me, an inexplicable mystery.”

paul m. on Jack Barry (“shelling snap peas / the eldest sister’s / swollen fingers”) “My own fingers ache upon reading this poem, but there is more at work here than the comparison of the peas to a woman’s finger joints. There is something of the proverbial ant in the responsible eldest sibling, whether preparing for dinner or for the coming colder season.”

paul m. on Cherie Hunter Day (“crimson maples— / maybe death / won’t recognize me”) “The changed appearance of the leaves (with their almost violent color) makes us think of our own mortality, and wonder if our own changed appearance couldn’t mask us enough to elude death. The inclusion of the grim reaper as a tangible figure is a wonderfully original addition. It makes the abstract question physical and immediate.”

paul m. on David Giacalone (“that little grunt / dad always made— / putting on my socks”) “How different a poem this would be if the third line came first. It would emphasize ‘me’ instead of the father. As readers, we need to hear it from his own lips, each of us picturing our own fathers, before we are told it is a memory.”

Kirsty Karkow on John W. Sexton (“cheshire cat in the family tree our stillborn sister”) “Every time I page through the current Frogpond, this one-liner stands out and hovers, much

like Carroll's Cheshire Cat's smile, suspended in its tree. This still-born child has her place in the family tree and I can well imagine that her parents and her siblings would only recall the smile on her baby face; an event veiled in mystery. The multiple layers of this simple poem increase with each re-reading . . ."

Dave Russo on Cherie Hunter Day's ("crimson maples—/ maybe death / won't recognize me") "I admire this haiku for its intuitive leap from observation to irrational hope. The red maples evoke such a vivid, life-giving sensation that, for a moment, it seems possible to escape death. The naiveté of this idea lightens the poem and also links it to many folk tales and songs in which people try to trick death or plead with death."

Dave Russo on Stanford M. Forrester's ("soft April breeze—/ she cools a cup / of make-believe tea") and Penny Harter's ("cries of a child / from the rooms downstairs—/ spring dusk") "These haiku about children capture two different moods. In Forrester's poem, the mirror images of an April breeze and a child blowing on make-believe tea evoke the sweet, fragile quality of childhood fantasy. In Harter's poem, the emotions are somewhat cooler and mixed. A child is crying but is at some distance from the speaker. The cries mingle with 'spring dusk,' an image that seems both hopeful and melancholy, a beginning and an ending."

Dave Russo on Linda Jeanette Ward's ("cog railway— / a burst of bobolinks / from the alpine meadow") and Elizabeth Howard's ("dawn at the lake / goose cries mark the path / of a lone runner") "Both of these haiku capture something unique and essential about an experience. If you've ever ridden a cog railway, you might have experienced the feeling of energy being stored—as in a coiled spring—when the teeth on the cog wheel pull the train up the steep tracks. In Ward's haiku this energy is released in 'a burst of bobolinks'—birds that are known for just this kind of outburst. In Howard's haiku, the goose cries are not just the familiar calls that we have heard so often in haiku; they are alarms that trace the path of a lone runner. The progress of the runner can be heard in the cries of the geese, an interesting interpenetration."

Carmen Sterba on William M. Ramsey's ("rising / from the brown nest / three pink throats") "A finely crafted haiku that does not state the obvious. From these throats, not unlike our own,

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come the piercing cries of hunger, panic, and dependency. The juxtaposition is implied by the contrast between the dark nest (which represents what is safe and familiar) and those unstoppable cries. This tension makes a powerful haiku.”

Michael Dylan Welch on Scott Metz (“children outdoors, / I finish the roof / of their Lego house”) “This would be a lesser poem with a word other than ‘roof.’ How much it says! The children were playing with Lego long enough to have made a house, but not the roof. And then perhaps it stopped raining, or the weather improved in some other way enough to lure them outside . . . The father [as I read it] is taking responsibility to “put a roof over their heads,” not just in the house where they live, but even on their play house. The adult enters into the children's world by playing with Lego, perhaps indicating a yearning for a carefree time that has been tempered by responsibility.”

Michael Dylan Welch on Hilary Tann’s (“after sunset . . . / the shapes / of the clouds”) “Seemingly so slight a poem that it would be easy to read past it, but it presents a simple and clear realization. At sunset, we notice the sinking sun and the colours it splashes on the clouds. Only after the sun has set does our perception change to think about the shapes of the clouds rather than their colour. But more than this, the moment described here is really about the contemplativeness of the viewer who is lingering beyond just seeing the sunset, remaining receptive to the changes of both inner and outer perceptions.”

Michael Dylan Welch on Helen Russell’s (“fine rain—/ his careful words / prior to hanging up”) “The delicateness of rain echoes the fine care taken by someone in a phone call. The subject would seem to be difficult, yet it is not dealt with bluntly, like a thunder-shower, but perhaps with tact or sensitivity. The ‘rain’ still falls, but as delicately as possible. The more formal choice of saying ‘prior to’ rather than merely ‘before’ not only slows the poem down, but echoes the studied deliberation of the moment.”

# BOOK REVIEWS

**By Michael McClintock**

*Pages 73 - 75 Laughing Buddha*  
Lanoue

**By Jim Kacian**

*Pages 75 - 77 The Unswept Path*  
Brandi and Maloney

*Pages 77 Water Poems*  
Karkow

*Pages 77 - 78 still together*  
Rowland

*Pages 78 - 79 If I Met Basho*  
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*Pages 79 The Youngest Ones*  
Metz

*Pages 79 - 80 En orörd sträng*  
Falkman

*Pages 80 - 81 Enhaiklopedia*  
Gill (Editor)

Lanoue, David G. *Laughing Buddha, a novel* (Red Moon Press, P.O. Box 2461, Winchester, VA 22604-16612005). ISBN 1-893959-46-5, 182 pp., perfect softbound. \$16.95 from the publisher.

Should you imagine that the world of haiku—either as it existed in old Japan, or as it exists today in the muggy streets and beer joints of modern New Orleans and a thousand other places in the West—is one of quietist moon-viewing and geeky addictions to blossom-sighing and sunsets, the wild and loony twists and turns of David G. Lanoue's *Laughing Buddha* are sure to set you straight. For me, a hardened grognard of some forty years of haiku hell-raising and demented pursuit of the perfect moment, this fast, fun novel is a hearty validation of a life without regrets for being wasted on a literature that redeems the useless and saves us from the worst in ourselves. As a master translator and scholar of the poet Issa, [see his website "The Haiku of Kobayashi Issa", and his book *Pure Land Haiku: the Art of Priest Issa*, from Buddhist Books International, 2004], and here again as a novelist, Lanoue's take on the haiku universe comes unencumbered by the rat-holes of pedantry and fog-sniffing that characterize the busy work of others.

Written in three parts that include over thirty sharp, pungent haiku, this novel's prose is direct, simple, and replete with literary, social, and nature-kissed satire that truly loves and understands its subject matter. The poems that salt the text invariably draw double-meanings from the prose surrounding them, but are also frequently—sometimes stunningly—jaw-dropping beautiful as stand-alone poems, transcending the clichés they lovingly tickle and toy with. This poem by the book's main character, the poet Buck-Teeth, written on a "poet-clogged verandah" in observance of a lunar eclipse, is a case in point:

she cools her sunburnt  
face . . .  
moon

I have no idea how this poem reads in Japanese, or if it might be regarded as any kind of achievement in that language, but in Lanoue's English this is a keeper and one of the best minimalist-styled moon haiku of the last decade. Prepare for similar joys and surprises throughout the tale.

I'm not going to reveal the plot, other than to say that it involves a quest to discover why the great haiku poet, Buck-Teeth, ceased writing for a full 130 days over a career of four decades. The nameless narrator, a bicycling, beer-swilling cafe-toad and resident loafer of twenty-first century New Orleans, sets out to unravel the mystery, returning in time to the mist-laden mountains of Shinano Province and the company of that host of haiku luminaries we first met in *Haiku Guy* (Red Moon Press, 2000). To get there, he simply uses his blue Bic roller pen to write himself into the story. The audacity of this narrative device is, like haiku itself, as plain, emphatic, and convincing as a rock to the head.

Dazed, and immediately curious as to what must befall this sincere and energetic blunderer, we as readers are compelled to follow along, willing enablers and companions. Equipped with Reeboks, a baggy saffron robe, and a miraculous and sudden fluency in the old dialect of the region, our paladin materializes "in rushes behind the house of Inacho, the sake-brewer . . ." and soon hooks up with Kojiki, a profound belcher and ex-samurai; Mido, the Poet in Green; Shiro, all in white, who imagines his verses; Kuro, the somber Poet in Black, given to darkling utterances, and Cup-of-Tea, Buck-Teeth's master and mentor. The adventure begins, menaced by ninja lick-spittles, the seductive Lady Plum, and the jealous, brooding presence of Professor Nakamura, "the distinguished chair of Uptown University's Asian Languages and Literatures Department," author of a 700-page book of haiku criticism, and one of haiku literature's most cleverly realized, unforgettable contemporary characters. Lanoue, who is himself a full professor of English at Xavier University in Louisiana, knows his man.

Risk, we are taught again and again in these pages, yields art. Bravo to Lanoue for his insights into the mystic realms of haiku past and present, and bravo to Red Moon Press for having the

virtue of courage to publish this book and, God willing, even make some money from it.

*Michael McClintock*

Brandi, John and Dennis Maloney *The Unswept Path* (White Pine Press, Buffalo NY, 2005). ISBN 1-893996-38-7. 224 pp., 5" x 7" perfect softbound. \$15 from the publisher.

At Haiku North America, where this book's release was celebrated, there was a great deal of talk about haiku and its positioning in the American literary and cultural mainstream. William J. Higginson, who supplies the introduction to the current volume, argued at length that haiku was indeed in the mainstream at this very moment, and as partial proof he offered this volume (and a few others). The claim was made that haiku was being published right now by major publishers (in this case, White Pine Press), and has been published by other such publishers in the recent past (his own *The Haiku Handbook* by McGraw-Hill, and *The Haiku Anthology* by Doubleday/Anchor and W. W. Norton). In addition, such disparate mainstream poets as Diane DiPrima, Michael McClure, and Sonia Sanchez (and Etheridge Knight, Richard Wright, Paul Muldoon, Seamus Heaney, Billie Collins) had all tried their hands at haiku, and published the results. If this isn't mainstream, the argument goes, I don't know what is.

Well, one man's mainstream is another man's backwater, as you might expect. The real question is, of course, why can't I (being any member of the haiku community not a former beat poet or famous zennist) get a major publisher to publish my book of haiku? The appropriate answer is, equally of course, there's no money in it, and it isn't the quality of the poetry that sells books of poetry, but the celebrity of the author. Get over it.

No poetry, haiku or otherwise, gets much attention from the major publishing houses, for this same economic reason. The release of a popular novel (let's say J. K. Rowling's latest) might be 250,000 copies, with every expectation of reprinting. A major release of an award-winning volume of "mainstream" poetry might run a thousand copies, and the majority of them will be given

away. Poetry is the red-headed stepchild of the arts in America, and until things change dramatically (such as, the species becomes less visually-driven and thereby less addicted to film and television) this is likely to remain the case. What is most significant of all this talk is, in the end, the use of the term “mainstream.”

The truth is, there is mainstream and there is “mainstream.” Poetry, and its subset haiku, is definitely in the latter category. *Ipod*, that’s mainstream. Cellphones: mainstream. VOiP: “mainstream.” SUVs: mainstream. Hybrid automobiles: “mainstream” with a bullet. Rowling, or any Oprah author, very (and sometimes suddenly) mainstream. Edith Shiffert: “mainstream,” maybe.

So the argument that haiku is mainstream is lacking, at the very least, the quotation marks. Haiku, at least the brand we support in the haiku community, is not geared for mass consumption. There is a small (*ergo*, “mainstream” or more properly, niche) market for such popular bagatelles as *Haikus for Jews*, *Corporate Haiku*, *Haiku for Cats*, and that ilk. This is not art, it’s kitsch, and intended to sell like so much ephemera, something cute to put in the stocking or on the bedtable. And this is what most people who even know the word haiku as something other than a perfume or a kind of backpack consider it to be. Our haiku is less marketable, less mainstream, than even that. The word “haiku” might be mainstream; haiku is, at a stretch, marginally “mainstream.”

So, with that in mind, what can we say about the volume under review? It’s a companionable volume, with an interesting and varied collection of poets all writing versions of haiku and thereby expanding our notion of what the genre might be. Some selections, and some versions, are more pleasing than others, as you might expect. The range of styles, and the ability of each poet within their style and the genre, emerges clearly, so it is an instructive volume, worth study by anyone seriously interested in seeing craft, good and bad, at work. We have some very compelling 5-7-5 haiku (not easy to write, as anyone who has written more than a couple hundred attempts will attest), and some bad ones. We have some interesting essays in typographic formatting, and some vanilla stylizations. So, a mixed bag, instructive to have and use, and I would recommend it for these things.

But does it make us mainstream? Hardly. White Pine Press

## Frogpond XXIX:1

is a niche press which has added haiku to its offerings (welcome, but a bit more attention to proofreading would serve them and us better). As such, it has brought some of its niche poets into our niche, and perhaps their usual readership will take up some of our niche poets in due course. But we await our celebrity to really bring haiku, rather than “haiku,” to the mainstream, and even then it’s unlikely to stay there. More likely, we will remain, at the best of times, on the fringes of “mainstream,” and be content. It’s enough. We don’t really want Oprah deciding what’s good about haiku, do we?

Karkow, Kirsty *water poems* (Black Cat Press, 613 Okemo Drive, Eldersburg MD 21784, 2005) ISBN 0-9766407-0-8. 132 pp., 5.125" x 6.75" perfect softbound. \$16 ppd. from the publisher.

The thematic collection is always a challenge—how does one write an entire volume of poems on the sea, without repeating oneself, or cloying the reader? That’s the challenge Karkow sets for herself in this volume, and her success hinges on her answers to these questions. One powerful way is to write, not in towards the subject, as though it is the object of enquiry, but outwards from it, as though it is instead the grounding for all that follows. This is indeed the strategy Karkow employs, and the sea becomes a referent, a *leitmotif*, not the subject at all, but inextricably bound up in everything that happens upon it. Writing in three genres—haiku, tanka and sijo—immensely aids her efforts, and her arrangement of them, allowing them to flow into and comment upon each other, is very aptly chosen. The result is a rhythmic flowing, broad and suggestive, and yet intimate and specific, like—well, you know.

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Rowland, Philip *still together* (Hub Editions, Longholm, East Bank, Wingland, Sutton Bridge, Spalding Lincs PE12 9YS UK, 2004). ISBN 1-903746-34-5. 84 pp., 5" x 8" perfect softbound. \$9 from the publisher.

## Haiku Society of America

Philip Rowland is something of a rarity in the haiku world—an expert on short poetry. This volume, subtitled “a sequence of short poems,” and winner of the Haiku Society of America’s first Mildred Kanterman Award for Best First Full-Length Book of Haiku, benefits fully from this expertise. Most of these poems are straightforwardly haiku, but many adapt techniques the author borrows from his familiarity with “other” forms, and the resulting seamless flow gives us hardly a pause. This is work of what we might consider the next phase of haiku, articulated by Richard Gilbert as “disjunctive” haiku, and fully employs means which extend beyond, and even subvert, juxtaposition and fragment-and-phrase as the chief technical means of achieving effect.

There is more here, however, than mere technical proficiency. The sequence is essentially one of love, and this, as we know, is no easy topic to write well, credibly and maturely about. Rowland has succeeded on all counts, and we get a sense of an adult grappling with large personal and cultural forces which are not necessarily reasonable, not often simple, and never easy.

Throughout, however, the poet’s openness to meeting the challenges of his circumstance are apparent and appreciated. In a climate that concerns itself with the amours of Brad Pitt and Jennifer Aniston and Angelina Jolie, it’s most welcome to confront something springing from a deeper well, something adult. Highly recommended.

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owen, w. f. (ed.) *If I Met Basho* (Two Autumns Press, 478 Guerrero Street, San Francisco CA 94110 USA, 2005). No ISBN. 32 pp., 5.25" x 8.5" saddlestapled softbound. \$8 from the publisher.

This wonderful series continues its high standards with a dozen poems each by Patrick Gallagher, Pamela Miller Ness, Laurie W. Stoelting and Karma Tenzing Wangchuk. This is, in some ways, the ideal way to meet a poet: enough poems to get a flavor, not so much that you are satisfied. So you have no choice but to go find more. And when the poets are mature, capable talents such as

these, they can make certain you will do just that. Highly recommended.

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Metz, Scott *The Youngest Ones* (tribe press, 42 Franklin Street #5, Greenfield MA 01301 USA, 2005). No ISBN. 4" x 4.5" "pinchbook". \$4 ppd. from Rob Marsteller, 919 N. 18th St., Allentown PA 18104 USA.

Another attractive volume—since this is the house look for the pinchbook series, it will no longer be necessary for me to repeat it—showcasing Metz’s poems on “the children.” It’s an effective short set, not too sweet but not removed from an understanding of what it’s like to be a child, either. The simple artwork that serves as motif, designed by the author and executed by Merrill Ann Gonzales, is perfect. Recommended.

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Falkman, Kai *En orörd sträng* (Ordfront förlag, Box 17 506, 11891 Stockholm Sweden, 2005). ISBN 91-7037-182-2. 5.75" x 7" hardbound with dustjacket. No price. Enquire with the publisher.

Here’s that chance to improve your Swedish you’ve been looking for but never found the time to do. And you can easily justify it in this case, too: Kai Falkman’s study of Dag Hammarskjöld’s life in haiku and photography is easily the best such work we have, and brings to light much new material as well as correcting many errors and misconceptions previously held. (Lest you think my Swedish is this good, I should tell you that the author has kindly provided me with his English version which is currently seeking a publisher.) Falkman takes issue with the misreadings of Hammarskjöld’s poems in the past, and especially with the idiosyncratic English versions which W. H. Auden produced in his best-selling *Markings*, which is how most people who know Hammarskjöld as a poet would have first encountered him.

Falkman offers his own translations, as well as useful and poignant commentary on the poems, which help the reader come to appreciate the U. N. Secretary-General's unique and successful appropriation of the haiku form not just for Swedish, but for world, poetry. The accompanying photos, while not served best by their black and white formatting, nevertheless show a variety of subject and interest as well as a keenness of vision which marks Hammarskjöld as a first class artistic mind. Recommended, though some might wish to wait for the English version to come out, hopefully sometime soon.

Gill, Stephen Henry (ed.) *Enhaiklopedia* (Hailstone Haiku Circle, Kansai, Japan, 2005). ISBN 4-9900822-2-2. 112 pp., 5" x 7.5" perfect softbound. No price. Enquire with editor at Tree of Repose, 17-6 Hakken-cho, Saga Daikakuji Monzen Ikyo-ku, Kyoto-shi 616-8414 Japan.

We all know the benefits of a *saijiki*, how it can gather poems bearing a common theme or season together and give us a sense of the history of the thinking about such things over centuries, as well as how good poets have managed making such things new; how it can inspire us in our own thinking and writing, giving us good conversation with the best practitioners of centuries in meeting the same challenges. It is probably true that the broader the *saijiki*, or its modern counterpart, the *kiyose*, the more useful it is. Broader in this sense means not only the more topics it covers, but also the greater number of poets and poems, as well as centuries.

The Hailstone Haiku Circle, which likes challenges, has set for its goal its own club-wide *kiyose*. It comes by this for practical purposes: it wants a different way of ordering the offerings of the club for its publications, which heretofore have been alphabetic by author. The current strategy makes for a greater mix, emphasizing the whole as opposed to any individual voice, and this has its charms. It also allows for a sense of breadth for any particular topic, which were not chosen with any aim towards completeness but rather suggested themselves to the editor from the material submitted. There is a satisfying range of voice and style here,

but I must confess to a bit of a disappointment with the quality of the material overall. Perhaps this is because of its specific comparison to a *saijiki*, where virtually any poem included is likely to be top-drawer. This volume is more uneven, though not without its felicities. Overall, an interesting attempt which will probably improve as it is added to, and a useful model for future consideration. Recommended.

### SELECTED BOOKS RECEIVED

Proctor, Vanessa (ed.) *A to Zazen* (Kiwiana Publishing, PO Box 8099, Tauranga NZ, 2005). ISBN 0-9582438-5-9. 96 pp., 6" x 8.5" perfect softbound. \$14 from Tim Bravenboer, 53 Chaucer Road, Napier, New Zealand.

Shirane, Haruo *Early Modern Japanese Literature* (Columbia University Press, New York, 2004). ISBN 0-231-10991-1. 1200 pp., 6" x 9" perfect softbound. \$27.50 in bookstores.

Barnhill, David Landis (ed.) *Basho's Journey: The Literary Prose of Matsuo Basho* (State University of New York Press, Albany NY, 2005). ISBN 0-7914-6414-8. 208 pp., 5.5" x 8.5" perfect softbound. No price. Enquire with the publisher.

Post, Connie (ed.) *Walking the Same Path (Haiku Society of America, 2004)*. ISBN 0-930172-02-7. 80 pp., 5.5" x 8.5" perfect softbound. \$10 ppd. from the editor at 1333 Meadowlands Drive, Fairborn OH 45324.

Swist, Wally *The Silence Between Us: Selected Haiku of Wally Swist* (Brooks Books, 3720 N. Woodridge Drive, Decatur IL 62526, 2005.) ISBN 1-929820-07-0. 128 pp., 5.5" x 8.5" perfect softbound. \$16 + \$2.50 postage from the publisher.

Muldoon, Paul *Sixty Instant Messages to Tom Moore* (Modern Haiku Press, Box 68, Lincoln IL 62656, 2005.) ISBN 0-9741894-1-3. 32 pp., 5" x 8" letterpress handstitched softbound with dustjacket. \$? ppd. from the publisher.

Welch, Michael Dylan and Billie Wilson (eds.) *Tracing the Fern* (Press Here, 22230 NE 28th Place, Sammamish WA 98074-6408 USA, 2005). ISBN 1-878798-28-6. 40 pp., 5.25" x 8.5" saddlestapled softbound. \$8 from the publisher.

# HSA NEWS

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## 2005 Harold G. Henderson Haiku Contest

*Judges: Francine Porad and Billie Wilson*

### *First Place*

*Francine Banwarth*

child's wake  
the weight  
of rain

Harold G. Henderson wrote, "In a good haiku, every word is important." In precisely chosen words, this poet describes the indescribable—the intense, overwhelming pain of a young child's death. While funerals and rain are often used together in poetry and prose, this is done so powerfully here, moving it well beyond the trite and obvious parallel of rain and tears. That second line—the weight—holds us there for a deeper understanding of all that has been lost. And all that must be borne from this day forward. This haiku carries the reader beyond this tiny grave to consider lost hopes and lost dreams. To ponder the state of the world, and to wonder if it will ever stop raining.

### *Second Place*

*Jim Kacian*

gunshot the length of the lake

It requires great skill to write a great one-liner in English—to achieve juxtaposition, resonance, and meaning without the assistance of line breaks. This haiku grabs the reader on the very first word, creating a potent, breathless pause of shock, fear, and wondering. We do not know if it is hunting season, or whether some terrible human tragedy has occurred. We only know that the sound carried the length of the lake—a phrase that lends itself perfectly to the one-line format, as it stretches across the page. The reader's imagination is opened all the way up, giving us a splendid mystery condensed in six powerful words.

**Third Place**

*Rick Tarquinio*

a stick caught  
on the lip of the dam  
winter's end

Can't you just feel the power of those rushing meltwaters pushing winter out of the way? That stick is there for only a moment, to catch the poet's eye—and ours. The dam beautifully symbolizes the pent-upness of cabin fever at winter's end. We are so ready for spring, and it's almost here. That stick will quickly be picked up in the inexorable rush toward spring, and so will we.

**Honorable Mentions** (*alphabetical by last name or pen name*)

summer stars . . .  
the old violin goes  
to the highest bidder

*Francine Banwarth*

winter drags on . . .  
I squeeze the last drops  
from a teabag

*Kirsty Karkow*

distant thunder—  
a titmouse gives one chirp  
and falls silent

*Origa*

Alzheimer's birthday  
each slice of the cake  
takes part of her name

*Bill Pauly*

March winds  
a decade has passed  
by your grave

*Marie Summers*

## 2005 Gerald Brady Senryu Contest

*Judges: an'ya and Carlos Colón*

There were 458 valid entries in this year's contest. We selected our top 33 and 35 poems respectively, discussed these a while through e-mail, and ranked our top 10 poems, using a 50-point scale. Then there was more discussion back and forth about strengths and weaknesses of the 15 poems that made our rankings until we reduced the list to eight poems, which we ranked with a 70-point scale.

### **First Place**

*Emily Romano*

centerfold:  
the model's navel  
off-center

The first-place senryu is succinct and subtle. The juxtaposition between the word "centerfold" and "off-center" is a winner in itself, as well as the "off-center" placement of the third line. How playfully the writer points out the little imperfection of this body that is supposed to represent an exquisite example of womanhood.

### **Second Place**

*Ron Moss*

day moon  
a fresh tattoo rises  
out of her jeans

A well-written senryu that is a little more mysterious than our award winner. The tattoo could be of anything, but perhaps a butterfly, since many teenagers choose butterflies to tattoo on the small of their backs. Yet, it may instead be on the person's stomach. We'll never know for sure. It is up to the reader to fill in the details. Interestingly, his senryu (like our first choice) is also about a woman's body.

**Third Place**

*Susan Antolin*

Independence Day  
I struggle to free myself  
from a wet bathing suit

And again, this third-place poem is about a woman and her body. A funny poem with a nice play on words that isn't too forced. It wasn't obvious to us at first, but this is a 5/7/5 senryu that fits into the format without being too tight a fit.

**1st Honorable Mention**

*Ron Moss*

fresh blueberries  
a 'gothic' teenager  
darkens her lips

This senryu could very well have been written about ancient times when women darkened their lips with things such as berries. However, we assume the poem was written about a modern-day, young woman making a statement about herself and her generation.

**2nd Honorable Mention (tie)**

*Scott Mason*

switchbacks—  
five or six cub scouts  
an octave higher

We both liked this senryu, but interpreted it differently. Could be Cub Scouts climbing a switchback trail and the voices on the upper level are "an octave higher"?

**2nd Honorable Mention (tie)**

*James Fowler*

my father and I  
paint the barn  
compare wars

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A father and son are painting the barn, and all they have in common to talk about is “war.” There's no humor in the poem, but it says much more and goes much deeper. In addition, the abruptness in lines 2 and 3 seem to mimic the awkwardness of the father-son relationship.

### **3rd Honorable Mention**

*Evelyn H. Hermann*

picnic  
in the sun-dappled courtyard  
my freckled banana

A laugh-out-loud senryu, but just remember what Sigmund Freud almost said, “Sometimes a banana is just a banana.” What more can be said about this one, except thanks to its author for the levity.

## MILDRED KANTERMAN MEMORIAL AWARD FOR BEST FIRST BOOK OF HAIKU

Eligibility for the Mildred Kanterman Memorial Award is defined as “any printed and bound work of more than 24 pages consisting of haiku, or primarily haiku, by a single author, presented in English.” For the purposes of this award, “first” means that the author shall not previously have published a work of this description. This inaugural award is for books published in 2004. Twelve books were considered for the competition, ranging from long chapbooks to hardbound volumes.

The Award is given to Philip Rowland of Tokyo, Japan, for his book *Together Still*. The author will receive a prize of \$500 and a certificate from the HSA.

*Together Still* is subtitled “a sequence of short poems,” and both the title and subtitle are apt descriptions. The book loosely tracks the up-and-down course of a personal relationship in a series of 83 poems. Most poems are identifiable as haiku, though some of Rowland’s haiku are five lines in length or even longer. There are many one- and two-liners, as well as longer—but still brief—poems and even one full-page concrete poem. The great variation in format and arrangement of the material adds interest and tempo to the collection. The author displays an exquisite sense of form, and his poems are refreshing in that they transcend the fussiness of lineation and syllable counting. The now-standard format for Western haiku—three lines with a text break at the end of the first or second line—feels extraordinarily limiting after reading *Together Still*. Rowland’s haiku seem instinctively to assume the form that is natural for them. Season words are used in most of the haiku but, again, in such a way that they are integral to the poem. They do not seem in any way to be a rote concession to the “rules” of haiku, and they enhance rather than limit expressiveness.

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together still—  
the shadows of our plane  
on the cloud

Bach prelude . . .  
winter sky  
deep in the piano lid

childless      silent winter rain

darkness  
mounting  
the  
island  
that's  
all  
mountain

The slim, white, perfectbound volume with glued-on wrappers is nicely produced by Colin Blundell's Hub Editions in England.

The Haiku Society of America congratulates Philip Rowland, a former longtime member of the Society. In addition, we would like to acknowledge our gratitude for the generosity of HSA Charter Member and Co-Founder Leroy Kanterman for suggesting and endowing this award in memory of his wife, Mildred Kanterman, also a Charter Member.

*Charles Trumbull, Contest Judge*

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