

frogpond

frogpond

frogpond



# Frogpond

The Journal of the Haiku  
Society of America



---

Volume XXX Number 3  
Fall 2007

## ABOUT FROGPOND

**Subscription / HSA Membership:** \$33 USA, \$30 for seniors and students in North America, \$35 Canada and Mexico, \$45 everywhere else in US dollars by check on a US bank or International Postal Money Order. All subscriptions / memberships are annual, expire on December 31, and include 3 issues of Frogpond. All correspondence regarding new and renewed memberships should be directed to the HSA Secretary (page 96, list of officers). Make checks payable to Haiku Society of America, Inc.

**Single copies of back issues:** US \$7 USA & Canada, US \$9 overseas. Make checks payable to Haiku Society of America, Inc. Send single copy and back issue orders to the Frogpond Editor (page 96 listing).

**Changes of Address and requests for information** should be directed to the HSA Secretary.

**Editorial material / submissions** should be sent (with SASE) to the Frogpond Editor. Book reviews and books for review should be sent to the Book Review Editor. Send all other correspondence to the pertinent officers at their home addresses. Mail sent to the permanent corporate address at the top of page 96 will be subject to delay in forwarding. When a reply is required, a SASE must be enclosed.

All prior copyrights are retained by contributors. Full rights revert to contributors upon publication in Frogpond. Neither the Haiku Society of America, its officers, nor the editor assume responsibility for views of contributors (including its own officers) whose work is printed in Frogpond, research errors, infringements of copyrights, or failure to make proper acknowledgments.

ISSN 8755-156X

Copyright © 2007 by Haiku Society of America, Inc.

HSA Logo (title page): Stephen Addiss

## FROM THE EDITOR

This issue completes the thirtieth year of publication for the Haiku Society of America's journal, *Frogpond*. When a human being reaches the age of thirty, there is often a degree of solemnity involved and perhaps a sense that one is now or soon should be embarked upon the mature course of one's life. It may be, though, that this is not an apt comparison for a haiku journal since the life span of the average publication of this sort is probably less than ten years. Reckoning its age by this standard, *Frogpond* is very elderly, indeed. The good fortune of having the Haiku Society of America behind it, however, and the infusion, year after year, of new talent in the haiku community suggest that *Frogpond* has many good years ahead.

In this issue, we will be reprinting some poems from the third decade of publication. The editors during this period have been Jim Kacian (1998 - 2004) and John Stevenson (2005 - 2007). Jim has selected poems for reprinting from each of the seven years he served as editor, with the hope of featuring works "that in some way suggest the quality of the poems that were being published in *Frogpond* back then." Here's what to look for:

### Frogpond - Third Decade

dim light  
the night nurse  
describes the rain

*Joann Klontz (USA)*

Volume XXVI:1 2003

*Museum  
of Haiku  
Literature  
Award*

\$100 for the best unpublished work  
appearing in the previous issue of  
*Frogpond* as selected by vote of the  
H.S.A. Executive Committee

## From XXX:2

year's end—  
what made me think I needed  
a harmonica

*Carolyn Hall*

haiku



Frogpond XXX:3

left over  
in the glow of dawn  
a slice of moon

*H. F. Noyes*

July sunlight  
bends around her  
and intensifies

*Brent Partridge*

heat wave . . .  
from ginkgo to hydrant  
rippling brick

*Scott Mason*

south of the equator halfmoon

*Michele Harvey*

June winter  
a stray dog  
in Santiago

*Michele Harvey*

Haiku Society of America

Looking down  
at ants  
with a gigantic mood

*Yasuhiko Shigemoto*

tiny bird  
it carries the world's yellow  
to the next curb

*Scott Metz*

hot roof  
the cat crosses  
at a smart pace

*Masako Yamada*

Nicaraguan night  
I translate  
the dog's bark

*Johnette Downing*

summer's end—  
a firefly  
in the lemonade

*S. B. Friedman*

Frogpond XXX:3

breakfast alone  
salt and pepper's  
dented tops

*Robert Hecht*

a moment  
ago  
a ripe banana

*Ed Baker*

smoke break  
in his surgical scrubs  
spring afternoon

*Robbie Gamble*

slouching over  
in the outfield,  
dandelions

*Keith Jennings*

picnic —  
the bride's contribution of  
lopsided muffins

*Emily Romano*

Haiku Society of America

home run drive—  
my turn to crawl under  
the barbed wire fence

*Edward J. Rielly*

ball field at dusk  
a boy playing alone  
pretends the crowd goes wild

*Chad Lee Robinson*

last game  
of hide-and-seek,  
fireflies

*Keith Jennings*

voices through the backs  
of county fair tents  
summer's end

*Burnell Lippy*

a softball  
as distant  
as the sun disc

*Jorma Loci*

Frogpond XXX:3

twentyfourseven  
an empty laundromat  
at dawn

*Bill Kenney*

summer solstice  
the sprinkler completes  
another arc

*Mathew Spano*

while I mow the lawn  
wind blows the summer  
over my skin

*Zoran Mimica*

freshly cut grass  
clings to my socks . . .  
first beer

*Collin Barber*

hay-hauling  
the Farmall blows  
blue smoke rings

*Elizabeth Howard*

turned earth  
the splayed ribcage  
of a March hare

*John Barlow*

tall spring grasses  
a new path leads  
to the old path

*Carolyn Hall*

foggy morning  
an old woman talking to herself  
in a firm voice

*Jack Watson*

rain clouds drift off with their promise

*Bett Angel-Stawarz*

returning the books  
unread—  
dog days

*Ruth Holzer*

Frogpond XXX:3

moonlight  
the shadow  
between her shoulder blades

*Gregory Hopkins*

first snow . . .  
how long before something new  
becomes old

*Alice Frampton*

the waterfall frozen solid home for xmas

*Jim Kacian*

tinseled  
and twirling  
the holiday girl

*Robert Epstein*

winter morning  
a dry section  
in the grapefruit

*Harold Bowes*

## Dissection of the Haiku Tradition: Inner Landscape

*Fay Aoyagi*

AS A NON-NATURE PERSON, the flowers I can name are very few. Tulip is one of them. When I started elementary school (the Japanese school year begins in April), tulips dominated the garden. Every Japanese person is probably familiar with the song<sup>(1)</sup>:

saita saita chûrippu no hana ga  
naranda narannda  
aka shiro kiiro  
dono hana mitemo  
kireidan

(blooming, blooming, tulips are  
lining up, lining up  
in red, white, yellow  
looking at every flower  
how beautiful)

Recently I learned, from my *saijiki*, the word “tulip” originated in Turkey. In Turkish, it means “turban.”

In my late teens, I liked to wrap my head with a colorful scarf. The more colorful the scarf, the more liberated I felt. I wanted to be a mosquito, which can fly, rather than a tulip passively enjoying the warm spring sunshine.

fukuzatsu ni narunoga iyade chûrippu

I do not want this  
to become complicated—  
tulips

*Yoko Sugawa* <sup>(2)</sup>

In the foreword to the third edition of *The Haiku Anthology* <sup>(3)</sup> Cor van den Heuvel wrote:



## Frogpond XXX:3

“Haiku is basically about living with intense awareness, about having an openness to the existence around us—a kind of openness that involves seeing, hearing, smelling, tasting, and touching.”

I will add a sixth sense to the above. Not only watching and observing the things around us, we also explore a flower with a close-up lens. We can inhale the air filled with songs by trees. The sky can be a mirror of our feelings. Church bells can sound differently when we are lonely. I certainly enjoy interweaving haiku with my inner life.

dono suna naran makigai ni sasayakuwa

which grain of sand  
talks in a soft voice  
to this spiral shell . . .

*Sayumi Kamakura* <sup>(4)</sup>

Many of my business clients are located in Silicon Valley (30 miles south of San Francisco). I do not like driving. Highway 101 during the rush hour is killing. But on the way home when I see the water near Candlestick Point, I feel relieved. Especially after coming back from an out-of-town trip, the San Francisco Bay welcomes me home.

ukinedori kingin no hoshi machiteori

floating birds  
in their sleep wait for  
the golden stars, silver stars

*Bansui Miyagawa* <sup>(5)</sup>

When I was living in Japan, I never lived outside Tokyo. I envied my friends and colleagues there who had other places they called “home” at that time. I never imagined I would be able to live a couple of thousand miles away from the place I grew up.

## Haiku Society of America

sennen no rusu ni bakufu o kakete oku

For my absence  
for a thousand years I hang  
a waterfall

*Ban'ya Natsuishi* <sup>(6)</sup>

As a waterfall never keeps one face, Tokyo, my birthplace, has changed from “a place I cannot leave” to “a place I visit.” Since I began studying haiku in Japanese I read more Japanese books and watch more Japanese videos than before. I do a blog in Japanese. Yet I feel I have lost something fundamental as a Japanese person. Do I become a perfect expatriate? Maybe. Subconsciously, I may need a thing to fill a hole in my soul. I think haiku is helping me to do this. I still want to be a creature with wings rather than a stationary plant. But I do not want to be a mosquito anymore. I would like to avoid being slapped and killed easily. It does not mean I am clinging to life. Because I am involved with haiku, my senses have sharpened. I hope I can sharpen them more by exploring life through haiku.

A roaring waterfall:  
that eucalyptus tossing  
the summer wind.

*J. W. Hackett* <sup>(7)</sup>

San Francisco has many eucalyptus trees. They are not native here, but they can have the the wind sing for them. Sometimes the wind becomes harsh. Other times, the sunshine is their best friend.

in the language  
only the immigrants understand  
cherry blossoms and I

*Fay Aoyagi* <sup>(8)</sup>

In my adopted land, I have been living happily as an immigrant and a naturalized citizen. I think I have been at the right

## Frogpond XXX:3

place at the right time. I am lucky living in California where fellow haiku poets live close-by. I can share the thoughts, doubts, and passion with those I trust.

I believe I had already begun to see the world differently from when I was living in Japan as a non-haiku person.

hatsutabi no yama koete tsuku minato kana

first trip of the year  
I arrive at the port  
after crossing the mountain

*Tsutae Hikara* <sup>(9)</sup>

This theme will be continued . . .

(1) Lyrics by Miyako Kondo

(2) *Kadokawa Haiku Dai Saijiki (Kadokawa Comprehensive Saijiki)*, edited by Kadokawa Gakugei Shuppan, Kadokawa Gakugei Shuppan, Tokyo, 2006

(3) *The Haiku Anthology*, edited by Cor van den Heuvel, W. W. Norton & Company, New York, London, 1999

(4) *Haiku Shiki (Haiku Four Seasons)*, April 2007 Issue, edited by Seiji Hayashi, Tokyo Shiki Shuppan, Tokyo, 2007

(5) *Gendai Saijiki (Modern Saijiki)*, edited by Tota Kaneko, Momoko Kuroda, Ban'ya Natsuishi, Seisei Shuppan, Tokyo, 1997

(6) *A Future Waterfall, 100 Haiku from the Japanese*, by Ban'ya Natsuishi, translated by Stephen Henry Gill, Jim Kacian, Ban'ya Natsuishi, Susumu Takiguchi, Red Moon Press, Winchester, VA, 1999

(7) *Haiku Poetry Volume One*, by J. W. Hackett, Japan Publications, Inc., Tokyo, 1970

(8) Unpublished

(9) *Ten'l (Providence)*, April 2007 Issue, edited by Yasuko Tsushima, Ten'l Haiku Kai, Tokyo, 2007

All Japanese translation by Fay Aoyagi unless stated otherwise.

Haiku Society of America

dog days—  
the scrape of wrought iron  
on concrete

*D. Claire Gallagher*

whisper-soft rain  
hollow whistle  
of a train

*Emily Romano*

autumn fog  
the squeaking brakes  
of a school bus

*Lenard D. Moore*

autumn woods  
Dad speaks of a dog  
he once had

*Marcus Larsson*

late November—  
black and blue clouds  
pound the daylight

*Joan Morse Vistain*

Frogpond XXX:3

remaining snow  
a carton of yearbooks  
at the curb

*D. Claire Gallagher*

cedar pollen  
my spring comes  
on the wind

*Toyoko Ueda*

spring gale  
barely blows  
the blues away

*Yuko Hirota*

twirling  
a white parasol  
she climbs up the steep steps

*Yuko Hirota*

detour . . .  
the sun  
on my back

*Jörgen Johansson*

Haiku Society of America

garden buddha  
the weight of snow  
on his shoulders

*Deb Koen*

the ides of March  
a tethered kite  
spins furious circles

*C. Avery*

Carolina wrens  
turning my wood worn porch  
into a nursery

*Merrill Ann Gonzales*

ringed moon—  
I think of the wedding  
my daughter would have had

*Lenard D. Moore*

summer camp  
in cupped hands  
water and moon

*Edith Bartholomeusz*

Frogpond XXX:3

thawed garden  
Buddha and Francis  
lean on each other

*Mathew Spano*

bright stars  
all that has melted  
has turned to ice

*Michael Ketchek*

moss blossoms  
we rise from our knees  
in unison

*Kirsty Karkow*

dandelion puff the wind makes my wish

*S. B. Friedman*

the frayed end  
of a tethered rope  
. . . winter moon

*Karen Cesar*

bare branches  
the light inside  
on a clear day

*Peggy Willis Lyles*

first snow  
the warmth  
of the camera charger

*Rob Scott*

the glare off snow  
has the run of the house  
February's extra day

*Burnell Lippy*

crocuses in the park  
a school girl asks  
are you a photographer

*Yu Chang*

spring cleaning—  
what does and doesn't  
wash off

*Christopher Patchel*



Frogpond XXX:3

the pond ice  
holding its own  
midwinter rain

*Tom Painting*

a wooden bench  
the shadow of leaves  
swaying on my book

*Yoko Aisaka*

drought  
the river bed  
runs through my fingers

*Bob Lucky*

sprinkler turned on  
the sparrows start  
to sing again

*Kristen Deming*

lunar eclipse  
a moth taps circles  
on the ceiling

*Lorin Ford*

Haiku Society of America

cold morning  
his words still shaping  
the steam on the mirror

*Helen Buckingham*

tender green  
naming his friends  
my child includes me

*Marcus Larsson*

the birds  
know it first  
spring dawn

*Ann K. Schwader*

my answer  
with a shrug—  
more rain

*Philip Miller*

wind in the palms  
her head rises  
from a nap

*Victor Ortiz*

Frogpond XXX:3

sun on ice—  
dark roar of a hidden stream  
in my inner ear

*Ruth Yarrow*

foggy moon  
the sound of breakers  
on the inlet rocks

*William Cullen Jr.*

field of clover  
a horse moves  
through honey bees

*Polly W. Swafford*

signing the papers  
to sell my parents' house  
a soundless rain

*Elizabeth Nordeen*

lightning  
rows of dark lanterns  
begin to sway

*William Cullen Jr.*

clear winter sky —  
a crow rattles a stop sign  
as it flies off

*Andrew Bleeden*

lime-green moss  
blowing from the pine  
on the logging truck

*Michael Dylan Welch*

warm day  
tractor mud dries  
on the country road

*Hilary Tann*

summer drizzle  
the last chicken on the spit  
goes round and round

*Bob Lucky*

late autumn  
the elm  
casts a gold shadow

*Jo McInerney*

last day of summer  
the bathing suits still damp  
from last night's swim

*Vanessa Proctor*

smokehouse embers . . .  
the sweetness  
of new potatoes

*Irene Golas*

grilled mushrooms—  
fog rolls their scent  
into my sweater

*Linda Jeanette Ward*

anniversary  
the coolness of sand  
under our umbrella

*Tom Painting*

toddler clothes  
soaking in the tub  
evening stillness

*Vanessa Proctor*

senryu

Frogpond XXX:3

weighing  
freedom and loneliness  
in separate rooms

*Teruko Omoto*

a still life  
and, just outside the frame,  
an old guard

*Johan Bergstad*

science project . . .  
Jupiter  
on the floor

*Mark Wilson*

big cleanup  
on the radio  
a tragic opera

*Tom Clausen*

local library  
taking in the scent  
of unread books

*Wanda D. Cook*

# Haiku Society of America

the cart hauling hay  
for the horse  
hauling the cart

*James Tipton*

business lunch  
I'll have  
what the boss is having

*Amitava Dasgupta*

after calling in sick  
I suddenly feel  
so much better

*Marianna Monaco*

cross-examination all morning a slanting rain

*Jeffrey Stillman*

lighthouse stairway  
someone ascends before me  
always out of sight

*Patricia Neubauer*



old friends we compare toes and toenails

*Marlene Mountain*

coffee break —  
a blank sheet in the pile  
of copies

*Gary Hotham*

Christmas nesting dolls  
what's inside  
what's inside

*Alice Frampton*

her father's visit . . .  
the fruit basket  
full again

*K. Ramesh*

it's spring  
all the seats on the subway  
taken by young people

*Michael Fessler*

empty baseball field—  
standing on first base  
he gives me a kiss

*Hortensia Anderson*

in love again  
a lot to be said  
for chocolates

*Marianna Monaco*

rusty blades—  
she skates backwards  
so we can chat

*David Giacalone*

his hand on her thigh  
                  one cloud slips  
into another

*Francine Banwarth*

art deco knob  
it was here  
i was made

*Jörgen Johansson*

Frogpond XXX:3

art reception—  
people coming to see  
and be seen

*Merrill Ann Gonzales*

from a certain angle  
my shadow casts  
a full head of hair

*Robert Epstein*

sunset viewing  
I become an overweight man  
wearing horizontal stripes

*LeRoy Gorman*

blackboard wiped clean  
in an old photograph  
the solemn young faces

*Jo McInerney*

lifting my suitcase  
as mother opens the door  
the weight of my smile

*Eve Luckring*

Haiku Society of America

richest woman in town  
watering her garden  
in the rain

*Bonnie Stepenoff*

driven mad field guides to nature this and nature that

*Marlene Mountain*

ceaseless rain  
the children pretend  
to be Cybermen

*Matthew Paul*

the frayed edges of her picture —  
I grasp what my fingers remember

*Peter Joseph Gloviczki*

cloudless day  
more walls  
going up

*Scott Metz*

Frogpond XXX:3

Alzheimer's ward  
the faded blue numbers  
on a resident's arm

*Pamela Miller Ness*

after all these years  
just the blip  
of his heart monitor

*Michael Dylan Welch*

the punch at the wake  
room temperature

*C. Avery*

here the stream  
runs underground  
I miss my father

*Neil Muscott*

Memorial Day —  
smoke from far-off fires  
makes it hurt to breathe

*Peggy Willis Lyles*

back from Iraq  
my former student remembers  
freshman year

*John S. O'Connor*

looking for animals  
in the clouds  
above the refinery

*Chris Glutz*

moving day  
a box  
of naked barbies

*Michael Morical*

pruning deadwood  
from the rose bushes  
Valentine's Day

*Eve Luckring*

Roller skates,  
an old bicycle—  
this was home

*Jane Stuart*

Frogpond XXX:3

jailhouse interview  
the orange jumpsuit  
two sizes too big

*Cathy Drinkwater Better*

the palm reader's wrinkled brow

*R. P. Carter*

screeching to a halt  
in time  
the cow moves

*Susan Marie La Vallee*

married—  
so many loops  
to this new signature

*Joyce Clement*

her boyfriend's  
clothes in the closet—  
sparrows nesting in the eaves

*Bonnie Stepenoff*

arriving passenger  
his eyes circle and land  
on mine

*Ruth Yarrow*

the doctor's waiting room—  
my queasiness sitting in  
someone else's warmth

*Peter Yovu*

at the cast party  
capulets  
and montagues

*Stephen Peters*

a sky full of stars  
how improbable  
my parents would meet

*Robert Mainone*

after the divorce  
sunshine where his shadow  
used to jostle mine

*Dorothy McLaughlin*



I think I hear him  
grumble good morning  
and grumble good morning back

*Barry George*

Christmas card  
so typical of her  
the offset stamp

*Michael Magliari*

lunar eclipse—  
sipping moonshine  
from a sake cup

*Curtis Dunlap*

blue sky  
my tee shot finds  
the only divot

*Scott Mason*

Beads from New Orleans  
shimmer on the shelf . . .  
We'll manage.

*Paul Pfleuger, Jr.*



Tan Renga

*Page 41*

Haibun

*Pages 42 - 46, 48 - 50*

Haiku Sequence

*Page 47*

Rengay

*Page 51*

**TAN RENGA**

the lightness  
of a butterfly  
last day of school

*the arc of the trout  
shaking loose my hook*

Yvonne Cabalona  
*Leslie Rose*

Father's Day  
wearing his tie  
again I don't measure up—

*pacing off the distance  
between home and first base*

w. f. owen  
*Leslie Rose*

## TOBACCO ROAD

IN THE RURAL LAND OF my childhood was a long rolling stretch of red clay packed hard by mules and trucks and slick as a soaped pig when it rained. My grandmother named it after a popular book, but most of the people who took to calling it “Tobacco Road” had never heard of Erskine Caldwell. Fresh as morning in my memory, Tobacco Road curves and lifts and falls through pine-covered hills, past plowed fields and barns and sharecroppers’ shanties leaning this way and that, sun glinting between rusty patches on leaky tin roofs.

scattering small rocks  
the splintery gate scrapes open . . .  
magnolias

Travelers on this course pass yards as likely guarded by chickens and hogs as by dogs, where half-naked babies play on grassless earth around hand pumps and crumbling brick wells, where pink, blue, and sea-green hydrangeas prop up sides of shacks, and morning glory vines are sturdier than the fence rails.

cloudless sky  
smoldering ashes settle  
under an iron pot

thyme full of bees  
she scrubs brown lye soap  
into a wet rag

*Ferris Gilli*

## DON'T

SHE SITS ON THE STOOP of a wooden shack, paint flaking off the walls, her hand on a rusty shopping cart stacked high with possessions. “Don't you take my picture!”

“I won't,” I say, feeling guilty because she caught me with my camera pointed in her direction. “Why don't you want your picture taken?”

“I know what you people do with them.”

“You have a beautiful face. That's why I wanted to.” It's like porcelain with fine lines etched around eyes and mouth.

She adjusts her floppy hat and smiles. “I used to be a singer. I still know a lot of songs.” She begins to hum.

crumpled paper bag  
she offers  
a ginger snap

*Ray Rasmussen*

## PENETRATING THE PRIMEVAL

ONLY THE CHANCE DISCOVERY of a child's spade unearths the dwelling places of baby beetles and nests of pill bugs juxtaposed in various shapes and sizes.

cotton fields—  
sprouting globes  
of moonlight

*Karina Klesko*

## UNION MAID

*for Jerry Kilbride*

twenty-second floor  
office windows fogged in—  
a desk in the clouds.

IN THOSE DAYS BEFORE CUBICLES, all the secretaries worked in one big open space. Privacy was unheard of. The glass-enclosed office of the Company's President was located where he could survey the entire floor and make sure everybody was busy. "Look busy" was a byword among us.

The secretary who started it all—Roberta, a hard-bitten veteran office worker who bounced from job to job—resented being forbidden to use the red-carpeted front entrance. It was for clients only. Employees had to use the back door.

"They don't want us to set foot on their damned red carpet," she said. "We might get it dirty." That red carpet became a symbol of all we disliked about the Company. Roberta contacted an organizer at the Union office, a blonde lady who smoked a silver pipe. A few of us met with her and began cautiously recruiting others. You had to be careful. There were some we couldn't approach for fear of being ratted out.

Late one afternoon a clueless young typist breezed into the Ladies' Room and blurted out, "Sorry I can't come to the Union meeting tonight I've got a date." A couple of girls abruptly departed. I was still applying lipstick when our Office Manager, the old battleaxe, emerged from the end stall, where she had been sitting all this time. Her eyes were smoldering as she marched toward the President's office, trailing toilet paper from her heel.

My then best friend Wanda was called in and interrogated. I don't know why she was chosen. Afterward she bragged, "He asked me how many we had. I told him more than 70%." We numbered only six or seven. It was then I realized that Wanda was a real loose cannon. "Do you know what you've done?" I asked. "They'll fire everybody. People who never even heard

## Frogpond XXX:3

of the Union.”

“What if he expected me to name names?” she said. No matter. Soon we’d all be down at the Unemployment Office, and you can bet without a reference from the Company.

quitting time  
dark streets and a sharp wind  
around every corner.

*Doris Heitmeyer*

## THE SOLOIST

MOST NIGHTS ON TOUR she mixes a packet of soup with hot water from the tap but today she considers the smoked oysters, careful to choose a tin she can open easily. On her way through the deli, she picks up a napkin and plastic fork.

*vivace*  
her thighs grip  
the cello

*Harriot West*

Frogpond - Third Decade

close lightning  
the metallic taste  
in my mouth

*Charles Easter (USA)*

Volume XXII:1 1999

## ABSTRACTIONS

WITH THE DETERMINATION of the young, he ploughs his fingers through the dirt and dune grasses. Nothing. Any small token would excite, breathe life into my tales about his grandfather and great-grandfather alike. For a six-year-old, I guess, abstractions are oblique, just like the letters I read him from his uncle in Afghanistan. He is not willing just to believe.

Normandy beach  
half-buried under sand  
a broken shell

*Jamie Edgecombe*

## LIVE BURIAL

WHEN I WAS VERY YOUNG I buried a toad. I don't know why I buried that toad.

I was in the park, playing in the grass. He came along and hopped around me. I played with him and then put him in a hole.

I went home and worried a lot; did he crawl out into the park? Did he crawl out and find his friends?

I hope you did, oh Mr. Toad, and that you grew up to be very old.

summer time  
little sisters  
in blue dresses

*Betty Kaplan*



## CHILDHOOD HOME

childhood home  
no longer mine, and yet  
grandmother's lilacs

somewhere in this dirt  
the imprints of  
my mother's knees

freshly turned earth—  
at the garden's edge  
a frayed pillow

a bed of pansies—  
just for a moment  
mother's hands again

where has it gone  
the sturdy oak that flew  
my childhood swing?

my lost skate key—  
might it still be there  
in this tall grass?

I drive away  
from my old house—  
the rear-view mirror

*Penny Harter*

## THERAPY

THROUGH CORRIDORS SMELLING OF URINE and disinfectant, I escort a group of tranquilized male inmates from their locked wards to the Occupational Therapy building. Today's therapeutic activity is to sand layers of paint from beaten-up tables and chairs. One patient systematically sands through a chair rung, then moves on to the next. Wood dust fills the air.

reverberations  
a steel door slamming  
in a stairwell

*Robert Hecht*

## FAST TRAIN

WHEN THE 17.22 HEADS OUT of Victoria and begins to pick up speed I start thinking about seat belts, or the absence of seat belts, and how in an emergency I might be thrown onto the woman opposite, cracking my head against hers, or puncturing my face on a corner of her open hardback book. But then I notice her breasts which are packed beneath a bib of pink frills, her tiered paisley skirt rumpling in waves over plump knees, her curly hair the colour of hazelnuts, her milky skin, which takes me back to her breasts which are pendulous, generous. And I've forgotten about seat belts, as I shift my knees to one side to get a view of her feet, the shoes she's wearing which I know will make all the difference to whether she'll scream and push me away as I fall, or cradle my face away from her book, those wonderful breasts receiving me like a tumbled duvet.

not knowing  
how to hold her  
my mother at eighty

*Lynne Rees*

## DRIVEWAYS

DAVID, MY SON, THIRTY-SIX AND SINGLE, has moved from an apartment into his own home. I drive over for the day. We eat at the Satellite Cafe, and I order broiled trout in crab sauce because he recommends it. The sauce tastes strong, but I don't complain. After lunch we stroll through Lack's Furniture looking at sofas.

My mother died two years ago at age ninety. After every visit she walked outside with me and even on cold, windy days she waited, arms crossed, in her drive while I drove away. Now, David stands in his drive, hands in pockets, and watches me leave.

summer's end  
the honeysuckle swells  
beyond the boundary

*Lynn Edge*

## ON THE MOUNT PLEASANT BUS

YOU HAVE SEEN THIS VIEW many times before, but this evening it catches you. As you come over the top it is sunset; you see the South Island as a shadowy mass bounded by sharp edged Alps. On the other side the Pacific Ocean is a container of light. The sky is huge.

There are two other passengers in the bus, a couple close together on the front seat. As the driver steers down the steep slope we are silent. The sunset plays over us; the details of our lives fall away. Aiming for home, I am being taken on a longer journey.

darkened house—  
roses above the fence  
retain light

*Barbara Strang*

## STAYING FOR REFRESHMENTS

THE LECTURE OVER, I decided to remain a bit longer and mingle with the crowd. No one seemed to be discussing the content of the speech, but were instead making small talk, or gossiping about this or that.

As I moved along the line at the refreshment table, I overheard a woman talking about haiku. She was bragging about having just had a haiku accepted by a leading haiku magazine. I found myself wondering which one.

Her friend asked her to recite the haiku. “Oh, I couldn’t do that,” she replied. “It wouldn’t be ethical.”

Losing interest at this point, I moved past them and heard: “If you subscribe to the magazine, you’ll have a copy of my work to keep forever.”

mystery haiku—  
somewhere a page  
is ruffled by wind

*Emily Romano*

Frogpond - Third Decade

moonlight  
river divides the forest  
into two nights

*Nikola Nilic (Croatia)*

Volume XXI:2 1998

**DYING SPARK**

*Rich Krivcher, John Thompson, and Michael Dylan Welch*

lightning flash—  
a bug streak glows  
on the windshield

*Rich*

in the night heron's beak  
a wriggling glint of silver

*John*

Roman ruin:  
the candle sputtering  
deep in the tunnel

*Michael*

ten-wheeler hauling sheep  
a spark from the mudflaps

*Rich*

graveyard shift—  
lighting one cigarette  
with another

*John*

photographing Hiroshima  
the sudden flash

*Michael*

# Essays

Pages 53 - 54 *The Honkadori*

Doreen King

Pages 55- 64 *Haiku and Cinematic Technique*

Allan Burns

Pages 65 - 69 *Cobweb: Single-Words Shisan*

William J. Higginson, et al.

Pages 70 - 73 *Re:Readings*

## THE HONKADORI

*Doreen King*

THE HONKADORI REFERS TO the borrowing of words and phrases from earlier poems. Haiku writers frequently use beloved phrases from older poems and Haruo Shirane describes how the honkadori is applied:

*Significantly, one of the most fundamental techniques of Japanese poetry (if not of all Japanese literature) is the honkadori, or allusive variation, in which the poet takes a part of an earlier, well-known poem and incorporates it into his or her own poem. Here the poet becomes a “reader” of an earlier poem, which is metonymically evoked. The honkadori, like the seasonal word or seasonal topic, ties the poem into the poetic tradition as a whole, into the Great Seasonal Anthology.<sup>(1)</sup>*

The honkadori might be direct or indirect. A phrase might be “borrowed” from a well-known poem and altered a little, or an idea taken and expressed in different words. The haiku is so short that when the honkadori is used, a third or half the haiku may be copied. With such a condensed poetry form, just one or two words can give an entirely new dimension, and repetition, via the honkadori preserves historical aspects and traditional continuity within the poetry form.

As an example, I give below Basho’s “summer grasses” haiku:

*natsugusa ya / tsuwamono domoga / yume no at<sup>(2)</sup>*

The three English-language interpretations below focus on loss:

sumer grasses  
all that remains of the dreams  
of ancient warriors<sup>(3)</sup>

Summer grasses  
all that remains of great soldiers’  
imperial dreams<sup>(4)</sup>

## Haiku Society of America

Summer grass  
Where warriors dream<sup>(5)</sup>

Basho travelled to Takadote where Yoshitsune and his last followers were killed. From here, he could see the plain of Hiraizumi where the Fujiwara clan had once lived. Basho also studied the poet Saigyō. Following the death of Fujiwara Sanekata, Saigyō wrote: *He left us nothing / but his own eternal name— / just that final stroke. / On his poor grave on the moor, / one sees only pampas grass.* The closeness in sentiment to the Basho haiku is very apparent. TuFu also wrote in similar vein: *The whole country devastated only / mountains and rivers remain. In / springtime, at the ruined castle, the / grass is always green.* These two sentences seem disjointed at first, leaving the reader to sort out the puzzle they present. Such use of the oxymoron and the hyperbole are common in haiku.

In Basho's haiku, the season is "summer," but the subject—death—implies winter and herein is the paradox. Even the word "grasses" alludes to the enforced falling back to the common end—all those blades (of grass). The implication in the Basho haiku is that war is futile. (The word "grasses" is common in Noh drama.) Such lines evoke a sense of destruction and elimination—of returning to roots—the sadness yet reassurance in the face of devastation that life will continue. Grasses die and resurface. The grasses are all that remains, yet it is summer, and summer has come through the centuries. The grasses are still there although the ancient warriors are long gone; and the former poems are still there, resurfacing.

*This paper is based on a talk presented to The English Department, The Royal Holloway, University of London, 2005.*

<sup>(1)</sup> Haruo Shirane, in *The 21<sup>st</sup> century Ehime haiku prizes*, trans. Burleigh, D and Kimiyo, T, Culture Foundation, Japan, 2003, p23.

<sup>(2)</sup> Based on Kokkha Taikan editions.

<sup>(3)</sup> Doreen King, version based on western empathetic considerations.

<sup>(4)</sup> S Hamill, trans, in *The essential Basho*, Shambhala, Boston and London, 1999, p.xxii and p19.

<sup>(5)</sup> Kenneth Rexroth, trans, in *One hundred poems from the Japanese*, New Directions Books/James Laughlin, NY, 1959, p117.



## HAIKU AND CINEMATIC TECHNIQUE

*Allan Burns*

THE VOCABULARY OF CINEMATIC TECHNIQUE can be used productively to analyze expressive effects in haiku. Both haiku and cinema are essentially imagistic, presenting images “objectively” without attempting to explain or interpret them. Because of this similarity, one can readily find in haiku fairly precise analogs for a number of cinematic techniques. Even though many haiku effects have been around much longer than cinema has, the language of cinema gives us a fresh and revealing way to talk about what happens in a haiku.<sup>(1)</sup>

The two most fundamental cinematic techniques are ***mise-en-scène*** (“placing-in-the-scene”) and ***montage***. The former signifies the composition of a single shot, including the arrangement of objects and camera movements. Montage is the opposite and complementary technique of cutting from one shot to the next.

Through its history, American haiku has tended to move from a style based on *mise-en-scène* to one based on *montage*. In the early years of the haiku movement, many poets, including such pioneers as Clement Hoyt, J. W. Hackett, and O. Mabson Southard, typically wrote “through-phrased” haiku fashioned as complete sentences that explore the details and implications of a single scene or “shot.”

Half of the minnows  
within this sunlit shallow  
are not really there.

*(J. W. Hackett, Haiku Poetry: Volume One, 1968)*

Splinters of moonlight  
glint on the broken windshield  
of the junkyard car

*(Eric Amann, Cicada Voices, 1983)*

This technique can achieve remarkable effects, as the implied camera eye reveals more details of a scene (moonlight...broken windshield...junkyard) or that a first impression is illusory (half of the “minnows” are actually shadows of minnows). Today, however, this technique is largely out of favor; instead, the overwhelming majority of contemporary haiku employ the montage technique of cutting from one image to another. Robert Spiess was perhaps among the first American haiku poets to utilize this technique—derived, of course, from Japanese haiku masters—consistently. In his classic collection *The Turtle’s Ears* (1971), based on canoeing adventures in the Midwest, Spiess typically juxtaposes an image on shore with one on the water, often binding them together with complex sound patterns:

Lean-to of tin;  
a pintail on the river  
in the pelting rain

Because of the brevity of haiku, they can usually only manage a single **cut** and therefore cannot reproduce the effects of a cinematic montage sequence, involving many rapid cuts. It would take a more extended genre such as *renku* to approximate such effects. Haiku can, however, reproduce the effects of a variety of different types of expressive cinematic shots and cuts.

The **establishing shot**, for instance, is a device used to set the scene, in terms of location, time, and mood. In film, a famous landmark is sometimes used synecdochically to convey the necessary information about location succinctly: François Truffaut’s *The 400 Blows* (1959) opens with a shot of the Eiffel Tower, and Judy Irving’s *The Wild Parrots of Telegraph Hill* (2003) immediately presents the Golden Gate Bridge. Typically, such images appear in an **extreme long shot**, after which the camera can begin honing in on details, using a **medium shot** or a **close-up**. Haiku can function similarly, moving from an extreme long shot that situates the poem in spacetime to an extreme close-up that records a telling detail:

## Frogpond XXX:3

Sierra sunrise . . .  
pine needles sinking deeper  
in a patch of snow

*(Christopher Herold, Woodnotes: 12, 1992)*

Often, because of the traditional importance of the *kigo*, haiku tend to emphasize a temporal setting without specifying a precise geographical location (a less important consideration in haiku than in film):

autumn twilight:  
the wreath on the door  
lifts in the wind

*(Nick Virgilio, Selected Haiku, 1988)*

solstice dawn  
a flotilla of sea ducks  
turns eastward

*(Kirsty Karkow, water poems, 2005)*

Another and rarer variant, creating a different sort of effect, is to cut from a specific detail to the establishing shot:

boulders  
just beneath the boat  
it's dawn

*(John Wills, Reed Shadows, 1987)*

A **match cut** juxtaposes two images that share some striking similarity. David Lean's *Lawrence of Arabia* (1962) cuts from a lighted match being blown out to a desert sunrise, and Stanley Kubrick's *2001: A Space Odyssey* (1968) cuts from a bone tossed into the air to a space station—encompassing in two images the entire history of human technology. Match cuts are

## Haiku Society of America

common in haiku, although unlike in the film examples above haiku images will typically be understood to be visible from a single vantage point in spacetime:

pink sunset  
through each flamingo's stance  
another flamingo

*(an'ya, haiku for a moonless night, 2003)*

summer stars  
the trumpet glinting  
from its case

*(Lenard D. Moore, The Heron's Nest 5.1., 2003)*

steeping tea . . .  
I count the bags  
of raked leaves

*(Kirsty Karkow, Modern Haiku 36.3, 2005)*

Note how sometimes, as in the first example above, the first member of the matched pair also functions as an establishing shot.

Alfred Hitchcock introduced the **aural match cut** in his thriller *The Thirty-Nine Steps* (1935) by cutting from a woman's scream to a train whistle. This technique has been widely imitated by subsequent filmmakers and can also be used as the basis for a haiku:

glissandos  
rippling from the strings  
wind from the sea

*(Elizabeth Searle Lamb, Across the Windharp, 2000)*

A **point of view shot** or a **subjective shot** occurs when the

## Frogpond XXX:3

camera reveals the perspective of a specific individual, involving the viewer in that individual's perceptions and frame of mind. Haiku can use the same technique to express emotions ranging from anxiety:

exploring the cave . . .  
my son's flashlight beam  
disappears ahead

*(Lee Gurga, Fresh Scent, 1998)*

to wonder:

camping alone one star then many

*(Jim Kacian, Frogpond 29.2, 2006)*

A more radical form of a subjective shot is a **flashback**, used extensively in films such as Sidney Lumet's *The Pawnbroker* (1964). Flashbacks are rare in haiku, but they can be used to convey a Proustian connection between an image and lost time:

cold moon—  
a moment of hesitation  
years ago

*(John Stevenson, The Heron's Nest, 8.4, 2006)*

A cut similar to a subjective shot that proceeds from an individual directly to what the individual sees is known as **eyeline matching**:

I lay down  
all the heavy packages—  
autumn moon

*(Patricia Donegan, Without Warning, 1990)*

## Haiku Society of America

What might be considered the opposite technique, cutting from an object to a person's response to it, is known as a **reaction shot**:

summer sunset  
the photographer  
takes a step back

*(Marcus Larsson, Frogpond 29.3, 2006)*

Haiku frequently juxtapose images and sounds, mirroring cinematic counterpoint between image and **soundtrack**; but because of the linear nature of writing, the effect still comes across like a cut rather than a simultaneous cinematic presentation of image and sound:

heat lightning  
the screams  
of mating raccoons

*(Wally Swist, The Silence Between Us, 2005)*

faint stars...  
the cabby speaks  
of home

*(Timothy Hawkes, The Heron's Nest 5.12, 2003)*

Haiku can also combine an image and commentary, creating an effect analogous to **voiceover narration** in cinema:

snowy night  
sometimes you can't be  
quiet enough

*(John Stevenson, quiet enough, 2004)*

In the right hands, the counterpoint between image and state-

## Frogpond XXX:3

ment can avoid redundancy and be used artfully, as in Terence Malick's film *Days of Heaven* (1978) or in Stevenson's haiku.

Some haiku create effects that can perhaps best be conceptualized not as cuts but as approximations of camera movements. A **tilt** occurs when the camera eye pivots on a vertical plane, moving either up:

rows of corn  
stretch to the horizon...  
sun on the thunderhead

*(Lee Gurga, Fresh Scent, 1998)*

or down:

weathered bridge  
everything but the moon  
drifting downstream

*(Rick Tarquinio, The Heron's Nest 6.8., 2004)*

The complementary motion of moving the camera along the horizontal plane is known as a **pan**. Its expressive uses range from showing something occurring next to something else:

flag-covered coffin:  
the shadow of the bugler  
slips into the grave

*(Nick Virgilio, Selected Haiku, 1988)*

to revealing the full extent or trajectory of an object:

the broken harp string  
curving  
into sunlight

*(Elizabeth Searle Lamb, Across the Windharp, 2000)*

A **tracking shot** occurs when the camera is moved forward, backward, or sideways. Nick Avis approximates such an effect in a single-line haiku that seems to move forward through a barren forest, coming to rest on a colorful contrasting image:

deep inside the faded wood a scarlet maple

*(bending with the wind, 1993)*

In a **zoom**, an object is brought closer to view to reveal telling details:

the goose droppings  
spattered on spring grass  
full of spring grass

*(D. Claire Gallagher, Modern Haiku, 33.2, 2002)*

It is also possible to zoom out from something, moving from a detail to a broader, more revealing perspective:

The white of her neck  
as she lifts her hair for me  
to undo her dress

*(Bernard Lionel Einbond, Haiku Magazine 2.3, 1968)*

A related technique is a **rack focus**, in which the focus shifts within a single stationary shot from one object to another, often redirecting a viewer's attention from something in the foreground to something in the background. John Wills approximates this effect in the following haiku:

keep out sign  
but the violets keep on  
going

*(Reed Shadows, 1987)*



## Frogpond XXX:3

A **long take** occurs when the point of view simply lingers on an image and records a slowly unfolding event in a single shot:

A wisp of spring cloud  
drifting apart from the rest...  
slowly evaporates

*(Tom Tico, Spring Morning Sun, 1998)*

the mirror fogs,  
a name written long ago  
faintly reappears

*(Rod Willmot, Sayings for the Invisible, 1988)*

Haiku sometimes imitate even more complex cinematic effects, such as **time-lapse photography**, in which events recorded over a long period of time are compressed, making processes such as the blooming of a flower into rapid, dramatic events:

lily:  
out of the water . . .  
out of itself

*(Nick Virgilio, Selected Haiku, 1988)*

winter moon  
taking all night to cross  
so small a pond

*(Ken Hurm, Frogpond 12.1, 1989)*

Tracking shots, zooms, rack focus, long takes, and time-lapse effects bring us out of montage back to the realm of mise-en-scène, demonstrating the many possibilities inherent in this latter technique. Haiku conceptualized as utilizing tilts or pans would also belong in this category.

Some film directors are associated principally with montage

## Haiku Society of America

(Sergei Eisenstein, Alain Resnais) and others with *mise-en-scène* (Max Ophüls, Kenji Mizoguchi); the truth, however, is that all cinema employs both techniques. Likewise, both occur in classic Japanese haiku. Consider, for instance, these *mise-en-scène* haiku by Buson (translated by Takafumi Saito and William R. Nelson, *1,020 Haiku in Translation*, 2006)<sup>(2)</sup>:

Against the sunset  
Swallows  
Returning home.

Chisels of a stone mason  
Cooled  
In the clear spring water.

Although haiku and film are very different arts in many obvious and essential respects, the correspondence between certain cinematic and haiku techniques is striking.<sup>(3)</sup> I can't pretend to have exhausted all the possible parallels. My main point has been simply to demonstrate how the technical vocabulary of cinema can be used to analyze haiku effects with a fair degree of precision, allowing writers and readers to be even more acutely conscious of the manifold possibilities of haiku expression.

### Notes:

(1) The subject of haiku's influence on film is significant but beyond the scope of this article. The celebrated Soviet filmmaker Sergei Eisenstein (1898–1948), for instance, spoke Japanese and used haiku as a model for his theories of montage.

(2) Although these haiku do not have internal cuts, both end with the *kireji* (or cutting word) “kana,” which according to William J. Higginson “indicates an author's wonder at the object, scene, or event” (*The Haiku Handbook*, McGraw-Hill Book Company, 1985, p. 291).

(3) Haiku is obviously more “democratic” than cinema, in that it requires only pen(cil) and paper, not expensive (and unwieldy) film equipment.

## COBWEB: Single-Words Shisan

February 5-16, 2007

*H. Gene Murtha*

*Paul MacNeil*

*William J. Higginson*

*(With an homage hokku by Cor van den Heuvel)*

tundra	cvdh
cobweb	hgm
valance	pm
ion	wjh
moon	wjh
hayride	pm
woodpecker	hgm
Viagra®	wjh
Venusians	pm
divorce	hgm
quince	hgm
pollen	pm

### *Notes on Composition and the Verses:*

Notes begin with season (if any), topic(s), type (person-place), linking method. A comment follows. (Comments not otherwise attributed are Bill's.)

*tundra*

Summer, landscape, place. Cor van den Heuvel's famous one-line haiku is suggested as our hokku by Paul MacNeil, in response to Gene Murtha's offering of the next verse as a single-word poem; Paul says "'tundra' seems logically to be a summer kigo," and we accept it as such. (Note: Cor has said privately that he considers this a spring verse.)

*cobweb*

Summer, arachnid, place; things (locus, visual chord). Gene originally offers this as a one-word poem on the *Haiku Talk 2* e-list. Paul responds that this strikes him as a summer wakiku, set in the same time and place as—he proposes it as a sequel to—Cor's verse, taken as an homage hokku, and then Paul suggests continuing a renku with single-word stanzas. While working on the piece, we continue to call the whole poem "cobweb" in honor of Gene's initial verse. While the title of a renku normally derives from the first stanza, we also don't want to seem too high-handed in borrowing Cor's famous piece to begin the renku.

*valance*

No season, furnishings, place; things (locus). This is Paul's offering, which he styles as "daisan, no season, shifted indoors." He invites others to join in, pointing out that the moon should be in verse #5 (assuming a normal kasen-like progression).

*ion*

No season, chemistry, place (self implied); words (pun). This is my response, which I style as "no season, set-up" for the following verse. Note the deliberate pun on the homonym "valence" for the previous verse.

*moon*

Autumn, celestial body, place; words (pun). I provide the "moon" as per Paul's instructions, saying "sorry, couldn't resist punning in both directions" (i.e., reading "ion" as "eye on" and thus making the two verses taken together a translation of the Japanese term *tsukimi*, "moon viewing"). Paul responds "Oooh, Bill, 3 to 4 a homophonic link! Neat, and Io is a moon all by itself . . . ha!"

*hayride*

Autumn, social event, public; things (action in setting). This is Paul's neat solution to the apparent lack of people thus far and the constraints of single-word stanzas involving season words, as he says, "autumn (people implied)."

*woodpecker*

Winter, bird, place; things. Gene returns to the poem with a more direct animal reference, this time to a bird normally signifying autumn in haikai—read on. At this point, forward motion lags for several rounds on the list, so I look over what we have so far and suggest the option of completing a traditional shisan in single-word-stanza style, offering the following stanza. Were we going for a kasen, three autumn stanzas here would be appropriate. But, adjusting to the shisan format, we accept "woodpecker" as a winter kigo in order to not lose the delight of it, and to meet the requirements of the shisan form. (See the note on shisan at the end.)

*Viagra®*

No season, love, medicine, proper noun, corporate greed (implied), self and other (implied); words (pun). This one is a nod to the American haiku poet Arlene Teck, whose business is inventing names for new products. She invented the name "Viagra." I ask my fellow poets if this seems like a possible throw-back, with a reference to medicine after the earlier reference to chemistry. Or, perhaps, it too obviously continues a narrative started with the moon / hayride stanzas.

*Venusians*

No season, love, sci fi, proper noun, other; scent (fantasy). Paul offers this with the following comments: "On one level this is a fantasy topic, beings from mythology—Venus the planet being no-season and associated as the embodiment of 'love' . . . I also note that since we have moon, this is a second heavenly body but only by implication." and "Hey, if the moon precludes this, or the letter V, I'll start again." We like the verse, and accept it as being about "people," not the planet. In larger renku formats, I have not paid much attention to the initial letters of stanzas, but perhaps in single-words renku we should. In any case, "Venusians" is in, as we don't want to lose forward motion and the special juice that comes with light, quick improvisation.

*divorce*

No season, love, disaster, self; scent (alienation). Gene, when asked for the next two single-words verses, at first offers for this position the name of a sport which we have to reject on the grounds of its season, and then replaces it with this. A sharp break with the fantasy world of love and mythology, space aliens, and the like, “divorce” comes as a surprise, and is his response to the suggestion that a disaster of some sort must appear before a renku is complete. As a love topic, “divorce” continues the theme of love overlong, for a renku of this short length (see Paul’s comment on the next stanza), but also goes so far in the other direction, we really like the way it shifts and shakes things up at this point. In a normal shisan renku, I’d also be a bit uncomfortable with such violence and negativity leaking into the last three stanzas, but, from another perspective, divorce itself can be a blessing, a release from intolerable circumstance, and the beginning of the next phase of one’s life. As William Carlos Williams said, “Divorce is a sign of knowledge in our times” — or something like that.

*quince*

Spring (blossom), place; scent (unexpected). This seems a marvelous spring blossom verse; the blossoms of the quince are not as showy as those of some other fruit trees, though quite attractive. While it worked well enough with the sport Gene offered initially, it works extremely well when linked with “divorce”. Some quince trees produce sharp spines, making this verse well accord with the tone of “divorce”. (The single name of a fruit tree, in English, usually refers to the autumnal fruit. But here, with the constraints that single-words composition imposes, I think we can take it in the Japanese fashion, wherein the name of a flowering tree, the single word by itself, usually refers to the blossoms. That, coupled with the normal penultimate position of the blossom verse, should make the reference to blossoms rather than fruit evident to those familiar with renku. Others, perhaps, will understand it when they see it together with the final, spring verse.) The horticulturalists among us may recall the quince’s connection to the Middle East (originated in northern Iran, according to one of my guides to flora), which provides an implied link from personal disaster to current events on the world scale. Paul indicates some of the difficulties encountered in this two-

## Frogpond XXX:3

verse sequence: “In a *kasen* (36) or other longish form, I’d love mention of “divorce” as either a third love stanza or at the least a ‘following love’ verse. In a *shisan* (12) it does seem another love in the sequence. . . . I’m happy enough with it (divorce) if you are, and, certainly, quince—the tartness—is a link to divorce. I’m not sure the world-event association you find will be available to most folks—but? Not an important consideration, as another path is available.” All in all, this is probably the most complex and provocative link (from “divorce” to “quince”) in the *renku*.

### *pollen*

Spring, plants, place; things. Offering this, Paul says, “I hope it is uplifting. Feels it to me, pregnant with hope and the spark of new life. The U.Virginia *saijiki* (Spring) shows this as *hanabokori* or literally and very charmingly ‘blossom dust,’ ‘pollen.’ Bees are implied (all spring) I guess, yet the pollen can be wind-borne too—all leading to new life. The link is quite close—but, yea verily, this kind of *renku* doth pinch, methinks.”

Well, here ends our brief experiment. We offer this not as a great work of *renku* art, but as a provocation. Hopefully, it takes us a little deeper into thinking about links between stanzas, and about the range of denotations and connotations of the words we use in *renku*. And, if anyone wants to take up the challenge, well, enjoy single-words *renku*!

Note on the *Shisan*:

This 12-verse *renku* format involves four “pages” of three stanzas each, with each page having one or two verses devoted to a particular season, the seasons proceeding in their natural order from the *hokku*. The Japanese poet Kaoru Kubota invented the format in the 1970s, as an accommodation to the needs of foreign poets just getting into linked poetry, Japanese-style. The single-words adaptation was invented by Paul MacNeil, H. Gene Murtha, and William J. Higginson, with this poem.

“Tundra” copyright © 1963 Cor van den Heuvel, by the author’s permission.

## Re:Readings

*Jim Kacian on Michael Ketchek* (“sitting on the porch / blowing smoke / into rain”) “The poet at home, deftly self-deprecating (merely ‘blowing smoke’)—no clash of the titans here, just a mutual regard, and the quiet pleasure of one force of nature acknowledging another. He does, and writes, as we all wish we could more often—just being, on the porch, admiring the rain, knowing what we’re doing is no big deal, and the biggest deal possible.”

*Jim Kacian on Michael McClintock* (“the full moon: / I love a night / that simple”)

“Michael McClintock:  
I love a poet  
that simple”

*Scott Metz on Tyler Pruett* (“powder blue song of a robin . . .”) “I’ve come to this poem in two different ways and take great pleasure in thinking about it in those ways at different times. The first is that the song is happening in the here and now, the wonderful use of ellipses allowing the song to continue, the day to continue, the season to move forward. The other is that the song is over (albeit only temporarily) and the poet is reflecting upon it and its powdery nature, the ellipses, again wonderful, this time conveying the poet’s mind and thoughts, the ‘blue’ in this case possibly even evoking a kind of sadness. This haiku moves me in the ways that it touches my ears (song), fingertips and mind/heart/soul (powder) and eyes (blue). The blue takes me to the clear skies of spring as well as the shape and size of the robin’s egg. There is also such a sense of time and time passing/fleeting in the poem. The poem begins with ‘powder,’ eliciting such power for what follows. ‘powder’ not only sets the stage for the song itself but for the entire poem, the entire world, even all of the life within that world. To have written ‘soft blue’ would have been fine but ‘powder blue’ elevates this haiku into something even more meaningful and imaginative. It makes the robin's voice and everything about it



more physical—all of which I want to touch and know and contemplate more intimately. This is one of the very best haiku I feel I've read of late and hope to read more like it more often. I don't feel I have to read this poem anymore though. It's a part of me now."

*H. F. Noyes on Tami Fraser* ("snowing / all the way / to the ground") and *Ruth Yarrow* ("rounded boulders / the mountain torrent / around them") "I like and respect Tami Fraser's [poem]. Nature often surprises us in its most simple forms. In our complex world, simplicity is so easily overlooked. Lao-tsu, father of Taoism, urged us to embrace simplicity. And I feel so strongly Ruth Yarrow's inward embrace in her [poem]."

*Robert Epstein on Patrick Sweeney* ("sea salt / my mother's / freckled arm") "This haiku immediately washed up to the shore of consciousness a memory of being at Rockaway Beach in NY when I was five or six. I loved going to the ocean during the summer, where my mother's mother and her surviving siblings vacationed. Although my grandmother was bitter and depressed (I later learned) because her mother and eight beloved siblings perished in the Holocaust, she seemed to genuinely enjoy herself, however briefly, at the beach. In my mind's eye, I see her wet, tanned arms splashing water at me and smiling gleefully. It was my grandmother who taught me to love."

*Robert Epstein on Rebecca Lilly* ("Years we were away— / through driftwood / the water's clarity") "Our family moved away from my childhood home when I was thirteen because my father got a job in another state and the commute was too long. My world was shattered and it took some thirty years to recover from the devastating loss. I have still not reclaimed the sense of home; I long for the clarity of feeling at home again. A poignant poem that encapsulates for me a lifetime of pain. I cannot even imagine what it would be like to return to my childhood home for a day's visit, let alone to live."

*Robert Epstein on Andrea Grillo* ("church graveyard / the thin brown stones / hunch forward") "We console ourselves that those who have passed on are resting in peace. This poem presents a disturbing vision of frail souls hunched forward in fear or distress or straining to whisper something to passersby.

When my father died five years ago, my mother told me what her grandmother had said to her some seventy years prior: ‘You mustn’t cry when a loved one dies, or your tears will fill their coffin.’ My mother was determined not to shed any tears, at least not any that we would see. What happens to our souls after death? I will live with the unknown, yet the thin brown stones have my deepest sympathy.”

*Dan Schwerin on Ruth Yarrow* (“rounded boulders / the mountain torrent / around them”) “It seems like a scene we have walked past before but this rendering suggests the abundance of nature, the refreshing cool of summer, pouring out. I appreciate the natural images. I too easily gather in what the human is doing in the scene. Haiku like this offer something of the natural abundance, comfort, and the effortlessly timeless in the space of a breath. It’s the reason one goes to the mountain. What epic says more?”

*Curtis Dunlap on Richard Straw* (“Drowning”) “What a poignant piece Richard has written in his haibun entitled ‘Drowning.’ There is much to be considered here. Though very sick, the father’s ‘be good’ shows that he is still the caring, nurturing parent. There is also the terrible irony in the haiku and the prose; how easily the father held ‘his son above the waves’ while the son, now grown, is unable to keep his father from drowning. Indeed, the son now holds the arms that once held him so that the nurse can suction fluid from his father’s throat. And yet, there appears to be a bond that will not be broken; the father is unresponsive, but leans toward his son when the latter lovingly swabs his forehead with a damp washcloth. Masterfully written, this is one of the most moving haibun I’ve ever read.”

*Emily Romano on Robert Gournier* (“chin stubble—/ a sleeper / among rose bushes”) “Such prickliness in this haiku . . . chin stubble and rose thorns! Yet at the heart of it, a sleeper dreams (or not) as if on a downy cloud. All around us are prickly situations, yet in a moment of meditation, or sleep, we may find peace.”

*Emily Romano on Harriot West* (“falling snow / the hen’s warmth / in the egg”) “Anyone who has lifted an egg from be-

## Frogpond XXX:3

neath the warm body of a hen can identify with this haiku moment. To set this moment in the cold of winter is a stroke of genius. It is one thing to feel the warmth of the egg on a temperate day, but to feel such warmth on a cold day as the poet walks from the chicken coop to the house, enjoying the comfort of the warm egg in her cold hand makes the moment unforgettable.”

*Dee Evetts on Darold D. Braida* (“from Denmark / the gulls follow the ferry / back to Sweden”) “These days there is a bridge connecting Denmark and Sweden, and this has resulted in the demise of the Copenhagen-Malmo ferry service. But further north on the sound a boat still plies between Helsingor and Helsingborg, and the gulls go back and forth behind it, just as they do between Dover and Calais, Vancouver and Victoria, Kowloon and Hong Kong. The poet observes this with the plainest of statements, and yet evokes both the excitement and the ordinariness of crossing the water. The perennial movement of humans and birds, the symbiosis of species, the cycles that underpin our quotidian life, as well as the oddness of nationality—these are the larger themes just below the surface of Braida’s simple-sounding poem.”

Frogpond - Third Decade

the moon follows as far as I'm willing to go

*Marlene Mountain (USA)*

Volume XXVII:3 2004

# BOOK REVIEWS

**By Judson Evans**

Pages 75 - 77    *Matsuo Basho's Poetic Spaces:  
Exploring Haikai Intersections*

Kerkham, Elenna, Ed.

**By Alice Frampton**

Pages 77 - 78    *Border Lands*

Kacian, Jim

**By Carolyn Hall**

Pages 78 - 81    *The Parsley Bed: Haiku Stories*

Jones, Ken

**By Bruce Ross**

Pages 82 - 85    *D'un ciel à l'aure /  
From one sky to another*

Chipot, Dominique  
(Director of Publication)

*Matsuo Basho's Poetic Spaces: Exploring Haikai Intersections*, edited by Elenna Kerkham (Palgrave MacMillan, 2006) is a scholarly anthology covering all aspects of Basho's oeuvre from haiku and haibun to haiku-no-renga and haiga. While this specialist text may not be available in smaller libraries, it is worth seeking out because it offers provocative perspectives on broad issues of interpretation as well as specific close readings of interpretative cruxes in well known Basho texts. Essays that offer broad-ranging perspectives include Kerkham's own contribution, an essay on novelist Maori Atsushi's theory that *Oku no Hosomichi* is structured analogously to the Chinese four line verse the *jue-ju*. This piece offers an interesting pedagogical tool for teachers of Basho's text; while Leopold Hanami's piece, *Loosening the Links*, which defends a broader continuity of meaning within renku beyond adjoining verses, is instructive for English language writers of renku. Essays offering more specific, detailed treatment of interpretative cruxes include David Landis Barnhill's close reading of Basho's famous injunction from *Knapsack Notebook* "follow Nature, return to nature." Overall, the essays repay both the writer of English language haiku and related forms and those who study and teach Japanese literature.

For English language practitioners of haiku and haiku related forms, this anthology helps supplement the rich and far-reaching work of Professor Haruo Shirane (*Traces of Dreams*, 1998) in elucidating the cultural contexts of the haikai spirit. In particular, several authors explore the influence of Chinese philosophical and literary traditions on Basho's work, an area much less well-known to non-specialists than the influence of Buddhist tradition.

In "The Creative in Basho's View of Nature and Art," David Landis Barnhill investigates the Chinese concept of *Zaohua* (translated into Japanese as *Zoka*) that underlies language in Basho often ambiguously and misleadingly translated into English as either "Nature" (suggesting merely an arrangement of natural objects) or, at the opposite extreme, as a transcendental "God". Barnhill helps us find a more open-ended, dynamic creative force at play in these passages, a sense of trans-

formation that is immanent within the creation. This leads to a re-reading and re-interpretation of some well-known passages in Basho, such as the haibun on Matsushima in *Okonohosomichi*, and several of Basho's comments on the role of the poet, such as that from the *Knapsack Notebook* quoted above. Barnhill claims that Basho sees the poet as one who "reinject[s] the animate totality of nature... [and expresses] the power to 'be' Nature, not to make that 'second nature,' whose identity comes from its distinction from first nature."

William R. La Fleur, in his essay *Skeletons on the Path*, does further work in excavating deep roots of Chinese Taoist influence in Basho's poetry, specifically through the *Zhuangzi*. La Fleur brings his scholarship to bear on a passage in Basho's *Journey of Bleached Bones in a Field* that might easily leave the modern reader somewhat puzzled and disturbed—a passage in which Basho discovers an abandoned child in his travels, and without making attempt to intervene, wanders on after making a pronouncement that the blame for the child's dire situation rests neither with the child, himself, nor his mother or father, but rather with (in various translations) destiny or fate. La Fleur convincingly analyzes the Chinese Taoist concepts embedded in Basho's vocabulary, and shows that when Basho calls for the child to "cry out...to Heaven," he is drawing upon the political implications in the Chinese concept of *Tianming*, Heaven's Mandate. Far from a mere fatalism or quietism, La Fleur shows the underlying political critique built into Basho's response, since "on the deepest level ideas of Heaven's Mandate present us with a gap between the human order as it ought to be and as it actually is."

Although there are multiple perspectives and insights within the essays here too numerous to summarize, I will conclude by mentioning Horikiri Monoru's fascinating re-reading of several of Basho's haiku that focus on subtle sounds on the border of inaudibility. Noting some rather odd and reactionary 19th century racial theories on the uniqueness of the structure of the Japanese brain and the way it processes sound, the author explores a distinction in Japanese poetic vocabulary between ordinary sound and the normally inaudible imaginary sounds of

small things: a lotus opening or a worm eating its way inside a chestnut. The essay suggests a niche for a phenomenologist like Gaston Bachelard to arise among Japanese scholars and devote a full study to the complex contexts of sound in Japanese culture.

Overall, this anthology offers scholarly insight into issues that have immediate bearing on the reading of Basho's poetry and its value for our own practice as haiku poets.

*Judson Evans*

Kacian, Jim *Border Lands* (Red Moon Press, 2006 P. O. Box 2461, Winchester, VA 22604-1661) ISBN 1-893959-58-9, unpaginated, sixteen haibun, semi-gloss cover, \$6.95 from the publisher.

In his twelfth book *Border Lands*, Jim Kacian enters a dimension not many of us would feel we could face. However, traveling with him into the unknown we return the better for it.

hazy moon  
the Muslim woman's eyes  
behind her veil

Through war zones, loneliness, and feelings of uselessness he remains steadfast to his promise of friendship. From the top of a mountain into the valley below he writes "little me."

In the same style as *Six Directions*, Kacian uses haibun and haiku to take us with him on his journey. Sharing every page, we see, smell, touch, hear, and taste his fear, his elation, his likes, his dislikes, and his "old world" loyalty from his command of the English language and the haiku form. Passages like, "the gold of the vaults has been tarnished by centuries of burnt myrrh," followed by:

a feeble light  
the slow melting  
of the eucharist

## Haiku Society of America

pull us in and take us there. Throughout, he uses interesting techniques to catch and guide the reader well into a myriad of human emotions. The title of each haibun is taken from the last two or three words of each piece, creating a circle, and each piece contains and is followed by poems such as:

departing bus —  
a child I don't know  
waves to me

If anything lacks it's in his chapter entitled "and salt" where, for a moment, he slips into a telling mode; "The women serve the men. The men honor the women," which is very uncharacteristic of this author. And later, one slightly contrived haiku:

after the wake  
a shawl on the chair  
unknits itself

though these small sidesteps are totally forgivable in such an otherwise fantastic experience

*Alice Frampton*

Jones, Ken *The Parsley Bed: Haiku Stories* Foreword by *Caroline Gourlay* (Pilgrim Press, Troedrihwsebon, Cwmrheidol, Abersystwyth, SY23 3NB, Wales, 2006) ISBN: 0-9539901-4-1. 114 pp., 8 1/2" x 5 1/2" perfect softbound. \$15 (dollar bills only, please) from the publisher, or order through [www.gwales.com](http://www.gwales.com).

"His voice is the most striking thing about him," says Ken Jones speaking of his alter-ego in "Such Stuff as Dreams are Made of," one of the 34 haibun in this very engaging collection. He is right on the mark. Jones' voice reverberates with gusto, delectable turns of phrase, and a Welsh sensibility that adds a dimension of the exotic to his prose (and necessitates



Welsh glossaries at the end of some of the pieces). In his introduction to the book, Jones describes his haibun as prose written the style of haiku, i.e., “a tiny coiled spring that can release subtle and fleeting insights into how life is, a heartfelt acceptance of the suchness of things, a whiff of existential liberation.” That liberation extends from truthful to “truthlike” (i.e., clearly fictional) haibun ultimately grounded, Jones says, in his own experience. In many of his haibun “‘reality’ readily becomes reverie and myth. Things are never quite what they seem.” Like haiku, his haibun all take place in the present--even when the story being told takes place on a battlefield in the year 1401. Jones has a great appetite for history, and his quest for discovering the past on its own turf takes him, and us, on a journey to the commonwealth of fairies, an ancient nunnery, a Zen monastery (“sitting eight hours a day, locked in one kind of lotus or another”). Typical of his narrative style is this descriptive scene from “Rusty Iron”:

*Finally I make it over into a closed-off upland. Just below is a long loch, an exclamation mark full stopped by a shining lochan at the far end. Late lunch on a buttock-shaped boulder.*

Soda bread and honey  
the mountain sits  
apart, indifferent

*Other mountains have wished me a happy birthday, but not this one, on my seventy-fifth. There is usually at least a marker stone placed on the occasional boulder; faint signs of a path along the ridge; a boot print here and there. But on this one, nothing. As if no one had ever been here before me.*

And in "The Question":

*Ty Malwoden - the Snail House. Out on the point I have raised a cairn. Its white quartz cap catches the first and the last sun of each day - however rarely offered. From*

## Haiku Society of America

*beneath an angler's umbrella I flick the question back  
and forth across my mind, with never a bite. Deftly shied,  
my slates skip and skim, but never reach the other shore.*

It is that unquenched thirst for answers to life's perplexing questions that seems to drive each one of these haibun. And it is Jones' predilection for pushing a haibun-length story to its limits which makes this book a fascinating read.

The book is divided into five segments: 1) Life & Times, 2) People & Places, 3) Grandeur, Folly & Fun, 4) Dreams, Memories & Imagery, and 5) The Grave & Constant, with a selection of a dozen or more related haiku separating one section from the next. The stand-alone haiku are often personal and amusing:

Married thirty years  
and still can't slice a grapefruit  
into equal halves

By the coffee and mints  
we're down to moles  
and their habits

Well-thumbed public map  
"You are Here"  
no longer there

But they are too often (at least for my taste) flat and unsurprising:

Ageing address book  
the living squeezed  
between the dead

In the old summer house  
his brass compass  
her straw hat

## Frogpond XXX:3

The haiku embedded in the haibun for the most part do the job they are intended to do, leading the reader deeper into the prose. Still it is the brilliant storytelling that makes this book memorable.

Jones is no novice. *The Parsley Bed* is his third published collection of haibun. He is co-editor of *Contemporary Haibun*, and in the quarterly online version, *Contemporary Haibun Online*, he has published a series of essays on how to craft fine haibun. His advice is sound—and he clearly knows how to take good advice, even when (or perhaps especially when) it is his own.

Jones says that the writing of haibun is, for him, an integral part of half a lifetime's practice of Zen Buddhism. "He dares to reveal much of himself in his writing," says Caroline Gourlay in her Foreword, "and thus elicits from the reader a similarly human response."

Unless you've read one of Ken Jones' earlier collections, I expect you've never read a book quite like this one. I recommend that you begin now.

*Carolyn Hall*

Frogpond - Third Decade

a yellow leaf  
touching the green ones  
on its way down

*K. Ramesh (India)*

Volume XXV:2 2002

Chipot, Dominique (Director of Publication) *D'un ciel à l'aure / From one sky to another* (Editions de l'Association Française de Haiku, 14 Rue Molière, 54280 Seichamps, France 2006. Illustrations by Senadin Tursic. ISBN 2-9522178-0-7. 296pp., 5.75" x 8.25" perfect softbound. \$25 from the publishers at (<http://www.afhaiku.org>).

There is a bright expressionistic painting by Chagall, "Paris through the Window" (1913), of a window's view of the Paris cityscape, including the Eiffel Tower. In a way the spirit of this monumental volume of European Union haiku follows the painting.

The French Haiku Association chose 221 haiku from 66 authors from 16 countries. There were 1,100 haiku submitted on a number of themes: the beginning of April, night, tree, the National Day, the open window. The anthology is preceded by three short introductions [by] Dominique Chipot, founder and president of the association, and concluded by information on the included haiku poets, the translators, the illustrator, and the association.

It is a handsome volume. A glossy cobalt blue cover with incandescent white stars trailing across the front and back covers. Fourteen engravings by Senadin Tursic are interspersed throughout the anthology. The impressive full page engravings are semi-abstract landscapes and waterscapes, some, like "Golden Waters" and "Every Evening," based on traditional Japanese painting. Each haiku poet's entry consists of the poet's name and country of residence and his or her poems, one to a page, in their original language with an English (Daniel Py, Klaus-Dieter Wirth), French (André Duhaime, Daniel Py, Klaus-Dieter Wirth), and Japanese translation (members of the Meguro Haiku International Circle). These poets and translations take different directions in terms of phrasing, idiom, punctuation, and general structure.

The translations, to my limited observation, seem clear and poetic in their phrasing, on occasion taking different possible choices as in this by David Cobb (England) that included the word "poky" which could mean "shabby" or "cramped":

## Frogpond XXX:3

a poky hotel—  
no space for my shadow  
to stretch

The German goes for “schäbiges” (“shabby”), the French “exigu” (“small”), and the Japanese “mijikai” (“short”).

In a haiku by Daniel Dölschner (Germany) the German repeating of “unter” (“under”) possibly adds a note of awe and musicality in a pattern of “n” and “t” sounds in addition to the possible humorous delight of the French and English translations:

Sommernacht.	Nuit d'été.	Summer night
Wir liegen unter Sternen	Sous les étoiles	Under the stars
sie unter mir	sur elle	on top of her

In a wonderful haiku by Daniel Py (France) the musical pattern of “l's” in this two-liner becomes equally melodious in the pattern of “f's” in the English translation:

lendemain de feux d'artifice	day after the fireworks
les éclairs de l'orage	the flashes from the storm

By far most of the anthology haiku take up the window theme. Three of them begin with an open window: the simple hominess of a neighbor’s cooking by Edin Sarajevic (Slovenia), the extraordinary image of a cloud through a torn curtain by Aksinia Mikhailova (Bulgaria), and the sound of cicadas near a school by Djurdja Vukelic-Rozic (Croatia):

open window—	the open window
buckwheat mash on the stove	the old curtain
in a neighbor's house	mended with a grey cloud

the open windows  
on the school building  
cicadas, cicadas

## Haiku Society of America

The eye is the window to the soul and the window is a metaphor for the entrance of the mind, spirit, feeling, or imagination into the world of experience or transport, as in these haiku and Chagall's painting.

The theme of Independence Day issues of national feeling and memory become universal through the form of haiku. Notice the human synchronicity in Alenka Zorman (Slovenia), an important national event in modern history in Daniel Dölschner (Germany), and the pathos of war in Francis Attard (Malta):

Independence Day.

In the warm wind my scarf  
touches a stranger.

Touching the Wall

being touched by the Wall—  
Reunification Day

The National Day

a cool breeze sweeps leaves off—  
the hero's epitaph

This anthology is filled with wonderful seasonal haiku on harvest time by Geert Verbeke (Belgium) and Ion Codrescu (Romania), spring by Serge Tomé (Belgium), and autumn by Vasile Moldovan (Romania) (155, 44, 250, 266). The familiar resonance of silence appears in aesthetically transparent and imaginative haiku by Dominique Chipot (France), Horst Ludwig (Germany), Isabel Asunsolo (Spain), and Kai Falkman (Sweden) (90, 137, 152, 185). Unique and sensitive haiku on the persistence of nature in modern human spaces and the need for a connection with forebears are presented in haiku by Krzysztof Karwowski (Poland) and Roberta Beary (Ireland) (188, 245).

Some of the haiku are exquisitely crafted to offer an almost seamless evocation of feeling, as in a mystical metaphor in Alenka Zorman (Slovenia), an expression of simple joy in Damien Gabriels (France), and in a moment of transpersonal insight in David Cobb (England):

## Frogpond XXX:3

Roof by roof.  
Each smoke reaches  
its white cloud.

Coming home from work—  
I count on my way  
forsythias in blossoms

in the dark garden  
a distant lightning flash—  
the track of a snail

We are in the third century of Japanese artistic influence and the transformation of that influence on and by Europe. One thinks of the French Impressionists and Van Gogh in painting and early translations of tanka and later haiku in France and Romania. Now we have a full blooming gathering of where such influence and transformation has arrived in European haiku through this European Union anthology.

Overall “From one sky to another” offers many rewards and is highly recommended and, moreover, a high water mark for international haiku.

*Bruce Ross*

### **BOOKS RECEIVED:**

Nicolitov, Valentin (ed.) *Greieri si crizanteme/Crickets and Chrysanthemums: Haiku Antologie internationala* (Editura Orion, Bucharest 2007) ISBN 978-973-8020-75-1. 124 pp., 8.25" x 5.5" perfect softbound.

Jenkins, Nigel *O for a gun* (Planet Books, PO Box 44, Aberystwyth, Ceredigion SY 23 3ZZ, Cymru/Wales, UK, 2007) ISBN 978-09540881-7-0. 136 pp., 5.75" x 8.25" perfect softbound. £7.50 from the publisher.

Galloway, Linda (Ed.) *Rattle of Bamboo: A Haiku Collection* (The Southern California Haiku Study Group, 2007) No ISBN. 44 pp., 5.5" x 8.25" saddlestapled softbound. No price. Inquire at <dbyrd37@yahoo.com>.

## Haiku Society of America

Hryciuk, Marshall (Ed.) *Prose Karen: For pleasure, against Kapital, towards grace* (Imago Press, 30 Laws Street, Toronto ON M6P 2Y7 Canada, 2007). ISBN 0-920489-18-4. 94 pp., 6" x 7" perfect softbound. \$25C. Inquire at <imago@interlog.com>.

harpeng, jeffrey *Quarter Past Sometime* (Post Pressed, 207/50 Macquarie St. Teneriffe QLF 4005 Australia, 2007) ISBN 978-192121-41-7-2, 36 pp., 5.75" X 8.25" perfect softbound. No price. Inquire with the publisher.

Kraupe, Janina *Haiku* (Arti Do Tuum Gallery, ul. Zwierzyniecka 22, 31-105 Kraków, Poland, 2007). No ISBN. 16 pp., 5.75" x 5.75" saddlestapled softbound. No price. Inquire at <galeria@artidotuum.pl>.

King, Doreen *rose stems* (Tribe Press, Greenfield MA 2007) No ISBN. 24 pp., 4" x 3" saddlestitched softbound with wrapper. No price. Enquire with the publisher.

Wyatt, Bill *Samadhi Haiku Dust* (Self-published, available from Maitreya Buddhist Centre, 13 Sea Road, Bexhill on Sea, East Sussex TN40 1EE, UK, 2007) No ISBN. 56 pp., 5.75" x 8.25" perfect softbound. \$10US ppd.

Fratlicelli, Marco *watching the butterfly* (King's Road Press, 148 King's Road, Pointe Cliare, Quebec, H9R 4H4 Canada, 2007) No ISBN. 20 pp., 5.5" x 8.25" saddlestapled softbound. No price. Enquire with the publisher.

Fratlicelli, Marco and Philomene Kocher *The Second Time* (King's Road Press, 148 King's Road, Pointe Cliare, Quebec, H9R 4H4 Canada, 2007) No ISBN. 16 pp., 5.5" x 8.25" saddlestapled softbound. No price. Enquire with the publisher.

Fratlicelli, Marco and Carlyne Rohrig *Chalk Drawings* (King's Road Press, 148 King's Road, Pointe Cliare, Quebec, H9R 4H4 Canada, 2007) No ISBN. 20 pp., 5.5" x 8.25" saddlestapled softbound. No price. Enquire with the publisher.



### Frogpond XXX:3

Hall, Carolyn *Water Lines* (Snapshot Press, PO Box 132, Waterloo, Liverpool L22 8WZ UK, 2006). ISBN 978-1-903543-17-7. 80 pp., 5" x 7.75" perfect softbound. \$14US from the publisher.

Day, Cherie Hunter *The Horse with One Blue Eye* (Snapshot Press, PO Box 132, Waterloo, Liverpool L22 8WZ UK, 2006). ISBN 978-1-903543-15-3. 80 pp., 5" x 7.75" perfect softbound. \$14US from the publisher.

Gilli, Ferris *Shaped by the Wind* (Snapshot Press, PO Box 132, Waterloo, Liverpool L22 8WZ UK, 2006). ISBN 978-1-903543-16-0. 80 pp., 5" x 7.75" perfect softbound. \$14US from the publisher.

Paul, Matthew *The Regulars* (Snapshot Press, PO Box 132, Waterloo, Liverpool L22 8WZ UK, 2006). ISBN 978-1-903543-18-4. 80 pp., 5" x 7.75" perfect softbound. \$14US from the publisher.

Barlow, John *Waiting for the Seventh Wave* (Snapshot Press, PO Box 132, Waterloo, Liverpool L22 8WZ UK, 2006). ISBN 978-1-903543-11-5. 80 pp., 5" x 7.75" perfect softbound. \$14US from the publisher.

Brooks, Mark *A Handful of Pebbles* (Snapshot Press, PO Box 132, Waterloo, Liverpool L22 8WZ UK, 2006). ISBN 978-1-903543-10-8. 96 pp., 5" x 7.75" perfect softbound. \$14US from the publisher.

Terebess, Gábor *Haiku in the luggage* (artORIENT Press, Budapest, 2006) ISBN 963-9147-68-0. Translated from the Hungarian by Jon Tarnoc. 208 pp., 4.75" x 6.75" hardbound. No price. Enquire with the publisher at terebess@terebess.hu.

van den Heuvel, Cor & Nanei Tamura (Editors and Translators) *Baseball Haiku* (W. W. Norton, New York, 2007). ISBN 978-0-393-06219-9. xxxiv + 214 pp., 5" x 7" hardbound. \$19.95US in bookstores. (To be reviewed in the next issue)

*HSA*  
*NEWS*

*Pages 89 - 91 Virgilio Awards*

## 2007 Nicholas Virgilio Haiku Contest

*Judges:*  
*Ruth Eshbaugh*  
*Susan Delaney*

Haiku and senryu in their brevity are an art to master. Most of the entries to the Nick Virgilio Haiku Contest this year were senryu. Some missed the form of haiku or senryu altogether. Still in the entries we found again and again powerful images that showed thought and vulnerability. Should the author re-write with some further instruction there is potential for poignant haiku. All the submissions gave us a delightful and interesting look in to the young author's world. The scope of the content ranging from the mundane to the highly unusual thus showed an attempt by the authors to look at their world fresh with eyes open, senses at alert.

early spring  
the willowy girl  
runs around the track

*Sara Dill, 13, Grade 8*  
*School of the Arts*  
*Rochester, NY*

You can feel the cold crisp air and the sense of determination in each step. A young girl with her life ahead of her like the new spring day is full of promise. The comparison to a willow speaks of fluidity of movement and grace; a profound enjoyable evocative image of "youth." The rhythm of her step around a circular path is repeated in the mention of the season with its own circular rhythm.

spring morning  
her jelly shoes dry  
on the back porch

*Zoe Christopher, 14, Grade 9*  
*School of the Arts*  
*Rochester, NY*

Jelly shoes stand out as a delightfully unusual but recognizable image. It evokes an array of colors although in this haiku the color is unnamed. The smooth texture of the shoe and the

## Haiku Society of America

suggestion of wetness or even a puddle by the use of the word dry repeats the smooth surface and shape of the shoes. They are empty on the porch, but someone has worn them. They suggest a story, but it is left unsaid. So much is unsaid in this timeless glimpse of the mundane invaded by the colorful shoe that it makes a very interesting senryu to ponder.

the wind  
taking  
her secret

*Jordan Krueger, 17, Grade 12  
Wahlert High School  
Dubuque, IA*

The wind brings mystery into this simple senryu of two young girls sharing a secret. The very economical use of words suggests briefness. The secret is shared, the words spoken and are gone as quickly and silently and mysteriously as the wind. A secret shared is not to be repeated thus exists, but does not exist except between those who share it. An excellent expression in nature of the relationship is implied in this work. The word taking suggests something stolen or forbidden to share.

This senryu could also be read as someone with no one to share a secret. They speak instead into the wind creating a profound sense of aloneness and alienation by one who holds a secret no human ear can hear.

beep of the monitor  
reminding me . . .  
to hope

*Nicole Grogan, 18, Grade 12  
Wahlert High School  
Dubuque, IA*

There is a heart wrenching story behind this senryu. Life so precariously hanging in the balance that the author falters between despair and hope. With each heart beat life continues. As long as there is a heart beat there is hope. There is sense of waiting beside a bedside held captive by the monitor, distanced by technology but informed by it also. It is a surreal moment that anyone who has sat in that chair can slip into in a heart beat upon reading the senryu.

## Frogpond XXX:3

empty house  
echoes of laughter  
in the rotting wood

*Emily Onyan, 13, Grade 8  
School of the Arts  
Rochester, NY*

A mood is created in this senryu with many echoes or layers. There is the sight of the empty house, the mood that emptiness creates. The smell of the rotting wood is another layer that tells us the house is old and abandoned for years. The echoes of laughter are in the present and past connecting the unauthorized visitors that explore the empty rooms with the strangers who lived there at one time. Why do we love to explore abandoned places?

Valentine's Day  
the stop light stays red  
too long

*Pendle Marshall-Hallmark, 14  
School of the Arts, Grade 9  
Rochester, NY*

Expectation good or bad, anticipation of an encounter or the dread of a long lonely day is the stuff that Valentine's Day is made of. The color red like a stop light can't be ignored. Even if you want the day to end or want it to last forever the feeling of stress can't be ignored. It is the annoyance of a long red light when you are waiting for something more in life to happen but instead you are sitting in your car at a red light waiting.

Frogpond - Third Decade

fireflies—  
remembering things  
I've only imagined

*Kenneth Payne (USA)*

Volume XXIII:2 2000

## **HSA PATRONS**

Our thanks to these members who have made gifts beyond their memberships to support HSA and its work.

### **SPONSORS (GIFTS OF MORE THAN \$100)**

David Ash, Sydney Bougy, Jonathan Burr, Susan Delphine Delaney M.D., Michael Dwyer, Madeleine Findlay, Maria Flores-Schweinsberg, Abigail Friedman, M. J. Gerbauckas, Laverna Johnson, Jim Kacian, Harazaki Keizo, Scott Mason, Pamela Miller Ness, Charles D. Nethaway Jr, James A. Paulson, Michael Joseph Rehling, Helen Russell, John Stevenson, Johnye E. Strickland, Cor van den Heuvel, Billie Wilson, Karen Worth

### **DONORS (GIFTS OF MORE THAN \$50)**

Kay F. Anderson, Eric Arthen, David L. Bachelor, Jerry Ball, Janelle Barrera, Edith Bartholomeusz, John Candelaria, Kenneth Carrier, Ellen Compton, John W. Crossin OSFS, Jerome J. Cushman, George Daily, L. A. Davidson, John-Carl Davis, Kristen Deming, Virginia P. Dickson, Ann Eastabrooks, Eric H. Edwards, Rosemary Eller, Sally Estes, Efren Estevez, Rees A. Evans, Eileen Fappiano, Dr. Ross Figgins, Ann D. Foley, Anne French, Suzanne B. Friedman, D. Claire Gallagher, Brenda J. Gannam, John K. Gillespie, Scott Glander, Steven Gould, Carolyn Graetz, Rita Gray, Andrea Grillo, Carolyn Hall, Yvonne Hardenbrook, Ginny Hoyle, Sachiyo Ito, Duro Jaiye, Judy Kamilhor, Howard Lee Kilby, Joseph Kirschner, Karen W. Klein, Bill & Joann Klontz, Henry Kreuter, Eliot & Eileen B. Landau, Marcus Larsson, Susan Marie La Vallee, Burnell Lippy, Peggy Willis Lyles, Carol MacRury, Jeannie F. Martin, Suzanne Maxwell, Andrea C. Missias, Neil Moylan, Sandra A. Nickel, Margaret Olwell, Steven J. Owens, Sean Perkins, Anna Piccolo, Marian M. Poe, Lisa M. Porter, Carol Raisfeld, Eric Read, Michael Ritter, Michele Root-Bernstein, Bruce Ross, Shulamith Rubinlien, Marilyn J. Sandall, Robert J. Saunders, Dr. Rich Schnell, Tei Matsushita Scott, Lynne Steel, Jeff

Stillman, Susumu Takiguchi, Hilary Tann, Diane Tomczak,  
Carolyn M. Thomas, Lynda True, Joan Morse Vistain

**FRIENDS**  
**(GIFTS OF MORE THAN \$33)**

Stephen Addiss, Winona Louise Baker, Francine Banwarth, Gretchen G. Batz, Roberta Beary, Cathy Drinkwater Better, Hal Cantwell, Yu Chang, Tom Clausen, Joseph B. Connolly, Helen Davie, Dr. Zirka Derlycia, Marilyn Riso Di Perna, Connie Donleycott, Harold Dumont, Melissa J. Fowle, Alice Frampton, William Scott Galasso, Lee Giesecke, Merrill Ann Gonzales, June Gray, Abert Heck, Christopher D. Herold, Merle D. Hinchee, Mark Hollingsworth, Gary R. Hotham, Pud Houstoun, Elinor A. Huggett, Ken Hurm, Connie Hutchison, June Hymas, Mary Louise Knight, Glenn Laundre, C. R. Manley, Laureen McHugh, Fonda Bell Miller, Timothy I. Mize, Marilyn Murphy, Alyce M. Nielson, Catherine Nowaski, Don Olsen, Tom Painting, William N. Pauly, Ce Rosenow, Timothy Russell, Robert Seretny, Helen L. Shaffer, Ernest Sherman, Nancy Brady Smith, Brenda Soyer, Carmen Sterba, Laurie Stoelting, Dietmar Tauchner, Jaxon and Arlene Teck, James Tipton, Jennifer Townsend, Charles Trumbull, Marilyn Appl Walker, Michael Dylan Welch, Jeffrey Winke, Helena V. Winter, Jeff Witkin, Virginia W. Wrenn, Ruth Yarrow

Frogpond - Third Decade

the quiet graveyard  
a warm breeze & an end  
to alphabetic order

*LeRoy Gorman (Canada)*

Volume XXIV:1 2001

**INDEX OF CONTRIBUTORS**

- Aisaka, Yoko...23  
Amann, Eric...55  
an`ya...58  
Anderson, Hortensia...32  
Angel-Stawarz, Bett...12  
Aoyagi, Fay...14-17  
Avery, C...20, 35  
Avis, Nick...62  
Baker, Ed...9  
Banwarth, Francine...32  
Barber, Collin...11  
Barlow, John...12  
Bartholomeusz, Edith...20  
Bergstad, Johan...29  
Better, Cathy Drinkwater...37  
Bleeden, Andrew...26  
Bowes, Harold...13  
Braid, Darold D...73  
Buckingham, Helen...24  
Burns, Allan...55-64  
Cabalona, Yvonne...41  
Carter, R. P...37  
Cesar, Karen...21  
Chang, Yu...22  
Christopher, Zoe...89  
Clausen, Tom...29  
Clement, Joyce...37  
Cook, Wanda D...29  
Cullen Jr, William...25  
Dasgupta, Amitava...30  
Delaney, Susan...89-91  
Deming, Kristen...23  
Dill, Sara...89  
Donegan, Patricia...59  
Downing, Johnette...8  
Dunlap, Curtis...39, 72  
Easter, Charles...45  
Edge, Lynn...49  
Edgecombe, Jamie...46  
Einbond, Bernard Lionel...62  
Epstein, Robert...13, 33, 71  
Eshbaugh, Ruth...89-91  
Evans, Judson...75-77  
Evetts, Dee...73  
Fessler, Michael...31  
Ford, Lorin...23  
Frampton, Alice...13, 31, 77-78  
Fraser, Tami...71  
Friedman, S. B...8, 21  
Gallagher, D. Claire...18, 19, 62  
Gamble, Robbie...9  
Garnier, Robert...72  
George, Barry...39  
Giacalone, David...32  
Gilli, Ferris...42  
Gloviczki, Peter Joseph...34  
Glutz, Chris...36  
Golas, Irene...27  
Gonzales, Merrill Ann...20, 33  
Gorman, LeRoy...33, 93  
Grillo, Andrea...71  
Grogan, Nicole...90  
Gurga, Lee...59, 61  
Hackett, J. W...16, 55  
Hall, Carolyn...5, 12, 78-81  
Harter, Penny...47  
Harvey, Michele...7  
Hawkes, Timothy...60  
Hecht, Robert...9, 48  
Heitmeyer, Doris...44-45  
Herold, Christopher...57  
Higginson, William J...65-69  
Hikara, Tsutae...17  
Hirota, Yuko...19  
Holzer, Ruth...12  
Hopkins, Gregory...13  
Hotham, Gary...31  
Howard, Elizabeth...11  
Hurm, Ken...63  
Jennings, Keith...9, 10  
Johansson, Jörgen...19, 32  
Kacian, Jim...13, 59, 70  
Kamakura, Sayumi...15  
Kaplan, Betty...46  
Karkow, Kirsty...21, 57, 58  
Kenney, Bill...11  
Ketchek, Michael...21, 70  
King, Doreen...53-54  
Klesko, Karina...43  
Klontz, Joann...3



## Frogpond XXX:3

- Koen, Deb...20  
Krivcher, Rich...51  
Krueger, Jordan...90  
La Vallee, Susan Marie...37  
Lamb, Elizabeth Searle...58, 61  
Larsson, Marcus...18, 24, 60  
Lilly, Rebecca...71  
Lippy, Burnell...10, 22  
Loci, Jorma...10  
Luckring, Eve...33, 36  
Lucky, Bob...23, 26  
Lyles, Peggy Willis...22, 35  
MacNeil, Paul...65  
Magliari, Michael...39  
Mainone, Robert...38  
Marshall-Halmark, Pendle...91  
Mason, Scott...7, 39  
McClintock, Michael...70  
McInerney, Jo...26, 33  
McLaughlin, Dorothy...38  
Metz, Scott...8, 34, 70  
Miller, Philip...24  
Mimica, Zoran...11  
Miyagawa, Bansui...15  
Monaco, Marianna...30, 32  
Moore, Lenard D....18, 20, 58  
Morocal, Michael...36  
Mountain, Marlene...31, 34, 73  
Murtha, H. Gene...65  
Muscott, Neil...35  
Natsuishi, Ban'ya...16  
Ness, Pamela Miller...35  
Neubauer, Patricia...30  
Nilic, Nikola...50  
Nordeen, Elizabeth...25  
Noyes, H. F....7, 71  
O'Connor, John S....36  
Omoto, Teruko...29  
Onyan, Emily...91  
Ortiz, Victor...24  
owen, w. f....41  
Painting, Tom...23, 27  
Partridge, Brent...7  
Patchel, Christopher...22  
Paul, Matthew...34  
Payne, Kenneth...91  
Peters, Stephen...38  
Pfleuger, Jr., Paul...39  
Proctor, Vanessa...27  
Pruett, Tyler...70  
Ramesh, K....31, 81  
Rasmussen, Ray...43  
Rees, Lynne...48  
Rielly, Edward J....10  
Robinson, Chad Lee...10  
Romano, Emily...9, 18, 50, 72  
Rose, Leslie...41  
Ross, Bruce...83-85  
Schwader, Ann K....24  
Schwerin, Dan...72  
Scott, Rob...22  
Shigemoto, Yasuhiko...8  
Spano, Mathew...11, 21  
Spiess, Robert...56  
Stepenoff, Bonnie...34, 37  
Stevenson, John...3, 59, 60  
Stillman, Jeffrey...30  
Strang, Barbara...49  
Straw, Richard...72  
Stuart, Jane...36  
Sugawa, Yoko...14  
Swafford, Polly W....25  
Sweeney, Patrick...71  
Swist, Wally...60  
Tann, Hilary...26  
Tarquinio, Rick...61  
Thompson, John...51  
Tico, Tom...63  
Tipton, James...30  
Ueda, Toyoko...19  
van den Heuvel, Cor...65  
Virgilio, Nick...57, 61, 63  
Vistain, Joan Morse...18  
Ward, Linda Jeanette...27  
Watson, Jack...12  
Welch, Michael Dylan...26, 35, 51  
West, Harriot...45, 72  
Wilmot, Rod...63  
Wills, John...57, 62  
Wilson, Mark...29  
Yamada, Masako...8  
Yarrow, Ruth...25, 38, 71, 72  
Yovu, Peter...38

**HAIKU SOCIETY OF AMERICA**  
33 East 47th Street, New York, NY 10017  
<<http://www.hsa-haiku.org/>>

Established 1968

Co-Founders: Harold G. Henderson and Leroy Kanterman

**Officers**

President: Pamela Miller Ness, 33 Riverside Drive, 4-G, New York, NY 10023-8025  
First Vice President: Stanford M. Forrester, PO Box 189, Windsor, CT 06095-0189  
Second Vice President: Marlene Egger, 7527 S Brighton Way, Salt Lake City, UT 84121  
Secretary: Lane Parker, 578 3rd Avenue., San Francisco, CA 94118  
Treasurer: Paul Miller, 31 Seal Island Road, Bristol, RI 02809  
Newsletter Editor: Johnye Strickland, 6813 Incas Dr, North Little Rock, AR 72116-5113  
Electronic Media Officer: Randy Brooks, 3720 N Woodridge Dr., Decatur, IL 62526-1117

*Frogpond* Editor: John Stevenson, P.O. Box 122, Nassau, NY 12123-0122

*Frogpond* Book Review Editor: Jim Kacian, P.O. Box 2461, Winchester, VA 22604

**Regional Coordinators**

Northeast/ New England: Lawrence Rungren, 1 Tanglewood Way N, Andover MA 01810-1616  
Northeast Metro: Miriam Borne, 232 E 2nd St Apt 4D, New York, NY 10009-8042  
Mid Atlantic: Ellen Compton, 5425 Connecticut Av NW, Apt 217, Washington, DC 20015  
South: Howard Lee Kilby, P.O. Box 1260, Hot Springs AR 71902-1260  
Southeast: Currently Vacant  
Midwest: Joe Kirschner, 2157 Ridge Ave. Apt 2D, Evanston IL 60201-6200  
Plains & Mountains: Chad Lee Robinson, 323 South Ree Street, Apt 5, Pierre, SD 57501  
Southwest: Cliff Roberts, 5008 Flagstone Drive, Fort Worth, TX 76114-1706  
California: Fay Aoyagi, 930 Pine St, #105, San Francisco, CA 94108  
Oregon: Ce Rosenow, 815 E 28th Avenue, Eugene, OR 97405-4127  
Washington: Terran Campbell, 1114 n 77th St, Apt A, Seattle, WA 98103-4606  
Hawaii/Pacific: Darold D. Braida, 1617 Keeaumoku St, #1206, Honolulu, HI 96822-4322  
Alaska: Billie Wilson, 1170 Fritz Cove Road, Juneau, AK 99801-8501



