With this issue, *Frogpond* enters its 40th year of publication. The contributions and service of 13 editors (one who served twice) has provided continuity and renewal for the journal from 1978 to the present. Editing a journal for a community of strong, outspoken writers is challenging, “behind the scenes” work that requires creativity, patience, diligence, and a thick skin. It is also one of the highest forms of literary criticism: the ability to judge the quality of writing, work with authors to improve their haiku and essays, then arrange the best submissions into an aesthetic and engaging reading experience. The Haiku Society of America has been blessed with talented editors who have helped shape the rich diversity of English-language haiku over the past 40 years. Each editor was/is also an accomplished poet, so to help mark this 40th year we offer a sampling of each editor’s haiku, all previously published in *Frogpond*. – Randy Brooks


A jumble of words interspersed with messages uttered in passing

*HSA Frogpond 1:1, 1978*

| silent growth |
| centered in warmth |
| circled by snow |

*HSA Frogpond 1:4, 1978*

The vine declines my horizontal guide
twists upward on itself

*HSA Frogpond 3:1, 1980*

spire
everning mist
flls the sky

*Frogpond* 4:2, 1981


sunrise i pick skin peeling from my shoulders

*Frogpond* 4:3, 1981

Filling my flat
with spring—
a sparrow

*Frogpond* 6:1, 1983

that sonofabitch
on the corner has a knife—
the rain glistens on it

*Frogpond* 6:4, MHL Award, 1983


chin on the broom floating petals

*Frogpond* 5:4, 1982

Moving with
the clock-tower’s shadow,
the flower lady.

*Henderson Award (3rd)* 1984

Wet cement the possibilities.

*Frogpond* 18:2, 1995
leaving all the morning glories closed

*Henderson Award (1st)* 1978

cry of the peacock the crack in the adobe wall

*Henderson Award (2nd)* 1981

a spider’s web across the windharp the silence

*Henderson Award (3rd)* 1982


Winter morning—
the closet dark
with old shoes

*Frogpond 8:1, MHL Award, 1985*

urban sunrise
the garbage truck brakes
heave a sigh

*Frogpond 16:2, 1993*

A field of sunflowers
all my summers clear
back to childhood

*Frogpond 35:2, 2012*

propane getting low
but beneath the tank cover
a wren’s nest

Frogpond 11:2, 1988

21-gun salute
shell casings fall
on the grave

Frogpond 18:4, 1995

the words unspoken …
waiting for the toast
to pop up

Brady Award (HM) 1990


winter seclusion
tending all day
the small fire

Henderson Award (3rd) 1995

gunshot the length of the lake

Henderson Award (2nd) 2005

i hope i’m right where the river ice ends

Frogpond 35:2, 2012

applauding
the mime
in our mittens
*Frogpond* 25:1, 2002

jampackedelevator every button pushed
*Frogpond* 25:2, 2002

it’s winter now
people have stopped saying
it’s winter
*Frogpond* 33:2, 2010


She won’t speak to me…
neither will Basho, Buson
or even Issa
*Frogpond* 9:4, 1986

thick fog lifts
unfortunately, I am where
I thought I was
*Frogpond* 20:2, 1997

among the gravestones
with names worn away
children play hide-and-seek
*Henderson Award (HM)* 2004

child's wake
the weight
of rain

*Henderson Award (1st) 2005*

winter
night
faking
it

*Frogpond 33:1, 2010*

spindrift…
I go where
the story takes me

*Henderson Award (2nd) 2016*


mating dragonflies —
my overuse
of dashes

*Frogpond 35:1, MHL Award, 2012*

firefly flashes the distance of narrative

*Frogpond 37:2, 2014*

t-paper stars
I try on
his last name

*Frogpond 38:2, 2015*

> a path of leaves  
> our conversation  
> turns wordless

*Frogtpond 26:2, 2002*

> a recurring escape from my father’s dream

*Henderson Award (HM) 2011*

> freight track the far ends of visible light

*Frogtpond 38:1, 2015*