The swift-brushed world we do not see ourselves;
The misted real recalling what we did not know we dreamed;
Spare, distilled, serene, fixed, the innerness of love
Splashed on a scrap of silk with a few hairs on a stick.

Asa-giri ya e ni kaku yume no hito-dōri

Buson
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Honorary members: Mrs. Harold G. Henderson, Tomie Mochizuki and all panel members

PRESIDENT
Hiroaki Sato – 326 W. 22 St.
New York City, N.Y. 10011

VICE-PRESIDENT
Stephen Wolfe
27 Itchodacho, Matsugasaki, Sakyoku, Kyoto, Japan 606

TREASURER
Mildred Fineberg
46 Mt. Tom Rd., New Rochelle, N.Y. 10805

SUBSCRIPTION / MEMBERSHIP SECRETARY
L.A. Davidson
2 Wash. Sq. Vill., Apt. 8-0, New York City, N.Y. 10012

EDITOR / RECORDING SECRETARY
Lilli Tanzer — RD 7 Box 265 Hopewell Jct., N.Y. 12533
Editorial assistant – Mildred Fineberg

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HAIKU NEWS

HSA

HAROLD G. HENDERSON AWARD FOR 1979

The annual award of $100 will be given to the haiku judged best in an open competition. Kyoko Selden will judge this year's contest.

RULES

1. Send only one entry a person (up to three haiku an entry) with a fee of one dollar.

2. Type or neatly print each entry haiku on two 3x5 cards with the poet's name and address.

3. Mail entry by 1 August 1979 to Hiroaki Sato, 326 West 22 Street, New York, N.Y. 10011.

4. The winner will be notified by early September 1979, and the winning haiku will be printed in the following issue of HSA Frogpond.

1979 RENEWALS, through May 31
107 renewals, and 47 new members since Jan. 1, 1979.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

Elizabeth Holmes, P.O. Box 641, Belton, TX 76513
Steve Ainsworth, 425 Park Ave., Rochester, N.Y. 14607
Tadashi Kondo, c/o K. Young, Iwata, Uchikochi 1.116, JAPAN
Jennifer Swedberg, St. Michael's Hall, Shoe Lane Oxford, Oxler, England
Bill Pauly, 214 S. Dodge, Galena IL 61036

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Herb Barrett, 4 E 23 St., Hamilton, Ontario, CANADA L8V 2W6
Cornelia Draves, 293 Green Ridge Rd., Franklin L. N.J. 07417
R. Freud, Glamore Ct., Smithtown, N.Y. 11787
Clyde C. Glandon, 4289 S. Harris Hill Rd., Williamsville, N.Y. 14221
Kathleen Hartnett, 108 Pengilly Dr., New Rochelle, N.Y. 10804
Jos. Holdner, 443 2nd St., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11215
Virginia W. Wrenn, 7537 Whittington Dr., Richmond, VA 23225
Eri Yashura, 1369½ Edgecliffe Dr., L.A., CA 90026

NEW BOOKS BY MEMBERS

THE COMING INDOORS AND OTHER POEMS, Bernard Lionel Einbond
$8.50 Charles E. Tuttle, Rutland, Vermont
MOONLIGHT by Robert Mainone, $3.00 plus $.30 postage. Rt. 3, Delton, Mich. 49046

THE WORDLESS POEM by Eric Amann, $3.50 pp., HS of C, 627 Broadview Ave., Toronto, Ont. M4K 2N9 CANADA Reprint.

AWARDS TO HSA MEMBERS
Betty Drevniok — Cicada prize Vol. 2, No. 3
Sol Markoff — Honorable mention, haiku — Shelley Society
Rod Willmot — Cicada prize Vol. 3, No. 1

In conjunction with JAPAN TODAY, a nationwide celebration of the arts and culture of contemporary Japan, the Brooklyn Botanic Garden has exhibited nineteen of the HSA shikishi presented to HSA by the Japanese MUSEUM OF HAIKU LITERATURE. An additional five were exhibited in the Japanese section of the Brooklyn Museum in New York from April 25 to June 10. HSA thanks Yasko Karaki and L.A. Davidson for their dedicated efforts in arranging these exhibits.

HSA HIGH SCHOOL CONTEST AWARD CEREMONY
part of JAPAN TODAY/JAPAN HERITAGE programs
Japan House, June 16 at 2 p.m. 333 E. 47 St., N.Y. 10017
Co-sponsored by HSA and the N.Y.C. Board of Education.

The ceremony will be preceded by an open HSA meeting with talks by L.A. Davidson and Cor van den Heuvel.

THE AUGUST ISSUE OF HSA FROGPOND IS IN PRODUCTION. IT WILL BE MAILED ONLY TO THOSE WHO HAVE RENEWED, AND TO ALL NEW MEMBERS. WE ARE ON A CALENDAR YEAR. ALL RENEWALS AND NEW MEMBERS ALSO RECEIVE VOL. II, NO. 1.

Materials for the TEACHERS' CROAKS section are being readied. We seek articles by members or non-members on the reactions of children to the study of haiku.
Steve Ainsworth
CS-1  *this generous weed: / giving all its beauty / to a purple bloom*
CS-2  *lifted by sudden winds, / snowclouds rolling / through a dark wood*
CS-3  *the cat crying / at the door. . . . too much for her— / the pounding rain*

Bob Boldman
CS-4  *the skin of a snake / hanging on a barbed wire fence / shivering in the wind*
CS-5  *snow dust / on the head of the sparrow / the rising moon*
CS-6  *just past sunset / frozen leaves stick / to the billboard*

Chuck Brickley
CS-7  *A robin / runs over a patch of snow— / spring morning sun*
CS-8  *Using my hands / near the crest of a rock-slide: / a tiny white bloom*
CS-9  *A picture-window of fog: / headlights / turn into the driveway*

Thelma King Clauss
CS-10  *Small, gleeful chirps on / My window ledge. Ah ha. . . . first / Flight, little fellow?*
CS-11  *Outside my window/ The climbing rose peeks in and / Nods a “Good morning”.*
CS-12  *Coquettish spring sky. . . . / Methinks the sun and clouds are / Playing hide and seek.*
Richard Crist
CS-13  Crossing the summer field; /pressed beneath each step /how many worlds...
CS-14  The petals fallen — /how beautiful the heart / of the peony
CS-15  She has gone — /a vase of wild asters /on the kitchen table

Joseph Donaldson
CS-16  yellow butterfly — /purple “wine cups” in green grass — /wind-breath scent of Spring.
CS-17  after long stillness /new winds /stirring ancient branches
CS-18  fog-shrouded moon /crickets hold silence.

David R. Eastwood
CS-19  August evening— /while my son feeds his gerbil / the dog nuzzles me
CS-20  bright honeysuckle / poison ivy and wild grape / conceal the old fence
CS-21  wading barefoot— /a dark snake swims through the shade / tight and cold

Sister Mary Thomas Eulberg, OSF
CS-22  three pears line the sill / across the river / the tower touches sky
CS-23  yellow butterfly /at one /with the butterfly
CS-24  cool air /warm sun / apples cidering the earth

Mildred Fineberg
CS-25  flood of emotion /the wondering why...

W. E. Greig
S-26  Reflecting on a haiku — /My clock pendulum /Swings more slowly
CS-27  Pit-pat... pat-pit /Out of tune rain drops / Oh hear... my sorrow
S-28  New Year’s Day /My mimosa did not bloom! / You were here... all day
Bob Hodge, Jr.

CS-29  Frog... rasping krummhorn. / Light plays on his green body. / His shadows: magic

CS-30  Autumn—a hinged door / swung ope to admit Winter— / rusted brown leaves cold

Magnus Mack Homestead

CS-31  Unforgettable: / Summer mushroom / In Hiroshima.

CS-32  The country doctor / Uncoils the choking cord,— / New autumn baby!

CS-33  Hot autumn day: / Under the cool pear tree / The old man writes.

Carolyn M. Johnson

CS-34  Abruptly / 'gainst rock edge / slaps high tide's swift harsh thrust

CS-35  Soothingly / sun-studded rainbow-mist-spray / showers rock ledge

CS-36  Just above the horizon / orange glow / melting melting

Yasko Karaki

CS-37  a gondolier tears apart / a wide cloth / of autumn water

CS-38  hot sun over Pompeii / ruins of a wine shop

CS-39  a monastery is already asleep / in the arms of cypress trees

Tadashi Kondo

CS-40  the lake; / my heart splits into / two / hills of autumn leaves

CS-41  the geese and I / crisscrossing; / the depth of the forest

CS-42  walking around / the lake — the day / of autumn ended

Susan Littlejohn

CS-43  Foggy night... / out of the sound, / a tug boat blast.
Early June morning . . . / empty city sidewalk — / filled with a sparrow’s song.

Snowed in: / Buried . . . / under the old quilt.

David Lloyd

Each day / A little bit thinner: / The snow-woman...
The inmate: / She sits and stares and stares / At the snowman...

James Magorian

The turned wrist taunts / the razor and Bible-lean / locusts braid cold light.

At the farmers’ / picnic, the mashing tongues / of toothless old men.

Sister Mary Marguerite

thunder clap— / the robin / misses the worm

corn streamers waving; / on the line / her wash waving

why tarry by violets? / the circus parade / is a block away

Gloria Maxson

Children in red coats / flying by as if in league / with the scarlet leaves.

Sweeping / all the dead leaves from the door / again

Velvet dark / stuffed with a prickly straw / of crickets.

Ruby Rae McMurtry

under pond lilies / blue and golden shadows / sky holds fish

snowfall reshaping / broken weather vane / frosty dawn

traffic lights soften / red, green and amber snowflakes / fading pale landscape
Thelma Murphy
CS-59 Smoke / along its own trail / getting lost
CS-60 Slanting sunlight / the brook's sandbed shines back / through the water
CS-61 The gleaming river / and the fly I am casting / over it

James O'Neil
CS-62 a single black hair / makes a question mark / on the bar of soap

Cy Patterson
CS-63 Peeling potatoes... / so many eyes show hunger/ when the chips are down.
CS-64 The swish of traffic / on the motorway — / grass trembles on the verge.
CS-65 As spring blossoms / into summer, nothing changes— / yet the bud unfurls.

Michael Joseph Phillips
CS-66 Ann / A dior dress — / All around, whiteness!
CS-67 Sherry, / A white Phoenician temple, / Aztec girls in Green!
CS-68 "Dynamite" dream doll, / Streamliner sutra model, / SOCK it to me, Quick!

Raymond Roseliep
S-69 in darkness / 20-20 vision of / finger on flesh

Daniel Silvia
CS-70 rising moon; / shadows passing / from lily to lily...
CS-71 Spring willows / flowing in the wind — / her long dark hair
CS-72 sudden downpour / sheltering the lily bud / with her apron

Gladys Davis Smith
CS-73 Thunder shakes the earth / Lightning splits the sky apart / While we wait inside
Ivy covers stumps / Where once willow limbs swayed / In a spring ballet

Checking my rose bush / I find beetles stacked up / Devouring new buds

Miriam Mansfield Stimson

Home! / the feel of my bed / after weeks away.
the look / on the young boy's face / after his father's slaps.
October night storm / complete blackout / on the sill two bright green eyes.

Tony Suraci

Sudden wind / under the rusted helmet - / morning-glory opening
Dewdrop / I too fade just as quickly / as morning passes
Cry of a phoebe / so faint, in the mist, and yet... / lingering everywhere

Cor van den Heuvel

hot day -- / a spittle bug keeping cool / in his bubbles
a spittle bug dreams in the darkening grass
the snowflake disappears into its drop of water

Paul O. Williams

But all those stars / were clearly reflected / in the last puddle.
Through field glasses / trying to get Jupiter / to stop trembling.
the wide, bare oak / his back to the scolding crows / the still barred owl.

Marlene M. Wills

mountain hanging sky
firewood in the icy rain onion soup
another winter my blond hair hides the white
Rod Willmot
CS-91  half-shade in the timothy / blue darners / gathering light
CS-92  her breasts lift with her arms / flowers on the curtains / fold and unfold
CS-93  wet morning / fishermen's reflections / merge into fishripples

Stephen Wolfe (from *The Kamo River*)
CS-94  groggy eyes jog / in the wake / of the duck
CS-95  torn fan and / fallen leaves / in the river
CS-96  dawn countryside / frost barking

Ruth Yarrow
CS-97  Rain gloom lifting / Forsythia flowers / glow from the mud
CS-98  A marmot's whistle / pierces the mountain / First star
CS-99  In snowlight / the sparrow's breath / shines... fades...

SUBMITTED WITHOUT CODE

James Kirkup
• *Haiku is the sneeze* / surprising me without an / atishoo tissue.
• *Winter hedge present* / from the bankrupt soba shop: / last camellia.
• *Sumo tournament:* / three old ladies study form / like cattle-breeders

Alan Pizzarelli
• *a pink balloon* / bounces along the railroad tracks / TRAIN
• *twilight* / firefly / within the pond-lily
• *a moving van* / zooms along the backroad / autumn

Sobi-Shi / Raymond Roseliep
• *i.v. dripping;* / the chipping sparrow's / one pitch at my father's death / opening the attic door / to bring the wind's breath
In my first article I discussed the structure of meaning in haiku, and demonstrated the following propositions: 1) The illusion of transparency is haiku's characteristic opacity. 2) The deep subject of haiku is heightened perception, and the corresponding effect of haiku, experienced by the reader, is heightened transparency. In the present article I will discuss syntactic structure: what the parts of a haiku are, and how they work together.

**Third Proposition:** A haiku contains two fundamental parts, which interact with one another metaphorically.

The fundamental parts of a haiku are the words or groups of words that determine the poem's "basic idea." For example, in Cor van den Heuvel's "blazing tideflats—/the clam's/ darkness," the first line contains one such part, while the second and third lines combined contain another. Like this example, most haiku clearly consist of two fundamental parts, which are either compared or contrasted: one sight with another ("blazing" with "darkness," etc.), or a sight with a sound, or sound with silence, and so forth. Haiku with only one fundamental part in evidence always possess an implied second part. For example, in Basho's "frog-jump-in / water-sound" poem, something else is implied: the preceding silence of the old pond. Haiku appearing to have three or more fundamental parts generally exhibit redundancy or reinforcement. Many haiku do of course contain parts that, without being strictly fundamental, are nonetheless esthetically necessary. Such ancillary parts serve explanatory, scene-setting, and other important functions. For example, in this poem by Foster Jewell, "Under ledges / and looking for the coolness / that keeps touching my face," the first line sets the scene and nothing more. (I'll leave it to you to figure out the fundamental parts.)

The next step is to determine the relationship between those parts. Conceivably, it could either be metaphorical or metonymical (I'll elucidate these terms in a moment.) But whichever it is for any particular haiku, is it the same for all others? In other words, will the distinction metaphor/metonymy contribute to our definition of haiku?1
In metaphor, things are related by virtue of either similarity or dissimilarity (comparison or contrast). For example, “blanket” is rather a frayed metaphor for “snow,” by virtue of similarity. We would not say that “rain” is a metaphor for “drought,” but the juxtaposition of these words does form a metaphorical structure, by virtue of dissimilarity. Since I have already said that most haiku clearly employ either comparison or contrast—as the reader can easily confirm for himself—it follows that most haiku are structured metaphorically. Let me emphasize here that I am not talking about metaphor as a figure of speech, but as a relationship between the parts of a poem. In van den Heuvel’s haiku quoted above, there is no figure of speech, but there is a metaphorical structure formed by the contrasts between tideflats and clam.

But what of the haiku in which neither comparison nor contrast is readily apparent? Is the relationship there metonymical? In metonymy (in its extended sense), things are related by virtue of contiguity, causality, and so on. For example, a container could be a metonym for what it contains, such as “bottle” for “whiskey,” as in: “He’s on the bottle again.” Since metonymy is natural to prose, while metaphor is natural to poetry, it would be rather sensational if haiku turned out to be even occasionally metonymical. For a while in my research I thought it often was: but I was merely led astray by some very tricky poems. A good example is this by Michael McClintock: “pushing / inside... until / her teeth shine.” The cause-and-effect relationship is indeed metonymical, but the poem derives its power not from its statement of causality (interesting as it is) but from an array of paired implications. These are mostly contrasts: between inside and outside, darkness and shining, softness and hardness; but there is also a comparison: between pleasure and shining. In sum, McClintock creates a richly connotative metaphorical structure under the mask of a superficial metonymy.

**Fourth Proposition:** Metaphor is dynamic by resonance. The metaphorical structure of haiku is dynamic by heightened resonance.

The two fundamental parts of a haiku do not sit quietly in their places, but interact with each other. That is, if they work together metaphorically, each part responds to and enhances the meaning of the other, such that they form a new meaning of unexpected power. The scientific term for this is resonance, and it is in itself a “heightened” phenomenon. But in most literary contexts every metaphor—every re-
sonance—is surrounded by dozens or even hundreds of others. In such situations the best that can be expected is for resonances to blend harmoniously so as not to destroy the coherence of the whole. However, in haiku there is usually a single metaphorical structure, whose single resonance is qualitatively transformed—heightened—by the sheer fact that it stands alone. This is why the ideal number of fundamental parts in a haiku is two, since having fewer would eliminate resonance, while having more would tend to preclude heightening. An example to consider is this poem by John Wills: "the moon at dawn / lily pads blow white / in a sudden breeze." There is extraordinary resonance in the contrast between the dry upper side of the lily pads, which is dark in the twilight, and the sudden flash of the wet underside flipped up by the breeze. To my mind that vivid perception is the whole poem, for which the first line merely sets the mood. But there is also a comparison there: between the lily pads and the moon—and perhaps even the rising sun. So I ask you: is that comparison really fundamental to the poem, or is it a clever addition that threatens to dampen the heightened resonance of the rest? Wills has used the moon trivially in other cases, even though on the whole he is an excellent poet.

In both its effect and its operating principle, haiku is comparable to the laser. On that model, haiku can be thought of as a poetic maser—an acronym for Meaning Amplification by Stimulated Emission of Resonance. "Meaning amplification" is what I was talking about in the article on haiku's semantics, under the terms of heightened perception and heightened transparency. Since that amplification is created by haiku's syntactics—the resonance between its parts—it follows that all of haiku's structures, both semantic and syntactic, work together for the same end: the production of that laser-like heightening which is a mark of haiku. We are led to append two conclusions to the Four Propositions I have enunciated here. The first is that for all its apparent simplicity haiku is a profoundly complex form of art. The second is that rather than being merely formal or traditional in its essential structures, haiku is vitally dynamic. A haiku is a haiku not because of the syllables it contains, the forms it fulfills, or the rules it follows—but because of what it does.

NOTES

1 The distinction between metaphor and metonymy is basic to all language and even, it appears, to the very workings of the brain. See Roman Jakobson's "Deux types de langage et deux types d'aphasie," in Essais de linguistique generale, (Paris 1963). Available in English as the second part of Fundamentals of Language, (La Haye 1956).
CROAKS

by Lilli Tanzer, with a nod
to Eric Amann, editor of CICADA

MAGICICADA
the periodical cicada

Look for it this May/June of 1979. You may see "Brood II" anywhere from mid N. Carolina to mid New York. This is the year the periodical cicada emerges from its subterranean, root-nourishing darkness. After five nymphal stages, seventeen years in duration, the mature cicada will, within days after splitting its now-dry shell, begin courting and mating. Three or four weeks later it will die.

The nymphs of Brood II have developed from eggs laid by Brood I seventeen years ago during its own brief weeks of warmth in the sun. The hundreds of thousands we will see this May/June will, as nymphs, have scattered, then burrowed underground. Having passed through five stages (instars) of growth and molting, the mature insects will tunnel their way upward through the moist earth. Instar duration varies from nymph to nymph, yet the emergence time of the entire brood is synchronized. It usually takes place at dusk and happens when soil and other conditions are just right. In 1962 I watched. I was fascinated by what seemed to be a large beetle with translucent golden skin, slowly and laboriously climbing a tree trunk. The next morning I found the empty shell, with a slit across the top, clinging to the bark. This time the light was right and I photographed it. It was the shell of one of the parents of the present brood. After emergence the mature cicada's wings had, overnight, expanded and hardened. Color had suffused the earlier-white, red-eyed creature, and as I looked in astonishment at the empty shell, somewhere in a treetop he was singing his mating song. Or, perhaps, she was seeking out the singer.

* * *

The periods of nymphal growth, when nymph and its skin are inextricably one; the slow development which involves the casting off of outgrown skins; the final instar, when the skin, though conforming in every minutest detail to the content, is discernable as a separate, precise yet cold entity; the escape and the joining in the chorus in the tree-tops heralding an inevitable link in the chain of life...
All of these things seem to be echoed in the growth pattern of haiku. The preliminary welling up of words; the discarding of all excess as the growth of the haiku takes place... Above all, the organic shaping of the physical, outward form which happens with the finalization of even two words. (This, as opposed to artificially starting with the outer skin and attempting to work backwards.) The "form" is a separate entity only in the thinking and talking about it, just as the skin of an organism is a separate entity only with its actual dissection and labeling.

Finally, the thought occurs to me that the winging away of the mature insect resembles, in concept, the insight in the haiku reader's mind after, though almost simultaneous with, the reading or hearing of the haiku; this insight being wordless, just as the initial sensory impact upon the poet was wordless. I do not believe that haiku is a "wordless" poem. The wordlessness takes place before and after the utterance of haiku. Haiku is poetry and, like any other art, consists of the materials of the genre in a special juxtaposition. In the case of haiku it consists of the spare juxtaposition of words (and the spaces between) formed by the sounds, durations and literal meanings of the words.

And if this all seems like stretching an analogy too far, there are still and always the cicadas of this world for us to see and hear in awe, with no thoughts before, during, or after.

The MUSEUM OF HAIKU LITERATURE is seeking English haiku publications. They welcome donations of literary works by American poets, or would purchase such works upon receipt of pertinent information.

The MUSEUM OF HAIKU LITERATURE
3-28-10, Hyakunin-Cho
Shinjuku-Ku, Tokyo 160
Japan.

HSA member Kazuo Sato has been named advisor to the Museum. Please send your work to his attention.

Selections Panel

L.A. Davidson          Raymond Roseliep
David Lloyd            Hiroaki Sato
Foster Jewell          Kyoko Selden
Tadashi Kondo          Cor van den Heuvel
Alfred Marks           John Wills
Michael McClintock     Rod Willmot
Alan Pizzarelli        Stephen Wolfe
Leon Zolbrod

McClintock, Wills and Wolfe votes were not available at press time.

CHECKED AS HAIKU
(chosen from Nov. ’78 CROAKS)

Cor van den Heuvel — 110

the sun goes down —
my shovel strikes a spark
from the dark earth

Lloyd, Marks, Pizzarelli, Sato, Selden, Willmot, Zolbrod

Frank M. Chapman — 16

In the dry grass
A faded newspaper
Rustling in the summer wind.

Davidson, Jewell, Lloyd, Roseliep, Zolbrod

Raymond Roseliep (Sobi-shi) — 77

buttoning his fly
the boy with honeysuckle
clenched in his mouth

Davidson, Lloyd, Sato, Willmot, Zolbrod

18
Tony Suraci — 108

New Year's day:
my shadow steps into the snow
before I do

Davidson, Jewell, Lloyd, Marks, Zolbrod

Cor van den Heuvel — 109, 111

the geese have gone —
in the chilly twilight:
empty milkweed pods

Davidson, Jewell, Marks, Pizzarelli, Zolbrod

closed stores —
a piece of tinsel flutters
above a grating

Davidson, Marks, Pizzarelli, Willmot, Zolbrod

Daniel Silvia — 94

summer dusk;
the gull takes awhile
across the full moon

Davidson, Lloyd, Roseliep, Sato

Brett Brady — 7

into the puddle
a fallen pine-needle
shattering the moon

Lloyd, Roseliep, Zolbrod

Chuck Brickley — 9

Our cups empty, now
my house across the field
in the autumn rain

Davidson, Roseliep, Willmot
yesterday we laid her
in the ground,
now her peach blossoms

Davidson, Marks, Zolbrod

shoe
beside the road
snowfilled

Davidson, Lloyd, Sato

Frank M. Chapman – 15

Red apples.
Even the stems
Are red.

Davidson, Lloyd, Sato

LeRoy Gorman – 37

dusk
the cornfield's shadow
rustles

Davidson, Jewell, Selden

Tadashi Kondo – 51, 52

the lake;
my heart splits into
two hills of autumn leaves

Davidson, Pizzarelli, Zolbrod

the geese and I
crisscrossing:
the depth of the forest

Davidson, Pizzarelli, Roseliep
black buds
on the ash tree
the male cardinal

Davidson, Roseliep, Willmot

Doris Best — 5

Lone cricket in the night,
    his song
    faint pulse of fading summer.

Davidson, Zolbrod

Brett Brady — 8a

atop a tombstone
a perching crow crooks its head —
    the leaves piling-up

Davidson, Lloyd

Richard Crist — 17

The hot August sky,
burned of its blue, is fanned
    by one flapping crow

Jewell, Roseliep

Joyce Walker Currier — 20

full blackberry bush;
shepherd dog in the shadows
    matches the shade

Davidson, Jewell

Proxade Davis — 21

aftermath. . .
    a pigeon walks
    in the broken glass

Davidson, Willmot
train station dawn —
the braless young commuter
tightly chains her bike

Pizzarelli, Zolbrod

at the port
the barge whistle
quiets the swing squeak

Roseliep, Sato

on autumn air
the whiff
of the dog walker's smoke

Davidson, Roseliep

Moments after dusk —
the lighthouse watchman
re-lights his pipe

Davidson, Jewell

Swans and butterflies
across from the flower stall —
blown glass

Davidson, Roseliep

Rose Parade —
the glint
in Sobi-Shi's eyes

Davidson, Roseliep
many little boys
all anxious to be first
to tramp the new snow
Jewell, Zolbrod

walking around
the lake — the day
of autumn ended
Pizzarelli, Zolbrod

Clean bite of the wind —
standing alone in the mountain,
with the first snowflakes.
Davidson, Zolbrod

Just stopping
To say a goodbye,
Snowman...
Davidson, Jewell

Rain,
how different the sounds
on autumn sounds...
Roseliep, Zolbrod

Turning their heads
with ragged petals —
roadside sunflowers
Davidson, Zolbrod
three sparrows or a hundred sparrows: sparrows
Davidson, Sato

every day a little more of this pumpkin vine
Davidson, Sato

Daniel Silvia — 95

twilight pond;
a lone skater circles
a frozen star
Davidson, Lloyd

Roberta Stewart — 100

Flood waters... three blue eggs in a nest floating by
Lloyd, Zolbrod

Tony Suraci — 106

Morning glory blooming white above its shadow — gibbous moon
Marks, Selden

Stephen Wolfe — 119

young, green stalks bend over backwards for the wind
Davidson, Sato
Brother's cradle does not rock to lullabies; mom's half-sleep rocks his cries.

Lloyd

Race cars streak around the bend — zoom by the checkered flag; scrap-yard play.

Davidson

Where aged oak was felled by neighbor's saw his wife now plants petunias!

Zolbrod

Silly small toad! unnoticed in deep grass, he leaps from safety as we pass!

Zolbrod

just brushing the snow with wings all a-flap: an owl and an owl's shadow

Davidson

A mushroom — a drop of rain on my lip

Lloyd
Randy Brooks — 12

mudcaked shoes
in a row
beneath the dinner bell

Roseliep

Richard Crist — 19

At first meeting
too small the cup
of sake

Davidson

Proxade Davis — 23

grey limitless space...
a white sail
maneuvers

Jewell

Joseph Donaldson — 24, 25

afternoon of drought
stillness of outside
penetrates the walls

Jewell

deep moon-cast shadows —
the cat's eyes pierce the dark

Davidson

David R. Eastwood — 27, 29

Beacon Hill:
ten feet above the roof
a V of geese

Davidson

26
Hot August morning —  
when the boy's gerbil chirrs  
his dog runs to watch  

Zolbrod

Yasko Karaki — 48, 50

.. buds  the first flower of morning glory  
buds buds...  

Selden

sparklers thru raindrops  
raindrops thru sparklers: fireworks  

Davidson

Susan Littlejohn — 55

Gliding down the slope,  
shadows creep among the trees...  
— lift chairs now empty.  

Zolbrod

David Lloyd — 59

By the blinker —  
White Snowman, yellow snowman...  
White snowman...  

Davidson

Ruby Mc Murtry — 60

oleanders snow laden  
ice fringe melting  
gutters raining  

Willmot
Sister Mary Marguerite — 64

raindrop jewel
safe on the leaf --
for a moment
Roseliep

Thelma Murphy — 68, 69, 70

Part of the waves
the moon
shines on itself
Selden

The sun hangs
in the maple’s treetop
the brimming bucket
Davidson

The overgrown vine
breaking the trellis
that gave it a start
Zolbrod

Marion Mattes — 71, 72

Butterfly
lighting my window
autumn orange
Jewell

Asleep in the sun
the old woman is a girl
dancing to the lute
Roseliep

28
Robert Nelson — 75

*Early morning mist*
*Creates a world of silence*
*And vanishing shapes*

Zolbrod

Raymond Roseliep — (Sobi-Shi) — 78, 79

*blue-ribbon final:*
*a tiny froth of spittle*
*on her Bartlett pear*

Davidson

*dust —*
*the key*
*unturned*

Selden

Sydell Rosenberg — 82

Too big a morsel?
A city pigeon
an English muffin

Zolbrod

Joan Couzens Sauer — 88, 90

*Early falling leaf*
*floats down the sky blue river*
*on a cloud.*

Zolbrod

Winter silence,
cracking ice chunks float free,
geese cry echoes.

Zolbrod
first flakes  
chasing leaves  
down the wind  
Davidson

distant rocks  
sun  
exposing their gold  
Selden

Daniel Silvia — 96

a crow caws —  
when I look, the winter moon  
thaws into mist  
Davidson

Roberta Stewart — 100, 101

A cardinal  
on the snow,  
the cat's jaws quiver  
Davidson

Susan G. Strother — 105

OLD MEN: Laughter gone silent,  
Courage runs dry.  
Mountains of men with snow-capped peaks.  
Zolbrod
Joyce W. Webb — 112, 113

*here and there*
*in the field of red clover*
*alien cornstalks*

Marks

*sunset will not wait...*
*yellow, saffron, orange, red*
*mauve and gray purple*

Sato

Rod Willmot — 115, 117

*pheasant bursts from the grass*
*bare feet*
*on the wire fence*

Pizzarelli

*water strider*
*bending the water*
*where the paddle bends*

Selden

Stephen Wolfe — 121

*blown with the kite*
*by twilight wind*

Jewell
In poetry each age has its own voice, and every poet writes best about things he himself has seen and felt. Pindar, the singer of Greek odes, said it. Poets in Japan knew it. As Bashō put it, "In poetry there are no ancients." Buson asserted, "I belong to Kikaku's group, but I shall not imitate him." The haiku poets reveal a struggle to combine contrasting principles of newness and oldness.

"A poet ought to study all styles of poetry and put them together as if in a bag and pick the best to use when needed," said Buson. "Except for feeling it in your own heart, there are no rules." The whim of genius was the best guide, and individual taste was the best judge. Yet there remains a conflicting ideal that a poet must keep an awareness of the past. Unless a person is familiar with the style of the old masters, one cannot talk with him about poetry, Buson also said. Thus on the one hand he stressed being different, original, and spontaneous. On the other hand he emphasized a need to pay respect to the grand manner of Bashō.

Once Tairo sent Buson a verse on the theme of Taking after Tu Fu on Cloth Beating,

"Thoughts of other nights,
As I pass the long, dark hours—
Yes, a fulling block."

(Yoso-no yo-ni/waga yo okururu/kinuta-kana.)

Certainly the "fulling block" is an old theme, Buson said, but combining it with the idea of passing the long dark hours imbues it with the necessary quality of fresh life.

There was also another verse by Tairo, which he wrote long after leaving samurai life and a year after moving from Kyoto to Osaka,

"In body and soul
I feel like I have two homes—
Autumn's almost gone."

(Ware ga mi-ni/furusato ga futatsu/aki-no kure.)

Buson praised it and sent copies to the members of his group. He compared it with one his own master, Hajin, had composed on leaving Kyoto,
"The place I call home—
Now I'll have an extra one,
Like my summer cloak."

(Furusato-o/ futatsu ote/kasane-kana.)

With the sameness of the basic idea Buson found a new inspiration—perhaps the revelation of an autumnal world falling apart.

Freshness of style became a sort of watchword for his group, and yet somehow it was always linked in the end to the great tradition of Japanese and Chinese poetry. There is naturalness and spontaneity in the verse,

"Coming for cherry blossoms,
And taking a nap under them—
Good day for a rest."

(Hana-ni kite/hana-ni ineburu/itoma-kana.)

Still, behind it there is the image of Lady Sei and her companions going for a picnic under the flowering plums and enjoying themselves so much that they never wrote a single poem to show the Empress. Buson's verse tells of an experience something like going to the opera and falling asleep.

Part of the trick of good haiku poetry lay in recognizing such moments and finding a new way of expressing them in words. Buson once put it this way,

"How I wear my hat—
I hope it never quite looks
Like it's in fashion."

(Waga zukin/ukiyo-no sama-ni/nizu mo-gana.)

One of the ways that he described his ideal of naturalness and spontaneity was, "As if not watching your front and rear."

Similar terms and ideas dominate a short preface in which Buson told of two chain poems, one of summer and one of winter, that had survived from earlier days. He said that they were once part of a quartet of the four seasons, each one in turn being a duet by Buson and his disciple, Kitō. A friend of his suspected that the quartet might now seem dated. But Buson answered with a laugh:

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"Developments in poetry in some ways follow fashions and in others don’t. It’s like going around in a circle, with one person chasing another. Whoever is in front keeps trying to catch up with the person in the rear. How can you tell who comes first or last? All you can do is express what is in your heart now and content yourself with today’s poetry today and tomorrow’s tomorrow."

With linked verse, whether in the strict manner of renga or in the freer mode of haikai, usually three or more poets took part, most of the time in an actual meeting. But sometimes poets would try solo compositions, or two poets would join for a duet. Saikaku, who is remembered more for his prose than his poetry, gave many solo performances and recited thousands of impromptu linked verses at special marathons held at temples or shrines.

Duets of one hundred links were composed in the Teitoku school before Saikaku’s time. In Bashō’s circle the practice continued. Besides units of one hundred with Sōdō and Bashō, there were others in the newer form of thirty-six links. Bashō and Kikaku joined in such duets. Etsujin, another of Bashō’s disciples, was especially active, doing them not only with Bashō but with Sanka, Kikau, and Ransetsu.

As a young poet in Edo, Buson took part in at least one thirty-six verse chain poem that was virtually a duet. Except for a second link and a final “flower verse,” it was by Buson and Asui. Not long after the Midnight Pavilion group was formed he and Kitō did one.

From time to time Buson tried duets with poets from other groups who called on him in Kyoto. With a certain poet named Ippon, at least, such meetings did not lead to friendship. Buson criticized him for being too much of a wanderer and for drinking to excess. As a poet, he found him too esoteric:

“He always talks about old words and old stories that no one is familiar with. He has a very bad habit of trying to show up other people.

“As much as possible,” said Buson, “one should avoid old stories and obsolete words and always try to use only everyday things in one’s poetry.”

The summer after Tairo died Buson and his closest friends in Kyoto formed a linked verse study group. A series of monthly meetings followed. There was some fluctuation in the membership, with as many as ten people attending on occasion.
Buson's duets with Kitō were a well-kept secret. Otherwise it would have made little sense to talk about two chain poems as if they had actually been written earlier. A number of letters back and forth from late spring till the beginning of winter, 1780, tells of its composition, revision, and publication. They suggest that master and disciple worked together to make a model for poets in their own circle and to challenge outsiders, such as Kyōtai and his companions. The first poem began with Buson's celebrated, "Peonies scatter..." and the first three links may be translated as follows:

"Peonies scatter—
Piled on top one another,
Two or three petals."

(*Botan chite/uchi-kasanarinu/ni-sam-ben.*) (Buson)

"Fifth Month, the twentieth day,
What a sight to greet the dawn."

(*Uzuki hatsuka-no/ariake-no kage.*) (Kitō)

"Cough, for a greeting—
'Old Man, I'm at the gate,
Open up for me.'"

(*Suwabukite/okina-ya kado-o/hirakuran.*) (Kitō)

From a completed manuscript on Buson's life and work to be published in the near future.
SPRING

Spring Evening
*Carelessly burning incense this spring evening*

Spring Rain
*A pond and a stream become one in the spring rain*

Warblers
*In an old garden a warbler warbles all day long*

Rape Flowers
*Rape flowers: no whales come close, the sea grows dark*

SUMMER

May Rain
*May rain: a nameless river is terrifying*
*Short cut: stepping over water in the May rain*

Snail
*Holing up — snail, are you doubtful of the rain?*

Melons
*In praise of a painting:
Wordily, a woman gives me early melons*
AUTUMN

Autumn evening

Is there any woman who longs for me this autumn evening?

Moon

Running out of nets, running out of the nets — the water, the moon

Autumn Wind

The day vast: an autumn wind blows on a fishing line

WINTER

Foot-warmer

While I stayed in Takamatsu, Sanshū, during a trip, I was happy with my hosts' warm attention: on the day I finally left their house:

Out of a foot-warmer, underfoot a wild river

Shower

Across a distant mountain a streak of setting sun in a shower

Plovers

Not increasing, not decreasing, just as of old — those plovers

Holing Up in Winter

Happy with this house with a low roof: holed up in winter
TRANSLATIONS/DERIVATIONS

YOSA BUSON
1716 – 83

Haru-no mizu / yama naki kuni-o / nagare keri

Asa-giri-ya / e-ni kaku yume-no / hito-dōri

In Japan, Buson is considered to be second only to Basho. His work as painter places him high on the list of Japan’s poet/painters. He continues to influence contemporary poets.

PANEL

Alfred H. Marks    Hiroaki Sato
Kyoko Selden       Leon Zolbrod

The two haiku were chosen by Leon Zolbrod
HAIKAI shinsen.
Haru-no mizu / yama naki kuni-o / nagare keri

Haru - Spring
no - of
mizu - water
yama - mountain
naki - lacking
kuni - country
wo - (follows object)
nagare - flowing
keri - has been

Derivation:

Spring rains flowing over a mountainless landscape
haru no mizu naki kuni o nagare keri

haru — spring
no — of
mizu — water; as a convention, haru no mizu refers to the water resulting from thawing; subject of the verb nagaru
yama — mountain or mountains
naki — without, devoid of, etc.; yama naki, devoid of mountains, mountainless, etc.
kuni — country, land, province, etc.; modified by yama naki
o — through, in, along, etc. (in this case)
nagare — verb, nagaru, to flow
keri — adds a sense of emotional overtone

A commentator says this hokku alludes to a line by a Chinese poet T’ao Ch’ien (365—427), which says something like “spring water fills marshes everywhere.”

Spring water flows through the mountainless land

Hiroaki Sato
Haru-no mizu / yama naki kuni-o / nagare keri

haru no — of the spring
mizu — water
yama naki — mountainless, modifies kuni
kuni o — country, province, land (accusative or locative)
nageri keri — auxiliary verb of memory

Translation:
spring water / in mountainless land / flows

Derivation:
spring water  flows over land without mountains

Kyoko Selden
Haru-no mizu / yama naki kuni-o / nagare keri

**Haru** — noun, spring

**-no** — possessive particle

**Mizu** — noun, fresh water

**Yama** — noun, mountain

**Naki** — verbal adjective, not having

**Kuni** — noun, country, province

**-o** — particle, sign of objective case

**Nagare** — renyokei, or conjugated form of classical verb, nagaru, to flow

**Keri** — verbal suffix, which follows renyokei form of main verb, denoting past time, a narrative frame, a sense of duration, or a sign of affirmation; also, a cutting word

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**Literal translation:**

*Water in spring / through mountain-less country / flowing along*

**Freer translation:**

*The river in spring — / Over land without mountains / It flows quickly along.*

Comment: There is a suggestion of fullness and of expansiveness appropriate for the season of new growth. The idea is not of a narrow, cramped mountain stream but of a swollen torrent flowing powerfully across a broad plain toward the sea.

Leon Zolbrod
Asa-giri-ya / e-ni kaku yume-no / hito-dori

Asagiri — Morning mist
ya — :
e — picture
ni — in
kaku — draw
yume — dream
no — of
hitodori — man-path

Derivation:

Dream
in
a
picture:
this
road
full
of
people
in
the
morning
mist.

Alfred H. Marks
asa-giri ya e ni kaku yume no hito-dōri

asa-giri — compound noun: asa, morning, and kiri, mist, fog, haze; Buson's other hokku on kiri suggests that by this word he meant a dense variety

ya — see Henderson and others

e ni kaku — simply, to paint; broken down into components, to turn (something) into a painting, to do or paint a painting; also, draw for paint, drawing for painting; how this phrase functions is not clear: it can be the predicate of asa-giri or the modifier of what follows

yume — dream

no — of, like, in, etc.; yume no, dreamlike, in a dream, etc.

hito-dōri — simply, street; broken down into components, people-pass

Morning mist makes a painting of a dreamy flow of people

Hiroaki Sato
Asa-giri / ya / e / ni / kaku / yume-no / hito-dōri

Overview:
- Asa-giri: morning mist (of the fall)
- ya: vocative
- e: picture, drawing, painting
- ni: into
- kaku: draw, paint, e ni kaku modifies yume
- yume-no: like a dream, of a dream, modifies hito-dōri
- hito-dōri: people's passing, traffic of pedestrians

Translation:
Morning mist, painted into a picture, dreamlike, people passing

Derivation:
- morning mist
- a painting
- dreamlike
- of
- people passing

Kyoko Selden
Asa-giri-ya / e-ni kaku yume-no / hito-dōri

asa-giri — compound noun, morning fog
-ya — cutting word; also, interrogative particle
e — noun, painting, picture
-ni — particle indication direction, in, toward, on
kaku — verb, to write, draw, or paint
yume — noun, dream
-no — possessive particle
hito-dōri — compound noun, people + passing

Literal translation:
Morning fog, eh? / in a picture painting a dream /
of people passing.

Freer translation:
Fog in the morning — / Just like painting in a dream /
People passing by.

Comment: Morning fog may be taken as an autumn topic, such as that assigned or drawn by lot for a poetry meeting. The paired images or ideas of painting in a dream and of people passing by, which are metaphorically linked to the fog, work in two ways. First, there is a sense of a painting that vanishes on the dreamer's awakening. Secondly, there is the elusive, dream-like sense of hearing people passing by and yet not being able to see them in the fog.
by William Matheson

A DECADE FOR BUSON

I. Morning in a fog
painting by who might it be
passing through a dream.

II. Fog of a morning
dreamt of someone passing by
this Thames of Whistler.

III. Brouillard matinal
en écran écrit ce rêve
par ceux qui voyagent.

IV. Voi che per la via
passate: say your dreams are
painting morning fog.

V. The morning befogged
my mind like a scroll of dream
painted en passant.

VI. By wayfarers dreamed
seen “charcoal inks in tree” scene
a morning of fog.

VII. This most vaguely sketched
yet etched in the passing eye
of dream-morning fog.

VIII. “The fog this morning”
fleetingly upon my dream
inscribed I glimpsed it.

IX. And dreamed an unknown
—spectre en plein jour—took a brush
and drew “Morning Fog.”

X. Morning screened in fog:
what transient dream has drawn it
By Us Seen Or Not?
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