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tulip tree
long-necked flight attendant's
short-cut hair

japanese
who wrote on their death flight—
my plane lands

end of runway
waiting for the other plane
not to hit me

tall, old building
september sun
sets on the U.N.

outside Japan House
laughter of a new bride
—hurricane over

botanical garden
grass plots
size of a casket

legless man:
jangle of change
in an old tin can

topless club
---full moon rises
on an old mural

Charles D. Nethaway, Jr.
MUSEUM OF HAIKU LITERATURE (TOKYO) AWARD

$25 for best previously unpublished haiku
from *Frogpond* IX: 2

top of the falls
your voice somewhere
in its sound

*Ruby Spriggs*
August—
mica
   in the stone eye

They've gone:
exhaust smoke hovers
   in the evening sun

Midsummer stars—
   the flowing water murmurs
      under the street

   Stephen Gould

Finally the wind
Dried horseradish rattling
Sounds of cicada

   John Beer

darker
than the mind's eye . . .
crows in summer grass

   Peggy Willis Lyles

one eye open
   the cat eyes the fly,
   the long slow day

cicadas—
   when they stop a moment,
   a bit of coolness

   Anna Holley
Laingsburg, Michigan, is a small mid-American town that loves parades. A number of farmers in the area raise Belgian draft horses and there are usually several wagons pulled by these magnificent animals as well as small buggies creaking along behind donkeys and an odd assortment of backyard horses. The high school band is always out of tune. And the sun invariably shines.

Parade Day—
wind stiffens
the post office flag

Drum beat—
a cowboy swats flies
with his hat

The high school band
finally
in step

Above his bass drum
the small boy’s
big smile

Queen of the prom
grinning
through bubblegum
Beneath the flag
an octogenarian
peers into his popcorn

Keeping pace
with the six-horse hitch
. . . a barefoot boy

Silencing the crowd
the faint sound
of a hurdy-gurdy

Clown teacher—
so red
the sad smile

Round and round
on the carousel,
a child's tennis shoe

American Legion—
a half-eaten hotdog
on the step

Going home—
the kid's smile buried
in his pony's mane

Carol Wainright
from the onion fields
the strong hot breath of summer—
rumble of thunder

Helen Dalton

with the bills
and junk mail
a wasp

Ronald Rice

unopened roses
sway with the wind
past grandmother's rocking

across Iowa plains
wood-planked boxcars
rumbling through goldenrod

Grant Wood's
black oaks windbreak
the white framed farmhouse

Kevin Driscoll

sultry day—
only the bumblebee sways
the pampas grass

partly cloudy—
a yellow cat taking her time
through the cemetery

Nina A. Wicker
TWO EXPOSTULATIONS

I
Your dragonflies, Lord—
leniently You let them dart
all day by the pond!

II
Your cicadas, Lord—
leniently You let them clash
toy cymbals all day!

Robert Spiess
(from The Bold Silverfish
and Tall River Junction)

summer wind through the corn:
the flow of the milk way
this August night

Edward J. Rielly

SUMMER LICKS

Summer clearance sale
sharing the same dressing room
the mayfly and I

Morning: July rain
no street vendors . . .
the sound of steel drums

Opening one eye
the bag lady sneers into
the tourist’s camera

Sydell Rosenberg
the owl waits
watching as the car goes by
flies silently on

Harriet Kofalk

the muskrat
cutting a V
across the pond
dried willow leaves
blowing under the seats
in the row boat

Robert A. Goodnow

leaving its aerie,
the shadow of the osprey
slips into the sea
deserted boardwalk:
the shadow of the falcon
stalks the mourning dove

Nick Virgilio

A young deer swimming
south in the Skagerrak
waves of dolphins

Crisscrossing the pond
the harvest moon's bright stripe
the water snake's wake

R. Dirk
WIND THROUGH WILLOWS  
Renga: March 1983—March 1985  
Geraldine Little and Ruth Yarrow

wind through willows  
to roots  
of my hair

whitecaps on the water
an old man peels an orange

lowering sun—
the toddler's corona
against the dark river

right across her cot
the owl's long questions

ambulance window:
earthshine cradled
in the thinnest moon

high as the hospital eaves
one firefly's message

Yarrow
Little
Yarrow
Little
Yarrow
Little
smog:
through a sweatshop door
bare bulb glowing

far down the moonless street
thin cry of a cat

dawn sounds:
shreds of my dream
beyond reach

behind morning lake mist
soft sound of a dipped paddle

rain pricked lagoon
the hair on my arm
rising

on a blue velvet chair
the white cat licks her fur

storm blown east:
still swirls
of wet oats

a puddle of moon
by the old pump

grasping the cold handle
the old woman's knuckles
bulge white

from a passing car,
Ravel's "Bolero"

whiff of lilacs—
she twirls her striped umbrellas
to a blur

contact lenses lost,
what sways in the lake?
the black swan
swims across
Venus

shadow of his sombrero
his eyes a point of light

high noon
a donkey waters
the dry riverbed

at the switchback a hoof held—
the canyon below

a lover’s sigh
floats up up up up
and away

in shafts of evening light
pollen dances

once again
the first bronze chrysanthemum
dazzles

smile in her dark face spreading
around her wiggling tooth

vandals topple
one white tombstone—the silence
of autumn grasses

over the prairie hollow
diesel whistle

across the full moon
a streak of contrail startles
an old man’s eyes

cabin door creaks open—
sudden cold grasps my ankles
in driving snow
a pregnant hound crosses
the rope bridge

... Little ...

small girl's sleep deepening
the hammock's curve

... Yarrow ...

the creak, creak
of the weathervane rooster
below bulging clouds

... Little ...

bowl into her wide lap
ping of the first peas

... Yarrow ...

captured in the blaze
of apple blossoms
new moon

... Little ...

dappled shadows
the baby wiggles her toes

... Yarrow ...
Chinatown heat—
piled on piles of garbage,
another pile

empty flour sacks
line the parched sidewalk
—Chinatown dusk

summer concert—
only a few stars shine
over city lights

Anthony J. Pupello

tenement evening:
wellimg up from hot sidewalks
voices float my dream

after the nightmare
my pulse slows
to the katydids'

Ruth Yarrow

a little gray cat
waits hidden in the tall grass,
one bright red leaf falls

old green shingled walls,
the garage with a red roof
leans just a little

Robin Janning
When I consider the relationship between writing haiku and writing longer poems, I find that the categories of experience I call "haiku moments" also fit certain "poem moments." For me, haiku must be brief, image centered, and devoid of metaphor or simile. Haiku and longer poems result from my sudden awareness of connection between the "moment" and the feelings I bring to it, or from my sensing a relationship between and among the aspects of the object or experience perceived.

I notice either a haiku moment or a poem moment for one of several reasons: 1) The beautiful or the horrible compels me to participate in it. 2) Objects are wedded in a juxtaposition of the like or the unlike that, once perceived, seems to me inevitable and "charged" across the gap. 3) Things are very different from the way they usually appear or occur.

I include here examples of longer poems that seem, to me, to have grown from the same kind of moment a haiku grows from, embodying the characteristics of haiku mentioned above. The primary difference between these poems and haiku, for me, is that some of the longer poems do use metaphor.

The first poems I offer are extended images with parts even more closely related than the pieces of a haiku sequence, although they relate similarly.

**EVENING**

The dead leaves blow
rust red
down the gutter.
Upstairs the baby
spits blood.
Somewhere a siren
sends its long wail
over the bare treetops.
The mother's hands
open over the child's belly,
a pale prayer of fingers moving
on the dark.

[Copyright © 1981, Penny Harter,
*White Flowers in the Snow*]

In this poem, I feel a series of haiku-like images that grow out of one another and are very closely connected in mood and imagery. The major difference between this and a "haiku sequence" is a kind of narrative glue. We move from dead leaves and rust to blood, to the sound of a siren (almost a renga-like association) to the mother's hands over the belly in the dark.
Another poem which operates in much the same way for me follows:

THE SILENCE OF SNOW

The silence
of snow
on tombstones

as if these dead were risen
to stand in dumb rows,
an army of white pillars
on the hill.

The silence
of snow
falling now
between the spread fingers
of my cold and open hand.

[Copyright © 1980, Imprint]

In this poem the image is sustained, using the juxtaposition of cold snow with numb white fingers and mounded tombstones. This time the "glue" is not narrative, but extended image that is related by cold and color, and by pattern almost as if in a painting—the rhythm of spaces between tombstones and fingers, as the snow sifts between them.

Here are three other poems that, for me, move in haiku-like images that cling together much more tightly than those in a haiku sequence.

WHILE DRIVING ALL NIGHT

The white tiled Hess station rushes by,
ceramic antiseptic ward.
The moon tonight floats white
and shiny as new styrofoam.
No car is getting gas.
Mine grows empty.
Ahead of me red tail-lights burn
in the dark tunnel. I am afraid.
A horizontal gravity pulls me faster
toward the black horizon.

I am afraid. Dead animals
are out there, discarded hamburgers
bleeding at the middle.
I run my right hand
over the foam rubber that sprouts
through the cracks in the passenger seat
like moss.

[Copyright © 1981 Penny Harter, in Between Two Rivers: Ten North Jersey Poets]
A CIRCLE OF SLEEP

A circle of sheep in the twilight,
lying in the pale green grass,
their backs like ancient dolmens
bleaching under the darkening sky—

a circle of sheep
down at dusk
in a soft field,
sleeping.

Shadows surround them.
Their yellow eyes open
under the moon.

They rise, bleating,
to break from center,
white smudges, drifting
toward the dark horizon.

At the field's edge
cars rush by, headlights
probing the night.

STILL LIFE ON THE PLANET EARTH

In the pit
of the upflung arm
of the Salvadoran soldier
whose corpse lies along the road
(head thrown back,
shoulders in the weeds,
legs spread in the dust)
a clot of black hair curls—
and in his naked chest,
the hole.

[Copyright © 1986, Penny Harter, Open Magazine]
In writing the preceding poems I responded to the beautiful and the horrible and noticed the juxtapositions when they occurred: manufactured death (foam, tile, hamburgers) and the deaths of animals in the road, against the living flesh of the driver; the movement of sheep and their eyes, the moon—against the movement of cars with headlights; the soldier's curling back armpit hair, sexual and virile, against the black hole in his naked chest.

The following examples grew out of another dependable source of haiku, the finding of differences from the usual order of things (these poems do frequently embody juxtaposition also, since that very juxtaposition is sometimes the difference itself).

**THE ONLY COWS LEFT IN PISCATAWAY**

The only cows left in Piscataway
chew grass by the split-rail fence,
and fix their mild eyes on the horizon
where petroleum tanks squat.

The only cows left in Piscataway
breathe black smoke
settling on the pasture
like fog on a gray morning,
hang their heads over the fence
and fix mild eyes on trucks
spewing their way uphill.

The only cows left in Piscataway
eat grass in a field fertilized
by exhaust, and the farmer
wipes soot from their faces
before he milks them.

[Copyright © 1986, The Christian Science Monitor]
BENEATH THE STARS

The white wicker chair stiffens in cold twilight.
Paint has flaked from its woven body.
Birds have splattered its seat.

The white wicker chair was new once,
sitting across from another white wicker chair,
holding sunlight on white cottons
and laughter careless as iccubes in leftover drinks.

Inside the distant house lights come on.
Someone laughs slamming down a window.
Autumn wind hisses through white wicker cracks
as the stars thicken.
The chair creaks as it settles for the night.

Tiptoe across the shrivelled grass.
Approach the chair quietly.
Curl into its moonlit lap.
Notice the curved armrests,
the gentle embrace of the chair back.
Now close your eyes
and listen to the lost croquet game
resume beneath the stars.

IN AN OLD HOTEL

In a faded corridor,
a dim tunnel of closed wooden doors
among gray garland tapestries,
one door stood ajar,
casting a wedge of light across
the mildewed carpet,
and as I passed, looking in,
a naked man danced by the open crack
and was gone.

Talk about something being different from usual! Seriously, the cows are covered with soot, the wicker furniture is out in the cold and the dark, and the cracked hotel door shows the flash of a naked man. I could have captured each of these moments, and moments in the earlier long poems, in haiku. But I wanted room to move around in and further develop the relationships within and between the moments and myself. And, as I type these poems I see that within each one are certain passages, certain lines or couplings of images, that almost are haiku in themselves.
Finally, a haiku sequence can also focus on powerful events and their connections:

**DUST BOWL**

hound running
between the rows
of shrivelled corn

a child
draws the sun
in the dust

rock-a-bye baby—
porch door swinging
in the rising wind

dust storm—
black corners
of the child's eyes

farm gone, the farmer
fingers the stubble
of his beard

FOR SALE FARM AND COW

picking crops
she wipes the blood
on her flowered dress

nightfall—
the coolness of dirt
between toes

through the cardboard walls
harmonica

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[NOTE: Following the presentation of this paper at the June meeting of the HSA in New York, several members read some of their non-haiku poems and discussed the poems’ connections with haiku. To receive a cassette tape of the meeting, send $3.00, payable to Randy Rader, to Randy at his address (see front of this issue).]
no sheep on the hill
only an old shepherd gazing
at a buttermilk sky

haunting the fog
the pale ghost of a bridge
without a river

Ann Atwood

My simple supper
and the emptiness of night.
The way wet with rain

Feeling a bit cheered
by a sparrow's impudence
my courage returns

Gunther Klinge
(adapted from the German by Ann Atwood)

Facing the wind,
the toothless fisherman
lights his pipe.

From the shadow
of the nightwatchman,
a curl of smoke.

Arizona Zipper

Graveyard by the sea
an unnamed cross
casts a shadow

Margaret Molarsky
nippon sequence

bar he scratches out japan writes nippon
are women in america beaten she asks
the geisha does what she's not supposed to do
we don't write winter haiku in summer
our talk his wife and daughter behind curtains
rinds bob at the shoreline
lot of luggage through hiroshima laughing
woman at home who is she

Marlene Mountain

summer rain—
sunflower bursting
among gravestones

Rich Youmans
shot duck
gun/////////down

*

snow
wowers
now
over
rsn
owin
nth
edr
ied
upw
ell

*

threeCATsecondEYESthunder

*

LeRoy Gorman
dew worm dew going dawn

*

st
ill
leav
es tu
rn i
n w
in
d

*

rain yes rain yes rain

  e y e s

*

LeRoy Gorman
eighteen-wheelers
huddle at desert rest stop
neon sign blinks EAT

truck stop cafe
a tired waitress
waters the philodendron

Ronan

The crows
can't figure it:
plastic eagle kite

Russell Holder

off lover's leap
tangle, tumble down
his and her kites

overrunning
the abandoned airstrip—
kite flyers

threatening sky
origami peace crane's tail
a rocket-shaped kite

this heat!
cows graze in shadows cast
by a nuclear plant

Johnny Baranski
Dog-day heat:
a faded campaign poster
among roadside weeds

locked in a white Buick
three hounds arrooo through
a cracked-open window

loud liquored voices
from across the way—I count
the circles in a stump

planning for the worst
he makes his winters last
all year

not that bad tasting—the milk
but all day smelling goats

watching my gun
she won't eat the meat—
the dog I have to shoot

The worm
far out on this paved lot
more rain
unwatered
for a week
noon sun

the cat crouches
all hidden but her tail

a horsefly
doing what horseflies do . . .
Ouch!

Gary L. Vaughn

in the old man's trash
letters from his widowed sister,
unopened

the old woman:
her unopened
ribbon candy

Carol Montgomery

early autumn—
flies crowding the outside
of the screen

Wally Swist

Cloud covers sun
momentarily
cricket song resumes

J. Michael Koetzner
4.

bh  playing solitaire
    it's discouraging to cheat
    but oh what the hell

ach  the loons have kept to themselves
     Satie lapses into Bach

jm  underneath her robe
     she's hiding a bathing suit
     don't fail me yet/eyes

bh  the lake if seen upside down
     would be a peculiar thing

ach  roughing the surface
     what is it?—a marimba?
     a turtle also

jm  the old man is still working
     to get the roof done by dark

bh  the elm they sawed down
     embarrassed the tree trimmers
     it went the wrong way

ach  that peeping-Tom light flashes
     under the skirt of each tree
the sun has burned off
the haze stuck under the wings
of that butterfly

the lake suddenly giggles
flies wear polyester suits

why did you depart
leaving us the sky empty
of your happiness?

the dog's paw prints are leading
out to the end of the dock

I'm glad to know that
the perfect stone I found here
is still on the shore

up on the hill the machines
thirty years with arthritis

if only the girls
when the chair's green webbing gave
hadn't been watching

or we three for that matter
slapping at mosquitoes

the end of August
everything that is green
green a while long

even the maples temper
their desire to be sugar
bh up in the meadow
we find where a deer has slept
we are perfect fools

ach a dragonfly comes to light
on a piece of pineapple

Note: "Long Lake Renga," a linked-verse piece in five sections, was written at Long Lake, Wisconsin during the summer of 1984. Parts 1, 2 and 3 appeared in *Frogpond IX*: 1 and IX: 2; the concluding section will be in *Frogpond IX*: 4. ESL

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CITYSCAPE

caught
unprotected
early rain

flowers swim
in the parking lot—
wind, ripples

french laundry—
days and dreams wait
on the racks

broken street lamp
shines for no one
city night

*Raymond J. Stovich*
BRYANT POND
Maine

dusk on the pond
the yodeling call
of a single loon

from the hillock
another loon lurches
back to the pond

darkening sky
the loon's dark head
lost in pond mist

after the storm
a pair of loons riding
the calm water

Gloria H. Procsal

only when i stand still
the fields along the road
gone to seed

whatever i wanted to say to her
the red maple
listens

mushrooms:
wherever i find
her shadow

Bob Boldman
smoke from the hogan
   the Navajo woman's rug
      almost finished

the roadrunner's long strides
   over the rattlereed,
      squeak of a field mouse

Roberta Stewart

Spider web blowing
   between the wooden supports
of the windmill

Diane Webster

Where are the rocks
that lead across this river?
   Summer rain.

   Late summer
bindweed in the beans, bees
   in the owl's house.

   Small town . . .
double-parked to say
      "hot. hot."

   No hour
without its cricket sound:
   September

Lenore Mayhew
SUMMER ENDS\hspace{1em}ON THE DECK ALONE
a sola renga

*Lequita Vance*

summer ends
on the deck alone
the wait for rain

no bread left for the geese
twilight \hspace{1em} honks and hisses

one gas flame
splutters as he explains
the latest plight

mapped out ahead of time
detour sign at the last turn

one way
or the other overdrawn
in red

leggings wrapped tight and warm
run across the rotting planks

flash of light
\hspace{1em} just once
in the dark

glitter from her earrings
the only movement between them

tense
a guywire bounces back
\hspace{1em} and forth
over and over a record
plays the same scratch

fleas
the dog and me awake
all night

on the next street corner
The Morning Sun arrives

through clouds & mist
the lightning plays
its distant music

listening to jazz
the thunder rumbles across
the bird sounds

so loud, so loud—
yelling, “Shut up!”
to the bullfrog chorus

Richard Bodner
rainy night depot,
through clouds of hissing steam
the smell of steel

in moonlit sea
the pier’s broken pile
rising falling

Rebecca Rust

Strawberry pickers . . .
the small one
with ruby lips

Birds scolding
around the man
with the fit

Garden temple . . .
on his knees
pulling weeds

Together, leaping
the dancers, the dancers
the dancers

Robert F. Mainone

summer heat—
every string on the violin
out of tune

Sylvia Forges-Ryan
THE MANI
southernmost Greece

mountain stopping
just before it tumbles
on our village

the overhang—
sun creeping higher
highlight its claw

cliff-edge siesta—
tinkle of goat bells
from the sky

stopping here
while all around us moves—
wind in the mist

a blossom falling
after the wind has ceased:
evening calm

moonlight stillness—
beside its shadow
each stone

brown clouds
butting against
the leftover moon

Humphrey Noyes

Note: The haiku "stopping here" was first published in Wind Chimes 17. ESL
a drop or two of rain
as suddenly the mocking bird
shuts up

Gene Williamson

Waking, on my left shoe
a firefly—coolness

Morning noises—
an axman and woodpecker
in the aspen grove

Tidewater—
the last row of horse tracks
fade in the dunes

Edward O'Blenis

Cemetery sign:
NO ADMITTANCE AFTER DARK
already a firefly

Nina A. Wicker

leaving no trace
a firefly
enters the moon

Rosamond Haas
Abandoned privy;  
honeysuckle growing through  
the cracks

Dim rainy day  
my red-maned horse  
grazes towards home

In the loft  
musty harness and  
ghost horses

Deborah Page

After the sunset—  
white sky, black trees,  
evensong of small birds

Thick fog...  
high in the pine  
strange birds chattering

Virginia Egermeier

Pigeon-toed  
her scarlet shoes  
between the men's wingtips

As he sleeps  
she touches  
the shrapnel scars

Glenda Frank
boiling bancha
an old woman
feeds a foal fresh grass

my master's smile
reflecting off the bell
rain drops

zaveja

his old baseball cap—
in his wheel chair
stroking it softly

watching me—
the bag-lady asking
why I write haiku

mourning my stillborn son—
the bag-lady's hand
on mine

Tim Jamieson

Merry Widow performed
on an outdoor stage
a shooting star

Jack Bernier

when the poem comes
I have an old envelope
my friend has a pen

Susan Chapman
Creaking together
grandfather's porch rocker
a barnyard cricket

George Swede

country funeral
among the weeds
the drum, drum of grouse wings

Judith Clark

Twilight growing
into the shape
of the mourning dove's call

Ann Atwood

late harvest
tractor headlights
double the moon

between darkening trees
a last heron
takes summer away

Lawrence Rungren

Venus
and a single bird
whistling in the dark.

Mark Allan Johnson
BOOK REVIEW

UNDER THE BANYAN TREE, Satsvarūpa dāsa Goswami. The Gītānāgari Press, 10310 Oaklyn Drive, Potomac, MD 20854; 1986, 32 pp., $8.50. (Special offer to readers of Frogpond: $5.00 or in exchange for a signed book of haiku by its author.)

Reviewed by Miriam Sagan

Under the Banyan Tree chronicles a spiritual journey in prose and haiku. The journey begins when Goswami meets his teacher, the Swami Prabhupāda, in a storefront on New York's Lower East Side. Like all such quests, Goswami's experience is often ineffable or non-verbal, and the attempt to communicate it can be difficult. At times his relationship to his teacher may appear sentimental, for example:

Just before I dove
you caught me
in your glance.

However, there is also humor and insight, as when the student is confronted with an image of the God Vishṇu:

Beautiful bluish youth,
four symbols in His hands—
I scratch my head.

Here, the tension between the "inconceivable" deity and the quite human observer creates a perfect haiku turn.

When the spiritual student returns to the everyday world haiku points up the seeming contradiction. The following is nicely constructed with a gentle irony:

Mrs. Gomez and five kids,
husband ran off, leaping mice—
yogi welfare worker.

The prose entries work well in their own right, and help create a genuine poetic journal. The subject matter of Banyan Tree is delicate, for a spiritual quest can be as personal as a love affair, and lack some of the literary conventions of the latter. But Goswami has done a good job, and the steely delicacy of haiku is just the right form.

The beautifully designed book has a striking cover of sculpted paper. A biographical note would have been a nice addition, though, along with a credit for the untitled portrait at the end, presumably of Swami Prabhupāda.

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HAIKU PUBLICATIONS

The Alchemist: special haiku issue. Congratulations to Editor Marco Fraticelli for this fine mini-anthology containing the work of 31 Canadian and U.S. poets, and to Rod Willmot whose Burnt Lake Press produced the handsome letterpress, handbound issue. It will be, if it is not already, a collector's item. Single copy $5.; subscription $10. for 4 consecutive issues. The Alchemist, Box 123, LaSalle, Quebec, Canada H8R 3T7.

Oak Grove Haiku. John Sheirer announces this new tri-annual haiku magazine. He seeks articles, essays, book and magazine reviews, interviews and all types of haiku and senryu. First issue planned for September, 1986. $4. a yr., $7. 2 yr., single issue $1.50. Oak Grove Haiku, c/o John Sheirer, Editor, 96 N. Congress St., Upstairs, Athens, OH 45701.

Haiku Review '87. Randy & Shirley Brooks, Editors of High/Coo Press, are gathering information and articles for the next edition of Haiku Review. Please send information about your new haiku books or articles published between 1984 and 1987. Update and correct any of the previous listings. Please inquire if you have an essay on contemporary haiku or the current haiku publishing scene. Haiku Review '87 will feature haiku in education and haiku as education. Randy & Shirley Brooks, Editors, High/Coo Press, Route 1, Battle Ground, IN 47920. (317-567-2596).

COVER ART

My apologies plus my thanks to Marlene L'Abbé for the cover of the last Frogpond (IX:2). Somehow my appreciation was apparently written in invisible ink. ESL

My gratitude to Marlene Mountain for the cover art for this issue. I trust the ink will be visible. ESL

CONTEST WINNERS

Winners of the Hawaii Association Ninth Annual Haiku Contest are as follows.


Hawaii Theme: 1st, Rebecca Rust; 2nd Marvelee Soon Tahauri; 3rd, Mildred Murakami; Honorable Mentions to Helen E. Dalton (3), Winnie E. Fitzpatrick, Dorothy Winslow Wright (2), Miriam Sinclair, Roberta Stewart, Rebecca Rust, and Marvelee Soon Tahauri.

Humorous Category: 1st, Barbara McCoy; 2nd, Jaye Giammarino; 3rd, Miriam Sinclair; Honorable Mentions to Lorraine Ellis Harr (3), Rebecca Rust (2), Barbara McCoy (2), Miriam Sinclair, Alexis Rotella, and Carol Wainright.
HAIKU CONTESTS
The Poetry Society of Japan is sponsoring its first International Tanka Contest and third International Haiku Contest (in English), open to the general public as well as to members. For rules send SAE with one IRC to: The Poetry Society of Japan, 5-11 Nagike-cho, Showa-ku, Nagoya 466, Japan. Deadline: December 31, 1986.
The Hawaii Education Association announces its Tenth Annual Haiku Writing Contest with November 15, 1986 deadline. For a copy of the rules, write Hawaii Education Association, 1649 Kalakua Ave., Honolulu, HI 96826. SASE.
Poets' Study Club of Terre Haute, Indiana, has announced its 1987 international poetry contest. One of the three categories is Traditional Haiku. For a copy of rules, SASE to Martha Oprisko, Contest Chairman, 1609 South 5th Street, Apt. 2, Terre Haute, IN 47802. Deadline is February 1, 1987.

BOOKS AND CHAPBOOKS RECEIVED
Listing of new books received is for information only and does not imply endorsement by the magazine nor the Haiku Society of America. Future issues will carry reviews of some of these titles.

the space between: binary haiku by Eric Amann, LeRoy Gorman, George Swede; Wind Chimes Press, P.O. Box 601, Glen Burnie, MD 21061; 1986, 24 unno. pps., $1.50 ppd. Wind Chimes Minibook XII.

fragrance of frost grapes by Charles B. Dickson; Skyefield Press, Deer Isle, Maine; 1986, 24 pps, $4.00 ppd. From author, 3012 Brenmar Way, Doraville, GA 30340.

series three through six by Michael Dudley; Wind Chimes Press (address above); 1986, 16 unno. pps., $3.00 ppd. Wind Chimes Book VI.
The Spinalonga Poems: a tanka sequence by Geraldine C. Little; Wind Chimes Press (address above); 1986, 24 unno. pps., $1.50 ppd. Wind Chimes Minibook XIV.

Against the Night by James Minor; Juniper Press, 1310 Shorewood Drive, La Crosse, WI 54601; 1986, 19 pps., $6. plus $1 postage for one copy, two or more copies $6. each. Number 23, William N. Judson Series.

Adornings by Michael Joseph Phillips; 1986, 118 pps., $7.95, From author, 430 East Wylie St., Bloomington, IN 47401-4743.
Dear Gary,

I would love to see some of your ideas for consideration for FreshPond.

Meanwhile, best wishes!

ES