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WORD FROM THE EDITOR

ESL
the rounded basket
filling with haiku
& begonia blossoms

About a year ago the famous classic photographer Andre Kertesz, now in his nineties, visited Santa Fe for the opening of a retrospective exhibit of his work. In a story about him, a local reporter wrote of Kertesz, considered one of the fathers of photojournalism and candid photography, that his photographs “combine a haunting simplicity, a subtle geometry and a powerful poetry.” Kertesz himself once said, “I always photographed what the moment told me.” Perhaps there is a kernel of wisdom there for haiku poets. He did not say that he photographed what the moment ‘showed’ him, but rather what the moment ‘told’ him, which I take to be quite a different and deeper thing. Just so, the memorable haiku is not written from a superficial surface view of a moment’s experience, but from a more centered awareness, from what the moment tells the poet.

An important new book is now available: Cor van den Heuvel’s revised and expanded Haiku Anthology (Simon & Schuster). This handsome paperback brings together a bountiful and varied collection of haiku and senryu plus an informative introduction and appendix. Cause indeed for celebration in the haiku world and for congratulations to Cor—with the hope that not too many years will pass before a third edition appears including the work of even more of the younger generation of fine haiku poets now writing.

Another book I wish to mention is the beautiful small chapbook, Against the Night by James Minor (Juniper Press). This is one example of the many and varied haiku chapbooks now appearing. This one, listed in the May Frogpond, is special by virtue of its dedication “in memory of Raymond Roseliep.” Elsewhere in this current issue are other haiku for Raymond Roseliep/Sobi-Shi, whose influence continues to be felt in the haiku world three years after his death. As my own tribute, I quote one of my favorite haiku from Against the Night:

autumn moon
the harvesting stillness
of Sobi-Shi

James Minor

As this year draws to a close and Frogpond completes its ninth year, my wish for all of you is that you will experience an ever deepening sense of the wonder of the now moment and what it tells you.

May haiku bring you joy!
MUSEUM OF HAIKU LITERATURE (TOKYO) AWARD

$25 for best previously unpublished haiku from *Frogpond* IX:3

The worm
far out on this paved lot
more rain

*John-Bruce Shoemaker*
November gusts
dead spider clings
to its web

As we argue
a beetle shell rocks
on the window ledge

Autumn evening
she paints her nails
I star gaze

She won’t speak to me . . .
neither will Basho, Buson
or even Issa

George Swede

Silence
after hard words:
ice settles in my glass

Rich Youmans

fire in the caves
of his eyes
her cold, wet hands

Marian Olson

first snow . . .
the cherry blossoms falling
last May

Claire Cooperstein
Before Tutankhamon
before even Exodus
these redwood giants

All Souls two weeks gone
still he sits there    shrunken smile
the jack o' lantern

Ruth G. Iodice

rain gust
the old cicada shell
disappears

deepening
the stillness
a leaf falling

autumn waning
a melon left
on a fencepost

into my sleep
the moon calling
with your voice

Stephen Hobson

Autumn evening . . .
    drifting in the pond:
      feathers

Joe Nutt
blue-grey lichen patch
crusting the shredding bark
  on the old cedar

bright woodland fungi
grow like seashells
  on the trees
  rich earth
  fragrance

luminous maple
bright gold leaves
tossing in wind
  by the old
  mill house

(for F. R. G.
Bridgewater, CT)

E. Barrie Kavasch

centered
  in a shaft of sunlight
  his chanted aum

drifting
  into my daydream
  Andean flute

rooster at sunset
  above a wisp of cloud
  a wisp of moon

Margarita Mondrus Engle
pine-filtered moon . . .
a nightjar scoops a spider
from its web

sipping white lightning
from a jug . . .
campers and a moonshiner

click
of poker chips at dawn . . .
a nuthatch trills

November dawn . . .
the swamp lilies' fragrance
floats toward winter

Charles B. Dickson

early autumn hunt:
blowflies on the shoulder
of a fallen moose

Gloria H. Procsal

in autumn woods—
a wild turkey
outrunning the hounds

Marjorie Burney Willis

a gust
of bluejays through the pines
last evening's rain

Tom Smith
1986 HAROLD G. HENDERSON CONTEST WINNERS

FIRST PRIZE
($100)

light
up under the gull’s wing:
sunrise

Ruth M. Yarrow

SECOND PRIZE
($50)

second husband
painting the fence
the same green

Carol Montgomery

THIRD PRIZE
($25)

such coolness
the snail stretches
its neck

Clark Strand
We were very pleased with the quality of the 275 poems submitted to the Henderson Contest this year, and have selected, in addition to the three prize winning haiku, six haiku for honorable mention (given below in no particular order) and a senryu which we both thought was outstanding, though not a haiku.

Geraldine C. Little
William J. Higginson
Judges

HONORABLE MENTION

the one legged bird  
that deep bend before  
taking off  
bird song  
lost  
in bird song

David E. LeCount
Peggy Willis Lyles

walking in on her  
dead eyes reflecting  
snowfall  
in the sea  
the fireworks  
rising

Bill Pauly
Rebecca Rust

bird feeder untouched . . .  
alone again  
circling each thigh  
cool  
of the night river

Ruby Spriggs
Ruth M. Yarrow
SENRYU*

small child
afraid to throw away
his Church Bulletin

Carol Montgomery

*Traditionally, haiku and senryu share the same form. However, while haiku focus on our perceptions of the natural world, including but not emphasizing humans, senryu focus on human foibles. Senryu usually poke a bit of fun at people, and may have the biting tinge of sarcasm. We both feel that Montgomery’s “second husband” is seen as a natural being, doing the natural thing, and find that poem to be a haiku, though one rich with humor. The “small child” seems more focused on the human emotion and the humor, making it a senryu in our judgment, but one with a good deal of depth. We do not feel that a senryu is eligible for a prize in a haiku contest, but hope this will help clarify the differences between the two genres.

EJH & GCL

nobody there
to meet me
pouring rain

we talk of our past
my wife picks wax from the candlestick
burns it in the flame

nick avis
bodhidharma
taken down and replaced
with O'Keeffe's iris

George Jaramillo-Leone

Glinting by the curb:
a strand of tinsel foil
is all that remains . . .

Renge

From the church
organ practice scares
the roosting birds

Old gravestones tilt;
moonlight shadowed
by a passing owl

The fly crossing
Titian's masterpiece
stops to wash its foot

Elizabeth Hillman

finding my father
in a Franz Hals painting—
how his eyes twinkle

Francine Porad

in the dusk
another jogger
on the wet sidewalk

Lenard D. Moore
the wind
rubbing the lake
the wrong way

starting a journey
the back-looking face
washed with rain

the barking of seals
comes to the mainland
as a mist

Jane Reichhold

A fox stands
in the barn’s shadow
hunters moon

Doreen Breheney Robles

his grin
over the roar of the motorbike—
distant river

evening swallows
a real estate agent
pounds a sign into the lawn

shielding my eyes
from the blind woman’s
lit-up house

Rod Willmot
autumn stillness
cicada's paper shell
lying in the path

another child's grave
among the headstones
grasslands cemetery

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

still aloft
near the barn roof
the old hay fork

calf's tongue
stroking my hand
before the fire

The silence
of the carpenter's hammer
cold autumn wind

Grave-visit shadows
from the lantern's candle
moonless autumn night

Edward J. Rielly

Season

Charles B. Rodning
NEITHER KERNEL NOR SHELL
A Solo Renga
by
Lenore Mayhew

Autumn's high stars
ease away the thick heat
of summer

Sliding faster—
the rising water

Along the bank the willows
pull up
the roses grow vivid

In the university library
concentration reaches the ceiling

Every wet flake
of snow
finds a place to stick

All sorts of cakes
the same icing
Small princess—
under the blue satin gown
jeans and a sweater

The nun in the coffee shop
real, or "carnavale"?

Walking all the way
the sunburnt Chiyo-ni
called a "devil"

Underneath her bulk
"a willow still"

New moon,
the best rooms in the house
for the new wife

"You don't need a weatherman
to know which way the wind blows"

Under the ramshackle
porch, the dog and the cat—
ink clouds

Green light
under the eaves

In the southwest corner
grandma reads to the children, from the kitchen
cooking sounds

Green, yellow, and red
peppers for the country pasta

The cook's wife
stops her work to set straight
the daughter's braids

The customer at the counter
Longhi's Casanova
Behind the bar
Jesus pours out grappa
for the neighbors' wives

At the end of the alley
Judaica: a bowl of light

The bitter air
of winter still distancing the sun,
all cats inside

At Auntie's Tea Room
the chocolate cake's gone

Tea and sunlight,
past the glass door schoolboys:
ambience on foot

The workman hammers, coughs,
spits, hammers, coughs

Last wire taut—
through the peek-hole in the circus tent
empty dressing room

Raspberry glass necklace
a bouquet of flowers

One hat, miscellaneous sleeves—
all dressed up to watch the house-building
mountain monkeys

Spring sun
and a cloud of bees

Under the juniper
in the side garden, the white rocks
are tender and wet

Skimming breast to breast
duck and shadow duck
Ghost of the Orient Express:
jet trail
starboard at seven miles up

Above the weather and below the void
galley clatter and hot coffee

The long movie
unwinds in a cave—
at the bottom silence

The violins begin again,
her dress rustles

Along the boulevard
the light blue flowers, dark blue
in slanted light

In the creviced elm
the hard sap pushes up
HAIKU FOR A NIGHT OF INSOMNIA

in the kitchen
I step on a cool gecko—
its body still shaking

flying into my room,
a bat crashes against the lamp:
scattered cracks of light

a cock crows
and I look out the window:
the same empty street

José Carlos Barbosa

A dead butterfly
floating in the gutter pond—
double rainbow arcs

Diane Webster

old well—
gurgles cough up
rust

cicadas
swaying
the light

Frederick Gasser

schoolyard sycamores:
cicadas are warming up
the children’s morning

Nick Virgilio
RHODE ISLAND SEQUENCE

Rhode Island mist:
a lone figure on the “widows walk”
appears again

strong sea winds
catch and release
another shadow

long after sunset
still counting
the rosary

on the door
a grapevine wreath
drips with rain

Joyce Currier

Caught in the mirror
an old face glances
away from itself

Tom Coon

repointing the quoins
in the sunlight
red maple leaves fall

autumn storm
my dead aunt’s
alarm ringing

Carol Montgomery
Remembering December 6, 1983

for him
the measuring cup
Christ

Sister Mary Thomas Eulberg

after Sobi-Shi
seeing only the Rabbit
no longer the Man

Kenneth C. Leibman

Autumn dusk:
black pine and bell
tower silent

Two monks
talking ... leaves falling
the only sound

Tom Wheeler

for Thomas Merton

listening to the rain
the bald-headed monk
burns his supper

Kent A. Anderson

A brown rabbit
sitting
in his no-mind.

Lenore Mayhew

Note: The death of haiku poet and priest Raymond Roseliep occurred on 6 Dec. 83; he also wrote under the "haiku name" of Sobi-Shi. One of his last books was *Rabbit in the Moon*. ESL
financial district,
yellow leaves do not fall
from the billboard

bandshell
the bag-lady snores
through monday rain

Jerry Kilbride

seventh day of rain . . .
trying to remember
the names of things

hunchback
darkness the crow
carries

Bill Pauly

the day after Thanksgiving
sales in all the stores . . .
rain since dawn

autumn rain and leaves . . .
outside the bank
a drunk panhandling

M. Kettner

punk waitress
flowers painted down her leg
—montreal autumn

Charles D. Nethaway, Jr.
THE PEOPLE'S FACES
Mexico City Earthquake And Its Aftermath
September 19-27, 1985
by Ty Hadman

The air is still
yet the windchimes
tremble . . .

Earthquake!
The entire city
wide awake!

A highrise collapses;
the sound of high-pitched screams
from floor to floor

A hotel leveled:
the no-vacancy sign
lies crumpled on the rubble

Sirens and whistles blare,
horns honk, alarms ring
the crowd wails

Explosions, fire and smoke,
helicopters, soldiers in the streets—
flashbacks of Vietnam . . .

Zona Rosa:
the white outfits of paramedics
spattered with blood
A common beggar:
how badly his donation
of rare blood was needed!

Signs of the disaster
everywhere I go, but especially
in the people's faces

Flaming torches:
rescue workers digging
deeper and deeper . . .

Cathedral full of people praying—
each face with a different
horrified expression!

Airport waiting room:
nervous tourists with tickets
watch the clock tick

Thousands of volunteers
searching for hundreds of victims
still buried alive . . .

Another survivor
rescued from the rubble—
he looks like Lazarus!

The death toll mounting;
vultures and journalists
they have come to prey
Day after day
layer upon layer
of stacked caskets
(Hospital Juarez)

Rats on the rampage
rampant in all the tall piles
of rubbish and rubble

Uncovered manhole:
people dipping plastic pails
into sewer water

Blazing bonfire—
a hot pot of black beans
for the homeless

Moonlit tents:
like one big family, the homeless
humming hymns

Without food and water for a week
the buried baby
“She’s alive! She’s still alive!”

Sunday morning:
the sound of cathedral bells
and hammers ringing

Slowly but surely
their lovely faces beginning
to smile again . . .
LIVES OF THE OLDER CHINESE POETS

An old, revered stone,
whisper of brush's tongue
across a white silence.

Green tea at twilight,
heron-studded sky;
a plain conversation.

On late autumn evenings
when the sly breeze ignores obstacles,
gathering to drink plum wine.

Leonard Cochran

Here we have no names
You cup the moon in your hands
Trees shadow the snow

John Roberts

autumn darkness
the empty pages scatter
in the sudden gust

Anthony J. Pupello

Autumn wind
the Bosai kakemono
raps against the wall

Matthew Louvière
Early morning walk
on a country road: fog whispers
in the corn fields

Walking through
autumn rain: wet leaves
don't rustle

At home after
a friend's wedding: I fill
one wine glass

another whiskey
even the trophy trout
swims

Perugian alleyways
lost in the dark—
fresh baked bread!

the overhang—
sun creeping higher
highlights its claw

unhinged on the post
half a gate batters
the wind
Endless traffic
in the valley of the shadow
commuters from Los Alamos.

(Los Alamos, a nuclear research center in northern New Mexico.)

*Peter Fortunato*

TANKA
(For José)

The Bedford Springs Hotel:
its white paint peeling;
we walk in search of a brook that has long disappeared.

*Alexis Rotella*

cloudy day half a load of clothes in the wash
a second friend with aids first falling leaves
autumn dusk the crooked road home

*Marlene Mountain*

Threatening sky
origami peace cranes tail
a rocket-shaped kite

Summer cabin
with only the roof to go—
first snow

*Johnny Baranski*
Just turned fourteen
my son give me a pair
of hand-me-down shoes

Ross Kremer

finicky child ... 
the towhee’s
“eat you wheat”

ravelling a sleeve
she stretches crinkled yarn . . .
footsteps on dry leaves

witnessing his will . . .
the frost-hatched
pane

Peggy Willis Lyles

Up the aisle:
    Bobby and his grandpa
    with the same gait

R. Dirk

at the track,
    finishing his laps
    the old man lights up

Denver Stull

In the early evening
My grandson stepping on my shadow
And I on his

Herman M. Ward
LONG LAKE RENGA

Conclusion

Alvaro Cardona-Hine
Barbara Hughes
John Minczeski

on the shore the stones
have waited for centuries
to enlighten us

we know the way they do it
in tight and shimmering crowds

one hundred feet deep
in the middle of the lake
and no different there

a blackbird feather/ a fish
a single drop of water

so I say to you
go looking for the owl’s cry
with your eyes open

and listen to the dog bark
without judgment in your heart

the afternoon breeze
tree limbs brush the water’s skin
mushrooms! silences!

you know where the woman pees
the fish so happy grow wings
bh  the afternoon sun
    is angling down now toward home
    the lake leans with it

jm  the look on the old Finn’s face
    one sprig of mint / one of fennel

ach  at home / on my desk
    the poetry languishes
    the place gathers dust

bh  this sky we have here today
    passed over our house last night

jm  the crickets are still
    trying to get at the heart of
    the impossible

ach  easy does it! says the fish
    incapable of drowning

bh  standing on the dock
    no sky above or below
    we jump in like frogs

Note: Preceding sections of “Long Lake Renga” appeared in Frogpond IX: 1, 2, 3. An error crept into Part 4; IX: 3 4th link from the end should read:

the end of August
everything that is green
green a while longer
as she places the cup
on its saucer,
water-lily

eight-months pregnant
she swings
the balloons

Marlene L'Abbé

hospital rounds:
the old priests tweaks
my toe

nursing home:
the newcomer steals a plum
from her neighbor's tray

Rosamond Haas

her fire-scarred hands:
she still takes great care
to keep the nails polished

Gregory Suarez

grandpa insists he
still hears the crickets—
cricket season gone

Kevin Driscoll

Visiting my mother-in-law . . .
the statue stiffness
in her pose

Zhanna P. Rader
No haiku for weeks
then these hawks carving the air
above white cliffs

David Elliott

straining to see
the blue heron's return . . .
a splash-the turtle's gone

Anthony Manousos

Cordillera Blanca camping:
across the stream from us
an avalanche roars down

Above the sunglow
white mountain goat
alone

Below the crags
juniper
tasting the wind

Martin Kornfeld

on the way up
the mountain side
the sun goes down

Frederick Gasser

at the foot of the mountain
hearing the gravel crunch
beneath our feet

Wally Swist
goldenandgoneleaves
spinning and spending
    on a last lark of summer

a wayward beachball
drifting shoreward lost and shining
    . . . like a fallen sun

first frost
    the persimmons are yellow now
and sweet

and tomorrow will be winter
we will enter into morning
darkly

anne mckay

In this brief dream
a tiny bird is singing
    his notes as thin as string

Autumn path
    the soft-shoe shuffle
through fallen leaves

Frank Trotman

Sound of the bridge
in this cold spell
is different.

Carrow De Vries
MAMMOTH CAVERN SEQUENCE

Mammoth Cavern       a small boy yawns
the tour guide intones  slow drip of water
the cavern's description lost in echoes
exchanging smiles among stalactites
across ancient walls    our shadows dancing

Philip Miller

the small boy
unwrapping sweets in his pocket
the swooping pigeons

the pale face
at a high-rise window
sparrows on the street

leaving
with the sun
starling cloud

Colin Shaddick

that moment at dusk
the jay's color
overflows

now joy
now despair
the autumn moon

Clark Strand
I pass that leaf
then go back . . .
gold in my hand

through window frames
of the unfinished building
December sunset

Sister Mary Thomas Eulberg

Unwrapping
Xmas ornaments—
Last January’s newspaper

Sealing the letter
The glue
Tastes of communion wafer

Marco Fraticelli

icicle
drop by drop
a lick of sun

James Minor

Icy rain;
the little boy’s toy whistle,
his shrill laughter . . .

Barbara McCoy

Lighted store window:
a night mouse discovers
the gumdrop tree

Jane Lambert
winter solstice,
my breath sparkles
in the low sun

chrismas night
the silence behind
the wind

Jerry Kilbride

One of her high black heels
pointing upward—
mistletoe!

Ty Hadman

Christmas Eve:
on a dead branch
a white dove settles

Alexis Rotella

December twilight
I flip through the blank pages
of next year's diary

Norma S. Hass

new year's eve
candlelight moving
on every face

Dong Jiping
... sometimes in a certain light, anne mckay. Minibook VIII, Wind Chimes Press, P.O. Box 601, Glen Burnie, MD 21061, 1985.
Both books $1.50 each, postpaid.

Reviewed by Carol Wainright

It's difficult to write about poetry that one either loves or hates. Cliches riddle both paths. I beg the reader's forbearance if I err with the cliches of enthusiasm in describing the work of the Canadian poet, anne mckay.

anne possesses that rare blend of qualities that allows her poetry to convey the loneliness, tenderness and simplicity so highly prized in Japanese haiku. At the same time, however, the images and content are pure North American, more so perhaps in her most recent book. I like the combination very much.

Both books possess integrity and were written with great care. Each word, each phrase is the right one. The placement of the words and spaces within each haiku is done lovingly and with attention to the nuances of the individual poem. There is continuity within each book. The spirit and mood of one haiku anticipates, flows into, the next. At times, when I read these books, it is like the effect of sunlight spilling ahead of me on a forest floor.

Here and there anne begins a haiku in mid-sentence using 'and' or 'but'. I find this pleasing. We are accustomed to haiku that don't end, but drift off into a realm of feeling and ambiguity. Why not begin so? It's as if the poet had been lost in a world of sensations, oblivious of the reader, and then gently turned to the reader again. The kaleidoscope of color and sound moves slightly.

The poet is respectful of rules, yet slips around them when the requirements of a haiku demand that she do so. Most of the haiku use from fifteen to seventeen syllables, but if more are needed they are used. Never, however, are the words unnecessary. Some haiku use articles, some don't. Again, this is determined by the needs of the poem and not by a preconceived notion. Ordinarily poets avoid the use of similes in haiku, but anne uses even this technique when appropriate. This haiku, for example, is a delight precisely because of the simile:

    halfhiding
    the darting play of children
    shy as trout

It reminds me of Issa's creative flexibility and use of simile. For example:

    The soft willow
    Yielding as a woman,
    Invites me to pass
    Through the hedge. (tr. Yuasa)
anne loves to combine words to form new words filled with color and
taste like dreamspeaker, yellowochre russet, gallgreen and frostflowers.
The twentieth century Swedish poet, Harry Martinson, who wrote so sim­
ply of nature, did this with his haystackedcloud summers and blue thun­
dercloudberries.

... *sometimes in a certain light* is a collection of twenty-nine haiku dedi­
cated to Douglas. They are poems of things past, of things vulnerable in
the present, of things seen... in a certain light. They are poems of fragile
loneliness where sadness carries to the edge of joy. The concluding haiku
is exceptional, but here are three examples from the early pages of the
book:

```
and the pears we waited for . . .
    ripening too late
        by a too thin sun

the landings look so small
so vulnerable
    when the tide is down

only four golden pippens
this year
    in the old priory orchard
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... *still dancing* bears a double dedication—to the Salish weavers of
Soowahlie Indian Reservation and to Hal Roth “a weaver of words.” This
is appropriate. Hal Roth, the editor of Wind Chimes Press, continues to
produce a fine series of chapbooks and to provide an outlet for the many
and varied expressions of North American haiku. The Salish Indians are
an ancient people of British Columbia and the American Northwest whose
weaving had achieved the perfection of art long before Europeans arrived.

anne’s book is a collection of twenty-four haiku which reach through the
weaving to touch the people, especially the women whose fingers still
know the old ways. A book I found in the library mentioned an Old
Woman whose spirit still lives among these weavers and who gives to her
daughters “... a special empathy, a special consideration, and she is al­
ways there in those times when a woman feels alone; always in those
times when the room is full of daemons and the night is crowded with
phantoms. She lives everywhere, capable of transmutation of form, trans-
migration of spirit, and you have but to call her to find her within yourself.” (The Nootka Legend in *Salish Weaving* by Paula Gustafson, Douglas and McIntyre Ltd., Vancouver, B.C., 1980, p. 7; in U.S. by University of Washington Press.) It seems possible that something of the Old Woman’s empathy was given to Anne when she wrote the following:

... and for weaving the dancing aprons
  a single bar loom
  hung low

steam from the dye baths
rising on a cool morning
  bitter in the throat

no longer singing ...
  the arrow
  in a green wood

Anne McKay has an individual voice. It is the soft light that filters through bracken fern at the edge of the great forests of the Pacific northwest. Yet, even though the effect is fragile, there is strength in this voice. Anne is a poet with vision.

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**the open eye: haiku** by Lenard D. Moore (Raleigh and Durham: The North Carolina Haiku Society Press, P.O. Box 14247, Raleigh, NC 27620, 1986), $6.00

Reviewed by Hiroaki Sato

Apparently a quick study, Lenard Moore writes straight-A-student haiku. Most of his pieces go beyond what might be expected of someone who, to quote from the blurb, “first discovered” this manner of writing only two and a half years ago; but many of them leave me unsatisfied in a peevish sort of way.

Spring plowing ...
how long it lasts
the rooster’s call

sniffing the rosebud:
  an old man—
the fading sun
These pieces open the "spring" section of the book, which has three other sections of "summer," "autumn," and "winter," and they are obviously well done. But then I begin to wonder: Are they real? About the first, did a rooster in fact keep at cock-a-doodle-doo long enough for Mr. Moore, presumably idly watching spring plowing, to be puzzled by the bird's persistence? Aren't we more prone to notice, mostly in insomniac discomfiture, the repeated call of a rooster in the hours before dawn, when plowing is unlikely to be underway in the field? As for the second, isn't the picture too pat to be true?

Here are two other pieces from "spring:"

the old monk
singing
in honeysuckle fragrance

through the window
a moonlit candle flickers
in a young girl's hand

Again, the images are appropriately haiku-esque, and they are described well (except perhaps the word "young" in the second piece, which some might find redundant). But, are they real?

Or, take these two pieces from the "summer" section:

Summer sunset—
old oak's shadow lengthening
on the sunken grave

the crippled dog's
old bone
beside the snake

The first may describe an actual scene, but its image strikes me as too conventional to be convincing. The second recalls Richard Eberhart's magnificent poem, "The Groundhog." But whereas the speaker in that poem visits, four times in four years, the spot where he saw a groundhog lying dead, here the observer doesn't seem to have done the actual observing. Somehow the words "crippled" and "old" and the combination of a dead dog and a snake suggest that the picture was merely imagined.

Imagining, of course, is an integral part of writing. The question is whether or not it's convincing reproduced. From time to time, Mr. Moore's imagining does make me pause and marvel, as in:

Long after sundown
the sound of ripe plums
plumping the ground

Here, "Long after sundown" may be too considered, but the phrase is acceptable probably because in this piece the initial idea itself appears to be a considered one.

On the whole, though, the open eye gives the impression of someone who read a couple of haiku books and decided to try his hand. That's the way many of us get going, and Mr. Moore's collection isn't a bad start. But so far he has written textbook haiku. At the risk of sounding avuncular, I'd like to express the hope that he will move a step forward and try to be true to himself the next time around.
HAIKU PUBLICATIONS

Oak Grove Haiku. Congratulations to John Sheirer on the first issue of this new magazine! Note these changes 1) 2 issues per year, instead of 3; those who have subscribed at the $4 rate will receive issues 1, 2, and 3. 2) new address: 123-B W. Washington, Athens, OH 45701.

Oak Grove Haiku also publishes mini-chapbooks. See book listing for the first, by John Sheirer, already out; coming this fall are Holding Dusk by Bob Boldman and Antiphony of Bells by Alexis Rotella. $2 each postpaid, advance orders welcome.

Cicada Supplement (Amelia) will appear as a separate chapbook as of January 1. Single copies $3.50; subscriptions to Cicada $12 (foreign $4.50, $15 air-mail). Frederick A. Raborg, Jr., Editor, 329 “E” St., Bakersfield, CA 93304.

BOOK NEWS

For his book Haiku in English (to be written in Japanese and published in Japan), Mr. Hiroaki Sato (326 West 22 St., New York, NY 10011) will welcome any personal recollection of the use of haiku as an educational tool in classrooms before the 60’s; he is especially interested in learning if the haiku form was used in classrooms before World War II.

For information on ordering The Haiku Anthology (van den Heuvel) and The Haiku Handbook (Higginson), send a self-addressed stamped envelope to: The Bookfactory, P.O. Box 72, Mt. Lakes, NJ 07046.

COVER ART

Thank to Barbara Gurwitz for the feather drawing.

CORRECTIONS

My apologies for errors which appeared in the last issue. The middle line of Edward J. Rielly’s haiku on p. 9 should have read “the flow of the milky way”; on page 26 the second line of Johnny Baranski’s third haiku should have read “origami peace cranes tail”. Both of these haiku are reprinted elsewhere in this issue. So also is the second haiku from Humphrey Noyes’ sequence “The Mani” page 37 which contained an error in the third line which should have read “highlights its claw”. Note how well this haiku stands alone. In “The Long Lake Renga” page 30, the third line of the second link from the bottom should read “green a while longer.” See Note following conclusion of the renga in this issue for a reprint of the entire link.

SOS FOR ADDRESS

Robert A. Goodnow: Contributor’s copy sent to address on his submission has been returned. Will anyone with a current address please let me have it. Thanks. ESL
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.

Rockland County Haiku Society announces its first annual Lokwikimani Haiku Contest. Deadline is February 28, 1987. Send SASE to Leatrice Lifshitz, Rockland County Haiku Society, 3 Hollow Tree Court, Pomono, NY 10907, for a copy of rules.
BOOKS AND CHAPBOOKS RECEIVED

Listing of new books 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.

*Petals on the Stream: haiku from four seasons in Japan* by Suezan Aikins. Hand-printed into brocade-bound 40-fold accordion books made in Kyoto. 1985, $12. US. From author, Prospect, Nova Scotia, Canada B0J 2V0.

*ripe red apples* by Kent A. Anderson. 1985, unpaged, $2.50 ppd. From author, 1615 22nd Ave. N.E., Minneapolis, MN 55418.

*Fish Pond Moon* by Johnny Baranski. Sunburst Press, P.O. Box 14205, Portland, OR 97214. 1986, unpaged miniature, $3. Sunburst Matchbooks #2


*This Year's Oak: 40 Haiku* by Robert N. Johnson. Cy Johnson & Son, P.O. Box 288, Susanville, CA 96130. 1986, 8 pps., $2. ppd.


*Tule: Haiku* by Frederick A. Raborg, Jr., AMELIA, 329 “E” St., Bakersfield, CA 93304. 1986, unpaged, paper w/jacket $5.95, numbered and signed $15.


*Sun Shadow, Moon Shadow: haiku, graphics and calligraphy* by Ruby Spriggs. Heron’s Cove Press, RR 2, Oxford Mills, Ont., Canada K0G 1S0. 1986, 44 pps., $5 ppd.


*70 Sevens: Pathways of the Dragonfly* by Tombo. Middlewood Press, P.O. Box 11236, Salt Lake City, UT 84147. 1986, 80 pps., $5. plus 40c shipping.

HSA MERIT BOOK AWARDS 1987

Cash prizes for the HSA Merit Book Awards will be:
- First Prize: $100.00
- Second Prize: $75.00
- Third Prize: $50.00

Books published in 1985 and 1986 are eligible for consideration. Send entries to Penny Harter, Box 219, Fanwood, NJ 07023. Judge(s) will be announced later. Books should be sent as soon as possible and should be postmarked not later than December 31, 1986.

DUES REMINDER
Annual dues for membership in the Haiku Society of America are payable on January 1, 1987. Please renew as soon as possible. This will enable the officers to plan the year's activities and will also ensure receipt of the first 1987 issue of Frogpond without delay. Dues should be sent to the Membership Secretary Doris Heitmeyer, 315 East 88th St., Apt. 1F, #42, New York, NY 10128.

A word of clarification—half-year memberships are available to members joining the Haiku Society after the 1st of July. Donations, tax-deductible, are welcomed at any time of the year and are greatly appreciated.

HSA ANNUAL FINANCIAL REPORT
October, 1985—September, 1986

I. Beginning Balance 10/1/85 $1524.23

II. Income
- Membership Dues 4755.00
- Single Issues Frogpond 633.00
- Henderson Contest Entries 255.00
- Contributions 568.39
- Other 100.00
Sub-total Income 6311.39

III. Payments
- Frogpond Publishing 3588.32
- Postage 1238.00
- Awards 200.00
- Stationery 175.00
- Xeroxing 200.00
- Bank Fees 19.70
- Other 122.50
Sub-total Payments 5543.52

IV. Balance 9/30/86 $2292.10

R. Kremer
Treasurer, HSA