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Lafcadio Hearn Award Rules ............................................. Inside back cover
It was exciting to open up the Sunday, March 29th, *New York Times* when it arrived in our mailbox by the acequia on the following Tuesday and see, headlined at the bottom of the front page of the *Book Review* section: "Concision, Perception, Awareness—Haiku"! A mini-definition of the genre right there! In this fine article, Cor van den Heuvel places haiku, especially the "radically experimental works being created by poets in the English-language haiku movement" squarely in the stream of "post-modern literary minimalism," and goes on to demonstrate why haiku deserves serious attention (which it has never received) from the literary establishment.

Academic attention is focused on the influence of Chinese poetry and Japanese haiku in a study of Gary Snyder's poetry in the spring issue of *Contemporary Literature*. I am indebted to Kent Johnson for a copy of Jody Norton's article "The Importance of Nothing: Absence and its Origins in the Poetry of Gary Snyder."

And the May issue of *Writer's Digest* calls attention to "The Art of Haiku" on the cover. Inside, Mary Lou Bittle-DeLapa's well-written article (given the unfortunate title of "How to Haiku") should dispel a number of misconceptions about haiku. I wish that the many new-to-haiku authors sending material to *Frogpond* would pay attention!

See "Bits & Pieces" for publication data on all three articles.

For some reason, perhaps in celebration of spring, an unusual number of frog haiku have found their way into this issue. The first came from a friend who has given permission for me to share it here.

Spring joy!

The pond may be full
but there's always enough room
for the skinny ones
MUSEUM OF HAiku LITERATURE (TOKYO) AWARD

$25 for best previously unpublished haiku
from *Frogpond* X:1

still in the taste
of afternoon tea,
my grandmother's brogue

Jerry Kilbride
SHINE OF OAK PLANKED FLOOR
for Donna

the perfect roundness
  of the Shaker wide brim
a peg to hang your hat

from the depths
  of the chest—
smell of cedar

Shaker kitchen:
the egg basket a still life,
brick oven stoked with pine

hanging side by side
above the spotless floor:
straw broom, tin dustpan

shine of oak planked floor
and white plaster walls—
light from meetinghouse windows!

foal languishing
in meadow grass—
fragrance of mown hay

under hammer blows
  the horseshoe's heat
pulsating

the domed roof
of the round house Shaker barn—
a mandala of timber

Wally Swist
with each sunrise
the old crab apple tree—
pinker and pinker

Robert Keay

A small green bird
the color of sprouting leaves
moves among them

Doris Heitmeyer

grandpa's hoe
rusting in the weeds

grandpa's hoe
rusting in the weeds

Rex Leatherwood

spring cleaning
under the freezer
a snakeskin

spring housecleaning:
her Adolfo shopping bag saved
for my groceries

L. A. Davidson

Coming from school,
behind her back a handful
of daffodils

Sharon Lee Shafii

May dusk—
Scuffed toe of the baby shoe
cought in bronze

Barbara McCoy
looking for just the right song
all night, the mockingbird

Jaxon Teck

april sunrise
a mockingbird shakes off rain,
struggles into song

sun moving higher
a faint reflection
in the cat's slitted eyes

Gloria H. Procsal

the hummingbird called
to its Golgotha of air
all that faith in glue

we've known two or three
iridescent gentlemen
on dead batteries

Alvaro Cardona-Hine

Easter,
tarpaper peeling from the roof
of an abandoned church

M. Kettner

swallows dipping
and
dipping
until evening is gone

Ann Newell
IN APRIL

Thirty or forty years ago, eastern Kansas was a network of farming communities. As a child growing up on one of those farms, I attended Washaura Church—a small church a mile off the state highway. One of the congregation, an elderly bachelor, came to church on horseback. When no longer used as a church, the building was used to store hay, and finally torn down.

in April
the prairie lilies
among tall grass

the bay mare watched
through an open window
our bowed heads

Washaura Church:
the nave filled
with baled hay

a horse-drawn plow:
sunflowers stand
in the traces

Eugene Warren

mountain snow
warblers search the apricots
no apologies

catalpa blossoms
spread over a new black car
catch our breath

Gerald Vizenor
The first bird
with spring
in its voice

Plum blossoms:
I leave home at seventeen
my clothes in a bushel basket

(from a photograph)

Magnolia scent
on the night air... 
wet grass between my toes

In the castle
the echo of a cricket
bouncing off stone

Alexis Rotella

concert on the green,
in the flute's high note
a moth quivers

ballet recital,
loudest applause for the swan
who stumbled

Rebecca Rust

yesterday's haiku
where it fell in the ivy
weightless in the wind

Ann Atwood
from H₂O

buzzing
  silence
  buzzing

swimming
  horsefly
  nosedive

cabin
  kafka
  pinup

goatsucker
  wormdigger
    mosquitoes

moon
  fish
  pole

rain
  drop
  frog

Arizona Zipper

white
  march moon
the compost
  eggshells

Frank K. Robinson
Night of the meteors:
coming home from the meadow
with aching necks

Bruised from its fall the peach
must be eaten now, or darken

With light hearts
the swimmers emerge to wind,
rocks' lingering warmth

As she kneels to rinse the bowls
the watchers remark her grace

Once more before sleep—
has the full moon risen yet
over Red Mountain?

At the mouth of a mine shaft
locusts sun on silvered planks
Bellowing resounds but they've gone, the neighbor's cows into the forest

An unspooled cassette tape glistens from bush to bush

The family whisper ear to ear around the table when to begin singing

Daylight filters into the tent—someone's breathing quickens

The rise and fall of hills steadied by reflection in the lake's stillness

Whitecaps on the water: woodshavings roll along the floor

The autumn rains will soon spill down the window with a broken voice

Each day this dust, and the moon fading in the morning sky

The long white letter flown across provinces to be torn to petals

Counting them over again, the years of sleeping alone

Blink of lightning—thunder! How in this wind to compose a flower stanza?

The rain falling vertically all the day of his retreat
In the grey dawn
fawns play in the clearing
under watchful eyes

Caught by surprise the carpenter
gathers his tools from the snow

Concerned for the roof
of the unfinished house
they return on skis

No trace remains of good deeds
or the cries of geese past my dreams

Over her shoulder:
pointing out the bridge in the mist
as if to a wife

He passes a blackened field
with the odd flame still licking

Such lightness is felt
on a day-trip to the town
after these months

The bicycle fallen
on its side, both wheels spinning

During the lunch hour
from the newly-cut bank
a trickle of stones

Yellowed grass between the graves
and the trees laden with pears

Pine needles cling
to the waterline in the tub:
new moon behind clouds

Off the cove the chained islands
appear to float by themselves
The abandoned shack
dark inside as he returns
its rocking chair

Within manure the garden-fork
strikes the lost gold ring

To forge the bronze bear
the roaring fire must be tamed
into livid coals

The village monument
leaning as the frost retreats

A sick child waits
for the magnolia to flower
outside the window

Swept from the black slate floor
the goose-down alights again

In Memory
Rafael M. Salas
August 7, 1928 March 4, 1987

As the mimosa
leaf folds, The dust is blown
Into an empty bowl

(from Fifty-Six Stones)
double take—
mayfly
by its skin

Peggy Willis Lyles
dragonfly
above its nearly still reflection
dragonfly

Karen Sohne
One leaf is blue
Sticking out of the water
No—a dragonfly!

Drone of a floatplane
Flying off into the sun
The evening clouds

The moon’s reflection
Flickering on the still pond
Water striders

Herb Batt
voices at the pond
this basso-profundo evening
sing up a slipper moon

Jack Bernier
the loon dives
what was her name... with the strange laugh?

Bob Gates
in temple stillness—
a vein is pulsing
on a buddha's hand

snail
subtracts a horn:
finger

a day of peace...
lunch plums
cooling in the brook

thunder—
nothing
to answer it

---

Michael Genth

rock music
pounding the ears
of the giant Buddha

young nun's
final vows;
thunderstorm

an evening walk
along the pond...
bullfrogs' 'jug-o-rum'

polishing haiku,
rock music upstairs—
and some thunder

---

Edward J. Rielly
below rice fields
hawks hitch the wind
Kathmandu valley

speeding up parade route
like a brass nabob
the late tuba

filling the sky
hawks in slowglide,
first stars

into the wee hours
neighbor's hired harmonium,
funeral drums

William Hart

Beneath a picture
of old Chinatown: Chinese girls
eat burgers and fries

Tom Tico

Stop sign at corner
reflects the setting sun . . .
The first day of spring

Rengé

old vietnamese woman
bent under a bag of beer cans,
spring moon

Jerry Kilbride
white doves
spray from the fountain glistens
on an outspread wing

bus stop
a yellow hibiscus blossom
on the padre's hat

Roberta Stewart

Green bamboo stalks
  after a summer squall
unbend

Charles B. Rodning

first blossoms—
rising above the rising kite,
a baby's cry

Anthony J. Pupello

On the teacher's desk
Beside the box of Kleenex:
First bunch of lilacs

Marco Fraticelli

My daughter's backpack
on her last day of high school
filled with marigolds

Ben Pleasants

the first star I see tonight
  falls

Claire Cooperstein
White lilac—
Street sign
Obscured in snow

Turquoise pouch
Under the lizard’s throat
Pulsing

Horned toad
The color of red sand
In his upturned palm

The white dog
Is the only snow
In the juniper’s shade

Miriam Sagan

tree trimmers:
an oriole’s nest
no longer swinging

spring housecleaning—
behind the davenport
the other Wiseman

Helen Dalton

The conch
at the seashore, outshouted
by the sea.

Lenore Mayhew
SAKURA MATSURI

“Sakura Matsuri” is the annual Cherry Blossom Festival held at the Brooklyn (N.Y.) Botanic Garden when the blossoms are in full bloom. On May 4, 1986, Randy Rader and Adele Kenny represented the Haiku Society of America with a reading which included works of the Japanese masters and some of their own material. This sequence records the impressions of the program.

reading
  under cherry blossoms
  ukiyo

over the wooden bridge
Shiki’s horse
in the clouds

during Santoka
an old man suddenly opens
his eyes

as his father reads
the baby kicks up his feet
and laughs

reading Chiyo:
a young woman twists and twists
her wedding band

high rise buildings
above the rows
of cherry trees

aware of the wind
when the microphone
hums
between our haiku
lovers lie back
to kiss

frog matches—
in the pond behind us
“water sound”

smiling now,
the woman who rose to leave
then stayed

into their applause
the far-off noise
of a shakuhachi

Adele Kenny

(Note: Ukiyo, a Buddhist term which referred to the ephemeral quality of life; the term later denoted the entertainment quarters of large cities (see Higginson, The Haiku Handbook, glossary))

Cape May Lighthouse:
song birds hiding in the reeds
under the hawk watch

through the underbrush,
above the rush of the brook:
the song of the thrush

Nick Virgilio

the shadowed meadow:
a pauper’s grave overgrown
with white wildflowers

(for Nick Virgilio)
Ty Hadman
March fever
hummmmmmm
of a fly

Ross Kremer

waking up
to the robin singing;
wife yawns

floating on her back
the sea otter cradles
her pup

on a rotted log
sits an old owl,
frozen

Robert Littleton

first spring daisies—
scarecrow between the bobwhite
and its echo

in my Nikon
a leaf on barbed wire caught
between a flutter

barn loft:
an old handbill promoting
Taft for president

Frederick Gasser
midwife trudging
from the mountain shack at dawn...
thrush nestlings clamor

snuff in her lip
the old woman digs fishworms
a swarm of gnats

strapped in his wheelchair,
the old barber clips the air
with empty hands

hunting my golf ball
in deep rough—
twelve quail eggs

Charles B. Dickson

I slam the door
my neighbor's tulip tree
sheds all its petals

Dale Loucareas

"Officer, this frog
needs to cross the highway
and my mother's calling"

Spring trees
behind the snowflakes, shifting colors
of spring birds

Lenore Mayhew
FURTHER COMMENTS ON GUIDELINES FOR RENGA IN ENGLISH
(Read on December 6, at the last meeting of the Haiku Society of America in 1986)

Hiroaki Sato

In thinking of rules for writing renga in English, we might as well remember two observations—one by an eminent scholar and the other by a famous poet.

B. H. Chamberlain, one of the early students of things Japanese, read a paper entitled "Bashō and the Japanese Poetic Epigram" in June 1902 and, in discussing the development of renga, marveled with what we nowadays might call Victorian disdain: "the Far-Eastern (i.e., Japanese) mind habitually submitted all matters—even the most trivial—to rigid rule... [The minuteness of] the elaborate rules regarding the collocation of subjects and the choice of words [devised for the renga form]... almost passes belief."

Coming somewhat later, W. H. Auden was less condescending. Discussing how foreign students might learn Japanese haiku and compose their own, he wryly noted: "In the history of literature it is extraordinary how profitable misunderstanding of poems in foreign languages has been."

These two observations—one, disdainful but correct, the other, cavalier but probably as accurate—tell us to approach the rule-making for renga in English with a sense of cautious freedom. Obviously, we can't even begin to consider adapting the great majority of rules devised for orthodox renga. Matsuo Bashō (1644-1694), as befits someone so admired, is known to have stressed freedom, and is quoted as saying, "Learn the rules; then forget them" (Kaku ni hairi kaku o ide yo), in Kyorai Sho (Kyorai's Notes). Still, the rules he and his haikai friends followed seem excessively complex to us. Also, some of the rules would be hard to follow in English simply because poetic traditions in Japan and England (and America) are different. It is equally obvious that if we don't set up minimum rules, to speak of the renga as a poetic form itself will become meaningless, and because of the nature of this particular poetic form, the sequences we write will turn into incoherent jabber.

So, what shall we consider as possible working rules? Here, I'd like to refer to my article, "Guidelines for Renga in English," which was printed in Vol. VI, No. 3, of Frogpond (1983). I would restate some of the guidelines more simply and modify some, as follows:

1. For a while, we might use the 36-part sequence, alternating 3-line and 2-line units or long and short lines.

   In three, two, or one line, each unit must be short; it must also be an independent whole and suggestive. Once the relative lengths of the two base units are set, they ought to be followed more or less. Sudden shifts in length tend to put a sequence off balance.
2. If the 36-unit format is agreed upon, we may divide the sequence into four parts—of 6, 12, 12, and 6 parts.

This I propose for two reasons: to achieve a sense of development, however amorphous, and to use recurrent images. The pattern of development to be used may be the Aristotelian one of the beginning, the middle, and the end; or the Japanese (originally Chinese) one of jo-ha-kyū (introduction, elaboration, and finale); or the one used in Chinese poetry consisting of four stages: beginning, transition, twist, and conclusion. The recurrent images may be the moon and flowers, or any two images, for which certain positions may be specified.

By dividing the 36-unit sequence into the traditional four sections, setting a development pattern and specifying positions for the recurrent images become easy.

In the traditional format, four of the five recurrent images usually fall on the penultimate links of the four sections, and the fifth image on the eighth link in the second section: the moon on the 5th link in the first section; flowers on the 11th link in the second section; the moon on the 11th link in the third section; flowers on the 5th link in the last section; plus, the moon in the 8th link in the second section. These positions need not be rigid: mention of the moon or flowers may be brought up or deferred by a few links.

3. Aside from the specified recurrent images, the same or similar images and grammatical constructions should be avoided, at least in each section.

This is easier said than done. When my turn comes to write a link, I try to reread everything written to that point, but still end up repeating myself or using an image that has already appeared. The most common repetition I’ve noticed in sequences written by other people is the grammatical construction using -ing, be it a progressive or a gerund, though in most cases a progressive.

4. A theme or a tone may be set.

Again, this is easier said than done. Too strong a theme or tone is likely to destroy the intent of the renga form. On the other hand, given free rein, a sequence may end up looking like an expensively built kaleidoscope run amok.

5. A director may be chosen.

Every poet has an advanced sense of self, so having a director for a sequence may create more problems than solve them. But an operational chief of some kind may help prevent occurrence, for example, of three progressives in two consecutive links.
To these guidelines, I’d like to add a suggestion for composing three consecutive links.

As is well-known, the pivotal feature of renga composition lies in discontinuous linkage at every other turn. In The Haiku Anthology (Simon and Schuster, 1986) Cor van den Heuvel has put it this way: “Each link should form a complete poem with the link that immediately follows it, and another complete poem with the one that comes before it... And of these three there may be no relationship at all between the first and last.” Because of such a construction, one thing the renga poets of the past tried to avoid was called *kanbori*, or “triptych.”

On this aspect of renga, Tachibana Hokushi (died 1718), Bashô’s haikai friend, has left a brief tract within a treatise called *Yamanaka Mondô* (Questions and Answers at Yamanaka). Yamanaka is the name of a hot spring outside Kanazawa where Hokushi accompanied Bashô in 1689 during the latter’s famous journey to the Interior. The two men, along with Bashô’s traveling companion Kaai Sora (1649-1710), did a sequence which has come to be known as “A Farewell Gift to Sora.” [Since some of you may have read One Hundred Frogs where I have translated the sequence, I’d like to make one correction: I said “A Farewell Gift to Sora” is “the only renga sequence retaining Bashô’s revisions and comments” (p. 93). This is not true; there is at least one more sequence, though with far fewer revisions and no comments.]

What Hokushi does in his tract is to categorize renga links into four kinds: those that describe landscapes more or less impersonally (“landscape-pieces”); those that describe the speaker’s own action, sentiment, or condition (“self-pieces”); those that describe someone else’s action, sentiment, or condition (“other-pieces”); and those that may be interpreted as either of the last two (“self/other-pieces”). He then suggests that by combining the four kinds consciously and tactfully we might be able to work out discontinuous linkage with some ease and in a varied fashion.

In Hokushi’s own examples, *suzuri ni mukai sudari agetsutsu* (I face my inkstone and raise the summer blind), for instance, is a self-piece; *nashi no hana saki-sorotaru yû-kosame* (the pear flowers are all in bloom in the evening drizzle) is a landscape-piece; *kiji ni odoroku onna hito-mure* (surprised by a pheasant: a group of women) is an other-piece. He cites this threesome set to suggest that when a self-piece is followed by a landscape-piece the next link might as well be an other-piece. To repeat the set:
I face my inkstone and raise the summer blind
the pear flowers are all in bloom in the evening drizzle

surprised by a pheasant: a group of women

You see how smoothly the transitions work. Here's another set of three [in the last piece, *dakikago*, which I have translated as "bed-basket," is an over-sized pillow-like construction made of bamboo which used to be taken to bed—not as a sexual device, but as a cooling-off aid during the summer night]:

\[\text{o} \text{chi-gawara arashi wa matsu ni shizumarite (L)}\]

\[\text{a rooftile fallen, the storm has calmed down in the pines}\]

\[\text{mina wasure taru akegata no yume (S)}\]

\[\text{all forgotten: the dream I had before dawn}\]

\[\text{dakikago no tezawari mo hava aki chikaki (S)}\]

\[\text{the touch of my bed-basket signals early autumn}\]

Hokushi cites this combination of landscape, self, and self as something one might try after several landscape-pieces have appeared consecutively. Possible combinations of the four kinds are obviously numerous, and many other kinds may be considered: for example, links that describe the passage of time and links that combine a description of a landscape with that of someone, be it the speaker or otherwise. Hokushi's categorization was meant only to facilitate the discontinuity in a consecutive set of three. It should be taken as no more or no less.
Her grave two weeks old
the soil soft beneath
my hand

Sold!
the cloudless sky
above the county auction

Reflected in the still pond
birds’ wings
and your shadow

T. Anastasia Connell

the boat’s horn echoes
against the far buildings—
evening lightning

four in the morning
in a sudden breeze
the neighbor’s wind chimes

Michael McNierney

twilight rain . . .
catfish clinging
to the muddy rocks

cold rain—
the old duck
leaves the lake

Lenard D. Moore
homeless Italian woman
keeping beside her
an old, sawed-off broom

Linda Marucci

eating our rations...
from the bomb-shattered hut
"it's a boy!"

admiring my son
the bag lady telling me
about hers

Tim Jamieson

so distracted I gave him a five for two tokens "hey pal"
fifty year old bartendress "hello love of my life"
lunch hour angry at myself getting drunk cheaply
the crowd's gone peanut shells
on the stone benches a few wet leaves

Andrew L. Wilson

Before a shop
a madman listens to God
—a mannequin watching

Around the moon
a thin, white halo
—supper waiting

Garrett Chitwood
SEQUENCE I:  
in this soft rain
taking the big umbrella
to enlarge the sound

the cat deciding
between the dark umbrella
and the dark rain

holding aside
the umbrella to feel
the rain's cool tapping

back home again
the umbrella tip runs rain
down the shoe

SEQUENCE II:  
here the big stone tomb
of the textile plant owner,
his heavy dreams

there in the long grass
the vagrant's unmarked grave—
wind runs through the grass

the death date
dissolved away in the rain
now washing the name

in the graveyard pine
the quiet knock, knock
of the woodpecker

★ ★ ★ ★

early morning sun
shines through the rabbit's ears—
the fly's shadow

Paul O. Williams
Behind brick walls
in the new mall's parking lot
an old graveyard

Still pond
a clump of scarlet alders
cloned

Jane Lambert

standing on tiptoe
a half-grown rooster
trying to crow

Marjorie Burney Willis

After the warm rain:
toadstools popping up
a frog

Chain lightning streaks
through the wings of a moth
clinging to the screen

R. Dirk

rabbit in the weeds
one ear orange
sunlit

Lesley Einer

In a prairie field
cobweb on the wagon wheel
tosses back sunshine

Elizabeth St. Jacques
coquina stone fresh with sea
    in grandfather's
weatherbeaten hand

morning-glory opens
but I can’t reach
for grandmother's hand

Ruth Eshbaugh

Blue morning-glories
deserting the trellis
for the cherry tree

Eloise Barksdale

Focusing
on the butterfly
on the goldenrod

thick heat:
the swarm sound of bees
the scent of mint

Regina F. Smith

blue irises
one finger tall—
the morning sky

Humphrey Noyes

Mandarin ducks
adding their shadows
to the irises

Mandarin Ducks by Sakai Hoitsu

Dorothy McLaughlin
row of pine
each in its own way
blue sky

This morning
in the meadow,
lilies!

Brush rabbit
nibbling a leaf...our eyes meet

April moon
a man dancing
in sequoia shadow

days
vanishing without a trace
the summer sky

coming home
in the darkness
jasmine has blossomed

a frog dives
into his other world—
water lily shadows

Jeffrey Winke

Daniel Ross

Stephen Hobson

Margaret G. Molarsky
SUN SHADOW MOON SHADOW, Ruby Spriggs. Calligraphy and illustrations by the author. Paper, stapled, 46 pp., $5. 1986. Heron's Cove Press, RR2, Oxford Mills, Ontario, Canada K0G 1S0.

Reviewed by Rod Willmot

The spare, quiet haiku of Ruby Spriggs are perhaps at a disadvantage in the noisy pages of haiku magazines. In their own still company they seem less reduced, the ear attends and attunes to them more readily.

The title holds a clue to this poet's idea of reality: neither sun nor moon, but shadow. Normally we would think that shadow has no existence in itself, but Spriggs implies that it does. When she switches off a light, what she is really doing is "switching off the shadows." In this short haiku, "candle-light shadows flicker," "candle-light" is merely an adjective denoting what kind of shadows they are. But there are other kinds of shadow, such as the otherness that sometimes eclipses ordinary reality, or the presence of the absent:

having bought this garden
someone else's spring

park bench someone's warmth

listening to clouds lapping
in the warm lake

The first haiku suggests alienation; the second, intimacy; the third, unity and perhaps transcendence.
So enchanting are the versions of otherness here that the reader may be startled to recognize an intense will to accept the world just as it is. These provocative examples, in one, two, and three lines, show that will is combined with an insistence upon reduction:

life in and out of a cat's nose

to no special place
  the wind blows the leaves

nothing
  depends on
  this hyacinth blooming

The first haiku reduces what is usually a grand abstraction to the tiny movement of a sleeping cat's nostrils. The second takes an event without structure or symbolism, contrary to most haiku, and urges that it too be seen. Perhaps even "suchness" is too grandiose a term for what we are given here; "isness" might be better. The third example annihilates that over-rated poem by William Carlos Williams: "so much depends/upon/a red wheel barrow," etc. Did we once have to believe that first line simply in order to pay attention to the world before our eyes? Spriggs uses a single instance of pure and independent vitality to show that the line was false.

Otherness and isness may not be as contradictory as they sound. In several haiku they are brought together, notably this one:

dried-up stream-bed
  silent pebbles

By pointing out the pebbles' silence she reminds us that they were not always so. Along with their isness we sense the otherness of their past and future, the fact that somehow their reality still includes the music of water.

Spriggs presents a reduced portion of reality only to reveal that it is unexpectedly rich. In a similar manner, turning a light on things may at first diminish them, but it gives them their shadows.


Reviewed by Miriam Sagan

In the Second Edition of The Haiku Anthology Cor van den Heuvel has done the impressive job of mapping the state of English language haiku. Vastly expanded over the original edition, the anthology also contains a new introduction which serves as a definitive statement on contemporary English haiku.

And the anthology is excellent in its particulars as well. Here is Raymond Roseliep at his most pungent:

brushing my sins
the muscatel breath
of the priest

Foster Jewell in the stillness of time:

Cliff dweller ruins
and the silence of swallows
encircling silence.

Elizabeth Searle Lamb at her most dynamic:

leaving all the morning glories closed

And Anita Virgil combining nature with domesticity:

a phoebe's cry. . .
the blue shadows
on the dinner plates
Van den Heuvel has also added Jack Kerouac to the new anthology, a worthwhile and historical inclusion:

Missing a kick  
at the icebox door  
It closed anyway.

As with any anthology, there will be a few disagreements about inclusion and exclusion of various writers. And the editor does seem to lean a bit heavily toward certain work, and to emphasize the senryu aspect: the human and the erotic.

Still, the only real disappointment in reading The Haiku Anthology is that the level of English language haiku on the whole is still not as high as it might be. In terms of both power and insight, it still is not comparable to the traditional Japanese. But it has come a long way, and van den Heuvel’s anthology is a testament to this growth. Here are haiku about Viet Nam, overdue library books, and billboard girls. Women are well represented in contemporary haiku, and bring to it an attention to intimate and domestic detail. And so ultimately the anthology has haiku in it that will speak to every taste.

Also of interest is Haiku: Anthologie Canadienne / Canadian Anthology. The collection is unique in that it brings together works originally in French, English, and Japanese—all by Canadian writers. Haiku is bilingual throughout, and trilingual in the case of the Japanese haiku. This creates an added dimension of interest, showing the richness of Canadian culture as well as the international aspects of haiku.

Elizabeth Searle Lamb’s introductory essay on the history of English haiku in North America has the makings of a classic. And Bernadette Guilmette’s “Historical Notes on Haiku in French: France and Québec” is full of fascinating details, including a poignant account of haiku found on the bodies of dead soldiers and an amusing one of a candy maker inserting haiku instead of the usual flowery verse between slabs of chocolate.

In general, the Canadian haiku collected here have an innovative pungency of their own. Partially showing the influence of French modernist poetry, they often have a surreal or abstract quality. For example, Robert Mélançon’s work, originally in French, stretches the notion of haiku:
Le vent qui traverse
ces érables
de l'apocalypse qu'on appréhende
dans les journaux

Of the paper's predicted
apocalypse
the wind in the maples
says
nothing

Also from the French, Cécile Cloutier's

Et je serai
Un grande arbre de lait
Pour une faim d'enfant

And I shall be
A large milk tree
For a child's hunger

There are also strong haiku squarely within the haiku tradition, such as Dorothy Howard's

endless scales
gammes interminables
on the neighbor's flute
de la flûte du voisin
my mother ironing
ma mère repasse

and Eric Amann's

A night train passes:
Un train de nuit passe:
pictures of the dead are trembling
les photos des morts tremblent
on the mantlepiece
sur la cheminée

The Japanese Canadians are of particular interest, bringing the immigrant experience—with its dark underside of internment—to the traditional haiku.

From Hachiro Miyazawa:

Musshiboshi ya
Airling books and clothes
J'aère vêtements et livres
tokō tōji no
a wicker hamper
la malle d'osier
yanagigōri
from the old country
de là-bas

And from Osamu Kasahara:

Doyōushi
Heat wave
Canicule
unagi omoitsu
as I barbecue a steak
je fais griller un steak
suteki yaku
thoughts of eel
en pensant à l'anguille

This dynamic anthology, along with Cor van den Heuvel's Haiku Anthology, should be among the mainstays of any haiku library.
NEWS
Dr. Donald Keene, whose histories, anthologies, and translations of Japanese literature are well-known throughout the haiku community, has been named the Shincho Professor of Japanese Literature at Columbia University. The Shincho Professorship is the first endowed chair in the United States devoted exclusively to the study of Japanese literature, making Columbia perhaps the premier university in the Western world in the field of Japanese studies.

Publication data for articles mentioned in “Word from the Editor” (p. 3):

Subscription cost for the twice-a-year English haiku magazine KO is yearly 2,000 yen or US $10, one issue 1,000 yen or US $5. Sufficient postage (or more than 2 IRCs). Mrs. Koko Kato, 1-36-7, Ishida-cho, Muzuho-ku, Nagoya, Japan 467.

THANKS for this issue’s cover art to Elizabeth McIntosh.

CORRECTION: My apologies for a couple of things that befell L. A. Davidson’s essay-review “Robert Spiess, the Man and His Words” after it arrived in Santa Fe and before it appeared in the last issue of Frogpond. An extraneous “of” appears on page 30, last line of prose; on page 32 the entire final paragraph should be at the top of that page. (I understand that in an earlier day this would have been attributed to “type lice”—but now?) Anyway, I’m sorry. ESL

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CONTESTS
Harold G. Henderson Award for 1987: see rules inside Back Cover.
Lafcadio Hearn Contest for 1987: see rules inside Back Cover.
Contest Winners:
Rockland County (N.Y.) Haiku Society Like Hilikimani Haiku Contest: 1st, Elizabeth Searle Lamb; 2nd, Frederick Gasser; 3rd, Helen Dalton; 1st Honorable Mention, Pat Campbell; 2nd Honorable Mention, Donald McLeod. Judged by Robert Spiess.

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.
Haiku in English, anthology compiled by Koko Kato. Sponsored by Brother Industry Co. 1986, 60 pps. Contact Mrs. Kato (1-36-7, Ishida-cho, Mizuho-ku, Nagoya, Japan 467) to see if copies available.
Rainbows: a collection of haiku by Harriett Kofalk. 1987, 64 pps., $4 plus $1 p/h. From author, 1305 N. Laurel #206, Los Angeles, CA 90046.
HAROLD G. HENDERSON AWARD FOR 1987

1. Deadline for submission: August 1.
2. Entry fee: $1.00 per haiku.
4. Submit each haiku on two separate 3 x 5 cards, one with the haiku only (for anonymous judging), the other with the haiku and the author's name and address in the upper-left hand corner.
5. Contest is open to the public.
6. Send submissions to: Adele Kenny, Box 74, Fanwood, NJ 07023.
7. There will be a first prize of $100, donated by Mrs. Harold G. Henderson; a second prize of $50; and a third prize of $25, donated by Mrs. Frances Levenson.
8. The list of winners and winning haiku will be published in *Frogpond*.
9. All rights remain with the authors except that winning haiku will be published in *Frogpond*.
10. The names of the judge(s) will be announced after the contest.
11. Sorry—entries cannot be returned.

Annual Lafcadio Hearn Contest. This is sponsored by Matsue City, Japan. To participate, send no more than 3 original, unpublished haiku which have some connection with Hearn to: Lafcadio Hearn Contest, c/o Elizabeth Lamb, 970 Acequia Madre, Santa Fe, NM 87501 with SASE. Poet's name/address on each entry. Deadline June 15, 1987. Do not include with *Frogpond* submissions. Up to 20 haiku will be chosen with final selection made by Hiroaki Sato who will translate and send them to the Matsue City Lafcadio Hearn Celebration. No prizes, but authors of chosen haiku will each receive a copy of the booklet containing their haiku.

Note: It is imperative that poets know something of the life of Lafcadio Hearn (1850-1904) before attempting to write haiku in his memory or in some way relevant to his life, the last 14 years of which were spent in Japan where he married a Japanese lady and became himself a Japanese citizen. He wrote many books concerned with Japan and libraries should have at least some of these books or be able to obtain copies on interlibrary loan. A Lafcadio Hearn anthology *Writings from Japan*, a Penguin Travel Library paperback from Penguin Books (1984), contains a good introduction to his years in Japan and many selections from his writings.