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near wind-blown lilies
loosing this single balloon
stencilled with doves

Geraldine C. Little

Opening its eyes
closing its eyes
a cat in the sun

Arizona Zipper

cinnamon bush and ivory tree
winter patterns
before winter comes

the break in the storm
large enough
for birdsong

Martha Stainsby

backpacking:
the taste of my own sweat—
mosquitoes buzzing

the misty trail . . .
finding a walking stick—
banana slug on it

across the valley
the silent, ceaseless falls—
woodpecker . . . again

James Chessing
MUSEUM OF HAIKU LITERATURE (TOKYO) AWARDS

$25 Awards for previously unpublished material
from Frogpond XII:2

Haiku

gone from the woods
the bird I knew
by song alone

Paul O. Williams

Sequence

“Flashes of Sunset ... All the Way Home”

The Bodners:
Richard, Virginia
Gus, Gita
In shallow water
half of the minnows
are only shadows

Through broken skylight
in the roof of the old barn
obelisk of light

Rengé/David Priebe

in the hot spring
sky
in my hand

George Grant

horses drinking up the pictures in the pond

Pat Anthony

the ground dove
walking its gentle way
into cool shadows

waver ing white heat
swallowing one by one
the distant cows

Florence Nichols Werner

in the one unbroken pane
remaining in the shed
full moon

Wally Swist

into the haybarn the mare follows her shadow

Alexis Rotella
cedar shavings—
the carpenter's magnet
snaps up tacks

pause
in the thrasher's song
a fern uncurls

haze-blurred horizon . . .
a painted bunting hovers
in the sea oats' curve

Peggy Willis Lyles

Low tide;
scratching my dead father's name
in the wet sand

Don Foster

thck fg
inglfng the hrbr
the clanging . . .

bones of the ship
lying naked on the beach
seashells swirling

teaseing the crab
the ebb
the flow

Barry Goodman
Bent reeds
whispering on both sides
of the canal

Fish truck
the deaf girl
turns around

At the wake
—the chandelier is
lit up too

Matthew Louvière

smell of cut grass—
the years since last I visited
my grandfather's grave

James Chessing

Old cemetery—
Grandpa sticking his tongue out
at the camera

August thunderstorm
ripples through the open window—
smell of a skunk

Diane Webster

Beside the highway
purple thistles almost hide
the orange cat's body.

Marian M. Poe
DUST—A HAIBUN
With apologies to Cor van den Heuvel
Doris Heitmeyer

“I will show you just about anything in a handful of dust.”

Sirod Reyemtieh

I. If my vacuum cleaner hadn’t broken down, dust would not pervade my consciousness as it does now. Dust. As Aeschylus put it, “sister to thirsty mud.” Or is it the other way around? The screen of my television has become dim, the picture hard to make out. I see as in a glass darkly. But it seems I dusted it a week ago! I brush a facial tissue across the curved screen. A clear, bright patch appears. In it a girl with a plastic face looking into a mirror and saying, “Pond’s cleans like no soap can.” I consider putting the dust back again, but I now realize that once a surface has been dusted—there is no way to replace the dust as it was before. Not only has this substance, dust, accumulated, particle by particle, on a sheer vertical surface, but it has done so with an evenness that I could never duplicate. It further occurs to me, is this dust the same dust I removed seven days ago, or different dust?

The sound of the word
dust
somehow warm and comforting
these days of winter

II. I have been walking in Central Park, viewing the early Yoshino cherries along the reservoir. There is a soccer game in progress on the Great Lawn. A vast cloud of beige dust blows across the Lawn, screening the players from view. The heedless exuberance of the dust echoes the vigor of the players and the riotous Spring wind. Tonight I will bring some of this dust home on my shoes, where it will become a component of my apartment’s unique mixture of dust. I toy with the thought that in my apartment the dust of a dinosaur, a grain of ash from Vesuvius, or some strange extraterrestrial debris may mingle with my household detritus.

The moon’s face
composed exclusively of dust—
and yet—
III. August. I welcome the shade of the underpass. Its floor is covered with a thick, velvety layer of pale dust. How cool it looks! I take off my shoes and socks and plunge my feet into it. In Spring, drifts of cherry petals filled the underpass; they turned from pink to pale brown, and now they have become part of this dust. Ahead of me in the tunnel is a man facing the wall, seemingly intent on something written there. He does not see me approach. I pad silently in his direction through the silky dust, my shoes and socks in either hand. Suddenly he buttons his trousers and hurries away. I see a narrow trickle down the wall and a dark puddle in the dust below.
I tiptoe hastily out of the tunnel and shuffle my feet in a patch of grass. I must get that vacuum cleaner repaired.

Shower over—
sparrows find a dry spot
for a nice dust bath

IV. I bring home my vacuum cleaner, repaired. It easily picks up the autumn leaves that have blown through the window. As I work, I notice that dust has a tendency to seek corners, an attribute of its unassuming nature—matter reduced to its lowest common denominator, the smallest particles into which a given substance can be broken down. In my apartment, dust is mainly composed of lint from clothing and blankets, flakes of epidermis that I shed constantly, even though I’ve never caught myself shedding one; old spider webs that have finally fallen from the ceiling, and the coffee grounds I spilled last Tuesday. Most of these have turned to indistinguishable fragments, and have gotten into places you couldn’t believe, much less reach. I recall that one day I, too, will become dust; “from dust we come, and to dust we return.”

Underneath the bed
there is someone either
coming or going

(For those who have never encountered the reference in the above haiku, I decline to cite it.)
IN MEMORIAM

Connie Coplan
January 13, 1923-June 9, 1989

A grass thatched hut
pine cones and needles
fanned to fire
a monk chants

Clay and fire mingle
a mended clay pot honored
tea ceremony

Connie Coplan

on the church
becoming a sermon
. . . a butterfly

Renée Leopold

a jade frog gazes
over a sapphire pool—
not even a breeze

Ed Duensing

My meditation
in bondage to the wind . . .
this shakuhachi

Marlina Rinzen
sunlight
on distant mountains; green
tea in my cup

being
or not being . . .
plum blossom fragrance

evening bells . . .
full
moon whitening

Makoto Hirayama

TWO SCROLL PAINTINGS

the wide-eyed doe
in this bright season
of falling maple leaves

after Mori Kansai
1814-1894

a young raccoon
clinging to the cherry tree . . .
a blossom in his mouth

after Kishi Chikudo
1826-1897

Gloria H. Procsal

summer drought
a frog's
dry croak

Lawrence Rungren
New Zealand:
The dark trees
Walk up
The dry hillside

Rotorua:
By the sulphur lakes
The sparrows have yellow faces

Richard von Sturmer

climbing the steep path—
the porcupine unmoving
on the highest branch

David Cashman

breath white this morning
outside the tent
slow flakes drifting

together
we watch trout rise
at summer’s end

through dark trees
glimmering campfire
woodthrush stops singing

Daniel Marcus

seeing the space
where the old birch
used to be

Robert B. McNeill
Among ivy leaves
nothing of the house finches
but their twittering

Eunice de Chazeau

two bright eyes watch me
beneath the strawberry leaves
loooooong body slips out

Sister Mary Ann Henn

coming into town
on the evening breeze . . . scent
of country hay fields

summer twilight
closing mimosa leaves . . .
the child put to bed

almost sleep . . .
fireflies in the jam jar
blink on, blink off

Patricia Neubauer

smoothness on the brook—
I pause on the footlog
and look down at stars

through the dark door . . .
a firefly
enters with me

Charles B. Dickson
circling a quiet pool water striders

pressing the ground into the ground       bear tracks

desert rainstorm the frogs croak in double time

    a mountain road
    winding all around
    sun sets

Gary Vaughn

Steep mountain trail . . .
an old hiker fades
into evening mist

Martin Lara

Black thunderheads
breaking above—in the west
the red sun

Although only a few drops
the sweet smell
of a cloudburst

John Vukmirovich

dreamless night gives way
to sounds of rain . . .
blackbirds flocking at dawn

Valorie Woerdehoff
INTO THE FOG
A renga composed at the 20th Anniversary Celebration of the
Haiku Society of America, Spring Lake, New Jersey, November
5, 1988, 12:00 noon-12:00 midnight.

Dee Evetts (Banbury, England)
Adele Kenny (Fanwood, New Jersey)
Alan Pizzarelli (Newark, New Jersey)

hotel lobby
late arrivals bring in
the sound of the sea  
  Dee

  rain widening
  the stain on the ceiling  
  Adele

off the car bumper
sunlight flickers
across the trees  
  Alan

  a disagreement behind
  the door to the kitchen  
  Dee

close in the dark
they whisper
in the stairwell  
  Adele

  the first hiss
  of the radiator  
  Alan
a pair of mittens
left behind
in the schoolroom

Dee
daffodils by the garden fence
he loves me, he loves me not

Adele
a blue jay
pecks
at the attic window

Alan
voices below
she leans over the sill

Dee
a touch
on his shoulder
he turns to the empty room

Adele
high tide
the awning lifts in the wind

Alan
edge of the dunes
seeping into puddles
on the pavement

Dee
halos around the spotlights
over the prison wall

Adele
through withered leaves
in the dark before dawn
tiny hailstones

Alan
wakeful child
the rustle of gift-wrapping

Dee
last page
of the family album
the man we can’t name

Adele
through the misty windowpane
red taillights fade

Alan
perfectly spaced
the roses
on the wallpaper

finding her scent
in the scarf she left

the flag flaps
a gull cries
over the closed beach

he faces inland to raise
the hood of his parka

flash of lightning
cutting
through stars

a mockingbird sommersaults
on the roof antenna

unwatched
the talking heads
dissolve into static

her right arm missing
a mannequin stares at the crowd

snow piles up
the barbershop pole spins
into itself

wedding party gone
he folds away the tripod

at the stoplight
her blue garter swings
on the mirror

in front of the bakery
pigeons
distant gunfire
the migrating ducks
form pairs

illicit lovers
kiss goodbye at the airport

the zeppelin's shadow
passes
across the football field

in the locker room
all the locks broken

free of his chain
the dog circles
and lies down

the Ferris wheel turning
into the fog

from a birder's hand—
the sweetness
of a plum

the street fiddler plays,
a cupped leaf
flickers from his shadow

Japanese lanterns
with yesterday's renga
cicadas

vincent tripi
this spider web
so different I
leave it alone

hot afternoon
a seed being cracked
pops the silence

glittering heat—
the finches argue & argue
the viburnum droops

the evening sun
goes down
this waterdrop
that one
this

Anita Virgil

magpie and tail
struggle into the air
long shadows

old two-story house
the evening pigeons
circle back

Robert N. Johnson

garden harvest . . .
crushing thyme
into her palm

Jeanne Paliatka
cold morning rain—
the suspect is booked
at the station

Wally Swist

across the cell floor
a scratch of lite

LeRoy Gorman

jailhouse door his dog waiting

Charles B. Dickson

trembling hands open
the prisoner’s first letter
from his family

John J. Dunphy

twisted on his arm,
in a quiet bar, the snake
slides toward the cold beer

Leo Gibson

smoky spotlight—
the naked dancer
pops her bubblegum

Kenneth C. Leibman

as evening breeze—
from my neighbor’s window
Grateful Dead

Brent T. Leake
DAD CALLS AFTER LUNCH

august heat—
dad calls after lunch
with news of a murder

her shrill voice in court;
the back of my brother’s head
sunspotted

the end of summer
the sound my mother made
at the sentence

limestone walls
in the sunrise frosted
with razor wire

prison waiting room—
above, a TV blaring
“The Waltons”

visiting Jeff
the shadows of the bars
disappear in his beard

almost asleep . . .
a call to discuss
his release

postal chess:
he moves me
from his cell

another christmas
my parents visit
the son in prison

Lee Gurga
THREE FOUND TANKA

bumper sticker
on the back of a car
from Idaho:
BE HAPPY AS A NUCLEAR FAMILY
RADIATE.
***

bumper sticker on the back
of a motor home
in California:
HELP US TAKE THE INITIATIVE
FOR CLEAN INDOOR AIR.
***

consecutive bumper stickers
seen while driving highway 101
to San Francisco:
PREVENT WILDFIRES.
SAVE MONO LAKE.
NUCLEAR POWER MEANS CANCER
FOR ALL OF US.
HAVE A NICE DAY.
***

Jim Normington

In the wheatfield
between missile silos—
burrowing badger

Cyclone leapfrogs
the grain silo:
    the missile silo . . .

Johnny Baranski
summer breeze
whistles through the hole
in his wallet pocket

Bradley J. George

bag lady’s shadow
draining
down the park bench

late afternoon—
the tennis ball’s shadow
slips under the net

during the blackout
the blindman
walks his guide dog

Donald McLeod

not seeing, not speaking
tired strangers
waiting for the F Train

Samuel Viviano

windows closed
no one to watch
the sunset

Clarice Mota

Following me home tonight
stray dog’s shadow
and the moon.

T. Anastasia Connell
Finally
from the lily’s white funnel
day trickles out

At last the first star!
and in the dusk-dark house
the phone is ringing

On black water
floating candles for the dead
the river’s silence

Ann Atwood

coming from out at sea
a white butterfly
heads for sand dunes

preceding me
all down the long beach
flock of small birds

Brent Partridge

The book of verse,
the bread, the wine—
and thou, Seagull!

Twilight, moonless beach . . .
the surf changing
to a darker song

Virginia Egermeier
SIX WAYS OF SEEING SUMMER RAIN

I
A red shaft of light
dances on your moist eyelids:
the searing morning.

II
Frog Mountain rises
to arch its back in the clouds:
unforeseen downpour.

III
Three men and three birds
stand still in the forest, all
surprised by rain.

IV
Rain like the Deluge:
a mudspattered Apache
sings in Cibecue.

V
The day hides itself
within a grove of aspen.
Thunder pursues it.

VI
Uprooted clouds:
Summer holds the pale mountains,
calls down the clear night.

Gregory McNamee
indian summer
in the grinding stone
a red leaf

Frank K. Robinson

river fog
percolating thru willows
crow

Jim Bailey

Hiking
into the clouds
the view within

Indian paintbrush
still wet
with dawn colors

Garry Gay

Sitting cross-legged
reading a book
the first leaf falls

The old Indian
preparing for her death
"too late for flowers"

David K. Antieau

shaping a story—
finger shadows
play the ancient game

Ross Figgins
CASCADILLA CREEK

Carries the snags,
the leaves, carries the rocks home,
carries what we leave it.

Yellow zori flip-
flopped on its back, midstream,
sole up like a leaf.

One leaf turned red:
turning leaves turn in the stream,
September's end.

*Peter Fortunato*

on the rock
blue graffiti
—he loves her

*Dianne Borsenik*

Gathering firewood—
under leaves, two pale green squares,
names, edged in dark moss

Ghost swans glide by us
moved only by moon, night air,
and the lake's dark pull

*Neill Megaw*
CLIMBING KACHINA PEAKS

Tom Lynch

Plan a hike up San Francisco Mountains, the Kachina Peaks. Wake at 3 a.m. and make a cup of tea. Moon through the window a waning gibbous.

lift kettle from stove coil—
orange glow
lights the kitchen

I throw a few things in pack: thermos of hot water, tea bags, cheese, bagels, an apple, bird book. Hop on my bike for ride to the mountain road.

pedal along dark road
Jupiter too
speeds through pines

At 3:30 in the morning no car even on the busy route to the Grand Canyon. I turn off at mountain dirt road, park bike among pines away from view. As I walk, sporadic clouds obscure moon, map no longer readable. Without the moon, which way?

car suddenly here,
suddenly gone—
dark mountain silence

Even in cool moonlight the road dust coats my tongue.

hike by moonlight
dead pine's
sudden jaggedness

As I climb to a pass the gradual light of dawn emerges from the sky.

moonlight
dawnlight
about the same

leaves rustle
dawn appears first
in the aspen

faint dawn light
white aspen among
dark pines

Hike along thinking of haiku. Stop for tea at sunrise, write them down. Forget some. Sun rises over painted desert. Distant mesas' black juts horizon.

sunrise
pines above me
glow orange
purple lupines
stay purple—
dawn gold

blue asters
closed tight—
cool dawn
dawn light—
white flash of
junco tail feathers

Pass through field full of flickers, leaping from grass to tall dead limbs. Fifteen or 20 at least in this one spot. Secret in their throats, a wild cackle. Further up the trail three bull elk grazing. One astride the trail turns to sniff the air. Considers me a full minute.

bull elk on trail—
glad
he's not fierce

Not much sport in the hunt, but it will start soon anyhow. Not long now, these might be dead. They amble off down the slope into dense cover, huge racks gracefully avoid branches.

elk cross trail—
their scent
lingers among spruce

Didn't think to bring the field guide, and an unknown mushroom. How many more I don't know about, alive beneath my feet.

As I move higher up the mountain, aspen begin to yellow. At first only the top few leaves flutter golden. On ridge line dead bristlecone pine low to the ground. Huddle behind it out of the wind. How long it lived there, now bone-whitened by mountain winds. On the lee-side, sheltered from gusts, flowers manage, and a good spot for lunch. Look across basin to tallest peaks.

the harsh wind—
tea in tin cup
quickly cold

On the Kachina Peaks nature removes a mask.

thin cloud drifts off peak
hoarfrost glitters
on black boulders

Where the snows come from. Soon I will be up there.
Clark's nutcrackers seem terribly wild as they fly, piercing the wind with their clattering, near timberline. Several juncos bathe in trail dust. Spin in little dust piles, feathers twitching. Reluctant to leave as I approach, they return immediately when I pass. Nearing the summit, only bristlecone pines and lichen remain to be seen of life.

- tiny bristlecones
- lichen covered boulder
- I breathe too

Trail follows cinder block ridge to top. Wind grows immense.
- kicked a minute ago
- boulder far below
- stops rolling

On the distant horizon, Grand Canyon north rim looms above the invisible gorge, cut deep into earth. Brilliant depths invisible from here, hidden beneath everywhere. To the east, beyond painted desert colors, remote Hopi mesas break level horizon. Their prayers, in spite of tourists and ski lodge and hikers such as me, turned towards this sacred ground.

At the summit, so windy I can’t stand up. Home of the kachinas. None that you’d notice, though. Maybe they’ve gone dancing. Clouds form over these mountains, carry rain to distant fields, whether we pray for it, whether we don’t. Somewhere up here, under a rock—which one none of my business, or yours—a prayer bundle. Still, good to know. Thunder sleeps in these boulders.

Turn to descend into wind. Pass many hikers on their way up. “How much farther?” “Are we almost there?” Some Sierra-clubber types who look like they’d rather be reading about it.

Walk quickly back into trees, wind eases. Juncos scatter before me, but Clark’s nutcrackers high overhead don’t notice. An hour later, in a meadow sheltered by aspens, I lie in the sun, drink the last of my tea, watch gold leaves shimmer in sun and breeze. Far above now, the summit. So recently I was there. From the flanks of Kachina Peaks, spruce, aspen, sprout.

- suddenly here
- grasshopper on my knee
- suddenly gone

At a small spring I stop for a sip. Water right from under spruce tree root.

- glance back
- juncos return
- to the cool spring
Thinking of shower, and hot supper, and how to write this, I hike through forest I don't notice. Now, after shower, and supper, and writing this, I think of forest I missed.

cold moonlight
on kachina peaks—
if I step outside, if I don’t

after the tree’s crash
the thrush resumes at a slightly higher pitch

in a thick fog
crushing wild onions underfoot
nothing but the smell

David Bonta

Logged-over land . . .
silence waiting
for the sound of leaves

Against the approaching storm,
dazzle of
a sun-reflecting bird

B. C. Rowley

ECHO
mockingbird
mocking
the mockingbird

Larry Gross
LAND OF THE NAVAJO

high in the red rock
a window admits blue sky
a cliff swallow

tinkling bells
goats leading Navajo sheep
to water and shade

pick-up truck
Navajo kids and their pet lamb
going to town

TV antenna
grows from the earth-covered roof
of a hogan

Ruth Holter

on Lookout Rock
one step
to the red hawk

Andrew J. Grossman

rain-swollen river:
a collapsing clay bank claims
the old cottonwood

the heat decreasing,
and the crickets increasing:
scent of goldenrod

Nick Virgilio
in my window
spider webs
the moon

hopping at my feet
this morning
cricket takes my shower

K. J. Berg

ruining breakfast—
this cockroach
under the oven

pigeons pecking
just where their droppings
might have fallen

José Carlos Barbosa

under the tv stand
kitten and cricket
square off

Vanessa Henson

The power lines
make a net to catch the moon
for an instant

Michael Maschinot

Crickets
cracking the silence
of a wakeful night

Dale M. Feldman
class reunion
echoing
this twang I thought I'd lost

Christina Goyette

perfume counter
the blind girl
asking her dog

Carol Montgomery

reunion:
the child they said was deaf
begins to sing

Peggy Willis Lyles

Whistling a duet
with the caged mynah bird,
the tone-deaf girl

Virginia Egermeier

I pass a beggar
afraid of his eyes

Charles Nakamura

shouting at each other
till
sparrow song

still angry—
the tick
of the clock

Carrie Etter
morning gnat—
itself tombstone
in wet paint

John K. Rutenberg

beyond the fence
onto the wet concrete
a leaf falls

Michael Dwyer

mountain walking  catydids enter my tiredness
summer’s end  wind bends the marshweeds

Steve Dalachinsky

standing with my book
in perfect stillness, waiting
for a bird to watch

full moon . . .
the cat trotting
up the fire escape

she stares at the moon,
trying to make out
Neil Armstrong’s footprints

Rob Simbeck

old man
carrying a shopping bag
through the cemetery

Dorothy McLaughlin
SALAD EULOGY: For Machi Tawara

Machi Tawara,
you have brought tanka
out of quaint corners,
and I want to cut salads of five
for your salad anniversary

my tanka
I’ve hung
in kimono corners,
and now yours have tapped out
a jig on Tokyo sidewalks

I want
my own Spaghetti
Centennial,
though I’ve no spoon
to stuff down a reader’s throat

not once of late
have I thought
of a lay over coffee—
making a tanka
was something else

you catch the modern squint
with your 5-7-5-7-7’s,
Machi—
oh what can I catch
with my frisbee fives?
you’re serious too,
and still
your tanka
come out flip,
winking at lovers over beer

for twenty-six years
my tanka
have lodged in remote corners:
Machi, you’ve an eye
for more than four million ears!

trying to find
an esthetic
for your jazzy jewels—
and still, dear Machi,
haven’t you a *wabi* whimper up your
modern sleeve?

not another tanka!
you’ve heard them say,
and yet aren’t you now
under a winter *kotatsu*
tapping out your want-to-be-loved rhythms?

*Sanford Goldstein*