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Subscription/Membership US$20 USA and Canada; $28 overseas by airmail only, in US dollars by check on a US bank or International Postal Money Order. All subscriptions/memberships are annual, expire on December 31, and include 4 issues of frogpond. Single copies (except 1992-3) US$5 USA and Canada, $6 overseas; 1992 & 1993 double issues US$10 each US & Canada, $12 overseas. If xeroxed copies of out-of-print issues are NOT acceptable, PLEASE SPECIFY when ordering. Make checks payable to Haiku Society of America, Inc. and send to Editor at his box number.

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Cover art by Robert T. Malinowski

ISSN 8755-156X
Summer was a day
fifty years ago
I still remember

Dave Sutter
leaving the park—
glimpses of cherry petals
on the soles of shoes

_Ebba Story_

FROM THE EDITOR

The many meanings of summer are explored in this issue, starting with rain, rain, rain! What else? Visits to the seashore, in haiku and in Robert Malinowski’s cover illustration of sundrenched beach dunes. Insects, especially butterflies, fireflies, crickets. Riots of flowers, berries, fruits. Outdoor activities. Yet the usual activities of life go on: day by day we get older, we suffer diminishments. But inbetween times we make love, we have children, we befriend pets . . . and we lose our loved ones. Summer is a time of travel, both in our homelands and to far places; poems from or about Canada, South America, France, Australia, New Zealand, India, Nepal, Japan are here. Catastrophes are remembered: an earthquake in Kobe, a bombing in Oklahoma City, a war in the former Yugoslavia. Still, the spiritual quest goes on; poems here are concerned with Buddhist, Christian, Hindu, Native American, Native Australian, Shintō, Tao, and Wiccan approaches.

Thank you for your bouquets and brickbats on the Spring issue—each has been cherished. But I need more! Tell me _precisely_ what you like and what you don’t about this issue, and in the latter case how you think the problems could be solved (if possible, without creating others!). In no way can I please everyone, but I can juggle your ideas in terms of the possible, the practicable, on occasion even the acceptable. To get to the Center, one must often go in circles.

Kenneth C. Leibman
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another dream beside me in your own

Jeff Witkin

Early morning . . .
sparrow's chirps
entering my dream . . .

leone

tea, our silence, and the hot still morning garden

chris gordon

summer sunrise—
a distant voice
fades to silence

Cyril Childs

no thoughts . . .
just rocking and holding her
in the morning sunlight

Wally Swist

Dandelion lawn
Nothing on their clothesline
but all-cottons

Carol Purington

dawn sound of the barking owl retreats into mist

Janice M. Bostok

red dawn
preparing for the storm
a robin fluffs its feathers

Jeff Learned

how
plump
the first
few raindrops
just before splattering

Carol Conti-Entin
umbrellas up and down to see which bus in the rush hour rain

Margaret Peacock

Torrential rain on the courthouse lawn automatic sprinklers

Nancy H. Wiley

downpour unearthing a cat's eye marble

Stephen Hobson

steady rain and the cow chewing her cud

June Moreau

wooden trout weathervane swollen with rain

Emily Romano

Skunk skull the smell of a summer shower

Garry Gay

summer drizzle suddenly the mockingbird has nothing to say

Margarita M. Engle

comber of light rolls over the valley floor mountain storm breaking

Kaye Laird

nightfall in this cube of light above and below rain

Susan Stanford

in the dark, all I can do is listen to the rain

Tom Hoyt

5
Gaggle of girls
overcast sky and
puddles to boot.

Edith Mize Lewis

rain in the puddle
falling
into itself

Paul O. Williams

After the last storm,
even in the rain puddle—
blue sky & white clouds

Tom Tico

hot afternoon sun
erasing its reflection
along with the puddle

Dorothy McLaughlin

A willow
embraced by its reflection
bends over the pond

Joyce Austin Gilbert

obscured by splattering raindrops,
the dark cloud
beneath the lake's surface

William Woodruff

dusk deepens
water sound
laps the shore

Joette Giorgis

under the vanishing fireworks
the lake darkens
unnoticed

Kohjin Sakamoto

Lily pond
with one step the snowy egret
moves the moon

Matthew Louvière

the blue heron
finding the pond frozen
flies further on*

Phil Howerton

*Inadvertently omitted from Spring issue
a breeze
that whispers leaf to leaf . . .
morning glories close

Peggy Willis Lyles

Fourth of July—
whispers of the flag
as the breeze shifts

Mildred Williams Boggs

sitting by the window
the breeze shifts direction
from pizza to chow mein

Paul Mena

in ocean wind
little sandfalls
down the dune’s lee side

Ronan

hot, still air—
waiting by the train tracks
for a passing breeze

Addie Lacoe

home alone
a wind for one
cools me

Makiko

darkening plaza—
a breeze dissects
the morning news

Cyril Childs

open windows . . .
awake in the August dark
listening for wind chimes

Helen K. Davie

warm night—
my hand searching something
loosens the music box lid

Yasuko Yasui
a turn in the trail—
the rush of the creek
is treetop wind

Christopher Herold

fork in the woodland path
I take the right
but the left?

Stephen C. Corn

Pausing on the trail
the hiker adjusts
his Walkman.

Jeff Learned

ocean rocks—
can't save the smell
on my camcorder

Carolyn Archibald

the ocean keeps
the water
she wades in

Gary Hotham

the backwash of a summer sea
swoops me away
from underfoot

Kohjin Sakamoto

pecking
at their own reflections
—the pied stilts

Catherine Mair

to every step of mine
the plover's
hundred

Mike Dillon

After the train
the blue silence of the sea
again

Peter Yovu

the gull’s cry—
the shape of the wave
before it curls

as it flies off the cliff
the folding
of the sea gull’s feet

Michael Dylan Welch
sudden silence—
rings on the water
where the coot went under

Marianne Monaco

he swims slowly—
waves of light crumple against
the coot’s dark breast

in a down-swooping eagle’s
rising reflection,
a fish swimming

William Woodruff

under the tree
repeating my mantra
the hawk’s cry

The white dove
arrives this year
alone

Tim Happel
eye on the sparrow,
a young priest crisscrossing
mission shadows

wind dropping
a skyful
of sparrows

George Ralph

raspberry season:
shooing purple finches
from the clothesline

sparrow alights . . .
the sunflower bending
beneath her

Ellen Compton

r

Still crane . . .
twilight gathers
in the rushes.

Chris Linn
centered in ripples
a turtle sinks
rises sinks

Ellen Compton

skimming
across the pine’s shadow
a waterbug

Peter Duppenthaler

Riding the spray
of the breaking wave . . .
dragonfly

Antoinette Libro

a dragonfly
was on the lily pad
before that swallow

Winona Baker

green pond—
a frog floating,
legs in its lotus

William M. Ramsey

bobbing up and down
in the duckweed
—frog’s eyes

joan iversen goswell

Sultry afternoon
colors drain
from a rainbow trout.

Alexis K. Rotella

dusk
carrying the koi’s colors
into the night

Marie Forsyth

bullfrogs
punctuating the night’s passage

Donald B. Hendrich

Still writhing
last night’s fish
new moon
(thanks to Krishnamurti)

Sydell Rosenberg
two white butterflies—
the hills form a backdrop
just for them

*Catherine Mair*

white butterflies
drifting into heat waves
become translucent

*Joyce Austin Gilbert*

flyswatter broken
the fly and I
wring our hands

*Kaye Laird*

on the dark porch
slowly now and then
one firefly
(for J.W.)

*Bruce Ross*

acres of darkness
outside, inside
then a firefly beckons

*Angelee Deodhar*

seaside
eucalyptus
one
monarch
drifting
down

*Cherie Hunter Day*

heat beads hover
one tobacco fly clings
to the elm

*Nina A. Wicker*

light warm rain—
mosquitoes drift up
through wisteria and dusk

*chris gordon*

first firefly
rising up
to the stars

*Elizabeth Howard*

no stars tonight—
I watch
the fireflies come out

*Suzanne Williams*

Lightning bug
tearing a hole
in the night

*Alexius J. Burgess*
on my pillow of sweetfern,  
  hops and moonbeams—  
  I sleep alone  

Oxcart Trail  
  stopping to put sweetfern  
  in my shoes  

June Moreau

blue day  
  knowing what I know  
  about purple loosestrife  

LeRoy Gorman

the broom that  
  swept the hills  
  on this hill too  

Lee Giesecke

heather  
  strolls over the moors  
  into the fields  

Flori Ignoffo

yellow-crowned mullein  
  a daddy longlegs shelters  
  between leaf and stalk  

Hayat Nancy Abuza

science exhibit—  
  the wings of a cricket  
  blur into song  

Ebba Story

after the storm  
  from somewhere in the darkness  
  a cricket chirps  

Elsie O. Kolashinski

purple dawn  
  barely, barely  
  a lone cricket call  

Marian Olson

with no moon to light us  
  just we two sit together  
  with one cricket’s song  

Robert Henry Poulin

mid-beat  
  stops the  
  crick’  

Donald B. Hendrich
wild sunflowers greet the sun
every which way

*Ketko Imaoka*

the mystique of this daylily still in its sheath

*Pat Shelley*

while being picked the flower's aloofness

*Pamela A. Babusci*

deserted farm's
crop of dandelions
ready for wishing

*Ronan*

touching . . .
not touching your aura
white trilliums fading pink

*Pamela A. Babusci*

trekking through forest
unexpectedly finding
five new trilliums

*Sheila Hyland*

The weight of the pack
lightened by the wildflowers
that border the trail

*Tom Tico*

Thrashed by winds
slender pine needles
hold fast

*Fred Donovan*

lightning stab
the cemetery poplar
riven

*Winona Baker*

masked by tree branches
the street light
can only flicker . . .

*Paul Mena*
in cornrows at dawn
i snake my way with a hoe—
molting sleep

William M. Ramsey

picking blueberries
too sweet
to drop into a pail

Ronan

pale straw basket.
beside the kitchen sink—
old pears and new tears

Marian M. Poe

old white porch
the pillars propped
by roses

Margarita M. Engle

the house
behind the eucalyptus—
two colors of peeling paint

Donna Gallagher

moving day:
my arms around
the ancient oak

Rick Kuntz

through the hole
in the tip of one glove
blackberry thorn

Christopher Herold

plump figs
your half-closed eyes
with each bite

Marian Olson

a wet evening—
the chill of the cherries is
part of their flavor

Brent Partridge

growing ivy leaves—
the deserted house’s windows
peering out

Yasuko Yasui

sumac rooted
in the cracked wall’s
graffiti heart

Judson Evans

moving day
fresh petunias left
on the gerbil’s grave

Jean Jorgensen
his coffin lowers to notes from the bush warbler’s song

Janice M. Bostok

Heartsease

at the grave site

again this year

Eloise Barksdale

This year, from red dirt,
yellow-white daffodils grow
around his gravestone.

Marian M. Poe

pampas

paler than moons

feathering the river’s edge

. . . and a flowering almond

where aaron drowned

(from at mull river, work in progress)

anne mckay

years after she left

the southern wind rocks her chair

my old grandmother

Dennis Davidson

Sea . . . son . . .

walking on the beach

alone with memories.

Edith Mize Lewis

crying, she smiles—

her husband’s name

was David also.

Cheryl Collier Manning

stone heat

the hiss of raindrops

on a nameless grave

Gloria H. Procsal

four parents dead

we stumble into

another generation

Edward J. Rielly
39th birthday . . .
eating peanut butter
from the jar

Joanne Morcom

50
curriculum vitae still
only two pages

From my childhood room
the neighbor’s crabapples—
fortieth birthday

George Skane

50th birthday bouquet
the rose drops
its last petal

Caroline G. Banks

a day over sixty
and yet I feel not a day
over sixty

Paul O. Williams

Too lazy to die
will she linger on to start
a new century?

Kam Holifield

I señorita!
I turn, yes?
forgetting my age

Marian Olson

smallest mallard
sharing an elderly man’s
ham sandwich

park bench
a homeless man gasps—
and the black king falls

Margaret Peacock

city square:
an old man sits alone
at the checkerboard table

Rebecca M. Osborn

rainswept streets—
homeless trumpeters wail
“Over the Rainbow”

B.H. Feingold

rickety pier
the homeless fisherman
at home

Margarita M. Engle
mine unlit
eyes open
close
newly blind . . .
she practices finding 0
on her telephone
Carol Conti-Entin
my friend listens
unable to hear
Beethoven's Ninth
Marian Olson

the long, long hallway . . .
in the creak of my crutches
my mother's walker
Ebba Story
bedridden again
all day jackhammers batter
the cardinal's song
Mary Lou Bittle-DeLapa

waiting room—
the reflection of my watch
trembling on the wall
Peter Yovu
slow morning
even the emergency room
empty
Ken Hurm

my wife washes her face
the woman in the mirror
looks on with dread
Phil Howerton
looking from the mirror
an old woman . . .
it's me
Idella L. Rowand

man at the bus stop
muttering to himself
what must be said
Ronan
Night came
and so did
the pain
Darren B. Rankins
the high grass
where she lay
still bowed

Paul M.

out of the rain—
her clothes, my clothes
 tumbling in the dryer

Peter Yovu
dog yapping downstairs
but too late to save her
from being my lover

Andrew Grossman

afterglow
the sprinkler’s whisper
penetrates

Peggy Willis Lyles
enfolded in your arms
under the night sky—
meteors fall uncounted

Helen K. Davie
cutting quick bright slits
in the night sky,
a meteor shower

William Woodruff

she rises from sleep
moonlight sliding down
her naked back

Janice M. Bostok

Out of deep sleep
you awaken lazily
one nipple at a time

Warren Lane Molton

The pleasure of breasts—
those we love
no season*

Pat Shelley

summer holiday
visiting imaginary friends
the only child

family photos
cousin Ann discovers
she’s adopted

Nika
two year old—
the fascination
of a flashlight

Emily Romano
three-year-old
scolding the puppy
with her mother’s tone

Naomi Y. Brown
warm porch breeze—
on tiptoes, the child peeks
into the old man’s mouth

Nina A. Wicker
weaving through the sounds
of children playing war games
mourning dove’s call

Mary Lou Bittle-DeLapa
Daughter’s puzzle . . .
she hands me the last piece
of blue sky

Patrick Sweeney
summer twilight—
from behind the maple tree
a child’s voice . . . counting

Helen K. Davie
empty bird’s nest
on the windowsill
of the old nursery

Edward J. Rielly
The light still on
in the upstairs bedroom:
my childhood home

Mike Dillon
toweling off—
the cold nose
of a kitten

*Carlos Colón*

birdbath teetering—
the cat's whiskers holding
sundrops

*Nina A. Wicker*

summer thunder—
cat's outline
under the cover

*Jerry A. Judge*

more rain
huddling with us at the door
cats

*M.L. Harrison Mackie*

cat tasting midnight rain
shapes shift in the fog

*J.A. Totts*

back pain—
a friend from Moscow suggests
i sleep with a cat

*Jeff Witkin*

midsummer
moonlight enters
the doll's house

*Stephen Hobson*

eclipse . . .
shadow of the moon
crosses mine

*Mark Arvid White*

lunar eclipse
a passing cloud
erasing it

*Ken Hurm*
the rock cracked by silence

Judson Evans

mountain trail the snail’s claim to this stone stronger than my own

Brad Wolthers

on the rock wall two black snakes entwine—
I pass by alone

Helen K. Davie

country stroll—
the S’s of the snake ahead of us

Marian Olson

abandoned tracks a pair of sandlizards zip down hot rails

Nina A. Wicker

trail ride the packhorse carries a butterfly

Margarita M. Engle

river smooth stone skips five times jumping fish

John Hudak

white water along this river . . . another birthday

Dianne Borsenik

cascades—to see the sound
I never lean far enough out for whiteness

Andrew Grossman

the underside of the willow lit—
the river moves

Jim Kacian
below the dam
boulder shadows lengthening
on cracked mud
the remains
under roadside pines
of someone's Mc lunch

Marianne Bluger

abandoned missile site:
poison hemlock stalks
rustle in the fog
upwind
the treatment plant
—scentless these roses

Donna Gallagher

Donna Gallagher

upwind
the treatment plant
—scentless these roses
William M. Ramsey

Winona Baker

tree trunk circles
on the sawdusted lawn
under empty sky
Clear cut
throwing the Frisbee
around stumps

Garry Gay

those rings
on the oak stump—
our years together

Blanche Nonnemann

A planted tree
"Exotic," the ranger says
and rips it out

Edward Grastorf

on the door
of a fire-gutted shop,
a Closed-Please-Call-Again sign

William Woodruff

power outage—
the dark TV reflects
a candle flame

Donna Gallagher

A second star
divides the sky . . .
loneliness.

Watha Lambert

with night quiet
I hear my neighbor's footsteps
back and forth with mine

Robert Henry Poulin
marsh dawn—
egret & fisherman
the same shade of mist

Rich Youmans

two fishermen
almost as still
as the herons

Paul O. Williams

lying in my tent . . .
a night fisherman’s outboard
taking me to sleep

Kevin Christianson

i know
a bird’s life isn’t easy
but still . . .

Robert Gibson

mountain road—
which of my car windows
will next frame the moon?

Donna Gallagher

the full moon
coats the dark lake—
boarding an empty bus

chris gordon

moonlit shadows:
white paint peels
from a stucco wall

James Chessing

window washing—
arc of my paper towel
broken by the moon

Ebba Story

old friends
watching the full moon shine
in and out of clouds

Leatrice Lifshitz

this quiet darkness
the adventure of knowing it
wide awake

Ronan
Wet cement the possibilities.  
_Alexis K. Rotella_

fresh-laid cement  
the old lovers' initials  
in the dumpster  
_Doris Heitmeyer_

garden tour—  
a bouquet of parasols  
beside the fountain  
_Patricia Neubauer_

Deserted garden—  
bright fidget of hummingbirds  
colors the silence  
_R.L. Schaeffer_

after our argument  
a bouquet  
of snapdragons  
_Carlos Colón_

Giggles and chatter  
in the Degas room  
ballerinas in blue jeans  
_Barry Dordick_

solstice dancer—  
from driftwood bonfires  
smell of musk  
_Ellen Compton_

Elders' tent at the  
Corn Dance—I remember  
my dead mother  
_Jean Nealon_

city summer  
jazz club and cigarettes  
defining us  
_Jamie Breuer, O.P._

soon the stars will appear silent sparrows  
_Pamela A. Babusci_
summer—
calendars
50% off

Ralph S. Coleman

drive-in movie . . .
letting my friends out
of the trunk

Alan Dow

Yosemite . . .
crowds look at Ansel Adams
photographs

Nancy Henry Kline

pens in a row—
as I close the drawer
thoughts scatter

Marianne Monaco

in a tizzy
she races out the door
late for meditation class

Helen K. Davie

introducing
a classmate to a lizard
named after her

David Nelson Blair

Yanking out
the old fence post
the dentist I avoid

Elizabeth St Jacques

while proposing,
the actor
forgets his lines

Jerry A. Judge

last day at the spa—
leaving without
the fat lady

Mildred Williams Boggs

(he must have been
a beautiful baby)
curls below the bald spot

Francine Porad

surprised by a camera
her face becomes
unnatural

Ion Codrescu
originating
your deepest dreams, the you
of a butterfly’s dream
(after Chuang Tzu)

William Woodruff

early morning
the small town’s church bells’
Sundayness

Ronan

Japanese garden
the empty space
where Buddha sat

Sue Stapleton Tkach

Sacsahuamán
the shadow of my hand
on pre-Inca stones
(ruin near Cuzco, Peru)

Elizabeth Searle Lamb

Two stencilled hands
on ochre rock—
I pray.

A black currawong’s cree
shows the lonely walker
to a place of myth

(Carnavon Gorge, Australia)

Clarissa Stein

walking to escape
my thoughts—
the shadows follow

Suzanne Williams

Amish buggy
on the covered bridge
... this quiet river

Robert Kusch

Haiku from the Himalayas

The boy herding buffalo
indifferent to
snow-capped peaks

Red and white Coca-cola sign
framed by
snow-capped Himalayan peaks

Donatella Cardillo-Young
leaving at dawn—
cow paths trail
into mist

facing sunset
a naked man prays
in the river
(Kerala, India)
humid night
the tobacco stall’s
hissing lamp

Kim Dorman

the south of France
filling the tour bus window
with wild red poppies

Naomi Y. Brown

cherry blossoms
more fragrant in the street
than in the castle grounds
(Hirosaki, north Honshu)

Brent Partridge

At Ryoanji . . .
a pebble
in my boot

Patrick Sweeney

night tremor
in the winter earth . . .
crows’ uproar

Kohjin Sakamoto

first tremor
the still life knocked
from the wall

Jim Kacian

tolling for each
of Kobe’s earthquake victims—
the bell for the dead

Wally Swist
The Way It Is
   Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

a woman gardens
tanned hands raking
weedy spaces brown

lizards bask
so green the eyes
of the tom

a butterfly wobbles
into the warm breeze
and splits in two

earth rocks
a neighboring county
hot coffee slops

temples of clouds
beginning to fuse—
a distant siren

crying under bricks
a child bleeds . . .
death people stare

TV in rubble
silent neighbors watching
life and death

Marian Olson
Oklahoma City

in the debris
a teddy bear
its smile torn away

after the phone call
she drives to church
to snuff out a candle

opposite the site
young people stand holding
a child's framed photograph

"my mom worked there"
teenager points to
the fourth floor

returning home
rescue worker watches
his children sleep

2am
victim's father reads the Book of Job again

memorial service
box of tissues
passed up and down a pew

another body recovered
the next morning
another bouquet opposite the ruins

new widower
clutches a piece of rubble
knuckles white

(dedicated to the families of the victims)

John J. Dunphy

29
PIECES OF TIME

July Picnic

sprawling sycamore
the fragrance
of crushed clover

sun through haze
our wicker basket leaning
on a white linen cloth

roses on blue china
crystal for Spätlese, and crab
packed in ice

time parting
like the red sea
for you and me

Marian Olson

Carlos Colón

nursing home

from her wheelchair she watches graceful goldfish
once owned 400 acres he now farms a potted plant
old woman cries; cannot remember her daughter’s name
every TV ad: have fun be young
her son visits; he glances repeatedly at his watch
birthday balloons tied on his wheelchair everyday
her calendar compliments of a funeral home
jigsaw puzzle each piece to pass a piece of time

Phil Howerton
Canonical Hours: Long Beach Island, New Jersey

Matins  moonlight stabs me
         awake through the screened window
         slap of the sea

Lauds  a firetruck screams by—
       half-dreaming, I remember
       your comforting thighs

Prime  on the deck, alone,
       I ponder waves washing
       the jetty's dark stones

Terce  a surf fisherman
       casts his line once again—
       the hope-arcing span

Sext  oiled bodies glisten—
      an ice-cream truck bell summons
      parishioners: listen!

Nones  ebbing tide—
       in the leftover pool, creatures
       and dreams collide

Vespers  day trippers leaving
       I wander among shells—
       lifeless, yet so alive

Compline  quiet dark beach—
         a sense of holiness
         in the sea's long reach

Geraldine C. Little

31
TWENTY SWALLOWS

First swallows what will they eat?
The swallow peaks and pauses between mosquitoes
Who can tell the boy from the girl but here come more swallows
Two swallows meeting in the hot air twitter
The young swallow pokes its rump out of the nest
In the nest young swallows hating the cat
Swallows cutting visible lines in the air
Swallow’s wings work so hard for gnats
Swallows it’s the shape their shape
A swallow sipping from a wide V
Drinking—the swallow sends a ripple over the whole pond
Young swallows out of nowhere swarm around the mower
Done imitating swallows mockingbird flaps off
Tree swallows is it so late?
Twenty swallows seeking the right wire
Fearless—the wren ignores the fearless swallow
Swallows hungry enough to be eating bayberries
For swallows zig-zag—a million miles to Mexico
Swallows first frost leaves the air so empty
Swallows gone mosquitoes hum

William Dennis
THE DEPARTURE OF DEAR COMPANIONS

Opening into Sky

stinging winter wind:
our old labrador falls
down the stairs again

having to hold her while she pees
the porch light pooling
over the snow

clouded pond ice—
the milkiness of the cataract
in our dog’s blind eye

lifting her up
the stairs to the vet—
her tail wagging

praying to Jesus for her
the morning star
burning above the meadow

my dog gone—
a fox sparrow pecks at a pile
of her frozen stool

taking me with it
the field we walked
opening into sky

Wally Swist

sudden gust
slamming the door
—the absence of his bark
(in memory of Nickolas)

Dianne Borsenik

33
IN MEMORY OF CLAIRE PRATT, 1921 - 1995

The fog has settled around us. A faint redness where the maple was.

IN MEMORY OF CLAIRE PRATT, 1921 - 1995

A ferris wheel? The rack? Beyond this bloody cough . . . the free and undulating hips.

Haiku, 1965

overcast day

A ferns wheel? The rack ?Beyond this bloody cough . . . the free and undulating hips.

Haiku, 1965

Haiku, 1965

starless night moving out the undertow

The Undertow (no date)

Claire Pratt

Claire Pratt—an accomplished artist with one-woman exhibits of her wood engravings in Europe, the United States, and Canada; a recognized editor who worked for the Harvard University Press, Cambridge, MA, and at McClelland and Stewart in Toronto; a haiku poet whose work helped lay the groundwork for English language haiku, especially in Canada. Born in Toronto in 1921, she battled throughout her lifetime with the crippling effects of polio (from the age of 4) and osteomyelitis, in almost constant pain. Yet, as Nicolaas van Rijn wrote in The Toronto Star (April 10, 1995), “Miss Pratt escaped with her mind to conquer the heights of the arts, gaining international repute as an artist, poet, and editor.”

Illness forced her to give up her editorial career in the mid-60s and even the art was then impossible. She had stayed away from poetry—her father was the noted Canadian poet, critic, and professor, E.J. Pratt—but now in the hospital she was introduced to H.G. Henderson’s Introduction to Haiku. Haiku soon became more than a diversion.

Haiku, published in 1965, was the first book of English-language haiku to appear in Canada. It is a handsome 4½ × 7½-inch, 32-page chapbook printed on fine ivory paper. The cover is one of her own colored wood engravings. In Haiku Vol. II No. 1, the reviewer (presumably Eric Amann) wrote, “Moving beyond season word, nature and Zen, the poet uses haiku form to convey her feelings in a language of stark, often violent expressionism . . . this book will be a landmark.” In 1979 the Haiku Society of Canada reprinted it.

Claire Pratt was indeed a pioneer in the field of English-language haiku. She played an important role in the development of haiku in Canada, was active in the Haiku Society of Canada (now Haiku Cana-
da) and was an Honorary Member. Her haiku have not appeared too frequently in the magazines, but she is well represented in numerous haiku anthologies in Canada and the United States, and in critical writing on western haiku. "The Artist as a Haijin: An Interview with Claire Pratt" by Bruce Meyer [in Milkweed: A Gathering of Haiku (Marshall Hryciuk, ed., 1987)] presents an enlightening view of her philosophy. Her publications include The Silent Ancestors (1971), Music of Oberon (1975; a boxed miniature of 'shell' quotations and poems she compiled and illustrated), Black Heather (1980), and The Undertow (undated).

Claire will be remembered—for her art, for her haiku and her influence on the entire world of haiku in English, and for the courage she displayed. I am grateful to have known her; I shall truly miss our occasional exchange of letters.

Elizabeth Searle Lamb

In memory of

Herb Barrett

August 17, 1912 - May 18, 1995

Editor of Tidepool: Annual of Haiku and Short Poetry

harpist's last notes after the storm
drift into silent the silence ominous
celtic twilight as thunder

Herb Barrett

this broken moon
and one shimmering star . . .
news of his death

Elizabeth St Jacques

35
RENGAY CLARIFIED

Michael Dylan Welch

It appears from Higginson and Kondo’s article, “Shorter Renku,” in *Frogpond* Vol. XVII, No. 4 that the new poetic form of rengay needs clarification. If one’s business is to champion the renku form, rengay might be perceived as a threat, especially when the HSA renku contest has generated relatively few entries each year (only five in 1994). Whether rengay threatens anything or not, it seems necessary to reaffirm what rengay is and to clarify its relationship with renku.

As with any literary development, indicated even in the above-mentioned article, new growth can come about when writers or critics identify a problem, meet a need with a new poetic form, or simply when writers become especially creative. As much as I and other active poets enjoy writing renku (especially more free-form renku), the results too often remain uninspiring and unmemorable. I have many times enjoyed renku composition—and the challenge of following traditional rules is certainly no obstacle to me and other keen haiku poets. But sometimes the reading of other people’s renku is unrewarding—the product does not always match the value of the process. Rengay seeks to address this frequent imbalance.

Indeed, rengay intends to assert a new poetic form (based initially on renku—with linking, but not such radical shifting) that seeks to solve several problems. While the “Shorter Renku” article focuses primarily on the relatively superficial problem of renku length, it misses the crucial concern: the rules for traditional kasen renku are too convoluted, technical, seemingly arbitrary, and/or culturally dependent to be of significant or universal relevance in the English language, let alone much fun. The rules for “shorter renku” are also convoluted, and although shorter, are likely still a turn-off to many readers.

Yes, diversity and progression may be renku hallmarks, but perhaps they also limit the rewards of writing renku. Higginson and Kondo hit the nail on the head when they say that the rengay “may be enjoyable and useful in itself.” That’s it—the reasons rengay are rewarding and enjoyable point up the problems and limitations of renku (and also short-form renku). Why, I might ask, did the Japanese themselves invent the short-form renku if there weren’t problems with the full-length renku? If even the Japanese experience frustration or limitations with some aspects of renku, surely in English, where the logic of
Japanese renku traditions is even farther removed, the need for ren-gay (or something like it) is obvious. The development of "shorter" renku in Japan should illustrate at least one need fulfilled in English by rengay, that renku are often too long and complicated, and take too much time to write. Quite simply, we need something shorter and more accessible.

But that's not the only concern. Many problems were addressed in the original article ("Introducing Rengay," *Frogpond* Vol. XVII, No. 3), and all are neatly solved by rengay. These issues include the need for or benefit from thematic unity (intentionally abandoning "diversity" and "progression," knowing that a clear focus is also good and rewarding), cultural relevance, greater brevity, quicker results, greater likelihood for publication, and other benefits, including social ones. As Garry Gay put it, "Here's to writers who can work out the details between themselves!" This is not anarchy, but valid poetic self-assertion. It shows rengay to be—potentially—an intriguing new poetic development, just as shorter renku forms may have been in Japan.

Higginson and Kondo may dislike the term "rengay" because of its verbal derivation from "renge." They assert that rengay "bears little relation to renku" (or renge, I should presume). But that was never intended. What's more, for Garry Gay to name the form after himself and the word "renge" is the inventor's prerogative; he could have even called his creation a "higginson." To dismiss the rengay as just a "collaborative sequence of haiku- and senryu-like verses" is to miss two points: that rengay *does* retain the linking concept of renku (plus the idea of alternating verses between collaborating poets), and usually consists of complete haiku or senryu—not just some sort of diminished "haiku-like" or "senryu-like" verses. Call it a "collaborative sequence" if you want, but the rengay is still fun and easy to write, and has many other benefits, many of which renku lacks. What's more, I take delight from the word "gay" in its established meaning of "joyous," "lively," and "lighthearted," for that is exactly how rengay can be. I have rarely felt a renku to read like that. It just takes a different kind of energy to tackle a full-blown or even a "short-form" renku. The rengay is to renku (and other collaborative verse) as the nosegay is to a flower garden—small, intimate, accessible, and typically lighthearted and joyous.

Speaking of enjoyment, I'd like to say a few words about rengay writing process. My experience with one or two other poets has *not* been to simply offer a starting verse and see where it goes. Rather, rengay seem to be more effective if the participants first decide on a
theme. The theme could be a time of year (such as Christmas), a location (a baseball game or a pub), a narrative idea (moving day), a concept (moments of spiritual awareness), or a focus on one of the senses, on a single color, or a single mood, for example. From then on, each verse seeks to convey, in objective poetic specificity, an element or step in the chosen theme or narrative. The participants can discuss and refine each new poem and image, making the product and process truly collaborative rather than just alternating. While many of the best rengay I have seen tend to be written in person at a specific place (taking on the energy and authenticity of the location or event), successful rengay have also been written through the mail. Either way, a simple agreement on theme among the participants beforehand adds direction and is all you need to start. Then the fun can begin!

I should hope that no one perceives rengay to compete with renku. That is hardly rengay’s intent. What happens with rengay and also with renku, in English and other languages, is up to the poets. I assert and trust the democracy of haiku and agree with Harold G. Henderson that haiku in English will become what we poets make it. I myself will still write renku—and may even enjoy the process, especially if the rules are relevant and non-arbitrary and tend toward cultural universality. But then again, I may not enjoy some renku, especially with such hoop-jumping as suggested even for the short-form renku shared in the Higginson/Kondo article. Rengay—its very spirit—runs quickly away from this sort of codification, chart-making, technicality, and over-restriction. That is the point of rengay. It is linked and it is collaborative—and in this regard it derives from renku. But it is also distinct, simple, and accessible, and should be evaluated on its own terms, not just in relation to renku. It is meant to differ from renku. It is meant as an addition to it, yes, but also as a relief from it. After all, haiku (and renku) need not be elitist. To apply Harold Henderson’s wisdom, rengay will become what poets make it—or rengay will die a natural death if it remains ignored. I should like to thank Higginson and Kondo for the attention they have found the rengay worthy to receive, and for helping to clarify renku’s differences from rengay. It seems, though, that rengay isn’t dying. I know why I enjoy rengay, so it pleases me that its popularity is growing!

Whatever anyone’s pontifications—theirs or mine—the new poetic form of rengay has indeed taken on a life of its own. Whether this trend of increasing popularity continues or not is out of even the inventor’s hands. More and more poets are trying rengay and saying that they enjoy it. Letters and email have reached Garry Gay and me
from across the United States and from such distances as Europe and Australia, attesting to rengay’s growth and attraction. As a sample of the many rengay that have been written, a growing number have been published in *Albatross, Frogpond, Mirrors, Raw Nervz, Woodnotes*, and elsewhere, and many more are ready for publication, to be sure. I find rengay to be most enjoyable when written in person to commemorate a special event or get-together, but rengay have even been written on CompuServe, America Online, and other online computer services, and frequently through the mail. What’s more, the Haiku Poets of Northern California, in response to this splash of interest, is now sponsoring a rengay contest for 1995, offering a $100 first prize. But whatever happens to rengay is up to the poets. Rengay is not renku, and is not in competition with renku, but if one form attracts more poets than the other, that trend says something important about the pleasure, accessibility, and cultural relevance of the more popular form. As for me, I see no reason why I can’t enjoy and understand both.

**EDITOR’S NOTE:** The rengay contest referred to in this article is escribed under “Contests” at the back of this issue.

**SUMMER HAIKU BY YOSA BUSON**

Translated by John Peters

*yukaze ya mizu aosagi no hagi o utsu*

evening wind
water laps
the blue heron’s legs

*mijika yo ya asase ni nokoru mizu no tsuki*

brief night
moonlight lingers
in the shallows

*suzushisa ya kane o hanaruru kane no koe*

coolness
the bell’s voice
separates from the bell
First Prize: Ion Codrescu, editor, *Ocolind Iazul/Round the Pond*

For being perhaps the first haiku-oriented international Western anthology of articles, commentary, letters, autobiography, and original haiku, haibun, and renga. This bilingual collection (Romanian/English) was created to commemorate the tercentenary of Bashō’s death. The collection nudges us, if we consider lyric and Imagist elements, to answer “Yes!” to Ion Codrescu’s question in his insightful “Forward”: “Will haiku be, after three hundred years since Bashō’s death, a catalyst for Western poetry . . . ?” The volume allows us to share what major (and other) figures in modern international haiku and haiku studies, such as Marijan Čekolj (Croatia), Elizabeth St Jacques (Canada), Kōko Katō (Japan), James Kirkup (England), Gunther Klinge (Germany), Humberto Senegal (Colombia), and Makoto Ueda (U.S.A.) think about the form. The views and insights of the collection both converge and diverge but all are clearly heartfelt and, when coupled with the solicited original haiku that are appended to most entries, the volume offers both delight and instruction in the perhaps shortest and certainly one of the most vital poetic forms practiced worldwide.

Second Prize: Nick Avis, *footprints*

A selection of haiku and “eye-ku” by one of our most gifted haiku poets, here in the Hexagram Series edited by Marco Fraticelli. There is an exquisite subtlety in the internal compression of the images in these haiku and a tenderness of expression in evoking the emotional exchange of love and longing that is one of the volume’s major subjects.

Third Prize: Tom Clausen, *Autumn Wind in the Cracks*

A first collection by an extraordinary haiku poet. For the consistently delicate tone of these collected haiku and senryu that have delighted many of us as they appeared in the haiku journals.

Honorable Mentions (in alphabetical order by author):

Sam Savage, *Trawlers*

These 21 haiku unify very well the experience of commercial fishing, often with a deep, moving tone.
vincent tripi, white

For the evocation of winter, nature’s moment-by-moment creation, and childhood’s wonder. And for regardful allusions to American haiku masters.

We wish to thank all entrants to the 1995 Merit Book Awards and for their contributions to the HSA Library. 1994 was dominated by the publication of A Haiku Path, an impressive history of HSA, which will receive a special award of recognition. There were also many fine volumes of translations, particularly of the classical Japanese masters. In addition, several volumes dominated by English-language tanka appeared. The “charge” of a haiku or other form, translated or not, was a major criterion of judgment. And the competing volumes of haiku seemed superior in this year. 1995 was a difficult year to judge the Merit Book Awards. Perhaps the division of the Awards into distinct categories is in order. Our research, furthermore, led us to realize the impressive stamina of haiku and related Japanese forms in both traditional and innovative directions.

Bruce Ross and Alfred H. Marks, judges

clocks ticking—
the still order of books
piled on shelves

Jeff Witkin

falling asleep
over a book of saints
the fan hums on . . .

Liz Fenn

new haiku mail—
Boston lettuce
wilts on the counter

Emily Romano
PHONETIC VERBIAGE

William J. Higginson

In his latest pot shot at me Hiroaki Sato, in “Current Crop III”,\(^1\) wastes a full page of the magazine to claim that I “muddy the picture” when I say, “The Japanese word onji . . . means ‘sound symbol’.”\(^2\) He goes on to apparently agree with James Kirkup, who—as quoted by Sato—cites, translates, and discusses a definition of onji from a Japanese dictionary.

Kirkup (Sato) goes on to say that onji are “also called hyō’on moji and onhyō moji”. He explains that hyō’on or onhyō both mean “phonetic” and that moji means “character” (I suspect the dictionary actually said “hyō’on moji and onpyō moji”; not sure whether the typo is Kirkup’s or Sato’s). “Phonetic” means “of or relating to spoken language or speech sounds”, and the appropriate meaning for “character” is “a graphic symbol”\(^3\). It seems that hyō’on or onpyō moji means “phonetic character” means “sound symbol” means on- (“sound-”) ji (“symbol”). In fact, onji is just a contraction of onpyō moji, etc. So, onji does mean “sound symbol”; what next?

One of the more puzzling problems in writing is what to quote when one wishes to argue with another writer’s position. Since I do not have James Kirkup’s book, I cannot say much about it. But Sato’s comments in his “review” fail to recognise that the real thrust of my discussion of onji\(^2\) has to do with the normal English-language understanding of the word “syllable”; indeed, many Japanese words and many Japanese haiku contain more onji than they do syllables. “Haiku” itself is a good example: two syllables, three onji.

Even if the counts are the same, the Japanese haiku is usually shorter in duration than one with the same number of things counted in English. In fact, as Sato and I have each independently said, somewhere around “twelve” or “ten to twelve” syllables seems the appropriate length if one strives to approximate the length of a traditional Japanese haiku.\(^2^4\)

What Kirkup at Sato’s hands appears to claim is that onji means “syllable” on the semantic level. Though one might dispute that, doing so would ignore the real point of my argument, as Sato so deliberately does in his piece. Simply stated, I mean that the common English notion of “syllable” does not equate to the Japanese onji on a practical level with respect to duration or haiku meter. I know of no one who has discredited this assertion.

42
In Japanese discussions of haiku one probably does encounter the term on ("sound") most commonly; ji ("character") appears in such phrases as ji amari ("too many characters"—that is, overlong); moji ("written character") has a more literary tone; onji is certainly the most technical of the four in Japanese. All this I readily grant.

However, as readers of *A Haiku Path* may note, the term jion appeared in the Haiku Society of America's definitions—and was incorrect. Tadashi Kondo had spent several years in Kyoto living and working with a traditional Japanese renku master. In 1976 Kondo, then an officer of HSA living in the New York metro area while attending graduate school, wrote his letter offering a correction. As both jion and onji appear in the Society's definitions, Kondo continued using onji in his letter. This is most appropriate, since jion and onji are rather technical terms, and Kondo's letter maintained the level of discourse.

In writing *The Haiku Handbook* I simply chose to use a term that had already appeared in an appropriate context in English, and used one of the translations supplied in Kondo's letter, "sound-symbol".

The argument over jion and onji is long over; I may very well shift to the more common Japanese terms on and ji for the discussion of these matters in *The Haiku Handbook*, if an opportunity to publish a revision comes about. But my point still holds: haiku in English and other languages with consonant clusters, diphthongs, and the like are overlong when composed in seventeen syllables—when compared with traditional Japanese haiku.

I hope that if Hiroaki Sato continues to attack me in print and on the podium he will do so directly and to the point, rather than waste time and space with an irrelevant and misleading aside that delays getting to an otherwise interesting article or talk.

1 *Frogpond* vol. XVIII, no. 1, p. 39 (Spring, 1995).
3 *Webster's Third New International Dictionary* (italics added).

**Editor's note:** With this reply, the debate on this subject in this journal is terminated, unless someone other than the disputants can shed new, efficient light on the matter (in the physical sense in which heat production decreases the efficiency of a light emitter).
April:

tōdai wa  the beacon tower
hikari no yakata  is light's own palace
sakura no yo  cherry-blossom night

Seishi Yamaguchi

[Tōdai here means "lighthouse" but can refer to other kinds of beacon as well.]

May:

amatsubu ga  the raindrops
ama-ashi to naru  become sheets of rain—
yamabōshi  mountain dogwood

Atsuko Ōhashi

ko ni gogatsu  May to a child—
te ga hana ni nari  the hands become flowers
tori ni nari  become birds

Hitomi Okamoto

June:

kakkō no  in back of
koe no ushiro ni  the cuckoo's voice
shinano no ne  the peaks of Shinano

Masae Izawa

katarai no  a chat suddenly
futobi ni fureshi  turns delicately touching . . .
tōbotaru  a distant firefly

Shō Hayashi

(to be continued)
ENDLESSNESS IN A SMALL FRAME

Readings by Tom Tico

"Endlessness can be addressed in a small frame."

Anne Hollander, *Moving Pictures*

The author of the above quotation was referring to paintings—but the moment I read those words I was immediately struck by how applicable they were to the haiku form. Surely, more than any other art form, haiku can be seen as the quintessential example of endlessness being addressed in a small frame. Every haiku, if it's worthy of the name, has a quality of openness, expansiveness, endlessness. In this article I've chosen haiku that seem particularly endowed with this endless characteristic.

1

lichen grow
in the crevice of her smile—
the old stone goddess

*John Thompson*

When Heraclitus said "everything flows" and "you can't step into the same river twice" he was apparently indicating that life is constant change. Even our concepts of God change: the stern and vengeful God yields to the kind and loving; the female is replaced by the male; the personal by the impersonal. It is said that man is made in the image and likeness of God, but is it not equally true that God is made in the image and likeness of man? As man evolves so does his image of God. One of Christ's greatest achievements is that he brought a new concept of God: one who loves us unconditionally, as in the parable of the prodigal son. But the old stone goddess continues to smile, and in her smile the lichen grows, for she is one with the earth, one with nature, immanent in the whole creation.

2

pale moonlight . . .
no sound but that of water
flowing among the rocks

*Mary Fields*
The quiet sound of the water as it flows among the rocks is so peaceful that it seems as if there is no sound at all. And the pale moonlight which pours over the scene is equally peaceful as it glimmers upon the water and illuminates the rocks. The poet's perception is so deep and so serene that she feels she is one with nature and one with the spirit that pervades it.

Since this poem has no telltale signs that link it to any particular age or period, it would be equally at home in any age, any period. Its essential quality is timeless. It could just as easily have been written by a poet of the T'ang dynasty as by a twentieth-century American.

3

Elbows on the bridge—
the children discuss
the town's old men

David E. LeCount

A poem of great charm and humanity set in a nostalgic environment of small-town America. Oddly enough the boys—for I see all these children as boys—assess the old men and their eccentricities in a manner not unlike the old men, that is to say in their physical stance and in their slow ruminating style of conversation. The setting of the poem is highly suggestive: the bridge can be seen to symbolize the connection between the boys and the old men and also the means of passage from youth to old age.

4

autumn comes
rust deepens
on the unused tracks

Lawrence Rungren

Although the haiku is a clear and simple expression on the external plane, its power is primarily symbolic. In the spring and summer of our lives we are full of untold possibilities; there are many options, many roads and tracks we can travel upon; many destinations we can reach. But by the time we move into the autumn of our lives, we've started to "rigidify," become set in our ways; the likelihood of trying new paths is faint; fear and lack of imaginative daring have become habitual; the rust has deepened on the unused tracks.
The last falconer—
moving through the mountain snow—
whispers to his bird.

Joanne Borgesen

The poet presents us with a mysterious image that suggests a story without telling it. It could be a very dramatic moment in a novel or a film—where much has already happened and yet with still more to come. If you are imaginatively adventurous you can dive into the haiku—and journey backward into its past and forward into its future. You can create your own mythic story, your own imaginative fantasy, like H. Rider Haggard in She, or James Hilton in Lost Horizon.

More and more
of twilight
in the antique mirror

Carol Purington

Perhaps this beautiful old mirror is a family heirloom, and the poet has gazed into it ever since she was a child. Within its oval frame she has seen herself reflected in every phase of life. And now as an old woman she gazes into the mirror and sees the swift progress of twilight. She knows her time is short and that soon her image will no longer reflect in the looking glass. The generations come and go but the mirror hangs around . . . seeming to gather more power and significance with the passage of years.

My many houses
in none of them the feeling
of being at home

Gunther Klinger
(trans. by Ann Atwood)

Are we not all strangers in a strange land, sojourners on the earthly plane? Spiritual teachers tell us that such is the case, and it appears that the poet shares their point of view. Despite the poet's obvious wealth and worldly success the poem indicates that he feels a certain malaise and discontent. He not only questions the value of his possessions; he realizes that they have no power to give him peace. He re-
calls the words of Thoreau, words that he’s often pondered: “A man is rich in proportion to the number of things which he can afford to let alone.”

8

on the same bus
the same strangers
as yesterday

*John Thompson*

Every working day the poet takes the bus at the same time and sees the same people. Their faces are familiar but their lives unknown. He surmises that most of them are headed for their jobs as is he. But what of their lives beyond that, are they married, do they have children, do they find satisfaction in life, or is life primarily a hardship? It’s unlikely that he will ever know. He thinks of how few people we ever really get to know—usually just a few friends and family. He recalls Bashō’s haiku and feels for it an even greater appreciation:

Autumn deepens:
How does my neighbor live
I wonder?

9

at the ocean’s edge
honeymooners in the sun
build a sand castle

*Tom Clausen*

How fragile we are, and how fragile are our hopes and dreams, especially in the realm of romance. In their buoyant state the honeymooners are convinced their love will last and so too their happiness. The sand castle seems to represent not only a fairy-tale romance but also the American dream of owning one’s own home (“a man’s home is his castle”). But the incoming waves surging so close to the sand castle have an ominous presence, like wolves skirting a flock of sheep.

10

a moment
of sunlit ashes
over waves

*Suezan Aikins*
With family members and close friends she awaits the moment when her father's ashes are to be scattered at the ocean's edge. As have others, she has eulogized him, or at least tried to, for shortly after she started to speak she had to stop—overcome with emotion. And with that emotion images and experiences flash through her mind: of happy times she spent with him, that she wants to remember always . . .

Now the ashes are consigned to the waves, and the sun catches them for a moment before they quickly disperse. Immediately the poet intuit that such is life; just a moment of sunlit ashes over waves, just a moment of consciousness in a sea of unconsciousness. So was it for her father, so is it for her, so is it for all of us.

4. autumn comes Frogpond vol. XII, no. 4, 1989.
8. on the same bus Cricket Song.
   Autumn deepens English adaptation by Tom Tico.
10. a moment When Butterflies Come.

HAIKU OF WAR

Vietnam
a halo around the moon
the night of my first kill

John J. Dunphy

continued . . .

49
In the summer of 1973, I was fortunate to travel with my parents through the former Yugoslavia. High up one remote mountain pass, a local man with a deeply furrowed face and thick accent told us that the road had not been repaved since Austria controlled the region before World War I. Old trenches gouged the earth around the man’s small store at the top of the barren pass. There, as a teenager, I found metal fragments of old rifles and rusted bullets by the hundreds, though many decades had passed since men offered their lives in the harsh battlefield below my feet.

Change comes slowly to this part of Europe, and war has too long been a part of it. For forty years Tito’s communism had stabilized Yugoslavia. Then, with communisms’s fall, the oppression of Yugoslavia’s native peoples erupted into war. We have all heard the sad stories of the innocent people caught in the middle, yet still they make do, somehow going on with their lives despite years of atrocities. Haiku Iz Rata: War Haiku, by the Croatian Haiku Society, is a moving record of their resolve. As editor, Marijan Ćekolj emphasizes in his preface that “haiku is not a political instrument of fight against the war, but is simply the poetry coming from the war (against Croatia) which has happened HERE and NOW as our reality and our everyday life.”

with a gun
on my shoulder—I forget
my paper and pencil

A sleeping baby
smiles with lips
wet from milk

Darko Plažanin

Branislava Krželj

Haiku has a great capacity for emotion. As such, it has long served poets in their need to express deep feeling, be it in times of stirring love, rapture with nature, sweet melancholy, or the desperate intensity of war. The tradition of war haiku may be said to stretch back as far as Bashō (here in a translation by Makoto Ueda, from Bashō and His Interpreters, Stanford, California: Stanford University Press, 1992):
Other poets in Japan have penned haiku about war. In English, Nick Virgilio is known well for many moving haiku about his brother’s death in Vietnam and its effect on his family (*Selected Haiku*, Sherbrooke, Quebec: Burnt Lake Press, 1988). More recently, D.S. Lliteras has given us *In a Warrior’s Romance*, his personal record in photographs and haiku of his time in Vietnam (Norfolk, Virginia: Hampton Roads, 1991). And poems about the Gulf War appear in Lenard D. Moore’s *Desert Storm: A Brief History* (San Diego: Los Hombres Press, 1993) and in *The Gulf Within*, edited by Christopher Herold and myself (San Francisco: Two Autumns Press, 1991). These are all valid approaches to war haiku—whether through direct experience, writing from old memory, from stories told by others, or even from the significant impact of television, which launches the horrors of war right into our living rooms.

But rising above these books, and perhaps others like them, is *Haiku Iz Rata: War Haiku*. It is telling that this is a second edition, for this book is written while the war is going on. How much happier if there had been no need for a second edition. These are not poems by concerned individuals moved by television reports of the war. These are not poems by callous soldiers. These are poems of direct experience—poems by victims. From the moment you see this book’s blood-red cover and its stark ink paintings (one even suggests drops of blood), you will feel the intensity of the Croatian war in a way that makes this haiku anthology rise above most others.

Marijan Čekolj, the book’s editor, lives in Samobor, a small town about 10 kilometers east of Zagreb. He and Robert Bebek have translated 187 poems by 42 poets, all members of the Croatian Haiku Society. While some translations may sound awkward to English ears, the essence of the moments recorded rings true. The book is printed in an edition of 1,000—an ambitious number for a haiku book. Its poems are arranged alphabetically by poet (1 to 11 each) in both Croatian and English. Interspersed are 19 non-objective, energetic ink paintings by Vesna Čekolj—and their very inorganic nature underscores the numbing yet effective remoteness yet nearness of these poems.

I fear that the context of these poems overshadows the poems themselves—and that has already happened in my discussion here, for
I wish I had more room to explore the merits of individual poets and their work. Standouts for me are poems by Robert Bebek, Marijan Čekolj, Vladimir Devidé, Željko Funda, Enes Kišević, Tomislav Maretić, Rujana Matuka, Višnja McMaster, Luko Paljetak, and Milan Žegarac. I shall let the poems speak for themselves, with one poem from each of the above poets, in order (down the left column, then the right column):

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Poet</th>
<th>Poem</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Robert Bebek</td>
<td>my best friend died— some tiny grains of dust on our chess board</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In the bomb crater</td>
<td>The army passes by. A dog barking from the first to the last soldier.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>slowly falling</td>
<td>branches of locust-tree catching a stray bullet</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>withered leaf . . .</td>
<td>into the sunset a soldier on his knees weeds new carrots</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In the burned-out village a wounded stray dog</td>
<td>Shells falling into the river— its flowing . . .</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>sniffing charred bones.</td>
<td>On the bombed-out church-tower I still look at the clock.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shells falling</td>
<td>Above the blacked-out town I have never seen so much stars in the sky!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>into the river—</td>
<td>How loud the ticking of the watch.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>its flowing . . .</td>
<td>A fallen soldier.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A fallen soldier.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>How loud the ticking</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>of the watch.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

In spite of ongoing death and loss, the poets of Croatia live with hope. Theirs is a beautiful land, and from my visits to Yugoslavia I remember the warm Adriatic, the jagged and rolling mountains, and such highlights as the caves and waterfalls of Plitvice National Park and the centuries-old walls of Dubrovnik. Some of these treasures are gone now, or changed forever, but this book still engages you with a taste of their hope amidst the realities of war. The spirit of haiku is in showing deep truth. With that understanding, these are haiku of the highest order.

*Izbjeglo dijete*  
*uči letjeti iz gnijezda*  
*ispalo ptije.*  

A refugee child  
Teaches to fly a small bird  
Fallen from its nest.

*Nada Sabadi*
LISTING OF NEW BOOKS

Listing of new books is for information only and does not imply endorsement by frogpond or the Haiku Society of America. Reviews of some of these titles may appear in later issues of frogpond. Prices are US currency except where noted.


*CADatonia (AZ on the rocks : 2).* Dorothy Howard. Proof Press, 1994. 18 pp (unnumbered), 5½ × 8½ in., paper, saddle-stapled. $4.00 ppd.


*This Tanka World of Strings.* Sanford Goldstein and Kenneth Tanemura. iii + 24 pp, 5¼ × 8½ in., paper, saddle-stapled. $5.00 + s&h, $1.00 U.S.; $2.00 Canada and overseas, from Kenneth Tanemura, 10 Wayne Court, Redwood City, CA 94063.


*A Years Speculations on Haiku.* Robert Spiess. Modern Haiku, P.O. Box 1752, Madison, WI 53701, 1995. 67 pp, 5½ × 8½ in., paper, perfectbound $8.00 ppd.

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ANNOUNCEMENTS

CONTESTS

Haiku Poets of Northern California Rengay Contest
In-hand deadline: July 31, 1995. Open to all except HPNC officers, unlimited entries of which all elements must be unpublished. Submit each rengay, titled, on two separate sheets, one with the rengay only, the other with the authors’ names, addresses, and phone numbers. First prize, $100 and publication in Woodnotes #26 (Autumn, 1995), at which time judges will be announced. Send to John Leonard, HPNC President, 49 Molino Ave., Mill Valley, CA 94941, with entry fee of $4.00 per rengay (checks payable to “HPNC”). For further information on this six-verse linked thematic poem by two or three poets alternating three- and two-line haiku or haiku-like stanzas, see Woodnotes #20, pp. 4-7 (Spring 1994) and Frogpond Vol. XVII, No. 3, pp. 19-22 (Autumn 1994).

1995 San Francisco International Haiku, Senryu, and Tanka Competition
In-hand deadline, October 1, 1995. Unlimited entries, which must be original, unpublished, and not under consideration elsewhere. Type or print each entry on two 3x5-in. cards, identified in the upper left corner of each card as haiku, senryu, or tanka. On the back of one card only print your name, address, and phone number. First prize, $100, in each category, with second and third prizes of $50 and $25 in the haiku category. Winners will be published in Woodnotes, after which rights revert to authors. Send to John Thompson, 4607 Burlington Place, Santa Rosa, CA 95405, with entry fee of $1 per poem (check or money order in US funds payable to Haiku Poets of Northern California) and SASH (business size) for winners’ list.

International Tanka Splendor Awards 1995 (Sponsored by AHA Books)
In-hand deadline September 30, 1995. Send up to ten unpublished tanka or three tanka sequences, which are not under consideration elsewhere. No entry fee. Tanka must be in English, in five lines containing 31 or fewer syllables, without titles; each should be typed on two 3x5-in. cards, one with name and address in upper left corner, and one with only the haiku. Tanka sequences should consist of a title and three to seven tanka (as above), typed or copied on two separate full sheets of paper, one with name and address in upper left corner and the other with only the titled sequence. Each winner will receive a copy of the book Tanka Splendor 1995, which will contain the 31 winning tanka and three winning sequences (authors may have more than one work selected for publication), after which rights revert to authors. Judge, Larry Gross. Send entries to Tanka Contest, P.O. Box 1250, Gualala, CA 95445, with SASE/SASE-IRC for winners’ list.

Haiku Poets of South Florida Lucky Haiku Award
In-hand deadline October 1, 1995. $100 Lucky Haiku Award will be randomly drawn from 25 winning haiku selected by the editors of SeaOats International. Place as many haiku as you like on an 8½x11-in sheet. Submit two copies, one with name, address, and telephone number, the other with haiku only. Send to SeaOats International, 8325 Coral Lake Manor, Coral Springs, FL 33065, with $2.00 entry fee.
North Carolina Haiku Society 1996 International Haiku Contest

In-hand deadline December 1, 1995. Must be original, unpublished, and not currently submitted elsewhere. Unlimited entries. Submit each haiku on three separate 3×5-in. cards; on two cards put haiku only; on third put haiku together with name and address. Prizes $75/$50/$25 + two honorable mentions, $15 each; to be announced at the 15th annual Haiku Holiday at Bolin-Brook Farm near Chapel Hill, NC, January 27, 1996. Judges, Penny Griffin and Rebecca Rust. Winning entries to be printed on a winners' sheet, but all rights retained by authors. Send to North Carolina Haiku Society, 5625 Continental Way, Raleigh, NC 27610, with entry fee of $1.00 per haiku in cash or check in US funds payable to North Carolina Haiku Society, and SASE for winners' list.

PUBLICATIONS

We bid goodbye to three old friends, welcome back one that has been gone for a while, celebrate a metamorphosis, and note a new kid on the block:

*Mirrors* ceased publication with the Winter 1995 issue, as Jane and Werner Reichhold concentrate on other projects.

*Brussels Sprout* will cease publication, at least under its present editors, with the next issue (September 1995). Francine Porad’s health situation has forced her to prioritize her activities, and she has returned to painting since retiring as president of HSA. No information upon the future of this publication now in its 12th year.

*Western World Haiku Society Newsletter* has suspended publication because of the long-term illness of the editor, Wilma Irwin.

*Pine Needles*, the newsletter of the North Carolina Haiku Society, has re-emerged with the reactivation of NCHS, as a corner-stapled publication edited by Penny Griffin. Information on NHCS appeared in the Spring issue of *frogpond*.

*South by Southeast*, newsletter of the HSA Southeastern Region, has been transformed by its new editor, David Hood, from a corner-stapled newsletter to a saddle-stapled quarterly “little magazine.” Still $5/year for HSA members in North America; others enquire. Check (made out to David Hood) to the editor at 410 South 4th St., Mebane, NC 27302.

*SeaOats International*, newsletter of Haiku Poets of South Florida, is a corner-stapled, illustrated publication edited by Robert Henry and Nancy Ford Poulin. Free with #10 SASE or 2 IRC’s to the editors, 8325 Coral Lake Manor, Coral Springs, FL 33065.

ERRATUM

One of John Dunphy’s haiku on p. 14 of the Spring issue contained an error in number. The haiku should read:

ghetto child’s crayons
all the gang colors
worn to stubs

*John J. Dunphy*
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