frigid night:
bare branches embrace
space

Ruth Yarrow
The trees are old now—cold and barren in fields of white, as depicted on this issue's cover, in the theme haiku, and in so many of the works in the following pages, hallowing in poetry the losses that the trees and we have endured. In the middle of this icy season comes a time of festivals celebrating birth, rebirth, light, the promise of light in the darkness. And the trees will be young again!

Thank you for your continuing letters of encouragement and advice, for telling me about what you like and don't like about this year's frogpond. Most of you have expressed satisfaction with the increased number of haiku, including the introduction of many new voices. This, of course, comes at a price: there is, as has been noted, no such thing as a free lunch. And some readers have expressed dissatisfaction with the relative lack of white space around each poem. I have hoped that the random, "shotgun" composition of the haiku pages would make up for this to some extent, and would be delighted to receive advice on how to reconcile the problem without adding to subscription costs.

During the recent Haiku Chicago conference, as a session broke for lunch, I observed one of the audience sitting in obvious meditation—eyes closed, upcurved hands on her lap, in the midst of the hubbub of chairs scraping, people suddenly chattering. She had tapped into her own inner silence—as do the worshippers at my own Quaker Meeting, situated in the Student Ghetto next to a large university campus. So too, we can create inner space to isolate and frame an object within us. After all, a haiku on a page is merely a mineral deposit on dead vegetation—it is not until it is inside us that it has life.

So, wishing you empowerment for the joyful reanimation of the mineral and vegetable matter herein . . .

Kenneth C. Leibman
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the curve
of the snowgoose's neck
Michael Dylan Welch

snowflakes
I stick out
my tongue
R.A. Stefanac

the snowflake
floating
in no hurry
R.A. Stefanac

snow falling...
a friend plays Chopin études
each note drifts away
Helen K. Davie

Just walking along,
not one word exchanged—me and
all these fat snowflakes.
Mark Brandrud

falling snow
the flowershop
stays open late
LeRoy Gorman

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cressing the ground
new love
Michelle Walker

past the cactus
in the window—shifting
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Marianne Bluger

black snowflakes
freckle
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Ryan G. Van Cleave

crownsnow
on the statue
of the Virgin
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Susan Stanford

all day
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Jean Jorgensen

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Marlene Mountain

Road closed:
on the mailbox
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Tim Scannell

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Carol Conti-Entin

sculptor
helping her children
build a snowman

Dorothy McLaughlin

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now darkened
by winter springtails

David Worden

stone lantern's precision
complemented by the snow's
asymmetry

Brent Partridge

night wind
sifting through the black spruce
distant light

Ruth Yarrow

R.A. Stefanac
overnight
frost heaves buckle the highway
built all last summer

Addie Lacoe

river ice

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Michael Dylan Welch

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Doris Heitmeyer

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ringing

Donald B. Hendrich

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Robert L. Brimm

what do others do?
alone . . .
the blizzard . . .

joan iversen goswell

the snow falling harder,
the silence
unchanged

Peter Brady

half-sunken in the lake,
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locked by the stars

night snow . . .
the same amount of whiteness
glistens on each gravestone

Kohjin Sakamoto
6
early morning chill
warmed by the hawk
basking in the sun

*Flori Ignoffo*

Three jays on the snow;
I think I see the color
Of my daughter's eyes.

*Stanley J. Keach, Jr.*

jay's yell
scattering snow

*John Martone*

over the winter's stubble
the call of a single crow

*John Hudak*

crow alights;
snap
of a dead twig

*Lynn E. Levin*

after the snowstorm
a peg of blackbirds
holding up the clothesline

*Emily Romano*

on a bare tree
black starlings
bitter pears

*Angelee Deodhar*

The sparrow's song
spills through barren branches
... bright winter sun

*Dusk on the lake
yields passage to the cry
of a far-off loon

*Edward Grastorf*

break from reading Proust—
going to feed the swans
on a winter river

*Brent Partridge*

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connecting the loon calls
pine rustle

*A. Araghetti*
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cat curled
on clothes from the dryer

Jocelyn A. Conway

deep snow—
returning cat steps gingerly
in each outbound track

Suzanne Williams

so silent
the stray cat
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Charles H. Easter

the last shovelful!
a squirrel scolds
the man in the snow

Emily Romano

warming my feet
on the patch of floor
where the dog slept

Makiko

winter sunset—
the cat yawns
I yawn

Michael Dylan Welch

in the twilight
the silhouette of a fox
stumbles through snowcrust

Phil Howerton

moonlight and snow:
crossing the yard, the shadow
and its cat

Louise Somers Winder

clear sky
even the stars
seem colder

Timothy Russell

frozen pond
only strong enough
to hold the stars

Robert Tannen
silent dawn
the bird’s nest
full of snow

How naked
the robin’s nest
in bare trees

Jim Kacian

William Scott Galasso
bitter chill
wind ruffling a ball of feathers
outside a sparrow

misty shore
inch through broken shells
gull with a French fry

Robert Henry Poulin

Rebecca Rust

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on the frozen pond . . .
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Paul Watsky

Peggy Willis Lyles

The stack of firewood
has only a layer left—
lonel lizard departs

Harriet L. Axelrad

inches from the branch in the spider’s web a dead leaf

through sun opaqued grime on the window a leaf shadow passes

Chris Gordon

winter sunset—
abandoned factory windows
shuttered with gold dust

Dorothy McLaughlin

winter night
I dreamed your garden lights
were fireflies

Peggy Willis Lyles
Car alarm
reaching the eleventh floor
before dawn

_Sydell Rosenberg_

waking up to rain
the thunder of a yawn
from the next room

_Rebecca Rust_

winter's morning rush—
on all the black umbrellas
tiny pools of sky

Steamed cafe window
mint from the wildlife stamp
flavors my latte

_Ebba Story_

Through the great window
a panoramic view
of the fog

_Tom Tico_

quick to chill
and shiver, the carp
tattooed across my back

_Kohjin Sakamoto_

Another birthday,
and the winter moon is still seen
in broad daylight

_Richard Chandler_

short December day—
lengthening shadows
claim it

Moonlight on the snow:
the airplane that carries her
farther eastward

_George Ralph_
February morning
praying
over my frozen car

Jennie A. Kies

first cold morning—
on the bathroom heater
dust burns

Brian Tasker

fuse flash
lights ou

Andrew Burke

listen—
the furnace shuts off—
winter

John Martone

in a leafless park
the silent merry-go-round
three horses missing

Ronan

winter trees
in the mist the rhythm
of the wipers

Cathy Drinkwater Better

December tugging
day after day at those four
forgotten apples

Rhina P. Espaillat

new owners
for the orchard
apples taste the same

Jeanette Stace

the gate:
tangled with a lock
of withered vines

Robert Henry Poulin

December storm
strips the live oak’s leaves,
but not mistletoe

Marian M. Poe

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a diesel locomotive
throttles down in the night

Lee Gurga
brown blooms
of the tree hydrangea
white again

Tom Smith

hugging
the valley’s cleavage
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Mary Fran Meer

a chime of bells
across the snowy field—
the horse’s breath

Michael Dylan Welch

haloed sun
snow showers soften
the cliff’s rough edges

Mary Fran Meer

frozen waterfall
our breath suspended
as we look down

Jean Jorgensen

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the wooded mountains growing
more and more purple

Brent Partridge

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the sawtooth mountains—
a late winter sunset

Jeanne Emrich

barren branches
cradling
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Carol Conti-Entin

in moonlight
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motionless

Robert Gibson

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and the frozen shadow of
a naked tree

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its reflection sliding down
the frozen river

Joan Iversen Goswell

winter moonlight:
the forest is filled
with the loneliness of trees

Dave Sutler
still in the camera
me
undeveloped

Emily Romano

in the coffee shop
baby drinks
blue-veined milk
Andrew Burke

first snowfall—
in my granddaughter’s angel
green grass
Leatrice Lifshitz

father reads
from a favorite picture book—
his child corrects him

small hand reaching for rainbow soapbubble
Jeff Learned

first white frost
violin held high, small boy
testing the skim ice
K.H. Clifton

the bishop
shakes hands with Matthew
and Matthew’s teddy
Addie Lacoe

winter evening—
the street-sweeper brushes
his daughter’s hair
Cyril Childs

flipping the switch
he races against darkness
to his bed’s safety
Mark Arvid White

chatting with
the young man I realize
he’s saying something
Kay F. Anderson

The mole
on her forehead . . . part
of her shadow.
Ross LaHaye
Answering machine:
birthday greetings interspersed
with news of his dying

_Donna Claire Gallagher_

Celebrating life
with eulogies and hymns
—a radiator hum

_Elizabeth Warren_

after the funeral
we taste the new vintage
before its time

_Frederick Gasser_

the granite
nameless before
a chisel strikes

_Robert Henry Poulin_

floating over
the stones
on Kafka’s grave,
my shadow

_Elliot Richman_

As I pass the lamp,
my shadow slips around me,
leads the way to bed

_Robert Major_

buried this week—
on his desk
next week’s itinerary

_Charlotte Digregorio_

_The Road to the Isles._
A bagpiper’s grave farewell
skirling with the snow.

_Robert Major_

Quilt panel
the only goodbye I can say . . .
first drops of rain

_Don Hansen_

Newly chiseled name
in the cold night I awake
and reach for you

_Joyce Austin Gilbert_

thunder pounds the windows
potter’s wheel still spinning
the same shadow

_A. Araghetti_

14
The Dow Jones
setting new records—
the slums look the same

Jerry A. Judge

Dirty snow, cold street—
a bum touches my coat
in passing

Simon Ott

Busy sidewalk
a homeless man
shoos pigeons

Thomas D. Greer

the house sold
street people
on the street again

Flori Ignoffo

Sunday church
collection plate
passes father twice

Doris Lamb

watching the empty road
in father’s jacket...
sleeves too long

ubuge

Winter wishing well
an old man throws a penny
into the fallen leaves

George Swede

this grade’s nun
suddenly
the chilled air

Charles H. Easter

cold Sunday morning—
on the tiny radio
church organ

Tom Clausen

The needle at rest
Gregorian chant playing
in grooves of my mind

Sarah Hickenbotham

chapel fly
the priest covers
the sacred vessels

Sister Mary Jane
Niagara Falls diner—
old fly paper hanging
in the off season

_Bruce Ross_

November sun—
a startled snowman
drops his pipe

_Paul David Mena_

bent now, old as I.
he leans into winter wind
my father's scarecrow

_D L McCollum_

On the frosted window
lace patterns unraveled
by the sun

_Joyce Austin Gilbert_

Stirring soup—
a winter fly
lands on the spoon

_Debra Kehrberg_

bare tree silhouettes
supporting shadowless mist
warm winter

_David Nelson Blair_

Mild Southern winter:
this morning's chubby snowman
quickly losing weight

_Jane K. Lambert_

the shortest day
child's breath reshapes etchings
on frosty windows

_Elisabeth Howard_

Mail from the tropics
Breath of my home town still warm
in an envelope

_Rhina P. Espaillat_

long winter night—
sweeping through the windchimes
a gust of rain

_Marianna Monaco_
making sure
the little boy tells another Santa Claus

Louise Somers Winder

Christmas window display:
toy wooden soldiers
crowd the crèche

Phyllis Walsh

the last child
delivered to the airport . . .
taking down the tree

Sharon Lee Shafii

out of pocket
into the New Year

Susan Stanford

New Year's eve—
the candles burning down
too quickly

Helen K. Davie

New Year's morning
walking bald headed
through gentle rain

Michael Ketchek

ansel adams calendar
caring more about the photos
than counting the days

John Sheirer

with the leaves
an old calendar blows past
the wind turning its pages

Don Beringer

valentine's day a trace of your incense on the roses

Pamela A. Babusci

Snow is predicted
but already the full moon
whitens the landscape

Slugs and I
enjoy what's left
of my marigolds*

Alexius J. Burgess

*Inadvertently omitted from Autumn issue

17
aimless walk
our shadows
leading the way

Daniel Schmitz

phoebe’s first call
in February’s thaw
his answer echoing

Flori Ignoffo

licking
my feelings—
stray dog

Ernest J. Berry

icy storm
her body in
the candlelight

Robert Gibson

winter chill:
beneath a comforter
the space between us

Anthony J. Pupello

our feet touch
under the blankets
sometime in the night

Michael Ketchek

cold apartment—
through the long night
a neighbour’s cough

Michael Dylan Welch

blue sheets
beneath my thighs
you play Go

Karen Young Holt
carved ornately
on the tallest headstone
“A Humble Christian”

Diane Tomczak

the guests are gone
the quiet house still shines
for company

Chris Richards

the new widow
wonders at the tears of
her husband’s first wife

Addie Lacoe

camera light
news anchor’s smile

Hollywood Boulevard
underfoot
fallen stars

Lee R. Seidenberg

leaving laughter
cured patient
the comedian exits . . .
at analyst’s funeral
his empty face.
finally able to cry

Richard McVey

toll collector’s
eavesdropping on
two thousandth
hand talk dangling out the window
thank you
of the car ahead

the whore
the cured patient
can say I love you
in eight languages
finally able to cry

Addie Lacoe

Black fenders rattling
my first ballet
on Nicollet Avenue
envying
in rhythm with rap
t
Sarah Hickenbotham

O
e
s

Melissa Leaf Nelson
Day and Night in Kerala

at the end
of the long shaded path
bright river
still noon . . .
the silent dance
of waterbugs
sunlit paddy—
the retired schoolmaster’s
faded umbrella
moonless night—
a single lamp
deep in the temple
a distant flute . . .
stars
between clouds

(Nangiaretu, Kerala, India)

Kim Dorman
the wind gets stronger—
the air I breathe
hasn’t been here long

some of the wind
gets in
with her

the wind slows down—
there’s nothing
to hear

colder out—
the wind moves toward
another mountain

_Gary Hotham_

meditating . . .
the neighbor’s caged bird
_screeching_

meditating . . .
a buzzing fly
in a web

meditating . . .
the neighbor’s shuffle
through our fence

meditating . . .
behind me
the egret’s squawk

meditating . . .
the iron lantern candle’s flame
_unwavering_

_Kay F. Anderson_

Night Falls

night falls—
skin folds
around my bones

slouching toward the toilet
night wind sears me
to the bone

full moon—facing it
knees braced
beneath my robe
these fifty years
having accomplished nothing
I sail home

_Gail Sher_

Monday

Monday morning . . .
but the daybreak
just as clear

Monday morning . . .
a soccer ball still
in the cul-de-sac

Monday morning . . .
children left behind
at every corner

_Thomas D. Greer_
Winter Haiku for Mary

in deep winter—
how bright the stars glitter
in a blue-black sky

ancient oaks
open field
barren

through airy mist
enclosing the farmstead—
Mary, coming home

Lenard D. Moore

Angels We Have Heard On High

lit up for Christmas
at the bed-and-breakfast:
beach-front palms
dense fog—
a Christmas song
from the carillon
traffic lights change—
a Christmas wreath in the window
of the Chinese market
firelight in and out of tinsel
Christmas concert—
in unison
the whole chorus inhales
snow on the landing—
my resolution
to meet more angels

Michael Dylan Welch
Winter

revolving door—
gusts of holiday laughter
warm the sidewalk

New Year concert—
in the piccolo’s voice
the coming spring

midwinter freeze—
chiseling for the church
his clenched teeth

seagulls return
to the iced-over tidepools
marked by their talons

in the darkening park
my pipe’s feeble glow—
snow turned to slush

H.F. Noyes

After Surgery

after surgery
she feeds me ice chips
with a plastic spoon

visiting hours over
she sneaks back
with chocolate

her finger
traces the line
just above my incision

one week post-op
sign of recovery
first recovery

wedding picture
how thin I was
two months after surgery

John Sheirer

WINTER HAIKU BY YOSA BUSON
Translated by John Peters

kogarashi ya iwa ni sake-yuku mizu no koe
winter wind
tearing rocks apart
the water’s voice

kareobana mahiru no kaze ni fukare iru
withered pampas grass
blown in
the winds of noon

kogarashi ya sumiuri hitori watashibune
winter wind
lone charcoal pedlar
in a ferryboat
THE SIX-O'CLOCK NEWS

Heat Wave

Author's note: The sweltering heat wave that gripped much of the United States during the Summer of 1995 was particularly horrendous in Chicago, claiming the lives of several hundred residents. Many of the victims were the underprivileged elderly and infirm who could not afford to purchase air conditioners for their dwellings. In August, some 41 heat wave victims were among the 68 indigents given a mass paupers’ burial at Homewood Memorial Cemetery.

old woman
slowly moves an ice cube
across her face

furnished room
in front of the open refrigerator
an empty chair

closing time
elderly people file from
the public library

heat stroke victim
now cool
in the city morgue

potter's field mass burial
rows of cheap coffins
so hot to the touch

(for the victims)

John J. Dunphy

battered women's shelter—
the spit-covered TV
after the verdict

John J. Dunphy
Washington, D.C.
October 16, 1995

waving red, green, black flag
a blind man smiles once again—
the same cloud-shadow

a pigeon coos
into the October wind
and curves away

a man turns
broad brogans scrape
brilliant red leaves

a child points
to the bronze statue
a wedge of sun

a father lifts his son up
as feet shuffle on the sidewalk
this autumn evening

Lenard D. Moore

Jerusalem
November 6, 1995

freckle-faced girl
speaks of her love
for Grandpa

21-gun salute
shell casings fall
on the grave

Kenneth C. Leibman
HAIBUN

A Winter Preamble

Only a few wizened leaves scour the icy-cold macadam. Street lights cast a harsh glare on deserted street corners, where newspapers blow along, now flattened, now lifted, in occasional gusts.

deserted street
—even the bag lady
invisible

Nearing the park, a few toughs are huddled together. Smoke spirals upwards from suspicious cigarettes. I hurry on by.

Am I, too, invisible?
the park toughs
don’t notice me.

A taxi cab whizzes past. Afterwards, the street seems even emptier than before. An empty beer can rattles hollowly as the wind drives it along.

passing an alleyway
—startled by
a cat’s yowl

The cat, too, is flooded with loneliness, and the sense of desolation to be experienced in the city, at night, friendless, on guard.

warm lights
of my old neighborhood
—memories only

Emily Romano

Walking late at night . . .
the wariness between me
and the passing stranger

Tom Tico
This Terrible Light

The yellow chrysanthemums
lose their color
in the light of the lantern

Buson*

The pale yellow light of December slants through the window, leaving its stain on animate and inanimate objects alike. It saturates the vegetable-dyed fabric of the Pekalongan batik that hangs on the wall of my living room, then running its course through ancient threads, unravels its pattern with steady pallid strokes. Sitting here in the windowseat, wrapped in wools and scarves, I watch as diffused light taints the poems laid out before me. Oppressive as the dirge of a funereal chant, this terrible light fills me with a longing for things that were and will never be again.

Winter afternoon
the slant of the sun whitens
my pale, pale skin

Margaret Chula


cold moon
    turning windmill shadows
on frozen fields

Charles Bernard Rodning

ancient fir—
its leaning tip points
night’s first star

Jeff Witkin
Christmas Eve

Rengay by Ce Rosenow and Cherie Hunter Day

*midnight mass:
the smell of incense
mixing with perfume

homeless mother and child
in line at the shelter

*flames wavering
on the candle centerpiece—
first break of the oplatek*

reflections
in a glass ornament . . .
the curve of your face

*Salvation Army worker
slowly ringing his bell

early morning haze—
another cease-fire
over Sarajevo

*Sacred Christmas wafer broken and shared at the Christmas meal as part of the Polish, Slovak, and Lithuanian tradition.


Christmas lights flashing—
in the picture window
an old woman's frown

Edward J. Rielly

power outage—
the shape of the Christmas tree
by candlelight

James Chessing
porch song

Rengay by sally l nichols and Carol Purington

gusty storm
quiets the porch song
. . . tangled wind chimes

notes blown backward
chickadees too

calm for a while—
the screen door creaks
   in violin

snowflakes tinkle
from the orange raincoat—
hearth puddle

in the wok
snowpeas sizzle

clearing . . .
golden oak leaf tat-a-tats
the solar window

night wind
sifting through the black spruce
distant light

Ruth Yarrow

frosty night
a contrail inches
toward the moon

John Stevenson
Haiku Chicago opened on Friday October 20 with a feeling of fellowship in the air. The room was filled with, for many, familiar faces but, for most, familiar names—the names of those haiku poets who have helped to define and produce the past several decades of contemporary haiku both in North America and in Japan. A delegation of 14 poets from the Haiku International Association would prove to be the binding force of the weekend, helping to bring together two languages and many philosophies to reach a deeper understanding and appreciation for the haiku and renku genres. HSA President Bruce Ross began the morning by wishing us all “the very best luck in the mutual poetic adventure” and stressing a focus for the conference: “to clarify the nature of [haiku] for ourselves and the emerging international community.” Mr. Yatsuka Ishihara, head of the HIA delegation, stressed the importance of “discussing the future of haiku with American poets” and the “common shared feeling about seasonal topics and the future of haiku.” Even in the early morning light, it was clear that a zest for haiku lived in the room and in each of us, waiting to be awakened or renewed.

Each presentation struck its own resonant chord, ranging from whimsical to practical to experimental, but always highlighting in some way the unique emotion stimulated by the creation and enjoyment of haiku. The Japanese were given an immediate, vital connection to Chicago through Jerry Kilbride’s “The Gift of Ho-o-den,” which told of the Japanese Emperor’s gift to the people of Chicago of a Japanese village that was constructed in Jackson Park for the 1893 World’s Fair. Randy Brooks shared a well-known secret, “the power of haiku to stir the imagination and move the heart to feel.” Barbara Ressler shared her vision of the four elements of poetry and haiku: physical, mental, emotional, and spiritual. Robert Spiess advised that we “study the familiar to penetrate the sublime.” Mizue Yamada discussed the seven tools necessary to write haiku: yourself, your heart, a notebook, a pencil, a seasonal reference book, a place (anywhere!), and the balance achieved through living. Mr. Ishihara told us that “haiku, at its core, expresses the truth as it it were fiction.” Poets from North America and Japan read their poems. As the light passed through the hours from early morning to early evening, maintaining its unique Chicago grey, the spirit of haiku remained, and we could little help being moved by it.

Crucial to the success of the weekend was the shared experience of
the ginko (haiku walk) and kukai (haiku symposium). For the ginko, the poets split up into small groups to walk in Grant Park along the Chicago lakefront and to compose haiku. It was a gray afternoon with low overcast. Some were drawn to skyscrapers and machinery, some to the sculpture garden of the Art Institute, others to the cold spray of fountains or the loneliness of rows of trees waiting to be planted. And drawing everyone East was the endless surface of the great inland sea. During the ginko, the American poets got a taste of the shared experience that haiku composition is for the Japanese. How unlike the individualism of the American haiku community! Then the kukai, in which eight judges from the US, Canada, and Japan selected and commented on what they thought were the most noteworthy poems composed during the ginko. North Americans selected Japanese poems, the Japanese selected American poems. Perhaps more than anything else, this shared appreciation of each other’s poetic efforts produced a feeling of fellowship that some would have thought impossible to produce in such a diverse group over such a short period of time. Four of the poems selected for the kukai:

el train
stopped on the orange tracks
listening to wind

Sara Brant
now the same grey
as autumn pampas grass

Keiko Sawada
winter drizzle
in downtown Chicago
a stone bench
each new tree
wrapped in burlap—
autumn chill

Yoko Senda
George Ralph

Poems by the HIA delegates (translated by Tadashi Kondo except where noted):

streak of light
tried to be a bad girl—
the milky way
tread on and break
each patch of ice

Yatsuka Ishihara
Mizue Yamada

passed into Nirvana—
the end of
but still looks as if
a yoga class—
he wants to preach
irresistible nap

Fuyuo Usaki
Norie Hayakawa
holding a raspberry
in the mouth and searching
for memories

Shosaku Oya

flying a thousand miles
neck is so tender:
a young swan

Ritsuo Okada

one way ticket
held in a glove—
funeral day

Keiko Eto

telephone connected to
a ship anchoring off shore—
spring rainbow

Ryusai Takeshita
(trans. by author)
in the attic
Anne Frank’s desk—
bell tolls clear and cold

Toshiko Okuyama

a block with half-mast flags
blowing in the wind—
snow drifts

Itsuko Kaya

cape in spring—
poetry stones in a row
echo the waves

Kristen Deming

joyful day—
without any reason
I buy goldfish

Haruko Imadome

Submitted by Sara Brant and Lee Gurga

HAIKU CHICAGO: THE GINKO

The occasion: joint conference Haiku Society of America and Haiku International Association, first ever. Haiku walk in Grant Park announced for afternoon. Small groups drifting together, down the four flights, out into a mid-Autumn greatlakeside Chicago.

Grant Park
steel tracks bisect it, a train
slowly zippers it

Old weathered stonework of the main path looking cold, timeless. Gazing west at the city’s famed chiseled architecture, then north at bizarrely contrasting streamlined efficient skyscrapers. Kris comments that the buildings appear to be cut with a sharp blade. Yes.
from the broken stone walkway
glass-and-chrome structures
knifed

Saplings freshly transplanted, packed at the base in molded mounds of wood chips, standing in a perfect row prepared for the coming winter winds.

each new tree
carefully wrapped in burlap
—autumn chill

Ambling alongside trench diggings, rich black topsoil heaped as a rampart parallel to the north-south concourse. Persistence for survival, in the most lowly:

construction sod piles
all the old weeds
reappear

In this chilling breeze and insinuating drizzle, few remain for the full three-hour tour. Back into the Chicago Cultural Center, fifth-floor meeting room bounded on two sides by large windows, tinted to counteract intense sun but now on this gray day creating the impression of a storm perpetually brewing. The first day's session nears its close.

frosted windows
beyond them the wind
and gull

George Ralph

Chicago Dog Show—
well-groomed Akitas,
owners in blue jeans
(Congress Hotel)

Don L. Holroyd

bluesmen
under mosaic arabesques
working the ivories
(Chicago Cultural Center)

Kenneth C. Leibman

Art Institute . . .
bronze lion's tail
dripping autumn rain

Randy M. Brooks
First Place

letting the branch go
a shower of petals falls
on the old woman

*Leatrice Lifshitz*

What we like about this haiku is the playfulness of the springing branch, the suddenness of the petals falling. Other haiku on the same subject that simply combine the fleeting season with old age, resulting in a bittersweet, melancholy tone, fall short of the sense of delight and joy expressed in this haiku. This photographic image invites us to see and feel the deep resonance of being alive. The "traditional" haiku form here seems a graceful, invisible, right choice which, for all its seventeen syllables, wastes neither word nor image.

Second Place

from my hand to hers
warm change

*Michael Dylan Welch*

An instant of warm interaction suggests the kind of Christmas spirit for which many of us still yearn. On the cold, impersonal tollway shines a small island of human light, an exchange of gifts between traveler and toll collector. Combining a vivid visual image with a subtle tactile one, this haiku focuses on the point where our life brushes against a total stranger's and we recognize our commonality.

Third Place

tending all day
the small fire

*Jim Kacian*

Although this haiku speaks of an occupation that takes place over the course of a day, the moment occurs in the poet's realization that the outside world has been reduced to less than the sum of this small fire. This haiku takes us "out there," into the woods or otherwise distanced, where we can reattach ourselves to the sustaining natural world and feel more whole again. Technically, the dwindling length of successive lines suggests a paring away to essentials, while rich sound values help this haiku resound in us like the small, crackling fire.
Honorable Mentions (in random order)

on the path
only one of us-
touched by a falling leaf

_Helen K. Davie_

As soon as we see the stunning image here, we are struck by the still moment, the cross section of time. And almost immediately, in that deepening silence after recognition, we feel the archetypal reverberations of this scene where once again the human and natural worlds are one.

winter, bedtime
static flickers
through a white sleeve

_John Stevenson_

The subtle power of this haiku is a combination of tiny details. The setting, a dark room, is implied but not stated. The chill of undressing for bed is interrupted, like the first line of this haiku, by a spark. A white spark in a white sleeve, a small but significant moment of light and awareness.

warm river—
up to our necks
in sunset

_Ruth Yarrow_

Almost at eye level with the water, we can swim our glance along the reflected path that is all river, all sunset, all our own watery bodies. The familiar phrase made literal in line two may suggest a barely comfortable depth. The striking turn in the enjambment into the final line redirects the image and brings the poem to a powerful visual close. This is a haiku about risking and being fully alive.

beneath the ice
the waterfall
still falling

_Jeanne Emrich_

Indenting the last line adds a concreteness to this simple but resonant haiku. The outward stillness of the frozen falls combines with our muted awareness of the hidden currents. If we are very quiet and look very closely, we can share this moment, this belief in the inevitability of spring.

Entries: 665. HSA Contest Coordinator: Barbara Ressler

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1995 NICHOLAS A. VIRGILIO MEMORIAL
HAIKU COMPETITION FOR HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS

Over 325 poems were entered in this year's Virgilio Competition. It was a difficult task to narrow the selection down to just seven.

While a majority of the poems submitted could best be classified as minimal (some were five words or fewer) or senryu (concerned solely with human situations—often humorous), we were looking for poems that captured a haiku moment—a specific place and time, recorded honestly, free from commentary or sentimentality, with a lasting resonance of deeper understanding.

We want to emphasize that every young poet that submitted work is to be congratulated and encouraged to continue writing.

First Place
Anne Alfredo (9th grade)        solitary swimmer
Wahlert High School,           ripples
Dubuque, Iowa                  the early morning sun

This swimmer is setting out in the morning, with all the associations of beginning. He or she is having an effect—even on the sun's reflection, a part, a focal part, of the scene. The swimmer recalls Whitman's solitary singer, the mockingbird, also associated with water. The poem suggests a bravery, an assertive action, a proclamation of the swimmer's being, declaring his or her being in the world.

Second Place
Beth Paisley (9th grade)        old man
Wahlert High School             reeling in
                                 the sea

Obviously the old man is not reeling in the sea, except in whimsical perceptions. But he isn't reeling in anything else either, and he is absorbing the whole atmosphere of the shore, and that is most of the point of fishing anyhow. Being at the sea is the point, reeling it into one's being. Fishing is the excuse. How is it that so many surf fishers are older men? This example fits the scene.

Third Place
Katie O'Connor (9th grade)      after the flood
Wahlert High School             our flag waves
                                 from the clothesline

A poem of recovery, of going on, this haiku is about setting things to rights again, showing the flag, even if it is, at the moment, mostly drying out. It is still there, still waving, and it is "our" flag, not just
any flag. It is a step in reestablishment, in recovery. Its colors are clear and bright, declaring hope.

Honorable Mention  
dandelion
Tony Leisen (9th grade)  
wished
Wahlert High School  
away

Dandelions are so easy to dissipate with one puff almost as slight as a wish, and the puff makes just that sound—wish—as the seeds float down the wind. The poem is economical, contains a delightful onomatopoeia, and is altogether pleasing.

Honorable Mention  
the tree
Maureen Reilly (9th grade)  
snowcovered
Wahlert High School  
ext except one leaf

There is always that leaf, that exception, that different thing, being itself, separate, individual. Such single leaves give the world distinctiveness. Again the poem is economical, coming at the end into the sharp focus of its perception.

Honorable Mention  
two oak leaves
Charlotte Stevenson (9th grade)  
just the same
Castilleja School  
until a brown moth flies away.
Palo Alto, California

Protective coloration is such a dry expression, drier, perhaps, than the leaf itself, or the moth, which startles us with its suddenly becoming itself, flying with a living purpose and not at the whim of the breeze. It is a separate will we are dealing with, asserting itself in its flight.

Honorable Mention  
two bold streaks of blue
Katie Gallagher (10th grade)  
split by the thin horizon—
University High School  
ocean and spring sky
Honolulu, Hawaii

All that blue . . . only one defining line, the horizon, gives us shape and definition, sets the world on a level again. The poem is a 5-7-5 haiku, the only one among our winners. Its longer center line becomes the horizon, with its final dash lining it out, right in the middle of the scene.

Paul O. Williams
October:

haikai ni for a haikai
bansō araba for a haikai accompaniment how about
hyon no fue a gourd flute

Ōtōshi Naruse

banshū no to late autumn's
haruka na oto e distant sound turns
zō no mimi an elephant's ear

Akito Arima

November:

ko no ha chiri tree leaves fallen
kōsō hiru wa the tall buildings
hi no hashira columns of lights

Tamirō Ōshima
toshin fuite blowing through
kogarashi ni ate the heart of the city
nakarikeri the aimless storm

Tetsunosuke Matsuzaki

[The Japanese kogarashi is a windstorm specific to winter.]

December:

atatakaki the warm sun
hi wa hi mijikaki makes me forget that
koto wasure the day is short

Hinao Gotō

[This is the pleasant warmth of winter; hi (pronounced like English “he”) is both “sun” and “day” in Japanese.]

This completes the translation of haiku reproduced in the 1995 Calendar. My thanks to Tadashi Kondo and Kayoko Hashimoto for their help.

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A HANDBEUL OF SHADOWS

Readings by Tom Tico

“There is no sun without shadow, and it is essential to know the night.”

Albert Camus

The shadow, not as a purely physical phenomenon but as a metaphor for the dark side of the human spirit, is what I want to address in this article: the shadow as Carl Jung spoke of it; the shadow that surfaces in our dreams and occasionally in our haiku; the shadow that cannot be ignored or swept under the rug without dire consequences to our psychic health; the shadow that needs to be recognized, accepted, and integrated into the totality of our being if we are to be whole, if not holy.

1

middle of the night
the mirror does not hold
my dark side

Larry Gates

This brings to mind The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. I’ll never forget how powerfully I was struck when I first saw the movie version starring Spencer Tracy. What a performance! But is that not an archetypal role that every one of us is playing, more or less? And can’t we all identify with the poet as he peers into the mirror and realizes that it does not adequately reveal the dark side of himself?

2

his black habit:
the Benedictine Monk
sips brandy

Anthony J. Pupello

When one of the great Zen masters achieved enlightenment he said that nuns were naturally women. So too, monks are naturally men: subject to the same temptations, the same failings as all of us. The shadow is no respecter of the roles we play in life.

Like Christ, the Benedictine monk is dedicated to the love of God and transcendence of the world. Yet the very garment that he wears, which signifies his spiritual calling, is also seen as a powerful projec-
tion of the dark side of his nature. If not successfully integrated, the shadow will out.

3

Passport check:
my shadow waits
across the border

George Swede

At home, in our own country, our own city, our own neighborhood, we tend to curtail our darker impulses. Especially since our behavior is likely to be known by others: family, friends, neighbors. But when we travel to a foreign land, we are anonymous, and therefore much freer: as long as we don't flout the law, we can pretty much do as we wish. What a congenial environment for the shadow to sport in. Not to mention that in many other countries the standards of behavior are much looser, much less restrained. They might even be called shadowlands.

When I was a teenager growing up in San Francisco with a fairly wild group of buddies, Tijuana was the city across the border where our shadows beckoned with illicit pleasures.

4

my shadow knocks at her door and gets no answer

John Sheirer

Jesus Christ why doesn't she open the door I know she's in there? God, I just want to tell her how much I love her. She's such a sweet person! So what if I've had a few drinks—what's wrong with that? Hey, it's not like I'm drunk—I mean I can handle it. Jesus, why doesn't she open the goddam door? Hell! Doesn't she realize how much I love her? Sonavabitch!

5

even in moonlight
the dark side
of his handsome face

Gloria H. Procsal

It's the middle of the night and the poet is awakened by someone knocking at her door. She thinks she knows who it is, and if she's right, this won't be the first time he's made such an inappropriate call.
Quickly she goes to the window, glances from behind the curtains, and sees him standing at the doorstep in an obvious state of drunkenness. She's told him before that she won't open the door when he's in that condition. And she fully intends to adhere to that resolve. As she gazes at him standing there in the moonlight, she's struck by the fact that, even as drunk as he is, he's still an exceptionally handsome character.

6

summer twilight . . .
at our wedding, our shadows
stretching out before us

K.G. Teal

Since this couple's relationship has progressed to the point of marriage, it's more than likely that they have already seen some of the shadowy aspects of one another. And it seems inevitable that as time goes by more will be revealed. The quirks, the shortcomings, and the character defects of each will become apparent.

7
day's end
my shadow touches
the doorknob first

George Ralph

The poet has had a tough day at work. And as he reaches for the doorknob of his house, he knows that the dark side of himself, the angry and frustrated side, is in the ascendancy. He hopes his wife doesn’t give him any static about being late or having had a few drinks. Because if she does, he knows for sure they're going to get into it—in a big way!

8

not speaking
our shadows
keep touching

Alexis Rotella

He thinks about the terrible fight they had last night and he wonders how two people can love each other and still say such mean and cutting things. But now, this sullen silence between them seems just as bad if not worse. He wonders how long this dreadful state of
affairs will last and considers making an overture of peace—but she doesn’t offer him the slightest opening. Moreover, his ego tells him that he does not want to be the first to give in and that to do so would be a sign of weakness.

9

Dusk deepens:
a middle-aged man stops
shadow-boxing

Ty Hadman

I dreamt that an ugly black dwarf had somehow attached himself to me. I found him completely repellent; and I tried one means after another to be rid of him—but all to no avail. Finally, in desperation, I picked up a club and started beating him over the head, figuring if I couldn’t free myself from him in any other way I would kill him. But no matter how many times I hit him it had no effect. Not only that, it just made the predicament worse, because now the dwarf knew how I felt about him. Then, out of the blue, an intuition came to me: I realized that despite his ugly exterior the dwarf was not really bad at all, and that instead of trying to kill him, I could befriend him.

10

alone in the rain—
even my shadow
washed away

Dorothy McLaughlin

Now, with so many of us unaffiliated with the Church, where is one to go for solace and spiritual regeneration? This poem indicates that one can find those qualities in a solitary and intimate experience of nature. That being so, you could say the poem has a Taoistic flavor. But how Catholic it is in its subtle suggestion of three sacraments: baptism, absolution, and holy communion.

11

The silent Buddha
holding in his lap
a handful of shadows

Larry Gates
Wisdom, serenity, and infinite compassion are the predominant traits that the Buddha personifies. The bodhisattva has taken a vow not to enter into nirvana until he can take with him all sentient beings. Has there ever been a loftier vow than this? Or a more compassionate one? The Buddha sits serene in the great void and knows that all of life is One. And into his ample lap he has taken all of our shadowy selves.

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2. his black habit *Frogpond* vol. XV, no. 2, 1992.
5. even in moonlight *Frogpond* vol. XVII, no. 1, 1994.
7. day's end *Frogpond* vol. XV, no. 1, 1992.

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A Favorite Haiku

In the bathtub
hearing a sleet ing sound
through the window

*Harumi Moritake*

This haiku somehow brings back, for me, the *sabi* loneliness of winter travel, of staying in some run-down backstreet rooming-house with no proper heating. You feel your shivery nakedness so intensely, getting into the tub. But then the sound of sleet on the windowpane makes you feel at last some sense of snug asylum, just being inside on a night like this. And the lukewarm water seems positively luxurious.

*H.F. Noyes*

*Kô, Spring/Summer 1991*
Winter sunrise
a sudden flush from peach to rose—
A gesture, a word,
and I don’t know her
... or know her anew.

Larry Kimmel

I had it all
figured out,
this little wisdom of mine—
then in the night
the rain so hard

Pat Shelley

One to whom
I have been faithful
is not faithful to me
how heavy the musk odor
of these chrysanthemums

Tom Clausen

lovers tonight moon-gazing
hand in hand,
how i envy them—
my empty hands can only
brush the beams

Pamela A. Babusci

Only three
or four steps to peace, yet
we spent ourselves
scaling a range of mountains
seeking what we carried within.

Kay F. Anderson

I stand alone
dusting a picture of you
in your velvet jacket,
feeling the softness of your hand
on mine . . . crossing each street.

Nasira Alma
The Fog of Longing: A Tanka String

As hopes of seeing you grow dim, the maple tree has become only
A silhouette against a deepening winter sky

Again and again my thoughts return to you, the winter clouds
Portentous of the first storm have only one shade of grey

So quickly the winter night covers everything
In darkness, yet my longing for you remains

What event will inspire you to visit and when?
As I look up another leaf falls from the tree

The pale moonlight trickling through the branches of the maple tree
Is my only consolation as I have to sleep alone

If only I knew you would come—even that seems doubtful now;
The weather foretold rain but only the wind is stirring

Kenneth Tanemura
BOOK REVIEWS

Ongoing Song: The voice of anne mckay

Michael Dylan Welch


Any book that begins with “and” has to be by anne mckay. No wonder she says “no more beginnings.../ I’ll work now / with continuities” (p. 34). This is where her work overlaps with haiku, a leaping into here and now *in medias res*. These are “ongoing songs” (p. 34) by “a woman of passage” (p. 65), poems of a singular voice, sung *a cappella*, not because anne mckay needs no accompaniment, but because no one else can sing like her.

anne mckay’s *a cappella* is a softly spoken monument. After a decade of gifting us with her various collections of haiku, linked verse, and poems that flutter aloofly yet deftly at the boundaries of haiku, she returns with the best of all her work, a retrospective volume that any poet should be proud to have written. The book collects some of her finest work in eleven sections (one for each of her previous nine books, plus two sections with new poems). The selection must have been difficult, for in practically every book of hers I find favourite passages omitted from *a cappella*. This is hardly a criticism, however, but a testament to the strength of all of her poetry.

Poems in each section of *a cappella* usually appear in the same order as in the original, but with many intermediary poems not present, new connections result. This is the case with “shaping the need,” a typical section. Also, some poems are slightly revised, perhaps to accommodate a new flow arising out of the stricter selection of poems (a “with” becomes an “and,” for example). Yet still I am drawn to some excluded poems, such as “almost twilight / brooms at rest / in the adobe courtyard”.

Whether favourite poems appear in the book or not, what is it that draws me to them, what is it in the poet’s voice that makes her poems so distinctive? The publication of this retrospective volume of anne mckay’s selected poems is, I think, an ideal occasion to explore that question.

For me, the distinctive nature of anne mckay’s poems—her voice—arises out of many qualities, including many intentional choices. For example, there’s not a comma or period or capital letter anywhere in
the book (except this, in a renga: “so long ago D loves A on the elm”, p. 108). Aside from occasional apostrophes or single quotation marks, the only punctuation of any kind that appears in a cappella are ellipses. The poet makes the words and their spatial relationships do the work of most punctuation, and, as a consequence, the words are placed about the page in a decidedly visual dance, not unlike the ideographic work of Cummings.

I doubt that many of this poet’s choices are subconscious or random, for anne mckay is a deliberate poet, a poet of control. Yet her deliberation refrains from contrivance. One thing she controls is word combinations, and the many dozens of appropriate and obvious or startling combinations that appear throughout her work make it recognizably hers. These combinations include such words as greenborn, rainvalley, dreamspeaker, alittle, earthred, secondstory, halfhiding, deepcurved, honeymerchant, prizeblue, and the serendipitous baudelaireburgers, iscreamyouscreamweallscreamforicecream, and handsholdinghandsholdinghands. And there are many more combinations. They are not nonce or nonsense words in the style of Carroll or Joyce, but words that say what needs to be said, where a bowl is not deep and curved, but intrinsically deepcurved—and has no less an identity.

anne also controls her choice of ordinary words. Yet the words she often uses hardly seem ordinary. She weaves her poems with rich-coloured locutions. Here are just some of them: slurry, sandalwood, sloeberry, mordant, cascara, larkspur, linnet, quince, tamarind, chiffon, bonnard, moselle, dovecote, chutney, paraffin, jimson, tarantella, celadon, pippins, duenda, umber, and arabesque. The appearance of such gorgeous words further identifies her poems as hers. anne mckay has a broad palette.

She also performs magic with the words she chooses. Her verses are frequently lyrical, replete with adept repetitions, smooth flow, and an enigmatic transcendance. There is substance behind the pleasure of anne mckay’s words, yet the sound alone is a pleasure, like ear candy (one could pick poems practically at random):

at the mission clinic
the woman’s winter fingers

winding gauze

(p. 3)

I think her chief lyrical device, in addition to occasional rhyme, with liberal sprinkles of assonance and consonance, is alliteration:
the stolen stone
fitting her palm
perfectly (p. 90)

The wordplay of alliteration never seems overdone, and binds each of Anne's poems together, compacting each one, yet never at the expense of meaning. She is not so drunk on words and their beauty that they fail to function first as carriers of meaning and a means of communication.

Anne McKay is a poet of words, but also of images. Her images are wide-ranging—from the commonplace and ordinary to the novel and extraordinary:

woods walking
in a time of trilliums
my hand in his hand (p. 4)

following father's deep snowsteps
in single file
to sabbath service (p. 23)

for the fourth time
rearranging the roses...
he will come soon (p. 45)

reflecting
in the shadowed room
eye of the rockinghorse (p. 74)

eggs scrambling in the crook of a tree a raccoon shifts (p. 108)

At times, however, Anne's poems slip into abstractions. This may be fine for her poetry, but it does blur the boundaries of "haiku." These blurrings include abstractions such as the endings of "she / bending / makes her gown a basket / to hold summer" (p. 19), "pale fingers / polishing the days" (p. 73), or "hands / shaping the clay / shaping the need" (p. 93). Some poems compel and attract yet remain too abstracted to be "haiku":

a flame
set to fit the need
between yes and no (p. 116)

Yet this lack of limitation is another trait of Anne McKay's voice. She is not narrowed by haiku. For example, the following poem is a haiku
for me, yet smudges the typical expectation by presenting a sharp, intuitive image-moment in five lines:

shopkeepers
of early morning
unwind the night awning

a dazzle
of white apron  (p.55)

Other poems dip into simile and metaphor, as with "shy as trout" (p.10), "renoir red" (p.56), or "a sudden snow of petals" (p. 68). To me, the apt rhetorical device shows this poet to be in control of her work, and shows that the value of the poetry is of more importance than the value of slender and often precarious definitions or labels. anne mckay embraces haiku, yet also makes it do her bidding. She has progressed beyond the stage where metaphors and similes cloud a beginner's haiku with indirectness and obfuscation. Her work is beyond haiku. Nevertheless, as has been noted of her work before, some of it is enigmatic and personal. But inbetween the snowdrifts are daffodils of delight.

While most of this book is "a cappella," anne is escorted in one renga from her book "rumours of snow". Fellow Canadian Dorothy Howard writes with anne in her perfected way of one-liner linked verse. For one-liner renga, anne mckay's are definitive. This one example, "almost there," is there, and it shows another aspect of anne's range, an expanse of territory she has explored with ease and confidence.

On reading this immensely rewarding retrospective, I can't help but wonder what anne mckay might do with prose forms. What she has done with haiku, linked verse, and her own brand of longer poetry defies categorization. It seems mature and well-rounded. Her voice is clear. Her poetry is natural, original, and repeatedly fresh, seldom contrived or predictable. Yes, she may "make up" some of her poems (she has said this to me), but as a source of some of her poetry, her imagination still presents deep truth and authenticity that we readily recognize as credible.

If you've never read any of anne mckay's books, this book is a must, and will surely whet your appetite for more. If you have read some or all of her books, I still recommend a cappella for its pleasing design and production, the inclusion of numerous new poems, and the joy of rediscovering favourite poems in a revised context—stories and characters, moments and images that make up this poet's life.

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Considering the scope of Anne McKay's work, the strong vision in her dance of song, and the accomplishment of this retrospective book, it is unfortunate that *a cappella* did not receive a Merit Book Award from the Haiku Society of America, at least in a special category for selected poems, if not more.

Anne McKay is a haiku treasure. If you met her in her Vancouver apartment, you would find her to be little in stature—perhaps little like haiku. She lives and breathes poetry and painting. She has an artist's soul. And though little, she stands tall and assertively in and around haiku, with few peers. I suggest she is in the company of Foster Jewell, Raymond Roseliep, Nicholas Vergilio, Charles B. Dickson, and John Wills, and is one of the 20th-century English haiku's most distinctive yet also challenging voices. *a cappella* is a monument to Anne McKay, her life, her poetic voice, and her inspiring gift of ongoing song. It is a song worth listening to, a song of delight. "for me / making poems is my way / of being alive / . . . a kind of singing." (p.120).

**Bill Albert's Lifetime Gift of Haiku**

*Randy M. Brooks*


Who is Bill Albert? He was an avid sports lover, a hockey coach and basketball player, a man who suffered from diabetes his entire life, a man who had several jobs but no steady career. Bill Albert spent most of his adult life writing haiku, although you probably do not know him, since he never published any haiku during his lifetime. However, he shared his haiku with friends and acquaintances, and they were so moved by them that they collaborated to publish his selected works in a paperback edition two years after his death at age 37 in 1988. The book, simply entitled *Haiku* went to press late in 1990; of the three hundred names listed as supporters of this publication, none are familiar to the haiku community in North America.

We should celebrate this gift of a lifetime of haiku which Bill Albert's friends have so generously shared through this publication. We can meet Bill Albert through his solitary life's work, his previously unknown haiku.
Rain craters the sand—
from the parking lot
rise steam and voices.

Reading this collection of haiku is a joy, because Bill Albert writes
directly from experiences, felt and appreciated from his quiet, observant perspective. Most of the images are vivid and fresh, clearly not
influenced by trends in the haiku magazines nor based on reading of
other haiku. Except for a few echoes of J.W. Hackett's haiku, Bill
Albert wrote without significant influence from his literary predeces-
sors.

Snowsuits drip into
boots in the back hallway—
water boiling.

Bill Albert's haiku tend to be edited to resemble sentences in a
fashion resembling the form of Hackett's haiku. Although a majority
follow the 5-7-5 syllable pattern, Albert does not allow padding nor
odd line breaks to destroy the impact of the images. He is conserva-
tive in form, but not afraid of going slightly beyond the traditional
pattern. A few of the haiku have undesirable line breaks, but for
someone working on his own without editors, Albert's haiku show a
satisfying mastery of form.

Bats squeak in the field—
Two men drink beer leaning
against the corn truck.

His haiku do not reflect the aesthetic arguments of the haiku com-
munity, but most ring true to his perspective. He has a few haiku
clearly connected to television experiences, such as astronauts on the
moon, but his haiku are very fresh because he trusts his own vision,
his own feelings, his own sense of small significance.

Men shoveling dice
at the brick wall—
weed in the curb crack.

His haiku are selfless enough for us to enter into his experiences,
to feel them for ourselves. We do not have to know the writer. His
haiku remain anonymous for us to enjoy fully without trying to put up
a persona of the writer. Albert lets the perception remain as the fo-
cus, the object of his haiku. Sure, we look over his shoulder at times
seeing the world through the artist's eyes. The men are focused on the

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dice, on their bets, on the futility of the brick wall, but we get to celebrate the weed's life cracking through the curb. Albert doesn't make too much of his insights; he simply writes his haiku which help us to notice what we would so often miss.

A cup of chowder  
on the inn's patio—  
The slow sailboats.

So who is Bill Albert and why do we celebrate his life's work? He is the nobody we treasure so much in the haiku tradition, the anonymous writer who gives haiku a lifetime. He is one of the thousands who have steadily committed a lifetime's work to perfect a few haiku that will touch friends, acquaintances, and haiku lovers from around the world. Buy this book and get to know Bill Albert.

BOOKS RECEIVED

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.

_A Harvest of Haiku_. Haiku Poets of Upstate New York, 1995. ii + 18 pp, 5½×8½ in. paper, saddle-stapled. $5.00 ppd; make check to/order from Sue-Stapleton Tkach, 60 Auramar Drive, Rochester, NY 14609.


_A Simple Universe_. Sonô Uchida. Intro. William J. Higginson. Press Here, POB 4014, Foster City, CA 94404; 1995. Haiku by the president of Haiku International, trans. by author with Kris Kondo and WJH. _Romaji_ and English. 48 pp, 4¾×6 in, paper, perfectbound. $9.00 ppd; make check to Michael Dylan Welch. HSA members may order for $7.00 until June 30, 1996.


_at mull river_. anne mckay. wind chimes press, 1995. 52 pp, 6¾×4 in. paper, saddle-stapled. $5.00 from the author, Studio B, 1506 Victoria Dr., Vancouver, BC V5L-2V9, Canada.


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Papering Dreams: Haiku and Sumi-e Painting. Poetry Series No. 7. Charles Bernard Rodning, Kai Johannes Rodning, Mary Elizabeth Rodning. 96 pp, 6 x 9¼ in., paper, perfectbound. $25 + $1.50 p&h; make check to/order from CB Rodning, 2451 Fillingim St., Mobile, AL 36617.


Something Unerasable. John Stevenson. 52 pp, 4¼ x 3½ pp, paper, saddle-stapled, $4.00 ppd; make check to/order from author, POB 122, Nassau, NY 12123.


ANNOUNCEMENTS

CONTESTS

The 7th Itoen “Oh-I, Ocha! (Tea, Please!)” New Haiku Contest
Postmark deadline February 29, 1996. Rules for Section 8 (Haiku in English) only are summarized here. Any theme; season word not required; free-style OK. Not entered in other contests. Type or write 3 haiku on a postal card addressed to “Itoen Oh-i Ocha! New Haiku Contest”, 4-5-116 Kojimachi, Chiyoda-ku, Tokyo 102, Japan, or size B5 fax to +81-3-3263-5668; indicate Section 8, Haiku in English as well as your name, address with postal code, telephone number, age, sex, profession (or name of school attending), and name of any haiku association of which you are a member. Up to a total of 6 haiku may be entered. *Copyrights of winning haiku remain property of Itoen Ltd. Judges of section 8 judges; Ryusai Takeshita, Mark F. Petersen. Prizes up to ¥200,000 + cans of tea printed with winning verse + book of winning haiku (elementary and junior school students’ monetary prizes are in the form of book coupons).*

Winners. HSA members made a clean sweep of the Haiku Category of the Canadian Writer’s Journal 1995 Poetry’ Competition: H.F. Noyes, Yvonne Hardenbrook, and Alan J. Summers won 1st, 2nd, and 3rd place, respectively, and the latter two together with Donna Claire Gallagher were awarded honorable mentions. Laura Kim took first and second place in the Sijo Category.

PUBLICATIONS

Woodpecker joined other English-speaking European birds (Croatia’s *Sparrow* and Romania’s *Albatross*) with its first issue this autumn. This semiannual magazine, edited by Willem Lofvers, publishes haiku from around the world in their native languages with English translations. For information and guidelines, write (SAE + IRC) to the Secretary, Paula Silvius, de Hoep 22, 8622 de Hommerts, The Netherlands.

Mirrors, which published its last issue under the editorship of Jane Reichhold early this year, is moving to Canada to be edited by Jim Force in Calgary, who writes that "it will be a continuation of the experiment and spirit of previous issues as produced by Jane Reichhold," and will “continue to emphasize . . . high quality visual presentation of haiku and related forms.” The deadline for subscriber-produced pages for the first Canadian issue is March 31, 1996; write (SAE + IRC) for guidelines and information to Mirrors, 1310 Hamilton St. NW, Calgary, AB T2N 3W6, Canada.

South by Southeast, now subtitled “Haiku and Haiku Arts,” will be edited by Jim Kacian, Rt. 2, Box 3977, Berryville, VA 22611 as of February 1996. It will continue as a quarterly, but with submissions not geographic. Price, $16/year. Enquire about editorial policy.
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