HAIKU SOCIETY OF AMERICA
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Art by Robert T. Malinowski

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carrying firewood
to the house—
winter in every breath

Nasira Alma
FROM THE EDITOR

What kind of people write the haiku and other features in *frogpond*? Well, many are schoolteachers, from preschool to university. Others are research scientists in chemistry, biochemistry, and other fields. We have diplomats, prisoners, translators, travel agents, graphic artists, playwrights, filmmakers, librarians, cabinetmakers, physicians, surgeons, dentists, military personnel, ministers, priests, nuns, publishers, beekeepers, booksellers, encyclopedists, students, anthropologists, sports pros, curators, filmmakers, gorillas . . .

GORILLAS??? Well, one. Donald McLeod, whose work appears in this and former issues, is a professional gorilla. You saw him in ads on television for several years trying to smash luggage. You saw him in such motion pictures as *Trading Places* and *Naked Gun 2½*. Now he’s back on TV as Tarzan’s main man—er, ape. *People Weekly* devoted a page to him a few months ago. What some gorillas won’t do to support their haiku habits!

And now it’s time to pass the reins over to a new editor. I have to apologize to you for the lateness of this and previous issues. Most of you have been remarkably forgiving. And I thank you for the outpouring of love that you have bestowed upon me during these three years. I have tried to follow your advice when possible, and you have in general been understanding when I couldn’t. Many new haiku poets have appeared during this time, and you have made many of them feel quite comfortable. I have made so many new friends, some of whom I have met in person, others by correspondence; one of the things that I am looking forward to is engaging in much good correspondence with these new friends! And I am so looking forward to getting back to my own writing, as well as to the gardening, wine-making, and cooking that I have missed (June, who has proofread most of the pages of *frogpond* over the past three years, has also had to take over the kitchen completely).

Please show Jim Kacian the welcome that you gave to me. Please be patient, as you were with me, as he works his way into this demanding job. His address: P.O. Box 2461, Winchester, VA 22604.

With love and gratitude,

Kenneth
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In memory of

Nasira Alma
(Nancy Henderson)

September 19, 1943 - November 16, 1997

the young peacock
fighting his reflection
in a hubcap

Nancy Henderson
frogpond XVI:1 (1993)

the following haiku was submitted by Nasira Alma in June 1997:

pile of gold leaves—
holding a match
to last summer

Another of Nasira Alma’s haiku appears as the theme haiku on the title page of this issue.

soft snowflakes
lighting up this dark night
her haiku and tanka

Elizabeth St Jacques

you tried this
and that, Nasira,
to help you stay longer,
and still, still,
you are with us

Sanford Goldstein

hearing of your death
I am arranging flowers
in a silver bowl—
with each fragile blossom
Nasira, I say your name

Yvonne Hardenbrook
In memory of

Virgil Hutton

May 11, 1931 - November 1, 1997

The approach of night;
the hawk's graceful wobble
into the wind

"The Hawk's Vision" (High/Coo Press, 1989)

Setting sun;
in the harvested field
pools of red water


Autumn mist;
drops fall to the leaves below
from barren branches

Modern Haiku XXII:3 (1991)

Tears
in the jogger's eyes;
the autumn wind

(written a few days before his death)

Virgil Hutton

How quietly
a good life ends
and rain turns to snow

H.F. Noyes
grey mist rising
over still river’s water
this autumn morning

\textit{F. Matthew Blaine}

This autumn morning
the view of chimneys
shortened by the mist

Tom Tico

autumn morning
in this thick fog
a moon-white sun

\textit{Tom Genovese}

We eat in silence . . .
he leaves for work
in the fog.

\textit{Laurie A. Szpot}

Morning fog—
always just
over there.

G.E. Baldwin

Lingering
only below treetops . . .
morning fog

\textit{Linda Jeannette Ward}

on a quiet street
a woman walking through fog
stops to touch a tree

\textit{Jeffrey Rabkin}

sound of horns
deep in the tidal wave
of evening fog

\textit{H.F. Noyes}

foghorn
nudges through
earplugs

Alexandra Yurkovsky
waking in darkness—
neighborhood noises slowly
absorb the freeway roar

George Knox

left over
in the glow of dawn
thin slice of moon

H.F. Noyes
dark sky—
joining the falling rain
dripping faucet

Jeff Learned

a crowded lunchroom—
conversation louder
for the rain

Barry George

rainswept lake—
half a red bridge spans
the October world

the river
wider by one day—
unbroken rain

Ross Figgins

stormy gust . . .
it takes the moon a minute
to come back

Peggy Willis Lyles

solitary
tin-roof rain
drifting off

Robert Henry Poulin

the rain
impatiently
fingers the roof

the rain stops
and waits
in silence

Josh Goldberg
above the highway—
upon a southeasterly wind
the smell of the sea

Stephen Page

Morning beach stroll
only gull tracks
for company

Bette R. Jones

wave after wave
each one lifting
its own treasures

Emily Romano

footprints in the sand
leading me...
to a thorny end

Edith Mize Lewis

November's silence—
freighters move down the earth's curve
off Coney Island

Thanksgiving Day gale
erasing all the footprints—
Coney Island Beach

Richard Rosenberg

chilly sunset:
in the clamshell's calm water
the same ruddy sky

Mike Dillon

hunter moon
through the window pane
the deserted beach

Karen Klein

Hazy moon—
how did we come
to this place?

Thomas Williams
redwoods
turning gray
in the fog

Kaye Laird

birch trunks
even whiter
in the autumn

Charles P. Trumbull

autumn footpath;
on the familiar elm
new initials

paul m

so brilliant
after miles of cedars
the red maple

Michael L. Evans

again, the great maple
turns Halloween orange
again, this longing

Larry Kimmel

the only gold
left on the pear tree
the last burnished leaves

Jeanette Stace

apricot tree
a single yellow leaf
trembling

Kevin Hull

Late autumn arrives
I think about the last leaves
refusing to fall

Joseph N. Schmidt, Jr.
From a chimney
black smoke
chases the wind.

*Nikhil Nath*

...autumn wind—
through the bare branches
dingy cotton

*Neca Stoller*

gentle breeze
always the same small sound
from the wind chime

*windsong...*
*the notes between*
*the notes*

*Jim Kacian*

empty shopping cart
the wind
taking a ride

*Idella Rowand*

staff meeting
against the window
last leaf of fall

*David C. Ward*

shuffling
through autumn leaves—
the rasp of a bamboo rake

*Evelyn H. Hermann*

once they've fallen
how quickly they become
winter leaves

*moonlight on the curb...*
*a pile of plastic bags*
*stuffed full of autumn*

*Robert Gilliland*

Moon night—
branches detailed
on a pale wall

*Richard Balus*
perched on the ledge of
the windowsill, a cat sleeps
curious
eel
every

Anita Wintz

house cat
and freshly folded laundry
exchanging warmth

Donald McLeod

before the fire
cat stretched
to twice its length

Giselle Maya

passing the cat
en route to the bedroom . . .
on the bed, the cat

Mark Arvid White

halloween cat . . . eyes full of moon

Celia Stuart-Powles

the flick of a paw
sprinkles
the moonlight

Rubin Weinstein

evening chill
in with the dog
. . . scent of burnt leaves

Joann Klontz

autumn night
in the dog’s snoring
a kind of music

John Sheirer

three in a bed
one being edged out
by the dog

Maureen Sanders
in the fog
its plaintive tone deepens
mourning dove

Naomi Y. Brown

through thinning mist
of mid-October:
flash of a goldfinch!

Emily Romano

the hunter
describes for me the beauty
of a pintail’s landing

Helen K. Davie

calm pool
geese flying south
unevenly

paul m

the goose’s brief honk
the only sound on the lake
. . . empty autumn sky

Donnie Nichols

home from a trip
the dark sky’s passage
of trumpeting geese

Lenard D. Moore

in the mid of night
wail of the loon
and your breathing

wanda d. cook
Night ends
with the cawing
of a crow

Tom Tico

crow squawking my woe

Marie Louise Munro

two crows perched
among the bright empty branches
... winter day moon

Bruce Ross

from the top
of a snow-covered pine
a crow takes flight

Edward J. Rielly

swaying in the winter wind
a bird feeder
filled with chickadees

Joan Iversen Goswell

Thanksgiving Day
din of a hundred sparrows
at one small feeder

Carol Conti-Entin

Into the pause
after the *adagio—*
winter sparrow’s call

D. Claire Gallagher

dusk
through the bare branches
a red-tailed hawk

Marshall Hryciuk

the skunk’s shadow
waddles across
moonlit snow

Pamela Connor
winter dawn—
on the dogwood branch
one gray feather

Joann Klontz

Sunday bells—
snow geese rising
from the lake

Donald B. Hendrich

distant church bells . . .
a sparrow’s breath
lost in the holly berries

Michael Dylan Welch

in December fog
sparrows’ backsides
almost furry

Brent Partridge

among glass canyons
one dead sparrow and I
visiting the city

Elio Abbondanzieri

winter loneliness . . .
not even snow bunting tracks
in my garden

Pamela A. Babusci

distracted by one
red cardinal in the snow
I prick my finger

Anita Wintz

covering the snow—
a forest of blue shadows
shaped like birches

Jeffrey Rabkin
so quiet
opening the shutters
to snow

Peter Duppenthaler

first snow
swirling in the street
young girl

Fred Donovan

dusted with snow—
piles of leaves
and a broken bamboo rake

Jon LaCure

First snow—
in every shovelful
the unraked leaves

Richard Balus

first snow,
first snowman;
blue eyes peeking
through window breath . . .

Michael L. Evans

Shoveling snow:
a pathway cleared
as new flakes fall

Joseph N. Schmidt, Jr.

middle of winter—
my own voice
echoing across the snow

Ryan G. Van Cleave

after the snowstorm
branches and my old bones
creak in the silence

wanda d. cook

before tire tracks
the new snow
in moonlight

Michelle V. Lohnes
morning fog—
lifting an earlap

to judge the coyote howls

Laura Young

coyote’s zigzag—
desert path weaves
in and out of sage

Ulf Wiman

alone on Christmas Day
looking at snow
in the manes of wild horses

James Tipton

The bird watcher
faithfully places seed
for squirrels

Laurie A. Szpot

in the barn’s half-dark
the sound of rats
in the corn barrel

eric l. houck jr.

swirling wind rushes
leaves through the open door
also a field mouse

Flori Ignoffo

dusk
cattle grazing
on their shadows

Donald McLeod

passing train
its sound expands
the waterfall

Helen J. Sherry

first day of fall
a train takes the hound’s howl
deeper into the night

Nina A. Wicker
traffic gridlock . . .
out of the darkness
the sound of a brook

Sharon Lee Shafii

in dawn's stillness
the tree silhouettes
networking

Ronan

A single leaf shines
through black branches of the tree;
snow clouds gathering

R.S. Lewis

Fallow field . . .
covered with an early snow
—Queen Anne's Lace

George Skane

this afternoon
one more funeral to attend
sasanqua in bloom

Naomi Y. Brown

dead tree
one branch silhouetted
against the setting sun

Winona Baker

chainsaw factory—
and beyond, the winter sun
flickers between trees

Martin Lucas

moving away
giving the borrowed garden stones
back to the river

Blanche Nonnemann

their dark forms
resting in the last sunlight
creek stones

Bruce Ross
In a slow curve
of dark waters
the mountains rest.

Mikal Lofgren

winter mist—
the mountain's slow
unfolding

Laurie W. Stoelting

autumn wind
combing the trees
winter-ready

Ronan

in the kitchen
mini-blinds
slice the sunlight

Rebecca M. Osborn

The piece of paper
I stoop to pick from the rug
is a slit of sun

Harriet L. Axelrad

sunshine
a last gash
across the sky

Patricia A. Laster

clouds moving
a sliver of moon
shining through

Wendy Morris

Winter evening—
haze on the moon
from my breath.

Katherine Wilwol

night at the red light—
almost all alone,
save for the moon

Paul O. Williams
first light—
frost star
in the birdbath

*susan delaney mech*

morning frost—
the stillness within
stillness

*Donald B. Hendrich*

January thaw
the narrow path
fading away

*Mark Alan Osterhaus*

the shady slope
of each furrow
rimed into place

*Makiko*

Sleet-glazed blacktop
underfoot
a lightning flash

*Debbie White-Bull Page*

In the failing light
sleet sizzles
on the lake

*Ken Jones*

wind, just wind
with me tonight
whistling

*Robert Henry Poulin*

Steady rhythmic drops
quietly announcing
chinook’s arrival

*Sandra J. Barker*

winter wind . . .
when did this mattress become
so hard?

*Carol Conti-Entin*
this white sapphire
in a certain light
reveals its star

*L.A. Davidson*

Shortest day
. . . the wineberry leaves
curl into themselves

*Joyce Austin Gilbert*

Shifting patterns
of grazing sheep
trace out the winter’s day

*Ken Jones*

winter wind
getting enough junk mail
for a small fire

*Robert Gibson*

firewood crackles . . .
warmth from the tree I clung to
through the earthquake

*Helen K. Davie*

the western horizon rises
allowing the sun
to slip away

*Monica Reller*

all day
taking it slowly—
so soon the evening star

*Susan Stanford*

Beneath a chestnut tree
I gaze at branches
full of stars.

*Predrag Pešić-Šera*
sudden return of winter
snow slowly covers
the dead snake

D.L. Bachelor

ancient rock wall
under the layer of ice
the snail’s summer trace

Elizabeth Howard

alone . . .
in a porcelain bowl
winter spider

Cherie Hunter Day

Spider, forgive me.
We both can’t stay
with the same woman.

Carl Mayfield

killing the spider
on the mirror,
I see a cold face

Tom Williams

aye, but laddie . . .
bad loock fer yer hoose
to kill a spoider innit!

Kenneth C. Leibman

spider’s web
old flies
stored in the attic window

eric l. houck jr.

dancing on the moon—
last fly
by the windowpane

Alexey Andreyev
winter dawn under its cupola the railway clock

Susan Stanford

first light
the window suddenly
a mirror

Jim Kacian

Winter morning—
the steamy mirror
stifles a yawn.

Robert L. Brimm

behind the splotches
as I wipe them off the mirror,
me

William Woodruff

rubble
the cornerstone yields
half a name

Peggy Willis Lyles

noon—
footprints in snow filling with
shadows

Donald B. Hendrich

Suddenly I realize
I've already crossed
the scenic bridge

D.W. Parry

low sun through the trees
flashing its strobe lights
on the passing cars

Jeanette Stace

Her team far behind,
the cheerleader jumps into
the final buzzer

Rich Krivcher
red morning
scarecrow casts
a man's shadow

Stephanie Curson

late fall
a scarecrow hunches over
a schoolyard garden

Anthony J. Pupello

Autumn wind
a button falls
from the scarecrow's shirt.

Chris Cook

lugging the scarecrow
rattling rattling
over broken stalks

William Dennis

Wood carver's face:
rough-cut, like his eagles
and fish

Dave Russo

migrant workers
picking apples . . .
their leather faces

Pamela A. Babusci

unemployment office—
a metal chair
scraps the linoleum

Donald McLeod

the rusty rake
against the arbor
winter vines

paul m

the red wheelbarrow
upon which so much depends
rusting, rots away

Riki Kondo

23
November morning—
frozen at the bus stop
by his smile

_Pamela Miller Ness_

Rushing through the rain with her
as if that would give me a place to go

_Richard Rosenberg_

beneath the full moon
holding hands for the first time
the young blind lovers

_Sheila Hyland_

power outage . . .
my little room larger
by candlelight

_Tom Tico_

power outage over
I keep writing the love letter
by candlelight

_Mauree Pendergrast_

love note
beside a bowl of tangerines . . .
hunter’s moon

_Peggy Willis Lyles_

Her chatter stops
when she sees
it.

_G.E. Baldwin_

sometimes
after in the emptiness
nirvana

_Robert Gibson_

In the cold night
your fingers pulling your blanket
over my shoulders.

_Dave Roberts_
between us
armrest

ai li
dense fog—
I write your name
on the airport window

Michael Dylan Welch

in a kitchen
bigger for her absence
drinking tea

Barry George

lingering there still—
long after we said goodbye,
footprints in the snow

Linda Porter

Barren trees,
quiet footsteps, falling snow
missing you

Sandra E. Novack

only a nod
from my neighbor today—
late autumn light

Alex Feldvebel

your absence
at dusk
the banging door

ai li

still haunting me,
our quarrel of the night before
that car crash killed you

William Woodruff
Early morning bus—
snowflakes swirl aboard,
then the children.

Robert L. Brimm

afternoon tea party—
a young girl pretends
her dress is clean

Dani DeCaro

visiting infant grandson
the joy
of yucky kisses

Tanglewood concert
operatic arias
amid grandson’s recitatives

Charles J. Scanzello

murder trial—
the defendant’s feet
don’t reach the floor

Frank Higgins
crossing the barren field
the thinness
of her shadow

Ce Rosenow

the coldest season
and even my eyebrows
are getting thinner

Brent Partridge

the evening before surgery
sunlit clouds
turn gray

Kay F. Anderson

leaving the dog out
in the cold—
my broken hymen

Marie Louise Munro
airport terminal—
my elderly parents
not saying “good-bye”

_D. Claire Gallagher_

my father
losing his memory—asks me
not to forget him

_Michael Ketchek_

Climbing cellar stairs,
the cat and I together—
moving slower now

_Don L. Holroyd_

a glint in her eyes—
arthritic fingers lay down
a gin hand

_Jeanne Emrich_

Ivory hairpin
yellow
without her brown

_Norman St. Francis_

old and alone
she fills her days
with doctor appointments

_Emilý Romano_

dusk
gathering
at the corners of his eyes

_Carla Sari_

on her eightieth birthday
the full moon the same
as on her eighth

_William Woodruff_

tomorrow’s my birthday—
another leaf
falls in the creek.

_Doni Sc0b_
saying
something I don't understand
my friend dies

Robert Gibson

on her death bed
no one to say that her curls
were golden

Leatrice Lifshitz

cumulus clouds
on the day of her death
the long walk home

Cherie Hunter Day

the gate lifts
for the long black limo—
autumn wind

Michael Dylan Welch

Procession of leaves
hurriedly crossing
the cemetery path

Zoran Doderović

November morning
each granddaughter places
a long-stemmed rose

Joann Klontz

december rain
by the grave
we warm each other

Robert Gibson

He died, that man we all loved
and we laughed shiva
in O'Reilly's Bar & Grill

Michael McGrinder

28
anniversary
of my mother’s death
pecking of sleet

Ken Hurm

inhaling her scent—
my dead mother’s sweater
pressed to my face.

Janet Hobbs

estate sale
in a box marked ‘discard’
three scrapbooks

John J. Dunphy

winter Sunday
I open the window wide
for the bells

Yvonne Hardenbrook

church bells—
too late for mass
I contemplate a cloud

R.A. Stefanac

Walnut-hull brown
my stained hands reach out
taking Communion

Debbie White-Bull Page

Monks chanting
at Vespers—
birdsong in the rest notes

Donatella Cardillo-Young

sidewalk vent
a homeless man hidden
by the steam

Christopher Suarez
Through a center hole
drilled in a sacred stone
the universe

Debbie White-Bull Page

southbound . . .
smaller and smaller piles
of dirty snow

Louise Somers Winder

lost but still roaming
the purple-dusk streets
of Santa Fe

Gloria H. Procsal

yellow bird
on a broomstick
the dust can wait

David Gershator

while the moon waxes
drunk on Chinese poetry
we land in Peking

Kris Kondo

standing in a row
on ancient tile roof corners
the gods peek thru snow

(Tok sugung, Korea)

Judith Gorgone

Ryōanji—
contemplating the koan
of the rocks

(Kyōto)

Kenneth C. Leibman

passing villages
under the moon . . .
the night train

Kim Dorman

overhead,
grey kites—
the slums of Bombay
Halloween moon
hungry night creature
in a pink tutu

Jeff Logan

October night
blowing shadows
all over my room

Jeanne Harrington

grimly carved pumpkins
their lighted eyes gazing out
at their faceless peers

Donnie Nichols

the pumpkin—
still smiling
as it deteriorates

Tom Tico

highrise
a single balcony
filled with Christmas

Marc Thompson

dusk . . .
through the dark little woods
someone’s Christmas lights

Bruce Ross

unwrapping
her Christmas gift she smiles
only with her mouth

D. Claire Gallagher

New Year’s Eve alone
one by one I think of them
the faces of friends

Christopher Herold
endless field—
without paper or pen i
compose & forget.

steve dalachinsky

The poet receives
long awaited response . . .
another rejection.

Christine McGuigan

open door—
a glimpse of the empty stage
the empty chairs

Helen K. Davie

grocery line—
the dancer’s feet
in first position

Charles P. Trumbull

interior decorating—
designer spots
on her pot plants

Ernest J. Berry

science museum—
men’s room towel dispenser
jammed

Paul Watsky

slushy late morning
leaving the funeral home
with their new calendar

Zinovy Vayman

flu season
the hypochondriac
feeling better

Carlos Colón

32
from sidewalk to lane
and one fence to the other
ownership of weeds

Edwin N. Turner

ew employee
everyone smiling
once

David C. Ward

Fortune cookie said:
“Big surprise ahead;”
waiter spills tea on me.

Edith Mize Lewis

thrift store countertop
several engagement rings
only slightly used

lingering for a kiss . . .
the train leaves
right on time

Paul David Mena

Museum of Haiku Literature Awards
$50 each for best haiku appearing in the previous issue

Father’s funeral
Mother
suddenly small

Celia Stuart-Powles

porch swing
now and then a breeze
from the river

Robert Gibson
the gift of a book
inside the jacket cover
his winter haiku
sharing lunch
we speak of the stages
of his cancer
restaurant window
table now empty
where we sat
seeking my old friend
between the lines
of his haibun

*Joyce Walker Currier*

---

*Seven: Soul Food*

journalwayselective

excerpt

—carried daylong
in my thoughts

a new insight
with each reading . . .

autumn leaves drift
dogeared page—
crumbs
in the inseam

autumn wind
rifles through pages . . .

starlight on prose
closing the book—
ahead, on the moonbright path,
a rabbit plays statue

book overdue—
rereading a favorite entry
one more time

*Emily Romano*

---

first chemo—
the waiting-room eyes
size us up

bright winter morning—
the blind at her window
drawn

how to lie
in this bed of ours . . .
alone

*Cyril Childs*
One Summer Night

such coolness . . .
sailboat leaves the dock
at twilight

the boardwalk—
neon lights hide
the setting sun

summer night . . .
behind the dunes
soft laughter

low tide—
young man skipping shells
over the moon

moonlit,
two swimmers embrace
in the dark sea

old man
fishes from the pier
beyond the lights

driftwood fire
dies on the empty beach—
summer dawn

Jim Mullins

(This sequence was inadvertently omitted from the Summer issue)
singles bar

after 20 minutes of talk
the ice finally melting
in her glass
across the room
his ex-wife
the man hitting on her
grows more attractive
as the candle dims
at a table
'Nam vet sits alone
in his wheelchair
the empty table's ashtray . . .
two cigarette butts
still smoldering
phone number
on a crumpled napkin
floating in the mud puddle

John J. Dunphy

The Education of Billy

Billy is in English Class:

new girl in class
it's love at first sight!
Billy frogs her arm

Billy gets sent to the office for that:

waiting for mr. white
in the antechamber—
sweating it out

And punished:

i won't act macho
fifty times    he asks his mother
what that means

Ernest J. Berry

Motel

behind the door
a disclaimer list
covers everything
old tv
only snow
outside too

   all alone
i dial a prayer
   . . . no reply
bedside cabinet:
the choice of god
or hefner
check-out time
at last i find
the light switch

Ernest J. Berry

36

Ken Hurm
The American Dream

cardboard houses disassembling
december wind
vietnam vet hugging newspaper closer
dusk
woman sleeping beside blue dumpster
red ferrari
shopkeeper sweeping man from storefront shadow

Marie Louise Munro

moon viewing

koto strings
beneath night clouds
we toast the moon
rising:
the cadence of a poem sung
the hidden moon
moon-shaped lanterns—
    drifting into darkness
poet voices . . .
    rift in the clouds—
at the end of the moon viewing
    seeing the moon

Ellen Compton

flowerbed
daffodils
crushed by snow
. . . waiting for him to call
first kiss
on the answering machine
his wife’s voice
snowmelt
the daffodils
reappear
the dog
joins us in bed
soft falling rain
monday morning
in grandmother’s vase
wilted daffodils

Roberta Beary
Travels in Ireland

lost in mist
both banks of the river
. . . slow moving ferry

summer traffic jam—
farmer herds his cattle down
the middle of the road

village cemetery:
even my ancestors’ names
rubbed out by time

at the edge of a cliff,
lashed by wind and rain,
watching the ocean

ancient cathedral:
on the high “monks’ walk”
darkness and silence

cathedral ruins:
a cow grazes
in the nave

small stone oratory—
through the monks’ lone window
face of a tourist

Edward J. Rielly
Uneven Odds

Rengay by D. Claire Gallagher and Ebba Story

harbor picnic—
the one-legged blackbird swipes
a heel of bread

smoothing extra frosting
on the lopsided cake

dcg

frond of leather fern—
the Ikebana teacher
snips out symmetry

es

dcg

the long detour—
a moonlit oxbow scars
the river plain

es

the syncopated clanging
against the sailboat mast

dcg

summer hail—
the smell of asphalt
in the steamy air

es
Doing the Tango

Rendango between Alexis K. Rotella and Carlos Colón

Doing the tango
I lose
my wig.  

The flush of my cheek
against yours.

The seams
in my stockings
absolutely straight.

Your legs
making mine
wobbly.

What color is vertigo
the toddler asks.

Black and white
your emerald eyes
on my patent-leather shoes.

Buried with his jazz bow
the sax player.

A rendango is a linked poem of seven links in the form 3-2-3, 3-2-3, 2 lines. The first link mentions a dance and the writers might want to keep in mind the senses that dancing accentuate. The rendango, like any dance, can be done solo or with a partner. It was invented by Alexis K. Rotella in February 1997.
Window Frost

Renga by
Ann Cooper, Hazel Lee, Claudia Logerquist, and Antonia Green

first fragile ice
sealing the circle
of the dog’s bowl  

train whistle cuts
night’s frigid silence

on the dark porch
tree shape of colored lights
pinpoints spark

woolly mitten studded
with caked-on snow

boots by the stove
snow puddling, settling
into winter

coffee steaming
window frost

a scrawled heart
over fern leaf pattern
slowly thaws

water along the sill
slow drops on the floor

skinnycicles
under eaves
cold pond misting

headlights trace black ice—
trees part silent darkness

wheels crunch
to a halt—rushed footsteps
warm door

light spills out
welcoming
HAIBUN

October Moon

October moon creeps through the night sky. Sharp wind gusts carry
smells of cedar and pine, and fresh wood smoke from the neighbor’s
chimney. Temperature drops slowly, one, two, three degrees in sync
with the rising moon. There’s a penetrating chill inside my coat.

autumn;
looking up, I marvel
at the cold, cold moon

Carolyn Thomas

Roslyn: October

The colors he had seen below over New England were now above
him all around. One crow, disturbed and wanting him to know it,
circled him counterclockwise, more a black shape really, jumping from
tree to tree.

He found the plot, finally, and stopped. He knelt. The crow became
silent, forgotten. Fresh rectangular blocks of coffee-colored earth
filled the grave, but loosely. The sun peeked out from an indigo wash.
He hadn’t come back for the funeral . . .

Half-buried where the dirt met the grass remained an old flower in
a little plastic holder. He peeled off the brown outer layers of petals.
Inside lay a small red rose, as moist and sanguine as a new-born heart

another Fall . . .
the clouds move swiftly
west to east

Bob Gray

42
The Ties That Bind

The paths through Greenwood Cemetery have grown dim as dusk deepens into darkness. I need very little light to see by, since I know these paths well. The cemetery stones are all quite familiar . . . the small stone lamb marking a child’s resting place . . . the tall stone angel on a slight elevation.

from the feet up
darkness embraces
the stone angel

I’m almost there . . . the massive tree trunk that rises near grandfather’s grave is faintly visible. I shiver as an owl queries “Who?” It is only I, grandfather, coming yet again to visit your grave. It is sixty-two years since you were brought here, but the small granddaughter has not forgotten you.

beneath my feet,
the soft crunch of leaves;
beneath my palm,
the roughness of stone . . .

Emily Romano

For Heinz Specht

Usually, when I drive home from work, I drive directly west into a brilliant sunset. For a week, it had been overcast with drizzling rain, unusual for this tropical climate. During this week, I had received news of my father’s failing health.

This brought to mind my last visit, in the health-care facility, where I saw that his Parkinson’s disease had progressed to the point where he had real difficulty feeding himself. The continuous spontaneous and witty conversations on every imaginable topic were a thing of the past, as it was almost impossible to understand anything that he was trying to say.

under slate-gray clouds
a visit to my father—
the unseen sunset
A week later I received the news that he had died quietly in his sleep, with my mother, his wife for 62 years, at his bedside.

home-made cherry jam—
last night I heard that
the tree had fallen

*Philip C. Specht*

---

**Strange Music**

We spotted the submarine from the beach. With the grandchildren we ran to the jetty, up the sandy steps, and across the rocks. The fishermen's pier is across the jetty overlooking the entrance to the harbor.

The children climbed a wooden plank fence to see.

Red and white tugs, one of either side, gently maneuvered the black whale-like ship into the channel.

Over the ocean breakers, and the sounds of the fishermen and the gulls, we heard a music unlike any that we hear on the radio.

The children watched without speaking.

The sub drew closer until we could see at the rear the musician standing alone with his instrument. On the deck near the tower the crew dressed in kilts stood in a line.

Bagpipe music
submarine's crew at attention . . .
onlookers too

*Bette R. Jones*

---

**after the rain**

the tracks of a small animal cake the car hood, slope downward & slip into smudged streaks along the fender. afternoon shadows smother the old tree's bark.

chopping wood
i begin to realize
my age

as evening approaches i can't stop wondering about those tracks.

*steve dalachinsky*
A Wilsonian Tale

Biophilia, if it exists, and I believe it exists, is the innately emotional affiliation of human beings to other living organisms.

Edward O. Wilson

My grandparents place: a refuge for a city-raised child, filled with woods, hidden ponds and creeks with a gravel road meandering through 300 acres. My days there were filled with leisurely walks, my grandmother often accompanying me to point out black-dotted frog eggs in puddles or deer feeding on fallen persimmons in a hidden, neglected grove . . . but I was allowed to roam free too, all by myself I explored, one day encountering a pair of turkey vultures so immersed in a bloody carcass they paused only to offer a passing glance at my approach . . . they seemed huge from my ten-year-old perspective, like menacing black monsters with wrinkled necks and scrawny heads the color of the blood they fed on. Standing frozen with fright, then with fascination, I watched . . .

  ebony wings spread high
delicately
they encircle their victim

Reminiscing now, I wonder if this chance meeting sealed my bond with the avian world, a bioaffiliation that I follow yet into old age.

  soaring into sunlight
  rippling currents
  through glossy feathers so fine

Linda Jeannette Ward

A Can of Rotten Worms

Part of the fun in fishing with my friend, Kermit, is that we have to travel to our favorite spot and back in his big old green station wagon —a wagon we initially stuff with a thermos of coffee, Kerm's limburg cheese sandwich, a ton of fishing gear, a container of live bait, and a small johnboat equipped with a silent electric motor . . .

  his car exudes
  a scent more fishy
  than our meager catch

Liz fenn
Indian Summer Marauders

Toughened soles of bare feet press down on satiny grasses. There is almost no illumination from a moon shrouded in clouds. Suddenly the marauders are everywhere! Superb flying machines, sonar-equipped, maneuver past me at high speed. I can't actually see them, but I know they're there. I can hear them, and more than once I feel a slight brush as a velvety being eludes my tense form. Afraid to remain here, so vulnerable in the darkness, yet afraid, too, to move, I hold my breath for long moments. The marauders continue their impossible flight patterns, weaving, diving, and all the while emitting high, thin sounds.

unpredictable moon—
against the increasing light,
silhouettes of bats

Emily Romano

Woodcarvings

A black man was beaten and sodomized in the bathroom of a police station. On page three of the morning newspaper, his wife's face is frozen in mid-cry; anguish and outrage echo from a silent mouth.

At the botanic garden, a woodcarver has set up a folding table beside the lily ponds. The table holds his creations: African kings, tribesmen bearing spears and shields, turbaned women carrying baskets of fruit. He picks up a small figurine and shows it to some white customers—a man in a business suit, a woman with a baby carriage. The wooden statues watch the strolling people. The carved eyes are those of warriors before battle, observing the enemy, determining strategy, waiting for the right moment to attack.

after the riot
warrior eyes
in the woodcarver's statues

Gregory Suarez
homeless shelter

My wife, our daughter, and this poet have agreed to work as volunteers at a local homeless shelter on the fourth Friday of each month from October to April. We actually asked for the 2-to-5 am shift because we were told that it was virtually impossible to fill.

arrival at the shelter
each of us holding
a giant carry-out coffee

While the shift is grueling—it is either too late or too early, depending on one's perspective—this interval at the shelter is perhaps also the least demanding. The guests are sleeping soundly, and our duties basically consist of just holding down the fort.

4:34 am
hurrying to finish the book
before our shift ends

The shelter is so quiet during our shift that the occasional noise always seems amplified a thousand times over.

from the darkness
of the sleeping quarters
a child's whimper

This shelter is rather unusual in that it does not accept single people. Our nightly guests are limited to parents with children.

sleeping five-year-old
clutches a teddy bear
loaned by the shelter

As we walk to the parking lot, our exhaustion is somewhat abated by the sheer briskness of the early morning air. We are always joltingly reminded that it would not have been a good night to spend on the street.

eight blocks from the shelter
woman wrapped in a blanket
sits on the curb

John J. Dunphy
Subway Haibun

Wednesday, 11/20/96, 0835 AM

Green ink today & a chance to smudge it all up. Sinister’s curse. Smudge of a day, too, but at least I’m behind a few solid hours’ sleep. First week of the term, excitement of new classes, odd counter-academic rhythm of the labor union school’s calendar. Have to travel to Local 1199 twice: AM for class, PM for testing session in Penthouse. Only 8 students out of 24 showed up for the AM class yesterday, so I got their writing samples & let them off till next week, today will meet a wholly different, perhaps even larger crowd. Testing sessions offer spectacular views. Out the windows from the 35th floor is one thing, but last time after I got all the tests running I crept up flights of iron & concrete stairwell, got to the actual roof, a narrow, low-parapeted catwalk around mansion-sized elevator machinery & heating/cooling core, all 400 feet off the ground, spectacular windy view, only a few spires in the middle distance high as I was: Empire State, Chrysler, Chembank & all the Jersey & Long Island light-carpet clear out to a miracle semicircle of horizon, the planetary curve. My first thought was what a good place to smoke a joint if I still smoked & had bad company to do it with. Eleven years since I last didn’t exhale & the setting’s so perfect it recapitulates the whole set. My second impulse was to walk all the way around. Then the steam or maybe demons came up inside some pipes bigger than me, sounding enough like a dinosaur stampede that I bolted back down the stairs to where the wild world is safely zooed behind glass, like history in the first stanza of that Ishmael Read poem “Dualism . . .”

yellow light slants through
Manhattan Bridge. Woman’s blue
eyeshadow goes green

A regular haibun today (thanks to green ink?)

cold subway morning:
I feel for warm spots hands leave
on aluminum grab-poles

I could actually figure this out maybe in the next three lifetimes. Query: how much of a fool did I have to be in, say, 1753 to be only at this point by now? This assumes there were past lives and I’m not some new model recently added to the mix. How about that deteriorated schizophrenic in the chronic facility in Jersey I recalled being
when I did that regression with J? Guess everybody wasn’t a princess or prophet. & that’s not the half of regression I do around her to this day. Even my prose rhymes, & that ain’t Hay. Wasn’t he Lincoln’s Secretary of the Army? The one who said Grant’s a drunk & Lincoln said send my other generals a case of whatever he’s drinking? I used to imagine my department Chair said that to people who told her I was a pothead: send those lame-o’s an ounce of whatever he’s smoking.

Got a seat at DeKalb Avenue, last stop in the boro, knew I would, can always pick a commuter who’s not leaving Brooklyn to stand over, 1¼ seats actually, next to a guy who takes up 1¾, & perfect, too: left end of a 3-bench where I can loop my elbow around the pole & write. It’s like I was saving this new page for something special. What? Two so far. Holy trinity before Washington Square? Nope, here it is. Save one for the transfer.

empty A train waits
patiently for us to leave
clogged escalator

Personification! No tropes! & that should do it. Or is there one, yet one? I think it’s exceptionally but four to crow & younger in the intervening texts but if I don’t seriously toward the luck of it . . .

one-half-poet scrawls
unkempt senryu aboard deep
steel noise: vacation!

Steve Fried

Eight Hours

At medical school, they never taught us how to break bad news. Comfort the patient, stay calm, do not fear, pain is only in the mind, or in that phantom limb. You’re better says the physician, and with a dracula smile orders more tests—blood samples, x-rays, echoes, referrals—if better why all these investigations. You tire easily so you must take more oxygen, at least eight hours a day. Tied to the oxygen cylinder, an umbilical cord to survival dream of snow in the mountains and the ski slopes where we christied. Snowbound inside the white expanse of quilt, my knees tenting it into mountains over which only my fingers climb, play chess against myself remembering Edmund Hillary’s quote:
Those Himalayas of the mind are not so easily possessed.
There's many a precipice and storm between you and your Everest.

Even the cicadas are silent, the hiss of the oxygen, the ticking clock,
his gentle snore, the cocker whimpering in her dreams—moonglow
intrudes. Earlier in the evening we'd watched a comet. With its flamboyant tail it whisks across the sky leaving other stars staring. In my
mask, I am that comet, that space traveller racing past galaxies to
keep a tryst with eternity.

needing more oxygen
I break the bad news
to myself

breathing easier
those eight hours
unconquered Himalayas

Angelee Deodhar

Opus Dei

... but it is here and now, in the immediate, the dull, the
ordinary situation of everyday life, that we must seek God and
that He will find us.

Esther de Waal, "Seeking God—The Way of St. Benedict." The

Now in winter—at the beginning of day—I can see the sun rise
through the eastern woods. But today the redpink sky tells of a
gathering storm, and at the birdfeeder the bluejays and chickadees
and nuthatches chatter in excited anticipation of sunflower seeds.
Setting a bowl of breaddough in a warm corner near the woodstove
to rise, I bundle into jacket/boots/hat/gloves and head outside for
morning chores. The long, slow work of winter has begun ...

calm before the storm—
only the clunk of firewood
being thrown into the cellar

Evelyn Lang
TANBUN*
Larry Kimmel

Outside a Woodland Cottage in Winter

Unworldly wind and dark the midnight forest. So cold the branches click like antlers. Beyond that, not much to know.

In the black of nothing—
phantom bucks
battle

October Morning

High and motionless, the hot-air balloon seems painted on the October sky. Its flame, the distant roar of a Chinese dragon.

so vivid—
her fresh
tattoo

Beyond Reason

On this one way street, where two slatterns grapple over what? the evening traffic circumvents, discreetly.

a flash of thigh
taunts
beyond reason

Strange Harvest
(from a local legend)

His first day home on the farm, unscathed by combat, he loses an arm to the combine harvester.

last night
a sister’s auburn hair
this morning white

*In this short haibun form of the author’s devising, the prose text consists of 31 syllables or less, followed by a haiku of 17 syllables or less. In some cases a haiku may also precede the prose text.
I'm up anyway
this dawn and should write a poem,
but instead, I lie
abed warming cold edges
on soft flannel sheets and you.

*Samantha Dunaway*

you think it didn't matter
what your decision was . . .
everything has changed
the new road leads to places
none of us ever dreamed

*Ruth Holter*

"Was that you?"
the girl asks about my old picture.
"You were pretty."
From deep within me
a mourning dove calling.

*Kay F. Anderson*

the cafe
divested of her presence
the table has become wood again
and my cup
returned to glass

*Kenneth Tanemura*

guests leave, at last,
the remains of Christmas Eve—
turkey scraps
and fire inside
to pick some bones with you

*Kaye Bache-Snyder*

a droning bee
in the thistles
your sharp words
so softly spoken
so keenly felt

*D. Claire Gallagher*

cold cold cold
the pattern called Orion
hangs its points
above the frozen ground
and our divided hearts

*Gene Doty*

cars swish past
my window after midnight
wave upon wave
the hum of my computer
drowns their whispers

*Alexandra Yurkovsky*

she calls
remember me?
how could I
forget those nights . . .
or was it she

*Watha Lambert*

At dawn I take
a hibiscus chain
to the temple
at night I take
a rose to a whore

*Nikhil Nath*
Writing from the Monkey Face
Rich Krivcher

Year after year
on the monkey’s face
a monkey face

Bashō

How can I paraphrase Bashō’s penetrating obviousness? On first reading, when I came to the end of the second line, I expected that Bashō would then show me something incongruent “on the monkey’s face;” but the incongruence was in the way I previously saw or imagined a monkey face—and everything else for that matter. On top of an ‘original face’ I had placed a coarse image, what I thought was a monkey face. I hadn’t really seen.

Reading this poem led me to ponder the notion of mask. I thought of Greek drama: the comic mask of Thalia, the tragic mask of Melpomene. I thought about the severe expressions of the Japanese Noh masks and the wrathful masks of Tibetan Buddhist deities. I thought of Hwui Shan’s account of men in a far distant land who had human bodies and animal faces. I thought of the masque—the aristocratic revel of pantomime, dance, and song in Shakespeare’s England.

I thought of Al Jolson singing in blackface; I thought of Eddie Murphy singing in whiteface.

I thought of Bette Davis in the movie All About Eve, in which she plays a famous stage actress, Margo Channing. At the beginning of the film, Margo is seen resting in the dressing room after a masterful performance, her face greased, denuded of cosmetics, as she leisurely smokes a cigarette and exchanges tart remarks with her entourage—but who else could it be but Bette Davis?

I thought about a friend, slightly older and deeply philosophical, whom I had not seen for five years. Within the last couple of years his ideal marriage had disintegrated into an agonizing divorce. When I saw him anew his face had aged more than those five years would have warranted. Aside from the greyer hair and the more deeply etched lines on his forehead, recessed black semicircles under his eyes seemed to expand the sockets into large dark teardrops. Within those teardrops his eyes showed the softness and vulnerability of one who has known a most bitter truth.
I thought of a girlfriend who routinely—and may I say, happily—fashioned a flawless, elaborate face every morning before going to work only to wipe it clean again every night before bed. I remember the cucumber freshness after the scrubbing.

I thought about my rolfing treatments and the particular session when the rolfer attempted to free the fascia, the connective tissue, that had bound itself to the muscles of my face. I recalled the localized pain along the underside of the cheekbones extending down to the hinges of the jaw; then the shudder at recognizing that the cheerful, smiling face with which I faced the world was nothing but a mask—glued and set.

That night after reading Bashō and allowing these sensations to drift in and out, as I lay in bed waiting for sleep, a string of words, a ready-made haiku, was forged in my mind. The words like a final punctuation seemed to complete my thoughts:

Night after night
the mask removed
reveals a mask

For a number of weeks this summary expression was self-satisfying. Eventually, though, I had to acknowledge that my poem is founded upon the hopelessness of ever discovering a true, uncompromised identity. In contrast, Bashō’s poem is about the clarity of seeing and knowing, immediately, without question. What is there is there. The mask is removed, if indeed there ever was a mask, because preconception no longer clouds perception.

What is it, though, about Bashō’s poem that works so well, that pins this reader right between the eyes? The subject, a monkey face, is both well known and distinctive; Bashō transposes the distinctive onto the well-known. If I could simply remain true to Bashō’s formula, I reasoned, and insert a visual subject with similar qualities, then perhaps I could create a poem of similar effect. By attempting to reconstruct the artistic process, I further reasoned, I might garner a deeper appreciation of Bashō’s art and learn to convey a truer vision. I thought long and hard, for the better part of a day, of a fitting image. At last, these lines emerged:

Scene after scene
on Groucho’s face
a Groucho face
Admittedly, Bashō's monkey face is more naturally archetypal and the effect more penetrating, but for all these years haven't we taken for granted Groucho's face, a veritable symbol of comedy? Haven't we all donned those half-masks—the cheap plastic glasses with the hollow plastic nose, bushy eyebrows, and moustache—and pretended to be, by virtue of having his "face," Groucho? Hasn't Groucho's face become for us a caricature of Groucho's face?

Despite this minor success at mimicking, or should I say *aping* Bashō's poem, I couldn't stop there. I wanted to expand the scope of Bashō's formula to other sense impressions and to return to a more serious vein. I reminisced on how as a young boy in Tennessee I often was overcome on summer nights by the cacophony of crickets and cicadas, and other unidentifiable buzzings, especially near my favorite lake. I used to walk there by myself, after supper, and just listen. If I listened long enough and intently enough my perceptions would sharpen and within the silence of all that unearthly chattering I would hear more than I ever could have imagined. Inspired by these ponderings, with this haiku I conclude, at least for now, this extemporaneous study of Bashō's "monkey poem":

```
On this summer night
in the cricket's call
a cricket calls
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1Hwui Shan was a Chinese Buddhist monk who reported to the Chinese court in the year 499 AD on his travels in Fusang, a country far to the east of China. In her book "Pale Ink" (Chicago: Swallow Press, 1972), Henriette Mertz presents a fascinating, though often fanciful, argument that Fusang was none other than the North American continent and that Hwui Shan, after arriving from China by boat, traveled throughout the southwestern United States and Mexico. Mertz postulates that Hwui Shan's description of men with animal heads refers to ritual costumes which native Americans wore to celebrate the totems of the tribe. Mertz also writes of an earlier exploration in North America by the Chinese in the twenty-third century BC. See also Charles Godfrey Leland, "Fusang, or The Discovery of America by Chinese Buddhist priests in the Fifth Century" (New York: J.W. Bouton, 1875).
THE SAD, LONELY POETRY OF THE CITY

Readings by Tom Tico*

1

Fifth Avenue
white satin wedding dresses
through a veil of snow

Doris Heitmeyer

Each one of the luxurious wedding gowns is like an ideal that promises matrimonial bliss. But the poet is not a starry-eyed girl with dreams of romantic love; she’s an experienced woman who has gone through the crucible rather than the fantasy of married life. The final line—which so powerfully completes the poem—suggests separation, loneliness, and old age.

the remaining snow
in isolated patches
our separate lives

Patricia Machmiller

2

Along the waterfront
women in windows
stained by the sea

Dave Sutter

This is a classic picture of women who wait for their men to return from the sea. And while they wait they suffer want—want of material well-being, want of sexual satisfaction, and want of emotional fulfillment. How the women deal with these deficiencies shape and mark their characters. It is not just the windows that are stained by the sea.

moored to the pilings
the rusting ferryboat
rides the morning tide

Leroy Kanterman

*Some of these readings portray circumstances of the poets' lives, but they are not meant to be regarded as actual facts; they are simply part of the imaginative flights that the poems engender in Tom Tico.
city night—
in the rain-wet street
a deeper darkness

_Lawrence Rungren_

The city as a dark and threatening backdrop for all kinds of maliciousness is the vision of _film noir_. And this poem seems to partake of that world. The deeper darkness that resides in the night and in the rain-wet street has a mysterious but malevolent allure. It’s a vortex, and if you happen to be drawn into it, you are likely to be swallowed up.

under the manhole
the night gives
a gurgle

_Tom Clausen_

puddle of neon
nyloned legs
shadow by

_Jeffrey Winke_

The woman with the nyloned legs shadowing by beneath the neon lights might well be a streetwalker putting in a hard day’s night. She walks on those “mean streets” that Raymond Chandler spoke of, but in a darker world than he had ever portrayed. And as bleak as her present situation is, her future looks even bleaker.

3:20 am
the hooker stares
down the empty street

_John O’Connor_

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

_M. Kettner_

With the rain and fallen leaves the poet conveys the mood of autumn which is sad, lonely, and decadent. In this emotional atmosphere the
drunk goes about his daily activity of trying to get enough money for his next drink. Unlike the people he panhandles from, he accumulates nothing and takes no thought for the morrow.

autumn rain—
a dog looks up at each person
passing on the street

*Chuck Brickley*

6

Snow falling
on the empty parking-lot:
Christmas Eve . . .

*Eric Amann*

Some people at Christmas time do indeed realize that *It's a Wonderful Life*; they get together with family and friends and experience all the conviviality that the season allows. But there are other people who find themselves alone, on the outside. Perhaps they are without family and have few close friends. For them, Christmas is a lonely and painful experience.

glimpsing Christmas
through other people's windows
the chill of rain . . .

*Ebba Story*

7

Memorial Park
twilight enters
the cannon's barrel

*Frederick Gasser*

The twilight that enters the cannon's barrel suggests the countless men who, from time immemorial, have been killed or maimed in battle. However, the poem also suggests that warfare has had its day and is no longer acceptable in the light of human evolution.

Tied
to the veteran's crutch—
a miniature flag

*Tom Tico*
Now a street person
but still in combat fatigues—
the Vietnam vet

*Tom Tico*

For many who fought in that war the negative effects are still being experienced. Post-traumatic stress syndrome is a nightmare that doesn’t end. And so many Vietnam veterans are either in prison or homeless. The street person who is still in combat fatigues is a walking poem indicating that for him and for many like him the war is still going on.

Over the park dwellers,
    flying from a shopping cart—
        the stars and stripes

*Tom Tico*

9

winter rushhour
the sunset home
ahead of me

*LeRoy Gorman*

As the poet drives home, as he drives into the sunset, he thinks of a further destination towards which he is rushing. Lately, in his mid­seventies, he’s felt more aches and pains and a diminishing store of energy. He’s not afraid of death but abhors the thought of infirmity and dependence on others. Furthermore, he certainly hopes to spend his remaining days in the privacy of his own home.

snowman
on the front lawn
of the retirement home

*Penny Harter*

10

last light:
my old neighborhood
weighted with leaves

*Dwight Spann-Wilson*
It's deep autumn as the poet returns to the old neighborhood for the first time in many years. He thinks of his boyhood friends and the girls he had crushes on and he wonders what has become of them. Many have probably died and those that haven't have grown old just as he has. As he gazes at the fallen leaves drifting beneath the last light of evening, he realizes it's no time at all before he and all that remains of his generation are likewise swept away.

leaves blown
their shadows
with them

George Ralph

   moored to the pilings “When Butterflies Come” (Members’ Anthology), Haiku Society of America, 1993.
5. autumn rain and leaves *frogpond* vol. IX, no. 4, 1986.
   High/Coo Press, 1983.
    leaves blown *frogpond* vol. XII, no. 2, 1989.
Wabi Suchness in Haiku

H.F. Noyes

Wabi refers generally to the sort of poverty or simplicity of living where there is, through acceptance, a kind of contentment. “Suchness” refers to the seemingly ordinary that surprises and rewards us when we discover it as a welcome part of everyday life. “Nature is wont to hide itself,” said Heraclitus in the fifth century BC. Two hiding places are brought to light in these haiku of James W. Hackett:1,2

The nameless flower
climbing this trail with me
is a yellow you can taste!

Buildings hide the sky
and pavement the earth, yet
this weed grew to seed.

There may be an aspect of redeeming humor along with the prosaic plainness of wabi:3

Sometimes the oddest thing,
like this orange pip,
begs not to be thrown away.

Humble—even desolate—circumstances can be relieved by a sense of beauty:4

Red clouds glowing
at sunrise—reflected
in the pigsty mud

Bruce Leming, original and trans.

This haiku in its original, tremendously alive Scots tongue is:

Reid cluds lemin
at keek-o-day—refleckit
in the cray glaur

Though wabi is most often an unexpected recognition of the faithful suchness of things and the beauty of the ordinary, here one feels no surprise on the part of a poet rooted to earth and at home beneath the heavens. I find the wabi element delightful in these two other farm and garden haiku: 5,6

61
Summer dusk
—puddles
where the melons were

Envelope of seeds:
A flower like the picture
Will bloom, I hope so.

Matthew Louvière

Louvière is content to see things just as they are, to see “nothing that
is not there and the nothing that is.”7 In Takada’s haiku I cherish the
gentle humor and the charm and naïveté of the vernacular, in which
the Japanese excel.

There is wabi in the simplest pursuits of our daily life, such as the
bread delivery or a saucepan’s transfer in winter. How far the mundane ordinary is transcended in the following:8,9

daybreak—
from the bread truck’s roof
frost swirls

Carrying a saucepan
Over a little bridge in Yodo
Someone in the snow.

Tom Clausen

The first has a powerful aura of wu-shih—“nothing special.” In the
background, do I hear, “Give us this day our daily bread”? Buson’s
haiku offers a charming picture of life at its sweetest—“near the
bone,” as Thoreau put it. It depicts no one of note carrying nothing
of any account nowhere that matters, and is redolent of the truest
wabi. Robert Spiess, throughout his “nooddy,” maintains a quality of
humbleness that reveals the essential truth of things just as they are.
In Progress, his very language expresses wabi: “tumblebug/tumbling a
dungball past/tumbly digs.”10 A kind word or a comfortable bench can
bring moments of contentment even in a miserable life.11,12

rushing out
with more garbage!
genuine,
the collector’s
‘thank you, sir’

Small-town park:
he adjusts his spine
to the slatted bench.

Dee Evetts

Issa is a poet often grounded in the earthiness of wabi. The follow-
ing reflects his loyalty to the aesthetic philosophy of wu shih:13

The man pulling radishes
pointed the way
with a radish.
Examples of *wabi* can be beautiful, too; but the kind of beauty to be preferred is that formulated by Clement Hoyt as “an easy austerity.” This is well illustrated by a haiku by Brett Peruzzi:

First frost—
the icy beauty
of a flower’s last day

In one memorial issue for Raymond Roseliep we have a classic haiku of *wabi*—rare among so-called death poems. It takes us deeply into that silence and calmness that ensue when through the perspective of a nature of detachment, a life is touched by grace:

wishing I were
a dandelion
I become one

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2*ibid.*, p. 86.
5*Woodnotes* no. 17 (1933), p. 11.
6*Wind Chimes* no. 25 (undated), p. 4.
7Wallace Stevens, “The Snow Man.”
9trans. Edith Shiffert and Yuki Sawa.
11*ibid.*, p. 15.
15Source uncertain at presstime.
Traditional and Modern Haiku: A Vibrant Dichotomy
Michael Dylan Welch

In the great sweep of haiku tradition, the vast bulk of that tradition is, of course, Japanese. When American haiku writers band together to discuss tradition, they are obviously limited by what they know. Basically, we don’t know what we don’t know. So we always have something to learn, or perhaps we should always feel humility as trustees of a borrowed poetry. But some of us don’t care, feeling that haiku is now fully Americanized, and can—and should—find its own path. No extreme seems ultimately helpful, however.

Harold G. Henderson is often quoted as saying that “haiku in English will become what the poets make it,” and there is a certain wisdom in that empowerment. Yet perhaps, in our enthusiasm, we risk running too far off course, making our “haiku” into something that really isn’t haiku.

This need for freedom and self-expression, however, is often balanced by at least some sense of tradition. We receive this tradition in the form of translations of Japanese haiku, which are published regularly in books and magazines, and in global interaction and criticism, whether by letter, email, magazine articles, or international travel. Yet we also develop our own traditions, not blindly, but responsibly, as we seek our own authentic voices, our national voice. Thus North American haiku operates in a dichotomy: some poets are drawn by Japanese tradition, sometimes traveling a well-worn path (at its worst, merely imitative), and some poets are enlivened by striking off into new territory (at its worst, no longer haiku).

Certainly the languages differ, making some things possible in Japanese that are not possible in English—but also vice versa. Yet underneath the differences of syntax and grammar and the fundamental notion of syllables in each language, there lies, I think, a universal haiku essence, often called the “haiku spirit.” Perhaps this is the sense of keen seeing, of deep feeling, and of recording moments of heightened awareness in our brief poems. In haiku of all languages of all times, intuitive insight into nature and human nature seems to be the most important common poetic denominator—along with brevity. Details of form and season word, though still important, strike me as less important. Thus it seems that divergences in form and some content (formal patterns, season word usage, and so on) more frequently
reflect differences in language and culture (a necessary reflection) than any sort of rejection—as some might believe—of tradition.

In 1993, at the second Haiku North America conference, held in California, a panel of poets engaged in a discussion of “what is essential to haiku.” The topic generated lively debate. I think that the notion of haiku’s “essential” will probably always be a matter of contention, perhaps with the arguments more often reflecting personal bias than the essentials of haiku. I would suggest that English-language haiku will always exist in this dichotomy—the traditional/conservative and modern/liberal—and that the dichotomy is probably the very thing that keeps haiku alive and vibrant. We are each drawn to what we love. We each touch a different part of the elephant. Haiku, thank goodness, is a large elephant.

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ERRATA

- An error in the Brady Award announcement in the wording of one of the prize senryu made its way into the last issue (XX:2). The correct poem should be:

  carrying their canes
two old women lean
on each other

  Paul Watsky

- Although a poem by John Martone appeared in the last issue (XX:2), the author's name did not appear in the Author Index. The editor apologizes for this omission.
BOOK REVIEWS

"The Trees Have Awoken and the Birds Have Spoken"

An Experiential Review

rectangle of light. Marje A. Dyck. Illus. James Dyke, proof press, 87 rue Court, Aylmer, QC J9H 4M1, Canada, 1996. 44 pp, 6\(\frac{3}{4}\)×4\(\frac{1}{4}\) in, paper, saddle-stapled. $4.00 $1.00 per order s&h.

When I presented “rectangle of light” as a possibility for an illustrative session for the Grade 4 Art classes in my school, I anticipated a polite response, perhaps some pleasant sketches, before continuing on with our lessons in perspective drawings.

We knew that our perspectives needed focal points. We had invented fantasy scenes where aliens zoomed to faraway galaxies. Returning to earth, however, on this particular day, we heard how a poet from the prairies regarded magical moments on this planet.

In 12 words or less, we discovered that a poet could focus on a sound or movement, spying on a spider, a loon, or a dragonfly. Yet like our pictures of the universe, the poet would be surrounded by the world. We read the 3-line poems, some students imagining what kind of scenery surrounded Marje as she focused on float planes, chicken coops, and the ’59 Pontiac. The children imagined

How the spider
runs over the sand
as if on air

seeing a legless oval skimming over a beach, moving desperately, escaping from a source of danger. Their childhoods spent splashing in the Similkameen River, they knew how

A school of minnows
changes direction
under my shadow

because minnows were so hard to catch. Those students living on ranches looked forward to the birth of calves and lambs.

Young calf cavorts
spring
in its heels
was a new way of thinking. In

Fur and bones
beneath the pine
rain misting down

they guessed that an animal had died too soon and that no one cared about it.

From "The City" section they were intrigued by the janitor vacuuming at night in the rectangle of light. Some thought the poet was spying on the janitor from inside the building. Others thought she was looking down from a higher building across the street. Perspectives again.

The Cawston School grade fours that week drew many pictures based on their reactions to Marje Dyck's capsules of thought. Because Dore Lake and prairie scenes were unfamiliar to them, some of the artists drew the insects, birds, and animals amongst cherry trees in their British Columbia mountain region.

Some students responded to the challenge of "12 words or less". Combining rhyme with her own creative tense, Preet drew a sunrise and wrote, "The trees have awoken and the birds have spoken." Eli, who likes hiking near the ruins of a gold mine, wrote, "The snow drifts quietly upon the wondering trees." Sunny, who had visited his relatives in India, wrote, "Guards on stone horses Indian people pray in the temple."

We compiled our drawings and poetry into a rectangular, yellow binder and sent it off to the poet from Saskatoon who had inspired us to see the world in a different light.

Lois R. Dyck

Editor's Note: We have been given to understand that the reviewer Lois R. Dyck bears no relationship, by blood or marriage, to the author Marje A. Dyck.
In what has been announced as her final book, Edith Shiffert, a 35-year resident of Kyōto, includes a great number of different types of haiku and haiku-like poems. All are in the 5/7/5-English syllable form, and it is remarkable that there are no signs of padding and none of unnatural wording to make the poems fit the form. It is to be supposed that one completely familiar with the Japanese language and with reading poems in 17 onji would easily work with 17 English syllables. Unlike many American writers of 17-syllable poems, Shiffert tends to use short, simple syllables, and fewer of the dreadfully long, multiconsonental English syllables (though it is next to impossible to avoid the latter: compare the first and second lines of the following):

Oh those clouds, those clouds, are they a sea or a sky? Colors change to night.

Some of my favorite haiku and senryū in this book:

In these ditches too fallen petals of cherries, the outcastes' district. Because I cannot use stepping stones or bridge, I take the long path.

With the autumn leaves a butterfly too is blown across our pathway. Beside a park pond a bar hostess and her friend drink morning sakē.

Unfortunately, many of the poems finish with explanatory or commentative phrases, spoiling them in terms of the North American haiku. Another large fraction of the poems are what I have previously referred to as 'message haiku,' exemplified by poems of some Japanese poets, such as Shōhaku, "the many Buddhas/disappear and yet again/come into the world," and Santōka, "incessant/sound of water/ Lord Buddha is here," as well as in the work of writers who normally wrote other material, such as Hammarskjöld and Tagore. Some of Shiffert's are simply delightful:

That Zen monk also nine months inside his mother. Wherever it is one can get there finally—the cats can go too.

Salted plums with rice.
But others are more prosaic statements of faith, or more obvious presentations of perceived truth. Finally, although Edith Shiffert is no George Burns, she obviously is having intimations of mortality, and there are a fair number of 'death poems' here:

Now as my life ends just being joyful
to walk beneath these cherries though alone in a stillness.
on and on and on! This, eternity?

Reviewed by Kenneth C. Leibman

1South by Southeast vol. 1, no. 4, p. 6 (1994).


In his foreword to this fine collection, Anthony J. Pupello refers to "the essence of haiku: the resonance of a moment experienced among the minutiae of everyday life." And in his own introduction, the author states that "if a poem gives off 'the stink of Zen', or the stink of anything else" (which he earlier refers to as 'the grittier-than-thou fallacy'), "then for me it has failed twice—as a poem and as an effective message." Evetts' haiku certainly do not emit any stink, yet they exemplify the importance, common to Zen and many other traditions, of being here now:

morning sneeze morning moon
the guitar in the corner a flock of pigeons turns
resonates above the town

and are often effective social commentary:

overnight bus how come
the young mother whatshisname
sucks her thumb never speaks to me

This book can also serve by example as a lesson in how to dispense with punctuation in haiku. With the exception of those necessary for quotations, compound words, possessives, and proper names, these haiku contain no punctuation. Yet careful wordcrafting has ensured
that there are no dangling participles or other awkward constructions brought about by lack of punctuation marks.

There are many seasons in these poems, and an appended sequence illustrates a period of drought that can be read like the rings of trees, as in the title poem:

endgrain
of the staircase
droughts and seasons

Reviewed by Kenneth C. Leibman

A Collation of Anthologies

In the Waterfall. Spring Street Haiku Group, 1997. 27 unnumb. pp, 4\times5\frac{1}{2} in. paper, saddle-stapled. $3.00 ppd from Dee Evetts, 102 Forsyth St. #18, New York, NY 10002.

Shades of Green (1997 Haiku North America anthology). Michael Dylan Welch, ed. Press Here, Foster City, CA 94404; 1997. 24 pp, 5\frac{1}{2}\times 8\frac{1}{2} in. paper, saddle-stapled. $7 ppd (checks payable to Michael D. Welch).

Flows Down the Mountain (1997 Members' Anthology, Haiku Poets of Northern California). D. Claire Gallagher and Ebba Story, eds. Two Autumns Press, 478 Guerrero St., San Francisco, CA 94110; 1997. 24 pp, 8\frac{1}{2}\times5\frac{1}{4} in. paper, top saddle-stapled. $7.00 ppd.

Sunlight Through Rain: A Northwest Haiku Year. Robert Major & Francine Porad, eds. Vandina Press, 1996. 57 unnum. pp, 5\times8\frac{1}{2} in. paper, perfectbound. $8 + $1.25 p\&h; make check payable to and mail to F. Porad, 6944 SE 33rd, Mercer Island, WA 98040-3324.

Cherry Blossom Rain (Anthology IV, Northwest Region, Haiku Society of America, 1997). Mary Fran Meer, ed. 32 pp, 5\frac{1}{4}\times8\frac{1}{2} in. paper, saddle-stapled. $7.50 ppd from editor, 1128 - 108 Ave. SE, Bellevue WA 98004.


A Solitary Leaf (1996 Members Anthology, Haiku Society of America). Randy M. Brooks & Lee Gurga, eds. 40 pp, 5\frac{1}{2}\times8\frac{1}{2} in. paper, saddle-stapled. $9 ppd from Brooks Books, 4634 Hale Dr., Decatur IL 62526.
A bumper year for anthologies; in most cases devoted to haiku from a regional group, one from attenders at a major haiku conference, one from winners of a major contest, and two from members of the Haiku Society of America.

The New York group gives us a collection of mostly urban haiku, including a day filled with sudden surprise glimpses:

- morning's first rays
- on the last drops
- of vodka
  
  **Mykel Board**

- from the train
- the ball half-way
- to the plate

- rush hour subway
- the live fish flops
- in her plastic shopping bag
  
  **Cor van den Heuvel**

- in the dark
- the outline of my wife
- stargazing

- Karen Sohne

- John Hudak

From the Haiku North America conference, poems from around the continent arranged as usual for this series in alphabetical order by first name, claimed to be the Japanese tradition (yes, Mike, but their first names are last names). Four samples illustrating the evanescence of the moment, often dimly sensed:

- window frost
- our names drip
- from my finger
  
  **Christopher Herold**

- reflected
- in a beggar's cup
- tropical sun

- Fay Aoyagi

- in the dark . . .
- we drive past a meadow
- of new-mown hay
  
  **Jean Jorgensen**

- bay in fog
- the sailboat at anchor
- comes and goes

- Yvonne Hardenbrook

The Northern California group is international in membership. Again a quartet of sudden change, sudden discovery, sometimes sudden yugen:
morning sunshine  
overflows  
a field of tulips

Naomi Y. Brown

windswept mesa  
the Navajo ghost hogan crossed  
by ravenshadow

Elizabeth Searle Lamb

dusk—  
Suddenly hearing  
the river

John Stevenson

The Northwest anthologies are both divided seasonally. A haiku from each season from each book, again moments of discovery:

“Sunlight Through Rain”

train yard  
beside the iron rail  
new blade of wheat

Dean Summers

afternoon warmth  
in and out of the stone lantern  
sparrows fly

Brad Wolthers

milkweed stalks  
their pods empty  
under a new moon

Nasira Alma

February storm  
four small lights moving  
at sea

Robert Gibson

“Cherry Blossom Rain”

carried downstream  
with the river’s song  
morning sunlight

William Scott Galasso

heat lightning  
the glow  
of a distant town

Robert Jenkins

Robert Major’s haiku a reminiscence of Bashō with a touch of Milton?

Robert Major's haiku a reminiscence of Basho with a touch of Milton?

The Herb Barrett Award, named for the late Canadian poet/editor, is an annual international haiku contest. Four moments of discovery:
gathering light
one swell of the sea
becomes another
(first prize)
Jeffrey Witkin

low tide
the driftwood
rests
Giovanni Malito

winter solstice
the waterfall frozen
in mid-air
Sandra Fuhringer

Two anthologies of haiku by members of the Haiku Society of America were published this year. From the volume for 1996, these visions:
at one
with its imperfect shadow
rusty chain
ai li
barbary Ressler
garden pond—
a goldfish swims
through my reflection
Hayat Abuza

And from the 1997 anthology, four moments of wonder:
fireflies floating
with the stars
on the pond
Hayat Abuza

killdeer overhead
into the dusk
its name
ken hurm

Robert Gilliland

Group minireviews by Kenneth C. Leibman
Tiny Poems Press 1997 Chapbook Winners

*The Farmer Tends his Land.* Janice Bostok.
*A Work of Love.* Tom Clausen.
*Ripples Spreading Out.* Elizabeth Searle Lamb.
*Beyond Where the Snow Falls.* Jeff Witkin.

Tiny Poems Press, 1997. 20-24 pp, 5¼×4¼ or 4½×5½ in. paper, saddle-stapled. $3 ppd. each or $10 for set of 4, from John Sheirer (to whom checks & MO's should be drawn), Asnuntuck Community-Technical College, 170 Elm St., Enfield, CT 06082.

In a kasen solorenga Janice Bostok traces the course of a farmwoman’s life, through a stillbirth, a retarded child, divorces and remarriages, husband’s injuries, slipping often into allegories of ducks and drakes.

meeting on the path
the duck stretches its neck
in greeting the drake
after mating drake drops
sideways off the duck’s back

Clausen presents a group of tanka:

between chores
I study my hands
as if they might hold
something
I should know

as if one
were not enough
I daydream pleasantly
of several women
I know

Elizabeth Searle Lamb’s chapbook is subtitled, “Poems for Bruce and Others.” Bruce, of course, is her late husband, and the rest are haikuists and artists.

*for F. Bruce Lamb:*
it’s still there
echo of flute notes tangled
in apricot blossoms

*for Pablo Picasso:*
the first spring rain
the “Bust of Sylvette”
streaked with it

*for Raymond Roseliep:*
on New Year’s Eve
streak of a shooting star—
Sobi-Shi . . . that you?

*for Geraldine C. Little:*
still so clear
echo of the word
and of the song
Jeff Witkin traces a season from harvest moon to magnolia blossoms, during which a major change in his life occurred:

perennials
for my wife of thirty years
... not knowing it's over
moving day
the framed ketoobah*
in an empty room

*a jewish marriage contract

autumn chill—
without its hanging plant
the chain clinks
snowmelt
a space opens
around the rock

Reviewed by Kenneth C. Leibman

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.


Centum. Ștefan G. Theodoru. In Romanian, French, and English. Editura “Vasile Cărlova”, Bucharest, 1997. 146 pp, 3¼×5 in, paper, perfectbound. $5.00 ppd US, $5.50 Canada & Mexico; $7.00 elsewhere, from author, 28-18 29th St., Long Island City, NY 11102.


Traista cu stele/Le sac à étoiles/The Bag of Stars. Ștefan Theodoru; French tran. Constantin Frosin; English tran. Virginia Cucu. Editura Haiku, Buchurest, 1995. 206 pp, 3¾×5½ in, paper, perfectbound. $6.00 ppd USA; $6.50 Canada & Mexico; $8.00 elsewhere, from author (see Centum).
A haiku book is more than a handful of verses. Editing, illustration, design and layout, and production values as well as the quality of individual poems and the sensibility of the selection are all factors that contribute to the success of the finished book. In evaluating the 24 entries in the 1997 HSA Merit Book Award competition we sought balance and harmony among these several criteria. Finally, we asked ourselves: which of these books make genuine contributions to the haiku literature? which are good values? which would we like to own?

We took seriously the HSA Guidelines for entries in the contests, especially the defining passage, "outstanding collection of original haiku in English published in the previous year." This phrase, we felt, excluded some entries from consideration for the main awards (collections of poems that were chiefly or completely not haiku, anthologies, translations, essays, and so forth).

Finally, we thank the HSA for the opportunity to be involved in this fascinating and important work!

First Place: . . . the path of the bird by vincent tripi. Ill. David Kopitzke. Selected & arranged by Phyllis Walsh. Hummingbird Press, POB 96, Richland Center, WI 53581. $10 ppd.

. . . the path of the bird is an affectionate collection of haiku celebrating birds and the ways we encounter them. In an exquisitely produced and numbered edition, the poems move easily from ocean to arroyo to mountain with great delicacy and beauty. The clarity of each haiku moment and the harmony of the design and presentation bring this book top honors.


Jumping from Kiyomizu comprises a long sequence of poems arranged in the stages of the life cycle from birth to death. These haiku succeed in conveying large themes through small,
vividly crafted impressions—humorous, touching, and surprising. They are impressive in their variety of subjects and in the way they resonate ever more deeply on each reading.

**Third Place:** *Paris* by William Hart. Ill. Jayasri Majumdar. Timberline Press, 6281 Red Bud, Fulton, MO 65251. $9 ppd.

Handset and classically presented, *Paris* evokes a city, its people and its moods. The author wanders smoothly from street corner to museum to Métro, displaying a wry and seasoned perspective. Like a traveler’s sketchbook, this collection brings home favorite images to savor later.

**Honorable Mention:** *Presents of Mind* by Jim Kacian. Katsura Press, Lake Oswego, OR 97034. $14.95 from author, POB 2461, Winchester, VA 22604.

**Special Merit Book Awards**

*Students Breathing* by John Sheirer. Elbow Editions, Elbow Lake, MN. $5 ppd. from author at Asnuntuck Community Technical College, 170 Elm St., Enfield, CT 06082.

John Sheirer’s chapbook-length haibun is exceptional and deserving of special mention. The topic—a teacher’s work year—is inspired, and the author handles the subject matter with inventiveness and wit. The content as well as the simple design make for an endearing book that readers will want to share with their teacher friends—while still keeping a copy for themselves!

*Between Two Waves/În tre două valuri* by H.F. Noyes.

*Surăsul călugărilui/The Monk’s Smile* by Vasile Spinei.

Both from Editura Leda, c/o Ion Codrescu, Str. Soveja nr. 25, Bl. V2, sc. B, apt. 31, 8700 Constanța, Romania (numbers 1 and 4, respectively, in the Haiku Collection series).

The judges wish to recognize the efforts of Ion Codrescu of Constanța, Romania—publisher, poet, sumi-e artist, and tireless “haiku ambassador.” Two excellent books from his publishing house were entered in the competition, both deserving of special attention. *Between Two Waves* is a rich collection of haiku on the theme of water by the contemporary master.
H.F. Noyes, in the English original and Romanian translation. What a prize this book must be for Romanian haikuists! The second title represents what certainly must be the first haiku book to bring the poems of a poet from the Republic of Moldova into English: *The Monk's Smile* demonstrates a very high level of haiku and is all in all a very winning collection. Ion Codrescu illustrated both books and, with his wife Mihaela, provided translations.

*Hayat Abuza & Charles Trumbull*

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**ANNOUNCEMENTS**

**CONTESTS AND AWARDS**

*Tallahassee Writers' Association 1998 Penumbra Poetry Competition, Haiku Category*

Postmark deadline June 30, 1998. Type haiku (unpublished, not under consideration elsewhere) on duplicate 3×5" cards; one with haiku only, one with author's name, full address, telephone number, and source of contest information on the back of the card. Send also one paragraph of good biographical data, including publications. Prizes: $50/20/10. Winners & HM's will appear in and receive a copy of chapbook "Penumbra 1998" Mail with entry fee of $3 per haiku (check/MO payable to "T.W.A. Penumbra") and SASE for winners' list to Penumbra Poetry Contest, POB 15995, Tallahassee FL 32317-5995.

*Still Haiku Award, 2nd 1998 Competition*

In-hand deadline August 15, 1998. £500 prizes over the year. Entry fee £2 per haiku or £10 per 6 haiku. For Entry Form, send SAE + 2 IRC's to Still, 49 Englands Lane, London NW3 4YD, England.

*Florida State Poets Association 1998 Contest, Haiku Category*

Postmark deadline August 15, 1998. Prizes $25/15/10 + 3 HM. Send unpublished 3-line haiku, not under consideration elsewhere, which have not won more than $10 in any previous contest, typed single-spaced on duplicate 8½×11" sheets. In UL corner of both, type "Category 8, Berniece McConahay Mem. Award"; in UR corner of only-one, type your name & address. Send with entry fee of $1 per haiku (checks/MO's payable to F.S.P.A. Inc) and SASE for winner's list to Karin Lindgren, 124 Lakeview Ave., Lantana, FL 33462. For brochure describing 23 other categories, including sijo, concrete, etc., send SASE to same address.
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