President's Message

I'm very happy to be part of the Haiku Society of America at this special time. I hope to be able to follow John Stevenson's fine example. It's comforting, also, to be able to work with such a slate of officers as Pamela Miller Ness, Howard Lee Kilby, Raffael de Gruttola, Jim Kacian, and Charles Trumbull. I must also commend the efforts of the regional coordinators who make major contributions to the cause of haiku with little acknowledgement. My association with the executive committee has been harmonious and productive; Frogpond and the HSA Newsletter are both class acts; and now our web site is finding the same level of excellence. The Education Subcommittee has produced an excellent teaching aid and is helping improve the level of haiku understanding and practice around the world. I am very impressed with the enthusiasm and diligence of the members of our organization.

I see several things worth commenting about. First, I think the level of writing and scholarship has both spread and improved greatly in the recent past, and this has been influenced by our organization. We are creative, vibrant, critical, industrious, and productive as never before.

Second, I see the cause of haiku spreading world-wide. The international conferences (many due to efforts of H.S.A members) are a cause for rejoicing.

Third, the size of our organization is increasing and so are the costs. I invite members to contact officers in the organization with ideas and concerns. We invite differing ideas. Where everyone thinks alike, no one thinks very much. Our people are our best resource. We, the officers, are dedicated to receiving and harmonizing ideas for the good of haiku both in the United States and, now, in the world.

I look forward to a useful and productive year and I thank all concerned for this opportunity.

Jerry Ball
1) An unrhymed Japanese poem recording the essence of a moment keenly perceived, in which Nature is linked to human nature. It usually consists of seventeen onji.

2) A foreign adaptation of 1, usually written in three lines totalling fewer than seventeen syllables.

(from A Haiku Path page 82 with corrections from page 80)
Welcome to this special issue of Frogpond, featuring the work of poets from around the world.

As most of you perhaps know, I have had the good fortune to have spent many months of the past year traveling the globe in the name of haiku. I have met poets and talked poetry on four continents in that time, and have had lively debates through the mails and online with poets from two other continents. There is a great deal of interest and variety to be found out there, and this is an excellent time to share some of my findings with the members of the Haiku Society of America and our many other readers.

Many things are being done in the name of haiku around the world. Not all of these things are in strict alignment with our old ideas of what haiku ought to be. We have already successful resisted the pro forma notions of a strict syllable count and kigo in English-language haiku. But there are other issues about which it is possible to be just as dogmatic, and which are worthy of our attention and consideration. If haiku is poetry, then why do mainstream poets not consider us poets? It is too self-serving simply to dismiss them as not knowing better—some of these poets have made serious study of haiku, and have arrived at a place different than our “mainstream.” What of metaphor? Aren’t all haiku, and all poems, metaphors on the meta-level of reality? Why do we dismiss them categorically? What do keywords offer me that kigo don’t, and why should I study, not to say, adopt them?

You probably won’t find any definitive answers in these pages, but you will be challenged by the work of poets from around the world considering such ideas. I hope this international exchange livens your own practice and thoughts concerning haiku, and deepens the conversation we might have.

Jim Kacian, Editor
bird songs:
the trees are blooming
over the headstones

_Silvia Ovejero_

the first tulips—
girl in a yellow sweater
leans over the blossoms

_Stephen Page_

In the vacant lot
a blue-eyed cat
my favorite

_Maria Haydée Aguilar_

The rain has stopped
but not the perfume coming
from the jasmine

_Manuel Asorey_

Native oven bird
perched on the high wire
searches for the moon

_Rómulo Cartagénova_
Waking from a nap, 
a flawless trill  
has pierced my heart

*Mónica Viviana Asorey*

Incas plow  
the millenary lagoon—  
braided bulrushes

*Susana de Luna*

Dewdrops forming,  
the footfalls of a cricket  
that stays up late

*Liria Miyakawa*

Full beard  
sadness in the look  
hunger-lashed

*Maria Celia C. de Casanova*

Cats and a fly  
drawing in the air  
magic lanterns

*Lia Miersch*
spring dawn—
the day starts with laughter
of kookaburras

_Alma E. Bird_

grey smoke haze
jacaranda flowers slightly bluer

_Ron Heard_

every hour a bush the flower clock

_Christina Kirkpatrick_

wind
across the pampas
a mexican wave

_Sue Wilson_

thundering possoms spill over the dry roof

_Rosanna Licari_
through dunes to beach
... a trail of gold
toffee wrappers

*Lyn Reeves*

estuary—
spring tide returns
the moon to me

*John Bird*

almost winter
the press of grape leaf upon grape leaf
how red!

*Ross Coward*

haijin clenching his fist breath by breath

*Ross Clark*

three-quarter moon
the gecko moves
from light to shadow

*Sue Mill*
moon almost full
behind the clouds
in the dog's eyes

Alice Ruiz

Six o'clock:
cicadas' calling stretches
the temple bells.

Anibal Beça

Blackwater pool,
above it the yellow dance
of a butterfly.

Cyro Armando Catta Preto

Anchored to the ground
I look at the sky with vague envy—
Farewell, swallows.

Douglas Eden

At the same corner
new prostitutes.
Cold night goes on.

Francisco Handa
Tadpoles swim.
(A clay pot left in the open.)

Luiz Bacellar

Slow, slowly,
a kaleidoscope turns.
Sunflower bends West.

Oldegar Vieira

yellow ipê tree
even the sidewalk blooms

Ricardo Silvestrin

time for a walk
a swarm of butterflies
follows the gardener

Rosa Clement

Cauliflower in hands,
A teenage girl practices
The wedding march

Teruka Oda
I open my eyes—
they are looking at me

_Radoslav Ranchin_

This scream in the night, is it
from that falling star? . . .

_Zdravko Kisaov_

. . . also the border
beyond which is night
i go through alone

_Omila_

Between the winter
and spring. Naked tree
with a single leaf.

_Ginka Biliyarska_

The song of a bell at the cloud—
the rain sounds the silence

_Lyudmila Balabanova_
Angels come down
now with the fall of
innocent snow

_Dimitar Stefanov_

Death will come in through the vein
expanding in my leg

_Nikolai Kantchev_

A room corner,
a piece of candle, a bit of love,
what more.

_Mina Versano_

Summer stable.
In the Milky way
the Moon shine

_Gencho Vitanov_

Mother next to the stove:
the fragrance of new bread
and glasses of milk

_Raina Sotirova_
freshly fallen snow
opening a new package
  of typing paper
Nick Avis

new apartment
to the wall’s whiteness
a fly stuck
Michael Dudley

spring morning
tic-tac-toe
  on my dirty car
André Duhaime

easter sunday
on tv
thin women
Marco Fraticelli

quiet graveyard
warm breeze and an end
to alphabetic order
LeRoy Gorman
a red jeep backing into
a narrow space—
Valentine's Day

Dorothy Howard

rosehips and roses
and buds all on the same bush
August evening

Philomene Kocher

for the fourth time
rearranging the roses
he will soon come

ann mckay

flea market visit
at the bottom of an old urn
leftover ashes

Margaret Saunders

another anniversary
fortune cookies
left untouched

Elizabeth St Jacques

CANADA
the sky
that has a big hole
hurts day and night
*Tai Ke (Taiwan)*

after snow
stars have frozen
on the lake
*Chen Minghua (USA)*

earth polluted—
lakes and mountains look sad and
birds and beasts frown
*Xue Yun (Taiwan)*

tree stumps—
mountains' angry and
desperate eyes
*Jiang Tian (China)*

no longer see
mountains, rivers and grass green—
sky and earth aging
*Liu Ziliang (Taiwan)*
in breezy moonlight
garbage piles into mounds
a graveyard

Wang Lusong (Taiwan)

the gray city
turns green all at once—
plastic green

Lin Wenjun (Taiwan)

dumpster
dumps all things humans don’t need
into its stomach

Fu Yu (Taiwan)

loneliness
a gecko clings
on the wall

Cheng Wai Ming (Macau)

living in straits
I hide myself
in the empty wallet

Liu Huangtian (USA)
in the decaying leaves
the colour of late autumn
reddishgold

_Boris Nazansky_

Under an old palm tree
the lonely girl listens to
a ballad of the sea.

_Zdravko Kurnik_

Blossoming boughs
silent couple close together
Moon in the tree-crown

_Dusko Matas_

the sway of buckwheat
instead of the wind
swings the bees

_Mirko Varga_

I lick the bone.
The little dog barks
under the table.

_Borivoje Bukva_

_HAIKU OF_
Unending thoughts
in the silence of sleeplessness
—daybreak...
Marijan Cekolj

At summer noon
even the flies become
gold-plated.
Nada Sabadi

Winter excursion--
the snow repeats the last
words of song.
Marinko Spanovic

The rainbow is disappearing...
It sureli reminded
in the child's eyes
Masa Bambic

A mountain coming
out of the fog. A pine-tree
out of the mountain.
Vladimir Devidé

CROATIA
shaded coolness . . .
a moorhen’s cry flying
deep into the reeds
Keith J. Coleman

mid-autumn
the fridge magnet
slides to the floor
john crook

migraine—
through zig-zags
the rain still falls
Jackie Hardy

thunder at twilight
the rusty tin roof
begins to brighten
Claire Bugler-Hewitt

equinox
a family of refugees
feeding the ducks
Matthew Paul
harvest moon
the cat shapes itself
in the empty pot

David Rollins

wind-blown rain  slotting another stone into the cairn

Stuart Quine

moving house
he closes his door
on a fly

Fred Schofield

journey’s end—
my stick
that much shorter

Brian Tasker

light rain—
the postman’s bike
outside the shop

Alison Williams

ENGLAND
Evening light
at the seacoast
on the snowman

Kazuko Nozaki (France)

bright moon, dark moon
one clasping the other
this morning

Serge Tomé (Belgium)

And a drop of rain
disappears in the pond
like a distant sob.

F. M. El Fathemy (Morocco)

Spring tide
The seas can be heard
Rummaging in the trash

Alain Kervern (Bretagne)

A carpet of waterlilies
covers the pond,
clouds cover the pale blue sky.

Bocar Sow (Senegal)
Nothing left
of this cigarette
of that desire

Jean-François Somcynsky (Canada)

Under my footsteps
the noise of the dead leaves
covers up my thoughts.

Bonvin Martine Françoise (Switzerland)

Frozen ground,
the chicken hesitates
to move another step.

Bruno Halin (France)

The heron rising,
his slow wing-beats
drunk with springtime.

Marianne Louise Six Dykstra-de Ruyter (Netherlands)

A man reading and
a bird watching him
in the spring fields

Ichiro Kitazawa (Japan)
Drive to the ferry.
On the hard-top, rolled flat,
a work glove.

_Erika von Stetten (Germany)_

All that he owns
he carries on his back,
looking at the sea

_Mario Fitterer (Germany)_

the old village pond
still mirrors clouds and farmsteads—
but the swallows?

_Rudolf Thiem (Germany)_

Veiled in the distance:
In milky hazes swimming,
the New Year's Day sun

_Gerold Effert (Germany)_

the brass band's playing
the sun's shining, the flowers blooming
and good old Franz lies in his coffin

_Roman York (Germany)_
Now that I have labored to clean the entire house, I’m taking a trip.

Johannes Ahne (Switzerland)

Long shadows thrown by the leafless ash tree—to lie down like that!

Leonie Patt (Switzerland)

In the park the old man looking where to sit down.
Buds are opening.

Friedrich Heller (Austria)

Buds on the bushes
the song on the winds sounds like a shepherd’s shawm

Johanna Jonas-Lichtenwallner (Austria)

Night drive.
Heading straight for the moon wheels marking time.

Klaus-Dieter Wirth (Germany)
looking at the clouds
don't crave for them
they are nomads.

Satyabhushan Verma

ever laughing
in the arms of the sea
crazy, mad moonlight

B. S. Aggarwala

carrying Hiroshima dust
spring roams
among the populace

Sneharashmi Desai

how beautiful
fresh green leaves
again—a new year returns

Shirish Pai

from a chimney
black smoke
chases the wind

Nikhil Nath
grey owl
looks behind
into my window-pane

Parikshith Singh

Power failure—
Closing my book
I listen to rain

K. Ramesh

clinging so hard
to the old water bucket—
last years leaves

Noor Singh Khalsa

quietly settling
like dust on the street on my
hands and face & my age

Sanjiv Bhatla

snow flurry
at the turn of a wrist
a paper-weight winter

Angelee Deodhar
The birth cry
between my thighs
stretches into budding tree darkness

Mikajo Yagi

Cherry blossoms are falling—
you also must become
a hippopotamus

Nenten Tsubouchi

A rhinoceros under the tree
no more full speed running
no more collision

Tohta Kaneko

Salmons wounded:
generation after generation
lives swim upstream

Seiro Ishikawa

For three hundred years
blue black blue black
New York

Ban'ya Natsuishi
Man will lean, someday, a ladder against the Milky Way
_Toshiro Yoshia_

If that is the cello of Paradise, the orangutan should play!
_Kiyomi Sato_

Behind, a stillness like my image cut out of a forest of paper
_Kan'ichi Abe_

A seed of Japanese medlar is just on the way going up to the sun
_Goro Wada_

Towards him, towards him heaven's azure avalanche
_Sayumi Kamakura_
her pupils and her arms
filled
with the lilacs she brings

*Rafael Lozano*

Today's a holiday:
the hope and sadness
of going for a walk

*Olga Arias*

black cat:
the night slowly awakens
step—by—step

*Gabriela Rabago Palafox*

bamboo and giraffes
swaying their necks
at the river's edge

*Arturo Gonzalez Cosio*

Yankee Stadium is closed:
a discarded flask
full of fireflies

*Francisco Hernandez*
A scissortailed bird
cuts the swallow off—
Spring
Maria C. Caspiarius de S.

passing by this way
the priest, a cow, and the last
rays of sunlight
Carlos Pellicer

EL GALLO
arrogant and gallant,
the rooster with its fire-red
crown on its head
Armando Duvalier

thick branches and straw:
buddhas and insects come in
through the crevices
Octavio Paz

striking the eyelash
the light declares
sea
José Luis Rivas

MEXICO
a leaf or two
blown into the house
when she left

Fred Flohr

We keep on talking
across the shadows
in each of us.

W. J. van der Molen

His displeasure
with words about the weather
balanced again.

Jeanine Hoedemakers

lawn-mowers
loudly buzzing everywhere
my neighbor is dead

Hans Reddingius

her garden bench
she was always sitting—
buttefly on moss

Emile Molhuijsen

HAIKU OF
The inner foot blooms
the dike belongs to the dry ñ
the sea combats it

Inge Lievaart

before the fresco
just painted afresh
ñ the first prayer

Wim Lofvers

Warrior ants
are climbing in Indian file
on the totem pole.

Willy Cuvelier (Flanders)

the little clouds
are on the third floor
much nearer

Marcel Smets (Flanders)

between the trees
in a beam of sunlight
a slant ladder of mist

Riet de Bakker (Flanders)
Christmas Day—
a boy in a red jacket
runs past gravestones

Alison Wong

pigeons overhead
suddenly remembering
that unposted letter

Greeba Brydges-Jones

Calcutta—
the street kid's
white teeth

Nick Williamson

dusk—
up to my ears
in birdsong

John O'Connor

for JK

two drunks prop
each other up
to get a better punch

Jeffrey Harpeng
gathering eggs . . .
the warm one!

_Helen Bascand_

pulling staples
the old carpet
won't let go

_Bertus de Jonge_

end of night
the end of summer
—backyard dog

_Vivienne Plumb_

tangi—
outside the _wharenui_
kids mixing shoes

_Sandra Simpson_

_tangi_ = funeral; _wharenui_ = meeting place (from the Maori)

nearly blind
the old woman stoops
to pick up the sunlight

_Nola Borrell_
Dull sun on the boughs
snow is widening
all the streets
  Constantin Abaluta

late winter—
the core of the cabbage
still so fresh
  Manuela Miga

Sun thawing
the snow on the drum—
first news
  Clelia Ifrim

After rain . . .
A bird drinks water
From a hoofprint
  Paul Dicu

Crossing the bridge,
The river takes my shadow—
Summer's end
  Lucia Amarandei
A crucifix by the crossroads.  
A leaf is covering  
Christ’s wound.  
  
_Dumitru Radu_

deserted village—  
the acacia flowers  
above a plough  
  
_Sonia Cristina Coman_

glowworms  
the only reason  
for tonight’s struggle  
  
_Constantin Paun_

The first white frost  
Under a heap of leaves  
The hop-scotch  
  
_Elena Manta Ciubotariu_

withered leaves  
gently float the river . . .  
letter to my mother  
  
_Tereza Muresan_
guests gone . . .
I eat again
from a cracked plate
Valeria Krestova

a lone rose
in the unknown woman’s hand
night subway
Dmitry Kudrya

young women in the office
chirp about summer vacation—
here is spring!
Alexei Alyokhin

red rose . . .
white mums
thrown on the floor
Irina Dobrushina

yawning waiter
only brushed leaves off
my half of the table
Alexei Andreiev
my lover has left—
nobody around
to be unfaithful with

Stella Morotskaya

Kamakura rain
at the gate of the temple
a shiny Toyota

Olga Vozdvizhenskaya

growing mute
from desire
to speak

Ira Novitskaya

first snow once more
is lighting early
the darkening world

Vladimir Gertzik

through thin ice
bright maple leaves
from the other side

Marina Gagen

RUSSIA
a look through the goal
disappears
in the fog of March

*Edin Saracevic*

dry laundry—
the fish-pattern towel
still damp

*Alenka Zorman*

burned landscape of my youth—
we are talking about dry hills
of San Francisco

*Dimitar Anakiev*

walking through the thoughts
on the bottomless way
a lot of cliffs

*Primož Repar*

in the angle of my window
a piece of cosmos
closed eyes

*Zlata Volaric*
autumn wind--
the last dandelion shines
at the dark meadow

Joze Volaric

listening
to my steps
forest
passing
through
me

Marko Hudnik

summer dreams
a buzzard floating
above the sleepy meadow

Silva Mizerit

open window—
dots behind eyelids
stars, stars

Darja Kocijancic

school bus
on the windshield glitter
dew drops

Alma Anakiev
cleaning mushrooms  
the smell  
of the forest floor  
*Tom Gomes*

water  
trickling down the window  
winter afternoon  
*Yolanda Erburu*

last day of the year  
the mirror shows me  
my first grey hair  
*Etsuko Sakurai*

harbour in winter  
the ferry docks  
crowded with seagulls  
*Jesus Masanet*

humbly waiting  
for spring—  
gnarled grape vine  
*Ena Linares*
Windmill,
a tethered nag,
the knight missing

Joaquin Gonzalez Estrada

continually inhabited
by something other than silence
the empty old house

Juan Cervera Y Sanchiz

The first color of morning
and the last of the day
red

Rafael Alberti

Above the mountains
spreading its wide wings in the wind
the golden eagle

Antonio Machado

The narrow lane
ends suddenly—
lovers!

Luis Rosales

SPAIN
Hummingbird:
so soon there
so soon here!

*Victor Manuel Crespo (Venezuela)*

first fireflies:
a boy runs out to fetch them
for his sick friend

*Jorge Teillier (Chile)*

ground spider:
an epaulette fell off of
time's shoulder

*Jorge Carrera Andrade (Ecuador)*

from out of the mist,
the butterfly arrives
with all its color

*Humberto Senegal (Colombia)*

“It’s a hot afternoon,”
the quiet men mention
once again

*Alfonso Cisneros Cox (Perú)*
And the rains of July
dam up in the gullet
of every mockingbird

*Flavio Herrera (Guatemala)*

all dressed up tonight
with stars
a dry tree

*Gloria Inés Rodríguez Londoño (Colombia)*

Dusk . . .
a lot of sunlight pulsating
in the daisies

*Ana Rosa Nuñez (Cuba)*

hooked to the black rock
the seagull
half-asleep

*Isaac M. Colon Francia (Puerto Rico)*

When walking,
all the landscape moves
with me

*Alberto Guillen (Perú)*
I let a secret out
to resonate with
silent rain

Tomas Tranströmer

fully covered by honeysuckle
rotten steps of
an emergency ladder

Per Wästberg

human steps left untouched
the moon
in a puddle

Roland Persson

hidden sun
on the frosted grass remains
the shadow of a hedge

Kaj Falkman

the wind carrying the silence
through the forest

Roger Melin

HAIKU OF
international

military boots
in a sunny spot
in the desert after war
Fredrik Ohlsson

between the bare branches
of a Christmas tree
a saxifrage’s first flower
Sofia Knutsson

summer evening—
shadows of the ruins reach
a heron wading a shoal
Hans Olsson

all the withered and fallen summer
of the balcony
now in a plastic bag
Ingrid Eklund

from autumnal darkness
appear
apples’ various colors
Sten Svensson

sweden
full
moon
kissing
entirely

Ed Baker

almost winter
the golfer putts
through his shadow

Yvonne Hardenbrook

nearly dawn—
my neighbor's coffee grinder
just before mine

Veronica Johnston

vacation's end
just noticing the pattern
on the old quilt

Lori Laliberte-Carey

leaves look larger
on the stream's bottom
autumn deepens

Burnell Lippy

HAIKU OF
homeless shelter
where have I seen you before?

Molly Magner

hiking, whistling blues
—a mild October wind
adding its angles

Brent Partridge

shake it once
only the heart is left
old peony

Nicholaes Roosevelt

the dog goes his way—
flakes of falling snow melt
on the steaming dung

Robert Spiess

As night falls,
transferring
from one bus to another

Tom Tico
drizzle at dusk
through the open window
the bleating of lambs

David J. Platt (Scotland)

below the door
of the photo booth
unlaced shoes

Caroline Gourlay (Wales)

in the brown-black heart
of a bracken bank:
one pale green leaf

Pat Irvine (Scotland)

a skein of cyclists
unravels
across the valley

Jennifer Holland (Wales)

You standing bare
in this cool shuttered room—
cream Ming vases

Bruce Leeming (Scotland)
Drifting
in a mackerel sky
the upturned boat

Ken Jones (Wales)

Shuffling cards:
the old man
with no visitors.

John McDonald (Scotland)

the cracked lintel:
the soundless
passing of time

Chris Torrance (Wales)

Blue stillness: from the
Hillside a sheep coughs twice—then
Silence can be heard.

R. L. Cook (Scotland)

last light
foot prints run together
into the sea

Jane Whittle (Wales)

AND SCOTLAND
sunset—
down a green hill the shadow
of an apple tree

*Zoran Doderovic (Serbia)*

along the endless way
of a millstream race
the moss

*Dusan Gladic (Serbia)*

Pole-star wanes . . .
Through the long nightmare-sleep
a bomber passes by.

*Bogdanka Stojanovski (Serbia)*

tears of youth
in these dewdrops
the shine of the morning

*Ljubinka Tosic (Serbia)*

An old man
leaning on the fence
says goodbye to the road.

*Zoran Raonic (Montenegro)*

HAIKU OF
Before the sunset
the last swimmer bathes
in the golden path of the sun.

Nada Zlatic-Kavgic (Serbia)

A gust of rain
is disturbing the frogs—
the night's gurgling.

Micun Siljak (Montenegro)

in a blind alley
a boy rolls the halo
of the Holy Mother

Novica Tadic (Serbia)

The whole morning lost
to haiku, my little child
wants to go to the snow.

Rade Dacic (Serbia)

a funeral—
a flash lightens the faces
of wet people

Dejab Bogojevic (Serbia)
A shining full moon
Only a few women don’t have
A crying child

_Hanne Hansen (Denmark)_

night on the roofs
the moon flying
does not make noise

_Roberto Boldrini (Italy)_

I am standing on the bridge
my shadow in the water
flows into the distance

_Dimitar Argakijev (Macedonia)_

horns receding
a snail
on the satellite dish

_Gabriel Rosenstock (Ireland)_

this deep hole—
my daughter’s small hand
lifts me out

_Christian Aspegren (Finland)_

_A HAiku_
sparrow song
the scent of sleep
in his beard

Maria Steyn (South Africa)

Acacia smells sweet
but don’t touch her leaves:
why must we know the future?

Jadwiya Stanczakowa (Poland)

slight ripples
in the cistern’s water—
first dim stars

H. F. Noyes (Greece)

In a drop of rain
down the petal of a rose
The Sky and Sun

Ljiljana Tomljanovic (Serbian Republic, B&H)

morning meditation
awakened by the bell
of an ice cream cart
gop (Thailand)
it's already September
the pallid leaves tremble
without memory

Angelo di Mario (Italy)

Island in darkness,
atmosphere of mystery,
solitary watch.

Ann Bilde (Denmark)

The blind child
glues to the wall a poster
of cuted circle

Aleksandar Prokopiev (Macedonia)

after a storm
fog off the sea
curls into snail shells

Seán MacMathúna (Ireland)

all ears
motionless on the slope
the hare.

Marcel Smets (Belgium)
INTERNATIONAL

Desert wind—
looking at my books
as human beings.

_Bakos Ferenc (Hungary)_

eating the pear
by one hand,
writing about by another

_Hristo Petreski (Macedonia)_

Summer holiday
hadidas laz’ly shouting
“ha ha hadida”

_Wilhelm Haupt (South Africa)_

drunk of light
you sing of your own death
brave cicada

_Fabrizio Virgili (Italy)_

spiderweb
is the dream trapped
or in a silent realm?

_Antonio Carano (Italy)_
Haiku of Argentina

Correspondents/Translators: Stephen Page & Ty Hadman
All poems previously unpublished and originally in Spanish.

Ovejero:
Ovejero: cardan las aves juntos sobre las tumbas

Page:
Sets haras da tarde / sons de cigarras prolongam os sonhos do templo.

Aguilar En el baldio / gata de ojos azules.

Ma. Asorey: Cesd la Uuvia / y no lleva el perfume de las jazmín es

Cartagena: Hamero con ollo / posado en la mar de ajus

Mierckx:
Gala y sombras en el aire

Haiku of Australia

Correspondents: Janice Bostok & Len Reeves
All poems previously unpublished and originally in English.

Haiku of Brasil

Correspondents/Translators: Edson Kenji Iura & Rosá Clement
All poems previously unpublished and originally in Portuguese.

Ruiz:
Lua quase cheia / por trás das nuvens / nos olhos da dor

Besà:
Sets haras da tarde / sons de cigarras prolongam os sonhos do templo.

Catta Preta: Pau da água preta / sons de cigarras prolongam os sonhos do templo.

Eden:
Ancorado no chão / olho azul

Handa:
Nestas cachoeiras / um adeus

Haiku of Bulgaria

Correspondent/Translator: Dimitar Anakiev
All poems previously unpublished and originally in Bulgarian.

Ranitcha:
Ostremy alöERCHANT - jgódetme

Krivov:
Ten tsvet / povedu v nehotka v sroda?

Omila:
I granata u zlob / vozimaja v naša poveva

Bilijanska:
Mehdia znamo / mesto

Balabanova:
Pesen na kamčan / popva v oblaka

Haiku of Canada

Correspondent: George Swede
All poems previously published and originally in English.

Avis: from footprints, King's Road Press, 1994
Dudley: from Growing Through The Dark, King's Road Press, 1995
Duhamel: from Hanging From The Clouds, King's Road Press, 1998
Fratelich: from still winter, pawEpress, 1998
Gormen: from "Modern Haiku XXXL2", 2000
Howard: from spring kernel, "Haiku Canada Sheet", 1998
Kocher: from matchbox and roses and buds, "Haiku Canada Sheet", 1999
St Jacques: from on the edge, pawEpress, 2000

Haiku in Chinese

Correspondent/Translator: Jianqing Zheng
All poems previously unpublished and originally in Chinese.

T’ai Chi 天空破了一个洞洞的şi柳
Chao 翅膀 雪白 东窗在湖上
Xue 花开的枝头阳光黄色正滴在鸟巢里
Jiang 正在 从白山漫画地图的田间
Liu 望着天空君不见我把自己藏在 干燥的粮包
Wang 羽毛的羽毛在风中飘过山头
Lin 轮笑热热的风中都见绿草弯弯
Fu 佛子乌乌地揉把人不要的东西吸进烟袋子里
Chen 萧鸣 一篇 一条密密的 小河上
Liu 路过我不再是山鸟碧翠翠碧老地克

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Haiku of Croatia
Correspondent/Translator: Dimitar Anakiev
All poems previously unpublished and originally in Croatian.

Nazansky: U mladim lase/nja knaje poezmu/vrnjavamo
Korina: Pod sunem palmeni/krstuzen dosegli/halda korona
Matas: Rasuvale granj/plovke plijena/više u kamenj
Vangle: Ujutul-bela/krstuzena vratnička/potječte
Bukva: Ljep kor/soleden se/rodop pad je
Cekoli: Besmrte milidu rani/nasvijec—a/nasvijec
Subadi: U jutru popolnosti/made posebnopredcene
Spanijev: Zemka ojet—izađanje nece/pravala snig
Bambic: Nestaje daga—/Saperno je ostala dačijem ocima
Devid: Planina sel/popoduje iz magle/fior iz planine.

Haiku of England
Correspondent: Martin Lucas
All poems previously unpublished and originally in English.

Haiku from the French
Correspondent: Jim Kacian
All poems originally in French.

Nuzaki: La lumiere du crepuscule/le bord de la merluze le bordhomme de neige
Francoise: Sous mes paules/Le brusissement des feuilles mortes/Deforme mes pensées
Tomie: lane claire, lane sombre/une enorme latte de main
El Patheny: Et la grante de pluie/varie dans l'echange comme un sang kozain
Kerssem: Grande mante/On entend le mort/foudrire dans les etoiles
Soucy: Il se reste vierle de cette cigarette/le de ce désir
Per: Le tapot de mepanthelies/les couelettes les rouget le ciel bleu.
Halen: Hier, terre, geheime pode kriechh poser l'autre passe.
Le Rayler: L'hore se leve/Rede coup de claire/Entour du printemps
Kitazawa: Un homme qui laisse un neveux qui le vieuxaux champs de printemps

Haiku from the German
Correspondent/Translator: Horst Ludwig
All poems originally in German language or dialect.

von Stetten: Zucht und Fahre/Aug dem Asphalte, plattgewalzt, kann Arbeitskampfsh. (Kumamoto Haiku Contest 1999)
Fitterer: Die ganze Habe/aus dem Bucket des Alien! das Auge das
Thiem: Der alte Dorfleih/zeigt noch Wolken und Hoh—laub der Schwablen
Effert: Verhaft in der Ferne/In mächtigen Duren schwimmdl Neugrunde
York: die Natterma kriid/er schna, die plamen plahren frei/liegt im sah
Achle: ja ich kann M. Klein ganzes Haus inmischen, (ihm ich auf Reisen)
Patt: Lange Schatzen wurfde/linhane Eiche—soflig niedergelagen
Heller: Im Park der Alter/eine Tache auf eines Aus/kenpen sprugen auf
Jonas-Lichtenwallner: Kenpen am Strasser/o/Lied in den Lufen klingel/Lienkrebschalen
Wirth: Auf nächtlicher Fahrt/jimmer der Mond entgegen/sein die Ruder still

Haiku of India
Correspondent/Translator: Dr. Angelee Deodhar
Poems previously unpublished and as noted.

Verma: mehr ko dekhmuti/maan, yo tathparan han.
Aggarwala: Dukhdisja/sager ki heha main/mum chamti
Dess: krsna musi rmg'ria janamjubur/frag he sa sa
Pai: nayas yachaha ping naingha sandar /parati, varsh udahsavar
Nath: original in English
Singh: men kudao kalkouch mein markar tuskah/mazmudia allo
Ramesh: original in English
Khalia: original in English
Nhatla: original in English
Deodhar: original in English

Haiku of Japan
Correspondent/Translator: Ban'ya Natsuishi
All poems unpublished and originally in Japanese.

Yagi: kuzu/Yon/e/karobu/Yawatsukagai
Tsubouchi: Yon/Yawat/karobu/kara hahokakut/roku
Kunoko: kari/rode/rode/mukojur/fuku
Uehikawa: kari/rode/rode/fuku/fuku
Hirakawa: kari/rode/rode/mukojur/fuku
Natsuishi: Soukairoten furukawada furu/haraku/kiziku
Yoshida: kara/rode/fuku/fuku/mukojur/roku
Satou: kara/rode/fuku/fuku/mukojur/roku
Abe: Yawat kara/rode/fuku/fuku/mukojur/roku
Wada: kara/rode/fuku/fuku/mukojur/roku
Kamakura: kari/rode/fuku/fuku/mukojur/roku

SOURCES
Golden sky Brazil / /Sunbeams, birds, and laughter / /full of joy.

Bravo D'Agostino

Rovinj, Croatia

Haiku of Mexico

Correspondent/Translator: Ty Hadman

All poems unpublished and originally in Spanish.

Łukan: luna de luna flores en las manos y en las papas
Arias: Un día frente a la espejada y la minúscula paseo...
Palatino: felino negro, la noche se desperta y gira a paso
Corso: humo y profe/ambientes sus cualidades la morgan del rio
Hernández: Yander Sadaun esta cerrado/toro escocés besandolernos de las negras

Haiku of the Netherlands

Correspondent/Translator: Max Verhart

All poems unpublished and originally in Dutch or Flemish.

Hoedenstukken: een jaar blauwder/hiuj heen gekleurd/zijn vorm
den hemden. Wij blemen traren/uiter de schaduw hemlen elk van ons.
von der Molen: Zijn onstermanglins woorden over het weerlin balans gebracht.
Molhuysen: graamachmichend/overal klinkt licht gevoel/mijn huizen is dood...
Lierwaart: de oude taankiek/te altijd tal—deem vlinder op maxim
Lofts: De binnensoust bloeiende dijk hoort bij het dager—Ide zee bestraat

Haiku of New Zealand

Correspondent: Cyril Childs

All poems previously unpublished and originally in English.

Hawkes: A. Anakiev: solski
Zorman: Z. Volanc: V
Kocijancic: M
Mizent: H
Novitskaya, Vozdvizhenskaya: M

Haiku of Russia

Correspondent/Translator: Zinovy Vayman

All poems unpublished and originally in Russian.

Krestova: Гоооу уудл /Я снова о на трезевной террасе.
Kudrya: /ЕйизЫууИууИууУу.уууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууууu

Haiku of Slovenia

Correspondent/Translator: Dimitar Anakiev

All poems unpublished and originally in Slovenian.

Saracevic: /jepd skoq pokde izgadiha/marrenick medih
Zorman: uho/prelo—le briatu z robnám, robnám elohi rojenie, Bismarc, eloh vlañna
Kocijancic: odprta okno—/malo z vem Promn/veze, veze, veze,
Roven: sprejdo v medkruh, brez razbija posledice ceri.
Z. Volanc: V ukras okrasnik delekov vsedceva. Zaime ozi
J. Volanc: Literar co wecer [Na nas svojo sadnepnenostave luke]
Hudnix: /frablajakom/mand promen—iskorice ponlje/egled
Dzusten: pokem mooikoko/lelredad zaaparn mvoekom
D. Anakiev: /yepj pepra/dzusnepnjecamo o nasm hrinum—San Francisk
A. Anakiev: solsk oesbom/bla/steka le lekspajkuplje rose

FROGPOND

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HAIKU
Haiku of Spain

Correspondent/Translator: Ty Hadman & Jesus Masanes
All poems unpublished and originally in Spanish.

Haiku of Yugoslavia

Correspondent/Translator: Dimitar Anakiev
All poems unpublished and originally in Serbian.

Haiku of Wales and Scotland

Correspondent: Martin Lucas
All poems unpublished and originally in English.

Haiku of the United States

Correspondent: Jim Kacian
All poems previously published in April 86, and originally in English.

Haiku of Sweden

Correspondent/Translator: Jim Kacian/Bara’ya Natsuishi
All poems previously published in April 86, and originally in Swedish.

Haiku of Scotland

Correspondent: Jim Kacian
All poems unpublished and originally in English.

Haiku Miscellany (originals in English except the following)

Hansen: Faldhøken (translator: Hanssen)
Bokkvar: Notte om en regn (translator: Raffael de Gruttola)
Forner: Fugler (translator: Raffael de Gruttola)
Lied: Mørkere (translator: Raffael de Gruttola)
Weinberger: In der Nebelkammer (translator: Raffael de Gruttola)
Enkahl: Natt over et tørt felt (translator: Raffael de Gruttola)

Correspondent/Translator: Ty Hadman
All poems unpublished and originally in English.

Correspondent/Translator: Jim Kacian
All poems unpublished and originally in English.

Correspondent/Translator: Ty Hadman & Jesus Masanes
All poems unpublished and originally in Spanish.

Correspondent/Translator: Dimitar Anakiev
All poems unpublished and originally in Serbian.

Correspondent: Martin Lucas
All poems unpublished and originally in English.

Correspondent: Jim Kacian
All poems previously published in April 86, and originally in English.

Correspondent/Translator: Jim Kacian/Bara’ya Natsuishi
All poems previously published in April 86, and originally in Swedish.

Correspondent: Jim Kacian
All poems unpublished and originally in English.

Correspondent: Ty Hadman & Jesus Masanes
All poems unpublished and originally in Spanish.

Correspondent/Translator: Dimitar Anakiev
All poems previously published and originally in Serbian.

Correspondent: Martin Lucas
All poems unpublished and originally in English.

Correspondent: Ty Hadman
All poems unpublished and originally in English.

Correspondent/Translator: Jim Kacian
All poems unpublished and originally in English.

Correspondent: Jim Kacian
All poems previously published in April 86, and originally in English.

Correspondent/Translator: Ty Hadman & Jesus Masanes
All poems unpublished and originally in Spanish.

Correspondent/Translator: Dimitar Anakiev
All poems previously published and originally in Serbian.

Correspondent: Martin Lucas
All poems unpublished and originally in English.

Correspondent: Ty Hadman
All poems unpublished and originally in English.

Correspondent/Translator: Jim Kacian
All poems unpublished and originally in English.

Correspondent/Translator: Ty Hadman & Jesus Masanes
All poems unpublished and originally in Spanish.

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All poems unpublished and originally in English.

Correspondent/Translator: Jim Kacian
All poems unpublished and originally in English.

Correspondent/Translator: Ty Hadman & Jesus Masanes
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Correspondent/Translator: Dimitar Anakiev
All poems previously published and originally in Serbian.
essays
Wright Redux

Upon beginning to read Richard Wright’s haiku (Haiku, This Other World, Arcade Publishing, New York 1998), I had two immediate reactions: first, that the poems were beautiful, and second that they were suprisingly continuous with the classical Japanese tradition in both feel and subject matter. I was struck again and again by parallels between Wright’s poems and those of the Japanese masters, and it came as no surprise to me to learn than he had studied Blyth’s then-recent volumes. The first one to strike me this way was #7:

Make up your mind, Snail!  
You are half inside your house,  
And halfway out!

This haiku is redolant of Issa, with his constant identification with insects and birds; it immediately brings to mind poems such as this one (translations taken from Hass’ The Essential Haiku):

The snail gets up  
and goes to bed  
with very little fuss.

Again, in Wright’s #11:

You moths must leave now;  
I am turning out the light  
And going to sleep.

a seeming response to Issa’s:

I’m going to roll over,  
so please move,  
cricket.
But while Wright is clearly attracted to this more subjective style of Issa, he also has many poems that hearken back to the earlier masters. For example, Basho's well-known poem

A crow
has settled on a bare branch—
autumn evening.

reflects a lonely feel captured somewhat more directly in Wright's #117:

The crow flew so fast
That he left his lonely caw
Behind in the fields.

Similarly, Wright's #78:

An apple blossom
Trembling on a sunlit branch
From the weight of bees.

would seem right at home next to a poem such as one of these:

A bee
staggers out
of the peony.

The cherry blossoms fallen—
through the branches
a temple.

Basho
Buson

But these comparisons should not be interpreted as expressing the view that Wright's haiku are merely imitative. It is clear from the breadth of the collection that he had fully internalized a haiku way of seeing, and was thus able not only to become more attuned to nature in his failing days, but also to see through to the "suchness" of his modern urban life. Some of his strongest haiku are those that defy comparison with traditional models, but instead demonstrate his own evolving voice. Among those I would place the following, that span the range from celebratory to sad:
Just enough of snow  
For a boy’s finger to write  
His name on the porch  
(#33)

Where the tree’s shadow  
Lingers on the macadam,  
Traces of spring rain.  
(#99)

A chill Spanish dawn:  
Vapor from the blood of a  
Freshly slaughtered bull.  
(#68)

The Christmas season:  
A whore is painting her lips  
Larger than they are.  
(#365)

In the falling snow  
A laughing boy holds out  
his palms  
Until they are white.  
(#31)

The arriving train  
All decorated with snow  
From another town.  
(#526)

Thus, one can hardly doubt that Wright had a firm grasp of  
the essential core of haiku as a way of viewing the world. This  
awareness is shown further in his arrangement of his own  
poems (which were numbered by the author for this one-day  
publication): the collection begins with a large assortment  
of Wright’s more traditional haiku—those that fall well  
within the mainstream conception of the haiku approach, in  
objectivity and resonance—before including later in the  
collection a number of poems that are more overtly  
metaphorical and experimental in composition. This seems  
to me to indicate that the author wished to establish his  
credibility up front, and realized quite well which of his  
poems diverged more greatly from the traditional model. As  
for the overall impression of his work, even as I wish I could  
go back and talk him out of the 17-syllable structure that  
sometimes pads his poems beyond their most effective core,  
I am left with no doubt that Wright has written many haiku  
of lasting significance.

A. C. Missias
books & review
Bigger & Smaller: Two Reviews

Corman, Cid *nothing doing* (New Directions, 1999), 150 pp., perfectbound softback. $13.95.

This latest collection from the internationally-renowned poet, editor, and translator presents work from the 1980s and 1990s culled from scores of limited edition book and magazine publications. Corman is a master of the lapidary muse. His poems are brief, precise and, on the whole, stunning.

Two major categories of poems can be seen in this book: the first, and least successful (to my mind) are the "wisdom poems." An intelligent voice speculates on presence and absence in time, urging stoic resolve in the face of ultimate dissolution. The printed word is posited as an object of meditation, a bulwark against nothingness. Large issues are mulled over and questioned, yet the ultimate answers often arrive in statements like this:

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the
meaninglessness
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We live
because
life wants
us to.
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which reads more like a marginal note to Teilhard de Chardin than a poem. Others are more successful:

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We want to
want more than
anything.
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which could easily find a home among La Rochefoucauld’s *Maxims* and Lichtenberg’s *Aphorisms*. Unfortunately, statements such as these do not do the work of poems—i.e. the language is not compelling enough to draw attention to itself, though vertically arranged on the page and exhibiting limited word play and vowel music. Fortunately, Corman takes his own advice as offered in one of the “wisdom poems,” the Blakean
If you would step into the infinite—
Only go into the finite everywhere

with the second major type of poem the result. Rather than
telling us how to think, they show us words engaged with each
other and with the world mediated by a keen and attentive mind.

A leaf on
the doorstep—
don’t even

have to pick
it up to
know the news.

Moreover, Corman’s “Psalms” show us that a King James-like
music is not out of place in miniature poems. Corman’s mind
ranges among the greats of Western art and literature—da
Vinci, Stein, Joyce—taking their measure in five lines or less.
Issa and others are honored with deft translations sifted in
among the original work without fanfare. More personal poems
give us further evidence of Corman’s attentiveness to the word:

Shizumi

from the height
of the nuns’
temple steps

running down
as the sun

sets to me.

The sureness, the simplicity, and the clean lines of these and
many more of the poems offered in *nothing doing* show the
hand of a master at work. Cid Corman, now in his seventies and
living in Kyoto, continues to write such fine poems every day.
For this we should be thankful.
Photographs of participants, essays on the future of haiku and the necessity of international haiku as a key to peace and understanding, as well as translations of guest haïjin’s offerings, all done up in Japanese, French, German, and Spanish translations should make for interesting reading. Unfortunately this booklet is more a well-meaning gesture than a solid contribution to haiku scholarship. All of the guests seem to agree that the globalization of haiku is a good thing and that sharing haiku is an especially good thing. The writer/translator Stephen Gill seems to agree, yet he also tells us that there is a danger in Japan of publishing too much haiku, and in foreign countries of accepting any written thing containing syllables in a 5/7/5 pattern as haiku. Surely this cannot hold true for every foreign country, could it? And who is it that Gill is referring to as doing the accepting? And who in Japan is doing too much publishing? He doesn’t say. Further on he tells us that haiku over the ages has swung pendulum-fashion between serious and comic poles and “will continue to do so.” Unfortunately, such easy generalizations are simply untrue, however good they may sound at a gathering of gracious, well-intentioned people enjoying time together. And that is the point this publication drives home with every essay: one had to have been there to have gotten the significance of the event memorialized in these pages. *Proceedings* does contain several interesting haiku, however. The very best (in English) is this one:

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count-down
to reef-detonation
birds in clouds

Ryusai Takeshita (Trans. William J. Higginson.)
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Recommended only for archivists of haiku-related ephemera.

—Jesse Glass
My employer, a Japanese trade agency, holds an annual New Year senryu contest. One entry back in 1992, when Bill Clinton was elected U.S. President, went: *Arkansas aakansasu jaa aakannzoo*, which may be translated, limply: "Arkansas: it won’t do to say Ah Kansas." It was a clever caveat to Japanese who might assume that the obscure state from which the president-elect hailed was pronounced to rhyme with "Kansas."

I remembered this when I took up for review *Light Verse from the Floating World*, a selection of some 400 senryu from the Edo Period by the accomplished translator Makoto Ueda. Senryu, a genre of wry, if not entirely satirical, verse, depends for its effect on a clever turn of phrase or an adroit choice of word. Knowledge of specific time and place also helps—can, in fact, often be crucial.

Take what Ueda calls "one of the most famous senryu of all time":

> the official's little son—
> how fast he's learned to open
> and close his fist!

I can’t tell just what this translation, which is pretty accurate, makes the reader think of, but the original, *yakunin no ko wa niginigi o yoku oboe*, twits the government employee for his propensity to accept—nay, demand—bribes, a bad habit even his baby boy quickly learns to copycat.

The pivotal word is *niginigi*. A derivative of *nigiru*, "to grab" or "to grip," and a typical example of the baby-talk vocabulary with which the Japanese language abounds, *niginigi* describes the innocuous way an infant is induced to
open and close his palm. You can almost hear a happy child gurgling.

You must also know that the senryu directly refers to one distinctive aspect of the period in which it was composed: the Age of Tanuma. Tanuma Okitsugu (1719-1788), who ruled the land first as shogunate advisor, then as top administrator, was so tolerant of bribery that his name became almost synonymous with the corrupt act. Given this, the description of the innocent act takes on a sinister meaning.

If some of this can be surmised from Ueda's translation alone, this senryu must be counted, from the translator's viewpoint, among the more fortunate. Most classical senryu, with references often too remote from us, are hard to comprehend without explications. An alien experience that has to be explained can be a death knell for the verse translator. This is especially true when the form consists of only 5-7-5 syllables, too brief to allow circumstantial padding.

This does not mean senryu are basically not amenable to translation. There are, according to Ueda, about 200,000 senryu that survive from the Edo Period. In that multitude there are bound to be a sizable number that appeal across ages and languages. Here are some samples.

"Sudden change for the worse"
a doctor always has
that escape clause"

hen to iu nigemichi isha wa akete oki

"There is no hell" —
to his mistress, the priest
tells the truth"

kakoware ni jigoku wa nai to jitsu wo ii

the laundryman
feeds on the filth
of his neighbors"

sentakuya kinjo no hito no aka de kui
the lion dancer
when his show is finished
chokes the lion to death

daikagura shimau de shishi wo shime koroshi

“Lock up the doors when you go to bed,”
says the thief
leaving for work”

Burton Watson once rendered the same senryū: “Off to work, / the burglar to his wife: ‘Lock up tight when you go to bed!”

first eye to eye
then hand to hand
and mouth to mouth

mazu me to me sore kara te to te kuchi to kuchi

This one reminds me of Donald Richie’s amusing essay, “The Japanese Kiss,” which begins: “More than 100 years ago, May 31, 1883, to be exact, the brothers Goncourt wrote in their journal that dinner conversation had been about kissing and that ‘somebody who had lived for many years in Japan said that the kiss did not exist in Japanese love-making.”

how long it seems
when you unwind a woman’s sash
while lying in bed!

nete tokeba obi hodo nagaki mono wa nashi

Watson: “When you’re trying to get it / unwound in bed, / nothing’s longer than a kimono sash!”

the whole town
knows of it, except
her husband

chōnai de shiranu wa teishu bakari nari
reunited
with his lost child, he says thanks
in a hoarse voice

mayoigo no oya wa shagarete rei wo ii

going to the outhouse
and finding it occupied
he admires the moon

setchin e saki wo kosarete tsuki wo home

Watson: “Beaten / to the privy, / he praises the moon.”

“Don’t let this worry you,”
he says, then tells you something
that has to worry you

ki ni wa kakerarena to kakeru koto wo ii

Watson: “Don’t worry!’ he says, / and then tells you
something / that really gets you worried.”

till the rain lets up
he haggles over the price
of an umbrella

ame no yamu uchi karakasa now negitte ii

Ueda groups his selection into ten categories and provides
each with a helpful guide to relevant societal and cultural
backgrounds. He also gives footnotes. As the examples I’ve
cited here may show, though, the senryu that come across in
translation are mostly found among those dealing with
common, daily behaviors.

In going over a Japanese selection to review Light Verse,
I spotted one senryu that reminded me of two other pieces.

The 1765 *Yanagidaru*, the first collection of senryu
edited by Karai Senryû (1718-1790), included the one about
the official’s little son. It also had *hinmita daiko de michi o
oshierare*, “With a pulled-out daikon I was shown the way.”

One suspects Issa knew this senryu when he wrote the
haiku: *daiko-hiki daiko de michi o oshiekeri*, which R. H.
Blyth translated, “The turnip-puller / Points the way / With
a turnip.” The American poet Alan Pizzarelli, like many English-language haiku writers an admirer of Blyth, paid homage to Issa and, if indirectly, to the anonymous senryu poet when he wrote:

the gas station man
points the way
with a gas nozzle

Hiroaki Sato

This review originally appeared in The Japan Times on July 4, 2000.
BOOKS RECEIVED

Simin, Nebojsa, Editor *Treca Obala Reke (The Third Bank of the River)* (Futura Publications, Novi Sad 2000). 48 pp., 5.25" x 7.75", perfect softbound. No price or availability information provided. *A small but serious anthology of Serbian poems translated into English, French and German.*

Herold, Christopher *A Path in the Garden* (Katsura Press, PO Box 275, Lake Oswego OR 97034, 2000). 92 pp., 5.5" x 7", perfect softbound. Watercolors by Ruth Yarrow. ISBN 0-9638551-3-1. $14.95 from the publishers. *An important collection of poems by one of the best haiku poets writing in English.*

Jorgensen, Jean *a canopy of leaves* (privately published, 2000). 82 pp., 5.5" x 8.25", perfect softbound. ISBN 0-9694973-3-4. $8US from the distributors, Four Seasons Corner, 9633-68 A St., Edmonton AB T6B 1V3 Canada. *An impressive collection from an experienced poet, whose canny, lyrical voice is evident everywhere here.*

Berry, Ernest with Jerry Kilbride *162 Haiku: a korean war sequence* (Post Pressed, Flaxton New Zealand 2000). 140 pp., 5.75" x 8.25", perfect softbound. With photos and artwork by the author. ISBN 1-876682-13-2. Enquire with the author for price. *While the book suffers from being overly busy, there are many outstanding poems to be found in this, a self-described “sort of haibun.”*

Coman, Sonia Cristina *Leaganul gol (The Empty Cradle)* (Editura Bradut, Targu-Mures Romania 2000). 48 pp., 5.75" x 8.25", perfect softbound. ISBN 973-8085-01-2. Enquire with the publisher for price. *These poems tend toward the traditional, but are competent and mature—which says a lot about the 12-year-old author.*
Baker, Winona *Even a Stone Breathes* (oolichan books, PO Box 10, Lantzville, BC, V0R 2H0 Canada, 2000). 76 pp., 5.5" x 8.5", perfect softbound. ISBN 0-88982-181-X. $13.95 from the publishers. *A full-length collection from one of Canada's best-known haiku poets, in an attractive format, with an especially attractive cover.*

Lang, Evelyn *Wild Pond: Collected Haiku 1991-1999* (privately printed, 2000). 40 pp., 5.5" x 8.5", saddle-stapled softbound. Japanese Brush Painting by Robin White. $5 from the author at 111 Nottingham Road, Deesfield NH 03037. *The author's first collection clearly indicates her preoccupation with the natural world that is her home.*

Kennedy, Bruce *an upside down bucket* (Hermit's eye Press, 62 Sterling Place, Brooklyn NY 11217, 2000). 32 pp., 4.25" x 5.5", saddle-stitched softbound. $4 from the publisher. *30 original haiku by an early editor of frogpond in a handsome small production.*

Gurga, Lee *a penny face up* (tel-let, Charleston IL, 2000). 28 pp., 3.5" x 5.25", saddle-stitched softbound. From the author at 514 Pekin St., Lincoln IL 62656. *A pleasing brief collection in the usual attractive tel-let production style.*

Barlow, John, Editor *The Haiku Calendar 2001* (Snapshot Press, PO Box 132, Crosby, Liverpool L23 8XS England, 2000). 28 pp., 5" x 5.5", unbound in folding display. $9.95 from the publisher. *A great idea, carried out in an attractive and useful fashion, featuring work by 31 different poets.*


Leonard, John *Fallen Leaves* (Two Autumns Press, 478 Guerrero Street, San Francisco CA 94110, 2000). 24 pp., 5.5" x 8.5", saddle-stapled softbound. $6 from the publisher. *Another beautifully produced volume from readings in the San Francisco area, featuring this time poems by Roger Abe, Laura Bell, Rich Krivcher and Eugenie Waldteufel.*

Anakiev, Dimitar, Editor *Parce Neba/Kousek Nebel/A Piece of the Sky: Haiku from an Air-Raid Shelter* (Pro Studio Forma, 1999). 80 pp., 4.75" x 6.5", perfect softbound. Available from the editor at Brunov drevored 19, Tolmin 5220, Slovenia. *A small anthology of war haiku which won, for the editor, the Franz Kafka literary medal from the Czech Republic.*


Swede, George *Almost Unseen: Selected Haiku of George Swede* (Brooks Books, 4634 Hale Drive, Decatur IL 62526, 2000). 128 pp., 5.75" x 9", hardcover with dust jacket. ISBN 0-913719-99-4. $20 from the publisher. *A major collection of the haiku of one our most significant poets. You'll find all the poems you expect here, and some less expected as well.*

Suzuki, Masajo *Love Haiku: Masajo Suzuki's Lifetime of Love* (Brooks Books, 4634 Hale Drive, Decatur IL 62526, 2000). Translation by Emiko Miyashita and Lee Gurga. 112 pp., 5.5" x 8.5", perfect softbound. ISBN 1-929820-00-3. $15 from the publisher. *The title says it all—the inspirations of our most enduring myth.*

Colón, Carlos, Barbara Verrett Moore, Jeffrey L. Salter, Editors *The Best of the Electronic Poetry Network* (Shreveport Regional Arts Council Literary Panel, 2000). 44 pp., 5.5" x 8.5", saddle-stapled softbound. From the editor at 185 Lynn Ave., Shreveport LA 71105. *The hard proof of a wild idea, a collection of haiku from the on-line Electronic Poetry Network, which has brought haiku (one per week) to the internet in a useful and instructive way since 1997.*

Machmiller, Patricia and June Hopper Hymas, Editors *Young Leaves: An Old Way of Seeing New* (Yuki Teikei Haiku Society, 20711 Garden Place Court, Cupertino CA 95014, 2000). 130 pp., 8" x 10", perfect softbound. Enquire with the Society. *A work of love, this is the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society's 25th Anniversary volume, full of poems, essays, photographs and good will. A wonderful compendium.*
Gross, David *Cup of Moon* (privately printed, 2000). 32 pp., 4" x 5.5", saddle-stitched softbound letterpress with dust jacket. $7 from the author at 1536 White Tail Road, Pinckneyville IL 62274. *An elegantly produced chapbook of haiku & small poems, modest of size, not of voice and resonance.*


Clausen, Tom *Homework* (Snapshot Press, PO Box 132, Crosby, Liverpool L23 8XS England, 2000). 36 pp., 4" x 5.75", saddle-stapled softbound. ISBN 1-903543-00-2. $7 from the publisher.


Herold, Christopher *In the Margins of the Sea* (Snapshot Press, PO Box 132, Crosby, Liverpool L23 8XS England, 2000). 36 pp., 4" x 5.75", saddle-stapled softbound. ISBN 1-9526773-9-3. $7 from the publisher. *Three titles from the attractive Snapshot Press series, each with a particular theme dear to the poet: Clausen examines domestic life with his compassionate eye; Gay his vocation of photography, often with a sardonic touch; and Herold the sea nearby to which he has been called to live. Each is a good sampling of the work of these three fine poets.*

First Place: Michael Dylan Welch (Foster City CA)

meteor shower—
a gentle wave
wets our sandals

Eight words take us to the writer's side, on the edge of an ocean, a lake or a stream. We look upwards in excitement and wonder to a clear night sky glimpsing the fast and graceful arcs of meteors as they enter the atmosphere of our tiny spaceship Earth. We do not notice the approach of a small wave and it washes gently across our sandals. Such a small thing, yet it reminds us that all things in the Universe are connected and pulse with miraculous life; that our own lives are crucially dependent on the fragile atmosphere and hydrosphere of our planet. This haiku did not shout to us "choose me." Rather it appealed through its subtlety, beauty, aptness and strength that grew on us with familiarity. It is the achievement of a writer whose eyes, heart and mind are open to Nature; of a poet who knows the craft of haiku.

Second Place: Yvonne Hardenbrook (Columbus OH)

mountain hike
we drink from the beginning
of a great river

Anyone who has experienced the pleasure and freedom of drinking fresh untainted water from a small upland stream will relate to this moment. Such an experience could be taken for granted in most parts of the world only a generation
ago. With increasing populations and pollution, how many of our children and grandchildren will come to know it? As the hikers are refreshed by the bracing water they become an integral part of the vast reach and history of the nourishing flow and, if they are open to the haiku moment, they arrive at a greater knowledge of the powers that surround them. The poem reminds us that there are always beginnings and ends—for the hikers, for all forms of life, even for great rivers, our mountains, our Earth . . .

Co-Third Place: Tom Clausen (Ithaca, NY)

spring sun—
   high in his arms
   the newborn is shown

This poem captures that special moment when a young first-time father shows off the amazing fragile creature that he and his partner together have created—perhaps to a grandparent or an elderly neighbour. This father cannot quite believe it. Why is it that he holds the newborn high? We don't know, but that he does is also our experience. Initially, the first line might easily seem irrelevant. We suggest it's not. The sun provides the energy we need for warmth, for life and growth. Since it is spring we know that the newborn has developed in its mother's womb through the winter. Preparations for the birth have been made, but this father could never prepare for the miracle of the reality. Like spring, the newborn brings new warmth, new light, new possibilities . . .

Co-Third Place: Marian Olson (Santa Fe, NM)

snail—
   to know
   its heart beats too
How many of us, we wonder, have asked the question that seven single-syllable words here answer? This wonderfully simple and innocent Issa-like poem sent us scurrying to biology reference books. In confirming that snails and their close relatives do indeed have hearts we experienced the moment of recognition, understanding and sense of unity that the writer records. This little creature, so often despised in our gardens or gathered as a culinary delicacy, is not so different from us. The poet has slyly seen fit to immortalize the snail in a poem with concrete form . . . so take a good look before it starts moving right and off the page.

Honorable Mention (alphabetical order by author)

lethal injection
unable to shut
the blind dog's eyes

_LeRoy Gorman (Napanee, Ontario, Canada)_

ddend of summer
the shape of his feet
in his sneakers

_Peggy Heinrich (Bridgeport CT)_

Geronimo's grave
someone has left
plastic flowers

_Linda Jeannette Ward (Coinjock NC)_

Three poems—all of which for us have lasting quality and considerable merit. Geronimo's grave is not just another "plastic flowers" haiku. The key to this poem is in wondering about who has left the flowers, and why, in our world of fast changing attitudes and values. end of summer is a fresh image that makes us think of relationships, their beginnings and ends.
lethal injection: we imagine the sad but necessary end of a loving relationship. Poignant yet also strangely apt that the previously useless eyes cannot be closed.

Judges’ comments

There were 849 entries for the Henderson Awards of 2000. We strived to be true to the usual processes that conscientious poetry judges follow: thoroughness, re-readings, cycles of discussion and consideration, as we narrowed down to fewer and fewer poems and eventually made our final decisions. And, of course, we were unaware of writers' names during our judging. In particular we took time to let the poems mature in our thoughts, both conscious and subconscious. As time passed some faded, others emerged. We both feel strongly that lasting resonance is essential in the very best of haiku—poems that we experience more deeply the longer we know them. We worked collaboratively and iteratively towards agreement both in judging and in preparing our comments. We thank the entrants for the opportunity to study their poems, and the HSA for the privilege and pleasure of judging the Henderson Awards.

Cyril Childs (Lower Hutt, New Zealand)
Jerry Kilbride (Sacramento, California)
First Place: Yvonne Hardenbrook (Columbus OH)

the clerk's lip ring—
   I forget what
   I wanted

For many of us, body piercing isn't an everyday thing. It is a little jarring, and can blow out of our minds what was rattling around in there. We would prefer that those we deal with are basically more invisible. This senryu states this idea economically and without embellishment. In fact the brevity of lines two and three suggests the speaker's embarrassment at his or her distraction, even while acknowledging that it has occurred. We are quietly amused. (PW)

If haiku seek to elicit an "aha" moment, I like to think that senryu can be judged by what we might call the "guffaw" moment. And when I read this senryu, I let out an audible guffaw. Many of us have probably had an experience like the one described in the senryu, being disconcerted by the latest fashion craze of youth. And at first reading, I took this poem to be a commentary on goofy kids. But then I reflected, doesn't every generation do this? Isn't it likely that the poet did something similar in their youth? And suddenly another guffaw! This senryu is skewering not just the foibles of youth who follow crazy fashion trends to shock their elders, it's also skewering the elders who grow so stodgy that they are so easily shocked. For its simplicity yet complexity, and for its insight into a common moment of contemporary life, this senryu was the clear winner. (TL)
Second Place: Robert J. Guarnier (Syracuse NY)

in the midway sun
   corn-on-the-cob customers
   grinning ear to ear

Basically a pun, this poem also is a *bon mot*, that is a figure of speech in which what is a common locution is given a new twist and so redeemed from being a cliché. We laugh. Another modified cliché is “the midway sun,” not “the mid­day sun,” giving us in that one word the setting—a fair, where people enjoy themselves with simple pleasures. Of all the many puns among the poems submitted, this one seemed perhaps the most delightful because of its simplicity and double *bon mot*. (PW)

Third Place: LeRoy Gorman (Napanee, Ontario, Canada)

    school library
    such quiet
    books

In its brevity, seeming simplicity, and silence, this poem appears quite haiku-like. And one might suggest that it is more haiku than senryu. But then it hits one, why is the library so quiet? There are books, but where are the students? What kids can be bothered with reading? Who wants to be such a dork? And a poem that might be a haiku suddenly unfolds as a critique on the death of reading. Ah, the tranquility of an empty library. . . . and the librarian gets what she wants, peace and quiet . . . *shhh*. (TL)

Honorable Mention (alphabetical by author)

     At the fence
     they sit on their tractors
     talking hay
       Garry Gay (Windsor CA)
Talking over the fence is a centuries old custom, and it seems perfectly natural that the tractor drivers should be talking about hay. They aren’t making hay but just talking about it. We delight in the pauses in our work days when we can just talk about what we do. And for people really involved in something, the subject is never boring. Their work has forced them to think a whole lot about hay, and so they have something to say about it. It all comes pouring out. We are amused. (PW)

three surgeons
five nurses
wrong leg
Timothy I. Mize (Yukon OH)

This senryu is not for everyone. The poem may be a bit too gruesome or bleak for some readers. But we’ve all seen stories in the news where surgeons have removed the wrong leg, or the wrong kidney, or the wrong whatever. Our wonderful high-tech medical system, with highly trained, vastly skilled, often arrogant, and always overpaid surgeons, and the most simple-minded blunders still occur. Yes, for the patient involved, cutting off the wrong leg is bleak, bitter, and terribly sad, but, since it wasn’t our leg, also sardonic and, admit it, a bit funny, too. (TL)

Full moon—
I iron a wrinkle
into his pants
Marian Olson (Santa Fe NM)

Speaking as one who always irons as many wrinkles into things as out of them, I find this poem true to life. The first line is also suggestive, perhaps of the person whose pants are being ironed standing there pantless, as well as of the rambunctiousness of people’s reputed behavior under the influence of the full moon. There is also a suggestion present of the possible resentment of someone asked to do a domestic
chore that traditional wives used to do without a thought. It is a modern poem. Everyone should iron his own pants, perhaps. (PW)

Valentine’s Day—
  she reminds me
  to fasten my seatbelt

*Michael Dylan Welch (Foster City CA)*

What has become of the passions of early romance? Small gestures of caring, little naggings, and yet not without sincere sentiment. (TL)

  before the guests arrive
  I straighten
  the straight cushions

*Michael Dylan Welch (Foster City CA)*

Who can’t read this poem and think, “been there, done that”? One needn’t be a finicky housekeeper to relate. The senryu, it strikes me, is more about the nervousness we feel when important visitors are coming than a comment on overzealous housekeeping *per se*. (TL)

  a lull in her hands—
  the hairstylist asks
  how I part my hair

*Michael Dylan Welch (Foster City CA)*

How many of us dive into our work and plow ahead only after awhile to wonder what we are doing. The hairstylist, sure of her skill, has realized she is beyond her depth for a moment and is caught up short, and has to ask what she should be doing. The way line one is expressed seems both natural and yet original—very nicely done. (PW)
your fingers touch me . . .
sunlight on the tree
moves down the trunk
Valorie Broadhurst Woekehoff (Dubuque IA)

An erotic poem, this senryu also contains an incipient metaphor. It suggests a couple together in the morning, as the sun comes up. But it also suggests the internal response of the one touched as the fingers move down his or her trunk. This economical and touching poem conveys so much through its three simple lines . . . very well done. (PW)

Tom Lynch (Las Cruces NM)
Paul O. Williams (Belmont CA)
From the 44 books that were considered for the Merit Book Awards, we have selected the following winners and honorable mentions. We carefully read and discussed the many fine volumes and each of us had our own unique selection criteria for this end of the century harvest of haiku books.

Ebba looked for overall strength and evenness of the poetic work in combination with design and presentation (after all these are things—books—being evaluated and not just poems). She valued unity and consistency within each volume. Often less proved to be definitely more in terms of the quality of the book. A number of volumes could have been “better-than-good” had they been more precisely edited and weaker poems winnowed from over-long works. She also felt it important to ask the questions “What does this volume contribute to the ongoing body of haiku in the West? Does the book inspire and excite and does it speak clearly and finely for the genre—single author’s voices as well as collective works—and will it last and be meaningful to readers in the future? And, finally, does it establish a high level of excellence that writers can turn to for direction as a definitive standard for haiku literature?"

The three winners surely meet these expectations, as do the Honorable Mentions. Of special note among the Honorable Mentions is Cor van den Heuvel’s *The Haiku Anthology*. For showcasing and celebrating the breadth of styles and voices in the haiku community there is no peer to the enduring influence of this expanded, perfect bound 3rd edition.

Tom spent time over the summer with each of the books and felt heartened by each entry for its triumph of creation
and its being a poetic embodiment of each author. He also looked at the collections with an eye and ear to which were most satisfying to revisit and gain inspiration from. He found it a very difficult task to narrow and limit selections to the few we have out of the many entered. Like Ebba, he evaluated the books on the basis of a sense of unity and consistency and felt very honored to be able to commune with so many fine books in one truly special haiku summer!

There is no question that to create sufficient haiku to produce a superb book collection reflects on the devotion and commitment of the author to a way of life that is keenly perceptive and utterly open to the best of micro-moments and simple gifts that for many of us make all the difference in the world.

Congratulations to all who published this year. And many, many thanks to all the writers who continue to make haiku a vital and deeply felt part of our lives.

Tom Clausen & Ebba Story (Judges)

First Place Gary Hotham (Laurel MD)

Breath Marks: Haiku to Read in the Dark

Second Place Margaret Chula (Portland OR)
Rich Youmans (North Falmouth MA)

Shadow Lines

Third Place Randy Brooks (Decatur IL)

School's Out: Selected Haiku
Honorable Mention (alphabetical by author)

Across the Windharp: Collected and New Haiku
Elizabeth Searle Lamb (Santa Fe NM)

Family Farm: Haiku for a Place of Moons
Carol Purington (Colrain MA)

c the day i find poems from a desert hermitage
vincent tripi (Tempe AZ)

Outside Robins Sing: Selected Haiku
Paul O. Williams (Belmont CA)

Special Category Honorable Mention

1. Haiku Anthologies

The Haiku Anthology: Haiku and Senryu in English
Editor: Cor van den Heuvel (New York NY)

A New Resonance: Emerging Voices
in English-Language Haiku
Editors: Jim Kacian (Winchester VA)
      Dee Evetts (New York NY)

2. Haibun Anthology

Wedge of Light
Editors: Michael Dylan Welch (Foster City CA)
      Cor van den Heuvel (New York NY)
      Tom Lynch (Las Cruces NM)

3. Travel Journal

Oaspete strain: A Foreign Guest
Ion Codrescu (Constanta, Romania)
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THE HAIKU SOCIETY OF AMERICA


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| Balance                             | $13,456.83 |

Respectfully submitted
Raffael DeGruttola, Treasurer

*This figure was run as an Expense item in the Treasurer's 3rd Quarterly Report and offset in this Report as Income. It represents the start up difference in HSA's contribution to HNA in 1999 of $500.00.
Museum of Haiku Literature Award
$50 for the best haiku or senryu
appearing in the previous issue of *Frogpond*
as voted by the HSA Executive Committee

summer evening . . .
fanning myself
with a paper moon

*Stanford M. Forrester*

---

Erratum from FPXXIII:3

closing time
the barber combs his hair
just so

*Cathy Drinkwater Better*
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