

frogpond

**The Journal of the Haiku
Society of America**



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HSA Logo (title page): *Stephen Addiss*

Submissions Policy

1. Submissions from both members and non-members of HSA are welcome
2. Submissions must be original, unpublished work that is not being considered elsewhere
3. Submission by e-mail is preferred
 - (a) in the body of the e-mail (no attachments)
 - (b) with subject line: Frogpond Submission
4. A submission by post will receive a reply only if included are either:
 - (a) a self-addressed stamped envelope (with a Canadian stamp)
 - (b) a self-addressed envelope with one International Reply Coupon (IRC) for up to 30 grams; two IRCs for over 30 grams and up to 50 grams,
5. Only one submission per issue will be considered

The Submission May Include Any or All of the Following

1. Up to ten (10) haiku
2. Up to three (3) haibun
3. Up to three (3) rengay or other short sequences
4. One (1) renku or other long sequence
5. One (1) essay
6. One (1) book review

Submission Periods

1. February 15 to April 15 (Spring/Summer Issue)
2. June 01 to August 01 (Fall Issue)
3. September 15 to November 15 (Winter Issue)

Note to Publishers

Books for review can be sent at any time

Submission Addresses:

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Toronto, ON M5S 2S8

**Museum of Haiku
Literature Award**

\$100

For the best previously unpublished
work appearing in the last issue of
Frogpond as selected by vote of the
H.S.A. Executive Committee

From Issue 31:1

empty house—
a whisper of mother's voice
in the autumn wind

Curtis Dunlap (North Carolina)



Frogpond 31:2

closed up gardens
a few dahlias floating
in the catch basin

morning skylight
the long moment before
the snowflake melts

Bruce Ross (Maine)

a woman weeping
in a garden—three dead trees
against a dawn sky

Patricia Neubauer (Pennsylvania)

first light
the spider drinks
from a dewdrop

Michael L. Evans (Washington)

raindrops tip
from an evening primrose
autumn dusk

Matthew Paul (United Kingdom)

Haiku Society of America

lightning strike—
salt-coated threads unravel
from the fisherwoman's shawl

Linda Jeanette Ward (North Carolina)

Virginia dusk
lighted sneakers chase
lightning bugs

Dana Ducio (Arizona)

sunset across the field
afterglow
of a full day's work

Curtis Dunlap (North Carolina)

a fat crow
on a slender branch . . .
the weight of your words

Robert Hecht (California)

short rain—
the scoreless game
lasting longer

Gary Hotham (Germany)

Frogpond 31:2

loneliness
firefly
loneliness

McMurtagh (California)

maid of honor
one swan
plies the other's wake

Scott Mason (New York)

high water marks
far from the slow river
we talk of old times

Marilyn Murphy (Rhode Island)

full car park
the winter moon
at every turn

dawn cuckoo
a song on the air
I breathe

Kala Ramesh (India)

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river stillness
an evening mist enters
the lock chamber

Anthony Anatoly Kudryavitsky (Ireland)

cicada season—
jackhammers begin
the day shift

Barry George (Pennsylvania)

thin branch
cracked by a storm—
the way she scolds that child

Bonnie Stepenoff (Missouri)

summer's end
the beach for nude sunbathers
shrouded in fog

Johnny Baranski (Oregon)

a last rumble
after the storm . . .
a frog's croak

Raquel D. Bailey (Florida)

Frogpond 31:2

the scent of rosemary
the scent of Rosemary

Michael Fessler (Japan)

the first star
above the icy mountain:
yes, I will tell her

Mike Dillon (Washington)

cold snap
bus stop puddles
left in splinters

Jeff Stillman (New York)

rain settles
some of the pollen
some of the plans

reunion
the vacant lot alive
with fireflies

Peggy Willis Lyles (Georgia)

Haiku Society of America

the moon's halo
over half the sky—
wonder where she went

David Boyer (Connecticut)

dusk
a spider emerges
from the vacuum cleaner

John J. Dunphy (Illinois)

summer rain
the awning colors
back to life

w.f. owen (California)

gibbous moon
that fig-thief squirrel
is taken by the hawk

Matthew Cariello (Ohio)

scattered leaves
the argument
didn't go so well

Stephen A. Peters (Washington)

Frogpond 31:2

a cold morning
dipping the ring finger
in a winter sea

under the mist
the private parts
of sheep

sundown
the erotic
rocking chair

David Cobb (United Kingdom)

old grave sites
amid a blaze of dandelions
faded silk flowers

Jean Jorgensen (Alberta)

Mother Water's
Silver evening shoe
Taps innocently
Against the mooring posts
(Phewa Lake, Nepal, 26.6.72)

Tito (Japan)

Haiku Society of America

fair weather
pink panties fly
from the mast

Cor van den Heuvel (New York)

stones skipped at dusk
our mingled shadows stretch
far from shore

John Thompson (California)

morning fog . . .
the blinking
of my cursor

Chris Patchel (Illinois)

autumn deepens
a bullet and a backhoe
for the old ox

Kirsty Karkow (Maine)

Tor in the mist—
first the whistle
then the falcon

William Scott Galasso (Washington)

Frogpond 31:2

droplets sparkle
on every jade leaf . . .
a full purse

digging post holes . . .
the bull climbs
another cow

Allison Millcock (Australia)

snowmelt . . .
the scotch tape left
from a paper snowflake

Stanford M. Forrester (Connecticut)

rainy Sunday,
the stained glass holds
its colors close

Jennifer Welch (Massachusetts)

a century
I have lived—
the first aster

Helen Russell (Washington)

Haiku Society of America

Strauss waltz
through the open window
a swirling leaf

Jacek Margolak (Poland)

same moon Nairobi

David Caruso (New Jersey)

twelve feet up
our initials
 you carved in the tree

Sharon Stoneburner (Virginia)

patent leathers
in spring sunday light
the hearse shimmers

sliced apples
dry on the shed's roof
autumn sunlight

L. Teresa Church (North Carolina)

Frogpond 31:2

cousins gone home
I hurl live bait
into the river

Dee Evetts (Virginia)

walking nowhere . . .
again that bird call
I can't place

Jennifer Gomoll Popolis (Illinois)

the dog sniffs
at tracks in the snow—
so much to learn

john soules (Ontario)

through the clear cut forest hydro poles

R.P. Carter (Ontario)

my hat
at a ridiculous angle—
lunar eclipse

Brent Partridge (California)

Haiku Society of America

spring snowfall
on the tucked-in heads
of drifting seabirds

how the singing stream
deprives my grief
of echo

H. F. Noyes (Greece)

a night of fog—
the smell of a passing
meth lab

Robert Mainone (Michigan)

easing our eyes
after snow light
moss of richest green

Ruth Yarrow (Washington)

blackbirds!
don't fly
white moth

Pud Houstoun (New York)

Frogpond 31:2

fetal position the long winter night

Duro Jaiye (Japan)

the yelp
a small part of it
winter night

Dan Schwerin (Wisconsin)

catalpa in bloom
pothole

Eve Luckring (California)

at the laundromat
clothes spinning round and round
winter rain

for his statue
the Great One hatless . . .
spring rain

Jim Kacian (Virginia)

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autumn solitude
the warmth in a curl
of driftwood

Susan Constable (British Columbia)

red sun sinks
beyond the gulf
the groom says I do

Polly W. Swafford (Kansas)

all-day rain—
I rub olive oil
into the butcher block

Karen Cesar (Arizona)

snow-covered bridge
she doesn't want my
apology

Francine Banworth (Iowa)

well into winter
an unpicked almond
black on the branch

Rosie Roumeliotis (Greece)

Frogpond 31:2

end of summer
the turtle's sunning spot
taken by weeds

Joann Klontz (New Jersey)

a tern's shadow
darts across the beach
herring clouds

Maya Lyubenova (Bulgaria)

spring breeze
windmill mixing the warm
with the cold

Audrey Downey (Connecticut)

flies on beach plums
and the fallen gull
summer deepens

Ellen Compton (District of Columbia)

sunbeam
on sofa
my morning guest

G.R. Parimala Rao (India)

Haiku Society of America

newspaper roll—
crushed crocuses just below
the headlines

shape of silence
a black tulip
closing at night

Dru Philippou (New Mexico)

wild strawberries
childhood memories
fill their scent

Lynne Steel (Florida)

snow disappearing
in the sea disappearing
in the snow

Helga Härle (Sweden)

rain all day thoughts repeat

Connie Donleycott (Washington)

Frogpond 31:2

the street lights up
with forsythia
an old couch by the curb

Mankh

(Walter E. Harris III, New York)

firefly flashing toddler fingers grasping

Elizabeth Howard (Tennessee)

startled rabbit
easter snow slips
from a telephone wire

David Giacalone (New York)

an acorn woodpecker
answered by another—
cool of the evening

day's end
another woodchuck
scurries for cover

John Barlow (United Kingdom)

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a
whole
prairie
for
a
snow
storm's
sharpening
slant

cedars
touching
a
house
where
I
start
a
Russian
novel

the
first
evening
of
snowless
places
large
enough
to
smell
from
my
room

Burnell Lippy (New York)

Frogpond 31:2

The Plum Tree We Don't See
by *Mark F. Harris* (New Jersey)

A bag of flour
bursts on the kitchen floor—
news of a bombed market

After a starless night
corpses in the street
at dawn

New words for war—
a bronze dagger turned up
by a plow

A child trembles
under an arm
white with dust

Buried shards
of bone and metal—
army of grass



REVELATIONS: UNEDITED

Deep in the Woods: The Haiku Journey

by *Lenard D. Moore* (North Carolina), President of HSA

For many years, people have been asking me how I write haiku. At first, I did not reveal my technique. I knew that I wanted to further my craft of haiku writing. Although my aim was to push beyond the guidelines that I had read, I also knew that there would be failures and hopefully successes, too. To that end, I strove to report the richness of the natural world, except that I had to rely on patience, in the art of haiku writing.

Like my younger brothers, I, too, was a curious boy. I stamped deep into the thick woods, observing ferns, silver maples, mulberry trees, chinaberry trees, willow oaks, white oaks, longleaf pines, sweet gum, elms, poplars, sassafras, dogwood, and hickory, though I wonder about the seeming rapidity of the hickory's disappearance in those childhood woods. I also examined the numerous wildflowers, which beckoned me. Do I need to mention the robins, blue jays, cardinal birds, wrens, hummingbirds, woodpeckers, mockingbirds, swallows, finches, blackbirds and owls that ascended and descended, called and peeked? Do I need to mention the crayfish that crawled on the creek's bottom? Do I need to mention the snails that crawled up the siding of our house? I also wonder about the seeming rapidity of the snail's disappearance. In recent years, I have witnessed slugs after steady rain.

Without knowing it decades ago, I believe boyhood nurtured my haiku mind. At that time, I waited for phenomena of the natural world to reveal itself or maybe even flicker. As if pausing for a photographer, I still wait for the magnificent show of the natural world. While participating on a ginko, I usually stop and wait for the haiku moment. Others have

Frogpond 31:2

asked, “What are you doing?” I glanced up, and said, I’m waiting for the haiku moment.” Thus, I usually write haiku rather than simply jot notes for later haiku. This process works for me. Of course, some haiku tumble off the page. And still, I do not give up on those fell haiku.

Think of a haiku as a poet’s record of his or her existence. What would the haiku reveal about the poet’s temperament? If the poet was startled by the haiku moment, I think the haiku should prompt the same reaction for the reader. The first person point of view, sharp juxtaposition, specificity, and present tense greatly enhance a haiku’s resonance. I hope I am able to employ those techniques most effectively. And it is the craft of haiku writing that I am always pushing.

Often, I reorder the diction in my haiku. I also tend to the music in my haiku: alliteration, assonance, consonance, euphony, onomatopoeia and meter. I no longer focus on counting syllables in my haiku writing. Of course, there are other literary elements that help to make good haiku. For example, vivid imagery and allusions help to develop good haiku. More importantly, because I feel a kinship with the earth, I think such kinship enables me to write my haiku. My several years of doing farmwork and gardening, perhaps, have laid additional groundwork for my haiku writing.

autumn sunset
hospital helicopter rises
from the heliport

after all-day trip
I sit for a haiku moment
to spring

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husband and wife
walk the corgi on the towpath
autumn wind

for Roberta Beary and Frank Stella

noon heat—
in the log cabin's crevice
lizard

Veterans Day
we only want
to make love

Spring meeting—
the gray-haired speaker's
diphthong

*NOTE: This haiku "Spring meeting—" won 2nd place in the haiku contest at The Haiku Society of America Spring Quarterly Meeting, on March 15, 2008 in Ft. Worth, Texas.

almost spring
the tattoo winged
onto her arm

Frogpond 31:2

Easter Sunday
on the Obituary page
no names I know

all day rain
washes the pollen away . . .
stubble on my face

up the train steps
I hoist her heavy suitcase—
a yellow leaf falls

a train whistles
from the other side of town
autumn wind

skywriting
of a military jet . . .
autumn sunset

Haiku Society of America

s u
e y
n r

31-42

Frogpond 31:2

rusted nails
all the plans I've had
to forgo

Robert Epstein (California)

end of autumn
his last drops
of hair dye

Curtis Fisher (Florida)

Labor Day
sweat on a glass
of lemonade

tom painting (New York)

chocolate—
his eyes follow her wrapper
to the floor

PMF Johnson (Minnesota)

walking London streets
lost
in foreign tongues

Stuart McLeod (United Kingdom)

Haiku Society of America

old songs on the radio;
counting down the exits
to home

Pamela Pignataro (New York)

rotten figs—
the farmer adjusts
his scrotum

Linda Jeanette Ward (North Carolina)

third trimester—
nothing fits around her
except his arms

Emily Romano (New Jersey)

heavy silence
my sister checks
her body mass index

Mariusz Ogryzko (Poland)

far from home
the gearstick in my hand
I remember you

Jo McInerney (Australia)

Frogpond 31:2

Mother

by *Johnette Downing* (Louisiana)

thinness
her eyelids
as I close them

I move her jaw
to close her mouth
the coolness

drip from the faucet
mother's words
in my mouth

funeral dirge—
we bury the one
who could carry a tune

David Giacalone (New York)

waiting room—
the obituary page
folded in half

Tony A. Thompson (Texas)

Haiku Society of America

job interview practicing my fifty year old smile

Duro Jaiye (Japan)

click of bangles
on a bride's wrist
the honeymoon

Gautam Nadkarni (India)

the print
on the optometrist's business card
suspiciously small

Michael Board (New York)

stubborn hubcap
reflects
my tantrum

Martin Vest (Idaho)

kissing gate:
arguing over
the mechanics

Helen Buckingham (United Kingdom)

Frogpond 31:2

argument
the word not spoken
gets the final say

Jeremy Pendray (California)

a “field of dreams”
for an afternoon—
prison yard

Johnny Baranski (Oregon)

in the movie
Dracula’s main problem
was he sucked

Michael McClintock (California)

a journey of a thousand miles
begins
with donning one’s socks

on the path to enlightenment
shaking stones
out of my shoes

Michael Palmer (California)

Haiku Society of America

the silence
as we wash, bang, thump
the dishes

Nick Hoffman (Ireland)

Valentine's Day
dust on the rose petals
in the potpourri

Alice Frampton (British Columbia)

before train boarding
the shine of my lip gloss
on his mouth

Aurora Antonovic (United Kingdom)

muttering in her sleep—
a feather turns
on the dreamcatcher

Chad Lee Robinson (South Dakota)

New Year . . .
between firecrackers
the dog's howl

lee giesecke (Virginia)

Frogpond 31:2

man in the moon
the call I most wish for
may never come

shorter days
a river of gray
in my parted hair

Carolyn Hall (California)

summer solstice
rolling dough
to the edge of the pan

Lori Olson Randall (Washington)

all night diner
jukebox lights in the dented top
of an old salt shaker

Cor van den Heuvel (New York)

autumn walk—
don't know where I'm going, but
my shadow comes too

Mark Arvid White (Alaska)

Haiku Society of America

first mass after my stroke
faint clacking of flag clips
against the pole

firework fragments
will I ever feel
the same?

Carlos Colon (Louisiana)

spring matinee—
the movie theatre
all to myself

Janelle Barrera (Florida)

homecoming—
peas boil dry
in the pan

Sharon Stoneburner (Virginia)

an old argument—
scraping the burned rice
out of the pot

Bob Lucky (China)

Frogpond 31:2

never enough blankets;
the snowplows
grumble and clank

Tom Drescher (British Columbia)

helium balloon
wanders the ceiling . . .
only child

Patrick Sweeney (Japan)

the day ends
as it began—
my arms around you

Andrew Shimield (United Kingdom)

winter clothes worn thin
from washing—
a bit of blue sky

still committed to the truth
but so tired of
winter poems

John Stevenson (New York)

Haiku Society of America

power outage
on the solar radio
Eine Kleine Nachtmusik

Naomi Wakan (British Columbia)

debriefing social
after a day on *Drugs in Schools*
the first drink is free

between laughs
the ice
in glasses

LeRoy Gorman (Ontario)

after the funeral
uncomfortable
in my old bed

Marcus Larsson (Sweden)

flood warning
waiting for the bread dough
to rise

Deb Baker (Georgia)

Frogpond 31:2

dust gathers
on the folded wheelchair—
my father's birthday

john soules (Ontario)

Ghost stories
grin from ear to ear
pig on a spit

David McMurray (Japan)

LOTS FOR SALE sign
the realtor's smile
swings in the breeze

Anne LB Davidson (Maine)

the car pile-up
everyone gesturing
at cell phones

James Patrick Haynes (Kentucky)

smoking bar girl
inhaling
my eyes

David G. Lanoue (Louisiana)

Haiku Society of America

prairie smoke
a wheat penny heads-up
on the railroad track

Robert Bauer (Massachusetts)

diary note:
the cat decides
to take a walk

Greg Piko (Australia)

retirement
now his banjo
rides between us

Joann Klontz (New Jersey)

window shopper—
the glassy gaze
of the dummy

Helga Härle (Sweden)

talking of snow
we add a little brandy
to the cocoa

Ellen Compton (District of Columbia)

Haibun

44–54

Tan Renga

54–55

Rengay

56–58



Haiku Society of America

Winter Retreat

by *Adelaide B. Shaw* (New York)

In our small Swiss village winter brings a whiteness stretching to the horizon. A slowing down as farms rest. Days become colder, afternoon walks shorter and closer to home. A retreat to indoor pursuits. Hobbies and reading, visits with friends.

smoky café—
at the ringing of a bell
snow on the red mat

Salt of the Earth

by *Tad Wojnicki* (Taiwan)

Beneath the twin peaks, down at the belly of the valley, the Spaniards found salinas, or salt holes. Where were the holes? A historical parchment says, a property was set at “el rincón de salinas y potrero viejo.” That corner of salt holes and old pasture must still be here, somewhere, in the Salinas Valley, maybe even under the cornerstones of Oldtown, but where, exactly? Does the soil still swell with salt around here, anywhere?

It does.

I think one such spot is under the wine cellar of the green-and-white Victorian at Central Avenue and Stone Street where, in 1902, the Valley’s greatest son was born. Steinbeck’s birth was a ground swell. He had to have sprung from the bowels of the Valley. This soil still sweats salt.

berry picker
the sweat crusts
her lips

Frogpond 31:2

Warehouse

by *Carole MacRury* (Washington)

When asked if she'd like to attend, she says yes. It allows her one last measure of control before moving into a room at Blenheim Lodge. Pale and fragile, she sits up straight, dispensing her treasured belongings among all three children. A carved bureau from China, a tree made of jade and rooted in porcelain, all those teacups and Depression glass; bits and pieces from her past, bits and pieces of herself. Stoic, she brushes at a tear.

anniversary . . .
I sit in the hollows
of her chair

Playing the Odds

by *Fran Ostasiewski* (North Carolina)

At age eleven, I had an operation. I was never told that I would likely die during the surgery, nor that I would not see seventeen without it. Forty-three years later the images remain: the intense illumination forcing my eyes into narrow slits, the cold unyielding silver table, strangers in green pajamas, masks and beanies unrolling sleeping bags of shiny instruments—many were knives, the rough wiping as they attached wires to my skin and the beginning beep beep beep. More alarming was the black cup surrounded by fingertips emerging from the light above me. Did I scream “stop” as it touched my face, or, was I just thinking out loud?

a steel trap
alongside the pond
three foot prints

Haiku Society of America

The Upstairs Window

by *Doreen King* (United Kingdom)

It was barely dawn and I was deep in a deck chair when my niece decided to draw a pimperl then changed her mind. She drew a house instead. It had a door and some windows. She gave one window a pair of red curtains like those I had when I was living with Josh. It was an upstairs window and when I pressed my face to the pane, I saw inside. My baby was asleep in her crib. She had not died. I was thirty-five when I began to see things like this. I wish my niece had drawn a pimperl.

so fleeting
as the sun describes the hills:
morning star



Playtime

by *Duro Jaiye* (Japan)

my two children . . . the boy nearly four and his sister a few months away from two. he sometimes snatches things from her and she usually demands to have whatever he's playing with. whenever these moments appear to escalate i automatically spring into action taking on the role of a tug-o-war arbitrator, peacekeeper, daddy-like solomon—constantly introducing the ideas of sharing, taking turns, or practicing a bit of patience. it is hoped that somehow these approaches will help lead them to a lifetime of sibling harmony.

he hits me too
the boy who hit
my kid

Frogpond 31:2

Ephemera

by **Mark F. Harris** (New Jersey)

A dammed river reduced to a trickle. A ravine rutted by motorcycle tires. A logging road carved into a burned and clear-cut mountainside.

Do you remember the day we rode our bikes (with marks on their frames where training wheels had been) to the edge of our suburb and beyond? We came to a wood that was partially cleared, and pedaled back and forth over dirt mounds that bore the scars of the treads and blades of earthmoving equipment. There were cattails growing beside a brook. I'd never seen them before. We had fun pulling them from the ground and waving them around. Their seeds came loose in clumps of fluff, and floated in the breeze.

A stray transparent wing—
bulldozers idled
on a trampled plain

Purple Passion

by **Robert Hecht** (California)

A spring breeze wafts through the chapel windows as the organist strikes the first chords. With the other members of the boys choir, I wait for the downbeat and then launch into the rousing hymn. All the while, I can't take my eyes off the generous mounds beneath her purple robe. She's the choirmaster's wife, and it's of my unrelenting, 14-year-old's lust for her that I truly sing, as I belt out—"Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!"

apple blossom scent
a hundred hymnals
snapping shut

Haiku Society of America

Heidi II

by *Lynn Edge* (Texas)

For fourteen years she slept on my bed, but not that night. In her daze she might have fallen.

At three a.m. I opened her crate door. I thought she might be gone, lying on the red flannel pad I had bought a few days before, but when my hand caressed her head, she roused from a deep sleep.

Christmas chill
returning from the vet
with only her collar



buttons

by *Alice Frampton* (British Columbia)

I pick it up and remember the kids dragging it all around the house, losing it at the grocery store and having to drive back to get it, how dirty it was being brought to the table and clung to in bed, how many times I had to replace the batteries, and their tiny little hands pushing the button over and over until I thought I'd go mad.

winter clean-out
he tells me he loves me
the talking teddy

Frogpond 31:2

Homeland Security

by *Ruth Holzer* (Virginia)

This is the wrong line. And this is the wrong line. So is the third, but the fourth is the charm. By this time, I'm soaked in sweat, along with my obsolescent paper ticket. I stand shoeless at the security checkpoint as they search my backpack and confiscate with obvious satisfaction a container of applesauce. It's not exactly a gel; however, it's a gel-like substance. If I would like to enter a special area, an armed guard will watch me eat it. Ah, eat it yourself. I sleep through most of the five-hour flight; it's nice and smooth, despite the plane being French.

someone's there
to pick me up—
night highway

Some Weekends

by *Lynne Rees* (United Kingdom)

It looks like rain. Your throat hurts. The prawns are off. The cheese is bland. The wine is past its best. I get my period. You burn your arm. The promised sunshine never comes. We lose the planning appeal. The Aberdeen Angus steaks are rancid. I shout. The TV loses its sound. In the middle of the night the alarm goes off. Your throat still hurts. It rains. The mango is rotten at the core.

break
in the rain
birdsong

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Fifth Floor

by *Cherie Hunter Day* (California)

Todd points to the fifty-five gallon drum in the corner and says, “That’s *para*-dichlorobenzene. If you start to feel dizzy or nauseous, leave the area and get some fresh air. Did you bring latex gloves? The specimens you requested are very old and were processed with arsenic, which is easily absorbed through the skin. I’ll try to check on you later to make sure you’re alright.”

The hall is immense and lined with tray upon tray of bird skins reaching from floor to ceiling. Birds devoid of bones—just skin wrapped around cotton batting. It would be my task to reanimate the heads with life-like eyes and draw them in flight. “Sorry about the temperature. We don’t heat this part of the collection.”

Todd gestures with a sweep of his right hand. “All of the tropical *Oceanodroma* and *Fregetta* are located in this area. *Puffinus* is just around the corner to your left. If you have trouble finding what you need, let me know and I’d be happy to help.”

twilit spruce trees—
storm-petrels miles out at sea
turn for home

Bay of Fundy

by *Cherie Hunter Day* (California)

Fog is a long gauzy scarf.
Fog is a silver locket with the face of a loved one hidden.
Fog is the reason you slur your words.

three days of fog
and still the need for rain—
the need for whisky

Frogpond 31:2

Lucky

by *Ruth Franke* (Germany)

“Look after Lucky, please!” The old woman, taken to hospital after a stroke, looks at her daughter. “He suffers from tachycardia and has to get his thyroid medicine regularly. He musn’t be ill when I’m coming home.”

shutters closed
alone at home
the old tomcat



Nebraska

by *Jeffrey Woodward* (Ontario)

a bare tree
and then, again,
the Great Plains

opening before you as if set into place checked and double-checked with a master carpenter’s level so nearly exact as to render literal that old saw about mountain and molehill frost over first light unwinding a never-ending scroll of sky a wind to whittle cloud after cloud away if not the stench of pig trough pig pen another village interrupting the prickly monotony of corn stubble another village with a water tower’s polished introduction and then again corn stubble a patchwork of brown of gray

remembering
its roots in the sky —
a bare tree

Haiku Society of America

Birthday Hike

by *Charles Hansmann* (New York)

My bottle filled with mountain runoff chills me suddenly new
to old skin. The uphill ache of my body sets in. Snow fell the
winter I thrilled to be twenty. Its melt I ford these decades
later. Time for a breather.

scraped boots
among the polished stones

The rest makes me cold. I spill through the woods for its bounty
of kindling. Where else to warm my heart but at the campfire
story it's my turn to tell?

silhouette in the hemlock
all ears



Slant

by *Charles Hansmann* (New York)

Some times of day don't show themselves direct—they're
just reflected on the surface, skittish moments slinking down
to drink, rippling indistinct the instant that we see them. Then
turn around. Some times of day only follow on their memory,
haven't happened till they're past, a set sun lighting up the hill
behind, reappearing as we climb.

up all night
to see what the cats see
alley moon

Frogpond 31:2

The Monk of Amida-ji
by *Margaret Chula* (Oregon)

The pool beneath the waterfall at Amida-ji temple is deep where the ground has been worn away by incessant dripping, the basin smooth and concave as a freshly kilned bowl.

sitting by the stream
I stop myself
from weeding the moss

A large orange bee buzzes around me. Is this the spirit of the monk who shut himself in a cave three hundred years ago? Did he too linger on these rocks to watch moss grow and ferns cascade down the hillside?

I hear his voice still
the monk of Amida-ji
chanting from the stream

Approaching the entrance to the cave, I am drawn to a portrait of the monk. Wide calm lips, eyes half closed with overhanging eyelids, head shaved, a shadow of eyebrows. I have an uncanny feeling that I've seen him before.

family album
bald pate, smooth skin
my baby picture

The cave is dark and wet, water dripping from the moss. This is where the monk of Amida-ji spent his last days meditating, chanting, existing only on berries and water. When the chanting ceased, the caretaker rolled back the stone at the cave's entrance. The monk was slumped in a corner, blissfully reposed. His body was mummified—complete, whole, with no trace of decay.

sunlight on tatami
the old Buddhist temple
smells of candle wax

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Everywhere I Look

by *Roberta Beary* (District of Columbia)

products promise me younger looking skin now that sixty
is the new forty in a world where no one grows old
movie stars with wrinkles look so last century

purple bouquet
it looked so good
in the store



A Tan Renga

by

Robert Bauer (Massachusetts)

Ron Moss (Tasmania)

mid-argument
he bruises a sprig
of peppermint

as we make up
gunpowder tea unfurls

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A Tan Renga

by

w.f. owen (California)

Amy Whitcomb (California)

adding tail
to the kite
dad's short temper

reeling in
an empty hook

A Tan Renga

by

Amy Whitcomb (California)

w.f. owen (California)

squeezing
your jug
into my suitcase

the Junior Mints
stuck in the box

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INCHES FROM PARADISE

by

Carolyn Hall (California)

Billie Wilson (Alaska)

radio love song
we drive closer
to the moon

*roadtrip map—
mere inches from Paradise*

finding a quarter
in the candy store doorway—
this azure sky

*bluegrass meadows
the long-shot pony
noses ahead*

Advent calendar
sneaking a peek

*the new year
just seconds away
our first kiss!*

Frogpond 31:2

LOST IN WHITEWATER

by

John Thomson (California)

Renee Owen (California)

morning fog
the unseen mountain framed
by a picture window

*tendrils of light—
a campfire deep in the grove*

the fisherman's line
lost in whitewater
a slender egret

*prettiest girl
at the dinner party
food hiding on her plate*

the stray puzzle piece
found slightly chewed on

*midnight visit
two sets of footprints
swallowed by the dunes*

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ECHO

by

Allan Burns (Tasmania)

Ron Moss (Tasmania)

distant peaks
a gray jay's
curious glance

*numb fingers
point the way*

gathering clouds
a moose kneels
by the creek

*warm beans
a chip of granite
into the abyss*

lightning storm
beyond the ridge

*rainbow
high on the tundra
an echo of you*

Essays

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A Brief Note on the Haiku

by *H.F. Noyes* (Greece)

I had to wait for my share of enlightenment, in my late eighties, to come upon my own definition of haiku. It is: *a moment of wonder at the extraordinary in the ordinary.*

Bashō's most recognized masterpieces

The old pond:
a frog jumps in—
sound of the water

A crow
on a withered bough—
autumn evening

are quite ordinary, yet so extraordinary as to attract near universal recognition. They are perfect examples of Buddhism's "The ordinary mind is Zen." Bashō was earlier in life a serious student of Zen; but I believe that with his "*karumi* lightness," he found his own definition of what haiku should be.

Keats, with his "beauty is truth, truth beauty," also found the essence of poetry. Poets and writers have always had their visions of what to aspire to, but the mind interferes, returning to the same unalive old pathways. "Simplicity, simplicity, simplicity," was Thoreau's advice to aspiring writers; yet he often enough lost his way through the complexity of his language. True artistic expression does not reach us through the mind, but through heart-mind. Many haiku practitioners and admirers venture to define haiku, but few have been able to avoid returning to "headwork" and discursive thought. Haiku are eternal moments, and we humans cannot long maintain a life in eternity.

Above all, nature or things-as-they-are, is the ideal subject for haiku. Bashō warned us to beware of artificiality when we write from the perspective of a separate life. We need what Thoreau called a "broad margin" to our lives,

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which only nature can provide. If we let nature speak for itself, the extraordinary in the ordinary will always reveal itself, for nature always has eternity “up its sleeve.”

One of the best (and at the same time the simplest) examples of my definition of haiku is:

Boy's face
comes out
of the watermelon

¹*Ippo*

Sometimes the wonder is based on imagination, lifting our spirits:

autumn wind . . .
bird feeder seeding
the sky

²*Edward J. Rielly*

The extraordinary may be an aspect of *human* nature:

if not for her
the rain
only wet

³*Dennis H. Dutton*

¹Haiku in English, in *AZAMI*, August, 1997

²*Dragonfly East/West*, Summer, 1987

³*RAW NerVZ*, Autumn, 2002

Horticultural Complexity Benefits the Writing of Haiku

by *Brent Partridge* (California)

Ah yes, flowers! A very major part of my life has been spent working with and teaching about them—both common and unusual. Foxgloves, Canterbury bells, snapdragons, Jacob's ladder, magnolia, cosmos—urbanization has taken such a minimalist route as to lose touch with the fanciful refuges of gardening.

Both my grandmas were the very beginning of gardening for me, before I was five. But the renaissance of all such began in college in the 70's. "Plant rosemary with your rose and you keep the rose merry." This is an old European companion planting technique: one to either side keeps bad bugs away. Lavender works too and they both also protect veggies.

By now, plant names, Latin and English, are one of my languages. For example, golden sweet olive, *Osmanthus aurantiacus*, is a fragrance plant (silver-gold *Kingin* in Japanese) used to refer to a poetry circle. George Macdonald, the 19th century fantasy master, preferred not the perfected beauty of the rose, but the sympathy of the snowdrop.

What is the meaning of a flower—liberation, enlightenment, beauty? As gardening culture improves, ever more juxtapositions are possible.

pussy willows
pollinate madly in a vase
with red-hot pokers

is it just wildflowers
or also my first girlfriend
not too far away

Judging

by *Ernest J. Berry* (New Zealand)

Adjudication is the highest responsibility in the haiku world, for on the shoulders of judges and journal editors rest the standard, direction and fidelity of our art form for all to follow. Neophytes are likely to think of published or prize-winning haiku as the ultimate expression of their craft, so they can be excused for emulating such works and deferring to the writers, judges and editors thereof.

Unfortunately, the choice of judge for many competitions seems to be based on little more than rotation or “reward” for anyone organisers think deserves it. Selection should never depend on such ephemerals but solely on proven proficiency. Even if it has to be the same person year after year, at least we would get some continuity of criteria which we tragically lack at the moment. Obviously, no one person is capable of appreciating and assessing works from all cultures, climes and compass, so our hunt for judges, especially in international contests, must be a compromise but that should not prevent us from selecting the best available. Perfect judges are even rarer than perfect haiku, so just as much *muga* should be dedicated to their discovery and retention.

Another avoidable hazard to the progress of haiku in English is judicial anonymity. Countless excellent haiku are rejected and their writers terminally discouraged simply because the judge concerned is unfamiliar with the subject, so why not disclose his/her name and pedigree before the event? This would solve the problem and be fairer to all concerned. Currently only about 10% of contests comply.

Generally, there are those who excel variously at writing, reading, editing, or intellectualising haiku, so we should

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bear in mind the categories into which aficionados fall
. . . viz

1. Enthusiasts: the bulk of our fellowship who beaver away on the principle that randomness will one day recognise their genius—few of these survive the scythe of attrition.

2. Ivy Leaguers: who impress with a plethora of learned essays and can tell you what haiku should or should not be yet may have difficulty writing, interpreting, or judging it themselves.

3. Journeymen: those who regularly officiate & furnish our haiku journals with works that neither upset, offend nor challenge.

4. Haijin: that rare breed who think, live, love, read, breathe, write and reliably judge haiku.

Since release from the confines of 5/7/5, line configuration and Japanese subject matter, haiku have been drifting between personal galaxies, national planetary systems, ego-maniac supernovae and black holes of spam. It's therefore no wonder newcomers can't find a star to hitch to. With the choice of avant-gardists, spam artists, fundamentalist 5/7/5ers and true haikuists, they find a confusing world which even the grand concept of a World Haiku Club can't unscramble.



**Proposal for an Alternative Haiku
Membership Anthology**
by Bruce England (California)

The Haiku Society of America (HSA) publishes an annual membership anthology. The purpose of the anthology is to showcase the haiku writing talent of its members. As a result, there are often many interesting and sometimes even compelling individual haiku to read. The question is what anthology collections has the annual process produced that are of enduring interest to Society members? In other words, what anthologies do members go back to time and again to reread for the pleasure and power of the overall collection itself? There's nothing I possess or have heard of that comes to mind.

Part of the problem is the primary focus of haiku writing. Haiku writing is divided into two acts of creation. Obviously, the first act is the creation of individual haiku. The central activity of haiku writers is to hopefully create one interesting haiku after another. The second possible act is the arrangement of created haiku into various collections with possibly some additional haiku creation as needed to complete a collection. A successful arrangement can result in the creation of a larger overall poem. Thus, the first poem is the individual haiku, and the second poem is not another haiku but an arrangement of haiku into a collection. The primary attention of haiku writers is on the first poem to such an extent that the creation of second poems is a rarely noticed aspect of haiku writing. This attention on individual haiku by the author is also reflected in the prominence of membership-type anthologies.

Another part of the problem is related to the first. No other membership-type anthology format is known to be available that emphasizes the collection over the authors. My proposal is that the HSA should do an experiment. For a period of two to three years, the Society should create an alternative membership anthology in tandem with its annual membership anthology.

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Before introducing my alternative and the implementation of the experiment, a traditional membership anthology is briefly described.

Traditional Membership Anthology

An anthology is a gathering of flowers in Greek usage or in modern usage a collection of written pieces chosen by a compiler. As mentioned, a membership anthology is intended to showcase the talent of members of a particular group. Thus, all the members of the HSA are eligible to submit haiku for the annual anthology. The rule is that each member gets at least one haiku published among his or her submittals. The chosen compiler makes the selection, but is limited to the pool of submitted haiku. I assume the compiler selects what they believe to be the best haiku for each member. Usually a minority of the selected haiku have been published previously or won a prize. The authors are arranged in alphabetical order, and the title is usually taken from a line in one of the poems. The anthology is not expected to hang together as a collection, because its purpose is to showcase individual authors.

Alternative Membership Anthology

My proposal for an alternative membership anthology is to simply modify the traditional membership anthology. My strategy is to shift emphasis from the authors to collection creation. This is done by attempting to increase the relatedness of the selected haiku as much as possible within the pool of submitted haiku and by de-emphasizing the showcasing of authors. To accomplish this modification, the compiler would do the following:

1. Survey the total pool of submitted haiku, look for overall patterns and select those for emphasis in the collection.
2. Select haiku that best fit the pattern of the collection.

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Don't choose the best or most representative haiku of a writer unless it fits. Another approach from the Japanese should be kept in mind:

¹Western anthologists seek the best or the most representative. The Japanese have sought the best, and the most representative, but they have also included some poems not so good in order to make it a pleasure to read through a collection. They seek, as it were, an irregular landscape for traversing, not a level high plateau.

3. Disregard the importance of an author in the haiku field when selecting his or her haiku.
4. Go outside the submitted pool as needed to add a small number of haiku to the collection in order to help complete it. Such haiku would come from a compiler's pool of unpublished haiku and/or newly written haiku for the collection.
5. Abandon author order. The collection arrangement should be based on the haiku not the authors. Some method of author attribution can be included at the end of the collection.
6. Select the title from the pattern of the collection. A title from a line of haiku can be used if appropriate to the collection.

In an alternative anthology, members still get at least one haiku published and recognition by name for the haiku, but the mindset of compilers is changed. A compiler is attempting to arrange a bouquet of related haiku instead of independent haiku. The pool of submitted haiku is now looked at in terms of how they might relate together or not. The compiler looks for patterns and connections, subtle or not, among the haiku. The desired result, a collection that hangs together, is likely to be imperfect, in part, because of the limited pool of available haiku. Even if a compiler fails to create a relatively unified collection, the results might still be more interesting and possibly compelling to read than a regular membership anthology created from the same relative pool of haiku.

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Implementation

As first suggested, the two anthologies can be created on separate but parallel tracks. There would be two groups of one to two compilers each. Each group would get copies of all the submitted haiku. The two groups of compilers would also exchange their own submitted haiku with each other. One group would create a regular anthology and the other group would attempt to create an alternative anthology of related haiku to the extent possible, given the available inventory of haiku.

Each member would still have at least one haiku in each anthology, but the alternative anthology could be slightly longer for at least two reasons. First, some members might have more than one haiku useful for the collection. Second, the alternative compiler has the option to include unpublished haiku and/or to write additional haiku as necessary if it would help complete the collection, and there could be more haiku yet with two compilers.

The finished anthologies could be printed together or separately. Perhaps the most practical and economical approach would be to post the alternative anthology on the Society's website. From the website, members and others could post comments on both anthologies and the experiment. At the end of the experiment, overall evaluations and judgments would be considered in the decision as to the worthiness of continuing the experiment or not.

Summary

Haiku creation will always be the most important act in haiku writing, but as practiced, its single-minded focus tends to preclude the creation of haiku collections. This suggestion for creating an alternative membership anthology, even for a limited time, is intended to show that something else can be done with individual haiku besides showcasing them by author in an

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anthology. There is a broader view of haiku writing than its specialized focus. The experiment is an opportunity to advance awareness of the neglected side of haiku writing and to slightly redress the imbalance between the first and second acts of haiku writing. This experiment is a project worthy of consideration by the HSA, and other haiku societies around the world.

¹Miner, Earl. *Japanese Linked Poetry: Poetry: An Account with Translations of Renga and Haikai Sequences*. Princeton, New Jersey: Princeton University Press. 1979. 73-74.

Note: In the extreme, I would give an alternative compiler two additional charges. First, a compiler could make minor editing changes in a haiku. The point is to clarify a haiku and not make drastic changes in its meaning. Second, a compiler could change all the haiku into one consistent typography and appearance. These elements don't have to be part of the proposed experiment.



Re:Readings of XXXI:1

Christopher Patchel (Illinois) on **Greg Schwartz** (Maryland) and his *in the mirror / a man more serious / than I*; and on **Tom Clausen** (New York) and his *mixed in / with the instructions / her perfume*: In starting to comment on each poem separately I realized they both appeal to me for similar reasons. Most notably, both senryu share an interest in dualities: the contradictory sensations of seeing one thing and feeling another; the mixed messages of sound and scent. They also employ similar form and technique to nice effect, and their observations strike me as both reflective and amusing.

Dee Evetts (Virginia) on **Fay Aoyagi** (California): I found Fay Aoyagi's "Dissection of the Haiku Tradition: Inner Landscape" to be a fine and fitting conclusion to an outstanding series. I am sure that many readers beside myself will miss this author's fresh and almost lapidary style. She is capable of paragraphs that could stand alone as prose poems in their own right, yet achieves this without distracting from the direction and purpose of her chosen themes. Aoyagi has an enviable gift for connecting the personal to the universal. After these essays we know her so much better than before—her childhood, her tastes and inclinations—while at the same time having been offered so many glimpses and insights into the haiku tradition.

Joan Vistain (Illinois) on **Peter Yovu** (Vermont): "Do Something Different" by Peter Yovu is a gem of an essay! The facets that resonate with me are making friends with "the" and "a" and the appropriateness of "I" on occasion. So many times editors have urged me to leave them out, to tighten the poem. Many times, they were right, but there are other times when using them feels and sounds right to me. Case in point: *deepening snow / my thighs stick / to the old mare's flanks* (mine). Editor's suggestion: *deepening snow / thighs stick / to old mare's flanks*.

Roberta Beary (District of Columbia) on **Peter Yovu**

(Vermont): I read with great interest Peter Yovu's essay, "Do Something Different" in *Frogpond* Volume XXXI Number 1 (Winter 2008). It is ironic that the only woman writer Yovu quotes is Emily Dickinson in a quotation above the text as if it were a guardian angel blessing the words below. Yovu directs the reader to the writings of Keats, Nims, Stevens, Pound, Yeats, Blake, Shiki, Watts, Eliot, Jung, Helminski, Bly, Shelly, and Rilke. Writers on haiku who rate a mention in the article are William Higginson, Jim Kacian, Tom Tico, Michael Dylan Welch, Paul O. Williams, Lee Gurga, Paul Miller and Richard Gilbert. For me, ignoring the contributions of women haiku poets and critics undercuts Yovu's credibility and reinforces the very sense of "sameness" in journals today that he says "many writers have decried."

Yovu's essay provides valuable insights and suggestions for contemporary haiku poets. These insights would have been even more valuable had he consulted the works of women writers.

Kirsty Karkow (Maine) on **Peter Yovu** (Vermont), **Michael**

McClintock (California) and **D.T. Arcieri** (New York): I would like to say how much I enjoyed Peter Yovu's excellent article in the current issue. He articulately speaks to some very real concerns about the future of haiku. The sameness of many published poems is quite evident but, again, editors have journals to fill. A conundrum.

Two comments on haiku from the current issue. Michale McClintock's *the wild geese . . . / women in the orange grove, / clouds in the treetops*: "This haiku stands out from the sameness of much of what appears in the journals"—to quote Peter Yovu. Almost every sense is touched in this poem with its sensitive Chekovian allusions. The format reminds this reader of old Japanese translations. These images link together for a powerful emotive experience, bringing the reader surely into the poet's moment. I have been engrossed in a tome about

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Russian Culture and this haiku could be a précis of the book.

D.T. Arcieri's *stone Buddha / almost too heavy to lift / the ants scatter*: The idea of religion, beliefs and philosophy being almost too heavy to handle is universal. BUT, the poet did move the statue and all the ants that had taken refuge, scattered. A little disruption and people flee. There are many depths to ponder in this nicely assembled poem.

Gloria Jaguden (California) on **Michael McClintock** (California) and his *the New Year. . . / I hold the hand / of my wife*: The holding of a hand—this simple gesture contains not only the history and future of a particular man and woman but also exudes such peace as all humankind hope for.

Erratum

In issue 31:1, page 20, the haiku by **Hilary Tann** should read as follows (change in italics):

halfway across the bridge
the quiet part
of the river

Reviewed

David Cobb's *Business in Eden*

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Jean Rasey's *easy with the ebb*

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Marian Olson's *Desert Hours*

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Briefly Noted

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Roberta Beary's *Unworn Necklace*

Angelee Deodhar's *Indian Haiku*

Stanford Forrester's *January Sun*

Stanford Forrester's *lanterns: a firefly anthology*

Richard Gilbert's *Poems of Consciousness*

Jim Kacian's *dust of summers*

Stephen Gill's *Seasons of the Gods*

Jane Reichhold's *10 years haikujane*

Steve Shapiro's *of little consequence*

Richard Tice's *familiar & foreign*

Jeffrey Winke's *That Smirking Face*

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Review of David Cobb's *Business in Eden*. Braintree, Essex, England: Equinox Press, 2006, 99 pp. ISBN: 0-9517103-5-4.

by *Naomi Wakan* (British Columbia)

I had just written to David Cobb, an English haijin, to ask permission to use one of his brilliant haiku in a new manuscript I was preparing. We decided to exchange recent books, as poets are wont to do. His, *Business in Eden*, arrived first and I eagerly devoured it. I am given to gobbling down such books and then masticating them slowly with my second stomach somewhat later. His book was in the form of haibun—diary-like essays punctuated with haiku.

I was overwhelmed with the intensity of these haibun. Even though I am familiar with the haibun form, I had never read anything quite like these before. It was as if some of the very soil of East Anglia, where David lives, had risen, put on bicycle clips and taken itself for a small trip amongst its own familiar soil, so deeply rooted is David in his environment and history. I was so drawn into his writing, that I even went to the trouble of digging out a map of the UK, so I could follow the ancient trails that he had taken.

David Cobb quotes from George Burrow's *Lavengro* in his first haibun, "Spring Journey to the Saxon Shore:" "Life is sweet brother." Quickly the previous lines come into my mind: "There's night and day brother, both sweet things; sun, moon and stars, brother, all sweet things; there's likewise a wind on the heath." So intently, and at such a deep level had I been responding to this haibun, that this quote from my childhood memories brought tears to my eyes.

I know all this sounds dramatic, but the realisation that was engulfing me was that although I, myself, was born in Essex, at Walthamstow, and lived some years at Thorpe Bay, and

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the first 22 years of my life were spent being educated in the UK, there was not one cell of my body that was English. This is because my grandparents came seeking a haven from the European pogroms as immigrants in the 1890's and my parents settled uneasily into attempted assimilation (an impossibility with England's xenophobia and strong class-structure). David could trace his family's English roots back to the 16th century; I could trace mine back to the 1890's, and then only because my grandfather got tricked into buying tickets to England, when he thought he was bound for America.

Years later, I reached the Americas and lemming-like finished up on the west coast. I was not tempted to jump, because I had lived in Japan and knew I was more than ever a gaijin (outsider) there. Oh David, how I envy you your solid roots that give firm ground to your wit and compassion. Shadows and contours are filled with ancestors for you, whereas for me they are a blur of possible shtetls in that boundary land where wonder rabbis held court.

shadow-lined ditches
the indelible contours
of our ancestors

Even today I have only First Nation clamming grounds to offer on my chosen island home compared with David's churches, castles and ancient cottages. Another root holding David firmly in place is his faith, or at least his custom of church-going, which compares favorably with my floating agnosticism.

David, like I am, is deeply immersed in the haiku world and glimpses of Bashō and Issa come through, e.g., the man pointing the way with the nail in the haibun, "A Way to Go," reflects Issa's radish-picker pointing the way with a radish. David's opening lines for "The Spring Journey to the Saxon Shore" is a haiku about a doll. David points out in his notes that Bashō's first haiku, "oko-no-hosomichi," was also about dolls, in fact about the Doll's Festival in March. David roughly translates this haiku as "in my thatched hut / a

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different family will celebrate / the Doll's Festival." Thus David felt any reference to dolls would be both appropriate for this time of year and for starting out on a journey, as he was about to. David's lines

all that now remains
of a warrior's wrath

remind me strongly of Bashō's haiku:

¹summer grasses . . .
dream traces
of ancient warriors

I was glad David mentioned Bashō's pomposity when speaking of Bashō's poem about prostitutes. I've always found Bashō very conscious of his own dignity, much more so than Issa and Buson, who are more natural.

David's firm grounding in Saxon earth, coupled with his firm grounding in a foreign form of poetry, haiku from Japan, allows his writing to offer a sense of familiarity as, at the same time, layering it with a shadow of the exotic.

David's haibun are concentrated with literary references; in fact he so often speaks directly to writers throughout this book (such as the poet, Edward Benlowes), that it is no wonder that the footnotes are copious. "A Day in Twilight," the second lengthy haibun in *Business in Eden*, is dense with beings once real, or once imagined. I wish I was that literate so that my cells could cough up that much erudition at a key's stroke.

David's prose is as poetic as his haiku. Take for example, the line "wake of drake cross-hatching wake of duck." There's a haiku tucked away in the prose, and so is "the pewtery chinking of some wren" if I knew what "chinking" was.

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Have I left so much of England behind that I have no idea what many of his words mean? What, for example, is a “spicing cup” and what a “withdrawing cake”? Google couldn’t even help with them. And what is the meaning of “clunch” and “bangling over the ankles”?

As to David’s wit and compassion, his haibun on family carols is heart-breaking as he almost carries his aged mother to the service. His wit sparkles throughout the book, but particularly in his haibun on “The School Christmas Show.” Children’s errors are easy target for humor, we know, but in this piece David excels himself.

nativity play
red face of the angel
coming on too soon

Towards the end, David speaks of Shelley’s idea that poets of all ages contribute to one Great Poem perpetually in progress. That does rather slot us all in together rather nicely. However, it is with the shadows (shadows of the past, shadows of himself) that David sits most at home I suspect:

the shortest day
almost no time at all
to have a shadow

I always wanted to write a “tour de force” but never have. David’s book of haibun, *Business in Eden*, can only be so described.

¹ translation by Sonja Arntzen & Naomi Beth Wakan

Haiku Society of America

Review of Jean Rasey's *easy with the ebb*. Teneriffe, Queensland, Australia: Post Pressed, 2007, unpaginated. ISBN: 978-1921214-23-3

by *H.F. Noyes* (Greece)

A life collection of “haiku, senryu & related rambling,” to quote the author. There are many compelling haibun and haiku with her art work. But my special favorites are her stand-alone haiku. For instance, this one was selected by the editors of the English periodical *Presence* as among the world's best:

night rain
I snuggle deeper
into the sound

Another favorite illustrates the “reach” attainable when our nature within extends to mere nature without:

the curlew's cry
outstretches
tidal flats

Ramsey's deep-felt sensitivity to the bereft is convincingly expressed in her

orphanage garden
the innocence of early dew

In this treasure of a collection my own personal favorite is:

Sunday afternoon
everyone
is somewhere else

With a refreshing brand of sincerity and spontaneous eloquence, Jean Rasey casts a spell upon her readers.

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Review of Marian Olson's *Desert Hours*. Northfield, Massachusetts: Lily Pool Press, 2007. Art by Karen Fitzsimmons. Letterpress, sewn binding, 109 pages, ISBN 978-0-934714-35-8.

by *Peter Yovu* (Vermont)

Poetry, with a life of its own, may sometimes be attracted to words, but can never be captured by them. The poet wishes to participate in creation, in how the world is shaped, and in how she herself is shaped by the world. She knows that words are real and palpable, a means of making contact, without which the world is incomplete. By this love Marian Olson has allowed herself and her poems to be shaped by the high desert of the Sangre de Cristo mountains in New Mexico, by the impossible blooming of all that lives there, and by the mineral realities of death. They are not divided:

potter's wheel
inside and out the shape
of her clay

Through intimacy with the contours of the land she inhabits, its moods, creatures, and fellow inhabitants present and past, and through a felt sense of the interrelatedness of these elements, Olson's haiku both reveal and transcend the moment; they have a richness and depth, apparent in individual poems, but increasingly and variously revealed in relation to each other, in correspondences and subtle linkage. Often in *Desert Hours*, one poem, having left its impression, will ripple and re-emerge in another, and find new or different life there:

river's song
a wounded turtle whole as the snakeskin surrender
slips into it

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What I wish to emphasize is the trust one can place in these discoveries: the connections are not random. Just as the high desert (and all of nature) reveals itself to the one who is willing to listen, a good book will teach us how to read. Olson's poems never feel forced; there is no need to search for underlying meaning—it simply is, unfolding with the inevitability of sunrise, and the shaping of a hawk's wings. And so, whether or not she intended it, I feel not only the potter's wheel but some kind of mythic sun in this haiku and elsewhere :

summer thermal
a wheel of ravens
spins out of sight

Other readers, of course, will find other correspondences, but it will not be because the poems are so vague as to be about whatever the reader wishes, but that they are real enough to withstand multiple use.

Themes emerge like springs, and go back underground, to reemerge elsewhere. Emergence itself—awakening—is an important theme in this book, explored at times explicitly:

deep in barn shadows	out of nowhere
the owl's white face	the sweetness of a rose
	country graveyard

and at times implied:

dark is dark
a twig snaps
in the arroyo

If Olson were a less mature, less assured writer, she likely would have settled on a first line more like: the

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dark, and written a good enough haiku, evocative of mystery. But to my imagination she has gone further, and the haiku, not losing any sense of mystery or drama, encompasses more than that, an acceptance of reality as it is, both sensible and unknowable.

Emergence and disappearance, like so many seeming opposites in these poems, play out together, as linked as the inside and outside of the potter's clay:

winter sun	twilight sun
you choose to die	slips into another
with a shrug	dark world

These then, are poems of great sensuality and spirituality. Inseparable.

if you love me
come inside
morning glory

This may be seen as sexually explicit, and it is, but the spiritual longing is equally evident. As with "dark is dark," it presents a fact, a realization: the beloved has a beautiful form, and dwells within. For me, this is one of several key poems in which Olson's themes ring clearly and can be heard again and again in other poems, amplified, altered, surprising.

Here is another key poem:

the world having become
what it is
I plant a few bulbs

in which objectivity and subjectivity rest beautifully in one another's arms, mutually shaping, mutually falling away.

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Marian Olson loves the sun-struck, moon-cooled world she inhabits, endlessly revealing itself, endlessly concealed. And when love is mature in its acceptance of reality, of the beloved, expression follows, words take shape, and poetry is helpless to resist.

Briefly Noted

by *George Swede* (Ontario)

Beary, R. *The Unworn Necklace*. Liverpool, U.K.: Snapshot Press, 2007, 80 pages. ISBN: 978-1-903543-22-1. Perfect Softbound, \$14. Beary's manuscript for this book won First Prize in the Snapshot Press Haiku Collection Competition 2006 and the title was chosen as a Finalist for the 2008 Williams Carlos Williams Award by the Poetry Society of America. Her masterful haiku veer from savage humor: *family picnic / the new wife's rump / bigger than mine*, to wistful poignancy: *all day long / i feel its weight / the unworn necklace*. The book's production values match the content.

Deodhar, A. (ed.). *Indian Haiku*. Chandigarh, India: Azad Hind Stores, 2008, 36 pages, ISBN: None. Small Perfect Softbound, \$2.50. This anthology contains one haiku by 105 poets in both English and Hindi. While the work is uneven, readers nevertheless will be entranced by the different perceptions of nature and the role of humans within.

Forrester, S.M. *January Sun*. Windsor, CT: bottle rockets press, 2007, 32 pages. ISBN: 978-0-9792257-0-3. Stitched Softbound, \$11. The haiku in this small collection have a Zen focus, often with humor, that effortlessly create a reflective state: *they actually / are pretty quiet . . . / wild flowers* and *that's what / dandelions do . . . / blow away*.

Forrester, S.M. (ed.). *lanterns: a firefly anthology*. Windsor, CT: bottle rockets press, 2007, 65 pages. ISBN: 978-0-9792257-1-0. Over 50 contributors reveal many surprising connections with these luminescent insects that have inspired so many of us.

Gilbert, R. *Poems of Consciousness: Contemporary Japanese & English-language Haiku in Cross-cultural Perspective*. Winchester, VA: Red Moon Press, 2008, 301 pages (with a DVD-ROM). ISBN: 1-978-893959-72-9. Perfect Softbound, \$27.95. A multidisciplinary work that chiefly deals with six poets whom Gilbert feels typify the modern haiku movement in Japan. It also discusses some contemporary haiku in English in terms of disjunction, seasonal reference, cross-cultural problems and other issues. While the book's organization is a tad confusing, readers who persist will be rewarded with some salient insights.

Gill, S.H., Jaiye, D., Miyazaki, H. & Wieman, J. (eds.). *Seasons of the Gods*. Kansai, Japan: Ajia-Insatsu, 2007. 90 pages. ISBN: 978-4-9900822-3-9. Perfect Softbound, \$10. This anthology contains haiku, cirku, haiku, tanka, haibun and renga in English (with some also in the original Japanese) by 39 members of the Hailstone Haiku Circle in Kansai. The work is arranged according to seasons, beginning with the New Year. On almost every page footnotes keep the reader informed about references to names, places, holidays, etc. Readers will find this anthology both entertaining and enlightening.

Kacian, J. *dust of summers: The Red Moon Anthology of English-language haiku*, 2007. Winchester, VA: Red Moon Press, 2008, 172 pages. ISBN: 1-978-893959-68-2. Perfect Softbound, \$16.95. An annual anthology that began in 1996, featuring what Kacian and his team of editors consider to be the best in haiku, senryu, haibun and various haiku sequences, as well as the best in essays and articles published in the prior year. While it offers few surprises to those who read a broad spectrum of haiku publications, to those who don't, it will be a valuable resource.

Reichhold, J. *10 years haikujane*. Gualala, CA: AHA Books, 2008, 80 pages. ISBN: 978-0-944676-45-5. Perfect Softbound, \$12. Since 1992, and using a *nom de plume*—*haikujane*,

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Reichhold published haiku in a local weekly newspaper in Mendocino County, California. This book is a gathering of her work from 1999 to 2008. Her many fans will find vintage Reichhold: *stretching out / over a summer field / my love for you*, and: *stained glass / by another artist / who sins*.

Shapiro, S. *of little consequence*. Paarl, South Africa: Paarl Print, 2007, unpaginated, ISBN: 978-1-874923-74-9. Small Perfect Softbound, \$10. Shapiro's prior collection of haiku, *In a borrowed tent* (Snailpress, 1996), won that year's Ingrid Jonker prize for English language poetry. Readers will enjoy Shapiro's laid-back style: *By mistake / I left it on overnight / – the workshop moon*, and: *a wet leaf / on the head of the dog / mushroom hunting*. His occasional use of local terms for various things, as well as some words in Afrikaans, adds extra flavor.

Tice, R. (with Jack Lyon & others). *familiar & foreign: haiku & linked verse*. West Valley City, UT: Waking Lion Press, 2008, 65 pages. ISBN: 978-1-4341-0216-4. Perfect Softbound, \$7.95. The former editor of *Dragonfly: East/West Haiku Quarterly* has put together an ambitious collection (with interspersed commentary) of haiku, haiku sequences, haibun, linked verse (with Lyon and others) as well as a translation of a kasen renga involving Bashō and three ancient masters. Readers will find this book a rewarding and varied experience. Here are two haiku: *waiting for fireworks – / streams of tail lights / below the overpass*, and: *old furniture / the air thick / with old words*.

Winke, J. (with drawings by Matt M. Cipov). *That Smirking Face*. Milwaukee: Distant Thunder Press, 2008. ISBN: None. Broadsheet, \$5. A broadsheet with twelve haiku, two haibun and four illustrations, not to mention two bios with pictures—quite a logistical achievement. Winke fans will savor haiku such as: *a kicked can / cartwheels / into its echo*.

HSA News

**2007 Bernard Lionel Einbond
Renku Competition**

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**2007 Bernard Lionel Einbond
Renku Competition
Judges' Report**

We judges walked a tightrope this year, attempting to balance our desire to promote English-language renku (through perhaps the most venerable competition in the genre) and our concern about misrepresenting deeply flawed work as worthy of emulation. Each of this year's nine entries (five kasen, three nijuin, and one junicho) exhibited more than one of the following serious problems:

1) Failure to recognize that renku is something other than a sequence of haiku and senryu. The only verse that should exhibit the qualities we have come to expect in a haiku is the hokku. Most importantly, it is the only verse in a renku that is intended to stand alone as complete in itself. After the opening verse the poetry should not take place within the verses but between them, through the interplay of link and shift. One element of the hokku, that all but one of this year's contestants used in many of the subsequent verses, was the cut (kireji). A renku with breaks in verses other than the hokku is generally choppy, monotonous, and unpleasant to read. Almost certainly such renku will fail to exhibit the continuous forward motion that is such an important attribute of this form of collaborative writing.

2) Failure to adhere closely to a prescribed order of seasonal, and other, verse requirements. We don't mean by this to discourage an occasional departure or innovation. But to be recognizable as renku, entries need to be close enough to a known renku model that we can recognize a departure when it occurs. A few of the many examples of problems in this area included: multiple, sometimes contradictory seasonal references in a single verse; retrograde movement within a verse section; dropping and then reacquiring a season within what should have been a sequence of three consecutive seasonal verses.

3) Lack of balance. This aspect of craft includes overuse of certain topics (e.g. naming eight mammals in a twenty verse

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renku) thus minimizing the potential for variety; over reliance on either human or non-human images; unevenness in the flow of emotional tone; repetition of words other than articles, conjunctions, or other words that will tend to recur often in naturally spoken English.

4) Apparent lack of understanding in regard to the required distinctions in overall tone between the opening, middle, and closing sections of the renku.

5) Retrograde linkages. No subsequent verse of a renku should repeat material from the hokku or even read as an obvious link or reference to material in the hokku. Care also needs to be used to avoid linking to the “leap over” verse (the one preceding the verse to which the poet is seeking to provide a link). The closing verse should not attempt to create a circle by harking back to the hokku.

6) Obvious errors of English-language grammar, spelling, and usage. (We are referring to situations other than those in which an exception is clearly utilized to invoke a particular effect.)

7) Lack of romantic love, particularly passion and longing, in the love stanzas. We could go on in this vein. The question arises then, why award a prize at all this year. Our answer comes in the words of one of world renku’s best friends in Japan, the late professor Shinku Fukuda. He said, “First, it has to be fun. If people enjoy writing renku, they will continue to do so and, in the process, naturally desire to improve their skills.” Since we are all, more or less, beginners in this genre, we think it’s appropriate to apply Professor Fukuda’s adage to the current works. Accordingly, we present “Last Year’s Blossom” for your consideration and enjoyment. While it contains some of the flaws described above, it also exhibits elements that are characteristic of the best renku elements that we can sincerely celebrate and recommend. Our further comments will focus primarily on these pleasures.

RENKU

The authors of “Last Year’s Blossom” have done an excellent job of making the poetry happen between rather than

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within the verses. This allows for much more variety in the rhythm and tone of the work as a whole. Particularly satisfying examples of link and shift include the interplay of scale between an image of dividing cells in verse #8 and a whale in verse #9; the contrast of gradual and rapid movements between verses #17 (a human sculptor of stone) and #18 (rapids cutting through a narrow gorge). Readers may wish to note that we came to recognize the “caravan” in verse #4 to be what we in the United States refer to as a travel trailer. While fulfilling its requirement to feature a summer moon image, verse #5 brings in the topic of military history through the novel approach of citing an historical event: the English Civil War battle that was fought at Marsden Moor took place on a summer day early in July, 1644.

The final verse (ageku) presents certain innovations that we judges cannot endorse: the appearance of a second blossom reference and its positioning as the last verse, especially in a renku that also features a blossom in the hokku. We feel that the ageku does manage to downplay the mistake of creating a circle between the end and the beginning of the renku. The hokku is visual and cerebral, with an element of memory whereas the ageku is olfactory and tactile and very much in the present. Also, this verse represents very successfully the sort of open, expansive, and forward-looking tone with which a renku is expected to conclude.

The poets have succeeded in the love verses by focusing on the romantic love of human beings. More than this, renku love verses should be primarily about love between adult human beings and should not shy away from sexuality as an important element of that love. In both pairings of love stanzas, the relationship moves forward. The first kiss in #6 transitions nicely to the longing for more such romance in #7. While bringing some needed sensuality into play, verse #13 also adds the variety of a snippet of dialog. This titillatingly ambiguous remark morphs into the renewing of vows. For these and other renku pleasures, we congratulate the authors of “Last Year’s Blossom.”

John Stevenson and Christopher Herold

Last Year's Blossom – A Nijuin Renku

by

Andrew Shimield (United Kingdom)

Frank Williams (United Kingdom)

Hanami—
without a thought
for last year's blossom AS

we spread our blankets
over new-mown grass FW

the caravan cleaned
I join the traffic
on the coast road AS

at dusk the camels
are tied up for the night FW

a faint moon
above the smoke and gunfire
of Marsden Moor AS

our first kiss near ruined
by a buzzing bee FW

doodling on my notepad
I write her name
inside a heart AS

he watches cells divide
under the microscope AS

the blue whale
lunges towards
a shoal of krill FW

a tough crowd for the clown
at the children's party AS

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during a blizzard
we visit the Buddha's
hilltop shrine FW

silence on the trading floor
over the Christmas break AS

"it's surprising
what money can buy",
she says with a wink FW

beneath the northern lights
they renew their vows AS

fixed in a puddle
a rocket stick
and the full moon FW

my windfall apples
make the best cider FW

the sculptor steps back
from chiselling the torso
of his marble nude AS

white water rushing
through the narrow gorge FW

during the small hours
a litter of fox cubs
slip into this world AS

a soft breeze fills the room
with the scent of hyacinths FW

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Haiku Society of America

From the Editors

Welcome to our first issue as editors of *Frogpond*. We hope that you have enjoyed the new cover design and the changes in the layout of the pages in between. Such mutations are as inevitable as new menus when different chefs take over a kitchen. The meals on the old menu might have been delicious, but the new masters of the stoves and cutting boards can't help but make changes based on their their different perceptions and judgment.

Most of you will have noticed by now that we have also substantially altered the submission procedure (see pages 2 and 3). This was done to make the editorial process more efficient. With only a two-month submission period for each issue, we will be in a better position to judge the quality of what has been sent to us. It will also free up time needed for our other duties: design, layout, proofreading, printing

In terms of content, we have introduced a new column, "Revelations: Unedited." For each issue, we will invite a different poet to reveal trade secrets or pet peeves or whatever else he or she wants to say. By "Unedited," we mean exactly that—there will be no run-through in the test kitchen. The poet will have total freedom, but, of course, with that will also come total responsibility.

Please give us your feedback on 31:2. We are always searching for ways to make improvements.

George Swede, Editor
Anita Krumins, Assistant Editor