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OF AMERICA**

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About HSA & *Frogpond*

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Submissions Policy

(Please follow the submission guidelines carefully.)

1. Submissions from both members and nonmembers of HSA are welcome.
2. All submissions must be original, unpublished work that is not being considered elsewhere and must not be on the Internet (except for Twitter and Facebook) prior to appearing in *Frogpond*.
3. Submission by e-mail is preferred
 - (a) in the body of the e-mail (no attachments)
 - (b) with subject line: Frogpond Submission + the kind of work sent
 - (c) with place of residence noted in the body of the e-mail
4. A submission by post will receive a reply only if accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope with sufficient U.S. postage to reach your destination.
5. Only one submission per issue will be considered.

The Submission May Include Any or All of the Following:

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

Submission Periods:

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

Acceptances will be sent after the end of each period.

Note to Publishers:

Books for review may be sent at any time.

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**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for the best previously unpublished work appearing in the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 HSA
Executive Committee

From Issue 36:2

silence of snow
we listen to the house
grow smaller

John Parsons
Norfolk, England



Haiku & Senryu

just turned 90
the nights
seem darker

Leroy Kanterman, Forest Hills, New York

used copy
of old Chinese poems—
a baby's teeth marks

Brent Partridge, Orinda, California

late frost
the cry of the loon
uncertain

Lysa Collins, White Park, British Columbia

her letter . . .
I'd forgotten
paper can cut

Tom Tico, San Francisco, California

heat lightning
the manager strides
toward the mound

Lesley Anne Swanson, Coopersburg, Pennsylvania

Geiger counter
still singing to the radishes—
Fukushima Day

koi mouths
breaching the surface
the sky inside us

Brent Goodman, Rhinelander, Wisconsin

in the library
the sound of a fallen pencil
stops time

IW. Crow, Tokyo, Japan

wild roses
my childhood friend
still as childlike

Gwenn Gurnack, Boston, Massachusetts

orchid garden
visitors photograph
the burlap statues

Francis Masat, Key West, Florida

home from church
some of our heaviness left
in the pastor's office

lunch with a friend
how so few words
hold me up

Randy Brooks, Decatur, Illinois

unable to climb
all the temple stairs
resting in limbo

Caroline Giles Banks, Minneapolis, Minnesota

One good place on earth
dancing with a woman
her eyes closed

Bruce England, Santa Clara, California

the sparrow
catches me staring . . .
its short legs

Richard St. Clair, Cambridge, Massachusetts

wake to the plaintive cry of the piping plover winter

Francis Attard, Marsa, Malta

storefront church . . .
in my heart
i feel the drumbeat

Charlotte Digregorio, Winnetka, Illinois

he tells his father
the sound of a snowflake
landing in summer

D W Brydon

Hold tight
the swaying reed
red-winged blackbird

Don Miller, New Lisbon, Wisconsin

low tide
space where the ache
used to be

kate s. godsey, Pacifica, California

battle reenactment
those born in March
asked to fall first

Bill Cooper, Richmond, Virginia

violet fringe
to the tossing maple leaves
assuming the sky

Marshall Hryciuk, Toronto, Ontario

rainy morning . . .
the wife showering
abuses on her husband

Hema Ravi, Chennai, India

bright stars what I think we said still in my head

Deb Baker, Concord, New Hampshire

subtracting
more than I added
faded roses

Stephen A. Peters, Bellingham, Washington

wild orchids
whether to feed the feral cats
in my heart

raindrop
hits the rose and
remembers everything

Michelle Tennison, Blackwood, New Jersey

an ant sees
so little of this world
peony petal

his inscription
in pencil
hummingbird

paul m., Bristol, Rhode Island

if i could give a name to this wind wild poppies

yellow daffodils
the echo of her stilettos
on the sidewalk

Sanjuktaa Asopa, Karnataka, India

fallen camellias
I forget the right way
to worship at a shrine

aquarium jellyfish
how transparent
my sentiment?

Fay Aoyagi, San Francisco, California

silence the heart the heart the heart

Joseph Salvatore Aversano, Ankara, Turkey

summer's eve
waiting for a little something
more to happen

Michael Henry Lee, Saint Augustine, Florida

who I am
and who I could be—
still life with roses

all these things I'd do
if only . . .
persimmon sky

Angela Terry, Lake Forest Park, Washington

slow dance
the thin fabric
between us

inhibiting
my range of emotion
scar tissue

Tom Painting, Atlanta, Georgia

doctor said
like cutting a worm from
the cabbage

Peg McAulay Byrd, Madison, New Jersey

what else
due for thinning
carrot shoots

Ann K. Schwader, Westminster, Colorado

old album—
the colourful life
in black and white

Pravat Kumar Padhy, Odisha, India

no name
to go with that face
autumn leaves

childhood scrapbook
the life expectancy
of Scotch tape

Carolyn Hall, San Francisco, California

beach volleyball
the grey-haired guy
still has some bounce

Sidney Bending, Victoria, British Columbia

summer wind
I tell the kids
to raise the bar

Marcus Larsson, Växjö, Sweden

another birthday
my angles rounding
me harmless

Maggie Kennedy, Brookfield, Illinois

your memory's arterial pulse goldfinch

autumn burns spring and your letters

Lee Gurga, Champaign, Illinois

nestled in her arms
the child
with sparrow eyes

Bonnie Hoffman, Mobile, Alabama

cicadas;
gleam of the folded
nail clippers

Michael Nickels-Wisdom, Spring Grove, Illinois

Geese arc in river fog—
this seeing dissolves
a darker sense of myself

Damselflies resting
on wavelets; his young children
staying home from the wake

Rebecca Lilly, Charlottesville, Virginia

evening news
the odds of another
habitable planet

the way it goes to thistle seed

Christopher Patchel, Mettawa, Illinois

short day . . .
I put my thinning hair
in its place

John J. Han, Manchester, Missouri

all the way to the vanishing point cicada

Joyce Clement, Bristol, Connecticut

the pond at dusk frogorns

John Quinnett, Bryson City, North Carolina

hide and seek the ring around her memory

Margaret Dornaus, Ozark, Arkansas

summer sky
the length of her legs
in denim shorts

Lauren Mayhew, Somerville, Massachusetts

strawberries—
you could never
hide your feelings

Bud Cole, Ocean City, New Jersey

dandelion puffs
blown into the breeze
her fine hair lifts

Rich Burke, Limerick, Pennsylvania

wedding anniversary—
faded photograph
in a glossy frame

Ken Sawitri, Jakarta, Indonesia

snarls of sourwood
embraced
by honeysuckle vines

Steve Addiss, Midlothian, Virginia

finally the starry chapters a redemptive path

her garden's grand palette the strain of beauty

Susan Diridoni, Kensington, California

a fly in the spider web
my travel plans
on hold

Johnny Baranski, Vancouver, Washington

October mist
balm-mint overgrows
the tombstone

Metod Čšek, Zagorje, Slovenia

iceberg
a blue wind
caressing harp strings

a snowflake
softens on my skin . . .
her last breath

Greg Piko, Yass, Australia

winter sun
a goat bleats inside
the shed

which words to use—
a caterpillar wriggles
in the robin's beak

Brad Bennett, Arlington, Massachusetts

intermittent rain I shed another crow

irezumi the river coils into heron

Alan Summers, Wiltshire, England

I forget
why I came here—
rosemary bush.

Alexis Rotella, Arnold, Maryland

second whiskey sour
she stops fixing the spaghetti strap
when it slips

Robert Piotrowski, Mississauga, Ontario

stream of consciousness—
a glimpse of green turtles
in the sea grass

Lorin Ford, Melbourne, Australia

our butterfly nets
how many years since
we really talked

Bruce H. Feingold, Berkeley, California

harbor bell
the emptiness
of the night sea

Peter McDonald, Fresno, California

short nights—
the box turtle's
red eyes

airport bouquet—
seeing her off through
the cellophane

George Dorsty, Yorktown, Virginia

buckwheat flowers
her fertile days
feel numbered

Anne Elise Burgevin, Pennsylvania Furnace, Pennsylvania

late afternoon
the cherry tree laden
with children

Robert Witmer, Tokyo, Japan

rustling leaves . . .
no longer wanting
to be alone

Elizabeth Steinglass, Washington, D.C.

high noon . . .
a child chalks an outline
around my shadow

S.M. Abeles, Washington, D.C.

revisiting
my high school gym—
ball's hollow bounce

Mike Taylor, San Francisco, California

thunderstorm
the eyes of fish and men
darkening

Tom Rault, Laxviken, Sweden

heat lightning—
learning when
to hold my tongue

Ben Moeller-Gaa, St. Louis, Missouri

the
tide

rises,
falls

(her
plumb
line)

my old skin
within a shell, the shine
a life leaves

Mark Harris, Princeton, New Jersey

monocular shimmering fractals the color of migraines

Beverly Acuff Momoi, Mountain View, California

hair lanterns carry
along summer winds
a womb's expecting

a fresh
coat

of
vessel

the
undocked

weight
noted

Scott Metz, South Beach, Oregon

my daughter's laughter . . .
the paper boat's cargo
of cherry petals

Claire Everett, North Yorkshire, England

foxglove nod with probing bees the talk

Jeff Stillman, Norwich, New York

inside the evening purse her empty dance card

Seretta Martin, San Diego, California

twisted piñon
speaks to me
in woodpecker

early summer wildfires—
inhaling
sparrow, rabbit, deer

Deborah A. Cole, Santa Fe, New Mexico

tree dying
branch by branch
my ancestor search

Edward J. Rielly, Westbrook, Maine

winter evening—
piles of warm books
in the sunroom

Tony Burfield, Lyons, Colorado

midnight plagiarizing the moon again

ticking second hand—
the misty rain is almost
invisible

Mike Andrelczyk, Strasburg, Pennsylvania

branches almost bare
a memory in the colors
of a new bruise

one thousand blades of grass the taste of a cloudless sky

Eve Luckring, Los Angeles, California

shadow of smoke
across the snow
the life I didn't live

Matthew M. Cariello, Columbus, Ohio

toothbrushing
a Pollock
on the bathroom mirror

M.A. Istvan, Jr., Bryan, Texas

all around
my house, too,
the devil's paintbrush

sitting down to pray the river a stone can hold

Dan Schwerin, Greendale, Wisconsin

winter crows
spelling it out
in black and white

laundry day
the moth's wings
neatly folded

Jeff Hoagland, Hopewell, New Jersey

broken shoestring budget

Cameron Mount, Ocean City, New Jersey

styx and bones the cry of a stone

a healer
speaking in tongues
the river

Roland Packer, Hamilton, Ontario

wolf wind . . .
carving the pumpkin
by candlelight

Mark E. Brager, Columbia, Maryland

window cobweb
a strand of my hair
not quite not there

waterfall roar
the invisible line where
bird songs stop

George Swede, Toronto, Ontario

departing crows—
nothing for me either
on this treeless hill

carnival day
the purple elephant
burdens my heart

Michael McClintock, Clovis, California

all this time reading my silence the cats

Barry George, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

new moon
the scattering sounds
of near things

David Caruso, Haddonfield, New Jersey

in addition
to what's been said
kitten scratches

heat lightning
I pull a snag
out of the curtains

Aubrie Cox, Taylorville, Illinois

a wake of dust
follows the reaper home
autumn twilight

skinny dip
all the stars
blinking

Quendryth Young, Alstonville, NSW, Australia

unable to hide the migrating birds in his eyes

Marian Olson, Santa Fe, New Mexico

quantum leap
the chameleon
here . . . and not

Patricia Machmiller, San Jose, California

summer twilight
the lanky teen fishing
with a toy pole

Brandon Bordelon, Baton Rouge, Louisiana

estuary—
the boy and man
inside of me

Michael Blottenberger, Hanover, Pennsylvania

summer rain
my midnight shadow
eight feet tall

Johnye Strickland, Maumelle, Arkansas

the church bell tolls
I add more string
to the runner beans

John Kinory, Steeple Aston, England

fish shop shrine
spent incense sticks
dangle ashes

Els van Leeuwen, Sydney, Australia

reverse engineering the escape velocity of jazz

crows if you can't say anything nice

Christina Nguyen, Hugo, Minnesota

the hush as
she enters her ears turn
into quotation marks

her aching arms
stroking the ocean hoping
a continent draws near

Peter Yovu, Middlesex, Vermont

full moon
the dog and I awake
for our own reasons

Heather Jagman, Chicago, Illinois

a glint of light
in the birdhouse window
winter clouds

Bruce Ross, Hampden, Maine

— |
— |
pacific paddle the wave bigger than my fear

what i want is not what i am the pleiades

Jim Kacian, Winchester, Virginia

after the diagnosis—
looking deeper
into blossoms

Kristen Deming, Bethesda, Maryland

autumn
leaf by leaf
the loss

eighty summers
the ice cream melts
before I'm finished

Bill Kenney, Whitestone, New York

oregano volunteer
counting the ways
we're put to use

william scott galasso, Edmonds, Washington

heading home
with a new bookmark—
summer moon

spring night
the train whistle I never hear
with my eyes open

Jeanne Cook, South Bend, Indiana

dark limbs over the pond . . .
a muskrat glides
through the afterglow

Larry Gates, Portal, Arizona

twilight
a fleeting feeling
swallowed by stars

Paula Fisher, Galveston, Texas

evensong if I believed I'd go to hell

Bob Lucky, Addis Ababa, Ethiopia

slow shift the southern waitress refills her sugar

w.f. owen, Antelope, California

road slick with rain
the brisk way he sideswipes
my heart

J. Zimmerman, Santa Cruz, California

women's department
all the manikins headless
and size six

Kathe L. Palka, Flemington, New Jersey

winter dusk
deciding not to
I dial her number

summer solstice
passing through the wind sock
this way and that

Marsh Muirhead, Bemidji, Minnesota

prairie road flat tire sundog

my dreams cluttered with space junk

R.P. Carter, North Bay, Ontario

city street
an ant enters
a 9mm shell casing

John J. Dunphy, Alton, Illinois

atop his column
the Southern general
dark against the stars

David G. Lanoue, New Orleans, Louisiana

family quarrel
honey dripping
on the floor

Cristina-Monica Moldoveanu, Bucharest, Romania

a change of clothes
in the vacant city lot
wild mustard

Cherie Hunter Day, Cupertino, California

four plums
each planted to bear
an empty name

Sebastian Hengst, Munich, Germany

leaving
the body—
snakeskin

from the ship, launching a bottle

John Stevenson, Nassau, New York

renaissance fair
she finds the chink
in my armour

John McManus, Carlisle, Cumbria, England

accumulation
with each scribbled word
snow on the porch

Matthew Caretti, Mercersburg, Pennsylvania

love as a compound word his ex calls

Karen DiNobile, Poughkeepsie, New York

basset hound her gift to me imaginary

Robert Epstein, El Cerrito, California

she bends to pour
so difficult to pretend
i'm watching the tea

Arch Haslett, Toronto, Ontario

a little girl
on tiptoes
redwood tree

the winter wind
in the shape
of an old woman

Victor Ortiz, San Pedro, California

bus stop
the old man
never gets on

Anna Maris, Tomelilla, Sweden

bedtime prayers
mom gives thanks for daughters
whose names she forgot

Renee Londner, Prospect, Connecticut

last hand wave—
the window swings
both ways

Oana Aurora Boazu, Galati, Romania

thrift store drop
the small song
a bird brings

dinosaur bones
my grandchildren
guide me

LeRoy Gorman, Napanee, Ontario

ants furiously building days when nothing dries

grit in the wind all my abandoned blogs

David Boyer, Stamford, Connecticut

slightly sharp
autumn's breath
through the river reed

Terri L. French, Huntsville, Alabama

hole in my hourglass i slip in a little more sand

Haiku Elvis, Shreveport, Louisiana

night cabin
under the patter of rain
river sound

Ruth Yarrow, Seattle, Washington

midnight loneliness
I hitch a ride
on a shooting star

Francis W. Alexander, Sandusky, Ohio

river bend
part of me wants
to return

Ernest Wit, Warsaw, Poland

mountain hike
packing the spring
in tin canteens

Julie Warther, Dover, Ohio

sunflower you'll always be a head-turner

James Chessing, San Ramon, California

braided moonprints
in the northwoods night
the stillness of deer

Tricia Knoll, Portland, Oregon

window shopping
my reflection tries on dress
after dress

Pris Campbell, Lakeworth, Florida

another talk
that's only in my head . . .
summer rain

Stewart C. Baker, Rancho Palos Verdes, California

this way that way
 around the pond
until I come out right

Mary Squier Weiler, Baja California, Mexico

autumn wind
kitchen apron
hung on a peg

Rob Dingman, Herkimer, New York

less
then less after dark
curving lines in his table legs

shadows
crossing narrow roads
fireflies light-years from the first stars

Gary Hotham, Scaggsville, Maryland

the passage between day and dream moon haiku

~for Cid Corman

Chen-ou Liu, Ajax, Ontario

old clothes donation
the relief
of a second chance

Pat Tompkins, San Mateo, California

second inning
the sound of one man
napping

James A. Paulson, Narberth, Pennsylvania

rainy-day walk—
so much to say
under one umbrella

Faith-Anne Bell, Baltimore, Maryland

divorce court
this bench the last thing
we'll share

dripping tap
I begin to think
you're right

Rachel Sutcliffe, Huddersfield, England

split-rail fence he opts for hospice

at the end of a maple branch autumn begins

Alan S. Bridges, Littleton, Massachusetts

pin oak
the lies
I still believe

Kristin Oosterheert, Grandville, Michigan

the hollow
where the doe lay
dawn of her passing

Renée Owen, Sebastopol, California

running clouds
in thought I repeat
myself

Dietmar Tauchner, Puchberg, Austria

distant thunder
 this fear
the colour of my walls

Kala Ramesh, Pune, India

child lock:
still trapped inside
my father

Lew Watts, Santa Fe, New Mexico

autumn chill
the snip of scissors
on winter wool

Wanda D. Cook, Hadley, Massachusetts

International Exchange Serbia

The Haiku Association of Serbia and Montenegro (HASMN) was established in 1999. Its program objectives include organizing the gatherings and activities of haiku poets from Serbia and Montenegro. The HASMN publishes the newsletter *Vesnik* (“Gazette”) and the haiku journal *Osvit* (“Daybreak”) on a yearly basis. The journal is open for poets from abroad (featured in “Haiku from the World”) and presents scholarly articles on haiku poetry, book reviews (of domestic authors), and information on haiku contest awards won by national haiku poets. The HASMN also publishes books by its members in the edition “Haiku Poetry.” In this issue of *Frogpond*, we continue our international haiku exchange, with these poems submitted by the HASMN’s Executive Committee. English translations by Saša Važić.

~David Lanoue, President, HSA

Зоолошки врт—
чапља на једној нози
загледана у ништа

the zoo—
a heron staring
at nothing

(Apokalipsa Haiku Contest, 3rd Place, Slovenia, 2006)

Драган Ј. Ристић (Dragan J. Ristić)

После бомбардовања
остаци моста
спојени маглом

after the bombing
ruins of a bridge
linked by the fog

(D. Anakiev and J. Kacian, eds. *Knots: The Anthology of Southeastern European Haiku Poetry*. Slovenia: Prijatelj Press, 1999.)

Небојша Симин (Nebojša Simin)

Нова година—
непродате јелке
окићене ињем

new year—
unsold fir trees
decorated by rime

(*Odškrinuta vrata* / “Slightly Open Door,” Vrelo, CEP, Novi Sad, 2004.)

Бранислав Ђорђевић (Branislav Djordjević)

У темељ куће
уграђује се сенка
оближњег дрена.

building in
the house foundation—the shadow
of a nearby dogwood

(Apokalipsa Haiku Contest, HM, Slovenia, 2004)

Мила Вукмировић (Mila Vukmirović), Secretary

Ђурђевдан свиће—
цигани поред ватре
себи у гостима

St. John’s Day is dawning—
Gypsies sitting by the fire
are their own guests

(*Kō* Annual Award for Best Haiku, 2002)

Зоран Раонић (Zoran Raonić)

У ћилибару
иглице бора, буба—
прозор у прошлост

in the amber
a pine needle, a bug . . .
a window to the past

(*Haiku Novine*, No. 25, Autumn–Winter, 2010)

Светлана Станковић (Svetlana Stanković)

Ваздушна узбуна—
светла на семафору мењају се
ни за кога

air-raid alarm—
the traffic lights change
for no one

(D. Anakiev, ed. *A Piece of the Sky: Haiku from an Air-Raid Shelter*, 1999.)

Љубинка Тошић (Ljubinka Tošić)

Сустигоше се
орао и сјенка му
на врх стијене.

An eagle and its shadow
overtake each other
at the top of a rock.

(International Kusamakura Haiku Competition, 2nd Place, 2004)

Миленко Д. Ћировић Љутички (Milenko D. Ćirović Ljutički), President

Rengay

Splintered Dreams

John Thompson, Santa Rosa, California

Renée Owen, Sebastopol, California

where the tide turns
the driftwood rearranged
while we sleep

*remembering seaweed
the taste of a past life*

corpse pose
that room of perfect silence
within us

*my cracks
fill with splinters
old pine*

the tendril's long inquiry
ends in an embrace

*daydreaming of you
dreaming of me
ringed moon*

Almond-Scented Leaves

Johnny Baranski, Vancouver, Washington

Angela J. Naccarato Vancouver, British Columbia

only two days old
my beard grows gray
cherry blossoms

*evening star—
the Sugar Moon long gone*

almond-scented leaves
ancient cherry
grafted to the plum

*a fly
in the butter—
the river flows*

fallen blossoms
in prison you just can't cry

*perennials—
the wild sage
uncut*

Beneath the Waves

John Thompson, Santa Rosa, California
Cherie Hunter Day, Cupertino, California

beached shark—
its upside down smile cuts deep
into the ocean within

*floodlights on the bathyscaphe
scanning, scanning . . .*

mind locked in darkness
upon entering the asylum—
cling-clang go the gates

*in Theo's arms
Vincent slips into despair
"the sadness will last forever"*

lichen-covered bridge
cut off from both shores

*northern gannet
plummeting beneath the waves
a seamless dive*

Haiku Sequences

Kyoto Journal

Judson Evans, Holbrook, Massachusetts

rainy flower-viewing
woman with a Kleenex
clearing peepholes

no translation needed
for our common gasps
hydrangea season

warning to newlyweds
the “Romance Car” uncouples
at Otawara

Tokyo subway
the punk couple enters
my manga daydream

supporting the ancient gingko
and the temple roof
the same props

neither inside
nor outside
intercom chant

Nameless

Francis Masat, Key West, Florida

in curling waves
the glow of first light
through seaweed

after the storm
a new pond
where the willows were

moss-covered rocks—
the waves break
again . . . again

quiet pond
a spinning leaf
and a moving shadow

salt flats
the way they shift
in moonlight

ferry landing—
on gray-black waves
a solitary light sways

fall moon
a gentle swell
eases through the moment

prairie song

(Southern Alberta May 2013)
LeRoy Gorman, Napanee, Ontario

Calgary
the cowboy hat
never fits

Lethbridge sunrise
a country song
on the clock radio

Taber tire shop
calendar girls
cover a dirty wall

Seven Persons
a child on a trampoline
high as the Rockies

Red Rock Coulee
not Mars
but you can see Montana

Paradise Ranch
not yet the end
of the road

Medicine Hat
what's-the-hurry
rush hour

Renku

Shiki's Fingers

Hortensia Anderson, New York, New York (Deceased)

John Carley, London, England

Carole MacRury, Port Roberts, Washington

Carmen Sterba, University Place, Washington

Bette Wappner, Erlanger, Kentucky

shared dreams—
a woven hammock
sways in the breeze

Hortensia

tendrils of light
dance on their faces

Bette

darkness
reflects the mood
in the waiting room

Carmen

brick by brick
the wall disappears

Carole

full moon
stretched and beaten
in a hoop drum

Bette

Shiki's fingers
grasp a falling leaf

John

all the ghosts
peel from the heart
of the old madrona

Carole

creaks and sighs
from newlyweds upstairs

Carmen

the moment
when the avalanche
begins to

John

a plate of fortune cookies
predicts "great joy"

Hortensia

my birdbath
overflows with rain
and blossoms

Carole

eighty-eight temples
under this hat

Bette



Tan Renga

Kathe L. Palka, Flemington, New Jersey
Peter Newton, Winchendon, Massachusetts

my careful plans . . .
clumps of wild violets
in the flower beds

*through the abandoned lot
a path of desire*

w.f. owen, Antelope, California
Yvonne Cabalona, Modesto, California

close as they get
divorced parents
hold their son's hand

*balance beam
the gymnast centers herself*

Bob Fritzmeier, Sioux City, Iowa
Karen O'Leary, West Fargo, North Dakota

passing the football . . .
a skeleton's hand
shakes in the wind

*at grandpa's grave—
his grip still strong*

Leslie Rose, Shingle Springs, California
w.f. owen, Antelope, California

from the reed
the orb weaver floats its line
on the wind

*a contrail hangs above
the crash site*

Haibun

Communing with Her Ghost

Renée Owen, Sebastopol, California

A new moon rises. Up above the cedars, above the bishop pines bent crooked by wind bestowed from the sea, with its fog and secrets floating in on king tides, or on the tips of outstretched wings. A horned owl swoops through the gloaming, determined to dive deeper into the dark, to cross that thin veil into the other world, leaving me with but a flash of his great breadth, and a sole feather, long and lovely and light.

Salmon Creek
I follow your heartbeat
through the pines

You Can Always Count on a Coot

Margaret Chula, Portland, Oregon

when you go to the Malheur Reserve in southeastern Oregon in late October. Malheur is famous worldwide for its bird migrations. Both regional and exotic species winter here. You park your bug-spattered Subaru at the edge of the pond, lace up your hiking boots, pull out binoculars and camera, tuck a Peterson Field Guide in your back pocket, and begin circling the pond. At the end of the day, your boots are caked with mud, your camera is still in its case, the bird book unopened.

brand new goose-down vest
I retrieve my scruffy sweater
from the Goodwill box

Magic Painting

Robert Davey, Dereham, England

For the first time since his birth his parents made the trip back to their hometown. Grandparents, aunts, uncles, and cousins were visited. A lot of fuss was made of his little brother and baby sister. Family resemblances were exclaimed over and discussed.

That evening he was allowed to stay up. He was given a magic painting book and put in the dining room while the adults talked in the living room. Their muffled voices came through the door behind him. He sat at the pristine dining table, dipped his brush in water, and watched the white spaces in the pictures fill with colour. After a while the voices grew louder and he stopped to listen.

crumbling fort
sunlight strikes
the Rosetta stone

Now You See, Now You Don't

Marian Olson, Santa Fe, New Mexico

I stand at the window just in time to witness quail emerging from the shadows of the lace vine. The color of dirt, they are almost invisible; only movement has revealed them. When my hound spots them and begins to stalk, the quail flee, back to the vine where they become invisible once again. After my hound loses interest and walks off, the quail reappear one by one. I cannot help but wonder how many other wild things thrive unseen in this desert I call home.

another panicle
on the buddleia bush
swallowtail

Bad Connection

Carolyn Hall, San Francisco, California

“Hi,” he says to my answering machine. “My foot’s a little better. Ibuprofen helps, but the doc says it’s damaging my kidneys. I get these terrific pains in my legs in the middle of the night. My back doesn’t hurt unless I try to walk too far. Just wanted to let you know I’m OK. And I love you.”

needles of rain
what’s left
of apricot blossoms

International

Johannes Manjrekar, Gujarat, India

The two boys are wobbling along a low wall.

“We are in-ter-na-tional!” one sings out.

“In-nashnal” the other squeaks delightedly. Then: “What does that mean?”

“International—that means best,” the older one explains.

winter dusk
the moon rises
through wires

Half Off

John Stevenson, Nassau, New York

They’re going to sell you what they’ve got if you’re not clear,
from the beginning, about what you’re looking for.

keeping time for me to go

White Squirrel

Ross Plovnick, St. Louis Park, Minnesota

When my wife spots a white squirrel in our yard in July, I mention northern winters can be kind when that albino needs to hide from a predator. She replies we're north of young and even with hair as white as snow no one hides from Time.

second thoughts
the shadow of a cloud
moves on

The Wait

George Swede, Toronto, Ontario

He displays each "ess": weakness, unsteadiness, forgetfulness, tiredness, grumpiness—unsurprising in someone nearing 100.

when and how
the last crab apple
in its tree

Destination: Mineral Point

Lee Gurga, Champaign, Illinois

Writers' workshop today and forecast to rain. Before I pack the car, I have to decide: poncho or umbrella? The poncho will keep me dry from the knees up. The umbrella embodies the hope that someone will hook my elbow and link their life to mine, arm brushing arm.

kissing the cross
kissing the hand that holds the cross
robinsong

Brewing

Deb Baker, Concord, New Hampshire

We sit in the June sun on our neighbor Andy's deck, talking about life as he and my husband brew a double IPA. Hoppy steam wafts over the conversation, anointing us with moist heat. He tells us about a Russian immigrant in Manchester whose new store was vandalized after the Boston marathon bombings. Hurting to heal, wronging to right wrongs, the irony of vengeance. We shake our heads.

I wonder out loud what makes a person take that step from hating privately to acting publicly. Of course we can't answer that. Between sips of cold beer while the wort boils, we speculate: fear, ignorance, helplessness. Inability to see ourselves in each other.

We come to no conclusions except that news is bad; we should take in less of it. But we say that knowing we will follow the next tragedy as closely as the last.

first insect bites
my daughter and I
share a tin of salve

Wistful Thinking

Tom Painting, Atlanta, Georgia

It rained the night we stayed in the cabin. I recall the sound on the tin roof. Earlier in the day we had picked apples in an abandoned orchard and later pared them for pie, cutting away the wormy parts. That night we slept in the loft where the warmth would remain once the fire went out.

divorced
after a long soak
I drain the tub

The Puzzle

George Swede, Toronto, Ontario

I'm trying to piece together my haiku shards into whatever they were meant to be.

bagged leaves—
notebook full
to the last page

Beyond

Bruce Ross, Hampden, Maine

One late Friday night passing through an orthodox community to catch a flight I was absorbed by absolute silence. Here in a great metropolitan city absolute silence. The mystical texts say something changes at this time.

Sabbath
in the deepest night
an added soul

Garden Space

Peter Newton, Winchendon, Massachusetts

no dawn
but this
brightening snow

Months to go before shadows pull themselves together. Before the sand, the stones and Weeping Larch reappear from under their shrouds of snow. Now is the time to wait. And watch. A leveling effect I cannot name. No one is here to tell the time. Only with the return of a bird do I remember to sing.

a stone skips past middle age

Essays

Haiku as Dimensional Object

John Stevenson, Nassau, New York

Efforts to define English-language haiku range from attempts at liberation to attempts at colonization. They can be undertaken with engaging humor or with deadly seriousness. What follows here may look like an attempt at definition by description but I should point out from the beginning that I don't look upon my idea as applicable to all haiku. Nevertheless, I do feel that the genre offers a uniquely tactile opportunity for those poets (and readers) who exploit its dimensional possibilities to the fullest.

I like to think of haiku as material things, as two- or three-dimensional art objects. I imagine three-dimensional haiku being presented, one at a time, in a large circular exhibit hall, left in the center of a room whose circumference consists of a number of doors, each of which might be used as an entry or an exit. The poet has used one of these doors to enter the room and leave the haiku there for others. The poet has used the same or a different door to exit, taking a final look from that doorway. We hope that the poet has also turned over this object and viewed it from many perspectives before deciding it was ready for exhibition in this way.

Each viewer of the work will have a first encounter based upon the door from which he or she enters the exhibit room. Once inside, however, they are free to view the poem from any direction. They can approach it, walk around it. They may even pick it up and turn it over, if there are no guards in the room at the moment. And they can add more words, though these words must leave the room with them. Some will be inclined to spend more time than others. And, to some degree, this may be influenced by which entry door was used and whether the room itself feels more like the passage to another room or a restful place, inspiring reflection.

I imagine a two-dimensional haiku as one that is intended to be viewed from a particular arc of perspectives. Expanding the exhibit hall metaphor, a two-dimensional haiku is something like a painting. In order to be exhibited, it is likely to need some wall space and the circumference of the exhibit hall cannot consist entirely of doorways. In fact the exhibit room might be designed in a way that consciously limits the viewer/reader's approach to the work and there are almost always guards in this hall, so touching is a no-no.

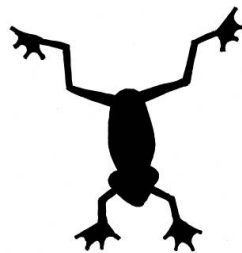
For me, the sense of two or three dimensions transcends or at least applies equally to haiku that might be described as "traditional" or as "H21" (previously known as "gendai"). The dimensional quality is less about style than about what I imagine to be the poet/reader interface. The three-dimensional haiku cannot function as a puzzle, with a single solution or resolution, but must be more or less equally available from a variety of perspectives. A two-dimensional haiku, on the other hand, is designed to have a single or, at least, a limited number of available readings and is not diminished by having limited access for the reader/viewer.

In this regard, the "aha" moment might be a key indicator of dimensionality. Some viewers may only glance into that circular exhibit room from the doorway, one of many, and happen to hit upon a view of a three-dimensional word object that seems immediately satisfying. They might say "aha" and leave it at that rather than considering other views that might be available had they actually entered the room. If, on the other hand, the entry door they have used does not immediately provide this "aha" moment, they can only find it through persistence and discovery, by entering the room anyway and exploring it. The potential benefit for them is that there may be a number of "aha" experiences derived from the work when explored in this way. The two-dimensional haiku almost has to provide an "aha" through the single (or few) approaches it offers us, so it is kinder to the reader in that regard. But it rarely will provide the multiple pleasures of a three-dimensional poem.

And here is where I will leave this. I will only add that the decision about where to most effectively display a given haiku within the mind belongs to both the poet and the reader. This sense of dimensions might be extended in some way to the ordinary way of displaying haiku—in journals, anthologies, or in social media. But most interesting to me are the many types of imaginary exhibition halls from which to choose.



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**The Aesthetic Coordinates of Haiku:
A Ginkō Towards Mount Fuji**

Dietmar Tauchner, Puchberg, Austria

Translated from German by Alexandra Bainschab

Can haiku be distinguished from other short forms of poetry? If so, how and by what means? What characteristics mold the aesthetic and the poetics of this genre? Giving a comprehensive answer to this repeatedly asked question would be as legitimate as presenting an imperative definition of poetry or literature in general. Yet, as the following lines argue, it is possible to discuss characteristics and qualities, so that the aesthetic of haiku can be sketched out in an open manner.

To that end, I would like to invite you to a ginkō, a short haiku stroll towards Fuji-san. We will not reach the summit, presumably not even the foot of Fuji, or maybe the journey will end at a nearer mountain. If we are lucky, however, we will find bits and pieces of haiku aesthetic at the wayside, which may serve as a map.

The aesthetic of haiku is—and this may already be disclosed as a debatable and hardly surprising thesis set in a broader context—culture specific, era collective and, as always in the field of poetry, adaptive and individually subjective. The cornerstones of the aesthetic of haiku can be presented as a coordinate system, which will be demonstrated by examples.

Haiku Coordinates

Despite its simplicity, haiku is a complex art concentrated on four essential attributes (*shibumi*, *kire*, *atarashimi*, *yūgen*) that may lead to a fifth (*aware*), and can be illustrated as a “haiku coordinate system.” Successful haiku are to be found along a horizontal and a vertical axis:

	<i>Atarashimi</i>	
<i>Shibumi</i>	<i>Aware</i>	<i>Kire</i>
	<i>Yūgen</i>	

An evocative haiku needs all of these elements to succeed. Step by step we're going to learn about the terms of the coordinate system, beginning with the first requirement: *shibumi*. On the formal, horizontal level, *shibumi* means contraction, brevity, understatement, reduction to the essential. A haiku needs at least two words (or one with a graphic addendum, which would rather make it a haiga) and about twenty syllables at most. This brevity depends on the use of allusion to indicate the subject matter and allow space for imagination. Haiku is not narrative. It enables the act of narration: Subjects speak about themselves and consequently, the reader's fantasy tells a story. This is also what distinguishes haiku from aphorisms—the latter provide us with insight in a laconic fashion, the former in an implicit, suggestive manner.

Let's stay on the formal, horizontal level. Haiku also requires a caesura or *kire*. Traditionally, this interjection or interruption in the flow of words functions to juxtapose two elements or layers in the poem. Strictly speaking, however, haiku does not need a caesura, just juxtaposition.

war for water in the future I sip my beer¹

In this example the individual elements of the text refer to each other in a free, associative manner; they can be interpreted in any direction, respectively. Dimitar Anakiev calls this “linear syncope,”² which is defined by Mario Fitterer as follows: “here it is not the line break that creates the caesura, it is rather the result of the circumstance that the words in the one-liner format are stripped of their syntactic function and purely transformed into objects.”³

In haiku *kire* can take effect either by caesura, by “linear syncope,” or, as in the following two examples, by the judicious use of a verb:

spring light fills the hollow tree trunk⁴

gender god gone deep into the woods⁵

The verbs could be omitted:

spring light in the hollow tree trunk

gender god deep into the woods

But they fulfill their interruptive role by indicating time and bringing about the dynamics of time. In the first example, the verb serves to contrast fullness (“fills”) and emptiness (“hollow”). In both instances, the verbs sharpen the aesthetics of time and make the poems more effective.

Kire can always be found if there is a juxtaposition of two elements. This can go as far as having only two elements, two nouns next to each other, as in George Swede’s haiku:

stars crickets⁶

Or in the author’s haiku, which has been enriched with a possessive pronoun:

her text message lilac scent⁷

On top of the vertical axis we find *atarashimi*, or novelty, an aesthetic attribute of great importance since Bashō’s Shōmon School. *Atarashimi* means introducing new subjects to haiku poetry or assuming a fresh point of view on old subjects or topics. The paraphrasing of older texts (*honkadori*) often found in haiku literature also involves the deliberate use of *atarashimi* by emphasizing new aspects of an old text:

an old pond . . .
a frog leaps in,
the sound of water⁸

The famous Bashō haiku, for instance, was paraphrased by Ryōkan as follows:

a new pond . . .
not even the sound
of a frog jumping in⁹

Bernard Einbond turned it into:

frog pond . . .
a leaf falls in
without a sound¹⁰

Atarashimi defies the copy, the mere imitation; it sees the world as a place of permanent (re)invention. It is in this light that Bashō's dictum of "Follow the Creative" (*zoka zuijun*), as stated in H. Shirane's *Traces of Dreams*,¹¹ is to be understood.

Finally, the haiku coordinate system is completed by *yūgen*, meaning that which is mysterious, everything that lies beyond rationality. *Yūgen* represents the ineffable, ideas that can only be alluded to, that cannot be put into words. In the broadest sense, *yūgen* also implies the qualities and poetics of the past, including the attitudes of *wabi-sabi* (external poorness or plainness; a sense of solitude) and *fūryū* (refined taste in art and lifestyle, etc.), whereas *atarashimi* tends to the future. In essence, *yūgen* touches on those aspects of reality of which René Magritte spoke when he said, "Surreality is nothing but the reality that has not disposed of the mysterious."¹²

Thus far, the coordinate system has traced what might be considered the four dimensions of space-time. The horizontal, formal axis is the axis of space, while the vertical axis, which is rather concerned with content, refers to time. *Atarashimi* is, so to speak, the pivot between space and time, since it is important with regard to form and content. At the center of the coordinate system is *aware* (*mono no aware*), an aesthetic expression of deep appreciation for beauty as well as a deep melancholy because beauty is fleeting. This is also the point

where the four dimensions of space-time start their journey into non-time or into the multidimensional cosmos.

Haiku Coordinates in Practice

Here we'll consider some examples of the use of the three "basic skills" or coordinates—*shibumi* (brevity/reduction), *kire* (juxtaposition), and *atarashimi* (freshness/novelty)—in texts that comply with traditional haiku format and with conventional subject matters. We'll also consider whether or not they lead us toward the two more advanced coordinates, *yūgen* (the ineffable) and *aware* (aesthetic appreciation).

crowdedSubway10DimensionsSolitude¹³

the girl's eyes green behind the barbed wire¹⁴

These examples may be appreciated more by one reader than by another one, but regardless of personal preference, it can be said that each of them exhibits these attributes or dimensions:

1. brevity, reduction (*shibumi*),
2. juxtaposition (*kire*),
3. freshness or novelty on the level of form or content (*atarashimi*).

Brevity seems obvious in both examples. The juxtaposition in the second poem is the pivot word "green," which might refer to the "girl's eyes" as well as to the grass beyond the wire. The novelty in the first example might be the scientific inclusion of "10Dimensions" and, furthermore, the fact that the entire poem appears as one word (which is divided only through capital letters).

Thus, we might say they are three-dimensional haiku, whose craftsmanship corresponds to our sense of reality. If one coordinate were to be omitted, the result would be a flat or two-dimensional haiku, and that does not usually equal

something good, or rather, not something that fascinates. A two-dimensional haiku, created by the author ad hoc and certainly not a masterpiece, would be:

cherry blossoms
the entire garden
full of them

Coordinates 1 and 2 are fulfilled, but coordinate 3, the use of *atarashimi*, is already missing, mainly because the text deals with an often-used topic that leads in this case to no surprising or touching perception. The text suffers from a lack of surprise.

And what about dimensions four and five of the haiku coordinates mentioned earlier? Do these texts hold the mysterious (*yūgen*); do they move us emotionally and aesthetically (*aware*)? Answering this question is notably more difficult, since—where these two qualities are concerned—historic, psychosocial, and individual idiosyncrasies and experiences weigh heavier than with other aesthetic coordinates. What does the writer/reader know, where does she or he come from, what are her or his values and experiences? The effectiveness of the text may result from the sum of all the answers to these questions. It seems most important that an appealing haiku offers something new in form or content or both. An appealing haiku works beyond the “ratio,” leads the mind into the wild woods of wonder where everything has its own unique language. Words turn into images again, turn into the pure energy of reality in a kind of *unio mystica*.

We have now reached the end of our metaphorical *ginkō* somewhere near the base of Fuji-san. Readers so inclined may begin the ascent, solitarily or together with others, keeping in mind the following: if a short text shows the first four essential points of the haiku coordinate system, thereby combining poetic imaginative power with existential truth, it generates something that results in aesthetic wonder based on the attentive perception and incidents all around. Then it can be called a haiku, and a successful one at that.

In conclusion, let me paraphrase the Austrian philosopher Ludwig Wittgenstein:¹⁵ Only he or she who discards the map (haiku coordinates) used for orientation on the way to Fuji, may ascend Fuji. And probably so at the speed of Issa's snail. In this sense, the haiku coordinate system is not an ultimate guide to the aesthetic of haiku. But it is, surely, an impetus for the conscious development of a fascinating genre, which has not yet reached its end.

Notes

1. Dietmar Tauchner, in *Presence* 34 (January 2008).
2. Dimitar Anakiev, "New Tools: The Dimension of the Line." In *edge of light*, Red Moon Anthology 2003 (Winchester, VA: Red Moon Press, 2004), 115–119.
3. Mario Fitterer, "Das Verschwinden der Schwalbe," Vierteljahresschrift der DHG #67 (January 2005): 5–25.
4. Tauchner, unpublished.
5. Tauchner, *as far as i can* (Winchester, VA: Red Moon Press, 2010).
6. Cor van den Heuvel, ed., *The Haiku Anthology*, 3rd. edition (New York: W. W. Norton, 1999), 212.
7. Tauchner, in *Modern Haiku* 37:3 (summer 2006).
8. Haruo Shirane, *Traces of Dreams* (Stanford, CA: Stanford University Press, 1998), 16.
9. Shirane, *Traces*, 17.
10. Shirane, *Traces*, 17.
11. Shirane, *Traces*, 257 f.
12. René Magritte, Exhibition at the Albertina in Vienna, May 2012.
13. Tauchner, *noise of our origin* (Winchester, VA: Red Moon Press, 2013).
14. Tauchner, *as far as i can* (Winchester, VA: Red Moon Press, 2010).
15. Ludwig Wittgenstein, *Tractatus logico-philosophicus* (Frankfurt/Main: Suhrkamp, 1963), 115.



Dietmar Tauchner, born in 1972 in Austria, lives and works in Puchberg & Vienna as a social worker/counselor, author, and lover. His work has been published in various magazines and anthologies worldwide. He has received some awards and has attended various haiku conferences, where he has given lectures and readings. Haiku publications in English include as far as i can, Red Moon Press, 2010 and noise of our origin, Red Moon Press, 2013.

Getting Started with Haiku

Michael Dylan Welch, Sammamish, Washington

“To a clear eye the smallest fact is a window through which the infinite may be seen.”

~Thomas Henry Huxley

“The soul never thinks without an image.”

~Aristotle

“Those moments before a poem comes, when the heightened awareness comes over you, and you realize a poem is buried there somewhere, you prepare yourself. I run around, you know, kind of skipping around the house, marvelous elation. It’s as though I could fly.”

~Anne Sexton

How does one get started in writing haiku? All poets face the repeated task of moving from inspiration to words. It’s not always easy. The following practical tips about process might help beginners, and also interest more-seasoned poets who are involved in helping others learn the art of haiku. The English poet and scholar Thomas Gray once said, “Poetry is thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.” But how do you get from the breathing thought to the burning word?

One suggestion is to begin by jotting down selected experiences that happen to you every day, focusing on how you experience those small events through your five senses. For example, just now a car drove past my house, and I heard its sound fade in and out as it drove past. That’s a seed for a haiku—maybe not a good one, but maybe it is. You never know. That’s how haiku starts for me—by closely noticing even the simplest of experiences, and then forming words to describe them plainly and directly, without judgment. The idea is to start with things as they are, focusing on nouns and one of the five senses. A key technique to remember is this: Instead of writing about your emotions, write about what *caused* your emotions. Here’s a start:

the sound fades away
from a passing car

So this is two lines, but just one phrase. A good haiku nearly always has two parts, and one of the parts is like the preceding two lines. Although it's presented in two lines, it still reads as a single phrase (just one part). Now it needs a third line (its second part) to go with it, and that's where haiku gets a little more difficult. For me it's good to think at right angles to a main image, to think about what else is going on out the corner of my eye, so to speak. And sometimes, what is at right angles isn't an image but a context or setting. That's where the other line comes from, often—and it could be a first or third line. Perhaps this:

foreclosure notice—
the sound fades away
from a passing car

I hope there's a feeling of sadness or emptiness here. The house across the street from where I live was recently foreclosed on, and had a big white foreclosure notice on the front door. The house is currently up for auction, so many cars have been stopping by as people check the place out. This poem isn't about those cars that have stopped (in fact, they're not part of the poem at all), but about any car that passes by, perhaps oblivious to the foreclosed house. Notice how the first two lines I originally wrote didn't have anything in the poem itself about a house, yet the foreclosure notice brings a house to mind, without saying it. This allows the reader to have a gestalt sort of realization (even if small). He or she can put together the setting with the emotion of being in or seeing that passing car, whether aware of the foreclosure or oblivious to it. Either way, we undoubtedly feel compassion for the stress of foreclosure, even if it is someone else's.

The poem may also make a compassionate reader wonder about the observer in the poem (known as the poem's "persona"—usually presumed to be the author, but one cannot always assume this). Is the observer *in* the house? In a nearby house? Walking by? What is the relationship of the observer to the foreclosed house? As we contemplate these questions, we can feel empathy for the observer, and also for the people who live (or lived) in the foreclosed house, whether that's the observer or not.

Inspiration for haiku, of course, can come from many places, whether through life's experiences filtered through our five senses, from memory, from stories, or even television images. Sometimes, when I'm stuck with a poem, I like to go to random word generators online. More often than not, if I click a few times, I'll get past my block. I also have a book on my shelf by Barbara Ann Kipfer, called *14,000 Things to Be Happy About*, which is a wonderful list of everyday objects and events that the author is grateful for—and it's a superb resource for haiku ideas. I just opened it at random and found "crocuses" on page 407, and "clean sheets" on page 263. Yes, I could write about those subjects, especially if I tap into my personal memories to make sure my poem feels authentic to the reader rather than contrived. I immediately think of the first purple crocuses I saw breaking through melting snow when I lived in Alberta.

For years now, I've felt that a haiku needs to create some sort of "vacuum" by leaving something out. This vacuum sucks readers in until they think about something unstated. Perhaps not much is unstated in my foreclosure poem, except the feeling of sadness and empathy, but I hope it offers at least that. Readers may also wonder about what a passing car might symbolize—perhaps an uncaring public, or perhaps someone who's going to his or her own house that isn't foreclosed upon, which creates contrast. These possibilities are what make these lines an "unfinished poem," which is how the Japanese poet Seisensui once described haiku. This "unfinished" nature, when done right, is what creates the vacuum that draws in the reader, and it's often accomplished by the careful juxtaposition of the haiku's two parts. In Japanese, this technique employs what's called a *kireji*, or cutting word, that divides the poem into two parts, both grammatically and imagistically, and it's exactly this technique that can help you create a "vacuum" in haiku.

Creating implication and an intuitive leap between two often fragmentary parts is perhaps the most difficult art that haiku has to offer, yet also its greatest reward. It's one thing to make a grammatical or imagistic shift, but it's quite another for the

two parts to generate some sort of magical relationship when paired together. The point is that the two parts of the poem shouldn't be $1+1=2$, but somehow be $1+1=3$. It should be like mixing vinegar and baking soda—voom! The vacuum of leaving something out is one way you can make the poem more than the sum of its parts. This art of creating a haiku vacuum doesn't have to be hard, though. If you trust what occurs to you, provided your juxtaposition is not too close or similar to the original image (too obvious) or too far away (too obscure), then it just might work.

For examples of poems that create a vacuum, here are two from the *Millikin University Haiku Anthology* (Decatur, Illinois: Bronze Man Books, 2008). Most students whose work appears in the book are new to haiku, yet they pull them off, frequently creating effective “vacuums” in their poems. This first poem is by Eva Schwartz (page 63):

sitting on the edge
of the bathtub
pink line

Is there a high-water mark around the tub? If so, why would it be pink? No, that doesn't make sense. Rather, the person in the poem has just taken a pregnancy test, and the device's test result line is pink, indicating, I believe, that she is pregnant. What a moment, and so subtly stated just by referring to the pink line. So much is left out, yet it's all clearly implied, if you give the poem sufficient attention, sometimes eliminating, just as I did, a possible misreading. That's exactly the vacuum that a good haiku creates.

Here's another example from the same anthology, this time by Megan Klein (page 129):

speechless at her news
his gaze drops
to her navel

By chance, this poem is also about pregnancy. The reference to the girl's news and her navel makes this clear. It is common for haiku to indicate a season. Neither of these two poems suggests a season (some readers might feel that these poems are therefore senryu rather than haiku), but they compensate in an understated way by deftly referring to that special season of pregnancy. T. S. Eliot talked about the "objective correlative," the bond of emotion to objects in poetry, and there is indeed emotion, deep emotion, in that pink line and a woman's navel if she has some "news."

Returning to the foreclosure poem, it too doesn't have a season reference (called a *kigo*, or season word, in Japanese). I'm reasonably happy with the poem the way it is, though, and adding a seasonal reference in this case might just mangle it. However, writing any poem's third line—the juxtaposed part—could present the opportunity in some poems to inject a seasonal element. Here's an attempt:

snowy bus shelter—
the sound fades away
from a passing car

Here we can feel a different sort of loneliness, of being left behind on a cold snowy day, and feel longing for the warmth of a bus or that passing car. And notice how the season changes the sound, too. In my foreclosure version, I imagine summer, or at least not winter, and thus I hear a regular road noise from the passing car. But now, in winter, perhaps the road is wet or snowy, and thus louder, as wet roads often are, or quieter, which they might be with a lot of snow.

I wonder, though, if this version suffers from being just a description, with too obvious a connection between the person at the bus shelter, wanting a ride, and envy for a car that passes by. There is at least a seasonal element, but maybe the results aren't quite good enough. Perhaps the other version is better, because it has more gravitas. And this is the point where you have to put on your editor hat and decide which version works best for you. Or share both versions with friends, especially if

they're poets, to see which version they prefer, and why. They might suggest that the poem be revised to fit a 5-7-5-syllable structure, but it's worth some research to understand that the traditional Japanese pattern is based on sounds, not syllables, and that 5-7-5 isn't necessary in English. Indeed, it's worth understanding why this pattern isn't followed by the vast majority of accomplished haiku poets publishing literary haiku in English.

Another way to put on your editor hat is to ask if these words are in the best order or if they express the preferred moment most efficiently. Writing haiku is all about making choices. Here's the "foreclosure" version of this poem with an alternative ending, which changes the poem's emphasis:

foreclosure notice—
the sound of a passing car
fades away

The previous version focused on the sound of the car, but this version emphasizes the fading of that sound. But you can make other choices, too. Instead of a car, what if the vehicle were an ambulance or a fire truck? Or an ice cream truck? These and other options each lend a different tone to the poem. The sound of a receding emergency vehicle might be too close to the financial emergency of a foreclosure, and merely saying "car" might be too flat. Adding "ice cream truck" to the preceding poem would make for a very long middle line, so how about changing the poem to focus on the *truck* coming and going instead of just its sound? This would allow the truck's ice cream jingle, of course, to be implied.

foreclosure notice—
an ice cream truck
comes and goes

There comes a point, you might notice, when you try too hard, revise too much, and beat the poem to death. Is this last version the way to go? Or might it be better to stick with an earlier version? When a poem goes through many revisions, sometimes

it's vital to step back and inhale deeply. Go back to the original experience and see if you've caught it well—the moment of poetic inspiration that poet Richard Hugo called the “triggering town.” And ask yourself if that experience really is what you want to capture, or if the poem's evolution in a different direction is okay with you. When you find yourself asking these questions and reaching answers that satisfy you, then you've moved beyond getting started with haiku and you're well on your way.

For my own part, I think I like the “ice cream truck” version of my foreclosure poem best. While there may be a cause-and-effect reason why the ice cream truck comes and goes (the foreclosed house is empty, so no one will be coming out for ice cream), I think there's a deeper sadness to the contrast between the necessity of housing and the treat of ice cream. And perhaps, too, the foreclosure will come and go like the ice cream truck, and maybe things will be better down the road. On the other hand, this version moves away somewhat from the initial experience, so I confess that I like “foreclosure notice— / the sound of a passing car / fades away” as well, and might even consider them separate poems.

As Robert Frost once said, “Poetry is when an emotion has found its thought and the thought has found words.” This is how a haiku comes about for many people—starting with a sensory experience (especially if it gives you a particular emotional feeling), trying to put that experience into words, and trying different versions. Then you can think about what works and what doesn't. It takes practice. And the best way to practice, of course, is to get started.



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Links of Humanity

Jeff Robbins, Fukuoka, Japan

Assisted by Sakata Shoko, Fukuoka, Japan

Makota Ueda in his biography of the poet Bashō says:

Bashō always conceded that in the art of haiku many of his students were his equals, but in the craft of renku (linked verse) writing, he believed he alone held the innermost secrets.¹

And yet Bashō's linked verse, especially his *tsuke-ku* or "following verses," are mostly unknown in the West. I know of 13 *kasen*, or sequences of 36 stanzas, translated in eight books,² but these include fewer than one hundred Bashō stanzas, a mere 5% of the 1700 following verses he contributed to 300 sequences in 30 years.³

In this article, instead of full sequences, I translate stanza-pairs, the first of each pair by another poet, the second by Bashō. From the 246 stanza-pairs in renku scholar Miyawaki Masahiko's *Bashō's Verses of Human Feeling*, I have selected eight pairs, searching for those in which Bashō "grasps the heart" of the preceding stanza in a way that registers in our modern world. The pairs chosen deal with sociological themes that concern us today: child care, war, dysfunctional families, prostitution, and in the final two pairs, trust and altruism. Modern readers and writers of English-language haiku will want to explore the astonishing range of social subject matter and compassionate intuition that Bashō reveals in these links.

Although the two stanzas appear together, keep in mind that the first poet had not the slightest conception of where Bashō would go in following. Our first pair begins with a stanza by Yaba, who worked as a clerk in a money exchange:

Flawless blue
fabric spreads over
the dyer's yard

**Infant crawls about
getting "that place" dirty**

Hiro niwa ni / ao no da-zome o / hiki-chirashi

Hai mawaru ko no / yogosu i-dokoro

Here we are at the home-and-shop of a cloth dyer. We see drying in the sun a perfectly woven expanse of fabric dyed indigo blue with no other colors, no designs, no blemishes anywhere. A baby crawls about here and there, sometimes sitting to explore what she finds, sometimes scooting about on her bottom. She may be wearing a diaper; even without safety pins, Velcro, or plastic pants, the Japanese have a long tradition of tying on loincloths. Miyawaki notes that the “dirt” on these buttocks may be poop, or dirt from the earth, or dust from the house, or—especially in this house—the residue of dyestuffs in any color; any or all of these could be there on the derriere. The jump from expanse of immaculate blue fabric to haphazard collection of whatnot on this soft chubby bottom is great fun.

Early winter afternoons are mild, but then a sudden cold shower chills to the bone. Before there were textile mills spinning thread and weaving fabric by machine, women and girls made their family’s clothing from plant fibers growing in stalks, vines, and under bark. The fibers were spun by hand, woven on simple looms, then sewn by hand; to produce a single *kosode*, or ordinary house robe, from scratch required in the neighborhood of 30 hours of female time.⁴

Our next pair begins with a stanza by Ranchiku:

With one sleeve
missing, winter shower
gets inside robe

**Four or five sons
barking in a ruckus**

Kata-kata wa / sode naki kinu ni / moru shigure

Segare shi-go-nin / hoete kurushiki

The sudden cold rain gets inside the *kosode* because instead of one sleeve there is just an opening around the shoulder. Why,

you ask, is one sleeve missing? Bashō provides the answer: The family has five sons—and apparently no daughters—so no one to help mother make clothing for this zoo. She ran out of fabric while making multiple robes and had no time to spin more yarn or weave more cloth—what with all the work and chaos created by five boys. Boy, are they making a lot of noise!

In yet another family setting, Yaba begins and Bashō follows:

Glaring about
she orders the children
to behave

**While puffing away
ash from broiled *miso***

Gyōgi yōse to / kodomo o nume-mawashi

Yaki miso no hae / fuki harai-tsutsu

Miyawaki notes that the children are scattered all over the room, so mother has to “glare about” to address all of them—not that they listen. So, where does Bashō go from here? She is broiling soybean paste on wooden skewers to make a side dish. A bit of ash from the fire has gotten on the sticky *miso*. Watch her bring the skewer close to her mouth and puff the ash away. The astonishing delicacy of this action which even the fingers of elves could not perform is the polar opposite of her glaring and shouting at her kids. Both shouting and puffing are her breath, her life force. In the link between the two stanzas, we see Bashō’s genius, his profound insight into human experience.

Next, a poet named Koeki starts off:

In the cold wind
at sunset, long-drawn-out
cries of hawks

**Foretell the heads to fall
in tomorrow’s battle**

Kaze samuki / yūhi ni tobi no / koe hikite

Ikusa ni asu no / kubi o uranau

Koeki's verse is magnificent by itself, but even more stunning is the way each element—the wind, the sunset, the “long-drawn-out” cries—feeds energy into Bashō's ode to fate. Every time I read the verse I am once again surprised by the direction he chose. He took the elements Koeki provided and turned them toward that great question of existence which can never be confirmed: is the future ordained, or free?

Bashō's stanza is pacifist because of what it does NOT say. If it was “foretell which side will win” or “who will kill the most enemy,” then it would be competitive and war-mongering. The way Bashō wrote it, the verse recognizes no winners or losers, only the loss of life.

An even more personal experience of war is this pair begun by a poet named Chisoku:

After the years
of grieving, finally
past eighteen—

**Day and night dreams
of Father in that battle**

Uki toshi o / torite hatachi mo / yaya suginu

Chichi no ikusa o / oki-fushi no yume

Bashō fulfils this journey into the heart of one whose father died years before and who has grown up under the weight of that grief; now in the prime of youthful vigor, he or she looks back over those years of dreams constantly reverting to that one moment on a battlefield never seen in reality.

Miyawaki assumes this young person is a boy:

For a child, his father is his model to learn from by observation, his goal in life. The verse can mean that the boy⁵ has reached the age when now he can go to war, so to see a dream of father in battle is the same as being on the battlefield himself; or his regrets for his father can never be forgotten. The bond between father and son is well expressed.⁶

All the verses in this article, I believe, speak to hearts and minds of all ages; however, I would especially like to see this stanza-pair reach the hearts of those whose fathers died in Vietnam, Iraq, or Afghanistan. I hope that counselors who work with the bereaved will share this verse with them, so the thoughts of Bashō may come alive in young minds today.

Next we begin with a stanza by the unknown Chosetsu:

Startled by clappers,
a window in the thicket

**Sister cries
for her life married
to a thief**

Naruko odoroku / kata yabu no mado

Nusubito ni / tsuresou imo ga / mi o nakite

The residents of this house or shack feel threatened; they startle at ordinary autumn sounds in a rice-growing village. Noisemakers are hung over the fields and shaken to scare away hungry birds. Trees and shrubs surrounding the house grow wild, so from the road most of the house cannot be seen. Is the one visible window also an eye watching the road, armed and ready to defend the freedom of those within? Bashō continues the mind-journey, clarifying that the householder is a thief, yet focusing on the woman “married” (probably without formal wedding) to him. Chosetsu’s verse is profound social realism, but a masculine, antisocial reality. Bashō looks, rather, at the other side of the gender coin.

Within the boundaries set by the poets, we create the drama. My thoughts go to Nancy in *Oliver Twist*, also married to a thief, the despicable Bill Sikes. Nancy participated in the evil of Fagin’s gang, yet when the time came she fought courageously for life and decency. I imagine the warped humanity of Fagin and Sikes into Chosetsu’s stanza, while the liveliness and integrity of Nancy⁷ enters Bashō’s stanza.

The next pair begins with a stanza by Rotsu, a beggar-monk

who from age 26 to 39 wandered about Japan, but then settled down near Bashō's hut in Edo. He portrays a "play-woman"—typically a young village girl indentured to a brothel to save her family from financial ruin. Brokers went to areas struck by famine, searching for "bargains." Mikiso Hane describes how girls were told they were going to the City to be maids or waitresses, but then were forced, from age 12 or 13, to have sex, sometimes with brutal or insulting men, every night of the week, and were beaten if they refused or tried to escape. Their only hope was to pay off the loan with the money they received from each customer after the brothel took its share and charged them for room and board—the system set up so most women remained in slavery until they died, often from syphilis, in their early twenties.

Now to this brothel
my body has been sold—

**Can I trust you
with a letter I write?
mirror polisher**

Kono goro muro ni / mi o uraretaru

Fumi kakite / tanomu tayori no / kagami toge

There is no way this play-woman can send a letter that will not be seen by the brothel, so she asks the mirror polisher if he will post it outside the brothel (without informing his employer). Here is the fullness of Bashō's genius, his deepest penetration into the human heart: "Can I trust you?"

The mirror in Japan for a thousand years has been associated with the Sun Goddess Amaterasu ("Heaven-shining"). Being round and shiny, a mirror was considered a "child of the sun."⁸ Shinto teaches that sin is not original or ingrained. We are clear inside, but accumulate sins like dust on a mirror. To restore the original purity, all we need do is wipe the dust from the mirror.

In Bashō's day, mirrors were bronze plated with an amalgam of mercury (as in dental fillings). In time the plating got cloudy.

A mirror polisher was a craftsman who ground the surface on a whetstone and polished it with mildly acidic fruit juice to restore the original clarity. In effect, he is a servant of the Sun Goddess—one who can be trusted with a woman’s private message. Miyawaki suggests that our appreciation for Bashō’s stanza deepens if we imagine the letter is written to her boyfriend back in the village, the boy she has known since childhood and had just begun to love when she was taken away. Every time she looks into her wonderfully clear mirror to fix her hair or makeup, she will see him, the carrier of her message, she will see her lover reading the letter, and she will see the holy Sun shining with Hope.

Our final two-step begins with a stanza by Sora, who was a samurai in Ise before he retired at age 32 to study Shinto, write poetry with Bashō, and accompany him on his travels.

The punitive force
already has set forth
in solemn dignity

**For one night’s vow
he empties his purse**

Sude ni tatsu / uchite no tsukai / ikameshiku

Ichiya no chigiri / zeni kazuketaru

The emperor has ordered troops to subjugate the rebels; the samurai gather, and when morning comes, leave camp with stiff military precision. Meanwhile the commander of the rebels (Han Solo) has spent the night in a brothel, and when morning comes makes a hasty departure so he can prepare his army. Before he leaves, since he is not likely to need cash ever again, he gives all he has to his partner in “one night’s vow.”

Here we have a play-woman who got lucky. Now she can purchase her freedom, return to her home village, a hero because she saved her family from ruin, marry that boy she loves and have children. Bashō converts Sora’s masculine military theme into a blessing for the feminine. Although the woman is never

mentioned, looking deeper, we find her “solemn dignity” in enduring years of violation, and now the wonder of her good fortune.

In each link Bashō forged, we see the astonishing range of his mind, leaping across boundaries, going outside the box and also deep into the box, ever probing human life and heart. It is my hope and belief that readers will benefit from Bashō’s compassionate expression of perennial concerns—and writers of haiku benefit from study of the directions in which he takes subject matter introduced by others. Bashō, the Poet of Humanity.

Notes

1. Makoto Ueda, *Matsuo Bashō*. (Tokyo: Kodansha, 1982), 70.
2. “Withering gusts” in Haruo Shirane, *Traces of Dreams* (Stanford: Stanford University Press, 1998); “Summer moon” and “Winter shower” in Makoto Ueda, *Matsuo Bashō* (Tokyo: Kodansha, 1970); “Renting a horse” in Hiroaki Sato, *Bashō’s Narrow Road* (Berkeley: Stone Bridge Press, 1996); “Even the Kite’s Feathers,” “Throughout the Town,” and “At the Tub of Ashes,” in Earl Miner, *Japanese Linked Poetry: An Account with Translations of Renga and Haikai Sequences* (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1979); “Under a Tree,” “A Kite’s Feathers,” “At a Fragrance of Plums,” and “Broad Bean” in Hiroaki Sato, *From the Country of Eight Islands* (Seattle: University of Washington Press, 1981); “The Hawker’s Goose” in John Carley, *Frogpond* 36:1 (Winter 2013); the four kasen in “Monkey Raincoat”—“Winter rain,” “Summer moon,” “Autumn cricket,” and “Grass and Plum”—have been translated by Lenore Mayhew, *Monkey’s Raincoat* (Tokyo: Tuttle, 1985) and by Earl Miner and Hiroko Odagiri, *The Monkey’s Straw Raincoat* (Princeton, NJ: Princeton University Press, 1981).
3. The total number of Bashō’s following stanzas is from Miyawaki Masahito, *Bashō no ninjo-ku: Tsuke-ku no Sekai—Bashō Ninjoku—Tsukeku no Sekai* [“Bashō’s Verses of Human Affection—the World of Following Verses”], (Tokyo: Kadokawa Gakugei Shupan, 2008). The number of sequences to which he contributed is from Ogata Tsutomu, *Bashō Taisei* [“The Big Book of Bashō”], (Tokyo: Sanseido, 1999).
4. I read this somewhere and cannot find it again; however, an expert at the Edo Tokyo Museum confirmed the 30-hour estimate.

5. There is no indication in Japanese of gender.
6. Miyawaki (see note 3), pp. 77–78.
7. In particular as played by Kay Walsh in the 1948 film with Alec Guinness as Fagin and Robert Newton as Sikes.
8. An expert at the Ito History Museum in Fukuoka told me this—which does not mean every Japanese thought this way, only that some did.



Jeff Robbins has studied Bashō's poetry, prose, letters, and spoken word for thirty years, and hopes to publish three volumes of Bashō's humane, life-affirming works. Two volumes of his Bashō4Now trilogy are now complete and available POD (print on demand) from the University Book Store in Seattle. All royalties from Take Back the Sun: Bashō Empowering Women will be donated to the struggle against human trafficking. Royalties from What Children Do: Young and Alive with Bashō will go to promote literacy and gender equality in the Third World. Homepage: www.basho4women2youth.join-us.jp.

Sakata Shoko, a certified Instructor of Japanese Language, helps Jeff discover the meanings in Bashō only a native speaker can recognize.



Reviewed

Charles Trumbull. *A Five-Balloon Morning*. Santa Fe, New Mexico: Red Mountain Press, 2013, unpag., 5.5 x 5.5, perfect softbound. ISBN 978-0-9855031-3-0. US\$16.95 + tax and shipping from the publisher at www.redmountainpress.us.

by Marian Olson, Santa Fe, New Mexico

Haiku poets around the world know Charles Trumbull's work mostly through his editorship of *Modern Haiku*, arguably the premier journal in the West. For the last seven years (2006–2013), he has served as its consummate editor, leaving behind a wealth of contemporary haiku poetry and provocative scholarly essays. Indefatigable in his service to the haiku community, he has selflessly served and promoted the best of modern haiku. Now that he has stepped down, he has had the time to devote to his own poetry and with it has written *A Five-Balloon Morning*.

Through the years a smattering of Trumbull's poetry has appeared in journals worldwide. But this is the first time poems about his native New Mexico are gathered in one rich volume. Throughout they paint the southwestern state with nuance and variety that natives will readily recognize and strangers will remark, "So this is what New Mexico is like." The haiku flow from the innocent awe of a child to the irony and appreciation of a mature adult. Because of this uniqueness in content and cultural color, *A Five-Balloon Morning* is destined to become a haiku classic in the state of New Mexico, for there is no other book like it.

Trumbull grew up in Las Vegas, a small historic town in northern New Mexico, near the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad, the Old Santa Fe Trail, and Fort Union, built to protect interests on the Santa Fe Trail. His youthful imagination was etched by vast desert landscape, immense sky, working

folks, and yes, cowboys and Indians. In the introduction, Trumbull tells the reader that *A Five-Balloon Morning* “collects bits and pieces: my impressions from a small-town New Mexico childhood, my many visits home while I was living in the East and overseas, the joys and vicissitudes of living in New Mexico, an interlude about the momentous events of 1945, and a sentimental tour to various points around the state.” He then asks the reader to join him “in a kaleidoscopic look through the lens of haiku, at the land of enchantment.”

The volume is organized into five parts: “Leaves from the Tree” (22 poems), “Leaving New Mexico & Coming Back Home” (20 poems), “A Coyote Circling” (30 poems), “Trinity” (20 poems), and concludes with “Turtle Dance” (32 poems), the longest and most sweeping section of the book. The titles are highly illustrative with echoes of history, place, and cognitive musings.

“Leaves from the Tree” opens with haiku fueled by memories from the poet’s childhood. He begins this saga of his life with “raking into piles / leaves from the tree / I climbed as a boy,” a poignant haiku about his symbolic tree of life.

whiff of creosote—
childhood summers
walking railroad ties

two boys
flip the stinkbug on its back
dog days of summer

line drive to center
all faces turn toward
the alfalfa field

heading and heeling . . .
a cowboy loses his hat
in the summer rain

The section concludes with two haiku about the deaths of his parents. The underlying emotion runs deep and reflects the end of those formative years.

my parents' ashes strewn
on Johnson Mesa
wind stirs the aspens

first Christmas
without my mother
without my childhood

“Leaving New Mexico & Coming Back Home” continues the odyssey of Trumbull’s connection with the Southwest. After leaving New Mexico he traveled the world and lived in great cities until the pull of his native state brought him back to his heartland. In this section the man has matured and so have the images he writes about with humor and wit.

sunflower field
all the windmills
face the same way

small-town café
a special tip for the waitress
named Destiny

Colfax County
the oncoming driver
tips his hat

rural speed limit sign the necessary bullet hole

“A Coyote Circling” is marked by the connotative haiku of a mature observer who shows the beauty, wildness, and pathos of this high desert country.

yucca in full bloom
a sky full
of cumulus clouds

cold rain on snow
a coyote
circles the garden

along the roadside
obscured by tumbleweeds
cluster of white crosses

Also in this section, the poet submits to subjective material, giving the reader a glimpse into the private interior of the man.

daydreaming
the cry of the elk
is me

taut strands
of barbed wire
so much left unsaid

“Trinity” haiku take the reader to Trinity Site, the infamous testing ground for the first nuclear bomb in a remote stretch of desert east of Socorro, New Mexico. Trumbull’s prologue to the haiku about that fateful summer day in 1945 that blasted the pristine desert of native plants and animals reminds us how that detonation “instantaneously shifted the political, economic, military, and especially moral landscape of the modern world.” What sends shivers down the back is the apparent calm innocence of the haiku in this section when we know full well the dragon-monster living inside each one.

October dawn
a fireball rises
over the mountain

Trinity Site
in the guard’s vehicle
fuzzy dice

Trinity’s garden:
snakeweed, Russian thistle,
yucca, sagebrush

“Turtle Dance” concludes the volume with a melding of the ancient worlds of Native Americans, 400 years of Spanish/Hispanic traditions, and the modern world of McDonald’s. Unlike most other states in our union, Native Americans and government own forty-two percent of the land. The uniqueness of the culture doesn’t escape Trumbull. The haiku in this section include images from Carlsbad in the southern part of the state to Taos in the north.

ancient lava flow
a small *descanso* nestles
among the rocks

rhythms of the Turtle Dance
beneath Taos Mountain
first dawn

conjunto music
blaring from dusty low-riders
Española summer

small-town directions
all start at
McDonald's

sunrise
over the Sandias—
a five-balloon morning!

Oh, those five-balloon mornings. In the fall when balloonists from all over the world converge in the Duke City of Albuquerque, the chilly blue air tingles with vitality. Residents and visitors alike can feel it as the colorful balloons with fires hissing beneath their giant canopies glow in the pre-dawn, and then on cue, begin to rise, filling the sky with myriad shapes and colors, as varied as Trumbull's poems. While crowds cheer, automobiles hunker at the sides of the highways with their occupants mesmerized by the joyous spectacle. The title of this volume mirrors the tone and mood of the book.

Coming full circle with "Turtle Dance," Trumbull's poetry encapsulates the essence of New Mexico while sharing with the reader the soul of a poet whose heart and mind were hewn from a land with an uncompromising and rugged energy, an energy that inevitably summoned him home once again.



Marian Olson is a nonfiction writer and poet. She has been publishing haiku since 1979 and is the author of seven books of poetry, including Songs of the Chicken Yard, a critically acclaimed book of haiku and senryu. Desert Hours won first place in the Haiku Society of America Merit Book Awards for 2008, as well as being a finalist in the 2008 New Mexico Book Awards. Consider This placed first in the 2011 free verse Snapshot E-book competition. Moondance is her latest book of haiku poetry. Forthcoming in 2014, Kaleidoscope will be her first book of tanka.

Jim Kacian, Philip Rowland, and Allan Burns (eds.). *Haiku in English: The First Hundred Years*. New York, NY: Norton & Co., 2013, 368 pp., hardcover, 5 x 7.25. ISBN 978-0-393-23947-8. US\$23.95.

by Lee Gurga, Champaign, Illinois

The 100th anniversary of the publication of Ezra Pound's "In a Station of the Metro" is the occasion for this retrospective of and on English-language haiku (ELH). The book includes an editors' foreword, an introduction by former U.S. poet laureate Billy Collins, and 681 poems by 235 poets. Back matter includes a 70-page "Overview of Haiku in English" by Jim Kacian and an "Index of Poets and Credits." Included are poems by many mainstream poets as well as by the best-known names in the ELH community.

The number of poems included ranges from a single example (100 poets) to ten or more for Nick Virgilio and John Wills (14 each), Raymond Roseliep (13), Jim Kacian and Marlene Mountain (11 each), and Cor van den Heuvel, Robert Spiess, and Gary Hotham (10 each). It is a great pleasure to shake hands with old friends as well as to see new poets introduced whose work in recent years has brought them well-deserved recognition.

There is a curious note in the acknowledgments concerning the introduction: "Billy Collins helped us reach one of our goals for the volume by providing his useful introduction. His association with this project is sure to spark much interest in haiku from the poetry mainstream." This seems slightly ungracious, something like inviting a boy to a party because he has a cute sister. (Perhaps the thought expressed in the note had been best left to e-mails between the editors.) Whether useful or not, Collins's introduction is sure to provide pleasure to his many fans and perhaps, as the editors hope, "spark much interest."

Collins's introduction is a brief and helpful reader's guide for those new to haiku. He discusses the traditional haiku of

juxtaposition, addressing such issues as the 5-7-5 form and the seasonal image. He demonstrates how juxtaposition induces dislocation, misperception, emptiness, absence, and silence to make a haiku that asserts existence through paradox using nonexistence to validate existence. The best haiku, he writes, “offer resistance to the remorseless powers of forgetfulness.” Beautifully stated.

The foreword begins by stating the editors’ nonintentions: “This is not a collection of all the good haiku ever written in English. Nor is it a gathering of every poet who has ever written good haiku in English. . . . It’s not even an exhibit of all the best work produced by those authors who are represented.” They then state their goals and their method:

Our purpose from the outset of this project has been to tell the story of English-language haiku, to identify its most singular accomplishments in its century of existence and place them, in their context, before our readers. We felt, for instance, that the order of presentation was of particular importance. You will find here the first instances we can discover of the subjects, techniques, forms, and allusions that have come to guide haiku to its present practice, and, when subsequent poems realize an even greater accomplishment, you’ll find those too.

To tell the story of English-language haiku—a noble aim. The order of presentation seems particularly felicitous—it makes good sense for an historical volume to present work in a chronological arrangement. One wonders, though, whether it might not have been possible to tell the story of ELH by simply presenting the *best* ELH written over the past century.

One can applaud the editors’ intention of recording the first instances of notable haiku subjects and techniques, giving us the opportunity to put the technical aspects of haiku in some historical perspective; and I believe they have been successful in doing so. That said, one can’t help but wonder why some notably influential poems have been omitted. Perhaps the most puzzling omission is Bernard Einbond’s “frog pond . . . / a leaf falls in / without a sound,” winner of

the 1988 JAL haiku contest, a haiku that stimulated impassioned debate in the haiku community for years. Surely it is a key poem that has helped “guide haiku to its present practice”?

In its attempt to provide a legitimate poetic pedigree for haiku, the anthology presents quite a few poems never claimed by their authors to be haiku. This includes a substantial percentage of the poems by the more famous poets in the volume, such as Charles Reznikoff, E.E. Cummings, and Kenneth Rexroth. Also puzzling is the inclusion of translations of haiku that were not originally written in English, by Dag Hammarskjöld (Swedish), Günther Klinge (German), and Ban'ya Natsuishi (Japanese). One could certainly argue that the Natsuishi haiku has had significant influence on the practice of ELH, but the others? Kacian's historical essay addresses this issue to some extent, but fails to differentiate between works that influenced the direction of ELH by being notable work and poems that served simply to “popularize” haiku because of their high profile, regardless of their quality.

Everyone will notice that some notable haiku poets are absent. Anita Virgil, for one, though her contribution to haiku is elucidated in the historical essay; another is Kenneth Yasuda, whose 1947 volume, *A Pepper Pod*, contained a number of original haiku and was an important milestone in the development of ELH. And given the inclusion of some rather questionable haiku ancestors, one wonders at some of the mainstream omissions, such as Aram Saroyan's minimalist poems.

Kacian's “Overview” is a fine essay on the development of ELH and its poets. Its historical content includes an account of the actual first haiku in English, written by Yone Noguchi in 1903, a decade before the first haiku the book celebrates in its poetry section. Considering the poor quality of the poem (Bill Higginson once referred to Noguchi as a “third-rate poet”), it is probably best that Kacian relegated Noguchi's haiku to the back of the book, though some might think it slightly shabby to absent it from the main part of the book while presenting Pound's ten-years-later “Metro” as the foundational English-language haiku. Sort of like hanging an oil portrait of one's

rich uncle in the front parlor while letting a sketch of one's sweaty, smelly father gather dust in the closet. The essay also presents biographical/critical information on notable haiku poets of the 20th and 21st centuries.

That many of the poems included in the volume were not written as haiku is admitted in the historical essay. Further, some statements in the essay appear to be more wish than fact. For example, W. C. Williams is said to have "adapted haiku to his own purposes"; of the famous "The Red Wheelbarrow" the essayist concludes that "it is suggestive of Williams' familiarity with haiku," though without citing any evidence to support the claim. Of Amy Lowell we read, "Lowell was ELH's first champion, composing hundreds of such pieces and publishing entire books of them." A footnote directs us to her *Pictures of the Floating World* (1919) which, as far as I can determine, is not an entire book of haiku; at most it contains one or two haiku-like poems out of some 135. Her later *What's O'clock* (1925) does contain her well-known "Twenty-Four Hokku on a Modern Theme" of which one, "Last Night It Rained," number XVI of the sequence, is quite appropriately presented in this anthology.

For the sake of readability, the historical essay might also have kept more to the order of the poets as presented in the poetry part of the volume. I found it rather distracting to have to keep skipping forward and backward as I read the poems pertinent to each part of the essay.

The minimal treatment of concrete (visual) haiku is also a disappointment. Only three are presented and of these, two, those by Larry Gates and André Duhaime, somewhat unhaiku-esquely each take up half a page. The book might have further engaged with mainstream poetry by including such obvious candidates as Saroyan's canonical "eyeye" and others, and anything by Geof Huth. In addition, the editors missed playful opportunities to bridge the gap between mainstream and haiku by including poems such as LeRoy Gorman's "alas / t" which could have engaged in an entertaining haikai-conversation with E.E. Cummings' contribution to the volume, "a leaf falls."

l(a	alas
	t
le	lea
af	f
fa	alls
	her
ll	ass
	ta
s)	t
one	oo
l	
	LeRoy Gorman
iness	

E.E. Cummings*

Layout decisions, undoubtedly the mandate of the publisher, disappoint somewhat. The poems of all of the 100 poets who are represented by a single haiku are rather forlornly presented one to a page. One can't help but wonder whether in some cases these poets might have had another worthy haiku to share all that blank space. Bernard Einbond, mentioned above, for example, or Robert Grenier, only one of whose 500 "Sentences" is included. Alternatively, some of the "single-haiku poets" might have been permitted to keep each other company. This one poem to a page seems a little precious, and I suspect it will seem so to readers from outside the haiku community. Further, this layout definitely dissipates some of the poems' energy as one reads, as if one were walking down a row of tombstones reading the epitaphs.

Like all anthologies, *Haiku in English* is sure to raise some eyebrows both because of who and what were included, as well as because of who and what were not. (I avoid the word "excluded" because some poets may have chosen to withhold permission.) But that's part of the fun of it—and one of the excuses for anthologies. They give us the chance to flex our own critical muscles in a contest—a Bloomian *agon*, if you will—with the editors. Generous inclusions will also permit the reader to reassess the work of such neglected poets as

Jerry Kilbride, Paul O. Williams, Charles B. Dickson, and Caroline Gourlay.

The decision to pursue other goals than that of exhibiting the poets' best work has made for a missed opportunity that is to be regretted. A book that could have made a significant step in creating a canon for ELH has curiously chosen to avoid doing so. This is particularly disappointing given that the non-haiku community of poets is specifically targeted as a primary audience for this book. Speaking of Cor van den Heuvel's *The Haiku Anthology*, Kacian states that "the influence of the volume cannot be overstated," and that it "could offer an argument for what was excellent, distinctive, and likely to last." I wholeheartedly agree. Wonderfully stated and exemplary goals for the editors of any anthology. One wonders that the editors of this anthology didn't themselves follow these goals, focusing instead on the influence of individual poems. Nevertheless, while the three editions of *The Haiku Anthology* (1974, 1986, 1999) will remain the standard for those interested in the development of haiku as such and in the development of a canon of contemporary ELH, *Haiku in English* does succeed in providing a refreshing reassessment of the past and an enticing glimpse of the future.

Whatever its blemishes, *Haiku in English* is a major milestone in the development of ELH. Celebrate it with me. Buy it. Read it. Ponder it. If you are a lover of haiku, the book is full of pleasures that you should not deny yourself. It is an absolutely essential resource for every haiku library.

*Due to an error during the publication process of HIE, the Cummings poem was printed incorrectly. The poem is set here in its original form.



Lee Gurga is the former editor of the journal Modern Haiku. He is currently editor of Modern Haiku Press.

Paul Pflueger, Jr. *A Zodiac*. Winchester, VA: Red Moon Press, 2013, unpag., perfect softbound, 4.25 x 6.5. ISBN 978-1-936848-18-8, US\$12 from www.redmoonpress.com.

by Francine Banwarth, Dubuque, Iowa

how I know them the ones that never leave harbor

in the incandescence let me let me read me to you

stars the few drunk synonyms

she and I in the mirror of the tantrum

What better way to introduce a poet's first collection of haiku than to let the voice in the poems speak for itself? Each of the above haiku is taken, respectively, from one of the four sections in *A Zodiac*: "haunt," "plot," "ground," and "nest." The sectional titles can be read as either noun or verb, as place or action, and each suggests a complexity of nuances, a quality that enriches the art of writing both traditional and experimental haiku. Jack Galmitz writes in the preface that Pflueger has a "propensity towards multiple meanings of words and poems. His is an open-ended poetry. He wants the reader to enter as a co-creator, actively engaging his/her own associations with the poems. This is the joy of the poem as performance, not objectified meaning."

Many of us are familiar with Pflueger's work and know him as co-editor, with Scott Metz, of *R'r (Roadrunner)*, the online haiku journal, which publishes authors who are experimenting with innovative haiku and senryu. These are two strengths of Pflueger's own work: experimentation and innovation. Better still, he is a word master, a professor of English in Chiayi, Taiwan, where he lives with his wife and daughter. Born and raised in Buffalo, New York, Pflueger is grounded in his past, which we can identify in this collection, yet he brings to it a personal and world view honed in the etymology of language.

Again, from the preface, Galmitz muses, “Why *a Zodiac?* Pfleuger is not particularly interested in the sky or in imaginary intersections in the orbiting planets. We find his intentions etymologically: the word ‘zodiac’ derives from the Greek *zōion*, a living being, akin to *zōē*, life. That is what his book is: corporality in words, life in words, beings in words.”

a zodiac a slow train held up to answer

What writers have to say, and how they say it, has entertained and engaged the human mind, and heart, through the ages. When it comes to the craft of haiku, Galmitz identifies Pfleuger as a “skilled technician in the genre.” Pfleuger doesn’t simply deliver images; he layers them, repeats rhythmic patterns, condenses thought and word, “abridges” or fragments the expected flow, reduces the poem to its necessary elements, and deftly steps off where the reader steps on:

commuting
abridged
river

Nine of the poems in this collection are published in *The Disjunctive Dragonfly: A New Approach to English-Language Haiku*. (See “Briefly Reviewed” in this issue.) In 2011, a generous selection of Pfleuger’s work was featured in *Haiku 21: An Anthology of Contemporary English-Language Haiku*. (See “Briefly Reviewed” in *Frogpond* 35:2.) Pfleuger’s voice shines among those illuminating the cosmos of “the new haiku.”

bed light evolved into fiction honeyed whisper

a loud perfect
darkness
around
a neon cross

the exit the wandering part squid boat lights

Reading a few poems, I felt I was wandering in the darkness, trying to feel my way into and around the poet's intent and meaning, as, for example, in

bling holla milking the hourglass object

To be honest, I was completely lost. But having spent hours with the collection, and trusting the poet's reputation, I felt there was a key to unlock meaning here. The terms "bling," "milking," "hourglass," and "object" were all familiar to me. I wasn't sure, though, about "holla" and was mystified as to how the parts fit together, that is, were put together to make sense. The "key" was an urban dictionary (googled online), which gave a few definitions of *holla*, and one in particular: "For a man to express interest in a particularly impressive female species." Suddenly, the juxtaposition, the layering of images, the internal *kireji*, the wordplay, the poet's suggested intent were clear, and delivered, for me, a poem I could enter and appreciate on more than one delightful level.

The last ten poems in *A Zodiac* introduce the reader to a new chapter in the poet's life—the birth of his first child—and it is here, Galmitz suggests, ". . . that the book fulfills itself":

coming to light
in the room full of books
our sonogram

the universe
the metropolis
muted by a nipple

her da da da
white lotus leaves
drip diamonds

Throughout this collection, my interest and intrigue did not wane. "In the incandescence" I felt that I was guided, not led, into and around the inner and outer spaces, the tapestry and texture of this poet's writing life, and that mine is richer for it.

◇◇◇

Briefly Reviewed

by Michele Root-Bernstein, East Lansing, Michigan
& Francine Banwarth, Dubuque, Iowa

Anita Krumins. *Susurrus*. Toronto, Ontario: Inšpress, 2013, 56 pp., perfect softbound, 5.5 x 8.5. ISBN 978-0-9881179-1-4. US\$10 from <http://inspress-net.webs.com>.

In this first solo book we hear the rustling of an unusual voice, one that regrets the waning vitality of the female body, even as it rejects—with a great deal of wit and irony—the braggadocio of those who chose intellectual debate or social squabbling over sensual appetites. Unexpected leaps juxtapose kisses on the mouth with the pure body of oysters and other shellfish; female fat with moons and dunes; and forays into nature, as in pursuit of haiku, with a multitude of small deaths. Indeed, Krumins, past associate editor of *Frogpond*, teaches us to look with a certain amount of distrust on the pillaging of experience for the sake of our poems, which, in conjunction with youth and life, “dart away” like the goldfish in a pond. *bitten by / the haiku bug / she drowns / a dragonfly; the two men debate / reputations / she cracks crawfish shells; in a civilized mood / she plays Bach on the bones / of dead elephants.* ~MRB

Tom Smith. *Morningstar*. Winchester, VA: Red Moon Press, 2013, unpag., perfect softbound, 4.25 x 6.25. ISBN 978-1-936848-25-6. US\$12 from www.redmoonpress.com.

This second collection of haiku does not surprise so much as it surrenders to the genre’s discipline of, as an afterword puts it, “observation, precision, and restraint.” Smith’s poems are organized by season and focused on the outdoors, where trees, birds, flowers, toads, and the occasional child provide material for a quiet, thoughtful vision of life fully mixed with the fragrance of “mint in the grass.” If some haiku go no further than things in and of themselves, the poet demonstrates in

many more a fine control of the sounds and meanings of words and the insight-laden reversals of narrative expectations that they may, under the right compression, yield. *green mountains / rise a little earlier / each morning; a white spider / in the white lily cup / somebody practicing scales.* ~MRB

Tom Clausen. *Laughing to Myself.* Rochester, NY: Free Food Press, 2013, unpag., perfect softbound, 5.25 x 8.25. No ISBN. US\$12.50 (includes shipping) from www.freefoodpress.com.

In a short editor's note at the head of this collection spanning 24 years in a life of haiku, Michael Ketchek describes the poetry of Tom Clausen as "insightful, honest and often humorous." That it is. The book begins with, indeed borrows its title from, *before sleep / laughing to myself / at my self.* Set within such disarming self-deprecation, the other-directed sympathies and outward attentions that follow appear as modest as they are deeply thought and aptly wrought. There is a finely expressed sense of our brief, borrowed existence: *our turn / to stand here— / falls overlook.* Our purpose, too, is given shape in the simplest, irreducible terms: *in the wind / the little girl helping / milkweed seeds.* So are many of our daily frustrations: *staff meeting / I identify / with the last donut.* This poet is alive to change, renewal, hope, and love: *the spread of stars / the wind moves the snow / from where it fell; morning light / reaches the old bottles / in the barn; a couple / holding hands / testing the ice.* The occasions for these meditations are as humble as their substance—eating lunch, reading a book, soaking up sun. Reading this book, this reader found herself responding to ku after ku, delighting in the fresh clean breeze of Clausen's poetic sensibility: *between poems / the wind / in the microphone.* ~MRB

Jim Westenhaver. *Prognoses.* Winchester, VA: Red Moon Press, 2013, 64 pp., perfect softbound, 4.25 x 6.5. ISBN: 978-1-936848-26-3. US\$12 from www.redmoonpress.com.

In this first collection of haibun, the accumulations of advancing age, illness, doctor visits, and downright "curmudgeonism" quickly approach an algebraic limit as to what may be

easily absorbed. By using the second person throughout, the poet distances himself from his own intuitions, adding to the overall detachment of observer from observed. Printed in difficult-to-read font, a minimalist prose sets the tone for terse monoku that, at their best, deliver an abrasive punch—and reward persistence:

Speed Limit

A family of ducks gathering in the middle of the street. A brightly colored bird is on its back.

a flower by the pond you cry

~MRB

William Hart. *Cloud Eats Mountain.* Winchester, VA: Red Moon Press, 2013, unpag., perfect softbound, 4.25 x 6.25. ISBN 978-1-936848-24-9. US\$12 from www.redmoonpress.com.

Hart's special talent in this encore collection of haiku and senryu is a fine empathy for the mute and inanimate: snails, buttons, rose petals, kites, clouds, shadows, and more. With a sure hand, he frequently skirts the formal juxtaposition of images, composing poems that may or may not depend on that device, yet display a deft and delicate shift in perception that delivers insight. There are gems here. *when clocks fall back / the shadows in our house / hurry all day; while we dreamed / a lily bloomed / in the gift bouquet; sparrows pour / through a blue hole / into our gray world.* ~MRB

Caroline Giles Banks. *The Clay Jar.* Minneapolis, MN: Wellington-Giles Press, 2013, 84 pp., perfect softbound, 5.5 x 8.5. ISBN 978-0-9645254-4-3. US\$12; \$4 shipping. Contact: wellingtongilespress@gmail.com.

If this book, a third collection of haiku and senryu plus a trio of nested haibun, comes larded with the genuine article—and it does—Banks especially excels in the second of these three forms. Alive to the patterns of life, especially those broken symmetries of human community, she layers her senryu with

telling ironies and teasing wordplay. Hers is an anthropologist's eye, turned to the magical thinking and symbolic gestures that often guide behavior despite reason or experience. She takes for subject the personal, the political, the religious, the secular. With regard to the global interactions of cultures, she achieves a poignancy that transcends mere reportage and unearned sentiment. *his turn to cook / again he can't find / the thyme; tossing Buddha one more coin / the incense stick / finally lights; CNN News / the Somali boy wears / my son's old tee.* ~MRB

Marsh Muirhead. *Her Cold Martini.* Bemidji, MN: The Island Journal Press, 2013, 46 pp., perfect softbound, 5 x 8. ISBN 978-0-9814995-4-3. US\$9. Contact: mgmuirhead@midco.net.

In this nicely turned-out first collection, the reader will find a refreshing mix of poems. Alongside haiku of the natural world there are those (many of which might more properly be called senryu) focused on the human world, with its daily chores, abiding relationships, and occasional encounters zinging with adventure and sex. Unafraid to speak what is often unspoken, Muirhead delivers fresh perceptions and fresh images. Read *Her Cold Martini* for a decidedly masculine take on groceries, hot tubs, and carnivals and for a keenly expressed sensitivity to the human condition. *howl of the wolf / all the space / between the stars; anniversary dance / just us / across the tongue and groove; produce aisle / not buying an eggplant / all my life.* ~MRB

Brett Brady. *A Translucent Moon.* Georgetown, KY: Finishing Line Press, 2013, 30 pp., stapled, 5.25 x 8.25. ISBN 978-1-62229-264-6. US\$12 from www.finishinglinepress.com.

Brady bookends what looks to be a first collection of “haiku, senryu and other frogchirps” with a preface that sets forth his take on form and an afterword of quotes from a number of luminaries. Between the two, he takes care to repeat his own dictum: “sketch, suggest and deliver.” In a somewhat uneven selection the very best of his poems do just that. Playing upon

the meaning of words in multiple ways, they offer the reader new notions to ponder within a full gamut of haiku forms, from 5-7-5 to one word per line, from juxtaposed images to single phrases over three lines. *dark / deepening / silence; sundown— / a translucent moon / filling in; ghetto moon— / long long cello notes / from somewhere soft.* ~MRB

Steven Carter. *Paper Doors.* Winchester, VA: Red Moon Press, 2013, 210 pp., perfect softbound, 4.25 x 6.5. ISBN 978-1-936848-29-4. US\$12 from www.redmoonpress.com.

Is there a difference between the personal essay/memoir and haibun? Readers who think not will relish Carter's new collection. Many pieces seem lifted from the pages of a journal, characterized by the diary's associational flow of thought and privately meaningful non sequitur. From pithy, off-hand exposition to the hard-wrung revelations of obsessive memory, the prose takes front and center for its lovely metaphorical language, wide-ranging literary and scientific reference, and apt quotation and paraphrase. Too often, the haiku read as afterthoughts. In balance, however, prose and poetry strike musical chords. In "Fog on the lake," Carter ruminates on the physics of representation as the philosophy of shadows, realizing at last that love, too, is a nonembraceable "substitute for something impersonal" . . . *leap / of an eagle / the branch still rocking.* ~MRB

George Swede. *embryo: eye poems.* Toronto, Ontario: Inšpress, 2013, 60 pp., perfect softbound, 5.5 x 8.5. ISBN 978-0-9881179-2-1. US\$20. Contact A. Zariņš at azarins3@gmail.com.

What a delight to enter and read George Swede's most recent collection of visual poems, which yes, indeed, do stray from strict haiku form. Most of the 52 poems presented in chronological order have appeared more than once in print and online publications, and for this gathering, the author has added 12 new poems to the mix. Swede, previous editor of *Frogpond* and a poet skilled in all degrees of haiku form, has a mind (and pen) that plays with word and image, dances them around

and across the page, knows when to “quickstep” and when to “hold,” when to “dip” and when to “lift” the reader with his own style of wit, irony, and subtle turns of wisdom. A variety of poems experiment with a few words or parts of words:

M ss ng

DNA

Thiiief!

Do Not Attempt
to fly

(a)void

Others seem to turn words or phrases inside out with images or whole poems that climb the page, or span the vertical and horizontal spaces. The poet deftly keeps the reader’s eye and mind moving, and the intellect too, as in some poems that morph from one word or phrase—and meaning—into another:

words
worsd
wosrd
wsord
sword

his tale
her etal
ish alet
rhe leta
shi leta
erh alet
his etal
her tale

Swede sustains a finely tuned energy throughout the pages of a collection that engages, informs, and entertains the reader above and below the surface of his poetry. ~FB

Richard Gilbert. *The Disjunctive Dragonfly: A New Approach to English-Language Haiku.* Winchester, VA: Red Moon Press, 2008, revised and updated 2013, 132 pp., perfect softbound, 5.25 x 7.75. ISBN 978-1-936848-30-0. US\$17 from www.redmoonpress.com.

In 2003, when Richard Gilbert drafted the first published version of this essay, he noted the award-winning haiku by Jim Kacian:

my fingerprints
on the dragonfly
in amber

In a discourse titled, “The Disjunctive Dragonfly,” Gilbert examined how this haiku “goes beyond *shasei* and realism, utilizing four semantic modes of disjunction” (disunion, separation): perceptual disjunction, misreading as meaning, overturning semantic expectation, and linguistic oxymoron. At the time, he identified 17 disjunctive types and featured work illustrating each by practitioners experimenting with the haiku form in English. Ten years later, having expanded his research in the field of English-language haiku technique, he has revised the essay to include 7 new disjunctive types, with 275 poems illustrating a total of 24 modes of disjunction. Gilbert recognizes a proliferation of new poems and perspectives on topic, style, and approach; on experimentation and innovation; on a willingness not to dismiss elements of traditional haiku practice (juxtaposition, *kireji*), but to “add dimension and open the form.” Buy a copy of this book, read it, study it, examine the author’s premise that it is in disjunctive technique that poetic power lies. It will deepen your writing life. ~FB

Other Collections Received

Jane Reichhold. *Naked Rock*. Gualala, CA: AHA Books, 2013, 71 pp., perfect softbound, 5.5 x 8.5. ISBN 978-094467-61-03. US\$12 from Amazon.com. Three-time winner of the HSA Merit Book Award, Reichhold offers reflections on captivating full-color photographs of unusual rocks in the Southwest; one haiku per page facing the rock that inspired it. *tightly furled / before it blossoms / sand stone*

Klaus-Dieter Wirth. *Im Sog der Stille / In the Wake of Silence*. Hamburg, Germany: Hamburger Haiku Verlag, 2013, 240 pp., perfect softbound, 5.75 x 8.25. ISBN 978-3-937257-72-3. €16.90 from the publisher at www.haiku.de. An expansive collection of haiku in German, English, French, Spanish, and a few Dutch translations by a haiku practitioner of more than 40 years. Each poem is dated, and senryu are identified with a capital “S.” The author views haiku as the “elixir of life” because we use all of our senses to perceive our surroundings. *by each step / camellia-red blooming out / of the mountain fog; octopuses / beside a scarecrow, / hung up to dry*

Paul Friedrich. *a goldfinch instant*. Macao: Association of Stories in Macao, 2012, 164 pp., perfect softbound, 4.75 x 8.5. ISBN 978-99965-42-7. No price given; inquire from the publisher at macaustories@yahoo.com. Most of the poems in this collection are fully 17 syllables and reflect physical as well as spiritual place. *last hues of autumn / fading notes for the sound of / my father's cello*

Gary Hotham. *Our Waves Meet the Ocean Waves*. Greenriver, VT: Longhouse, 2013, unpag., letterpress/accordion folded, 3 x 4.5. No ISBN. US\$12 from the publisher at www.LonghousePoetry.com. Beautifully designed, and just small enough to fit in your pocket, with 16 haiku reflective of this seasoned poet's life. *no old habits— / the newborn's / cry*

Michael Kriesel. *Whale of Stars*. Buffalo, NY: Sunnyoutside, 2012, unpag., letterpress/hand sewn, 4 x 4.25. ISBN 978-1-934513-33-0. US\$20 from www.sunnyoutside.com. Another handsomely produced, tuck-in-your-pocket collection of 13 poems. *old paperback / writing my name / under dad's*

Miriam Sagan. *All My Beautiful Failures*. Santa Fe, NM: Miriam's Well, 2013, limited edition, 68 pp., perfect softbound, 5.5 x 5.5. No ISBN. Free for the cost of shipping, US\$2.50, from the poet at 626 Kathryn St., Santa Fe, NM 85705. The poet celebrates her 60th birthday with 60 poems and a striking cover design. *even, if, because / plum blossoms / in the courtyard*

Elliot Nicely. *Tangled Shadows: Senryu & Haiku*. Pittsboro, NC: Rosenberry Books, 2013, unpag., handbound cardcovers with hemp binding, 5.75 x 8.75. No ISBN. US\$8.75 from www.rosenberrybooks.com. Twenty poems that deliver a sense of entanglement throughout, which makes the book nicely thematic. *the last time we spoke tangled shadows of telephone wires*

Lenard D. Moore and Dave Russo, eds. *The Stone House: An Anthology of Haiku from Bolin Brook Farm*. Pittsboro, NC: Rosenberry Books, 2012, unpag., handmade, hardcover with hemp binding, 5.75 x 8.75. No ISBN. US\$23.95 hardcover, US\$12.95 softcover, from www.rosenberrybooks.com. An eye-appealing collection that features 19 haiku by poets of the North Carolina Haiku Society.

The following four new collections of haibun exhibit well-developed prose, tone, and mood, and authors who are comfortable with and agile in the form. (Woodward's and Coats's also feature a selection of haiku.) Places of childhood and youth; the remembered, and sometimes forgotten, past; ruminations and reminiscences, all come alive on the pages of these collections.

Jeffrey Woodward. *Evening in the Plaza.* Detroit, MI: Tournesol Books, 2013, 94 pp., perfect softbound, 5.5 x 8.5. ISBN 978-061583-47-57. US\$12.95 from Amazon.com.

Peter Butler. *A Piece of Shrapnel: A Haibun Collection.* Spalding, Lincolnshire, UK: Hub Editions, 2012, 38 pp., 5 x 8.5. ISBN 978-1-930746-96-7. UK£5.75 from the author at peppercornpoets@aol.com.

Glenn G. Coats. *Snow on the Lake.* Prospect, VA: Pineola Publishing, 2013, 89 pp., perfect softbound, 5 x 8. ISBN 978-061579-91-17. US\$12 from online booksellers.

Michael Ketchek. *The Places in Between.* Rochester, NY: Free Food Press, 2013, 46 pp., hand sewn, 6 x 8.5. No ISBN. US\$7.50 + \$0.50 shipping, from www.freefoodpress.com.

Three annual collections that feature some of the best in haiku, haibun, and emerging voices in the genre today, and worthy additions to your bookshelf; all published by Red Moon Press, US\$17 each, and available from www.redmoonpress.com:

Jim Kacian & the Red Moon Editorial Staff, eds. *Nothing in the Window: The Red Moon Anthology of English-Language Haiku.* 2012, 214 pp., perfect softbound, 5.5 x 8.25. ISBN 978-1-946848-20-1.

Jim Kacian, Bruce Ross, and Ken Jones, eds. *Contemporary Haibun: Volume 14.* 2013, 112 pp., perfect softbound, 5.25 x 8.25. ISBN 978-1-936848-20-1.

Jim Kacian & Dee Evetts, eds. *A New Resonance 8: Emerging Voices in English-Language Haiku.* 2013, 175 pp., perfect softbound, 5.5 x 8.25. ISBN 978-1-946848-22-5.

Re:Readings

From *Frogpond* 36:1

Michael Dylan Welch, Sammamish, Washington, on selected poems:

autumn morning
the surgeon's face
unevenly shaven

Susan Antolin

One cannot help but think that this surgery must be an emergency if the surgeon had to hurry in so quickly that he couldn't shave himself properly. And yet the poet notices this in a moment of outward focus when inward turmoil is perfectly understandable and expected.

my hands
scented with oregano
church bells

Carole Johnston

A melodious sound punctuates the simple task of gardening or cooking. And perhaps we smell the scent in this poem more strongly because of the mention of sound.

dementia
she gets to be
a girl again

LeRoy Gorman

This poem is sweet only in a deeply sad way. We can only hope that the old woman depicted here is now as carefree, despite her dementia, as she might have been as a young girl.

After 2 a.m.
just this heart
stamped on my hand

Bruce England

The hand stamp indicates admission to some event, and the fact

that it was a heart stamp implies that it might have been a date. Yet now the event—and the date—is over, with nothing left but that heart stamp, worn on the hand, if not on the sleeve.

Austrian holiday
we climb
every mountain

Mary Kipps

A pleasing allusion to *The Sound of Music*. The poem can't be literally true, of course, so in addition to referring to the famous movie, it may also mildly jab at the number of mountains these holiday visitors are endlessly climbing.

From *Frogpond* 36:2

Bruce H. Feingold, Berkeley, California, on two haiku:

Two haiku stood out for me in the Spring/Summer issue of *Frogpond*: “starry night / lost track of all / my told-you-so’s” by Bill Pauly and “winter galaxy— / a younger me once resolved / there’d be no regrets” by Patricia J. Machmiller. These haiku share a similar structure, which has become standard over the years. For instance, in the last issue of *Frogpond* one would find several haiku that have similar form and content. In these haiku the first line has a nature reference to the stars, planets, or other celestial body, followed by a narrative, personal commentary. Juxtaposition occurs between the nature part of the haiku and a self-disclosing phrase. I believe these haiku are successful when the commentary is heartfelt; uses down-to-earth and unique language, such as Pauly’s “told-you-so’s” and Machmiller’s “no regrets”; and evokes an essential human experience. I believe these haiku have a modern sensibility in two ways. First, their content is psychological with an emphasis on insight and awareness. They tend to be confessional and they don’t just “show”; the commentary does a fair amount of “telling.” Secondly, they link celestial bodies and our essential humanity, which I think could only occur in our era when we are exploring and studying the

vastness of the universe in radically new ways. These haiku work because we experience Pauly's "told-you-so's" and Machmiller's "regrets" both viscerally and verbally. While purely image-based haiku appeal to our *nonverbal* experience, Pauly's and Machmiller's descriptions of common human experiences speak to our *verbal* understanding and expression of ourselves. Since these haiku use a narrative device to describe our feelings and thoughts, perhaps they are more immediately accessible and pleasurable for many haiku readers.

Adelaide B. Shaw, Millbrook, New York, on the sequence "No Place to Go" and the haibun "All Different Now" by Michael Ketchek:

Michael Ketchek's beautiful haiku sequence and haibun about the loss of his son moved me to tears. Even reading them again days later I feel the sharpness of a renewed sorrow. I am so sorry for his loss. Many of us, as writers, find release in writing about our grief, so the fact that Michael wrote about his grief is not surprising. What is surprising is the extent to which his words can create sorrow in others. I would doubt that Michael sat down to write a publishable piece when he put his grief into words. The words probably flowed like tears. Given the circumstance, it seems inappropriate to offer congratulations for these two fine pieces of writing. Instead, I offer my sympathy and prayers and thanks for letting me share this sorrow with him.



Corrections

From *Frogpond* 36:1

A note from George Dorsty, Yorktown, Virginia:

I meant to write a while ago. I wish to thank Marjorie Buettner, the reviewer of my book, *The Space Between*, for correctly noting the awkward line break in the haiku, “ice storm.” This was a typographical error overlooked by my editor and me in final proofreading. The poem as originally written and subsequently published in the *Heron’s Nest* reads as follows:

ice storm—
the great buck’s antlers
devoured by mice

Our apologies to Jackie Hofer for the error in publishing his haiku, which should have read:

a morning meadowlark makes the prairie sing

From *Frogpond* 36:2

Our apologies to Claudia Chapline for failing to thank her in our letter “From the Editors” for her captivating “Big Frog” ink drawing, which we published on the pages of the Spring/Summer issue.

2013 Bernard Lionel Einbond Renku Competition

Judges

Norman Darlington, Bunclody, Ireland
Linda Papanicolaou, Stanford, California

The qualities the judges were looking for are, in no particular order:

- A consciousness of the fundamental motor of link and shift
- An understanding of linking techniques, especially the Basho-school innovation of scent linkage (*nioizuke*)
- Dramatic/poetic tension: renku waves, manifested in crests and troughs, with particular regard to moon and blossom positions
- Emotional engagement
- A consciousness of the *jo-ha-kyū* dynamic, integral to all forms of renga and renku
- A sense of rhythm and flow
- An awareness of the requirements of the 20-verse *nijūin* form
- Extratextuality and presence of a vertical as well as horizontal axis
- Use of a broad variety of topical materials
- Gentle humour and lightness of touch
- A seasonal sensibility, as opposed to mere *kigo* tick-boxing
- Poetry!

A total of thirteen entries were received for this year's contest and, as you might expect, the quality was quite varied. At the lower end of the spectrum, we had entries that included five verses with explicit reference to colour, or where some form of the word "love" occurred five times; others in which every long verse was cut like a haiku. A couple of entries contained no blossom at all, or a regular flower instead, or in some other way completely disregarded the requirements of the *nijūin* form. But the biggest letdown in a substantial number of these entries was a failure to engage the reader through development of poetic or dramatic tension. In a renku, where every verse must break all narrative connection between the preceding

two verses, and there is therefore no story to follow, it is absolutely essential that the poetry engage the reader. Absent this, we're left with a bunch of still photos. And that's not poetry.

But at the upper end of the scale there were some wonderful, moving poems that were a real pleasure to read and to live with during the judging process. There can be no doubt that they will stay with us for some time to come. We're pleased to honour them as follows.

~ **Grand Prize (\$150)** ~

Early Morning Heat

John Carley, Manchester, England (*sabaki*)
Lorin Ford, Melbourne, Australia
Cynthia Rowe, West Hoxton, Australia
Sandra Simpson, Tauranga, New Zealand
William Sorlien, St. Paul, Minnesota

a line of ants
in the courgette flower—
early morning heat Sandra

perhaps you'd care
to share my parasol? John

country-western
and native songs,
a circle round the drum William

she pastes her happy snaps
to a favourite page Cynthia

* * *

seeking, hiding
way beyond the curfew
shadows and moon Lorin

in the blackberry basket
a taste of river fog
Sandra

the chameleon's tail
curls between
red, orange, yellow
Cynthia

with a shiver of silk
her stocking hits the floor
John

everyone answers
to the name of Smith
at Honeycomb Hotel
Lorin

the street-sweeper
returns a gallic shrug
Sandra

* * *

misunderstood
a frog jumps into whoops
the bouillabaisse
Lorin

a smear of something
stains my new *saijiki*
John

snowbound highways
lined with deer,
the moon in every eye
William

lemmings stream across
a frozen lake
Cynthia

over and over and over
on hold
the first four bars of Bach
William

all that Dresden china
turned to dust
John

* * *

granddad hides his stash
of sticky toffees
in the glove box

Cynthia

a blackbird tugs a worm
out of a hole

Lorin

rising above
the dry stone wall
waves of white blossom

William

between our dreams of spring
a bridge of sand

Sandra

The winning poem, “Early Morning Heat,” is a success on many levels. Interestingly, it was the entry with the greatest number of participants: five poets, who penned four verses each. There is a danger, when incorporating so many different voices, that the resulting poem will lack unity and make for a disjointed read with little poetic flow. However, when the *sabaki* (lead poet) communicates with clarity and the *renju* know just what is required, the result can be a polyphonous harmony, in which the very differences in the poets’ voices are harnessed to strengthen the unity of the whole. Such is the case here. The first side of the poem (the initial four verses), while maintaining a degree of decorum appropriate to the introduction (*jo*), already gives a foretaste of the variety and skillful linkage, which will extend throughout all four sides of the poem.

The *hokku* provides us with a close-up of insects crawling within the rich orange of a courgette (zucchini) flower, and rounds out this visual picture with the tactile “early morning heat,” pregnant with the promise of summer. The next verse, the *wakiku*, zooms out from the flower and finds us, the readers, invited under a parasol and into the poem. Once we leave the introduction and enter the development phase (*ha*, verses 5–16) the imagery takes on a new density, with the moon and shadows playing hide and seek, and a blackberry basket carrying “a taste of river fog.” Sensuality and gentle humour

combine in the love verses of side 2, while an atmospheric whiff of France closes that side with “a gallic shrug.” That scent crosses the page into the poem’s second half with a humorous allusion to Basho’s frog, as, misunderstood, he jumps into the fish stew.

Of course it’s not all fun and food, and as side 3 progresses we move into darker territory, with lemmings streaming across the ice intent on mass suicide, and images alluding to Polanski’s *The Pianist*, and evoking the enormity of the devastation visited on Europe in World War II. The closing side (verses 17–20) provides a resolution of sorts, with images tumbling quickly one on top of the other, and building to a crescendo with an almost painfully visual blossom verse at penultimate, followed by a gentle, symbolic conclusion, accepting of the twin realities of the worlds within and without the poetic *za*.

It is no exaggeration to call “Early Morning Heat” a *tour de force*, and the judges feel no hesitation in awarding it the Grand Prize.

~ **Second Place** ~

Sparrow Footprints

Elizabeth McFarland, Karlsruhe, Germany
Tzetzka Ilieva, Marietta, Georgia

remaining snow
all the sparrow footprints
by the baker’s shop Tzetzka

a rag of carnival streamer
flapping, caught in an eddy Elizabeth

our dandelions
turn out to be enough
for a crown and a bracelet Tzetzka

the touch that turns to gold
a blessing or a curse? Elizabeth

subtle pull
of the dispute moon
on every ebb and flow Elizabeth

back home she tells him
about the jasmine nights Tzetzka

dusting the framed photos,
the most important of all
kept out of sight Elizabeth

Hubble images—each one
more colorful than the other Tzetzka

an octopus swirls its legs
camouflages into a new pattern
and whisks off again Elizabeth

a set of long sharp teeth
snaps the water Tzetzka

that winter we had
polenta for breakfast, lunch,
and dinner Tzetzka

the premature baby
kept warm in a tea cosy Elizabeth

*when my heart
is almost breaking, Lord,
I want Jesus to walk with me* (author unknown, public
domain, Presbyterian Hymnal)

a secret collection of coins
for throwing in the wishing well Elizabeth

forgotten long ago
a scrap metal pile comes alive
under the moonlight Tzetzka

just a hint of sweet decay
as the leaves start to turn Elizabeth

birthday cake candles
all blown out at once
and the years fall away Elizabeth

did I call my new boss
by the wrong name? Tzetzka

feeling the weight
of cherry blossom froth
in an outstretched hand Elizabeth

nothing left but dust
from the wings of a butterfly Tzetzka

The *nijuin* to take Second Place, “Sparrow Footprints,” shows many strengths. Penned by two poets evidently comfortable writing together, one would hazard that this is not their first collaboration. Both the opening and closing sides (verses 1–4 and 17–20) are vivid and confident (with the closing pair particularly strong), although the intervening sections are in places a little uneven, with a couple of slightly wordy and packed verses (#9, #15) and occasionally rather mechanical linkage (sharp teeth snapping the water, to eating polenta; collection of coins, to scrap metal pile). That said, there is a rich variety of materials on display and the reader is engaged from start to finish as the poets explore the full gamut of emotions, while exhibiting a clear understanding of the basics of writing a good renku that a reader will want to follow through to its conclusion. Well done.

~ Honorable Mention ~

Down the Line

Tom Clausen, Ithaca, New York
Yu Chang, Schenectady, New York
John Stevenson, Nassau, New York
Hilary Tann, Schuylerville, New York

freight train
sumac red
all down the line Tom

frosted windows
on our little house Yu

tilt of heads
viewing the moon
from a canyon John

a full set of
mother's best china Hilary

surprise offering
to a snake charmer
in Mumbai Yu

her stockings
over the chair Tom

scrolling down
to savor
the x's and o's Hilary

dust motes shudder
in a shaft of light John

I wonder
who has John Wills'
cold box of nails Tom

election day coup
for the 99% Hilary

all eyes on the whistle blower in the boardroom	Yu
a weakness for baked potatoes	Tom
the click of her tongue ring against my teeth	John
no holding back on the empty beach	Yu
at the dude ranch coyotes howl even on moonless nights	Hilary
just a ghost of Lincoln on this old penny . . .	John
veterans admitted for free at the arcade	Tom
some heirloom seeds fall by the wayside	Yu
a Woodstock of cherry blossoms in the formal garden	John
my kite aloft	Hilary

“Down the Line” is the product of four writers whose blend of voices also indicates an easy familiarity. It opens vividly with a freight train of red box cars against the autumn foliage of sumac trees along the railroad tracks, and nearby a small house—“our house”—with its windows frosted from the warmth inside, and closes with a lamentation on wars and corrosion of values, against which the Woodstock era seems like a lost paradise. Despite that a kite, still hopefully aloft. Especially in comparison to the first- and second-place renku, its minimalism can seem a shock to the system—witness the three-word ageku. As judges we differ in our responses to this: for one it inclined towards a series of separate stills; for

the other, the minimalism and separation of verses gave the poem a laconic quality of voice that was consistent with the setting of the hokku and waki. Both judges, however, agreed that the result of this choice brought problems, in that the linking is often vague or mechanical. There are some wonderful pairings—shuddering dust motes to cold box of nails; the humour of passionately kissing a young woman with tongue-piercing, then zooming out to that vintage clinch between Burt Lancaster and Deborah Kerr. But overall the linking in the *ha* seems more thought than felt, with a consequent lack of a sense of momentum. On another note, it took effort to avoid reading a certain degree of *kannonbiraki* (reversion) in the alternation of indoor and outdoor imagery that runs from the middle of side 1 through the first verses of side 2.

At a subliminal level, there are what seem to be threads of theme running through the poem. The most prominent of these is the hokku's railroad imagery, which returns in various elusive whiffs in the cold nails, the "whistle-blower," the baked potato (a dining car specialty of the Northern Pacific), and "clink," so that at times the poem seems to be circling back and re-examining itself from different angles. But this is done in such a subtle manner as to provide a great part of the poem's power, and is in no danger of crossing into the realm of "thematic renku." Overall a skilfully executed poem grounded in a strong sense of place.



Norman Darlington is co-editor at Journal of Renga & Renku and Whirligig Multilingual Haikai Journal, as well as former renku editor of Simply Haiku and Moonset. He has led and participated in renku sessions at the World Haiku Festival (Netherlands, Ireland, India), at SOAS London, and at his international online forum The Renku Group. He has participated in linked verse collaborations with world leaders in the field, including William J. Higginson, Hiroaki Sato, Nobuyuki Yuasa, Herbert Jonsson, Cheryl Crowley, Chris Drake, Esperanza Ramirez-Christensen, John Carley, Ion Codrescu, Susumu Takiguchi, and Bruce Ross.

Linda Papanicolaou is an art teacher who has been writing haiku since 2000. She is the editor of Haigaonline, an officer of the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society, and a member of Haiku Poets of Northern California and the Haiku Society of America. She has been writing collaborative linked poetry since 2005 and as leader or participant has been involved in renku published in the Journal of Renga and Renku, Lynx, Notes from the Gean, Simply Haiku, and Sketchbook.

2013 Harold G. Henderson Haiku Contest

Judges

Margaret Chula, Portland, Oregon
Johnny Baranski, Vancouver, Washington

Reading the 554 entries submitted this year for the Harold Henderson Contest, we were treated to a wide range of topics, images, and emotional tones. In this modern age, it's not surprising to see the focus of haiku begin to shift from nature to technology and current events. A large number of submissions were clearly senryu; that is, they focused exclusively on human relations and lacked a *kigo*. Since the HSA also sponsors the Gerald Brady Memorial Award specifically for senryu, we had to disqualify several excellent entries. Each of the haiku we chose illustrates the poet's keen awareness of things around him/her, activities or sounds that most people would not notice: flies under a cow's chin, the saw changing tune, the earth marked by fallen angels. These eight winning haiku offer intriguing layers of interpretation through an economy of words.

~ First Place (\$150) ~

flies wait it out
under a cow's chin
spring shower

Temple Cone, Annapolis, Maryland

This spare haiku delighted us with the poet's surprising observation of a moment in a fly's life. To think that huddling beneath a cow's clean sweet-smelling chin would be a temporary refuge, rather than its usual buzzing around the hind-quarters, is humorous. The use of the word "shower" gives us

the expectation that this shelter under the cow's chin will be short lived. The phrase "wait it out" shows the enduring patience of flies, a quality we don't often associate with them. [MC]

~ **Second Place (\$100)** ~

heartwood
the saw changes
its tune

Michele L. Harvey, Hamilton, New York

Very few people who have cut wood have listened to the subtle change in sound as the saw moves through its layers toward the center: the heartwood. The heartwood is older, darker, and harder than the outer layers. It's where the tree began its life. The saw could be a metaphor for the rhythmic march of time and adversity as it moves towards our hearts. We liked the reference to the idiom "changes its tune" leaving us to wonder whether the person sawing will also change his tune—alter his approach or attitude. [MC]

~ **Third Place (\$50)** ~

snow field
the earth marked
by fallen angels

Elizabeth Steinglass, Washington, D.C.

The thing that immediately jumps out of this haiku is the image of purity. One thinks of the earth at the beginning of time, how fresh and unsullied it must have been. Then along comes humanity with its imperfections, shown by the juxtaposition "fallen angels." Making snow angels evokes a simpler time, a time of innocence, yet with deeper implications. We must grow up and leave our mark on the world, for good or bad. Still, as long as we live, there will be another snowfall—a chance for redemption, a time to start over. [JB]

Honorable Mentions (Unranked)

setting sun
an accordion squeezes
the night air

June Dowis, Shreveport, Louisiana

The scene could be of a busker on a noisy city street or a person on a porch glider in the countryside. In either case, the accordion gets the spotlight—squeezing the night air, an enchanting image. The person, of course, is present. He/she may be playing a serenade to the end of day, hoping to earn some pocket change, or even wooing someone. “Squeeze” is an excellent verb choice, leading us to believe that he/she would rather be squeezing a lover. [MC]

no moon
the click of stilettos
on cobblestones

Ernest Berry, Blenheim, New Zealand

Suddenly we’re in a film noir. Dark city alleyway (“no moon”) in an old part of town (“cobblestones”). A woman wearing stilettos is walking or running. We hear the sound of her heels on cobblestones. Stilettos, with their pointed heels, are difficult to walk in, even on sidewalks. Danger lurks, both that imagined by the reader and the real possibility that she may twist her ankle. The punctuated consonant sounds—“click,” “stilettos,” and “cobblestones”—add to the ominous atmosphere. “Stilettos,” with its double meaning of “switchblades” or “daggers,” intensifies the drama. This haiku is evocative yet wide open to the reader’s imagination. [MC]

flowing estuary
native languages
long gone

Mike Blottenberger, Hanover, Pennsylvania

An estuary is the transitional place between a river environment and a maritime environment, subject to both saltwater and freshwater influences. This is a sad poem, reminiscent of the struggles of cultures where the old language and traditional customs bump up against the ebb and flow of modern-day influences. [JB]

in the hot tub
my eyes on her floating breasts
Hunters Moon

Neal Whitman, Pacific Grove, California

This entry walks that fine line between a haiku and a senryu. We were both immediately drawn to it for its clever wordplay. It also has the requisite *kigo* for a haiku (“Hunters Moon”), even though the moon is not what we’re looking at. Juxtaposed against the “floating breasts,” the “Hunters Moon” takes on a whole new purpose: to highlight the woman’s round white breasts and to express the poet’s delight. [MC and JB]

rosebud unfolding
the seed packet left behind
in Revelations

Scott Mason, Chappaqua, New York

In this haiku we have the seed packet, the *kigo*, serving as a bookmark in Revelations. Revelations is about evolution, change, a new heaven, a new earth, the building of a new society in the shell of the old, reincarnation. The rose is starting to bloom but it will pass. The seed packet represents new life. This is the “aha” moment on which the poem turns. [JB]



Johnny Baranski has been writing haiku and its related forms since 1975. His work has been widely published and anthologized. His latest chapbook, just a stone’s throw, is available for \$5.00 ppd from the author at jbsgarage@aol.com.

Margaret Chula began writing haiku over thirty years ago while living in Kyoto, Japan. Her first haiku collection, Grinding My Ink, received the HSA Merit Book Award.

2013 Gerald Brady Senryu Contest

Judges

Alan S. Bridges, Littleton, Massachusetts
Michele L. Harvey, Hamilton, New York

Before announcing this year's Gerald Brady Senryu results, we would like to express our thanks to each haijin who entered. The poems were delightful, many providing a good chuckle, and we were astonished at their variety and scope. It was a privilege to read them, as they set forth on their maiden voyage, and a challenge to narrow our choices from nearly four hundred entries

At our first meeting we shared green tea at a Wendy's in Utica, New York, and discovered a common interest in geology, but from entirely different perspectives. We likewise approached this judging from different angles, and yet both happily arrived at the same place.

We hope you enjoy the final selections.

~ First Place (\$100) ~

middle age
in the mirror
the turn toward it

Peter Newton, Winchendon, Massachusetts

At first this seemed an unlikely candidate. It is not pretty, lyrical, or typical, yet neither of us could turn away even after repeated read-throughs. In fact, its effect grew with each reading, ultimately claiming its place as first prize. We understood its meaning viscerally, both of us being middle aged at this fulcrum. It can take a moment or be gradual, but it must happen if any happiness is to come from the second half of life. The last word, "it," can refer to both middle age and the mirror itself, further expressing the reluctance to mindfully

accept one's inevitable surrender to time. We congratulate the poet on successfully capturing this universal moment in these three small lines.

~ **Second Place (\$75)** ~

wedding day
the time he takes
to knot the tie

Marilyn Appl Walker, Madison, Georgia

This senryu is as much about deconstruction as construction. It expresses both confidence, by the care with which the bridegroom dresses, and apprehension, in that same act of slowly knotting his tie. At the conclusion is the surprising inversion of the familiar phrase. The assonance is also compelling, if offered understatedly—the repeated “d’s” in line one, the long “a’s” in “day” and “takes,” the repeated “t’s” as well as the internal rhyme in “time” and the last word, “tie,” at which point one is confronted with the twist to this tale, expressed in 10 staccato words and 11 syllables, which is at once economic and effective. Reading yet deeper, one can interpret the word “tie” to be the bond between husband and wife. This poem would be as pleasing, if, as Bashō advised, “on tongue-tip turn(ed) a thousand times.”

~ **Third Place (\$50)** ~

stick figures
including one
i recognize

John Stevenson, Nassau, New York

A minimalist senryu . . . perfect for the subject matter! It says just enough to enable the reader to complete the picture. For us, it describes a family and shared experience. Perhaps it's a father with a hat and three fingers. It reveals a scene that is at once familiar and tender. Maybe this family is missing a

parent, or a grandparent plays a key role. Each of the six words has a small “i,” except for the word “one,” visually presenting the poem as a combination of “stick figures.” Also effective are the repeated “g’s,” which tonally glue the assemblage.

~ **Honorable Mentions (Unranked)** ~

boy girl party
the slow speed
of the blender

Michelle Schaefer, Bothell, Washington

When we were young, teen gatherings were sometimes called “mixers,” which this senryu brings to mind. They often involved awkwardness between adolescents. In this instance there is the double meaning of a drink blender on low setting, which relates to the pace of young adult interactions, perhaps during a dance. We each had this senryu on our “short list,” both admiring the rhythm and strength of the image. If a poem can have speed settings, this senryu pulses, liquifies, and frappes.

life and death decisions
the need to feel
the satin lining

Julie Warther, Dover, Ohio

The image of the “satin lining” (of chosen casket) here, brings to mind the familiar search for the silver lining of life. Pre-made funeral arrangements are an unavoidable chore for many and certainly figure into contemporary “life and death decisions.” This poet has taken us into the decision process painlessly and with good humor. While line two, “the need to feel,” is emotionally charged, line three concludes the moment texturally, completing a seamlessly executed senryu.

perfect storm the perfume not hers

Ernest Berry, Blenheim, New Zealand

An excellent one-liner, the idea of a perfect storm (the rare combination when two or more weather systems collide) mixed with a chance meeting of a possible paramour. The whiff of her presence lightly drawn by the alluring “the perfume not hers.” Life does have its many temptations and this is one of the greatest, singularly expressed.

phantom pain—
the shape of her
in a stranger

Jayne Miller, Hazel Green, Wisconsin

The deep pain of love and loss and its corresponding longing is laid bare in this small poem. No words of sympathy or worldly thoughtful act can touch it or comfort it. Time may soften its contour but will never alter its reality. Like an amputee, there is suffering without visible reason but which can be nearly beyond bearing. When the physical separation is new and final, one may well see a momentary glimpse of the beloved in another as the mind and heart adjust to the unfamiliar aloneness.



Alan S. Bridges began writing haiku and senryu in 2008 with encouragement from friend and poet John Stevenson, and was included in A New Resonance 7, Emerging Voices in English-Language Haiku, Red Moon Press, 2011. In 2012 he won first prize in the Irish Haiku Society International Haiku Competition and placed third in the 2nd annual Polish International Haiku Competition. Another of Alan's passions is fly-fishing and he is currently writing and assembling poems for a book of fishing haiku and senryu.

Michele L. Harvey is a professional landscape painter dividing her time between New York City and rural central New York State. She has won national and international poetry awards including 1st and 3rd place in the 2010 Harold G. Henderson Haiku Contest and 2nd place in the Gerald Brady Senryu Contest in 2012. She has appeared in a number of anthologies and her poetry has been widely accepted and published in the current Japanese short form poetry publications. Her paintings and examples of her poetry may be found online.

2013 HSA Haibun Contest

Judge

Adelaide B. Shaw, Millbrook, New York

The winning haibun for this contest were chosen based upon what I believe is necessary for a haibun. Briefly, a haibun requires a smooth blending of its two parts, prose and haiku, each which can stand alone, to create something more—a deeper understanding, a stronger emotion. The prose needs to carry us along, either swiftly as a mystery novel does or slowly as a love sonnet. The words chosen for the prose need to fit the theme, and the haiku needs to add a new dimension, not simply move the narrative forward by telling us something which could easily have been added to the prose. And, as in haiku, the author needs to show us not tell. The title, the first words we read, needs to draw us in without revealing too much. After many readings of each entry, these are the winners.

Congratulations!

First Place (\$100) ~ Renée Owen

Sebastopol, California

Into the Blue

Slanting light cuts through the tops of the pines, golden slivers that burst into flame along the heads of the flowers, heavy in the late afternoon sun. In the sleepy haze, memories slide in & out—hydrangeas, bountiful and sky blue. The old porch. Her rocker, now empty. His, my old PaPaw's, creaks back and forth, back and forth. He pretends to doze, but a few tears give him away, streaking his lined face. The cousins and I, we, too,

pretend, sitting at his feet. We call out for another game of tag, race down the alley, looking back over our shoulders to catch his lopsided grin. Tears forgotten for those few moments. Her scent mingles amongst the subtle smell of the bushes, then wafts away, as she slips into the blue.

wrinkled hands
reach for mine
fresh, black earth

The English language idiom, “into thin air,” meaning that someone or something has vanished without a trace, is sometimes expressed as “into the blue.” Is this what the haibun is about, has someone suddenly disappeared, or is it something else entirely? Is the poet thinking about an airplane flying “into the blue”? Or a child on a swing, rising higher and higher? Or is she referring to a departing soul? I want to read on.

The prose is all about blue—blue hydrangeas, blue sky, the blues we feel because of loneliness and loss. The poet remembers a sleepy, melancholy afternoon after the death of her grandmother. The prose, in present tense, puts us there with the grandfather and the children. We are not told that this is a sad day; we are shown with descriptions: one empty rocker, the other creaking back and forth, tears streaking the grandfather’s face. The author and her cousins try and succeed, for a few minutes anyway, to cheer up their grieving grandfather. We have sympathy for the grandfather, and we are grateful for the thoughtfulness of the children. There is nothing sentimental here.

The haiku intensifies the mood of the prose. It could be a scene at the gravesite or a later one in the garden with grandfather and grandchild working together, supporting each other. When we finish reading, we feel the closeness of grandfather and grandchild. The poet has presented a universal theme about loss and family.

Second Place ~ Mark Smith

Keyser, West Virginia

To Walk with Andrew

Wyeth, great lover of browning field, living's gritty flesh, a farm's lineage of poverty and harvest,

to walk with you Chadd's Ford—our eyes widening, grays waiting, with only the will to rough the vast, the distant barren,

and on this land, snowy pasture, your words blown: *feel the bone-structure in landscape, the loneliness of it . . . something waits beneath it . . .*

I would follow, think some of my own from bones like dead love, rural rubble, the weathered porch

where I sit now lost in your prints, foraging in rooms, fields open brown and ochre

and want to capture this life of aching roots, change, the desire to vanish into landscape.

chilled letters—
my hand on her grave
the only way

In this haibun, the author contemplates following Andrew Wyeth in his pursuit to capture landscape, not merely a pictorial depiction, but more deeply, the landscape of life. He wants to understand his own life, his past, “to capture this life of aching roots.” In the quote of Wyeth’s words, (in italics) substitute “life” for “landscape,” and we have the theme: the search for the meaning of life. It is a lonely search. This is poetic prose with phrases such as: “living’s gritty flesh, a farm’s lineage of poverty and harvest,” and “fields open brown and ochre.” The prose reads smoothly and should be read all the way through just to enjoy the flow of words. A second and third slower reading will give the words their meaning.

In the haiku the author gives us a puzzle. Is the meaning of life only to be found in death? Or, for the author, is it to be found in remembering a lost loved one? This haiku is effective even without the prose. Sometimes memories of, feelings for, and connections with a deceased loved one are intensified by touching a photo, a possession belonging to the person, or touching the grave. The cold as expressed with “chilled letters” intensifies the loneliness of the author’s search.

Third Place ~ Anita Curran Guenin

San Diego, California

The Blue Dress

From my first job’s first paycheck, I bought my pretty Mother a navy blue faille dress. Then about forty-three years old, she mostly wore house dresses as her work was to clean the rooming house where we lived. Running the place was the only means she had to support us, her three children, after the divorce from our father.

Sometimes I’d come home from school to find her lying down with her legs propped up against the wall, trying to ease the pain from varicose veins. Like most children regarding their parents, I either ignored or wasn’t aware of her sacrifices.

In the style of its time, the dress had long tight sleeves and a nipped in waist. A circle skirt stuck out stiffly even without a crinoline petticoat.

It would have looked complete with a pillbox hat, gloves and pearls. I thought it looked classy, like something Grace Kelly would wear or someone’s circumspect mother.

The jewel neckline was round and high. I think she wanted to be grateful, but she said, “I feel like I’m choking.”

white dress
hem muddied from rain
first communion

Here is another haibun about blue, a blue dress, given by a caring daughter to her pretty, hard-working and tired mother. Perhaps there is some pride connected with the gift (weren't we all proud at buying something with our first earned money?) but this is really a gift of love, love of a daughter for a sacrificing mother. The mother's comment upon receiving the gift spoils the occasion. We can't expect our gifts to be always well received, but we expect some display of appreciation. We are hurt when the recipient lacks enthusiasm and deeply hurt when the gift is criticized. Don't we have a social obligation to show some appreciation? And, if the giver and receiver are family or close friends, don't we have a moral obligation to be kind and not be hurtful? Perhaps the mother is just too tired to think and later regrets having spoken so quickly. Although the author doesn't say she is hurt, we feel the hurt for her.

The haiku repeats the young woman's disappointment in describing a memory of an earlier spoiled occasion, spoiled not by any person, but by nature. The incident about her mother's dress surely must have disappointed her more. The author presents a smooth blending of past and present disappointments. My quibble with this haibun is that the prose is in the past tense, not the present, which would give the piece even more impact. However, the author still manages to capture her disappointment and hurt.

First Honorable Mention ~ Renée Owen

Sebastopol, California

Not Long Now

As I reach for your old quilt, you come to me, and I pretend to hear your voice. "Honey, y'all doin' alright?" and "Now you take care of yourself, you hear." In every room, the sepia photos—you, a young girl, or after your wedding day, stern and still. Each time I pass them, for just that moment, all is shiny and bright, before it fades into black.

sunset streaks
the winter sky red
not long now

The title piques our curiosity. What is not long now? What is going to happen soon? A woman, in her imagination, in her memory or in her dreams, hears her deceased mother's voice. There is no need to tell us her mother is deceased. We feel it in the poet's words, see it in the sepia photos when all is "shiny and bright," and know it now when all "fades to black."

The theme is impermanence and is repeated in the haiku. It is winter, the last of the seasons, the season of long dark nights, the season in which the year ends. The red sunset sky won't last, and "not long now" it will be dark. And, "not long now," memory fades, and "not long now" (when you measure a man's life as compared to the life of the universe) so will the poet and the reader.

Second Honorable Mention ~ Alexander Charnov

Brooklyn, New York

Footprints

If only every step that I ever took left a neon footprint, a radiant earth birthmark an eternal silhouette. Then there would be no uninvited déjà vu. I think we've kissed standing here before, I can't be sure though. These trees look familiar . . .

Instead everything would be laid out, a cryptic treasure map with nostalgia stashed at every dash of the path. At some point X will mark the death.

I could count on these prints to hold my history through the years, untainted save for gum stains slapped on my Broadway footprints.

I could count on them. Never have to make a journal entry again, never take a photo for memory's sake, never note the night we walked from 42nd to Fulton and thought that all New Yorkers were asleep in bed but us. No need. Throw away shots of hikes and heartfelt hugs, the footprints will always beam truths.

The neon spots would speak the day. And more. All I would have to do is track myself through the streets and forests and years and I would see my life shining in my size small, size four, size twelve footprints:

Glowing, love-struck night-steps cast on cobblestones, small beacons glowing on the floor of the fluorescent daycare, myriad loops of tracks glowing up and down the sunlit summer Promenade, glowing in the alleys of Brooklyn and attracting rats, glowing through the woods of Vermont and attracting a thousand moths, glowing along the oldest relics of temples and towers, along the fields of fresh marble waiting to be worked, glowing a blinding white and uniting like a chorus of memory.

If every step that I ever took left a neon footprint, there would be no forgetting.

Chasing fireflies under moonlight
The lawn is stamped with tiny toe marks
Prints shift and vanish in dark grass

There is much in this haibun which sets it apart. The simple one-word title gets to the point, yet leaves room for speculation. Whose footprints? Famous ones on Hollywood Boulevard? Footprints left at the scene of a crime? Or children's muddy footprints? We want to read on to find out. The theme presents a common concern, that we will forget our own past and leave nothing of ourselves behind to mark our having lived. The author imagines a way to remember his life, from childhood onward and for everyone else to know that he was there. He gives us a colorful walk through the places he's been with imaginative phrases: "radiant earth birthmark; nostalgia stashed at every dash of the path" (wonderful alliteration); and "glowing love-struck night-steps." I was carried through the narrative, quickly in some places, more slowly in others when a particular phrase caught my attention. The haiku at the end brings us out of the realm of fantasy into reality in which footprints fade. In the real world events are bound to be forgotten. Although the haiku needs to be shortened, this haibun deserves recognition.

Third Honorable Mention ~ Mark Smith

Keyser, West Virginia

Monarch's Wings

Suddenly stained glass windows of late summer and I can see how the light, those guided by gulfs of air give what's left of the energy over to silence, let what flecks through fill the afternoon. Like my first unanswered prayer or the prints these fingers leave to remember. Or when I waited in that sunset for the soul to rise, too late to breathe her back from leaving. And I think of the light I can't control, color: this body's broken sills, the mind's scenes once sanctuary now shards. But amber wings unfolded, shaken, as many specks as memory are failed flutters of faith, what ceased but never left. What makes me long in last bits of warmth for something beyond this here, this gone, this lasting dark brittle of cocoon.

frosty morning—
buds waiting on warmth
to blossom

This haibun gives us another example of poetic prose. In this style of writing it is not required to be absolutely correct with grammar and punctuation, and clearly the author is not. However, there are some places where a little more attention to them would have helped clarify the ambiguity. The haiku takes us out of late summer and into late winter. In both, the author feels locked up and is waiting for warmth, for the freeing of himself, for the return of a faith that is gone. In spite of its flaws, this haibun deserves a place here.



Adelaide B. Shaw has been writing short-form Japanese poetry for over 40 years and has had more than 200 haibun published. Her haiku collection, An Unknown Road, was awarded third place in the Mildred Kanterman Merit Book Awards for 2009. Samples of her work may be found at www.adelaide-whitepetals.blogspot.com.

The Haiku Society of America Annual Contests

Thank you to all of the judges and contest coordinator, Sari Grandstaff, and congratulations to the winners of the 2013 Bernard Lionel Einbond Renku, Harold G. Henderson Haiku, Gerald Brady Senryu, and HSA Haibun contests. The deadlines for upcoming HSA-sponsored contests are:

- Bernard Lionel Einbond Renku Contest: February 28, 2014
- Nicholas Virgilio Haiku Contest: March 25, 2014
- Mildred Kanterman Merit Book Awards: March 31, 2014
- HSA Haibun Contest: July 31, 2014
- Harold G. Henderson Haiku Contest: July 31, 2014
- Gerald Brady Senryu Contest: July 31, 2014



Call for Designs

Help stock this pond with frogs! We welcome frog designs in black and white for inclusion in the pages of this journal. We hope to choose a different frog design for each issue, so please e-mail your submission of high-quality .jpeg or .tiff files to the editors of *Frogpond* at frogsforthepond@gmail.com.

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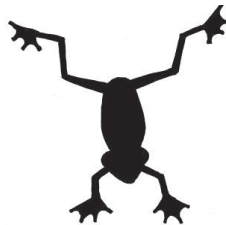
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From the Editors

The role of the writer is not to say what we all can say, but what we are unable to say.

~Anaïs Nin

Every word born of an inner necessity—writing must never be anything else.

~Etty Hillesum

It is with great pleasure that we dedicate our fifth issue of *Frogpond* to the HSA, established in 1968 by cofounders Harold G. Henderson and Leroy Kanterman. We are especially pleased to celebrate Leroy's 90th birthday with his haiku, which opens the haiku/senryu feature on page 5. Our wishes for him include continued health, vitality, and light. The last 45 years have rewarded the HSA with immeasurable growth in membership and talent, as well as leadership and outreach into the world haiku community. We are grateful for your continued support and contributions to *Frogpond* and, as always, we hope that you find inspiration in the pages of this autumn issue. We are indebted to Charlie Trumbull and Bill Pauly, who weed out the errors and inconsistencies that slip through the layout process. Sydney Bending's trio of frogs is a delightful addition to the white space on a variety of pages, and Chris Patchel amazes us with another season's beautifully designed cover.

Like autumn gourds, nourishing points of interest in our writing tend to cluster around certain images and certain themes. We are all of us, after all, only human. Yet, just as each gourd grows into its own shape, each of us may—must—assert our individuality by what we do with our words in the name of our own ineffable experience. There are many techniques and a variety of forms and venues at the poet's disposal. As showcased in this issue, what counts at the end of the day is if and how these techniques and forms forge something fresh, startling, and ultimately meaningful for us all. Let the haiku community know what you think: in response to something that catches your eye in these pages, offer a re-reading or risk a new path in your work—and submit not “what we all can say” but what comes of “inner necessity.”

Francine Banwarth, Editor

Michele Root-Bernstein, Associate Editor