Subscription / HSA Membership

For adults in the USA, $35; in Canada/Mexico, $37; for seniors (65 or over) and students in the USA, $30; All other countries $47 or International PDF only membership $35. Pay by check on a USA bank or by international postal money order payable to Haiku Society of America, Inc. You can also subscribe online by PayPal or credit card at: hsahaiku.org/join.htm. All memberships are annual, expiring on December 31, and include three issues of frogpond as well as newsletters, the members’ anthology, and voting rights. All correspondence regarding new and renewed memberships, changes of address, back issues, and requests for information should be directed to the HSA secretary, Dianne Garcia: garciadianne@hotmail.com (3213 W. Wheeler #4, Seattle WA 98199).

frogpond Submissions

Submission periods are one month long: March for the spring/summer issue, July for the autumn issue, November for the winter issue. Send submissions to mketchek@frontier.com (preferred) or 125 High Street, Rochester NY 14609. See the submission guidelines at hsahaiku.org/frogpond/submissions.html

Copyrights, Views

All prior copyrights are retained by contributors. Full rights revert to contributors upon publication in frogpond. The Haiku Society of America, its officers, and the frogpond editors assume no responsibility for the views of any contributors whose work appears in the journal, nor for research errors, infringement of copyright, or failure to make proper acknowledgment of previously published material.

ISSN 8755-156X

Listed in the MLA International Bibliography, Humanities International Complete, and Poets & Writers. © 2018 by the Haiku Society of America, Inc.

Michael Ketchek, Editor
Jay Friedenberg, Associate Editor

Cover art: Gretchen Targee
Back cover: Rick Clark
Layout: Ignatius Fay

Frog whimsy p66 © Debbie Strange
Jumping bullfrog p82 ©Michelle Kogan
HSA Officers

President, Fay Aoyagi: fay.hsa.president@gmail.com
930 Pine Street #105, San Francisco CA 94108

1st Vice President, Gary Hoatham: hsa1stvicepres@aol.com
10460 Stansfield Road, Scaggsville MD 20723

2nd Vice President, Beverly Aoyagi Momoi: bamomoi@gmail.com 530 Showers Drive, Ste 7, PMB 290, Mountain View CA 94040

Secretary, Dianne Garcia: garciadianne@hotmail.com
3213 W. Wheeler #4, Seattle WA 98199

Treasurer, Bill Deegan: hsa.treasurer@yahoo.com

Frogpond Editor, Michael Ketchek: mketchek@frontier.com
125 High Street, Rochester NY 14609

HSA Newsletter Editor, Ignatius Fay: hsabulletin@gmail.com
600 William Avenue, Unit 33, Sudbury ON P3A 5M9

Electronic Media Officer, Randy Brooks: brookbooks@gmail.com
6 Madera Court, Taylorville IL 6256

Regional Coordinators

California, Deborah P Kolodji: dkolodji@aol.com
10529 Olive Street, Temple City CA 91780

Hawaii / Pacific, Brett Brady: brettbrady@gmail.com
13-3632 Nohea, Pahoa HI 96778

Mid-Atlantic, Robert Ertman: robertertman@msn.com
213 Glen Avenue, Annapolis MD 21401

Midwest, Julie Warther: wartherjulie@gmail.com
1028 Winkler Drive, Dover OH 44622

Mountains, Steve Tabb: satabb@hotmail.com
Boise ID 83703

New England, Wanda Cook: willowbranch32@yahoo.com
PO Box 314, Hadley MA 01035

Northeast Metro, Rita Gray: ritagray58@gmail.com
785 West End Avenue #12C, New York NY 10025

Northwest, Angela Terry: amterry9@comcast.net
18096 49th Place NE, Lake Forest Park WA 98155

Oregon, Shelley Baker-Gard: sbakergrd@msn.com
1647 SE Sherrett Street, Portland OR 97202

South, Margaret Dornaus: singingmoonpoetry@gmail.com
1729 Cripple Branch Lane, Ozark AR 72949

Southeast, Michael Henry Lee: michaelhenrylee@bellsouth.net
1079 Winterhawk Drive, Saint Augustine FL 32086

Southwest, Barbara Hays: barbellens58@rocketmail.com
9404 S Norwood Avenue, Tulsa, OK 74137

Fogpond. volume 41:3  3
HSA Patrons
Our thanks to all those who made gifts beyond their memberships to support the HSA and its work.

Sponsors / Gifts of more than $100
Donna Bauerly • Kristen Deming • Michael Dudley
Jim Kacian • Michael Roach • Mike Schoenburg
Steve Tabb • J.D. Urish • Harriot West

Donors / Gifts of more than $50
Charles Bernhol • Ronald Craig • Jerome Cushman • John-Carl Davis
Elizabeth Frank • Elizabeth Holmes • Michael Kozubek
Henry Kreuter • James Laurila • Michael Henry Lee
Connie Meester • Patricia Nichoff • Patricia Nolan
Frank O’Brien • Victor J. Ortiz • Rich Rosen
Jeff Stillman • Kath Abela Wilson • Billie Wilson

Friends / Gifts of more than $35
Linda Ahrens • Frederick Andrie • Marilyn Ashbaugh
Francis Attard • Stuart Bartow • Gretchen Batz
Donna Bauerly • Elizabeth Bodien • Sydney Bougy
Matt Buchwitz • John Budan • Pris Campbell
Elaine Cantrell • Wanda Cook • Bill Cooper
Carolyn Coit Dancy • Warren Decker • Robert Ertman
Gary Evans • Andy Felong • William Scott Galasso
Kevin Goldstein Jackson • Steve Greene • Carolyn Hall
Patty Hardin • Jon Hare • Kimberly Hare • Shasta Hatter
Barbara Hay • Elizabeth Hazen • Aubry Hemingway
Chad Henry • Merle D. Hinchee • Gary R. Hotham
Liga Jahnke • Phillip Kennedy • Howard Lee Kilby
Mariam Kirby • Bill & Joann Klontz • Eric Leventhal-Arthen
Gregory Longenecker • Curtis Manley • Jeanne Martin
David McKee • Lenard D. Moore • Aya Murata
Renée Owen • Marian M. Poe • John Quinnett • Nacy Rapp
William M. Ramsey • Rebecca Rebouche • David Rembert
Eswaed Riel • Joseph Robello • David H. Rosen
Roberta Rowland • Patricia Runkle • Ellen Ryan
Francis Salo • Michelle Schaefer • Bill Sette • Beth Skala
George Skane • Judith Skinner • Woodson Taylor
Angela Terry • Laura Tanner • Thomas Vorder
Daniel Vroman • Marilyn A. Walker • Jason Wallace
Irene K. Wilson • Walter Windish • Klaus-Dieter Wirth
Ruth Yarrow
Contents

Haiku and Senryu page 7

Sequences and Linked Verse page 67

Haibun page 83

Essays and Articles page 95

The HSA Merit Book Award for books published in 2017 page 116

2018 Harold G. Henderson Haiku Contest page 123

2018 Gerald Brady Senryu Contest page 127

2018 HSA Haibun Awards page 130

Book Reviews page 135

Index of Contributors page 164
Museum of Haiku Literature Award

$100 for the best previously unpublished work appearing in issue 41:2 of Frogpond as selected by vote of the HSA Executive Committee.

after rain
a blue sky
I don’t trust

Robert Epstein
Haiku & Senryu
vanishing act  
a ptarmigan claims  
a patch of snow  

*Tom Painting*


how small  
it becomes in your hand  
the lifeless bird  

*Jeffrey McMullen*


a paper frog, folded  
from recycled paper—  
reincarnation  

*Rob Snyder*


ever early morning—  
soft rain drops again  
on the spiderweb  

*China Cancio*


cutting my cholesterol  
I share french fries  
with the sparrows  

*Terri L. French*
listening
to a moonlit night
Hank Williams
Rick Jackofsky

at the truck-stop café—
lyrics you can
understand
Linda McCarthy Schick

improvising
fingers find tunes
beside the tune
David Cashman

throughout its body
the ripple of movement
horse sculpture
Kathe L. Palka

wild pony
twitches with the chill
ghost town
Anna Cates
midsummer
in a restaurant sink
the clatter of plates

Tim Murphy

as she dances
a string of pearls bounce
at the girl’s throat

Patricia Prime

the young boy
a lollypop
in his ammunition belt

Daniel Birnbaum

midsummer night
from the first floor deck
second hand smoke

s. major-tingey

rain pools
on the empty patio...
long weekend

Dan Curtis
Morning sun—
My son points
to my bald spot

Mark Hitri

toupee askew
if only we could see ourselves
as others do

Sharon Rhutasel-Jones

Class of 1993
reunion – only the café’s
chairs came.

Vassileios Comporozos

hometown
the stranger
in me

Robert B McNeill

my head
in the clouds
gnats

Jeff Hoagland
through a meadow
a path to the outhouse
summer breeze

Victor Ortiz

lighting the way
to the outside privy...
crescent moon

Elinor Huggett

old tobacco barn
each year leaning farther
to the right

Robert Forsythe

cars stranded
in thick fog
the bleating of sheep

Louisa Howerow

summer’s end
the sea folding
onto shore

Joseph Robello
she says it’s a phase
he’s going through
autumn moon

*Barbara Tate*

in the middle
of the argument
chickadees

*Denise Fontaine-Pincince*

heat lightning
another round
of silent treatment

*Ross Plovnick*

hollow stemware
we raise a glass
to the new year

*Carolyn Hall*

moonless sky..
she wants me to believe
I still love her

*C. William Hinderliter*
no deep thoughts
... still ...
the green of spring grass
Wanda Cook

a ripple
in the pond
becomes me
Martha Magenta

lavender fields
the distance a mind
can wander
Sondra J. Byrnes

the meadow
so many wildflowers
I cannot name
Carolyn Coit Dancy

the interplay
between light and shadow
wind in the willow
Chen-ou Liu
biopsy results
better than expected
and yet ...
Sheila Sondik

ultrasound
a tad too long
the probe’s pause
Madhuri Pillai

doll hospital—
barbie considered
a hopeless case
George Dorsty

night jasmine
perfume for the light
of dead stars
Jann Wright

morning fog
crows at the edge
of hearing
Craig Kittner
disused rail line
cabbage whites tangle
in sunlight

Sarah Paul

hoverfly
the effort
to stay still

Dian Duchin Reed

white butterflies
spiraling up a column
that isn’t there

James Richardson

giving a piece of cardboard
a bit of life
our cat

Tom Clausen

two dragonflies
flying intertwined
fucking amazing

Warren Decker
Rocking the Casbah
down Highway 71
on my way to work

Erin J. Jones

the rhythm
of dashboard drums
summer night

Glenn G. Coats

car’s backfire—
the neon palm tree
grows all at once

Jonathan Humphrey

costal road
a license plate
from the heartland

Tom Painting

 corporate parking lot
pollen matte
on gloss paint

Mark A. Forrester
oolong tea
sun sweetened
sheets on the line
  
  Marilyn Fleming

first tea party
the small talk
of sparrows
  
  Mary Hanrahan

magnolia buds
some of us slip out
of our jackets
  
  Michele Root-Bernstein

evening breeze—
neighbour’s garden
hops the fence
  
  Monica Wang

the wildflower named
to make me dizzy—
whorled polygala
  
  Laurie D. Morrissey
a stream
wrinkles the rock...
ray of sunlight
  *David He Zhuanglang*

moonlit tent
the faint white noise
of a waterfall
  *Debbie Strange*

slanting light
licorice ferns high
on the maple’s trunk
  *R. J. Swanson*

close enough to touch
late summer constellations
Queen Anne’s lace
  *Judson Evans*

her chest
rising and falling in the moonlight
the sound of the ocean
  *Loris John Fazio*
prayer flags
a slight breeze
off Everest

*Bruce H. Feingold*

fogbound village —
the old bus leaves a trail
of fumes

*Barnabas I. Adeleke*

yak crossing
Himalayan
traffic jam

*Aron Feingold*

skipping stones
across the pond
a temple crumbles

*Louisa Howerow*

waiting patiently
shrink-wrapped Buddha
in the garden store

*Mark Teaford*
breaking ice
in the stock tank . . .
the first cow’s tongue
Edward J. Rielly

thumbing through
an old rolodex
winter light
Debbi Antebi

slow February snow ...
the last of my resolutions
quietly buried
Michael Dudley

winter sunrise
a string of rusted rail cars
pass the salt mine
Deb Koen

another snow
another poem
about snow
Matthew M. Cariello
night train
just another
brief stop
  
  Anna Maris

autumn leaves
turning a deeper shade
of melancholy
  
  Lori Zajkowski

lonely world
turning the pages
of an old newspaper
  
  Mohammad Azim Khan

canal path—
the sun-bleached cover
of a porn mag
  
  Paul Chambers

sperm dying
in a towel
a long night
  
  David G. Lanoue
stifling heat
swallow’s wingtip
nicks the river

_Erica Ison_

old stone barn—
the to and fro of flycatchers
in summer rain

_John Barlow_

through the heat
not of it
swallowtail

_Ann K. Schwader_

storm warning
the first tremble
in a blackbird’s song

_Rachel Sutcliffe_

a fine rain falls
on each reflection—
coots in failing light

_Thomas Powell_
freight train
I listen to the shape
of the mountain
  *Susan Constable*

wanderlust...
his license plate collection
nailed to the barn wall
  *Michele L. Harvey*

deep night sky
the dashboard lights too bright
for this loneliness
  *Chad Lee Robinson*

winter night
wearing a dead man’s coat
  *Christopher-Calvin Pollard*

icy grass
crunches underfoot
moon in the frost
  *Bob Whitmire*
early frost
the measured tread
of backyard chickens

Vanessa Proctor

her backyard
immersed in shadow
a horse once lived there

Robert A. Oliveira

autumn sunset
dusk deepens
into the old rose

Martha Magenta

the hazy moon
all I didn't know
I wanted

Karina M. Young

sunday morning
kneeling to collect
still warm eggs

Marika Josephson
old high school yearbook
I skip over several pages

*Deanna Tiefenthal*

all the guilt
of losing touch
old catcher’s mitt

*John Hawk*

among the whole lot
not a single astronaut—
high school reunion

*Aaron Barry*

record shop
flipping through a stack
of memories

*Kevin Valentine*

Family albums
remember the fifties
in black and white

*Bruce England*
corner pub
my dark stout
in a Bud Lite glass

Tom Clausen

windy day
what we know about the neighbours
from their clothesline

Lucy Whitehead

day moon
lighting the way
for no one

Agnes Eva Savich

in this universal tragedy
so many
stars

Robert Witmer

a touch
petroglyph of a hand
of grace

Roland Packer
slave ship—
a beam of sunlight
on rusty shackles

Mohammad Azim Khan

thought we could
move past this
confederate general

Harold C. Cowherd

Continental Divide
red states and blue
...purple passions

William Scott Galasso

at the foot
of the war memorial
dead sparrow

Arch Haslett

migration
without borders
monarchs

Jo Balistreri
men’s room—
a butterfly
wanders in

*Eric A. Lohman*

a crack in the window
wisteria tendrils
find their way

*Jill Lange*

shimmering lake
I lose sight of
how deep it is

*Boruch Merkur*

before Buddha bristlecone pine

*Matthew Markworth*

good roots
how quickly a bamboo
becomes a forest

*Yu Chang*
the dark blue sound of a wind-driven rain

Rob Dingman

just a drizzle
turns into a downpour
E.R. night shift

Neal Whitman

sudden rain...
a girl cups her breast
in flight

Adjei Agyei-Baah

spring thunderstorm—
coolness blowing in through the screen
from the spattered porch

Wally Swist

after the storm
the mud ruts
of pickup trucks

Ben Moeller-Gaa
i don’t remember
a time before
i knew about death

Jasmin Kirkbride

home from hospice house
I give his wedding ring
to our son

Elizabeth Howard

near the end
she remembers once dancing
with Indians

Ed Bremson

winter shadows
six pallbearers
shoulder the darkness

John Hawkhead

autumn rain
tell me again
how you died

J. Zimmerman
in the attic
my grandfather’s rifle
turns rusty

Slobodan Pupovac

after Mother’s death ...
finding my baby locks
in her box of jewels

Charlotte Digregorio

the widower
heaving hailstones back
at the clouds

Keith Polette

The wilted rose
still gives off strong fragrance
a widow

Sravani Singampalli

Misty pine-scented wind
drifts through the graveyard—
I’ve outlived my parents

Rebecca Lilly
the tea steeps
her morning practice
in patience

*Beverly Acuff Momoi*

relaxation cd
the ocean rolls in
on delta waves

*Nancy Shires*

mountain fog
nowhere to gaze
but within

*Kelly Sauvage Angel*

wind in the willows
two monks debating
the bardo

*Robert Epstein*

meditating—
enlightenment smells like
fresh-baked rolls

*Robert Epstein*
raindrops on blossoms
I sweep
the pagoda

Nicholas M. Sola

to be the most difficult verb

David Boyer

walking among redwoods my small steps

Sam Bateman

Hafiz
reading

the
taste
of
Infinity

&
Figs
Ellen Compton

held up to the light
a portable universe
the tadpole jam-jar

Mark Gilfillan
cherries jubilee
what only a fool would
dare to believe

*Michael Henry Lee*

---

abandon thought
all ye
who’d enter bliss

*Fred Andrle*

---

wildflowers
such a world where water
falls from the sky

*Aron Rothstein*

---

roadside puddle...
learning forgiveness
from a splashing car

*Adjei Agyei-Baah*

---

chances...
a mule in the rain
on a Tuesday

*Adrian Bouter*
getting past a
wave to get past
a wave

*Joseph Salvatore Aversano*

reaping
what I did not sow
dandelions

*Linda Ahrens*

life stories
the river flows
through sunshine and shade

*Katrina Shepherd*

entering the forest enters you

*Ruth Holzer*

just when life seems
to make sense
hummingbird eggshell

*Anne Elise Burgevin*
low tide
an empty beach
fills with my steps

Lori Becherer

summer vacation
dividing a school of minnows
with my legs

Rich Schilling

rope swing
the back and forth
of pigtails

Louise Hopewell

late-summer twilight
I ask for sprinkles
on my ice cream

Hannah Mahoney

night swim
we finger paint
with moonlight

Ma rilyn Ashbaugh
bases loaded
the lift of his knee
before the pitch

_Hannah Mahoney_

night game
shadows steal
from 1st to 2nd

_Lesley Anne Swanson_

blown save
my grandfather cussing
the Phils in Italian

_Rick Tarquino_

one last game
of street hockey ...
slapshot into dusk

_Jacquie Pearce_

Friday night football
a taste of cherry lipstick
behind the bleachers

_Joe McKeon_
September morning
the school bus closes its door
on summer

Karen DiNobile

she plays Bach on her cello autumn leaves fall

Marisa Fazio

deserted road
the cold wind rolls
an empty bottle

Nikolay Grankin.

rotting woodpile
the roly-polies tumble out
with a light kick

Michael Galko

the yellow canoe
hung upside down—
autumn stars

Jennifer Burd
news of a passing
the old furnace
rumbles on
  
Frank Hooven

her empty chair—
he eyes himself
in a coffee spoon
  
M. Kent Travis

bare foot
I test the tide
without you
  
Joanna Ashwell

pond ripples
each eventually
disappears
  
Martin Cossio

winter shadows
rabbit tracks in the snow
between tombstones
  
Joshua Michael Stewart
another city...
I linger among pigeons
in the park

K. Ramesh

homeless
among the skyscrapers
autumn moon

Ernest Wit

the man sleeps
on a park bench
broken, as he is

Theresa Okafor

gangland
walking through the crossfire
of graffiti

J. Brian Robertson

padlocked to the gate
in a bad neighborhood
Santa’s reindeer

Marita Gargiulo
adding bookmarks
along the river
boats at anchor

Zdravko Karakehayov

lingering light—
out of the river mist
the sparrow’s song
[to the memory of Fonda Bell Miller]
Ellen Compton

fog-shrouded coast
we listen
to the view

Annette Makino

ocean depths
all the sounds
we do not hear

Jeannie Martin

wandering at dusk
in and out of shadows
a black dog

Adelaide B. Shaw
sheet lightning—
the canyon wall fills
with petroglyphs
Scott Mason

shooting stars—
the dash between
born and died
Colleen M. Farrelly

the blank page
I cannot fill...
father’s eulogy
Tracy Davidson

autumn night
counting the years
my grandma passed on
Precious Oboh

worry beads
walking a worn path
through the woods
Susan B. Auld
tightly pinched eyelids
hiding warm tears
caged children

Wilma McCracken

newspaper boat
headlines sink
into the folds

Bryan Rickert

in the harbour
morning fog conceals a fleet
of battle ships

Doc Drumheller

old men arguing
at the train station ...

a tree full of crows

Sarah Paris

where there was war
a sheepdog keeps
the flock in line

LeRoy Gorman
mom talks
the endless petals
of a pink poppy

*Guliz Mutlu*

frost-covered window—
she gazes through
her mother’s forgetfulness

*Gary Evans*

wind chimes
the notes mum hummed
on her good days

*Lew Watts*

mother's illness—
the night’s rain
held in leaves

*Salil Chaturvedi*

Lauren Bacall movie
the way Mom dangled
her cigarette

*Bruce H. Feingold*
half moon
i wash off
the pill slicer

Jennifer Hambrick

my adult daughter
refolding
my folded laundry

Mimi Ahern

open gate
the way
my mind wanders

Robyn Hood Black

summer night—
a passing car shifts
down a gear

Barry George

firefly in the gloom
mom tries to recall
my name

Radostina Dragostinova
open book
reading from where she
left off
Debbie Olson

spring breeze
the page turns
when I let go
Jeanne Cook

ask why
sunlight falls there
yellow violet
d w skrivseth

mindlessness
summer rain
evaporates
Glori J. Berry

hot air balloon ...
I un-tether
myself
Valentina Ranaldi-Adams
heat ripples
above asphalt streets—
his touch

Christine Taylor

old growth forest—
running her fingers
through his chest of silver

Diane Wallihan

coming home at night
Venus
is still above my house

Mac Greene

morning rain
the fading dream of
my first love

Dietmar Tauchner

road's edge
the color leaving
the snow

Gary Hotham
blueberry pie
and a call from my sister
another birthday

_Merrill Gonzales_

blind grandmother
I cheat at checkers...
she knows

_Gil Jackofsky_

chicken broth—
father's hands cup
an earthen bowl

_Gregory Wright_

frosting on finger
the two-year-old
feeds her mother

_Jolin Chan_

weeding with a toddler
she pulls
the only flower

_Kathryn Bold_
fishing with dad
two cast lines
intertwine

Quendryth Young

Father's Day
dad ties
one on

Terri L. French

online donation—
proving I'm a human
to the captcha

Indra Neil Mekala

long shoe horn
no greater invention
under the circumstances

Michael Fessler

mole cranium
the rollover
of unused data

Cherie Hunter Day
kite
not enough rope
to reach the clouds

*Nikolay Grankin*

on the edge
of the urinal
a kernel of popcorn

*John Stevenson*

empty space on the shelf
an unreturned book

*Debbi Antebi*

a slight breeze
ruffles dust across the floor
scattering footprints

*Steve Tabb*

thumbtacks
in the kiosk’s blank corkboard—
winter rain

*Mike Spikes*
girl wearing headphones
her cap says: I don’t need you
I have Wi-Fi

*Doc Drumheller*

punk concert—
the one girl
not wearing black

*Stanford Forrester/sekiro*

class clown—
the teacher
doesn’t laugh

*Stanford Forrester/sekiro*

Bible study
I discover God’s
darker side

*Gregory Longenecker*

this way and that
the short fat man chases
his windblown hat

*Yates Young*
heavy breathing
my wife and I get off
our exercise bikes

John Dunphy

we reread the invitation—
I switch my sneakers
from white to black

John S Green

antipsychotics
how a rose never loses
its thorns

Tia Haynes

briefly covering
divisions between neighbors
November leaves

Noel Sloboda

And for all
you lonely older folks,
carbon dating!

Mark B. Hamilton
blended whiskey bottle rockets red glare
*J Hahn Doleman*

Hendrix between chords the whoosh of a pull tab
*Bill Cooper*

crescent moon
cradling its
dark side
*Richard M. Fye*

summer thunderclap—
forgetting why we argued
*Corine Timmer*

After the storm
keeping the shape of the storm—
wild pampas grass
*Edward Zuk*
country vacation
binge watching stars
in the nighttime sky

*Lori Zajkowski*

oars up
just enjoying
the drift

*Jeffrey Ferrara*

painted toes
even the butterfly
takes notice

*Margo Williams*

summer’s end
the sad little carnival
at the edge of town

*Stephen Colgan*

vacation over
pulling out of a driveway
of broken shells

*Brad Bennett*
custody battle ...
the lift trapped
between the floors
Aparna Pathak

domestic disturbance—
the child tells her dolls
to be “very quiet”
Carolyn M. Hinderliter

shattered glass—
all that remains from
the car crash
Roy Kindelberger

summer haze
a guard rail gets hammered
back into shape
Tanya McDonald

lowest limb
tracing its long trek
to reach the sun
Sydney Bougy
day moon
half in the pond
in the sky
Matthew Caretti

sand dunes
the way you keep
changing your mind
Olivier Schopfer

half-eaten sandwich
at the fire station
a silent prayer
Zaid Gamieldien

dusk into dark
slowly lowering
three fingers of scotch
Alan S. Bridges

deep night
the floating moon retreats
into the cattails
Larry Gates
so many buckeye butterflies
yet none
are in the mood

Brett Partridge

porcupines
our decision
to sleep apart

Mike Stinson

a promise broken—
the hollow sound
of bamboo wind chimes

Lorin Ford

couple’s retreat—
he finally reaches for her hand

Frances Greenhut

white rose
the silence that comes
after the last whisper

Bona M. Santos
sanderlings chase
the edge of breaking surf
dilapidated castle
*Jane Stewart*

ripple effect
mallards take off
one by one
*Barbara Kaufmann*

fishing
into its own reflection
the Blue Heron
*George Skane*

sunset—
the golden bellies
of migrating geese
*Edward Dewar*

loon
calling
the moon
*Dianne Koch*
laundry morning
dewdrops hanging
on the clothesline
  Sandi Pray

settling into
my new office chair—
the dog
  Kathryn Bold

the gardener
has big plans
for her bonsai trees
  Paulette Y. Johnston

coffee table books
changed out
for the pastor’s visit
  Marsh Muirhead

ripped jeans
the moon poking
through clouds
  Colleen M. Farrelly
‘dogs prohibited’—
that one
can’t read

*Penny O’Hara*

---

*mandatory evacuation*—
the trees
disobey

*Bill Gottlieb*

---

still the scars
of jumping barbed wire fences—
moonshine

*Jessica Malone Latham*

---

Christmas cactus
blooms on Easter
her faith wavers

*Christine Wenk-Harrison*

---

Spring cleaning the vanity of old trophies

*John Sullivan*
last day of school—
a paper jam
left in the copier

Julie Warther

three hands above
the beach volleyball net
day moon

James Chessing

back from the beach
a cow in the tent
eating cornflakes

Lorraine Haig

summer evening
on an old Victrola
a scratchy ragtime tune

Patricia J. Machmiller

last year’s pony
missing from the pasture—
first day of school

Cyndi Lloyd
the heat ...
deleting a comma
placed yesterday
    Nicholas Klacsanzky

the pause between
swings of a bamboo fan
sweat drops
    Srinivasa Rao Sambangi

screen door’s rasp and bang—
no break
in the heat
    Jeff Stillman

heat wave
an afternoon watching grass
not grow
    Matthew Moffett

summer nap
finding the groove
of the oscillating fan
    Bob Lucky
roof bathing
a mosaic of
beach towels
   Helen Buckingham

small talk
in the community garden ...
patter of rain
   Bonnie Stepenoff

summer evening
a hand from the apartment window
pruning marigolds
   Alex Leavens

at the end
of the rainbow a pot
of gumbo
   Francine Banwarth

today’s cares
up in smoke
evening campfire
   Ronald K. Craig
the little girl's toes
wriggling among the tadpoles—
spring in the Ozarks
   Bonnie Stepenoff

the book slips closed ...
magnolia leaves flicker
in summer rain
   Aron Rothstein

unsold crabs
tossed back dead
in the winter sea
   Daniel Liebert

Corrections from Last Issue

under our feet
sand that was once stone
that was once sand
   Brad Bennett (p. 44)

frosty nights...
the way he doesn’t reach out
for my hands any more
   Sanjuktaa Asopa (p. 62)

Apologies for the mis-spelling on p. 88.
   It should read: Yatsuka Ishihara
Sequences & Linked Verse
In The Suburbs

Friday night happy hour—
some neighbors happier
than others

after the garage sale
a baby stroller
abandoned at the curb

dirty looks
for the dog walker
without a plastic bag

squabbling
over the property line
the old post fence crumbles

Catherine Anne Nowaski
Passing Trains

talking to myself
in the rustling leaves of corn . . .
freight train’s horn

in and out
of the morning’s winter fog
short run train

graffiti letters
on each passing boxcar
a language I don’t know

through the train window
the billboard cheerleader
in autumn rain

a long freight train
the sparrows on the power line
pay no attention

so many souls
crossing the prairie night
well-lit train cars

spring downpour
the muted horn of a train
reaches the cemetery

Randy Brooks
An Added Curve

opening day
an added curve
to each pitch

his bobblehead free
to the first 100 fans

open gloves
the roar of the crowd
for a foul ball

strike three –
the rookie’s slow walk
back to the dugout

the restroom line longer
than the seventh-inning stretch

all star break –
Hall of Fame odds
already calculated

Julie Warther (Dover, OH)
Angela Terry
(Lake Forest Park, WA)
Little Things

sea glass...
the tides giveth
and taketh away

my fishing rod bends
to who knows what

a dory on its mooring
the shallow scoop
of the new moon

to the blast
of a ferry horn, my sounds
disappear

the little things
that make me happy

beachcombing...
her fingers intertwine
with mine

Alan S. Bridges
SEEDS

Sabbath afternoon
pastor weeding
on his knees

he sprinkles carrot seeds
and a little faith

how can little ones
be unwanted
year of the rabbit

like wildfire —
in no time she’s surrounded
by rumors

she begins to show
the waxing moon

a pumpkin vine
in the flower bed
blossoming

Dan Schwerin (Waukesha, WI)
Julie Warther (Dover, OH)
Last Day of Christmas

last day of Christmas
a patch of sun
leaves the cat

the tree topper back
snug in its box

indigo dusk
a comforter added
to the bed

packed in snow
the burlapped roots
of a blue spruce

while we walk
sparrows shift in the hedge

scattered at wood’s edge
apples that didn’t make
the cider

Dan Schwerin (Waukesha, WI)
Julie Warther (Dover, OH)
Scent of Crayons

gingersnap molasses
the ice cream shop ends summer
with a new flavor

opening my school bag
to the scent of crayons

oiled leather
sliding into penny loafers
with a shoe horn

letting down
my uniform hem
pins between her lips

picking an apple
on the way to the bus stop

outside the classroom
the leaves on the maple
starting to yellow

Alan S. Bridges
Jacquie Pearce
LeBron sweepstakes...
Johnson performs
his Magic

free agency ...
the Lakers acquire
new fans

fault line ...
the aftershocks
in Cleveland

a new frontier...
the East is left
behind

Showtime...
the spotlight on
L.A.

Dave Read
Slow to Speak

all
that is not said
Visiting Day

at last he speaks
his service in the Philippines

still on her dresser
his uniformed grin
in sepia

swatting my butt
as I climb the stairs
he yells “ouch”

he brings the endangered rabbit home
in his shirt

solemn news
father’s furrowed brow
crosses my son’s face

Valorie Broadhurst Woerdehoff
Connie R Meester
Navajo Land

morning birdsong
the old woman weaves it
into her blanket

search for arrowheads
beside an ant hill
a shark’s tooth

Monument Valley
a hawk’s slow circle
a sonic boom

lazy buzzard
waiting for the sun
to do its job

a dozen iphones
snap photos of petroglyphs
signed by a handprint

planting corn
the old man sings
to each seed

Frank Higgins
Walking Meditation

walking meditation
the newcomer
with mismatched socks

losing my balance
in the footsteps
in front of me

unfocused gaze
getting in the groove
of the wooden floor

same creak
in the same corner
different

last lap...
someone sitting
on my cushion

Sidney Bending
Second Hand

returning home
so many clouds
between us

missing her
the slow arc
of a full moon

recalling
the shape of her lips
sunrise floods the pines

Mark Alan Osterhaus
(Re)Thinking Things

slow snowfall
our walk to the woods
disappears

Lenten examen
so much accumulation

(re)thinking things
cephalopods
in the old church wall

ashes
the four directions
mapped on our foreheads

cardinals in the church yard
taking off our Mardi Gras masks

white crocuses
walking our mothers
home

Kari Davidson
Holli Rainwater
Neighbor’s Crèche

billowing laughter
a family reunion
at my neighbor’s

once I’m wide awake
the car alarm stops

stolen jewelry
I tell my neighbor
about each piece

bees busy
building a new home
in our attic

in our cul-de-sac
we have the pink flamingoes

neighbor’s crèche –
one of the wise men
stands in for Joseph

Victor Ortiz
William Hart
Haibun
Resistance

We’ve gathered once again at the local courthouse. This time we protest the separation of children from their families at our country’s southern border. For a few hours we feel empowered by our shared commitment. We hold on to hope. It’s a hot late June day. We share shade and sunblock, pass out water bottles and listen to speeches. We sing, we chant, hold up our signs and swap our own immigrant histories. We cheer when passing vehicles honk in solidarity with our cause. But not everyone waves and honks. Some of us pray.

summer heat
through a truck’s open windows
strains of Dixie

Kathe L. Palka

A Long Day of Play

After a long day of play, the toddler snuggles up against my breast, and falls asleep. Carefully, I carry him to the bed on which he sleeps. I lower him down, he stirs, turns on his side, and is still.

Grey afternoon
I return to the living room
to watch cartoons

Melissa Patterson
Attention!

Scrawled across the wall of the toilet stall:
“I am 10” long and 3” in diameter.”
And just below it, in a daintier hand,
“How nice. And how big is your penis?”

spring in the air
a wild turkey
fans his tail

Carolyn Hall

In The Forest Clearing

Sunday morning. The small lake sits quietly at the centre of the clearing, flanked by eucalyptus trees and untamed ferns. At it’s mouth are a series of park benches covered in dirt; long neglected. To the sides of the lake the forest thickens. Dark undergrowth can be seen in the distance on the left where the canopy thickens, and to the right, a stairway signals the path ahead. The body of the lake opens to the sun. Birds can be heard chirping intermittently in the skies above. Creatures of the earth rustle about in the grasses below. A gentle Autumn breeze flows through the clearing, cooling the sweat on my back.

Flies dance gracefully
above the sunlit water
—far from the office

Ben Taylor
To our delight, summer vacation is here once again. These are the days without computers and video games when my brother and I spend as much time as we can outside. Mom needs to reel us back in as the sun goes down. On rainy days, we’re restless like caged animals. The kitchen table metamorphoses into a ping-pong tournament under Mom’s watchful eye. Once we get bored with that, cards are in order, as is the inevitable wrestling match. Eventually, we settle down with our comic books, restoring peace in the process.

music lesson
a blade of grass
now a child’s whistle

Martin Duguay

What do you do when you come across a one-month-old puppy abandoned in a parking lot on a cold November evening? You put her inside your jacket and take her home regardless of the fact that you already have two more dogs to look after. Before you know it, you’ve fallen in love with her and she becomes part of the family. Wendy, rescued on a Wednesday, passed away on this first Saturday in April after more than a fourteen-year stay.

rainy morning
yellow daffodils shine
in the flower bed

Martin Duguay
Trying to Find the Right Key

I wanted to think that after my father died I’d find a stash of old records that would reveal that we shared a love of Nancy Sinatra. I remember a cheap record player, and those boots that were made for walking keep on walking all over my memories. I’ve forced myself to pretend that when we meet up in heaven, which is unlikely, we’ll sing along in the choir. I know some of the words.

winter fog a half-remembered hymn

Bob Lucky

American Independence Day in Lesotho

The TV room is new. The one hundred channels of satellite connectivity strictly supervised. Screen time limited. Only the older ones allowed in. And yet the children are happy here. The NGO decided they need to know the world. Current events. News. So we shiver together in the antipodal winter. Watch a segment on the separation of immigrant families at America’s southern border. They know this is my homeland. Turn to me. A sudden sorrow in their eyes. In my own.

fourth of july
orphans unravel
a stars & stripes scarf

Matthew Caretti
Spring teases and taunts us here in the cold north. She comes slowly, flashing glimpses of sunlight on swollen maple buds and then retreats as another storm comes rolling in. People in warmer climates don't know spring the way we do. We wait as the equinox passes and the frustration mounts. We curse the snow and ice that cover the tips of the daffodils. We grudgingly put on our winter coats and boots to go out and scrape the car one more time.

And then, suddenly, she's here for real. We stand outside in a daze, letting the sun warm our pale faces, giddy with the release and opening of that long-awaited first spring day when the blood rises like the sap and races like water rushing downhill to the overflowing creek.

I am no exception. In late April, I enter the forest where my cabin waits in chilly solitude for the first spring fire. I light the match and then sit outside on the step, smelling the birch wood smoke that drifts from the stove pipe, listening to the drip of melting ice, feeling the gentle tug of war between the cool breeze and the warm sun, gazing at the tender sky. Every sense is sharpened, every thought diffused by the awakening.

sun on the hill
last patches of snow
surrender

Munira Judith Avinger

Pilgrimage

Together they chart their course. Their aim—to collect 100 countries. Too soon he continues their journey alone.

shrines around the world
beneath small stones
some ashes

Diane Wallihan
Paradise Regained

Living in the Garden of Eden and lolling about stark naked in the balmy air was truly wonderful. But then came that fall, a real bummer. Some say it was the fall from primal innocence. Others say perhaps the fall from grace. But I say it was the fall from timelessness into time, rather like an apple falling through space. And then, splat, an unwelcomed encounter with the density of matter. So the question is, how do we rise from the fall? How do we regain the spaciousness of space and not lose touch with pizza, roses, Chopin or the magic of falling in love?

tiny blossoms
on the baby's bonnet
your hand in mine

Michael Sheffield

Brandied Peaches

The house came with a dead woman’s canning, harvest of her last summer. A dim cellar and deep in chiaroscuro Rembrandt colors of plum jam, yellow squash, green tomato pickles. A stoneware crock of brandied peaches kept alive for years, never depleted, each summer’s peaches added and more brandy, sugar, spices. One sees such crocks in antique shops, scrubbed and empty, or made into clever lamps.

old cobwebs
husks of tiny lives
hang and sway

Daniel Liebert
Price for Telling the Truth

She looks like Vivien Leigh in a Streetcar Named Desire. The way her red hair clings to the back of her neck as she pulls from the trunk of her car a photo of herself when she was a young ballet student.

Tiger-lilies in bloom, a bull-nosed snake appears in the swamp water under the bridge where we stand. She tells me she still blames the doctor who didn’t save her father’s life. I ask how long can you hold a grudge?

When she pressures me to share my opinion about the guy she’s crazy over, I say he’s not love worthy. He’ll fool around and when she’s sick, he won’t even open a can of soup. She marries him anyway and right when leaves start to fall, he splits. As my consolation prize, she sends a card picturing a coconut cream pie smashed into a woman’s face which I assume can only be mine.

A pot of winter jasmine withered

Alexis Rotella

Hardison Grocery

Beyond the “Sunbeam Bread” screen door were rows of wooden shelves filled with once-common brands, barrels of dried beans, and bins of fresh local produce. There was a rack of country hams and a refrigerated meat case filled with everything from steaks, pork chops, and whole chickens to pig’s feet, ox tails, and chitlins.

Just inside, glass bottles of Nehi Grape, Orange Crush, and RC Cola could be found suspended in a metal drink box of ice-cold water. The checkout counter, there was only one, had no moving belts or scanners just a mechanical cash register and a front filled with bins of candy.

Before shopping malls, supermarkets, or fast food, this was where
groceries were bought accompanied by an exchange of gossip. Once every neighborhood had its own grocery and I grew up with such a store owned by my grandparent's.

catching a moment
and holding it forever...
an old photograph

*Dan Hardison*

---

**Door to the Temple**

Surrounding the in-home hospital bed, her two cats and favorite hospice worker, hired on the side for cooking, bathing and kissing my dying mother’s hand. The family and a few friends enter the door to her room. They nestle between the oxygen machine and stacks of pill bottles, the walker, potty chair and paraphernalia of the sick. And I, across the country, almost another planet. Tending to the old wounds in my own way. With unsettling dreams & guilt-laden phone calls. It’s too far to come, she gasps. Of course there’s love. But after decades lost to drink, it’s no known fact.

red camellias
she asks where she'll go
when she stops breathing

*Renée Owen*
Passage

He was heading home when it happened. The car struck the highway divider and rolled off the embankment. His last words haunt me the most. “I am an organ donor,” he told the paramedic. In that moment, he was selfless. And he knew.

west wind
the horizon blocked
by a wall of fog

Shelly Chang

Artifice

The trip was her idea. A foreign country, a fresh perspective. At our first hotel, I wondered why she was gloomy. She confessed in tears. She had run out of money and could not borrow more. Of course, it would fall to me to pay for our food and lodging.

smugglers’ exhibit
an ordinary looking shoe
hides a hollow heel

Shelly Chang

reaching water

Haiku, inevitably, must concern themselves with place. A bird flies-off. Lands somewhere. Yet we recall the exact place from which it flew. A rock
sinks into the lake and one is curious about the bottom. At the end and at the beginning of a poem, it is place that reaches out, embraces, captivates, Enthralls the spirit.

Haiku is a Way of better understanding place. Experiencing it to the extent that we would recognize it anywhere. Call it home.

Place, too, refers to what’s inside. The place revealed as we open up to beauty, truth, and love, et cetera. Who we are and where we are, by necessity, commingle in the haiku moment. A moment which has more to do with place than it does with time.

When we leave this place, it’s only to return…to keep the flow of water. Place gives poem. Poem gives place. And there is room enough for everybody.

rain river stream creek brook rivulet empty canteen

*vincent tripi*
*June ending 2018*

---

**Useful**

His caseworker told me he was a hoarder, which is a form of mental illness. He saved all kinds of useless junk, even old newspapers and rags. I rent a dumpster and clean out the house. In the basement, I retrieve a set of 1964 encyclopedias. I find scraps of material that I can use when I take up quilting. There are valuable heirlooms, a kerosene lantern, my mother’s dishes, and a cradle that may have belonged to my grandmother. The broken golf cart can be repaired and some of the furniture will fit in my garage.

estate sale
his war medals
useless

*John Budan*
Deserted

They’d always had eggs from the chickens. Milk from the cows. A big garden. And twice-a-year pig butchering provided some meat. When they died, neither of their kids wanted the little farm.

empty chicken coop apple blossom float through the open door

_Steve Andrews_
Essays & Articles
Labor Day
from A Field Guide to North American Haiku
Charles Trumbull

This installment of the Field Guide looks at an example of an Observance, which is one of the eight topics of the Japanese *saijiki*, or haiku almanac. In Japanese haiku, Observances include all manner of dates and times of the year that human beings celebrate: public and national holidays and memorials, Buddhist and Shintō festivals (as well as some Christian holy days), traditions, and death dates of famous persons. Because our Field Guide series focuses on English-language haiku, this go-around I have chosen an American holiday, Labor Day. Reference will be made to Canada’s Labor Day, which originated independently but is also observed on the first Monday in September as well as to labor holidays elsewhere in the world.

Wikipedia informs us:

> Beginning in the late 19th century, as the trade union and labor movements grew, trade unionists proposed that a day be set aside to celebrate labor. “Labor Day” was promoted by the Central Labor Union and the Knights of Labor, which organized the first parade in New York City. In 1887, Oregon was the first state of the United States to make it an official public holiday. By the time it became an official federal holiday in 1894, thirty states in the United States officially celebrated Labor Day.

Over the years, however, the linkage of Labor Day to the workers’ movement has all but disappeared. In *haikai* “Labor Day” can be found more often in ironic senryu than in serious haiku:

---

1 ‘A Field Guide to North American Haiku’ is a long-term project along the lines of a haiku encyclopedia-cum-*saijiki*, a selection of the best English-language haiku arranged by topic and illustrating what it is about a given topic that attracts poets to write. When complete, the Field Guide project will comprise multiple thick volumes keyed to the several topics in traditional Japanese *saijiki* (haiku almanac) and Western counterparts, notably William J. Higginson’s *Haiku World: An International Poetry Almanac* (1996). These topics are: Season, Sky & Elements, Landscape, Plants, Animals, Human Affairs, and Observances. The current compilation presents ‘Observances: holiday: Labor Day plus, in part, May Day.’ The haiku are selected from my Haiku Database, currently containing almost 380,000 haiku. Publishing these miniature topical haiku anthologies is an experiment to test the feasibility of the larger Field Guide project. Critique and suggestions, supportive or critical, are warmly invited; please comment by e-mail to trumbullc\at\comcast.net.
For most people now, Labor Day marks the end of the summer season—
one last blast before the weather changes—much as Memorial Day is
welcomed as the beginning of summer. This is thus a time of wistfulness
and reflection:

Labor Day weekend —
half-an-hour left to watch
the outgoing tide

Paul Watsky, Modern Haiku 29.1 (winter–spring 1998), 16
Labor Day
—locking summer into
the empty cabin

Carol Purington, *Haiku Headlines*, September 1999

Labor Day
the roller coaster
sighs to a stop

Dian Duchin Reed, *Acorn* 40 (spring 2018)

Labor Day weekend
I dump the McDonald’s bag
for the last few fries

Charles Trumbull, *Bottle Rockets* 6:2 (#12, 2005), 10

Labor Day
a spot of barbecue sauce
on the face of my watch

Carlos Colón, *The Heron’s Nest* 10:4 (December 2008)

wearing white
after Labor Day
spinster’s diary


If Labor Day marks the end of summer, it equally signals the beginning of autumn. The mood is a return to serious pursuits. Beachgoers and campers have to go back to the office rat race. In my day, too, school started a day or two after Labor Day, both of which emphasized the swing of the pendulum from the joyful and frivolous to the serious and even lonely. Higginson mentions Labor Day in passing in his discussion of the start and end of school and says it is an early autumn topic for haiku.²

Labor Day evening:
crescendo of crickets and
returning traffic


---

Labor Day traffic
the whole field full of
drying onions

Jack Barry, All Nite Rain (2008), 35

ELEGY: E.E.
cummings left )a leaf)
no lonelier than our (fresh(
fall of labor day

Raymond Roseliep, “A Scale of Haiku” [sequence],
in Love Makes the Air Light (1965)

back to school
unlearning
the whole summer

Sanjukta Asopa, The Heron’s Nest 13:4 (December 2011)

Taking the longer view, autumn is the season when we begin thinking about what comes next: winter, the end of things. Preparations must be made.

chilly ...
the last Labor Day float
out of view

Tyrone McDonald, Modern Haiku 39:2 (summer 2008), 57

deserted beach
alone with the waves
of Septemberness


Labor Day
the fall cheeks
of a chipmunk

Michele Root-Bernstein, South by Southeast 14:3 (2007)

labor day—
I dust off
my resumé

Tim Singleton, Temps Libres/Free Times Favorites
Labor Day
finally
I join AARP


Coming two months before election day in the U.S., the long weekend used to be the beginning of the political season, and in the last century political speeches an integral part of town Labor Day picnics and parades. No longer, I think—at least I find no haiku capturing that bit of vanishing Americana. Still, occasionally one can find a bit of sociopolitical commentary in a haiku:

no illegals
at the festival —
Labor Day

Ruth Holzer, *Bottle Rockets* 18 (9:2, 2008), 27

Canadians also celebrate Labour Day in pretty much the same way as is done in the United States, enjoying a long weekend in the country or at the beach and reflecting on the ending summer or anticipating the fall:

Labor Day frost
great to have a job to have
a day off

LeRoy Gorman, *Modern Haiku* 26:2 (summer 1995), 32

Labour Day —
house flies soak up the last rays
on the fence screw heads


Fête du Travail
découverte au retour du chalet
le calendrier indique juin

Labour Day
back home from the cottage
June on the calendar

at the beach
back to school
sale

Marco Fraticelli, *Between Each Wave* (Haiku Canada Sheet 1998–99)

In Europe and many other places May 1 is the workers' holiday. The origins of the May Day holiday lie deep in Gaelic and Wiccan (the Beltane holiday), Roman (Floralia), and Germanic (Walpurgisnacht) traditions as spring festivals typically featuring flowers, bonfires, dancing, and sweets. Such celebrations of May Day are still common worldwide. Most haiku poets writing about May Day focus on traditions such as flowers, fertility, and rebirth.

May Day —
bees collecting nectar
from wilted azaleas


May Day
the jingling shins
of Morris dancers

André Surridge, *Kernels [Web]* 2 (summer 2013)

May Day
a balloon escapes
the subway car


May Day carries the sense of the beginning of summer. The modern appropriation of May Day, often renamed International Worker's Day or some such, as a celebration of labor and workers' rights seems to be almost accidental. Wikipedia notes:

The date was chosen by a pan-national organization of socialist and communist political parties to commemorate the Haymarket affair, which occurred in Chicago on 4 May 1886. The 1904 Sixth Conference of the Second International, called on "all Social Democratic Party organisations and trade unions of all countries to demonstrate energetically on the First of May for the legal establishment of the 8-hour day, for the class demands of the proletariat, and for universal peace."
Especially in these countries, May Day has gone beyond a celebration of labor into an occasion for patriotic parades and for state demonstrations of industrial and military prowess:

May Day rally
political pamphlets
folded into airplanes


*Maiprozession —*
*im Asphalt der Abdruck*
eines Panzers

Mayday procession —
the impression in the asphalt
of a tank


Poets writing about this holiday must exercise caution. The term “Mayday” can also signify the international distress call, the voice equivalent of “SOS” in Morse code. Danger may be what the late Johnny Baranski had in mind in his haiku

May Day!
cornfield furrows all around
a missile silo

*Modern Haiku* 18.2 (summer 1987)

The Japanese celebrate Labor Thanksgiving Day (勤労感謝の日, *Kinrō kansha no hi*) on November 23. Like the Western May Day, it lays a modern proletarian holiday over an ancient harvest festival, *Niinamesai* (新嘗祭). The emperor still performs the traditional harvest ceremonies privately in the palace by presenting the year’s newly cut grain to the Shintō gods. After World War II, Labor Thanksgiving Day was established as a secular holiday to mark the enshrinement of human rights and workers’ rights in the postwar Japanese constitution. May Day is also observed by some in Japan.

---

3 Curiously, this haiku was entered in the 42nd A-Bomb Day Memorial Contest (2008) in Japan with the first line ‘Way of the Cross.’
Labor Thanksgiving Day is a *kigo* for early winter, but both it and May Day (an early spring *kigo*) are used relatively rarely in Japanese haiku:

**職移り職移り勤労感謝の日**

*shoku utsuri shoku utsuri kinrō kansha no hi*

moving from
a job to a job
*Labor Thanksgiving Day*


**メーデーのない日本のストライキ**

*Mēdē no nai Nihon no sutoraiki*

In a Japan
that has no May Day:
strike.


**ガスタンクが夜の目標メーデー来る**

*gasu tanku ga yoru no mokuhyō Mēdē kuru*

a gas tank is
a destination for the night
May Day comes


‘Labor Day’ in its various manifestations is a popular *kigo* or season word. As effectively as ‘cicada’ or ‘autumn wind’—and rather focusing on human nature—Labor Day marks the end of the summer season and the coming of autumn

104  *Frogpond. volume 41:3*
Loading a Gun: Imagery in Haiku

David Grayson

Several years ago, coming home from work, I was robbed at gunpoint. I was walking to my car from a subway station and three young men approached me. One lifted a handgun from his jacket pocket and pointed it directly at me.

Although many years have passed, the details of this episode remain clear and vivid: an overcast sky pregnant with moisture; the odor of alcohol on the breath of one assailant; the thin handgun barrel, which looked almost like a toy. In that moment, I truly had no idea if I was going to make it out alive.

\[
gunshot—
\text{a rush of crows}
\text{peppers the sky}
\]

Isabelle Prondzynski

Fortunately, I was not hurt. The following day, I was relating the details to a friend. He asked what went through my mind as the situation unfolded. I remembered that a feeling of dread enveloped me but I didn't recall “thinking” anything. Rather, I saw images of my children. Facing the prospect of death, my reflexive response was without words.

A recent Harvard study confirmed the primacy of thinking in images or pictures, also known as “visual thinking.” It found that “visual thinking is deeply ingrained in the brain” and that “even when people consciously attempt to think verbally, visual thinking nearly always intrudes.” One of the lead researchers, Elinor Amit, hypothesizes that this behavior is evolutionary: “For a long time, we understood our world visually, so maybe language is an add-on.” Lynell Burmark, a well-known educator in the field of visual literacy, notes that “we process images 60,000 times faster than words.” These findings underscore why the haiku form can be so effective at transmitting or sharing a moment, and also what makes a particular poem successful.

Of course, strong imagery has long been understood to be a key part of poetry. It’s important to keep in mind that it is close attention to detail
that is crucial. Amy Lowell wrote that in order to “present an image,” the poem “should render particulars exactly and not deal in vague generalities, however magnificent and sonorous.” In her poetry primer, Mary Oliver observes: “It is the detailed, sensory language incorporating images that gives the poem dash and tenderness.” Even a single concrete detail can make the difference between an image that is effective and one that is not.


do not come late call for dinner
the click of a toy gun
in the twilight

Ron Moss’ poem conjures a familiar scene: a child playing outside in the thinning light, maybe reluctant to leave the world of his or her imagination. Moss invokes a second sense (hearing) to help paint the scene. The word “click” is onomatopoeic and it brings the reader directly into the presence of the child outside. Deploying more than one sense can reinforce and fill in a picture. Robert Spiess noted, “I find that the better haiku poets use multiple sense-imagery...”


birthday cake
the cowboys and cowgirls
drop their guns

In a snapshot, Nick Hoffman exposes the ubiquity of guns in American society, even as toys. The “birthday cake” instantly sets the scene of a childhood milestone. “Cowboys and cowgirls” reference a national archetype. While humorous, Hoffman’s poem prompted an intellectual response for me—a result of my first-hand experience. Whatever one’s position in the gun control debate, it’s undeniable that firearms occupy a symbolic seat in American culture—relating to conceptions of independence, safety, and power, as well as connection to nature (hunting). Hoffman’s haiku led me to ask if I was a victim not only of three individuals but also of a violent dimension of this ethos.

Machine gun: between his eyebrows a red flower blooms

Ezra Pound admonished poets to “use no superfluous word, no adjective, which does not reveal something.” Saito Sanki does not waste a single word in his haiku. In this English translation, each of the three units is essential. “Machine gun” and “between his eyebrows” represent the subject (indirectly) and direct object, respectively. The third element, “a red
flower blooms,” is both literal and figurative. A blooming flower conveys the sudden onrush of red blood from the gunshot, forcefully describing the denouement. What some might consider to be an inherent handicap when compared to other forms of writing (less words) is an advantage for Sanki. Brevity compels the elimination of each extraneous word.

inside the apple core
a pocket full of sorry
kills the gun

Non literal work, from LANGUAGE poetry to some gendai haiku, forces the reader to see words afresh, outside of their normal sequence and context. In Alan Summers’ haiku, the phrase “apple core” conjures something essential and constitutive. The line “a pocket full of sorry” evokes considerable (“full”) pain and regret. “Gun” is the final word and it closes with a hard consonant. It seems that something vital has been extinguished. Three disparate images combine to convey a sentiment of pain and death. While semantically non-linear, it’s important to recognize that Summers’ words are sharp and concrete.

The categories “verbal” and “visual” are not wholly separate, however. A neuroscientist and literary scholar, Laura Otis points out that the two “coexist in every mind” and reflects that creativity “often emerges when they interact.” Burmark says that “there is a natural progression in the way we process information: first the image, then the words.”

It is the interplay between our interior images and words that is the difficult work of composition. This may entail juxtaposition, a key practice of the haiku poet. More fundamental, it involves choosing the appropriate words and removing those that do not contribute (or those that distract or dilute the picture). As John Stevenson reminds us, such discipline is not always evident in public discourse.

Removed in time from my experience, I nevertheless still remember it visually. I’ve retained the indelible image of the revolver, as if I am still standing on the wet pavement. But paired with it is another image that I treasure: my family.

Notes


11. Alan Summers, hedgerow: a journal of small poems, #111.


You recently published a children’s haiku book, *H is for Haiku: A Treasury of Haiku from A to Z* (Penny Candy Books), which your late mother, Sydell Rosenberg, wrote some years ago. Could you start by providing readers with some biographical information about your mother and her beginnings as a haiku poet?

Sydell Rosenberg (1929-1996) was a New York City teacher and writer. Syd wrote poetry, short stories, literary and word puzzles; and more. In the early 1950s, I believe shortly after graduating from Brooklyn College, she published a racy novel entitled, *Strange Circle*. From what I can remember or was told, Syd wrote this book (she had a different title, *Sham Bottom*) on a dare from her boss at a NYC publishing company where she worked as a copyeditor, after she had “complained” about the quality of the manuscripts she worked on. It was published under a male pseudonym, Gale Sydney, the reversal of her maiden name initials, Sydell Gasnick. I believe this potboiler sold a respectable number of copies for its time. The number that sticks in my head is 270,000. Interestingly, there are copies available online. Mom could be a gentle rebel at times. I love that she wrote this “dirty book!”

Sometime in the 1960s, she “found” haiku. And it found her. How, I don’t know. But this form and the haiku community became an important part of her creative and intellectual life until she died.

According to the 1974 *Haiku Anthology*, mom published her first haiku in 1967, in *American Haiku*. But I think she published haiku before then, in 1966, in the poetry column of a long-defunct newspaper. In 1968, she became a charter member of the Haiku Society of America. She attended the founding meeting that October. In 1975, she served as HSA’s secretary. Mom also served on two Merit Book Awards.
What themes typically appeared in your mother’s haiku, and did she venture into any of the related forms like senryu, haiga, or haibun?

Syd wrote the occasional tanka. I know that one about a squirrel was published in a 1980s issue of *Wind Chimes* (publisher/editor, Hal Roth). She may also have ventured into haibun, but I don’t know if any were published. Mom collaborated on an enjoyable renga with haïjin Doris Heitmeyer and L.A. Davidson. “Violin Case Renga” was published in *Frogpond* in 1987 and was composed from August 15, 1984 through July 9, 1985. The first four links of the sequence were published in *The Christian Science Monitor* on October 8, 1986. Also, mom’s well-known, “In the laundromat” was included in the 1994 public art project, “Haiku On 42nd Street.” What a fantastic and novel endeavor! (Before 1994, “In the laundromat had been published several times: *Modern Haiku*, *The Haiku Anthology*, and *The Haiku Handbook*.)

What prompted your mother’s interest in writing a haiku book for children?

Mom was a teacher—English, literacy, and also adult ESL. Her desire to publish a children’s poetry book (preferably an alphabet book) took root such a long time ago. She may have been submitting at least one of her manuscripts back in the 1970s, as well as the 1980s. As a teacher, I think she probably thought her short poems would be ideal for children, due to their visually striking, miniature “story-like” appeal. She was right.

Can you describe the format and content of *H is for Haiku* and how children will benefit from reading it with their parents and/or teachers?

*H Is For Haiku: A Treasury of Haiku from A to Z*, is an A-B-C reader. This approach provides a fine conceptual framework for mom’s ‘word-picture’ poems which highlight a number of simple ‘moments’ we might tend to overlook. While this compilation is intended for young readers, I think older readers will enjoy these poems, as well.

Could you give us some examples of your mother’s haiku that appear in the book?

I love this one:
So pale—it hardly sat
on the outstretched branch
of the winter night.

“So pale” was published three times, twice in Haiku West and on her memorial page in the December, 1996 issue of *Frogpond*. It won a 1968 *Haiku West* ‘best-of-issue’ award. I ‘discovered’ “So pale” a few years ago and I have warmed to it.

I also love:

Adventures over
the cat sits in the fur ring
of his tail, and dreams.

“Adventures over” was published in *SCTH* (“Sonnet Cinquain Tanka Haiku”) in 1967. Mom never had cats living in NYC apartments, but she loved cats – their grace and play. I think she found their personalities endlessly fascinating to observe. I have loved this one for decades. (This haiku is inscribed on her half of my parents’ double headstone.)

I enjoy these two because of their simplicity. And they are evocative. In the first, mom doesn’t specify what “it” is, which adds to its serene and gentle mystery. In the second, I like the subtle cleverness of ‘fur ring,’ which rhymes with ‘purring.’

How do the illustrations by Sawsan Chalabi complement and enrich the haiku in the book?

Sawsan’s illustrations and lettering, which are wittily integrated with the poems, brim with vitality! Her vivid, active style underscores the poems’ sweetness and humor.

How do you think that aspiring young haiku poets will benefit from reading your mother’s book?

The most important takeaway or ‘lesson’ from this book, I think, is to pay attention to so-called “small moments.” Allow yourself to slow down and linger. Observe. Let random bits of life sink in. You
might find poetry in them. But even if you don't, your life will likely become a little richer, as a result.

What did you learn about your mother in the process of working with the manuscript?

I came to better appreciate her free spirit and sometimes restless mind – her unique way of engaging with the world. We always knew she was “different” – unconventional. Writing validated her expansive and sometimes intense approach to life. Haiku's demands gave her latitude – they “freed” her creatively. I understand this better now.

Did you modify your mother's work in any way prior to publication?

Yes, I edited some of the poems, including the book's title. I also left much of her work intact.

What meaning did it have for you to bring your late mother's manuscript to print?

It's difficult to express what this endeavor has meant to me. It's been a joy, a labor of love I hope brings value and happiness to readers. This has brought me closer to mom, in some ways. But it also was very difficult, and it was not a linear path. I could not have even started this project, let alone completed it, without the support of a legion of people – poets and children's authors; my husband, Cliff; my brother, Nathan; sister-in-law, Debbie; other family members; friends and coworkers. I cannot adequately convey how thankful and grateful I am to everyone for their encouragement.

Did your mother teach you to write haiku when you were growing up? If so, can you provide readers with any examples of your early haiku?

As I mentioned, mom tried to engage me. Sadly, I wasn't very receptive. But, as a child, I vaguely remember a haiku I wrote about a “frightened chipmunk” which she sent off to that same long-defunct newspaper I mentioned earlier. I think it was published and I may have the old clipping around somewhere.

But mom did have an influence on me. I realized this the day she died in 1996. I made a contribution to the HSA in her memory not
long after. I joined myself a few years ago. I write my own haiku, and I’m trying to learn about this rich poetic form.

Could you provide readers with some examples of more recent haiku that you have written?

Here are a few that were published. I hope to continue learning and growing:

midtown fountain
the dancer pirouettes
with a pigeon

(The Heron’s Nest, September, 2017)

darkened house
I walk through the front door
dripping stars

(Blithe Spirit, February, 2018)

dead of night
a cat and his owner yawn
in unison

(Akitsu Quarterly, Summer 2017)

peeling tree bark
she hides her spotted hands
in the interview

(Jennifer Hambrick/International Women’s Haiku Festival, March 23, 2017; Wild Voices, Volume 2, 2018, edited by Caroline Skanne)

planting herself in the window box calico cat

(Haiku Foundation/Haiku Windows: window box, March 28, 2018)

What else would you like to share about your mother’s contribution and legacy with respect to English-language haiku literature?

Mom was a devoted haiku adherent. She was there at the beginning of HSA, and her involvement made a difference. I’m proud of her and her overall accomplishments as a writer.

https://www.pennycandybooks.com/shop/haiku
Translators of haiku
written by Japanese comfort women

Tadao Okazaki

By now you must be
near the Ferry of Komagata—
calls of a summer bird

*Takao Tayuh the Comfort Woman*
the second (–1660)

To cheer myself
I pluck a string of the harp—
spring rain

*Kasen (ca. 1716–1776)*
*Anthology of a Hundred Haiku Poets*
(“Comfort Woman* Kasen” by
Michiko Nakajima 1985 Keisei Shuppan)

Floaty sheet of ice
forming in the nook of stream
where the flow rests a night

*Kasen the Comfort Woman* (ca. 1716–1776)

Parting early in the morning
we gaze at each other
on a snow-lit path

*Kasen the Comfort Woman* (ca. 1716–1776)
(“Almanac of Love” by Osamu Takahashi 1998
Kadokawa)
Being a comfort woman*
is my bread and butter—
golden daffodil

Shizuko Suzuki (1919–date unknown)
(“Shizuko—a Haiku poet called prostitute”
R.Kawabata 2011 Shinchosha)

*Entertaining female artist who, depending on circumstances, provided customers with physical services.
The HSA Merit Book Awards
for books published in 2017
Gary Hotham, HSA 1st Vice-President

Judges: Melissa Allen and Brad Bennett

HAIKU —

First: Peter Newton, *The Searchable World*
Second: Elmedin Kadric, *buying time*
Third: Carolyn Hall, *Calculus of Daylilies*

Honorable Mentions
*(unranked, listed alphabetically by author’s last name):*
Chuck Brickley, *earthshine*
Cherie Hunter Day, *for Want*
Kristen Deming, *plum afternoon*
Jim Kacian, *after image*

— Judges’ Comments —

First Place
Peter Newton, *The Searchable World*
(adapted from the Modern Haiku review by judge Brad Bennett)

In *The Searchable World*, Newton shares what he has discovered during his life-long study of the world we live in. We are the lucky recipients of his tide pool of treasures. Newton’s poems are simple yet enduring, personal yet universal, observational yet philosophical. He writes humbly, honestly, and refreshingly. Newton uncovers moments that are familiar, but he examines them in new ways that resonate. He is adept at using less
when less will do. We learn about ourselves as Newton measures himself up against what he is observing.

Second Place
Elmedin Kadric, *Buying Time*

*Buying Time*, by one of the most interesting new haiku poets to emerge in the last few years, is full of fresh, startling perceptions and razor-sharp language. Several of these haiku seem destined to become new classics (rock paper scissors war; in my voice / briefly / the cave mouth). This collection, which will appeal to readers of many tastes, rewards many rereadings.

Third Place
Carolyn Hall, *Calculus of Daylilies*

This collection by one of our most esteemed haiku poets is lush with expertly crafted haiku. How does she continue to delight and amaze? As the title suggests, Hall expertly juxtaposes natural garden images with human technology and artifacts. Her language is welcoming and fresh, and her poems are authentic and vulnerable. A handful of political poems are deftly achieved by focusing on the concrete. Hall deliberates over each word, and because of it, we are enriched.

Honorable Mentions (unranked, listed alphabetically by author's last name)

Chuck Brickley, *earthshine*

*Earthshine* is the subtle sunlight reflected from the Earth that rounds out a crescent moon, and Brickley’s haiku are equally subtle and significant. This quiet but resonant collection is his first and includes his best haiku from over forty years of writing. Each poem is expertly crafted as to appear effortless. Every time we read this book we discover something new. These are pure haiku moments purely illuminated. They heal, they nourish, they leave us feeling hopeful.

Cherie Hunter, *Day, for Want*

(from the Frogpond review by judge Melissa Allen)

The poems in this chapbook are full of small things, common things, things that are generally overlooked, but through Day’s eyes expand to take on outsize human importance (thistledown / a fugitive / at flight’s
end). Day skillfully connects the human condition to the condition of all the other life forms on the planet, giving a sense of cosmic meaning to our suffering. There’s a sly humor to many of the pieces, too, a combination that encourages rereading.

Kristen Deming, *plum afternoon*

This is Deming’s first full-length collection of haiku gathered from thirty years of writing. As her title suggests, this book is padded with soft, lush haiku. Deming follows the lead from one of her haiku (after the diagnosis—/looking deeper/into blossoms) by diving deeply into traditional, well-loved haiku moments (e.g. flying geese, falling leaves, cicadas) in fresh ways. Each moment is a perfect moment, and each poem is expertly crafted—there are many gems.

Jim Kacian, *after image*

*after image* is a substantial, rewarding collection of thought-provoking haiku, with a complex structure underlying it that increases the satisfaction of the reader. The way many of the haiku are connected is, as Kacian points out in his introduction, puzzle-like. Artwork and concrete haiku make this an even richer collection. These haiku are pleasing both individually and as part of a collective work of art.

HAIBUN —

Glenn G. Coats, *waking and dream*

**Honorable Mention:**

Stella Pierides, *Of This World*

— Judges’ Comments —

Glenn Coats, *waking and dream*

Coats, long one of our finest haibun poets, writes prose that is steady and unassuming, but satisfying. He recounts episodes that are deceptively simple but often reveal themselves, the more you think about them, to be dark and deep. He’s especially adept at pairing his prose with a haiku that helps reveal the currents running underneath. From *The Rock Valley*
Session, a piece about a wayward, musical son: a new year / the wind picks up / where it left off.

Honorable Mention

Stella Pierides, Of This World
In this fine haibun collection, Pierides addresses a wide variety of subject matter as she moves fluidly between tones—philosophical, heart-wrenching, ironic, humorous. Some of the prose is conventional and some highly experimental; likewise the haiku (a frog jumps in / intertextuality / for beginners). No matter how short or light-hearted, none of the pieces feel slight, and the variety is delightful.

PROSE —
Scott Mason, The Wonder Code

Honorable Mention:
Michele Root-Bernstein and Francine Banwarth, The Haiku Life: What We Learned as Editors of Frogpond

— Judges’ Comments —

Scott Mason, The Wonder Code
We had a hard time classifying this innovative and significant addition to our haiku libraries. Is it prose? Is it an anthology? Is it a personal collection? In this paean to the joy and wonder of haiku, Mason actually gives us all three. This is a welcome read for the novice and the experienced practitioner alike. The book is carefully organized into sections of five haiku “imperatives” (e.g. “think small”). The prose is fresh, friendly, and engaging, and Mason also illustrates his imperatives with five “galleries” of haiku from two decades of The Heron’s Nest that often include intriguing and insightful pairings with delightful connections. And to top it off, Mason includes a “Solo Exhibition” of his own masterful haiku and witty senryu that we’ve been savoring in journals and contests for years.
Honorable Mention

Francine Banwarth and Michele Root-Bernstein, *The Haiku Life*

In this appealingly compact volume, two past editors of Frogpond analyze their editorial choices to develop a highly convincing working haiku aesthetic. This book seems likely to become an indispensable read for anyone working seriously to advance as a haiku poet or editor of haiku. It also works as a fine anthology of many of the best poems published in Frogpond during the years Banwarth and Root-Bernstein were editing.

**ANTHOLOGY —**

Lenard D. Moore, editor, *One Window’s Light*

Honorable Mention:

Jim Kacian and Dee Evetts, editors, *A New Resonance 10*

— Judges’ Comments —

Lenard D. Moore, Editor, *One Window’s Light*

This fine collection of haiku by five members of the Carolina African American Writers’ Collective breaks new ground. This first multi-contributors’ collection of African American haiku is uniquely organized into topics such as Families, Language, Teachings, History, and Folklore. The haiku in these sections gift us with glimpses of various aspects of black southern culture, and we are the better for it. Authentic, earthy, heartfelt, and powerful, these poems are at the same time a cultural primer and a jazz composition. Through their words, these poets are facing history, facing the present, and facing the future.

Honorable Mention

Jim Kacian and Dee Evetts, Editors, *A New Resonance 10: Emerging Voices in English-Language Haiku*

Another wonderful collection of blossoming haiku poets, the tenth in two decades. Seventeen poets, fifteen poems each, high quality throughout.
The editors, Kacian and Evetts, provide intriguing paragraphs of commentary about each poet. Each well-chosen selection of poems gives the reader a solid glimpse into that poet’s style. We are encouraged by the fact that more than half of these poets were born outside of the U.S., a testament to the range of English-language haiku.

**Judges**

Melissa Allen and Brad Bennett were the judges this year. Almost 100 books were submitted and they each received a full set to read. I thank them for the time and effort they took in evaluating the entries for each category.

**Entries by category —**

- haiku - 52
- haibun 14
- prose 5
- anthologies 10

For those of you new to the world of English language haiku, the excellent work in these selections will help you understand and write your own. Here is the information for each book that will help you obtain a copy:

*The Searchable World*—contact Peter Newton by e-mail: thepeternewton@gmail.com or mail a check for $15 (includes shipping) to: Peter Newton, 12 High Street, Winchendon, MA 01475

*buying time*—sold out at Red Moon Press, but the author has copies. Contact him at elmedinkadric@hotmail.com or his website: www.elmedinkadric.com

*Calculus of Daylilies*—available from redmoonpress.com

*earthshine*—copies available from the author’s website: chuckbrickley.com or the publisher: snapshotpress.co.uk

*for Want*—ornithopterpress.com

*plum afternoon*—available from redmoonpress.com

*Of This World*—available from redmoonpress.com

*waking and dream*—available from redmoonpress.com

*after/image*—available from redmoonpress.com

*The Wonder Code*—www.thewondercode.com

*The Haiku Life*—$15 (includes shipping) to U.S. addresses. Canadian addresses, $22 (includes shipping) Outside the U.S. & Canada, $27
Available online from www.modernhaiku.org. Or order by sending cash or check to: Modern Haiku Press, Box 68, Lincoln, IL 62656 USA.

One Window’s Light—email: L.Moore@umo.edu

A New Resonance—available from redmoonpress.com

One full set of the Merit Book Award entries goes to the official archives of the Haiku Society of America: the American Haiku Archives (AHA) at the California State Library in Sacramento, California. The other set is divided up among the two judges as a small token of appreciation for their work.
As judges of the Henderson contest, we had the privilege to read what poets in 2018 see as their best haiku. We looked for haiku that were an invitation rather than merely a picture, that must take us beyond the scene itself; that were not just cause and effect; that had an effect that would move the heart or mind in some way not sentimental to nudge, hint, inspire the reader to feel or see some new connection; that in haiku with more than one image, the second or third image must add something material to the first, rather than being merely “tacked on”; that in haiku with humor, the humor should be incidental to the overall effect. In other words, we didn’t want to see “just irony” as the point of the haiku. In addition, we preferred haiku with a seasonal or nature image and were particularly interested in haiku that offered an invitation rather than instruction.

There were many fine haiku in the group that we were privileged to consider. Not all were equally good, though. We found it is interesting, and a little disheartening, that 50 years into the history of the HSA a substantial number of the entries showed an understanding of haiku merely as a 17 syllable verse, often in the form of a complete sentence or two complete sentences or even three, or of haiku as merely a container to display wit or tell a story, an exposition rather than in invitation.

We are delighted to recognize the following haiku for their excellence:

**First Place**

sun-bleached billboard
the gravel road ends
at peaches

*Joe McKeon, Strongsville, Ohio, U.S.A.*

We both immediately recognized this as an exceptional haiku. The billboard is a sign of welcome that somehow has become more relaxed or casual with time: sort of, “You are welcome to visit or drive on as you
please, we’ll get by either way.” If we do accept the invitation and take a spin
down the gravel road, it leads us to a world where the human and natural
elements are living and working in harmony. The haiku moves from the
two dimensions of the billboard down a one-dimensional road to a single
point of contact between pilgrim and poet, a movement that is reflected
in form through the decreasing length of the lines. The billboard, gravel
and peaches provide delicious tactile and visual contrasts, with a juicy
treat at the end. Here we have a casual invitation, an offer a fellowship,
and delight without sentimentality.

Second Place

flute notes
fluttering
petals

_Brett Brady, Haiku, Hawaii, U.S.A._

A delicate and enchanting haiku with an interesting pivot that crosses
from sound to sight. Sound also subtly plays its part in the structure of
this poem: alliteration and “slant” assonance (flute/fluttering) support the
content, as does the layout of the poem. There is a mysterious presence,
too. Air, in the forms of breath and breeze, is the spirit, unseen and
unheard, that moves both petals and flute notes. Might Ariel be passing
by?

Third Place

the rill’s trick
a greenfinch moves
its green around

_Al Alan Summers, Chippenham,
Wiltshire, England U.K._

The sound of this haiku is a delight. The rill (in a village Green or a field,
we imagine, of spring-green grass) reflects its surroundings as it trickles
along. The little green bird, busy catching small insects along the rill to
take back to its nest, is detectable only by its movements. The repeated
assonance of the small i sound and the two instances of “green” add to the
rhythm and make this haiku sing like a birdsong. One could whistle it!
This is a fresh haiku which illustrates Basho’s “karumi/lightness” aesthetic very well indeed. A puzzle is presented to the reader: what is the “rill’s trick?” Perhaps the rill reflects the bird and this tricks it into perceiving there’s another greenfinch, a competitor: the greenfinch may very well be trying to chase its own reflection away!

**Honorable Mentions (unranked)**

```
the first stroke
of the ink brush ...
ravens in snow
```

*Ron C. Moss, Tasmania, Australia*

Simple, evocative, seasonal. Lightly sketched, as the best haiku are. With a single stroke, art and nature become one. What more could one ask in a haiku?

```
evening prayer
the sediment
begins to settle
```

*Jayne Miller, Hazel Green, Wisconsin, U.S.A.*

The first image puts us alongside the poet, then leads us to a second image which can be interpreted both on literal and figurative levels, offering an opportunity for us to take a sip of wine (not mentioned!) and ponder what is in our own hearts and minds. Here is a haiku that nicely ties together the sacred and the personal.

```
a turnstile
going around by itself—
winter rain
```

*Barry George, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, U.S.A.*

“Winter rain” sets the mood through which we interpret the strong image of a turnstile doing what a turnstile usually does, but without the usual human interaction. The image captivates the poet and it captivates us, too. Almost animate, the turnstile might evoke a sense of pathos. The poet
has left significant space for reader interpretation. Could this turnstile be a symbol of the way that we, too, may sometimes follow habitual routines just to feel we have a purpose, to fill in time, keep going, keep warm or ward off loneliness? Strangely, this haiku about a turnstile, a thing, evokes much of the less acknowledged aspects of human life.

winter solitude
lost in the hum
of my computer

Sam Bateman, Everett, Washington, U.S.A.

Here, the poet is “lost “in the busy hum and the humdrum of the computer and, unlike the old Japanese hermit poets, this recluse has the computer to connect with the outside world: the downside of “winter solitude” is somewhat eased. In this way, the haiku nicely alludes to the “heart meaning” of the Japanese kigo, “winter solitude.” A multivalent haiku that leads us to the interesting question: is it the solitude or the poet that is lost?

— About the Judges —

Lorin Ford has written haiku since 2004. Her work has been published in many haiku journals and anthologies, worldwide. She served as haiku editor for Notes from the Gean issues 1 – 9 and as publisher, haiku editor, features editor, etc. for A Hundred Gourds. Her book, a wattle seedpod, won first place in the 2009 HSA Merit Book Awards. Her e-chapbooks, what light there is (3Lights Press) and A Few Quick Brushstrokes (Snapshot Press) are also available freely online. Lorin founded and convenes Melbourne’s Red Kelpie Haiku Group, which has met quarterly since May 2014.

Lee Gurga is a past president of the Haiku Society of America and former editor of the journal Modern Haiku. He is currently editor of Modern Haiku Press. His awards include an Illinois Arts Council Poetry Fellowship, the Japan-America Society of Chicago’s Cultural Achievement Award, and, in his professional work as a dentist, an American Red Cross Healthcare Heroes Award. He lives on the Sangamon River in Piatt County, Illinois.
First Place

play date
the awkwardness
of naked Barbies

Joshua Gage, Cleveland, Ohio, U.S.A.

This is the senryu we kept coming back to after reading and re-reading the entries. The word “awkwardness” seems key to appreciation of this poem, capturing feelings of feared inadequacies of new parents, who want to make a good impression on other parents bringing their children to the play date, and yet, there are all those naked Barbies in the playroom! We also tend to think as adults when we observe the play of children, so if a child is playing with a Barbie who isn’t wearing any clothes, there is a sort of natural fear that maybe the child is mimicking adult behavior we’d like to think they don’t know about, and since it is a play date, again we’re back to what are the other parents going to think? There is also a potential darker side to this poem—what if the child was a victim of sexual abuse? The fact that the poem can be read on different levels from the innocence of a child simply preparing Barbie to take a bath to darker themes invoked by the doll’s nudity.

Second Place

graffiti
I choose a bench that supports
my views

Ann Magyar, Brighton, Massachusetts, U.S.A.

We live in a world of public opinion and while these days much of what is said is of the “in your face” variety, there are occasions where subtle truths and affirmations can be found. The graffitist who scribes anonymously
understands that the best persuasions are a matter of choice. In this senryu a park bench in full view presents the poet an opportunity to make a statement by simply sitting down.

*Third Place*

family reunion
proof we are alone
in the universe

*Jay Friedenberg, New York, New York, U.S.A.*

Reunions may bring us together, but also reveal our historical differences and the disparate trajectories our lives have taken. Kindred spirits are not preordained through blood, but through common experience and convictions, so often lacking among family members. While difficult to admit, the poet does so by revealing the feeling of isolation in this particular crowd.

*Honorable Mentions (unranked)*

forest walk
the chirp
of each text

*Jacquie Pearce, Vancouver, BC, Canada*

Much has been written about forest bathing and our need to escape the demands of constantly being on social media. Yet, even in the forest, instead of hearing birds chirp, we hear the sound of incoming texts. This senryu captures this dilemma of our current age.

bird watching
from the dentist’s chair
hum of the buffer

*Marcyn Del Clements, Claremont, California, U.S.A.*
Bird watching seems a welcome distraction from the buffing taking place in the mouth of the person sitting in the chair. The word “hum” often seems to have an emotional calming effect, but “hum of the buffer” sounds ominous, and yet the word “hum” seems to transfer the calming effect it would ordinarily have back to the birds, making this visit to the dentist more tolerable for the patient.

— About the Judges —

Deborah P Kolodji is the moderator of the Southern California Haiku Study Group, the California Regional Coordinator for the HSA, a member of the Haiku North America Board of Directors, and the former president of the Science Fiction & Fantasy Poetry Association. Her first full-length book of haiku and senryu, highway of sleeping towns, won a Touchstone Distinguished Book Award from the Haiku Foundation and an Honorable Mention in the HSA Merit Awards.

Before moving to Atlanta, Tom Painting taught literature and creative writing at School of the Arts in Rochester, NY. He now teaches Junior High Humanities at The Paideia School in Atlanta, GA. Tom has been an active member of the HSA for over 20 years. In addition to haiku, his interests include hiking, and bird watching. He is married to Laura Brachman and has three children, Edith, Sarah and Philip.
First Place
by Jennifer Hambrick, Worthington, Ohio, U.S.A.

That Summer

everything was wheelie-o, bling-bloop, water in the frying pan, skittereedoo. everything purple and pink, crackly crunch, salty sweet, lemon-lime. everything high-heeled, lip glossed, hair moussed, thonged, pixie cut. everything school's out, girlish pout, without a doubt, push and shout. everything untied, wide-eyed, jute-chinned, hemmed-in, take-n-bake, glass bead, knock-kneed. everything tilt-a-whirl, carousel, gyro tower, brown cow, show them how, nope, no going back now.

walking around
in a new place
first kiss

This seems to me to be the complete package. Haibun lend themselves to performance and this one is a delight to recite. The title seems like a mere setting indicator at first, but then we realize that it means that summer. The prose is loop after loop of everything, everything, everything – very age appropriate. And the poem puts it all into place. The balance of the piece is almost invisible because of the sweet delirium of the subject and its constituent images, but it is there all the same, holding the thing together.

Second Place
by Joan Prefontaine, Cottonwood, Arizona, U.S.A.

This is Your Last Chance

to save the whales, the rivers, the ocean, the endangered species, the planet, your last day to donate, to purchase a T-shirt on behalf of everything you
love, to make a contribution to show you care, to submit your comments, to express your opinion, to march with others who agree with you, to sign our petition, to contact your congress members, to communicate your outrage, to respond, to react, to stand up and be counted, this is your final notice, your last day to give, time’s almost up, only hours left, the bar is closing, this is your last call, your final notice, your last email from us, our funds are dangerously short and everything is urgent, so please send what you can, cash, Paypal or credit card, we don’t care, whatever you can spare will help to save us, surely, since time, our oh-so-precious time is running out.

tossing a coin
in the fountain
New Year’s Day

Like the first-place selection, this haibun is flawlessly crafted, every part of it doing its job, building toward an understanding of not so much what time is as what time feels like. In a sense, every moment of our lives is a last chance. And the urge to make good use of our time creates the pressure that is so well expressed here

Third Place
by Michele Root-Bernstein, East Lansing, Michigan, U.S.A.
Stump

This friend of mine, a woman who spent her working life as an orthopedic surgeon, she’s telling me she has trouble following the conversation in a crowded room.

early au
the sun sets
in a low tree

I’m especially fond of very brief haibun. If a poet can do the job with a minimum of words, I am impressed. And this one even truncates some of the individual words – to great effect. One might think that this piece would be hard to perform effectively. I tried it out with a friend, a non-haiku poet and I can report that it works very well, indeed.
Honorable Mentions (unranked)

Joan Prefontaine, Cottonwood, Arizona, U.S.A.

On the Level

An old friend of mine has decided the earth is flat, that the moon landing was a hoax created by trick photography, and that the planets don’t revolve around the sun. He explains to me, the daughter of a mathematician and a reference librarian, that the earth is a disc surrounded by an ice wall, and that our day and night, as well as our seasonal shifts, are caused by the moon and sun chasing each other around like siblings, 3000 miles above us. His grown children attempt to contradict him on Facebook, where he posts links to Flat Earth Society news. “What about Pythagoras?” “What about gravity?” “You’ve got to be kidding, Dad!” they comment beneath his postings, to no avail. Lately, it feels as if we are moving backward in time, to an anti-scientific age, or perhaps there has never been such a thing as a time-line, or linear progress, as we have been taught. Perhaps, instead, our beliefs, like our discoveries, follow a more circuitous path, the way ships sail hull-first over the horizon, shrinking out of sight for some, looming menacingly for others.

a curve-ball
far beyond the catcher’s reach
spring training

Billie Wilson, Juneau, Alaska, U.S.A.

A Chicken Coop Chronicle

My little brother is 75. He doesn’t recall that decades ago we buried a time capsule under the clothesline strung between the barn and the chicken coop. I describe our debate about what to put in Grampa’s old tobacco tin. I recall a little boy’s reluctance to part with a favorite aggie marble; and a young girl’s lingering over a movie star’s photo on a Dixie Cup lid. I tell how we sorted through these and other treasures we were sure some future kid or visiting Martian would marvel over when they found our secret cache. He grins when I mention we dug up the tin, opened it, and reburied it several times that summer, just to be sure everything was still there.
tangled bittersweet
a rusted mailbox
with no name

C.E. Gallagher, Collegeville, Pennsylvania, U.S.A.

Untitled

I report for my 3-11 shift at the nursing home. From the last room on the right, I hear frantic calls for help and respond without thinking. I race her wheelchair down the long, narrow hall, back through the years. Alice’s long grey braids trail behind her desperation. We reach safety at the nurse’s station before the barn fire reaches the farmhouse.

Mind’s eye
on fire
helpless again

John Hawk, Hilliard, Ohio, U.S.A.

Unfinished

We worked when we wanted, just enough to cover baseball cards and beer when the county fair rolled around. The heat and bugs had their way with us, but when break time hit we’d collapse in the grass talking cars or girls or whatever made us laugh the loudest. The wind raced back and forth over what remained, howling but never dying, drowning out the farmer’s call to begin again.

cold well water
half the hayfield
left to bale

Jacquie Pearce, Vancouver, BC, Canada

The Third Wolf

There are two wolves inside each of us. One good, one bad. (You’ve probably heard the story.) The wolves are in a fight to the death. The one you feed is the one that wins (or so the story goes). But what about the
third wolf? Who is she? And what if I share the food equally? One for you, one for me, one for you, and so on—the way we were taught to share candy as children. And what if I don’t look directly at the wolves, but glance sideways out of the corner of my eye, pretending not to look at all? And instead of wolves, what if they are crows?

There was a girl who fed the crows every day in her back yard. One day, they began leaving her gifts. First, a paper clip, then a shiny silver screw, buttons, a bent piece of metal, a set of car keys, two earrings that did not match . . .

at the playground’s edge
turning and turning
the stone in my pocket

— About the Judge —

John Stevenson is the current honorary curator of the America Haiku Archives at the California State Library. He is a former president of H.S.A., former editor of *Frogpond* and currently the managing editor of *The Heron’s Nest*. 
Book Reviews
Diarmuid Fitzgerald is a poet of place. In the Author's Preface to his second book, *A Thousand Sparks*, Fitzgerald says that he practices “going to a place to see if it will inspire.” The haiku and senryu in the first three parts of his collection trace Fitzgerald's odyssey from his homeland in Ireland to Japan and back again.

Fitzgerald's poems do not tend to jump out at the reader with particularly striking images or unexpected word choices. Instead, they have a quiet simplicity very much in keeping with the Zen philosophy he studied while living in Japan.

Each of the first three sections of the book begins with an image of light and contains three, two, or one line poems. Unusual for an individual collection, all poems are printed two to a page. This allows for an interesting interplay between the haiku. Consider for example the opening page in part one, Ireland:

```
reflecting —
the sun shattered into
a thousand sparks

grandad's lantern —
snowflakes fall
into the light
```

From the magnificence of sunburst to the intimate glow of lantern light in the darkness, the contrast and resonance deepen both poems.

The following deceptively simple haiku, which was runner up for the BHS Museum of Literature Award in February 2017, consists of just ten mostly monosyllabic words, a skillfully placed comma, and a dash. Excluding articles and prepositions, there are only four unique words in this haiku. And, yet, somehow the repetition is musical, pleasing the ear as well as the mind's eye:

```
trees, more trees —
the bend of the road
bending on
```
In part two of the book, the poet opens himself to new experiences (“temple gate I open my palm to the rain”). The culture and landscape of Japan are depicted in whispering susuki (pampas grass), abandoned huts, street people and the like. A particular lovely juxtaposition:

  twig mushroom —  
  the old flute’s  
  silent buttons

If the poems in Ireland seem somewhat solitary, many of the images in Japan are communal. Here in Japan the poet finds love, whether that of others:

  wind stirred night —  
  the moaning from  
  a young couple next door

or his own:

  my Japanese boyfriend  
  we hold hands  
  until the train comes

In part three, Ireland Again, the poet is home once more with perhaps a keener perception of the beauty and humor in his everyday surroundings. There are more haiku with the lyricism that one associates with traditional Irish poetry:

  summer stillness ash leaves deepen the green

Fitzgerald has found a way to express a Zen spirit with an Irish lilt. The fourth and final part of the book is a sequence written while traveling by rapid transit around Dublin Bay. Two favorites from this section are the lighthearted:

  rushing crowds the green balloon’s bouncing boy

and the collection’s concluding poem:
estuary sunset
the orange glow
of traffic cones

In short, *A Thousand Sparks* is the type of book that may go unnoticed initially, but a closer reading rewards. Expect more to come from this fine poet.

*moon on water* by Brendon Kent (2018, Alba Publishing, Uxbridge, UK) 76 pages, 5¼ by 8¼, Perfectbound ISBN 978-1-910185-43-8, £12 / €14 or order from info@albapublishing.com

Reviewed by Jay Friedenberg

*moon on water* is a collection of 57 poems, all previously published by Brendon Kent. The book includes a mix of haiku, senryu, and tanka. Kent hails from Southampton in the UK where he has been a long time student and writer of poetry in all its forms. The poems in this work are divided into six chapters capturing different moments and experiences across a long stretch of Kent’s life. Jan Benson helped in the selection and organization of this work. Alan Summers also served in an advisory capacity.

the wind where the empty swing swung

This one liner has a great sense of alliteration and empty space. The linear formatting and the last two words carry a feel of downward momentum.

train delays
the station cat’s eyes
open and close

Wonderfully captures the expected arrival and departure of trains with the opening and closing of the cat’s eyes as well as the boredom of waiting. There is a three-way resonance here between animals, people, and technology.

cherry blossoms
falling
in love again
One of the best uses of a pivot line I’ve seen. This single word in the second line effortlessly links the first and third. Nice color allusion as well.

slow afternoon...

the gentle hum of a worker bee

Beautifully shows the calm and speed of this part of the day in the steady labors of nature. There is acoustic and visual representation here that blend seamlessly.

Brendon is adept at conveying concrete situations and internal psychological states. He is additionally a master at linking appearance and semantics, and pays attention to both the surface and deep structure of his poems. Many of the haiku are arranged visually on the page in a way that reflects and amplifies their deeper meaning. Unlike many haikai, Brendon is not afraid to work in one line, two line, five line and other formats. He has lots of experience, having published widely, taught, and garnered awards. His depth and careful crafting make this book well worth the read and a must have addition to your personal collection.


Reviewed by Vanessa Proctor

What is immediately noticeable about Stella Pierides’ collection of haibun ‘Of This World’ is the strength of the authorial voice. The poet is not afraid to address the reader and this direct approach lends an authoritative tone to her work. That is not to say that there is condescension here, but rather a sense of playful confidence. Pierides is not only a poet but also an accomplished writer. She engages and continues to engage the reader from her first haibun ‘Cave World’ until the 48th haibun ‘Before Words’. In ‘Cave World’ we become part of ‘the half-lit world between the realm if the real and the story we are going to be told.’

In this well-structured collection Pierides explores her interest in psychology while exploring the poet’s place in the world. The haibun clearly are ‘Of This World’ taking us through the gamut of human experience. There are haibun about science, literature, philosophical matters and pressing political issues and embedded within these pieces we find myth, metaphor and memories. Some of the pieces are personal, but never cloyingly sentimental. Some haibun are about others, such as
Amar in ‘The Handle’ who must cope with living in a war-torn world, yet still clings to dreams of a brighter future. Occasionally Pierides’ turn of phrase is startlingly original such as in ‘Shoes’ which so concisely explores the tragedy of the sinking of migrant boats from Africa and the Middle East. She tellingly writes, ‘We poets, who put our hearts in the shoes of the hummingbird and the beggar poet, the little frog and the mighty spring thunder, the cat and the star-studded sky, are confronted with a reality hard to fathom.’ There is a great deal of humanity in her work.

However, not all the haibun are serious. Pierides writes about googling herself in ‘Phishing’, the irony of adult relationships in ‘In the Shade’ and gains our attention using rhetorical questions, for example in ‘Shut-Eye’ where we are asked, ‘Have you ever tried to fall asleep in Athens?’ The author has and tells us rather humorously that it is ‘no mean feat’ due to the fact that ‘Athenians never stop’ making noise in this colourful city.

So, Pierides not only writes well about diverse and interesting subjects and gives her haibun short and catchy titles, she also skillfully uses the art of juxtaposition in her haibun. So many poets when writing haibun carry on the thought or main theme in the haiku, but not so Pierides. She adds new dimensions to her writing through the additional element of the haiku, for example in ‘Biting’ where she ponders on the meaning of life in just a few lines, she ends with the haiku:

```
midnight hours
the sound of his electric
toothbrush
```

leaving a welcome space for the reader to make their own connections.

Pierides extends her work far beyond purely personal experience to incorporate the universal and she does it seamlessly. ‘Of This World’ is a collection of fine haibun which is most definitely worth reading and rereading.


Review by Dave Read

*Keepers*, a book of haibun by Terri L. French, contains the adventures of JT Blankenship, a young southern boy growing up in the 1960s. As we
learn in the Preface, the fictional JT “came” to French with his desire to tell her a story. Fortunately, for French’s readers, one story became many and resulted in this collection. Brilliantly illustrated by Paresh Tiwari, Keepers is powered by JT’s voice and French’s thoughtful storytelling.

With JT as her narrator, French has created a strong and authentic voice that is consistent and provides unity across her haibun. She captures the nuances of the young boy's speech in two ways. First, French imbues JT with credible childhood perspectives and imagination. Take, for example, the haibun about Old Man Harold, “Spooked”. JT speaks of Harold’s house as haunted, overgrown with weeds, and home to a plethora of cats. Reminiscent of Jem and Scout’s fascination with Boo Radley, JT admits that “Even though he scared the living daylights out of us we couldn't seem to stay away from his house.” The compelling nature of strange and scary things tugs at a child. A boy will pursue what an adult lets be. The richness of his perspective continues when JT discovers that Harold has died. He becomes sentimental, and hopes that Harold has “plenty of old cat ghosts to keep him company.” However, as shown in the concluding haiku, JT does not abandon his fear of the old man completely:

```
garage sale —
nobody touches
the Ouija board
```

Likewise, French adds believability to JT through her presentation of his imagination. In “Kudzu”, he confesses to having tasted the leaves of a kudzu vine. Spitting them out immediately, he “got to thinkin’ that monstrous vine has a life of its own and might take root in my belly and wrap itself around my innards and in no time trail out my nose and ears”. Again, the manner in which JT imagines his subject augments his childhood voice. Without knowing anything about the narrator, the readers would easily discern that they are being spoken to by a young boy. His imagination follows him right to bedtime:

```
summer night
a tendril through
the bedroom screen
```

The second manner in which French gives strength to JT’s voice is in her use of Southern phrases, slang, and dialect. In the reader's ear, JT sounds much like the children in the movies *To Kill A Mockingbird* and *Where the Red Fern Grows*. Sentences like “The creek was brimming with bream and crappie just hankering to get caught” and “But, I reckon, what
I thought was purty and what Mama thought was purty was not one and
the same” are richly embedded with that unmistakable southern drawl.
Other characters also add to the sense of place through voice. In “Rite of
Passage”, JT’s Daddy says “that boy’s been climbin’ trees since he was knee-
high to a grasshopper and he ain’t fell yet, so quit yer frettin’”. French even
manages to work a drawl into some of her haiku:

skimming stones …
a Skoal ring
on his Wrangler’s

in the fruit cellar
unsealed peaches
growing fuzz

*Keepers* is also strengthened through French’s thoughtful storytelling. Her
skill as a writer can been seen both within the space of a haibun and across
the scope of her book. French is patient. In “Proverbs 16:18”, she takes care
to detail JT’s vanity about his hair and the time he spends “Brylcreemng
it to perfection.” She also, through JT’s Mama, makes reference to his
Daddy’s jealousy from being “half bald”. Without these details, the end of
the haibun would not be as effective. After JT is discovered to have head
lice, all of his beautiful hair needs to be shorn. It turns out his Daddy is
the one with the clippers. Having JT’s “jealous” Daddy cutting off his hair
provides a strong irony at the end of the poem while turning the narrative
back to its beginning.

French’s excellent storytelling is also at play across her haibun as she
weaves various characters into the narrative of her book. The best example
comes through her use of JT’s dog Mudd. While Mudd has two haibun
directly about him (the second and the last of the book) he also makes
appearances in many other places. The frequent use of a sub-character
like Mudd unifies the book and creates verisimilitude across its pages.
As readers, our growing familiarity with JT’s family, friends, and pets
makes *Keepers* increasingly more believable and real. The reappearances
of characters help us feel our way deeper into JT’s world and know him
better in the process.

*Keepers* is a strong and endearing book of haibun which invites rereading.
French’s creation of an authentic, southern child’s voice along with her
superb storytelling provides resonance and truth in these entertaining
tales. Beyond the typical reader of haibun, *Keepers* is a book to be
recommended to all lovers of literature.
David H. Rosen’s latest collection of haiku, which spans forty years, is a gentle book. But please note: gentle does not mean placid, plaintive or bland. Torii Haiku, whose title refers to the Japanese gate delineating the mundane and the sacred, is gentle because it was written by a gentle soul, with a heart both passionate and innocent. A psychiatrist by training and a Jungian analyst by trade, Rosen shaped the global haiku included in the book as a poetic memoir, which means his innocence guided the self-disclosure and vulnerability apparent in these pages. Early on we encounter a young man “burned by love” who wanders alone...yet not quite:

   Alone—
   me
   and the sea

Spiritually speaking, Rosen discovered how Nature was big enough to hold his isolation and heartbreak. He learned on his own what other spiritual guides like the Zen Buddhist master, Thich Nhat Hanh, and the secular teacher, J. Krishnamurti, have long-observed: our individual lives are inextricably connected with Nature, which includes human and non-human beings alike. In this light, Rosen echoes the incomparable Japanese haiku poet, Issa, in seeking both inspiration and wisdom from a slug—a “lowly” mollusk often considered a nuisance:

   Slug...
   mentor for moving
   through the world

Again, Issa may be heard in another haiku by Rosen overflowing with gratitude:

   Gnat...
   thanks for reminding me of
   our short lives
Whether he is writing about the passing of his beloved rescue dog, Willow, or other changes over the course of a full life, Rosen is acutely conscious of impermanence, the Buddha’s core teaching: everything arises and passes away. While this holy truth may plunge the feint of heart into despair, sensitive and innocent souls like Rosen discover new heights of awareness that enrich the wholeness which is our original nature. With hints of Thoreau, author of Walden, throughout, the mundane becomes sacred as benevolence, compassion and joy quietly suffuse one’s consciousness. It is for this reason that Rosen is able to emphatically assert in the Prelude to the book that “all haiku are healing moments.”

Insofar as we are able to face our hardships and adversities with courage and fortitude, we will be rewarded and renewed. Not even death can deprive us of what matters most, as Rosen poignantly suggests in the following poem about an activist who lives on in the hearts of those similarly dedicated to preserving humanity:

Heather Heyer
holding a deep red blossom...
died for peace

Rosen includes a series of haiku that center around the planet we inhabit. The repetition of the first line adds weight and a sense of urgency to the need for altering our relationship to the natural world in light of climate change and continued exploitation of resources.

On mother earth—
every step
gentle and measured

We come from the Earth and we return to the Earth. Knowing this, we are called to treat our planet with thoughtfulness and reverence. This is the vital message of an attuned poet like Rosen, who has treated countless patients over a long career and has taught many students to listen with great care and kindness. The universal reflects the personal and vice versa. This reciprocal mirroring may be heard in the beautiful haiku Rosen penned on the death of his dear mother:

Mother dying...
full moon over
Kansas City, the world
Co-author of The Healing Spirit of Haiku as well as The Tao of Elvis, Rosen’s view is wide, very wide. Indeed, his vision is nearly as wide as the world because he has allowed his own heart to grow that big. He experiences healing as well as new and lasting love, prompting him to beckon the reader to join him in that most precious of journeys, too. His haiku are not only haiku; they are a sacred offering, a homeopathic remedy for one and all.

Beads
of dewy friendship,
flowing forever

Briefly Reviewed by Randy Brooks

Haiku Poems and Short-short Stories by Yasuomi Koganei (2015, Tokyo, Japan) 108 pages, 5¾” by 6¼”. Black and white card covers, perfect bound. ISBN 978-4903944180. From Yixo4102@nifty.com

Yasuomi Koganei is a member of the Megro International Haiku Circle workshop where he has shared and revised this collection of 47 short-short stories and English haiku. In the introduction he states that he has been writing haiku in English for more than 20 years, and in this collection, he includes “stories” in a bilingual format. Yasuomi does not discuss his conception of a short-short story nor does he refer to these as haibun. The short prose sections vary from interesting facts, points of history and personal memories to a few that appear to take a fictional narrative perspective. The haiku nicely pop out of the larger context for moments of crystalized perception. One story is about the haiku circle’s workshop on “Four Dimensional Haiku (4-D Haiku)” which the author explains are “haiku poems that tell a long story or large space as Masaoka Shiki said they were like novels” (16). He cites an example by Buson: couple sentenced / to capital punishment / changing into spring clothes (16). The author shared some of his attempts to write 4-D haiku including, shadow of a plum tree / on the newborn’s robe / — daughter in the old album (16). In some ways, the short prose sections of this collection function as a means to add more dimensions to each haiku through time, space, literature or politics. Here is an example of one with three haiku: 44. Noh Actress. “There was a Noh actress among my friends. She was one of the top two Noh actresses in Japan. In other words, she was a pioneer of the Noh actresses (92).” That’s it for the story, and here are the three haiku: (1) the greeting card — /
watermarked with / “cancer of the breast.” (2) Noh actress / one beautiful step at a time / back to the cancer ward and (3) one the white wall / the coffin’s shadow is / creeping (92).


Kim Richardson is a member of the Red Thread Haiku Sangha. He has been writing haiku for over 13 years as a type of meditation or “inner pilgrimage”. Night Ferry collects many of his haiku previously published in journals. One of the best is the title poem: carrying the city’s lights / into the darkness / night ferry (13). The ferry is well-lit and busy with people from the city, but it is going into the quiet and darkness of homes. Many of the haiku feature common seasonal haiku phrases such as autumn sunlight and summer solstice. Richardson’s best haiku display fresh images and phrases such as: carefully unfolding a scrap of paper / nothing / between the lines (52). I also liked several of his meditation haiku: sunrise meditation / our shadow / also leaving (41) and meditation hall / on the tree outside / ripe peaches (57).


This is the first collection of haiku by Stuart Quine, the former co-editor of Presence magazine. As noted on the back cover, he is a practitioner of Soto Zen Buddhism and considers haiku as a dao within the Zen tradition. All of the haiku are presented in one-line without indicated pauses or visual breaks. However, when we read the haiku each contains a haiku cut... evident through the usual syntax of conversational English phrasing. Here is the opening poem: a morning for meandering foam flecked the running brook (no page numbers). This haiku serves as the author’s invitation to join the poet on his wanderings. I enjoyed this fresh collection of observations and the author’s intuited connections with the living earth and its creatures as evident in this example: defiant in thin rain the toad on the garden path. Quine is likewise comfortable exploring his inner self and more urbane environment as in: dull morning at the launderette watching my thoughts tumble over. In one haiku Quine empathizes with a last noodle: an udon noodle at
the bottom of the bowl cold and forlorn. This is an excellent collection of haiku vibrant with perception and awareness. One last favorite: distant thunder the old mouser raises an ear.


Tales from the Leaking Boot is a playful book of travel poems. Matt Black is new to haiku and he brings along a playful spirit as a poet while touring new locations. In his introduction he explains that “I also soon discovered that the principle of a meditative or reflective purpose with a haiku could be delightfully (in my view) subverted as part of a transient travel process. ‘We’re going too fast to make these more reflective’ is, I think, part of what I am trying to achieve. And other subversive elements sneaked in quickly — ordinary, colloquial and slang dialogue and how that affects haiku, and the potential for the third line to occasionally be more like a joke’s punchline than the change of angle in the third line that haiku conventionally ask us to work at in order to unlock meaning” (4-5). So essentially, Matt Black is writing jokey “subverted haiku” poems about being a tourist in Texas, Germany, Turkey and finally the beach of Cleethorpes in England. Here’s one from day 6 in Texas: Dairy Queen, Burger King / Minute Maid, Jack in the Box — / your royal family (19).


As the title indicates, this is an extended sequence of haiku written as a eulogy for Robert Epstein’s mother, Evelyn Deutsch. The book is organized featuring haiku based on memories and stories of his mother from her early childhood, later experiences as a mother, and finally her dementia, cancer, and death. The book also includes a section called “beyond” and an appendix including several family member eulogies from the memorial service. The poems about his mother’s life are personal and meant to help others remember or see her character. For example, an early one, “42nd Street”— / her favorite musical then / and always (10), shows her love of musicals and movies. One from the later section portrays her with
friends: ah, gal’s night / the laughter keeps me up / Mom’s mahjong game (15). I especially liked New Year’s Day / my mother refreshes / her old complaints (44). In the sections dealing with her illness and death, Epstein’s haiku express a significance beyond the personal. He understands the importance of recognizing the universal within our individual perceptions and sharing that through haiku. Here are some examples: dock of the bay / I hope Mom / remembers me (48). November afternoon— / Mom tells me her brain / has floated downriver (53). Mom’s cancer / red roses won’t / cover it up (59), and Mom’s last breath / now: nothing / nothing nothing (78). There are several haiku of mourning which extends over several months: mourning / how soft the ground / above her coffin (86) and much later: Independence Day / mourning my mother / doesn’t end (122). And a couple of haiku from beyond: June gardening — / my mother can’t be / too far off (131) and blue jean patches / the sky will always belong / to my mother (133). Robert Epstein’s haiku in Free to Dance Forever: Mourning Haiku for My Mother help us all to reflect and understand our own losses, our own essential processes of mourning necessary to fully remember AND to heal.


At Haiku North America 2015, I was intrigued by a remarkable presentation of the “lost letters” and haiku of Chiyo-ni, a well-known haiku poet from old Japan (1703-1775). This HNA collaboration combined Marco Fraticelli’s music and reading of fictive letters of Chiyo-ni with mime interpretations by Terry Ann Carter. In the preface to A Thousand Years, Fraticelli explains his creative project: “Imagine for a moment that in Japan, an ancient Buddhist monastery was being renovated and that during these restorations, some documents were uncovered. The documents were haiku and fragments of letters written by the 18th century poet Chiyo-ni. In her fifties, she entered the monastery to become a Buddhist nun. While there, she wrote a series of letters, and produced a small chapbook of her haiku for a former lover. If these documents had actually existed and a copy had been sent to me, this book might have been the result. To be clear, all the haiku in this book were actually written in the 18th century by Chiyo-ni. The letters were not.” Working from each haiku, Fraticelli imagines the back story and significant feelings expressed by Chiyo-ni. Then he tells the story in a letter, giving voice to Chiyo-ni’s perspective. This is a very creative approach to re-visioning haiku and bringing them to life for contemporary readers—it is a form of intuitive interpretation through the creative act of telling stories. Here is a favorite example from page 36:
Everything is darker at night.

Somehow, in the night shadows, even the worst things that we do seem much less wrong.

I have reached that place in my life where it appears to others that I am afraid of nothing, and yet, I know this is not so. Too many things still frighten me.

My life is filled with ghosts, and you, you are one of them. Everyone knows that ghosts show themselves most often at night. Like the moon, they are rarely seen in the daylight.

moonflower
a woman’s skin
as she disrobes

Fraticelli acknowledges that he does not read Japanese and that: “The haiku contained in this book are not so much literal translations of the original Japanese haiku as they are my interpretations of them. They are my attempts to capture the spirit of Chiyo-ni’s haiku as I feel she might have written them today” (84). He includes a bibliography sources and notes that he “avoided using their translations verbatim” (85). As someone who has always loved Chiyo-ni’s haiku, I appreciate Fraticelli’s creative approach to reading, imagining, and sharing his envisioning of her work and life.


Toni Piccini has written haiku about the Nazi stalags and arranged them in chronological order for Auschwitz: and the Like. This four-language edition includes the Italian originals translated into English, Hebrew and German. Some of the haiku are historical, such as Kristallnacht—/ in glass fragments / deportation seeds (13), but most are imagined experiences, such as freight train — / a mouse in the corner / the only survivor (14). There are haiku about the reduction of humans to numbers: beneath the skin — / a tattoo of nothing / but numbers (18). And images of starvation: grass stains / on their
teeth — / unrelenting hunger (28), as well as hopelessness for the future: eight months pregnant — / neither will / burn alone (41). Here is one about privilege given to kapos (internes who policed the other internes): a second bowl / full of soup — / the kapo’s supper (53). The book closes with a few postwar haiku: “I was only / following orders” / the last refuge (89) and a holocaust denier / burns the history books / in his kitchen oven (91).


Old Songs is the 2017 anthology in the Red Moon Anthology series. This collection includes 151 haiku & senryu, 17 linked forms (haibun, renku, sequences), and 5 essays. Red Moon Anthologies are intended to be a “reader’s digest” of selected examples of the best English haiku-related work published in journals for the year. Ten editorial board members nominate works that are reviewed and selected for the anthology. Three featured essays include “The Haiku Poetics of Paul O. Williams” by Randy Brooks, “Characteristics of American Haiku” by Jim Kacian, and “Copying to Create: The Role of Imitation and Emulation in Developing Haiku Craft” by Michele Root-Bernstein. A favorite haibun in this collection is “Strike a Pose” by Francine Banwarth in which the narrator shares a mammogram experience, followed by: hold your breath now and lean back like Cleopatra (85). Here are some favorite haiku and senryu: novelty pepper shaker president (14) by David Boyer and the title poem from Alan S. Bridges: an old song pours / from a Navajo toehold / canyon wren (15). And one more favorite: refugee child — / folding and unfolding / his paper boat (54) by Stella Perides.


Shades of Absence is Harriot West’s second collection of haibun and haiku. The mix of haibun and haiku works well, held together by a cautious story-teller’s voice. These are tales of wishes and dreams that end with an angsty acceptance of inevitable reality of things missing or unfulfilled. The title haibun explains: “A friend of mine was camping in the Montana
wilderness. Over the course of a morning, he noticed how empty the sky was. Not a single contrail. Not a single plane. That’s the story he tells, his memory of 9/11.” Followed by this haiku: summer’s end / all the color bleached / from the yarrow (13). The prose leads us to believe this is going to be a sentimental memory, then the haiku delivers absence...something expected is missing...in this case the color of the yarrow. The book is organized into three somewhat chronological explorations of absence: “Wishing-Coins”, “Planes and Shadows”, and “Shrouded Boughs”. The first section, “Wishing-Coins” features memories of her mother and childhood. I especially like the playful chant in this haiku: oly oly olen free / wanting, not wanting / to go home (18). In another, West writes: tarnish / I can’t rub out / heirloom silver (24). “Planes and Shadows” features haibun and haiku about being out of place, an outlander, a traveler, never at home. In one haiku she asserts flurries / if only I fit in / the snow globe (41). The narrator is restless, unsettled, in a new relationship with uncertainties: negative space / he sharpens / my edges (45). The haibun and haiku in “Shrouded Boughs” are darker yet, haunted by memory losses, disease, death. In the haibun “Good Form” she starts with a haiku: another year / walking by the flowers / he said were pretty (60). The prose is about the struggle to respond when “Someone she hasn’t seen in ages asks about her husband” (60). One of the haiku near the end of the book is: memorial service / for a moment I wonder / what to wear (66). Harriot West is an excellent writer and this book deserves to be read and reread for her honest exploration of Shades of Absence.


This interesting collection of haiku by John Martone is dedicated to his deceased mother, Mildred C. Martone, and his aunt, Sister Ellenita Loehr SCC (Sisters of Christian Charity). His aunt died on Christmas day in 2011 and this book is titled Adveniat, which I take as a Latin reference to Advent. Advent is the liturgical calendar season leading up to the coming of Christ at Christmas. Although several of the haiku in this collection explore his family’s Christian traditions, most are from a broader range of experiences and memories. Here is a haiku that connects the ordinary with an Advent tradition: Fine leather gloves / picking out his / Christmas greens (8). Other haiku, such as this one, The honeycomb jar — / that ancient city / in his brain (20), provide a more mysterious leap between the immediate image and memory. Here is one about holding onto traditions despite loss: Living alone / Dad’s Christmas tree / takes the whole table (35). And this
one perhaps comes out of the author’s memory: A childhood statue / of Our Lady — the warmest / room in their house (43). Another favorite suggests a statue of Saint Francis: Bird tracks / in snow — / Dear Francis (58). The last two words “Dear Francis” are italicized suggesting an image of calligraphy or handwriting. There are several haiku related to death near the end of the book and other kinds of losses: Tell me how mom’s / sketchbook from her twenties / just disappeared (74). As a literary artist, I can understand Martone’s frustration at the loss of a mother’s creative works. Near the end of the collection we find: New Year — / bare wall where / the calendar hung (77), which expands into an image of an empty house. Returning to the Christian spiritual tradition, the second to the last haiku is: The book keeps opening / there — on the road / to Emmaus (85). This refers to scripture about disciples walking with the risen Christ, a fitting tribute for a book dedicated to the author’s religious mother and aunt.


_Evergreen Moon_ is Rebecca Lilly’s sixth book of haiku written over the last 25 years. She dedicates the book to her parents and explains that it was “written in memory of Evergreen, the property where I grew up in Albemarle County, Virginia.” About half of the haiku in this collection are published as a full-justified block of italicized text, creating more gaps and spaces between words and short phrases than usual in haiku. The effect is kind of like a visual stutter, with unexpected emphasis on the selection and placement of words. Each haiku also is double-spaced between lines. Here is an example of one on page 11:

```
once a cloud’s breeze it must be at Evergreen the fields’ memory
```

This approach breaks up the reading experience and significantly slows the reader down, allowing more time to consider and reunify the parts. I don’t know of other haiku poets breaking up the presentation of haiku in this way. I find it interesting. Some of her justified haiku are more esoteric thought-poems or linguistic puzzles, but most are simply very good haiku, like this one on page 119:
me and the frog there’s enough
water for us both and
the Doberman

If you tried to arrange these into a more traditionally presented haiku, it might appear like this:

me and the frog
there’s enough water for us both
and the Doberman

However, it is clear that Lilly does NOT want to break the haiku in that way, preferring the intuitive justified layout which separates and gives existential space for each semantic piece. The book also includes many haiku presented in the traditional three lines. One of my favorites is the whimsical voice in: Funny how it all / comes back to you .../ wind in the alfalfa (71) which vividly conveys the overarching theme of the book, her memories and experiences at Evergreen.


Simple Gifts, Natalia Rudychev’s first collection of haiku, gathers previously published work with impressive awards and a wide range of acknowledgements from most contemporary haiku journals. In the preface, Hiroaki Sato explains that the title comes from a hymn written by Joseph Brackett in 1848 for the Shaker community. This song “became widely known after Aaron Copland incorporated its melody into the ballet music for Martha Graham. Graham, the mother of modern dance, named it Appalachian Spring before staging it in October 1944 at the Library of Congress, choreographing it and dancing the lead role. Natalia says Brackett’s song embodies all of her artistic endeavors, in dance, photography, and poetry” (6). In keeping with this goal, the haiku in this collection are simple, observant, playful, moving and light. Rudychev starts with spring: first date / steppingstones / over moonlight (13), a haiku that shimmers with giddiness as a couple getting to know each other balances across first steps. Consider the slow movement evident in this haiku about something delicate being hurt yet demonstrating the resilience necessary to survive: nameless / a stepped-on flower / slowly reshapes itself (16). And one
more of spring romance: your pulse / through my hand / falling petals (25). For summer, we find this haiku that contrasts the lightness of a feather to the height of Colorado plateaus: Monument Valley / a feather / takes its time to land (31). For autumn here is a haiku of enduring slow time passing: a long drive / the silence between us / passes from shade to light (47). And another favorite haiku of romance: curve of a swan’s neck / your question / still haunts me (48). In winter, Rudychev discovers her own path: first snow / the gift / of finding my way (63), but there is also a hint of the dreamer: valentine / a pair of tracks / is crossed by one (71). This book is an excellent collection of simple gifts, written with an eye for movement and conveying the inner lightness of playful appreciation, winter sunset / half finished Bordeaux / on the window sill (67), and hope, stone Buddha / a snowflake lands / in time for my wish (76).


Buzz is David Jacobs’ third collection of haiku. The cover of this collection of 118 haiku features a row of mud-dauber nests. Although I would prefer empty nests near my front door, I would enjoy the comings and goings and the buzzing if they were full of life. David Jacobs’ haiku focus on the quiet nests—the silent inner life of people. Here is the title haiku: therapist’s door / I need to work / on my buzz (12). Our haiku narrator appears to be a quiet, contemplative person who is curious about people: spring morning / what is the beggar / reading (10), and first coffee / the barista’s overnight / mascara (11). You would think children playing “cowboys and Indians” would be rowdy, but instead he observes silent play: the long evening / two kids mime / the OK Corral (8). Consider this literary allusion: half-way / through Hardy’s Tess / waning moon (29), which suggests the quiet darkness yet to come in the night and the novel. In this one our narrator notices blue summer shorts / the new post girl / delivering (40). Several of the haiku return to the noisy therapist: therapist / her wonky / doorbell (45), and therapy room / the patient chair / killing me softly (50). Yes, I believe there is a popular song reference in that last haiku. This is an excellent collection of haiku about the silence inside our heads as we interact with the people around us. The ultimate escape for busy-head silence is a good read: shortening days / I skip the intro / to War and Peace (64). I hope you enjoy the quiet buzz and silence of these excellent haiku.

Frozen Earth by Anne Elise Burgevin (2018, Red Moon Press, Winchester,
Anne Burgevin’s Frozen Earth is a collection of haiku that celebrate connections to the outdoors. As a teacher and environmentalist, it is not surprising that her haiku demonstrate her commitment to celebrating the nurturing gifts of the environment. In the first half of the book, titled “Earth”, we find: low clusters / of black raspberries / her hidden talent (13) which celebrates both the fruit and the finder. I liked this nostalgic one: shallow eddies / we came of age / on this river (15), which shows how specific and local our connections to our past remain. Some of the haiku take an omniscient perspective written in third person: winter apples / she thinks / he’s a keeper (21). Even political conundrums are expressed through our connections to the earth: March mud / our slippery race / relations (26). I like the way “race” shifts from verb in the second line to a noun when paired with “relations”. In the second half of the book, “Air”, Burgevin turns to birds, the sky, and the wind as in these haiku: hummingbird nest / I was once / so small (42) and first frost / I give everything / to the night sky (44). This is an outstanding collection of celebratory outdoors haiku. I’ll close with this favorite: laughing gulls / my hair loosens / in the breeze (48).


Most of the poems in Park & Alley are haiku, but Nesom often employs a twist or impish turn of phrase more common in senryu. The book is organized into six sections: the park, sidewalk & side trips, light through the day, daydreams, the alley, and my old Stetson. “The park” features haiku about nature being constrained by urban development: the city park’s old creek / reborn again... / nowhere else to turn (11). Sidewalks are, of course, a domesticated form of the outdoors, yet they provide opportunities to interact with others: a smile from the stroller / touching the mother... / speed of light (19). I especially liked B&W photo... / my mother with red camellias / when she was happy (24) in the section “sidewalk & side trips”. In “light through the day”, Nesom writes haiku about shadows and sunlight: Orion cloaked in light... / the city afraid / of the dark (38). In the “daydreams” section he has a wonderful haiku: stepping stones... / someone else / years ago (43). “The alley” appears to be a harsh environment: butterfly / at the basketball rim... wrong place wrong time (54). The last section, “my old Stetson”, features senryu and haiku about growing old. The book ends with: December evening
... / my old Stetson / keeps dust off the shelf (71). As a relatively new writer, I believe Nesom included a few too many beginner’s haiku (haiku that say too much or provide unnecessary commentary). Some attempts are too minimal, ending up as a half a haiku like: never / the sun’s shadow (35). However, Nisom often gives us a real gem from that big Texas sky: windmills / in a windless night... / still the turning stars (70).


*A Peep Within* is Bill Cooper’s sixth collection of haiku. Cooper is a well-known, experienced writer, and the haiku in this collection have been previously published by contemporary haiku journals. There are no page numbers in this edition so the haiku in this review do not cite page numbers. The title haiku is: preschool / a peep within / the uncracked shell. I love the excitement of the preschool children watching the chick hatch. Like the soon to be released hatchling, they too will soon be out of the shell of their parents’ homes. The haiku in the first section of the book, “Wild Lupine”, focus on the spring time of new life. Here is the title poem for this section: wild lupine / a baby lamb / kicking air. I like the surprise ending in: tumbling / from the nest / a fish eye. The second section is called “The Ceiling Dance” from this haiku: the ceiling dance / of water-reflected sunwaves / the long journey. In this haiku I imagine being on an ocean-liner enjoying the reflections in my cabin. This section includes haiku “on the road” and at the beach. I liked this subtle political haiku: a sip of water / from the plastic bottle / climate talk. Bill Cooper allows the reader to bring his or her own opinion to this, providing simply the images of recycling, plastic pollution, oil-based packaging and talk about climate change. The third section is “The Owl Unblinking” which comes from the haiku: flash of orange the owl unblinking. This section features autumn haiku such as the bald eagle / gnawing a stick / election night. The bald eagle, a symbol of America, is not the only being gnawing during our last election night. Okay, here’s another political one-line image: Confederate general surrounded by bubble wrap. The last section is “Wide Bore Clarinet” which comes from this one-liner: mellow sunset notes of the wide bore clarinet. One of the last haiku returns to the preschooler: Christmas / her wish for a trampoline / bed. This is another outstanding collection of haiku by Bill Cooper.

Poems from the Front is a short history of the second world war, punctuated with haiku that capture a single moment within each major event described. The book includes an appendix of public domain photographs from the war, but the haiku serve as emotional interludes. He invites the reader to “think of these as ‘snapshots’ or ‘freeze frames’ that help to convey the significance of a pivotal moment in history” (5). In the introduction Friedenberg also explains: “This book is not for the faint of heart. It describes both the horrors of war and the atrocities humans inflict upon one another” (3). The book starts with accounts of the Atlantic and European events, then shifts to the Pacific theater events. Some of the haiku, such as this one from the evacuation of Dunkirk, position the reader in the middle of an experience: crowded destroyer / a bonhomme / lights the Tommy's cigarette (7). Others are short summaries of the campaign, as in this one from the “Siege of Malta”: 1,000 Axis raids / the sharp thorn / in Mussolini's side (10). I prefer the haiku that are given as immediate perception: moonless night / a periscope rises / from Atlantic swells (14) and Paris liberated / girls run to kiss / the marching G.I.s (17). There are several horrific images of battle and atrocities, such as this one from the Nanking massacre: a girl's body / lying in the street / bayonet in her vagina (21). Once in a while a haiku conveys the shared experience of soldiers on both sides of the conflict: elephant grass / they both reach / for their revolvers (23). Overall, this is an interesting way to share a synoptic history of World War II.

Books reviewed by Michael Ketchek


The Penguin Book of Haiku is an amazing collection of haiku and senryu and related verse. This collection spans the entire range of poetry from the bawdy to the sublime, giving this book more diversity than any other book of haiku I have read. Commentary is included for most of the approximately one thousand haiku in this collection which further enhances one’s understanding of these poems. I especially found interesting how many of the poems have a word or words that a have
double meaning in Japanese which can lead to an entirely different meaning to the haiku.

Besides the haiku, this book also offers a chronology of important dates in Japanese poetry and history, an excellent glossary of terms and short bios of all the poets in this collection. There is also a forty-page introduction chronicling the history of haiku, reasons for its international appeal and attempts to correct misconceptions about haiku. When addressing misconceptions about haiku Kern makes persuasive arguments, but sometimes overstates his point of view. For example, while explaining that haiku is not Zen poetry he says that Bashō shaving his head was basically a fashion statement, never mentioning that Bashō, while not a monk, did study with Butcho a Zen master. Still the introduction is very informative and if at times Kern is overly critical of accepted haiku wisdom he does give a comprehensive argument for his ideas.

Also included in this book are twenty-five illustrations ranging from portraits of poets to more than mildly pornographic depictions of some verses. The drawing for the following poem, by an unnamed author, is an uncensored depiction of the verse including an aroused man not mentioned in the poem.

soft douching
with her own fingers
tenderly diddling

I will end with some more examples that display the diversity of poems in this very fine collection:

a butterfly
chasing the sprig of flowers...
on a casket
Meisetu

smiled upon
by the baby about to be ditched,
he breaks into tears!
Shōro

red plum
its fallen petals ablaze
on horse dung
Buson
here and there
upon scorched fields
wild violets

Shokyū

heaven knows! earth knows!
the whole neighborhood knows!
except the parents

Shishōshi


This collection of haiku is presented one to a page. The poems illuminate what makes us human, mostly the small moments but also some of the big ones. An example of one of those small moments that captures the different emotions of different people in only ten words.

    in the park
two lovers
and the rest of us

In the following haiku a powerful life changing moment is plainly experienced.

    autumn sun
she says no
to further \chemo


This is a collection of about 50 haiku, one to a page, all in English some also in Swedish. A fine collection of poems, often gently humorous, these haiku and senryu will leave you smiling. A few examples:

    expired
the unopened package
of viagra
cranky...
showing a tourist
the wrong direction


These haiku, printed one to a page, are, according to author, “...organized under the three qualities that Campbell describes: Haiku recognizing the wonder the universe is, reflecting the wonder that humans are, and touching human awe in everyday life.”

Several examples:

```
born in mystery
a hummingbird pauses
at the fuchsia

Lascaux
a boy measures his hand
against the prints
```


In his preface Kai explains what him why he wrote a series of haiku about Okinawa, a place he had been visiting for about ten years, “I found myself drawn to the people of Okinawa, to the dead, to the ancient banyan trees, the island lilies and the enormous rocks, and lastly towards the gods of Okinawa...”

The following haiku clearly refer to the war-torn history of the island:

```
summer grasses—
soil that once was
human beings
```
a water soaked corpse
turning into water—
the coolness

There are also haiku that reflect on the traditions of the island such as:

the Star Festival night—  
from island to island  
a path on the sea

To help in the understanding of this and other haiku there are 8 pages of notes. The note for the previous haiku gives the reader information on the Star Festival which adds to one’s understanding of this haiku.

There is also an afterward by David Burleigh, one of the translators, which highlights the geography and history of the islands as well as giving us biographical information about the poet. All of these aspects of the book, from preface to afterward, enhance one’s enjoyment of the fine haiku about this one specific place, Okinawa.


This book includes the winners and honorable mentions of three years of the Genjuan Haibun Contest. It is a truly international collection with haibun from over a dozen countries including Slovenia, Mexico and Bhutan as well as the United States, Canada and Japan. The haibun, presented along with the Judges’ comments, move from the Australian outback to the Himalayas to a paleontological conference and every place in between. As the locations vary so does the mood in these fine haibun. For those interested in haibun this is a highly recommended book.
The well-known Red Moon series New Resonance is twenty years old, with ten volumes featuring 170 poets. Echoes 2 is a reunion of these poets. The poets are presented alphabetically one to a page with a photo of the poet, the volume number of New Resonance in which they appeared, where they live, their profession as well as a paragraph in which they can tell something about themselves. While many list their publications and awards others give more personal information. My favorite of these personal notes is Chris Gordon telling us, “I met Robert Bly once. He was very kind.”

Of course, the best part is the haiku. Almost every poet has six of their haiku on their page which is just enough to give you a feel for what they write. With so many poets and so many great haiku I am loath to try and pick out any favorites so I will end by saying get this book or if strapped for cash or space on your bookshelf view it online for free on the Haiku Foundation website.


This is the Merit Book Award winner in the Anthology category with haiku by the five members of the Carolina African American Writers’ Collective and instead of repeating the praises given by the judges (please read those in the Merit Book Award’s Judges’ comments, in this issue) I will just give one example by each of the five poets represented in this anthology,

evening sun
in his wrinkled hand
a ripe fig

Lenard D. Moore

another mass shooting
my son practices
his trumpet solo

Crystal Simone Smith

we sprinkle shirts
while the flatirons heat
morning mist

L. Teresa Church

Entebbe airport
small cat rubs against my leg
near the exit doors

Sheila Smith McKoy
abandoned farm house
bare oak trees
thick with vultures

_Gideon Young_


A little gem of a book with a clever cover that reflects the title. Only thirty-five copies were printed so if you have one hang on to it, you have a rare treasure. One haiku:

meteor shower—
with every falling star
my same wish
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Adeleke, Barnabas I.</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Agyei-Baah, Adjei</td>
<td>30, 35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ahern, Mimi</td>
<td>46</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ahrens, Linda</td>
<td>36</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Andrews, Steve</td>
<td>94</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Andrl, Fred</td>
<td>35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Antebi, Debbi</td>
<td>21, 51</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ashbaugh, Marilyn</td>
<td>37</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ashwell, Joanna</td>
<td>40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Auld, Susan B.</td>
<td>43</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aversano, Joseph Salvatore</td>
<td>36</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Avinger, Munira Judith</td>
<td>88</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Balistreri, Jo</td>
<td>28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Banwarth, Francine</td>
<td>64</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Barlow, John</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Barry, Aaron</td>
<td>26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bateman, Sam</td>
<td>34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Becherer, Lori</td>
<td>37</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bending, Sidney</td>
<td>78</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bennett, Brad</td>
<td>55</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bennett, Brad</td>
<td>65</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Berry, Glori J.</td>
<td>47</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Birnbaum, Daniel</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bold, Kathryn</td>
<td>49, 60</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bougy, Sydney</td>
<td>56</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bouter, Adrian</td>
<td>35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Boyer, David</td>
<td>34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bremson, Ed</td>
<td>31</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bridges, Alan S.</td>
<td>57, 71, 74</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brooks, Randy</td>
<td>69</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Buckingham, Helen</td>
<td>64</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Budan, John</td>
<td>93</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Burd, Jennifer</td>
<td>39</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Burgevin, Anne Elise</td>
<td>36</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Name</td>
<td>Page Numbers</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>--------------------------</td>
<td>--------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Byrnes, Sondra J.</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cancio, China</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Caretti, Matthew</td>
<td>57, 87</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cariello, Matthew M.</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cashman, David</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cates, Anna</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chambers, Paul</td>
<td>6, 22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chan, Jolin</td>
<td>49</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chang, Yu</td>
<td>29</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chang, Shelly</td>
<td>92</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chaturvedi, Salil</td>
<td>45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chessing, James</td>
<td>62</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Clausen, Tom</td>
<td>16, 27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Coats, Glenn G.</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Colgan, Stephen</td>
<td>55</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Comporozos, Vassileios</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Compton, Ellen</td>
<td>34, 42</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Constable, Susan</td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cook, Wanda</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cook, Jeanne</td>
<td>47</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cooper, Bill</td>
<td>54</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cossio, Martin</td>
<td>40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cowherd, Harold C.</td>
<td>28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Craig, Ronald K.</td>
<td>64</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cramer, Michael</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Curtis, Dan</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dancy, Carolyn Coit</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Davidson, Tracy</td>
<td>43</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Davidson, Kari</td>
<td>80</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Day, Cherie Hunter</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Decker, Warren</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dewar, Edward</td>
<td>59</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Digregorio, Charlotte</td>
<td>32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dingman, Rob</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Name</td>
<td>Page</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-----------------------</td>
<td>------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gonzales, Merrill</td>
<td>49</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gottlieb, Bill</td>
<td>61</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Grankin, Nikolay</td>
<td>39, 51</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Greehhut, Frances</td>
<td>58</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Green, John S</td>
<td>53</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Greene, Mac</td>
<td>48</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Haig, Lorraine</td>
<td>62</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hall, Carolyn</td>
<td>13, 85</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hambrick, Jennifer</td>
<td>46</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hamilton, Mark B.</td>
<td>53</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hanrahan, Mary</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hardison, Dan</td>
<td>91</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hart, William</td>
<td>81</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Harvey, Michele L.</td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Haslett, Arch</td>
<td>28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hawk, John</td>
<td>26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hawkhead, John</td>
<td>31</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Haynes, Tia</td>
<td>33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Higgins, Frank</td>
<td>77</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hinderliter, C. William</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hinderliter, Carolyn M.</td>
<td>56</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hitri, Mark</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hoagland, Jeff</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Holzer, Ruth</td>
<td>36</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hood Black, Robyn</td>
<td>46</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hooven, Frank</td>
<td>40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hopewell, Louise</td>
<td>37</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hotham, Gary</td>
<td>48</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Howard, Elizabeth</td>
<td>31</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Howerow, Louisa</td>
<td>12, 20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Huggett, Elinor</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Humphrey, Jonathan</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ison, Erica</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jackofsky, Rick</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Jackofsky, Gil 49
Johnston, Paulette Y. 60
Jones, Erin J. 17
Josephson, Marika 25
Karakhayov, Zdravko 42
Kaufmann, Barbara 59
Khan, Mohammad Azim 22, 28
Kindelberger, Roy 56
Kirkbridge, Jasmin 31
Kittner, Craig 15
Klacsanzky, Nicholas 63
Koch, Dianne 59
Koen, Deb 21
Lange, Jill 29
Lanoue, David G. 22
Leavens, Alex 64
Lee, Michael Henry 35
Liebert, Daniel 65, 89
Lilly, Bebecca 32
Liu, Chen-ou 14
Lloyd, Cyndi 62
Lohman, Eric A. 29
Longenecker, Gregory 52
Lucky, Bob 63, 87
Machmiller, Patricia J. 62
Magenta, Martha 14, 25
Mahoney, Hannah 37, 38
major-tingey, s. 10
Makino, Annette 42
Malone Latham, Jessica 61
Maris, Anna 22
Markworth, Matthew 29
Martin, Jeannie 42
Mason, Scott 43
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Plovnick, Ross</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Polette, Keith</td>
<td>32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>pollard, christopher-calvin</td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Powell, Thomas</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pray, Sandi</td>
<td>60</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Prime, Patricia</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Proctor, Vanessa</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Prondzynskii, Isabelle</td>
<td>105</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pupovac, Slobodan</td>
<td>32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rainwater, Holli</td>
<td>80</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ramesh, K.</td>
<td>41</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ranaldi-Adams, Valentina</td>
<td>47</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Read, Dave</td>
<td>75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Reed, Dian Duchin</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rhotasel-Jones, Sharon</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Richardson, James</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rickert, Bryan</td>
<td>44</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rielly, Edward J.</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Robello, Joseph</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Robertson, J. Brian</td>
<td>41</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Robinson, Chad Lee</td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Root-Bernstein, Michele</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rotella, Alexis</td>
<td>90</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rothstein, Aron</td>
<td>35, 65</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sambangi, Srinivasa Rao</td>
<td>63</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Santos, Bona M.</td>
<td>58</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sauvage Angel, Kelly</td>
<td>33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Savich, Agnes Eva</td>
<td>27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Schick, Linda McCarthy</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Schilling, Rich</td>
<td>37</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Schopfer, Olivier</td>
<td>57</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Schwader, Ann K.</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Schwerin, Dan</td>
<td>72, 73</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shaw, Adelaide B.</td>
<td>42</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Sheffield, Michael 89
Shepherd, Katrina 36
Shires, Nancy 33
Singampalli, Sravani 32
Skane, George 59
skrivseth, d w 47
Sloboda, Noel 53
Snyder, Rob 8
Sola, Nicholas M. 34
Sondik, Sheila 15
Spikes, Mike 51
Stepenoff, Bonnie 64, 65
Stevenson, John 51
Stewart, Joshua Michael 40
Stewart, Jane 59
Stillman, Jeff 63
Stinson, Mike 58
Strange, Debbie 19
Sullivan, John 61
Sutcliffe, Rachel 23
Swanson, R. J. 19
Swanson, Lesley Anne 38
Swist, Wally 30
Tabb, Steve 51
Tarquinio, Rick 38
Tate, Barbara 13
Tauchner, Dietmar 48
Taylor, Christine 48
Taylor, Ben 85
Teaford, Mark 20
Terry, Angela 70
Tiefenthal, Deanna 26
Timmer, Corine 54
Travis, M. Kent 40
tripi, vincent 93
Valentine, Kevin 26
Wallihan, Diane 48
Wang, Monica 18
Warther, Julie 62, 70, 72, 73
Watts, Lew 45
Wenk-Harrison, Christine 61
Whitehead, Lucy 27
Whitman, Neal 30
Whitmire, Bob 24
Williams, Margo 55
Wit, Ernest 41
Witmer, Robert 27
Woerdehoff, Valorie Broadhurst 76
Wright, Jann 15
Wright, Gregory 49
Young, Karina M. 25
Young, Quendryth 50
Young, Yates 52
Zajkowski, Lori 22, 55
Zhuanglang, David He 19
Zimmerman, J. 31
Zuk, Edward 54
twilight

scratching deep ruts around

the compost barrel

narrow paths