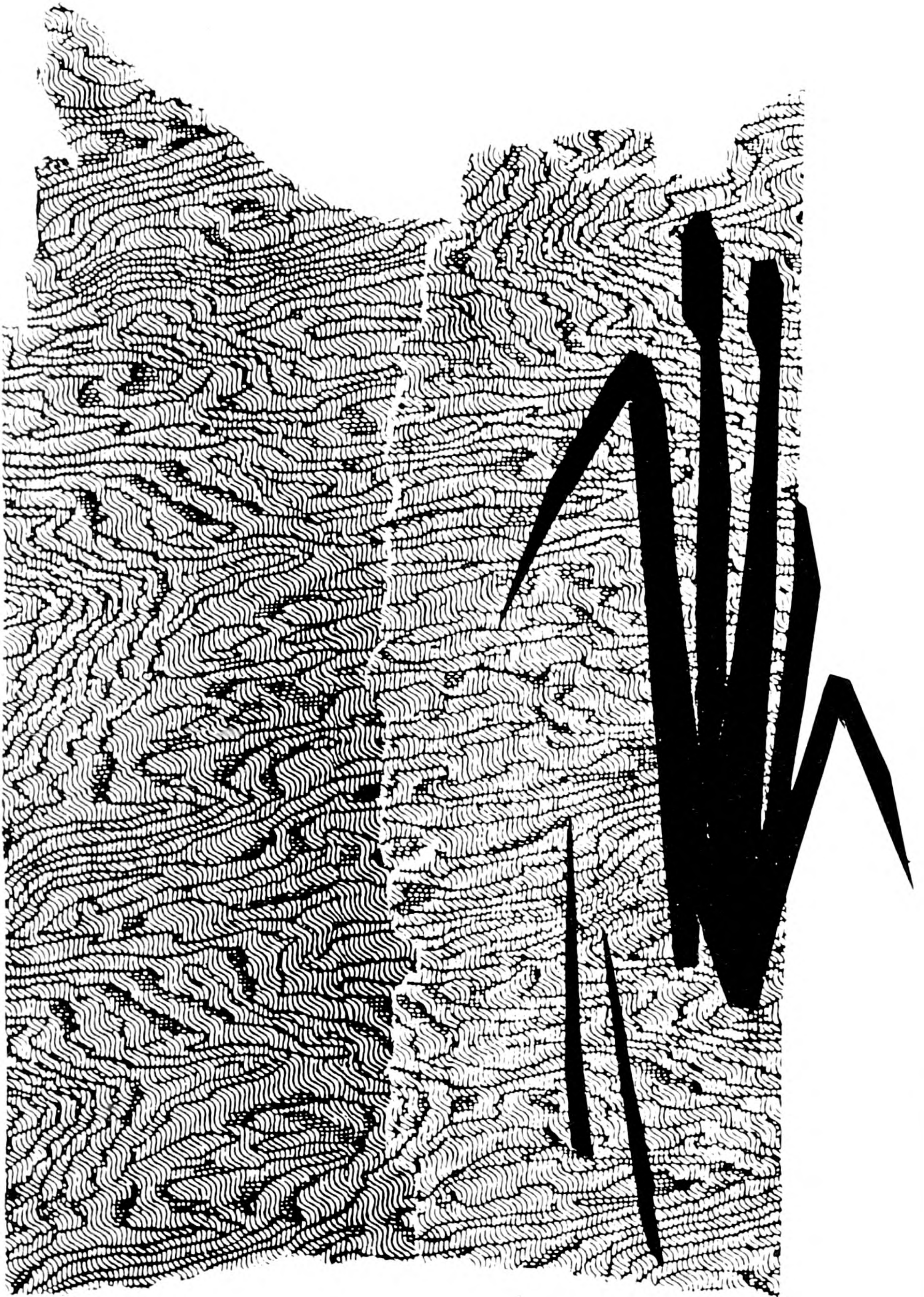


# frogpond



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GARY THOMAS  
GERTSHOFEN, GERMANY  
26 SEPT 86

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tulip tree  
long-necked flight attendant's  
short-cut hair

japanese  
who wrote on their death flight—  
my plane lands

end of runway  
waiting for the other plane  
not to hit me

tall, old building  
september sun  
sets on the U.N.

outside Japan House  
laughter of a new bride  
—hurricane over

botanical garden  
grass plots  
size of a casket

legless man:  
jangle of change  
in an old tin can

topless club  
---full moon rises  
on an old mural

*Charles D. Nethaway, Jr.*



MUSEUM OF HAIKU LITERATURE (TOKYO) AWARD

\$25 for best previously unpublished haiku  
from *Frogpond IX: 2*

top of the falls  
your voice somewhere  
in its sound

*Ruby Spriggs*

August—  
mica  
in the stone eye

They've gone:  
exhaust smoke hovers  
in the evening sun

Midsummer stars—  
the flowing water murmurs  
under the street

*Stephen Gould*

Finally the wind  
Dried horseradish rattling  
Sounds of cicada

*John Beer*

darker  
than the mind's eye . . .  
crows in summer grass

*Peggy Willis Lyles*

one eye open  
the cat eyes the fly,  
the long slow day

cicadas—  
when they stop a moment,  
a bit of coolness

*Anna Holley*

## LAINGSBURG PARADE

Laingsburg, Michigan, is a small mid-American town that loves parades. A number of farmers in the area raise Belgian draft horses and there are usually several wagons pulled by these magnificent animals as well as small buggies creaking along behind donkeys and an odd assortment of backyard horses. The high school band is always out of tune. And the sun invariably shines.

Parade Day—  
wind stiffens  
the post office flag

Drum beat—  
a cowboy swats flies  
with his hat

The high school band  
finally  
in step

Above his bass drum  
the small boy's  
big smile

Queen of the prom  
grinning  
through bubblegum



Beneath the flag  
an octogenarian  
peers into his popcorn

Keeping pace  
with the six-horse hitch  
... a barefoot boy

Silencing the crowd  
the faint sound  
of a hurdy-gurdy

Clown teacher—  
so red  
the sad smile

Round and round  
on the carousel,  
a child's tennis shoe

American Legion—  
a half-eaten hotdog  
on the step

Going home—  
the kid's smile buried  
in his pony's mane

*Carol Wainright*



from the onion fields  
the strong hot breath of summer—  
rumble of thunder

*Helen Dalton*

with the bills  
and junk mail  
a wasp

*Ronald Rice*

unopened roses  
sway with the wind  
past grandmother's rocking

across Iowa plains  
wood-planked boxcars  
rumbling through goldenrod

Grant Wood's  
black oaks windbreak  
the white framed farmhouse

*Kevin Driscoll*

sultry day—  
only the bumblebee sways  
the pampas grass

partly cloudy—  
a yellow cat taking her time  
through the cemetery

*Nina A. Wicker*



## TWO EXPOSTULATIONS

### I

Your dragonflies, Lord—  
leniently You let them dart  
all day by the pond!

### II

Your cicadas, Lord—  
leniently You let them clash  
toy cymbals all day!

*Robert Spiess*  
(from *The Bold Silverfish*  
and *Tall River Junction*)

summer wind through the corn:  
the flow of the milk way  
this August night

*Edward J. Rielly*

## SUMMER LICKS

Summer clearance sale  
sharing the same dressing room  
the mayfly and I

Morning: July rain  
no street vendors . . .  
the sound of steel drums

Opening one eye  
the bag lady sneers into  
the tourist's camera

*Sydell Rosenberg*

the owl waits  
watching as the car goes by  
flies silently on

*Harriet Kofalk*

the muskrat  
cutting a V  
across the pond

dried willow leaves  
blowing under the seats  
in the row boat

*Robert A. Goodnow*

leaving its aerie,  
the shadow of the osprey  
slips into the sea

deserted boardwalk:  
the shadow of the falcon  
stalks the mourning dove

*Nick Virgilio*

A young deer swimming  
south in the Skagerrak  
waves of dolphins

Crisscrossing the pond  
the harvest moon's bright stripe  
the water snake's wake

*R. Dirk*



WIND THROUGH WILLOWS  
Renga: March 1983—March 1985  
Geraldine Little and Ruth Yarrow

wind through willows  
to roots  
of my hair

Yarrow

whitecaps on the water  
an old man peels an orange

Little

lowering sun—  
the toddler's corona  
against the dark river

Yarrow

right across her cot  
the owl's long questions

Little

ambulance window:  
earthshine cradled  
in the thinnest moon

Yarrow

high as the hospital eaves  
one firefly's message

Little

smog:  
through a sweatshop door  
bare bulb glowing Yarrow

far down the moonless street  
thin cry of a cat Little

dawn sounds:  
shreds of my dream  
beyond reach Yarrow

behind morning lake mist  
soft sound of a dipped paddle Little

rain pricked lagoon  
the hair on my arm  
rising Yarrow

on a blue velvet chair  
the white cat licks her fur Little

storm blown east:  
still swirls  
of wet oats Yarrow

a puddle of moon  
by the old pump Little

grasping the cold handle  
the old woman's knuckles  
bulge white Yarrow

from a passing car,  
Ravel's "Bolero" Little

whiff of lilacs—  
she twirls her striped umbrellas  
to a blur Yarrow

contact lenses lost,  
what sways in the lake? Little



the black swan swims across Venus	Little
shadow of his sombrero his eyes a point of light	Yarrow
high noon a donkey waters the dry riverbed	Little
at the switchback a hoof held— the canyon below	Yarrow
a lover's sigh floats up up up up and away	Little
in shafts of evening light pollen dances	Yarrow
once again the first bronze chrysanthemum dazzles	Little
smile in her dark face spreading around her wiggling tooth	Yarrow
vandals topple one white tombstone—the silence of autumn grasses	Little
over the prairie hollow diesel whistle	Yarrow
across the full moon a streak of contrail startles an old man's eyes	Little
cabin door creaks open— sudden cold grasps my ankles	Yarrow

in driving snow  
a pregnant hound crosses  
the rope bridge

Little

small girl's sleep deepening  
the hammock's curve

Yarrow

the creak, creak  
of the weathervane rooster  
below bulging clouds

Little

bowl into her wide lap  
ping of the first peas

Yarrow

caught in the blaze  
of apple blossoms  
new moon

Little

dappled shadows  
the baby wiggles her toes

Yarrow





Chinatown heat—  
piled on piles of garbage,  
another pile

empty flour sacks  
line the parched sidewalk  
—Chinatown dusk

summer concert—  
only a few stars shine  
over city lights

*Anthony J. Pupello*

tenement evening:  
welling up from hot sidewalks  
voices float my dream

after the nightmare  
my pulse slows  
to the katydids'

*Ruth Yarrow*

a little gray cat  
waits hidden in the tall grass,  
one bright red leaf falls

old green shingled walls,  
the garage with a red roof  
leans just a little

*Robin Janning*

## ONE HAIKU POET'S "OTHER" POEMS

Penny Harter

When I consider the relationship between writing haiku and writing longer poems, I find that the categories of experience I call "haiku moments" also fit certain "poem moments." For me, haiku must be brief, image centered, and devoid of metaphor or simile. Haiku and longer poems result from my sudden awareness of connection between the "moment" and the feelings I bring to it, or from my sensing a relationship between and among the aspects of the object or experience perceived.

I notice either a haiku moment or a poem moment for one of several reasons: 1) The beautiful or the horrible compels me to participate in it. 2) Objects are wedded in a juxtaposition of the like or the unlike that, once perceived, seems to me inevitable and "charged" across the gap. 3) Things are very different from the way they usually appear or occur.

I include here examples of longer poems that seem, to me, to have grown from the same kind of moment a haiku grows from, embodying the characteristics of haiku mentioned above. The primary difference between these poems and haiku, for me, is that some of the longer poems do use metaphor.

The first poems I offer are extended images with parts even more closely related than the pieces of a haiku sequence, although they relate similarly.

### EVENING

The dead leaves blow  
rust red  
down the gutter.  
Upstairs the baby  
spits blood.  
Somewhere a siren  
sends its long wail  
over the bare treetops.  
The mother's hands  
open over the child's belly,  
a pale prayer of fingers moving  
on the dark.

[Copyright © 1981, Penny Harter,  
*White Flowers in the Snow*]

In this poem, I feel a series of haiku-like images that grow out of one another and are very closely connected in mood and imagery. The major difference between this and a "haiku sequence" is a kind of narrative glue. We move from dead leaves and rust to blood, to the sound of a siren (almost a renga-like association) to the mother's hands over the belly in the dark.



Another poem which operates in much the same way for me follows:

### THE SILENCE OF SNOW

The silence  
of snow  
on tombstones

as if these dead were risen  
to stand in dumb rows,  
an army of white pillars  
on the hill.

The silence  
of snow  
falling now  
between the spread fingers  
of my cold and open hand.

[Copyright © 1980, *Imprint*]

In this poem the image is sustained, using the juxtaposition of cold snow with numb white fingers and mounded tombstones. This time the “glue” is not narrative, but extended image that is related by cold and color, and by pattern almost as if in a painting—the rhythm of spaces between tombstones and fingers, as the snow sifts between them.

Here are three other poems that, for me, move in haiku-like images that cling together much more tightly than those in a haiku sequence.

### WHILE DRIVING ALL NIGHT

The white tiled Hess station rushes by,  
ceramic antiseptic ward.  
The moon tonight floats white  
and shiny as new styrofoam.  
No car is getting gas.  
Mine grows empty.  
Ahead of me red tail-lights burn  
in the dark tunnel. I am afraid.  
A horizontal gravity pulls me faster  
toward the black horizon.

I am afraid. Dead animals  
are out there, discarded hamburgers  
bleeding at the middle.  
I run my right hand  
over the foam rubber that sprouts  
through the cracks in the passenger seat  
like moss.

[Copyright © 1981 Penny Harter, in  
*Between Two Rivers: Ten North Jersey Poets*]

## A CIRCLE OF SHEEP

A circle of sheep in the twilight,  
lying in the pale green grass,  
their backs like ancient dolmens  
bleaching under the darkening sky—

a circle of sheep  
down at dusk  
in a soft field,  
sleeping.

Shadows surround them.  
Their yellow eyes open  
under the moon.

They rise, bleating,  
to break from center,  
white smudges, drifting  
toward the dark horizon.

At the field's edge  
cars rush by, headlights  
probing the night.

## STILL LIFE ON THE PLANET EARTH

In the pit  
of the upflung arm  
of the Salvadoran soldier  
whose corpse lies along the road  
(head thrown back,  
shoulders in the weeds,  
legs spread in the dust)  
a clot of black hair curls—  
and in his naked chest,  
the hole.

[Copyright © 1986, Penny Harter, *Open Magazine*]



In writing the preceding poems I responded to the beautiful and the horrible and noticed the juxtapositions when they occurred: manufactured death (foam, tile, hamburgers) and the deaths of animals in the road, against the living flesh of the driver; the movement of sheep and their eyes, the moon—against the movement of cars with headlights; the soldier's curling back armpit hair, sexual and virile, against the black hole in his naked chest.

The following examples grew out of another dependable source of haiku, the finding of differences from the usual order of things (these poems do frequently embody juxtaposition also, since that very juxtaposition is sometimes the difference itself).

#### THE ONLY COWS LEFT IN PISCATAWAY

The only cows left in Piscataway  
chew grass by the split-rail fence,  
and fix their mild eyes on the horizon  
where petroleum tanks squat.

The only cows left in Piscataway  
breathe black smoke  
settling on the pasture  
like fog on a gray morning,  
hang their heads over the fence  
and fix mild eyes on trucks  
spewing their way uphill.

The only cows left in Piscataway  
eat grass in a field fertilized  
by exhaust, and the farmer  
wipes soot from their faces  
before he milks them.

[Copyright © 1986, *The Christian Science Monitor*]

## BENEATH THE STARS

The white wicker chair stiffens in cold twilight.  
Paint has flaked from its woven body.  
Birds have splattered its seat.

The white wicker chair was new once,  
sitting across from another white wicker chair,  
holding sunlight on white cottons  
and laughter careless as icecubes in leftover drinks.

Inside the distant house lights come on.  
Someone laughs slamming down a window.  
Autumn wind hisses through white wicker cracks  
as the stars thicken.  
The chair creaks as it settles for the night.

Tiptoe across the shrivelled grass.  
Approach the chair quietly.  
Curl into its moonlit lap.  
Notice the curved armrests,  
the gentle embrace of the chair back.  
Now close your eyes  
and listen to the lost croquet game  
resume beneath the stars.

## IN AN OLD HOTEL

In a faded corridor,  
a dim tunnel of closed wooden doors  
among gray garland tapestries,  
one door stood ajar,  
casting a wedge of light across  
the mildewed carpet,  
and as I passed, looking in,  
a naked man danced by the open crack  
and was gone.

Talk about something being different from usual! Seriously, the cows are covered with soot, the wicker furniture is out in the cold and the dark, and the cracked hotel door shows the flash of a naked man. I could have captured each of these moments, and moments in the earlier long poems, in haiku. But I wanted room to move around in and further develop the relationships within and between the moments and myself. And, as I type these poems I see that within each one are certain passages, certain lines or couplings of images, that almost *are* haiku in themselves.



Finally, a haiku sequence can also focus on powerful events and their connections:

### DUST BOWL

hound running  
between the rows  
of shrivelled corn

a child  
draws the sun  
in the dust

rock-a-bye baby—  
porch door swinging  
in the rising wind

dust storm—  
black corners  
of the child's eyes

farm gone, the farmer  
fingers the stubble  
of his beard

### FOR SALE FARM AND COW

picking crops  
she wipes the blood  
on her flowered dress

nightfall—  
the coolness of dirt  
between toes

through the cardboard walls  
harmonica

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[NOTE: Following the presentation of this paper at the June meeting of the HSA in New York, several members read some of their non-haiku poems and discussed the poems' connections with haiku. To receive a cassette tape of the meeting, send \$3.00, payable to Randy Rader, to Randy at his address (see front of this issue).]



no sheep on the hill  
only an old shepherd gazing  
at a buttermilk sky

haunting the fog  
the pale ghost of a bridge  
without a river

*Ann Atwood*

My simple supper  
and the emptiness of night.  
The way wet with rain

Feeling a bit cheered  
by a sparrow's impudence  
my courage returns

*Gunther Klinge*

(adapted from the German by Ann Atwood)

Facing the wind,  
the toothless fisherman  
lights his pipe.

From the shadow  
of the nightwatchman,  
a curl of smoke.

*Arizona Zipper*

Graveyard by the sea  
an unnamed cross  
casts a shadow

*Margaret Molarsky*

*j*anippon sequence

bar he scratches out japan writes nippon  
are women in america beaten she asks  
the geisha does what she's not supposed to do  
we don't write winter haiku in summer  
our talk his wife and daughter behind curtains  
rinds bob at the shoreline  
lot of luggage through hiroshima laughing  
woman at home who is she

*Marlene Mountain*

“ ” “ ” “ ”  
“ ” “ ” “ ”  
“ ” “ ” “ ” “ ”  
〰〰〰〰〰〰〰〰〰〰  
〰〰〰 \* 〰〰〰  
〰〰〰〰〰〰〰〰〰

summer rain—  
sunflower bursting  
among gravestones

*Rich Youmans*



shot duck  
gun////////////////////down

★

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threeCATsecondEYESThunder

★

*LeRoy Gorman*

dew worm dew going dawn

\*

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\*

rain yes rain yes rain

e y e s

\*

*LeRoy Gorman*



eighteen-wheelers  
huddle at desert rest stop  
neon sign blinks EAT

truck stop cafe  
a tired waitress  
waters the philodendron

*Ronan*

The crows  
can't figure it:  
plastic eagle kite

*Russell Holder*

off lover's leap  
tangle, tumble down  
his and her kites

overrunning  
the abandoned airstrip—  
kite flyers

threatening sky  
origami peace crane's tail  
a rocket-shaped kite

this heat!  
cows graze in shadows cast  
by a nuclear plant

*Johnny Baranski*

Dog-day heat:  
a faded campaign poster  
among roadside weeds

*Jane K. Lambert*

locked in a white Buick  
three hounds arrooo through  
a cracked-open window

loud liquored voices  
from across the way—I count  
the circles in a stump

*John Thompson*

planning for the worst  
he makes his winters last  
all year

not that bad tasting—the milk  
but all day smelling goats

watching my gun  
she won't eat the meat—  
the dog I have to shoot

*Randy Johnson*

The worm  
far out on this paved lot  
more rain

*John-Bruce Shoemaker*



unwatered  
for a week  
noon sun

the cat crouches  
all hidden but her tail

a horsefly  
doing what horseflies do . . .  
Ouch!

*Gary L. Vaughn*

in the old man's trash  
letters from his widowed sister,  
unopened

the old woman:  
her unopened  
ribbon candy

*Carol Montgomery*

early autumn—  
flies crowding the outside  
of the screen

*Wally Swist*

Cloud covers sun  
momentarily  
cricket song resumes

*J. Michael Koetzner*

LONG LAKE RENGA  
continued

*Alvaro Cardona-Hine*  
*Barbara Hughes*  
*John Minczeski*

4.

- bh            playing solitaire  
              it's discouraging to cheat  
              but oh what the hell
- ach           the loons have kept to themselves  
              Satie lapses into Bach
- jm            underneath her robe  
              she's hiding a bathing suit  
              don't fail me yet/eyes
- bh            the lake if seen upside down  
              would be a peculiar thing
- ach           roughing the surface  
              what is it?—a marimba?  
              a turtle also
- jm            the old man is still working  
              to get the roof done by dark
- bh            the elm they sawed down  
              embarrassed the tree trimmers  
              it went the wrong way
- ach           that peeping-Tom light flashes  
              under the skirt of each tree



jm            the sun has burned off  
              the haze stuck under the wings  
              of that butterfly

bh            the lake suddenly giggles  
              flies wear polyester suits

ach          why did you depart  
              leaving us the sky empty  
              of your happiness?

jm            the dog's paw prints are leading  
              out to the end of the dock

bh            I'm glad to know that  
              the perfect stone I found here  
              is still on the shore

ach          up on the hill the machines  
              thirty years with arthritis

jm            if only the girls  
              when the chair's green webbing gave  
              hadn't been watching

bh            or we three for that matter  
              slapping at mosquitoes

ach          the end of August  
              everything that is green  
              green a while long

jm            even the maples temper  
              their desire to be sugar

bh                    up in the meadow  
                         we find where a deer has slept  
                         we are perfect fools

ach                   a dragonfly comes to light  
                         on a piece of pineapple

Note: "Long Lake Renga," a linked-verse piece in five sections, was written at Long Lake, Wisconsin during the summer of 1984. Parts 1, 2 and 3 appeared in *Frogpond IX: 1* and *IX: 2*; the concluding section will be in *Frogpond IX: 4*. ESL



## CITYSCAPE

caught  
unprotected  
early rain

flowers swim  
in the parking lot—  
wind, ripples

french laundry—  
days and dreams wait  
on the racks

broken street lamp  
shines for no one  
city night

*Raymond J. Stovich*



BRYANT POND  
Maine

dusk on the pond  
the yodeling call  
of a single loon

from the hillock  
another loon lurches  
back to the pond

darkening sky  
the loon's dark head  
lost in pond mist

after the storm  
a pair of loons riding  
the calm water

*Gloria H. Procsal*



only when i stand still  
the fields along the road  
gone to seed

whatever i wanted to say to her  
the red maple  
listens

mushrooms:  
wherever i find  
her shadow

*Bob Boldman*

smoke from the hogan  
the Navajo woman's rug  
almost finished

the roadrunner's long strides  
over the rattlereed,  
squeak of a field mouse

*Roberta Stewart*

Spider web blowing  
between the wooden supports  
of the windmill

*Diane Webster*

Where are the rocks  
that lead across this river?  
Summer rain.

Late summer  
bindweed in the beans, bees  
in the owl's house.

Small town . . .  
double-parked to say  
"hot. hot."

No hour  
without its cricket sound:  
September

*Lenore Mayhew*





over and over a record  
plays the same scratch

fleas  
the dog and me awake  
all night

on the next street corner  
*The Morning Sun* arrives



through clouds & mist  
the lightning plays  
its distant music

listening to jazz  
the thunder rumbles across  
the bird sounds

so loud, so loud—  
yelling, "Shut up!"  
to the bullfrog chorus

*Richard Bodner*

rainy night depot,  
through clouds of hissing steam  
the smell of steel

in moonlit sea  
the pier's broken pile  
rising    falling

*Rebecca Rust*

Strawberry pickers . . .  
the small one  
with ruby lips

Birds scolding  
around the man  
with the fit

Garden temple . . .  
on his knees  
pulling weeds

Together, leaping  
the dancers, the dancers  
the dancers

*Robert F. Mainone*

summer heat—  
every string on the violin  
out of tune

*Sylvia Forges-Ryan*

THE MANI  
southernmost Greece

mountain stopping  
just before it tumbles  
on our village

the overhang—  
sun creeping higher  
highlight its claw

cliff-edge siesta—  
tinkle of goat bells  
from the sky

stopping here  
while all around us moves—  
wind in the mist

a blossom falling  
after the wind has ceased:  
evening calm

moonlight stillness—  
beside its shadow  
each stone

brown clouds  
butting against  
the leftover moon

*Humphrey Noyes*

Note: The haiku "stopping here" was first  
published in *Wind Chimes* 17. ESL



a drop or two of rain  
as suddenly the mocking bird  
shuts up

*Gene Williamson*

Waking, on my left shoe  
a firefly—coolness

Morning noises—  
an axman and woodpecker  
in the aspen grove

Tidewater—  
the last row of horse tracks  
fade in the dunes

*Edward O'Blenis*

Cemetery sign:  
NO ADMITTANCE AFTER DARK  
already a firefly

*Nina A. Wicker*

leaving no trace  
a firefly  
enters the moon

*Rosamond Haas*

Abandoned privy;  
honeysuckle growing through  
the cracks

Dim rainy day  
my red-maned horse  
grazes towards home

In the loft  
musty harness and  
ghost horses

*Deborah Page*

After the sunset—  
white sky, black trees,  
evensong of small birds

Thick fog . . .  
high in the pine  
strange birds chattering

*Virginia Egermeier*

Pigeon-toed  
her scarlet shoes  
between the men's wingtips

As he sleeps  
she touches  
the shrapnel scars

*Glenda Frank*





Creaking together  
grandfather's porch rocker  
a barnyard cricket

*George Swede*

country funeral  
among the weeds  
the drum, drum of grouse wings

*Judith Clark*

Twilight growing  
into the shape  
of the mourning dove's call

*Ann Atwood*

late harvest  
tractor headlights  
double the moon

between darkening trees  
a last heron  
takes summer away

*Lawrence Rungren*

Venus  
and a single bird  
whistling in the dark.

*Mark Allan Johnson*

## BOOK REVIEW

**UNDER THE BANYAN TREE**, Satsvarūpa dāsa Goswami. The Gītā-nāgarī Press, 10310 Oaklyn Drive, Potomac, MD 20854; 1986, 32 pp., \$8.50. (Special offer to readers of *Frogpond*: \$5.00 or in exchange for a signed book of haiku by its author.)

Reviewed by Miriam Sagan

*Under the Banyan Tree* chronicles a spiritual journey in prose and haiku. The journey begins when Goswami meets his teacher, the Swami Prabhupāda, in a storefront on New York's Lower East Side. Like all such quests, Goswami's experience is often ineffable or non-verbal, and the attempt to communicate it can be difficult. At times his relationship to his teacher may appear sentimental, for example:

Just before I dove  
you caught me  
in your glance.

However, there is also humor and insight, as when the student is confronted with an image of the God Viṣṇu:

Beautiful bluish youth,  
four symbols in His hands—  
I scratch my head.

Here, the tension between the "inconceivable" deity and the quite human observer creates a perfect haiku turn.

When the spiritual student returns to the everyday world haiku points up the seeming contradiction. The following is nicely constructed with a gentle irony:

Mrs. Gomez and five kids,  
husband ran off, leaping mice—  
*yogī* welfare worker.

The prose entries work well in their own right, and help create a genuine poetic journal. The subject matter of *Banyan Tree* is delicate, for a spiritual quest can be as personal as a love affair, and lack some of the literary conventions of the latter. But Goswami has done a good job, and the steely delicacy of haiku is just the right form.

The beautifully designed book has a striking cover of sculpted paper. A biographical note would have been a nice addition, though, along with a credit for the untitled portrait at the end, presumably of Swami Prabhupāda.



## BITS & PIECES

### HAIKU PUBLICATIONS

*The Alchemist: special haiku issue.* Congratulations to Editor Marco Fraticelli for this fine mini-anthology containing the work of 31 Canadian and U.S. poets, and to Rod Willmot whose Burnt Lake Press produced the handsome letterpress, handbound issue. It will be, if it is not already, a collector's item. Single copy \$5.; subscription \$10. for 4 consecutive issues. *The Alchemist*, Box 123, LaSalle, Quebec, Canada H8R 3T7.

*Oak Grove Haiku.* John Sheirer announces this new tri-annual haiku magazine. He seeks articles, essays, book and magazine reviews, interviews and all types of haiku and senryu. First issue planned for September, 1986. \$4. a yr., \$7. 2 yr., single issue \$1.50. *Oak Grove Haiku*, c/o John Sheirer, Editor, 96 N. Congress St., Upstairs, Athens, OH 45701.

*Haiku Review '87.* Randy & Shirley Brooks, Editors of High/Coo Press, are gathering information and articles for the next edition of *Haiku Review*. Please send information about your new haiku books or articles published between 1984 and 1987. Update and correct any of the previous listings. Please inquire if you have an essay on contemporary haiku or the current haiku publishing scene. *Haiku Review '87* will feature haiku in education and haiku as education. Randy & Shirley Brooks, Editors, High/Coo Press, Route 1, Battle Ground, IN 47920. (317-567-2596).

### COVER ART

My apologies plus my thanks to Marlene L'Abbé for the cover of the last *Frogpond* (IX:2). Somehow my appreciation was apparently written in invisible ink. ESL

My gratitude to Marlene Mountain for the cover art for this issue. I trust the ink will be visible. ESL

### CONTEST WINNERS

Winners of the Hawaii Association Ninth Annual Haiku Contest are as follows.

Season Word Category: 1st, L. A. Davidson; 2nd, Darold D. Braid; 3rd, L. A. Davidson; Honorable Mentions to Humphrey Noyes, Miriam Sinclair, Darold D. Braid, Roberta Stewart, Carol Wainright, Alexis Rotella (2), Jaye Giammarino, Gloria H. Procsal, and Barbara McCoy.

Hawaii Theme: 1st, Rebecca Rust; 2nd Marvelee Soon Tahauri; 3rd, Mildred Murakami; Honorable Mentions to Helen E. Dalton (3), Winnie E. Fitzpatrick, Dorothy Winslow Wright (2), Miriam Sinclair, Roberta Stewart, Rebecca Rust, and Marvelee Soon Tahauri.

Humorous Category: 1st, Barbara McCoy; 2nd, Jaye Giammarino; 3rd, Miriam Sinclair; Honorable Mentions to Lorraine Ellis Harr (3), Rebecca Rust (2), Barbara McCoy (2), Miriam Sinclair, Alexis Rotella, and Carol Wainright.



## HAIKU CONTESTS

The Poetry Society of Japan is sponsoring its first International Tanka Contest and third International Haiku Contest (in English), open to the general public as well as to members. For rules send SAE with one IRC to: The Poetry Society of Japan, 5-11 Nagike-cho, Showa-ku, Nagoya 466, Japan. Deadline: December 31, 1986.

The North Carolina Haiku Society announces its 1987 Haiku Contest. For a copy of the rules, send SASE to North Carolina Haiku Society, 326 Golf Course Drive, Raleigh, NC 27610. Deadline December 31, 1986, in hand.

The Hawaii Education Association announces its Tenth Annual Haiku Writing Contest with November 15, 1986 deadline. For a copy of the rules, write Hawaii Education Association, 1649 Kalakua Ave., Honolulu, HI 96826. SASE.

Poets' Study Club of Terre Haute, Indiana, has announced its 1987 international poetry contest. One of the three categories is Traditional Haiku. For a copy of rules, SASE to Martha Oprisko, Contest Chairman, 1609 South 5th Street, Apt. 2, Terre Haute, IN 47802. Deadline is February 1, 1987.

## BOOKS AND CHAPBOOKS RECEIVED

Listing of new books received is for information only and does not imply endorsement by the magazine nor the Haiku Society of America. Future issues will carry reviews of some of these titles.

*the space between: binary haiku* by Eric Amann, LeRoy Gorman, George Swede; Wind Chimes Press, P.O. Box 601, Glen Burnie, MD 21061; 1986, 24 unno. pps., \$1.50 ppd. Wind Chimes Minibook XII.

*fragrance of frost grapes* by Charles B. Dickson; Skyefield Press, Deer Isle, Maine; 1986, 24 pps, \$4.00 ppd. From author, 3012 Bren Mar Way, Doraville, GA 30340.

*series three through six* by Michael Dudley; Wind Chimes Press (address above); 1986, 16 unno. pps., \$3.00 ppd. Wind Chimes Book VI.

*The Spinalonga Poems: a tanka sequence* by Geraldine C. Little; Wind Chimes Press (address above); 1986, 24 unno. pps., \$1.50 ppd. Wind Chimes Minibook XIV.

*Against the Night* by James Minor; Juniper Press, 1310 Shorewood Drive, La Crosse, WI 54601; 1986, 19 pps., \$6. plus \$1 postage for one copy, two or more copies \$6. each. Number 23, William N. Judson Series.

*Adornings* by Michael Joseph Phillips; 1986, 118 pps., \$7.95, From author, 430 East Wylie St., Bloomington, IN 47401-4743.

Dear Gary,

I would  
love to see  
some of your  
trails for  
consideration  
for Frogpond.

Meanwhile,  
best wishes!

ESC

