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GARY HOTHAM GENSTHOFEN, GERMANY 6 JAN 87

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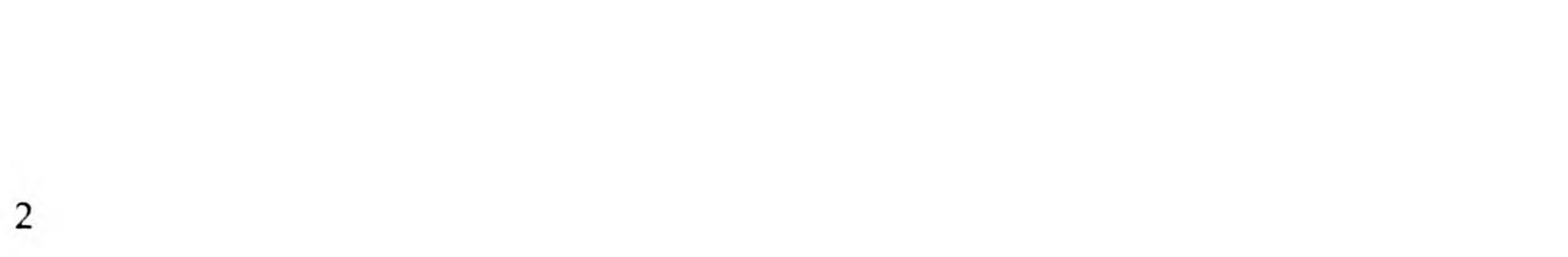
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#### WORD FROM THE EDITOR

ESL the rounded basket filling with haiku & begonia blossoms

About a year ago the famous classic photographer Andre Kertesz, now in his nineties, visited Santa Fe for the opening of a retrospective exhibit of his work. In a story about him, a local reporter wrote of Kertesz, considered one of the fathers of photojournalism and candid photography, that his photographs "combine a haunting simplicity, a subtle geometry and a powerful poetry." Kertesz himself once said, "I always photographed what the moment told me." Perhaps there is a kernel of wisdom there for haiku poets. He did not say that he photographed what the moment 'showed' him, but rather what the moment 'told' him, which I take to be quite a different and deeper thing. Just so, the memorable haiku is not written from a superficial surface view of a moment's experience, but from a more centered awareness, from what the moment *tells* the poet.

An important new book is now available: Cor van den Heuvel's revised and expanded Haiku Anthology (Simon & Schuster). This handsome paperback brings together a bountiful and varied collection of haiku and senryu plus an informative introduction and appendix. Cause indeed for celebration in the haiku world and for congratulations to Cor-with the hope that not too many years will pass before a third edition appears including the work of even more of the younger generation of fine haiku poets now writing. Another book I wish to mention is the beautiful small chapbook, Against the Night by James Minor (Juniper Press). This is one example of the many and varied haiku chapbooks now appearing. This one, listed in the May Frogpond, is special by virtue of its dedication "in memory of Raymond Roseliep." Elsewhere in this current issue are other haiku for Raymond Roseliep/Sobi-Shi, whose influence continues to be felt in the haiku world three years after his death. As my own tribute, I quote one of my favorite haiku from Against the Night:

> autumn moon the harvesting stillness of Sobi-Shi

> > James Minor

3

As this year draws to a close and *Frogpond* completes its ninth year, my wish for all of you is that you will experience an ever deepening sense of

# the wonder of the now moment and what it tells you. May haiku bring you joy!

# MUSEUM OF HAIKU LITERATURE (TOKYO) AWARD

\$25 for best previously unpublished haiku from *Frogpond* IX:3

> The worm far out on this paved lot more rain

> > John-Bruce Shoemaker

November gusts dead spider clings to its web

As we argue a beetle shell rocks on the window ledge

Autumn evening she paints her nails I star gaze

She won't speak to me . . . neither will Basho, Buson or even Issa

George Swede

Silence after hard words: ice settles in my glass

**Rich Youmans** 

fire in the caves of his eyes her cold, wet hands

Marian Olson

5

first snow . . . the cherry blossoms falling last May



**Before Tutankhamon** before even Exodus these redwood giants

All Souls two weeks gone still he sits there shrunken smile the jack o' lantern

Ruth G. Iodice

rain gust the old cicada shell disappears

deepening

the stillness a leaf falling

autumn waning a melon left on a fencepost

into my sleep the moon calling with your voice

Stephen Hobson

Autumn evening ... drifting in the pond: feathers



blue-grey lichen patch crusting the shredding bark on the old cedar

bright woodland fungi grow like seashells on the trees rich earth fragrance

luminous maple bright gold leaves tossing in wind by the old mill house

(for F. R. G.

Bridgewater, CT)

E. Barrie Kavasch

centered in a shaft of sunlight his chanted *aum* 

drifting into my daydream Andean flute

rooster at sunset above a wisp of cloud a wisp of moon

Margarita Mondrus Engle

pine-filtered moon . . . a nightjar scoops a spider from its web

sipping white lightning from a jug . . . campers and a moonshiner

click of poker chips at dawn ... a nuthatch trills

November dawn ... the swamp lilies' fragrance floats toward winter

Charles B. Dickson

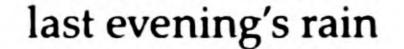
early autumn hunt: blowflies on the shoulder of a fallen moose

Gloria H. Procsal

in autumn woods a wild turkey outrunning the hounds

Marjorie Burney Willis

a gust of bluejays through the pines



1



# 1986 HAROLD G. HENDERSON CONTEST WINNERS

# FIRST PRIZE (\$100)

# light up under the gull's wing: sunrise

Ruth M. Yarrow

SECOND PRIZE (\$50)

second husband painting the fence the same green

Carol Montgomery

# THIRD PRIZE (\$25)

such coolness the snail stretches its neck

Clark Strand



We were very pleased with the quality of the 275 poems submitted to the Henderson Contest this year, and have selected, in addition to the three prize winning haiku, six haiku for honorable mention (given below in no particular order) and a senryu which we both thought was outstanding, though not a haiku.

> Geraldine C. Little William J. Higginson Judges

#### HONORABLE MENTION

the one legged bird that deep bend before taking off

David E. LeCount

bird song lost in bird song

Peggy Willis Lyles

walking in on her dead eyes reflecting snowfall

Bill Pauly

bird feeder untouched ...

alone again

Ruby Spriggs

in the sea the fireworks rising

Rebecca Rust

circling each thigh cool of the night river

Ruth M. Yarrow



#### SENRYU\*

small child afraid to throw away his Church Bulletin

Carol Montgomery

\*Traditionally, haiku and senryu share the same form. However, while haiku focus on our perceptions of the natural world, including but not emphasizing humans, senryu focus on human foibles. Senryu usually poke a bit of fun at people, and may have the biting tinge of sarcasm. We both feel that Montgomery's "second husband" is seen as a natural being, doing the natural thing, and find that poem to be a haiku, though one rich with humor. The "small child" seems more focused on the human emotion and the humor, making it a senryu in our judgment, but one with a good deal of depth. We do not feel that a senryu is eligible for a prize in a haiku contest, but hope this will help clarify the differences between the two genres. EJH & GCL



nobody there to meet me pouring rain

we talk of our past my wife picks wax from the candlestick burns it in the flame

nick avis

bodhidharma taken down and replaced with O'Keeffe's iris

George Jaramillo-Leone

Glinting by the curb: a strand of tinsel foil is all that remains ...

Renge

From the church organ practice scares the roosting birds

Old gravestones tilt; moonlight shadowed by a passing owl

The fly crossing Titian's masterpiece stops to wash its foot

Elizabeth Hillman

finding my father in a Franz Hals painting how his eyes twinkle

Francine Porad

in the dusk another jogger

12

# on the wet sidewalk

#### Lenard D. Moore

the wind rubbing the lake the wrong way

starting a journey the back-looking face washed with rain

the barking of seals comes to the mainland as a mist

Jane Reichhold

A fox stands in the barn's shadow hunters moon

**Doreen Breheney Robles** 

his grin over the roar of the motorbikedistant river

evening swallows a real estate agent pounds a sign into the lawn

shielding my eyes from the blind woman's lit-up house

Rod Willmot



autumn stillness cicada's paper shell lying in the path

another child's grave among the headstones grasslands cemetery

Yuri

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

still aloft near the barn roof the old hay fork

calf's tongue stroking my hand before the fire

Edward J. Rielly

The silence of the carpenter's hammer cold autumn wind

Season

Grave-visit shadows from the lantern's candle moonless autumn night

Charles B. Rodning

NEITHER KERNEL NOR SHELL A Solo Renga by Lenore Mayhew

Autumn's high stars

ease away the thick heat of summer

Sliding faster the rising water

Along the bank the willows pull up the roses grow vivid

In the university library concentration reaches the ceiling

Every wet flake of snow finds a place to stick

All sorts of cakes the same icing

Small princess under the blue satin gown jeans and a sweater

The nun in the coffee shop real, or "carnavale"?

Walking all the way the sunburnt Chiyo-ni called a "devil"

Underneath her bulk "a willow still"

New moon, the best rooms in the house for the new wife

"You don't need a weatherman to know which way the wind blows"

Under the ramshackle porch, the dog and the catink clouds

Green light under the eaves

In the southwest corner grandma reads to the children, from the kitchen cooking sounds

Green, yellow, and red peppers for the country pasta

The cook's wife stops her work to set straight

#### the daughter's braids

## The customer at the counter Longhi's Casanova

Behind the bar Jesus pours out grappa for the neighbors' wives

At the end of the alley Judaica: a bowl of light

The bitter air of winter still distancing the sun, all cats inside

At Auntie's Tea Room the chocolate cake's gone

Tea and sunlight, past the glass door schoolboys: ambience on foot

The workman hammers, coughs, spits, hammers, coughs

Last wire taut through the peek-hole in the circus tent empty dressing room

Raspberry glass necklace a bouquet of flowers

One hat, miscellaneous sleeves – all dressed up to watch the house-building mountain monkeys

Spring sun and a cloud of bees

Under the juniper in the side garden, the white rocks

#### are tender and wet

### Skimming breast to breast duck and shadow duck

Ghost of the Orient Express: jet trail starboard at seven miles up

Above the weather and below the void galley clatter and hot coffee

The long movie unwinds in a cave at the bottom silence

The violins begin again, her dress rustles

Along the boulevard

the light blue flowers, dark blue in slanted light

In the creviced elm the hard sap pushes up





## HAIKU FOR A NIGHT OF INSOMNIA

in the kitchen I step on a cool gecko its body still shaking

flying into my room, a bat crashes against the lamp: scattered cracks of light

a cock crows and I look out the window: the same empty street

José Carlos Barbosa

A dead butterfly floating in the gutter pond – double rainbow arcs

Diane Webster

old well gurgles cough up rust

cicadas swaying the light

Frederick Gasser

19

schoolyard sycamores:

cicadas are warming up the children's morning Nick Virgilio

### **RHODE ISLAND SEQUENCE**

Rhode Island mist: a lone figure on the "widows walk" appears again

strong sea winds catch and release another shadow

long after sunset still counting the rosary

on the door a grapevine wreath drips with rain

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Joyce Currier

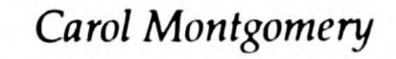
Caught in the mirror an old face glances away from itself

Tom Coon

repointing the quoins in the sunlight red maple leaves fall

autumn storm my dead aunt's alarm ringing





Remembering December 6, 1983

for him the measuring cup Christ

Sister Mary Thomas Eulberg

after Sobi-Shi seeing only the Rabbit no longer the Man

Kenneth C. Leibman

Autumn dusk: black pine and bell tower silent

Two monks talking . . . leaves falling the only sound

Tom Wheeler

#### for Thomas Merton

listening to the rain the bald-headed monk burns his supper

Kent A. Anderson

Lenore Mayhew

21

A brown rabbit sitting in his no-mind.

Note: The death of haiku poet and priest Raymond Roseliep occurred on 6 Dec. 83; he also wrote under the 'haiku name' of Sobi-Shi. One of his last books was *Rabbit in the Moon*. ESL

financial district, yellow leaves do not fall from the billboard

bandshell the bag-lady snores through monday rain

Jerry Kilbride

seventh day of rain . . . trying to remember the names of things

hunchback

darkness the crow carries

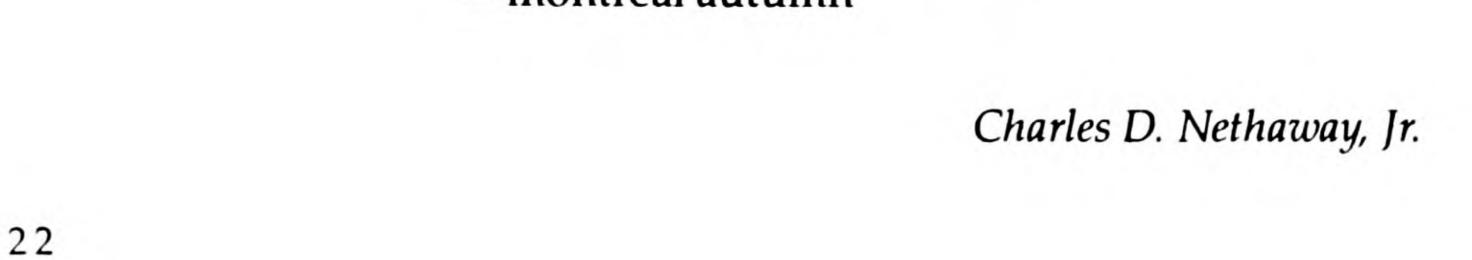
**Bill Pauly** 

the day after Thanksgiving sales in all the stores ... rain since dawn

autumn rain and leaves ... outside the bank a drunk panhandling

M. Kettner

punk waitress flowers painted down her leg —montreal autumn



# THE PEOPLE'S FACES Mexico City Earthquake And Its Aftermath September 19-27, 1985

by Ty Hadman

The air is still yet the windchimes tremble ...

Earthquake! The entire city wide awake!

A highrise collapses; the sound of high-pitched screams from floor to floor

A hotel leveled: the no-vacancy sign lies crumpled on the rubble

Sirens and whistles blare, horns honk, alarms ring the crowd wails

Explosions, fire and smoke, helicopters, soldiers in the streets flashbacks of Vietnam ...

Zona Rosa: the white outfits of paramedics spattered with blood

A common beggar: how badly his donation of rare blood was needed!

Signs of the disaster everywhere I go, but especially in the people's faces

Flaming torches: rescue workers digging deeper and deeper ...

Cathedral full of people praying each face with a different horrified expression!

Airport waiting room: nervous tourists with tickets watch the clock tick

Thousands of volunteers searching for hundreds of victims still buried alive ...

Another survivor rescued from the rubble he looks like Lazarus!

The death toll mounting; vultures and journalists they have come to prey



Day after day layer upon layer of stacked caskets (Hospital Juarez)

Rats on the rampage rampant in all the tall piles of rubbish and rubble

Uncovered manhole: people dipping plastic pails into sewer water

Blazing bonfire a hot pot of black beans for the homeless

Moonlit tents: like one big family, the homeless humming hymns

Without food and water for a week the buried baby "She's alive! She's still alive!"

Sunday morning: the sound of cathedral bells and hammers ringing

Slowly but surely their lovely faces beginning to smile again ...



## LIVES OF THE OLDER CHINESE POETS

An old, revered stone, whisper of brush's tongue across a white silence.

Green tea at twilight, heron-studded sky; a plain conversation.

On late autumn evenings when the sly breeze ignores obstacles, gathering to drink plum wine.

Leonard Cochran

Here we have no names You cup the moon in your hands Trees shadow the snow

John Roberts

autumn darkness the empty pages scatter in the sudden gust

Anthony J. Pupello

Autumn wind the Bosai kakemono raps against the wall

Matthew Louvière



Early morning walk on a country road: fog whispers in the corn fields

Walking through autumn rain: wet leaves don't rustle

At home after a friend's wedding: I fill one wine glass

John Mark Sheirer

another whiskey

## even the trophy trout swims

Jeffrey Winke (from Thirds)

Perugian alleyways lost in the dark fresh baked bread!

the overhang sun creeping higher highlights its claw

Humphrey Noyes

unhinged on the post half a gate batters

۰.



**Endless traffic** in the valley of the shadow commuters from Los Alamos.

> (Los Alamos, a nuclear research center in northern New Mexico.) Peter Fortunato

TANKA (For José)

The Bedford Springs Hotel: its white paint peeling; we walk in search of a brook

that has long disappeared.

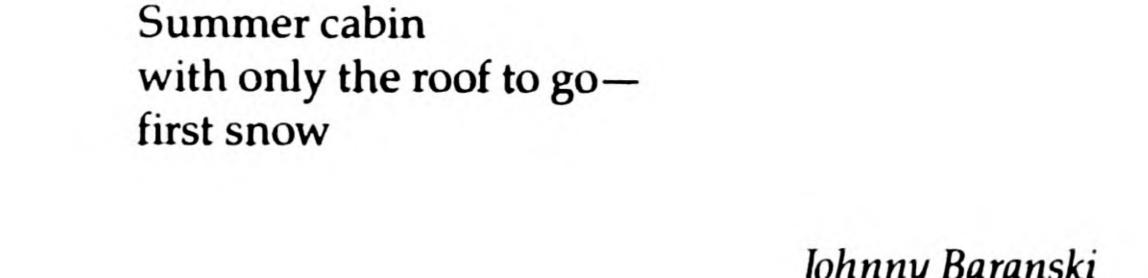
Alexis Rotella

cloudy day half a load of clothes in the wash a second friend with aids first falling leaves autumn dusk the crooked road home

Marlene Mountain

Threatening sky origami peace cranes tail a rocket-shaped kite

:28



Just turned fourteen my son give me a pair of hand-me-down shoes

Ross Kremer

finicky child . . . the towhee's "eat you wheat"

ravelling a sleeve she stretches crinkled yarn ... footsteps on dry leaves

witnessing his will ... the frost-hatched pane

Peggy Willis Lyles

Up the aisle: Bobby and his grandpa with the same gait

R. Dirk

at the track, finishing his laps the old man lights up

Denver Stull

In the early evening My grandson stepping on my shadow



#### Herman M. Ward

## LONG LAKE RENGA conclusion

•

Alvaro Cardona-Hine Barbara Hughes John Minczeski

#### 5.

jm	on the shore the stones
	have waited for centuries
	to enlighten us
ach	we know the way they do it
	in tight and shimmering crowds
bh	one hundred feet deep
	in the middle of the lake

	and no different there
jm	a blackbird feather/ a fish a single drop of water
ach	so I say to you go looking for the owl's cry with your eyes open
bh	and listen to the dog bark without judgment in your heart
jm	the afternoon breeze tree limbs brush the water's skin mushrooms! silences!
ach	you know where the woman pees the fish so happy grow wings



- bh the afternoon sun is angling down now toward home the lake leans with it
- jm the look on the old Finn's face one sprig of mint/ one of fennel
- ach at home/ on my desk the poetry languishes the place gathers dust
- bh this sky we have here today passed over our house last night
- jm the crickets are still trying to get at the heart of the impossible
- ach easy does it! says the fish incapable of drowning
  - bh standing on the dock no sky above or below we jump in like frogs



Note: Preceding sections of "Long Lake Renga" appeared in *Frogpond* IX: 1, 2, 3. An error crept into Part 4; IX: 3 4th link from the end should read:

the end of August everything that is green green a while longer



as she places the cup on its saucer, water-lily

eight-months pregnant she swings the balloons

Marlene L'Abbé

hospital rounds: the old priests tweaks my toe

nursing home: the newcomer steals a plum from her neighbor's tray

**Rosamond Haas** 

her fire-scarred hands: she still takes great care to keep the nails polished

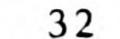
Gregory Suarez

grandpa insists he still hears the crickets cricket season gone

Kevin Driscoll

Visiting my mother-in-law ... the statue stiffness in her pose





No haiku for weeks then these hawks carving the air above white cliffs

David Elliott

straining to see the blue heron's return ... a splash-the turtle's gone

Anthony Manousos

Cordillera Blanca camping: across the stream from us an avalanche roars down

Above the sunglow

white mountain goat alone

Below the crags juniper tasting the wind

Martin Kornfeld

on the way up the mountain side the sun goes down

Frederick Gasser

at the foot of the mountain hearing the gravel crunch beneath our feet



goldenandgoneleaves spinning and spending on a last lark of summer

a wayward beachball drifting shoreward lost and shining ... like a fallen sun

first frost

the persimmons are yellow now and sweet

and tomorrow will be winter we will enter into morning darkly

anne mckay

In this brief dream a tiny bird is singing his notes as thin as string

Autumn path the soft-shoe shuffle through fallen leaves

Frank Trotman

Sound of the bridge in this cold spell is different.

;

34

Carrow De Vries

MAMMOTH CAVERN SEQUENCE

Mammoth Cavern a small boy yawns

the tour guide intones slow drip of water

the cavern's description lost in echoes

exchanging smiles among stalactites

across ancient walls our shadows dancing

Philip Miller

the small boy unwrapping sweets in his pocket the swooping pigeons

the pale face at a high-rise window sparrows on the street

leaving with the sun starling cloud

Colin Shaddick

that moment at dusk the jay's color overflows

now joy now despair the autumn moon

Clark Strand 35

I pass that leaf then go back . . . gold in my hand

through window frames of the unfinished building December sunset

Sister Mary Thomas Eulberg

Unwrapping Xmas ornaments— Last January's newspaper

Sealing the letter The glue Tastes of communion wafer

Marco Fraticelli

icicle drop by drop a lick of sun

James Minor

Icy rain; the little boy's toy whistle, his shrill laughter ...

Barbara McCoy

Lighted store window:

## a night mouse discovers the gumdrop tree



winter solstice, my breath sparkles in the low sun

christmas night the silence behind the wind

Jerry Kilbride

1

One of her high black heels pointing upward mistletoe!

Ty Hadman

Christmas Eve: on a dead branch a white dove settles

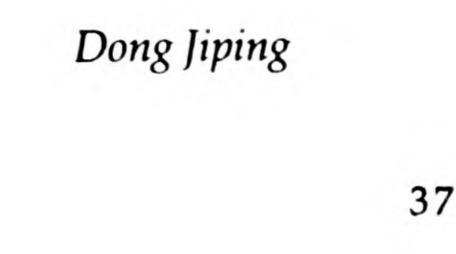
Alexis Rotella

December twilight I flip through the blank pages of next year's diary

Norma S. Hass



new year's eve candlelight moving on every face



#### **BOOK REVIEWS**

... sometimes in a certain light, anne mckay. Minibook VIII, Wind Chimes Press, P.O. Box 601, Glen Burnie, MD 21061, 1985. ... still dancing, anne mckay. Minibook XIII, Wind Chimes Press, 1986. Both books \$1.50 each, postpaid.

**Reviewed by Carol Wainright** 

It's difficult to write about poetry that one either loves or hates. Cliches riddle both paths. I beg the reader's forbearance if I err with the cliches of enthusiasm in describing the work of the Canadian poet, anne mckay.

anne possesses that rare blend of qualities that allows her poetry to convey the loneliness, tenderness and simplicity so highly prized in Japanese haiku. At the same time, however, the images and content are pure North American, more so perhaps in her most recent book. I like the combination very much.

Both books possess integrity and were written with great care. Each word, each phrase is the right one. The placement of the words and spaces within each haiku is done lovingly and with attention to the nuances of the individual poem. There is continuity within each book. The spirit and mood of one haiku anticipates, flows into, the next. At times, when I read these books, it is like the effect of sunlight spilling ahead of me on a forest floor. Here and there anne begins a haiku in mid-sentence using 'and' or 'but'. I find this pleasing. We are accustomed to haiku that don't end, but drift off into a realm of feeling and ambiguity. Why not begin so? It's as if the poet had been lost in a world of sensations, oblivious of the reader, and then gently turned to the reader again. The kaleidoscope of color and sound moves slightly. The poet is respectful of rules, yet slips around them when the requirements of a haiku demand that she do so. Most of the haiku use from fifteen to seventeen syllables, but if more are needed they are used. Never, however, are the words unnecessary. Some haiku use articles, some don't. Again, this is determined by the needs of the poem and not by a preconceived notion. Ordinarily poets avoid the use of similes in haiku, but anne uses even this technique when appropriate. This haiku, for example, is a delight precisely because of the simile:

halfhiding

38

the darting play of children shy as trout

It reminds me of Issa's creative flexibility and use of simile. For example:

The soft willow Yielding as a woman, Invites me to pass Through the hedge. (tr. Yuasa) anne loves to combine words to form new words filled with color and taste like dreamspeaker, yellowochre russet, gallgreen and frostflowers. The twentieth century Swedish poet, Harry Martinson, who wrote so simply of nature, did this with his haystackedcloud summers and blue thundercloudberries.

... sometimes in a certain light is a collection of twenty-nine haiku dedicated to Douglas. They are poems of things past, of things vulnerable in the present, of things seen...in a certain light. They are poems of fragile loneliness where sadness carries to the edge of joy. The concluding haiku is exceptional, but here are three examples from the early pages of the book:

> and the pears we waited for ... ripening too late

> > by a too thin sun

the landings look so small so vulnerable

when the tide is down

only four golden pippens this year

# in the old priory orchard

... still dancing bears a double dedication—to the Salish weavers of Soowahlie Indian Reservation and to Hal Roth "a weaver of words." This is appropriate. Hal Roth, the editor of Wind Chimes Press, continues to produce a fine series of chapbooks and to provide an outlet for the many and varied expressions of North American haiku. The Salish Indians are an ancient people of British Columbia and the American Northwest whose weaving had achieved the perfection of art long before Europeans arrived.

anne's book is a collection of twenty-four haiku which reach through the weaving to touch the people, especially the women whose fingers still know the old ways. A book I found in the library mentioned an Old Woman whose spirit still lives among these weavers and who gives to her daughters "... a special empathy, a special consideration, and she is always there in those times when a woman feels alone; always in those times when the room is full of daemons and the night is crowded with phantoms. She lives everywhere, capable of transmutation of form, trans-

migration of spirit, and you have but to call her to find her within yourself." (The Nootka Legend in Salish Weaving by Paula Gustafson, Douglas and McIntyre Ltd., Vancouver, B.C., 1980, p. 7; in U.S. by University of Washington Press.) It seems possible that something of the Old Woman's empathy was given to anne when she wrote the following:

> ... and for weaving the dancing aprons a single bar loom hung low

steam from the dye baths rising on a cool morning bitter in the throat

no longer singing . . . the arrow in a green wood

anne mckay has an individual voice. It is the soft light that filters through bracken fern at the edge of the great forests of the Pacific northwest. Yet, even though the effect is fragile, there is strength in this voice. anne is a poet with vision.

# was

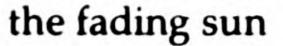
**the open eye: haiku** by Lenard D. Moore (Raleigh and Durham: The North Carolina Haiku Society Press, P.O. Box 14247, Raleigh, NC 27620, 1986), \$6.00

Reviewed by Hiroaki Sato

Apparently a quick study, Lenard Moore writes straight-A-student haiku. Most of his pieces go beyond what might be expected of someone who, to quote from the blurb, "first discovered" this manner of writing only two and a half years ago; but many of them leave me unsatisfied in a peevish sort of way.

Spring plowing ... how long it lasts sniffing the rosebud: an old man—





These pieces open the "spring" section of the book, which has three other sections of "summer," "autumn," and "winter," and they are obviously well done. But then I begin to wonder: Are they real? About the first, did a rooster in fact keep at cock-a doddle-doo long enough for Mr. Moore, presumably idly watching spring plowing, to be puzzled by the bird's persistence? Aren't we more prone to notice, mostly in insomniac discomfiture, the repeated call of a rooster in the hours before dawn, when plowing is unlikely to be underway in the field? As for the second, isn't the picture too pat to be true?

Here are two other pieces from "spring:"

the old monk	through the window		
singing	a moonlit candle flickers		
in honeysuckle fragrance	in a young girl's hand		

Again, the images are appropriately haiku-esque, and they are described well (except perhaps the word "young" in the second piece, which some might find redundant). But, are they real?

Or, take these two pieces from the "summer" section:

Summer sunset —

the crippled dog's

old oak's shadow lengthening on the sunken grave old bone beside the snake

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The first may describe an actual scene, but its image strikes me as too conventional to be convincing. The second recalls Richard Eberhart's magnificent poem, "The Groundhog." But whereas the speaker in that poem visits, four times in four years, the spot where he saw a groundhog lying dead, here the observer doesn't seem to have done the actual observing. Somehow the words "crippled" and "old" and the combination of a dead dog and a snake suggest that the picture was merely imagined.

Imagining, of course, is an integral part of writing. The question is whether or not it's convincing reproduced. From time to time, Mr. Moore's imagining does make me pause and marvel, as in:

Long after sundown the sound of ripe plums plumping the ground

Here, "Long after sundown" may be too considered, but the phrase is acceptable probably because in this piece the initial idea itself appears to be a considered one.

On the whole, though, *the open eye* gives the impression of someone who read a couple of haiku books and decided to try his hand. That's the way many of us get going, and Mr. Moore's collection isn't a bad start. But so far he has written textbook haiku. At the risk of sounding avuncular, I'd like to express the hope that he will move a step forward and try to be true to himself the next time around.

### **BITS & PIECES**

#### HAIKU PUBLICATIONS

- Oak Grove Haiku. Congratulations to John Sheirer on the first issue of this new magazine! Note these changes 1) 2 issues per year, instead of 3; those who have subscribed at the \$4 rate will receive issues 1, 2, and 3. 2) new address: 123-B W. Washington, Athens, OH 45701.
- Oak Grove Haiku also publishes mini-chapbooks. See book listing for the first, by John Sheirer, already out; coming this fall are Holding Dusk by Bob Boldman and Antiphony of Bells by Alexis Rotella. \$2 each postpaid, advance orders welcome.
- Cicada Supplement (Amelia) will appear as a separate chapbook as of January 1. Single copies \$3.50; subscriptions to Cicada \$12 (foreign \$4.50, \$15 airmail). Frederick A. Raborg, Jr., Editor, 329 "E" St., Bakersfield, CA 93304.

#### **BOOK NEWS**

For his book *Haiku in English* (to be written in Japanese and published in Japan), Mr. Hiroaki Sato (326 West 22 St., New York, NY 10011) will welcome any personal recollection of the use of haiku as an educational tool in classrooms before the 60's; he is especially interested in learn-

ing if the haiku form was used in classrooms before World War II. For information on ordering The Haiku Anthology (van den Heuvel) and The Haiku Handbook (Higginson), send a self-addressed stamped envelope to: The Bookfactory, P.O. Box 72, Mt. Lakes, NJ 07046.

#### **COVER ART**

Thank to Barbara Gurwitz for the feather drawing.

#### CORRECTIONS

My apologies for errors which appeared in the last issue. The middle line of Edward J. Rielly's haiku on p. 9 should have read "the flow of the milky way"; on page 26 the second line of Johnny Baranski's third haiku should have read "origami peace cranes tail". Both of these haiku are reprinted elsewhere in this issue. So also is the second haiku from Humphrey Noyes' sequence "The Mani" page 37 which contained an error in the third line which should have read "highlights its claw". Note how well this haiku stands alone. In "The Long Lake Renga" page 30, the third line of the second link from the bottom should read "green a while longer." See Note following conclusion of the renga in this issue for a reprint of the entire link.

#### SOS FOR ADDRESS

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Robert A. Goodnow: Contributor's copy sent to address on his submission has been returned. Will anyone with a current address please let me have it. Thanks. ESL

#### 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.
- Rockland County Haiku Society announces its first annual Loke Hilikimani Haiku Contest. Deadline is February 28, 1987. Send SASE to

Leatrice Lifshitz, Rockland County Haiku Society, 3 Hollow Tree Court, Pomono, NY 10907, for a copy of rules.



#### **BOOKS AND CHAPBOOKS RECEIVED**

Listing of new books 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.

- Petals on the Stream: haiku from four seasons in Japan by Suezan Aikins. Hand-printed into brocade-bound 40-fold accordion books made in Kyoto. 1985, \$12. US. From author, Prospect, Nova Scotia, Canada B0J 2V0.
- ripe red apples by Kent A. Anderson. 1985, unpaged, \$2.50 ppd. From author, 1615 22nd Ave. N.E., Minneapolis, MN 55418.
- Fish Pond Moon by Johnny Baranski. Sunburst Press, P.O. Box 14205, Portland, OR 97214. 1986, unpaged miniature, \$3. Sunburst Matchbooks #2
  1987 Poet's Market by Judson Jerome. Writer's Digest Books. 372 pps., 1986, \$16.95 hardcover.
- In Frozen Fields: twenty-one haiku by Mark Allan Johnson. Haiku Zasshi Zo Publ. Co., P.O. Box 17056, Seattle, WA 98117. 1985, unpaged, \$3.
- This Year's Oak: 40 Haiku by Robert N. Johnson. Cy Johnson & Son, P.O. Box 288, Susanville, CA 96130. 1986, 8 pps., \$2. ppd.
- A Few from the Yuba by Jim Normington. Red Chrysanthemum. 1986, unpaged, \$2. From author, 2533 Castro Way, Sacramento, CA 95818.
- Connections: Haiku, Senryu, and Sketches and Pen and Inklings: Haiku, Senryu, and Sketches (Vol. 2) by Francine Porad. Vandina Press, P.O. Box 1551, Mercer Island, WA 98040. 1986, unpaged, \$5. each, ppd.
- Tule: Haiku by Frederick A. Raborg, Jr., AMELIA, 329 "E" St., Bakersfield, CA 93304. 1986, unpaged, paper w/jacket \$5.95, numbered and signed \$15.
- Graying Hair Gathers Snow: Winter Haiku by John Sheirer. Oak Grove Haiku Press, 123-B W. Washington, Athens, OH 45701. 1986, \$2. ppd. Oak Grove Press Mini-book #1.
- Sun Shadow, Moon Shadow: haiku, graphics and calligraphy by Ruby Spriggs. Heron's Cove Press, RR 2, Oxford Mills, Ont., Canada K0G 1S0. 1986, 44 pps., \$5 ppd.
- 80 Haiku by Sakuzo Takada. 1986, 112 pps., \$8. US, hardcover with jacket. From author, 1-8-13, Koenji-kita, Suginami-ku, Tokyo, Japan 166.
- 70 Sevens: Pathways of the Dragonfly by Tombo. Middlewood Press, P.O. Box 11236, Salt Lake City, UT 84147. 1986, 80 pps., \$5. plus 40<sup>e</sup> shipping.
  The Haiku Anthology: Haiku and and Senryu in English edited by Cor van den Heuvel. Simon & Schuster Inc., a Fireside Book. 1986, 368 pps., \$8.95.



#### HSA NEWS & BUSINESS

#### HSA MERIT BOOK AWARDS 1987

Cash prizes for the HSA Merit Book Awards will be:

First Prize:\$100.00Second Prize:\$75.00Third Prize:\$50.00

Books published in 1985 and 1986 are eligible for consideration. Send entries to Penny Harter, Box 219, Fanwood, NJ 07023. Judge(s) will be announced later. Books should be sent as soon as possible and should be postmarked not later than December 31, 1986.

DUES REMINDER

Annual dues for membership in the Haiku Society of America are payable on January 1, 1987. Please renew as soon as possible. This will enable the officers to plan the year's activities and will also ensure receipt of the first 1987 issue of *Frogpond* without delay. Dues should be sent to the Membership Secretary Doris Heitmeyer, 315 East 88th St., Apt. 1F, #42, New York, NY 10128.

A word of clarification—half-year memberships are available to members joining the Haiku Society <u>after</u> the 1st of July. Donations, taxdeductible, are welcomed at any time of the year and are greatly appreciated.

#### HSA ANNUAL FINANCIAL REPORT October, 1985—September, 1986

I. Beginning Balance 10/1/85		\$1524.23
II. Income		
Membership Dues	4755.00	
Single Issues Frogpond	633.00	
Henderson Contest Entries	255.00	
Contributions	568.39	
Other	100.00	
Sub-total Income	6311.39	6311.39
III. Payments		
Frogpond Publishing	3588.32	
Postage	1238.00	
Awards	200.00	
Stationery	175.00	
Xeroxing	200.00	
Bank Fees	19.70	
Other	122.50	
Sub-total Payments	5543.52	5543.52

#### IV. Balance 9/30/86

2292.10 R. Kremer Treasurer, HSA

