

#### HAIKU SOCIETY OF AMERICA 333 East 47th Street New York, NY 10017

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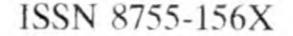
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# frogpond

frigid night: bare branches embrace

space

Ruth Yarrow

Vol. XVIII, No. 4 Winter 1995 HAIKU SOCIETY OF AMERICA

#### **Museum of Haiku Literature** \$50 for best haiku appearing in the previous issue

the white v of a killdeer's wings opening in the wake of its cry

Wally Swist

#### FROM THE EDITOR

The trees are old now-cold and barren in fields of white, as depicted on this issue's cover, in the theme haiku, and in so many of the works in the following pages, hallowing in poetry the losses that the trees and we have endured. In the middle of this icy season comes a time of festivals celebrating birth, rebirth, light, the promise of light in the darkness. And the trees will be young again! Thank you for your continuing letters of encouragement and advice, for telling me about what you like and don't like about this year's frogpond. Most of you have expressed satisfaction with the increased number of haiku, including the introduction of many new voices. This, of course, comes at a price; there is, as has been noted, no such thing as a free lunch. And some readers have expressed dissatisfaction with the relative lack of white space around each poem. I have hoped that the random, "shotgun" composition of the haiku pages would make up for this to some extent, and would be delighted to receive advice on how to reconcile the problem without adding to subscription costs. During the recent Haiku Chicago conference, as a session broke for lunch, I observed one of the audience sitting in obvious meditationeyes closed, upcurved hands on her lap, in the midst of the hubbub of chairs scraping, people suddenly chattering. She had tapped into her own inner silence—as do the worshippers at my own Quaker Meeting, situated in the Student Ghetto next to a large university campus. So too, we can create inner space to isolate and frame an object within us. After all, a haiku on a page is merely a mineral deposit on dead vegetation—it is not until it is inside us that it has life.

So, wishing you empowerment for the joyful reanimation of the mineral and vegetable matter herein . . .

Kenneth C. Leibman

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3

first flakes ... the curve of the snowgoose's neck Michael Dylan Welch

Snowflakes I stick out my tongue R.A. Stefanac

the snowflake floating in no hurry R.A. Stefanac

snow falling ... a friend plays Chopin études each note drifts away Helen K. Davie

falling snow the flowershop stays open late LeRoy Gorman

Just walking along, not one word exchanged—me and all these fat snowflakes.

Mark Brandrud

Soft falling snow caressing the ground Michelle Walker new love

past the cactus in the window—shifting Marianne Bluger flurries

black snowflakes freckle the yellow taxi Ryan G. Van Cleave

С 0 W nof C r OW C of r n 0 now ofsnow C n OW r statue 0 nth е oftheVirgin Carlos Colón



snow no path in the woods Susan Stanford

white daybreak until wind sweeps the tall pine green Suzanne Williams

Looking out there for something other than snow.

Ross LaHaye

all day north wind shapes the snow

Jean Jorgensen

snowed in the sheet scattered with closed books

Marlene Mountain

Road closed: on the mailbox a package of snow.

Tim Scannell

the snow crust peppered with springtails

Carol Conti-Entin

sculptor helping her children build a snowman

Dorothy McLaughlin

My outbound tracks now darkened by winter springtails

David Worden

stone lantern's precision complemented by the snow's assymmetry

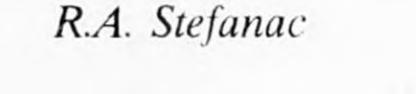
Brent Partridge

5

night wind sifting through the black spruce distant light

Ruth Yarrow

snow softening the night



overnight frost heaves buckle the highway built all last summer

Addie Lacoe

river ice cracks a stuck log Michael Dylan Welch

East River north with the tide, south with the tide the same ice floes

Doris Heitmeyer

ice cakes abandoned by the

tide

new icethe lake ringing

Donald B. Hendrich

aglow with frost plumes of pampas grass point to the day moon

Phyllis Walsh

what do others do? alone . . . the blizzard . . .

joan iversen goswell

half-sunken in the lake, the frost-bound boat locked by the stars

a grandfather's fish stories river ice snaps in the cold

LeRoy Gorman

The TV left on, talking to an empty room about today's snow.

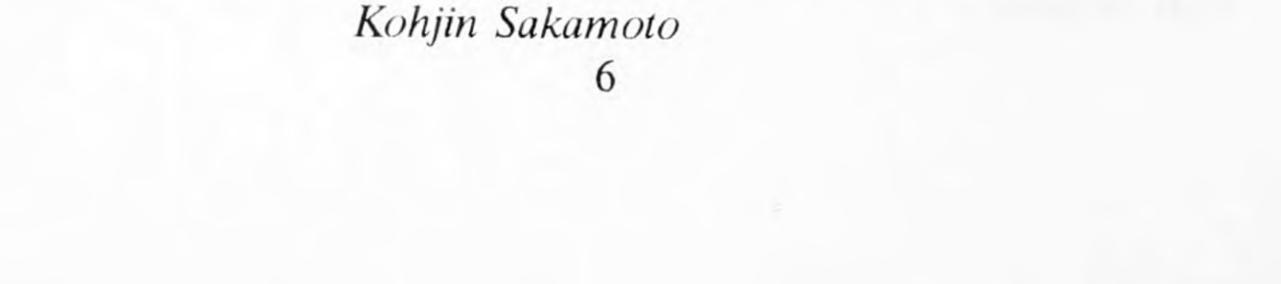
Robert L. Brimm

the snow falling harder, the silence

unchanged

Peter Brady

night snow . . . the same amount of whiteness glistens on each gravestone



early morning chill warmed by the hawk basking in the sun

Flori Ignoffo

Three jays on the snow; I think I see the color Of my daughter's eyes.

Stanley J. Keach, Jr.

jay's yell scattering snow

John Martone

over the winter's stubble the call of a single crow

john hudak

crow alights; snap of a dead twig Emily Romano

on a bare tree black starlings bitter pears

Lynn E. Levin

after the snowstorm a peg of blackbirds holding up the clothesline

Angelee Deodhar

The sparrow's song spills through barren branches . . . bright winter sun

Dusk on the lake yields passage to the cry of a far-off loon

Edward Grastorf

break from reading Proustgoing to feed the swans on a winter river

Brent Partridge

northern lights connecting the loon calls pine rustle



deep snow returning cat steps gingerly in each outbound track

Suzanne Williams

so silent the stray cat puffed in the cold

Charles H. Easter

the last shovelful! a squirrel scolds the man in the snow

warming my feet on the patch of floor where the dog slept

winter morningcat curled on clothes from the dryer Jocelyn A. Conway

1 2

Makiko

Emily Romano

winter sunsetthe cat yawns I yawn Michael Dylan Welch

in the twilight the silhouette of a fox stumbles through snowcrust

Phil Howerton

moonlight and snow: crossing the yard, the shadow and its cat

Louise Somers Winder

clear sky even the stars seem colder

Timothy Russell

frozen pond only strong enough to hold the stars



silent dawn the bird's nest full of snow

Jim Kacian

How naked the robin's nest in bare trees

William Scott Galasso

bitter chill wind ruffling a ball of feathers outside a sparrow

Robert Henry Poulin

misty shore inching through broken shells gull with a French fry

Rebecca Rust

shells fragmenting in the surf-oysters and oyster drills

seashells

on the frozen pond . . . last summer's tears

Peggy Willis Lyles

Paul Watsky

The stack of firewood has only a layer left lone lizard departs

Harriet L. Axelrad

inches from the branch in the spider's web a dead leaf

through sun opaqued grime on the window a leaf shadow passes

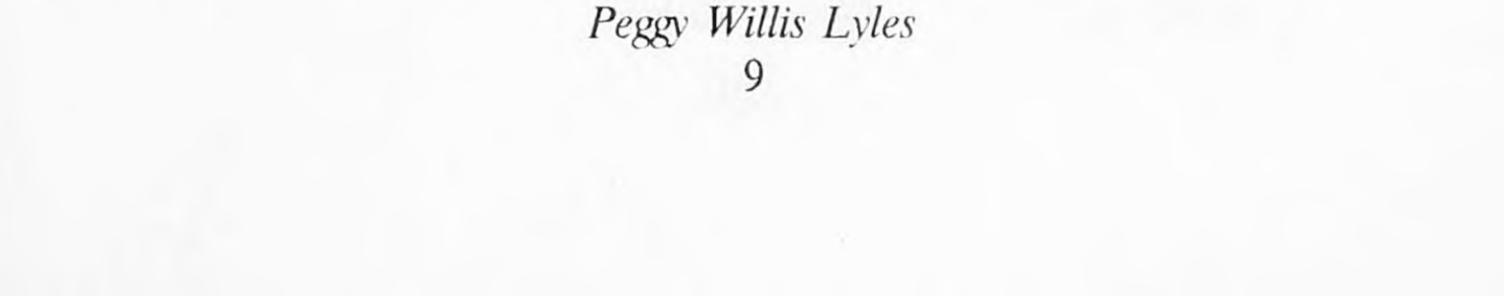
chris gordon

winter sunsetabandoned factory windows shuttered with gold dust

Dorothy McLaughlin

winter night I dreamed your garden lights were fireflies

winter night . . . learning where the creaks are in the narrow hall



Car alarm reaching the eleventh floor before dawn

Sydell Rosenberg

waking up to rain the thunder of a yawn from the next room

Rebecca Rust

Awake at first light waiting in bed until the bureau takes shape

Donna Claire Gallagher

winter's morning rush on all the black umbrellas tiny pools of sky steamed cafe window mint from the wildlife stamp flavors my latte

Ebba Story

Through the great window

Black ice, sudden skid recalling all my yesterdays William Scott Galasso

a panoramic view of the fog

Tom Tico

quick to chill and shiver, the carp tattooed across my back

Kohjin Sakamoto

Another birthday, and the winter moon is still seen in broad daylight

Richard Chandler

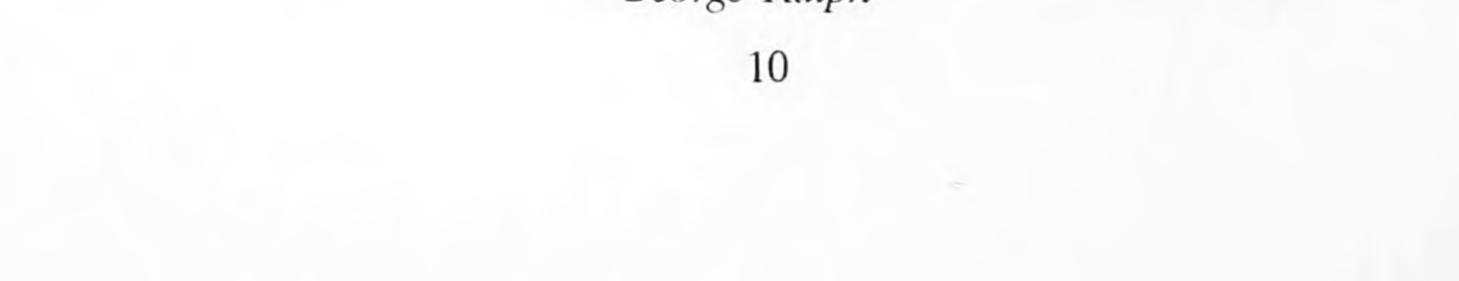
short December day lengthening shadows claim it

moonlight on the snow: the airplane that carries her farther eastward

George Ralph

cutting across the graveyard frozen stiff

John Stevenson



first cold morningon the bathroom heater dust burns

Brian Tasker

February morning praying over my frozen car

Jennie A. Kies

fuse flash lights ou Andrew Burke

listenthe furnace shuts offwinter

John Martone

in a leafless park the silent merry-go-round three horses missing

winter trees in the mist the rhythm of the wipers

Cathy Drinkwater Better

December tugging day after day at those four forgotten apples

Rhina P. Espaillat

new owners for the orchard apples taste the same

Jeanette Stace

December storm strips the live oak's leaves, but not mistletoe

Marian M. Poe

the gate: tangled with a lock of withered vines Robert Henry Poulin

winter prairiea diesel locomotive throttles down in the night

#### Ronan



brown blooms of the tree hydrangea white again

Tom Smith

a chime of bells across the snowy field the horse's breath *Michael Dylan Welch* 

hugging the valley's cleavage snow clouds haloed sun snow showers soften the cliff's rough edges

Mary Fran Meer

snowstorm continuing the wooded mountains growing more and more purple frozen waterfall our breath suspended as we look down

Jean Jorgensen

Brent Partridge

pulling itself over the sawtooth mountains a late winter sunset

Jeanne Emrich

barren branches cradling the snow moon in moonlight the snow-cloaked forest motionless

#### Carol Conti-Entin

snow in moonlight and the frozen shadow of a naked tree

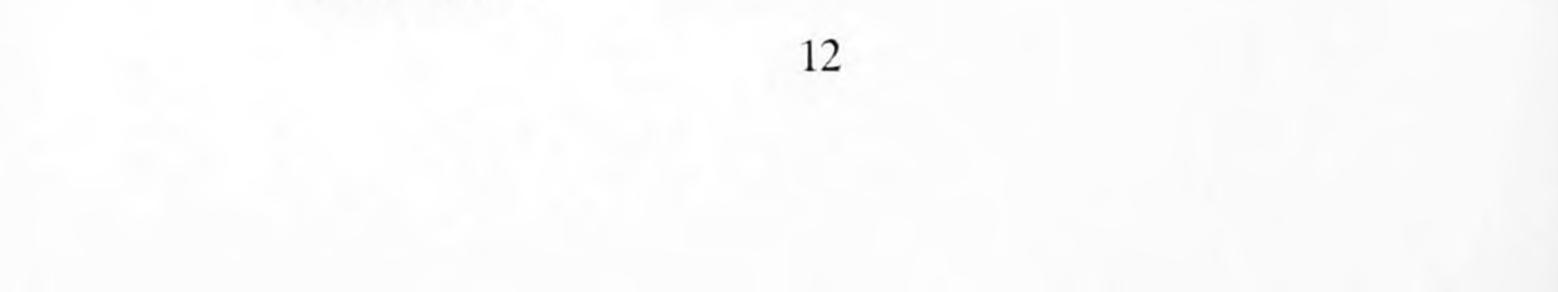
Robert Gibson

winter moonlight: the forest is filled with the loneliness of trees

Dave Sutter

bitter cold moon its reflection sliding down the frozen river

joan iversen goswell



in the coffee shop baby drinks blue-veined milk

Andrew Burke

still in the camera me undeveloped *Emily Romano* 

> first snowfall in my granddaughter's angel green grass

> > Leatrice Lifshitz

father reads from a favorite picture book his child corrects him

small hand reaching for rainbow soapbubble

Jeff Learned

the bishop shakes hands with Matthew and Matthew's teddy

first white frost violin held high, small boy testing the skim ice

K.H. Clifton

Addie Lacoe

on the crowded bus two year old girl picks my empty pocket

james bernath

winter evening the street-sweeper brushes his daughter's hair

Cyril Childs

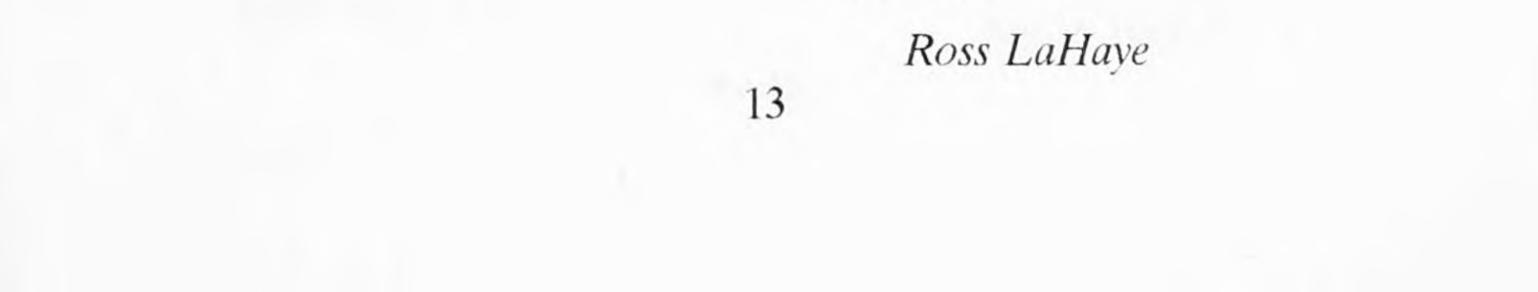
chatting with the young man I realize he's saying something

Kay F. Anderson

flipping the switch he races against darkness to his bed's safety

Mark Arvid White

The mole on her forehead . . . part of her shadow.



Answering machine: birthday greetings interspersed with news of his dying

Donna Claire Gallagher

Celebrating life with eulogies and hymns -a radiator hum

Elizabeth Warren

after the funeral we taste the new vintage before its time

Frederick Gasser

buried this weekon his desk next week's itinerary

Charlotte Digregorio

The Road to the Isles. A bagpiper's grave farewell skirling with the snow.

Robert Major

Quilt panel the only goodbye I can say . . . first drops of rain

Don Hansen

the granite nameless before a chisel strikes

Robert Henry Poulin

floating over the stones on Kafka's grave, my shadow

Elliot Richman

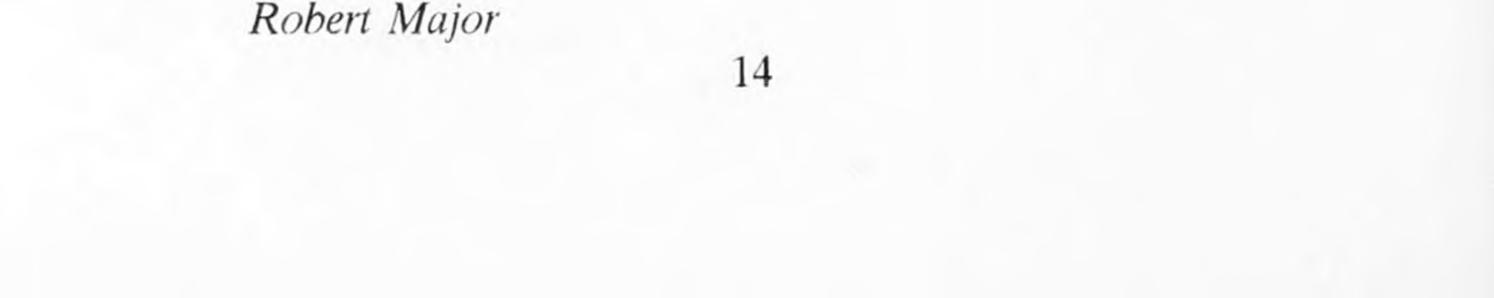
As I pass the lamp, my shadow slips around me, leads the way to bed

Newly chiseled name in the cold night I awake and reach for you

Joyce Austin Gilbert

thunder pounds the windows potter's wheel still spinning the same shadow

A. Araghetti



The Dow Jones setting new recordsthe slums look the same

Jerry A. Judge

Busy sidewalk a homeless man shoos pigeons Thomas D. Greer

Sunday church collection plate passes father twice

Dirty snow, cold street a bum touches my coat in passing

Simon Ott

the house sold street people on the street again

Flori Ignoffo

Doris Lamb

watching the empty road in father's jacket . . . sleeves too long

Winter wishing well an old man throws a penny into the fallen leaves

George Swede

cold Sunday morning on the tiny radio church organ

Tom Clausen

this grade's nun suddenly the chilled air

Charles H. Easter

chapel fly the priest covers the sacred vessels

The needle at rest Gregorian chant playing in grooves of my mind Sarah Hickenbotham

ubuge

## Sister Mary Jane 15

Niagara Falls diner old fly paper hanging in the off season

Bruce Ross

November sun a startled snowman drops his pipe Paul David Mena

bent now, old as I. he leans into winter wind my father's scarecrow

Stirring soup a winter fly lands on the spoon Debra Kehrberg

bare tree silhouettes supporting shadowless mist warm winter

David Nelson Blair

Mild Southern winter: this morning's chubby snowman quickly losing weight

Jane K. Lambert

D L McCollum

the shortest day child's breath reshapes etchings on frosty windows

Elizabeth Howard

On the frosted window lace patterns unraveled by the sun

Joyce Austin Gilbert

Florida winter I don my Midwest clothes to migrate home

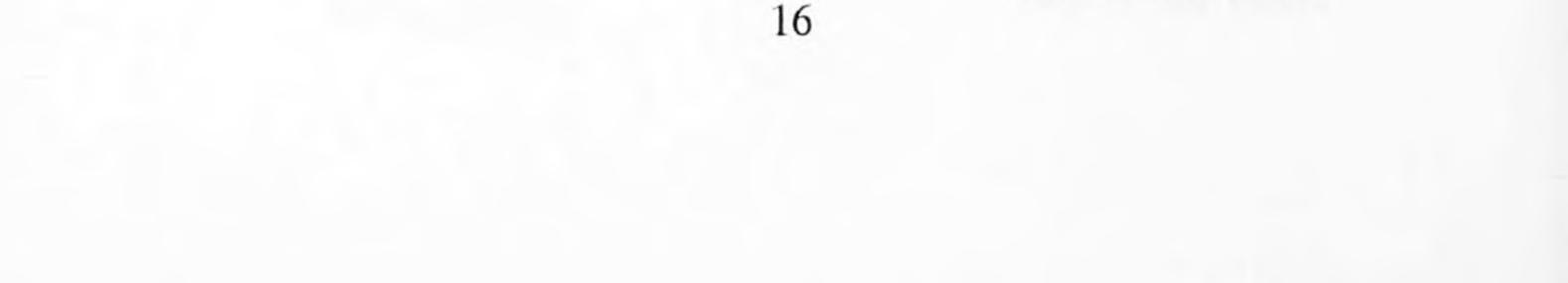
Jeanne Harrington

Mail from the tropics Breath of my home town still warm in an envelope

Rhina P. Espaillat

long winter nightsweeping through the windchimes a gust of rain

Marianna Monaco



making sure the little boy tells another

Santa Claus

Louise Somers Winder

the last child delivered to the airport . . . taking down the tree

Sharon Lee Shafii

New Year's eve the candles burning down too quickly Christmas window display: toy wooden soldiers crowd the crèche

Phyllis Walsh

out of pocket into the New Year Susan Stanford

Helen K. Davie

New Year's morning walking bald headed through gentle rain

Michael Ketchek

ansel adams calendar caring more about the photos than counting the days

John Sheirer

with the leaves an old calendar blows past the wind turning its pages

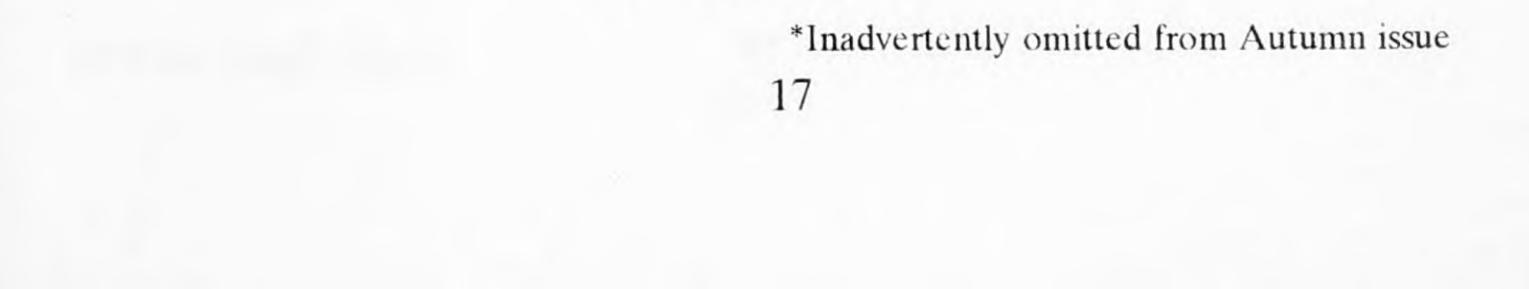
Don Beringer

valentine's day a trace of your incense on the roses

Pamela A. Babusci

Snow is predicted but already the full moon whitens the landscape Slugs and I enjoy what's left of my marigolds\*

Alexius J. Burgess



aimless walk our shadows leading the way

Daniel Schmitz

phoebe's first call in February's thaw his answer echoing *Flori Ignoffo*  licking my feelings stray dog *Ernest J. Berry* 

> after the mulled wine we leave our clothes under the Christmas tree

> > Nasira Alma

icy storm her body in the candlelight

Robert Gibson

winter chill: beneath a comforter the space between us

Anthony J. Pupello

our feet touch under the blankets sometime in the night late winter sun shining in the psych ward through locked windows

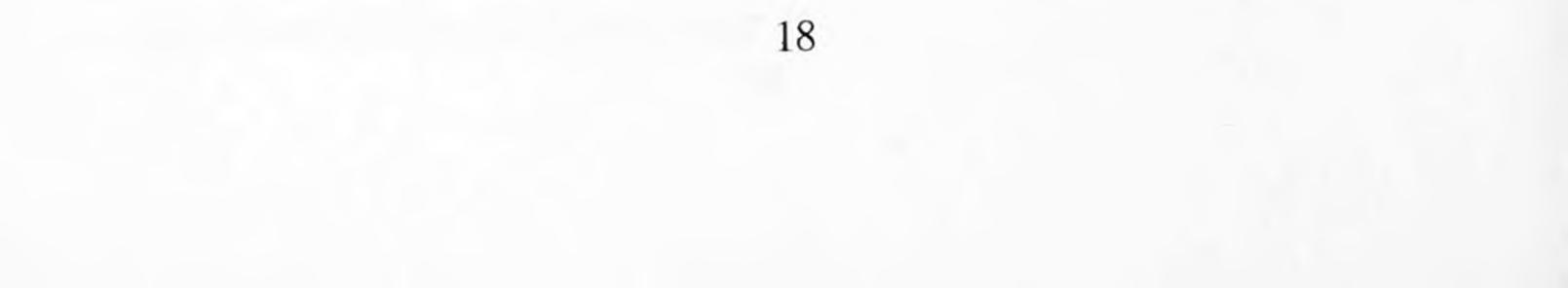
Michael Ketchek

cold apartment through the long night a neighbour's cough

Michael Dylan Welch

blue sheets beneath my thighs you play Go

Karen Young Holt



carved ornately on the tallest headstone "A Humble Christian"

Diane Tomczak

camera light news anchor's smile off

on

the guests are gone the quiet house still shines for company

Chris Richards

the new widow wonders at the tears of her husband's first wife

Addie Lacoe

Hollywood Boulevard underfoot fallen stars

Lee R. Seidenberg

19

leaving laughter the comedian exits . . . his empty face. cured patient at analyst's funeral finally able to cry

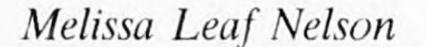
#### Richard McVey

toll collector's two thousandth thank you eavesdropping on hand talk dangling out the window of the car ahead

the whore can say I love you in eight languages

Addie Lacoe

my first ballet envying t o e s Black fenders rattling on Nicollet Avenue in rhythm with rap Sarah Hickenbotham



first snow forgotten calendar says three more weeks of summer

20 miles of gravel road then we turn off the highway

> (Mongolia) Mykel Board

rising up behind the slums snow-covered mountains

on the mountainside above the temple ruins the temple

#### Day and Night in Kerala

at the end of the long shaded path

bright river

still noon . . . the silent dance of waterbugs

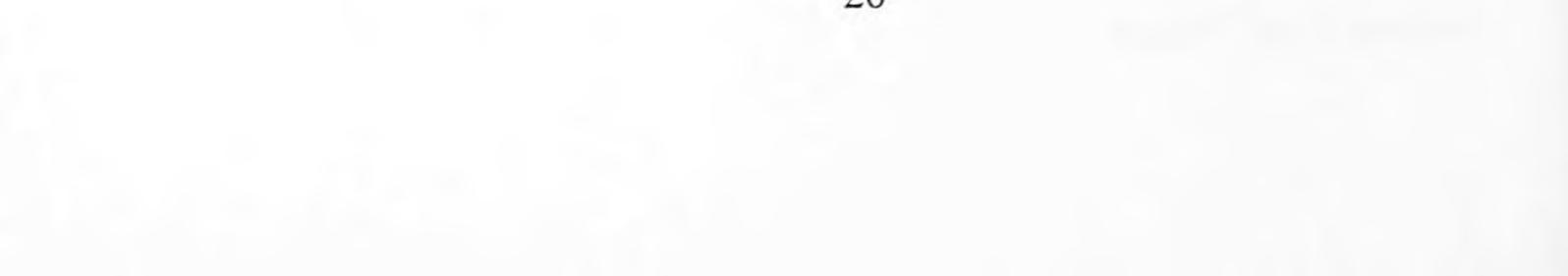
sunlit paddy the retired schoolmaster's faded umbrella

moonless night a single lamp deep in the temple

a distant flute . . . stars between clouds

(Nangiaretu, Kerala, India)

Kim Dorman



the wind gets stronger the air I breathe hasn't been here long

some of the wind gets in with her

the wind slows down there's nothing to hear

colder out the wind moves toward another mountain

Gary Hotham

#### **Night Falls**

night falls skin folds around my bones

slouching toward the toilet night wind sears me to the bone

full moon—facing it knees braced beneath my robe these fifty years having accomplished nothing I sail home

Gail Sher

meditating . . . the neighbor's caged bird screeching

meditating . . . a buzzing fly in a web

meditating . . . the neighbor's shuffle through our fence

meditating . . . behind me the egret's squawk

meditating . . . the iron lantern candle's flame unwavering

Kay F. Anderson

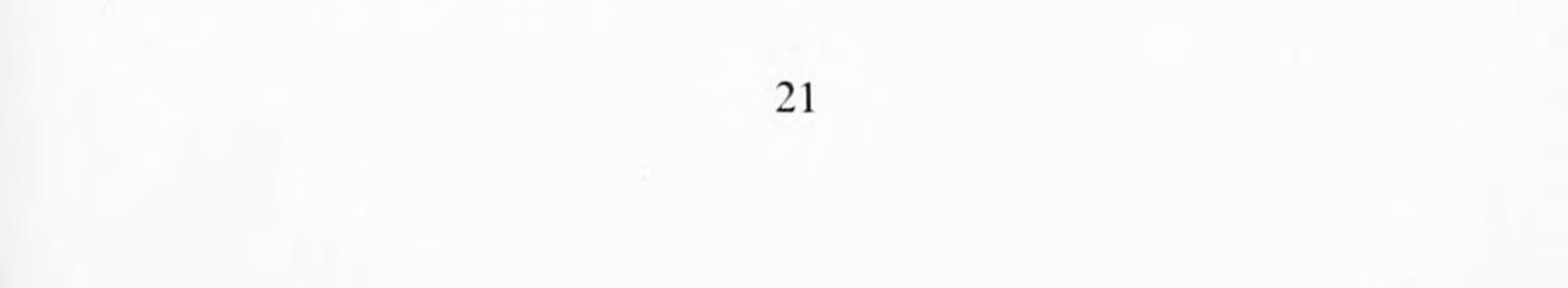
#### Monday

Monday morning . . . but the daybreak just as clear

Monday morning . . . a soccer ball still in the cul-de-sac

Monday morning . . . children left behind at every corner

Thomas D. Greer



#### Winter Haiku for Mary

in deep winterhow bright the stars glitter in a blue-black sky

to per.

ancient oaks open field barren

> through airy mist enclosing the farmstead-Mary, coming home

Lenard D. Moore

Angels We Have Heard On High

lit up for Christmas at the bed-and-breakfast: beach-front palms

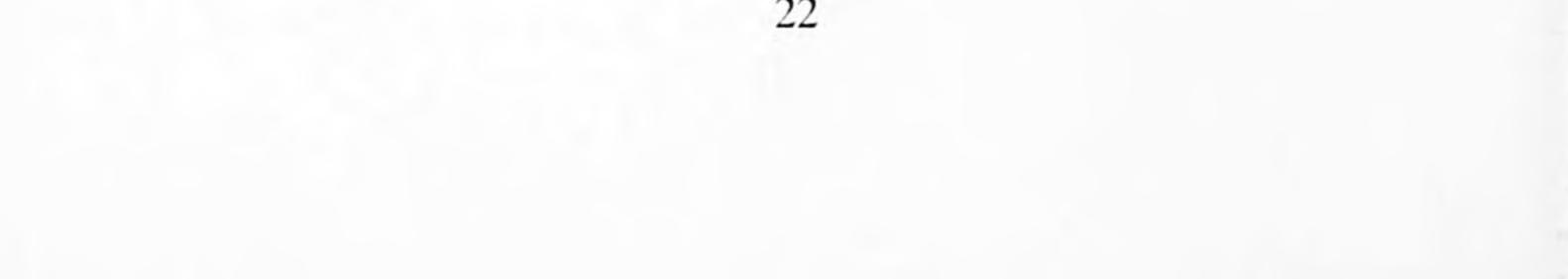
dense foga Christmas song from the carillon

traffic lights change a Christmas wreath in the window of the Chinese market

firelight in and out of tinsel Christmas concert in unison the whole chorus inhales snow on the landingmy resolution

to meet more angels

Michael Dylan Welch



#### Winter

revolving door gusts of holiday laughter warm the sidewalk

New Year concert in the piccolo's voice the coming spring

midwinter freeze chiseling for the church his clenched teeth

seagulls return to the iced-over tidepools marked by their talons

in the darkening park my pipe's feeble glow snow turned to slush

#### After Surgery

after surgery she feeds me ice chips with a plastic spoon

visiting hours over she sneaks back with chocolate

her finger traces the line just above my incision

one week post-op sign of recovery first recovery

wedding picture how thin I was two months after surgery

H.F. Noyes

John Sheirer

## WINTER HAIKU BY YOSA BUSON Translated by John Peters

kogarashi ya iwa ni sake-yuku mizu no koe

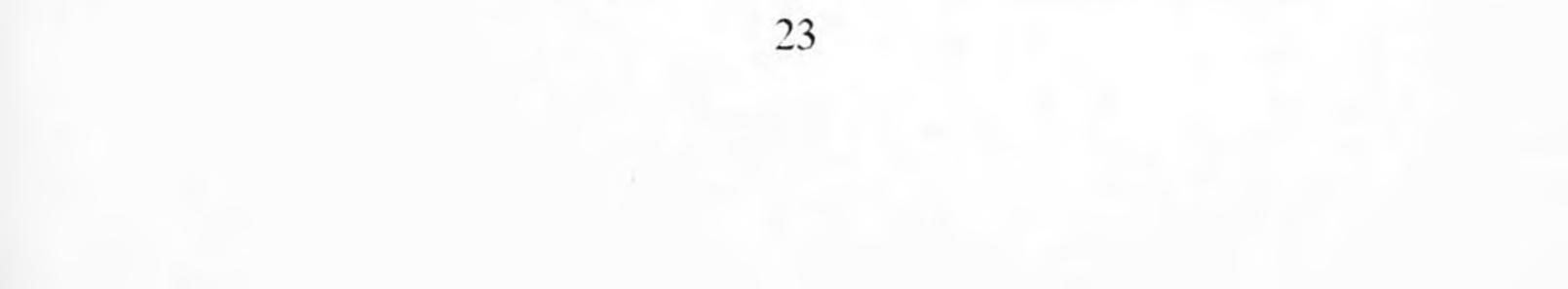
winter wind tearing rocks apart the water's voice

kareobana mahiru no kaze ni fukare iru

withered pampas grass blown in the winds of noon

kogarashi ya sumiuri hitori watashibune

winter wind lone charcoal pedlar in a ferryboat



## THE SIX-O'CLOCK NEWS

#### **Heat Wave**

Author's note: The sweltering heat wave that gripped much of the United States during the Summer of 1995 was particularly horrendous in Chicago, claiming the lives of several hundred residents. Many of the victims were the underprivileged elderly and infirm who could not afford to purchase air conditioners for their dwellings. In August, some 41 heat wave victims were among the 68 indigents given a mass paupers' burial at Homewood Memorial Cemetery.

> old woman slowly moves an ice cube across her face

furnished room in front of the open refrigerator an empty chair

closing time

elderly people file from the public library

heat stroke victim now cool in the city morgue

potter's field mass burial rows of cheap coffins so hot to the touch

(for the victims)

John J. Dunphy

battered women's shelter the spit-covered TV after the verdict

John J. Dunphy



Washington, D.C. October 16, 1995

waving red, green, black flag a blind man smiles once again the same cloud-shadow

a pigeon coos into the October wind and curves away

a man turns broad brogans scrape brilliant red leaves

a child points to the bronze statue a wedge of sun

a father lifts his son up as feet shuffle on the sidewalk this autumn evening

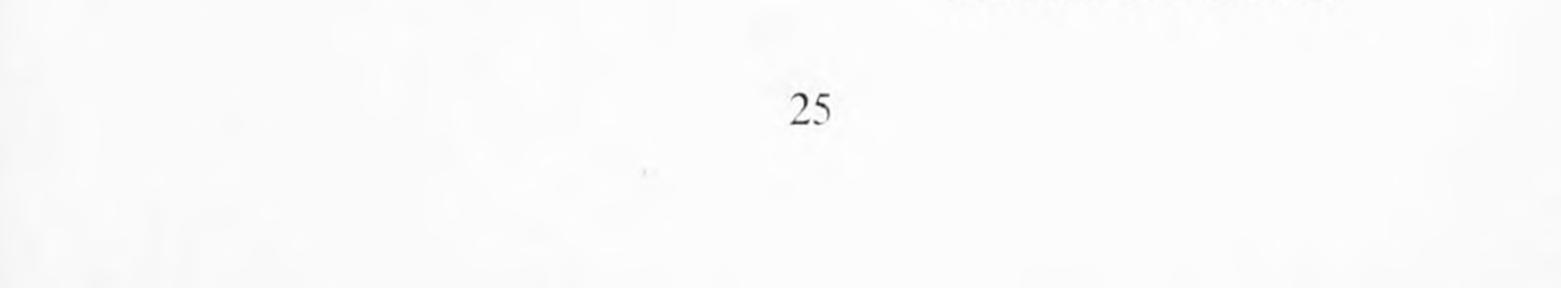
Lenard D. Moore

Jerusalem November 6, 1995

freckle-faced girl speaks of her love for Grandpa

21-gun salute shell casings fall on the grave

Kenneth C. Leibman



## HAIBUN

#### **A Winter Preamble**

Only a few wizened leaves scour the icy-cold macadam. Street lights cast a harsh glare on deserted street corners, where newspapers blow along, now flattened, now lifted, in occasional gusts.

> deserted street —even the bag lady invisible

Nearing the park, a few toughs are huddled together. Smoke spirals upwards from suspicious cigarettes. I hurry on by.

> Am I, too, invisible? the park toughs don't notice me.

A taxi cab whizzes past. Afterwards, the street seems even emptier than before. An empty beer can rattles hollowly as the wind drives it along.

> passing an alleyway -startled by a cat's yowl

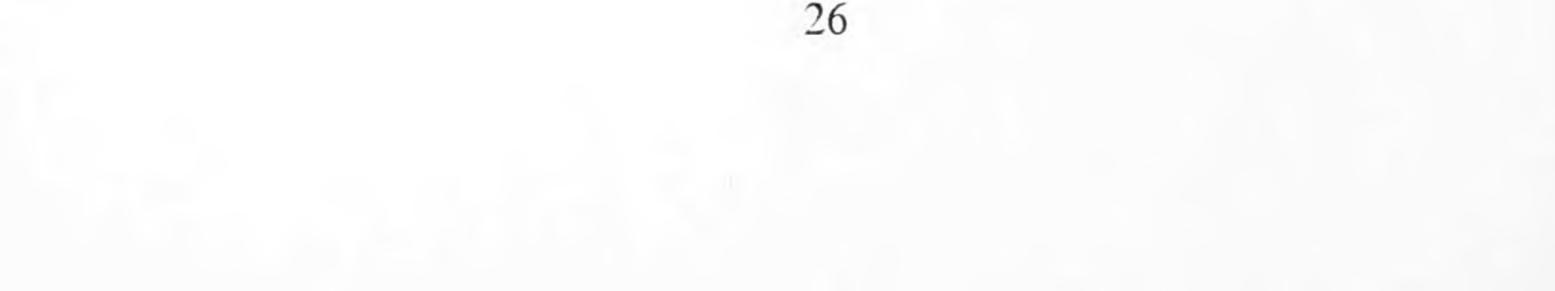
The cat, too, is flooded with loneliness, and the sense of desolation to be experienced in the city, at night, friendless, on guard.

> warm lights of my old neighborhood -memories only

> > Emily Romano

Walking late at night . . . the wariness between me and the passing stranger

Tom Tico



#### **This Terrible Light**

The yellow chrysanthemums lose their color in the light of the lantern

#### Buson\*

The pale yellow light of December slants through the window, leaving its stain on animate and inanimate objects alike. It saturates the vegetable-dyed fabric of the Pekalongan batik that hangs on the wall of my living room, then running its course through ancient threads, unravels its pattern with steady pallid strokes. Sitting here in the windowseat, wrapped in wools and scarves, I watch as diffused light taints the poems laid out before me. Oppressive as the dirge of a funereal chant, this terrible light fills me with a longing for things that were and will never be again.

Winter afternoon the slant of the sun whitens my pale, pale skin

Margaret Chula

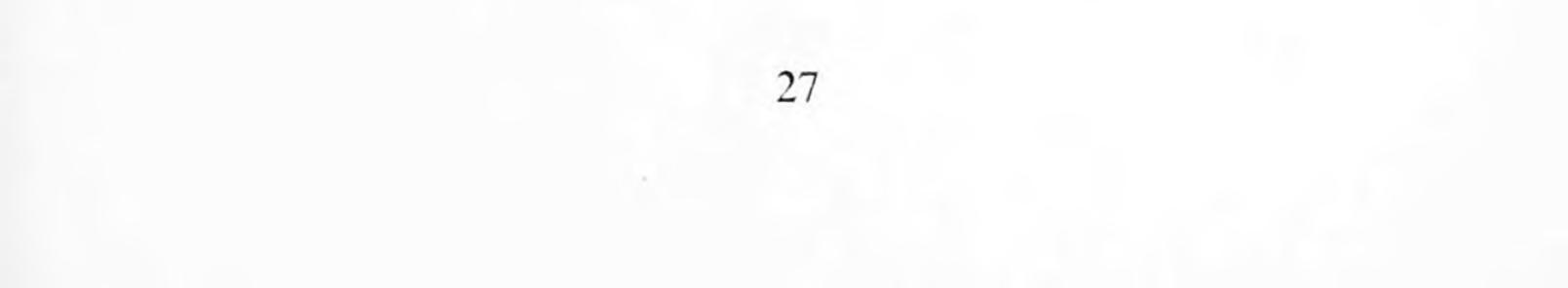
\*From "Haiku," vol. 4.by R.H. Blyth. Hokuseido Press, Tokyo, 1952, 1982.

cold moon turning windmill shadows on frozen fields

Charles Bernard Rodning

ancient firits leaning tip points night's first star

Jeff Witkin



#### **Christmas Eve**

Rengay by Ce Rosenow and Cherie Hunter Day

midnight mass: the smell of incense mixing with perfume

> homeless mother and child in line at the shelter

flames wavering on the candle centerpiecefirst break of the oplatek\*

reflections in a glass ornament . . . the curve of your face

> Salvation Army worker slowly ringing his bell

early morning hazeanother cease-fire over Sarajevo

\*Sacred Christmas wafer broken and shared at the Christmas meal as part of the Polish, Slovak, and Lithuanian tradition.

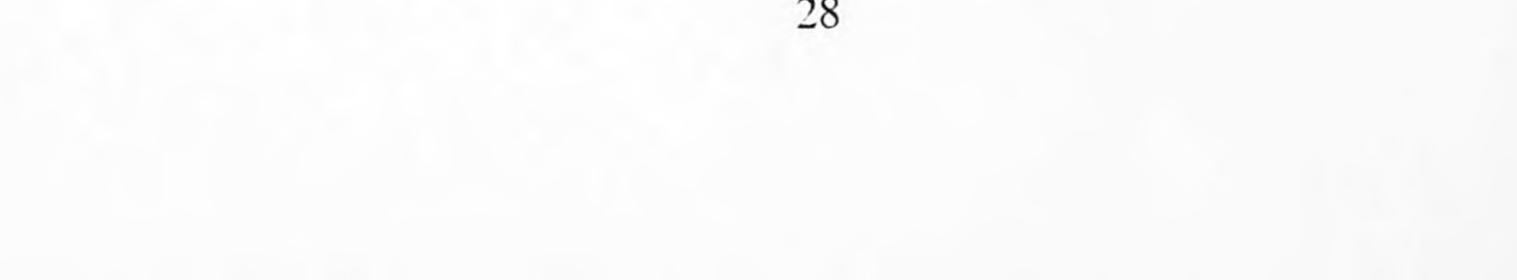
December 15, 1994—January 19, 1995

Christmas lights flashing in the picture window an old woman's frown

Edward J. Rielly

power outagethe shape of the Christmas tree by candlelight

James Chessing



#### porch song

Rengay by sally I nichols and Carol Purington

gusty storm quiets the porch song . . . tangled wind chimes n notes blown backward chickadees too p calm for a whilethe screen door creaks in violin n snowflakes tinkle from the orange raincoathearth puddle p in the wok snowpeas sizzle n

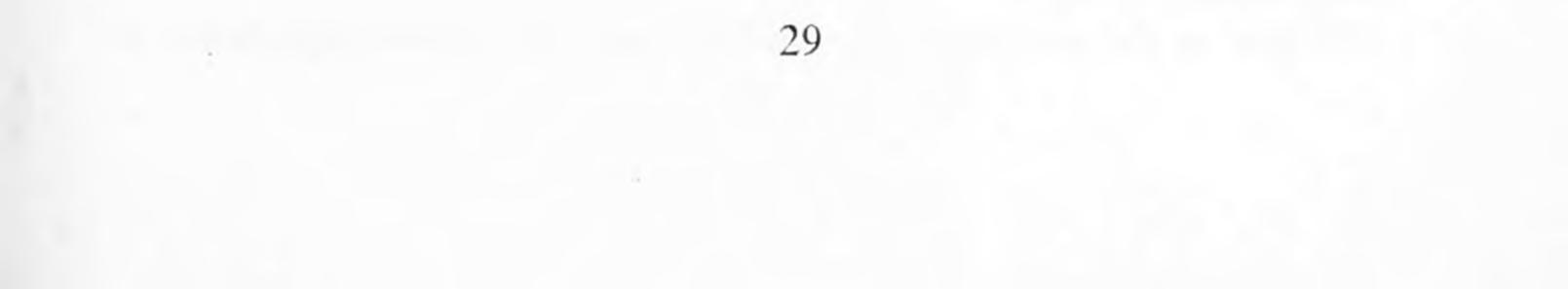
clearing . . . golden oak leaf tat-a-tats the solar window

night wind sifting through the black spruce distant light

Ruth Yarrow

frosty night a contrail inches toward the moon John Stevenson

p



#### HAIKU CHICAGO

Haiku Chicago opened on Friday October 20 with a feeling of fellowship in the air. The room was filled with, for many, familiar faces but, for most, familiar names—the names of those haiku poets who have helped to define and produce the past several decades of contemporary haiku both in North America and in Japan. A delegation of 14 poets from the Haiku International Association would prove to be the binding force of the weekend, helping to bring together two languages and many philosophies to reach a deeper understanding and appreciation for the haiku and renku genres. HSA President Bruce Ross began the morning by wishing us all "the very best luck in the mutual poetic adventure" and stressing a focus for the conference: "to clarify the nature of [haiku] for ourselves and the emerging international community." Mr. Yatsuka Ishihara, head of the HIA delegation, stressed the importance of "discussing the future of haiku with American poets" and the "common shared feeling about seasonal topics and the future of haiku." Even in the early morning light, it was

clear that a zest for haiku lived in the room and in each of us, waiting to be awakened or renewed.

Each presentation struck its own resonant chord, ranging from whimsical to practical to experimental, but always highlighting in some way the unique emotion stimulated by the creation and enjoyment of haiku. The Japanese were given an immediate, vital connection to Chicago through Jerry Kilbride's "The Gift of Ho-o-den," which told of the Japanese Emperor's gift to the people of Chicago of a Japanese village that was constructed in Jackson Park for the 1893 World's Fair. Randy Brooks shared a well-known secret, "the power of haiku to stir the imagination and move the heart to feel." Barbara Ressler shared her vision of the four elements of poetry and haiku: physical, mental, emotional, and spiritual. Robert Spiess advised that we "study the familiar to penetrate the sublime." Mizue Yamada discussed the seven tools necessary to write haiku: yourself, your heart, a notebook, a pencil, a seasonal reference book, a place (anywhere!), and the balance achieved through living. Mr. Ishihara told us that "haiku, at its core, expresses the truth as it it were fiction." Poets from North America and Japan read their poems. As the light passed through the hours from early morning to early evening, maintaining its unique Chicago grey, the spirit of haiku remained, and we could little help being moved by it.

30

#### Crucial to the success of the weekend was the shared experience of

the ginko (haiku walk) and kukai (haiku symposium). For the ginko, the poets split up into small groups to walk in Grant Park along the Chicago lakefront and to compose haiku. It was a gray afternoon with low overcast. Some were drawn to skyscrapers and machinery, some to the sculpture garden of the Art Institute, others to the cold spray of fountains or the loneliness of rows of trees waiting to be planted. And drawing everyone East was the endless surface of the great inland sea. During the ginko, the American poets got a taste of the shared experience that haiku composition is for the Japanese. How unlike the individualism of the American haiku community! Then the kukai, in which eight judges from the US, Canada, and Japan selected and commented on what they thought were the most noteworthy poems composed during the ginko. North Americans selected Japanese poems, the Japanese selected American poems. Perhaps more than anything else, this shared appreciation of each other's poetic efforts produced a feeling of fellowship that some would have thought impossible to produce in such a diverse group over such a short period of time. Four of the poems selected for the kukai:

el train stopped on the orange tracks listening to wind

#### Sara Brant

winter drizzle in downtown Chicago a stone bench

Yoko Senda

my hair now the same grey as autumn pampas grass

Keiko Sawada

each new tree wrapped in burlap autumn chill

George Ralph

Poems by the HIA delegates (translated by Tadashi Kondo except where noted):

streak of light from another world: the milky way

Yatsuka Ishihara

passed into Nirvana but still looks as if he wants to preach

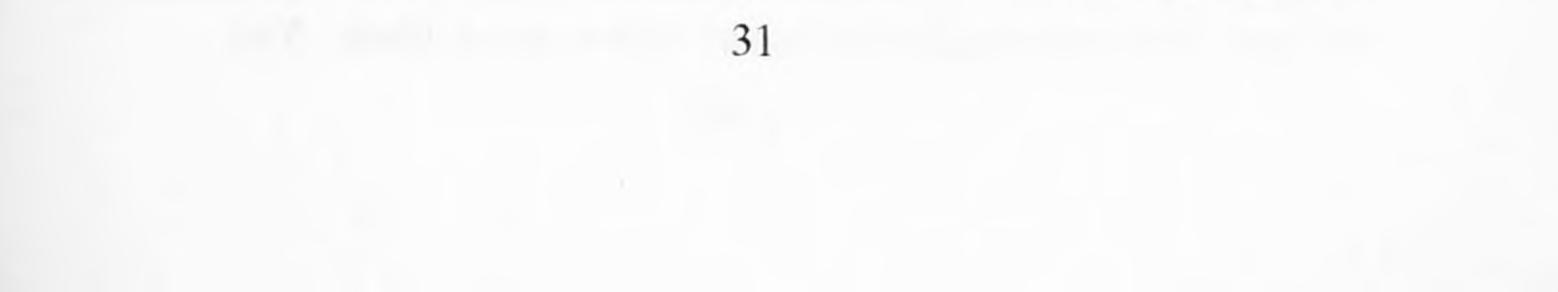
Fuyuo Usaki

trying to be a bad girl tread on and break each patch of ice

Mizue Yamada

the end of a yoga class irresistible nap

Norie Hayakawa



holding a raspberry in the mouth and searching for memories

Shosaku Oya

flying a thousand miles neck is so tender: a young swan

#### Ritsuo Okada

one way ticket held in a glove funeral day

#### Keiko Eto

telephone connected to a ship anchoring off shore spring rainbow in the attic Anne Frank's desk bell tolls clear and cold

Toshiko Okuyama

a block with half-mast flags blowing in the wind snow drifts

#### Itsuko Kaya

cape in spring poetry stones in a row echo the waves

Kristen Deming

joyful day without any reason I buy goldfish

Ryusai Takeshita (trans. by author) Haruko Imadome

Submitted by Sara Brant and Lee Gurga

#### HAIKU CHICAGO: THE GINKO

The occasion: joint conference Haiku Society of America and Haiku International Association, first ever. Haiku walk in Grant Park announced for afternoon. Small groups drifting together, down the four flights, out into a mid-Autumn greatlakeside Chicago.

> Grant Park steel tracks bisect it, a train slowly zippers it

Old weathered stonework of the main path looking cold, timeless. Gazing west at the city's famed chiseled architecture, then north at bizarrely contrasting streamlined efficient skyscrapers. Kris comments

32

#### that the buildings appear to be cut with a sharp blade. Yes.

## from the broken stone walkway glass-and-chrome structures knifesliced

Saplings freshly transplanted, packed at the base in molded mounds of wood chips, standing in a perfect row prepared for the coming winter winds.

> each new tree carefully wrapped in burlap —autumn chill

Ambling alongside trench diggings, rich black topsoil heaped as a rampart parallel to the north-south concourse. Persistence for survival, in the most lowly:

construction sod piles all the old weeds reappear

In this chilling breeze and insinuating drizzle, few remain for the full three-hour tour. Back into the Chicago Cultural Center, fifth-floor meeting room bounded on two sides by large windows, tinted to counteract intense sun but now on this gray day creating the impression of a storm perpetually brewing. The first day's session nears its close.

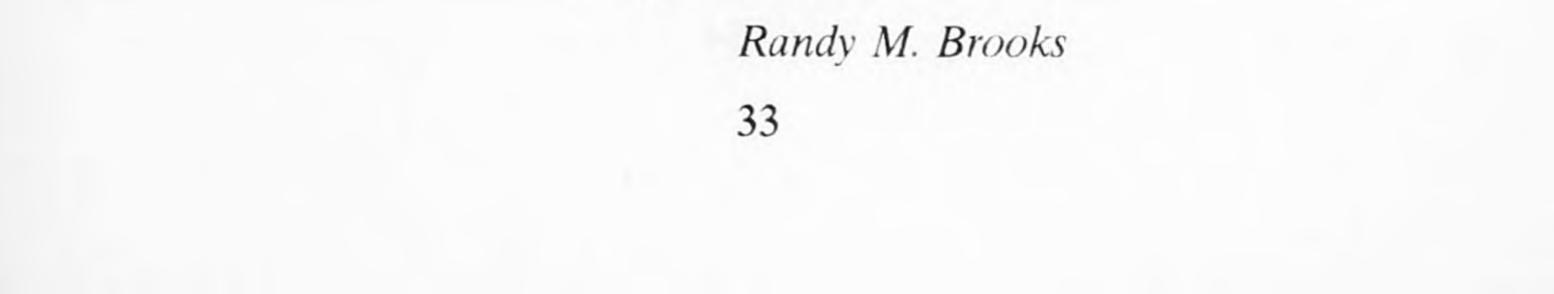
> frosted windows beyond them the wind and gull

> > George Ralph

Chicago Dog Show well-groomed Akitas, owners in blue jeans (Congress Hotel) Don L. Holroyd bluesmen under mosaic arabesques working the ivories (Chicago Cultural Center)

Kenneth C. Leibman

Art Institute . . . bronze lion's tail dripping autumn rain



#### HAROLD G. HENDERSON AWARDS FOR HAIKU 1995, Haiku Society of America

Karen Sohne and Bill Pauly, Judges

**First Place** 

letting the branch go a shower of petals falls on the old woman

Leatrice Lifshitz

What we like about this haiku is the playfulness of the springing branch, the suddenness of the petals falling. Other haiku on the same subject that simply combine the fleeting season with old age, resulting in a bittersweet, melancholy tone, fall short of the sense of delight and joyous participation expressed in this haiku. This photographic image invites us to see and feel the deep resonance of being alive. The "traditional" haiku form here seems a graceful, invisible, right choice which, for all its seventeen syllables, wastes neither word nor image.

Second Place

toll booth lit for Christmas from my hand to hers

## warm change

#### Michael Dylan Welch

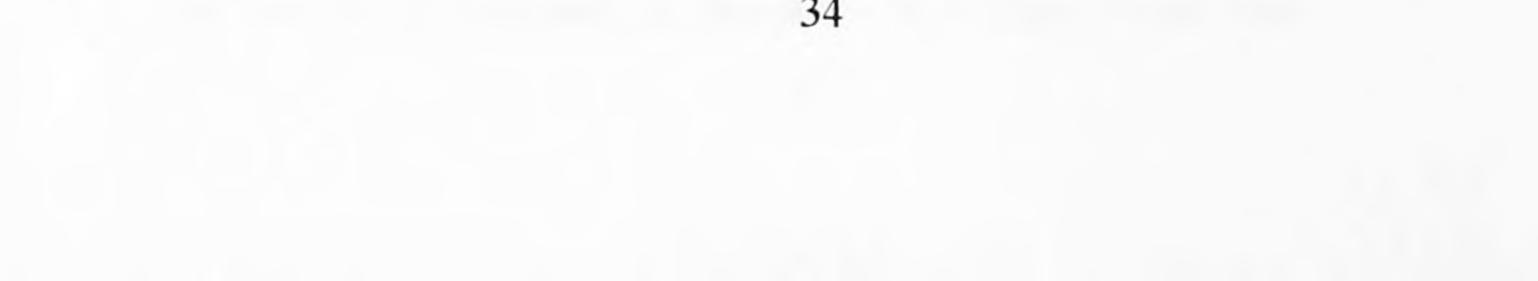
An instant of warm interaction suggests the kind of Christmas spirit for which many of us still yearn. On the cold, impersonal tollway shines a small island of human light, an exchange of gifts between traveler and toll collector. Combining a vivid visual image with a subtle tactile one, this haiku focuses on the point where our life brushes against a total stranger's and we recognize our commonality.

Third Place

winter seclusion tending all day the small fire

#### Jim Kacian

Although this haiku speaks of an occupation that takes place over the course of a day, the moment occurs in the poet's realization that the outside world has been reduced to less than the sum of this small fire. This haiku takes us "out there," into the woods or otherwise distanced, where we can reattach ourselves to the sustaining natural world and feel more whole again. Technically, the dwindling length of successive lines suggests a paring away to essentials, while rich sound values help this haiku resound in us like the small, crackling fire.



Honorable Mentions (in random order)

on the path only one of ustouched by a falling leaf

Helen K. Davie

As soon as we see the stunning image here, we are struck by the still moment, the cross section of time. And almost immediately, in that deepening silence after recognition, we feel the archetypal reverberations of this scene where once again the human and natural worlds are one.

> winter, bedtime static flickers through a white sleeve

> > John Stevenson

The subtle power of this haiku is a combination of tiny details. The setting, a dark room, is implied but not stated. The chill of undressing for bed is interrupted, like the first line of this haiku, by a spark. A white spark in a white sleeve, a small but significant moment of light and

awareness.

warm river up to our necks in sunset

# Ruth Yarrow

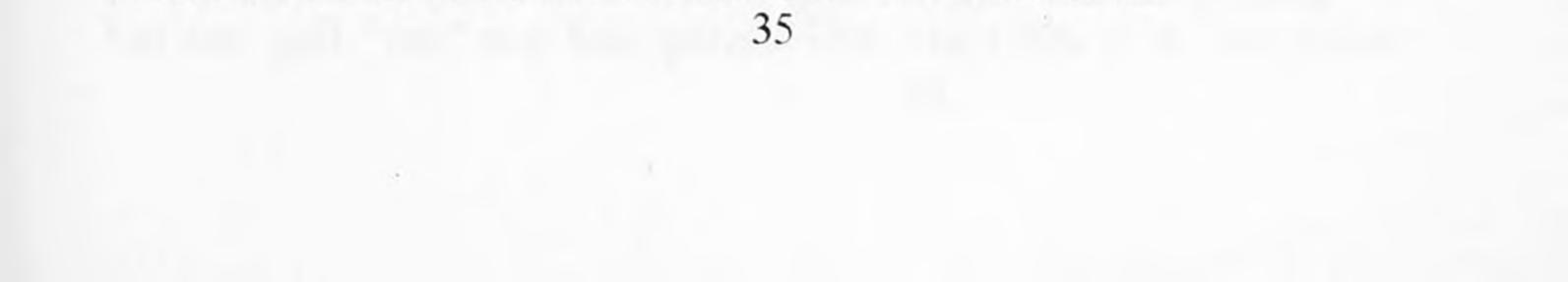
Almost at eye level with the water, we can swim our glance along the reflected path that is all river, all sunset, all our own watery bodies. The familiar phrase made literal in line two may suggest a barely comfortable depth. The striking turn in the enjambment into the final line redirects the image and brings the poem to a powerful visual close. This is a haiku about risking and being fully alive.

beneath the ice the waterfall still falling

Jeanne Emrich

Indenting the last line adds a concreteness to this simple but resonant haiku. The outward stillness of the frozen falls combines with our muted awareness of the hidden currents. If we are very quiet and look very closely, we can share this moment, this belief in the inevitability of spring.

Entries: 665. HSA Contest Coordinator: Barbara Ressler



# 1995 NICHOLAS A. VIRGILIO MEMORIAL HAIKU COMPETITION FOR HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS

Over 325 poems were entered in this year's Virgilio Competition. It was a difficult task to narrow the selection down to just seven.

While a majority of the poems submitted could best be classified as minimal (some were five words or fewer) or senryu (concerned solely with human situations—often humorous), we were looking for poems that captured a haiku moment—a specific place and time, recorded honestly, free from commentary or sentimentality, with a lasting resonance of deeper understanding.

We want to emphasize that every young poet that submitted work is to be congratulated and encouraged to continue writing.

First Place Anne Alfredo (9th grade) Wahlert High School, Dubuque, Iowa solitary swimmer ripples the early morning sun

This swimmer is setting out in the morning, with all the associations of beginning. He or she is having an effect—even on the sun's reflection, a part, a focal part, of the scene. The swimmer recalls Whitman's solitary singer, the mockingbird, also associated with water. The poem suggests a bravery, an assertive action, a proclamation of the swimmer's being, declaring his or her being in the world.

Second Place	old man
Beth Paisley (9th grade)	reeling in
Wahlert High School	the sea

Obviously the old man is not reeling in the sea, except in whimsical perceptions. But he isn't reeling in anything else either, and he is absorbing the whole atmosphere of the shore, and that is most of the point of fishing anyhow. Being at the sea is the point, reeling it into one's being. Fishing is the excuse. How is it that so many surf fishers are older men? This example fits the scene.

Third Placeafter the floodKatie O'Connor (9th grade)our flag wavesWahlert High Schoolfrom the clothesline

A poem of recovery, of going on, this haiku is about setting things to rights again, showing the flag, even if it is, at the moment, mostly

# drying out. It is still there, still waving, and it is "our" flag, not just 36

any flag. It is a step in reestablishment, in recovery. Its colors are clear and bright, declaring hope.

Honorable Mention	dandelion
Tony Leisen (9th grade)	wished
Wahlert High School	away

Dandelions are so easy to dissipate with one puff almost as slight as a wish, and the puff makes just that sound-wish-as the seeds float down the wind. The poem is economical, contains a delightful onomatopoeia, and is altogether pleasing.

Honorable Mention	the tree
Maureen Reilly (9th grade)	snowcovered
Wahlert High School	except one leaf

There is always that leaf, that exception, that different thing, being itself, separate, individual. Such single leaves give the world distinctiveness. Again the poem is economical, coming at the end into the sharp focus of its perception.

Honorable Mention Charlotte Stevenson (9th grade) Castilleja School Palo Alto, California

two oak leaves just the same until a brown moth flies away.

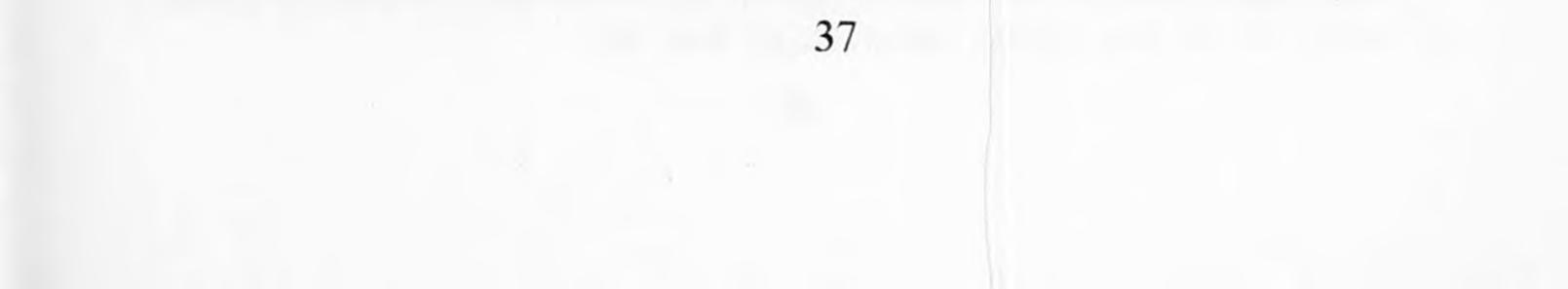
Protective coloration is such a dry expression, drier, perhaps, than the leaf itself, or the moth, which startles us; with its suddenly becoming itself, flying with a living purpose and not at the whim of the breeze. It is a separate will we are dealing with, asserting itself in its flight.

Honorable Mention Katie Gallagher (10th grade) University High School Honolulu, Hawaii

two bold streaks of blue split by the thin horizon cucean and spring sky

All that blue . . . only one defining line, the horizon, gives us shape and definition, sets the world on a level again. The poem is a 5-7-5 haiku, the only one among our winners. Its I onger center line becomes the horizon, with its final dash lining it out, right in the middle of the scene.

Paul O. Williams



# **POEMS FROM THE 1995 CALENDAR OF THE MUSEUM OF HAIKU LITERATURE** (continued from Autumn issue) Translated by William J. Higginson

October:

haikai ni bansō araba hvon no fue

for a haikai accompaniment how about a gourd flute

Otōshi Naruse

banshū no haruka na oto e zō no mimi

to late autumn's distant sound turns an elephant's ear

tree leaves fallen

Akito Arima

November:

ko no ha chiri kōsō biru wa hi no hashira

the tall buildings columns of lights

Tamirō Oshima

toshin fuite kogarashi ni ate nakarikeri

blowing through the heart of the city the aimless storm

Tetsunosuke Matsuzaki

The Japanese kogarashi is a windstorm specific to winter.]

December:

atatakaki hi wa hi mijikaki koto wasure

the warm sun makes me forget that the day is short

# Hinao Gotō

[This is the pleasant warmth of winter; hi (pronounced like English "he") is both "sun" and "day" in Japanese.]

This completes the translation of haiku reproduced in the 1995 Calendar. My thanks

38

### to Tadashi Kondo and Kayoko Hashimoto for their help.

# A HANDFUL OF SHADOWS

# Readings by Tom Tico

"There is no sun without shadow, and it is essential to know the night." Albert Camus

The *shadow*, not as a purely physical phenomenon but as a metaphor for the dark side of the human spirit, is what I want to address in this article: the *shadow* as Carl Jung spoke of it; the *shadow* that surfaces in our dreams and occasionally in our haiku; the *shadow* that cannot be ignored or swept under the rug without dire consequences to our psychic health; the *shadow* that needs to be recognized, accepted, and integrated into the totality of our being if we are to be whole, if not holy.

middle of the night the mirror does not hold

# my dark side Larry Gates

This brings to mind *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.* I'll never forget how powerfully I was struck when I first saw the movie version starring Spencer Tracy. What a performance! But is that not an archetypal role that every one of us is playing, more or less? And can't we all identify with the poet as he peers into the mirror and realizes that it does not adequately reveal the dark side of himself?

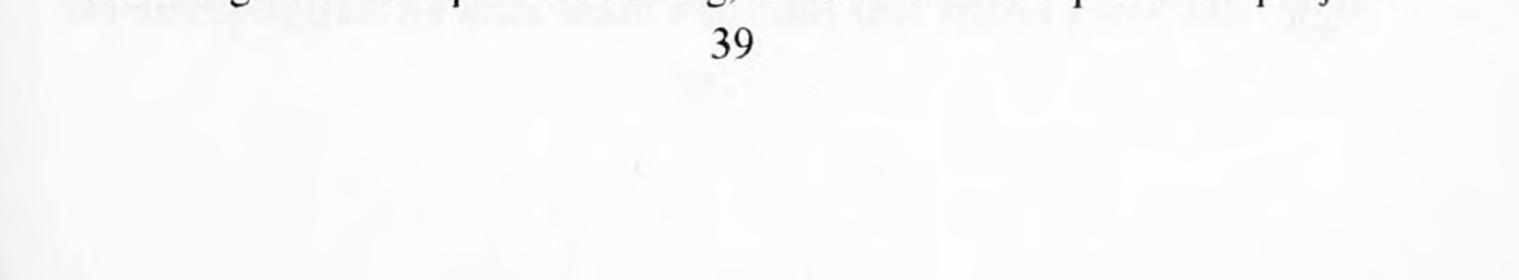
# 2

his black habit: the Benedictine Monk sips brandy

Anthony J. Pupello

When one of the great Zen masters achieved enlightenment he said that nuns were naturally women. So too, monks are naturally men; subject to the same temptations, the same failings as all of us. The *shadow* is no respecter of the roles we play in life.

Like Christ, the Benedictine monk is dedicated to the love of God and transcendence of the world. Yet the very garment that he wears, which signifies his spiritual calling, is also seen as a powerful projec-



tion of the dark side of his nature. If not successfully integrated, the shudow will out.

3

Passport check: my shadow waits across the border George Swede

At home, in our own country, our own city, our own neighborhood, we tend to curtail our darker impulses. Especially since our behavior is likely to be known by others: family, friends, neighbors. But when we travel to a foreign land, we are anonymous, and therefore much freer: as long as we don't flout the law, we can pretty much do as we wish. What a congenial environment for the shadow to sport in. Not to mention that in many other countries the standards of behavior are much looser, much less restrained. They might even be called shadowlands.

When I was a teenager growing up in San Francisco with a fairly wild group of buddies, Tijuana was the city across the border where our shadows beckoned with illicit pleasures.

my shadow knocks at her door and gets no answer John Sheirer

Jesus Christ why doesn't she open the door I know she's in there? God, I just want to tell her how much I love her. She's such a sweet person! So what if I've had a few drinks-what's wrong with that? Hey, it's not like I'm drunk-I mean I can handle it. Jesus, why doesn't she open the goddam door? Hell! Doesn't she realize how much I love her? Sonavabitch!

5

even in moonlight the dark side of his handsome face Gloria H. Procsal

It's the middle of the night and the poet is awakened by someone knocking at her door. She thinks she knows who it is, and if she's right, this won't be the first time he's made such an inappropriate call.

# 40

Quickly she goes to the window, glances from behind the curtains, and sees him standing at the doorstep in an obvious state of drunkenness. She's told him before that she won't open the door when he's in that condition. And she fully intends to adhere to that resolve. As she gazes at him standing there in the moonlight, she's struck by the fact that, even as drunk as he is, he's still an exceptionally handsome character.

### 6

summer twilight . . . at our wedding, our shadows stretching out before us *K.G. Teal* 

Since this couple's relationship has progressed to the point of marriage, it's more than likely that they have already seen some of the *shadowy* aspects of one another. And it seems inevitable that as time goes by more will be revealed. The quirks, the shortcomings, and the character defects of each will become apparent.

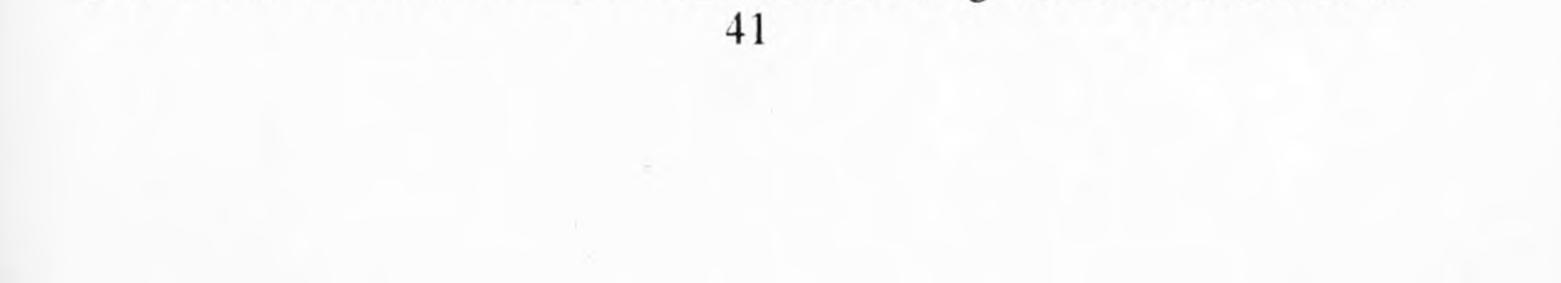
day's end my shadow touches the doorknob first *George Ralph* 

The poet has had a tough day at work. And as he reaches for the doorknob of his house, he knows that the dark side of himself, the angry and frustrated side, is in the ascendancy. He hopes his wife doesn't give him any static about being late or having had a few drinks. Because if she does, he knows for sure they're going to get into it—*in a big way!* 

8

not speaking our shadows keep touching *Alexis Rotella* 

He thinks about the terrible fight they had last night and he wonders how two people can love each other and still say such mean and cutting things. But now, this sullen silence between them seems just as bad if not worse. He wonders how long this dreadful state of



affairs will last and considers making an overture of peace—but she doesn't offer him the slightest opening. Moreover, his ego tells him that he does not want to be the first to give in and that to do so would be a sign of weakness.

# 9

Dusk deepens; a middle-aged man stops shadow-boxing Tv Hadman

I dreamt that an ugly black dwarf had somehow attached himself to me. I found him completely repellent; and I tried one means after another to be rid of him—but all to no avail. Finally, in desperation, I picked up a club and started beating him over the head, figuring if I couldn't free myself from him in any other way I would kill him. But no matter how many times I hit him it had no effect. Not only that, it just made the predicament worse, because now the dwarf knew how I felt about him. Then, out of the blue, an intuition came to me: I realized that despite his ugly exterior the dwarf was not really bad at all, and that instead of trying to kill him, I could befriend him.

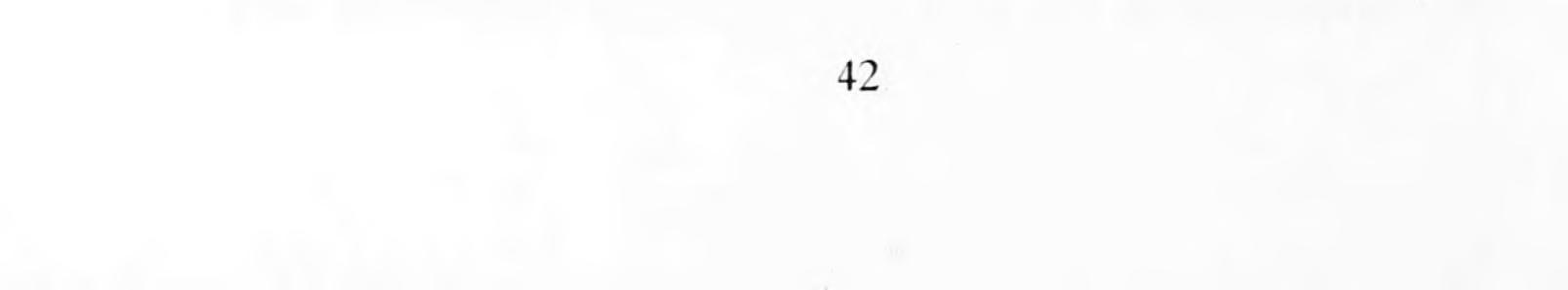
10

alone in the rain even my shadow washed away Dorothy McLaughlin

Now, with so many of us unaffiliated with the Church, where is one to go for solace and spiritual regeneration? This poem indicates that one can find those qualities in a solitary and intimate experience of nature. That being so, you could say the poem has a Taoistic flavor. But how Catholic it is in its subtle suggestion of three sacraments: baptism, absolution, and holy communion.

11

The silent Buddha holding in his lap a handful of shadows Larry Gates



Wisdom, serenity, and infinite compassion are the predominant traits that the Buddha personifies. The bodhisattva has taken a vow not to enter into nirvana until he can take with him all sentient beings. Has there ever been a loftier vow than this? Or a more compassionate one? The Buddha sits serene in the great void and knows that all of life is One. And into his ample lap he has taken all of our *shadowy* selves.

- 1. middle of the night Frogpond vol. X, no. 4, 1987.
- 2. his black habit Frogpond vol. XV, no. 2, 1992.
- 3. Passport check Cicada vol. 2, no. 4, 1978.
- 4. my shadow knocks Frogpond vol. X, no. 4, 1987.
- 5. even in moonlight Frogpond vol. XVII, no. 1, 1994.
- 6. summer twilight Modern Haiku vol. XXV, no. 1, 1994.
- 7. day's end Frogpond vol. XV, no. 1, 1992.
- 8. Not speaking On A White Bud, Alexis Rotella. Merging Media, 1983.
- 9. Dusk deepens The Poor Part of Town, Ty Hadman. Smythe-Waithe Press, 1982.
- 10. alone in the rain Frogpond vol. XIII, no. 4, 1990.
- 11. The silent Buddha Modern Haiku vol. I, no. 4, 1970.

# A Favorite Haiku

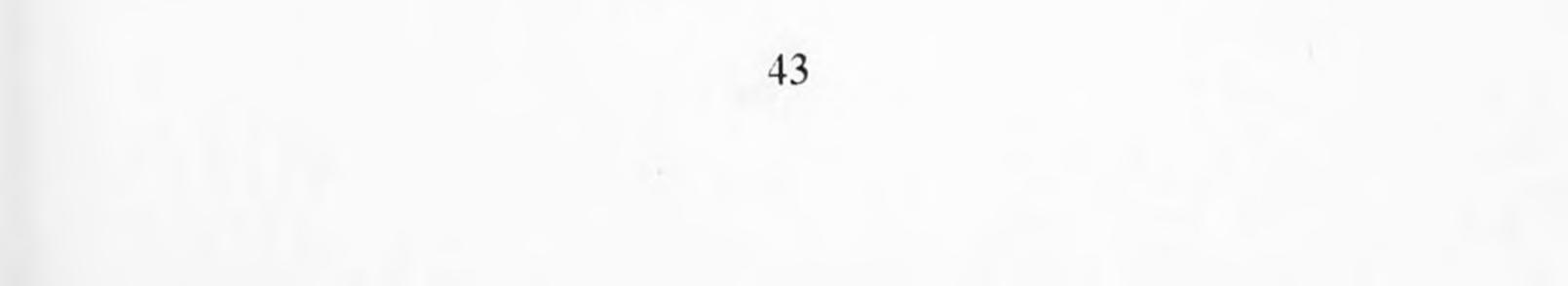
In the bathtub hearing a sleeting sound through the window

# Harumi Moritake\*

This haiku somehow brings back, for me, the *sabi* loneliness of winter travel, of staying in some run-down backstreet rooming-house with no proper heating. You feel your shivery nakedness so intensely, getting into the tub. But then the sound of sleet on the windowpane makes you feel at last some sense of snug asylum, just being inside on a night like this. And the lukewarm water seems positively luxurious.

H.F. Noyes

\*Ko, Spring/Summer 1991



Winter sunrise a sudden flush from peach to rose—

> A gesture, a word, and I don't know her ... or know her anew.

Larry Kimmel

One to whom I have been faithful is not faithful to me how heavy the musk odor of these chrysanthemums

Pat Shelley

I had it all figured out, this little wisdom of mine then in the night the rain so hard under a tree we talk of mother's passage from this life inchworms suspended all around us

Tom Clausen

lovers tonight moon-gazing hand in hand, how i envy them my empty hands can only brush the beams

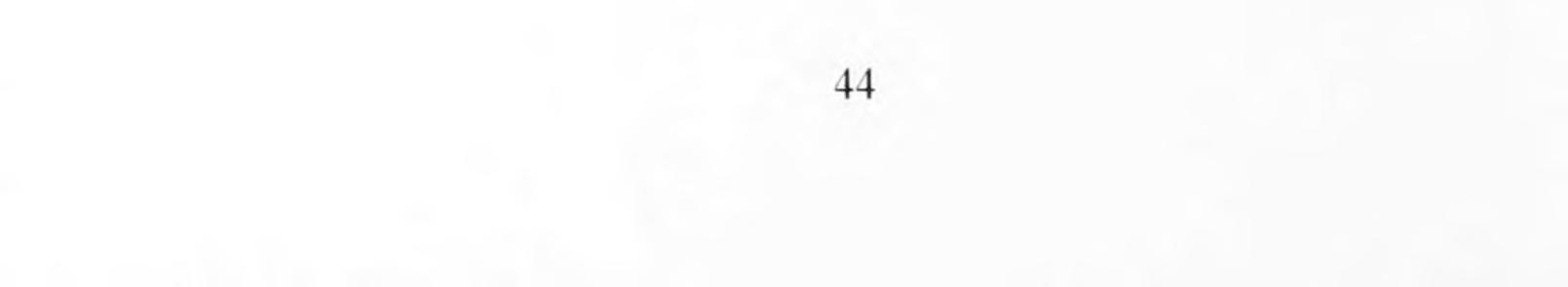
Pamela A. Babusci

Only three or four steps to peace, yet we spent ourselves scaling a range of mountains seeking what we carried within. I stand alone dusting a picture of you in your velvet jacket, feeling the softness of your hand on mine . . . crossing each street.

Kay F. Anderson

wood smoke commingling with first light my breath billows and vanishes tinsel ice-trapped whipped by the wind: we don't speak of her lupus

Nasira Alma



# The Fog of Longing: A Tanka String

As hopes of seeing you grow dim, the maple tree has become only A silhouette against a deepening winter sky

Again and again my thoughts return to you, the winter clouds Portentous of the first storm have only one shade of grey

So quickly the winter night covers everything In darkness, yet my longing

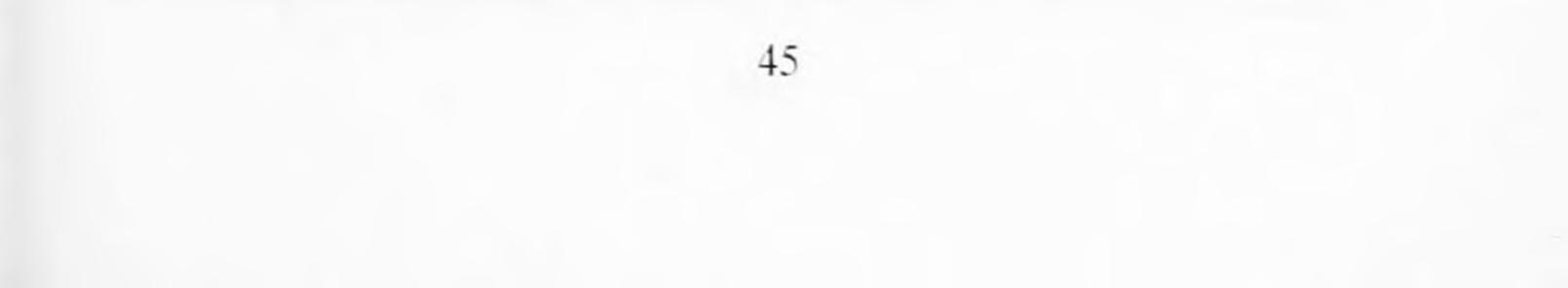
for you remains

What event will inspire you to visit and when? As I look up another leaf falls from the tree

The pale moonlight trickling through the branches of the maple tree Is my only consolation as I have to sleep alone

If only I knew you would come—even that seems doubtful now; The weather foretold rain but only the wind is stirring

Kenneth Tanemura



# **BOOK REVIEWS**

Ongoing Song: The voice of anne mckay Michael Dylan Welch

*a cappella*. anne mckay. Cacanadadada Press, 3350 W. 21 Ave., Vancouver, BC V6S 1G7, Canada, 1994. viii + 120 pp, 6×9 in. paper, perfectbound. \$10.95.

Any book that begins with "and" has to be by anne mckay. No wonder she says "no more beginnings . . . / I'll work now / with continuities" (p. 34). This is where her work overlaps with haiku, a leaping into here and now *in medias res*. These are "ongoing songs"(p. 34) by "a woman of passage" (p. 65), poems of a singular voice, sung *a cappella*, not because anne mckay needs no accompaniment, but because no one else can sing like her.

anne mckay's a cappella is a softly spoken monument. After a decade of gifting us with her various collections of haiku, linked verse, and poems that flutter aloofly yet deftly at the boundaries of haiku, she returns with the best of all her work, a retrospective volume that any poet should be proud to have written. The book collects some of her finest work in eleven sections (one for each of her previous nine books, plus two sections with new poems). The selection must have been difficult, for in practically every book of hers I find favourite passages omitted from a cappella. This is hardly a criticism, however, but a testament to the strength of all of her poetry. Poems in each section of a cappella usually appear in the same order as in the original, but with many intermediary poems not present, new connections result. This is the case with "shaping the need," a typical section. Also, some poems are slightly revised, perhaps to accommodate a new flow arising out of the stricter selection of poems (a "with" becomes an "and," for example). Yet still I am drawn to some excluded poems, such as "almost twilight / brooms at rest / in the adobe courtyard".

Whether favourite poems appear in the book or not, what is it that draws me to them, what is it in the poet's voice that makes her poems so distinctive? The publication of this retrospective volume of anne mckay's selected poems is, I think, an ideal occasion to explore that question.

For me, the distinctive nature of anne mckay's poems—her voice arises out of many qualities, including many intentional choices. For example, there's not a comma or period or capital letter anywhere in



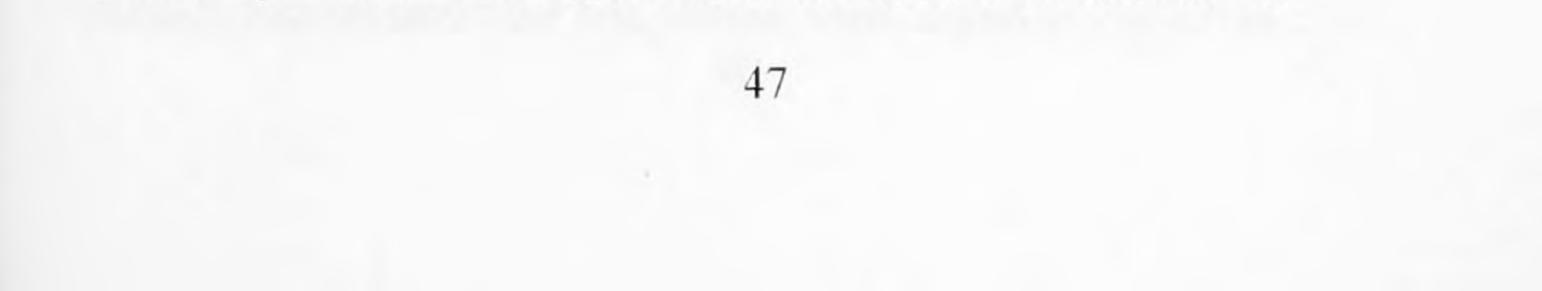
the book (except this, in a renga: "so long ago D loves A on the elm", p. 108). Aside from occasional apostrophes or single quotation marks, the only punctuation of any kind that appears in *a cappella* are ellipses. The poet makes the words and their spatial relationships do the work of most punctuation, and, as a consequence, the words are placed about the page in a decidedly visual dance, not unlike the ideographic work of Cummings.

I doubt that many of this poet's choices are subconscious or random, for anne mckay is a deliberate poet, a poet of control. Yet her deliberation refrains from contrivance. One thing she controls is word combinations, and the many dozens of appropriate and obvious or startling combinations that appear throughout her work make it recognizably hers. These combinations include such words as greenborn, rainvalley, dreamspeaker, alittle, earthred, secondstory, halfhiding, deepcurved, honeymerchant, prizeblue, and the serendipitous baudelaireburgers, iscreamyouscreamweallscreamforicecream, and handsholdinghandsholdinghands. And there are many more combinations. They are not nonce or nonsense words in the style of Carroll or Joyce, but words that say what needs to be said, where a bowl is not deep and curved, but intrinsically deepcurved-and has no less an identity. anne also controls her choice of ordinary words. Yet the words she often uses hardly seem ordinary. She weaves her poems with rich-coloured locutions. Here are just some of them: slurry, sandalwood, sloeberry, mordant, cascara, larkspur, linnet, quince, tamarind, chiffon, bonnard, moselle, dovecote, chutney, paraffin, jimson, tarantella, celadon, pippins, duenda, umber, and arabesque. The appearance of such gorgeous words further identifies her poems as hers. anne mckay has a broad palette. She also performs magic with the words she chooses. Her verses are frequently lyrical, replete with adept repetitions, smooth flow, and an enigmatic transcendance. There is substance behind the pleasure of anne mckay's words, yet the sound alone is a pleasure, like ear candy (one could pick poems practically at random):

> at the mission clinic the woman's winter fingers

> > winding gauze (p. 3)

I think her chief lyrical device, in addition to occasional rhyme, with liberal sprinkles of assonance and consonance, is alliteration:



the stolen stone fitting her palm perfectly (p. 90)

The wordplay of alliteration never seems overdone, and binds each of anne's poems together, compacting each one, yet never at the expense of meaning. She is not so drunk on words and their beauty that they fail to function first as carriers of meaning and a means of communication.

anne mckay is a poet of words, but also of images. Her images are wide-ranging-from the commonplace and ordinary to the novel and extraordinary:

woods walking

in a time of trilliums

my hand in his hand (p. 4)

following father's deep snowsteps in single file to sabbath service (p.23)

for the fourth time rearranging the roses . . .

> he will come soon (p.45)

> > reflecting

in the shadowed room

eye of the rockinghorse (p.74)

in the crook of a tree a raccoon shifts (p.108) eggs scrambling

At times, however, anne's poems slip into abstractions. This may be fine for her poetry, but it does blur the boundaries of "haiku." These blurrings include abstractions such as the endings of "she / bending / makes her gown a basket / to hold summer" (p.19), "pale fingers / polishing the days" (p.73), or "hands / shaping the clay / shaping the need" (p.93). Some poems compel and attract yet remain too abstracted to be "haiku":

a flame

set to fit the need between yes and no

(p.116)

Yet this lack of limitation is another trait of anne mckay's voice. She is not narrowed by haiku. For example, the following poem is a haiku 48

for me, yet smudges the typical expectation by presenting a sharp, intuitive image-moment in five lines:

> shopkeepers of early morning unwind the night awning

> > a dazzle of white apron (p.55)

Other poems dip into simile and metaphor, as with "shy as trout" (p.10), "renoir red" (p.56), or "a sudden snow of petals" (p. 68). To me, the apt rhetorical device shows this poet to be in control of her work, and shows that the value of the poetry is of more importance than the value of slender and often precarious definitions or labels. anne mckay embraces haiku, yet also makes it do her bidding. She has progressed beyond the stage where metaphors and similes cloud a beginner's haiku with indirectness and obfuscation. Her work is beyond haiku. Nevertheless, as has been noted of her work before, some of it is enigmatic and personal. But inbetween the snowdrifts are

daffodils of delight.

While most of this book is "a cappella," anne is escorted in one renga from her book "rumours of snow". Fellow Canadian Dorothy Howard writes with anne in her perfected way of one-liner linked verse. For one-liner renga, anne mckay's are definitive. This one example, "almost there," *is* there, and it shows another aspect of anne's range, an expanse of territory she has explored with ease and confidence.

On reading this immensely rewarding retrospective, I can't help but wonder what anne mckay might do with prose forms. What she has done with haiku, linked verse, and her own brand of longer poetry defies categorization. It seems mature and well-rounded. Her voice is clear. Her poetry is natural, original, and repeatedly fresh, seldom contrived or predictable. Yes, she may "make up" some of her poems (she has said this to me), but as a source of some of her poetry, her imagination still presents deep truth and authenticity that we readily recognize as credible.

If you've never read any of anne mckay's books, this book is a must, and will surely whet your appetite for more. If you have read some or all of her books, I still recommend *a cappella* for its pleasing design and production, the inclusion of numerous new poems, and the joy of rediscovering favourite poems in a revised context—stories and

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characters, moments and images that make up this poet's life.

Considering the scope of anne mckay's work, the strong vision in her dance of song, and the accomplishment of this retrospective book, it is unfortunate that *a cappella* did not receive a Merit Book Award from the Haiku Society of America, at least in a special category for selected peoms, if not more.

anne mckay is a haiku treasure. If you met her in her Vancouver apartment, you would find her to be little in stature—perhaps little like haiku. She lives and breathes poetry and painting. She has an artist's soul. And though little, she stands tall and assertively in and around haiku, with few peers. I suggest she is in the company of Foster Jewell, Raymond Roseliep, Nicholas Vergilio, Charles B. Dickson, and John Wills, and is one of the 20th-century English haiku's most distinctive yet also challenging voices. *a cappella* is a monument to anne mckay, her life, her poetic voice, and her inspiring gift of ongoing song. It is a song worth listening to, a song of delight. "for me / making poems is my way / of being alive / ... a kind of singing." (p.120).

# **Bill Albert's Lifetime Gift of Haiku**

*Haiku*. Bill Albert. Grilled Cheese Publishing, 1991; released to general distribution 1995. iii + 183 pp,  $5\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{1}{2}$  in. paper, perfectbound. \$7.00 + \$1.50 p&h from Ken DelPonte, 1506 Tenth Ave., San Francisco, CA 94122 (to whom check should be drawn).

Who is Bill Albert? He was an avid sports lover, a hockey coach and basketball player, a man who suffered from diabetes his entire life, a man who had several jobs but no steady career. Bill Albert spent most of his adult life writing haiku, although you probably do not know him, since he never published any haiku during his lifetime. However, he shared his haiku with friends and acquaintances, and they were so moved by them that they collaborated to publish his selected works in a paperback edition two years after his death at age 37 in 1988. The book, simply entitled *Haiku* went to press late in 1990; of the three hundred names listed as supporters of this publication, none are familiar to the haiku community in North America.

We should celebrate this gift of a lifetime of haiku which Bill Albert's friends have so generously shared through this publication. We can meet Bill Albert through his solitary life's work, his previously

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### unknown haiku.

Rain craters the sand from the parking lot rise steam and voices.

Reading this collection of haiku is a joy, because Bill Albert writes directly from experiences, felt and appreciated from his quiet, observant perspective. Most of the images are vivid and fresh, clearly not influenced by trends in the haiku magazines nor based on reading of other haiku. Except for a few echoes of J.W. Hackett's haiku, Bill Albert wrote without significant influence from his literary predecessors.

> Snowsuits drip into boots in the back hallway water boiling.

Bill Albert's haiku tend to be edited to resemble sentences in a fashion resembling the form of Hackett's haiku. Although a majority follow the 5-7-5 syllable pattern, Albert does not allow padding nor odd line breaks to destroy the impact of the images. He is conservative in form, but not afraid of going slightly beyond the traditional pattern. A few of the haiku have undesirable line breaks, but for someone working on his own without editors, Albert's haiku show a satisfying mastery of form.

Bats squeak in the field— Two men drink beer leaning against the corn truck.

His haiku do not reflect the aesthetic arguments of the haiku community, but most ring true to his perspective. He has a few haiku clearly connected to television experiences, such as astronauts on the moon, but his haiku are very fresh because he trusts his own vision, his own feelings, his own sense of small significance.

> Men shoveling dice at the brick wall weed in the curb crack.

His haiku are selfless enough for us to enter into his experiences, to feel them for ourselves. We do not have to know the writer. His haiku remain anonymous for us to enjoy fully without trying to put up a persona of the writer. Albert lets the perception remain as the focus, the object of his haiku. Sure, we look over his shoulder at times

# seeing the world through the artist's eyes. The men are focused on the

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dice, on their bets, on the futility of the brick wall, but we get to celebrate the weed's life cracking through the curb. Albert doesn't make too much of his insights; he simply writes his haiku which help us to notice what we would so often miss.

> A cup of chowder on the inn's patio— The slow sailboats.

So who is Bill Albert and why do we celebrate his life's work? He is the nobody we treasure so much in the haiku tradition, the anonymous writer who gives haiku a lifetime. He is one of the thousands who have steadily committed a lifetime's work to perfect a few haiku that will touch friends, acquaintances, and haiku lovers from around the world. Buy this book and get to know Bill Albert.

# **BOOKS RECEIVED**

Listing of new books is for information only and does not imply endorsement by frogpond or the Haiku Society of America. Reviews of some of these titles may appear in later issues of frogpond. Prices are US currency except where noted.

A Harvest of Haiku. Haiku Poets of Upstate New York, 1995. ii + 18 pp,  $5\frac{1}{2}\times8\frac{1}{2}$ in. paper, saddle-stapled. \$5.00 ppd; make check to/order from Sue-Stapleton Tkach, 60 Auramar Drive, Rochester, NY 14609.

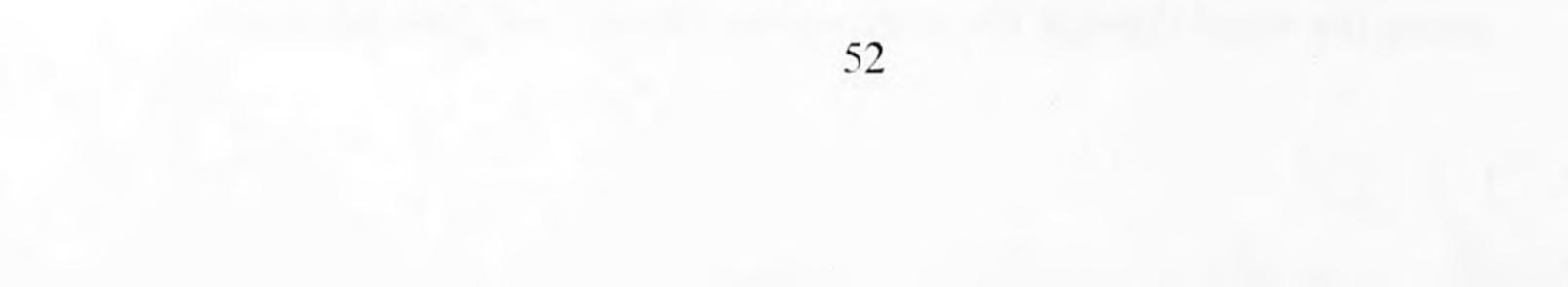
A Ribbon of Silver Thread: twenty haiku. Joseph Kirschner. Little Stone Books, 1995. 36 pp, 5½×8½ in., paper, saddle-stapled. \$5.95 ppd; make check to/order from author, 2157 Ridge Ave. 2D, Evanston, IL 60201.

A Simple Universe. Sonō Uchida. Intro. William J. Higginson. Press Here, POB 4014, Foster City, CA 94404; 1995. Haiku by the president of Haiku International, trans. by author with Kris Kondo and WJH. *Romaji* and English. 48 pp, 4¼×6 in, paper, perfectbound. \$9.00 ppd; make check to Michael Dylan Welch. HSA members may order for \$7.00 until June 30, 1996.

A String of Monarchs. Alexis Rotella and Florence Miller. 13 linked poems. Jade Mountain Press, 16651 Marchmont Dr., Los Gatos, CA 95032; 1995. 51 + iv pp,  $8\frac{1}{2}\times11$  in. paper, saddle-stapled, npg.

at mull river. anne mckay. wind chimes press, 1955. 52 pp, 6<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub>×4 in. paper, saddlestapled. \$5.00 from the author, Studio B, 1506 Victoria Dr., Vancouver, BC V5L-2Y9, Canada.

hands full of stars. Members of the Boston Haiku Society (Sarah Jensen, ed.). Illust. Kaji Aso. ii + 32 pp,  $5\frac{1}{2}\times8\frac{1}{2}$  in. paper, saddle-stapled. \$5.00 ppd from Raffael de Gruttola, 4 Marshall Rd., Natick, MA 01760.



Ladles and Jellyspoons: Presentations Haiku, Senryu, Tanka. Francine Porad. Vandina Press, 6944 SE 33rd, Mercer Island, WA 98040-3324. 48 pp. 5<sup>1</sup>/<sub>4</sub>×8<sup>1</sup>/<sub>4</sub> in. paper, perfectbound. \$10.95 + \$1.25 p&h US & Canada, \$2.50 p&h elsewhere.

Noems Koans and a Navel Display. James Kirkup. Users Manual by Colin Blundell. Hub Editions, 11 The Ridgway, Flitwick, Bedfordshire MK45 1DH, England; 1995. Unpaginated,  $6\frac{1}{2} \times 3\frac{3}{4}$  in, paper, perfectbound, \$10.60 ppd.

Northern Lights. Michael Dylan Welch, ed. Commemorative anthology for Haiku North America 1995, Toronto. Press Here, POB 4014, Foster City, CA 94404; 1995. 24 pp,  $5\frac{1}{2}\times8\frac{1}{2}$  in. paper, saddle-stapled. \$6.00 ppd; make check to M.D. Welch.

Oasis in the Heart: Haiku with Exposition. Toshimi Horiuchi. Weatherhill Inc., 568 Broadway, New York, NY 10012; 1995. 124 + xxviii pp, paper, perfectbound, npg.

Papering Dreams: Haiku and Sumi-e Painting. Poetry Series No. 7. Charles Bernard Rodning, Kai Johannes Rodning, Mary Elizabeth Rodning. 96 pp,  $6 \times 9\frac{1}{4}$  in. paper, perfectbound, \$25 + \$1.50 p&h; make check to/order from CB Rodning, 2451 Fillingim St., Mobile, AL 36617.

Poklon Zvijezdama/Gift to the Stars (Croatian Haiku Poets, Book 7). Anica Gečić. Hrvatsko Haiku Društvo/Croatian Haiku Association, Smerovišće 24, 41430

Samobor, Croatia; 1995. 84 pp,  $5\frac{1}{2} \times 7\frac{3}{4}$  in., paper, perfectbound. Price: query publisher.

*Rumblestrips.* John Sheirer. First Blade Publishers, 1995. 64 pp (unnumbered),  $5\frac{1}{2}\times8$  in paper, perfectbound, \$6.50 ppd. Check to/order from author at Asnuntuck Community-Technical College, 170 Elm St., Enfield, CT 06082.

Something Unerasable. John Stevenson. 52 pp,  $4\frac{1}{4} \times 3\frac{3}{4}$  pp, paper, saddle-stapled, \$4.00 ppd; make check to/order from author, POB 122, Nassau, NY 12123.

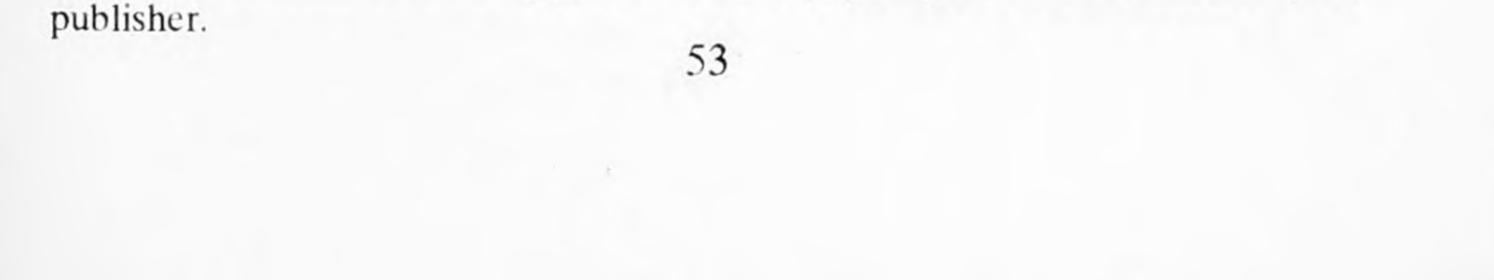
Snow. Steve Sanfield. Illust. Jeanette Winter. Philomel Books (Putnam & Grosset Group), 200 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10016; 1995. Unpaginated; 23 haiku + 23 illustrations. 8<sup>1</sup>/<sub>4</sub>×10<sup>1</sup>/<sub>4</sub> in. hardbound/ dustjacket. \$15.95 US; \$21.50 Can.

Tanka Splendor 1995. Larry Gross, judge; Jane Reichhold, series ed. AHA Books, POB 767, Gualala, CA 95445. 6th International Tanka Splendor Awards. 48 pp (unnumbered),  $5\frac{1}{2}\times8\frac{1}{2}$  in., paper, saddle-stapled. \$6.00 ppd.

tenement landscapes. Paul David Mena. A Small Garlic Press, 1995. 14 + vi pp,  $5\frac{1}{4}\times8\frac{1}{2}$  in, paper, saddle-stapled. \$3.00 US (\$4.00 international), ppd. Make check to/order from author, 1404 S. Greeley St. #1, Stillwater, MN 55082.

Unraked Leaves. Tom Clausen. Benson Smyth Publishing, 1995. 40 pp (unnumbered), 4<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>×4 in., paper, saddle-stapled, \$4.00 ppd. Check to/ order from author, 1421 Slaterville Rd., Ithaca, NY 14850.

Vjetar Bez Sna/Wind With No Dream (Croatian Haiku Poets, Book 6). Mirsad Denjo. Hrvatsko Haiku Društvo/Croatian Haiku Association, Smerovišće 24, 41430 Samobor, Croatia; 1995. 80 pp,  $5\frac{1}{2}\times7\frac{3}{4}$  in., paper, perfectbound. Price: query



# ANNOUNCEMENTS

### CONTESTS

### The 7th Itoen "Oh-I, Ocha! (Tea, Please!)" New Haiku Contest

Postmark deadline February 29, 1996. Rules for Section 8 (Haiku in English) only are summarized here. Any theme; season word not required; free-style OK. Not entered in other contests. Type or write 3 haiku on a postal card addressed to "Itoen Oh-i Ocha! New Haiku Contest", 4-5-116 Kojimachi, Chiyoda-ku, Tokyo 102, Japan, or size B5 fax to +81-3-3263-5668; indicate Section 8, Haiku in English as well as your name, address with postal code, telephone number, age, sex, profession (or name of school attending), and name of any haiku association of which you are a member. Up to a total of 6 haiku may be entered. *Copyrights of winning haiku remain property of Itoen Ltd.* Judges of section 8 judges: Ryusai Takeshita, Mark F. Petersen. Prizes up to  $\pm 200,000 + \text{cans of tea printed with}$ winning verse + book of winning haiku (elementary and junior school students' monetary prizes are in the form of book coupons).

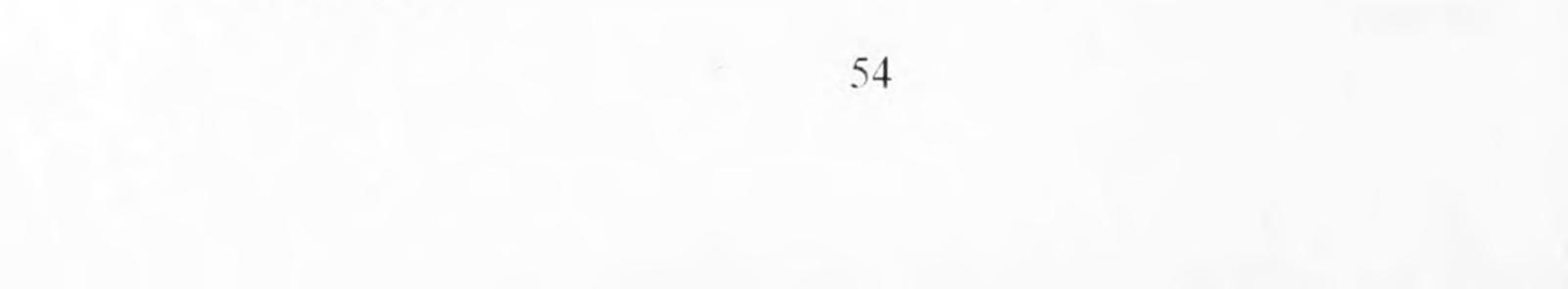
Winners. HSA members made a clean sweep of the Haiku Category of the Canadian Writer's Journal 1995 Poetry Competition: H.F. Noyes, Yvonne Hardenbrook, and Alan J. Summers won 1st, 2nd, and 3rd place, respectively, and the latter two together with Donna Claire Gallagher were awarded honorable mentions. Laura Kim took first and second place in the Sijo Category.

# PUBLICATIONS

Woodpecker joined other English-speaking European birds (Croatia's Sparrow and Romania's Albatross) with its first issue this autumn. This semiannual magazine, edited by Willem Lofvers, publishes haiku from around the world in their native languages with English translations. For information and guidelines, write (SAE + IRC) to the Secretary, Paula Silvius, de Hoep 22, 8622 de Hommerts, The Netherlands.

**Mirrors**, which published its last issue under the editorship of Jane Reichhold early this year, is moving to Canada to be edited by Jim Force in Calgary, who writes that "it will be a continuation of the experiment and spirit of previous issues as produced by Jane Reichhold," and will "continue to emphasize ... high quality visual presentation of haiku and related forms." The deadline for subscriber-produced pages for the first Canadian issue is March 31, 1996; write (SAE + IRC) for guidelines and information to *Mirrors*, 1310 Hamilton St. NW, Calgary, AB T2N 3W6, Canada.

South by Southeast, now subtitled "Haiku and Haiku Arts," will be edited by Jim Kacian, Rt. 2, Box 3977, Berryville, VA 22611 as of February 1996. It will continue as a quarterly, but with submissions not geographic. Price, \$16/year. Enquire about editorial policy.



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