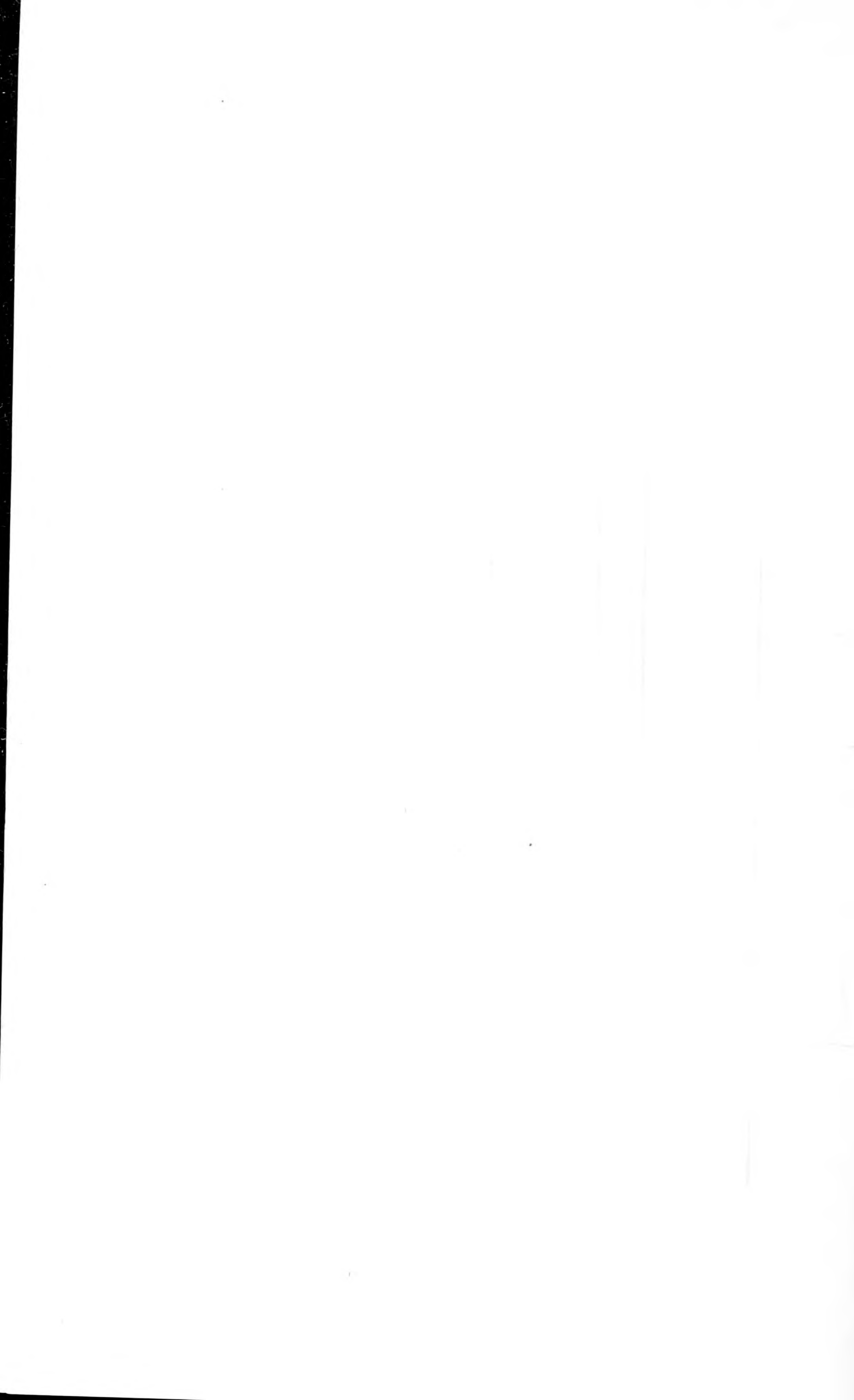
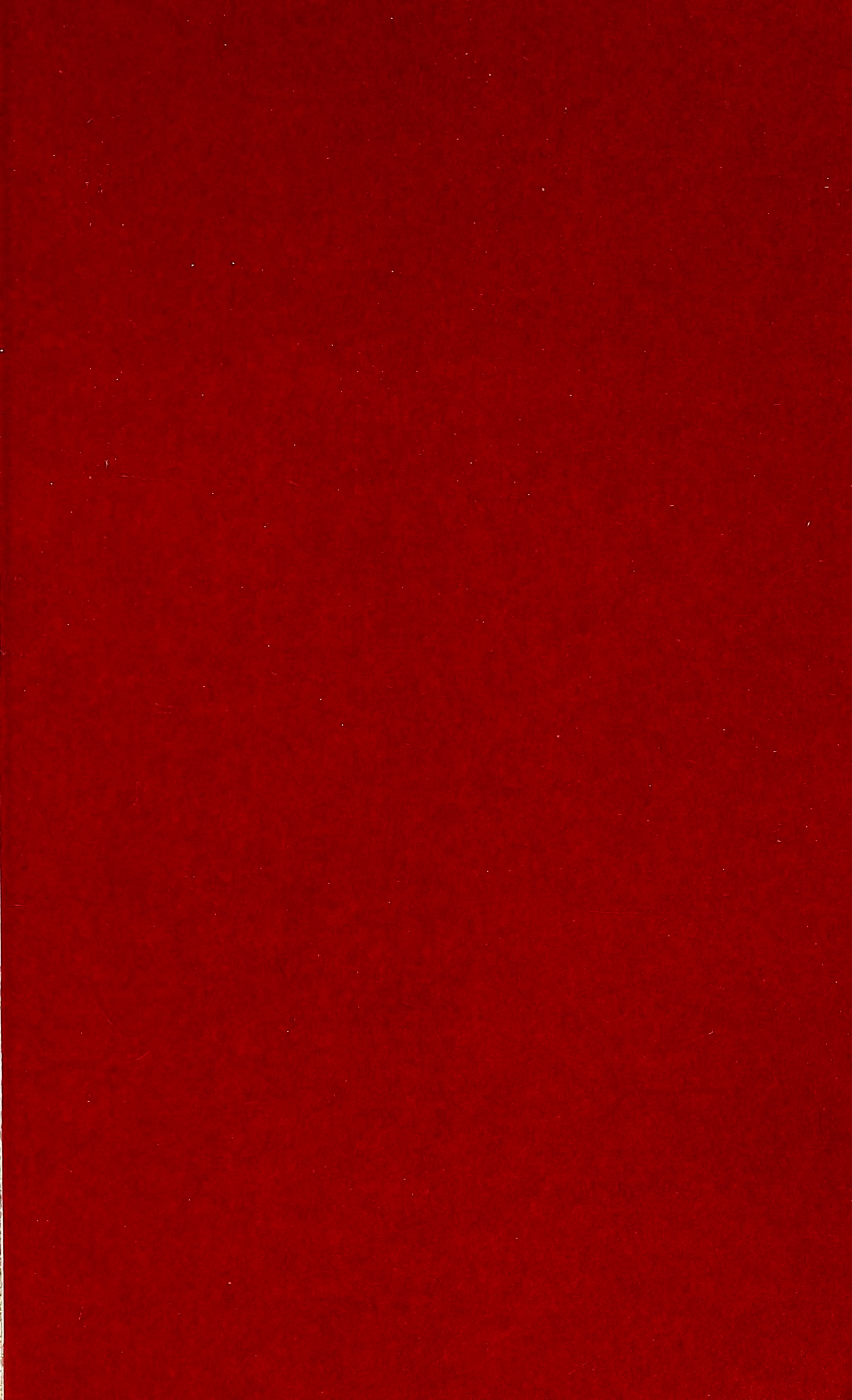
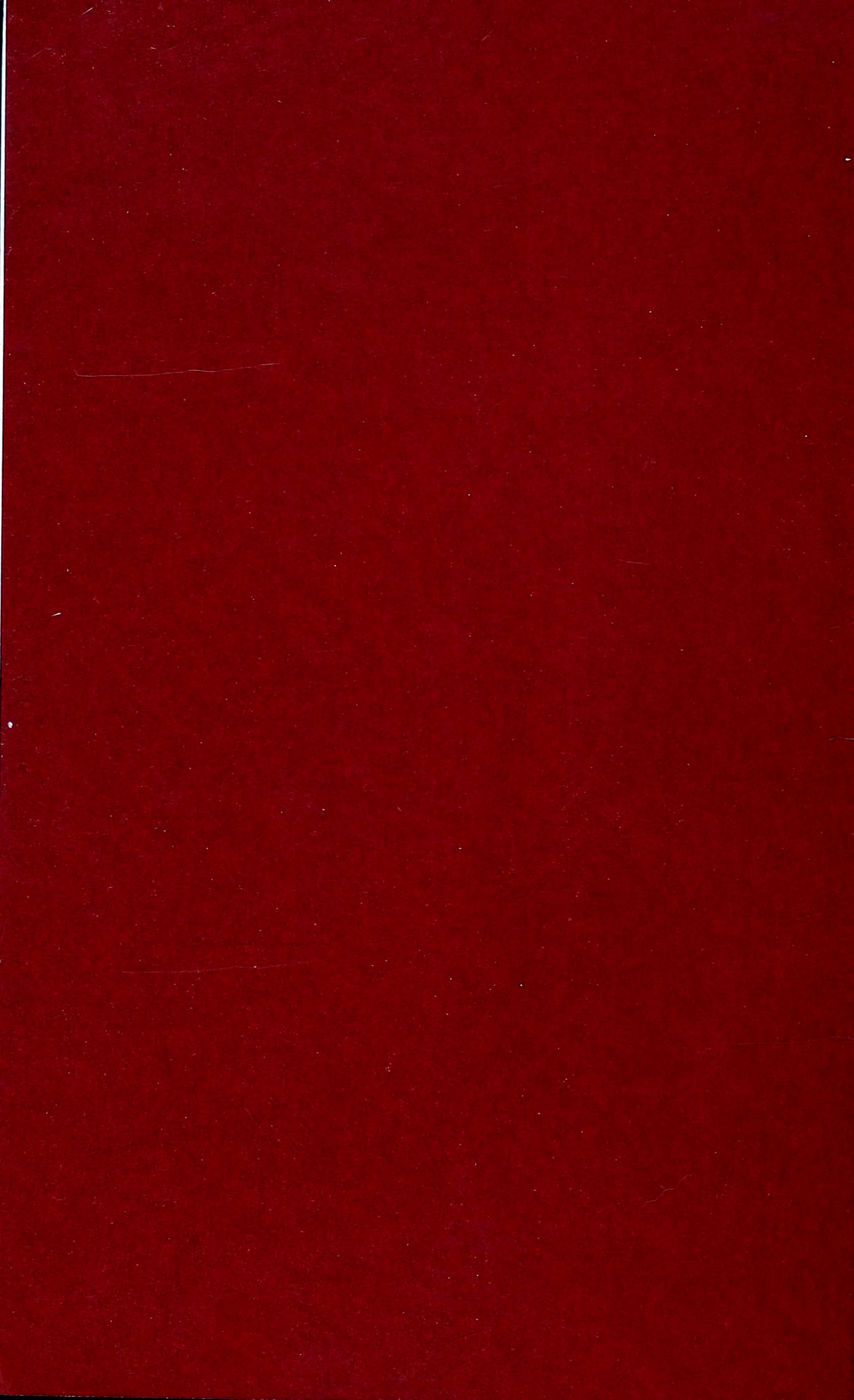


FROGPOND XXI:3







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333 East 47th Street, New York, NY 10017

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President's Message

"Sail forth—steer for the deep waters only."

WALT WHITMAN, *Passage to India*

This has been a year of looking forward to the future and back to our beginnings. Membership is on the rise as more and more people discover haiku, and our thirtieth anniversary has given us the opportunity to honor our charter members. The high quality of submissions to the Merit Book Awards competition, the fine poetry submitted to the HSA contests, and the productivity of poets around the country bear witness to this creative momentum. On the organizational side, guidelines for funding requests, updated guidelines for the MBA contest, and a job description manual for officers are in progress.

As my year as president comes to a close, I would like to thank you for giving me the privilege of serving HSA. It has been a very rich experience to travel around the country and feel first-hand the vitality and spirit of American haiku poets. It has been a wonderful welcome home, too—a great balance to my many years in Japan.

I am grateful to my "team" for their talent and energy: Jerry for his warm support as 1st VP; Alice for her great work organizing contests as 2nd VP; Dee for his attention to detail and fine writing skills so sorely needed as secretary in such a large, complicated organization; Raffael for the hard work of crunching the numbers and guarding the budget; Jim for the elegant new look of Frogpond; Charlie for his fine editorship of the newsletter, truly our information lifeline; the Regional Coordinators, our links to the pulse of haiku activities around the U.S. There are so many others, including Lee Gurga's nominating committee, our contest judges and generous donors, our Web Master Sara Brandt, anthology editor Garry Gay, the American Haiku Archives committee, and so many more. Thank you very much one and all!

Without such dedicated volunteer officers giving their time and devotion to HSA, we would not be the exciting, productive organization that we are. And there's so much more ahead. Let's keep up the momentum and enjoy thirty more great years of discovery as we share our haiku with each other. With warm regards,

—Kristen Deming

haiku

1) An unrhymed Japanese poem recording the essence of a moment keenly perceived, in which Nature is linked to human nature. It usually consists of 17 *onji*.

2) A foreign adaptation of 1, usually written in three lines totalling fewer than 17 syllables.

(from *A Haiku Path* page 82 with corrections from page 80)

framed by the window
budding apple tree
new yoga posture

wanda d. cook

spring sunshine—
inside my neighbor's house
a bird sings

Pamela Connor

5

gaps in our talk—
violets poke through
a white picket fence

Kenneth Tanemura

people crowd
the narrow sidewalks—
dandelion in a crack

Joe Wocoski

in a haze
of straight, young trunks
a slow, white barn

Rees Evans

enjoying
the flooded playground
—all these seagulls

Catherine Mair

from the bridge
arc upon arc—
willows

John Martone

hazy morning. . .
the great white heron stands
by its reflection

Bruce Ross

rowing through
the setting sun—
the crew team

Jason Sanford Brown

Canada geese. . .
into the wind's ripples
four wakes merge

Lori LaLiberte-Carey

our argument stops. . .
the sandhill cranes
are returning

Kenneth C. Leibman

the ladybug
landing in your hair
not telling you

Michael Cecilione

my back arched
over my desk at tax time—
salmon returning

Alexander Forbes

geese leaving
all at once
the lake

John Stevenson

after the flood
caught in dank driftweed
a naked barbie doll

Jean Rasey

nun sweeping:
branch to branch
a blue jay

Paul M.

breakfast table—
a bowl full
of early sun

Ruby Spriggs

big green pine cone
hanging way up high—my son
calls me back to earth

Michael Ketchek

8

the days grow longer
the bed
is wrinkled on one side

Margaret Hehman-Smith

a robin's song the next hospital bed now empty

Michael Dylan Welch

early geese—
their shadows follow
the road north

Melissa Leaf Nelson

the withered flowers
on a tomb, and the wild ones
around

Keizo Harazaki

misty morning—
commuter traffic
dries the center lane

Richmond D. Williams

the sharpness
of the white picket fence
—gray morning

Yu Chang

Just beyond the fence
of the new schoolyard—
spring flowers

Tom Tico

early morning bus
passengers ride
the silence

Anthony J. Pupello

early morning
on the blank journal page
a small rainbow

Pamela Miller Ness

roadside fence—
the pony briefly
keeping pace

A. C. Missias

10

high clouds—
the cows all grazing
one way

Tom Clausen

above the cyclists
on the slick wet road
lightning

Patricia Prime

spring melt—
kayak on the roofrack
we navigate traffic

Makiko

crescent moon—
my slice of pie
thinner than usual

Dani DeCaro

|| ||

twilight—
Picasso's cat crossing
the block glass

Frederick Gasser

evening: my yawn
slips through the bus window
to a stranger

Ruth Yarrow

waiting for moonrise—
so lonely
the evening star

Neca Stoller

The Cyber Pond

A. C. Missias

The Shiki Internet Haiku Salon opened its mailing list as a forum for posting and discussion of haiku in 1995. Over the intervening years its membership has grown and changed, with the addition of people new to the Internet and new to the haiku form. The list has also been subdivided into several different discussion groups—more or less geared to critique or theoretical discussion—and additional forums for exchange of haiku have sprung up in many parts of the Internet world. However, many current Internet haiku writers gained much of their understanding of the form and philosophy from the early debates and explanations they found on the Shiki list, and some of the essays written at that time have become “classics” to which newcomers are referred when common topics and questions re-arise. Because many of the readers of Frogpond were not a part of those early days of Shiki, and still may not have time or technology to access the archived discussions (<http://www.cc.matsuyama-u.ac.jp/~shiki/shiki.archive/>), I thought it might be worth digging through my own saved files and pulling out some tidbits of general interest. This column will be only the first installment of such an expedition, serving up some short quotes from a variety of contributors; perhaps in future installments I will excerpt a few longer essays by single authors. So here are some brief thoughts, opinions and questions from the first two years of Shiki history:

thoughts on form—

“The three-line form in English reflects the frequent presence of three elements in Japanese haiku. When one of these elements is lacking, the poem is often not strong enough. . .” (*David Coomler*)

"[I]n spoken Japanese each mora is more or less the same length—the same is hardly true for English syllables... English also has more prominent accents than Japanese, which really gets in the way sometimes when you try to make the syllables match—simply put, English words are such that you don't necessarily get rhythmical smoothness just by having five syllables. This makes a 5-7-5 division that makes no provisions for accented and unaccented syllables less natural for the English language. (If you look at the traditional meters in English, on the other hand, they usually have strict specifications for strong and weak syllables)." (*Shimpei Yamashita*)

"Now it's about time that various schools of haiku form sprang up. One working in 5,7,5, one in 3,4,3, one in a beat structure, etc. Each group would then hone their haiku into the best that they could possibly be within the limit of that style and natural selection would decide what was best." (*Dhugal Lindsay*)

"By concerning ourselves too much with the outward form of haiku, we can lose sight of its essence." (*Keiko Imaoka*)

"When style was all the rage, theme wasn't worked on enough. Now that theme is all the rage, style has suffered. Naturally the second scenario is preferable to the first, but the third scenario, where those who have already mastered theme start working on form, would really be getting close to the original haiku philosophy." (*Dhugal Lindsay*)

on season words—

"Many writers that choose to emulate the original Japanese model as closely as possible will tell you that without a season word (*kigo*)... your poem is NOT a haiku. Others will tell you that simply inserting a seasonal word is not enough, that you must do so in a way that connects to a seasonal theme as well. . . Still others, Dr. Blyth for instance, will tell you that some short poems and phrases from longer poems of poets like Wordsworth are haiku in nature, if not form, because they speak of life through an act or connection to the natural world. What exactly is the natural world? Is it trees, grass, birds, rivers, cockroaches, etc? If it is only that then why are temple bells, bridges, tea huts, and other man-made objects used? If we can use them, then why not cars, buses, boats, helicopters, bombs, and insect repellent for example?" (*Rick MacDonald*)

on rhyme—

“Rhyme should be avoided in haiku because it is so strong an element in itself that it detracts from the other elements in a form as simple as haiku. Rhyme is too ‘rich’ for haiku.” (*David Coomler*)

“As Henderson states, there is no rhyme in Japanese poetry specifically because it is too easy to accomplish. His justification for the use of rhyme in English haiku is based, as he himself states, on his personal preference. . .Rhyme throughout English language poetry in Henderson’s time was viewed as essential to all poetry. Since then, both here in the west and in Japan itself, poetry has undergone many evolutions and if you gauge current cultural trends here in the U.S., at least, rhyme is both rare and rarely accepted, especially end rhyme.” (*Rick MacDonald*)

on negative emotions in haiku—

“Basically, haiku should be neither negative nor positive. Just be. If you are depressed, you will probably choose de-pressing images. . .If you are really feeling depressed and must express the depression, you are probably better off using tanka. One of the weaknesses of haiku (dare I say this?) is that they can become too cool, too rational, too expressionless. However! If one is skilled, it is possible to choose images to reflect your mood without having to say how rotten the world is.” (*Jane Reichhold*)

on use of proper nouns and local references—

|| 4 || “The point was made that ‘local’ phrases could render a haiku obscure to those unfamiliar with the vernacular. A counter point was made that such references enhance a haiku with a flavor unique to its intended setting. While both of these perspectives have their individual merit, I’d like to suggest that the mission of the poet should be to communicate to an audience, and as such, care must be taken to use local phrases as a tool to draw the reader in—not to isolate or alienate the reader.

Tompkins Square:
an old man teaches Tai-Chi
to the pigeons

Tompkins Square immediately conjures up a specific image to a New Yorker, but is just a name to those unfamiliar with the city. The result of the haiku, however, needs to be strong enough to render the environment's specifics irrelevant—all we need to know is that Tompkin's Square is a place large enough to accommodate a flock of pigeons (which should establish it as a city) and a man performing martial arts exercises (which might suggest an émigré to a large city). This way we all benefit: the New Yorker can take a sentimental journey; the visitor gets a free tour. . ." (*Paul Mena*)

general thoughts on haiku ('notes from a subway ride')—

"images not ideas. carry a notebook in your backpocket. if you see an interesting image, write it down. it may not have immediate importance, but later on it may. also you can work on haiku while waiting anywhere, for anything. something to do. write what you see with your eyes, without your 'poetic brain'. use concrete images. there is a difference between poetic images and haiku. . . arrange and rearrange words in patterns of juxtaposition. resonance is found between two things. images not ideas. no judgments or opinions. reality over fantasy. keep your thoughts to yourself." (*john hudak*)

on brevity—

"The point is not to say as much in the [single poem] as possible, by condensing and compacting, but perhaps to say as little as possible that will sketch the scene! I like to think of haiku as sculpture, where we are trying to chip away the excess material (of experience) to reveal the clear image within. If we leave any of the 'extra' stone, the result is less sharp and clear." (*Kim Hodges*)



And with that thought, I'll conclude this little trip through the archives—I hope that some of this has provided some entertainment and/or enlightenment to a few readers. Next time, another look into the past and present life of the Internet haiku community.

graduation day—
released balloons
fly in the wind

Anthony J. Pupello

ONE LANE
BRIDGE
my vacation
begins
here

LeRoy Gorman

early summer—
a rotten doormat hung
on the guest-house fence

Paul Watsky

16

cloudy skies
one small patch of sunshine
on the far pasture

Melissa Leaf Nelson

a fox in the path
moving away
both of us look back

Elizabeth Howard

cloud shadows
snail the White Mountains
into Maine

William Hart

alpine meadow
sharing snow melt
from a tin cup

Robert Gibson

17

worn bike tire—
flecks of schist
from the trail

Barry George

loose stone—
the depth
of the canyon

Tom Painting

before and after our yelling:
the waterfall

D. R. Spurgeon

double moon bridge
young lovers feeding
the frenzied koi

Margarita Engle

heat lightning
her hair
brushing my face

Larry Kimmel

after the argument
gazing at
the yellow freesia

Ikuyo Yoshimura

18

she hurries her words—
star to star
to star

Gary Hotham

under our shadow—
no changes
to the river's flow

Gary Hotham

water moccasins sleep
how calm the river

Barbara MacKay

high summer—
the cuckoo's silent flutter
onto the beech

Linda Jeannette Ward

19

pond fishing—
my eyes catching
dragonflies

Dani DeCaro

low-river sun
old man rounds the bend
fish jumping on his back

Nina A. Wicker

On the window screen
gecko skitters
across the moon

Nancy S. Young

a moth's wingdust—
the silvered slant of dawnlight
on window-glass

Jean Rasey

not just the leaves
but aspen trunks too quake
in the pond

Adelaide McLeod

summer storm—
the hay truck's mirror
dragging a branch

Burnell Lippy

20

finger tips and noses
against the windowpane
rainy day

Jennifer Lindsey

snow leopard stalking
a Himalayan pheasant—
adjoining cages

Richard Rosenberg

berry blue:
the wooden spoon
at midsummer

Linda Jeannette Ward

Narrow strip of green
near the school on Madison,
complete with fireflies

Richard Rosenberg

21

middle of summer:
the football field
without any lines

Rick Tarquinio

high pressure
the killdeer's shrill *deee*
this breathless evening

Elizabeth Howard

Mid-summer's eve—
round swells of hydrangea
motionless

Marjorie Buettner

putting on
my dancing shoes—
summer wind

Pamela A. Babusci

the evening star
steadies
early twilight

Ronan

summer storm
the new baby
in brother's crib

Kay F. Anderson

22

summer rain—
the window-washer mutters
in his sleep

Michael L. Evans

tangled weeds—
the evening breeze unveils
a passion flower

Rick Tarquinio

The Christ figure gone
but the ivy still clings
to the crucifix

Tom Tico

Fourth of July
above the flying spikes
shortstop's red glare

Michael Fessler

23

huge evening sun:
girl cocks a round mirror
to correct her lip-edge

Barry Spacks

western windows
of city office towers—
copying sunsets

Kaye Bache-Snyder

summer moon
unfurling my fist
to release the moth. . .

Jeff Winke

The Conscious Eye

Dee Evetts

Looking through submissions to this column from the past few months, I started thinking about the nature of human frailty and folly. Not the ultimate follies, such as warfare or environmental destruction, but the little absurdities and contradictions all humankind is heir to.

Some of the poems featured below may have been intended simply to make us smile. Yet by engaging the reader so effectively at the level of humor or irony, they also open our minds to alternatives, and prompt us to ask: "Why do we do what we do?"

This quietly ironic poem by Marco Fraticelli seems a good place to start:

by the ocean
reading
perfumed magazines¹

24

The poet writes: "Although I've done it myself, it makes so little sense to travel all that distance, pay all that money and then sit at the ocean's edge reading. Those glossy magazines that are mostly ads and smell of perfume samples make things seem even more absurd."

Recalling occasions when I have sat reading all day long at the seashore, and very contentedly, I wonder if after all it makes perfectly good sense. When we stare into a dying fire, or watch waves breaking on the shore, it seems we give ourselves permission to just sit—a

kind of spontaneous meditation. Is it possible that taking a book to the corner of a quiet meadow, or to the vastness of the ocean, releases us from our everyday lives and concerns in a way that affords a special kind of pleasure and relaxation?

Of course, Fraticelli's perfumed magazines give the picture a different slant. Of all the senses, smell may be the one that we take most for granted. Not so Hayat Abuza, in her

through the bus window
white magnolia
scentless²

25

I remember, as recently as twenty years ago, the extra joy of a bus or train journey when the windows were open to a spring or summer morning. In those days you could still smell what you saw: newly-mown hay, a riding stable, lilac, magnolia. Now—in the supposedly “developed” countries at least—such forms of transport are universally air-conditioned. We move about in controlled environments, insulated from so many natural phenomena.

Essentially, the motivation behind this is the same that underpins cosmetic surgery. *Reality is all too often uncomfortable.* Why look fifty years old, if they can make you look thirty—and you can afford it? Tom Painting exposes the real price that is paid for such transformations:

her face lift
slowly recovering
smile lines³

I imagine that the poet has an old friend or acquaintance from whose face has been erased the unique record of a fully-lived life. But she or he has not heeded the surgeon's parting advice: “Try not to smile.” And now personality

is once more reasserting itself over the blankness of pseudo-youth.

Men indulge in this particular folly less often than women. Given the pressures our society imposes, this is understandable. Yet the cult of youthfulness can inspire us males to be no less ridiculous, as Watha Lambert astringently observes:

convention:
old men acting
their new wife's age⁴

The play on "convention" is very effective—the word indicating not only a location, but suggesting also that this is a norm for behaviour at such gatherings.

In the next example, Kay F. Anderson satirizes both genders simultaneously:

groping
her implants—
his virtual reality⁵

I find this quite wonderful. It is hilarious, and at the same time complex and thought-provoking. She is giving him what she thinks men want. He thinks he is getting what he wants. In reality they are both getting what they deserve: an experience that misses the nuances of touch, sensitivity and awareness—all that makes sex really interesting.

This poem is a hard act to follow, yet there is still half a page to fill. I will venture one of my own—perhaps the only opportunity I will have for doing so, since so little of my work could find a place in a column such as this. Kay Anderson focuses on an example of self-defeating behaviour, and in a totally different context so does this:

his dust mask
a hole poked through it
for the cigarette⁶

We are willing to fool ourselves in so many ways. It is well to be reminded of this—as we are, once again, by Mykel Board's

after the workout
taking the elevator
to the second floor⁷

□ □ □

Readers may be interested in a preview of probable themes for this column, in the three 1999 issues of Frogpond. Certainly war poems will be featured, and there is so much strong material to consider that I may have to beg the Editor for a extra page or two, when the time comes. The treatment and mistreatment of children is also a likely topic. And the environment, which we looked at last time, is bound to come up again in the future.

27

Please keep the submissions coming, and look out for poems by other haiku poets that you might want to recommend for these pages.

◇ ◇ ◇

(Submissions and recommendations for this column can be sent to: Dee Evetts, 102 Forsyth Street #18, New York, NY 10002. Please state whether previously published, giving details. Work may also be selected from general submissions to Frogpond, and other sources.)

1. unpublished
4. unpublished

2. unpublished
5. Frogpond XXI:1
7. *In the Waterfall* (Spring Street Haiku Group, 1997)

3. unpublished
6. *Tundra* #1

summer barbeque
the hot asphalt
on my bare feet

Donna Ryan

heat wave:
gift from a playmate
her lopsided haircut

Pamela Connor

no customers—
dozing in a circle
the pony-ride ponies

Mark Arvid White

28

hanging curve
the manager's foot
on the dugout steps

Michael Fessler

sleepless on hot sheets
I hear the clock strike
again

Linda Lindsay Scott

bridge to the small island
a turtle dives deep
into green waters

Melissa Dixon

late afternoon light. . .
the translucent yellow wings
of island butterflies

Bruce Ross

29

trying to scratch its side—
the pelican's missing foot

Catherine Mair

a lure
reeled through lily pads—
August afternoon

Burnell Lippy

for whom it tolls
that bit of jingling
the stringer makes

LeRoy Gorman

tide pool
a crab disappears
under the moon

Christopher Herold

the glimmer of Altair—
lovers return a sea star
to the tide

D. Claire Gallagher

evening malaise—
passing through the dog's yawn
a firefly

Frederick Gasser

30

along black waves
a woman hurries by—
last night of summer

Norman St. Francis

summer's end—
tonight's dessert
comes with twilight

Dorothy McLaughlin

pulling onions
the woman's
dangling hair

William M. Ramsey

hot air balloon
we uncork a bottle
of new wine

Carolyn Rohrig

31

in the woods
a leaf flutters down
a shaft of light

Lloyd Gold

September morning
the Summer Brew beer can
a vase for mums

Michael Ketchek

quiet trail
the sweet scent
of ripening apples

Robert Epstein

autumn drizzle. . .
missing girl flyer sinks
deeper in the mud

Naomi Y. Brown

tired of the news
I turn off the radio
September crickets

Prudence Twohy

early autumn—
maple trees
a thinner sound

Tom Williams

32

foxfires show along
an old mountain road
only revealed by them

Brent Partridge

gazing up
at Tanabata
my belly button shows

Patrick Gallagher

where weeds
reclaim the roadside
animal bones

Tom Painting

for the first time
noticed grandson's Adam's apple
autumn wind

Naomi Y. Brown

33

stalking the grouse—
his booming vibrates
all my hollows

Ruth Yarrow

fox's nose
close to the empty birdnest;
autumn stillness

Emily Romano

where the groundhog
lived all summer
. . .leafswirl

Robert Kusch

in wet grass
the cat picks up his feet
October morning

Stanford Forrester

frosty morning
on the lawn mower,
old grass clippings

Devin Lindsey

autumn sunlight
flows through chinks
in the woodpile

James Paulson

34

autumn dusk—
in a car alone among
hundreds of others

Jack Lent

Wind all night
in these old shoes
small brown leaves

Norman St. Francis

bookstore window
adorned with red leaves
cut from paper

Zinovy Vayman

autumn wind—
licking a bum's hand
a stray dog

Fumio Ogoshi

35

inside my fist
a black fly
rustle of leaves

Paul M.

autumn chill—
the silence
of the bee hive

Carolyn Rohrig

the crow's voice
lost in a rain
of autumn leaves

Gloria Procsal

About "Young Leaves"

Michael Dylan Welch

The following *kasen renku* has a long and rather amazing history. The idea behind it was to have 36 different writers each contribute a single verse. I started five of these "chain *renku*," as I called them, back in March and June of 1990. One of them, "Windswept Walk," took just over a year to reach completion, and appeared in *Frogpond XV:1* (Spring-Summer, 1992). That *renku* consisted of poems by thirty-four American and two Canadian writers, and won a Museum of Haiku Literature Award.

In contrast, "Young Leaves" was written almost entirely outside the United States. Just two verses came from California (including my starting verse), and the rest came from six other countries: eleven from Canada (six from Ontario and five from Québec), eight from England, two from Andorra, two from the Sultanate of Oman, six from Japan, and five from New Zealand. My estimate is that this *renku* travelled a total of 49,114 miles (78,950 kilometers) from mail box to mail box around the world -- that's more than two times around the world! I wouldn't mind having all those frequent-flier miles! And yet the *renku's* original pieces of paper, much folded, stained, and road-weary, managed to make it back to me on 8 December 1996, a full five and a half years after I cast this particular piece of bread upon the water. For the record, alterations were made by the poets to four of the verses in the spring of 1998.

As I wrote in 1992 about the first chain *renku* to be completed, "The reading of a *renku* is usually enhanced by searching for the link or connection used by participating poets as they add their verses. This *renku* has the further enhancement of its unwritten links between people." The same is particularly true of "Young Leaves," because the distances between poets have been greater, and the time span for completion greater too. The verses in "Young Leaves" don't always follow strict *renku* conventions, and sometimes depart from the three-line/two-line alternation. Yet this *renku's* cornucopia of participants have produced many striking verses that I trust you will enjoy.

Three more of these chain renku remain unfinished. Perhaps they have been lost, or have fallen into neglect. If anyone reading this has participated in the other chain renku I started in 1990 ("Scent of Jasmine," "Gathering Moths," and "Her Wrinkled Hands"), please do keep them going—or send me news on their whereabouts. You can write to me at 248 Beach Park Boulevard, Foster City, California, 94404, USA, or e-mail me at welchm@aol.com. I would enjoy hearing about these other renku, and would love to have them find their way home.

Meanwhile, "Young Leaves" has indeed wandered "far from home," as Alan Wells suggests in his concluding verse. But now it has come home, and I hope you find the connections between the poets as enjoyable as the verses themselves and the links between them all.

37

Young Leaves

- | | |
|--|--|
| moonlight breeze
young leaves
barely waving | <i>Michael Dylan Welch</i>
Foster City, CA 15Jun90 |
| the gentle curve of my dream
to faint lilac scent | <i>Elizabeth St Jacques</i>
Sault Ste. Marie, ONT 21Jun90 |
| to the winding stream
children running fast
and babbling | <i>Ruby Spriggs</i>
Ottawa, ONT 29Jun90 |
| barefoot
he goes on about tetanus | <i>Dorothy Howard</i>
Aylmer, QC 27Jul90 |
| The sting of his words
sharper
under the full moon | <i>Pauline Gauthier</i>
Aylmer, QC 16Oct90 |
| walking home alone
two shadows | <i>Nano McConnell</i>
Aylmer, QC 5Nov90 |
| Ah the moon . . .
(peed on my foot) | <i>Seaton Findlay</i>
Ottawa, ONT 4Sep91 |
| this renga game—sadly
passing it on | <i>Marianne Bluger</i>
Ottawa, ONT 16Sep91 |

that vigorous scrawl
illegible now--is it
"season word"?

Rod Willmot
Sherbrooke, QC 25Feb92

chalkdust
then snow clouds

LeRoy Gorman
Napanee, ONT 30Sep92

geese leaving
gulls circling
the schoolyard

Marco Fraticelli
Pointe Claire, QC 8Oct92

Christmas morning
each branch of the maple
in a stocking of snow

George Swede
Toronto, ONT 6Feb93

In the mucky puddle
the trapped moon
remains free

Peter Mortimer
North Shields, Tyne & Wear, England
15Feb93

gusting towards tombstones
willow pollen

David Cobb
Braintree, Essex, England 20Feb93

As a support for
the scarecrow without a face
an old boneshaker

James Kirkup
Encamp, Andorra 25Feb93

Shepherd shaking his stick
at a horsefly

Makoto Tamaki
Encamp, Andorra 28Feb93

a hard frost
among new shoots—
the wind-tossed daffodils

Brian Tasker
Frome, Somerset, England 4Mar93

38 this too is spring—
rattle of dead beech leaves

Jim Norton
Lamberhurst, Kent, England 22Mar93

In the tree-top nest,
the heron's bill at eighty degrees—
April Fool's Day rain.

Tito (Stephen Gill)
London, England 1Apr93

beneath dimpled water
—still fish

Susan Rowley
Ilford, Essex, England 14Apr93

memory
of eels wriggling
even when dead

Annie Bachini
London, England 18Apr93

A wooden bucket emptied out—
darkness at the bottom.

Dick Pettit
Ibri, Sultanate of Oman 18Apr93

Pale against blue sky
where night left a calling card
rim of daylight moon

Mike Hind
Muscat, Sultanate of Oman 13Apr93

watching the rain, knowing
it's still raining

Colin Shadduck
Barnstaple, Devon, England 16Nov93

A drop from a leaf
interrupted by children
falls in a puddle

Eriko Okamoto
Osaka, Japan 26Nov93

Being disappointed
at the enjoyable swings

Yasuhiko Shigemoto
Osaka, Japan 2Dec93

some elderly men
huddled under a bare tree
hear laughing children

Robert Millard
Osaka, Japan 3Dec93

into the spring day
the last camellia blossom—falls

Peter Duppenhaler
Nara, Japan 12Apr94

forgotten crayfish
in a moonlit tin can
scratches—scratches

Yasuko Yasui
Takarazuka-shi, Japan 5May94

the closing fist
holds, at last, one minnow

William Hart
Montrose, CA 27May94

seeing so many buds on
the "Beauty under the moon"
my wife feels happy and encouraged

Ikkoku Santo
Osaka, Japan 3Jun94

she points out the light
of the Japanese stamps

John O'Connor
Christchurch, New Zealand 11Jun94

mountain summit—
a white-clad priest
releases his prayers

Cyril Childs
Lower Hutt, New Zealand 15Jun94

in the hills
the last of the mauve evening

Jeanette Stace
Wellington, New Zealand 21Jun94

winter frosts here
thinking of northern summer
an English garden

Barry Morrall
Wellington, New Zealand 23Jun94

Far from home—
the pine, the wind

Alan Wells
Wellington, New Zealand 19Jan95

fall plowing—
going over and over it
in my mind

Lee Gurga

autumn eve—
strolling crows
in the pumpkin patch

Fumio Ogoshi

cold autumn night
I can see breath
not mine

Kelly Donlan

40

November dusk
just the tips of sumac
in velvet

Cherie Hunter Day

late autumn
without snow
the smell of snow

Frank K. Robinson

evening
at the end of the dock
a bugler

Peggy Garrison

sleet falling
on the windchimes
one note

Joyce Austin Gilbert

4 ||

Autumn—
the metal bench chilly
through my clothes

John Ower

chance of snow
wood pile growing
log by log

David Earley

dreamless sleep
November mist
covers all

Francine Porad

the malls are filled
with christmas shoppers o
the godless month

Charles Coleman Finlay

garden center yuletide—
buddha sits
with lawn jockeys

Rees Evans

cold snap
a hint of camphor
in the checkout line

Joann Klontz

42

revelling a bit
with the storm's intensity
—Christmas tree lot

Brent Partridge

it snowed all night
under my down comforter
I'll sleep, sleep, sleep

Zinovy Vayman

awake in the dawn—
a snow mantle muffles
the cock's crow

H. F. Noyes

snug in the duvet
her cat
between us

John Barlow

43

switching on
the christmas lights
a passing hearse

ai li

white moth
refusing to leave
my father's pyre

Grace Mathew

snowflake
against cold glass
cat's paw

Peggy Willis Lyles

walking home at dusk
hands in his pocket—
winter solstice

Ross Figgins

winter rain—
the junk cars
shining

Donald B. Hendrich

From a turquoise
milk wells up
in December

Natsuishi Ban'ya

44

winter sun
flickers in my tea cup
the smell of jasmine

Yu Chang

cinnamon
scent of my mother's kitchen
sudden warmth

Joyce Sandeen Johnson

Radiator ledge
the hot wax smell
of lost crayons

Michal Heron

snowflakes glued
to the kindergarten window—
no two alike

Harriet Axelrad

45

weekend custody—
granite boulders grow
from remaining snow

D. Claire Gallagher

on the subway
settling into
a stranger's heat

Joann Klontz

bits of poster
and station mould
map out unknown regions

Annie Bachini

snow
on the flanks of Fujiyama
a full bloom dogwood

Marshall Hryciuk

Jan. 1
cleaning out
the cluttered
c l o s e t

R. A. Stefanac

old broom
a dead wasp
between the straws

Christopher Suarez

46

new year's moon
over my nasty neighbor's
side of the fence

Jerry Kilbride

cold snap—
cat with everything tucked in
but its ears

Kristen Deming

Mardi Gras
a beautiful girl
takes off her mask

T. J. Navarro

valentine's card
from an old lover—
icicles drip from the eaves

Charles Rossiter

47

again and again
the window glass
befuddles the fly

Robert Gibson

waiting room—
dust settles
into the chairs

Marie Louise Munro

she paints violets
on my arm-cast
I yearn for spring

Melissa Dixon

senryū

1) A Japanese poem structurally similar to the Japanese haiku but primarily concerned with human nature; often humorous or satiric.

2) A foreign adaptation of 1.

(from *A Haiku Path* page 82 with corrections from page 80)

family away—
the maid fixes
a bubble-bath

Donnie Nichols

bird poop
on Monica's lip—
morning paper

Cindy Guentherman

49

postman arrives. . .
in my palm
I weight the reply

Charlotte Digregorio

up close
to share a dirty joke
—his bad breath

Tom Clausen

on the Atlantic
sailing home
so many stars to go

Lloyd Gold

cracking an egg—
noticing the canary
has fallen silent

Emily Romano

singing lessons
my neighbors
suggest gold

Edith Mize Lewis

observing
the two minutes' silence—
the scratch of boots

Nikhil Nath

50

only the cacti remain—
the cafe changed
to a hi-fi shop

Annie Bachini

after the fashion show
on the empty runway
a brass button

Nikhil Nath

Trying to write
on the moving bus—
rugged mountains appear

Carl Mayfield

empty intersection—
a stretch limousine
waits out the light

Paul Watsky

51

subway stop
before the Pentagon
Arlington Cemetery

Jeff Witkin

the train chugs
through the old dream
of the downtown

Jianquin Zheng

Harvard Square
the street musician's
shiny new guitar

Paul David Mena

“casual Friday”—
the company logo
on my T-Shirt

Larry Hussey

working late
inside this blue mug
layered coffee stains

A. C. Missias

on a train
going the other way
someone who looks like me

Jeff Witkin

52

deep in the argument
even her stomach
growling at me

John Sheirer

dinner alone
the flowers you left
blooming

Leatrice Lifshitz

My favorite book
rising and falling
on my chest

Robert L. Brimm

artist's studio—
Let's Talk About Divorce book
among the sketches

Lee Gurga

53

yard sale
everything her ex left behind
25 cents each

John J. Dunphy

first date after divorce
his finger almost touches
her doorbell

John J. Dunphy

the design
expert—
his awful tie

Kristen Deming

health clinic—
at the staff entrance
cigarette butts

Dennis H. Dutton

watching her mother
the child carefully puts on
her doll's diaper

Jeff Learned

supermarket
child tries out
courtesy wheelchair

Hans Jongman

54

a flashback
of childhood abuse
Uncle Al's aftershave

R. A. Stefanac

after surgery
seams on her
doll

John Stevenson

holding my son's hand
remembering
dad's

Devin Lindsey

nicknamed Peachy by Dad,
his new wife
and, years ago, Mother

William Woodruff

55

at the wake
watching the oldest son
become his father

Adelaide McLeod

Grandfather's voice
his every word
a sentence

Robert Gibson Jr.

The dog tied up at
the cemetery entrance
will not stop barking

Horst Ludwig

linked

forms

tanrenga

again the smell of damp earth
scrubbing the new potatoes—
*come to think of it,
my childhood wasn't all
that bad*

—Carol Purington/Larry Kimmel

57

wilderness trek—
restraining the dog
by its leash
*after six days
three days' growth*

—Makiko/Jim Kacian

water in the lake

the water in the lake
higher than usual
the summer moon tk

at the edge of the yard
loosestrife crowding je

chasing the frisbee
to the 50-yard line
the dog's tail wags dg

on the tractor's seat
a folded jacket gg

tall snow piles
in the airport parking lot
wind sock limp je

Christmas homecoming
with a nervous girlfriend tk

Saturday night
approving of her dress
from the other room gg

through the microscope
cell division dg

President expands
the medical aid program
in Nigeria tk

the wary French teacher
a political refugee je

at Voltaire's statue
a flurry of falling leaves
children back to school dg

waiting at the red light
beneath the gibbous moon gg

from every window
of the dark back street
the mute offers je

condom machines
out of stock tk

hotel hallway
when she sighs
she smells of whiskey je

smoke
from the billboard's lips dg

my budget in yen
suddenly devaluates
by a quarter tk

this morning the roar
of the herring run je

heart's flower
monarchs
usher in the sun dg

at dusk a mallard
rests by its mate gg

tk – Tadashi Kondo
je – Judson Evans
dg – Raffael deGruttola
gg – Glenn Gustafson

Moth-Wing Sail

tacking across the puddle
a walnut-shell boat
with a moth-wing sail

into the haymow
to escape Captain Hook

just clearing
the raspberry jungle
paper airplane

“Star-light star-bright”
the wish to be in a world
of blue castles

treetop apples
sling-shot launches a space probe

in the eyes
of the youngest explorer
a new dream

all kinds of frogs

all kinds of frogs
their song drifting up
from the valley floor

*a gust of hot air gives
the cloud another shape*

put simply
form follows function
she lectures

*to a circle of young girls
each is six months pregnant*

gathering
in the village square
dark of the moon

*the absence of landscape
releases the desire to go*

*the meal shared
dishes drying on the drainboard
separate – distinct*

we kiss and say goodnight
from the foyer to the gate

*up periscope
on tv her brother watches
his idols*

making out on a loveseat
it's impossible to lie

*down by the willows
a college freshman plays
the ukulele*

cigarettes and whiskey
and wild wild women

*such purity
from the highest peaks
moonrise*

the lowering sky
its promise of snow

*freeze-dried
only the wind swirls through
Stoney Creek*

tornado season
afternoon strangely still

*dust devil
twisting shut the tainted bloom
jimsonweed*

nevermind the blight
a few elm saplings

chestnut in bud
drops pollen on both sides
of the fence

*neighbor's teenager
shy wearing her first bra*

not much to work with
but a definite change
in the view

*with the evening's muted colors
silhouetted before the sea*

sheer walls
of the limestone quarry
sunset pink

*stalactites so cool in July
they drip but don't melt*

spelunking
that they met at all
blind luck

*new light in far corners
the gleam of hidden treasure*

after all these years
comforted by the sound
of your voice

*stock shares of AT&T
gifts for her daughters*

Carolina moon
to visit family we climb
a mountain

*unfolding the sunshine
you and your ancestors*

*deer tracks
from a patch of wildflowers
a butterfly*

on a straightaway
the train's long whistle

*a desire to travel
the one with grandkids
on two continents*

the Left Bank warm enough
to sprout artists' easels

*violets
face to face
with a pretty girl*

this morning the return
of purple martins

—Yvonne Hardenbrook
Jane Reichhold

Life-Giving Spring

I took a final swallow from my water bottle and recognized the label from an ancient coin—a leaping silver dolphin. Byzantine chanting from somewhere. The chapel, hardly bigger than a gas station, could hold three people; the dense *a cappella* had to come from a choir. *A tape or record sold inside?* As I took in the scale again, a man in ordinary dress, no monk or choir member, came out with a mop and pail and walked down the dusty road humming what, out of the chapel's odd echoes, seemed thinner, less medieval, perhaps a pop tune from the radio.

Then I saw the lion's head fountain set in a white-washed wall. Was this the source of the monastery's name—*Zodogos Pigi*, the Church of the Life-Giving Spring? I filled my water bottle but didn't drink. So often here, without context, without bearings, I'd been humorously or humiliatingly wrong. The lion fountain bore an inscription in Greek I couldn't translate without my dictionary. It might be a riddle or oracle—it might admonish I wash my soul not just my hands or warn of water-borne parasites. Listening to the bottle fill, my uneasiness didn't seem misplaced. There was a gamesmanship to Greek things. The ancient heroes faltered when they made demanding prayers because what went without saying,—*that Achilles wants Patroklos alive, not stacked among his trophies*—was lost on the digital god-mind. Inevitably, only the first half would be answered; the second, unfulfilled, snapped back on the first catastrophically.

A garbage truck foiled the silence. I took refuge in the chapel, its smell of damp wood and butterscotch beeswax candles. The space seemed intricately folded, the line not the shortest way between two points. The iconostasis was divided into a series of lozenges with saints, smoky landscapes, a freakish skull and cross-bones. When I turned to see what filled the recessed panel to my left, I came face to face with a beautiful youth billowing out of the sky blue background.

Only the wings marked his special status, but *Archangel* seemed too profound a name; he belonged, rather, to a carnival, as if children circling on pastel horses might reach out for his lily . . .

“When I was a child I spake as a child,
I understood as a child,
but when I became a man. . .?”

But the brown discoloration at his wing tip was a door knob.

Hovering there, I was of two minds: one, wanting clarity, guide book explanations; the other, recalling the ancient Greek for “myth” and “mystery”—*muo*, to close the eyes, to close the mouth, to keep secrets secret . . .

I never opened the door.

angel soaring
by the hinge
of a battered door

. . .

Back in Massachusetts, an evening phone call from my mother—her list of the sick and dying—family, friends. In the dream that follows, a long line of crouching, stumbling figures in black—the infirm, the lame, the blind—have come to the Church of the Life-Giving Spring, while I’m searching for the water bottle, the one with an insignia I only seem to see now: a leaping, golden dolphin. the bottle I’d tossed into the dumpster, like an old lottery ticket or mass mailed sweepstakes entry, as I wandered off along my mortal way.

—Judson Evans

Haibun

It's been a long winter of personal grief, problems at work, illness, as well as this old idealist's tendency to take to heart the world's pain, its wars and inhumanity. The coming of spring seems joyless this year.

My wife says take a few days off, go camping. I agree, but lack enthusiasm even for this. Still I throw my gear into the Subaru and kiss my wife and son good-bye.

a hollow sound
the trunk
slamming shut

66 It is early afternoon when I arrive at the trail head in the mountains. Automatically—I've done this countless times before—I arrange my pack. Everything fits into place. I'm thinking more of where I've come from than where I'm going or what I'm doing. My hands know—clothes and poncho into the bottom compartment; food, water, cook kit, stove, fuel, tarp into the top compartment; first aid kit, rope into the left side pocket; matches, compass, flashlight, toilet paper, toothbrush into the left side pocket. I check to see that the car is locked, heft the pack onto my back, feel the straps dig into my shoulders and without a glance back walk from the asphalt of the parking lot onto the dirt path leading into the forest.

around the first bend
old acquaintances greet me
mosquitoes

Shortly before dusk I reach the camping area next to the pond. It is pure relief, almost joy, just to drop my pack and walk without it by the water.

a dragonfly chases
another from its territory
minnows swim between reeds

I feel like a stranger in these mountains, or worse,
like a relative gone too long, who upon returning
doesn't know what to say or what to feel among his
kin. It has been years since I last walked this shore, or
gazed at Mount Colden across the lake.

mountain and pond
unchanged—I dip my hands
into the water

67

After dinner I notice smoke from another campfire
about half way around the lake. I walk to meet my
fellow camper. He is alone. He pulls out a flask, and
tells me to "pull up a log and have a snort." I find out
he is divorced, two kids, between jobs at the moment.

the warmth
of shared whiskey—
another star appears

It is late when we finish talking. I follow the pond
back to my campsite. A slim crescent moon rests just
above the dark shape of Mount Colden. I stand at the
edge of the pond watching the stars shine in the black
water. Suddenly I tear off my clothing.

naked as the night
splash
into the stars

—*Michael Ketchek*

Haibun

The only sound is the voice of the instructor and we are captivated by his words of wisdom: how haiku relate to the natural world, how the insignificant becomes significant if looked at with love, that every day there is so much to be aware of that we must look to capture this awareness, if only for a moment. He walks back and forth as he speaks, up and down the side of the room near me, and back again. He is an impressive speaker, and catches us all in his web of eloquence.

Though taken by his words, I find myself watching a latecomer, a narrow green caterpillar making its way from the classroom door where I sit, toward the vase of fortnight lilies and heavenly bamboo at the front of the room. This little, persistent caterpillar is more than halfway to its goal, inch by inch, its tiny body up and down, up and down, when the teacher, as he evokes haiku moments from his rapt students, steps, unknowingly, full upon the little traveler.

No one gasps. No one laughs. All eyes, but mine, still rivet on the teacher as he turns and strides to the front of the room, persuading us again to the significance of the insignificant, the awareness of a haiku moment, and I stare at the small, wet spot—

only a stain
to mark
the caterpillar's journey

—*Eugenie Waldteufel*

Violation

The wind stings my cheeks and promises snow. Far ahead I see the masonry walls of the old pueblo—still standing without mortar.

"Your car is parked in violation," a voice summons,
"You have to move it."

I turn to see a car painted *Tribal Police Chief*.

Can I expiate centuries of genocide by slideing
between two narrow white lines in a huge parking lot
empty except for my car? Never mind that *my*
ancestors were mucking around in European *shtetls*
getting their gene pool knocked up by Cossacks,
while *his* ancestors were getting fucked over by the
U. S. Cavalry.

I bow to his authority and align my car. I place my
foot onto his blacktopped Nation, pay my fee at the
kiosk and climb the mesa. . .

cliff dwellings:
500-year-old cookfires
blacken the ruins

—*Hayat Abuza*

My Lai

March 17, 1968

The chopper sounds and machine gun fire of
yesterday have long been silenced. I slowly step
down the sandy path, maybe a dozen feet in width,
towards mounds of bloated flesh—women and
children—arms and legs every which way, their re-
maining clothes, those that haven't been stripped
away, stained with dried blood. Standing here, the
putrid smell thick in the air, my camera captures the
perspiration from my trembling hands.

sweltering heat
a fly crosses
her unblinking eye

—*Donnie Nichols*

essays

Haiku Magic

In Zen, life is wonder, life is miracle. There occurred a great loss in our awareness of the sheer magic and wonder of our very existence, concomitant with the inroads on our thinking and feeling made by nineteenth-century rationalism and twentieth-century "scientific factualism." It's been my hope that haiku might restore our awareness of the wonder in the interplay of the moment. We are not of course concerned here with superstitious, prestidigitary, or surrealist magic. A phrase that often recurs in my thoughts is "magic empowerment." I think it well expresses the feeling a child has when in a thick dark woods he/she finds it possible to extinguish all light with a slight movement of one hand. And I still remember my childhood amazement when moving along the sea's edge I discovered that the moon on the waves kept following me. Most children sense and enjoy being a part of the interrelatedness of all that goes on in the moment. They would not ask how or why, in Shiki's haiku, birdsong knocked down the berries.

How naturally and spiritedly children delight in magical empowerment. How entranced a child can be on some hilltop perch making a distant steamer disappear by moving a leaf or even a pine needle. What exultation in heaving rocks into the sea to create great geysers of splash and those widening circles of wave. Joan Couzens Sauer's haiku captures the wondrous interplay of nature with a young boy's fishing.

On the riverbank
a small boy casts his line
scattering clouds¹

Fishing in itself is magic enough in boyhood. I can so easily believe that this child is aware of a connection between his casting and the cloud movement. Not cause and effect, of course, but a part of the interplay that makes our moments live. There is a somewhat related haiku by Federico C. Peralta, in which the boy is missing:

half buried in mud
 a toy gun points upward—
 a star apple drops²

The little toy gun goes on “doing its thing,” half-buried in mud. And the “star” in star apple makes one think of our human inclination to aim for the stars.

For many of us, there’s a seemingly magical element in music. The avant-garde poet Suzuki Murio wrote:

on a quiet night
 the violin
 makes the snow fall³

Though Zen is the most reality-rooted of the religio-philosophical ways, it never works with logical formulations or abstractions. Blyth cites Ryutan Soshin as saying: “Seeing is direct seeing. Hesitate and think about it, and you have gone astray.”⁴ Can you see that it would *not* be a more realistic haiku were Murio to have written “*seems to make the snowflakes fall*”? He faithfully recorded an experience in which there was no seeming at all. (Even in scientific experiment, it is now well known that there’s no separating the observer from the observed.) In the moment of oneness there is virtually no separate self.

Beauty when unsentimental and unprettified is a natural element in haiku. Here is a similar haiku moment from my own experience:

72

silver thaw—
 a piano prelude
 unmask the moon⁵

D. T. Suzuki writes that to the awakened it may be “a direct statement of their living existential experience . . . that waters do not flow, but the bridge does.”⁶ True art, like genuine religion, has its existential leaps. Adele Kenny writes in *Questi Momenti* of Venice: “water/holding the city/in”—just as she saw it.⁷ The magical images and influences of nature’s interfusion are all day and every day happening. Yet it is still relatively seldom that we see haiku such as the following:

the cold night
comes out of the stone
all morning⁸

the mikweed pod bursts
silencing the blackbird⁹

In my estimation Kacian's haiku rivals Basho's famous haiku of interpenetration about the voice of the cicads sinking into the rocks. Here we have de-penetration, and it's surely a universal experience—yet one that few have observed and recorded. The "parallel poem" by tripi is a delightful example of Jung's speculations on synchronicity, based on the *I-Ching* theory that everything happening in the moment is interrelated. As the Buddhists express it, all of life is "dependently co-arising." I believe it to be a way of viewing life that's consistent with the haiku spirit.

A poet needs to see behind the veil of familiarity the infinite meanings of "trivial" everyday occurrences. I find this kind of depth in a miraculous sight recorded by L. A. Davidson in an early issue of *Mayfly*:

in rising tide
fishermen walking on water
along the reef

Out of the rule-free informality of the haiku form, with its emphasis on intuition, will emerge a poetry truly fresh, with a spirit uniquely unbound—such as expressed in the following by Tao Li (Evelyn Tooley Hunt), in *frogpond's* earlier days:

The	I	beneath
summit	steady	my
reached	the	foot
	mountain	

—H. F. Noyes

1. *Wind Chimes* 10. 2. *Azami* "Haiku in English" No. 25. 3. *Modern Haiku* Winter-Spring 1991, translated by Masaya Saito. 4. Blyth, R. H. *Haiku*, Volume III (Hokuseido Press, Tokyo 1953), p. 741. 5. *Frogpond* XII:1. 6. *Living by Zen* (Doubleday Anchor, Garden City NY 1956), p. 47. 7. *Frogpond* XI:4. 8. *Presents of Mind* (Katsura Press, Portland OR 1995). 9. . . . *the path of the bird* (Hummingbird Press, Richland Center WI 1996).

books

&

review

At the Edge of the Woods

Selected Haiku, Senryu and Sequences 1980-1997

by Adele Kenny. Yorkshire House Books with Muse-Pie Press, 73 Pennington Avenue, Passaic NJ 07055; 1997. 170 unnumb. pp., softbound, 8.75" x 11", paper perfectbound.

Adele Kenny's new collection is truly a spiritual autobiography in haiku. At the conclusion to the preface she acknowledges her thanks to a friar in the Secular Franciscan Order, of which Kenny is a member, for teaching her "that in order to enter into transsubjective union with Divinity, and to become incorporated into nature (directly and immediately in the manner of haiku), one must first learn to be at home with all that is human. . ." But an engagement with what is human, as attested to by the chronology of her haiku, has consistently led Kenny to a moody rumination over death and separation from her very first haiku (the creative history of which she discusses in the preface):

in the cemetery,
dull rain
on plastic poinsettias

While placing the wreath on her father's grave "something about the dull rain" falling on the wreath moved her to write the haiku. The finely-wrought expression of such a mood, so characteristic of a Kenny haiku, is sustained throughout her career and this collection, returning again and again to the ground zero of what is human: sickness, death, loss, cemeteries, alienation. The wisdom one can gain from that ground zero is if anywhere in Kenny's haiku.

An insight into that wisdom, usually prompted by a sensitive response to nature as in her first haiku, offers a deep consolation for her particular loss. Perhaps

responding to the perhaps overly romantic popular image of St. Francis, one commentator has suggested that St. Francis' "love of nature is not... a sentimental love of God's dumb animals, but rather an acute awareness of the interrelationship of all living creatures; and this 'oneness' is seen in our total dependency on our loving Creator."¹ Kenny, an award-winning haiku poet with 8 collections of haiku, has authored 2 devotional works as well as one entitled *The Silence and the Flame: Clare and Francis of Assisi*. St. Francis is remembered for his love of nature, particularly as addressed in his "The Canticle of the Sun" (Kenny's *Starship Earth* uses sections from the "Canticle" as epigraphs to her haiku on the four elements), his compassion for his fellow humanity, particularly the outcasts of society, and for his emphasis on prayer (both St. Francis and Kenny have written poems that intersperse verse and haiku respectively between sections of "The Lord's Prayer"). Kenny notes accordingly that she had "come to know haiku as a way of translating faith into written language—a way of praising God and all that He has made; a way of blessing the ordinary; a way of reminding myself and others of our planetary stewardship;...[and] a way of giving thanks." Kenny takes her lead from St. Francis in two other major strands of her haiku: the theme of traditional religious feeling as it commingles with nature in the manner of praise or meditation and the theme of topical and practical witnessing as an act of compassion:

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April snow—
the lightness of the Host
in my hand

day lilies
opening
to acid rain

and then the moon
sitting shiva

February snow—
the homeless man wraps his feet
in Gulf War headlines

Kenny defends at length her reliance on media to support her use of haiku on topical subjects: "My spiritual and emotional involvement in those situations [presented in the media] was no less real than if I had been there, no less compelling than my response to the rape victim, war veterans, and homeless people I know and, rules aside, I wrote haiku and senryu about . . ." What Kenny produces are not "journalistic haiku" but expressions of her compassion toward humanity. This direction reaches an apex in Kenny's *Starship Earth*. Here haiku and senryu of environmental, social and political concern follow citations from "The Canticle of the Sun," bringing her Franciscan compassion in alignment with the late twentieth-century postmodern condition:

rising
through morning mist
a stealth bomber

playing house
my neighbor's daughter
tests for radon

Kenny states that she has organized her collection's four sections (1980-1984, 1985-1988, 1989-1992, 1993-1997) on the "process of Franciscan formation: initial discernment, postulancy, novitiate, and profession . . ." Her collection is in fact a record of a believer's progress. It moves from the reconciliation with death in part I (a call to "spiritual" attention), to the perfecting of her craft (and "attention") in part II, to the watershed period of childhood's memory (*Castles and Dragons*) and social compassion (*Starship Earth*) in part III, to, finally, a translucency of faith (the "profession" of being a monk or nun) in part IV:

I. on the unmarked grave
a mockingbird

II. migrating geese—
once there was so much
to say

III. winter worn into
the bag lady's
hands

IV. kneeling to pray
where ferns uncurl
into mist

Such stunning haiku, set off appropriately one to a page (except for sequences and excerpts from her published collections), make *AT THE EDGE OF THE WOODS* an impressive testament to Kenny's career as a haiku poet. In Kenny's words, "writing haiku means using words reverently to express the sacredness of God's universe—in moments of isolation, in moments of communion—alone and yet united with the Creator and with all creation." Kenny's many haiku overwhelm us with the testament of her meditations.

—Reviewed by Bruce Ross

tribe: meditations of a haiku poet

by vincent tripi. 64 pages, 4" x 5.5", hand sewn and bound, Swamp Press, Amherst MA, 1995.

tripi's book is indeed a meditation. The book is as beautiful in construction (from the colors and texture of paper and contrasting cover and flyleaf to the feather printed on the title page and the flow of the Bembo monotype) as it is in its vision. From his first book, *Haiku Pond* (1987) to his latest, *between God & the pine* (1997), tripi's writing has been an expression of his path—walked or flown without hurry, without anywhere to go ("I almost write nothing about nothing"). Each step opens the poet to the understanding that alone, he walks with all sentient beings, for all life. It is this understanding that is communicated in phrasings that activate intuition. The book thus represents a guided meditation for everyone on the path. The inscription to *tribe* reads "Nature too has given us the tribe," an awareness of the deep interconnection between nature (from which haiku arise) and the reader/hearer. The tribe, poets and listeners, who by listening are poets ("The sound of listening is always the same"), is generated and maintained by the poem which is nature herself and thus is a continuation of the cycle, the next place to step. tripi's meditation "Haiku enlarges the heart until it is capable of containing who we really are" defines poetry as the path, a creator of the space to see things, ourselves, our hearts, as they are as well as being an expression in the moment of that understanding.

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—Reviewed by Jeff Witkin

Fresh Scent

Gurga, Lee *Fresh Scent: Selected Haiku of Lee Gurga* (Brooks Books, Decatur IL 1998). 128 pps., 5.75" x 8.75", hardcover. \$20 from the publisher at 4634 Hale Drive, Decatur IL 62526. ISBN 0-913719-86-2.

Fresh Scent is just what it purports to be: a book of selected poems from one of the very best practitioners of English language haiku writing today. That in itself is reason to celebrate. But the publication of *Fresh Scent* marks other significant occasions in the publishing history of our favored form, and it is important, I think, to take note of these at this time.

Fresh Scent is everything we would hope for in a collection of selected haiku. There are the many prize-winners scattered throughout the volume, old friends to which we warm immediately once again. Further, there are the updated versions of several we have seen in previous incarnations. It is a valuable opportunity to see how a writer who is achieving mastery of his form considers his own work, finding and making improvements, often very subtle, sometimes simply a punctuation change, or a different endstop to a line, occasionally a word change, and sometimes something more substantial. Since we are all engaged in this most difficult part of writing, editing our own works, it is instructive to discover how one as practiced and successful as Gurga has gone about it. (It would be even more instructive, perhaps, should a volume of poems by a master poet be released showing all versions of the poems included—where we might follow the growth of each poem through its various manifestations to its “final” version.) And, of course, there are poems here which will be new to some readers, no less surprising and effective. In addition, the poet adds an all-too-brief Appendix, titled simply *On Haiku*, which discusses certain aspects of haiku from the poet’s point of view. Since Gurga is an increasingly im-

portant theoretician in the haiku world, this is most welcome. All in all, a most pleasing collection.

But there is more to this book than these desirable qualities. In fact, had these been the only reasons to produce this book, worthy as they might be, I doubt the poet would have chosen this time to release it, following close on his award-winning *In & Out of Fog* (Press Here, 1997). A significant number of the poems in the two volumes overlap, and it might seem something of a duplication of efforts. But this is not the case, I would like to stress, although the buyer of haiku books with a limited budget might feel the need to select only one.

In fact, however, what Randy Brooks of Brooks Books is attempting here is nothing short of mainstreaming published books of haiku into the normal buying patterns of libraries in this country, especially college and university libraries. Library purchasing, like any other vocation, has its own particular rules and likelihoods. One of the most obvious rules is, if a book cannot get major review, it cannot justify shelfspace. In order to receive major review, a book must sell many thousands of copies (not so likely for even the finest books of haiku), or be hardbound. Mr. Brooks has chosen to go this latter route, and *Fresh Scent* is the first of a projected series of hardcover, archivally-produced books of haiku intended to compete for shelf space with other literary classics. This is not the first time haiku has appeared between boards, but most often when it has occurred before, it has been for quite different reasons, and almost never because the work inside was deemed to deserve such treatment. This is a refreshing and important attempt to make haiku matter to people who might have the power to put it before many generations of readers to come. We recommend this volume, and look forward to the subsequent volumes of this worthy project.

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—Jim Kacian

Books Received

Conti-Entin, Davie, Day, Gallagher, Monaca, Rose-
now, Story and Zimmerman, *beyond within* (Sundog
Press, Portland OR 1997). 56 pages, 5.5" x 8", perfect-
bound soft-cover. \$9.95 from the publisher at PO Box
91128, Portland OR 97291. ISBN 0-9659589-0-6.

*32 exemplary rengay from eight distinguished writers, in
a beautifully produced volume.*

Roberts, Kenneth R. *Seven Best Imagidories* (ZZAPP
Prints, Englewood CO 1996). 4.5" x 7", side-stapled
softcover. \$9.95 from the publisher at 8803 E. Davies
Avenue, Englewood CO 80112.

*Primarily a book of stories, containing occasional haiku
of ideas toward a more completely realized world and self.*

Mariano, Tony and Bruce England *Shorelines* (Small
Poetry Press, Concord CA 1998). 36 pages, 5.5" x 8.5",
saddle-stapled softcover. \$6.95 + \$1 shipping from
Bruce England, 1458 Thunderbird Ave., Sunnyvale
CA 94087.

*Haiku celebrating the California coastline and immediate
environs, in a nicely produced volume.*

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Miletic-Vitata, Vitomir *Kada se Zemlja Lepi za Stopala*
(Biblioteka Mostovi, Pljevlja, Yugoslavia 1998). 104
pp., illus., 20cm, perfect-bound softcover. ISBN YU
86-72--61-233-7 No pricing information. Available
from the author at Bukovacki dol 15, 21131 Petro-
varadin, Yugoslavia.

*Bilingual haiku from one of Yugoslavia's best-known
voices in the field, with sumi-e illustrations by the author.*

Jarosin, William, editor *knucklebone*, Issues 12 and 15.
8.5" x 14", trifolded sheet, \$1.50 each, from the editor
at PO Box 232291, San Diego CA 92193.

*Two broadsheets featuring the haiku of the editor (#12)
and Marsh Cassidy (#15).*

Clausen, Tom *Standing Here* (published by the author, 1998). 4.25" x 5.5", saddle-stapled soft-cover. \$4 from the author, 1421 Slaterville Road, Ithaca NY 14850. *The third chapbook by a well-known contemporary haiku voice, with his usual pathos and heartfelt turn of phrase. Designed by Mary Lou Bittle-DeLapa.*

Childs, Cyril, editor *The Second New Zealand Haiku Anthology* (New Zealand Poetry Society Inc., 1998). 92 pps., 5.75" x 8.25", perfect-bound soft-cover with endflaps. \$15NZ, \$10US postpaid from the publisher, c/-58 Cecil Road, Wadestown, Wellington, NZ. *This handsomely produced anthology features the work of 35 of New Zealand's finest poets, and is a testimony to the emergence of a distinctive Kiwi voice in the international field of haiku.*

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Saunders, Margaret, editor *Cold Morning* (Hamilton haiku press 1998). 36 pages, 5.5" x 8.5", saddle-stapled soft-bound. \$6 US from the publishers Mekler & Deahl, 237 Prospect Street South, Hamilton, Ontario, Canada. ISBN 0-9691638-9-4 *The winning and honorable mention poems from The 1997 Herb Barrett Award, an annual contest in memory of the late poet, painter and teacher.*

Painting, Tom *Pouring Water on a Stone*. Illustrations by Aijun Kim. 5.5" x 8.5", saddle-stapled soft-cover. \$3 from the author, 40 Huntington Hills, Rochester NY 14622. *A first book of haiku, many of which feature the author's daughters in moments of realization and growth.*

Wicker, Nina *Ladybug in a Bottle* (Persephone Press/Birch Brook Press, Delhi NY 1998). 8.5" x 5.5", hand-sewn softcover, letterpress. \$17.25 ppd., available from the publisher at PO Box 81, Delhi NY 13753. *"A Hand-made Book of Haiku" by the well-known North Carolina poet, her fourth such chapbook.*

HISA

News

1997 HSA Merit Book Awards

First Place (tie)

Evetts, Dee *endgrain* (Red Moon Press)

Gurga, Lee *In and Out of Fog* (From Here Press)

Second Place

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Barton, Jeb *Short Distance, Long Journey*

Third Place

Shiffert, Edith *The Light Comes Slowly* (Katsura Press)

Commended

tripi, vincent *between god and the pine* (self-published)

Award for Best Translation

Kato, Koko and David Burleigh, *A Hidden Pond*
(Kadokawa Shotan)

Honorable Mention for Translation

Kondo, Tadashi, William J. Higginson and Kristen Deming, *Red Fuji: Selected Haiku of Yatsuka Ishihara* (From Here Press)

Award for Best Anthology

Kacian, Jim, Editor-in-Chief; Jan Bostok, Tom Clausen, Ellen Compton, Dee Evetts, Yvonne Hardenbrook, John Hudak, H. F. Noyes, Francine Porad, Ebba Story and Jeff Witkin, Editors, *The Red Moon Anthology 1996* (Red Moon Press,)

Honorable Mention for Anthology

Conti-Entin, Carol, Helen K. Davies, Cherie Hunter Day, D. Claire Gallagher, Marianna Monaco, Ce Rosenow, Ebba Story, and Joan Zimmerman. *Beyond Within, A collection of Rengay* (Sundog Press)

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Award For Tanka

Shelley, Pat *Turning My Chair* (Press Here)



Judges' Comments

In a field of fine haiku books published in 1997, Dee Evett's *endgrain* and Lee Gurga's *In and Out of Fog* excel for the scrupulous selection and editing that allow their exceptional haiku and senryu to shine without distraction. Each collection includes unforgettable images drawn from alert and perceptive participation in moments of real life. Each poet is a craftsman of the highest order, wording and arranging the components of heightened experience to create enlivening resonance for the reader. We believe the winning books are collections of significance and lasting value.

Jeb Barton's beautifully handmade *Short Distance Long Journey* is subtitled "Haiku Style Verse." A good number of these poems, composed between 1969 and 1997 in many parts of the world, are, by practically any standard, haiku of unusual excellence. We commend the book for these poems and for the rare insight and experience the book as a whole offers its readers.

Edith Shiffert's *The Light Comes Slowly* is a masterful collection that resonates with insights from enthusiastic participation in a long, rich and colorful life. While one might argue that Ms. Shiffert has reached a level of haiku achievement that allows for more commentary and direct statement than one would condone in a less skillful or experienced poet, we welcome the subtitle "Short Poems from Kyoto" for its recognition that some poems are other than exemplary English-language haiku. In any case, we highly commend the collection for its strength, substance and accomplishment.

While we do not presume appropriate linguistic skills for definitively judging quality of translations from the Japanese, we both rank the bilingual anthology *A Hidden Pond* among the year's most valuable contributions to haiku literature. The book presents a substantial sampling of fine haiku by contemporary Japanese poets. We found the annotations, comments, and other supporting material interesting and valuable. Above all, we admired and enjoyed the individual haiku in graceful and accessible English translation.

Many examples show that the Japanese poets are now comfortable with abstraction, simile, metaphor and other poetic devices than are most North American haiku poets. Ms. Kato and Mr. Burleigh might well have accepted as unquestionably haiku more poems from the Barton and Shiffert collections than, say, the editors of *The Red Moon Anthology* would have. We believe *A Hidden Pond* invites an interesting and constructive discussion of different views of haiku in Japan and North America.

At the time of his death in 1998 Yatsuka Ishihara was one of the most honored and influential haiku poets in Japan. His *Red Fuji*, translated by Tadashi Kondo and William J. Higginson, with an introductory essay by Kristen Deming, offers a representative selection of his haiku. The translators note that they "have tried to make a selection that reflects Japanese taste and the most typical of Yatsuka's haiku, regardless of whether we thought they were easy to translate or would be easily understood by non-Japanese. As a result, this collection may reflect some aspects of haiku not previously noted outside of Japan."

The Red Moon Anthology for 1996, published in 1997, presents some of the best work of our English-language haiku poets, and *beyond/within, a collection of rengay* includes many fine individual haiku as well as providing fine examples of this uniquely North American form of linked verse.

Finally, we commend the graceful tanka of Pat Shelley's *Turning My Chair*, and the careful attention Michael Dylan Welch gave to its publication and distribution after Pat's death. Also, along with the winners, Peggy Willis Lyles would like to note vince tripi's . . . *between God and the pine* as a collection of distinct merit that was not submitted for the competition.

We found value in almost every book submitted for this year's competition. While we did not agree completely in our evaluation of all books considered, we found our rankings coincided more often than they diverged and we stand firmly together in our praise of the books we have cited for awards.

—Peggy Willis Lyles and Paul O. Williams, Judges

1998 HSA Henderson Awards

First Place - \$150

Randy Brooks, Decatur IL

funeral procession . . .
snowflakes blowing
into the headlights

Second Place - \$100

Zinovy Vayman, Boston MA

autumn evening
my hospital window
becomes a mirror

Third Place - \$50

Ernest Berry, Picton, NZ

storm clouds
the cry of a shearwater
circles the sky

Honorable Mention

(alphabetical order by author)

late into the night
we talk of revelations
moon through the pines

Margaret Chula, Portland OR

the kettle whistles . . .
a blur of garden color
on the window

Christopher Herold, Redwood City CA

winter beach
a piece of driftwood
charred at one end

John Stevenson, Nassau NY

riveredge old growth:
a towering window
of stars

Ruth Yarrow, Seattle WA

Judges' Comments

The challenge of choosing 3 haiku out of 629 entries for awards (plus the 4 honorable mentions) has been both sobering and enlightening. Both of us read each haiku several times before the winnowing process began. Working independently at first, we chose the poems we thought were most eligible and appropriate. Bob looked for those haiku having immediate impact and resonance and which were aptly phrased. I favored the more contemplative moods and was especially aware of poems with thoughtful line breaks and which contained good internal comparison. As judges, we strove to be as objective and careful in our judgment as possible. Upon comparing our initial choices, we were pleased to find that we immediately agreed on the haiku for first and second place!

To select the third place haiku and the four honorable mentions, we returned to our combined list of runners-up and carefully honed our lists until we were both satisfied. Our final in-depth discussion led to the final selections.

90 In commenting on the winning haiku we chose to limit our comments to the following and encourage the readers to let the haiku speak for themselves. We did think our individual impressions might be interesting, so we present these rather than combined comments.

Bob felt that "funeral procession" has the extended silence that a fine haiku should have. It has a pervasive mood over and above and beside the fact that the word "funeral" appears. I liked the quality of *sabi* and transcendence—in that the ephemeral snow flakes are rushing into the light.

Of the second place winner, "autumn evening," Bob thinks that it shares a sense with the reader that the patient's world of that moment—confinement in a hospital room—has closed in upon her/him even more than before. I appreciated that the autumnal resonance of turning inward is conjoined with the window's reflection which so wonderfully expresses a profound moment of introspection—and this feeling is further intensified by the setting of "hospital."

Bob comments that the third place "storm clouds" carries a sense of unlimited space circling, stretching endlessly, haunted by the cry of a bird and a gathering storm. The expansive feeling of so much space and the dynamic forces of nature drew me to this haiku. The contrast of the storm clouds building with the encircling sound of the bird's cry has a powerful effect. (After we had selected these haiku, I discovered that certain shearwaters actually migrate around the entire rim of the Pacific Ocean. The ones we see here on the West Coast may also be the very ones seen and heard in Asia!! The "circle" suddenly meant even more.)

The honorable mentions are not ranked. We chose them with the same criteria as we used for the winning haiku. Their powerful imagery and immediacy earned them our attention and admiration. Many fine haiku were carefully considered. We thank all the poets for contributing to the contest and for the honor of working so closely with your poems. Hopefully our choices will further illumine the possibilities of expression within haiku for all readers and writers. Good wishes on everyone's haiku journey.

— *Ebba Story and Robert Major*

1998 HSA Brady Awards

First Place - \$100

Carl Patrick, Brooklyn NY

fireflies
my neighbor
has more

Second Place - \$75

D. Claire Gallagher, Sunnyvale CA

blowing out
one birthday candle:
the whole family

Third Place - \$50

John Stevenson, Nassau NY

"Just Married"
the attendant
pumping too much gas

Honorable Mention (*in order of merit*)

family reunion
everywhere I look
my old nose

Diane Tomczak, Midland MI

identical twins—
their hair neatly parted
on opposite sides

Lee Gurga, Lincoln IL

at the flea market
looking through books
I gave away

David Gershator, St. Thomas USVI

nightfall
the zookeeper
lets himself out

Sandra Fuhringer, Hamilton, Ontario, Canada

Judges' Comments

How do you judge a poetry contest? Let us count the ways! It is all so subjective. We tried to consider both the humor and humanity of each entry while undertaking the difficult task of choosing the winners, but still it all came down to personal preference. As anyone who has ever submitted to a magazine knows, one editor's rejectee may become another's "best of issue." So, how can even two judges come to an agreement? In our case, we came up with our first cut: 28 poems for one of us; 29 for the other. From there we whittled down to our individual Top Ten lists and assigned a numerical value for each of the positions from 50 points for first place down to 5 points for tenth. The poem with the highest total of points between us became our overall winner.

Can a senryu with just five words (seven measly syllables) be our winner? That's what we wondered about "fireflies," but not for too long. This delightful poem starts out as a sweet little haiku, but by the time you reach the last word, you realize the poet is coveting his neighbor's luck. This neighbor's yard is not only greener, but a heck of a lot brighter. As human beings, we sometimes cannot be happy with what we have without comparing it to what someone else has.

"Blowing out" blew us away. The one-year-old may be too young to realize the significance of this event, but the rest of the family is going to make certain no wishes are wasted. Of course, just because there is one candle, that doesn't mean we have to have a baby at the table. Perhaps the one candle is for a centenarian.

"Just Married" was a hilarious poem which reminded us how the honeymoon can be a time of final

release from pent-up emotions and a time when there may be a tendency to overindulge. Although this poem was in a three-way tie for fourth place after our point-system ranking, we kept discussing our interpretations of it until we decided that any poem which could continue to demand our attention deserved a third place.

"Family reunion" was initially misread by one of the judges who left out the word "old" when reading the poem. Without the word "old," the poem is flat and derivative, but once the judge discovered the missing word, the *Aha*-ness of the poem leaped out with all its pride and vanity.

For the "identical twins," is it their struggle for uniqueness which causes them to adopt mirror-image identities? They could accomplish this, however, through other changes in appearance. More than likely, it is a subtle attempt at humor which brings to mind the pantomime of Harpo Marx and Lucille Ball duplicating each other's actions.

We identified with "at the flea market," because most poets are probably pack-rats, who second-guess any valiant effort to unclutter their lives (at least bookwise). Ambivalence begins to resurface, and they wonder whether they will lose all the good memories if they let these treasured books out of their hands again.

Our final honorable mention takes place at "nightfall," when all good animals are asleep. The cagey zookeeper knows the best time to get out is while the getting's good..

Many thanks to all the contestants for allowing us to read your work.

—Jeanne Cassler and Carlos Colón

In Memoriam

Bernard Lionel Einbond 1937-1998

Bernard Lionel Einbond, a Charter Member of the Haiku Society of America and its President in 1975, died August 14, 1998, after a long struggle with cancer. He was 61.

In a professional life various as disc jockey and copy editor, Professor Einbond taught in the Departments of English at Lehman College and Columbia University since 1964, chairing the department at the former from 1976-9. It is, however, as a poet that we know him best. He was Grand Prize Winner in the Japan Air Lines International Haiku Contest in 1987-8, also a Keats Poetry Prize and Haiku Society of America Merit Book Award winner. He published *The Coming Indoors and Other Poems* (Charles E. Tuttle Co.) in 1979, and a chapbook, *The Tree As It Is*, in 1994, was widely anthologized and published in all the major haiku magazines. His *Collected Poems* is being compiled by his widow Linda, son Aaron and daughter Julia, with an eye to possible publication.

A memorial fund has been established through the Haiku Society of America. Donations should be made to HSA, indicating Mr. Einbond's name with the donation, and mailed to the Treasurer of the Society.

frog pond . . .
a leaf falls in
without a sound
JAL Contest Winner 1987-8

the silence between
the lightning and the thunder—
everything waits
his jizo (death verse)

Memorial Haiku

that leaf . . .
so slowly drifting from sight
in the old pond
Elizabeth Searle Lamb

with his death
the old pond quieter
this fall day
L. A. Davidson

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Minna Lerman
Molly McGee
Elizabeth L. Nichols
Tom Painting
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Margaret Schultz
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THE HAIKU SOCIETY OF AMERICA

TREASURER'S REPORT (July 1 — September 30, 1998)

Income

Balance*	11,904.96	
Membership Dues	1,289.00	
Contest Fees	1,038.00	
Frogpond Samples	94.00	
Haiku Path Sales	36.95	
Einbond Donations	45.00	
Total Income		14,407.91

Expenses

<u>HSA General Account</u>		
Postage	253.32	
Supplies	187.11	
Awards	275.00	
Honorariums	300.00	
Miscellaneous	57.95	
<u>Newsletter</u>		
Printing	1,219.43	
Postage	534.90	
<u>Frogpond</u>		
Printing	12.35	
Postage	134.76	
Total Expenses		2,974.82

Balance (9/30/98) 11,433.09

Respectfully submitted
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*Corrected balance from second quarter: $\$17,177.83 + 1,655.00 - 6,927.87 = \$11,904.96$.

Museum of Haiku Literature Award
\$50 for the best haiku or senryu
appearing in the previous issue of FROGPOND
as voted by the HSA Executive Committee

I brush
my mother's hair
the sparks

Peggy Willis Lyles

Erratum Frogpond XXI:2

relapse. . .
more and more raindrops clinging
to the window screen

Carol Conti-Entin



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