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Anniversary
Year

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Editor's Message

English-language haiku has moved through the various stages of development much as we might have expected: from an early and imitative infancy, through a creaky childhood, to a rebellious early adolescence. This growth has been fostered largely by the work of a few outstanding figures in the history of western haiku, and it is largely their work as well as our own that we carry forward with us.

But ELH is now getting to be of a "certain age", and we are showing signs of this, not only in terms what is happening to our poetry, but also what is happening to our poets. We are saddened to report the recent deaths of three of our own whose work has marked us indelibly over these years.

Robert Spiess' was "the first complete life in English-language haiku," as John Stevenson has written. His interest in haiku dated back to the 1930s. He wrote and published his own English-language haiku for over fifty years. He was even better-known as an editor, theorist and educator, and certainly was amongst the greatest influences on English-language haiku during his tenure with *Modern Haiku*.

Less well-known here but with a career which spanned much the same time as Spiess', Willem J. van der Molen was a seminal figure in the development of Dutch haiku, one of the first to assimilate the form and yet imbue it with his own language and poetics. He was not imitative, but sought his own way with haiku, which alienated him at the time from the haiku community. He was a proponent of "world haiku" before such a concept had yet been formed.

Last and certainly not least, Ken Leibman will be missed by all those who had the good fortune to come in contact with him. His puckish sense of humor disguised a truly democratic and empowering sense of what haiku could be, and his service as *Frogpond* editor was characterized by a broadening of the scope of what was possible in haiku, and the inclusion of the work of many new poets whom we have come to appreciate as he did.

They will all be missed.

Jim Kacian

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 seventeen *onji*.

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

the river
going to pieces
blackbird's song

Elizabeth Hazen

Ides of March
the wobble of the flight
of a red-tailed hawk

Cherie Hunter Day

5

schoolgirls take turns
mimicking a stutter—
March wind

Barry George

waiting for the bus
cloud after cloud
passes by

Yahya McKay

sex pill billboard
the trees around it
budding first

George Swede

early spring—
the rake
and the gardener's song
Carolyn Thomas

flicking iron rust
off these old roofing nails—
fresh signs of spring
H. F. Noyes

spring day—
my sermon is shorter
than usual
J. D. Heskin

6

tiny green shoots—
not recalling a name
I used to know
Alice Frampton

moving day
where the feeder once stood
finches pick at seeds
Peggy Heinrich

Sunny shoji
birds' shadows
to and fro

Yasuhiko Shigemoto

Knowing you have died—
yellow tulip buds
leaning into the sunlight.

Valerie Matsumoto

7

sunlit mist
a sudden brightness
in the lamb's eye

Martin Lucas

the slow dive of the swallow
into a chimney—
lingering light

A. C. Missias

spring coverlet—
the hollowed-out absence
of the cat

Yvonne Cabalona

between spreading leaves
of ivy, naked wall still shows:
my mother's worries

Paul O. Williams

sudden freedom
from its egg sac—
the spider pauses

Merrill Ann Gonzales

a man i don't know
touches my hip
perennial spring

Gloria Procsal

8

Spring too,
in ancient times;
snow on the mosaic

Erica Facey

dim moonlight:
I have a good mind
to steal a rowboat

Ty Hadman

spring plowing
a flock of blackbirds
turns inside out

Tom Painting

in the dumpster
lilies looking
fresh again

Jon Iddon

9

homeless shelter
an unkempt man peels
a dyed egg

John J. Dunphy

jail time
the new guy still
sunburnt

D. A. Thomann

peeing
off the porch's high end
the Milky Way

Burnell Lippy

through morning mist
the boatman's song
reaches the shore first

Jianqing Zheng

sun in the bones
of a darting minnow—
my cell phone rings

Dave Russo

digging in the sun
the archaeologist
peels layers of skin

Graham High

10

ancient chimneys
don't reach
the blue sky

Ivan Volaric Feo

shifting with
the shifting sands—
desert land mines

Kristen Deming

between 'in' breath
and 'out' breath
sunrise

Brent Partridge

Garden-window open . . .
sheets catch the smell
of quinces.

Maja Cerar

11

summer breeze
the split in the poppy head
showing pink

Dee Evetts

afternoon stillness—
a shadow of windchimes
on the stone wall

Kathy Lippard Cobb

summer evening;
a sparrow works
the sidewalk cracks

A. C. Missias

In the thick forest
listening to the nightingale's song
and thunder above it.

Tomislav Z. Vujcic

Maakua Gulch—
deeper, deeper with my eyes
I follow the bird

Mark Arvid White

hot day in Kyoto,
people pass by the God of Wind
fanning themselves

Richard von Sturmer

12

darkening clouds
the umpire's voice
quickens

Dan McCullough

summer swelter . . .
the rusted weather vane
points north

Connie Donleycott

lingering daylight—
a stuffed doll left behind
on the beach

Emiko Miyashita

evening sun
stirring the dark water
unwanted thoughts

Caroline Gourlay

13

non-stop newscasts
I keep my ears tuned
to evening crickets

Margaret Chula

summer dusk
one mermaid asks another
for a cigarette

Mark Brooks

surprised by which
handbag she likes
mid-summer night

Michael Fessler

The Conscious Eye

Dee Evetts

This series, given the volume and quality of work available, could easily have continued to document the experience of divorce for several more issues. Nevertheless I have decided to conclude it, by focusing on a particular aspect: the spectrum of possible relationships involving ex-spouses and new partners.

Some years ago a writer friend of mine gave a birthday party. Among the people she invited were her ex-husband, her partner of ten years who succeeded him, and her current lover. I anticipated an awkward occasion, but was proved wrong. The three men sat together consuming large quantities of cake and swapping anecdotes about my friend's eccentric mother in California.

I am inclined to treasure this as some kind of ideal in human behavior. Yet who knows in fact what hidden currents were coursing through even that convivial scene? The following poem by Stacy Pendergrast explores a not dissimilar situation:

14

my ex's wife
serves me cherry pie
on our old chipped china¹

This evokes a range of conflicting emotions, while the connotations of “cherry” (on the one hand erotic, on the other recalling the old song, “Can She Bake a Cherry Pie?”) seem to threaten the containment—the effort by both women to be “civilized”.

Tony Pupello does something comparable in the domestic arena with his

family reunion:
his ex squeezes
fresh lemonade²

Here the play on “squeezes” is quite overt, which makes it at first glance a less complex and at the same time more humorous piece. Then I wonder: isn’t “fresh lemonade” as suggestive as anything in the preceding poem? In any case, both poets deftly exploit the perennial entanglement of food and love.

The poems remaining for discussion are so diverse that I am going to present them, somewhat capriciously, in what *might* be their chronological order. By this I mean: along the timeline of months or years following the break-up in each case. Readers may disagree stridently with my placings, but this after all is half the fun.

the stillness
when I call him
by my ex’s name³

We may hope that this is early in the course of events, for the more time has elapsed the more resounding that stillness is likely to be. Nancy Young lets us overhear one of those irretrievable slips of the tongue, so understandable and so human, which can severely shake a new relationship—if not derail it.

Father’s Day
she tells me
I’m not the father⁴

It is anyone’s guess where this, by John Stevenson, belongs. It could be years before, or years after the separation—or anywhere in between. Regardless, what impresses me is that while it reports a callous, perhaps

even deliberately cruel outburst, there is no trace of complaint or recrimination in the poem. At most, a shocked silence.

no longer married
only their shadows touch
. . . graduation day⁵

A few years on, seems to be about right for Roberta Beary's chilly rendition of estrangement. It is hard to imagine the former couple getting even this close together, unless compelled by circumstances.

Perhaps parallel in the time-frame, yet as far removed as can be, is the enduring connection implied by Michael Cross:

winter afternoon—
filling the half-flat tire
for my ex-wife⁶

Is there any other way to read this than as an understated yet unqualified testament to the transforming power of tenderness? Probably there is, but just now I don't want to hear about it. (A footnote to these two poems: the bleak one is set in summer, the warm one in winter. Each gains from the contrast.)

16

still and all
news of my ex's divorce
unsettles me⁷

Generally speaking this kind of statement makes for weak haiku. But Charles Trumbull retrieves everything with a middle line that conjures a vivid moment (a telephone call, a letter in hand, a conversation overheard—we supply the picture) leaving himself with two lines for conveying its effect. And this remains ambiguous, in a way that feels completely authentic. Is the poet unsettled because of concern for his ex-wife? Because he may have to fill some new role? Or because

she has in some sense become available again? Most likely all of the above, or each in turn.

Divorced years ago . . .
but the pine that we planted
towers over her yard⁸

Even if Tom Tico had not confirmed this, I would have reckoned at least two decades of history here. The poem offers us no explicit feeling, yet there is an underlying sense of wonder and consolation. It is conceivable that the speaker is merely passing by his former wife's home. Equally believable, that he has known the shade of that tree, and in her company. Ultimately which picture we choose will reflect our own disappointments and longings, our fears and our dreams.

17

I wish to thank all the poets who have contributed to this series, including those I have been unable to feature. I believe that most would testify to the cathartic and healing power of such work, both as writers and as readers. Certainly this has been true in my own case, and I am grateful for it.

* * *

1. unpublished
2. *Acorn* 4
3. *Black Bough* 13
4. *Modern Haiku* XXX:3
5. *A New Resonance* 2 (RedMoon Press 2001)
6. *A New Resonance* 2 (Red Moon Press 2001)
7. *Modern Haiku* XXIX:2
8. *Spring Morning Sun* (1998)

(Submissions and recommendations for this column can be sent to Dee Evetts, P.O. Box 955, 128 East Broadway, New York, NY 10002. Please state whether previously published, giving details. Work may also be selected from general submissions to Frogpond, and other sources.)

Lingering heat
taste of hibiscus tea
on your lips

Ang le Lux

Twilight silence—
smoke from the forest fire
drifts to the stars

Edward Zuk

Night heat—
I kill the grey mosquito
my blood in it

Ivan Kolaric

18

too hot too sleep . . .
from the fire truck's siren
a map of the streets

Dave Russo

midnight swim—
she lowers herself
into stars

Rob Scott

morning mist rising . . .
the cry of a loon
echoes across the lake

J. B. Leong

afternoon fog—
by long distance, mother complains
of the heat

Paul Watsky

19

on this footbridge
in dense fog
the laughter up ahead

Robert Kusch

after the rain
a spider
weaving suns

Sean Lause

a yellow leaf—
touching the green ones
on its way down

K. Ramesh

autumn loneliness
the distant circle
of a rising fish

Linda Robeck

Quiet as tea steeps . . .
shadows of pines meeting
as twilight deepens

Rebecca Lilly

spaces
in the barred owl's rhythm
deepening dusk

Ruth Yarrow

20

rain-soaked skies
dark smoke rises
from the crematorium

Jean Jorgensen

starry night
a sycamore ball turns
in the child's hand

Nina A. Wicker

Autumn moon mists . . .
lulled to sleep by a moth
fluttering in pulled curtains

Rebecca Lilly

Logs of newspapers
collecting on the porch
autumn breeze.

Joanna Schmidt

21

their notes
each enclosing an autumn leaf
cross in the mail

Kam Holifield

Underground
a train pushes the scent
of burning leaves

Mike Taylor

a path of leaves
our conversation
turns wordless

Christopher Patchel

night of the meteor shower
frost at the cores
of fallen apples

Judson Evans

roadside ditch
the possum
not playing

Carolyn Hall

freezing rain
tallying the strike vote
at the union hall

Ed Markowski

22

Halloween masks
she pretends not to know
the neighbors

Carmen Sterba

no one home
the silence of a pumpkin
laughing

William Cullen Jr.

A frosty morning—
the distant snipe's cry makes it
feel even colder

Bill Wyatt

In the hunched shoulders
of people going to work—
the morning chill

Tom Tico

23

withered,
persimmons he didn't have time
to pick

Marian Olson

(for Ken Leibman)

Bare as a bone
the gravestones
the leafless trees

Tom Tico

beyond soldiers' graves
winter storm clouds rising
in great mounds

joan iversen goswell

North wind . . .
one congested nostril
whistles

Patrick Sweeney

first snow
through the steamed-up window
morning tea

Peter Williams

shortest day
cold wind tossing
morning glory strings

Jack Barry

24

small snow birds search
before darkness
forgets them

joan payne kincaid

night falls
on the illumined steeple
the stars beyond

Lloyd Gold

predawn cold
the sound at camp
of the metal urinal

Lori Laliberte-Carey

light snow
last night's dream
already gone

Linda Robeck

25

north wind
the shade of the woods
in stripes

Elizabeth Hazen

winter river—
voices from the rapids near
the empty bench

Mathew Spano

low hunter's moon
the long shadow
of an owl

William Cullen Jr.

first morning—
in washed wine glasses
the sunshine

Alenka Zorman

New Year's Day
ice flies from
the roof of a car

John Stevenson

new years day
sea unruly
as we run backward

Stanley Peltier

26

ice cold morning—
sprawled across the back steps
the tree trunk's crooked shadow

Michael Ketchek

tumbling snowflakes . . .
i lose my thought to the space
between deck planks

Naia

fat snowwoman:
where we rolled her
the green of the grass

Zinovy Vayman

winter afternoon
the long, quivering shadows
of the unpicked chives

Martin Lucas

27

The snow square slipping
off the roof—
Forgetting to write a New Year's poem

Marilyn E. Johnston

wet winter months
my neighbor so small
by porchlight

Brett B. Bodemer

moon
just after full
the color of old snow

Jack Barry

bright winter weather
appreciating Fuji-san I am
a man of the Edo period
Sosuke Kanda

deep snow
the white powder
on the old geisha's face
Stanford Forrester

snow-covered village . . .
i follow a stranger's footprints
over the bridge
Pamela Babusci

28

A woman
Turns a parasol—
Fine snow on the steps
Jack Galmitz

january 1st—
all the euro coins
still shiny
Max Verhart

a little rust—
the mousetrap's
metal parts

Gary Hotham

thumb crack
refuses to heal—
the long winter

Karen Klein

29

on the wind
the nails we drove that summer
being pulled

Dee Evetts

after winter rain—
poking their heads out
the neighbors

Alice Frampton

through the chains
of a child's swing
spring stars

Judson Evans

senryu

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.

night
down the long corridor
a door closes

Ruth Yarrow

nursing home
she rubs my lipstick kiss
into her cheeks

Margaret Chula

31

slicing an apple,
conversation turns
to her mom's surgery

Yvonne Cabalona

silent prayer
before dinner at home—
the cat's purr

Le Wild

hospital room—
the steady pulse
of her machine

Nicole Collins

jampackedelevatoreverybuttonpushed

John Stevenson

death watch
her knitting needles keeping
silence at bay

Emily Romano

late for the funeral
stopping to empty
the dishwasher

Pamela Miller Ness

32

Knots in the hair
of a weeping girl, head
buried in her hands

William Scott Galasso

starry night
before letting go
letting go

Marian Olson

(for Robert Spiess)

the line
between sky and ocean—
I sign my name

D. Claire Gallagher

on hold
staring at the sea
until I'm disconnected

David Gershator

33

still sitting
not seeing
the daydream

bruce roxburgh

therapy room
the doctor's chair
faces the koi pond

Joann Klontz

childhood home
finally i get a glimpse
of the sitting room

Ernest J. Berry

confessional window
the gray cloth screen black
where the mouths meet

George Swede

evening Mass
my father's voice
beside me

Cindy Guentherman

lipsynching
"that'll be the day"
while ironing

Max Verhart

34

the glove of evening:
a Chopin Nocture
slips into it

Lloyd Gold

midnight—
the closet door
open a crack

Susan Marie LaVall e

two dogs wait
as their owners
check each other out

Robert Epstein

Fancy restaurant—
shadow of her eyelashes
on her cheekbones

Mike Taylor

35

deep in shadows
a friendly voice
and cheap cologne

Gloria Procsal

her eyes reach mine
another green light
ruins the moment

Brian Daube

windgap
she runs her fingers
through my hair

Darrell Byrd

our first home—
the penciled markings
of some child's growth

Cindy Guentherman

hung upside down
on the clothesline
gymnast's leotards

Dorothy McLaughlin

mad again
her silence fills
the silence

Eric Rutter

36

miles of silence . . .
we hit yet another
bump in the road

Kathy Lippard Cobb

PTA picnic
the sweating cheddar
on her ex's plate

D. Claire Gallagher

New year's Day
my champagne glass bubbling
with Alka-Seltzer

John J. Dunphy

jostling
at the after-christmas sale—
a pair of nuns

Jeffrey Winke

37

trying to scrape
the bar code
off of Jesus' face

John Sandbach

spring madness sale—
all men's and women's pants
half off

John Sandbach

the night closes in
around the asylum
the bright-lit hallway

Gerard John Conforti

linked

forms

Tan Renga

red tulips gone
before I notice

GARAGE SALE
place and date
tattered by wind

39

where the ring was
still
a white line

no passing zone
he takes his chances

Lena Coakley
Ann Goldring

Color of the Moth's Wing

shaking a rag
the mother calls
her children home

meteor shower . . .
watching them sleep under down

tired of pastels
she paints her room
the color of the moth's wing

breath fogging her window
the small handprint there
since the rain

tearing her chiffon nightgown
to sew curtains for the dollhouse

blue moon
nursery rhyme
from the empty room

Lotus Eaters

hefting a plum—
I know by heart
my father's orchard

downtown library—
I dare to eat a peach

she takes the apple
from my palm . . .
and it's understood

blackberry stains
in the wooden basket—
knowing she's late

leading down the lane,
crumbs of lemon cake

languid afternoon—
I swallow the lotus fruit
placed upon my tongue

41

Michael McClintock
Michael Dylan Welch

a ball in the rough

dewdrops—
the blue sky shines
on blades of grass

the pirate's finger stabs
an X marked on the globe

barroom brawl—
two bottles of rum
leave their mark

shazam!
the genie produces
a perfect pearl

the tarot deck shuffled,
we draw The Moon

golfers discuss
how to deal with a ball
in the rough

stalks of lavender

rainless september—
half a hundred leaves
perfectly C-shaped

patterns of shadows
move on the temple steps

sunrise services
a funnel cloud forming
in the distance

long magnolia petals
spread one by one . . .
sounds of spring

toadstools . . .
shorter after the windstorm

a monarch
twirls its antennas
stalks of lavender

43

an'ya
Carmen Sterba

an elegant green gourd

I HAD JUST HARVESTED a green smooth gourd of the type tea masters in Japan carve into elegant flower containers. It was tied by its vine to a wooden ceiling rafter, slowly drying.

Guests came by for a glass of wine. The discussion turned to things not scientifically verifiable—some peasants still claim to sight elves, gnomes, Druids on certain nights . . . ha! A neighbor voluminously expressed his skepticism.

Just then the little gourd loosened its hold from the vine and dropped plumb onto the polished skull of the Cartesian advocate. He froze, open-jawed, a possible victim of *satori*. Chuckles from the other guests, followed by animated talk of other odd and unpredictable happenings in their own lives. Unrestrained mirth was sipped with the heady local wine, the gourd passed around, fondled and admired like a newborn.

ripeness
a brief meeting
of the minds

Giselle Maya

A Rose more than a Rose

44 EACH DAY WALKING NORTH, I pause for a while at the edge of Beaver Dam Creek, so pleasant to feel a part of the all . . . But, this one day I become somewhat agitated, distracted by the wild rose bush off to the other side. All summer this plant so totally loaded with blossoms, but now, late in the season, sporting only one limp and fading bloom. And, it had been happening all the while—without me even realizing it.

the last red rose
bleeding into
late summer's sun

Liz fenn

we move

TO A NEW LAND. The land seems to go up, never down. We move from a hot early summer. The buds here are just opening.

moving
to the mountains
spring again

Marlene Mountain

45

September Rain

EVERY SEMESTER students in my interpersonal communication class bring personal objects to share. A college-level “show and tell.” I start by sharing a Kennedy half-dollar. My birthday is November 22, 1947. I carry the coin as a reminder of that tragic day in 1963. Students bring family heirlooms, photos, trinkets from trips, guitars and sports objects.

September 12, 2001, the day after the terrorist attacks on the World Trade Center and the Pentagon. Although school was canceled yesterday, classes are held today. In my class, a man shares a mask from Mardi Gras; another shows his cross-country shoes; a woman explains the symbolism of her kickboxing shorts. One student brings a box filled with the ashes of her twenty-year-old cat. Someone asks how he can keep his own cat from wandering off and getting lost. “Put butter on its paws,” she says. The cat will find its way home by following the scented paw prints. We laugh together.

September rain
in the rubble
a new shoe

W. F. Owen

The Sunbird

September 12, 1998—Saturday. A beautiful warm sunny day in New York City with a blue sky and a few white clouds floating high above. Walking down Broadway with seven or eight haiku poets after the Haiku Society of America meeting at Columbia, which had included a lively renku session, I and a few others were stopped by Karen Sohne with “Look—a sundog!” She pointed directly overhead to two or three small wisps of cloud slowly moving eastward. In one of them a bright spot, or short strip, of yellow was glowing. It seemed to fade and brighten as the wisp slowly flowed and slowly spread out at the same time. It was like a small piece of sunset color and yet it wasn’t. The color was brighter and more intense than the colors in a sunset. And it was confined to this one small band as if the color were coming from a light source directly within the cloud. Everywhere else above was either blue sky or white clouds.

It was around 5:30 pm and the sun itself was behind the tall buildings (8 to 10 stories high) on the opposite side, the west side, of Broadway. Judging by the sun’s glow around the buildings, it was still about 20 to 30 degrees above the horizon, somewhere across the river in New Jersey. The wisps of white cloud with the bit of color were a few degrees (3 to 5) south of the zenith as we looked up from the sidewalk, so that although our heads were facing almost straight up, there was a slight tilt towards the southwest. Standing on the east side of Broadway while looking up, we could see that these small clouds, moving towards the buildings next to us, would pass from view above their tops in only a few minutes.

Though the clouds were slowly moving, the strip of colored light stayed in the same place. Yet, because of the cloud’s motion, this glowing strip, both in and on the cloud, seemed also to be moving in the opposite direction from one end of the cloud to the other. The wisp of cloud stretched west to east and was very high above us, perhaps 20,000 feet, about where you sometimes see jet liners pass over.

As we watched, the luminous stain changed color,

shading into an orange hue, then red. Much deeper and purer than the colors in a rainbow. As it flared and fluttered through shades and tones of red, it seemed to move or jump into the next small wisp of cloud. Perhaps the cloud moved into or through this lighted spot, but the original cloud seemed not to have moved completely out of it when the jump occurred. Maybe the spot was a little larger than it appeared. Or it could be that such phenomena are only visible to the viewer when it can be reflected from a piece of cloud, or from the condensation, waterdrops, or vapour in the cloud.

In any case it now was in this second wisp which was drifting apart, as the first had done. The red flaring light seemed to pulse and fill with new tints to become a still-changing purple glow. As the cloud wisp came apart the touch of color changed to a pure blue light. The last strands of the cloud seemed to completely disappear, to evaporate, and now the blue light seemed like a small irregular pool of electric blue in the sky. It was a different kind of blue than the blue sky surrounding it. Almost like a bit of luminous blue ink or paint spilled on a blue table. Then it too was gone.

47

a rainbow
the little girl lets go
of her balloon

What we saw is not properly called a sundog. I learned this from an interesting book entitled *Rainbows, Mirages and Sundogs* by Roy A. Gallant. Sundogs are related to halos. Halos appear as rings of light around the sun or moon. A "halo," writes Mr. Gallant "is made by small [ice] crystals positioned every which way. Very small crystals cause a whitish halo with a red edge." He reports that when he's flown through a cloud of these ice crystals, they were "all glittering like miniature diamonds in the sunlight." He adds that "They are much smaller than snowflakes and should not be confused with them, or with sleet. A cloud spawning such crystals produces a 22-degree halo along with certain patches and arcs of light. The patches are called sundogs or mock Suns or parhelia."

Most of the time when you see a sundog there will be two of them, one on each side of the halo. They will be at the same height in the sky as the sun. If the sun is on the horizon, the sundogs will be on the rim of the halo. The sundogs will be further out from the rim of the halo the higher the sun is from the horizon.

The author goes on to say that sometimes only one sundog will be visible and sometimes one or two will appear without the halo. He then describes their appearance. Sundogs are usually “brighter than the halo and may be dazzling. They are clearly red on the inside, with a middle band of yellow that changes to a bluish white part slightly stretched out into a tail that points away from the Sun.”

After a bit of information about wobbling and doubling of sundogs we come to a passage that refers in particular to what we saw above Broadway: “An especially beautiful member of the halo family . . . is a brightly colored short curve, or arc, very nearly straight overhead next to the zenith position. Called the circumzenith arc (meaning: arc around the zenith), it is not often observed by most people because so few of us ever look straight up. This lovely arc is visible only when the Sun is less than about 32 degrees above the horizon. When the Sun is at 32 degrees, the arc appears as a patch, but as the sun lowers, the patch opens into an arc of color.”

48 Light and water are a magical combination. The white light from the sun has locked in it the whole spectrum of colors which water, in the form of mist or droplets or ice crystals, can unlock and reveal. They spread in the sky like a fabulous bird fanning its tail. I think it's time to give the “circumzenith arc” (Webster's calls it a “circumzenithal arc”) a more attractive name. I suggest “sunbird.” It flies much higher than the sundogs.

a red balloon
rises out of the park trees
into the blue sky

Cor van den Heuvel

canoe

THREAT OF RAIN, I jog to get the mail. Pulling letters from the small rectangular mailbox. Here is a large manila envelope from my hometown in Texas. It is my share of the inheritance from sale of my grandparents' rural home . . . Memories of summers my cousins and I spent there. The add-on back bedroom, with the water cooler that added humidity to the already-sticky Texas nights, where Papa and we grandsons slept. After dawn-to-dusk days helping him mow lawns, we played rock-paper-scissors to see who slept where. The loser got the old single bed so hollowed out we nicknamed it "the canoe." Secretly, I always tried to lose. I liked sleeping in that bed because it gave me a feeling of being held . . . Drops hit the envelope. I lock the mailbox and walk home.

49

November rain
zipping my coat
all the way up

W. F. Owen

Crossing the Charles

All summer, I crossed the Charles River to go to and from work, and every afternoon, I stood against the door of the T to look out the window as we came above ground to cross the Longfellow Bridge. I would watch the sailboats crisscrossing and circling the river. Windsurfers and jet-skis navigating in between them. On the last day of the season, Michael came into the locker room sad and dejected. Today, for the first time in three months, I take the T and cross the Charles again.

a stuttering line
skin deep a top the gray water
the afternoon sun

D. N. Muranaka

Archeology in the Great Salt Lake

THE CITY OUT IN THE DESERT under the dust isn't waiting for someone to come along and find it. The people who lived and died there epochs ago wait for no one, either. They are gone, utterly. Every one of them.

No one knows the city is there, no one cares that it ever was.

Every desert in the world contains this same desolation. It is a wind-haunted, sun-bright emptiness. A wide hall become still.

Every desert has a bird that hangs in its sky on motionless wings. That bird is always black. The city buried in dust and the dead people a mile under the sand, and the bird of mystery the only moving thing: these are not what you look for in a shining world.

But weather changes, even in such places.

luminous cloud—
from the belly
gulls emerging

Michael McClintock

Scotch Neat

50

THE NUANCES OF ICE: I've learned them well being that all these breakups occur in the depths of winter. There is the irony of fresh snow when it surrounds a house of dis-ease. There is hail, louder than the slamming door. And the cubed ice, clinking inside of "her" vodka. Taken in just the right dosage to numb "her" pain but never enough to let on who she's been with.

the sound of sleet when there's nothing left to say

Gary Steinberg

Edie and Lisa

AT DUSK, we swing into the dusty lot of the Ojibway Motel; a dingy, grey cinderblock affair, with fifteen units in the middle of the Hiawatha National Forest. The motel owner hands me the key to room 12, and mutters "Free ice." When we arrive there, the family in room 11 is waiting to greet us.

"Where y'all from?" the man asks, as I lift the hood to check the oil. He extends his hand. "Here, have a beer. We's awful glad to get us some neighbors."

Tattoos cover his muscular chest, and he adds an empty to the ten that line the narrow walkway. The woman's shoulders are tan and slim, and she's holding a three-year-old girl who's brown medusa curls fall into the face of a plastic doll.

We listen to his story. "A year with the carnival that got me two in prison for cutting up a Mexican who stole a prize from my midway game." The woman and child are still and quiet.

After an hour he concludes "Them was some tough times back in Georgia, but Edie and Lisa sticks by me. We like it up here in Michigan. Weather's nice and cool."

Late at night, my wife and I are awoken. We hear arguing, and something hits the floor in room 11. There is swearing following by sobs, and then silence.

At dawn, the woman is at our door. "Can y'all give me and Lisa a ride to Daggett? Buddy took the truck, and we got no money for another night." The bruise on her cheek is the size and color of a ripe plum.

When we reach the highway, we turn left and head west. A lumber hauler rumbles past, bound for the bridge, and then on to Detroit.

The quiet of the morning weaves into the rhythm of the forest. Tails of mist climb the pines. By six o'clock we'll be searching for another vacancy, in another town.

in morning mist
clutching her mother
clutching her doll

Ed Markowski

essays

Notes from the Prairie

An Interview with and Haiku by Sukeo Sameshima

Sukeo Sameshima, who neither speaks nor writes English, was born in British Columbia in 1915 but received his public and junior high school education in Japan. He moved around Western Canada for many years and was placed in a relocation camp in Southern Alberta during World War II. Most of his life has been subsequently spent among the prairies of Southern Alberta, and his haiku, consistently published in Canada and Japan, often reflect the starkness of those landscapes.

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. . .

BR: When did you first learn haiku and what did you think about the haiku you first read?

SS: In the beginning of the spring of 1940, I ran into my friend who took me to a meeting of the Kamome Haiku Group, which is located in Port Alberni, British Columbia. Since then, I have been getting involved with haiku.

BR: When did you write your first haiku and do you remember it?

SS: My initial haiku—

haruno kaze typist shiroku kubi makaru

spring cold
the typist has a white scarf
around her neck

—received a good evaluation, and since then I have been more interested in and have kept writing haiku.

BR: You were born in British Columbia, educated as a

young man in Japan, and then finally settled in the prairies of Southern Alberta. How has this moving around affected your haiku?

SS: In the beginning of 1940 I found myself at the Tashme Relocation Camp, so I found 30-40 members and established the Tashibi Haiku Group. I edited two volumes of concentration camp haiku journals until the camp dissolved.

BR: Were you part of the Japanese community that fled British Columbia during World War II to escape the internment camp? If so, how did this experience affect your relation to haiku?

SS: I look back at that time and wonder: Could this have been my most fulfilling experience with haiku?

BR: Haiku is a Japanese form of poetry. You have lived in Canada in the prairies of Alberta most of your life. How does Japanese haiku become different for someone living in the Canadian prairies?

SS: When the war ended, I started to look for a job. I went from place to place with different jobs at beet farms in Moosejaw, Saskatchewan, Winnipeg, Manitoba, and Southern Alberta. I have settled in Coaldale for 50 years.

54 After I left the camp, I was exhausted and not able to find a job and many other things. Also, my haiku friends moved from British Columbia to Quebec. Even any kind of exchange with my haiku friends stopped. Therefore, there was a time I stopped writing haiku for almost 10 years.

When my life was settled, I could afford to start writing haiku again. I was enthused to send my haiku to Japan and continue writing haiku. I was attracted to the natural environment and the change of seasons in the prairies. Although the land seemed barren, I began to notice how the impressions of the landscape were deeply engraved into my heart.

BR: You have two especially powerful haiku collected in *Haiku Canadian Anthology* edited by Dorothy Howard and André Duhaime. One is:

kasha sugite soresake no kei yukikoya

a train passes
and then the only view
snowfield

The other is:

katamaru mo hanarete tatsu mo iteru ushi

the cows stand together
and one stands by itself
but all are freezing

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Do you remember creating each of these? Can you say something about the circumstances and what you feel about the experiences you presented in these haiku?

SS: The prairie snowfield in the first haiku looks like the Pacific Ocean. Sometimes, a train passed silently and I could not see the steam because of the distance and the dark. And then, I would go back to view the snowfield. The snowfield is eternally captivating. As to the second haiku, 7 or 8 cows were gathered and one cow stood separately in a field. Like an unmoving stick none of them seemed to move. I thought I was just looking at the cows. However, I realized that I was also standing, watching them like an unmoving stick.

BR: Can you say something about the pleasure haiku gives you?

SS: I really enjoy reading other people's haiku. I would be very happy if others understood my own haiku. I would hope to continue taking haiku walks just as many Japanese Canadians enjoy playing golf and other sports.

fuyubare no koku ni tsukamu chiri mo nashi

in clear winter
there is nothing in the sky
not even dust

aomugino hatega chi no hate sumitsukishi

young wheat
up to the very end of the land
remaining forever

ichizan no momiji kando fumamu kana

on one of the mountains
red maple leaves cover the path—
should I step on them?

Yukigekaze waga soshin no taza yurumu

snow-melting wind
all of my feelings in
a bucket rope come loose

hyokako ni kurenai chirashi poppy muru

frozen lake
the falling crimson poppies
gather together

ryokuin no karasu ga ah-ah-to oi yoberu

in the shade of a tree
a crow is cawing
I feel old

chichi to ko no onaji heyanari nesho-gatsu

father and child
sleeping over in the same room
New Year

Emily Dickinson & Haiku

(Emily Dickinson was born on December 10, 1830, and died on May 15, 1886.)

The poet's poet. No one before or since has put together in so compact a manner such magical and colorful combinations of words. Seen by only a few friends and relatives during her lifetime, Emily Dickinson's poems are now among the most treasured jewels of American literature. Their startling metaphors and indelible images can blaze with fire and light or shimmer into cloud-shrouded prospects picturing the dark wonders of death.

She furls together assemblages of sound and image so musically and visually exciting, a reader's mind and heart can not but revel in them. Though her artist's arsenal is loaded with figurative and rhythmical language, she is also a master of suggestion, dancing clue-like tropes around the object without actually telling us what it is, as in the following poem:

A Route of Evanescence
With a revolving Wheel—
A Resonance of Emerald—
A Rush of Cochineal—
And every Blossom on the Bush
Adjusts its tumbled Head—
The mail from Tunis, probably,
An easy morning's Ride—

It may take a second or two for us to adjust our tumbled heads and realize the hero of this poem is a hummingbird, but the recognition comes with a flash of immediacy a haiku poet might envy. Try this one:

I could bring You Jewels—had I a mind to—
But You have enough—of those—
I could bring You Odors from St. Domingo—
Colors—from Vera Cruz—

Berries of the Bahamas—have I—
But this little Blaze
Flickering to itself—in the Meadow—
Suits Me—more than those—

Never a Fellow matched this Topaz—
And his Emerald Swing—
Dower itself—for Bobadilo—
Better—Could I bring?

Here we awake to the appearance of a butterfly, swinging the stem of a flower by its slight weight. This image, too, has the vivid presence of a good haiku. The poem itself is a decorative jewelbox in which we find the revelation coming in the last two stanzas. The aural music and the visual colors make the poem a work of art in words. The poem is a new creation in the world, as William Carlos Williams often contended, not just a picture of something else. It has a beauty and a reality, just as the butterfly does. Great haiku exist in this way also, though their music and words are even briefer. The haiku's suggestiveness is usually conveyed with less fanfare and flourish than we find in many of Dickinson's poems. Sometimes its plainness can be even more deceiving than their ornateness. The haiku may look so plain as to seem banal and then suddenly the image will rise out of the words. [Bobadilo is a reference to Francisco de Bobadilla, the Spanish viceroy of the Indies, who died in 1502.]

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Rarely, if ever, does she present an image with the simplicity of haiku. Like Keats and Hopkins, she tends to load every rift with ore. However, her works are so short and suggestive they—at the same time they are flaring with a richness of colorful imagery and ringing language—are somehow as clear as the note of a hermit thrush and as simple as a nursery rhyme. They paradoxically produce a haiku simplicity out of complexity.

Like haiku, Dickinson's poems are not titled. She lets them speak for themselves. And also like haiku, many of her poems, such as the ones quoted above, give us the essence of the natural object evoked: a butterfly in its butterflyness,

a hummingbird as it really is. Her more famous poems usually are concerned with something else. Masterpieces such as “Because I could not stop for Death” or “Safe in their Alabaster Chambers,” though ultimately unclassifiable, are more concerned with human fate than our oneness with nature, though that, too, is somewhere at the core of their complexity. Many of her best poems are about human passions and so human concerns take center stage. Still, a good many others are infused with the haiku spirit. Other than the two already quoted, I might cite “I taste a liquor never brewed,” “There’s a certain Slant of light,” and “A Bird came down the Walk.”

The singularities of Dickinson’s poetry have rarely, if ever, been better, or more succinctly, described than by Jane Donehue Eberwein in her biographical entry for the poet in *American National Biography* (1999). Though she doesn’t speak of haiku, a number of things Eberwein points out are things that tend to give Dickinson’s poems a haiku-like style: “Dickinson’s poetry is remarkable for its emotional and intellectual energy as well as its extreme distillation. In form, everything about it is tightly condensed. Words and phrases are set off by dashes, stanzas are brief, and the longest poem occupies less than two printed pages.” Eberwein goes on to mention Dickinson’s “omission of titles, her recording of poems in multiple versions with variant words and stanzas, her willingness to leave poems unfinished, and . . . the distinctive amount of white space she left on the page.” All of which could apply to the practices of haiku poets. [Even to the dashes. Though not used much now, in the first few decades of American haiku they were everywhere. Looking at Harold G. Henderson’s translations of Japanese haiku, and many of R. H. Blyth’s, one can see what inspired the poets to use them.]

Emily Dickinson was born in Amherst, Massachusetts, and except for one visit to Washington, D.C., and Philadelphia and two trips to Boston, she spent her life there and in the surrounding area. In her youth, she was sociable, with a playful sense of fun, and had a circle of

friends, but afterwards she became more and more reclusive, devoting herself to her poetry, reading, gardening, her family, and her household.

Much has been conjectured about the identity of the person who inspired her love poems. There have been many theories, but none are certain. Neither she nor her sister Lavinia ever married. They lived with their parents and continued to live in the family house after their father's death in 1874 and their mother's in 1882. Their brother and his wife and children lived next door.

Emily kept up a long correspondence with a number of literary friends, including Helen Hunt Jackson and Thomas Wentworth Higginson. Jackson she had known as a classmate in school. Higginson, whom she began writing to in 1862, she treated as a mentor. Yet she must have realized, finally, that she was not only the finer poet, but the finer critic as well. Though he discouraged her from publishing her poetry while she was alive, he helped to get it published after her death. He was a well-regarded literary figure of the time while she was an unknown. Only a few of her poems were published, anonymously, while she was still living, probably without her permission. Now everything she wrote that has survived has been published and she is acclaimed as one of America's greatest poets.

Tangible Imagination in Richard Wright's Haiku

HAIKU, A SHORT POETIC FORM, always challenges the reader to imagine and sense. Asataro Miyamori says that “an ideal haiku is one in which a natural event is described as it is, and the poet’s emotion does not appear on the surface”(8). Because of its brevity, haiku focuses on a momentary impression or, let me borrow Robert Frost’s phrase, a momentary stay against confusion.

A good haiku with the qualities of brevity, ellipsis, and suggestiveness should have space for a reader to fill in his interpretation and aesthetic appreciation. Also, a haiku’s images should produce a montage effect for the reader to associate nature with human ideas. Read this haiku by Richard Wright:

From a tenement,
The blue jazz of a trumpet
Weaving autumn mists. (#253)

This haiku produces a picture that interacts between visual and auditory images. The poet not only literally hears the sounds of a trumpet but sees it weaving autumn mists in his imagination as well. He also challenges the reader to appreciate it aesthetically based on the interaction of the senses. The intangible quality of atmosphere and mood created by Wright with tangible words reminds me of a classical Chinese quatrain “Deer Fence” written by Wang Wei, a Tang dynasty poet (701-761):

In vast mountains I see no one
But hear human voices echoing.
Sunset rays into deep woods
And shines again on green moss.

Wang Wei’s “Deer Fence” also invites the reader’s imagination with the interaction of visual and auditory images. A visitor sees no one around but hears the echo of human voices. There is peace hanging over there in the

mountains, especially when the setting sun casts back its rays through the deep woods and shines again on the green moss. Here is another haiku by Wright:

From across the lake,
Past the black winter trees,
Faint sounds of a flute. (#571)

What does Wright want us to imagine in this haiku? What is the connection between nature (the visual images of lake, black winter trees) and sounds of a flute? What does the flute symbolize? To understand the haiku, first draw a sketch in your mind: someone is playing the flute and its sound reaches across the lake where someone else is listening. This auditory image of the sound of a flute joins artfully the visual images of lake, blackness, winter, and trees. In fact, both the auditory and the visual images intensify each other. The flute symbolizes art created by humans and its joining with those visual images implies an interrelationship with nature. It invites human involvement so that the poet listens and observes attentively on the other side of the lake. In other words, he enjoys art aesthetically. This terse, elliptic, and suggestive haiku creates a momentary impression through the visual and auditory images. It is a beautiful, evocative haiku.

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J. Marcus Weekley

Kukai: its purpose and effects

HAIKU IS A LITERATURE OF ORDINARY PEOPLE. It can be refined through practice and training with the help of other haiku friends. A *kukai* functions as the training system.

Mrs. Yoshiko Yoshino, the master of *Hoshi* (Star) Haiku Group in Japan, says that a *kukai* is the place to bring up the students. Her selections are based on two standards: choosing perfect haiku for her special selections; and regular selections for particular haiku that will encourage the students toward higher goals. As a haiku master, Mrs. Yoshino can tell which haiku is written by whom. She chooses haiku that reflects the individuality of each student, without regard to its degree of achievement in style, grammar, or haiku skills. Therefore we may define *kukai* as the training gymnasium for these skills.

In Japan, most haiku poets belong to a haiku group led by such a master. I belong to *Ten'i* (Providence) haiku group, lead by Dr. Akito Arima. The haiku we bring to the *kukai* are passed around anonymously and are selected by both the master and the members. Each haiku selected is "born" as a haiku and is printed in the *kukaiho*, the record of the *kukai*. Each haiku group publishes a haiku journal, and the haiku selected by the master each month are printed in it.

The advantage of the *kukai* system is that one will know immediately whether or not one's haiku is deemed acceptable. At the same time, we know which haiku have attracted the attention or support from *kukai* members. Thus we can learn which poems are good and which are not so good; and whether we used language successfully. In addition, appropriate examples of good *kigo* teach us to use *kigo* effectively. Within a *kukai* poets are invited to worlds one can never visit when writing haiku at a desk alone.

In Japan, we are asked how many years we have been practicing haiku. Ten years of practice is still considered an amateur level. This is my ninth year of practicing haiku and therefore I am still a haiku infant in Japan! Dr. Arima has been writing haiku for 56 years and Masajo Suzuki, the author of *Love Haiku*, for more than sixty-four years. Mrs

Yoshino, the author of *Tsuru*, for almost sixty years! The longer the better, we believe. There is an additional system called the *dojin* system; *dojin* means “leading member”. Those who write good haiku are given a title of *dojin* from the master. When one receives this title one is permitted to teach haiku to other people. I received the *dojin* title in 1999 in my sixth year of haiku practice.

What I would like to emphasize here is that attending a *kukai* and learning from it is the key to becoming a good haiku poet in the Japanese haiku pond. The haiku we bring to the *kukai*, usually three to five, do not represent our entire personality, but only a bit of our poetic essence. If they are not accepted or selected, we get an opportunity to think about why they were not selected: how is it flawed? is it a weak poem? When we encounter a haiku with the same theme as ours presented in a more sophisticated or polished way, we simply give out a sigh of admiration, *ah!* And learn. The feeling of rejection is the last reaction haiku poets should take—one’s attitude should be positive throughout the process of *kukai* and after. We do learn a lot from *kukai*, by selecting, by being selected and by not being selected.

The points of selecting haiku in our *kukai* in the Japanese haiku pond are:

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whether it is written in haiku form of 5, 7, 5 Japanese *moji*;
whether it has a *kigo*, and a *kire* (a break for pause or
juxtaposition) and the *kire* occurs only once
whether the *kigo* in the haiku is working effectively
whether it recreates the image in the reader’s mind accurately
whether the economizing of words is done effectively—
 unnecessary adjectives and adverbs are checked; not
 more than one verb in a haiku is preferred
whether the haiku has not become a mere explanation
whether it is focused sharply to what the poet wants to say
whether it is not a copy of some other haiku that was
written in the past
whether the haiku is not said fully—we leave room for
 the reader to complete it
whether the haiku reads well in a fine rhythm
whether or not you like it!

We encourage people to win all the games in which they participate. However, I think we can learn more when we fail. *Akukai* is usually held every month, so we do have a chance each month to try again to make people say *Ah!* to our haiku. What a challenge and what an excitement to be blessed with *kukai* colleagues that can provide such a good training!

Mrs. Yoshino has been the master of the International Haiku Salon in Matsuyama for many years. When she makes a comment on foreigners' haiku in English, she pays full respect to their cultural background and will never impose the rules applied for haiku written in Japanese. She says, she prefers to have the English haiku written in three lines, the middle line slightly longer than the rest. She has noticed that English haiku contains more explanatory words and phrases. For example, when writing about a piece of cloud, it is likely that the English haiku uses a descriptive word like fluffy, single thread of, white or purple, etc. to explain what kind of cloud it is. Or when the haiku already contains a word indicating autumn, such as "crickets", the poem uses an unnecessary word indicating the season, such as "autumn" before the cloud. It is best if the reader can picture his/her own kind of cloud by reading the haiku. And in a good haiku, after reading the whole haiku, the kind of the cloud can be defined automatically. Mrs. Yoshino thinks that these explanations are not necessary in haiku. But these observations come from her Japanese haiku tradition. For haiku poets who write in languages other than Japanese, she thinks it is important for each poet to write in his/her most comfortable way. Therefore these Japanese haiku rules may not be automatically applied to judge or appreciate the English language haiku.

This is my understanding of the benefits of a *kukai*. I hope that you will create a matching *kukai* form in your haiku pond for both sharing and training. Let's always be positive and cheerful in our haiku activity! Thank you very much.

Emiko Miyashita

(Read at Asilomar Retreat on January 12th and at HPNC meeting on January 20th, 2002.)

Favorite Haiku

In the breakthrough anthology *Japanese Haiku 2001* (Modern Haiku Association, Tokyo 2001) Kan'ichi Abe has written, "The pulse of actuality in haiku cannot make a deep impression from fixed ideas." This is equally true of fixed forms. Here are three "deep impressions" from the book, which well illustrate this strong point:

I walk round
to the back of the gravestone
Hosai Ozaki

Three steps from a cockscomb
lost in thought
Ayako Hosomi

In the darkness
a floating lemon
a scene of eternal rest
Akira Mitani

All three are haiku of "no mind", of the emptiness-fullness of Taoism. Modern Japanese poets are taking far more seriously the effectiveness of these subtle elements in haiku. They retain the aspect of mystery, ever-present in the "ordinary"—which counteracts the illusion of reality in the strictly rational.

Favorite Haiku

he's out there
in the gray winter weeds
gray coyote¹

Marian Olson

flight of the crane
surely just dream but
this white feather²

Elizabeth Searle Lamb

Have you ever seen and not seen deer—both at the same time? This appearing/disappearing experience is vital to our haiku moments and our poetry. Reality for the haiku poet is what we see and see not, hear and hear not, know and know not. As the great philosopher Tagore expressed it, “The conch shell of the unknown sounds in the surest things we think we know.”³ We observe with care, but equally with caring. Our realities are not what we can prove, but rather what proves food for the heart and the spirit.

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H. F. Noyes

1. *unpublished*

2. *First Place, International/American Basho competition, 2001.*

3. “*When I Was a Boy*”

books

&

reviews

Across the Windharp: A Retrospective

Lamb, Elizabeth Searle *Across the Windharp* (La Alameda Press: 9636 Guadalupe Trail NW, Albuquerque NM 87114, 1999) 115 pps., 5.5" x 7" paper, perfect-bound ISBN: 1-888809-18-5. \$12 plus shipping.

One of the most significant haiku books to come out in 1999 and one of the most historically important haiku books in years is Elizabeth Searle Lamb's *Across the Windharp*. It is not just another collection of poems along the way in a poet's life—a pause so to speak to present a few cherished haiku moments. It represents a mature body of work the retrospective of a venerable poet and leader. Not only has she served as the president of Haiku Society of America (HSA), she also served twice as the editor of its official journal, *Frogpond*.

Elizabeth Searle Lamb began her public career as a professional harpist, but life had other plans. Still working through her hands, Lamb's creative dæmon led her instead to a professional writing career, as she moved from cities to jungles to the enchanted land of the Southwest where she presently lives on a twisty cottonwood-lined street in a small adobe in the historic heart of Santa Fe.

Her journey into the world of haiku began in 1963 when she answered the call for poetry submissions from the poetry editor of *American Haiku*, the first journal devoted to the genre. Soon thereafter she attended informal meetings on a regular basis with a small group of haiku enthusiasts in New York. Out of that initial band of questers, she was one of the charter members who helped shape the HSA. The rest, of course, is history, documented thoroughly in *A Haiku Path*, the official record of those early days of the HSA. Although her own poetry "helped define the genre" according to William Higginson, she doesn't like to be fussed over and grows uneasy in the limelight. Yet how can we not acknowledge her service and guidance through the years? She has inspired and encouraged many aspiring haiku poets, including some of our finest.

Across the Windharp provides a comprehensive view of the poet's haiku life. Makoto Ueda, renowned Japanese scholar, professor and author, says, "This book is one of the finest examples showing the variety of ways in which American haiku has explored its poetic potential during the last thirty years . . . each form perfectly matching the subject that inspired the poet." Place is one of the subjects that inspired her, from Lagos, Nigeria; the Peruvian Andes; Belem, Brazil; American Indian pueblos of the Southwest; the rustic mining town of Creede in Colorado; Topeka, Kansas, to New York City. Art and its artists is another subject of interest, including Picasso's bust of Sylvette, O'Keeffe's paintings, Gilpin's photography, and others, including her own contemporary haiku poets. She also writes about the animals and plants of the high desert as well as all kinds of everyday people in a variety of circumstances. Not often but occasionally, her haiku dive into the interior of her mind, like the flight of a wizard's hawk through the night of the imagination.

Elizabeth Searle Lamb works in the way of a musician, as opposed to the way of a Zen monk or mystic, a sensitivity drawn from the well of her first love, the harp. No wonder, then, that a tribute to her first creative muse would appear in the title of her book. Wind or spirit as it moves across the taut strings of her soul produces the subtle harmonics in her haiku, as found in the following poems:

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the night	it's still there
heavy with frangipani	echo of flute notes tangled
and the bongos	in apricot blossoms

so early in the morning
the swish of palm frond
sweeping up mango leaves

"dash me, dash me" all the kids begging ha'pennies
into the deepest of the nightdark the talking drums

a mammy-wagon named *Daddy Come Soon* rattling down the street

Her haiku lack the self-consciousness of a poet working behind the poem, such as the apparent artlessness in the following two poems, for example. In the first we see a sense of spiritual wonder; in the second a spontaneous sense of joy with the blood surge and beauty of spring:

not just this one! a thousand stars Christmas night

field of wild iris
the pinto pony
kicks up his heels

When her focus is on other artists, surprises occur, like this poem in memory of Father Raymond Roseliep, a legendary Catholic priest from the Midwest. His love of words and experimentation with form took American haiku to new heights, breaking tradition as easily as Hopkins, another man of the cloth. Roseliep died too soon, or so it seemed to those who knew him and loved his poetry. Sobi-Shi, the pen name he used only when writing senryu, is picked up by Lamb in this memorial poem:

streak
of a shooting star
Sobi-Shi...that you?

All of Lamb's tribute poems replicate the style of the poet in their tone and mood. Consider, for example, the improvisational quality of the following haiku, exactly right for Allen Ginsberg, American iconoclast par excellent who played his poetic *gama* with holy irreverence: "haiku, too!/ that poet who wrote/ "Howl". Or this poem reflecting O'Keeffe and her art, an artist with little patience and regard for the Penitentes and their Catholic Church:

O'Keeffe's 'Black Cross'
the wind blows and blows
in the high desert

You will see in her tribute to the late Foster Jewel, a highly respected Southwest haiku poet, the same sensitivity toward poet and style: “sunlint/ across the desert floor/ and lizard’s shadow”. And again, in this poem written about that enigmatic man who relinquished his Greek roots to become a citizen of Japan and a man of Japanese letters: “reading/*The Japanese Letters of Lafcadjo Hearn*/a slow-rising mist from the river/covers the moon”.

Occasionally, but rarely, Lamb’s clown pops up. She is almost visible with her ropy hair and painted red-lipped grin as she points for us to look at this: “a plastic rose/rides the old car’s antenna—/spring morning”. More wily, but there just the same, she can be sensed in this two-line haiku: “a windsock at the airport/the latest politician”. And most subtle in this darkly humorous haiku: “learning too late/he didn’t like bubinga wood—/sun strikes the urn.”

Mostly, however, the tone and mood of her poems reveal the workings of the human heart, as she lives her simple life from day to day, from the pleasures of “the sweet bite/of home-made sake spring sleet/against the window” or “a spring day/and this wind blowing/through my hair” to the apprehensiveness in “sure of the news/even before I answer the phone/how cold my hands” or the brooding darkness of heart in “shutting out the cold/but grief still enters/by another door” and “this dawn silence/as deep as last night’s snow/as heavy”.

According to Santoka Taneda, the famous beggar Zen priest, who lived from 1882-1940, “Truth is seeing the new in the ordinary. Settle in this world. There are hidden treasures in the present moment.” Of particular interest is a poem of Lamb’s, one that stays in the mind with a haunting quality—a poem deceptively simple, at once liquid and solid, and hypnotic:

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the boiling surf
covering uncovering
the black rock
at Bathesheba

The sound of the waves ebbing and flowing, splashing against the giant black rock and flowing back into the vast body of water is like the rhythm of life itself. Again and again, the poems in this book touch the heartbeat of the eternal present in this world we call home.

Dylan Thomas once said, "The best craftsmanship always leaves holes and gaps in the works of the poem, so that something that is not in the poem can creep, crawl, flash or thunder in." Most of the poems in *Across the Windharp* do that with their omissions, line breaks, rhythmic pulses, and music. Like an æolian harp responding to the wind, Elizabeth Searle Lamb's work reflects the artless art of one of our finest American haiku poets.

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Marian Olson

Walk This Way

Codrescu, Ion *Mountain Voices/Vocile muntelui* (Ami-Net International Press, 2000), 222 pages, English & Romanian, 5" x 8", perfectbound, gloss cover, sumi-e, n.p.

Ion Codrescu dedicates his volume to the "classic Chinese and Japanese painters-poets who lived and created in the mountains." This volume emulates the spirit of these artists through haiku, haibun, tanka, renku, and painting. The central setting for his inspiration is a village in the Pyrenees mountains of Spain, but he interweaves also mountain landscapes from Japan, China, America, and Europe.

Codrescu's treatment of his subjects is illustrated in this haiku:

starting my walk
I write the Japanese word
in the snow: *wabi*

Wabi may be defined as the beauty found in simple objects. Here he literally reaches out to touch such beauty in the unadorned reality of snow.

The work is divided into the four seasons, beginning with spring. That the author conceives of his work in terms of musical composition is supported by his labeling each season, like Vivaldi, with a different term for musical tempo. Though the English translations are uniformly seamless, the deep musicality of the Romanian, perhaps the closest of the Romance languages to the melodic qualities of Italian, is seen in the original Romanian. Here is an example of haiku on the winter solstice that includes the stray cat Nemo that is featured throughout the collection:

cea mai scurta zi—
Nemo si cu mine
privim muntele

the shortest day—
Nemo and I look at
the mountain

There is an end rhyme in lines two and three and a relationship between lines one and three through the “t” sound. But more to the point is the pattern of “m” and “n” sounds in the haiku as a whole.

The themes and imagery include what one would expect from a mountain village, so the work accentuates stillness, small things (in the haibun “Nocturne” he notes: “I watch every object lit by the moon and realize that now I am rediscovering them.”), smells, and sounds (in the haibun “Poiana” he writes: “Even now, after the sounds of an axe cutting wood at the opposite side of the hamlet, I can clearly hear a lamb call its mother.”). And each season has its characteristic elements: shadow, light, and night scenes in Spring, stars and flowers in Summer, wind and unleaving in Autumn, snow in Winter, and, of course, Nemo in every season. Here are some examples of fine haiku, renku links, and tanka that explore these themes and imagery:

the man who never married
strokes his horse

wild apple tree —
a falling leaf changes
its direction

inside the church
on the peeling wall
a perfect cloud

this morning
the warm touch
of your body . . .
hearing the melting icicle
drop by drop

the cold room
the fragrance of dry plums
and Monteverdi's music

a landscape
with snow and moon
in the window of the bookshop
the child raises his hand
towards the icicles

In the volume it is interesting to compare the treatment of themes and imagery in a renku link and a perhaps deeper haiku within the so-called “sketch from nature” formulation. Both the Spring and Summer sections rely more on such sketches. Autumn offers tighter, deeper haiku with a stronger juxtaposition connection between images while Winter presents more “arty” haiku, subtler imagery, and strong juxtaposition.

The haibun “Towards the Mountain Temple” is the cornerstone of the collection. It bears comparison to Basho’s treatment of experience in *Narrow Path to the Interior*. It relates Codrescu’s visit to a forgotten mountain temple in China while evoking the mystery that inheres in classical Chinese mountain landscape painting. A realization of the aesthetic of such painting centers this impressive haibun.

The other highlight of the collection is the front and back cover color and internal black and white sumi-e of mountain landscapes that masterfully evoke that aesthetic.

This volume was published as a commemorative book of the August 2000 World Haiku Festival in Great Britain with an insightful preface by Susumu Takiguchi and an equally insightful introduction by H.F. Noyes, both of whom discuss the Chinese and Japanese aesthetics that underly the work. In this collection the sensibility of a modern mountain poet-painter is wonderfully brought forth.

Bruce Ross

Ear Candy

Saracevic, Edin *Candy in the Rain/Bonbon na dezju* (Haiku Balkan, Janeza Puharja 6, 4000 Kranj, Slovenia: 2001) ISBN 961-236-165-7. \$12US ppd. from the publisher.

Many people in Slovenia say that their small country (the size of Israel and Palestine combined) is not a Balkan state. It is just a cozy republic in the Alps wedged between Italy, Austria and Croatia and even reaching Hungary. I am triply lucky. I have visited Slovenia twice and I understand their language somewhat because it is Slavic and Russian is my mother tongue. It is a lot of fun to recognize Russian, Old Russian and Ukranian words in the 25 Slovenian haiku presented in this nicely-made book and translated into Serbo-Croatian and English. (The reader may find them all at http://www.mahoroba.ne.jp/~kuni/haiga_gallery/p16.html.)

I remember how we laughed with Ion Codrescu, a haiku poet and artist from Romania, when I said that only 10% of the published haiku are really good, and he replied, "I would say rather 5%". In this book I find # 1, 2, 8, 14, 17, 18, 21, 24 and 25 as really good poems: this translates to 36% with a margin of error +/- 5% A great score: a third of Edin Saracevic's haiku are good!

Some of my favorites include:

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snowless peak—
a baby sucking
mother's finger

former barracks
over their red roofs
the sky so blue

sharpening the axe—
the wind brings
smell of snow

empty highway
in the January sun
the long glint

(This last I have rearranged to bring it closer to the original sequence.)

Zinovy Vayman

Books Received

Gay, Garry (editor) *Floating Dreams* (Two Autumns Press, 2001). 24 pp., 5.5" x 8.5", saddle-stapled softbound. \$7 ppd. from HPNC, c/o Fay Aoyagi, 930 Pine St., #105, San Francisco, CA 94108.

It's hard to believe there have already been 12 volumes in this excellent series. This one, featuring work by Carolyn Hall, Kiyoko Tokutomi, Paul O. Williams and Karina Young, is up to the standard set by the earlier volumes. Recommended.

Mena, Paul David *tenement landscapes* translated by Kazue Daikoku (Web Press Happa-no-Kofu, 1-7-71 Yurigaoka, Asaoku, Kawasaki, Japan 215-0011, 2001). 62 pp., 4.25" x 7.25", perfect softbound. \$5 from the publisher.

This is a very cool project, Japanese translations of English books of haiku. A couple others are already in the works. The modest but very attractive books are certain to increase the dialogue between east and west, and help us all get clearer about things. Check them out at <happano.org>. Recommended.

Sampson, Tim "*chirp*" (self-published, 2001). 32 pp., 4" x 3.5", saddle-stapled softbound. \$5 from the author at Main Floor, 923 1st Avenue NW, Calgary ALB T2N 3C9 Canada. *A first book of poems from a new voice, and it's a very pleasing one—book and voice. Strongly redolent of Japanese classical poems, these nevertheless find a nice contemporaneous music.*

Lifshitz, Leatrice, Editor *A PURPLE SO DEEP* (self-published, 2001). 64 pp., 5.5" x 5.5", saddle-stapled softbound. Not for sale, but enquire about availability from the editor at PO Box 615, Pomona NY 10970-0615 USA. *A labor of love, beautifully realized. Poems, with comments on the creation of them by the poets themselves. Recommended.*

Ower, John *Winter Touch* (Hub Editions, Spalding UK, 2001). 56 pp., 4.25" x 6.25", perfect softbound. \$6.50 from the author at 142 Stafford Drive, Athens GA 30605 USA. *A book of haiku by a mainstream poet, with afterword from the writings of Sir Herbert Read suggesting the role of change in the act of creation, and informing the poet, his work, and his reader.*

martone, john *terrain, gathering herbs and ghost book* (dogwood and honeysuckle, Huntington IL 2001). 36 & 24 pp., 3.25" x 4.25" hand-tied softbound. Enquire with the author at 1818 Philips Place, Charleston IL 61920 USA.

3 more small volumes in the ongoing quest of this poet for not only true sensibility, but true peace as well. Worth asking for.

Colón, Carlos (editor) *Voices and Echoes* (HSA Publications, New York 2001). 128 pp., 5.25" x 8.25", perfect softbound. ISBN 0-9631467-8-5. \$X from the editor?

The 2001 edition of the HSA Members' Anthology features the work of 222 poets, and some unexpectedly good art. Since the work included is first chosen by the poets themselves, this, even more than Frogpond, is a barometer of where the society is in its understanding of haiku. Worth checking out.

Machmiller, Patricia J. *Blush of Winter Moon* (Jacaranda Press, San Jose CA 2001). 88 pp., 8.5" x 8.5", perfect softbound. ISBN 1-884516-07-6. \$X from the publisher at 1963 Josephine Avenue, San Jose CA 95124 USA.

One of the most elegant productions in recent years, this book is a testimonial to a long apprenticeship (to the poet's acknowledged mentor, Kiyoko Tokutomi). If you warm to the traditional aspects of haiku practice, you will find sustenance in this book.

Deluty, Robert H. *WITHIN AND BETWEEN: Poems by Robert H. Deluty* (Gateway Press, Baltimore 2000). 82 pp., 6.25" x 9.25", hardbound. ISBN 0-9704201-1-0. \$18.45 ppd. from the author at 4783 Ilkley Moor Lane, Ellicott City MD 21043 USA.

147 haiku/senryu, mainly the latter and ironic in tone, accompany 110 longer poems in this collection, centered around the poet's observations of family, fame, art and circumstance.

Barlow, John *Flamingo Shapes* (Snapshots Press, PO Box 132, Crosby, Liverpool, L23 8XS, UK, 2001). 24 pp., 8" x 3.5", saddlestapled softbound. ISBN 1-903543004-5. \$10 ppd. from the publisher.

The record of a visit to Lesbos, by a talented new poet with a keen eye for the remarkable as well as the ordinary. A beautiful small volume, with excellent photos and a striking design.

Savina, Zoe (Editor) *the leaves are back on the tree: International Anthology of Haiku* (Ekdoseis 5 + 6, Athens, 2002). 468 pp., 6" x 9", perfect softbound. No ISBN. \$20.50ppd. from the editor at Hydras 17, Pallini Attikis, 153 51, Greece.

This enormous undertaking, selected haiku from 50 nations and languages, presented in original language and Greek, and 4 years in the making, is a triumph of spirit, a true crossing of boundaries. It suffers from the usual problems such volumes manifest: poor proofreading (so many languages and character sets to keep straight), odd representation of particular cultures, occasionally indifferent haiku to make sure everyone gets to appear. And of course then there's the issue of all those translations into Greek, towards which I have no expertise and nothing to say. What is apparent from this exhaustive labor, then, is that the Greek culture is aware of haiku, is actively practicing (the largest contingent represented in this volume, fittingly enough, is the Greek), and now has at least an eclectic exposure to the variety of haiku manifestations around the world. Recommended.

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Baranski, Johnny *Convicts Shoot the Breeze* ISBN 1-893823-11-3; Gallagher, D. Claire *How Fast the Ground Moves* ISBN 1-893823-12-1; Hazen, Elizabeth *Back Roads with a White Cane* ISBN 1-893823-113-X; Major, Robert *Coasting Through Puddles: Haiku of Childhood* ISBN 1-893823-14-8 (Saki Press, 1021 Gregory, Normal IL 61761, 2002). 20 pp., 5.5" x 4.25", saddlestapled softbound. \$4.50 + \$.57.

Each of this new batch of winners of the Virgil Hutton Haiku Memorial Award Chapbook Contest revolves around a theme: experiences in jail, transitions between seasons, meeting the challenge of growing blind, and the nostalgia for childhood. A varied and interesting group, well worth their modest price.

Childs, Cyril & Joanna Preston *listening to the rain* (The Small White Teapot Haiku Group, 6 Ballantyne Avenue, Christchurch 4, New Zealand, 2002). 72 pp., 5.75" x 8" perfect softbound. ISBN 0-473-08339-6. \$9.50US ppd. from the publisher.

An attractive volume of haiku and haibun, featuring the work of the most active New Zealand haiku group. If you've wanted to expand your knowledge of haiku abroad, this is an easy and rewarding place to begin. Recommended.

Virgil, Anita *a long year* (Peaks Press, 202 Merrywood Lane, Forest VA 24551, 2001). 52 pp., 7.5" x 5" saddle-stapled softbound. ISBN 0-9628567-3-8. No price given. Enquire with the publisher.

This latest volume from the estimable Ms. Virgil records moments from a very long year indeed, but through and over which the poet prevails. Strong work from one of our leading poets.

martone, john *generations* (dogwood & honeysuckle, Huntington IL, 2002). 16 pp. plus flysheets, 3" x 4", hand-stitched softbound. No ISBN. No price. Enquire with the author at 325 W. Tyler Apt. B, Charleston IL 61920.

The prolific martone turns his hand to a kind of haibun here, and marks it with his inimitable style. Interesting and eclectic as always, and in the usual attractive format which the poet has adopted for his past several volumes.

Lucas, Martin *Moonrock* (Ram Publications, 13 Witham Road, Islesworth, Middlesex, TW7 4AJ UK, 2002). 36 pp., 4.25" x 5.875", perfect softbound. ISBN 0-9511386-4-2. \$7ppd. from the publisher.

"A true haiku doesn't so much come from you as come to you." The poet's stepping back from haiku—in its grosser manifestations—and the poems which resulted. One of the many directions Britku is taking, and important to know. Recommended.

Better, Cathy Drinkwater *cat* and *Raven Spirit Walker human* (Black Cat Press, Sykesville MD, 2002). Each 8 pp., 4" x 4", saddlestapled softbound. No ISBN. Each \$3ppd. from the author at 613 Okemo Drive, Eldersburg MD 21784.

Despite the preciousity of the conception—haiku "translated" from the original "cat"—these are far better than those from another recent anthology of cat haiku. Is this a movement? In any case, this cat, and human, can write.

Ketchek, Michael *His Childhood Now* (self-published, 2002). 20 pp., 5.5" x 8.5", saddlestapled softbound. Enquire with the author at 125 High Street, Rochester NY 14609.

This modest chapbook, an extended haibun on joys and pains of parenthood, ranges from the bathetic to the sublime—so I suppose it's true to its subject. Certain to ring bells with those of like mind.

Roy, Andrew T. *My Chinese Haiku* (Spring Grass, PO Box 22322, Pittsburgh PA 15222, 2001). 24 pp., 4.25 x 5.5", handbound. ISBN 1-929706-18-9. \$7ppd. from the publisher. *There is something charming about handmade books which are labors of love, especially when they come from outside of the haiku community—it feels as though we have discovered a lost land. These poems, strictly counted and exotic, are equally from another time and ethos, and while they probably will not make a splash in the annals of English-language haiku, they are at least refreshing in the same way that old art, old music, might be.*

Williams, Richmond D. (Facilitator) *Writing Haiku* (self-published, 2002). 46 pp., 5" x 8.5", plastic softbound. Enquire at 202 Brecks Lane, Wilmington DE 19807. *Being a collection of the poems produced by the members of the haiku class at the Academy of Lifelong Learning, at the University of Delaware: interesting if you have followed the group through their previous incarnations. We meet poets we have read before, and can watch their progress; and we meet new poets and know that they have the same path before them via this forum.*

Hudnik, Marko and Jose Volaric *teh nekaj besed* (haiku drustvo slovenije, 2001). 132 pp., 6.5" x 8.5" perfect softbound. ISBN 961-238-001-5. No price. Enquire with the publisher.

I wish I could recommend this volume—it is exquisitely produced, with an attractive layout, fine illustrations, beautiful typography, and some wonderful poems—but it is solely in Slovenian. Nevertheless, it is a volume which may suggest how seriously other national haiku organizations take their work, and inspire us to do the same.

Natsuishi, Ban'ya and Sakura Momoko *Chibimaruko-chan's Haiku Classroom* (Shueisha, 2002). 208 pp., 5" x 7.25" perfect softbound. ISBN 4-08-314016-X. 850¥. Enquire with the publisher.

Ban'ya, the enfant terrible of Japanese haiku as a manga character—what a hoot! This book of haiku instruction, featuring Chibimaruko-chan, a popular Japanese television 'anime' character, is a whirl-wind tour of the Japanese classical haiku canon, as well as a brief look at contemporary Japanese children's haiku, all with a quirky sense of humor and great graphics. Sorry, only in Japanese.

THESE

News

The Bernard Lionel Einbond Renku Competition 2001

There were 6 entries in the 2001 renku contest, compared with 12 entries last year. This was rather disappointing. However, we are glad to point out that all the entries were full *kasen*. In Japan, renku contests only accept half-*kasen* (18 verses) due to the high volume (700) of the entries. We feel this is unfortunate because *kasen* is the jewel of renku. We admire the many poets who have made efforts to obtain a deeper knowledge of renku, have had more experience in writing it and are eager to explore this new world.

There are some important elements in *kasen* renku. There should be close responsiveness between the *hokku* (the first verse) and the *wakiku* (the second verse). The *omote* (#1-6) should be calm and cheerful. In the *ura* (#7-18) and the *nagori-omote* (#19-30), the poets should shift and develop verses with the feeling of *ha* (breaking the rhythm). The *kasen* renku should contain the compulsory two blossom verses and three moon verses, as well as two sets of love verses. There should be unlimited variations in the materials and the flavor of linking. The topics can be on society and its subjects, human nature, humor and current events. In linking, the poets can find the strings from the previous verse by picking up the flow through the topics, the emotions, the scents, the sounds and the hierarchies. They can also leap. An ideal *ageku* (the last verse) should have a hopeful and cheerful tone.

To judge with the utmost fairness, each of the three judges first submitted his/her favorites with comments to the others. After thorough discussion, we reached our conclusion. The grand prize is awarded to “Winter Stars” and the second prize goes to “Snowball Snow”. Let us discuss why we selected “Winter Star” as the winner. We use the terms *omote*, *ura*, *nagori-omote* and *nagori-ura* here because we believe that awareness of these four parts of the renku is important for best results.

The poets seem to have written this *kasen*, “Winter Stars”, with relaxed pens, while keeping their eyes on American life-style and feelings. Basho used the term *osejo-ninjo* (the feeling of the society and and its subjects). See the *omote* 3 and 4, the *ura* 1, 3, 7, 8, 9 and 12, the *nagori-omote* 7 and 8 and the *nagori-ura* 3. Each country has its own culture, customs, and human characteristics. Those elements of the society where the poets live are often reflected in the *renku* they write.

Responding to the *hokku* with the winter stars by describing the warmth of home, the *wakiku* shows us happiness in everyday life. The shift in No. 3 verse is excellent. The flow from No. 5 (moon) to No. 6 (a stag) tightens the *renku*. All three moon verses deal with different situations. The moon eclipsed by the smog in Los Angeles is inventive. (Please remember that “no moon” and “the invisible moon” should be avoided in the moon verse.) The first blossom verse is about withered cherry trees responding to the Living Dead in the previous verse. Skillfully, the poet focuses on a single branch with blossoms. The second blossom verse is picturesque and shows sensibilities often seen in Japanese-style *renku*. Are the first love verses (the *ura* 3 and 4) about a man falling into the trap of a prostitute? These verses about contemporary urban life are entertaining. However, the second love verses in the *nagori-omote* 8, 9, 10 are a little weak as love verses. The stronger love verses do not deal with children in love. In the *omote* 4 and 5 and the *ura* 1 and 2, we see good shifting; from the inside scene to the outside scene. The shifting and linking in the *omote* 5 and 6 is excellent, as well. The development in the *nagori-omote* 2 (tuba), 3 (elephant) and 4 (barnacles seal) is clever. The *nagori-omote* 5, 6 and 7 with the rejected manuscript in the middle demonstrates excellence in developing the flow. Unfortunately, we don’t see much variation in the *nagori-omote* 11 and 12 and the *nagori-ura* 1 and 2. The poets could have shown more movement here. Another flaw in this *kasen*, we must say, is there are too many animal verses (the *omote* 6, the *ura* 6, the *nagori-omote* 3, 4, 12, the *nagori-ura* 1, 6). It is better to have no more than one

verse with a four-legged animal in the whole *kasen*. Also, too many outside verses in the middle are inhibitors of variation. In addition to the *nagori-omote* 8 (the kids' smooch) verse, there are several humorous verses. The *omote* 4, *ura* 9 and 12, the *nagori-omote* 8 are superb examples of haikai. We can feel the kind eyes of the poets. The *ageku* with a frog is well done and evokes warm feelings. Some English-language renku have artificially long verses with forced three-line-breaks and occasionally even a short verse in 2 lines is too lengthy. In this winning renku, we don't see these shortfalls. The choice of words in this *kasen* is simple but powerful. Equally important is the pleasant rhythm and sound.

In the second winner, "Snowball Snow", the shift and development in the *omote* 2 and 3, the *omote* 5 through the *ura* 5 are skillful. Three round-figure images in a row in the *ura* 5, 6 and 7 are somewhat disappointing. The cherry blossom verse with Madam Butterfly in the *ura* 11 is unique and evocative. The response to the *ura* 12 is cheerful and clever. A pair of herons in the *nagori-omote* 1 is answered by the human marriage verse in the *nagori-omote* 2. Here, the poets show effectiveness by twisting the flow. A gypsy in the *nagori-omote* 5 and refugees in the *nagori-omote* 6 are a little close, image-wise and a little inert, link-wise. Too many dark verses appear in the *nagori-omote* 8 through 11. However, the development in the *nagori-omote* through 4 is skillful. The second blossom verse could be about cherry blossoms as in the traditional-style Japanese renku. The *ageku* is excellent with a bright and hopeful tone. We see excellent linking rather than dramatic shifting in this *kasen*. We believe the reader can feel how much the poets enjoyed writing it. Compared with the non-winning entries, this *kasen* follows the renku rules diligently and is a very high-level, powerful work.

We truly respect the poets in the U.S. who are beginning to establish their own world while they enjoy writing high quality renku. We all thank the poets who entered this contest. Lastly, we are grateful for being given this opportunity to judge the contest and enjoyed reading all the entries.

Shinku Fukuda, Eiko Yachimoto, Fay Aoyagi, *Judges*

First Prize:

Winter Stars

Mark Brooks & *Christopher Herold*

winter stars
the telescope eyepiece
slightly warm

*eggnog and rumballs ready
our wives call from the kitchen*

a muezzin
ducks back inside
the minaret

*you stand in line
for lotto ticket*

stuck on the turnpike
I watch the moon rise
over an open field

*motionless silhouette
of a stag*

*still uncertain
the palsied Floridian
dimples a ballot*

pressure ridges surround
the base of the volcano

*then she unzips my fly
and slips in
a downy feather*

on their second date
he proposes

*major mergers
spawn a trading frenzy
at the closing bell*

larger fish chase down
baby orange platys

*Los Angeles smog
eclipsing the eclipsing
June moon*

home run ball lost
in sprinkler mist

*a whole platoon
of plastic soldiers
raked from the sandbox*

“Night of the Living Dead”
on the late, late, late show

*one limb only
of the withered cherry tree
rife with blossoms*

near some cliff dwellings
an old pilgrim yawns

safe and dry
we pull down our kite
out of the rain

*in a shift of wind
someone practicing tuba*

the new guy
cleans out
the elephants' cage

*barnacles seal
the dingy trunk*

a layer of frost
settles
into the woodpile

*manuscript accepted
by the flames*

now adorned
with a St. Jude medallion
he rhymes again

*the kids' smooch attempt
becomes a fit of giggles*

boat stuck
in the tunnel
of love

*muffled scraping
from the next cell*

harvest moon and yet
green pecans still tumble
down the roof

*dusk so early, swallows
no longer skim the pond*

*in the garden
dragonflies
are becoming attached*

party streamers
tied to a gate

*with a flourish
I brush on
the ragged cloud*

snowmelt ripples
the driveway oil slick

*petals drift
through the long arcs
of a swing*

what's a fit reward
for the best jumping frog?

Second Prize:

Snowball Snow

Paul W. MacNeil, *Ferris Gilli* & **Peggy Willis Lyles**

first light
the sidewalk to work
passes snowball snow

*shouts of laughter
from the hillside sledders*

**she adds
a dash of hot sauce
to the bubbling soup**

helicopter rotors
rev for takeoff

*sudden swirl
of fallen leaves
in full moonlight*

**chrysanthemums
beside your door**

*the butler
frightens tricky monsters
with a real tarantula*

Kahlil Gibran glares
from the book's cover

**how many times
have those dark eyes
spoken my name**

*a different tattoo
for every man who seduced her*

smoke
rings
the sated lovers

**another schnauzer
clearing the hoop**

moonrise
lengthens melon
after melon

**as the Dow drops
the smell of sweat**

*a bar of soap
thuds
on the shower-stall floor*

barely a hiss
the sommelier pulls a cork

**bouquets
of cherry blossoms
for Madame Butterfly**

*every mirror shows
the tomboy's spring formal*

on their nest
a heron pair
touches and bows

*proposing with a new house
and a prenuptial contract*

**he lived
without me
after all**

why did that masked stranger
leave a silver bullet?

*eagerly
we drop our coins
into the gypsy's palm*

**refugees cross
a withered field**

matted with ice
the Scottish cattle
stand to the storm

*echoes of the battering ram
on the portcullis*

**his birth cry
cuts through
a daze of pain**

behind a rusty dumpster
syringes

*the moon's path
leads straight to the yard
of an AA center*

**dried-out cockleburs
on the rabbi's sock**

*she shakes sawdust
from the prize ribbon
at the state fair*

telling the phone solicitor
I'm not available

**ecology
is an ancient science,
true or false?**

*atop the plastic float
a frog joins the chorus*

brilliant blues
begin to climb
spires of lupine

**beekeepers bait a hive
with honeycomb**



Wasted Trash

92

The rich worry about going broke;
for me poverty would be a good year.
Shih-shu (1703)

Not near as bad as once it was,
these days at night lights stay on.
One wants like most still more than corn husk,
but foolish desire keeps one poor.

Indeed desire is such a whore,
never sated, she soon grows bored,
takes poor poets' verse as pay
so long they claim she's lovely still.

D. Offutt

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THE HAIKU SOCIETY OF AMERICA

Annual Treasurer's Report 2001

Income

Balance 1/01/00	13,931.78	
Membership Dues	20,065.00	
Contributions	4,778.00	
Arboretum Business Center	200.00	
From Here Press	75.00	
Contest Fees	1,802.00	
<i>Frogpond</i> Samples	578.00	
Museum of Haiku Literature	300.00	
Interest Income	578.78	
Educational Packets	2,022.00	
Miscellaneous	25.00	
Total Income		44,355.56

Expenses

HSA General Account		
Postage/Telephone	1,000.60	
Copy/Printing	1,796.02	
Supplies	539.53	
Awards	1,075.00	
Website	75.00	
Education Packets	1,572.58	
Quarterly Meeting Expenses	163.00	
Miscellaneous	6.53	
Newsletter Account		
Printing	6,736.59	
Postage & Miscellaneous	1,238.96	
Frogpond Account		
Printing	12,321.56	
Postage	2,831.77	
Supplies	88.77	
Honoraria Payments	400.00	
Total Expenses		29,845.91
Balance		\$14,509.65

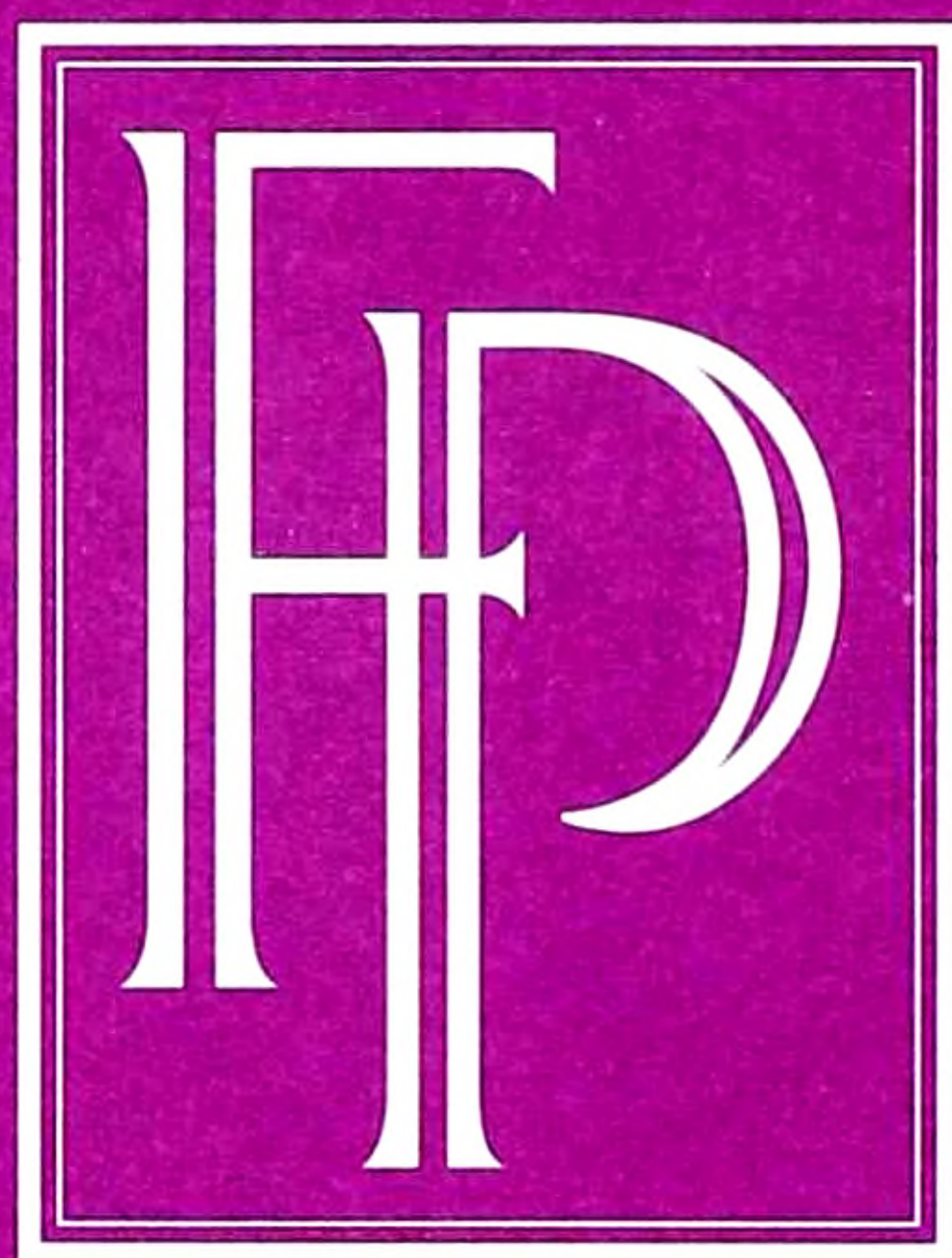
Respectfully submitted
Raffael DeGruttola, Treasurer

Museum of Haiku Literature Award

\$100— for the best unpublished work
appearing in the previous issue of *Frogpond*
as voted by the HSA Executive Committee

*knowing your cough
but not your face—
invalid neighbor*

Valerie Matsumoto



In Memoriam

Kenneth C. Leibman
(1923-2001)

our argument stops . . .
the sandhill cranes
are returning

Robert Spiess
(1921-2002)

Becoming dusk,—
the catfish on the stringer
swims up and down

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