





Frogpond

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Society of America

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DEDICATION

THIS ISSUE IS LOVINGLY dedicated to the memory of Elizabeth Searle Lamb; a charter member and former president of the Haiku Society of America, former editor of *Frogpond*, the First Lady of American Haiku.

The following poems were selected by Elizabeth's daughter, Carolyn from "*Across The Windharp*", La Alameda Press, (1999) .

the old white cherry
back by the shed where no one goes
blooming like mad

after ditch-cleaning
first trickle of snowmelt
below the headgate

the year turns—
on the harp's gold leaf
summer's dust

from the dead tree
a santero carves St. Francis
there on the ditch bank

gnarled pine
shadows pink on the snow
the sun rising

This issue is also dedicated to the memories of Kazuo Sato and James E. Bull, in recognition of their many important contributions to the development of English-language haiku.

*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\$100 for the best unpublished work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

From XXVIII:1

spring evening
the children's promise
not to get cold

Marcus Larsson

haiku

Frogpond XXVIII:2

rusted rim
breath clouds battle
for a loose ball

Robert Gilliland

Spring Equinox
where the woodpile stood
a hole in the snow

Jack Barry

all day rain
—the weight
of your words

Robert Kusch

fallen cigar ash—
the lead ant pauses
then reroutes the line

Adelaide B. Shaw

we bring home
the wild magnolia seeds—
starlit night

Marilyn Appl Walker

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Spring thaw—
typewriter keys
warmed by sunlight

Emily Romano

some dimes
among the pennies
speckled carp

Susan Marie LaValle

winter's end
counting on
the tax refund

Becky DeVito

monastery bell
the chickens go right on
pecking

Jerry Kilbride

morning sunshine:
singing the songs
I know by heart

Tom Tico

Frogpond XXVIII:2

nighttime thunder—
mountains and valley
fill my chest

J. Daniel Beaudry

spring haze
I close my eyes
to picture her thoughts

Andrew Riutta

painter's drop cloth
all the colors
of other rooms

Harriot West

a spring opening—
museum workers
move the butterflies

Scott Metz

the last tulip
holding
rain

Barbara Ungar

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commencement speeches:
the new-growth ivy
clings to the brick

Charles Trumbull

desert sky . . . wishing I knew more about everything

Vanessa Proctor

without islands in the dead center loneliness

Jim Kacian

billowing clouds
patches of cracked concrete
along the interstate

Peggy Willis Lyles

summer night
sounds of a concert
we might have attended

Marcus Larsson

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barbecue
all the boys eat
with their shirts off

Charlie Close

smell of hot asphalt—
I never got another pair
of Mary Janes

D. Claire Gallagher

migrant workers
along the highway
dandelions

William Cullen Jr.

river rocks
around the campfire—
we started our son

Lynne Steel

green berries
coming home early
starts a quarrel

Ariel Lambert

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summer afternoon:
moving my pens
a little to the left

Dave Boyer

under the hair dryer
watching sparrows
dust themselves

Helen Russell

shadows
and the shadows of shadows—
the coolness of a peach

George Dorsty

crimson sunset
coyotes melt into
the desert wash

Edith Bartholomeusz

climbing the ladder
to smell the wild rose
climbing the wall

H. F. Noyes

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damsons from our tree
the baby smiles at us
with his thumb in his mouth

Doreen King

a clothesline
sags beneath the weight
of all those aching backs

Jean LeBlanc

lost in the woods a stone wall . . .

Scott Mason

drinking alone
bottles of liquor
aligned by hue

Pamela Miller Ness

wisps of cloud
pulling the mountain
away

Jason Sanford Brown

Dissection of the Haiku Tradition: Birds and Animals

By Fay Aoyagi

In the previous article, I wrote about flowers and what those kigo symbolize for me. This time, I will touch upon birds and four-legged animals.

As a life-long city dweller, my encounters with birds have been rather limited. But wings and what wings may represent are one of the subjects I often return to.

noki tsubame kosho urishi hi wa umi e yuku
swallows under eaves
the day I sell my books
I go to the beach

Shuji Terayama ⁽¹⁾

A Japanese friend told me that she drove to the beach in Santa Cruz on Thanksgiving Day right after her divorce. It was her first Thanksgiving alone and she cried watching the waves. She said she regretted almost everything that day; coming to the U.S., getting married here, even having children. But after a while, she noticed sea gulls flying slowly and gracefully above her head. She felt lighter and regained her confidence. Since then, like a swallow that comes back to the same spot every year, going to that beach in Santa Cruz has become her tradition on Thanksgiving. On alternate years, she now goes there with her two sons.

hototogisu asu wa ano yama koete ikô
a cuckoo
tomorrow I walk over
that mountain

Santoka Taneda ⁽²⁾

Since ancient times, cuckoos have been one of the favorite subjects for Japanese poets. Every spring, my friend in Tokyo sends me e-mail, excitedly telling me he has heard the first cuckoo of the year. I am most drawn to cuckoos when they are

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practicing their famous singing. Perhaps I prefer the process of completing something to the finished art. It is very rewarding to find the most suitable kigo to represent my mood.

kawase mi satte yubi ni yubiwa no nokoru nomi
a kingfisher left—
on my finger
only the ring remains

Kusatao Nakamura ⁽³⁾

When I read the above haiku by Kusatao Nakamura, the song I heard when I was a child comes back to me. I do not know if a kingfisher sounds like a laughing human being, but the lyrics go like this:

don't tell this to
a laughing kingfisher
cackle, cackle, cackle
it will make a loud noise

It is rather strange that I remember this song. Kusatao's work is calm and quiet. I have a tendency toward dramatic haiku. Did I unconsciously warn myself not to reveal too much of my inner self?

mina ôki fukuro o oeri kari wataru
every one of them carries
a big bag on their backs—
migrating geese

Sanki Saito ⁽⁴⁾

Sanki Saito wrote this haiku shortly after World War II. These people might have been at a train station in Tokyo just coming back from a rural area with precious food. A big bag can be a metaphor for the burden, hopelessness, or anger they felt after the war. Sometimes I feel that haiku poets should be aware of the time we are living in. I am not suggesting we write with more anti-war, save-whatever themes in mind. I do not like when people write about something they saw on TV. Haiku, I believe, should be about the poets, their lives, how they see the world around them. Keen observation of nature is one important ele-

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ment in haiku. At the same time, we can reflect the contemporary world around us.

New Year's Eve bath—
I failed to become
a swan

Fay Aoyagi ⁽⁵⁾

Technically speaking, this haiku has two winter kigo: New Year's Eve and swan. I use them intentionally because this is an allusion to a haiku written by Sumio Mori.

joya no tsuma hakuchô no goto yuami ori
my wife on New Year's Eve
taking a bath
as though she is a swan

Sumio Mori ⁽⁶⁾

You may now realize what I failed to become. On the surface, what I wanted to write about was my failure of finding Mr. Right that year again. Still, I am taking a bath on New Year's Eve like the beloved wife of Sumio Mori. I may not be a swan, but I am a bird that has strong wings to fly.

Approximately four hundred kigo are listed in *Kiyose* ⁽⁷⁾, a Japanese saijiki. But you will find very few four-legged animals there except under winter. In the spring section, I only found animals that were in heat, pregnant, just born, or in infancy.

cats in love
the tug of my comb
through tangled hair

Ebba Story ⁽⁸⁾

Cat, *neko* in Japanese, is not itself a kigo, but there are several cat-related kigo. "Cats in love" is a spring kigo. *Kajike* (shivering with cold) *neko*, *kamado* (kitchen stove) *neko* and *hai* (ash) *neko* are winter kigo. I must assure cat lovers; *Kamado neko* and *hai neko* are not cats burned in the stove nor have they become ash. In the past, wood or charcoal was used for cooking. Long after the fire was extinguished, cats sought out the warmth

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still in the ashes in the kitchen stove.

In *Kiyose* ⁽⁷⁾, you can find “frog” in the spring animal section and “snake” and “bat” in the summer animal section.

hebi no me ni mirarete uzuku ashi no kizu

eyes of a snake
being stared at by them
the scar on my leg aches

Chiyoko Kato ⁽⁹⁾

This haiku by Chiyoko Kato as well as Ebba Story's, make me think about a woman's point of view. I sense the contour of the body of us, females. Haiku can be square and haiku can be round.

Though I do not like snakes in real life, I like “snake” as a kigo. They shed their skins, they go underground to hibernate. Have you ever desired to change your personality or to coil up in the darkness oblivious to your surroundings?

Animals used in the three haiku below are not kigo, but they are the essence of haiku.

Unlike snakes, dogs have the reputation for being our best companions. You may want to try writing haiku from a dog's point of view. Those limpid eyes will see the world differently from us.

Indian summer—
the Golden Retriever
shaking off the river

Garry Gay ⁽¹⁰⁾

Garry Gay is a professional photographer. When I read his haiku, I can visualize what he presents clearly. It is different from a boring picture postcard haiku.

chichi o tarite bogyû no ayumu fuyu hi kana
dripping milk
mother cow walks—
winter day

Dakotsu Iida ⁽¹¹⁾

Dakotsu Iida (1885-1962) went back to his home village

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at the age of 25 in the middle of his schooling in Tokyo. He wrote about the mountains and fields surrounding him and about his life as the oldest son of a wealthy farmer. More than once I wished I had 'turf' like Dakotsu. I am trying to write about the places I live or have lived with the passion and tenderness that he showed in his haiku.

morning twilight. . .
horse asleep in the pasture
covered with frost

Lee Gurga ⁽¹²⁾

Lee Gurga writes about the place he lives. As in Dakotsu's haiku, I often feel masculinity, in an affectionate way, from his haiku. When I visited his house in Lincoln, IL, I told him I could order a cab to go back to the airport. He and his wife laughed so hard. "This is not Chicago or New York! Cabs are very hard to find around here," they said. I thought San Francisco is a place where one has a hard time finding a cab compared with Tokyo and New York, two other places I once called home.

The next article will be about insects. Stay tuned.

- (1) *Hanshoku suru haiku saijiki* (Haiku saijiki which breeds) edited by Tetsuo Shimizu
- (2) *Gendai no Haiku* (modern haiku anthology) edited by Shôbin Hirai, Kadokawa Shoten, 1982
- (3) *Nakamura Kusatao Kushu* (Haiku by Kusatao Nakamura), edited by Kenkichi Yamamoto, Kadokawa Shoten, 1952
- (4) *Gendai Haiku* (Modern Haiku) by Kenkichi Yamamoto, Kadokawa Shoten, 1998
- (5) *Chrysanthemum Love* by Fay Aoyagi, Blue Willow Press, 2003
- (6) *Mori Sumio/Iida Ryuta Shu* (Collection of haiku by Sumio Mori and Ryuta Iida) selected by Sumio Mori and Ryuta Iida, Asahi Shinbunsha, 1984
- (7) *Kiyose* (Collection of Season) edited and published by Kadokawa Shoten, 2001
- (8) *Geppo* Jan-Feb, 2004
- (9) *Dai Saijiki* (Comprehensive Saijiki) edited by Shuoshi Mizuhara et al, Kodansha, 1981
- (10) *Along the Way* by Garry Gay, Snapshot Press, 2000
- (11) *Nihon no Shiika* (Japanese Poetry) Vol. 19 edited by Shinkichi Ito et al, Chuo Koronsha, 1976
- (12) *Fresh Scent: Selected Haiku of Lee Gurga*, edited by Randy M. Brooks, Brooks Books, 1998

All Japanese translations by Fay Aoyagi

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on the foggy beach
jellyfish half buried—
the wan sun

Ruth Yarrow

autumn morning—
repainting our bedroom
the color it was

Mike Spikes

cloudy sky
father and son
laying bricks

Beverly J. Bachand

Bonfire—
how often
the wind shifts!

Yasuhiko Shigemoto

two ghosts
where we first met
Halloween

paul m

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Halloween party
I want to dance
with the ghost

Saori Nakata

the little girl's gift
a few autumn leaves
pasted on blank paper

Tom Tico

red clay hardened
on the roots of a felled tree
her soft voice

Lenard D. Moore

pathology slide
the delicate pink
of cancer cells

Greg Longenecker

the setting sun
thump
of a windowpane

Eve Luckring

Frogpond XXVIII:2

first snow
my second sip
cold

Peter Yovu

the pampas leans into the lightness of frost

Marlene Mountain

a pallbearer
the weight of something
inside me

William Cullen Jr.

a fugue of Bach
how tiring the glare
of the newly-white house

Dee Evetts

autumn evening
television shadows
under a door

Burnell Lippy

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first snow
reading and re-reading
his shortest letter yet

Dejah Thoris Léger

holiday season
the binds
on cut trees

Pamela Miller Ness

her warmth
in me
Christmas cookies

Victor Ortiz

tonight
walking up the stairs to bed
I leave the Christmas lights on

Michael Ketchek

winter sun
rounding the head
of a bolt

w. f. owen

Frogpond XXVIII:2

here yesterday
gone today
snow in the prison graveyard
Johnny Baranski

winter gusts—
he unbuttons my coat
to let them in
Shelly Chang

thinking long and hard
about the sticks and stones—
a little snowman
Scot Metz

winter stars . . .
a handful
of warm peanuts
Paul Pfleuger

snow day
free razor
in the mail
Dan Schwerin

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winter funeral
after prayer
my ten cold toes

Joyce Clement

snow clouds
the shadows between
the horse's ribs

Jack Barry

it's only february comes after it's only january

Marlene Mountain

ice under the snow—
despite her words
she will not change her mind

Francis Masat

cabin fever
her gravy mustn't touch
her corn

Dan Schwerin

Frogpond XXVIII:2

snow-covered hives
miles to go
for groceries

Alice Frampton

snow deepens—
the corner drawer full
of soup labels

Chad Lee Robinson

all in order
three pieces
of the fallen branch

Judson Evans

early dusk . . .
boys punching down
their snowman

Matt Zambito

winter funeral—
a fly descends
the front pew

Lenard D. Moore

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dawn stars
birdseed lands lightly
on the frosty grass

Robert Gilliland

mops and pails—
the wren goes on singing
with straw in its beak

Peggy Willis Lyles

wind in the forecast
he waits to hear
from Yale

Deborah Kolodji

spring cleaning
his little league uniform
makes the cut

Beverly J. Bachand

home again—
I wash off the smell
of hospital soap

Irene Golas

Frogpond XXVIII:2

lengthening days
tricycle tracks
through the mud

Victor Ortiz

windy
a goose
among the ripples

Marie Summers

I close my book . . .
a wave breaks its silence
against the rocks

Caroline Gourlay

art teacher's hearth
a careful arrangement
of animal skulls

Elizabeth Howard

The avocado,
the avocado tree
ripe

vincent tripi
for Elizabeth S. Lamb

senryu

Frogpond XXVIII:2

x-ray machine
photographs my insides
no need to smile

Renee Londner

his mother's laugh
when he laughs
and now her jaw too

Marian Olsen

single again
soap bar slivers
mashed together

w. f. owen

lunch alone
from the fridge
to the microwave

Mobuko Masakawa

my new longjohns
a little tight—
fig trees wrapped for winter

Peter Yovu

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first dream of the year
all about transportation
and lost luggage

Emily Romano

freeze, freeze, freeze.

cherish my Stone Age laptop

Shinjuku Rollingstone

raw winds
my left sock
a sinker

Patrick Sweeney

yard sale—
our neighbors buy back
their housewarming gifts

Dan McCullough

L'Après-midi d'un faune
the brass section
empties their horns

Carolyn Hall

Frogpond XXVIII:2

senior houseing
a safe in the foyer
holds the disaster plan

Steve Perrin

talk of terrorism . . .
he rearranges the fruit
in the bowl

Marilyn Appl Walker

a flash of lightning
revives the colors
of the national flag

Petar Tchouchov

war in the bedroom too

Dietmar Tauchner

watching the game
watching the war
watching the game

Michael Magliari

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sinkhole
big as
a house

William Fraenkel

childhood cancer—
I tell her
hair doesn't matter

Wendy Smith

kitchen doodling
I make her a necklace
of apple skin

John W. Sexton

aroma
of the dish of chocolates
no one has offered

Dorothy McLaughlin

Valentine's Day
at the cinema
a small popcorn

Stephen Peters

Frogpond XXVIII:2

All the rivers
go to the sea.
It looks quite full to me.

John Kinory

more or less
full of himself
the humble poet

David Gershator

open grave
I resist the urge
to jump

Tom Painting

outhouse
a spider descends
and retracts

Scott Mason

it's pink! it's purple!
sunset inspires
more bickering

David Giacalone

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behind the camera
I face
my family

Eve Luckring

eyes closed
the deaf child
doesn't listen

Stanford M. Forrester

the limo driver
enters a cul-de-sac
in his monologue

Bob Boni

skimpy outfit
revealing both
of us

Robert B. McNeill

her 90th birthday—
whipping the cream
into stiffer peaks

Carolyn Hall

Frogpond XXVIII:2

local crab house
the waiter on break
scratches his crotch

Cathy Drinkwater Better

old love letters
the landfill sky
thick with gulls

Dave Russo

feeling sad for her
she still loves
her husband

Zoran Mimica

end of a storm
smoothing wrinkles
out of the blanket

Margaret Hehman-Smith

train platform—
her hand on his lapel
and then . . .

Bob Moyer



Rengay

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Haibun

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Solo Sequence

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PAPER DREAMS

Rengay by Roberta Beary, Carlos Colón, and Ellen Compton

snowed in
digging out
old cookbooks rb

favorite novel
the unpolished shoes cc

bird in the bush
page missing
from the field guide ec

sunlight strikes
unpaid bills rb

leaf from an old journal
each entry
a different color cc

convalescent
library books overdue ec

SCHOOL DAYS

MY GRANDSON, Scott was so proud of his first jockstrap for gym—until he found out that he had to take a shower with all the boys. My daughter said, "What is the problem? You are all the same."

On the way home from school that day he confronted her. "Mom, you did not tell me the truth." And he proceeded to tell her the differences. Scott had learned that all men are not created equal.

A caterpillar inches across the compost heap

Betty Kaplan

WAT PO

SLIPPING SHOES OFF, padding around in stocking feet . . . My feet compare poorly with other feet—the sacred feet of the colossal Buddha inlaid with mother-of-pearl, the pretty girl's feet standing next to mine. She wears socks too. Wonder if her toes are painted vermilion or mother-of-pearl. We linger at the Buddha's feet. Does she understand the symbols between heel and toe? Jet lagged and spellbound in Siam, am I moving too fast? Leaving the Buddha isn't easy.

at the temple gate
for a moment
in someone else's shoes

David Gershator

PRESENCE

starless night
she knows he is
one of her sons

HE HAS TRAVELED a thousand miles to see his mother. We gather around her bed at the nursing home on Christmas Eve, but she seems a bit baffled by his presence. We spend a quiet Christmas Day, our first ever without her. When later I call to ask how she enjoyed his visit, she says, "I haven't seen him in ages. I wouldn't know him if he walked in the door."

no star to guide us
a mouse-nibbled angel
crowns the tree

Carolyn Hall

FRAMED BY MY OWN DIM LIGHT

LOST IN THOUGHT and midway along the three-mile loop lining Sloan's Lake, I stopped walking to search for my sunglasses. Hands groped hollow coat pockets before wading through a deep blue purse where I found a red leather wallet, three pens and a memo pad. A final search only unburied a pocket calculator. Unsettled, I began to think about the cost of replacing designer sunglasses. My retriever became impatient. When she jerked her leash the glasses slid off my head and covered my face.

awakening . . .
my dream of applause
is the rain

Michele Harvey

A PLACE FOR WORDS

YOU THROW THE LAST of the soup in with the spaghetti. Or maybe it's an epiphany from a dream that leads you to experiment with the still here chutney. You decide to wear a clean but secondhand magenta bathing suit to an after six wedding—under silk pajamas—and it's a wild hit. Now this is recycling.

And you work with words.

In the same way you wire an enameled bracelet to become a gorgeous necklace you shape a fresh poem, unearth an old one. You find orphans, infants, spinsters. Rejects and winners. You get an idea, mix and match. It's a present to yourself. Haiku at mid-life.

above a nowhere sea
the fog opens
a place for words

Laurie W. Stoelting

RELATIVITY

I GIVE ONE of my sisters a call. When she first hears my voice, she isn't sure if it's me or my brother. It happens a lot, with friends and family, on the phone. No mistake in person. He's eight years younger, three or so inches taller, with more hair. He weighs more and takes up more space, though his shirts fit me fine. We take about the same shoe size. If I'd ever grown into my feet, maybe my brother would've been shorter.

sort of bowing
to the worn little bronze
sort of buddha

Andy Haganis

WAITING

TOO MANY BIRDS fail to see the transparent glass. On this frigid day I hold the stunned female purple finch in my hands to warm her and then surround her with a paper towel hut, watching her catch up with herself as does her mate on a high branch. When I look back a little later she is gone, only to sit comfortably on the feeder the next few days.

a little tuft
stuck to the window
winter sunlight

Bruce Ross

A LOVE MATCH

MY FIRST VISIT HOME after several years away. There have been major changes in my parents' life. My youngest sister has gone to college and they now enjoy all the privacy of honeymooners.

The young wife
singing in the kitchen:
"my blue heaven . . ."

As soon as we arrive from the airport and my father brings in my bags, he goes to the living room and turns on THE TELEVISION. I wonder when they bought it. My mother, aside: "We haven't seen you for two years, and he can't wait to turn on that thing."

My father is watching the Saturday fights. My mother plunks herself down on his lap. He tries to see around her, but she gets in the way, hugging him and giggling. "Hon, I'm trying to watch," he says plaintively.

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“See, he’d rather watch those bad men hit each other than have me in his lap.” She aims a fake punch at him. He is starting to get irritable as the boxers begin trading punches in earnest. It’s true that at one time he’d rather have his lap full of my mother than do anything else. She still has her trim, rounded figure and provocative ways; he is almost as fit as he was thirty years ago. But it seems those years of marriage have brought competing pleasures. They are not shared pleasures. My mother can’t stand to see two men hitting each other in the face as hard as they can. She distracts my father with a flurry of air-punches. “They say that boxing on television causes violence in the home,” she says. “It puts him in a temper. See?” One fighter is on the ropes. The crowd goes wild. My father is getting red in the face. “Honey, don’t.” She gets between him and the knockout. He is about to dump her off his lap. I am wishing I were not there. It ends with her going into the bedroom to sulk. (That’s where the word boudoir comes from, “a place for a lady to sulk.”) My father has a dazed look, as if he didn’t know what hit him. “How does she do that? Why does she do that?”

“At least she knows where you are at night,” I commiserate. “You could be watching it at the corner bar with some blonde bar fly.”

I retire to the spare room as my father goes to the bedroom door and begs her to open it. The television is off. Next morning the sofa does not look slept on, so they must have made it up. My father has not willingly spent a night away from my mother since they got married.

The old widower
asleep in front of the TV
his team winning.

Doris Heitmeyer

THE WEIGHT OF STONES

A PERFECT AUTUMN DAY in Kyoto. We join a tour of the Sento Gosho, a strolling garden with plants, water, and stones arranged to give the viewer a surprise at every turn. The leader pauses at a beach of smooth stones all the same size, about four inches in diameter. They were gathered in Odawara in eastern Japan, he tells us, and individually wrapped in silk before being transported to Kyoto and presented to the Emperor. They are called 'two-liter stones,' for each was said to be worth two liters of rice at that time.

I stand on the pathway at the edge of the pond counting the stones to get some sense of their worth. After one hundred, I give up. I want to pick one up, to feel its coldness in my palm and the veneer of six centuries of weather. I want to find the soul of this stone and, holding it, know that the cost of just one would feed a Japanese family for days. I want to hear about the peasants who died of hunger as they tithed their daimyo warlord who courted the Emperor's favor by offering these stones. And I want to understand a culture that values the beauty of stones over human lives.

new-age fad
the well-polished surface
of worry stones

Margaret Chula

THE HILL

WHERE I LIVE NOW, at the edge of a medium-sized town in northern Virginia, the back of the house faces west. Beyond where the garden falls steeply away into woodland the view is completely obscured by foliage from spring until the fall. But in winter it is possible to discern, through the bare branches, a substantial hill that must be a mile or so distant. In the early morning at this time of year I can sit in front of the big sliding windows and watch the dawn coming into the landscape before I have my breakfast. The screen of trees still prevents me from seeing any significant detail. I know that the hill is partially wooded, that there are very few houses built upon it, and that a road or highway runs—presumably north and south—on this side of it. The latter I can deduce from the headlights of occasional cars moving in the dusk before daybreak.

I will think no further than this. I could reach out my hand, and in a matter of moments locate this hill in the pages of a topographical atlas of Virginia that I bought for the household a year or two back. Alternatively, if I chose to pay more attention on my drive out of town to work each day, (at a small bookbindery that lies approximately in that direction, but at least ten miles further away) then I could no doubt figure out where it must be located.

Fortunately, we live on one of those looping residential streets that throw off my sense of direction, usually quite dependable. I want things to remain this way. I want my hill to remain for ever a nameless hill, the archetypal Hill, an ideal and Platonic hill, the hill of my childhood, the hill of myths and hymnals, a hill of boundless aspirations, a hill where lovers might dally a whole summer afternoon undisturbed, a hill to the top of which a woman or a man might climb in order to be alone, to consult the skies, to talk to God, to survey the weather, to make a decision. In short, it will be representative of all the hills that have ever existed, in reality or in imagination.

That is why, if the conversation in this room (or perhaps in the

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garden itself, on some late and temperate winter's day) should turn to a discussion of the landscape beyond the trees, then I shall be sure to recollect a piece of business that requires my presence elsewhere, and immediately.

windswept patio
dry leaves trapped
in the coiled hose

Dee Evetts

TWILIGHT DEEPENS

a haibun collaboration

Ron Moss (Tasmania) *Kirsty Karkow (Maine)*

IT IS WINTER. After finishing my Hospice Care course I am sitting with an elderly man. He is warmhearted, of Scottish extraction, and tells me a story or two. After a pause, he sighs, "This body has had enough . . ."

Not long afterward, he dies. The time is right.

end of shift
returning my name badge
to the pile

It is spring. Meeting a new hospice patient for the first time can be awkward . . . but Betty reaches out with thin arms and a wide smile to greet me.

Her loving attitude and fearless embrace of her impending death are awe-inspiring.

*"You are going to be the friend that I never knew I had!"
And I am. And she is.*

*grocery aisle
we reach together
for split pea soup*

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It is summer. I am attending the funeral of my first yoga teacher, a woman of rare qualities and a great love for others. Closest to her heart is work with ailing Vietnam Vets. From her they learn the ancient skill of yoga, which helps them to recover. She dies of cancer—way too young.

So, here I am, sitting on a church pew, warmed by an arc of afternoon sun that shines through leadlight windows. Incense smoke curls and flattens above her casket like a blessing. The sound of Sanskrit chanting embraces us with comfort and love.

biker's leather
a veteran
wipes a tear

It is autumn. I am washing dishes in our new house, shortly after moving to Maine, when my neighbor calls. She knows I have worked with Hospice. Will I stay with her dying husband while she gets some rest? Certainly. Twilight deepens as I walk across the field to her house. The air is thick with autumn.

*heavy fog
a ripe peach falls
from the tree*

stranger danger

IN SCHOOL THEY WARN YOU about stranger danger beware of all the people you don't know don't walk near the bushes keep to the open street watch out for vans with sliding doors at home keep the door locked don't open up for strangers and they leave out the part about the one with you in a place where no locks can save you for years too long to count

funeral over
the deadbolt
slides into place

Roberta Beary

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his planting mix

in snow boots
& thermals
to seed store

come in from snow
to potting soil's
smell

lamp's good
for seedlings
& me

need 3
cubic
feet

garbage
for

compost
ing
warmth

sometimes
a word on paper
while turning compost

john martone

Essays

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Remembering Elizabeth Searle Lamb, In Spirit and Friendship

William J. Higginson

AFTER WRITING for almost four decades about Elizabeth Searle Lamb's poems and her many accomplishments as poet, editor, collector, and historian of American haiku, what more can I find to say about her now, as we collectively mourn her passing and celebrate her life?

Elizabeth was probably the most richly spiritual person I have ever known in deep friendship. She did not flaunt the trappings of conventional religion, nor shy away from sharing her insights in modest places where they might help others. During one period or another in her life, she attended church services at a variety of denominations, and occasionally published prayers or short meditative essays in *Guideposts* and *Ideals*, a Christian monthly and an annual, each offering spiritual guidance in the tradition of the Reformed Church in America. She also published children's books with Unity Books, an independent Christian publishing company, and often wrote for their inspirational monthly, *Daily Word*.

I characterize Elizabeth's spirituality as meditative Christianity. She was equally at home discussing the ritual use of hallucinogenic plants by primitive tribal peoples in Amazonia with her husband, tropical forester and author F. Bruce Lamb; joining in the playing of musical instruments believed to have been used in shamanistic spiritual exercises; and welcoming the young child of a Buddhist friend to set up the holiday crêche in her living room. She was what I would consider the most genuine type of Christian, wrestling at depth with her own faith while gently applauding the spiritual seeking of others of all faiths.

Elizabeth rarely spoke of praying for specific outcomes, but on hearing of difficulties in the lives of family, friends, and correspondents, she often said or wrote "I'll hold (you, them, it) in the light"—a deeply felt response in the realm of Julian of Norwich (1342-1423), whose best known statement is "All

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will be well." When Elizabeth said she would hold me in the light, I felt more comforted in whatever trial I was undergoing than by anything anyone else said, for I always knew that her generous heart never made such a statement lightly. And while she and I both certainly hoped for some outcome or other that would please us, we both knew that we were submitting the situation to the ultimate reality, not to our own meager human understanding and desires.

Elizabeth's spirituality informed all that she did. Whether corresponding with family, old friends, business associates, or poets new to haiku, she was always simply herself. From college onward, she led a tremendously varied life, giving up a career as a concert harpist to become a young wife and mother living in a foreign land with no knowledge of local language or customs and cut off from the classical European music and culture that she grew up with in Topeka, Kansas. After years in Central America and Amazonia, she moved to a New York City apartment and participated in both the spiritual and cultural life of the city and the growing international community of haiku poets. Then, after a few years back in Kansas, she and Bruce moved again, where she presided over one of the oldest adobe houses in the old quarter of Santa Fe for almost 30 years. She was cosmopolitan in the best sense of the word.

Ready for life, ready for the next adventure, handling her duties with humor and always with empathy for the situations of others, Elizabeth became a role model for many. And many people have told me and others close to her that though they had had only the slightest contact with her, perhaps just one letter, they felt that spiritual aspect of her nature in even such modest exchanges.

As a personal friend, Elizabeth helped me through some of the darkest times of my early adulthood, the loss of my mother and break up of my first marriage. I used to half-jokingly tell her she was my surrogate mother, but she always replied that no, she was just a friend. As we worked together on HSA business during her presidency, she supported my suggestion that we invite Cid Corman to speak at one of our meetings, and saw to it that there was an honorarium for him—making him

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the first paid speaker to present a program for the society. Bruce asked me to read a draft of what became his most widely read book, *Wizard of the Upper Amazon*, as they both encouraged me to broaden my professional writing and editing skills. Later, as my new wife Penny Harter got to know and love them both, we visited Santa Fe mainly to see them. We eventually moved there ourselves and became a foursome over many a morning meal or evening discussion in their breakfast room or on the patio overlooking the Acequia Madre—the first irrigation ditch built by Europeans in the New World—as it ran by their house.

Along with her spirituality—part of it—really, Elizabeth enjoyed life, found humor in even the most challenging of circumstances. As her daughter, Carolyn, told us, when Elizabeth was last in the hospital, her regular M.D. stopped in to see her, and she told him she was ready to go. She said to him, “When I get there, I’ll write you a letter and let you know how it is.” Wry humor and light inextricably mixed in much of what Elizabeth said and wrote.

Elizabeth's haiku are justly known for a very pure aesthetic based in experience and wrought in clear word-images. Some of them do, also, have a slightly darker tone, especially some that deal with ravens. But I'd like to end this brief remembrance in honor of our more than 35 years of friendship with a few that show her lighter side, some haiku, some senryu. Most of these are not as familiar as others reprinted in her 1999 collection, *Across the Windharp*. I hope that with me you will hear the chuckle in her throat, see the sparkle in her eye as Elizabeth Searle Lamb offered these poems through the magazines of our haiku community during its formative years.

The ragged urchin
sells shoe shines for a nickel.
The smile is a gift.

(AH 3:1, 1965)

This old deck, hand-worn,
its cards slap down easily—
solitaire pattern.

(H 2:1, 1968)

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the catbird's mewing
catches a shaft of sun
by the tail

(C 1:1, 1977)

the meadowlark
holding down the fencepost
with song

(C 2:3, 1978)

there . . . a coyote
trotting along a dry wash
not minding us

(HM 6:3, 1971)

at the yard sale
an old man wants to buy the mirror—
his wife turns away

(HC 5:18, 1980)

cry of the peacock widens the crack in the adobe wall

(FP 4:3, 1981)

(Key: AH, *American Haiku*; H, *Haiku* (Toronto); C, *Cicada* (Toronto);
HM, *Haiku Magazine*; HC, *High/Coo*; FP, *Frogpond*.)

**SATO SENSEI (1925-2005)
IN MEMORIAM**

by Patricia Donegan

across a rose hedge
a cat lover
and a cat hater

Kazuo Sato

OF ALL THE HAIKU POETS of Japan, Kazuo Sato is the one person who has contributed the most to the internationalization of haiku that both Japan and Western/non-Western countries enjoy and participate in today. All of his efforts over the last thirty years have been in promoting this. In his early years he studied English and Japanese literature with R. H. Blyth, which sparked his interest in comparative literature east and west. Later, in 1970, as a visiting professor (from Waseda University) at the University of California at Berkeley, he first encountered “English haiku” in a used bookstore; this led him to become the editor of an ongoing weekly column “Haiku in English” for the *Mainichi Daily News*. His major books in Japanese also reflect this historical-comparative view of haiku in Japan and the West, with such titles as *Haiku Crosses the Sea*, *Rape Flower Transplanted*, and *From Haiku to Haiku*. Beyond this, he was such a humble scholar and poet that few knew that he was also a “haiku master” and headed his own group for many years; his main collection of haiku is titled, *And the Cat, Too* (tr. Jack Stamm). His constant liaison/cross-cultural work as head of the international section at the Haiku Museum in Tokyo especially helped to internationalize haiku; I am grateful to have known him up close, first while he was my Fulbright advisor for my Chiyo-ni haiku research with Yoshie Ishibashi at the museum and later as my personal haiku master for many years. His lectures on haiku in English for Westerners at conferences and workshops in Japan, America and Europe spread a deeper understanding of haiku; and his weekly talks on haiku for NHK radio broadcasts overseas the last few years magne-

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tized greater interest in haiku around the world. His further respect in the haiku world was shown in his being the judge for endless international haiku contests. And finally he was honored as the advisor to the Association of Haiku Poets and Haiku International Association in Japan; he was further honored with the Japanese Minister of Education Prize in 1991, a special lifetime award from the Haiku Society of America in 1998 and the Masaoka Shiki International Haiku Prize in 2000. In fact, Sato Sensei as he was known to many, was also known as “Mr. International Haiku”. He was a humble person and rare haiku poet who had a vast vision of “world haiku”. He will be missed as “a cultural treasure of haiku”; and we, the haiku poets in Japan and worldwide, honor him by continuing his lineage. Whether we know it or not, we would not be standing on the same fertile haiku ground today if it were not for Sato sensei.

Tribute to James E. Bull May 24, 1931- March 26, 2005

THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING HAIKU WORLD has lost an important pioneer. James E. Bull died March 26, 2005 from cancer at the age of 73. Jim leaves his wife of 48 years, Gayle Webster Bull, four children, 7 grandchildren, and 3 great-grandchildren.

Until 1963 the English speaking world had no periodical devoted to haiku. This was when James Bull and Donald Eulert published *American Haiku*. Bull and Eulert were young English Instructors living and teaching in the small town of Platteville, in southwestern Wisconsin. This was an unlikely home of our first haiku magazine, but because of the State University located there that specialized in teacher training, agriculture, and mining technology it had attracted a young, diverse, and innovative faculty. After the first year Don Eulert left the operations of the magazine but Jim and Gayle Bull continued their involvement until the last issue, at the end of

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1968.

James Bull had been a soldier in the Korean Conflict and was hospitalized for a time in Japan. In the hospital library he had found a book of Japanese haiku in translation. He became fascinated with the poetic form. Later, in about 1960, he read an article in *House Beautiful* about Japanese aesthetics, which included information about haiku. This renewed the interest that had stayed with him through graduate school. He had also read Henderson's books and become aware of a growing interest in haiku among others.

In 1962 Bull and Eulert sent out announcements of a haiku contest in the form of a pink mimeographed flyer to the English and Creative Writing Departments of many of the American colleges and universities. Also there were advertisements in several writing journals. The deadline was December 20, 1962. They offered cash awards of \$35, \$15, and \$5 for what they agreed were the top three entries. The number of entries surprised them, as did the variety in quality and content.

Using the entrant's names and addresses as a database they promoted their first issue of *American Haiku*. The yearly subscription was two dollars for this semi-annual publication. James Bull contacted Harold G. Henderson with their idea for the periodical and asked for his support. He answered with a letter that was used as an introduction and a "blessing" for the magazine. They dedicated the first issue to Henderson with the following words: "The first issue of *American Haiku* is dedicated to Harold G. Henderson, whose aid we solicited and whose encouragement we value. Mr. Henderson's works, including *The Bamboo Broom* and *An Introduction to Haiku*, provided impetus for the editors in founding *American Haiku* magazine. Moreover, we are in general accord with Mr. Henderson's views about haiku in English, as he expresses them in the following note . . ."

The first issue was a 4.5 by 7 inch, double stapled, pinkish-brown colored booklet with brown print. It had 61 pages and included 83 poets and 101 haiku. The contest winning poem was James W. Hackett's classic haiku:

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Searching on the wind,
the hawk's cry . . .
is the shape of its beak.

Other poets in this first issue who went on to become well known, included Nicholas Virgilio. In *A Haiku Path* (page 275) Virgilio is quoted in an interview as saying that he had seen an advertisement in the *Saturday Review* for *American Haiku* and he sent one poem: ". . . the first poem, which is the mother of all the poems which I've written,"

Spring wind frees
the full moon tangled
in leafless trees

In the second issue, the poem awarded first prize was Virgilio's famous:

Lily:
out of the water . . .
out of itself.

Robert Spiess, O. M. B. Southard, Clement Hoyt, Frank Ankenbrand, Jr., Elizabeth Searle Lamb, Walter H. Kerr, Gustave Keyser, Helen S. Chenoweth, Virginia Brady Young, Joyce W. Webb, Thomas Tico, Paul O. Williams, Leroy Kanterman, Foster Jewell, Majory Bates Pratt, Kay Titus Mormino, Bernard Lionel Einbond, and L. A. Davidson are among the poets who were published in *American Haiku*.

I was fortunate to have had some wonderful discussions with Jim and Gayle when I went back to visit my family in Wisconsin. For me, Jim Bull was a great source of history and inspiration. I so enjoyed the discussions and anecdotes about those early days of *American Haiku*.

Jerome Cushman

HAIKU AWARENESS IN WARTIME?

ON A DRIZZLY DECEMBER 4th, forty poets attending the Haiku Society of America meeting in Redmond, Washington considered these questions: Are we, the haiku community, writing effective haiku about the present war in Iraq? If so, how are we accomplishing this?

Those attending first answered these quick survey questions by raising their hands:

Do you feel your haiku spring from emotions you have, however fleeting? (Apparently all 40 people present.)

Do you feel emotions about the war in Iraq? (Again, apparently everyone.)

Have you written haiku about the war in Iraq? (About a dozen people.)

Have you submitted them for publication? (About eight people.)

Have you had haiku published on this topic? (Four people.)

Why are we writing and publishing so few poems about this war when we have strong feelings about it, and when it permeates our news media and our world? We considered half a dozen reasons.

Perhaps editors don't select our war-focused submissions. For example, a judge of Seattle Poetry on the Buses said that my haiku about a Hiroshima Day ceremony had almost been selected but was deemed too political:

above her paper boat
the blind girl's lighted face
floats in the dusk⁽¹⁾

But, from our brief survey, the main reason we see very few haiku on the Iraq war may be that we aren't writing many. I looked through issues of *Frogpond*, *Modern Haiku*, *Heron's Nest*, and *Raw Nervz* since 9/11 and found about 40 out of over 5,000, or less than 1%, written about the war.

Could it be that we avoid this topic because we want to avoid the emotions it evokes, including grief, fear, guilt, anger, and

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horror? But many beautiful haiku are written about exactly these emotions—about grief at the loss of loved ones, guilt and anger about divorce, and much more.

Could it be that we write little about the Iraq war because we have little direct experience with it? Possibly. But Dee Evetts notes in his *Frogpond* article a year after 9/11⁽²⁾ that he had found hundreds of haiku written about 9/11 and surely many of those poets had no direct experience with that event.

Could it be that the media, with its live coverage of collapsing towers and poignant stories of the 9/11 victims' families, makes it easier to empathize with the three thousand who perished in that horror than the more than one hundred thousand Iraqi civilians who have so far died in the horrors of the Iraq war?⁽³⁾ Certainly the language of our media insulates us: Americans shooting people from rooftops are called sharpshooters while Iraqis are called snipers; American deaths are called casualties while Iraqi deaths are often dismissed as collateral damage.

Could it be that many of us are also insulated from the war because the haiku community is largely middle class and white, and so has fewer young loved ones entering the military? Could it be that the size, wealth and power of our nation insulates us from an awareness of the war?

Or is there something in our American culture that makes us feel uncomfortable writing about war since it feels political? In contrast to other countries with rich traditions of political poetry, some poets have commented on a separation of politics and poetry in the United States. Robert Bly says: "Why then have so few American poets penetrated to any reality in our political life? I think one reason is that political concerns and inward concerns have always been regarded in our tradition as opposites, even incompatibles . . . The poet's main job is to penetrate that husk around the American psyche, and since that psyche is inside him too, the writing of political poetry is like the writing of personal poetry, a sudden drive by the poet inward."⁽⁴⁾ Denise Levertov notes: "The suspicion with which political or social content is often regarded . . . arises from a narrow and often mistaken idea of the poem as always a pri-

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vate expression of emotion.”⁽⁵⁾ Carolyn Forché states: “There is no such thing as non-political poetry”⁽⁶⁾—with which our fellow haikin Marlene Mountain agrees, saying haiku is already in the political realm.⁽⁷⁾ According to these poets, writing poetry that springs from our feelings about political issues is not only legitimate but inevitable.

American poets may be more frequently writing about war. In 2003 Sam Hamill, invited by Laura Bush to a White House symposium on “Poetry and the American Voice,” had just read President Bush’s plan for saturation bombing of Iraq. Hamill’s response was to ask fellow poets to submit a poem to his Poets Against the War website. An overwhelming 11,000 poets sent their work between late January and the end of February; the symposium was called off. “Never before in recorded history have so many poets spoken in a single chorus,” Hamill concludes.⁽⁸⁾

It is a challenge to write from particular experiences related to war so that the poem doesn’t shout like a bumper sticker but reverberates like haiku. As Robert Bly says, “The true political poem does not order us either to take any specific acts; like the personal poem, it moves to deeper awareness.”⁽⁹⁾

All of the above reasons may be part of the answer to why the haiku community has written and published so few haiku on the war in Iraq. We may avoid this emotionally heavy topic, and may feel we have little direct experience. The media, our economic and racial privilege, the size wealth and power of our country, all may insulate us from the war. Our culture may foster a separation of political issues and poetry—though this may be changing—and good poetry about such issues is not easy to write.

Despite all these hurdles, some powerful haiku on war in general and this present war in particular are appearing. So let’s consider the second question: How do our fellow haiku poets accomplish this?

Some, who write from direct experience in the military, use their five senses. Ty Hadman writes of Vietnam so we can feel the fear through his skin:

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Rainsoaked and cold—
Without moving an inch
I let the warm urine flow⁽¹⁰⁾

Edward Tick gives us a glimpse of a civilian caught in the Vietnam war. Note how he juxtaposes the color and texture of the horror of war with normal life:

Village graybeard
stump oozing
stirring white rice⁽¹¹⁾

Even if we don't experience war directly, we feel its long shadow on those we love. Nick Virgilio expressed deep grief about losing his brother in Vietnam:

beyond the park bench
carved with hearts and initials
the war monument⁽¹²⁾

We can feel the contrast between the uneven carving in warm wood and the rigid engraving in cold stone. Here Virgilio gives us an unsettling juxtaposition of two strong light sources:

into the blinding sun . . .
the funeral procession's
glaring headlights⁽¹³⁾

Chuck Brickley's moment of awareness of war quietly explodes in his poem:

on his youth in Japan
my neighbor falls silent . . .
the clear summer sky⁽¹⁴⁾

Let's turn to recent haiku, apparently sprouting from awareness of the Iraq war. Many of us opposed this war; here are a few from my efforts:

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windy peace vigil
curved over the candle flame
his whole self⁽¹⁵⁾

candlelight procession
the night before the war—
wax congeals on asphalt⁽¹⁶⁾

against the wind
we hold the peace banner—
our spines straighten⁽¹⁷⁾

Some have written of their awareness of trying to dull awareness of what is happening:

the latest war news
I drink my whisky
straight

Carla Sari⁽¹⁸⁾

channel surfing—
fleeing
the fall of baghdad

Karen Klein⁽¹⁹⁾

We look for solace:

talk of war
our teenage son
allows a hug

Joann Klontz⁽²⁰⁾

(Translated from the French:)

a war is on
yet
the little birds

Yves Gerbal⁽²¹⁾

We express our unease at how distant and unreal this Iraq war feels:

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NPR—
between reports of war
snippets of Bach

Yvonne Hardenbrook⁽²²⁾

talk of the war
a spider shedding
its pale replica

Cherie Hunter Day⁽²³⁾

soldier
between boredom and worry
mother

Merrill Ann Gonzales⁽²⁴⁾

Because of body armor in this war, compared to Vietnam, many lives will be saved but increased numbers are returning with serious injuries.⁽²⁵⁾

medal for valor
quadriplegic marine
unable to salute

Joyce Walker Currier⁽²⁶⁾

Amputee vet . . .
gone are the hands she loved
to have touch her

Scott Galasso⁽²⁷⁾

These haiku hint at the heavy psychological burden of not being able to talk about the horrors they have experienced:

Veteran's day:
combat boots filled
with closet darkness

Joyce Walker Currier⁽²⁸⁾

war veteran
somewhere
his scar

Yvonne Cabalona⁽²⁹⁾

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We often depend on direct experience to jolt our awareness into haiku. But some with deep empathy can write from less immediate experience, such as photos of the distant war. From the April 7th, 2003, issue of *Time*, Dean Summers wrote this sequence.

field of battle
how white the gloves
the medics wear

a hand on the stretcher
a hand on the sling
of his rifle

scorched earth
the convoy leaves behind
the form of a man

sandstorm
for this the young marine
hides his face

children and fathers
their smiles for the soldiers
not the same

a woman's anguish
in her arms
something bundled up

bright, spring morning
in the rocks above the village
a sniper adjusts his scope

his eyes so big
the little boy
in the cross hairs

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What makes these haiku so powerful? They put that scope, those cross hairs, on a moment of awareness in the war. Based on empathy, they hold emotion as big as a small boy's eyes. They are set on our earth, with its sand and rocks and spring sunshine. And they throb with the contrast between the ominous impersonal threat of death and the love and longing of our fellow humans.

I think we have a growing haiku awareness in wartime.

Ruth Yarrow

- 1 Modern Haiku, XIV(3), 1983.
- 2 Dee Evetts, "The Conscious Eye, Frogpond 25(3), 2002.
- 3 NewScientist.com news service, Oct. 29, 2004, "Civilian death toll in Iraq exceeds 100,000"
- 4 Robert Bly, "Leaping Up into Political Poetry," in Poetry and Politics: An Anthology of Essays, Richard Jones, Ed, NY:Quill, 1985.
- 5 Denise Levertov, "On the Edge of Darkness: What is Political Poetry?", in Light Up the Cave, NY:New Directions Press, 1981.
- 6 Carolyn Forché, "El Salvador: An Aide-Memoire," American Poetry Review, 1981
- 7 Marlene Mountain, "Innerview," Frogpond 4(3), 1981
- 8 Sam Hamill, ed., Poets Against the War, NYC: National Books, 2003
- 9 Bly, loc. cit.
- 10 Ty Hadman, Dong Ha Haiku, Kentfield, CA: Smithy-Waithe Press, 1982
- 11 Edward Tick, On Sacred Mountain: Vietnam Remembered, Battleground, IN: High/Coo Press, 1984
- 12 Nick Virgilio, in The Haiku Anthology, Cor van den Heuvel, Ed., 1999
- 13 Cor van den Heuvel, loc. cit.
- 14 Chuck Brickley, Modern Haiku 8(3), 1982
- 15 www.poetsagainstthewar.org, 2003
- 16 Ibid.
- 17 Frogpond 26(1)
- 18 Raw Nervz 9(2) 2003
- 19 Raw Nervz 9(2) 2003
- 20 Frogpond 25(1) 2002
- 21 Anthologie du Haiku en France, 203
- 22 Frogpond 25(1) 2002
- 23 Modern Haiku 35(1) 2004
- 24 Modern Haiku 35(2) 2004
- 25 "Troops' horrific injuries are conflict's hidden cost," Denver Post, Nov. 23, 2003.
- 26 Modern Haiku 3(2) 2004
- 27 Northwest Haiku Anthology
- 28 Modern Haiku 35(2) 2004
- 29 Frogpond 27(2) 2004

Re:Readings

Peter Yovu on Burnell Lippy (*"a sparrow's shadow/darkens the house/ October afternoon"*) "In Vermont, where I live, there are (at least) two Octobers: the early one of brilliant foliage and apple tang, and the later one after a windy rainstorm has beaten the leaves from the trees. For me, it is sometime around the outset of this second October that one of this state's more unsettling moods takes over, characterized by sunlight slanting through the rain-blackened branches of rock maples, casting long shadows (the kind that can be seen, and the kind that can be felt) that somehow get past the clapboards of white farmhouses and under the slate roofs of Victorian mansions to hole up in attics all winter. It is its own season, and Burnell Lippy, in the shadowed rhythms of his words and in their cold vowels, has named it."

Peter Yovu on Darrel Byrd (*"summer sun/a cool hand/touches my shoulder"*) "It is a delight to immerse oneself in the purely tactile quality of this haiku, to feel not only the contrast of coolness and warmth, each enhancing the other, but also of distance and proximity. A good haiku strongly invites the imagination, though in this case it almost seems best to resist that temptation and not put a face or a story to the mystery of what touches us."

Peter Yovu on Ferris Gilli's (*"political speech/now and then the blue jay's blue/between maple leaves"*) "I suppose if a politician is squawking about taxes, moral values, and what the other party lacks, the blue jay's joyful objections will be drowned out, but not his blue, honest as sky in a maple which has withstood worse storms, and which has, in all seasons, the poet's true allegiance."

Michele Harvey on Carmen Sterba (*"moving day-/the passenger train completes/a horseshoe curve"*) "This piece strikes a balance between motion and meditation. We are passengers. We pay a price for our ticket and are seldom empty-handed. Still, we aren't derailed on the journey, when viewing the past with a willingness to move beyond it."

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Andy Hacanis on Connie Donleycott (“*sorting mother’s things/the small bag/of wishbones*”) “I’m relating to this on the most subjective level, as my mother saves everything, including wishbones. In the bottom kitchen drawer, if you can open it, among the corks, twist ties, odd plastic utensils, pieces of string, and tangled rubber bands, are a few dried wishbones from Thanksgivings past. Maybe as a kind of cosmic counterbalance, I’m a great contributor to dumpsters, a fan of deleting, and a space freak, a lover of emptiness of all kinds. My mother’s still alive, and I’m glad. That’s one emptiness I don’t want. Reading this poem, I imagine someday having to clean out that bottom drawer. Saved wishes, unused, too late. Too much left in reserve.”

Dan McCullough on Charlie Close (“*choosing teams/playground lines/freshly painted*”) “There are few more interminable moments than waiting to be chosen for a school yard team. All the focus of the universe seems to be square on your head. Options for enduring it range from pleading with your eyes in hopes that, just this once, you’ll be picked, to understanding your fate and praying it ends soon. This haiku focuses on something in the middle. Even with the distraction of the painted lines, the pain still seeps in.”

Dan McCullough on Stanford M. Forrester (“*crabapple-/its fragrance/smashed*”) “Somewhere along the line a crabapple changes from something to be ignored or trampled to something to be appreciated. Perhaps it’s a reflection of youth or maturity. What I like about this haiku is the acknowledgment of both sides. There is no guesswork in what happened. Smashed is the result of human intervention. What we are left with is loss.”

Clyde Glandon on Lee Gurga (“*prairie farmhouse-/two empty lawn chairs/facing the blacktop*”) “Evocative: is the house inhabited, abandoned, are the dwellers on vacation, or merely elsewhere today? Indeed, when do/did the chairs get used? An expanding sense of *sabi*, suggesting a time when people sat on front porches or lawns to look out together, either in the ‘country’ or in Knoxville, summer 1915. Emptiness of the chairs is repeated in the ‘emptiness’ of the prairie, and

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again in the relative emptiness of the blacktop, and in this case perhaps in an empty nest with an older couple remaining. The poet is himself alone, or maybe there is one sitting beside him in the car looking out with him at the chairs, as they move past, themselves on the blacktop. Whatever the levels and duration of isolation and nonuse of the chairs, here is fragile but real evidence of human companionship in 'facing' an equivocal human and natural world, which the poet notices and shares with us."

Andy Hacanis on Constantine Sandis ("*I refuse to believe/I didn't give myself/this face*") "Consider how much ego drives our lives, as much as we might sometimes pretend otherwise. It feels pretty good to see our names, or pseudonyms, in print, no denying that. Day to day, think of all the trouble caused by ego's tight grip on issues large and small, and how often we deflect blame for our unhappiness to someone or something outside ourselves. I respect this poem's direct and simple honesty, how the voice takes total responsibility for the face put on life, for life itself."

Robert Epstein on Marcus Larsson's ("*spring evening/the children's promise/not to get cold*") "This poem instantly transported me back to my own childhood, when I learned to hurry through dinner so I could race over to the outdoor ice rink for a round of night skating. It occurred to me for the first time that my otherwise anxious and overprotective mother never once voiced any worry about me catching cold or getting hurt. I am filled with deepest gratitude that she didn't burden me with promises, so I felt free to pursue skating with unbridled passion."

Robert Epstein on Tom Clausen's ("*just oatmeal/the waitress says/ 'enjoy'*") "Not a few of my middle-aged contemporaries rely on 'just oatmeal.' The waitress, either on automatic pilot or in a spirit of sympathetic generosity, invites the poet/patron to partake fully of his meal. Is it possible to actually 'enjoy' a breakfast of 'just oatmeal?' As one who has learned to love 'the stuff of regularity,' I am not ashamed to declare, 'Yes!' with the help of a little soy sauce."

BOOK
REVIEWS

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Journey

Rosen, David & Joel Weishaus *The Healing Spirit of Haiku* (North Atlantic Books, Berkeley CA 94712, 2004). Illustrations by Arthur Okamura. ISBN 1-55643-530-4. 180 pp., perfect softbound. \$14.95 at bookstores or from the publisher.

The Journey is the oldest trope in storytelling. It lasts because it works. The "hero" goes to X, then to Y, and on to Z, during which time s/he meets the Other, which is another form of Self, and learns Q. Hundreds of thousands of such narratives are written every year, and some thousands of them are published. The reading public, it seems, cannot get enough of the Other and what is to be learned from such a meeting. In a very real sense, the Other is always Imagination, and active encouragement to meet with that faculty is welcomed everywhere.

Haikai has an entire subgenre dedicated to the Journey. It is the *kiko bungaku*—travel writings, often in the form of *nikki* (diaries). Many famous ones have been published in the past millennium in Japan, and some few of them have made their way into English. Earl Miner's unsurpassed *Japanese Poetic Diaries* (University of California Press, Berkeley, 1969) includes two. The older, *Tosa Nikki (The Tosa Diary)*, records the voyage of the return of a woman to the capital (then Kyoto) in the company of the governor of a provincial post. (In fact, this is a literary artifice: the true author of the work is Ki no Tsurayuki, governor of Tosa at that time. It is speculated that he based his literary account on an actual diary kept by one of his entourage.) The second is Miner's rendering of *Oku no Hosomichi (The Narrow Road Through the Provinces)*, Basho's famous travelogue of the first six months of his two-and-a-half year walking tour of remote Japan. This travelogue is arguably the most famous piece of haikai in the literature, and one of a handful of classical Japanese prose pieces that might be known to non-specialists in English, along with *The Tale of Genji* and *The Diary of Murasaki Shikibu*.

If the shape of the Journey might be likened to a bottle, XYZ

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is the fluid contents. Many collect bottles for their shape, color, beauty; and many collect them for their content. But it is the rare bottle that attracts both sorts of collectors: and these are the ones that are most prized, and which last. The shape of Basho's *nikki* might be compared with a thirty-six tone *renga*: the *hokku*, seasonal attributes, even the love verse (the episode with the prostitutes in *Ichiburi*, thought by most scholars of the work to be wholly fictitious) appear where we might expect them. As such, this becomes a fine allusion to the allied linked genre (by which, after all, Basho earned his living), and also creates a kind of logic which removes it from the merely episodic (the most damning of criticisms of most travel literature structure). But even this nicety would not be sufficient for the work's lasting interest and influence. What seems even more to the point here is what Basho poured into this bottle: here is his XYZ: "gathering the rains/of the wet season—swift/the Mogami River" and "summer grasses—/traces of dreams/of ancient warriors" and "stillness—/sinking deep into the rocks/cries of the cicada" and "a wild sea—/stretching to Sado Isle/the Milky Way" and so on and on and on (all versions by Haruo Shirane from *Traces of Dream*, and apologies to Miner, whose scholarly gifts did not include poetic nuance). Add to the mix the poet's clear and revisionist accounts of literature and history within his culture. And his limpid prose style. Without this elixir, what would we care about the appearance of the love verse in the appropriate place? That polish is the work's perfection—attention to detail is what elevates *The Narrow Road* to its deserved place of honor.

All this by way of approaching the current work, the self-proclaimed "haibun of the psyche" of Messrs. Rosen and Weishaus. That this, too, is a specimen of the Journey is undoubted; in fact, it is that special sort usually labeled the Journey Inward. And the "heroes" do indeed go to X and Y and Z, some of which are the very places where Basho has gone before—Nikko, for instance—but mostly places more likely to be traveled by a visiting professor and/or seeker: hotel rooms, friends' houses, airports, and, before and after, home. It is clear, however, that these places are to be read as much as spiritual

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destinations and locales within their own psyches as actual places. In fact, it is the intention to build a cumulative sense of the authors' longing for certain satisfactions which elude them even at the end; hence, my title to this review. This journey is not over, and perhaps can never be.

So we are thrown back, in valuing this book, to content again: what's in the bottle? We've seen what Basho has to offer, and it is a high standard indeed. What of these poems, and its prose context? Here is a representative sampling: "Dawn on a spring sea—/Then a glittering/From a thousand jumping fish" (Rosen) and "In the dark bedroom,/I close my eyes/And wonder why" (Weishaus); "Trees in Japan/Shade/Life in Texas" (Rosen) and "No rain for weeks—/Crow lands, loudly/Claiming the carrion" (Weishaus); "Unrelenting sun/Bakes and burns—/Scarlet bougainvillea blossoms" (Rosen) and "Mountains hidden behind clouds—/A squirrel stares up at me,/As if I know the future!" (Weishaus); "Midsummer heat—/Seeds sprout/Inside and out" (Rosen) and "Wave upon wave upon wave/Sifting sand sifting sand—/New shells appear" (Weishaus). To open his diary, Basho offers "The months and days are wayfarers of a hundred generations, and the years that come and go are also travelers. Those who float all their lives on a boat or reach their old age leading a horse by the bit make travel out of each day and inhabit travel. Many in the past also died while traveling. In which year it was I do not recall, but I, too, began to be lured by the wind like a fragmentary cloud and have since been unable to resist wanderlust, roaming out to the seashores." (Hiroaki Sato's translation, Stone Bridge Press, Berkeley 1996.) The current book begins (following some brief comments on haiku and haibun form) "After trudging through a harsh early mid-life crisis and a winter of much darkness and despair, in the Spring of 1978 I wrote my first haiku as an adult. I was alone on a rock overlooking the Georgian Bay in Ontario, Canada. I'd been on a personal retreat in a remote place following an academic conference in Toronto. I'd awakened too soon, when the birds started to sing . . ." (Rosen) and "With the ending of a relationship, I had to reacquaint myself with the notion of once again living alone. I was feeling lonely, some-

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thing unthinkable when I was younger, when the desire to be alone with myself was almost a way of life. But with age, loneliness makes its presence palpable . . ." (Weishaus). The stakes are set almost instantly by all three authors: Basho aims at a generalized apotheosis of travel, its history and poetry, and addresses these topics as if from afar, surveying and invoking the muse in his own fashion. Both Rosen and Weishaus plunge right in to their personal circumstances, and let you know that their concern will be primarily themselves. Fair enough: it's exactly what they say they will do.

There are two kinds of haiku poets: those who are used by haiku—that is, by the muse—to transmit something poetic and therefore essential, and those who use haiku for their own purposes. By far the preponderance fall into this latter category, as do most books of and concerning haiku. This does not disqualify such a book from being entertaining, expert, fulfilling, or many other things. It probably does disqualify it from having true lasting effect on the course of the genre.

The major reason why such books exist is that poets have their own agendas, and they let this get in the way of the agenda the muse might have for them. They insist upon making a point, or protesting too much, or, god help us, making our lives better. And this sort of book often takes its cues from what might seem to be larger causes—saving the whales, or our souls, or our peace of mind. In a way, this can be seen to be at odds with the workings of inspiration, which is nothing if not demanding of our equanimity. But such books mean well, and may indeed contain useful information for the conducting of our lives in a more well-adjusted, useful fashion.

In other words, one cannot serve adequately the demands of the wellsprings of creativity and the balm that heals simultaneously. Creativity of the highest order is a painful process, rarely neat and rarely without serious cost. To think of haiku as art, one must accede to the price it will exact.

So, then, to title a book *The Healing Spirit of Haiku*, one must be thinking of haiku in some other way, not as the flower of the relationship with a termagant muse but rather as a kind of therapy, a way towards peace. A religion, or at least some-

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thing manifestly spiritual. There is nothing at all wrong with such an orientation, but it should be clear that what we demand of such a book is different than what we should demand of a book that intends to be read as a serious addition to the haiku canon.

What the present book offers is a dialogue in prose and poetry upon selected topics between two friends, one a Jungian analyst, the other a poet and teacher, who have communicated with each other for thirty years. The authors discuss, in their introduction, the aptness of fit between haiku and Jung's "psychotherapeutic technique of creative imagination." The short essays which comprise the prose sections of the ensuing haibun are intended to be the working out of aspects of healing, and each author brings his own personal anecdotes to bear on each subject. And the message of the book is that this method has worked for them: haiku and the meditative position each author has brought to his haiku practice has indeed helped him to cope, to manage, and to heal. Haiku has been part of what has saved each poet's life.

But if this book is not the outpouring of a poetic voice goaded by the muse, its purpose, it seems to me, is not to save the author's life, but to save mine. Rosen writes in his part of the introduction that ". . . we model for the reader how to use this book and illustrate the dialogical or interactive qualities of haiku that are so healing." What this means is that they take turns, though even for that Rosen's responses are always first and Weishaus's second in order. The book would have benefited from some variation in this. Even so, the bulk of these offerings are stories of both their personal psychic worlds: their dreams and how they parsed them, their melancholia and how they suffered it, their loneliness and how they braved it.

This seems to me not the authors modeling for the reader so much as readers being asked to witness for the authors. Does this have the same healing effect? I'm certainly not qualified to judge, but it does seem to me to be at odds to say, on the one hand, "I'm not sure why [writing a haiku] happened" and completely another to say, on the other, this is how to get haiku to help you to heal.

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Am I asking too much? I don't know. Perhaps this is a question we all must answer for ourselves anyway. Nevertheless, the feeling for this reader was that the promise of the title could be taken to be intended for the authors in actuality, and for the rest of us only on faith. Who are the likely readers of this book? Those in search of healing, I would imagine, and perhaps they will be perfectly well met here. But those who are drawn to this book because of the word "haiku" in the title might wonder why it is there, or at least why the case isn't made in some larger venue, as in art therapy in general. It is true that the specific journey of healing which the authors have taken is via haiku to some extent, but "I'm not sure why this has happened" is not any more useful than saying "look at some pictures" or "meditate on your own" might be, at least in terms of practical technique.

While we may be willing to accept the witnessing of the healing of these writers as an essential event in our lives, it seems likelier to me that we will need our own apotheoses, and find our own way. But I suppose this is something we really knew all along.

On Principle

Barnhill, David Landis (Translator) *Basho's Haiku: Selected Poems of Matsuo Basho* (State University of New York Press, 90 State Street Suite 700, Albany NY 12207, 2004). ISBN 0-7914-6166-1. 346 pp., perfect softbound. \$23.95 from the publisher.

There are millions of Japanese haiku that have never been translated into English, many deserving poets who have never been made available to this larger audience. There have been hundreds of translators of the Fab Four (Basho, Buson, Issa and Shiki), and many editions which feature only their work, singly or in various combinations. The question we need to ask, in the event of the release of yet another book of translations of one of these major poets is, do we need this?

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The answer is, of course, "it depends." It depends on what the new translations bring to us that wasn't available before, in terms of faithfulness to the original, or depth of context, or precision of language, or resonance of the new phrasing. Something must be added to what we know, or what we find, or else we are just killing trees.

So, how does this new volume of Basho's haiku stand up to this scrutiny?

In this reader's opinion, remarkably well. Since all translation is a series of choices, not all choices are going to please all readers or satisfy all problems. But Barnhill's choices are made consistently well and to good principles, and these principles are violated on rare occasions for well-considered reasons. The result is a consistency of translation that is very useful for obtaining a sense of the original material Basho had at his command for each poem, and at the same time a feel for the bulk of his work. The translator announces, in his extremely useful introduction, his goals and predilections: he aims largely for a literal translation which retains the poetic order and sense of each poem, while trying to permit the reader access both to the cultural content of the language and the poetic frisson which makes the poem matter. This is a great deal to seek to achieve, and of course not all poems realize such a lofty ideal, but a comparison of Barnhill's translations of the best-known of Basho's poems with versions by other acknowledged translators will indicate that these poems have been rethought, and that the decisions that have been made succeed on most occasions. Consider, for instance, Basho's *natsugusa ya tsuwamono domo ga yume no ato*. Here is Blyth's version: "Ah! Summer grasses! / All that remains / Of the warriors' dreams." And here Shirane: "summer grass . . . / traces of dreams / of ancient warriors" Here now Hass: "Summer grass / All that's left / Of summer dreams. Henderson: "Summer grass: / of stalwart warriors splendid dreams / the aftermath." Consider, now Barnhill: "summer grass: / all that remains / of warriors' dreams" It is apparent that Barnhill has achieved a concision without losing power, and his precision of language works at least as well as the alternatives, and better than most.

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Of course one can begin from different principles, and one would then arrive at very different results, or at least very different opinions of the merits of this attempt. If we agree with Hiroaki Sato, for instance, that these poems are best rendered in one line, then nothing here will satisfy. But if we are willing to accept the strictures which Barnhill lays out for himself, I think it is safe to say that one cannot help but recognize a job well done.

A couple other points: the introduction, as mentioned before, is useful, not only for the clarity with which the translator lays out his program, but also for the brief yet useful overview of the history and practice of haiku he employs to orient the reader. Especially well-wrought is the section "Nature in Haiku Poetry". There is really nothing exactly new here to students of haiku, but it is pleasing to have it all in a single place, well written and briefly offered.

On the other hand, I don't understand why the decision was made not to translate the entirety of the Basho corpus. Barnhill offers 724 of 980 extant poems: surely if we are going to go to this length, there is something to be gained by completeness? This leaves a void, which another translator I suppose will fill, but since Barnhill has succeeded on his own terms so well here, it would be welcome to get the whole range of work from the same hand.

Overall, yes, this volume does offer plenty to entice the reader to reconsider Basho's work anew. Strongly recommended.

Palimpsest

gordon, chris *an apparent definition of wavering* (antbooks, PO Box 3158, Eugene OR 97403, 2004). No ISBN. 28 pp., saddlestapled softbound. No price. Inquire with the publisher.

The reassembly skills of paleobiologists have always amazed me. From as small a sample as a single bone or swatch of fur, they are able to reconstruct, usually convincingly, an entire creature which human eyes have never seen. Of course, one

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could argue, if no one has ever seen such creatures, how would it be possible to refute any findings about them? But such work almost always has a justesse to it, and as presented has seemingly more sense than any such creature we might imagine for ourselves.

chris gordon's books have always struck me in the same way. His poems are like little snatches of a life, a few DNA samplings, from which not only may a life be recovered, but we can know what it ate for lunch and how it feels about it. Without aiming for a narrative arc, his books convey a sense that there is a complete story to be found, and should we happen upon the creature we should be able to verify the rest of its life with a bit of decent observation. In short, we believe in the life of this being, and begin to care about it.

Which is not to say that we understand the function of every part. Some parts seem essential: "waking in the dark after afternoon lovemaking"—but others vestigial: "my body made of accordions no sun but a little blue." We trust this comes from the same creature, but cannot say if it's a piece of the heart, or an appendix: something outgrown and usually not noticed but capable of an inflammation which can threaten the well-being of the whole entity. gordon, one of our best new stylists, convinces us of evolution, thus: "at some point the music stopped cuts on my hand slow to heal." For every old part not quite sloughed, there is a new one yet emerging.

Certainly gordon's work is not for everyone. Dinosaurs, after all, live only in museums and children's minds. So, too, the strange lives of this book. But it's enough of a life grasped to make it seem inevitable. A way to see one of the strategies of life. And a way to continue forward even if forward must sometimes feel like the emergence of a sixth toe.

Briefly Noted

Corman, Cid *5 Poems* (HULL press, 301 North Daniel, Springfield IL 62702, 2004). No ISBN. 12 pp., cloth on boards, handmade. No price. For information, query the publisher.

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A labor of love, this volume features short poems (not quite haiku but in Corman's distinctive apophthegmatic style) not published elsewhere, so it will have interest to collectors. This is also a sampling of the press's work, and I want to encourage them to look to haiku as well. The work is not outstanding—the elements are out of proportion (boards too thick, cloth too heavy for such a volume), they need to add a few techniques (how to fold the cloth and seal it with the endsheet so that a smooth and pleasing effect is achieved, how to hinge a spine so it can open fully without breaking the boards). These things can be learned, so I am not concerned by this. More important, they have a love of what they're doing, and I look forward to seeing what they will be able to do once they have their "chops" down. A few more books, and some useful feedback, and they'll be there. In the meantime, let's support their efforts, and keep haiku in their minds.

*

Virgil, Anita *summer thunder* (Peaks Press, PO Box 95, Forest VA 24551, 2004). ISBN 0-9628567-7-0. 59 pp., ebook. \$12 + 2.50 s&h from the publisher.

Lots of people are in pain. A poet is a person who can make you feel her pain. A great poet is a poet who can make you believe that pain is your own. *summer thunder* is full of pain, and moments of beauty. Are they enough? Enough, apparently, to at least keep on keeping on. Virgil, innovative as always, offers her latest in ebook format, which permits opportunity that is not always available to poets who must be cost-conscious. Typically, she does not overplay her hand, and the result is an attractive, modest but cumulatively compelling sequence of poems which cannot help but find sympathy. Recommended.

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Fessler, Michael *the sweet potato sutra* (bottle rockets press, po box 290691, wethersfield ct 06129-0691, 2004). No ISBN. 44 pp., 4" x 5.75", saddlestapled softbound. \$5 from the publisher.

These haiku and haibun feel comfortably familiar—they are part of the tradition we know in English, and we enjoy their presence. But there is more, too—a bit more of Japan than we usually get (at least any more), without it overwhelming the taste. That's what it is, just a taste, just enough to remind us. It tastes good. Recommended.

*

Porad, Francine, et. al. (eds.) *wind shows itself* (Vandina Press, 10392 NE 12th Street #I-307, Bellevue WA 98004, 2004). No ISBN. 41 pp., stab-bound. No price. Inquire with the publisher.

A modest volume which features the wealth of haiku talent that the Pacific Northwest can boast, enhanced by attractive woodcuts by Carol Blackbird Edson. One poem from each of these familiar names is enough to make the reader wish for more, and that's an enviable way for a book to leave a reader.

*

Bowes, Harold *if nothing else* (Ravenna Press, PO Box 127, Edmonds WA 98020, 2004). ISBN 1-896754-34-1. 108 pp., 5" x 6", perfect softbound. \$10.95 from the publisher.

This debut volume of poetry is attractive, easy to handle, modest. I find I am more taken with the "other" poetry, but this is not because the haiku are poor. On the contrary, many of them are excellent, and a mature, careful voice is to be found articulating mystery and truth evenly and without excess. But the other poems are even better, benefitting from their additional length to accumulate a momentum which the haiku must gather from "the haiku tradition." It's an unfair advantage, and it shows. But don't feel sorry for them. Buy the book.

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HSA NEWS

*Pages 81 - 91 The Bernard Lionel Einbond
Renku Competition 2004*

The Bernard Lionel Einbond Renku Competition 2004

GRAND PRIZE

Soft Voices

An autumn kasen renku; started August 30, 2000 and finished December 9, 2000; Peggy Willis Lyles, Paul W. MacNeil, and Ferris Gilli

soft voices
along the bedrock trail
wisps of fog

Peggy Willis Lyles

looking up to a pass
where trees have turned

Paul W. MacNeil

again tonight
a vee of geese
crosses the moon

Ferris Gilli

the professor's peace sign
as a new course begins

Peggy Willis Lyles

both cheeks
of her jeans patched
with American flags

Paul W. MacNeil

something stirs
within the frosty briars

Ferris Gilli

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- Monday's Special
is a hot stew loaded
with mystery
Paul W. MacNeil
- what can you tell me
about this odd key?
Peggy Willis Lyles
- to get his way
he swears to respect her
in the morning
Ferris Gilli
- "Urology Clinic"
at the home phone she gave
Paul W. MacNeil
- wild applause
while the candidate
kisses his wife
Peggy Willis Lyles
- another toy prize
from the sideshow monkey
Ferris Gilli
- summer moon
and ferris wheel
rim to rim
Peggy Willis Lyles
- ants have made a hill
in the garbage-truck rut
Ferris Gilli
- I listen
beyond this cubicle
to a squeaky chair
Paul W. MacNeil
- blessing more wine
the priest spills a drop
Peggy Willis Lyles
- reluctant to sweep
azalea blossoms strewn
beneath the fence
Ferris Gilli
- slowly in the meltwater
a trout finds shadow
Paul W. MacNeil

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sundown
before the old Cajun
reels in his kite

Peggy Willis Lyles

Ahh! the buxom nurse
adjusts my traction weights

Paul W. MacNeil

brief laughter
as she's carried
over the threshold

Ferris Gilli

the bulge between us
kicking hard

Peggy Willis Lyles

all these years apart
and still memories
of a French perfume

Paul W. MacNeil

brass spittoons
in the open-air market

Ferris Gilli

they pipe cobras
from wicher baskets
before a sweating crowd

Peggy Willis Lyles

a stake sledgehammered
through the sewer line

Paul W. MacNeil

repeating that word
will get mouths
washed out with soap

Ferris Gilli

grenades explode
at the barricade

Peggy Willis Lyles

highlights
from the moon on pale pods
of milkweed

Paul W. MacNeil

from the first oyster
a crooked pearl

Ferris Gilli

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everyone
at the harvest dance
does the twist *Paul W. MacNeil*

the shoeshine man
snaps a rag *Peggy Willis Lyles*

thick dust covers
a homemade mirror frame
in the attic *Ferris Gilli*

from all directions
sticky flakes of late snow *Paul W. MacNeil*

five white camellias
arranged
on damp moss *Peggy Willis Lyles*

raking a sand garden
while the day lingers *Ferris Gilli*

FIRST HONORABLE MENTION

Picking Our Way

A kasen renku; Onawa, Maine; September 2-4, 2004; John Stevenson, Yu Chang, Hilary Tann, and Paul W. MacNeil

picking our way
with a flashlight— *John*
mushrooms here and there

twice around the pond
under a crescent moon *Yu*

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old-time tunes
fill an auditorium
at the State Fair

Hilary

another neatly printed
job application

Paul

Santas
at each entrance
to the mall

John

more praise
for her handknit mittens

Hilary

a Navajo
wins the chess tournament
in Kobe

Yu

he gets a date
despite the elder aunt

Paul

the tree huggers'
wedding ceremony
30 feet above ground

Yu

slip knots
on both bathrobes

John

placing
a photograph
at the cloverleaf junction

Hilary

Picasso's bicycle
becomes a bull

Paul

hide and seek
with the moon
in the ruins

Yu

"I'll drink to that"
(exeunt)

Hilary

Haiku Society of America

early editions pan actors and author	<i>Paul</i>
the windows need cleaning	<i>John</i>
at last forsythia relieves this brown expanse	<i>Paul</i>
bits of feather cling to the nest	<i>Hilary</i>
Pope John Paul whispers Easter Mass	<i>John</i>
are you my anesthesiologist?	<i>Yu</i>
moving the nightstand to align their beds	<i>Hilary</i>
happy to have her finish his sentence	<i>John</i>
remembrance of a touch given without strings	<i>Paul</i>
free passes at the ice rink	<i>Yu</i>
it takes diamonds to polish the facets of diamonds	<i>Paul</i>
she emulates her best friend's accent	<i>Hilary</i>

Frogpond XXVIII:2

tourists

order fortune cookies

Yu

after dim sum

little pills

for my heart

John

a cluster

of birch seeds

Hilary

this moonlight evening

mountain leaves

start to turn

John

how cool the mug

before the coffee

is poured

Paul

neighborly conversation

across the fence

Yu

a stack of DVDs

to be viewed

at leisure

John

costumed dancers

for the Lunar New Year

Yu

children carry

blossoming branches

to class

Hilary

butterfly antennae

dip then straighten

Paul

SECOND HONORABLE MENTION

The Serpentine Road

A kasen renku led by Patrick Gallagher; February 21, 2004;
Roger Abe, Ann Bendixen, donnalynn chase, Becky Davies,
Anne Homan, pjm (Patricia Machmiller), Carol Steele, and
Alison Woolpert

slow ascent
up the serpentine road
spring sunbeams

Ann Bendixen

young cows scrimmage
on the fresh sweet grass

Roger Abe

the handmade oak table
loaded down with snacks
hazy afternoon

Anne Homan

he spins the globe pointing
one island among many

pjm

moon behind the clouds—
I ask a question
and wait for an answer

donnalynn chase

as the days shorten
reading by candlelight

Carol Steele

three red leaves
floating on the creek—
the current catches all

Becky Davies

long awaited vows before
the San Francisco Mayor

Roger Abe

the waterbed gurgles—
sometime later we'll let
the bubbles out

Anne Homan

Frogpond XXVIII:2

- divvying up their things
what to do with the monkey *pjm*
- dry brush strokes
cascade down the rice paper
ancient artist *Ann Bendixen*
- too heavy to bear
Al Gore's endorsement *Alison Woolpert*
- Bilbao museum—
summer moonlight glints off
titanium *pjm*
- a sharp knife moving fast
thin cucumber slices *Becky Davies*
- dark energy
a theory of the universe
returns to life *Anne Homan*
- pick-up sticks champion
my granddaughter wins again *Carol Steele*
- keeping watch
at the Tomb of the Unknowns—
cherry blossom rain *pjm*
- the business trip includes
a Mardi Gras parade *Patrick Gallagher*
- a failed smog test
and property taxes late—
returning cold *donnalynn chase*
- did you know?
Mozart's atoms are in our eyes *donnalynn chase*
- he takes a shower
after feeding the chickens
one sneezed on him! *Roger Abe*

Haiku Society of America

scarves and crosses
but not in school

Anne Homan

the garden at night
plants forget to whisper
winter rose, winter rose

Roger Abe

more than god-sized
hoarfrost crystals

Ann Bendixen

the ventriloquist
saying, “and his nose
grew longer and longer”

pjm

us girls discuss a field trip
Fredericks of Hollywood

donnalynn chase

Tarzan soars
through the primordial forest
Jane’s milky screams

Roger Abe

spaghetti fight
still remembering his smile

Becky Davies

midnight blue skies
bright stars surround
a sliver of moon

Carol Steele

salmon leap the falls
shivering with effort

Anne Homan

a whirlwind of wings
envelops us—
migrating Monarchs

pjm

new sculpture erected
of Asian gandy dancers

Patrick Gallagher

the aspiring diva
hits all the high notes
perfectly

Anne Homan

Frogpond XXVIII:2

huevos rancheros
get filled and get spiced

Becky Davies

spirits laugh
all along the fragrant path
of cherry blossoms

Roger Abe

in silent meditation
lingering day

donnalynn chase

JUDGES: Raffael de Gruttola and Judson Evans

ERRATA

Volume XXVIII, Number 1

The text of Duro Jaiye's Museum of Haiku Literature Award poem contained some transcription errors. The correct text is:

spring rain—
milk in her left breast
unexpectedly sweeter

The first page of Cyril Childs' essay, "*On Defining Haiku*" contained three proofreading errors, all the responsibility of *Frogpond*.

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HAIKU SOCIETY OF AMERICA
33 East 47th Street, New York, NY 10017
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Established 1968

Co-founders: Harold G. Henderson and Leroy Kanterman

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Newsletter Editor: Johnye Strickland, 6813 Incas Dr, North Little Rock, AR 72116-5113

Electronic Media Officer: Gary Warner, 2920 Clydebank Cir, Birmingham, AL 35242-4111

Frogpond Editor: John Stevenson, P.O. Box 122, Nassau, NY 12123-0122

Frogpond Book Review Editor: Jim Kacian, P.O. Box 2461, Winchester, VA 22604

Regional Coordinators

Northeast: Lawrence Rungren, 1 Tanglewood Way N, Andover MA 01810-1616

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