

FROGPOND

**THE JOURNAL OF
THE HAIKU SOCIETY
OF AMERICA**

**VOLUME 36:2
SPRING/SUMMER
2013**

About HSA & *Frogpond*

Subscription / HSA Membership:

For adults in the USA, \$35; in Canada/Mexico, \$37; for seniors and students in North America, \$30; for everyone elsewhere, \$47. Pay by check on a USA bank or by International Postal Money Order. All subscriptions/memberships are annual, expiring on December 31, and include three issues of *Frogpond* as well as three newsletters, the members' anthology, and voting rights. All correspondence regarding new and renewed memberships, changes of address, and requests for information should be directed to the HSA secretary (see the list of officers, p. 175). Make checks and money orders payable to Haiku Society of America, Inc.

Single Copies of Back Issues:

For USA & Canada, \$14; for elsewhere, \$15 by surface and \$20 by airmail. Older issues might cost more, depending on how many are left. Please inquire first. Make checks payable to Haiku Society of America, Inc. Send single copy and back issue orders to the *Frogpond* editor (see p. 3).

Contributor Copyright and Acknowledgments:

All prior copyrights are retained by contributors. Full rights revert to contributors upon publication in *Frogpond*. Neither the Haiku Society of America, its officers, nor the editor assume responsibility for views of contributors (including its own officers) whose work is printed in *Frogpond*, research errors, infringement of copyrights, or failure to make proper acknowledgments.

Frogpond Listing and Copyright Information:

ISSN 8755-156X

Listed in the *MLA International Bibliography*, *Humanities International Complete*, *Poets and Writers*.

© 2013 by the Haiku Society of America, Inc.

Francine Banwarth, Editor Michele Root-Bernstein, Associate Editor

Cover Design and Photos: Christopher Patchel.

Pond Frog: Claudia Chapline, "Big Frog." Ink drawing.

Submissions Policy

(Please follow the submission guidelines carefully.)

1. Submissions from both members and nonmembers of HSA are welcome.
2. All submissions must be original, unpublished work that is not being considered elsewhere and must not be on the Internet (except for Twitter and Facebook) prior to appearing in *Frogpond*.
3. Submission by e-mail is preferred
 - (a) in the body of the e-mail (no attachments)
 - (b) with subject line: Frogpond Submission + the kind of work sent
 - (c) with place of residence noted in the body of the e-mail
4. A submission by post will receive a reply only if accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope with sufficient U.S. postage to reach your destination.
5. Only one submission per issue will be considered.

The Submission May Include Any or All of the Following:

1. Up to ten haiku
2. Up to three haibun
3. Up to three rengay or other short sequences
4. One renku or other long sequence
5. One essay
6. One book review

Submission Periods:

1. February 15 to April 15 (Spring/Summer Issue)
2. June 1 to August 1 (Autumn Issue)
3. September 15 to November 15 (Winter Issue)

Acceptances will be sent shortly after the end of each period.

Note to Publishers:

Books for review may be sent at any time.

Submission Addresses:

E-mail: fnbanwarth@yahoo.com

Postal: Francine Banwarth, Editor, *Frogpond*, 985 South Grandview, Dubuque, Iowa 52003 (USA)

Web site: <http://www.hsa-haiku.org/frogpond/index.html>

**Museum of Haiku
Literature Award
\$100**

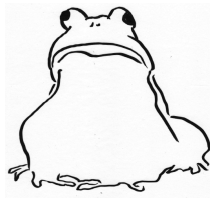
for the best previously unpublished work appearing in the
last issue of *Frogpond* as selected by vote of the HSA
Executive Committee

From Issue 36:1

porch swing my feelings come and go

Ce Rosenow

Eugene, Oregon



Haiku & Senryu

another place
I've sinned
boarded-up hotel

drunk
in another cab
winter moon

David G. Lanoue, New Orleans, Louisiana

before our first date
the rainbow
at the car wash

eating more of the apple
than I usually do—
NPR pledge drive

Michael Dylan Welch, Sammamish, Washington

bitter winter cold
the cemetery wind chimes
echo the cantor

polished stones
from Israel—new veins visible
on her hands

Sari Grandstaff, Saugerties, New York

how far away
from me I've wandered
summer moon

watching the fire
burn down to embers . . .
so many different endings

Angela Terry, Lake Forest Park, Washington

spring rain
lights from the basement
of a rowboat

comet viewing
she brings
an old flame

paul m., Bristol, Rhode Island

the full moon—
time to start
an argument

I could call
could
evening sets in

Adrienne Christian, Greensboro, North Carolina

under an avocado
our daughter's declaration
of independence

alone in the garden
weeding
her prayer

Randy Brooks, Decatur, Illinois

summer eclipse
my shadow's
slow dissolve

Valorie Broadhurst Woerdehoff, Dubuque, Iowa

damp earth by turn some understanding

drinking
in a dark mood
winter solstice

Tom Painting, Atlanta, Georgia

rainy morning her baby's kicking slows

Patty Hardin, Long Beach, Washington

spring morning
watching the waterfall
of her hair

Michael Morell, Havertown, Pennsylvania

his voice
in my dream—
mist over the lake

Susan B. Auld, Arlington Heights, Illinois

year of the snake
mum's new boyfriend
unpacks his bags

John McManus, Carlisle, Cumbria, England

one dry leaf
crab-walking the street
scent of spring

Fonda Bell Miller, Alexandria, Virginia

checking out—
you flirt with the cashier
while I bag

Noel Sloboda, York, Pennsylvania

winter afternoon—
warming my hands
with my hands

Will Dowd, Braintree, Massachusetts

the gravity
of first impressions
snow angel

Carolyn Coit Dancy, Pittsford, New York

throwing salt
on a patch of ice
she still won't speak to me

Michael Blottenberger, Hanover, Pennsylvania

the toucan's gaze
she talks of her
troubled past

Jyothirmai Gubili, Rochester, Minnesota

a male ptarmigan
on display
my pulse quickens

Neal Whitman, Pacific Grove, California

after arguing
we settle
on silence

Rachel Sutcliffe, Huddersfield, London

dawn . . .
piecing together
a torn-up love letter

Larry Gates, Portal, Arizona

winter an old dog dogs me

Michael Fessler, Kanagawa, Japan

nursing home
next to dad's poinsettia
potted crocus

John J. Dunphy, Alton, Illinois

sunset—
a sudden wave
washes away our names

Francis Masat, Key West, Florida

early shift
I breakfast on the last
of the maple moon

Helen Buckingham, Bristol, England

spring storm
small poems to read
by candlelight

R.D. McManes, Scranton, Kansas

cloudy day—
scanning the news
of the world

Peggy Heinrich, Santa Cruz, California

evening star . . .
the corn husker
brushes back her hair

Gwenn Gurnack, Boston, Massachusetts

childless . . .
looking at grandmother's face
in the mirror

Charlotte Digregorio, Winnetka, Illinois

dripping
with december rain
my goat's goatee

Miriam Wald, Santa Rosa, California

thoughts of you . . .
the light from green
to yellow

Bud Cole, Ocean City, New Jersey

autumn stillness how little i lie quietly

Bruce H. Feingold, Berkeley, California

Indian summer
clouds chase clouds
in the puddles

Sergio Ortiz, San Juan, Puerto Rico

a heron hunting
in the creek
I try his stillness

Tony Burfield, Lyons, Colorado

moonbow
a silver trout
leaps to the bait

mamta madhavan, Trichur, India

early storm
late meadow rue
wear snow

Joseph M. Kusmiss, Sanbornton, New Hampshire

still waiting for you half my tuna sandwich

Nan Dozier, Shreveport, Louisiana

hunter's moon—
stars quiver in the crosshairs
of my telescope

Craig W. Steele, Cambridge Springs, Pennsylvania

unpicked orchard
her son's room
just as it was

Erik Linzbach, Dewey, Arizona

the difference between
slow and stationary
turtle rock

Andrea Eldridge, Claremont, California

plum blossoms the old man's toothless grin

Johnny Baranski, Vancouver, Washington

the little shine
on a whale's back
summer heat

Bruce Ross, Hampden, Maine

floating leaves
halfway to the ground . . .
taking my sweet time

Bonnie Stepenoff, Cape Girardeau, Missouri

streetlights . . .
my shadow and I
keep meeting

Brad Bennett, Arlington, Massachusetts

fourth of July
waving the stars & stripes
on her fingernails

Ronny Noor, Brownsville, Texas

crab bubbles
the rock sways
its seaweed

George Dorsty, Yorktown, Virginia

secret kept
the tightest
rosebud

Linda M. Crate, Conneautville, Pennsylvania

sitting zazen . . .
the janitor closes doors
one by one

Gregory Longenecker, Pasadena, California

morning-after sun
his footprints
melting into slush

Marie Louise Munro, Tarzana, California

hills of snow
my sister
drifts back to him

geese over the hill
an ache
I had forgotten

Glenn G. Coats, Prospect, Virginia

morning
the mountain range expands
my vision

S. Abburi, Bangalore, India

hospital light
the tears could go
either way

Stephen A. Peters, Bellingham, Washington

Simon says
take two steps back—
spring layoffs

Karen O'Leary, West Fargo, North Dakota

expletives—
more pepper than salt
in his hair

Susan Murata, Marlborough, New Hampshire

poached eggs and Jesus
another southern Sunday
morning in prayer

Taylor Kingrea, Fairhope, Alabama

lingering
where our ways part
winter sunset

Marcus Larsson, Växjö, Sweden

middle of the night
my daughter out
with the what ifs

Perry L. Powell, College Park, Georgia

reading Kerouac
the catbird's
scattered song

Joan Iversen Goswell, Valencia, Pennsylvania

thickening sky
the scent from the soup pot
gathers us in

Margaret D. McGee, Port Townsend, Washington

winter woman
remembering
spring woman

Helen A. Granger, Corunna, Michigan

deep in the forest
the silence breaks
with each breath

Michael Rehling, Presque Isle, Michigan

fog ascending
an egret's ungainly shape
takes shape

Warren Gossett, Twin Falls, Idaho

opening night
the name tag that says
I'm an artist

June Rose Dowis, Shreveport, Louisiana

climbing to the top
of Washington Monument
blossom moon

Barbara Snow, Eugene, Oregon

island fog
the vague shadow
of high-rises

Ida Freilinger, Bellevue, Washington

end of the night
the karaoke hostess
sings by herself

Dave Moore, Levittown, Pennsylvania

temple bell—
the lone bird adds
its cry

Pravat Kumar Padhy, Odisha, India

spring clouds
the tractor's chug
cresting the hill

Michele L. Harvey, Hamilton, New York

alive and kicking
my body
in the Dead Sea

Ruth Holzer, Herndon, Virginia

potter's field . . .
nameless bones teaching
forgotten things

william scott galasso, Issaquah, Washington

morning after the uncertainty of quanta

Dietmar Tauchner, Puchberg, Austria

Tendrils of cirrus
mirrored in sidewalk puddles—
indulging a whim

Rebecca Lilly, Charlottesville, Virginia

daydreaming
goldfish and me
eyes wide open

Anna Yin, Mississauga, Ontario

spring morning—
each student's paper folded
in frog position

Alison Woolpert, Santa Cruz, California

her body
held by the sand
the earth's curve

Mark Harris, Princeton, New Jersey

moss upon the northern stones a summoning

Susan Diridoni, Kensington, California

empty harbor
the artist's rendition
filled with summer wind

Dianne Garcia, Seattle, Washington

resolutions . . .
the snakeskin
shed in one piece

Amelia Cotter, Chicago, Illinois

silence of snow
we listen to the house
grow smaller

John Parsons, Norfolk, England

a lifelong dream
that slipped away . . .
wild honeysuckle

Ferris Gilli, Marietta, Georgia

Scent of viburnum . . .
spring is
in the air

David H. Rosen, Eugene, Oregon

star-shaped magnolia in its access to time

Francis Attard, Marsa, Malta

Good Friday—
squirrels return leaves
to the trees

Julie Warther, Dover, Ohio

sunrise service
a stray dog seeks
my forgiveness

Michael Henry Lee, Saint Augustine, Florida

birdsong!
the summer willows
pass it along

the desk tidy,
the notebook closed:
withered begonia

Michael McClintock, Clovis, California

sipping pea soup . . .
in the distance,
buoy bells

Carol Judkins, Carlsbad, California

summer's end i flip the lp to side two

Scott Glander, Glenview, Illinois

woodpecker holes
I search the Internet
for answers

Carla Shepard Sims, Harvest, Alabama

picking at threads
of a worn seam—
still not forgiven

old photograph—
my son asks why my mother
married me

Lew Watts, Santa Fe, New Mexico

census form . . .
my Chinese/Vietnamese roots
tangle up the answers

Nu Quang, Seattle, Washington

all the things
I said I'd do . . .
winter sunset

Stewart Baker, Rancho Palos Verdes, California

writers' conference—
putting each other
in our notebooks

a beautiful cemetery one forgets faces

John Stevenson, Nassau, New York

sculpture garden
a wheelbarrow of compost
and crimson leaves

band members' heads
bobbing and swaying . . .
night coolness

Lenard D. Moore, Raleigh, North Carolina

bitmapping the beach the sand

Elm Street
the nightmare
of no shade

Scott Mason, Chappaqua, New York

your unread letter—
again, the pachinko ball
falling where it may

Phil Allen, Hartland, Wisconsin

kaleidoscope—
I turn my last year
by thirty degrees

this town
where only giraffes live
spring melancholy

Fay Aoyagi, San Francisco, California

shallow eddies
we came of age
on this river

first frost
I give up everything
to the starry sky

Anne Elise Burgevin, Pennsylvania Furnace, Pennsylvania

wood snake
turning her shoulder away
from him while she dines

Marian Olson, Santa Fe, New Mexico

French bistro
the foie gras
stuck in my throat

Terri L. French, Huntsville, Alabama

new catalogue—
I order *narcissus poeticus*
just for the name

Kristen B. Deming, Bethesda, Maryland

lilies in the field—
this is the last time I ask
for reassurance

Stella Pierides, Neusaess, Germany

spring again
the winos reclaim
their benches

Gary Simpson, Fairview Heights, Illinois

her head to my chest
the horse speaks
in rivers

Michelle Tennison, Blackwood, New Jersey

Satin petals
in soft folds
open to my brush

Rich Burke, Limerick, Pennsylvania

paying to lose
our way in life
corn maze

Wanda D. Cook, Hadley, Massachusetts

deep night entering
a room I didn't expect
to be lit

David Cashman, Providence, Rhode Island

spring tide
the moon turning pages,
turning pages

Lorin Ford, Melbourne, Australia

orphan song
sap closing a hole
in the chestnut tree

Bill Cooper, Richmond, Virginia

ending a phone call
the next shape fallen leaves
take

taking their photo
leaving room
for the Grand Canyon

Gary Hotham, Scaggsville, Maryland

through plantation blinds
broken
English

Raquel D. Bailey, St. Andrew, Jamaica

a loon's cry
fills me
with her

Robert Henry Poulin, Sebastian, Florida

snowdrops
the smell of newly opened
books in the bookshop

Katrina Shepherd, Dublane, Scotland

protesters' march
taking over the street
cherry blossoms

Michelle Schaefer, Bothell, Washington

not needing to fill
every emptiness . . .
this quiet moon

Karen Cesar, Tucson, Arizona

God particles
the gleam of magnolia leaves
in moonlight

kate s. godsey, Pacifica, California

anniversary dance
just us
across the tongue and groove

Marsh Muirhead, Bemidji, Minnesota

the wood we burn—
I gather you
you gather me

moonless night—
I settle for
the idea of her

S.M. Abeles, Washington, D.C.

last sip of wine
leaving life
in the hands holding his . . .

dark patches of reeds—
walking without aim
until the swans

~for Tony

Janelle Barrera, Key West, Florida

splintered ice
the treetops crackling
with blackbird calls

Elizabeth Hazen, Colchester, Vermont

fossil bed
tads leap puddles
of morning rain

Del Todey Turner, Waterloo, Iowa

sap beetles
diving into beer steins
happy hour

Louisa Howerow, London, Ontario

click of walking poles mom's opinion

Ann K. Schwader, Westminster, Colorado

bits of kite
flapping high in an oak
my nerves on edge

Scott Wiggerman, Austin, Texas

salvation army bell the windchill factor

stubble fields
the big dipper
at rest

Christopher Patchel, Mettawa, Illinois

a Christmas memory . . .
the snow globe
settles it

the dirt dauber
nesting higher
in my heart

Dan Schwerin, Greendale, Wisconsin

moon glow
the flicked cigarette
signals his hound

wasps
and honeysuckle
he provokes me still

Jennie Townsend, O'Fallon, Missouri

stones wall a field runoff light

Joseph Salvatore Aversano, Ankara, Turkey

calling it like it is blackbird

tub stopper holding back tears

Christina Nguyen, Hugo, Minnesota

dawn breaking
the thawing lamb
starts to bleed

Paul Chambers, Newport, Wales

their marriage
not what it used to be . . .
soup and salad

Susan Constable, Nanoose Bay, British Columbia

car & I
reflections
on the mileage

Charles Shiotani, Watsonville, California

lying in bed
i offer parts of myself
she can't touch

David Sudar, Portland, Oregon

river flowing too fast its name escapes me

David Gershator, St. Thomas, Virgin Islands

snow falls
the anchorite
puts aside his beads

Robert Witmer, Tokyo, Japan

history according
to the pine—aromatic
and soft underfoot

first day of spring—
earbuds everywhere
on nodding heads

George Swede, Toronto, Ontario

morning commute—
before I finish the sports
he turns the page

Barry George, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

a crow's caw spatter paints the green field black

Mike Spikes, Jonesboro, Arkansas

Global warming—
the beard of Fujisan
gets a trim

Bruce England, Santa Clara, California

summertime—
a broadening stream
settles and deepens

Mark Kaplon, Honoka'a, Hawaii

old-world garden
someone has left a rose
on a bench

Kieran O'Connor, Sydney, Australia

back from the beach—
her sea-scented hair
washes over me

Rob Dingman, Herkimer, New York

pebble path
the textured song
of sparrows

Quendryth Young, Alstonville, NSW, Australia

nightfall
the kids out walking
their flashlights

Ben Moeller-Gaa, St. Louis, Missouri

Christmas Eve
my dog and I run
out of topics

Chen-ou Liu, Ajax, Ontario

snow moon
fastening her pearls
one last time

Mary Frederick Ahearn, Pottstown, Pennsylvania

silent dawn
my step into the frozen field
shatters it

Ruth Yarrow, Seattle, Washington

thinning clouds
too late to ask my father
anything

Bob Lucky, Addis Ababa, Ethiopia

still don't know their names
. . . morning stars, the cluster
of faces at the bus stop

Sharon Pretti, San Francisco, California

pine tree bent with snow . . .
I thought I was done
with grieving

Sue Colpitts, Peterborough, Ontario

fresh sprout
my life picks up
a pigment of hope

Adjei Agyei-Baah, Kumasi, Ghana

woodland shade lily spoken here

Cherie Hunter Day, Cupertino, California

nothing new exchanging birds for a bit of space

Johannes S.H. Bjerg, Højby, Denmark

dandelion
a sudden gust separates
my head from my hat

James Chessing, San Ramon, California

on the quay
bargaining for fresh fish
gulls & shoppers

Patricia Prime, Auckland, New Zealand

summer solstice—
I cut the arms off
my nightgown

Jeannie Martin, Salisbury, Massachusetts

eviction
stick-on angels peel
in the heat

buried by the town lost to it time capsule

Roland Packer, Hamilton, Ontario

wildwood threaded
with ground mist
fox cry

Ellen Compton, Washington, D.C.

it alters
when he looks my way
father's silence

Adrian Bouter, Gouda, The Netherlands

surrounded by family
six pairs of shoes
beneath a curtain

Alan S. Bridges, Littleton, Massachusetts

autumn creek the kingfisher's cry bends out of sight

Carolyn Hall, San Francisco, California

a sprinkling of stars our four breath clouds together

Deb Baker, Concord, New Hampshire

twenty years
a simple soup
on the simmer

Greg Piko, Yass, Australia

my mother's diaries—
I would have liked
this girl

Seánan Forbes, London, England

the moon
and moonlight on snow
more than mere memory

Hotel Marconi
in every room
free wi-fi

Charles Trumbull, Santa Fe, New Mexico

telecommuting
another coffee break
by the bird feeder

Deborah P Kolodji, Temple City, California

windblown leaves
I find myself
at her doorstep

Jeff Hoagland, Hopewell, New Jersey

sweeping . . .
soft dusk hides a toenail clipping
of moon

Kyle Kohinga, Brunswick, Australia

moonless Perseids . . .
wondering if we're alone
on the beach

Thomas Powell, Armagh, Northern Ireland

mayfly in amber
the ink of my death poem
still wet

mole hill—
the secret that almost
came to light

Claire Everett, North Yorkshire, England

fog hangs over
the morning valley
the unfinished letter

Sean J. White, New Lisbon, Wisconsin

patchouli
a dream of someone
I thought I'd see again

Dawn Apanius, Hudson, Ohio

stray cat
lying with its back to us
late summer evening

Brandon Bordelon, Baton Rouge, Louisiana

the farthest star
does anyone wonder
whatever happened to me?

Billie Wilson, Juneau, Alaska

light above
the ocean I do not own
the clothes I wear

as cruel as
a simile
my brother's blue ribbon

Peter Yovu, Middlesex, Vermont

police funeral—
the shot
of the color guard's heels

Kristin Oosterheert, Grandville, Michigan

milk fishing
father uses his hands
to warm me

Ernesto P. Santiago, Solano, Philippines

duck pond
my son pokes
the sun

Marion Clarke, Warrenpoint, Northern Ireland

spring afternoon
my shadow on the fence
is child size

Patricia Tompkins, San Mateo, California

after lunch . . .
the slight smile
of the hammock

Elizabeth Steinglass, Washington, D.C.

clouds of butterflies i open to the sun

Renée Owen, Sebastopol, California

first day of spring
not waiting for the kids
to fall asleep

Jeremy Pendrey, Walnut Creek, California

this moment of her tasting off me the summer rain

Roman Lyakhovetsky, Maale Adumim, Israel

milk
weed
my
one
breath
poem

Haiku Elvis, Shreveport, Louisiana

bonsai garden
leaving it
smaller

the way they just
stand there bone-still
moonfishing

Robert Epstein, El Cerrito, California

mapped in magenta
the isthmus and inlets—
crossing her legs

Sara Winteridge, New Forest, England

changing seasons . . .
her lipstick
on another stranger

Anusha Tennakoon, Osaka, Japan

pond on the edge of dawn roseate spoonbill

Beverly Acuff Momoi, Mountain View, California

origami rose
I uncrumple
and start over

Kath Abela Wilson, Pasadena, California

a new country the dust of mowed grass clings to our clothing

Duro Jaiye, Singapore

immense darkness
the fragile moon
begins again

d.e. connelly, Providence, Rhode Island

moonlight
the sound of you
swimming to me

Bill Kenney, Whitestone, New York

white linen
the easy sunlight
in his smile

Annette Makino, Arcata, California

all night rain . . .
the sound of the baby
sleeping at last

C. William Hinderliter, Phoenix, Arizona

blue dusk
our laughter
in the rafters

Aubrie Cox, Taylorville, Illinois

tube of lipstick
on its third month
of smiles

Dorothy McLaughlin, Somerset, New Jersey

spilled popcorn . . .
pigeons nod
in agreement

Mike Taylor, San Francisco, California

rainy day
at the table behind me
talk turns to money

lengthening days . . .
the time it takes to look
over my shoulder

Margaret Dornaus, Ozark, Arkansas

his wheelbarrow
still as red
still as rusted

Maxianne Berger, Montréal, Quebec

a child paints
the fallen sun
Hiroshima day

Yasuhiko Shigemoto, Hiroshima, Japan

morning shave
my memory of the dream
cut short

Jay Friedenber, Riverdale, New York

burying Dad's ashes
on Ship Island
the stink of guano

Jennifer Sheridan, Glenview, Illinois

our separate lives
no runs no hits
no errors

Leslie Rose, Shingle Springs, California

in dark grass
the cricket is
a bluesman

Dolapo Demuren, Bowie, Maryland

a touch of breeze my voice spills blossoms

Eve Luckring, Los Angeles, California

a mayfly—
big questions
come to mind

Sebastian Hengst, Munich, Germany

butterfly wind
my mind wanders
from point to point

Cara Holman, Portland, Oregon

night swim
breath by breath
the north star

Sandi Pray, Robbinsville, North Carolina

garage sale
a leaf spins onto
the stack of 45s

Lauren Mayhew, Somerville, Massachusetts

starry night
lost track of all
my told-you-so's

Bill Pauly, Dubuque, Iowa

winter galaxy—
a younger me once resolved
there'd be no regrets

Patricia J. Machmiller, San Jose, California

frozen in yesterday's thaw . . .
deer tracks
over mine

Joan Morse Vistain, Antioch, Illinois

winter cold snap—
at the coffee shop
I order Spring

Mike Montreuil, Ottawa, Ontario

full moon no slack in the leash

John Soules, Wingham, Ontario

the palm cross
its knot hard
by Good Friday

LeRoy Gorman, Napanee, Ontario

steeping time
how to fill
the wait

Matthew Caretti, Mercersburg, Pennsylvania

full of rain
the sky
in this puddle

John S. O'Connor, Winnetka, Illinois

snowbanks
i sing to the birds
that stayed

Deb Koen, Rochester, New York

Mom's ashes scattered
a birthmark
changing shape

Joyce Clement, Bristol, Connecticut

more and more
less and less
hair

distant yodel
the evening mist
lifts a little

Billie Dee, San Diego, California

temple gift shop
no one minds
the register

Robyn Hood Black, Gainesville, Georgia

sleepless night
the slow movement of the moon
through pampas plumes

Tom Tico, San Francisco, California

the sudden way
spring peepers
it all works out

David Boyer, Stamford, Connecticut

International Exchange Romania

The HSA Executive Committee has decided to reach out to sister haiku organizations around the world this year, establishing publication exchanges. With this issue of *Frogpond*, we are happy to present the first installment of this project, featuring haiku kindly provided by Marius Chelaru. The authors of these poems include members of two haiku societies in Romania: the Romanian Haiku Society (headquartered in Bucharest) and the Haiku Society of Constantza. In exchange, haiku by eight HSA members have appeared in the most recent issue of the Romanian journal, *Kadō*, which Marius edits.

~ David Lanoue, President, HSA

Nu mai sunt litere
pe crucea bunicului—
doar amintiri . . .

There are no more letters
on my grandpa's cross—
only memories . . .

Valentin Nicolaițov, President, Romanian Haiku Society

Citind scrisoarea,
în ochii mamei sclipesc
lumini și umbre

Reading the letter,
in my mother's eyes
lights and shadows

Vasile Moldovan, Vice President, Romanian Haiku Society

În pragul casei
bunica stă la taifas
cu propria-i umbră

In the house's threshold
my grandma talking
with her shadow

Constantin Stroe, Secretary, Romanian Haiku Society

După ceața nopții
picăturile din pomii goi
strălucesc în soare

After the night fog
drops from the naked trees
glitter in the sun

Laura Văceanu, President, Haiku Society of Constantza

Coș cu știuleți—
bătrâna cosește
lucerna fragedă

A basket with ears—
the old woman rakes
fresh alfafa

Alexandra Flora Munteanu, Vice President, Haiku Society of Constantza

un asteroid
năuc căzut pe Pământ—
zgomot și spaimă

a giddy asteroid
fallen to the Earth—
noise and fear

Radu Patrichi, Treasurer, Haiku Society of Constantza

noapte de vară—
paingul țese povestea
lui și a mea

summer night—
the spider's weaving his story
and mine

Cristina Rusu, Assistant Editor, *Kadō*

lac plin de nuferi—
o broască pe lună
prinde o muscă

lake with water lily
a frog on the moon
catches a fly

Marius Chelaru, Editor, *Kadō*

Haiku by Valentin Nicolîțov, Vasile Moldovan, and Constantin Stroe were previously published in Valentin Nicolîțov, ed., *When Crickets Are Silent: Romanian Haiku Anthology*, 2010.

Rengay

Française des Arts

Colin Stewart Jones, Aberdeen, Scotland
Michael Dylan Welch, Sammamish, Washington

Encore Une Fois
her arms stretch back
on last night's bed

*the record player skipping
La Vie En Rose*

reading Kerouac
in the bathroom
Zobi La Mouche

*nothing left
for Les Misérables
but nosebleed seats*

Un Homme et Une Femme
chant along at the cinema

*the star of
Le Retour de Martin Guerre
banging the piano*

Half a Rainbow

Angela Terry, Lake Forest Park, Washington

Cara Holman, Portland, Oregon

Julie Warther, Dover, Ohio

desert storm
from all directions
crackling dust

Angela

leaving a message
after the tone

Cara

three alarm fire
smoke signals misread
as just smoke

Julie

receding thunder—
still the pounding of her heart

Angela

half a rainbow
reading old letters
aloud

Cara

glass to the wall
the things we think we hear

Julie

Green Flash

Carolyn Hall, San Francisco, California

Margaret Chula, Portland, Oregon

garden path
the vivid green
of her toenail polish

*swabbing the deck
sailors miss the green flash*

black and white TV—
Mr. Green Jeans
pets a baby gator

*green with envy—
where did my hairdresser get
that Prado handbag*

red-green color blind
he brings her yellow roses

*a hole in one—
on the eighteenth green
pop! of a champagne cork*

The Perfect Fit

Ignatius Fay, Sudbury, Ontario

Irene Golas, Sudbury, Ontario

hands
in her hip pockets
the fit of her jeans

*the big four-oh . . .
easing into "relaxed fit"*

fall reunion
searching the trunk for clothes
that haven't shrunk

*buying sweat pants
for the nursing home
cold drizzle*

the indignity
of wearing diapers

*looking away
as his hospital gown
falls open*

Night Sky

John Thompson, Santa Rosa, California
Renée Owen, Sebastopol, California

horned moon
I cross a bridge
to anywhere wild

*naming the stars
in your night sky*

the Milky Way—
a river that flows
through me

*high tide
feeling the pull
of Mars*

in unfettered darkness
a long, lucid dream

*tail of a comet
we search the dark
for new life*

The Sun Takes Back My Shadow

Carolyn Hall, San Francisco, California

Billie Wilson, Juneau, Alaska

autumn colors
the tomatoes
that won't ripen

fading light
the sun takes back my shadow

a thin blanket of snow
on the backyard chaise
wintering chickadees

no moon
this solstice night
scent of candles

mud month
the first crocus unfurls

a faint breeze
ripples the poppies—
heat lightning

Haiku Sequences

Another Year

Chen-ou Liu, Ajax, Ontario

hometown memories . . .
spring water
against my legs

something old
that is always new
summer stars

autumn sunset
on a yellow brick road
I go skyward

a fleeting dream
in winter moonlight
notes of an erhu

my dog and I
in a patch of sunlight
New Year's morning

Triangle Shirtwaist Factory, March 25, 1911

Jacqueline Pearce, Vancouver, British Columbia

spring morning
feeling the darned sock
inside her boot

workmate greetings
edges of the English words
softened

long afternoon
the sun slowly threading
each machine

quitting time
windows suddenly
sunset orange

flaming shirtwaists
the crowd of women
at the locked door

a kiss
at the ninth-floor window
unreachable

for a moment
mistaken for bolts of cloth
falling women

dresses smoldering
on the silent sidewalk
elbow to elbow

nightfall
she knows her daughter
by her darning

Memento Mori

Scott Mason, Chappaqua, New York

bric-a-brac shop
a Kewpie doll missing
its backstory

kids all grown and gone
the pogo stick now
stuck with rust

once so springy
now distended
his old Slinky

vintage lava lamp
all his college frat brothers
have drifted apart

her PETA t-shirt
how to explain
my coonskin cap

Gutai at the Guggenheim

Jeremy Pendrey, Walnut Creek, California

staying behind the line splatter art

thick swirls the neat signature

installation lingering in the bathroom

admiring the curves hand on her hip

intersecting lines a boy draws on the wall

Gutai the teacher tells the children what to see

No Place to Go

Michael Ketchek, Rochester, New York

nonbeliever's prayer
the thin air
the empty sky

a green tomato
fallen from the vine
tomorrow my son dies

even now
even during this
I think in haiku

a train whistle
startles me awake
my boy is dead

the saddest song
on the radio not sad enough
my boy is dead

my grandfather's gold watch
has no place to go when I'm gone
my boy is dead

Renku

A Cup of Snow

Hortensia Anderson, New York, New York
John E. Carley, London, England (*sabaki*)
Alan Summers, London, England
Carole MacRury, Point Roberts, Washington
Michael Dylan Welch, Sammamish, Washington

laughing with delight
a cup of snow
a moon-eyed girl John

half gone, the last jar
of ginger jam Carole

roadside shop
the chain-saw artist
asks me my sign Michael

a faint glow in the sky
before sunset Alan

first chill night
the smell of cedar
in the quilts Hortensia

tic by toc
the leaves begin to fall John

* * *

dab, dab, dabbing
at her cards the old lady
yells "bingo!" Carole

a mosquito bite
on the toddler's cheek

Michael

their second date
she drinks him
under the table

Alan

we roll with the waves
of the water bed

Hortensia

and bathe eche veyne
in swich licour
of which engenderéd . . .

John

the scent of wild rose
in the birthing suite

Carole

* * *

deepening depression
the telephone
stops ringing

Michael

a late-night diner
the hum of the fridge

Alan

constant as the
poverty of poets
autumn moon

John

three generations
peddling fallen walnuts

Carole

leftover candy
the pumpkin's toothy grin
starts to sag

Michael

candle wax obscuring
the way of light

Hortensia

* * *

tamarisk honey
the el-tarfah of dry tears

Alan

with each breath
the desert's fire and dust

Carole

searching for an airplane
without wings

John

 affair the after
way wrong the home coming

Michael

each snowflake different
his wife's kiss

Hortensia

the lack of a sharp knife
and a whetstone

Alan

* * *

abattoir—
the apathetic gaze
of man and beast

Carole

from rock to rock
the grizzly's nose

Michael

the sniper scope
adjusted
on the Canon Sure Shot

Alan

fighting through the shed
to reach the mower

John

we fill our pails
with plum blossoms
and then?

Hortensia

the spring dawn
spills down the mountain

Carole

Notes

el-tarfah~The manna of the Sinaitic peninsula is an exudation from the “manna-tamarisk” tree (*Tamarix mannifera*), the *el-tarfah* of the Arabs. At night it is fluid and resembles dew, but in the morning it begins to harden. The Arabs use it like honey or butter with their unleavened bread.

and bathe eche veyne/in swich licour/of which engendered . . .~This verse is in Middle English. It is taken from the second couplet of the General Prologue of *The Canterbury Tales* by Geoffrey Chaucer, generally dated between 1340 and 1370. As with all texts of this antiquity there are many variants. A recent, re-versified translation by A.S. Kline gives the full couplet as:

And bathed each vein with liquor of such power
That engendered from it is the flower

Afterword

John E. Carley

“A Cup of Snow,” written by e-mail in the first months of 2008, is one of the earliest examples of the *rokku* form in English. The *rokku* is a mold-breaking type of renku sequence originated in the early years of this century by the Japanese poet and critic Haku Asanuma. The form is modular rather than having a set length, permitting as many verse movements as the participants wish to complete, up to six. Season and seasonality are important, but not in a structural manner; the same is true for moon and blossom verses. A high rate of change is guaranteed as *nothing* may endure for more than two verses. Also, the penultimate movement of any *rokku* is inclined towards experimentation. I served as *sabaki*, but the renku effectively wrote itself, the very different personal styles of the participants being vital to the effort to break new ground. Sadly, one of us is no longer present, though her writing, as ever, stands out from the page. So we dedicate this renku to Hortensia Anderson, who passed away in May of 2012. For further information on *rokku* in English, please see www.renkureckoner.co.uk.

Autumn Mist

A Kasen Renku

Raffael de Gruttola, Natick, Massachusetts

Kanon Sakaishi, Iga-City, Japan

over the autumn mist the distant clang of the temple bell	Raffael
morning dew a red dragonfly motionless	Kanon
hotel room at the bottom of the kettle a green tea bag	Raffael
the frightened cat runs up the stairs	Kanon
lunar eclipse on this dark night a red camellia	Raffael
Saho Princess her clothes swing so gently	Kanon
warm thoughts I write a long letter to my friend far away	Kanon
wind in the dream your hand on my shoulder	Raffael
counting the footsteps . . . the sunflower just ahead	Kanon
late summer cotton fields reclaim the sky	Raffael

anthology in a drawer with the old sepia bookmark	Kanon
I move two plates on the table talking about the tsunami	Raffael
remaining on the blackboard scribbles of an equation	Kanon
autumn breeze end of the baseball season	Raffael
a little bird on the skylight— moon at its zenith	Kanon
Afternoon of a Faun— sparkles of snow in the arroyo	Raffael
the red glove falls bustle of the city	Kanon
Iago looks beyond the winter shoals dance of the wind gods	Raffael
we enter the reverie of today tomorrow	Raffael
whom are you waiting for beneath the apple tree?	Kanon
he slips his hand inside her blouse	Raffael
whose name do we give to the new species of rose	Kanon
warm mountain air sweat on the cyclist's brow	Raffael

relaxing in the underground shopping mall with a sweet drink	Kanon
sound of the hermit thrush from the depths of the forest	Raffael
golden popcorn no butter	Kanon
subway station the sounds of sirens fill the night air	Raffael
I watch the half moon from a window	Kanon
the solitude of ravens in the morning fog war of words	Raffael
on the stove the simmering sound of the pan	Kanon
in the winter I wave my hand from the top of the Ferris wheel	Kanon
under cover of night hoot of the great horned owl	Raffael
in the drawer a colored pencil set	Kanon
brief rain shower the rainbow comes and goes	Raffael
blooming in the garden cherry blossoms	Kanon
May Day picking the first strawberries	Raffael

**M-I-crooked letter crooked letter-I-crooked letter
crooked letter-I-humpback humpback-I**

A Solo Renku

Autumn Noelle Hall, Green Mountain Falls, Colorado

sundial gnomon
marking the Mighty Miss—
great blue heron

river of time
one mississippi . . . two mississippi . . .

water taxi
mayflies flagging a ride
no fare

barge cargo by the bushel
the whole farm riding on it

cider moon
intoxicating, the current
flowing gold

river boat casino clinks:
gold tokens and frosty mugs

drowning his sorrow . . .
a John Deere dredging up
a John Doe

hundred-year flood of tears
overflows the levee

sandbagging
the National Guard at war
with water

Rock Island Arsenal
Mark VIII tanks for nothing

“Atomic Annie”
M65 cannon-launched
fear’s ferric reek

Canon-captured golden eagle
Lock and Dam 15

winter watcher
from the river’s breath rises
a ghost of a moon

Burlington’s Great River Bridge
lit up like a Christmas tree

Dubuque River Walk
snapping turtle taps its tank
aquarium blues

Bix Beiderbecke brass
kicking some Dixieland ass

the liquid notes
of its black water Om . . .
American Lotus

red-winged blackbirds trilling
the cattails up from their mud

yellow warbler
in tune with his nest mate
sweet sweet sweet-than-sweet

Mississippi mud pie
the layers of limestone bluffs

a hundred-years' fast—
buttons punched from mussels'
mother-of-pearl

the spirit of Mark Twain:
paddlewheel mystery cruise

view from a raft:
a white picket fence
in need of paint

the pole dipping down
into the river's song

skinny dipping
that was no catfish nipping
her toe!

Robeson's deep undertow—
the heart of "Ol' Man River"

Hey black water
keep on rolling . . . freight trains
tracking both banks

the whine of iron and steel
—mosquitos out for blood

All Hallows' Eve
a pumpkin moon haunting
the backwaters

north-to-south migration
this river . . . of little brown bats

monarch butterfly
the miles of flight inside
a milkweed pod

a wing swinging on its hinge
the Arsenal Bridge opening

bridging bureaus
of tourism in ten states:
the Great River Road

just five, her first sunfish
on a #10 hook

five pink petals
circling a sun: the wild rose
of dawn-tinged ripples

Ojibwe whisper from
the dawn of time . . . Misi-ziibi

~For my Father, on what might have been his 70th birthday.

Notes

The title for this renku comes from an old nursery riddle intended to teach children to spell Mississippi.

“Ol’ Man River” (music by Jerome Kern, lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein II) is the most famous song from the musical *Show Boat*, made even more so by James Whale’s 1936 film version starring Paul Robeson.

“Black Water” by the Doobie Brothers was #15 on the 1975 Billboard Top 100 Hits.

Tan Renga

Leslie Rose, Shingle Springs, California
Yvonne Cabalona, Modesto, California

at dawn
wild turkeys
calling up the sun

*he tips his whiskey glass
calling down the night*

Leslie Rose, Shingle Springs, California
Lynne Sperry, Folsom, California

the morning's quarrel
simmers through the day
snap peas for supper

*a quiet evening
in separate rooms*

w.f. owen, Antelope, California
Yvonne Cabalona, Modesto, California

first brushstrokes
standing back
hands on her hips

the umpire calls
“play ball!”

Leslie Rose, Shingle Springs, California
w.f. owen, Antelope, California

among my pennies
a sea stone saved
for a winter day

from my pocket
an unknown phone number

Calls

Ferris Gilli, Marietta, Georgia
Ron C. Moss, Tasmania, Australia

a moonlit breeze
as we wait for it
the owl calls

reeds of silver
on dark water

Haibun

Trajectory

Tom Painting, Atlanta, Georgia

Before he died, my best friend and I used to write one another. We'd exchange letters at intervals ranging from days to weeks and sometimes several months. I'd craft the language intended for him in my best handwriting. I'd even go so far as to select an appealing commemorative stamp for the envelope. The letters I received evidenced the same careful attention with elegant prose in a style uniquely his. I'm sure they are tied with string and misplaced in the attic.

star gazing the path of a satellite

Parcels

Stella Pierides, Neusaess, Germany

Mother used to send me small packets bursting with gifts all the way from Athens. Each parcel tied with string, torn and tattered in transit, appeared a miracle of containment. Pairs of socks, a knitted jacket, embroidered jam-pot covers, pens, hairpins, dried flowers, and herbs literally spilled out of the newspaper-wrapped packages. I used to feel embarrassed by the arrival of those parcels. The postman made faces and joked. I blushed each time I signed for a packet held together by string tied in knots that even a sailor couldn't have mastered. Still, I read the newspapers from home and savored the contents. So many years since my mother's passing, I miss those missives of love.

another country
the snowflakes taste
of salt

Terrapin Racer

Cherie Hunter Day, Cupertino, California

The three-toed box turtle makes the best racer for the annual Fourth of July Terrapin Race held at the Ozark Folk Center in Arkansas. Taken early in the day from their damp hideaways in oak leaf litter, eight of them wait in a corrugated washtub for eight very enthusiastic children. My son is among them. He picks third to last. The kids are provided with brushes and poster paint in red, white, and blue. One turtle receives a pinkish heart; another is painted like the flag. The turtles are given names like Speedy and Lightnin'. My son paints "Fred" in white across the turtle's back.

There are only a few rules when it comes to racing turtles. You may yell encouragements from the sidelines, but you are not allowed to poke your turtle to get it to move faster. In the hot sun a turtle's natural inclination is to seek shade, so they do move with considerable haste. "Go, Fred!" He places second in the first race, second to last in the second race, and dead last in the third race. There is a fourth race, but my son wants to return Fred to the woods and hide him so he won't be picked by anyone else to race again.

penny candy
sticky in the wrapper—
the long ride home

Transfixed

Harriot West, Eugene, Oregon

Chop the garlic he said. I like it pungent. No I said, reaching for the press. I like it delicate. I love you he said but you need to know the knife adds an element of control. Precisely I said, picking up the press.

early thaw
the sound of shoots
pushing through

Compass

Matthew Caretti, Mercersburg, Pennsylvania

I have made many journeys,
pilgrimages to the self. After each,
still that empty feeling. I thought
an adventure would fill the void.
Or the destination itself. Even
a partner. But the problem is

not elsewhere. So I remember
the surf of Ulleung Island. Crashing
against the black volcanic night,
white spray scattering. There an
empty road beckoned. I followed.

lost and found
stars on this
stormy night

Keepsakes

Susan Constable, Nanoose Bay, British Columbia

The day after my birth, my sister begs our father to take her shopping. She uses her own money to buy a baby book, eager to fill the pages all by herself. In her nine-year-old handwriting, she records the day, time, and place I was born. On the adjacent page, my weight, length, colour of hair and eyes. Then her comment, added when I've been brought home from the hospital: *The baby's cute, but sleeps a lot.*

My mother gives me the pink-covered book when I'm considerably older and anxious to know about those early months and years. When did I first smile and laugh, cut my first tooth or learn to crawl? What was my first word, my favourite toy? When did I take my first steps or tie my own shoes?

beachcombing
just a few grains of sand
in the oyster shell

Skinned

Owen Bullock, Katikati, New Zealand

I soon let go of my parents, other relations, school-day friends,
my childhood. I feel compelled to move on.

When I look back I picture a black hole rolling like a ball
down the roads below the tiny hamlet and into town.

shedding skin
from his sunburnt lips
he feels like a butterfly

Friends

Carol Pearce-Worthington, New York, New York

They study everything and profess love for all my paintings
displayed on the walls and after drinking two cups of Star-
bucks coffee each and eating cranberry chocolate cookies
the three of us crowd into my closet-size Manhattan kitchen
where I wash our cups and saucers and they dry them and read
the labels on the bottoms and being German seem especially
happy that my china was made in Bavaria.

one on top of the other where I left my slippers

Snapshot

Carolyn Hall, San Francisco, California

We bring photos to spark her memory. "Who's that?" she asks,
pointing at the young woman sitting beside her grandmother's
bed. "It's Jenny," we say. "The last time she came to see you."
"Ah," she says, satisfied for the moment. Then she studies the
picture again. "And who," she asks, "is the old lady?"

summer sky
both ends of the rainbow
dissolving into mist

Waiting

Bob Lucky, Addis Ababa, Ethiopia

a lump
feeling every pothole
in the road

I take my wife to the airport in the morning. Afterward, I stop for a macchiato and try to distract myself with Zizek. All afternoon I stare at the blanket of jacaranda blossoms in the yard, give the dog too many milk bones, and try to identify the fruit dropping from my neighbor's tree into my yard. My wife calls from the clinic in Nairobi to say goodnight and reminds me to pay the electric bill.

in the dark stars so far from my mind

vespers

Clare McCotter, Kilrea, Co. Derry, Northern Ireland

in the hour since we spoke I have become the dark horse of my dreams burdened with something like a soul perhaps a soul of ebony and rust—what else could magnify you thus? not a watchful vulture mind nor heart made canny long before—only something like a soul would ask this congress of the dead to proclaim from their lips your praise that I knowing so little of you cannot do—yet having glimpsed the still solitary shadow of your thought I offer sage seeds as thanks and leaving my petition with the departed genuflect beneath dripping branch for the ash tree in sodium light is a cathedral its high transept window open to a sphere of nothing and here nothing is always near

at the end
of a thin bare bough
hybrid crow

Desert Shadows

Marian Olson, Santa Fe, New Mexico

Breaking from gardening I stretch and look up into the immense sapphire sky. Afternoon sunlight edges the Jemez Mountains, casting a shadow across the arroyo below. A charreuse cottonwood leans away from my neighbor's plum-colored adobe where a Nazi flag flares like a weather sock with each cool gust, then drops, heavy and useless as the dog he beat into submission this morning. I want to forget the sounds of rage and pain drifting through the blue-violet dawn, expunge the noisy memory, and merge with the soft light of spring.

the world around us is dark, blossom world

Dragonfly

Johnny Baranski, Vancouver, Washington

Some called her "dragon lady" because of her drill sergeant's voice and demeanor. She called herself "dragonfly," or "Tombo" in Japanese. Not quite 5 feet tall, her bark, as they say, was bigger than her bite. She stood head and shoulders above all the teachers I had any respect for. To this day I consider her my favorite. I don't know if she would have taken a bullet for me, but I could always count on her kindness and generous guidance when it came to learning the craft of writing haiku. When I got the hang of it she became my biggest fan. Throughout my time in prison for a nuclear weapons protest, a passion she also shared, there was always a place in the haiku journal she edited for my muzzled voice. When she died I felt a big loss. Still do.

dragonfly
where have you flown off to
first frost

The Quiet Shadows

Mark Forrester, Hyattsville, Maryland

On a few occasions, I have had the opportunity to teach Alice Elliott Dark's short story "In the Gloaming" to college students. The story describes the final days of a young man who has returned to his parents' home to die, presumably of AIDS. Dark's prose never fails to impress my students with its stark emotive force.

Just before her son dies, as the mother is keeping him company, she observes that "his fingers were making knitting motions over his chest, the way people did as they were dying." That passage remained a powerful abstraction for me until I witnessed my mother-in-law dying.

Having lost her battle with breast cancer, Katherine was lying on a bed set up in her small living room. The room was crowded with family—her husband, children, their spouses, grandchildren.

My wife and I had stepped out to our car to run a brief errand, when her sister came out after us. A nurse, named after her mother, Kathy told us not to leave yet.

In the house, we drew closer as my mother-in-law began to close herself off. She stiffened slightly beneath the two small hands fluttering nervously above her chest. Her body seemed to shrink before us, curling inward until there was no more inward left.

a broken vase
its emptiness
uncontained

Welsh Harmony

Lew Watts, Santa Fe, New Mexico

I remember sitting in the front row of assembly for months before I knew all the words to *Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring*. The gathered school sang one hymn every morning, many of them in Welsh, but I think it was this masterpiece of Bach's that I first put to memory. In the early weeks I sat muted like others in my class, but eventually I was able to sing the words that I had heard repeatedly. In that first year, at 6 years of age, I heard the full harmonies of the school choir, but the closest to my ear were the children of the year above who sang the simple melody an octave higher than the piano.

first love—
the girl beside me smells
of soap

After a year I took my place in that same second row, now confidently singing basic melody but hearing clearly the altos and trebles of the older children in the row behind. It seemed obvious even then that there was a resonance between these rows, even though at the time I didn't know the word *harmony*.

In my third year the row behind was now the senior class of the school and each morning I would hear the descant of the girls acting as a counterpoint to the slow baritones of the boys. One year later, it was my turn to drop my chin to my chest and let my lowered voice flow across the children before me.

In my four years I neither saw the text of a hymn nor a sheet of music; one learned through listening to the row behind, as many have done throughout the years.

aspens
each fall the same call
of the surf

Missing

Johannes S.H. Bjerg, Højby, Denmark

1

A scrawny woman hurrying from doorway to doorway makes me think of her. Last I saw her she came to confirm whether or not I was part of “the conspiracy,” which I apparently was. 10 years ago. That day the sun had been beating down for weeks. Very unusual.

mood stabilizer
search after search ends in
a 404

2

She said they were beaming her messages but wouldn't say who “they” were. The instant change in her attitude said I should know. We were walking home—each to our own—in a velvety summer night. Which maybe she didn't escape that night.

DST
the cat serves me
half a songbird

Woodland Sprite

Kath Abela Wilson, Pasadena, California

Forest of drizzling rain. A place with presence, relief, and a rich embrace. Deep breath of quiet. Reservoir of openness, wildflowers. Giant leaves yellow, auburn, spotted and red in the rain. I cover my head with them, as a matter of course. These are mine. I watch for a long time forgetting where I am . . .

jasmine and citrus
an ode to this night
where love was made

Selected Truths

Aubrie Cox, Taylorville, Illinois

Two days prior to the funeral, my mother makes my grandmother choose a different dress to wear, something without bright colors. During the service I sit between them while the other grandchildren sit a pew behind us. The only sound my grandmother makes is to correct the pastor under her breath as he reads the year my grandfather became a Christian.

Book of Daniel
the fireplace
full of candles

Once we return home from the burial, we three slip out of our nylon stockings and congregate around the kitchen table. My grandmother mentions the pastor's mistake again—my grandfather was a Christian before their marriage. She's silent on the fact that this was also after the death of his first wife, whose name was omitted from the obituary.

in the name of the Father
my toes break
the water's surface

All Different Now

Michael Ketchek, Rochester, New York

I know I will never be happy again. Oh, I will feel pleasure when I eat a well-cooked meal, laugh at things that strike me funny, enjoy the company of friends, but contentment, deep down happiness is no longer possible for me. My only child, my beloved son is dead.

lightning scars
on the sequoia
a thousand years old

Winter Heart

Leanne McIntosh, Nanaimo, British Columbia

There is a sensing as the seed senses the season and sends its force down into the wanting earth. Innocence and its shadow place their heads inside laughter's open mouth, demand life can have it both ways, and suddenly, a diagnosis. Blue gone grey gone black. Heart fragments. Now I see who is lost inside him.

sunlight
on a receding tide
supernova

The heart holds what the eye sees. A socket of bone, a slant of light tipped off the rim of his glasses, his eyes an Arctic darkness where the faces of the dead are always beautiful, all sadness abandoned as if I did not exist and yet, in the aurora's green glow I draw close to my heart's demand. More, more.

winter moon
how long can it go on
spinning there

Now he shines like dry grass on a grave, hands folded. Behind the locked gate a different kind of garden where dawn is a child in a dark coat growing down into a temple of earth.

a shadow
filled with stars enters him
at last

The Map in My Back Pocket

Beverly A. Tift, North Haven, Connecticut

drifting leaves . . .
again, the path
not taken

Before I start my forty-minute trip to Pasadena, I stop to return DVDs, buy mints, and fill up the gas tank. Deciding that my mental map of the local neighborhood is good enough to find a closer highway entrance instead of the one I usually use, I blithely drive on. Thirty minutes later, I'm backtracking to the area I know.

woodpecker rap
mountain laurel twisting
over the years

Finally, the on-ramp for I-5 south and I deftly slip into the traffic flow. I keep changing radio stations to find that right driving beat as a bright, blue sky cups the mountains that encompass the San Fernando Valley. Wait a minute! The exit numbers, they are not right—I'm on Route 170! Darn, I forgot to immediately shift two lanes left to stay on I-5!

slanted light
shelf fungus shelving
up the pine

Get off the highway, back on in the opposite direction to look for the signs that will lead south. Now, I'm on I-5 again, north, and the event in Pasadena starts in ten minutes. Aha, there's the familiar Van Nuys exit that will take me home.

lookout point
I spit apple seeds
over the rail

The Velocity

John Stevenson, Nassau, New York
Mary Ellen Rooney, New York, New York

of mother's Alzheimer nightmare is apparent in a single check register. It begins with perfect cursive legibility and peters out in a morass of blots, smudges, and strikeovers.

copperplate "A"
life
is so short

Brown Bag

David Gershator, St. Thomas, Virgin Islands

Daughter calls from New York. Asks me, What's that brown bag doing on top of the fridge?

What brown bag? What's in it?

Gray powder.

Powder? Hold on to your hat. It's your grandfather. Fine powder from a fine artist. Your mother's been spreading the ashes around—Art Students League, Met, MOMA . . .

A mortician once told me your birth weight equals the weight of your adult cremated remains.

It's hard to run out of ashes! Next time in New York we'll cover the Staten Island Ferry, Lower East Side, Union Square—and put the rest in a vase. Like a holy relic.

cemetery city
light snow
changes the light

Stasis

Mary Frederick Ahearn, Pottstown, Pennsylvania

“ . . . I feel your eyes traveling and the Autumn is far off. . . . ”

~Pablo Neruda, “Twenty Love Songs and a Song of Despair”

It was a Saturday in late September, forty-four years ago and your forty-fourth birthday. In our small upstate college town along the Susquehanna, the trees had turned to gold, the air was sweet with the scent of their honeyed leaves.

summer’s end
fields of goldenrod
fill the moon

I bought you a shirt the color of bittersweet, wearing it, just it, as we laughed and listened to the river through the still-opened windows.

Do you remember, then, how suddenly winter came? A bullying wind leaving only bare branch and bitter shadow in the iron-scented air, it gave us that coldness that makes you yearn for the relief of snow. That’s when I took to walking along the river late at night when I couldn’t sleep. The river and I kept to ourselves.

falling temperatures
draw rings around the moon—
saying goodbye

With the new year, the river surrendered, icing over, its waters stilled, off-limits. No one remembered such a winter.

In early spring, the river roared back to life, the ice booming as it cracked, separated, and opened. Freed, the waters ran fast and clear again. You and I, though, stayed behind in winter, in stasis, frozen and apart the breadth of any river.

early snow
coming off the mountains
the grave I can’t visit

Nihonside

Michael Fessler, Kanawaga, Japan

My wife and I started off 2013, or the Year of the Snake, with the traditional *hatsumode*. People in Japan go to their local shrine or temple and offer prayers, discard the previous year's amulets, and collect new ones. Chidori and I usually go to *Kame ga ike* shrine, which is located in our old neighborhood. *Kame ga ike* means Turtle Pond. The most popular time to go for *hatsumode* is New Year's Eve or New Year's Day, but it's crowded then, so we went this year on January 6 to avoid the crowds.

It was crowded anyway. The line at the shrine pretty much extended to the front gate. We queued up and were soon enough performing our ablutions at the small basin to the left of the entrance; that is, we ladled water first onto our left, and then right, hand. *Kame ga ike* happens to have statues of the Seven Lucky Gods along a side path, and we stopped briefly at each of them. One god you pray to for money, another for longevity, and so on. Chi took photographs of these figures, and then we rejoined the main queue, inching slowly forward again. Finally, we made it to the *honden*, or shrine proper. The interior of the building is open to view, but it's virtually empty, and one doesn't enter. A small box is set up at the foot of the steps, and we tossed some coins into it, bowed, clapped twice, and observed a moment of silence. The ritual is brief and to the point; worshippers don't linger. Japan is an efficient society. Chi purchased an *ofuda*, a small inscribed wooden plaque; this particular one was intended to bring well-being in the coming year.

We milled around the grounds briefly. The atmosphere was friendly and convivial, anything but solemn. Anyone can do *hatsumode*. It's open access. There are no requirements or dress codes. Visitors around us were chatting. Children asking guileless questions. Most people were dressed warmly in regular winter clothing, though a number of men and women were wearing kimono. Food stands and trinket stalls had been set up, and they were doing a good business. It's hard to

say if *hatsumode* is a religious ritual or a festival. Probably a little of both.

cold wind
spring vegetables
break ground

in our neighbor's
doorway a miniature
gate pine

Lovely Gum

David Caruso, Haddonfield, New Jersey

I know I'm not the first person to complain about the word "nonfiction." John McPhee points out in a *Paris Review* (no. 192) interview, "Nonfiction . . . that just says, 'this is nongrapefruit we're having this morning.' It doesn't mean anything. You had nongrapefruit for breakfast; think how much you know about that breakfast." I can see how that would be aggravating particularly for a writer of that genre. I wouldn't want haiku to be called non-sonnet. As much as Bob Dylan didn't want to be categorized, I'm sure he'd prefer the labels folk or rock over non-jazz. People want to be viewed by what they are, not by what they're not: Why can't you be more like your brother! I know Mr. McPhee does more than just not make things up, as if to be a nonfiction writer all you have to do is not make stuff up and there you go. A student sticks her chewing gum to the bottom of her desk and blam—nonfiction. It may not be good nonfiction but it is nonfiction all the same. Perhaps nonfiction should be recast as prose found art. It is what is around us, be it the New Jersey pinelands or oranges. And who knows what interesting shape it maintains, our student's gum, stuck there, like she is stuck there in class? It will always be there, now, to take her place in Stuckdom so she can be free when the classroom clock strikes three. Such beauty! Such swift revolution! Such, such lovely gum.

math class
what you want me to be
minus who i am

Essays

Jewel in the Crown: How Form Deepens Meaning in English-Language Haiku¹

Patricia J. Machmiller, San Jose, California

Imagine you own a precious unset jewel. How would you store it? Would you toss it on top of your dresser? Or drop it in a desk drawer? Or plop it on a mantel to gather dust? To preserve it in a way commensurate with its value you might, instead, consider commissioning a specially carved wooden box with a fitted lid that closes snugly so that you can feel the care that has been taken to construct the box, care that speaks to the preciousness of the stone inside.

You could think of form in relationship to haiku that way—as a container in which to store your words. On the one hand, that box might be no more than a showy but unnecessary accessory. On the other hand, form can work as more than a mere “container.” It can become an integral part of the haiku, supporting, reinforcing, and amplifying meaning just as the setting of a jewel becomes part of a brooch or ring.

Consider these examples. The first by Deborah P Kolodji uses five-, seven-, and five-syllable lines. The success of her poem depends on her choice of this the most widely recognized form for haiku in English:

his oxygen tube
stretches the length of the house
winter seclusion²

The idea of the father’s confinement is reinforced by the feeling that the words themselves are being constrained by the form.

Another example of a haiku that depends on use of this same form to heighten its impact is one of my own:

maple on the edge
of the garden at the bare-
est edge of turning³

The notion of being on the cusp, of being right on the edge, is amplified by the hyphenated word “bare-est.” The break in the word forced by the form gives a physical representation to the abstract idea of cusp.

But there are other forms for haiku which can be equally effective. This example by Graham High uses a form that he invented just for this haiku:

Garden chairs put away
for the year. Two squares
of yellowed grass.⁴

High chose to write this in two sentences; the subject matter of the poem is two chairs and the two patches of yellow grass. The way the two sentences fold over the three haiku lines, imitating the way aluminum chairs collapse as they are folded for storage, is very ingenious and thought provoking.

A (Very) Brief History of English Language Prosody

Before any further consideration of haiku form and its contribution to meaning, it is useful briefly to review the ancient roots and history of English language prosody in which accented and syllabic structures partner, sometimes one leading, sometimes the other. In the ancient world the Greek poets were writing accented verse in the form of the heroic couplet, rhyming pairs of dactylic hexameter lines. Both the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* used this form. Here are a few lines from the *Odyssey* as translated by Richard Lattimore:

I am Odysseus son of Laertes, known before all men
for the study of crafty designs, and my fame goes up to the heavens.
I am at home in sunny Ithaka. There is a mountain
there that stands tall, leaf-trembling Neritos, and there are islands . . .⁵

Later at the time of the Roman Empire the classic Greek poems came into Latin and later still from Latin into English.

The Anglo-Saxon (Old English) poets also used an accented form, as for example, in *Beowulf*. Here are a few lines from the opening of the epic:

Seaward consigned him: sad was their spirit,
Their mood very mournful. Men are not able
Soothly to tell us, they in halls who reside,
Heroes under heaven, to what haven he hied.⁶

Another early influence came from the Celts and the Normans. The Celts (Old Irish) were writing/singing in syllabic verse, as were the Normans (Old French). In the eleventh century the Normans invaded England and their language, and eventually an Anglo-Norman amalgam thereof, became the language of the English court and the intelligentsia through the fifteenth century. In the fourteenth century Chaucer brilliantly brought together these two streams of prosody, the accented and the syllabic forms, when he wrote *Canterbury Tales* in Middle English using the accented-syllabic form that he invented. In an accented-syllabic form both the number and position of the accents and the syllables are accounted for.

For the next four centuries the development of the accented-syllabic form was explored and refined: think Marlowe and Shakespeare in the sixteenth century; Milton and Donne in the seventeenth century; Shelley and Keats in the eighteenth; Wordsworth, Yeats, and Swinburne in the nineteenth. This intense focus on iambic pentameter was somewhat interrupted by Thomas Campion,⁷ composer, poet, and critic of the late sixteenth-early seventeenth century, who argued that poets should pay attention to the long and short vowels of the syllables in determining the meter of their lines. He wrote poems, as did Spenser and Sidney, using this method. Nevertheless, the iambic pentameter line became *the* form for writing poetry. Poets became so proficient in its use that upon reading Swinburne someone later said: eight lines of Swinburne are exquisite; 800 lines are exhausting.

At the dawn of the twentieth century poets began seeking ways to break away from the tyranny of iambic pentameter. One of the mechanisms was free verse, as explored by Pound, Stevens, and Williams, for example. Another was the syllabic line used by Marianne Moore, Dylan Thomas, John Logan, and Thomas Gunn, among others. In 1950 Charles Olson published “PROJECTIVE VERSE (projectile (percussive (prospective vs. The Non-Projective.”⁸ In that seminal essay he proposed that poets pay attention to the syllable, saying, “it is from the union of the mind and the ear that the syllable is born,” thereby launching the postmodern movement of language and experimental poetry as represented by poets such as Hillman, Scalapino, Armantrout, Hejtinian, Palmer, Bernstein, and Silliman, to name a few. As we begin the twenty-first century there is a reemergence of the use of some of the stricter forms, such as the sonnet, the sestina, and so on, although with a more relaxed application; Dana Goia and Paul Muldoon are two examples.

Into this twentieth-century resurgence of the syllabic, throw the haiku form, which came into English from the Japanese. In Japanese, haiku were written in one vertical line in phrases of five, seven, and five *on* or syllables. In English, that syllabic structure would be adapted, tested, and modified as more and more writers experimented with the concept.

Haiku Forms in English

With this history of English language prosody in mind we can gain some perspective on how the use of form has evolved in English and appreciate the versatility and music-producing properties of the language. English is an accented language, and paying attention to the accents can be a powerful tool for the poets. But overly strict adherence to the accent can lead to a deadly metronomic quality. To avoid this pitfall, poets have found that giving attention to the syllable, either by taking into account the length of the vowels or by counting the number in a line, can introduce variation and thus have a moderating effect.

So what form should a haiku in English take? Let's look at the various approaches that have blossomed in English and examine what each brings to the poem.

Traditional (Syllabic): This is the earliest form used in English: three lines of five, seven, and five syllables each. The grace and balance of this form give the poem a feeling of formality that enhances a meditative or philosophical quality. Here are examples by J.W. Hackett, Richard Wright, Jerry Ball, and Kiyoko Tokutomi, respectively:

Bumblebee bumping
against the window . . . something
you want me to see?⁹

An empty seashore:
Taking a long summer with it,
A departing train.¹⁰

the cry of the deer
down each hill and past each stone
still hangs on the leaves¹¹

Chemotherapy
in a comfortable chair
two hours of winter¹²

Other poets to consult for their use of five-seven-five syllable count form are Clark Strand and Edith Shiffert.

Modified Traditional (Syllabic): Two other forms that use the syllable to determine line length are modeled on the five-seven-five form; they use either four-six-four or three-five-three syllable counts, thus preserving the grace and balance of the longer version, but yielding a lighter, and in the case of the pared-down three-five-three syllable form, a less formal, more sprightly feeling. The four-six-four form still is able to retain a bit of the meditative quality of the traditional form, but the three-five-three, like a plum tree in winter, is pared down to the essentials. One caution about using the four-six-four syllable count: because the lines have even numbers of

syllables, it is easy to fall into a pattern of iambic feet which can become overly repetitious when writing, or especially when reading or hearing, large numbers of poems in this form. Here are some examples. The first by Pamela Miller Ness uses the four-six-four form. The next two are by me:

Easter morning—
the Madonna's roses
wrapped in plastic¹³

Tinseltown—
filmy clouds drifting
through moonglow¹⁴

gold painting
from another time—
whiff of pear¹⁵

Modified Modern (Accented): This form, first advocated by R.H. Blyth and later by both Bill Higginson and Lee Gurga, counts accents or stresses: two stresses in the first line, three in the second, and two in the third. It was felt in comparing the Japanese *on* to the English language syllable that there was considerable difference in both the spoken length and in the meaning conveyed.¹⁶ In an effort to more closely match the speed and brevity Blyth and Higginson observed in Japanese haiku, they put forward this accented form. The feeling given by a two-beat line, with the exception of the spondee (one foot of two accented syllables), is one of balance, resignation, and perhaps fatality. A spondee gives a feeling of emphasis, of proclamation, or finality. A three-beat line, on the other hand, introduces a feeling of change, of energy, of urgency. The three-beat line in the middle moves things along to the conclusion to be had in the last two-beat line. See the following examples by Hilary Tann and me:

after dinner
the brothers-in-law smoke
in different rooms¹⁷

New Year's—
the silence before the bell
the silence after¹⁸

Note that the opening of this last poem, a spondee, gives the feeling of an announcement or proclamation.

Free Verse (Accented): Many English-language haiku are written in free verse. Free verse does not mean that the verse is free of form; it means the form is created to fit the subject matter. What we need to examine is the feeling that is produced as the poem unfolds: a one-beat line is light and unbalanced, moving; a two-beat line is balanced with a feeling of acceptance, resignation, or fatality; a three-beat line brings a sense of energy, change, even urgency; a four-beat line in haiku would be emphatic, assured, declamatory, attention-getting; a five-beat line in haiku would be an extreme distortion and would signal a very unsettling aspect. In the examples below the stressed syllables are capitalized:

Lily
out of the water . . .
out of itself.¹⁹

Lily:
OUT of the WAtEr . . .
OUT of itSELF

This famous poem by Nicholas Virgilio opens with a changing rhythm. Virgilio's mastery is in the last two lines where he effectively uses a falling rhythm at the end of the second two-beat line and a rising rhythm at the end of the third, the rising rhythm being almost an affirmation of the lily's rise.

Nagasaki Anniversary
I push
the mute button²⁰

NAgaSAki ANNiVERsarY
i PUSH
the MUTE BUTton

The above poem remembering Nagasaki by Fay Aoyagi opens with a jarring, discordant five-beat line fitting to the subject; the second line, one beat, at the other extreme is a changing, active line leading to the final two-beat line with its feeling of resignation and fatality.

One-Line Form: In the continuing effort to emulate the way haiku works in Japanese—one line, concise perception, rapid absorption—English language writers are experimenting with writing haiku in one line. Jim Kacian has done a thorough survey of this form, which he calls monoku, in a recent article in *Modern Haiku*.²¹ Here are four examples of one-line haiku by John Stevenson, Marlene Mountain, Fay Aoyagi, and Kaneko Tohta respectively:

a man in a crowd in a man²²

pig and I spring rain²³

a “forever stamp” on a letter to the ocean²⁴

my long-lived mother delivered me as if a shit²⁵

This form allows the reader to take in the haiku in one glance. Since the various phrases have a more equal weight in this form than in other lined forms, one has the feeling of floating, of being untethered, free. As the reader one is at liberty to place the emphasis wherever one wishes. There is a decided lack of tension that needs to be compensated for by forceful or provocative language, double readings, or surprising syntax. The form on the page gives an expectation of brevity and speed. The expectation is that, like Italian espresso, you down it in one swig; one expects it to be strong and deliver a jolt.

Unique Forms: Some poets have developed unique forms for the particular idea they are trying to convey. Graham High constructed a unique form for his end-of-summer image of two chairs leaving two patches of yellowed grass, mentioned earlier. Another example of a unique form would be Cor van den Heuvel’s “tundra.”²⁶ This poem was first published on a page by itself. The word sits in a vast world of white space creating a visual image that amplifies the meaning of that word.

A Personal History of Finding Form for Haiku

So which comes first—form or content? Poets have approached the issue from both directions. There is no “correct” answer. For some poets, having the form as a starting point is easier; for others the content leads the way. I have experimented with both approaches myself. I have worked with both the five-seven-five and the three-five-three forms extensively. While writing more than 500 poems over a span of time focusing on one form or the other, I was able to learn some things from the process:

1. the more I wrote the more easily words fell into the chosen pattern, and
2. the capabilities of the form—its strengths and its limitations—became apparent.

For example, I discovered that the five-seven-five structure accommodates a more complex vocabulary—words with Latin roots, abstractions, and so on—

evoking clusters
of algebraic symbols—
scent of tangerine²⁷

absentmindedly
eating a ripe persimmon
in the poet’s house²⁸

whereas the three-five-three structure best served pithy words of Anglo-Saxon origin:

two-legged
bounce of the sparrow—
spring morning²⁹

champagne brunch—
a woman in jade
eats a peach³⁰

I have also written starting with the content and shaping it to find the form that best fits. This is an organic process. As an example, I had an experience while on vacation in South Dakota. I had just come out of the Crazy Horse Museum in the Black Hills when I encountered a magnificent teepee. It was large, maybe three times my height. Staring up at it, I could see the teepee poles; they made the most beautiful white geometric pattern against the blue sky. It's an image I can still see today even though it is now years later. At the time I jotted down a few words and phrases to aid my memory: the teepee poles were like shafts of light, white, pale, geometrically arranged, precise, of aspen wood, bone-like, arrayed in a cone shape, skeletal; the sky was blue, deep blue. After some thought, I settled on the *kigo* "high sky" to describe that all-blue sky that goes upward forever. And I liked the phrase "bone-like cone" to describe the teepee poles. So I had this word sketch:

high sky—
the bone-like cone
of teepee poles

I was quite happy with this: I liked the sound of the long i's in the first and second lines and the long o's in the second and third lines. But the form seemed flat; it was two beats, two beats, and two beats—rather boring. So I went back to my list describing the poles and found the word "white" with its long i sound to be just what was needed. And so with this small revision, I was able to settle on this final form:

high sky—
the white, bone-like cone
of teepee poles³¹

The spondee in the first line, "high sky," is so fitting, I think, to the feeling of the infinite sky and to the magnificent teepee structure. It gives the feeling of awe that I wanted. The second line with its changing beat builds anticipation, which is then resolved with the two-beat last line. Even though haiku comes in a small package, that package can be shaped in such a way as to enhance the meaning of the haiku. If the mood the writer is

seeking is reflective, then the formality and meditative quality of the traditional five-seven-five form might be chosen. If the expression of fury or disgust or disbelief is sought, then choosing a shorter, unbalanced form would be more appropriate, for example, free form or the one-line monoku. We all have our preferences: some prefer to take in our haiku like we were drinking tea—we like to breathe in the aroma first, warm our hands around the cup, and finally in gradual sips, line by line, savor the moment. On the other hand, some of us are looking for that sudden jolt of java, that instant when the caffeine hits the bloodstream and we feel suddenly and startlingly ALIVE! Whatever one's preference, the English language in all its versatility offers the writer opportunities that should not be overlooked to meld the form of the haiku to the feeling and content of the text, creating not just a jewel, but a crown jewel.

Notes

1. A version of this paper was presented at Haiku Pacific Rim 2012, Asilomar, Pacific Grove, CA, Sept. 5–9, 2012. Some of the ideas were first shared with participants in a Yuki Teikei Haiku Society workshop on form in Castroville, CA, August 27, 2011. I am also indebted to the following: Robert Hass, "Listening and Making," In *Twentieth Century Pleasures*. New York, NY: The Ecco Press, 1984, and Lewis Turco, *The Book of Forms*, 3rd ed. Hanover: University Press of New England, 2000.
2. Deborah P Kolodji, in *Wild Violets*, Yuki Teikei Members' Anthology (2011).
3. Patricia J. Machmiller, in *Modern Haiku* 33.1 (spring 2002).
4. Graham High, in *GEPP0* (Sept/Oct 2001).
5. Homer, *The Odyssey of Homer*. Trans. Richard Lattimore. New York, NY: Harper & Row, 1967, p. 137. [Lattimore in his introduction (p. 22) writes, "I have tried to follow, as far as the structure of English will allow, the formulaic practice of the original."]
6. *Beowulf, An Anglo-Saxon Epic Poem, Translated From The Heyne-Socin Text*. Trans. Lesslie Hall, July 19, 2005 [EBook #16328]. From "The Life and Death of Scyld," lines 51–55. An e-book retrieved April 10, 2013 from <http://www.gutenberg.org/files/16328/16328-h/16328-h.htm#I>. [Hall writes in his Preface,

“The measure used in the present translation is believed to be as near a reproduction of the original as modern English affords.”]

7. Thomas Campion, “Observations in the Art of English Poesie.” In G.B. Harrison, *Samual Daniel: A Defense of Ryme 1603 and Thomas Campion: Observations in the Art of English Poesie 1602*. New York, NY: Barnes & Noble, Inc., reprint 1966. [This treatise was first published in 1602.]

8. Charles Olson, “PROJECTIVE VERSE, (projectile (percussive (prospective vs. The Non-Projective.” In Paul Hoover, *Postmodern American Poetry, A Norton Anthology*. New York, NY: W.W. Norton & Co., 1994, p. 615. [Note: This seminal article was first published in 1950 by Poetry New York.]

9. J.W. Hackett, in *The Zen Haiku and Other Zen Poems of J.W. Hackett*. Tokyo: Japan Publications, Inc., 1983.

10. Richard Wright, in *Haiku: This Other World*. New York, NY: Arcade Publishing, 1998.

11. Jerry Ball, in *Autumn Deepens*, the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society (YTHS) Members’ Anthology (2010).

12. Kiyoko Tokutomi, in *Kiyoko’s Sky: The Haiku of Kiyoko Tokutomi*. Trans. Patricia J. Machmiller and Fay Aoyagi. Decatur, IL: Brooks Books, 2002.

13. Pamela Miller Ness, in *Frogpond* 26:3 (Winter 2003).

14. Patricia J. Machmiller, in *Frogpond* 34:1 (Winter 2011).

15. Patricia J. Machmiller, in *Mariposa*, Haiku Poets of Northern California (Spring/Summer 2007).

16. Lee Gurga, *Haiku: A Poet’s Guide*. Lincoln, IL: Modern Haiku Press, 2003; William J. Higginson with Penny Harter, *Haiku Handbook*. Tokyo: Kodansha International, 1985. For an in-depth discussion of the differences between the Japanese *on* and the English syllable, see Richard Gilbert’s “Stalking the Wild Onji,” *Frogpond* 22, Supplement (1999).

17. Hilary Tann, in *Frogpond* 26:3 (Winter 2003).

18. Patricia J. Machmiller, in *Modern Haiku* 43.2 (summer 2012).

19. Nicholas Virgilio, in *The Haiku Anthology*. Cor van den Heuvel, ed. New York, NY: Simon & Schuster, 1986.

20. Fay Aoyagi, in *Chrysanthemum Love*. San Francisco, CA: Blue Willow Press, 2003.

21. Jim Kacian, “The Shape of Things to Come,” *Modern Haiku* 43.3 (autumn 2012), pp. 23–47.

22. John Stevenson, in *Haiku 21: An Anthology of Contemporary English-language Haiku*. Lee Gurga and Scott Metz, eds. Lincoln, IL: Modern Haiku Press, 2011.

23. Marlene Mountain, in *Frogpond* 2:3–4 (November 1979).

24. Fay Aoyagi, in *Haiku 21: An Anthology of Contemporary English-language Haiku*. Lee Gurga and Scott Metz, eds. Lincoln, IL: Modern Haiku Press, 2011.
25. Kaneko Tohta, in *The Future of Haiku: An Interview with Kaneko Tohta*. Trans. Richard Gilbert, et al. Winchester, VA: Red Moon Press, 2011.
26. Cor van den Heuvel, in *The Haiku Anthology*. Cor van den Heuvel, ed. New York: Simon & Schuster, 1986. [This haiku was first published in *The Window-washer's Pail* in 1963.]
27. Patricia J. Machmiller, in *Mariposa* (Spring/Summer 2003).
28. Patricia J. Machmiller, in *One Hundred Gourds*, Haiku Poets of Northern California (2003).
29. Patricia J. Machmiller, in *flying white*, YTHS Members' Anthology (2006).
30. Patricia J. Machmiller, in *Haiku International* 69 (2007).
31. Patricia J. Machmiller, in *GEPPPO* (May-June 2012).



Patricia J. Machmiller (pjm) has had poems published in Northwest Review, the Santa Clara Review, VOLT, REED, Caesura, and Denver Quarterly. A book of her haiku, Blush of Winter Moon, has been published by Jacaranda Press. Mountain Trails, a book of haiga, features her brush paintings and haiku. With Fay Aoyagi she has translated Kiyoko Tokutomi's haiku from the Japanese published in Kiyoko's Sky by Brooks Books. She writes a column of haiku commentary with Jerry Ball for the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society's GEPPPO.

Robert Bauer, In Memoriam

Jennie Townsend, O'Fallon, Missouri

There are poets in this world, lucky ones, who find freedom in the act of writing that encourages living to full potential, or perhaps it is the other way around and poets who live to full potential tend to find that the act of writing encourages freedom. Robert Bauer was such a poet. He lived a life that most of us will know only through his poems, a solid if small body of work that depicted living and loving on a farm in the blue hills of West Virginia. His poems were about life with friends, with family, and, most of all, with his wife Debra.

first snow
the gypsy slips some beans
into her mojo

Those of you who corresponded with Robert know he'd close most e-mails with an observation made from his front porch, that last line highlighting the weather, an animal, bird, or flower, or a nod to his pups for the enjoyment they gave him, and the last part of that last line would be his mention of laughter described to suit the mood. I once asked him what inspired him to write whenever he found the time. He said, "A love for words. I came from a rather large Catholic-oriented family with two older sisters and five younger brothers. We lived in a small home on the north edge of Pittsburgh. My only means of escape was the Saturday night bath. I would bring a set of bibles into the bathroom along with Mr. Webster's dictionary as my lexical mentor." Words! The power of words and the not-quite-infinite breadth of them as well as the sometimes agonizing lack of one just-right word. There were some he would learn in other languages that would not translate intact into English. He would learn to laugh at that, too.

pulling weeds
sown by
an ancient wind

Years of e-mail suggested Robert was not only well read but well traveled. He'd been a single father of three, raising them in New York City while working construction. He took on extra work by baking bread to sell to local stores. He earned a name as a baker and chef, too, catering weddings and parties as well as managing various restaurants during those years. He believed in the gift of experience and put it into practice by taking his daughters and son on trips to Europe, India, Singapore, and Japan. Later in life, he and Deb made a trip to Gortahork, Ireland, for the International Haiku Poetry Contest in 2006. The highlight was meeting Seamus Heaney. The year following, Robert had a place among seventeen other poets in Red Moon Press's 5th volume of *A New Resonance: Emerging Voices in English-Language Haiku*.

dry spell
the sounds of a mason
splitting rock

Robert was a father, grandfather, brother, neighbor, and friend. He worked as an electrician and general contractor. For relaxation, he had his farm and causes. He was an advocate for green energy, plant emissions control, wildlife conservation, and "show, don't tell" in haiku. It would take him weeks to write one poem, going over and over it until he was finally satisfied with the words and juxtaposition. He was a perfectionist. There were a few haiku workshops he joined. He would post and respond to comments but refused to argue or get into discussions. He had a code about such things that mainly involved keeping his own counsel.

billowing clouds
the relief pitcher
bulges his cheeks

As co-secretaries of the online Shiki Monthly Kukai, most of our correspondence occurred during kukai that hit snags, especially so those involving contested entries. Robert being Robert concluded that it shouldn't be his worry. He decided to leave the haiku entry in place with its results but the

complainant's haiku was also presented so that poets participating in the kukai could make their own decision about how close was too close. The idea grew from one hotly debated case. I asked him, "Robert how can you not take sides?" He related this story:

It was a stormy autumn night right around the equinox. Lightning struck the sycamore tree just a few feet from our house. The bolt's heat blistered, boiled, and blew the bark away, toppling a large limb onto the cedar shake roof. When I came downstairs the next morning, I stepped into a very sticky substance. It was honey! From nowhere! The sycamore branch had dislodged a very large beehive from the roof. I placed a large pan under the drip and managed to collect about two gallons for our use that winter. From flower, to nectar, field bee to drone, to hive, to honey, to nest, roof, tree and finally me . . . who has sole ownership?

autumn dusk
her lips glisten
from a spoonful of honey

Robert volunteered for the Shiki Kukai for more than six years. We must have exchanged more than a thousand e-mails and he closed almost every one with that observation ending in laughter. Always laughter, a gift he shared as freely as his poetry, his time, and his talents. No one had to earn his kindness; I don't doubt he treated everyone with respect. He was an ordinary person with an extraordinary love of life. He took nothing and no one for granted except himself. He did the best he could at every job. And he wrote. He wrote really well. In late fall of 2011, he learned he had cancer. He and Deb waged war against it and it looked for awhile as if they might prevail. What more can be asked? He died at home in December of 2012.



Jennie Townsend, a former secretary of the Shiki Monthly Kukai, is a member of the Mississippi Mud Daubers with work published in Acorn, Frogpond, Tempslibres, The Heron's Nest, Hermitage II, various Red Moon anthologies, and A New Resonance 4.

Women's Voice: Senryu Has Its Place

Susan Galletti Campion, San Diego, California

Senryu is at a crossroads in its development as a unique genre in contemporary English Language (EL) writing. There is, in fact, great debate over its place within the larger grouping of Japanese short-form poetry (haiku, tanka, kyoka, etc.). While senryu was originally created by men, and largely dominated by men over the past two centuries, women are increasingly involved in debating, discussing, and describing senryu's place in EL short-form poetry.

In September 2011, I embarked on a journey to learn more about the senryu form of poetry—its origins, history, and evolution as a writing form. I invited seventeen other women from around the world to join me as a learning community to study senryu and its cousins, sometimes referred to as stepsisters, kyoka and senryu-haiga. The result of our work is a first-of-its-kind anthology published in November 2012 entitled *Pieces of Her Mind: Women Find Their Voice in Centuries-Old Forms*.

During this journey, I corresponded with well-respected authors, editors, and publishers in the genre of short Japanese poetry forms, including Alexis Rotella, Jane Reichhold, Liam Wilkinson, Ce Rosenow, Chen-ou Liu, Gabi Greve, and Alan Summers. I participated in an AHA Poetry Forum with Jane, Chen-ou, Gabi, and others where we discussed issues surrounding the senryu form. Several of these authors contributed thoughts and comments for this essay.

Over two years, we women created a learning community with lively discussion and debate. Learning about senryu has continued, for me, and us, beyond the publication of the anthology. This essay summarizes my current and considered thoughts and opinions, and I would like to hear yours, so we can continue to learn.

I'll start with a few assumptions and biases:

1. Dialogue and debate are healthy, professional, and extremely important in the writing world. I welcome such dialogue and believe it informs all of our work.
2. A woman's voice enlivens, spices up, and gives depth to the body of work around the senryu form.
3. Just as haiku writers want haiku accepted as a poetic form by mainstream poets, serious senryu writers would like the same for senryu.
4. All writers exploring the genres of Japanese short poetry should have a grasp of nuances of various forms, and be willing to understand and incorporate their subtle dynamics and differences in an intelligent way, before publishing and labeling their poems.

Selected History of Women Poets and Senryu

Historically, women writers in multiple genres have been influential in how people think, and how they write. Women writers like Emily Dickinson, Virginia Woolf, Simone de Beauvoir, Jo Freeman, Maya Angelou, Denise Levertov, Audre Lorde, Adrienne Rich, and Muriel Rukeyser come to mind. Since the early 19th century, women activists have sought to counter the accepted "male" point of view in the existing culture. They have not been shy about expressing their voices in writing. In some cases, writing was the only vehicle for them to express their voice. Some used "pen" names of men.

I would offer that speaking in their own voice offers contemporary women a wonderful opportunity to counter the male origin of the literary genre senryu. As Truth Sojourner stated, way back in 1851: "If the first woman God ever made was strong enough to turn the world upside down all alone, together women ought to be able to turn it right side up again."¹

Senryu became an acknowledged short Japanese form, dating from 1746, when men chose to use satire and irony to comment on their observations of human conditions, especially as regards women. They did not sign their names.

The history of senryu suggests its colorful origins. The word itself means "river willow," which was slang for "prostitute."

The origin of the form is largely attributed to Senryu (1718–1790), the pen name of Karai Hachiemon, who held contests to complete senryu poems. He wrote two or three lines of poetry and asked men to add a line or two to create a senryu or kyoka. Both forms have been dominated by men throughout the ages, and senryu clubs in Japan still exist.²

However, while senryu in Japan is experiencing a resurgence, in my research, I found no senryu written by women writers until fairly recently, other than senryu written by Japanese women in American internment camps during World War II, and Taira Sōsei’s anthology, *Ryōran josei senryū* (Midori Shobō, 1997). Translations by Hiroaki Sato are excerpted from his “White Dew, Dreams, & This World” (as yet unpublished), an anthology of Japanese women poets from ancient to modern times. They are excerpted in his article, “A Brief Survey of Senryu by Women.”

This paucity of early senryu by women, and the emergence of contemporary women in the field, is reinforced in the observation by Inoue Nobuko in Sato’s essay: “One senryu observer has noted that if the period of 250 years since the senryu was established as a genre were to be divided into five ages, this would be the fifth, and women writers have dominated it. In the early part of the 20th century, women senryu writers were, the pioneering Inoue Nobuko said, ‘fewer than the stars at daybreak.’”³

Nevertheless, today, these stars shine. *Prune Juice*, the online journal founded by Alexis Rotella and now edited by Terri L. French, has published an increasing number of senryu poems and senryu-haiga by women, including a number of the authors in *Pieces of Her Mind*. The Haiku Society of America continues to sponsor the Gerald Brady Memorial Award for senryu. The three winners in 2012 were all women. Kudos to Julie Warther, Michele L. Harvey, and Terri L. French.

Women’s Voices in the Senryu Conversation

While men (including Chen-ou Liu, Liam Wilkinson, Alan Pizzarelli, Michael Dylan Welch, Robert D. Wilson, and William

Pinckard) continue to be engaged in conversations around the relevance of senryu in contemporary poetry, women have increasingly emerged to influence the description of the senryu form, and to lead debates surrounding senryu with a slightly different voice—not so scholarly or analytical; a saucier, more challenging voice.

An Opportunity

Some clarification about the bias I mentioned above, that a woman’s voice enlivens, spices up, and gives depth to the body of work around the senryu form, is in order. It has been my observation that women have few avenues to express what they REALLY think, in a way that they can be heard. In 2013, we still have extremely talented women golfers and basketball players who make a lot less money than their male counterparts, and thus do not compete on equal terms. The women who do get paid highly are the models in the “Sports Illustrated Swimsuit” edition.

In comfortable settings, however, we women get saucy and spicy—and on our own terms. We laugh at our own dry wit. We laugh at our own bodies. We make fun of telling the truth about what we might never make fun of in public, especially ourselves and those we nurture. We share a sense of freedom and liberation, in certain settings, that we cannot in much of our lives. We use language we don’t use in public (but men use freely all the time). We love the fact that someone actually listens, and understands.

Yet, we remain limited, in what we can express, and how we can express it. Senryu opens doors for us. Women can expand themselves, if they give themselves permission, and add a whole lot of spice and sauciness to the conversations around the senryu form, including offering good examples. And senryu, as a form, invites us to have a voice in a way haiku does not.

Ce Rosenow states the point well in her recently published essay on senryu when she says in the conclusion, “When its

focus centers on human activities during times of great difficulty, senryu offers moment by moment reiterations of human persistence in the face of adversity.”⁴

Taking the Invitation Seriously

Indeed, women are offering critical points of view concerning to what degree senryu should be valued in the contemporary EL writing world as its own separate genre.

In her essays on senryu, Jane Reichhold implores senryu writers, “if they wish to write what they call senryu, to find a way to distinguish their work from haiku, and until that is done, all EL senryu currently being written should be considered as haiku.”⁵ She also asks senryu writers to examine more carefully what they consider to be distinguishing differences between the two forms.⁶ I believe that is a fair request.

On the other hand, Dr. Gabi Greve of the Daruma Museum, Japan, and moderator of the World Kigo Database, agrees with me that senryu is a different form from haiku, and summarizes her thoughts in the following senryu:

senryu
don't tell me this is
a haiku⁷

Marlene Mountain offers yet a contrasting perspective in “‘the japanese haiku’ and so on”: “re haiku or senryu. good grief. what a weird separation.”⁸ She wonders if this should even be an issue, as she sees the entire argument as silly.

I am forming my own opinions. Recently, I sponsored a rather rigorous contest on a writing site, asking writers to study the difference between haiku, senryu, and “5-7-5.” I received very thoughtful responses from well-respected women writers. As a writer, myself, of both senryu and haiku, I take Jane’s invitation very seriously. Other women writers of senryu do as well,

including many of the seventeen women involved in creating *Pieces of Her Mind*.

I ask the same of haiku writers: to take this conversation seriously. Let's, collectively, decide on a difference(s) between the two forms, and allow senryu to be the historically evolving, rising star that has the potential to offer so much value in contemporary literature.

Separating the Chafe from the Chaff?

Reichhold has written an essay that provides a provocative metaphor of Apples getting mixed up and contaminated on their trip from Japan to become Apples H and Apples S.⁹ It is a further invitation to both haiku and senryu writers to find a way to differentiate these two poetic forms.

There are several key points of debate that appear in conversations around forming a description of senryu. I'll summarize them briefly here, and offer my thoughts, as an ongoing learner, about where we might consider heading collectively, as writers of contemporary EL haiku and senryu. Helpful to my thinking, in addition to numerous essays, was the document created by The Haiku Society of America, "Official Definitions of Haiku and Related Terms."¹⁰

To Kigo or Not? A Seasonal Waltz

First, should haiku include a *kigo*, or seasonal word, and should senryu not have a *kigo* or seasonal word? I would answer yes to this question. Unfortunately, EL haiku has evolved, in current years in EL writing, such that haiku are published and recognized as haiku even though they don't have a *kigo*, and senryu have been written with *kigo*, which confuses the issue.

However, large databases of *kigo* now exist (e.g., Higginson and Greve), which, for me, no longer allows writers of either form to ignore *kigo* (or lack of one) as an excuse not to differentiate the forms.

Reichhold argues that *kigo* should not be considered a factor in differentiating senryu from haiku as “nature” includes “human nature.” On this point, I disagree. The original meaning of the word *kigo* was “seasonal word” as opposed to its EL evolved definition of “nature.” For me, at least, that differentiation alters the discussion. Human nature may be a part of nature, but human nature is definitely not a seasonal indicator.

Additionally, when a word contained in a *kigo* database is used in a senryu, it generally is not used as a seasonal word. Anita Virgil, former president of the Haiku Society of America, appears to agree that *kigo* in senryu really cannot be classified as *kigo* as they are in haiku. Virgil discusses the uses of season words and their relevance to senryu by examining links in classical renku: “These links within the *haikai no renga* (renku) contain several things which prepare for the advent of senryu. They often deal with human eroticism. Human activity rather than nature dominates. Most links do not rely on season words or phrases (*kigo*) though they may contain one . . .”. Virgil goes on to explain how the renku poet’s “skill and playfulness” allow him to bend the rules around season reference by “utilizing [the word] ‘blossoms’ metaphorically to imply the woman’s body. Thus he creates an extraordinarily beautiful link that is really about human passion.”¹¹

Kireji, Where Do You Stand? Do You Want to Dance, or Not?

Second, should haiku contain a *kireji*—cutting word or grammatical marker—and senryu not contain a *kireji*? For me, this poses a lot of problems in that *kireji* is a much more difficult concept to define than *kigo*, in its translation from Japanese to EL writing. With apologies to Chen-ou Liu (whose senryu sometimes contain *kireji* and sometimes don’t), I would say that both haiku and senryu can contain a *kireji*.

Liu, who advocates for a required *kireji* in haiku, and not in senryu, points out, himself, numerous “complications” around the use (or not) of *kireji* in both haiku and senryu, where it is liberally used in current EL writing by writers of both short

poetry forms. He argues that syntactic breaks and use of punctuation actually make for weaker haiku, and he calls on haiku writers to write poems with a psychological bent, opening up an interpretive space for the reader to coauthor the poem (as Professor Hasegawa Kai has suggested¹²)—and with alternative forms of *kireji*.

Based on the work of Mark Morris, author of the groundbreaking essay entitled “Buson and Shiki,” Liu suggests the following three alternatives to consider around *kireji*:

1. Something that separates a hokku into two parts and establishes a visual correspondence between two images;
2. That which clearly expresses a division of yin and yang, or the existence of an interesting confrontation within a poem; and
3. The feeling of going and coming back again.

Liu uses as an example the famous poem by Bashō to describe a well-written haiku with a *kireji* (and, I do agree this IS a haiku, and not a senryu):

an old pond . . .
a frog leaps in
the sound of water¹³

Contained in Bashō’s haiku are a *kigo*, *kireji*, and *hai* humor. I beg haiku writers to continue in this time-honored tradition, just as Reichhold begs that senryu writers better-define senryu. However, senryu beg for a *kireji* just as haiku do. So, it is difficult for me to include *kireji*, or not, as a definer between the two forms.

Fashion Sense—What Should I Wear If I Want to Dance?

Third, should senryu be differentiated from haiku by some sort of “visual” appearance, such as being in one line, using punctuation, using exactly 17 syllables, having a 5-7-5 syllable count, or being composed in a different color font, as Reichhold suggests in her essays and comments in the AHA Forum? My answer would be no.

There has been much pushback against the standardization of form, including several excellent articles written about why 5-7-5 syllable count is not appropriate for haiku, senryu, or the first three lines of tanka (M. Kei, William J. Higginson, and Michael Dylan Welch come to mind).¹⁴

Poets need room to develop their own forms or styles. Alexis Rotella, for example, explains her own use of caps and punctuation, in all poems, including senryu, haiku, and tanka, in the essay “Why Does Alexis Rotella Use Punctuation and Capitalization in Her Little Poems?”¹⁵:

- it frames her work
- it is her method of cantillating in her writing
- she has been using it for 18 years

Developing form in this fashion is akin to developing voice.

What Say You? Want to Tango?

So, what IS something we all can wrap our arms around? I’d like to suggest, as a serious contemporary EL senryu writer, the distinguishing difference be an agreed-upon definition of satire and irony around human conditions (for senryu), as opposed to the humor, fun, and exploration that is framed around seasonal references (for haiku).

I recognize, and respect, as a writer of both haiku and senryu myself, that though *karumi*, the light touch, is valued in the haiku world, many haiku writers are seeking to understand their observed world in a serious and earnest fashion. That seriousness, and lightness, combined with an observation of seasons, as opposed to a much more sarcastic, ironic, and satirical tone of observation about the human condition, seems, to me, to be one way to differentiate haiku from senryu.

Reichhold has observed:

Many persons argue that verses having humor or satire should be called senryu instead of haiku, but the *hai* of haiku means in Japanese

“humorous, joke or funny.” In spite of the efforts to make haiku profound (which it certainly can be), the *hai* still means not only joke or funny, but also “crippled” referring to the use of sentence fragmentation. This factor has been so hidden from us who do not speak Japanese that we think *haijin* (a writer of haiku) is a term of honor when in reality *haijin* can mean to a Japanese “a crippled person.”¹⁶

For me, “satire” and “irony” do not imply “humorous, joke, or funny.” Rather, satire and irony involve sarcasm, parody, burlesque, exaggeration, juxtaposition, analogy, double entendre, and a play on words. It is a “militant” type of language where the writer professes to approve, or accept as natural, the very things she wishes to attack, just as, in 1746, Japanese men chose to attack.

Let me offer a few of Rotella’s classic *senryu* (from *OUCH: Senryu That Bite*¹⁷) as examples of *senryu* that are fashionably dressed, sassy, and contain satire and irony:

The hitchhiker
gives me
the finger.

Or, how about:

To see what
I’ve been up to
I google myself.

No *kigo*, and obvious satire and irony. Rotella does not celebrate, or observe, nature or seasons, but makes fun of herself. In the process, she plays with words and makes the reader think. She relates to us, about us.

Pieces of Her Mind

My inspiration for the book, *Pieces of Her Mind: Women Find Their Voice in Centuries-Old Forms*, came from several sources.

First, I had been taking classes in Japanese short poetry forms and discovered a true love for senryu as a way to express my own voice. Second, one of my teachers, and the editor of our book, remarked that he would love to see a book on senryu, written by women, and I discovered that none existed. And, third, I read an enticing quote from Liam Wilkinson, former editor of *Prune Juice*, a journal I follow faithfully, that described how I like to write: “Presenting one’s self in a spontaneous, truthful, funny, and/or profound way whilst also arousing a recognition of the reader’s own human nature is the not-so-simple key to being a good writer of senryu.”¹⁸

Thus, I convened a group of women writers to take on the challenge of writing and describing senryu. After two years of study, including Internet research, publication and reviews, conference calls, extensive collective editing, and professional support from graphic illustrators, editors, and the publisher, we chose to honor Japanese history, tradition, and aesthetics around senryu. Mind you, amongst eighteen of us, there were (and remain) differences of opinion. And, these differences are becoming more defined and more learned, through continuing dialogue. Over half the poems we submitted for inclusion in the book were rejected by the editor of the book. We continue to ask ourselves whether all the poems accepted were, in fact, senryu.

In the end, we came up with a tentative description (not definition) of senryu which guided us in our work:

Senryu is a short poetic form of Japanese origin with a smooth, not staccato, flow that focuses on humans or the human condition in an often ironic, cynical, sharply witty, or satiric manner.

Here is a sampling of senryu from *Pieces of Her Mind*, selected from the eight chapters of the book:

Beauty—*on face value*

for my life to change
first I must change—
what will I wear?

~ Deborah Kammer

Enlightenment—*“aha!” says she*

alone
in a room full
of people ~ Vicki Bonnell

Laughter—*naughty but nice*

maybe
in a way, I’m sort of
indecisive ~ Suzanne Fuller

Passion—*I have a headache*

I bake bread
to see something rise
in the morning ~ Marie Toole

Strength—*nego-she-ator*

mammography . . .
tightening the grip
on breast cancer ~ Dana Furrow

Truth—*little white lies*

I’m an open book
unfortunately it’s blank
like my diary ~ Marie Toole

Wisdom—*with thyme comes a sage*

her income
is fixed
she can’t budge it ~ Sally Yocom

Friendship—*bosom buddies*

after her service
I stare into the portrait
we fought over ~ Lois J. Funk

Collectively, I ask how anyone can call these haiku?

They have no *kigo*, and are satirical statements about the human condition, including ours. I can hear my fellow women laughing, or commenting provocatively, over these senryu during lunch, or over a glass of wine while sitting at the bar! They invite a bit of follow-up sass. Yes, a few do contain a *kireji*.

Summary

Senryu is a delightful form for women to embrace, to study, analyze, and pursue. For me, it is its own separate genre of poetry that allows us to express ourselves, literally and metaphorically, in a way that is unique and current. We women have a history, over years, of becoming increasingly independent, free, and not afraid to clarify, and yes, change, “rules.” We also maintain and respect a sense of history and rebellion. To a large degree, both rebellion and history define who we are, and who we can still become, today.

As responsible poets and writers in all genres, I believe it is our collective responsibility, as women writers, to research history and traditions behind short Japanese poetic forms before calling them a certain name. If we choose to rebel against the traditional roots of a particular form, I tend to think it needs to be reasoned and informed. I also think we can change course as we become more informed.

I encourage that we continue to “fuss” with each other (phrase from a Reichhold essay¹⁹), and pay attention to how our work is influenced by, and can influence, that of the Japanese. After all we are becoming a global world, and Japanese women are liberating themselves as well.

I offer that we continue to follow the evolution of the senryu form in Japan. Yes, it is rehabilitating and resurrecting, and let’s honor that evolution, while also informing it. This means not disparaging the senryu form, but recognizing it for what it is, and, through our collective and informed dialogue influencing global conversations as collective learners.

I also offer that we change the conversation amongst ourselves. Let's change the old "ranking system" to make senryu an equally respected form of EL poetry as is haiku, despite history and tradition.

Let's, collectively, find a way to differentiate senryu from haiku that makes sense and can be embraced by writers in both genres. Personally, I like apples called Fuji over those called Granny Smith, even though the two might have been confused or contaminated on their trip from Japan to America, per Reichhold's metaphor.²⁰

Women ARE speaking up about senryu. Numerous examples can be found on blogs and forums. In *Haiku Matters!*, for example, Susan Shand comments:

I've been looking at senryu. I haven't written much senryu myself so I'm not familiar with this form—which is often considered to be the poor cousin of haiku. I don't think it is a poor cousin at all. It provides a medium which is largely free of all the form judgments that haiku suffers from and which allows for a level of comment and observation lost to haiku. You do tend to get a lot of aphorism-ku and joke-ku but there is some well-crafted and beautifully engaging work around.²¹

Aubrie Cox, graduate assistant at Millikin University, and haiga editor for the online haikai journal *A Hundred Gourds*, is compiling an anthology of haiku and senryu by women. She wrote on her website:

At the beginning of 2011, it came to my attention that there is no anthology of just women's English-language haiku (none that I've found anyway). With such prolific and powerful women writers within the English-language community, they deserve a space/recognition of their own. With that in mind, I decided to put the project into motion on my own.²²

I look forward to Cox's anthology. In the meantime, those who wish to learn more about *Pieces of Her Mind: Women Find Their Voice in Centuries-Old Forms*, or who wish to comment

on the thoughts in this essay, please visit the book's Facebook page or the *Pieces of Her Mind* blog.²³

Alexis Rotella summarizes my thoughts so well in her own senryu²⁴:

The person I wrote
the book for
doesn't buy a copy.

I hope to hear more from the persons for whom I wrote this essay.

Notes

1. Sojourner Truth (Isabella Baumfree), "Ain't I a Woman?" in *Modern History Sourcebook: Sojourner Truth* (December 1851).
2. William Pinckard, "Some Senryu about Go." Retrieved March 17, 2013 from <http://www.kiseido.com/sen.htm> and Alan Pizzarelli, "History of Senryu: A Satirical Parody of R.H. Blyth's History of Haiku," *Simply Haiku* 3:3 (autumn 2005).
3. Hiroaki Sato, "A Brief Survey of Senryu by Women," *Modern Haiku* 34.1 (spring 2003).
4. Ce Rosenow, "Written in the Face of Adversity: The Senryu Tradition in America." *Modern Haiku* 44.1 (winter-spring 2013).
5. Personal communication, March 22, 2013. Reichhold asked that this sentence be included in the essay "exactly as it is."
6. Jane Reichhold, "Should Senryu Be Part of English-Language Haiku?" *Modern Haiku* 44.1 (winter-spring 2013).
7. Gabi Greve, "Haiku, Senryu, Zappai." Retrieved March 19, 2010 from <http://groups.yahoo.com/group/worldkigoparkinglot/message/1808>.
8. marlene mountain, "'the japanese haiku' and so on." Retrieved March 19, 2013 from <http://www.cddc.vt.edu/host/haikumania/marlenejapanesehaiku.htm>.
9. Jane Reichhold, "Apples, Apples and Haiku." Retrieved May 6, 2013 from <http://www.ahapoetry.com/AHI%20apple%20art.html>.
10. "Official Definitions of Haiku and Related Terms," The Haiku Society of America, *Report of the Definitions Committee*, Adopted at the Annual Meeting of the Society, New York City,

September 18, 2004. Retrieved March 19, 2013 from http://www.hsa-haiku.org/archives/HSA_Definitions_2004.html.

11. Anita Virgil, interviewed by Robert D. Wilson, in *Simply Haiku* 3:1 (spring 2005) and 3:3 (autumn 2005). Retrieved March 19, 2013 from http://simplyhaiku.com/SHv3n1/features/Anita_Virgil.html and http://simplyhaiku.com/SHv3n3/features/anita_virgil_senryu.

12. Chen-ou Liu, "To the Lighthouse: Three Formulations About the Use of Cutting." Retrieved April 10, 2013 from <http://never-ending-story-haikutanka.blogspot.com/2013/02/to-lighthouse-three-formulations-about.html> and Mark Morris, "Buson and Shiki: Part One," *Harvard Journal of Asiatic Studies* 44:2 (December 1984), pp. 381–425.

13. Ibid.

14. Michael Dylan Welch, "Why 'No 5-7-5'?" NaHaiWriMo essay. Retrieved March 19, 2013 from <https://sites.google.com/site/nahaiwrimo/home/why-no-5-7-5>.

15. Alexis Rotella, "Why Does Alexis Rotella Use Punctuation and Capitalization in Her Little Poems?" Post on *AlexisRotella's Blog*, retrieved March 19, 2013 from <http://alexisrotella.wordpress.com/2011/10/01/why-does-alexis-rotella-use-punctuation-and-capitalization-in-her-little-poems>, a WordPress.com weblog.

16. Jane Reichhold, "Senryu As a Dirty Word," *How to Haiku*. Retrieved March 19, 2013 from <http://www.ahapoetry.com/AHI%20senryu%20art.html>.

17. Alexis Rotella, *OUCH Senryu That Bite: A Collection of Senryu 1979–2007*. Press release of book retrieved on <http://www.themetpress.com/bookstore/books.html>.

18. Liam Wilkinson, Editorial, *Prune Juice*, Issue 8 (Spring/April 2012).

19. Jane Reichhold, "Should Senryu Be Part of English-Language Haiku?" One of several essays at www.ahapoetry.com/AHI%20senryu%20art.html. Published in *Modern Haiku* and retrieved May 4, 2013 from <http://www.modernhaiku.org/issue44-1/MH44-1-Reichhold-Senryu-2013.pdf>.

20. Jane Reichhold, "Apples, Apples and Haiku." Retrieved March 22, 2013 from the AHAPoetry website.

21. Susan Shand. Post on *Haiku Matters!* January 30, 2013. Retrieved March 19, 2013 from haikumatters.wordpress.com/category/susanshand.

22. Aubrie Cox, "Anthology of Haiku and Senryu by Women." Retrieved March 19, 2013 from <http://yaywords.wordpress.com/projects/anthology-of-haiku-and-senryu-by-women>.

23. *Pieces of Her Mind* Facebook page: www.facebook.com/PiecesofHerMind; *Pieces of Her Mind* blog: <http://www.book-piecesofhermind.blogspot.com>.

24. Alexis Rotella, *OUCH Senryu That Bite*.



Sue Champion received her doctorate degree from the University of Washington. Her professional career was in education, as a middle school teacher, principal, and executive of three national nonprofit professional development organizations. Now retired, she writes for enjoyment, and has grown to love senryu in particular as a vehicle to express her voice. Sue resides in Southern California with her husband John. She has been published in several education books and journals as well as poetry anthologies, and is most proud of the journey she was privileged to facilitate with Pieces of Her Mind.



Quite a Different Thing

Tom Tico, San Francisco, California

It's been said that when a haiku is well written it allows the reader to share the experience the poet had. Anyone who has delved into haiku has undoubtedly encountered this idea. But is this really true or is it a romantic notion that doesn't take into account the probable transformation the haiku experience goes through before it becomes a published poem? Could it be that the finished poem and the experience that inspired it are often considerably different? I think so.

Recently I came across a quotation by the painter Stuart Davis* which, as far as I'm concerned, clarified the issue. He said, "The act of painting is not a duplication of experience, but the extension of experience on the plane of formal invention." As I read this statement I recognized the truth of it and was aware that it was equally applicable to haiku. The haiku poet doesn't (except in rare instances) duplicate with words the haiku experience. He alters it so that it's more in keeping with the dictates of his imagination, so that it more readily conveys the intuition he's so earnestly trying to share. Rather than being a verbal re-creation of the haiku experience, the finished poem becomes the artistic creation that sprang from it. And that's quite a different thing.

*Stuart Davis (1894–1964) in *Artist to Artist: Inspiration & Advice from Artists Past & Present* (Corvallis, OR: Jackson Creek Press, 1998).



Tom Tico's haiku first appeared in American Haiku in 1966. And since then his poems have steadily been published in the various haiku magazines. He's also had numerous essays published, mainly in the mode of haiku readings.

No One Is Wrong
Neal Whitman, Pacific Grove, California

I confess. I'm a terrible typist. In the "old days" of typewriters, I went through bottles of Liquid Paper to white out my mistakes. Word processing makes it easier to correct my typos, but many still get by me. So when a collection of haiku arrived, printed very nicely in booklet form, I saw my haiku and thought, "There I go again. A typo!" But I checked, and the error was the editor's, not mine. I emailed friends both versions of the haiku and asked which one they preferred—withholding until their reply which one was "my" haiku. One version was:

finally
the trees are bare
fewer gusts, at last

The other version added an e to gusts: guests. Most friends preferred gusts. I did too. But, you know what? My original haiku was guests. The reader is never wrong, eh?

after the white-out
my backyard a still life
chick-a-dee-dee-dee



Neal Whitman lives with his wife, Elaine, in Pacific Grove, California, and in nearby Carmel both are docents at the Robinson Jeffers Tor House. Neal splits his time between Western and Japanese forms and, in particular, enjoys creating haiga by pairing his haiku with Elaine's photographs. Also, in recital they combine his poetry with Elaine's Native American flute.

Reviewed

Christopher Patchel. *Turn Turn*. Winchester, VA: Red Moon Press, 2013, unpag., perfect softbound, 5 x 7. ISBN: 978-1-936848-14-0. US\$12 from www.redmoonpress.com.

by Michael McClintock, Clovis, California

For those who prefer reviews that get to the point, the remainder of this paragraph about this book is for you: few words, right sense, fine images. What more could be wanted from a haiku collection? The rest is gravy.

Christopher Patchel has for ten years belonged to that band of haiku poets from whom I hoped to see a first collection and still be alive to read it. In fact, I think my prospects are good for seeing a second and even third collection, for here is a strong, steady poet who appears to write at least one minor masterpiece a month.

In a personable, short preface Patchel writes: “A quick study I’m not. In putting together this overdue collection it took several years of musing on my decade of published haiku to fully recognize the theme of time that runs through my writing. Time in all its manifest forms and hues: The *chronos* progression and duration we mark off with clock and calendar . . . occurrences that arrest our attention, awaken a sense of *carpe diem*, or even intersect eternity ‘At the still point of the turning world.’ (T.S. Eliot).”¹

I am generally leery of poets who throw quotes of T.S. Eliot at me in their prefaces, but Patchel’s placement of his work at Eliot’s “still point” proves to be a valid recognition of both his intention as a poet and the results he has selected for *Turn Turn*.

For those wanting more (I did), I found a good interview of Christopher Patchel on Melissa Allen’s *Red Dragonfly* blog at

Wordpress.com. In the interview, Patchel says about his haiku apprenticeship:

Writing was about the last thing I expected to get involved in. Nevertheless, I enrolled in a poetry class, and tried my hand at composing free verse. Shortly after that (as the millennium turned) I happened upon haiku for the first time. What struck me was the evocative power of so few words. That more-with-less aesthetic matched my graphic design approach, and I also appreciated the quiet perceptions, unassuming language, grounding in nature, and temporal/eternal resonance. It added up to a rare eureka experience. I read everything I could about the genre and took up the challenges of learning to write it.

One of those challenges was, and still is, working bottom up instead of top down, starting with concrete images (show don't tell) and gut instincts, so that abstract thinking (my default mode) doesn't dominate.

As an artist I'm open to all forms of accomplished haiku. But what most interests me are slice-of-life moments of perception (whether trivial, profound, or impossible to categorize) which become memoir-like over time as one's body of work takes shape as a whole.²

Like Eliot's *Four Quartets*, Patchel's *Turn Turn* comes in four movements, preceded by an interior title page bearing this epigraph:

*To everything there is a season,
and a time for every purpose under heaven.*
~ Ecclesiastes 3:1

Thus Patchel takes pains to lay out his theme. The still point, of course, is the symbol of the Logos, and also the symbol of the Judeo-Christian God. Conceptually, the source of movement and the temporal—the subject matter of Patchel's poems—are in, and emanate from, either/both. Patchel doesn't differentiate, and we needn't either.

Here are the titles of the four movements and their accompanying epigraphs:

As Long as I Like
Forever is composed of nows.
~ Emily Dickinson

Kindle and Dim
Lord, keep my memory green.
~ Charles Dickens

You Are Here
*December is the toughest month of the year. Others are July,
January, September, April, November, May, March, June, October,
August and February.*
~ Mark Twain

Perennial
While I breathe I hope.
~ Latin Proverb

Within this simple, impressive framework, through over 120 poems, Patchel draws his theme from the everyday properties of contemporary life and actual experience. The epigraph for each movement reflects key elements in it—tone, direction, and state of mind. The possibilities for contrapuntal arrangement of subject matter are embedded in this structure. If we look for interrelation and progression, we will find it. In credible, plain diction, Patchel makes poetry of the near-most as well as the absent and infinitely far. This is where I wanted to hold on to the arms of my chair.

Layers opened and into them I fell, each poem in the collection a kind of prompt for bringing into play my own experience. The poems are specific and varied, clearly written from Patchel's memories, yet there is no idiosyncrasy, no self-absorption to shut a reader out. The poems are universal in image, music, and sense, and they must necessarily, I think, be the product of a restraint equal to their delicacy, and a discipline equal to their occasional glee, as in this one, one of my favorites—

fireflies
and I get to stay out
as long as I like

Even a poem like this one, below, speaks of an experience that we can identify and place within any city whatsoever (the city we were in) if we have been that “only living boy”—

day moon
the only living boy
in Chicago

Patchel is a poet who sees within and without at the same time.

Other haiku that act as fulcrums within the collection include these:

summer twilight
the walking path dips
into coolness

thrush song
the play of light
on my eyelids

hometown
the hug
of the hills

Time is looked at, prodded, stopped, slowed, put into motion; it is seen, felt, picked up, set down, worried about, and dreaded. Time is recaptured through consciousness, it is recalled in moments of poignancy as an artifact of childhood, and it is dwelt in and extended into movement felt as coolness in the twilight. This is pure haiku, with nature and human nature in balance, in tension, not as opposites but as complements to one another. The philosophy that imbues these poems and gives them their quiet power may be problematic only to those pre-disposed to see nature and human nature in continual, unabated conflict since Neolithic times.

In each of the above, Patchel demonstrates that he has gone far beyond an apprentice-understanding of the genre and the kind of language (my turn to quote Eliot) the author of *Four Quartets* made reference to when he wrote, “For last year’s words belong to last year’s language / And next year’s words await another voice.”²³

Like most contemporary haiku poets (and their editors), Patchel includes in his work the occasional senryu while at the same time showing no inclination or artistic need to separate, label, or treat them differently within his mix. They are what they are, poems focused entirely on human nature and behavior, and some are splendid. Here are three:

the niece
I cradle in my arms
wants down

supermarket
the cart with a child
at the prow

night train
we are all in this
alone

In that last one, I wonder, does he really think so? More importantly, do I? Do you? Perhaps the question is more important than the answer.

The presence of good senryu in the collection contributes much to the completeness and reality of the world conveyed by the whole, resulting in both aesthetic and thematic satisfactions that haiku alone would leave unspoken and lost.

It is no easy achievement to contribute meaningful, original work to a genre that has a hundred-year history even in its adoptive, English-language setting. This poet has done it. *Turn Turn* gives us plenty of glimpses, and not a few long gazes, at a new day in haiku. If this book is the milestone I think it is, and a weather vane for future things, the new day will be one in which we see poets putting to use and advancing the unique strengths and perspectives that a century of practice has yielded. They will apply them to the timeless themes poetry has always addressed, of course, but also to the special qualities of life in a contemporary world that is different from any other in history, and that is developing its own requirements of language for treatment of subject matter and human experience in poetry.

Through books like Patchel's, lovers of haiku in English have good reason to hang on, keep the fires burning, and take hope. We are still a long way from having to choose between two blind goats—a traditional haiku that has exhausted itself on clichés and stock responses, or a *gendai* approach that shows such unrestrained use of the disjunctive that the result is narcissism, nonsense, and dislocated common sense.

With Patchel you get a third or middle way, one that is concurrently social, intimate, and physical. His poetry is consistently thoughtful, bringing together delicate, unexpected harmonies between what the eye sees and the heart feels, all of it delivered in a seductive language of wakefulness and subdued intensity. This is vision we can take with us into the present and future.

Notes

1. T.S. Eliot, "Burnt Norton, (II)," *Four Quartets*, New York, Harcourt, 1943.
2. Melissa Allen, "The Lives of Poets, No. 3: Christopher Patchel." *Red Dragonfly*. Retrieved April 12, 2013 from <http://haikuproject.wordpress.com/2011/11/01/the-lives-of-poets-no-3-christopher-patchel/>.
3. Eliot, "Little Gidding, (II)," *Four Quartets*.



Michael McClintock's lifework in haiku, tanka, and related literature, as both poet and critic, spans over four decades. His latest haiku collection, Sketches from the San Joaquin, is from Turtle Light Press (2008). He resides in central California's San Joaquin Valley with his wife, Karen.

Philip Rowland. *Before Music.* Winchester, VA: Red Moon Press, 2012, 54 pp., perfect softbound, 4.25 x 6.5. ISBN 978-1-936848-19-5. US\$12 from www.redmoonpress.com.

by Dan Schwerin, Greendale, Wisconsin

Philip Rowland is a poet who coaxes us away from the armchair, to get outdoors, to convince us that we are not too put-together or grown-up to taste snowflakes with the avant-garde. One of my favorite poems in his second collection, *Before Music*,¹ is a case in point:

snow's
neither
nor

In three words we taste what snow holds: a deliberate rhythm, the downward flow, the unity of the emptying sky, the tapering off, a light music, and a visceral peace. The collection is arranged in five sections of poems that match in form and content, but also invite an appreciation of poetic unity. This poem takes us inside snow's neither/nor. Listen to Rowland, in his own words, from an essay in the August 2009 issue of *Roadrunner*²:

I would also argue that both haiku and surrealist poetry, at their most successful, refer us to the experience of non-duality. That is to say, both enact "the desire to break through boundaries between subject and object . . ."³

This collection invites us to experience the roominess of that non-duality:

the room within the radius of the blind woman's stick

We follow this monostich into the room and feel its space, in one thin-lined poetic harmony. Good poetry, from the back porch of realism, out to the prairie of surrealism, invites a

consideration of the limits of our seeing, the range of our writing, and the reach of its vision.

Elsewhere in his *Roadrunner* essay, Rowland peels the bark off to show us the grain of surreal haiku:

Both haiku and surrealist poetry depend very much upon unexpected juxtapositions of images, or “parallel images,” which . . . are a form of metaphor . . . in all but name.⁴

“The room within the radius,” for example, juxtaposes parallel images like a nest of Russian dolls. Rowland has a gift for disjunction that surprises and stands up to multiple readings. *Before Music* also employs many season words that help ground the leaping in Rowland’s poetry. “Summer rain,” “morning haze,” “daylight moon,” and “dusk” anchor the poems and the collection. Other poems take the reader, the haiku community, and short poetry to the edges of the radius we can reach in language. As a reader, I do not imagine myself so put-together that I cannot reach for a dictionary or search engine when a good poem calls for it. I was glad to be rewarded by the effort:

anchor
i
tic

Just to save you a trip to the dictionary, an anchorite is a person who has retired to a solitary place for a life of religious seclusion.⁵ Language poetry that can explore the anchor for the small I, and the small I at the center of what is anchoritic, treats the reader who makes this excursion into non-duality. I will venture, too, that while Rowland took me to surrealistic heights, at times I also felt dropped off at the esoteric:

negotiating the quake
investing in smeared
leaves

If, in general, surrealist poetry wants to take us past what is known,⁶ and African surrealists differ from Europeans by means of taking us not just to the unconscious, but farther, into the mystical,⁷ I sense Rowland's poetry leading us down these same long corridors. Reading the poem, I sense the quake. I sense smeared leaves are preservation against decay. Perhaps the reader is led to the folly of putting weight on wet leaves. Yet, if any more than this was signified or was covered in Poetry 101, I was sick that day. If you grant that surrealist poetry aims for non-sense insofar as it reaches for what is more than rational, a poem like "negotiating the quake" hurls us into the exciting orbit of surrealism. My reading could be flawed, of course, and I appreciate poetry that risks, but one feature I love about haiku, and would hate to lose, is its democracy. Haiku are richly complex but still accessible. With that said, *Before Music* leaves me appreciating a writer who leads us to these tensions.

Rowland's essay helps explain the different sets of expectations that construct the surrealist and the haiku enterprise:

Where the surrealist poem tends to foreground, or frame, its images, as if to make it clear that these are "just images," haiku presents them more simply and directly, "unframed," possibly with a stronger implication of authorial sincerity.⁸

Rowland takes us to the play of both sets of images—thus framed and unframed—offering the haiku community new neuro-pathways.

What is beautiful in this collection is a language so spare that it borders on signage. The multiple disjunctions shimmer like holograms. There is a hint of jazz, too:

in the hush before music
the music of who
I am not

What this poet does especially well is take us out to the edge of consciousness where the first notes of music register. His

choice of everyday images, such as water or islands, made me nostalgic for the Wisconsin objectivist, Lorine Niedecker, even if the reach of this work made me search for my Cid Corman decoder ring. A collection like this, that calls Cid Corman to mind, reminds us of a poet who was associated with the Beats, the Black Mountain poets, and Objectivists, but also independent of them.

In addition, I am delighted when haiku make me think of Robert Spiess, an early editor of *Modern Haiku* and grandfather of the haiku form in English. Rowland's poem:

sky wires so wires blue wires

had me recalling Spiess' poem from *The Heron's Legs* (1966):

old posts and old wire
hold wild grape vines holding
old posts and old wire⁹

When all is said and done, the significance of this collection is more than the content of the poems that leap off two feet into non-duality. *Before Music* knocks out the wall between the rooms of haiku definition and haiku practice. The poems take us out of our polarities into a broader vision of haiku—through and beyond words, and smeared leaves—past our easy fundamentalisms to reaches where poems can play and mean and move.

morning after—
the mountain comes
to the leaf

Notes

1. For additional critical review see Scott Metz, "Before Music by Philip Rowland." Retrieved April 16 (posted January 25) 2013, from the *Roadrunner* haiku blog, www.roadrunnerhaikublog.wordpress.com.

2. Philip Rowland, "Surrealism & Contemporary Haiku," *Roadrunner* IX:3 (August 2009), p. 5.
3. Rowland quotes Edward R. Germain, ed., *Surrealist Poetry in English*. London: Penguin Books, 1978, p. 44.
4. Rowland, "Surrealism," p. 3.
5. *Random House Dictionary*, unabridged, 2013. Retrieved, April 16, 2013, www.dictionary.com.
6. Kenneth Koch, *Making Your Own Days*. New York: Simon & Schuster, 1998, p. 56.
7. *Ibid.*, p. 280.
8. Rowland, "Surrealism," p. 3.
9. Robert Spiess, *The Heron's Legs*. Platteville, WI: American Haiku, 1966.



Dan Schwerin is a United Methodist Minister living in Greendale, Wisconsin. His poetry has appeared in Frogpond, Modern Haiku, bottle rockets, Roadrunner, and The Heron's Nest. He has most recently been anthologized in Kamesan's World Haiku Anthology on War, Violence, and Human Rights Violation, Dimitar Anakiev, ed., Kamesan Books, and A New Resonance 8, Jim Kacian & Dee Evetts, eds., Red Moon Press.



Carolyn Hall. *The Doors All Unlocked.* Winchester, VA: Red Moon Press, 2012, 102 pp., perfect softbound, 4.25 x 6.5. ISBN 978-1-936848-16-4. US\$12.00.

by Michele Root-Bernstein, East Lansing, Michigan

the threshold of awareness

The Doors All Unlocked, Carolyn Hall's third collection of haiku, moves the mind in many directions. According to recent studies of the brain, sounds too slight to reach the threshold of awareness on their own are cognitively enhanced by linkage with other, concurrent sensations such as sight. We actually hear more acutely if we can also see what is making noise. This bit of neuroscience begins to explain the evolutionary value of cross-modal thinking, that synthesis of sensory input from which we derive meaning. No accident, the poet's heightened sensitivity to and understanding of life also lies in the interfusions of perception, emotion, and memory. Such fusions are to be found throughout Hall's chapbook:

telephoto lens—
the loon's call
comes into focus

green quince
I ask again
if he loves me

altered memories
birdsong tugging
at the sky

If the first of these haiku speaks directly to the neuroscience, the neuroscience offers some insight into the poetic impact of the second and third. We understand precisely the tenor of the lover's question *because* of its association with bitter fruit. Responding to fusion upon fusion, we feel the nag of unresolved recall as a sound pulling on the sky *because* we have known emotional torsion in the guts.

strands that bind

Hall divides some 85 poems into six sections, each section its own thematic cluster. Nominally, the reader is serially

immersed in acts of attention, in small joys and sorrows, in familial community, solitude and loneliness, communion with others or its lack, and sudden tremblings before the mystery of death in life. Yet Hall is too sure an artist not to utilize these same themes as strands that bind one cluster with another. Haiku that speak to sensual perception, for example, also speak to the small gestures with which we maintain connection and grace the perplexities of deep companionship:

I let him
remember it his way—
spring gust

we agree to disagree—
a swallowtail sails down
the stream's dry fork

the gates of the lock
close behind us
autumn dusk

Placed early in the chapbook, "I let him" channels poems such as "we agree to disagree" and "the gates of the lock" that surface later, in sections more obviously dedicated to meditations on intimacy and death. Layers of sensory and emotional fusion within poems build into leitmotifs webbing the collection as a whole.

an examined life

In the warp and woof of *The Doors All Unlocked* perhaps the most compelling strand is woven of those personal intimacies that draw the reader into the middle of an examined life. That narrative picks up in middle age, when everything, it seems, is in flux.

poppies!
my daughter calls
just to chat

lilac
the familiarity
of his nakedness

dogwood blossoms
Mom's ashes
lighter than expected

Children grow into their own and separate lives; parents age, get sick and die; companions of the heart change—or, perhaps

worse, don't; and the reasons for all that has come before are newly called into question:

my life story
to a stranger . . . bags shift
in the overhead bin

touch so light

In Hall's hands, haiku technique is nearly invisible, her touch so light as to be transparent. Syllable and stress; assonance and alliteration; word, line, and line break—all serve meaning even as they get out of its way. Here, all the l's contribute to a sense of restraint, let loose in the final word of the poem:

a flimsy lock
on my journal
tulip rain

Form is wholly fluid, yet wholly formed. There are parameters. Whether in one word or twelve, one line or two or three or more, Hall's haiku build from fresh and fertile juxtapositions, from subtle, telling shifts and double meanings:

Sept
ember

the
sound
of
the
rake
scraping
loneliness

No more, no less is said than must be said to convey what one poet has called "a careful incompleteness of information."¹ Yet with great generosity of spirit, the haiku in this collection articulate the very fragments of thought necessary to fire meaning—without anticipating that combustion. Hall is a poet of precise vision and open-ended implication. Fuel and kindling are all there, but it is the reader who must strike the match.

words . . .
the dug-up stump
too heavy to lift

on the pulse points

Hall's haiku sensibilities place her in the palpable world:

a frog fills the garden of our attention

Yet that world also includes what can only be imagined and intuited, desired, or dreamed—unconsciously felt frogs also fill the garden, though we may hardly know how to name them:

shimmer of minnows
at the lakeshore
this wish to fly

Again and again, Hall places her finger on the pulse points of the mind's inner landscape, scouting out our deepest needs and our deepest fears:

the long night
my loneliness
curls up beside him

I imagine
dying alone
mustard seeds

what really matters

Who does not know of Jane Austen's mild dismissal of her manuscript page as a "little bit (two inches wide) of ivory on which I work with so fine a brush, as produces little effect after much labour?"²² Hall's "bit of ivory" may be smaller still, but her palette is equally large. If she confines herself in her poetry to scenes from a daily life, her concerns are anything but pedestrian. Indeed, like the novelist Barbara Pym (sometimes referred to as a modern Austen), Hall asks us to consider, as Pym's characters often do, that "the small things of life [are] often so much bigger than the great things . . . like cooking, one's home, little poems especially sad ones, solitary walks . . ."²³ Painting ever so small stories, Hall nevertheless

grapples with what really matters—“how to sate this hunger”; “how to dress . . . for eternity.” Often somber, always honest, she finds some answer in the poetry itself:

gold-back fern
the mark
my words make

the lesser goldfinch goldfinch enough

Indeed. There is such a noetic quality to Hall’s poems, such a feeling of rightness in the mark her words make, that to read *The Doors All Unlocked* is to experience again and again the synesthesia of heightened awareness and being. Hall may well ponder, as surely as an Austen or a Pym, whether fine and lucid brush work, whether simple, luminous moments of common wonder, are enough. They are.

mayflies—
an unfinished painting
on the easel

Notes

1. Harry Behn, *Chrysalis, Concerning Children and Poetry*. New York: Harcourt, Brace & World, 1968.
2. Jane Austen to Edward Austen, Chawton, Monday, Dec. 16th (1816). From James Edward Austen-Leigh, *Memoir of Jane Austen*, 1870. Retrieved June 7, 2013 from <http://www.pemberley.com/janeinfo/auslet22.html>.
3. Barbara Pym, *Less Than Angels*. New York: Harper & Row, 1955, 104.



Michele Root-Bernstein studies creative imagination across the life cycle. She also writes haiku, appearing in a number of North American journals and in A New Resonance 6. Recently she placed second in the 2012 San Francisco International Competition for Haiku and in the Haiku Society of America Contest for Best Unpublished Haibun, 2012. At present she serves as associate editor of Frogpond.

Briefly Reviewed

by Michele Root-Bernstein, East Lansing, Michigan
& Francine Banwarth, Dubuque, Iowa

David Jacobs. *Just Before Bed*. Spalding, Lincolnshire, U.K.: Hub editions, 2012, handmade perfect softbound, 4.75 x 6.25. ISBN 978-1-903746-98-1. US\$10. Available from the author at davidjacobs2011@gmail.com.

This is a fine first collection by a mainstream poet who, in the last several years, has turned exclusively to haiku. A handful of the 52 poems in the chapbook have won accolades of one sort or another and, by and large, the rest live up to that quality. Characteristics that struck this reader include the deft use of language to connect one image to another, the bittersweet contiguity of reality and imagination, understated wit, and unassuming insight. *coming ashore / at their own pace— / oarsmen's ripples; new dementia wing / Mum insists / on the guided tour; just before bed / the washed up plates / shine in the rack.* ~MRB

Michael Henry Lee. *Against the Grain, Haiku and Senryu*. Saint Augustine, FL: Eleventh Hour Press, 2012, 56 pp., spiral bound, 5.5 x 8.5. No ISBN. US\$8 (\$10 overseas). Available from the author at michaelhenrylee@bellsouth.net.

When one reads widely and forgetfully it can take some time to link a remembered haiku to a poet's name, let alone a face and a life story. This reader is happy to have recognized several favorites in Michael Henry Lee's hand-published chapbook of 49 poems (his second collection). A poet who knows loneliness, illness, and death, yet also satisfaction and optimism, Lee is most persuasive on time and its cycles, a theme that permeates the work. The modest, makeshift quality of the print job does not mar the overall impact of this worthwhile addition to the haiku

bookshelf. *hazy moon / in a starry sky— / our conundrum; autumn deepening / so little time for / the time that's left; bark beetle / a life well lived / against the grain.* ~MRB

Zoran Mimica. *Without Keys, haiku poems with love.* PyTao Press/Red Moon Press, 2012, perfect softbound, 5 x 7. ISBN 978-1-936848-13-3. US\$12 from www.redmoonpress.com.

In this first collection, the Croatian poet Zoran Mimica offers an afterword that sketches a philosophic sensibility germane to the reading of his haiku. Three themes predominate: our time-bound existence, the timelessness of nature, and the stream of our conscious experience of both. Most of the 450 or so haiku, packed densely on each page, read as the improvisations or direct representations of interior mentality Mimica intends them to be; a fistful harness the poetic craft that mediates exterior, that is to say social, permanence. *Someone rushed by / on a bike—I didn't even / bother to see who it was; The yellowness / of my green tea / – it's noon; A butterfly shows me the way / through the bushes / into the sea.* ~MRB

Ken Jones. *Bog Cotton, haiku stories and haiku.* Uxbridge, U.K.: Alba Pub., 2012, 94 pp., perfect softbound, 5.75 x 8.25. ISBN 978-0-9572592-2-5. US\$16.

Anyone interested in haibun will want to read Ken Jones. His haibun—or haiku stories as he calls them—occupy a liminal space between the autobiographical life and fictional reconstructions of same. Utilizing a range of literary tools borrowed from creative nonfiction, most notably personification, he probes the story fragments and back matter of human experience with some brilliant results. In *Bog Cotton*, the life journey is rendered literally, with meditations on travel far and wide, through city and countryside, into the past, into myth, memory, and imagination. The fine balance between aloneness and loneliness, between community and individuality threads throughout: *Sunday morning anglers / their solitude / enjoyed together. One is a James Joyce lookalike—reading, of course. “Any bites?” “Enough to ruin a good read.”* ~MRB

Steven Carter. *Interiors*. Uxbridge, U.K.: Alba Pub., 2012, 120 pp., perfect softbound, 5.75 x 8.25. ISBN 978-0-9572592-5-6. US\$16.

Steven Carter. *Book of Dreams*. Winchester, VA: Red Moon Press, 2012, 70 pp., perfect softbound, 4.25 x 6.5. ISBN 978-1-936848-15-7. US\$12 from www.redmoonpress.com.

As one might expect of two books published in the same year, Carter's dual collections of haibun share a number of thematic obsessions, as well as a few anecdotes, bon mots and poetic phrases. The prose is largely excellent—conversational yet larded with literary and philosophical references. His ruminations at their best make one think of essayist Philip Lopate as they tool around a notion and turn it inside out (see, e.g., “Beholder” or “Winter Light” in *Interiors*). Some of the haiku are also noteworthy, though many do not match the prose. Carter's dream visions can challenge connection, as dreams often do, yet not without pointers on entry for the willing reader. In the haibun “Kaneohe Bay,” the narrator panics on an ocean swim:

*I swim harder, but the shore recedes farther with each stroke.
[...W]hat to do? . . . Then, a voice: Stop struggling and thrashing
about; stop kicking against the pricks; stop . . . [...] And sure enough,
even as I relax and tread water, the shore comes closer and closer [...]*

*other horizons
stopping at my toes
the ocean*

~MRB

Alvin Thomas Ethington, ed. *Pieces of Her Mind: Women Find Their Voice in Centuries-Old Forms*. Palm Springs, CA: Omega Publications, 2012, 185 pp., hardcover, 5.75 x 8.75. ISBN 978-0-9850350-7-5. US\$17.95/\$9.95 (paperback), from booksellers.

This anthology testifies to the groundswell of personal creativity and avocation that sustains the arts in general and the poetic enterprise in particular. It also confirms what many people have observed: that the humorous, ironic stance is more elusive than earnest insight. Yet the effort is worth the challenge, for as

Wittgenstein would have it, “A serious and good philosophical work could be written consisting entirely of jokes.” *life... / I think I might die / before it’s over* (Vicki Taylor Bonnell); *it’s not what you said / it is what you didn’t say / that I heard you say* (Marie Toole); *good ending— / too bad it didn’t start / sooner in the play* (Joan E. Stern). For more, see the essay in this issue by Susan Campion, a new voice in the endeavor. ~MRB

Rebecca Lilly. *Yesterday’s Footprints*. Allan Burns, ed. Winchester, VA: Red Moon Press, 2012, 66 pp., perfect softbound, 4.25 x 6.5. ISBN 978-1-936848-17-1. US\$12 from www.redmoonpress.com.

Some of us write haiku. Some of us write haiku poetry. The skill revolves around the author’s ability to gather words, shape them into poetic images, and through those images enter a moment and reach beyond it, to find the doorway to the self and probe deeper into some essence of the beauty and poignancy of this existence, which slips away from us even as we live it. In this, her third book of poetry, two of them dedicated to haiku, Lilly’s attention to detail enriches her writing and calls us to witness, to taste, touch, see, smell, and listen to her moments observed: *The valley’s scent / of rain-wet earth; / lowing cattle*. Through finely tuned juxtapositions, she links the past with the present: *All together again / old friends talking at once— / the flowering plums*; calls us to attention: *Wind rattles the shutters— / someone holding / the wild card*; and, at times, brings us to our knees: *Dropping windfalls . . . / were there such simple answers / to our problems*. ~FB

Magpie Haiku and Tanka Poets. *Weathered Wings: An Anthology of Poetry*. Alberta: published privately, 2012, 72 pp., perfect softbound, 5.75 x 6.5. ISBN 978-0-969356-42-4. No price given, from Joanne Morcom at morcomj@telus.net.

Seven women poets deliver a collection of poems that range from the lighthearted to more serious subject matter. *reunion dance / wanting him to stay / for the full Bolero . . .* (Patricia Benedict); *string quartet / the cello gives sadness / a voice* (Sylvia Santiago). ~FB

Kaneko Tohta. *Selected Haiku With Notes and Commentary, Part 2, 1961–2012*. Translated by The Kon Nichi Translation Group. Winchester, VA: Red Moon Press, 2012, 250 pp., perfect softbound, 4.25 x 6.5. ISBN 978-1-936848-21-8. US\$12 from www.redmoonpress.com.

This is the final volume in a 4-volume series on the life, work, and writing of Kaneko Tohta, one of Japan's leading literary and cultural figures. (*The Future of Haiku*, volume 2, was reviewed in *Frogpond* 35:2 and *Selected Haiku: Part I, 1937–1960*, volume 3, was reviewed in *Frogpond* 35:3.) Kaneko is at the forefront of the modern haiku movement, and his haiku may appear inaccessible to the unenlightened. But the collections, including this one, come with extensive notes on the haiku and translation process, which serve as a learning tool for those who would profit from an inside look at a poet whose vision is “eye-opening, accessible, and refreshingly direct.” *one dog two cats / we three finally / not A-bombed; pacific ocean / as if brooding eggs / girls on the shore* ~FB

Michael Dylan Welch, ed. *With Cherries on Top*. Sammamish, WA: Press Here, 2012, 140 pp., ebook. ISBN 978-878798-34-3. Free download from www.sites.google.com/site/nahaiwrimo/with-cherries-on-top.

NaHaiWriMo (National Haiku Writing Month) is a Facebook page that promotes daily writing through haiku prompts. In August 2012, a different prompter each day suggested themes such as star myths, birth, grass, and forgotten things. Thousands of writers responded, and from the selection, 190 haiku and senryu were chosen and gathered in this “first of its kind” ebook anthology. Stunning photographs introduce each prompt and give the collection an electric charge. One of my favorite prompts was “Beatles song,” which inspired haiku and senryu such as: *here comes the sun . . . / a list of seeds / to plant* (Dawn Apanius); *spider / in the kitchen / let it be* (Terri L. French); and *too tight the last dance his hey jude off key* (Sheila Windsor). Don't miss this free collection, along with inspiration to jump-start your writing practice. ~FB

Re:Readings

From *Frogpond* 35:3

Marian Olson, Santa Fe, New Mexico, on selected poems:

When the new issue of *Frogpond* arrives, I like to take the time to carefully read the poetry. I like to copy the poems that move me and then let them rest a couple of weeks before rereading to see if they still retain their impact. Sometimes they do, sometimes they don't. In Volume 35:3, the poems that retained their power were Friedenbergs', Davidson's, Barbara's, Cole's, and Dunphy's. As it happens, all but two of these were witty senryu. Out of the five, Davidson's unique "rhubarb crumble/how granny used to make/grandpa cry" both surprised and delighted me. I can't remember ever reading a haiku like "rhubarb." It is a fine haiku.

From *Frogpond* 36:1

Marian Olson, Santa Fe, New Mexico, on Steven Carter's haibun:

In *Frogpond* 36:1, I loved, loved, loved Steven Carter's "Rhapsody in Black and White." Haibun is a difficult genre and most of the material I read lacks compelling prose or a solid capping haiku, often both. Not only is Carter's prose splendid, his haiku is one for the record books, and a perfect capper for his portrait of "Rosemary." I hope to read more of his excellent work.



Call for Designs

Help stock this pond with frogs! We welcome frog designs in black and white for inclusion in the pages of this journal. We hope to choose a different frog design for each issue, so please e-mail your submission of high-quality .jpeg or .tiff files to the editors of *Frogpond* at frogsforthepond@gmail.com.

Corrections

From *Frogpond* 36:1

Our deepest apologies to Scott Mason for dropping the paragraph on page 102 before three haiku by Marian Olson in his review of her new collection, *Sketches of Mexico*:

Then there are the tourists. (The author would doubtless—and I think justifiably—consider herself a returning guest.) With no excuse for less than gracious behavior, these folks receive Olson’s most withering gaze.

Good Friday procession
a gringo steps in
with the biggest candle

no place to escape
the tour-boat bullhorn
uneasy seals

Gucci bag knockoff
the tourist buys three
just because

Regarding the review by Roberta Beary of *Bamboo Dreams*:

Dear Ms Banwarth,

If punctuality is the politeness of kings, then preciseness shall be the politeness of critics. Otherwise their writings are destined (if not meant) to create a controversy and sow discord. I sadly note that this very thing happened with Roberta Beary’s review of *Bamboo Dreams* in *Frogpond*, the magazine you edit.

In her review (<http://www.hsa-haiku.org/frogpond/2013-issue36-1/Kudryavitsky-reviewed-by-Beary.pdf>), Ms Beary writes the following: “A poem by Seamus Heaney, arguably the most famous haiku by a Nobel Prize winner, appears on the same page, with Kudryavitsky’s own variations in line 2.” Thus she accuses me of rewriting the poem by Seamus Haney! This is nothing but Ms Beary’s malicious fabrication.

The new, untitled version of the well-known haiku by the Nobel prize winner was written in 2007 by no one else but Seamus Heaney. This piece, in Heaney’s handwriting (<http://irishhaiku.webs.com/Seamus%20Heaney.jpg>) has been available for viewing on the Irish

Haiku Society website (<http://irishhaiku.webs.com/yesterdayand-today.htm>) since the very day the website was launched at Poetry Ireland in February 2007.

It is a pity that Ms Beary didn't find time to visit the IHS website over the following seven long years. Or was she too busy trying to find Irish members of Haiku Ireland, the group she belongs to, on the ever expanding list of overseas members of that association? It's surprising that in her review she fails to mention any of the fine poets, members of the Irish Haiku Society, whose works have won the most prestigious haiku awards and accolades throughout the world. She could easily do it in the paragraph she, instead, filled with a spacious quotation about my humble self from Wikipedia. Having read her review, one can't help thinking that Ms Beary's knowledge of the situation in Irish haiku is lopsided.

As for the slanderous statement in the afore-mentioned paragraph, I give you a week to remove it from your pages, in both online and paper-based editions; otherwise I will explore my legal options.

Yours sincerely,

Anatoly Kudryavitsky, Editor of Shamrock Haiku Journal

Roberta Beary responds:

My review of *Bamboo Dreams* contained an inadvertent misattribution of the variation in line 2 of the Seamus Heaney haiku to Editor Anatoly Kudryavitsky. In writing the review I relied on *Bamboo Dreams*' Acknowledgments page, which cites *Seeing Things* by Seamus Heaney (Faber & Faber, 1991). *Bamboo Dreams*' Acknowledgments page contains no reference to <http://irishhaiku.webs.com/Seamus%20Heaney.jpg>. Similarly in the Introduction to *Bamboo Dreams* at page 6 Anatoly Kudryavitsky references *Seeing Things* and omits crediting <http://irishhaiku.webs.com/Seamus%20Heaney.jpg> for the version of the Seamus Heaney haiku which appears in *Bamboo Dreams*.

As to the rest of Mr. Kudryavitsky's letter in which he responds to my review of *Bamboo Dreams*, Mr. Kudryavitsky's intemperate response speaks for itself.

Roberta Beary is the haibun editor of Modern Haiku. Her book of short poems, The Unworn Necklace (Snapshot Press, 1st hardcover ed. 2011), was named a Poetry Society of America award finalist and a Haiku Society of America Merit Book Award winner. www.robtabeary.com.

2012 Kanterman Merit Book Awards

For Books Published in 2011

Judges

Carolyn Hall, San Francisco, California
Christopher Patchel, Mettawa, Illinois

First Place: Tie (\$250 each)

**Fay Aoyagi. *Beyond the Reach of My Chopsticks*.
San Francisco, California: Blue Willow Press, 2011.
4.25 x 5.5 inches, 136 pages, perfectbound.**

It is difficult to find superlatives that have not already been applied to Fay Aoyagi's haiku. Poems from her first collection, winner of a Kanterman Book Award, prompted William Higginson to exclaim that at last someone "has galloped beyond most of what we have learned about how to write American haiku in five decades. . . . *Chrysanthemum Love* is a stunningly original book." Her second book, *In Borrowed Shoes* (2006), was as strong as the first. And *Beyond the Reach of My Chopsticks* is outstanding in its own right. This newest book includes 65 exceptional new poems along with 23 poems from each of the earlier books, which are no longer in print. Though she was born and raised in Japan, it was not until she was an adult living in San Francisco that Aoyagi "started a love affair with haiku and tanka." Though she writes in both languages, all the poems in these collections were composed in English. But her status as native-born Japanese gives her poems *about* Japan great gravitas. Also, her first language gives her access to the rich panoply of Japanese *kigo*. Though she writes to express "who I am, how I live, how I see and how I feel," rather than about nature, per se, the vertical axis of Japanese *kigo* gives great depth to her English-language poems.

Fay Aoyagi's voice is one that cannot be ignored or soon forgotten.

night ocean
death's puppeteer
clears his throat

handcuffed lobsters
in the water tank
A-bomb Anniversary

soft rain
a plum tree
in its third trimester

paul m. *Few Days North Days Few*. Winchester, Virginia: Red Moon Press, 2011. 4.25 x 6.5 inches, 102 pages, perfectbound. ISBN 978-1-936848-06-5.

This is paul m.'s third full-length collection of haiku, and the third to win an HSA book award. This speaks volumes. He says in his introduction to this latest book, "The best poems are poems of misdirection, leading us to believe that nothing much has happened, when in fact everything has happened . . . or is happening." The opening one-liner

with eyes closed spring grass

is a perfect introduction to the poems that follow—an exploration of what the world feels like when we shut out the extraneous and focus on immediate sensations, whether they be sight, sound, taste, touch, or emotion. The way paul m. sees the world is utterly unique.

returning body bags
my DNA
in a mosquito

No sentient being can walk away from exposure to these words without being profoundly affected. Although his haiku often employ traditional *kigo*, it is paul m.'s surprising juxtapositions that make the poems memorable.

returning geese
her ashes still
in the plain tin

The quality of the haiku, punctuated by linocut illustrations by the author, is outstanding throughout. It is no exaggeration to say that Paul M. is one of the finest haiku poets writing today.

Second Place (\$100)

Robert Boldman. *Everything I Touch*. Winchester, Virginia: Red Moon Press, 2011. 4.25 x 6.5 inches, 64 pages, perfectbound. ISBN 978-1-893959-95-8.

utterly still
the bluejay cries
utterly what I am

Though buried deep in the book, this poem could stand as preface to Bob Boldman's *Everything I Touch*. Boldman's view of the universe has a refreshing, almost child-like quality, capturing fleeting imagery as if viewed out of the corner of his eye. Though often minimalist, his haiku pack a wallop.

suitcase
beside the grave
soft rain

Allowing himself the extra words necessary in this case,

Death camp in the photograph
the little girl's hair will always be blowing

It is hard to imagine forgetting this image once Boldman has presented it to us in just this way. On the back cover Anita Virgil states, "Less is ever so much more." John Stevenson exclaims that "This work is perfectly tuned." And Peter Yovu assures us that "Even if you have never read Bob Boldman's haiku, you will recognize them, because their offspring are everywhere." Though many readers may have encountered Boldman's haiku before, it is a great pleasure to have them between two covers and at hand's reach.

Third Place (\$50)

Allan Burns. *Distant Virga*. Winchester, Virginia: Red Moon Press, 2011. 4.25 x 6.5 inches, 64 pages, perfect-bound. ISBN 978-1-936848-08-9.

This first full-length collection of haiku by Allan Burns moved higher on our list with each reading. These are not poems that reach out and grab you by the collar; rather, they sink in and nestle in the core of your being. They are quiet evocations of the confluences of nature and (generally only implied) human nature.

Kind of Blue the smell of rain

Burns exhibits great dexterity at widening and narrowing our focus.

Arcturus
a pinecone glows
in the campfire

And his view of the world is leavened with a touch of humor.

the dog's path
less straight
than the path

Minimalist one-liners incorporated into artwork by Ron Moss (creating haiga, in effect) act as attractive chapter headings.

Best Translation

Bouwe Brouwer, translated by Bouwe Brouwer, Norman Darlington, and Max Verhart. *Messages from the Past*. Den Bosch, Netherlands: 't Schrijverke, 2011. 3 x 4 inches, 48 pages, ISBN 978-94-90607-06-7.

That good things come in small packages certainly proves to be the case with this delightful book of haiku and haibun by

Bouwe Brouwer. Despite its diminutive size (you can hold it in the palm of your hand or tuck it into your shirt pocket), the production values are surprisingly good: a wraparound four-color cover, colorful end pages. Between those covers are 67 haiku and 5 haibun, each one in Dutch with faultless English translations. The haiku are mostly traditional, but Brouwer's voice is unique, and even the most nature-oriented have an emotional tug.

the old park
wrinkled
in all its ponds

The English translations of the haibun are stunning. The stories are engaging. Not a word is wasted. And Brouwer knows well that in the best haibun the haiku doesn't reiterate what's in the prose, but takes one deeper into it.

Honorable Mentions for Best Translation (ranked)

Ljubomir Dragović, translated by Saša Važić. *A Narrow Road*. Belgrade, Serbia: Liber Press, 2011. 4.75 x 6.75 inches, 106 pages, ISBN 978-86-6133-055-1.

There is a rich lode of haiku being mined in the countries of Eastern Europe. Of the half-dozen collections we considered this year, *A Narrow Road* stands out from the rest by virtue of its high-quality haiku and the excellence of its translations (from Serbian). Though many of the poems are subtle evocations of the human condition with its objective correlative in the world of Nature, others are more blatantly (and strikingly) resonant.

dark cellar—
feeling the old fears
with my fingers

One might wish that the author had edited this collection of 160 poems to a more manageable size. Nevertheless, the strongest poems are a very enjoyable read.

Taneda Santōka, versions by Scott Watson. *Walking by My Self Again*. Sendai, Japan: Bookgirl Press, 2011. 5 x 8 inches, 70 pages, perfectbound. ISBN 978-1-933175-03-4.

Scott Watson states up front that “English is not Japanese, Japanese is not English. I am not Santōka, Santōka is not me. I don’t believe in translation in the sense that this is equivalent to that.” And even before reading that remark in the introduction, Watson’s “versions” of Santōka’s haiku brought to mind songwriters who do cover versions of other songwriters’ material, where the challenge is to respect the integrity of the originals while creatively making the songs their own. How faithful Watson’s fresh, quirky renditions are to the original poems, or whether Santōka would approve of them, isn’t for us to say, but we found them engaging.

into this wind self-rebukingly walk

Best Design and Aesthetics

Joyce Clement. *Beyond My View*. Bristol, Connecticut: Endionpress, 2011. 5 x 7 inches, 56 pages, handbound. ISBN 978-0-983500-80-3.

Of all the books we were privileged to read, this one provided the richest visual and tactile experience by far. Designed by the author and produced by Swamp Press, it is letterpress-printed and hand-stitched, and uses die cuts, metallic ink, and textured paper stocks to wonderful effect. Evocative photographs (also by the author) on translucent pages partially reveal the poems to follow. The bonus (no small matter) is that the haiku are impressive as well. There is an ethereal quality about many of Joyce Clement’s poems, though even the most breathy of those are grounded in reality. Once read, they are not easily forgotten.

the
pine
grove
when
i
exhale

Best Anthology

Lee Gurga and Scott Metz, editors. *Haiku 21*. Lincoln, Illinois: Modern Haiku Press, 2011. 5.5 x 8 inches, 205 pages. ISBN 978-0-974189-45-1.

The very title raises expectations. An anthology called *Haiku 21* should exemplify the changing state of twenty-first century haiku in English, accommodate the genre's divergent influences and approaches, and answer the editors' own forward-leaning question, "What can haiku be?" Indeed, the strength of this collection lies in the extent to which Lee Gurga and Scott Metz were able to rise to those challenges. Its weakness, on the other hand, is over-inclusiveness. A tight focus on the edgy and experimental, or on work that exhibits a traditional/modern synthesis, would have given the collection an overall coherence, whereas the broad inclusion of traditional through *gendai* makes for a rather uneasy alliance. Then again, perhaps even that is an intentional reflection of the reality, and/or a gutsy effort to come to terms with traditional/*gendai* issues. Whatever the case, *Haiku 21* stretches one's ideas and sensibilities, and is anything but boring.

not
the
whole
story
but probably enough
fresh
snow

Lee Gurga

the word god being eaten by a field of robins

Scott Metz

Honorable Mentions for Best Anthology (ranked)

Robert Epstein, editor. *Dreams Wander On: Contemporary Poems of Death Awareness*. Baltimore, Maryland: Modern English Tanka Press, 2011. 6 x 9 inches, 134 pages. ISBN 978-1-935398-24-0.

This collection of 382 haiku, tanka, and haiga by nearly 200 poets (most of whose names will be very familiar) focuses not on death, per se, but on our sense of mortality. The author, a psychotherapist, provides a useful introduction to the themes covered. Though the poems are a bit uneven, the best of them are very good and make this an anthology worth reading.

Jerry Ball and J. Zimmerman, editors. *Wild Violets: Yuki Teikei Haiku Society Members' Anthology 2011*. Sunnyvale, California: Patson's Press, 2011. 6 x 9 inches, 80 pages. ISBN 978-0-974540-49-8.

This very attractive book (made so by a beautiful cover and foldout Chinese brush paintings by Ann Bendixen) includes two poems by each of 57 member poets, as well as haibun and informative essays by well-known haijin.

Judges' Note: We made a difficult but practical choice not to lengthen our list of Honorable Mentions to include *A New Resonance*, *The Red Moon Anthology*, or *Contemporary Haibun* since these Red Moon Press publications are serial volumes familiar to haijin around the world. Each of them is a valuable contribution to haiku literature, and we commend them all.



Carolyn Hall was formerly the editor of Acorn. Her most recent book, The Doors All Unlocked, was published in 2012 by Red Moon Press and received an Honorable Mention in the Touchstone Distinguished Book Awards.

Christopher Patchel is the cover designer for Frogpond. His debut book, Turn Turn, was published by Red Moon Press in 2013.

Editors' Note: Coincidentally both *Turn Turn* and *The Doors All Unlocked* are reviewed in this issue of *Frogpond*.

2013 Nicholas Virgilio Haiku Contest

Judges

Mary Stevens, Hurley, New York
John Stevenson, Nassau, New York

through the teeth
of the jack-o-lantern
the wind

Addison Owen

Age 15, Grade 9, The Paideia School, Atlanta, Georgia

A jack-o-lantern almost always has teeth and they are almost never the sort of teeth that indicate good dental hygiene. In fact, they are the sort of teeth that, in a human being, would be especially sensitive to changes in temperature and might react to an autumn wind with a twinge of pain. Of course, we don't so much feel the wind as see it in this haiku. It causes the candle within to flicker, falter, and perhaps expire.

The wind moving through the mouth of the jack-o-lantern brings to mind how living beings take in and exhale air as part of the breathing process. The word "spirit," in its sense as the animating principle in humans and animals, comes from the same Latin root as "breath" (respiration). That which is alive, breathes. But could it also be true that breathing feeds the flame inside? If breath is an animating force, the implications of this poem are ghoulish . . .

A number of idioms come to mind when reading this poem: speaking "through the teeth" and "in the teeth of," to name a couple. This poem stood out from the first reading because it is so well crafted. The line breaks, in particular, are cut in the most expressive way possible.

family dinner
the lights
too dim

Danielle Murdoch
Age 14, Grade 8, The Paideia School, Atlanta, Georgia

In any group, there are going to be different perceptions about the comfort level for things like the temperature, the lighting, the music. It is clear that the poet is not the one who decides what the proper lighting is in this family group. All the same, it is good to be clear about this within oneself. Someday, when creating a new family, it will be good to be articulate about it.

Traditional Western poetry often expresses the poet's deepest feelings explicitly. In contrast, Japanese aesthetics values suggesting emotion instead of stating it outright. This can make writing haiku very challenging for Westerners, who want to express and who strive to be heard and understood. This poem does not reveal the storyline. Instead it uses suggestion to allow readers the space for their own interpretations and emotions. The feeling of longing in the poem is conveyed subtly, and it is enough.

late autumn
his callused hands
feed the line

Grace Futral
Age 14, Grade 8
The Paideia School
Atlanta, Georgia

autumn wind
the spool
feeding the thread

Olivia Babuka Black
Age 15, Grade 9
The Paideia School
Atlanta, Georgia

These poems, both of which we found to be well written, provide together an opportunity to illustrate how similar material can produce very different effects, even in so small a poem as a haiku. Both poems begin by invoking the chill of autumn. Both then present an image of some kind of line being fed out from its source. But the tones of each poem are very different.

The first poem focuses on the hands that are engaged in this task. As such, it suggests a teaching moment, in which the knowledge and skill of one generation is being offered to its successor.

The second poem shows us only the mechanism. Though human hands must surely have been involved in the process at some point, what we are looking at now is part of a machine.

In the first poem, the poet is witnessing not only an activity the older man has been doing for many years, but one that the residents of the place have been doing for hundreds—or even thousands—of years before him. In this way, it is both of the moment and eternal. And the implied outdoor landscape sets this basic human activity in a large physical spaciousness.

In contrast, the sound of the wind outside in the second poem draws the attention indoors to the whirring of a sewing machine. Autumn is a time of turning inward—to indoor activity and introspection. What creative projects will come from those rich, inner processes that happen so readily during the winding-down time of year? In addition, the juxtaposition of the kigo “autumn wind” and the image of the spool feeding the thread bring to mind the passing of time, giving the poem a kind of lonely beauty.

With very similar images, we have poems of community and of solitary reflection, of spaciousness and of the inner world, of the eternal in the ordinary and of impermanence.

a crack
in the parking lot
I tightrope to the car

Liana Klin

Age 13, Grade 7, The Paideia School, Atlanta, Georgia

This walking-carefully-on-a-crack brings to mind the children’s rhyme “step on a crack, break your mother’s back.”

That this poet is deliberately walking on a crack suggests that he or she is probably not superstitious. A person on a tight-rope sets one foot in front of the other, gingerly, with arms extended out to each side. In this “tightrope” walk, however, there is no height involved, so any damage resulting from a misstep would be minimal.

But so often we feel the need to step carefully and keep balance. Adults and some young people can be so concerned about how they might look to others that they never allow themselves the pure fun of such a moment. A true poet is neither a child nor an adult but rather a creature of and in the moment.

words
come slow like honey
Ohio rain

Coral Lee

Age 17, Grade 12. Sage Hill School, Newport Coast, California

While haiku writers avoid using simile, we felt the merits of this poem outweighed that convention.

This poem gives the strong sense of place so common in traditional Japanese poetry. In this poem, it comes from more than the poet's just naming the state. Through the repeated vowel sounds in “slow” and “Ohio” and in “come” and “honey,” the poet conveys the dreamlike effect of a slow, all-day rain.

As poet John Ciardi pointed out, asking what a poem means may not be as useful a question as asking “how” it means. This haiku is a good example. While one could construct a narrative to account for the images—something about rainy days spent with laconic but eloquent companions—this is not necessary in order to appreciate the poem. The musicality is intense and needs no more explanation than the opening notes of Gershwin’s “Rhapsody in Blue.”



Mary Stevens lives in the Hudson Valley among much wildlife. A member of HSA since 2002, she aspires to get out of her own way when writing haiku. Her haiku have been published in several journals, the 2009 Red Moon Anthology, and the 2005 Snapshot Press Haiku Calendar. She holds an M.S. in Secondary Education, an M.A. in English, and is a lecturer at SUNY New Paltz.

John Stevenson is a former president of the Haiku Society of America, former editor of Frogpond, founding member of the Route 9 Haiku Group (Upstate Dim Sum) and current managing editor of The Heron's Nest.



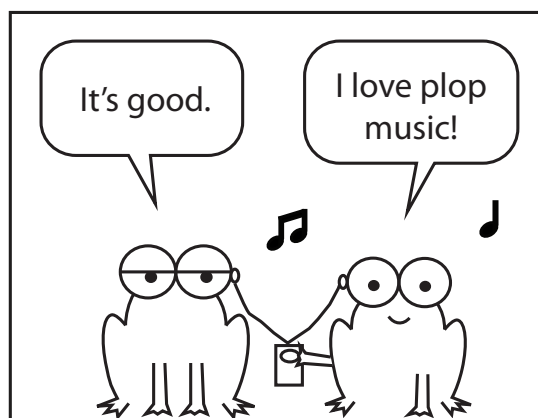
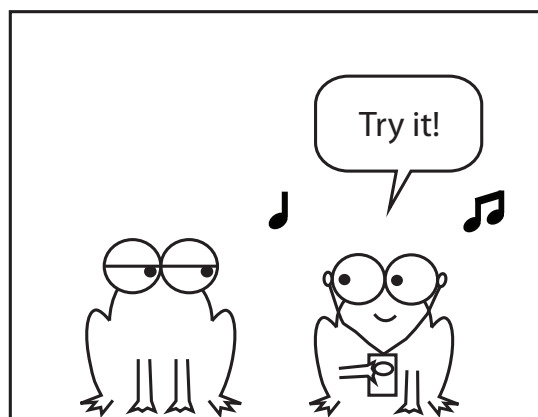
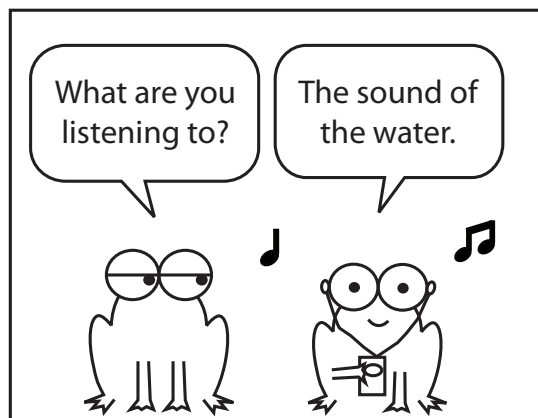
The Haiku Society of America Annual Contests

Thank you to all of the judges and contest coordinator, Sari Grandstaff, and congratulations to the winners of the 2012 Kanterman Merit Book Awards and 2013 Nicholas Virgilio competition. The deadlines for upcoming HSA-sponsored contests are listed below:

- HSA Haibun Contest: August 31, 2013
- Harold G. Henderson Haiku Contest: August 31, 2013
- Gerald Brady Senryu Contest: August 31, 2013
- Bernard Lionel Einbond Renku Contest: February 28, 2014
- The Nicholas Virgilio Haiku Contest, March 25, 2014
- The Mildred Kanterman Merit Book Awards: March 31, 2014



Old Pond Comics



www.oldpondcomics.com
by Jessica Tremblay

HSA Patrons

Our thanks to these members who have made gifts beyond their memberships to support the HSA and its work.

Sponsors

(Gifts of More Than \$100)

Fay Aoyagi • Donna M Bauerly • Roberta Beary • Carlos W Colón • Gene Doty • Fredericka Foster Shapiro • Jay Friedenberg • Dianne Garcia • Carolyn Graetz • Rita Gray • Jim Kacian • Amy Kline • Neal Koeller • Henry Kreuter • Scott Mason • Robert B McNeill • Paul Miller • Museum of Haiku Literature • Ellen G Olinger • James A Paulson • Ellen Peckham • Daphne Ashling Purpus • Michael Roach • William Seltzer • Elizabeth Steinglass • John Stevenson • Jeff Stillman • Gary Warner • Billie Wilson • Victoria Witherow

Donors

(Gifts of More Than \$50)

Philip Allen • Francis Attard • Gloria Ayvazian • Edith Bartholomeusz • Gretchen Batz • Elizabeth Bodien • Sydney Bougy • Gayle Bull • Peg McAulay Byrd • Kenneth Carrier • David Caruso • Thomas Chockley • Elsa Colligan • Ellen Compton • Wanda Cook • Mollie Danforth • John-Carl Davis • Susan Diridoni • Bruce Feingold • William Scott Galasso • Kevin Goldstein-Jackson • Gary P Gorman • Stephen Gould • Carolyn Hall • Arch Haslett • Elizabeth Hazen • Merle D Hinchee • Hiroyuki Iwane • Liga Jahnke • Miriam Karash • William Kenney • Joseph Kirschner • Karen W Klein • Antoinette Libro • Diane Lynch • Lauren Mayhew • Tanya McDonald • Lynn McLure • Judy Michaels • Timothy I Mize • Beverly Momoi • Paula Moore • Marsh Muirhead • Patricia Nolan • Audrey Olberg • Victor J Ortiz • Renée Owen • Roland Packer • Tom Painting • Rebecca Paradis • Marian M Poe • Lisa M Porter • Joan Prefontaine • Karen Reynolds • Edward Rielly • David H Rosen • Ce Rosenow • Rebecca Ball Rust •

HSA Patrons

Ellen Ryan • Frances Salo • Marilyn Sandall • Sharon Shafii •
Carol Shearon • Carla Shepard Sims • Yasuhiko Shigemoto •
Carole Slesnick • Lynne Steel • Larry Van Pelt • Joan Vistain •
Harriot West • Klaus-Dieter Wirth • Virginia W Wrenn

Friends (Gifts of More Than \$35)

Stephen Addiss • Dennise Aiello • Carolyn Archibald • Richard
Barbalace • Peggy Bilbro • Gordon Blackwell • Donna Buck
• Tony F Burfield • Pris Campbell • Terry Ann Carter • Lori
Caskey-Sigety • Michael Cerone • Karen Cesar • Seldon
Childers • Marcyn Clements • Leah Coloff • Jerome J Cush-
man • Billie Dee • Karen DiNobile • Cathy Drinkwater Better •
David Elliott • Rees A Evans • Elizabeth Fanto • Lee Giesecke
• Susan Gilbert • John K Gillespie • Merrill Ann Gonzales
• Edward Grastorf • Steven Greene • Greg Guy • Maureen
Haggerty • Patty Hardin • Marcella Haro • Peggy Heinrich •
Donald Holroyd • Gary R Hotham • Jean Jorgensen • Diane
Katz • Phillip Kennedy • Howard Lee Kilby • Patricia Knoll
• Michael Kozubek • Jill Lange • Jessica Latham • Michael
Henry Lee • Rebecca A Lilly • Renee Londner • Gregory Lon-
genecker • Patricia Machmiller • Roger Mandel • C R Manley
• Jeannie F Martin • Laureen McHugh • Leanne McIntosh •
Dorothy McLaughlin • Fonda Bell Miller • Marianna Monaco
• Michael Morell • Regina Morin • Catherine Nowaski • Kath-
leen O'Toole • Marian Olson • Russ Palmeri • William N Pauly
• Ray Rasmussen • Millie Renfrow • Joseph Robello • Mary
Ellen Rooney • Dan Schwerin • Robert Seretny • Adelaide B
Shaw • Johnye E Strickland • Polly Swafford • George Swede
• Carol Ann Tagstrom • Mark Teaford • Jaxon & Arlene Teck
• Angela Terry • Thomas Trowbridge • Marilyn Appl Walker
• Michael Dylan Welch • Steve Welker • Irene Wilson • Kath
Abela Wilson • William Wilson • James Won • Alison Woolpert
• Ruth Yarrow

Index of Authors

- Abhuri, S., 16
Abeles, S.M., 31
Agyei-Baah, Adjei, 39
Ahearn, Mary Frederick, 38, 93
Allen, Phil, 26
Anderson, Hortensia, 67–70
Aoyagi, Fay, 26, 155–156
Apanius, Dawn, 43, 151
Attard, Francis, 22
Auld, Susan B., 8
Aversano, Joseph Salvatore, 33
Bailey, Raquel D., 29
Baker, Deb, 41
Baker, Stewart, 24
Ball, Jerry, 162
Banwarth, Francine, 150–151, 176
Baranski, Johnny, 14, 85
Barrera, Janelle, 31
Bauer, Robert, 109–111
Beary, Roberta, 154
Benedict, Patricia, 150
Bennett, Brad, 14
Berger, Maxianne, 49
Bjerg, Johannes S.H., 39, 88
Black, Olivia Babuka, 164
Black, Robyn Hood, 54
Blottenberger, Michael, 9
Boldman, Robert, 157
Bonnell, Vicki Taylor, 150
Bordelon, Brandon, 44
Bouter, Adrian, 40
Boyer, David, 54
Bridges, Alan S., 41
Brooks, Randy, 7
Brouwer, Bouwe, 158–159
Buckingham, Helen, 11
Bullock, Owen, 83
Burfield, Tony, 12
Burgevin, Anne Elise, 26
Burke, Rich, 28
Burns, Allan, 150, 158
Byrd, Peg McAulay, 37
Cabalona, Yvonne, 78, 79
Campion, Susan Galletti, 112–128, 149–150
Caretto, Matthew, 53, 82
Carley, John E., 67–70
Carter, Steven, 149
Caruso, David, 95
Cashman, David, 28
Cesar, Karen, 30
Chambers, Paul, 34
Chapline, Claudia, 2
Chelaru, Marius, 56
Chessing, James, 39
Christian, Adrienne, 6
Chula, Margaret, 59
Clarke, Marion, 45
Clement, Joyce, 53, 160
Coats, Glenn G., 16
Cole, Bud, 12
Colpitts, Sue, 39
Compton, Ellen, 40
connelly, d.e., 48
Constable, Susan, 34, 82
Cook, Wanda D., 28
Cooper, Bill, 29
Cotter, Amelia, 21
Cox, Aubrie, 48, 89
Crate, Linda M., 15
Dancy, Carolyn Coit, 9
Darlington, Norman, 158–159
Day, Cherie Hunter, 39, 81
de Gruttola, Raffael, 70–73
Dee, Billie, 54
Deming, Kristen B., 27
Demuren, Dolapo, 50
Digregorio, Charlotte, 11
Dingman, Rob, 36
Diridoni, Susan, 21

Index of Authors

- Dornaus, Margaret, 49
Dorsty, George, 15
Dowd, Will, 9
Dowis, June Rose, 18
Dozier, Nan, 13
Dragović, Ljubomir, 159
Dunphy, John J., 10
Eldridge, Andrea, 14
England, Bruce, 35
Epstein, Robert, 46, 162
Ethington, Alvin Thomas, 149–150
Everett, Claire, 43
Fay, Ignatius, 60
Feingold, Bruce H., 12
Fessler, Michael, 10, 94–95
Forbes, Seánan, 41
Ford, Lorin, 28
Forrester, Mark, 86
Freilinger, Ida, 19
French, Terri L., 27, 151
Friedenberg, Jay, 50
Futral, Grace, 164
galasso, william scott, 20
Garcia, Dianne, 21
Gates, Larry, 10
George, Barry, 35
Gershator, David, 34, 92
Gilli, Ferris, 22, 79
Glander, Scott, 23
godsey, kate s., 30
Golas, Irene, 60
Gorman, LeRoy, 53
Gossett, Warren, 18
Goswell, Joan Iversen, 17
Grandstaff, Sari, 5
Granger, Helen A., 18
Gubili, Jyothirmai, 9
Gurga, Lee, 37, 161
Gurnack, Gwenn, 11
Haiku Elvis, 46
Hall, Autumn Noelle, 74–77
Hall, Carolyn, 41, 59, 62, 83,
142–146, 155–162
Hardin, Patty, 7
Harris, Mark, 21
Harvey, Michele L., 19
Hazen, Elizabeth, 31
Heinrich, Peggy, 11
Hengst, Sebastian, 51
Hinderliter, C. William, 48
Hoagland, Jeff, 42
Holman, Cara, 51, 58
Holzer, Ruth, 20
Hotham, Gary, 29
Howerow, Louisa, 32
Jacobs, David, 147
Jaiye, Duro, 47
Jones, Colin Stewart, 57
Jones, Ken, 148
Judkins, Carol, 23
Kaneko, Tohta, 151
Kaplon, Mark, 36
Kenney, Bill, 48
Ketchek, Michael, 66, 89
Kingrea, Taylor, 17
Klin, Liana, 165
Koen, Deb, 53
Kohinga, Kyle, 42
Kolodji, Deborah P, 42
Kozubek, S.M., 37
Kudryavitsky, Anatoly, 153–154
Kusmiss, Joseph M., 13
Lanoue, David G., 5
Larsson, Marcus, 17
Lee, Coral, 166
Lee, Michael Henry, 23, 147–148
Lilly, Rebecca, 20, 150
Linzbach, Erik, 13
Liu, Chen-ou, 38, 63
Longenecker, Gregory, 15

Index of Authors

- Luckring, Eve, 51
 Lucky, Bob, 38, 84
 Lyakhovetsky, Roman, 46
 m., paul, 6, 156–157
 Machmiller, Patricia J., 52, 96–108
 MacRury, Carole, 67–70
 madhavan, mamta, 13
 Makino, Annette, 48
 Martin, Jeannie, 40
 Masat, Francis, 10
 Mason, Scott, 25, 65, 153
 Mayhew, Lauren, 51
 McClintock, Michael, 23, 131–136
 McCotter, Clare, 84
 McGee, Margaret D., 18
 McIntosh, Leanne, 90
 McLaughlin, Dorothy, 49
 McManes, R.D., 11
 McManus, John, 8
 Metz, Scott, 161
 Miller, Fonda Bell, 8
 Mimica, Zoran, 148
 Moeller-Gaa, Ben, 36
 Moldovan, Vasile, 55
 Momoi, Beverly Acuff, 47
 Montreuil, Mike, 52
 Moore, Dave, 19
 Moore, Lenard D., 25
 Morell, Michael, 8
 Moss, Ron C., 79
 Muirhead, Marsh, 30
 Munro, Marie Louise, 15
 Munteanu, Alexandra Flora, 56
 Murata, Susan, 17
 Murdoch, Danielle, 164
 Nguyen, Christina, 33
 Nicolîţov, Valentin, 55
 Noor, Ronny, 15
 O’Connor, John S., 53
 O’Connor, Kieran, 36
 O’Leary, Karen, 16
 Olson, Marian, 27, 85, 152, 153
 Oosterheert, Kristin, 44
 Ortiz, Sergio, 12
 Owen, Addison, 163
 Owen, Renée, 45, 61
 owen, w.f., 79
 Packer, Roland, 40
 Padhy, Pravat Kumar, 19
 Painting, Tom, 7, 80
 Parsons, John, 22
 Patchel, Christopher, 2, 32,
 131–136, 155–162
 Patrichi, Radu, 56
 Pauly, Bill, 52
 Pearce, Jacqueline, 64
 Pearce-Worthington, Carol, 83
 Pendrey, Jeremy, 46, 65
 Peters, Stephen A., 16
 Pierides, Stella, 27, 80
 Piko, Greg, 41
 Poulin, Robert Henry, 29
 Powell, Perry L., 17
 Powell, Thomas, 43
 Pray, Sandi, 51
 Pretti, Sharon, 38
 Prime, Patricia, 40
 Quang, Nu, 24
 Rehling, Michael, 18
 Rooney, Mary Ellen, 92
 Root-Bernstein, Michele,
 142–150, 176
 Rose, Leslie, 50, 78, 79
 Rosen, David, H., 22
 Rosenow, Ce, 4
 Ross, Bruce, 14
 Rowland, Philip, 137–141
 Rusu, Cristina, 56
 Sakaishi, Kanon, 70–73
 Santiago, Ernesto P., 45

Index of Authors

- Santiago, Sylvia, 150
Santōka, Taneda, 160
Schaefer, Michelle, 30
Schwader, Ann K., 32
Schwerin, Dan, 33, 137–141
Shepherd, Katrina, 30
Sheridan, Jennifer, 50
Shigemoto, Yasuhiko, 50
Shiotani, Charles, 34
Simpson, Gary, 27
Sims, Carla Shepard, 24
Sloboda, Noel, 8
Snow, Barbara, 19
Soules, John, 52
Sperry, Lynne, 78
Spikes, Mike, 35
Steele, Craig W., 13
Steinglass, Elizabeth, 45
Stepenoff, Bonnie, 14
Sterne, Joan E., 150
Stevens, Mary, 163–167
Stevenson, John, 25, 92, 163–167
Stroe, Constantin, 55
Sudar, David, 34
Summers, Alan, 67–70
Sutcliffe, Rachel, 10
Swede, George, 35
Tauchner, Dietmar, 20
Taylor, Mike, 49
Tennakoon, Anusha, 47
Tennison, Michelle, 28
Terry, Angela, 6, 58
Thompson, John, 61
Tico, Tom, 54, 129
Tift, Beverly A., 91
Tompkins, Patricia, 45
Toole, Marie, 150
Townsend, Jennie, 33, 109–111
Tremblay, Jessica, 168
Trumbull, Charles, 42
Turner, Del Todey, 32
Văceanu, Laura, 56
Važić, Saša, 159
Verhart, Max, 158–159
Vistain, Joan Morse, 52
Wald, Miriam, 12
Warther, Julie, 22, 58
Watson, Scott, 160
Watts, Lew, 24, 87
Welch, Michael Dylan, 5, 57, 67–70, 151
West, Harriot, 81
White, Sean J., 43
Whitman, Neal, 9, 130
Wiggerman, Scott, 32
Wilson, Billie, 44, 62
Wilson, Kath Abela, 47, 88
Windsor, Sheila, 151
Winteridge, Sara, 47
Witmer, Robert, 35
Woerdehoff, Valorie Broadhurst, 7
Woolpert, Alison, 21
Yarrow, Ruth, 38
Yin, Anna, 20
Young, Quendryth, 36
Yovu, Peter, 44
Zimmerman, J., 37, 162

HSA Officers & Regional Coordinators
The Haiku Society of America
P.O. Box 31, Nassau, NY 12123
<http://www.hsa-haiku.org/>
Established 1968
Cofounders: Harold G. Henderson & Leroy Kanterman

HSA Officers

President: David Lanoue, 1921 Joseph Street, New Orleans, LA 70115 • davidlgerard@hotmail.com

1st Vice President: Michael Dylan Welch, 22230 NE 28th Place, Sammamish, WA 98074 • welchm@aol.com

2nd Vice President: Sari Grandstaff, 1457 Glasco Turnpike, Saugerties, NY 12477 • imabluestocking@yahoo.com

Secretary: Angela Terry, 18036 49th Place NE, Lake Forest Park, WA 98155 • HSA-9AT@comcast.net

Treasurer: Paul Miller, 31 Seal Island Road, Bristol, RI 02809 • pauldmiller@fctvplus.net

Frogpond Editor: Francine Banwarth, 985 South Grandview, Dubuque, IA 52003 • fbanwarth@yahoo.com

Ripples Editor: Adrienne Christian, 3025 Pisgar Place, Greensboro, NC 27455 • adrienne@adriennechristian.com

Electronic Media Officer: Randy Brooks, 3720 N. Woodbridge Drive, Decatur, IL 62526 • brooksbooks@sbcglobal.net

HSA Regional Coordinators

Northeast: Wanda Cook, PO Box 314, Hadley, MA 01035 • willowbranch32@yahoo.com

Northeast Metro: Rita Gray, 785 West End Avenue, 12C, New York, NY 10025 • ritagray58@gmail.com

Mid-Atlantic: Position Open

South: Johnye Strickland, 12 Willow Oak Loop, Maumelle, AR 72113 • jstrickland35@gmail.com

Southeast: Terri L. French, 1901 W. Tupelo Drive, SE, Huntsville, AL 35803 • terri.l.french@gmail.com

Midwest: Charlotte Digregorio, PO Box 25, Winnetka, IL 60093 • c-books@hotmail.com

Plains & Mountains: Patricia Nolan, 3355 Apogee View, Colorado Springs, CO 80906 • patrician1023@gmail.com

Southwest: James M. Applegate, 601 Fulkerson Drive, Roswell, NM 88203 • japple@dfn.com

California: Naia, Box 5373, Oceanside, CA 92052 • naia01@yahoo.com

Oregon: Cara Holman, 3045 NW Bauer Woods Drive, Portland, OR 97229 • cara.holman@gmail.com

Washington: Tanya McDonald, 15824 182nd Avenue, NE, Woodinville, WA 98072 • haikuchicken@gmail.com

Hawaii / Pacific: Brett Brady, 15-2724 Welea Street, Pahoa, HI 96778 • brettbrady@gmail.com

Alaska: Billie Wilson, 1170 Fritz Cove Road, Juneau, AK 99801 • akwilsons@gci.net

From the Editors

The impeded stream is the one that sings.

~ Wendell Berry, in *Standing by Words*

In his meditation on form, Berry suggests that it works best when it baffles. In this issue we offer essays on the subject of written form, reviews of books that mine the current aesthetic or push against its boundaries, and, too, a new crop of haiku and senryu, linked forms, and haibun that explore a range of sensibilities. Whether traditional, experimental, or somewhere in between, the point of all this form is to challenge our complacencies, to forcibly deflect us from our course. To be sure, form is not our only obstacle. Each and every one of us deals with the ebb and flow of inspiration and purpose. “It may be,” writes Berry, “that when we no longer know what to do we have come to our real work and that when we no longer know which way to go we have begun our real journey.” With persistence, we can find the words, the voice, the means to flow between and around what blocks—no, forms—the streambed.

With *Frogpond* 36:2, our largest issue to date, we begin our second year as editors. During this reading period we received roughly 3,600 haiku and senryu, 136 haibun, and 77 linked forms, including 14 renku. As we complete the final details, our thoughts are summarized in Maya Angelou’s favorite prayer: “Thank you!” We are indebted to our readers and contributors, those whose work makes it onto the pages and those whose work doesn’t. Each one of you has something to teach us, and we hope that you continue to strive for excellence in forming the written word and image. We are grateful for the support of the HSA executive committee and welcome new and returning officers, whose haiku and senryu are featured on pages 5–7 (up to and including Randy Brooks). Blossoms to Charlie Trumbull and Bill Pauly for their proofing expertise and to Noah Banwarth for technical support. And, finally, our deep appreciation to Chris Patchel for his fine attention to detail and stunning cover design. We simply could not ask for more.

Be well, write well, live every moment!

Francine Banwarth, Editor

Michele Root-Bernstein, Associate Editor