

FROGPOND  
JOURNAL OF  
THE HAIKU SOCIETY  
OF AMERICA

VOLUME 39:3  
AUTUMN  
2016



SUBSCRIPTION / HSA MEMBERSHIP:

For adults in the USA, \$35; in Canada/Mexico, \$37; for seniors (65 or over) and students in the USA, \$30; for everyone elsewhere, \$47. Pay by check on a USA bank, or by International Postal Money Order, payable to Haiku Society of America, Inc. All subscriptions/memberships are annual, expiring on December 31, and include three issues of *Frogpond* as well as newsletters, the members' anthology, and voting rights. All correspondence regarding new and renewed memberships, changes of address, back issues, and requests for information should be directed to the HSA secretary, Dianne Garcia: [garcadianne@hotmail.com](mailto:garcadianne@hotmail.com) (2810 W Lynn Street, Seattle WA 98199). You can also subscribe online with a credit card or PayPal at: [hsa-haiku.org/join.htm](http://hsa-haiku.org/join.htm).

SUBMISSIONS:

Send *Frogpond* submissions to [frogpondhsa@gmail.com](mailto:frogpondhsa@gmail.com) (preferred) or 1036 Guerin Road, Libertyville IL 60048). See our submission policy at [hsa-haiku.org/frogpond/submissions.html](http://hsa-haiku.org/frogpond/submissions.html) The next submission period is February 15 to April 1, 2017.

COPYRIGHTS, VIEWS:

All prior copyrights are retained by contributors. Full rights revert to contributors upon publication in *Frogpond*. The Haiku Society of America, its officers, and the *Frogpond* editors assume no responsibility for the views of any contributors whose work appears in the journal, nor for research errors, infringement of copyright, or failure to make proper acknowledgment of previously published material.

ISSN 8755-156X

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

©2016 by the Haiku Society of America, Inc.

Cover art by Christopher Patchel

## from the editor

Editing an edition of *Frogpond*. There is nothing like it for a deepening appreciation: for all the labor of love by all the previous editors . . . for the chance, and the privilege, to carry the baton for this stretch of the course . . . for the astute coediting of Joyce Clement, and the generosity of those who helped us catch up on reviews . . . for the diverse, enviable writing of so many contributors from around the corner and around the globe . . . for the adage that no creative project is ever finished, only abandoned when you run out of time.

We hope you enjoy the fruition of this project, and that you continue to support *Frogpond* in this upcoming 40th year.

Cheers,

*Christopher Patchel, Editor*  
*Joyce Clement, Coeditor*



## 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 • James Baker • Donna M. Bauerly • Kristen Deming  
Jim Kacian • Wayne Kingston • Henry Kreuter • Gene Larson  
Patricia Machmiller • Victor J Ortiz • Trilla Pando • Thomas Paul  
James A Paulson • Ellen Peckham • Michael Roach • David H Rosen  
Bruce Ross • William Seltzer • John Stevenson • Steve Tabb  
Thomasjohn Wells Miller • Billie Wilson • Victoria Witherow

### DONORS / GIFTS OF MORE THAN \$50

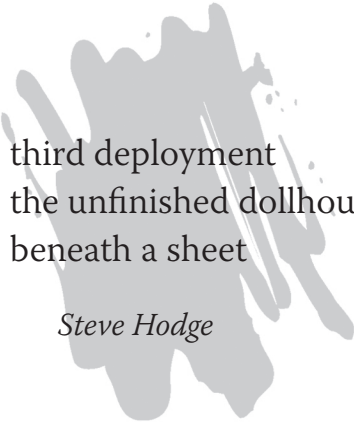
Amanda Bell • Cheryl Berrong • Robyn Black • Sydney Bougy  
Peg Byrd • Terry Ann Carter • Yu Chang • Ellen Compton  
Wanda Cook • Jerome J Cushman • Mollie Danforth • John-Carl Davis  
Donald H Davis • Johnathan Ericson • Bruce Feingold  
William Scott Galasso • Dianne Garcia • Merrill Ann Gonzales  
Carolyn Hall • Merle D Hinchee • Liga Jahnke • Christy Johnson  
Mariam Kirby • Bill & Joann Klontz • Eric Leventhal-Arthen  
Antoinette Libro • Gregory Longenecker • Ed Lukstein • Diane Lynch  
Carole MacRury • Lynn McLure • RaNae Merrill • Fonda Bell Miller  
Suzanne Niedzielska • Frank O'Brien • Renée Owen • Roland Packer  
Tom Painting • Kathe Palka • Alisa Parcels • Bill Pauly  
Marian M Poe • Lisa M. Porter • Perry Powell • Sandi Pray  
Edward Rielly • Ce Rosenow • Roberta Rowland • Ellen Ryan  
Frances Salo • Yasuhiko Shigemoto • Robert Spice • Kathryn Stevens  
Michael Stinson • Debbie Strange • Greer Suckev • Suzanne Surles  
Jennifer Sutherland • Peter Whitis • Kath Abela Wilson

### FRIENDS / GIFTS OF MORE THAN \$35

Francis Attard • Stuart Bartow • Donna Buck • Claudia Chapline  
Karen DiNobile • Robert M Gilliland • Gerald Glaeve • Steven Greene  
Doris Heitmeyer • Elizabeth Holmes • Connie Hutchison • Diane Katz  
Howard Lee Kilby • Michael Henry Lee • Tanya McDonald  
Laureen McHugh • William Mullan • Patricia Noeth • Joseph Robello  
Gabriel Rosenstock • Dan Schwerin • Adelaide Shaw • Polly Swafford  
Mark Teaford • Angela Terry • Del Turner • Marilyn A. Walker  
Irene K. Wilson • Frank Yanni • Ruth Yarrow

MUSEUM OF  
HAIKU LITERATURE  
AWARD

*\$100 for the best previously unpublished work  
appearing in issue 39:2 of Frogpond as selected by vote  
of the HSA Executive Committee.*



third deployment  
the unfinished dollhouse  
beneath a sheet

*Steve Hodge*

# haiku/senryu

morning sun  
on mossy stone

the words alone  
almost enough

*Philip Rowland*

wildflowers  
block the trail map  
wish you were here

*Brad Bennett*

a new visa  
in my passport  
dandelion globes

*Carolyn Hall*

summer wind  
my daughter chasing  
a Charizard

*Rick Tarquino*

receding into the scenery nature

*Jim Kacian*

*La Vie en Rose...*  
losing you in a dream  
comes back to me

*Lesley Clinton*

almost  
before I can remember  
sunlight

*Jeannie Martin*

off to on I disappear into the visible

*Francine Banwarth*

identity theft  
so much  
i'd give away

*Sondra Byrnes*

childhood  
part of the pine's  
inner circle

*Peter Newton*

falling  
for the lullaby  
night rain

*Michele Root-Bernstein*

railroad ties—  
his gait once again  
a boy's

*Alan S. Bridges*

can't-sit-still kind of music meteor shower

*Carolyn Hall*

whistle-stop  
pintails alight  
on the millpond

*Tom Painting*



40 years in  
the postman still carries  
a tune

*Robert Epstein*

lilac scent  
that pianola foxtrot  
out of time

*Lorin Ford*

violin lesson the squeak of my old window

*Bob Lucky*

full frog moon  
the dog and my husband  
synchronize snores

*Terri L. French*

spicy samosas  
the conversation  
turns to politics

*Susan Constable*

circus act  
the elephants  
not in the room

*Deb Koen*

starving children  
...  
switching channels

*Bill Kenney*

in the hush before the storm    blindnesses flocking

*Philip Rowland*

morning moon  
the tornado's aftermath  
in the trailer park

*Lenard D. Moore*

red sun  
my choice  
to forgive

*Elizabeth McMunn-Tetangco*

barred owl  
father answers  
with silence

*Glenn G. Coats*

thrumming rain  
the deeper sound  
of rhubarb

*Sandra Simpson  
for RB*

dragonflies  
my youngest  
called up

*Anna Maris*

that wor  
lying betw en us  
uns id  
afterwar

*Robert Forsyth*

a lifetime ago white blossoms

*Mark Brager*

temple bell  
between the tolls  
the sound of snow

*Robert Witmer*

orchasm

*John Stevenson*

peace on earth  
packed away  
with the ornaments

*Cynthia Kowalski Henderson*

no color  
in the new graffiti—  
winter wind

*Jonathan Humphrey*

winter solstice  
just enough light  
to sharpen the axe

*Ron C. Moss*

*pine lake cabin*  
someone's landscape  
in the cellar

*John Martone*

all the shortcuts  
I used to know ...  
summer's end

*Bill Kenney*

long night's moon  
telling the old-timer  
stories he told me

*Diane Wallihan*

home for sale—  
I touch the heartwood  
one last time

*Bryan Rickert*

dead sparrow  
the smell of rain  
from somewhere else

*Polona Oblak*

the first taste  
of alphabet cereal...  
a child refugee

*Chen-ou Liu*

unknown words  
of a train conductor...  
wind over young rice

*Kyle Sullivan*

the lotus in each lily...  
water snake sunning its length  
on a rock

*Wally Swist*

asylum

by a silk thread

*Victor Ortiz*

pinned to the wall winter sunshine

*Gregory Piko*

hint of rain  
the hours after  
visiting hours

*Sharon Pretti*

what I would say  
if anyone asked  
distant sirens

*Els van Leeuwen*



the shapeless  
taking shape  
snowy night

*Padma Thampatty*

thoughts escape the matrix fireflies

*Michele Tennison*

drifting into the word cage flight feathers

*Lorin Ford*

illness...  
my ink bottle  
lasted the year

*Michael McClintock*

doctor's letter  
I focus  
on the typo

*Aletheia Wang*

moonlight  
the shape of the tablets  
in my throat

*Sandra Simpson*

severing fish heads  
the fisherman  
mouthing words

*Mark Alan Osterhaus*

nude beach  
the gull's face tucked  
under its wing

*Joe McKeon*

First date  
he hands me a rose  
from my garden

*Alexis Rotella*

who says romance is dead? Kindle-light dinner

*David J. Kelly*

a fork in the road  
both directions  
lined with Frost

*Rick Tarquino*

snow melt iced over last minute change of heart

*Jeff Stillman*

Perfectionist  
we stay only  
a few minutes

*Alexis Rotella*

the pressure of  
white space around  
this poem

*R.P. Carter*

waiting for the power to come back on muse

*Devin Harrison*

and gain a size  
doing nothing  
hunger moon

*Dan Schwerin*

it's outlived  
all the other fruit  
that granny smith

*Robert Epstein*

builder of bridges  
the old engineer  
trussed and braced

*Diane Wallihan*

the raised nails  
of buckled barn wood—  
a gray wolf's nape

*Chad Lee Robinson*

solstice chill  
this brick from the rubble  
of my childhood school

*Billie Wilson*

harvest time  
the scent of a letter  
from home

*Lavana Kray*

newborn  
aging too  
winter moonlight

*Jeannie Martin*

abandoned barn  
mother's shadow leans  
toward earth

*Debbie Strange*

grandchildren gone  
*Marvin K. Mooney*  
has a broken spine

*LeRoy Gorman*

listening to the story  
of the lump  
in my throat

*Mary Stevens*

the translucence  
of every white lie—  
honesty pods

*Marietta McGregor*

*Round Midnight*  
the scent  
of red nail polish

*Ava C. Cipri*

caviar  
i acquire a taste  
for her

*Roberta Beary*

Tokyo  
thirty-six views of  
high heels

*Bruce Feingold*

first meetup  
not a windchime  
kind of girl

*Beverly Acuff Momoi*

long night  
the odds of drawing  
an inside straight

*James Chessing*

rusty roller-coaster afterlife

*John Stevenson*

fall fair  
FORTUNES TOLD  
CASH ONLY

*LeRoy Gorman*



more canes  
than backpacks  
Shakespeare in the Park

*Neal Whitman*

words that resonate in my veins a meridian of stars

*Ron C. Moss*

Manhattanhenge  
west to east streets fill  
with sunset

*Kathe L. Palka*

Roman ruins  
knees  
and hips

*David Gerard*

Yosemite Falls...  
the old zen master  
sleeps upright

*Michael McClintock*

Indian summer  
the sky the color  
of forever

*Annette Makino*

to be her long tail lost in the Milky Way

*David Boyer*

as it was  
in the beginning  
our last kiss

*Tom Painting*

tonight I find you  
in italic  
starlight

*Bill Pauly*

bush moon  
part stock horse  
part brumby

*Jennifer Sutherland*

shooting star  
the distance between wants  
and needs

*Joe McKeon*

his prayer  
a moth throws its body  
against the screen

*Dan Schwerin*

cry of a loon  
a hill cloud touches  
its shadow

*Paul Chambers*

thunderhead  
I take his words  
at face value

*Francine Banwarth*

cliff's edge  
inching back until  
the waves vanish

*Edward J. Rielly*

forgiveness by dark the short day

*Roland Packer*

storm over  
the air fresh around  
the confessional

*George Swede*

one they found  
one they didn't...  
old growth forest

*Michele L. Harvey*

thistle down...  
a comprehension of *gone*  
taking root

*Julie Warther*

Yellow butterfly weed  
in a dry windy field—  
the child I outlived

*Rebecca Lilly*

beside my shoes  
a tiny praying mantis  
has left its skin

*Eve Luckring*

the greening of memory wind chimes

*Angela Terry*

sometimes the music  
sometimes the words...  
plum blossoms

*Claire Everett*

yesterdaylilies

*Matthew Moffett*

shadows  
of  
shadows  
jasmine

*Deborah P Kolodji*

if all the butterflies in the world  
jumped off a bridge ...  
autumn begins

*Elmedin Kadric*

school play  
the rainclouds  
forget their lines

*Aletheia Wang*

koi pond  
the open mouths  
of children

*Ben Moeller-Gaa*

gum on the wall—  
still waiting  
for the late bus

*Michael Dylan Welch*

morning train—  
a cacophony of mynahs  
drowns out the tannoy

*Angelee Deodhar*

noon heat  
one stick firmly in the mouths  
of two dogs

*Susan Antolin*

second time  
on unemployment  
fall equinox

*Peg Byrd*

early dusk the check-battery light stays on

*paul m.*



Inner city night  
the constellation of lights  
on the mountainside

*Samantha Renda*

barrier island  
oil-slicked feathers  
stain the pelican nest

*Merle D. Hinchee*

Earth Day  
the birds more at home  
on the feeder

*Bruce Ross*

burial plan—  
no additives  
no preservatives

*Jayne Miller*

hospital waiting room  
a blind man's stare  
meets mine

*David Elliott*

death watch—  
listening to each soft breath  
of the wind

*Julie Bloss Kelsey*

dandelions  
filling the emptiness  
between graves

*Adelaide B. Shaw*

music fading  
island to island  
the Milky Way

*David Elliott*

last visit to my childhood home  
the buried head of a tick

*Eve Luckring*

shucking oysters...  
more than I need to know  
in mother's will

*Carl Seguiban*

a wind shift in the narrative

*Jeff Stillman*

a stray ash  
from the crematorium...  
catching its shadow

*George Swede*

for dad  
the smaller cairn  
on the summit

*Tim Gardiner*

gibbous moonlight  
into our dome tent—  
your warm curves

*Ruth Yarrow*

your leg  
touching mine...  
cricket's song

*Terri L. French*

my skin bruises  
easily this year  
cicadas

*John Martone*

last light  
a chimney swift slaps  
the pond's surface

*paul m.*

everywhere it tugs  
against the wind  
prayer flag

*Judson Evans*

long after Wordsworth  
clouds wandering over  
daffodils

*Gary Hotham*

to see rembrandt's eyes  
through  
rembrandt's eyes

*Scott Glander*

wanting to save what's in the kaleidoscope now

*Jim Kacian*

dawn chorus  
ancient riffs  
on shuffle

*Helen Buckingham*

# linked forms

## HAIBUN

### Mother Aggie

They say she sported Army boots and served as a nurse in the war, the Big One, but I could never understand how she stormed the front lines clad in the starched floral apron she always wore tightly belted, gathering up last year's issues of *Good Housekeeping* and *TV Guide* to fill the potholes in her rutted drive, that dusty road up the hill to her house inhabited by hound dogs who would yank the Easter ham from the floorboard of our car if we left the door open too long, then lope off into the woods in a trail of honey glaze as Mama screamed at Daddy to DO SOMETHING and he'd just swear under his breath, bewildered how he'd married into the brood of this rugged dame who chopped a winter's worth of firewood and hauled water from the well, a she-wolf who'd wrap butter pastry teacakes hot from the stove in hand-embroidered towels on the porcelain kitchen table, and read Keats to the children by lamplight.

the rocks bleed  
red clay  
*dem bones*

*Tami M. Johnson*

### **In the wee hours**

between midnight and dawn, my body practices leaving. Using sheets for sails and bedframe for a prow, my body rehearses its last goodbye. Stars and moon lose their sway, locked doors no longer contain me, and bedroom windows become as porous as air.

every quarter hour the cuckoo escapes

*Doris Lynch*

### **A Blank Canvas**

We're in the black, if only for today. The wolf's at the door but he's not yet growling. With two wheels and an open road what little time we have is enough.

Barely out of town, the Moors to the left of us, the Dales to the right. Everywhere the charcoal etchings of a year at an end, tree-tops cross-hatched with the remnants of crow nestlings' dreams.

What else did we miss when Summer was busy scribbling outside the lines, when sparrow chicks were squeaking louder than her sharpies?

The fallow field has become a water meadow. A heron startles and takes to the air with a *kraark*. Then there is only the hiss of tandem tyres on wet asphalt.

a Turner  
without a frame...  
winter sky

*Claire Everett*

### Parallel Universe

They continue to bring him plates of food. Morning, noon, and night. He rarely leaves the house, let alone his room. The parents who have given him everything are befuddled. He has the world in his lap. An iPad in the bathroom. In pursuit of the next level, there is nothing to do but keep him alive.

organic aisle  
we sing-song  
our first world troubles

*Peter Newton*

### Postman

The playing cards are soft and pliant, damp and gritty from long days of solitaire. He has been retired for eleven years.

yes colored maybe

*John Stevenson*

### Deprivation

She won't drive the car or sell it, as it belonged to her husband; what would he think? It's covered with blankets, tucked in like a child on a cool night. She cowers in the house, a stray cat, hard-bitten and fearful of people. If you knock long enough, you'll sense motion and the door will open up to a pale flower desperate for light.

dry creek bed  
the pluck  
of a single string

*Glenn G. Coats*



### Dead Reckoning

My one off-campus college roommate thought he was Bob Dylan. The other claimed his father belonged to the mob. So, when I refused to pay my portion of a ridiculously high phone bill because of all the calls the two of them made to girlfriends downstate, they composed a song about breaking my legs. I was out of there like a rolling stone.

high seas  
a warbler perched  
on the rigging

*Tom Painting*

### Scorched

Mother dips the cotton ball in a bowl of diluted apple cider vinegar and begins dabbing my red and blistered shoulders. "Ouch," I yell, "that hurts!" "It'll take out the sting," she says matter-of-factly, "Sometimes a hurt's gotta hurt worse, honey, before it gets better."

father's alibis—  
a scotch on the rocks  
melting in the sun

*Terri L. French*

### Triangle Logic

She never thought her husband and his lover would murder her.

a summer rose  
in the dry heat  
 $A + B > C$

*LeRoy Gorman*

### Exodus 20:8

Sunday—the day of rest. In the country, farmers still park their tractors, eat early dinners with their families after church, and take long naps. But I don't live in the country. I catch up on housework. My husband does paperwork and pays bills. The boys go to their respective jobs. Late in the afternoon I prepare a cup of tea and sit in the quiet of the living room, the dog snoring softly at my feet, to savor my Sabbath moment.

through the peephole  
two Mormon boys  
tighten their ties

*Terri L. French*

### Systolic

After an absence of forty years she finds me on Facebook and without missing a beat mentions things that make my heart race: old romance, missed opportunity, and out-of-the-way places.

in a moment's notice firefly

*Tom Painting*

### Remembered

We are the only foreigners at this local event. Looking down at the picnic table top I remember a favorite haiku.

plum blossom festival  
beside our sweet potatoes  
pink and white petals

*Bruce Ross*

### Once Upon an Island

Aerial views of this rocky shoreline are imprinted on storm-petrel chicks from birth, like the way I carry your scent with me.

space flight twice the gravity on a shepherd moon

*Cherie Hunter Day*

### Étude

The autumn air smells acrid and dank like millipedes I found as a child. The shiny tight coils unearthed in sun-warmed loam.

piano practice  
at the very end  
of rain

*Cherie Hunter Day*

### Life Wish

The same day there's news of a base-jumper's death by 'misadventure', we hear of a Sudanese man who was killed when he fell under the wheels of an HGV on a busy motorway. He and a fellow countryman had hitched a ride by clinging to the underside of the vehicle when it left the French port of Calais to board the Eurostar en route to London. Such was their compulsion, they hung like hogs on motionless spits, white-knuckled and stricken with cold. At last, on English ground, when the lorry came to a momentary standstill, one seized the opportunity to clamber down; the other mistimed his attempt to extricate himself.

spring  
at the top of its voice  
rooftop crow

*Claire Everett*

## Milieu

It's everything that precedes us on what appears to be a bare stage.

opening  
night  
a  
full  
moon

It's who owns the theatre and what they expect of us. It's the "regular" audience and how we seem in light of what they've previously experienced. It's the impression made on those who are here for the first time. If we've had a chance to rehearse here, it's how those rehearsals have gone. It's the weaving of moods among people filing in, through the lobby and stage doors. Our performances, as actors and as audience, are even affected by where we anticipate going after the show. Cleveland, perhaps.

the mountain  
across the lake  
a shimmer

*John Stevenson*

## Lightfall

A lawyer argues that his client is innocent because it was not the best day to commit the murder of his wife.

Perseid showers  
a different story  
at sunrise

*LeRoy Gorman*

## Last Meal

It got me thinking. Well, not so much thinking, as being.

Being with the view, for example. And if there's no view, I'll sit and be with that blue glass vase and a bunch of daffodils just about to open up like smiley suns from a small child's brush. (I rescued them from the corner shop. The girl as good as gave them away because she said they were past their sell-by date).

What could be more beautiful than that peach, like last night's sunset brushing against my cheek? Or a perfect avocado that tastes like rain on the grass where the baby took her first steps?

What about the books I'm reading: whose words would ignite paper, charring the edges of my very last thought? Whose music would I want to sing me back to the stars?

And the face I see before I sleep, the first I see when I wake, isn't that the one I'd choose to take, through fire and ash, like one more tattoo, invisible to all but me?

Yes, it's only been a week since I read it, but . . .

Fact: Within 3 days of death, the enzymes that once digested your dinner begin to eat you.

the hunger  
of my nameless forebears  
a potato's eye

*Claire Everett*

**RENGAY**

*Terri L. French*

*Raymond French*

**Watering Wildflowers**

spring melt  
at the single log bridge  
she hesitates

sidestepping  
the elk scat

bird watching  
on the river bank  
a bat swoops to drink

with his back to me  
my husband  
watering wildflowers

bleached bones  
in the green grass

berating us  
before bed  
these old knees

*Simon Hanson*  
*Ron C. Moss*

### **Cradling Possums**

the grevillea  
suddenly rowdy  
with lorikeets

a first bumble bee  
in golden wattle blossoms

bronzewing pigeon  
parading one profile  
then the other

spring moon  
motionless wallabies  
in a patch of light

dead tree hollow  
cradling possums

nightfall . . .  
the scent of daffodils  
softens the stars

## HAIKU SEQUENCES

*Ron C. Moss*

### Gathering of Songs

outback light  
washing on the line  
in shades of pink

devil twister  
the yap of dingoes  
at the carcass

early dusk  
a broken windmill  
sprinkles red dust

dry billabong  
a gathering of songs  
from the old people

lizard tracks  
in the moonlight ...  
distant campfire



*Scott Mason*

**Symphonie Fantastique**

raised baton  
the conductor begins  
with silence

catgut  
the string section sutures  
two motifs

nocturne  
the French horn soloist's  
hidden hand

crescendo  
the timpani resounding  
in eardrums

standing ovation  
the piano lid  
angles it in

RENKU

Michael Dylan Welch  
*Tanya McDonald*

**Between Night Hills**

trailer park a flat of seedlings on a rusted Chevy

*ospreys nesting on the new cell tower*

the waterfall's fall straight into the ocean

*winded halfway up the lighthouse steps*

easing away from the rumble strip day moon

*a twig balances on the telephone wire*

*among the bills a baby shower invitation*

the settlers' cemetery freshly mowed

*threading one daisy stem into another the principal*

a satellite streaks between night hills

*Mother stirs her tea with a garage sale spoon*

the obsidian netsuke cracked on the mantle

*a faded blue ribbon from the county fair egg toss*

in the airplane magazine an air sickness bag

*clicking past the Discovery Channel Shark Week*

the sex ed book overdue at the library

*"Nights in White Satin" drifts through our candle smoke*  
a box of love letters down from the attic  
in front of the old couple's house a pair of snow angels  
*melting icicles the vacancy sign flickers on*  
the pachinko parlour after closing a jangle of keys  
*the Get Out of Jail Free card dog-eared*  
on the dining room table the widow refolds her flag  
*another day crossed off on the bridges calendar*  
in my dream top down in the carwash  
*a moth lands on her discarded blouse*  
the construction crane in pieces on an 18-wheeler  
*laburnum blossoms dangling against blue sky*  
a strawberry stuck in the milkshake straw  
*scenic route the text message unsent*  
*at the top of the ramp, the skateboarder straightens her ponytail*  
beads scattering from a friendship bracelet  
*a Frisbee sails over the neighbor's fence*  
my online banking password ah, I remember it  
*cherry petals land in the baptismal font*  
a rainbow flag flown at city hall

# essays

## CHARACTERISTICS OF AMERICAN HAIKU

*Jim Kacian*

If there is such a thing as American haiku—and commentators around the world insist there is—it proves elusive in the actual telling. Like any vast agglomeration of multiple sources and loosely-defined ends, what mostly characterizes American haiku would be its diversity, and it is this diversity which impedes any sort of clear explication. This attempt to express the essence of the haiku we practice in the United States (and for the purpose of this discussion I am treating “American” as referring to the United States) should be understood with this proviso.

We should begin by identifying the debt which American haiku owes to being conducted in the English language. Through no effort of its own, American haiku has the privilege and advantage of utilizing the language globally preferred in our time for matters of commerce, science, scholarship, diplomacy and much else. It is entirely possible that the contributions of American haiku to the burgeoning of the genre would be considerably muted were it not for this circumstance. Add to this that the United States is a large and populous country. Though a very tiny proportion of its inhabitants has anything to do with haiku, because of its size this still amounts to the second-largest haiku audience in the world in terms of sheer numbers, though it is ranked much lower when reckoned per capita. These factors have much to do with the relative weight of American haiku within the larger haiku community.

Next, most obviously there will be some content areas that are unique to the United States. These will include topical matters—our sports, politics, holidays, personalities—to go along

with our indigenous flora and fauna, the most usual images convened in traditional haiku. Thus a sufficiently skilled poet from any country or culture might produce a haiku such as:

After the heavy rains  
 So many skies tonight  
 Reflecting the moon

*Gerald Vizenor*

whereas a poem such as:

spentagon  
 pentagony  
 repentagon

*Nicholas Virgilio*

could only have been produced by an American. The efficacy of such specific and culturally-derived imagery is at the heart of the debate of the value of global haiku. Vizenor's poem can be understood by anyone anywhere, but this ubiquity can also be seen as a kind of blandness (in fact variants of this same poem can be found by dozens of poets in every haiku culture). Virgilio's poem, on the other hand, speaks to its local culture but may in fact be closed to most others.

Americans are likewise diverse in their formal treatment of the genre. It is possible to find American publications that are primarily interested in a traditional 5-7-5 structure using syllables (for instance *Geppo*, the journal of the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society), and those that would have no truck with anything 5-7-5 (for example, *Otoliths*), and everything in between. There are practiced norms — it is reasonable to say that most haiku fall into one of two categories, either the one-line monoku or the three-line haiku. However, the variety to be discovered in these categories is astounding, ranging from this famous poem:

tundra

*Cor van den Heuvel*

to this:

where the lines end and the absence begins an architecture or so

*Chris Gordon*

And then again this:

spring wind—  
I too  
am dust

*Patricia Donegan*

to this:

In the falling snow  
A laughing boy holds our his palms  
Until they are white.

*Richard Wright*

We can add to this a healthy experimentation with organic form,  
yielding such poems as this:

the  
animal  
in  
me  
can't  
be  
spo  
ken  
to  
tem  
p  
o  
l  
e

*Peter Newton*

or this:

on this cold  
 spring 1  
 2 night 3 4  
 kittens  
 wet  
 5

*Marlene Mountain*

However, while these are all successful innovations in form, it would be difficult to argue that they are specifically American in nature. What may be true is that for various cultural, economic, political and social reasons, American poets are more encouraged, perhaps even compelled, to seek innovation than poets in many other cultures. This has the advantage of freeing American poets from the necessity of imitating original sources that may date back decades and even centuries, as may be found in the haiku practices of, say, the Balkan nations most prominently, if not exclusively.

This may be the most characteristic contribution of American haiku: its willingness to explore the boundaries of the genre. All art evolves through a gradual erosion of its traditional values and practices, and an art that stifles this erosion becomes moribund. Indeed, haiku has faced extinction on more than one occasion as traditional forces crowded out innovation. However, it has been salvaged in each instance by a sufficiently powerful re-inventor of the genre, who, in order to accomplish the overhaul, needed to jettison much of its traditional baggage. American haiku practice might be seen as a more thorough approach to this process, not contained within the personality of a single poet, but rather encouraged by cultural values to adopt such practices on a wide scale.

On the other hand, such an approach risks a loss of contact with the traditional values of the genre. This concern is certainly not unique to haiku, but has appeared in all the arts over centuries of practice. If a study of this process in the arts suggests any-

thing, however, it is that such an approach, rather than destroying the art, revivifies it. And this is what is happening to haiku in all languages around the world, or at least so it appears to me. Haiku is a broader, more capacious, more interesting art for its innovation, capable of expressing more of what its poets need to say, and reaching larger audiences than at any prior time in its history.

In conclusion, what identifies American haiku is not any one style or value or voice, but rather its multiplicity of each of these, coupled, most importantly, with a willingness to drive them to their logical and artistic ends. While this may be found in individual poets around the world, I believe it is much more common in the United States, not only in our very best poets, but as a general operating procedure for the advancement of the genre. This is part of what makes this the most exciting time ever to be involved in haiku.

•••

*Jim Kacian is founder and president of The Haiku Foundation, founder and owner of Red Moon Press, and editor-in-chief of Haiku in English: The First Hundred Years (Allan Burns & Philip Rowland, coeditors; W. W. Norton, 2013), from which all examples have been selected.*



**SPIRITUAL FREEDOM:  
LEARNING FROM WASSILY KANDINSKY**

*Michael Dylan Welch*

Let me state at the outset that Wassily Kandinsky's *Concerning the Spiritual in Art* is a painfully obtuse book, at least in translation. It is a dense and difficult read. Yet it is lauded for presenting concepts that validated abstract art, and rejected the idea of "art for art's sake" as a "vain squandering of artistic power" (16). Kandinsky was significantly influenced by theosophy, a pantheistic philosophical system based on mysticism that was steeped in the motto, "There is no religion higher than truth." He asserted that all art needed to strive for spirituality, not in a religious sense, but out of a transcendent "inner need." Indeed, Kandinsky says that "spiritual freedom is as necessary in art as it is in life" (62). A Russian painter and art theorist, Kandinsky published his short book in 1912 in German, with his own illustrations, as *Über das Geistige in der Kunst*, and the book has had wide influence in painting and aesthetic circles ever since. Perhaps, too, it may have some influence on haiku.

What follows is a selection of quotations from the book, in translation by Kandinsky's friend, Michael T. H. Sadler, published in 1914 as *The Art of Spiritual Harmony*, with my commentary on varying applications of these quotations to haiku poetry. The message, I believe, is that haiku for haiku's sake may also be a vain squandering of artistic power, that abstraction must be grounded in wonder and awe, and find organic form, and that the spiritual motivation and reward we often find in haiku arises out of our own inner need. Just as Kandinsky's manifesto was a clarion call to reject materialism in favour of untainted spiritual transcendence, haiku poets might heed a similar call, no matter what their subject, and aim for spiritual freedom in their poems.

**1. “Art becomes so specialized as to be comprehensible only to artists, and they complain bitterly of public indifference to their work.” (20)**

It would be easy to attach part of this comment to gendai haiku, or more specifically the influence on English-language haiku by the avant-garde branch of gendai haiku in Japan, to say that it is indeed so specialized and opaque as to be comprehensible only to other avant garde haiku poets (if even them). However, the finger in this pointing hand points equally to all haiku in English—and as Emiko Miyashita mentioned in an email to me recently, “gendai is a recent American haiku movement and not a big issue here [in Japan].” Rather, what risks being overly specialized is all haiku, in any language. Czesław Miłosz has said that haiku, more than any other poetry, requires an informed reader, one who knows to look for the season word, the two-part structure, the allusions, the grounding in images and sensory experience. These are all aspects of what makes haiku rewarding to those who know what to look for, or intuit their effects, but these same aspects also have the power to alienate others. This alienation would seem to be the motivation for such T-shirt slogans and Internet memes as Rolf Nelson’s “Haikus are easy / But sometimes they don’t make sense / Refrigerator.” The bottom line here is that many haiku poets do indeed complain about public indifference to their work. Should they be so surprised when haiku is indeed so very specialized? When confronted with such a gadfly, then, what are we to do about it? Dumbing haiku down won’t help, nor will making it so “accessible” that it loses any depth. I believe the best haiku will find their audience, but perhaps the solution is for haiku poets to caution themselves against being too self-involved, and for audiences to stretch a bit to see where each haiku is coming from. Haiku educators, if not the poets themselves, could do a better job in conveying what the haiku is after, providing a better framework for assessing, understanding, or feeling haiku. But art education—that is, haiku education—may not be the real point. Rather, haiku would seem to need a greater emphasis on the transcendent, the spiritual, the

mystical, while still being concrete and immediate, capturing the suchness of life. This is not to favour any particular religious tradition, eastern or western, but to favour the celebration of truth.

***2. “The apt use of a word (in its poetical meaning), repetition of this word, twice, three times or even more frequently, according to the need of the poem, will not only tend to intensify the inner harmony but also bring to light unsuspected spiritual properties of the word itself. Further than that, frequent repetition of a word (again a favourite game of children, which is forgotten in after life) deprives the word of its original external meaning. Similarly, in drawing, the abstract message of the object drawn tends to be forgotten and its meaning lost. Sometimes perhaps we unconsciously hear this real harmony sounding together with the material or later on with the non-material sense of the object.” (26–27)***

This is the quotation that motivated me to find and read Kandinsky’s book. Edward Zuk shared this quotation with me in an email discussion about my “neon buddha” poems, in which I use that phrase in each of two thousand poems I’ve now written on the topic. I’m reminded, too, of the 1990 haiku book *Pine and Pond* by Tundra Wind (Jim Wilson), which employs the phrase “pine and pond” as the first line for each of a hundred haiku in the book. The effect is that the mind soon skims over the phrase as it loses meaning, and then actively begins to engage with it and even reenergize it by reading it carefully—the reader ends up taking an increased responsibility to energize the words in a conscious attempt to keep them from losing meaning. In this sense, the phrase gains an inner spiritual harmony, serving as a mantra for each haiku in the book. My “neon buddha” poems may not have the same effect (nor do they have that intention), but what’s of chief interest here is the way in which the meaning of words can fade and increase depending on context. Ultimately, what is the “abstract” message of each haiku? What “meaning” resides *beyond* the obvious facts and images presented in the poem? Do the words risk losing meaning because we’ve already read about

a frog or a chair or a rush of autumn leaves? What must we do as readers to reenergize each word, and trust the image, thereby to find the deeper harmony, even a spiritual one, lying within each poem? My answer to this is to endlessly see as a child sees, with wonder and awe, as if we were seeing each thing for the first time—or the last time.

3. *“A first encounter with any new phenomenon exercises immediately an impression on the soul. This is the experience of the child discovering the world, to whom every object is new.”* (34)

The modernist dictum to “make it new” would seem to find validation here. However, I would suggest the opposite, at least for poetry. I don’t know that it’s necessary to constantly make the poem truly “new” in order to create or recreate that feeling of childlike wonder at discovering the world for the first time. As Bashō said, to write a haiku, get a three-foot child. However, children lack the contextualization and insight of adult experience. Children can never have that context, which will come to them only later, but adults can learn to cultivate and retain that sense of wonder. Moreover, perhaps it’s necessary for *readers* of haiku to constantly put themselves in the frame of mind of the beginner, to wipe clear all preconceptions, as if apprehending the content of each and every haiku as if for the utterly first time. In other words, “making it new” could be seen as a dictum for the *reader* to follow, to make believe that each poem he or she reads is new to them—and also “made new” just for them, as a gift. How differently we would apprehend all haiku if we were to imagine each one gift-wrapped in a fine box with our name on it.

Such a stance, to the extent that we are each able to make it happen, is sure to affect our souls, our deepest senses of existence. Here I am reminded of Rachel Carson, who said in her book *A Sense of Wonder*, “If I had influence with the good fairy who is supposed to preside over the christening of all children I should ask that her gift to each child in the world be a sense of

wonder so indestructible that it would last throughout life, as an unfailing antidote against the boredom and disenchantments of later years, the sterile preoccupation with things that are artificial, the alienation from the sources of our strength.”

**4. “Form, in the narrow sense, is nothing but the separating line between surfaces of colour. That is its outer meaning. But it has also an inner meaning, of varying intensity, and, properly speaking, form is the outward expression of this inner meaning.” (39)**

Kandinsky’s initial reference, of course, is to painting, but does his observation have anything to say about form in poetry, particularly haiku? As an alternative to a set syllabic form in English, and to the dilemma that 5-7-5 syllables is not linguistically equal to the 5-7-5 sounds counted in Japanese haiku, for at least twenty years I’ve advocated “organic form” for haiku. These ideas are rooted in Levertov and Hopkins, and Coleridge and Duns Scotus before that, and Plato’s *Phaedrus* even longer ago. Louis Sullivan, too, told us that “form follows function.” But what Kandinsky is getting at has more to do with inner *meaning*, not function. What, though, is meaning? Charles Trumbull, in *Frogpond* 35:3, Autumn 2012, has written extensively about this matter, in “Meaning in Haiku.” For haiku, perhaps it boils down to the emotional effect of each poem, the gestalt of each juxtaposition and the leaps we make as readers in intuiting the relationship of the poem’s two parts. To produce that “meaning,” or rather, “inner meaning,” each haiku would seem to necessarily find its ideal outward expression. What does this mean, though, practically speaking? I think it means for the poet to have enough experience with words that he or she lays them down in a smooth and intuitive way to respect, create, or recreate each particular experience, a sort of *flow* that’s as natural as glacier water finding its way around a boulder. Here I think of Mihaly Csikszentmihalyi’s *Flow: The Psychology of Optimal Experience* (New York: HarperPerennial, 1990, 2008), which has much to say to haiku poets.

5. “[O]rganic form possesses . . . an inner harmony of its own, which may be either the same as that of its abstract parallel (thus producing a simple combination of the two elements) or totally different (in which case the combination may be unavoidably discordant). However diminished in importance the organic form may be, its inner note will always be heard.” (40)

What is the “inner note” of each haiku? To me, this is haiku’s holy grail. It has something to do with the effect of the “internal comparison” that Harold G. Henderson wrote about in haiku. The two parts of the poem conspire to create something larger than the sum of its parts, an inner harmony that feels, as Yeats said, like it shuts “with a click, like a closing box.” Any form may have its harmony, as we see in musical forms, but *slavish* adherence to an arbitrary external form hinders this inner harmony, whereas organic form often facilitates it. I say this even in the face of set form being normative in Japanese haiku, but there the language makes it far easier to compose in rhythms of fives and sevens. For example, Japanese word order is much more malleable, and you can change the syntax more easily, as Keiko Imaoka emphasized in her seminal essay, “Forms in English Haiku” (*Woodnotes* #29, Summer 1996, 27–33). In Japanese, furthermore, you can add or delete a cutting word or other words to make the syllables fit, although Japanese makes it easier to hide such behaviors, which means that such padding or chopping isn’t as problematic as it is when it happens in English. In English, I would assert that set forms are typically at odds with inner flow and harmony, and the challenge of writing in any set form would be precisely to make the set form unnoticeable—Kandinsky later refers to a “concealed construction” that “may arise from an apparently fortuitous selection of forms” (60). Yet to do so, within the confines of a set form, may suffer from being an intellectual party game, blind to the value of seeking organic form in the first place. Toward the end of his book, Kandinsky reminds us of what matters most: “The artist must have something to say, for mastery over form is not his goal but rather the adapting of form to its inner meaning” (63). He also gives us hope for the challenge of

finding the right form that “The inner voice of the soul tells him what form he needs, whether inside or outside nature. Every artist knows, who works with feeling, how suddenly the right form flashes upon him” (75).

**6. “Every object has its own life and therefore its own appeal; man is continually subject to these appeals.” (41)**

Later on the same page, Kandinsky writes that “As every word spoken rouses an inner vibration, so likewise does every object represented.” This brings to mind T. S. Eliot’s notion of the “objective correlative,” often mentioned in haiku circles, that objects correlate to emotions, to the extent that we trust them as writers and engage with them as readers. Kandinsky also writes that “Nature, that is to say the ever-changing surroundings of man, sets in vibration the strings of the piano (the soul) by manipulation of the keys (the various objects with their several appeals)” (41) and later that “external nature is the sole source of all art” (56). It may well be our duty, as haiku poets, to trust the objects and seasonal changes that surround us, to let them speak for themselves and the emotions they embody. We can trust the emotional impact of “easy chair,” for example, in contrast to “electric chair,” but also trust the impact of “meteor shower,” “falling leaf,” or “sack of kittens” all by themselves. Nevertheless, sharing the unique life and appeal of each object, its lifefulness, is not the goal of haiku. Rather, with the motivation of one’s inner spiritual need at hand, as Kandinsky is suggesting, the motivation is to put such lifefulness into service for a greater goal.

**7. “Every form is as sensitive as a puff of smoke, the slightest breath will alter it completely.” (42)**

The truth of this observation is why, at least to me, it is far more difficult to find the ideal internal (organic) form for each poem than to follow an arbitrary external form such as 5-7-5 in haiku, at least in English. I think too of the Japanese aesthetic of *karumi*, or lightness, which I’ve said before, in haiku terms, is like

catching a soap bubble without popping it. Such delicacy and sensitivity, a trait that the successful haiku requires equally of the reader, demonstrates how the form of such poems is indeed as ephemeral as a puff of smoke. Haiku, it may be said, is the art of *seeing* that smoke as it curls and dissipates into nothingness. Later, Kandinsky writes that “an artist can use any form he wishes, so long as he remains in touch with nature” (44), and that “The way to the supernatural lies through the natural” (72). The smoke itself is therefore more important than whatever shape it takes. Kandinsky adds that “The artist may use any form which his expression demands; for his inner impulse must find suitable outward expression” (44). It is therefore only when we have smoke that we can blow it into different shapes.

**8. “[T]he subjective element is the definite and external expression of the inner, objective element.” (44)**

My first thought is to think that the opposite is true, that the outer objective element expresses the internal subjective element. Yatsuka Ishihara has advocated a sort of haiku that “tells the truth as if it were false,” a stance that is often misinterpreted as “telling the false as if it were true” (the way most fiction is presented). But what Ishihara means is that you present the truth with emphasis, with overstatement, even to the point of absurd irrationality, and by means of the irrational you arrive at the rational, thus heightening the intuition. As the poet Charles Simic once said, “I’m against lying in life, in principle, in any other activity except poetry.” By asserting the impossible, according to Ishihara, haiku can emphasize the possible. In other words, the unreal defines the real. As for Kandinsky’s statement, then, he is asserting that subjectivity can express objectivity. Where the idea of the objective correlative, mentioned previously, would suggest that the objective expresses the subjective (objects bring to mind emotions), Kandinsky is also telling us that subjective elements can bring to mind objective representations of that subjectivity. I’m not quite sure how this might apply to haiku, but it opens an intriguing avenue of exploration. In theosophical terms, which



heavily influenced Kandinsky, the goal is truth, and he allows both subjective and objective means to arrive at that truth.

Here I think of Yeats's poem, "The Second Coming," in which he says the following, as much about poetry as about twentieth-century civilization:

Surely some revelation is at hand;  
 Surely the Second Coming is at hand.  
 The Second Coming! Hardly are those words out  
 When a vast image out of Spiritus Mundi  
 Troubles my sight

Things fall apart and the center cannot hold. Spiritus Mundi is the spirit of the world, perhaps akin to the collective unconscious, the gestalts of human understanding. If each human mind connects to a single vast intelligence, which causes universal symbols to occur to each of us, isn't that what a haiku deliberately taps into, the *shared* commonality not just of experience but of spiritual harmony?

**9. "[A] deliberate search for personality and 'style' is not only impossible, but comparatively unimportant." (45)**

Much talk is made among poets of finding one's "voice." I've always thought this to be an absurd and unnecessary goal. You just write. Your voice or style will take care of itself, as a complex amalgam of every influence your life has ever undergone—literarily, experientially, socially, spiritually, and countless other ways, including resistances to particular voices or styles. In fact, you cannot *help* but have a voice that embodies every influence upon your life. Tennyson once said, "I am a part of all that I have met." Yet, with all our creative endeavors, including haiku, it seems plausible that the opposite must also be true, that all we have met is part of who we are—and what we create. In poetry, we are influenced by everything, even if that influence is a conscious decision to avoid doing something a particular way. But more often than not, everything we experience informs what we write

and what we create. Look at the word “inform,” too. If experience “informs” us, it finds form inside us, and inside each poem we write. If we trust experience, and trust the images we write, they cannot help but *inform* the forms in which we write and the style that results. So why search for voice? If it’s to be searched for, it might be *readers* who should do that, thereby making it easier to apprehend your poetry if they understand some of the key influences that shaped your voice. Where Kandinsky surprises us, though, is by saying that voice or style may not be that important. From the writer’s perspective, I would thoroughly agree.

**10. “[T]he principle of contrast . . . has for all time been one of the most important principles of art.” (53)**

The parallel here to haiku is obvious. The two-part juxtaposition inherent in most traditional haiku, often embodying contrast as well as harmony, is hardly unique to haiku. We see black because it appears next to white, and vice versa. To be perceived at all, the figure requires the ground, and the ground requires the figure. We are fascinated with the edges of things, with boundaries and limits. If we might actively explore anything in our haiku art, with the most fruition, it might well be contrasts, in whatever form they may take. At the very least, we have the contrast between haiku’s two parts to explore, as we master the art of the *kireji*, or cutting word, central to the haiku art. In her haiku book *Flower Moon Snow* (New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company, 1977), Kazue Mizumura defines *kireji* as “virtually untranslatable emotional shading,” and refers to *kireji* as “soul punctuation” (8). Indeed, the cut in haiku is designed to affect us exactly there—in our soul.

**11. “The artist must train not only his eye but also his soul.” (55)**

The context here is of course the painter, but what of the poet, and of the haiku poet? For starters, how does the poet train his or her eye? I would say to see carefully, to observe, to notice—to be, as Henry James once observed, someone on whom nothing is

lost. Such observation, as Thoreau would remind us, provides us with the building blocks for haiku—as he said, “It’s not what you look at that matters, but what you see.” But Kandinsky wants us to go further, to also train the soul. For me, the way to do this is to cultivate a boundless sense of wonder, to be in awe of life in all its manifestations, light and dark. It would seem hard to *train* one’s soul in this manner when surely such awe and wonder would be an innate, unteachable trait. But I do believe haiku can cultivate this trait. By training ourselves to see more carefully—that is, to train the eye—our souls will more readily embrace wonder and awe. And thus the soul will also be trained. We are better off for the training of the soul thanks to various religious traditions, but even without them, we can train the soul through careful seeing, mindfulness, and through a stance of constant amazement at the world around us and within us.

We can also train the soul through self-awareness. Just as haiku trains us to notice the seasons as they unfold, or to catch the subtleties of what we experience through our five senses, so too can haiku train us to notice our inner feelings, our inmost selves. Although he was speaking of tanka, Yoel Hoffmann in *Japanese Death Poems* (Rutland, Vermont: Tuttle, 1986, 19–20) said that “The tanka poet may be likened to a person holding two mirrors in his hands, one reflecting a scene from nature, the other reflecting himself as he holds the first mirror. The tanka thus provides a look at nature, but it regards the observer of nature as well.” Our approach to haiku, our growth in it, could be seen the same way.

We can also push ourselves to write differently today than we did five years ago, not to “make it new,” but to reflect the fact that we ourselves have presumably learned something in the intervening time, through self-awareness. And likewise, we might write haiku differently five years from now for similar reasons. What we might learn is not matters of mere craft, although that will inform the evolution of our personal art. Rather, what we learn is experience, ways of living in the world, of making sense of our place in it—of seeing, for example, the value of lightness (*karumi*), yet not shying away from heaviness when the situation

demands. This awareness involves knowing ourselves in a Socratic sense, yet also knowing others and our ways of fitting in with the world spirit—or rather, of recognizing our inherent and inescapable participation in it. That art thou. It’s something to be in awe of. Indeed, training the soul is fundamental to Kandinsky’s assertion that art must spring from an “inner need,” and that this inner need is, at its root, spiritual. After all, as Kandinsky says, “Religion, in the sense of awe, is present in all true art” (67).

**12. “That art is above nature is no new discovery.” (60)**

In the context of several previously mentioned quotations that promote the value of nature, such as “external nature is the sole source of all art” (56) and the assertion that “an artist can use any form he wishes, so long as he remains in touch with nature” (44), Kandinsky surprises us here. It occurs to me to wonder if the word “above” might have been the translator’s choice of word rather than Kandinsky’s. But in the original German, the text is “Daß die Kunst über der Natur steht, ist keine irgendwie neue Entdeckung” (see <http://www.gutenberg.org/files/46203/46203-h/46203-h.htm#VII>), where “über” is indeed “above.” Kandinsky offers nature as a vital foundation for art, yet he reminds us, if we choose to agree, that art is above nature. But isn’t that obvious? If nature is the *foundation* of art, then of course art will be *above* that foundation, with the artwork set on the pedestal of nature. And art would indeed grow up from nature if nature is the source of all art. If art is a product of the soul, of course it would be above nature because it partakes in the divine and immortal.

This reminds me of E. E. Cummings, who said “since feeling is first,” meaning that emotion is more important than intellect. But he did not say that emotion should be valued *instead* of the intellect. Likewise, Kandinsky does not say that art should be valued *instead* of nature, but that it should be *based on* nature—that nature is the foundation of art. The question for haiku poets, of course, is whether the art of haiku is above nature. For some poets, nature and the seasons are the *foundation* for the haiku art. Others, perhaps, are bound to disagree. Perhaps a question

to ask is whether haiku poets should see themselves as subservient to nature, or if nature, including one's inner nature and emotions, is source material that motivates art. If nature stimulates the poet to create art, perhaps it cannot help but rise above nature if it has any artistic value. And yet, in theosophical terms, there may be no above or below at all, in that everything is connected and part of the whole.

**13. "The work of art is born of the artist in a mysterious and secret way. From him it gains life and being. . . . It exists and has power to create spiritual atmosphere; and from this inner standpoint one judges whether it is a good work of art or a bad one." (62)**

From this comment we may gain the idea of the *atmosphere* a haiku projects—*atmosphere* being, of course, the air in which a planet thrives, as well as the feeling or tone that surrounds a piece of writing, both of which are relevant to haiku. Whether a haiku has a spiritual atmosphere is another matter, perhaps a deeper one, but we might start by asking what atmosphere a haiku poem has when we read it, or what atmosphere we wish to create when we write it. I do not mean the context in which we read it, or the context provided by the author's name and biography, but the atmosphere created by the poem itself, such as tones of darkness or light, or any sort of emotional zephyr. In whatever way a poem is born, whether mysterious or not, it cannot help but gain life from every experience of its author. When we consider the quality of a haiku, we can consider standard techniques and basic craft, but we might also consider the spiritual stance the poem takes—a stance that may well transcend easily fixed failures at craft, a stance that has to do with spiritual truth rather than religion. If we train ourselves to see each poem's spiritual atmosphere, we may well recognize a very different form of art in the haiku we read. Perhaps *spiritual atmosphere* is an aspect of haiku that readers of this poetry could train themselves to look for just as much as they look for kigo, kireji, and objective sensory imagery.

14. *“If the artist be the priest of beauty, nevertheless this beauty is to be sought only according to the principle of the inner need, and can be measured only according to the size and intensity of that need. . . . That is beautiful which is produced by the inner need, which springs from the soul.”* (63)

It’s appealing to think of haiku poets as the priests of written beauty. Yet it seems we should seek beauty out of true inner need, found at the marrow of our souls. This “inner need” finds an echo in *Letters to a Young Poet*, where Rilke says “A work of art is good if it has arisen out of necessity. That is the only way one can judge it” (Stephen Mitchell, trans. New York: Vintage Books, 1984, 1987, 9). What’s interesting in Kandinsky’s thought is the idea of measuring the beauty in art relative only to the size and intensity of the artist’s inner need for that beauty. The reasoning feels circular, but it suggests that greater and lesser beauties are to be embraced, relative to the abilities of the artist to envision great and small beauties, or rather, for each poem to do so—indeed, certain poems may deliberately choose lofty or less lofty goals, and each one should be welcomed. Beauty, of course, need not be limited to conventional notions of the pretty or attractive, but can be enlarged to embrace lifefulness, or that which embodies life in all its manifestations. Kandinsky notes early in his book that “joyful vision cloaks a vast sorrow” (18), empowering beauty to have great range. Moreover, as Catholic nun Saint Thérèse of Lisieux once said, “Beauty isn’t in things, it’s in your soul.” Kandinsky asks us to cultivate the soul as a means of cultivating beauty. Or does he perhaps ask us the opposite, to cultivate beauty in order to cultivate the soul? Surely cultivating either one will cultivate the other, and haiku is a poetic means to such cultivation.

If haiku poets are among the priests of written beauty, and if priests are commissioned to lead others in worship (in a spiritual sense, not of any particular religion), a further thought here is that perhaps we could consider haiku to be prayer. Perhaps haiku is a form of supplication to the natural and human world around us, or an acknowledgment—and celebration—of our interde-

pendence with it. As Henry Miller once put it, “The moment one gives close attention to anything, even a blade of grass, it becomes a mysterious, awesome, indescribably magnificent world in itself.” At the very least, as a sort of prayer, haiku is a spiritual expression of inner need. Here it seems worthwhile to share a poem by Mary Oliver, from her 2006 book, *Thirst* (Boston: Beacon Press, page 37), a poem that applies to haiku.

PRAYING

It doesn't have to be  
the blue iris, it could be  
weeds in a vacant lot, or a few  
small stones; just  
pay attention, then patch

a few words together and don't try  
to make them elaborate, this isn't  
a contest but a doorway

into thanks, and a silence in which  
another voice may speak.

In summarizing *Concerning the Spiritual in Art*, Wassily Kandinsky says that art has three sources of inspiration (66). One is a “direct impression of outward nature,” the material world we see around us, which he calls an “Impression.” Another is “A largely unconscious, spontaneous expression of inner character, the non-material nature,” which he calls “Improvisation.” And the third is “An expression of a slowly formed inner feeling, which comes to utterance only after long maturing,” which he calls a “Composition,” cautioning us that “of the calculation nothing appears, only the feeling” (in other words, we want to see the soaring church steeple, not the scaffolding used to build it). Each of these three approaches to art seems valid also in terms of haiku. Perhaps the *shasei* technique (sketching from nature) finds its most obvious parallel in writing an “Impression.” The

spontaneous is with us repeatedly in haiku, too, and that is clearly at home with “Improvisation.” Finally, we are left with a “Composition,” which may be a more mature expression of mastery in the haiku art—to have an artistic goal and to explore it both intellectually and emotionally, yet still have the poem fall from us as naturally as a leaf falling from a tree. “In this,” Kandinsky writes, “reason, consciousness, purpose, play an overwhelming part” (66). In promoting these ideas, Kandinsky either unintentionally or proactively validated all of abstract art, and perhaps, by extension, he may also be validating abstraction in haiku through the intellectual motive he promotes. He says in the last sentence of his book, written a full century ago, that “We have before us the age of conscious creation, and this new spirit in painting is going hand in hand with the spirit of thought towards an epoch of great spiritual leaders” (66). That may be laying too heavy a burden on haiku to equate abstraction with spiritual leadership, but I find myself attracted to the idea that abstraction, to a point, has its place in haiku—although this is hardly a new idea. It seems essential, though, that the abstract be driven by a desire to communicate rather than obfuscate, to clarify, in some way, rather than to obscure, to be sufficiently transparent rather than opaque. As Aristotle said, “The soul never thinks without an image.” Or as poet Wesley McNair has written, “Thought [or abstraction] will not be possible in your poem unless you give the feet a place to stand, the hands something to touch, the eyes a world to see.” Even opaqueness, to my mind, should serve to communicate in some way or another, and if it does not do so, then it will simply alienate. More important, though, is the idea that haiku for haiku’s sake is subverted as a vain squandering of artistic power, and that haiku can be, instead, a form of prayer, creating a spiritual atmosphere of transcendence. When we are ready for it, the spiritual aspects of haiku are awaiting our exploration, if they are not what has already attracted us to haiku from the beginning. If we are driven by the spiritual in our haiku, and driven by truth, surely we will arrive at a higher plane than if we are driven by anything else.



*Note: Concerning the Spiritual in Art is now in the public domain, as is Sadler's translation. The preceding quotations are from a 2010 print-on-demand reprint from ReadaClassic / CreateSpace, whose page numbers I refer to throughout. The full text is also available online in English at <http://web.mnstate.edu/gracyk/courses/phil%20of%20art/kandinskytext.htm>, and in the original German at <http://www.gutenberg.org/files/46203/46203-h/46203-h.htm>. My thanks to Edward Zuk for his helpful comments on an earlier draft of this essay, one or two of which I have paraphrased and included herein.*

•••

*Michael Dylan Welch was first attracted to the spirituality of haiku through books on Zen and Taoism, in which haiku translations sometimes appeared, and through Eric Amann's The Wordless Poem. He does not consider haiku to be a Zen art (no more, say, than photography or driving a car), but continues to be attracted to the transcendent suchness of many haiku. His poems, reviews, and essays have appeared in hundreds of journals in twenty languages, and also appear on his website at [Graceguts.com](http://Graceguts.com). Michael founded National Haiku Writing Month ([NaHaiWriMo.com](http://NaHaiWriMo.com)) in 2010, and served two terms as poet laureate for Redmond, Washington, where he also curates two poetry reading series. His latest poetry books are Seven Suns / Seven Moons (NeoPoiesis Press, in collaboration with Tanya McDonald), Becoming a Haiku Poet, and Fire in the Treetops: Celebrating Twenty-Five Years of Haiku North America (both Press Here).*

# contests

## 2016 HAROLD G. HENDERSON HAIKU AWARDS

*Judged by Cor van den Heuvel and Scott Mason*

Now in its forty-first year, the Harold G. Henderson Memorial Haiku Award stands proudly as one of the preeminent awards for English-language haiku. So we felt highly honored to serve as the judging team for this year's contest, which brought 674 entries.

The poems we have chosen for recognition are varied, yet looking back at our choices we were struck by one quality they all seem to share: a sense of restraint. Each poet said just enough, then stopped. In each moment presented, these entries provided *us* with a point of entry to explore and discover our own meaning or felt significance. To be the first allowed such access was our greatest privilege and a pleasure.

### FIRST PLACE

window... to window... and back... the cat

*Celia Stuart-Powles*

COMMENTS: Sometimes less is more. This deceptively simple poem offers us the quintessence of "a moment keenly perceived" and an object lesson in perception itself. Through the linear arrangement and progression of its mere seven words the poem morphs in its focus from object to action to process to the subject of that process. Along the way we not only read about but viscerally *experience* the cat's to-and-fro movements in the haiku's

singsong cadence. Here the action *is* the cat in some fundamental sense, as the poet perfectly captures an aspect of true “cat-ness.” And what is it that so tantalizes this feline? We can only wonder, and maybe—just maybe—that’s the ultimate point. In the ample white space surrounding the poem, our cat is bracketed by the unnamed object of its observation and unnamed observers (the poet and, by extension, the poet’s audience)—observers who are offered a window into the cat’s native curiosity, and their own.

SECOND PLACE

spindrift...  
 I go where  
 the story takes me

*Francine Banwarth*

COMMENTS: In his poem *Tree At My Window*, Robert Frost wrote of “outer weather” (the tree’s) and “inner weather” (his own). In this pithy haiku those two phenomena comingle almost magically in the natural pairing of gently wind-blown sea spray (note the ellipsis) with the poet’s relaxed and pliant state of mind as he or she follows the story line in a beach novel. The last line both surprises and rings true, a quality that distinguishes some of our favorite poems. The prominent use here of a vivid tactile cue (“spindrift”)—relatively uncommon in the corpus of haiku—is also, in every sense, refreshing.

THIRD PLACE

drifting snowflakes  
 the police car’s ascent  
 up our driveway

*Christina Sng*

COMMENTS: As we turn from drifting sea spray to drifting snowflakes we also shift emotional registers with this powerfully portentous moment. Beginning with the sideways descent of those snowflakes, juxtaposed in the middle line with the curious “ascent” of a police cruiser, the scene seems to unfold in slow motion as if captured in some altered-reality snow globe. But any such illusion is instantly shattered in line three (most especially in its use of the personal pronoun “our”) as the poet drives the action—and our anxiety—home.

### HONORABLE MENTIONS

*(Ranked)*

evening breeze  
through the barnboards  
final bid

*Roland Packer*

COMMENTS: Suffused with wabi-sabi, this affecting poem presents a moment in which nature and some human drama seem to both combine and expire.

our easy silence  
every puddle  
sky-deep

*Annette Makino*

COMMENTS: Still water runs surprisingly deep in this penetrating take on a moment shared by soulmates.

wedding invitations  
the press and release  
of the nib

*Robyn Hood Black*

COMMENTS: As part of a task traditionally assumed by the bride's parents, even this most minor act of physical "release" can evoke an emotional counter-tug.

paddling through stars  
the wake of a boat  
long passed

*Julie Warther*

COMMENTS: Here we partake in a moment of almost mystical union as vessel-borne and celestial bodies become fellow "travelers of eternity."

pride parade  
from behind a cloud  
the sun comes out

*Olivier Schopfer*

COMMENTS: What a propitious alignment of natural and human events ... for those open to seeing it.

•••

*See judges' bios on page 87*

## 2016 GERALD BRADY SENRYU AWARDS

*Judged by Paul Miller and Peter Newton*

We'd like to thank the HSA and all the entrants for the opportunity to read so many fine senryu—over 500 this year! While both of us came to the contest with an idea of what senryu could be, we were delighted to find those ideas tested, and in some cases expanded upon. One of the characteristics of senryu is its ability to shine a hard truth on our sometimes elevated dreams or selves, and ultimately knock them down a peg. The three winning senryu do that admirably.

### F I R S T P L A C E

single again  
the woman  
in my dream

*Tom Painting*

COMMENTS: We like the duality of perspectives in this poem. Is this a man or a woman's point of view? A man speaking the above lines offers a wry sense of humor, riffing off the old saying "the woman of my dreams." But his newly "single" status brings about a reticence about getting attached again. "The woman" therefore is relegated to a dream. If this poem is read from the perspective of a woman there is also a subdued tone that speaks to the situation. However, a more hopeful one perhaps. As if the woman "in my dream" is the speaker herself who is now free to realize that person she had not yet become. The freedom she seeks is only possible now that she is "single again." These multiple meanings add to the poem's growth potential, a key element in any successful poem.

SECOND PLACE

estate sale  
the hard  
erasers

*John Stevenson*

COMMENTS: The word estate implies a grander size than say a garage sale. A person's life is on the block here. And the stranger who arrives to purchase someone's lifetime of accumulated items walks away with "the hard erasers." Those seemingly insignificant and easily overlooked objects, "the hard erasers" deliver an indelible mark for their obsolescence as well as the very fact that they were held onto to begin with. The minutia of our lives. With laser focus this poem creates an emotional impact that lets the reader know the gravity of the situation. There are no do-overs. Maybe all we have left in the end are the remnants of our mistakes.

THIRD PLACE

sacred shrine  
worshippers raise  
their selfie sticks

*Annette Makino*

COMMENTS: A contemporary and all-too-familiar scene of technology's everyday intrusion on human life. Perhaps, a dystopian view of the future when iRobots populate every corner of the earth. In this scene however the blame is placed squarely on the shoulders of the humans themselves who seem as oblivious to the sacredness of the shrine as they are to anything beyond an arm's length away. There's something to be said for the value of what the poet is trying to convey here. Without lecturing the

reader the poet delivers a concise visual lesson. Sometimes, the best poems are those that simply hold up a mirror and let you see for yourself.

...

*See judges' bios on page 87*

## 2016 HSA HAIBUN CONTEST AWARDS

*Judged by Joan Zimmerman and Gregory Longenecker*

It was a privilege to read the haibun submitted to this year's contest. We received each haibun identified by number and not by author's name. Independently, we read over all the entries and we each compiled a long list of the work we considered strongest, commenting upon particular strengths of poems that we responded to the most. Our long-list selections had many overlaps and many differences. We looked for strong haiku (rather than senryu) and for prose that moved us. Also, we preferred work where the haiku was not a duplication of something in the prose. A title was not a requirement but was usually provided. We tended to prefer a title that augmented the haibun rather than just repeated a phrase.

We then winnowed our choices down to a combined short list. At this point, we enlisted the help of contest coordinator Patricia J. Machmiller. Because we wanted to make no more than one award per poet, we sent to Patricia our short-listed haibun, requesting that she let us know if any poet had more than one haibun on our list. Furthermore, because it can be easy to write a haiku that is accidentally "too similar" to someone else's, Patricia offered to send to Charles Trumbull all haiku appearing in our final short list, for him to check against his vast Haiku Database. The results included several "similar but different" hits.

The three haibun that appeared on both independent short lists became our three prize winners. In addition, we each award-



ed an honorable mention to a poem that appeared on our own short list only.

Thanks to Patricia and Charles for helping us with our concerns. And thank you to all who submitted your work.

## FIRST PLACE

### Lemon Meringue

It's early evening on the back patio of a shotgun, and we're drinking beers, sitting around a table, a lit citronella candle in the middle. The bugs stay away except for this one bee. We all take turns gently shooing it away from our faces and beers. The bee, without any help from us, goes to the base of the candle, then the lip, and drops down into the wax. The woman sitting across from me, a vegan baker by profession, picks up a bottle cap, and scoops the bee out of the wax and onto a brick paver. The bee is still alive, wings covered in wax, and the chef and another vegan talk about mercy. I offer to do it for them, and after getting their approval, I stand up, walk over to the brick paver, and discreetly step back onto the bee.

Independence Day—  
the dog chews  
another Xanax

*Nicholas M. Sola*

COMMENTS: On first reading “Lemon Meringue” both Joan and Greg rated this a favorite. It is a brilliant poem of companionship and of taking care of business to save others from suffering, to the extent that we are allowed and to the extent that we can. The tasty title invites. It resonates with the rich and sensual bitter-sweetness of the prose, the color and aroma of the citronella wax, the glint of pollen that might still dust the bee, and the profession of the baker.

Every word is important in this diamond of a poem, and one

of the most crucial appears early: “shotgun.” In this context it is not the weapon, though it does raise the idea that there might be a death. But here the word describes an inexpensive house with a straight passageway right through it. It foreshadows the protagonist, who sees most clearly what must be done, obtains the agreement of the others, and takes a life. Everything is companionable and gentle, and then death.

The haiku that follows the stunning prose introduces totally new material that resonates surprisingly yet perfectly. The companions are together on Independence Day. In this night of shocking lights and explosions, a previously unseen companion, the dog, must also be relieved of suffering, in this case by medication. If there were a “best haibun of 2016” anthology, this would surely be included!

## SECOND PLACE

### Visitation

She smelled sour. Of sweat and sleep, vinegar, and Pablum. Without the talcum coating of a newborn. The scent only the very old carry. When I hugged her neck goodbye it wove itself into my hair and settled into my shirt’s collar.

pollard willow  
 beneath its swollen knuckles  
 another year

*Terri L. French*

COMMENTS: I found this a very difficult haibun to read. The smell of sweat, vinegar, and sourness pervades the entire prose section and I wanted to reject it out of hand. Experience has taught me, however, that such a reaction deserves more careful consideration. On subsequent readings, I’ve found reasons for my discomfort: the dislike of smells that are sour, the recent death of my mother, and my own aging.

The haiku portion helps us to understand the patient. This

person suffers from a debilitating arthritic or immunodeficiency disease. Their knuckles are swollen like those of a pollarded willow; they must find it difficult to move, to walk about. The last line of the haiku, “another year,” suggests the visit coincides with, probably, the patient’s birthday. I infer sympathy and compassion on the part of the visitor for this person despite their own discomfort at intimacy of closeness and touch.

A title other than “Visitation” might have been better. It’s a little too close to the prose section and almost explains what is happening. Still, once you’ve read the prose and haiku sections, the title asks you to reconsider what the visit is all about. There are many possibilities that the reader can fill in from their own experience in similar situations. “Visitation” is a very touching and effective haibun and deserves the second place award. -GL

Greg had such a strong visceral response to this haibun that we decided to write separate comments. This haibun was on my final shortlist because it is so well written in every part. The title “Visitation” works particularly well for me, with its echoing of biblical visitations that can not only bring blessings but also afflictions. Both can be present when one visits someone who is entering their final years and perhaps months. The specifics of what the visitor carries away—the sour smells that “wove . . . into my hair and settled in my shirt’s collar”—can resonate with readers long after they have moved on into their lives, just as they do for the visitor in this poem. -JZ

### T H I R D   P L A C E

#### **Anxiety**

I wake up in the middle of the night and wonder if my life could go on without you. I imagine that you die, because those of us who live with anxiety are encouraged to imagine the disasters we obsess over not obsessing over. I visualize announcing your death to our friends and family on Facebook, requesting not to be private messaged about it, and being frustrated when everyone

private messages me anyway. I visualize deleting my Facebook account . . . and the radio silence that follows. Meanwhile, you lie sleeping next to me, very much alive. I place my hand on your chest and feel your heartbeat. I cherish this heartbeat, but feeling it in my hand makes me uncomfortable.

my overuse of white-out  
lake-effect snow

*Amelia Cotter*

COMMENTS: One doesn't often find two-line haiku in a haibun, but the writer has used one here and it is excellent. It echoes the entire prose section in just two lines. The overuse of white-out is a notion familiar to those who have used that typewriter fluid to cover up mistakes. Lake-effect snow also buries everything so that, for a time, all is lost.

The prose feels overloaded but it gives us the minutiae that accompany anxiety and it lets us experience what this disorder is like to one who suffers from it. The prose section is similar to a guided meditation in which the meditator is gradually drawn from their normal state of consciousness and away from daily thoughts. In this case the author is drawn away from harmful thoughts. The final words of the prose, "makes me uncomfortable," suggest however that the writer might be close to repeating the entire psychological process at the heart of the haibun.

Anxiety as the title is not as excellent as the rest of the piece. A different title could have added something more. Nonetheless, this is a fine haibun and has earned its place in this year's contest.

## H O N O R A B L E M E N T I O N

*(Joan's Choice)*

### Quintuple Speed

By the time his doctor moves my father to an Alzheimer's unit in a Pennsylvania nursing home, he's forgotten all eight of his children's names. He knew my sister Joanne's, his baby—until a

month before he died. When I come to visit for the last time, he tags Joanne, Honey, and me, Honey's friend.

By then he's lost much of his ability to converse. Or concentrate. No more books or movies. When they play old-favorite Sinatra tunes after dinner, Dad no longer smiles. The only time he engages with me is when I pluck his Iwo Jima cap off the mirror and ask, "Dad, you were in the Navy, right?" In some deep part of him, recognition strikes, old rivalries rekindle and he barks out, "Hell, no!" before holler-singing the "Marines' Hymn."

Somehow he chants it super-fast, never missing a syllable. My sister and I stand next to his bed and attempt to join in, but whenever we do, his pace quickens until the loops happen faster and faster. Over and over, quicker than we've ever heard anyone talk or sing, FromtheshoresofMontezumatotheshoresofTripoli . . .

snow's silence  
penetrates deep within  
the nursing home

*Doris Lynch*

COMMENTS: "Quintuple Speed" is my favorite of the remaining haibun. It tells an attractive story with a rich assembly of specifics and a liveliness of quoted speech. The revelation in the final paragraph is both heart-wrenching and heart-healing, when the ex-Marine demonstrates that he can — and shall — beat them all to the finish line. The title supports the haibun without simply quoting what is already there. At the end of the prose, I am drawn back to the title. Because of that, I would prefer the haiku to open rather than to close this haibun. Nonetheless the haiku does well where it is, delicately balancing the rowdiness at the end of the prose with the silence of snow. While a juxtaposition of snow and nursing homes is not uncommon, "silence" and "penetrates deep" drive the haiku and hence the haibun into the memory and the heart. I am pleased to award this poem my choice of Honorable Mention. -JZ

HONORABLE MENTION

*(Greg's Choice)*

**Drowning**

I didn't know it had gone so far. Then, there it was, her earring in the bottom of his shave kit. That's when I couldn't not know any more.

the dent  
where your ring used to be  
rogue wave

*Anita Curran Guenin*

COMMENTS: I very much enjoyed this haibun. It's a short piece, but contains all the elements one looks for in a fine haibun. The fact that another woman's earring is found in the bottom of her husband's shave kit echoes the drowning of the title. The almost double-speak of the final sentence, "I couldn't not know any more," echoes the appalling emotion the writer felt on having to admit her husband's infidelity.

The haiku returns to those emotions without repeating them. The writer finds her husband's ring finger without a wedding band to be like a rogue wave that unexpectedly appears and drags her from her moorings.

And the title, "Drowning," summarizes the entire experience for the writer. The whole episode of discovering her husband's unfaithfulness, seeing his now bare wedding band finger, it all coming out of the blue like a rogue wave, leaves her feeling as if she is drowning. Very well drawn haibun. -GL

...

## CONTENTS

---

### ABOUT THE HENDERSON CONTEST JUDGES:

*Cor van den Heuvel is the editor of The Haiku Anthology, now in its third edition. His own haiku have won numerous awards. In 2002 he was given The Masaoka Shiki Prize at the International Haiku Conference in Masuyama. His latest book, At Bat (2015), is a chapbook of haiga about baseball produced in collaboration with Anita Virgil—Anita created the illustrations while Cor supplied the haiku.*

*Scott Mason is an associate editor with The Heron's Nest. Scott's haiku have received many awards including first place in twenty international competitions.*

### ABOUT THE BRADY CONTEST JUDGES:

*Paul Miller is the managing editor of Modern Haiku, the longest running English-language haiku journal, established in 1969. Writing under the pseudonym 'paul m.' he is an internationally awarded and anthologized poet and essayist. He is a two-time winner of the Haiku Society of America's Kanterman Award and winner of the Haiku Foundation's Touchstone Award.*

*Peter Newton has been a student of haiku for more than twenty years. His work has been published in many journals and anthologies as well as in several collections of haiku, senryu, haibun, and tan renga. Since 2012, he has served as an editor of the online journal tinywords.*

### ABOUT THE HAIBUN CONTEST JUDGES:

*Joan Zimmerman, winner of the Mary Lonnberg Smith Poetry Prize, was a 2013 New Resonance haiku poet. Her haiku, haibun, and tanka are published internationally. Her articles on haibun include: "What Haibun Poets Can Learn From Non-haikai Western Poetry Practices" (CHO, 2013) and "What English-Language Haibun Poets Can Learn From Japanese Practices" (CHO, 2014). She adapted from Yosa Buson the practice of writing ten haiku daily for a hundred days, and co-authored with Gregory Longenecker "A Disarmingly Simple Challenge: The Buson One Hundred" (Frogpond, 2014) on experiences with that practice.*

*Gregory Longenecker's work has appeared in such publications as Acorn, Bottle Rockets, Cattails, Ershik, Frogpond, Mariposa, and Shamrock and has been featured in A New Resonance, #9 (2015) by Red Moon Press. Two editions of the Red Moon Anthologies of English-language haiku have carried his work (2013 & 2014) as has Modern Haiku Press's Haiku 2014 and Haiku 2016. Gregory has been editor of the Southern California Haiku Study Group's anthology, is on the editorial staff of the Living Haiku Anthology, and is currently Contest Chair for the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society's Annual Tokutomi Haiku Contest.*

# in memoriam

## JANE REICHHOLD (1937–2016)

by Renée Owen

blue ink  
the words not yet written  
in the iris

*Writing and Enjoying Haiku*

Jane Reichhold, a tall, brilliant woman with a quiet, compelling presence, left a remarkable literary legacy, with her indelible stamp inked on everything she touched. A leading international haiku poet, Jane was a gifted scholar, translator, educator and editor, writing and publishing over 45 books, winning numerous awards, and creating an extensive website (*ahapoetry.com*) where much of her work can be seen.

I first had an opportunity to meet Jane in 2008, at Four-Eyed Frog Bookstore in Gualala, for a launch of her book, *Basho: The Complete Haiku* (2008). At the time I happened to be on retreat in a cabin in the woods an hour from Jane's home. There, in a discarded newspaper in the firewood bin, I found a small ad for her reading. With the teachings from her seminal book, *Writing and Enjoying Haiku: A Hands-On Guide* (2002) still very much alive in my mind, I marveled at the synchronicity. The long winding drive on a rutted road through dense forest, up a mountain and then down, and the breathtaking vistas of the northern California coast prepared me for something special. And Jane did not disappoint. Her wit and wisdom infused the atmosphere of that tiny bookstore with her passion for haiku.

I visited Jane in Gualala over the next few years, and we continued our friendship as kindred travelers on the haiku path. In



2009, we co-created an evening of Japanese Poetry and Music for the Gualala Art Center's annual Whale and Jazz Festival. Highlights of our performance that magical night included koto, shakuhachi, butoh, haibun and haiku. The day after the event, Jane hosted a brunch at a nearby Russian-turreted inn and presented the poets and musicians with gifts of her art: raku-fired tea cups bearing her calligraphied haiku.

Jane lived a simple, secluded life in a rustic barn on top of a remote mountain above the ocean, yet she was one of the most prolific and generous people I've ever met. She created art in every medium, from the tiniest beaded frog to huge fiber installations, inspiring all who viewed it. For much of her life, she worked tirelessly, seven days and nights a week, on her artistic and literary projects. She nourished poets around the globe. But she also nurtured poetry in her own small community. She founded the ukiaHaiku Festival, with its contests for children and adults, and the Gualala Art Center's haiku walk. And since 1992, her local newspaper, *The Independent Coast Observer*, carried her haiku column, published under her nom de plume, Haikujane. Those haiku, many collected in her book, *10 Years Haikujane* (2008), reveal her deep connection to the fog and flora and fauna of her rugged coastal home, a land of startling beauty which she called *The Land of the Seven Realms* (1989).

In her later years, Jane refused to slow down, though she lost much of her eyesight, and pain from her fibromyalgia worsened. Her husband, artist and poet Werner Reichhold, 90, said Jane did not want to end her life in a hospital. She chose to leave this world as she lived, following her own vision.

A few months before her death, Jane mailed me two gifts: one, a calendar containing photographs of her old, repurposed Therapy Dolls, which she dressed in crocheted clothes and donated to dementia patients; the second, a small notebook and pencil, with a note asking recipients to fill the pages with all the things we're grateful for, and then to mail it back to her for a planned art exhibition. To the end, she was dreaming up ways to inspire and heal.

Wildly creative and unflinching in her pursuit of literary

expression, Jane had a voice entirely unique. May her creative spark, and her haiku, live on in all of us!

neither here nor there  
the dreams one carries  
on a journey

*Independent Coast Observer*

barking seals  
sound comes to the mainland  
as mist

*Frogpond 9:4*

river  
above the river  
fog

*Independent Coast Observer*

living by the sea  
with those distances  
in my heart

*Independent Coast Observer*

homeward bound  
all the words have turned  
to pure longing

*Independent Coast Observer*

•••

*Renée Owen's collection of haiku and haibun, Alone on a Wild Coast (Snapshot Press), received an Honourable Mention in the 2014 Touchstone Distinguished Book Awards.*

**CARLOS COLÓN (1958–2016)**  
**THROUGH A LENS**

by Donna Beaver

**H**aiku North America, October 2015: Following the banquet, and another Rock'n rollicKING performance poetry reading by Haiku Elvis, Alan Pizzarelli and I wander off with the King in search of a location to film him for a video short at the Desmond Hotel in Albany, New York. It's like walking back in time as the hotel's interior courtyards are modeled after old village squares complete with mock storefronts, brick pathways, fountains, and balconies. We find ourselves in a courtyard named King Street, believe or not, where there stands a grand piano. As I set up the camera, and Al tickles the ivories, Haiku Elvis readies himself at the side the piano.

"Action!" Al begins pounding out the melody of Elvis Presley's *Don't Be Cruel*. After a couple of false starts and much laughter, Al begins the riff once again, "dun-da-do-dada-dun-da-do-dada-dun" as Haiku Elvis stares at the camera, and after a long pause, says in his distinct Louisiana drawl, "Oh was I supposed to talk? Sorry, I was mesmerized by the music." Again, we all break up with laughter. Finally, we do manage to capture a few Haiku Elvis moments among the outtakes.

Kentucky rain  
Kentucky fried chicken  
love me tenders

how did it get here  
this strand of red hair  
on my blue suede shoe

*Haiku Elvis*

As much as we all loved Haiku Elvis, there is so much more to Carlos Colón, the poet. Blessed with the precious gift of humor he gave us many other classic senryu.

taking my glasses  
the optician disappears  
into the wall paper

Second grader's pencil  
her worn-out eraser

haiku conference  
even the taxi driver  
has an opinion

Among Al's favorite poems by Carlos are those that express his more serious and introspective side.

hospital  
I know my way around  
a little too well

lung condition  
my one-breath poems  
grow shorter

this simple meal  
I dab my father's cheek  
with a napkin

my daughter's eyes  
when I refuse  
the beggar

A great collaborator, Carlos worked with fellow poets Raffael de Gruttola, Alexis Rotella, Marlene Mountain, and others writing concrete poetry and various linked forms. Many of his most memorable poems originally appeared in these innovative collaborative works including one of Carlos's personal favorites:

zen concert  
an air guitar  
slightly out of tune

Carlos was always there with a smile and his special brand of humor. His saintly kindness touched all who knew him. May his spirit live on in our memories and through the wonderful gift of his poetry.

On our final morning before departing the conference, we met again with Carlos outside the Desmond Hotel to film him for our Haiku Chronicles "MINI KU" series. It was a crisp; colorful autumn day in the mountains of upstate New York. As Carlos began reading his poems; I looked through the lens of my camera, the first snowflakes of the season began to fall and illuminate all around him.

pointing  
my way home  
the starfish

•••

*"Kentucky rain" and "how did it get here" first appeared in Haiku Chronicles Episode 21: Halloween Extravaganza (2011) and later published in Haiku Elvis—A Life in 17 Syllables (or Less), Laughing Cactus Press (2013); "taking my glasses" from Modern Haiku 26.1 (1995); "Second grader's pencil" from Sassy (with Alexis Rotella), Trag Publications (1998); "haiku conference" from Modern Haiku 33.1 (2002); "hospital" from Frogpond 25.3 (2002); "lung condition" from Modern Haiku 41.1 (2010); "this simple meal" from Frogpond 35.3 (2012); "my daughter's eyes" from Frogpond 22.1 (1999); "zen concert" and "pointing" from RAW NerVZ HAIKU 3.1 (1996).*

# reviewed

**Imago** by Peter Yovu (2016, Ornithopter Press, Princeton NJ). 32 pages, 4 $\frac{5}{8}$ ×7 $\frac{1}{8}$ ”, block printed cover wrappings, saddle stitched. ISBN 978-1-942723-02-8. \$11 from [ornithopterpress.com](http://ornithopterpress.com)

*Reviewed by John Stevenson*

“The poem must resist the intelligence  
Almost successfully.” -Wallace Stevens

Considered as a unit, I don’t know when I have read a more satisfying single-poet chapbook. Whether others will see it in the same way will depend, in large part, on whether they agree with Wallace Stevens that a poem must “resist the intelligence almost successfully.” It is certainly the case that resistance is an element of each of these poems. Sometimes this resistance is mild:

the darkening  
desert sky

vertebrae breaking through

And sometimes it is intense:

the cradle	crickets
the cradle	rockets
the	of civilization

This quality of resisting expectation, plus a prominent articulation of empty page space, forces the reader to slow down and focus intensely. And even when the reader does so, there are moments like those when we are driving and realize that we don't remember exactly how we got this far along the highway.

What is most impressive about *Imago* is its consistency. Like the vast majority of haiku books, this one contains poems written on widely spaced and disparate occasions and previously published separately. But the work has been selected and organized in a way that makes it register strongly as a single entity. There are several strategies employed to achieve this affect. First of all, the author has resisted the temptation to make this a "greatest hits" compilation. *Imago* is a relatively brief set of poems, about sixty-one of them. I say "about" because the spacing sometimes makes it arguable where the line between poems occurs and, also, because eleven of the poems are presented in italics and function as section headings, foreword, and postscript.

The poems are individually memorable but, in much the way that the constituent elements of a haibun or haiga may be strong in their own rights but should be more so in their interactions, the interplay of the poems in *Imago* contributes to the sense of the book as a single organism, a new creature. And how would I characterize that creature? I think of a mountain goat negotiating the sheer side of a cliff—surefooted, occasionally breathtakingly so, and withal, nonchalant.

In gathering cost and other data on the book, I contacted Mark Harris, who is credited with creating the cover image and book design. About those tasks he commented, "The challenge is to make a package worthy of the poems inside, no easy task." His success adds to the seamless quality of *Imago*. Your copy is available through the website noted above. It is a limited edition. Act now.

**Not Asking what if** by Adele Kenny (2016, Muse-Pie Press, Passaic NJ). 80 pages, 4¼×6½", perfectbound. ISBN 978-0-918452-51-8. \$16.50 from [adelekenny.com](http://adelekenny.com)

*Reviewed by Wally Swist*

**N**ot Asking what if is a refreshing book of haiku. I should probably clarify that I have read many of these haiku before, and that I can emphasize that I reveled in reading them again. I became acquainted with many of these haiku by having read them either in journals or in previous volumes of Adele Kenny's. However, it is actually nurturing to see these all collected here along with new haiku within a single volume, and a distinguished volume it is.

My overall aesthetic appraisal of the collection, other than its ostensible accomplishment, is that it resonates with what I can term the era the haiku originated from—the 70s, 80s, and 90s—as a golden age of North American haiku. These decades were reflected by what is sometimes referred to as the first wave of haiku poets, and possibly some second wave writers, including the late Nick Virgilio, master of acute perceptions within the haiku moment; Virginia Brady Young, who was expert in representing the layers of images within nature in the haiku form, ever so ingeniously; and Raymond Roseliep, who taught everyone how to look deeper into the ordinariness of our lives and to discover either the *mysterium tremendum* in them or a kind of ribald humor, often with oneself as the subject or object, or both.

We also can't forget the true majesty of Elizabeth Searle Lamb, indeed, as she was dubbed, "the first lady of haiku," and her precision of image and tone, which I wouldn't doubt originated from her being an accomplished harpist and who had played in at least one symphony orchestra.

All that richness comes back to me in reading the haiku in *Not Asking what if*. Nor can we forget the inimitable John Wills, who in my mind is, perhaps, the premier American haiku poet, when we read his "a box of nails / on the shelf in the shed / the cold." Elements of such classic American haiku resonate within those



of Adele Kenny's. Hers may not have been written thirty or forty years ago, or more, but the tones of her haiku echo in a similar demonstrative and memorable way. In her new book we read:

snow in the air —  
the graveyard gate opens  
on rusty hinges

that is reminiscent of Wills. Another haiku of Adele's that this time recalls the immaculate depths of Father Roseliep, who was also a Catholic priest, reads:

gathering shadows  
statues  
with broken arms

There is a mysticism that reverberates in this haiku whose spectrum ranges from the alchemical to a treatise by either Meister Eckhart or Thomas Merton on the benefits of poverty in the life of the spirit.

Two more of my favorites in Adele Kenny's book are:

abbey bells  
muffled by dusk  
as the hills lose shape

which is one of the most lyrically achieved haiku I have ever read, especially with the onomatopoeia of abbey bells; and

nightfall  
the corners of my room  
disappear first

which is such a writer's or poet's haiku in that anyone who has labored long in one's study or over one's desk has had to experience those "corners of my room" become only an evanescent memory as one's day has in working on a revision

or a new piece of writing, just to see the perfection you were seeking dissipate into oblivion.

It is also significant for me to see that Adele Kenny, as well as some other haiku poets, have worked successfully in various genres, since she has published books of what haiku poets call “longer poems,” as well as prose books regarding creative writing as well as collectibles. Although there is one more haiku, out of a very many in this book that are quotable, which I can’t help but mention, as one of my own personal favorites, and that is one that is also reminiscent of Raymond Roseliep, also referred to as “the John Donne of western haiku,” who had published several volumes of traditional verse with W.W. Norton & Company in the early sixties only to forego writing “longer poems” and composing only haiku for the last decade, or so, of his life. This haiku reminds me of the one that the American poet Denise Levertov, who published many books with New Directions, quoted in a blurb on the back of Roseliep’s book, *Listen to Light*, published in a handsome edition by Alembic Press in the late 1970s, which reads: “campfire extinguished / a woman washing dishes / in a pan of stars.”

Adele Kenny’s haiku, with its own echo providing equal clarity, is reminiscent of Roseliep’s poem as it is concomitantly a fine companion piece:

mountain spring—  
my hands  
fill with stars

Kenny’s haiku isn’t quite as romantic but it is evocative of the “mountain spring.” We can, as readers, feel the coldness of the water she is cupping, before she drinks; taste the fresh water; see a galaxy cupped in her hands. If anything, Kenny’s haiku is at least as pure as Roseliep’s, if not offering a more elemental clarity—one that is at least as memorable.

*Not Asking what if* is a book of haiku that can be read for enjoyment and delight. It can also be read as a primer in its own right as to how to craft language into an aesthetic in which haiku

can be subtly and providently shaped, effortlessly holding itself into an imagistic perpetuity.

first crickets—  
the pulse  
in my wrist

### BRIEFLY REVIEWED

*Reviewed by Randy Brooks:*

**Past Due** by Jeff Stillman (2015, Red Moon Press, Winchester VA). 64 pages, 4¼×6½," perfectbound. ISBN 978-1-936848-49-2. \$12 from [redmoonpress.com](http://redmoonpress.com)

Last spring one of my students, Erica Forbes, told me I had to read Jeff Stillman's new book, *Past Due*. She said it's the only haiku book she's read in which she could count on every haiku having a genuine sense of being alive, with the author paying attention to things that matter. With such high praise I was eager to check out this collection, and I am glad to report that Erica is right. This is an outstanding collection of authentic haiku—simple, direct perceptions of daily life and relationships. With only one haiku per page, the reader can pause to let each haiku slowly open up into a gift of insight or emotional significance. One of my many dog-eared favorites: *boardwalk stretching the length of her complaint*, and another: *biting cold / the gritted teeth / of jumper cables*

**Finding a Way** by Robert Witmer (2016, Cyberwit, Allahabad, India). 70 pages, 5½×8½," perfectbound. ISBN 978-93-85945-13-7. \$15 from [cyberwit.net](http://cyberwit.net)

In the introduction Robert Witmer states that haiku "intensify and exalt experience, whether actual or imaginative." *Finding a*

*Way* is a collection of 151 of his haiku arranged in 15 “suites,” each introduced by a simple quote. With such care in the selection and arrangement of the haiku, this makes for an interesting read as you consider a cluster of intuitively related haiku before moving on to the next “suite.” For example, the first suite, “a frog’s smile,” features nature haiku followed by the second suite, “a child’s hand.” Witmer teaches at Sophia University in Tokyo, and his haiku portray the academic life of a teacher as well as his personal life beyond the university. Often the haiku are playful, almost childlike, in perspective. The language is simple and direct, but he is not afraid of puns and double-meanings. This is a rich collection of well-written haiku. *rookie card / nobody wants / hitting every spoke*

**Drawn to the Light: 2015 Southern California Haiku Study Group Anthology** ed. by William Hart (2015, Southern California Haiku Study Group, Pasadena CA). 104 pages, 5½×8½”, perfectbound. ISBN 978-0-9964943-0-4. \$12.50 from [dkolodji@aol.com](mailto:dkolodji@aol.com)

The 2015 anthology published by the Southern California Haiku Study Group includes haiku and senryu by 79 members. Each member is featured with a page of his or her work. Alphabetized by author’s last name, this anthology is best viewed as a sampling of recent work, with haibun interspersed throughout. Taken as a whole, it is evident that this is a lively community of writers who employ a variety of approaches to writing with varying levels of success. Purchase a copy as a way to meet or revisit these creative voices. One of my favorite finds was a haiku by Anita Guenin: *sheets of rain — / you open your coat / and I enter*

**A Refutation of Exile** by Tyler S. Pruet (2015, Red Moon Press, Winchester VA). 64 pages, 4¼×6½”, perfectbound. ISBN 978-1-936848-48-5. \$12 from [redmoonpress.com](http://redmoonpress.com)

This is a collection of 56 haiku all containing the words “blue ladybug” in a variety of configurations. After about the third haiku,

I personally tired of the author's attempts to find clever ways to use these words. Tyler Pruitt definitely owns this phrase in the haiku community now, although I doubt that other writers will try to hijack "blue ladybug" as they have with Natsuishi's "Flying Pope," even for satirical purposes. My favorite haiku was: *ten little ladybugs / not one / of them blue* perhaps because it calls to mind the "ten little Indians" nursery rhyme.

**Sleeping Bear** by Kurt Westley (2015, Red Moon Press, Winchester VA). 48 pages, 4¼×6½", perfectbound. ISBN 978-1-936848-51-5. \$12 from [redmoonpress.com](http://redmoonpress.com)

*Sleeping Bear* features a cover image of a prehistoric cave bear, which is appropriate for a collection of haiku that span time and art through literary allusions to mythology, Japanese haiku masters, the Buddha, and spirit animals. Westley sees artistic connections to nature and views nature, especially animals, as living art. The opening haiku reads *the only witness / a crow takes his darkness / due north* and the title poem is *snoring bear— / snowy branches dripping / with oozing berries . . .* This book is an effective collection of haiku that connect the immediate with the universal. *bare foot / stirring / the whole Milky Way*

**Fire in the Treetops: Celebrating Twenty-Five Years of Haiku North America** ed. by Michael Dylan Welch (2015, Press Here, Sammamish WA). 416 pages, 7×10", perfectbound. ISBN 978-1-878798-37-4. \$23 from [createspace.com](http://createspace.com) or [amazon.com](http://amazon.com)

Every two years since the first Haiku North America (HNA) conference in 1991, haiku poets, editors and scholars have gathered to share their latest research and creative works. Each of these 13 HNA gatherings has featured a conference anthology of haiku by attendees, which is shared at the conference as a public poetry reading. *Fire in the Treetops* gathers all of these individual anthologies into a massive 416-page collection celebrating 25 years of Haiku North America, with a brief history of the conferences provided by editor Michael Dylan Welch. With usually only one

haiku per contributor in each anthology, this collection represents a poet's careful submission of their best work and each editorial team's selection of haiku by each conference participant. The haiku are richly varied and quality examples of the literary art of this contemporary English language haiku community. The title comes from a haiku by Bill Higginson published in the 2001 HNA anthology, *Paper Clips: fire in the treetops / the truck races down the street / trailing its hose*. The index of 540 poets represents a chronicle of many of the most active, significant contributors to English language haiku over the past quarter century. This is an important anthology that should be considered essential reading for anyone interested in contemporary haiku. Make sure your local library has a copy.

*Reviewed by Michele Root-Bernstein:*

**This Single Thread** by Paul Chambers (2015, Alba Publishing, Uxbridge, UK). 90 pages, 5¾×8¼", perfectbound. ISBN 978-1-910185-25-4. \$17 from [albapublishing.com](http://albapublishing.com)

In this debut collection, Welsh poet Paul Chambers explores the seasonal round in precise, often fresh, often delicate observations of the Anthropocene—that is to say, those environments that uniquely combine the natural and the man-made, the rural and urban, the animal and the human. Even as he flirts with overt personification, Chambers excels at perceptual surprises that lend grace to the whole. *moorland path / the sun mining / foxglove scent; fleeting wind – / the branch reaches after / the sparrow; storm clearing / the leaves grow heavy / with stars*

**Wonder** by David Burleigh (2014, Deep North Press, Santa Fe NM). 16 pages, 3¼×11¼", accordion-fold cardstock in a card slip sleeve. ISBN 978-1-929116-20-1. \$10 postpaid in North America from Deep North Press, 2705 Ventoso, Santa Fe NM 87505.

David Burleigh is an admirer of longpoet Paul Muldoon's

approach to haiku. That admiration shows in the four haiku sequences on a common theme beautifully presented in this slim accordion book designed by Lidia Rozmus. One might call the haiku style of *Wonder* descriptive shasei, except that we know from the start we are in the realm of imagination and dream. We are also in the realm of poetic obsession: in the first sequence, for example, each haiku repeats the words “House of Wonder” in reference to the postcard of a tropical shoreline (fact or fiction, take your pick) that inspires the whole book. There is something hypnotic about the effect, much to question, and much to admire in this subtle exploration of sunny paradise and its shadows. From the second sequence: *The sea darkening / as storm clouds gather, rain whips / the House of Wonder // A dream vanishes / like the thought of rainfall to / the far blue yonder // The folded sailcloth / by a weather-beaten mast: / the House of Wonder*

**Galaxy of Dust: The Red Moon Anthology of English-Language Haiku 2015** ed. by Jim Kacian et al. (2016, Red Moon Press, Winchester VA). 184 pages, 5½×8¼”, perfectbound. ISBN 978-1-936848-55-3. \$17 from [redmoonpress.com](http://redmoonpress.com)

Another fine anthology from the 11 editors at RMP featuring work they deem to be of “exceptional skill” for the year 2015. Most of the nearly 150 poets featured herein lodge one piece—whether haiku, haibun, rengay or essay—in the RMP “canon.” Readers will note multiple haiku and multiple genres from just over a handful of extraordinary poets: 3 men and 10 women to be exact, but who’s counting. Recommended reading for anyone interested in keeping abreast of haiku excellence.

**Beyond the Grave, Contemporary Afterlife Haiku** ed. by Robert Epstein (2015, Middle Island Press, West Union WV). 214 pages, 6×9”, perfectbound. ISBN 978-0-692547-67-0. \$20 from [middleislandpress.com](http://middleislandpress.com) and [amazon.com](http://amazon.com)

For anyone interested in haiku that channel ghosts, otherworldly visitations, heaven and hell, reincarnations, past lives,

immortality, and other assorted aspects of afterlife, this book is for you. Robert Epstein, psychologist, poet, and editor of a handful of recent anthologies, has once more done an excellent job of compiling a thematic treasury of haiku and related forms, with a thoughtful introduction, a welcome glossary of terms, and a helpful reading list. Some of my favorites: *all souls' day / no one I care / to see again* (Roberta Beary); *going nowhere / this dispute about / an afterlife* (John Stevenson); *lost flake / soul / is it you?* (Raymond Roseliep).

**The Earth Pushes Back** by Bill Kenney (2016, Red Moon Press, Winchester VA). 72 pages, 4¼×6½", perfectbound. ISBN 978-1-936848-63-8. \$15 from [redmoonpress.com](http://redmoonpress.com)

In this first collection of some 54 haiku, one poem per page, the pace is measured to go the distance, like a walk in the autumn woods or a tête-à-tête by candlelight. Organized by season, the conversation is also crisscrossed by recurrent images and themes. In a set of 4 ku exploring the butterfly motif, Kenney variously interrogates the butterfly, himself, and the dream of the ancient Chinese philosopher Zhuang Zi. Throughout the book, he makes use of a range of haiku styles and techniques—the nature sketch, the self-referential “mentation,” the senryu, the resonant juxtaposition, the third line surprise, the unusual image, and perceptual reversal—to touch upon identity, age, existential inquiry, and ordinary sources of joy, wonder, fear, and hope. The collection fairly thrums with words well-chosen, images well-placed. Highly recommended for what one jacket reviewer calls “the inner honesty of the work.” *butterfly / where do I / begin; happy / for no reason / dandelion; spring equinox / a cloud parting / from itself*

**Cicada Chant** by Giselle Maya (2016, Red Moon Press, Winchester VA). 78 pages, 5×7½", perfectbound. ISBN 978-1-936848-60-7. \$17 from [redmoonpress.com](http://redmoonpress.com) or [giselle.maya@orange.fr](mailto:giselle.maya@orange.fr)

To read the 29 haibun and 7 tanka prose pieces in this collection



is to immerse oneself in a particular place and habitation. For many years, the much-published poet and painter Giselle Maya has lived in a medieval French village in Provence, in an old house built of “wind-chiseled” limestone, with a chestnut door, a brass doorknob, and a “hole where birds can make a nest.” From her ten windows she can, depending on the season, see snow-capped mountains, flower-filled meadows, orchards in fruit, the parched earth, or rows of lavender in bloom. This is the land art work of farmer and gardener and, when Maya speaks of it, she is talking simultaneously of the poet’s art and the artist’s work. The haiku, largely written—perhaps painted might be the better word—in an impressionistic style, resonate well with a simple prose that takes chances and delivers. Read *Cicada Chant* and fall in love with a particular way of being in the world. From “La Cours de Rohan”:

...  
*i have come to know the town’s heart  
to love it yet visit it rarely now  
staying in the mountains to walk  
and garden the dream intact  
recessed in a painting  
almost to vanishing point  
a beloved fiction*

*moss on the fountain  
in the studio of Cezanne  
the painter’s ladder*

**Murmuration** by Michelle Tennison (2016, Red Moon Press, Winchester VA). 82 pages, 4¼×6½”, perfectbound. ISBN 978-1-936848-67-6. \$15 from [redmoonpress.com](http://redmoonpress.com)

This first collection begins with the epigraph “something/ something, something / the goldfinch returns” (Mary Ellen Binkele). What comes after is Michelle Tennison’s wildly beautiful transcription of that inaccessible something into words that sing. Working with some 61 haiku sequenced into five parts, she worries the sores that concern her on the borderlines between life

and death, thinking and dreaming, intimacy and estrangement, loneliness and communion. And she does so at the borderlines of haiku itself, pushing and prodding the form to reveal what else it can do with tanka-like mentations, finely-grounded abstractions, irregular language constructions, and the freshest of imagery—all of which combine to speak directly to heart and mind. The sunflower schematic that punctuates the pages asserts a pattern to life. To find it in our own lives, we might well seek guidance in the poet's—this poet's—liminal voice. Highly recommended. *probably I've done nothing wrong coyotes; fireflies / & soul / fragments; where the shore everything for a reason*

**Undercurrents** by Amanda Bell (2016, Alba Publishing, Uxbridge, UK). 72 pages, 5¾×8¼", perfectbound. ISBN 978-1-910185-35-3. \$14 from [albapublishing.com](http://albapublishing.com)

This first collection, featuring 15 haibun (and companion haiku) about Irish rivers, will appeal to the geographically-minded. In a somewhat impersonal, tourist guide voice, Bell relates her anecdotal impressions of waterways—some above ground, some below—that have been shaped by human needs over long periods of time. What lies hidden is occasionally revealed. Where Bell marries the itinerary to family stories and the metaphoric possibilities inherent in her river motif, the work really comes to life. In “Casting Off,” she recounts a rafting trip down the Spadagh River:

*It was late August; the air was thick with seeds and midges and the smell of cattle. The raft soon ran aground on a muddy bank where livestock came to drink. In their matching floral bathing suits, the girls daubed one another with fresh green dung, and draped riverweed about their heads and shoulders, transforming themselves into naiads.*

*scent of meadowsweet—  
swallows readying themselves  
for flight*

Reviewed by Julie Warther:

**Answers Instead: A Life in Haiku** by Edward J. Rielly (2015, Encircle Publications, Farmington ME). 36 pages, 6×9", perfect-bound. ISBN 978-1-893035-29-4. \$15.95 from [encirclepub.com](http://encirclepub.com)

In his introduction, Edward Rielly tells us that *Answers Instead* is "the story of my life in haiku." As Rielly has been writing haiku for over forty years, he has much to tell. At this point in the poet's life, he is looking back in an effort to glean, not more questions, but answers. *this autumn / I ask the owl / for its answers instead*  
 Divided into three sections, the collection follows the poet through his childhood days on a farm, into parenting then to an age of reminiscing. *rooster / calling awake / the child in me*. It is a joy to get caught up in the nostalgia of this collection, sharing Rielly's pure, crystalline images and witnessing a life lived fully and deeply! *fingers still sticky / from cotton candy / we hold hands*

**Half Way Through** by Jörgen Johansson (2015, Red Moon Press, Winchester VA). 80 pages, 4¼"×6½", perfectbound. ISBN 978-1-936848-38-6. \$12 from [redmoonpress.com](http://redmoonpress.com)

A collection of haiku, senryu, and tanka in English (some in Swedish with English translations). While there is not enough of a discernible theme to bring cohesion to the poems, *Half Way Through* does offer some striking haiku. *sundown / the falcon returns / to the falconer*

**The Lammas Lands** by Matthew Paul (2015, Snapshot Press, Ormskirk, UK). 112 pages, 5×7", perfectbound. ISBN 978-1-903543-37-5. £9.99 from [snapshotpress.co.uk](http://snapshotpress.co.uk)

We know Matthew Paul as coeditor of the British journal, *Presence*, co-author of *Wing Beats: British Birds in Haiku* and an astute observer of nature. His most recent collection delivers more of the solid nature-based haiku we've come to expect from

this writer. Over one hundred poems and rarely do we see the poet, as he has a knack for staying out of the way; quietly observing and gently recording. We learn more about Matthew Paul by the scenes to which he attends and the details which catch his eye. Through consistent, careful word-crafting, Paul offers a quality collection. *swifts / the space marked out / for the big top*

**Nest Feathers** ed. by *The Heron's Nest* editorial staff (2015, no publisher listed). 174 pages, 6¼×9½", hardcover. ISBN 978-1-4951-6794-2. \$23 from *theheronsnest.com*

*Nest Feathers* contains 248 haiku from the more than eight thousand poems that have been published in *The Heron's Nest* during its first fifteen years (1999–2013). Poems are arranged in sections by year of publication and the sections introduced with artwork by Ron C. Moss. But *Nest Feathers* is more than just another anthology. It's a look back and a toast to fifteen years of quality haiku. A testimony of how English-language haiku has evolved and very much stayed the same during this time period. A tribute to some poets no longer with us. A study guide for those learning and honing the craft of writing haiku. Most notably, it is some of our favorite haiku gathered in one place. Fans of *The Heron's Nest* will appreciate the introduction by founding editor Christopher Herald with the origin of the journal's name and history of its creation and growth. Current managing editor, John Stevenson says, "It is my hope that this collection will whet your appetite but leave you hungry; stimulating your own desire to say something more." *Nest Feathers* does just that. An important volume for all who appreciate the fine haiku of *The Heron's Nest*.

**Off The Beaten Track** by individual writers (2016, *Boatwhistle Press, London U.K.*) 218 pages, 4½7¼", perfectbound. ISBN 978-1-911052-01-2. £12 from *boatwhistle.com*

An experiment in which twelve writers from differing backgrounds and cultures were challenged to write a haiku a day for a month, producing a year's worth of haiku. While roughly half

of the writers are seasoned haiku poets, the others had written very few haiku or, in some cases, none at all before this exercise. The afterword explains the hope to bring the “beginner’s mind” to the project and work toward integrating the “separate worlds of haiku and other forms of literature.” The resulting 365 poems encompass a wide variety of styles and approaches to haiku. Conspicuously absent are biographies of the twelve writers and discussions that resulted from the experiment, both of which would have added interest for the reader.

**Bug-Eyed & Bird-Brained** by Rick Clark (2016, Red Moon Press, Winchester VA). 102 pages, 4¼×6½”, perfectbound. ISBN 978-1-936848-65-2. \$15 from [redmoonpress.com](http://redmoonpress.com)

Ink paintings by sumi artist Fumiko Kimura beautifully illustrate these bug and bird haiku written with an Issa-like style in mind. Rick Clark, an avid observer of small creatures, demonstrates a boundless enthusiasm for his subject matter. *long cold winter’s end— / happy to see even you / blood plump mosquito*

*Reviewed by Francine Banwarth:*

**End of Summer** by Joseph M. Kusmiss (2016, Red Moon Press, Winchester VA). 58 pages, 4¼×6½”, perfectbound. ISBN 978-1-936848-44-7. \$12 from [redmoonpress.com](http://redmoonpress.com)

So often in this life, less is more, if one can be satisfied with that premise. In this collection of 50 mostly season-centered haiku, Joseph Kusmiss is steadfast. In as few words as necessary, he conveys his attention to detail, to the incremental changes in degrees of warmth and cold, light and darkness, to colors and flavors brought and carried away on the wind. His haiku speak not just to the end of summer, but to other endings as well, as he interweaves a sense of human presence, real or imagined: *winter evening / the young woman smiles— / from the hair dye box*. In those where his presence is felt, he is the silent observer:

*shoveling snow / my shadow / needs a break.* And tucked in between are moments of quietude that offer solace after summer ends and for a season that chills us to the bone: *winter wind / pines speak / to pines*

**Who I Am** by Michael Ketchek (2015, Free Food Press, Rochester NY). 76 pages, 5½×8½", perfectbound. No ISBN. \$10 from [freefoodpress.com](http://freefoodpress.com)

Oh to be a fly on the wall of this poet's writing space! During the past 30 years in which he's written and published haiku, Michael Ketchek has seen the world through his own unique lens. A wry sense of humor and honest look at reality serve him well as he tackles the lows and highs of existence in both the personal and universal arenas. He is at home in an urban as well as woodland setting, up a mountain pass or under desert stars. Wherever he finds himself, his haiku and senryu stay grounded in the human condition and are delivered with "directness, clarity and passion" as Tom Clausen writes in the foreword. At times in this collection of 214 poems, Ketchek hints at melancholy and despair: *New Year's downpour / not enough to wash away / the past year.* There are also poems that address war and peace, truth and injustice, love and loss, prayer flags and baseball, family and relationships, often with just the right balance of insight and humor: *boy and girl paper dolls / insert tab a / into tab b.* Especially moving are moments of intimacy that draw us into their center: *reading in the tent / my son rests his book / on my arm.* Wherever we find him, Michael Ketchek is at home with himself: *a man beneath the stars / with a cigarette he rolled / that is who I am*

**Turkey Heaven: Animal Rights Haiku** by Robert Epstein (2016, Middle Island Press, West Union WV). 138 pages, 5×8", perfectbound. ISBN 978-1-535070-82-9. \$15 from online booksellers

Robert Epstein has edited a number of haiku anthologies covering themes such as death, the afterlife, recovery, grief, loss, and new beginnings. *Turkey Heaven* is his fifth book of haiku. Forty

years ago, Epstein chose a vegan lifestyle inspired by his love and respect for all life. This collection is a clarion call to end animal abuse and slaughter. It opens with quotes by notable human and animal rights activists and a preface by Epstein. It closes with a reading list for the compassionate treatment of animals and a vegetarian lifestyle. A number of the haiku in a series this focused tell or ask a little too much, but there are those that hit their mark: *bone room the taxidermist's curved spine*

**Black and White** by Ernest Wit (2016, Red Moon Press, Winchester VA). 80 pages, 4¼×6½", perfectbound. ISBN 978-1-936848-56-0. \$12 from [redmoonpress.com](http://redmoonpress.com)

These 80 haiku by Polish author Ernest Wit are crafted with a sense of immediacy and centeredness; they are intimate and accessible. The haiku were written and most were published or won international awards between 2011 and 2015. Wit couples his states of mind and being with imagery of the passing seasons and relationships and divides the collection into nine untitled sections. The brief pause between each section lets us cleanse the palate before we "taste" the next set of haiku. The title poem suggests an altered view in reference to both season and life span: *onset of winter / the big picture becomes / black and white*. Colors have an effect on the psyche and so does the failing light: *using the dark / as a tongue / deep autumn*. In these lines Wit appears to be probing something deeper than a changing season. There are other surprises in the way this linguist shapes the language and imagery, revealing just enough to whet our appetite: *she comes to me / attired only / in a short night; before the white / lies fall from the lips / snowy clouds*

**Kreischen der Kreide/The Screech of Chalk** by Ralf Bröker (2016, Red Moon Press, Winchester VA). 100 pages, 4¼×6½", perfectbound. ISBN 978-1-936848-53-9. \$12 from [redmoonpress.com](http://redmoonpress.com)

This first collection by Ralf Bröker begins with an introduction by Dietmar Tauchner, which I wish had been translated into

English, and an insightful foreword by Richard Gilbert. Seventy-two haiku and a handful of tanka in German and English are divided into five sections: the screech of chalk, flicker of the exit path, in his words, the many languages of misery, and amidst the Perseids. The titles suggest the tenor of the collection, which Gilbert describes as “at times hard-bitten, or whimsical—nearly always quiet—an inserted pause in busy days, lonely nights. In a fractured world, there remain possibilities for healing.” Most of Bröker’s juxtapositions are thought-provoking: *father’s day / my son asks me / if i am proud*; some challenge our haiku sensibilities: *under my skin / acid spills into / the river of words*; and a few may require a Google search to clarify terminology: *61cygni without google i try to find you*. It is easy to lose ourselves in a society driven by technology; civilization has always been fractured. The poems in this collection are not a walk in a haiku garden. But through them Bröker invites us to ponder how we choose to confine ourselves in the world as we know it: *space / my jeans / too tight*

**Unsichtbare Spuren / Invisible Tracks** by Dietmar Tauchner (2016, Red Moon Press, Winchester VA). 140 pages, 4¼×6½”, perfectbound. 978-1-936848-39-3. \$12 from [redmoonpress.com](http://redmoonpress.com)

In 2014, Dietmar Tauchner’s *Rauschen unseres Ursprungs / Noise of Our Origin* placed second in the Haiku Society of America’s Mildred Kanterman Merit Book Awards. His new collection features one hundred haiku in English and German, with a brief introduction by George Swede and a longer one by Dietrich Krusche, which isn’t translated into English. The haiku are written in one to three lines and vary in style. A few are illustrated as “word poems.” This is a fascinating collection because of Tauchner’s creative approach, complex themes, and use of abstract as well as concrete imagery. Divided into four titled sections, the haiku address the notion of self-identity and then expand exponentially into connections with others, nature and the seasons, and universal mysteries in which Tauchner links real time to spacetime. A favorite haiku from each section: *last lilac / the*



*lovelife / of my mind; blind alley / the bridge of light / to some place; shoulder blades / without wings / leaves in the wind; butterfly beats / where no man will ever be / a new planet*

*Reviewed by Michael Dylan Welch:*

**Voice of the Cicada** by Raffael de Gruttola (2014, privately published, Natick MA). 142 pages, 5½×8¼", perfectbound. ISBN 978-0-692-34776-8. \$15 from the author at 4 Marshall Road, Natick, MA 01760

As de Gruttola notes at the beginning of his book, "Haiku has become, for many of us who use this form, a way of trying to recapture the essential quality of our personal worlds." The author does exactly that with these poems, collected here in a retrospective volume documenting a long career in haiku, tanka, haibun, renku, haiga, and other related forms. Poems appear at a relaxed pace of one to three per page, and show range and sometimes playful experimentation, rich with allusions to art, music, literature, travel, and culture, with poems frequently dedicated to fellow writers. A thoughtful introduction by Karen Klein introduces readers to haiku in general, and to de Gruttola's haiku in particular. And the equally thoughtful afterword by Judson Evans places the author's work in the context of Western philosophy and language, suggesting that these poems move beyond dualities to unities, whether with music, art, drama, or in other collaborative ways. A few design and typography weaknesses show this book to self-published, but the poetic content comes well recommended. *subway woman sleeps / picked daisies / in her hand*

**Young Osprey** by Bill Cooper (2015, Red Moon Press, Winchester VA). 62 pages, 4¼×6½", perfectbound. ISBN 978-1-936848-41-6. \$12 from [redmoonpress.com](http://redmoonpress.com)

This book was a discovery for me, a voice I need to pay more

attention to. Finely crafted poems are interwoven with rich subjects that surprise and engage while avoiding alienation or distance (gumbo, roux, okra, pli , Sisyphus, staccato, cassowary, doo wop, hawkbill, habanero, poblano, pelican, ocarina, blimp, flapper doll, spatterdock). Cooper is not afraid of abstractions, yet grounds them in concrete images, as in *the slope of grief / snowmelt trickling through / a dam of leaves*. Many poems are empathetic (*rowers / the frail man on the footbridge / tapping his cane* or *old grasshopper / testing the sway / of a takeoff leaf*), or evoke childhood (*fingers splayed / on the window pane / first snow* or *cherry popsicle / the thrill / of a one-speed*). Over and over, amid the occasional visual poem and wordplay, these poems provide fresh and sometimes startling juxtapositions, often to great emotional effect or narrative suggestion (*a mussel filtering / just what she needs / Hiroshima Bay* or *cooling okra and peas / sisters revise the terms / of a trade*). An occasional poem feels private (*seaweed shimmer / the red knot rinsing / a plump egg*), but even these poems show confidence. If nothing else, a good haiku is assertive, and these assertive haiku engage through many senses, many subjects, and many effective leaps. Highly recommended.

**Happy Wake Up** by Milenko D.  irovi  Ljuti ki (2014, Megraf, Belgrade, Serbia). Afterword by Zoran Raoni . 72 pages, 5x8", perfectbound. ISBN 978-86-84813-18-5. Price and ordering information not supplied.

A set of 54 haiku in Serbian with English translations by Saša Va i . Most poems seem unseasonal, marginally related, or even contrary to the seasonal sections they appear in, such as *river canyon — / through the echoing thunder / scared bird* in the spring section, *wine gurgles / with the warmth of summer rain / and the sun's gold* in winter, or *ripe wheat — / bristled spikes sting / the moonlight* in summer. Even after discounting "moon" as a traditional autumn reference in the latter poem, I take "ripe wheat" to be autumn. If we overlook the seasons to which most poems are assigned, occasionally fine moments emerge, such as

*hospital window— / my view split / into four parts.* The author has served as president of the Haiku Association of Serbia and Montenegro.

**The Haiku Murder** by Fran Pickering (2014, no publisher listed). 300 pages, 5×7¼", perfectbound. ISBN 978-1-5009-6192-3. \$12.99 from [franpickering.com](http://franpickering.com) or [amazon.com](http://amazon.com)

If you love haiku (and who doesn't?) and you love mystery stories, Fran Pickering's *The Haiku Murder* is for you. It's one of her four "Josie Clark in Japan" mystery series, along with *The Tokyo Karaoke Murder*, *The Cherry Blossom Murder*, and *The Bullet Train Murder*. Josie joins her company on a team-building excursion from Tokyo to Matsuyama, coordinated by Haiku Country Tours, to participate in a haiku-writing outing and to visit haiku sites in Matsuyama, birthplace of Shiki, Kyoshi, and other famous poets. Then an enigmatic company leader falls from the top of Matsuyama Castle—or was he pushed? Josie seeks to find out what really happened, and to locate his missing messenger bag. What was so important in that bag? Haiku make their most prominent appearance in the opening chapters, and they serve as a key plot device, but beyond that this novel may appeal more for its engaging depiction of modern Japan, and many contemporary and traditional cultural practices, such as rituals for the murdered man's funeral. If you know Tokyo and Matsuyama, you'll recognize many famous locations, and yet also ordinary locations too, and you'll feel like you're there. Some characters are a little hard to keep straight, but mostly this is a fun-to-read whodunit, with cultural observations intertwined—and haiku.

**Waveforms: Bull Island Haiku** by Pat Boran (2015, Orange Crate Books, Dublin, Ireland). 120 pages, 4×6", perfectbound. ISBN 979-0-9931726-0-1. \$11.50 or €10 from [dedaluspress.com](http://dedaluspress.com)

A beautifully designed and well-meaning collection of place-centered poems, but all appear in a (mostly) rhymed 5-7-5 syllabic format that has distracted the author from understanding the

more important targets of haiku as literature — even though the afterword talks about “kigo” (season words) and “kire” (cutting). Common haiku techniques and aesthetics seem to reveal themselves only slightly and only occasionally (perhaps by accident), as in *All alone at last— / the crab in the pool beside / the pool full of crabs*. Or (mostly, it seems) the author has chosen to ignore them, as in *Jesus, he might be, / that long-haired kite-surfer dude / walking on the sea*. Nevertheless, this Irish author is a widely published award-winning poet and editor in longer forms, and one hopes that this foray into haiku will lead to a deeper understanding. His photogaphs in the book are excellent.

**Desert Wind** by Ferenc Bakos (2015, Red Moon Press, Winchester VA). 86 pages, 4¼×6½”, perfectbound. ISBN 978-1-936848-45-4. \$12 from [redmoonpress.com](http://redmoonpress.com)

A collection of 76 poems and three haibun in Hungarian and English. A few poems seem oddly translated, such as *farewell party / till fades into dark / the Fuji’s silhouette*, but most poems read well in English, such as *thirsty for love / fallen cherry petals / in our beer-mugs* or *All Souls’ Day / in the widower’s yard / second-bloom violets*

**Haiku Edge: New and Selected Haiku** by Robert Epstein (Middle Island Press, West Union WV). 138 pages, 5×8”, perfectbound. ISBN 978-0-6924-7693-2. \$26 from [amazon.com](http://amazon.com)

Robert Epstein has steadily produced a series of distinctive haiku anthologies relating to loss, death, grief, recovery, change, renewal, and the afterlife — understandable subjects for a psychologist. This new collection provides a counterpoint by focusing on his own haiku — all an “unblinking” look at everything on the edge, yet with a hopeful emergence from tragedy. The book’s five sections, interspersed with color artwork by Ed Markowski, offer 95 darkish haiku at the measured pace of a poem per page. The book’s title and subsection titles at the top of each page distract somewhat from each poem, but the poems work well to explore

psychological nuances and experiences (*Election Day / the smell / of burning bread*). These are poems, as Epstein writes in his preface, on the “haiku edge—the razor’s edge of seeing, hearing, tasting, touching, intuiting.” Recommended, despite being overpriced.

**American Gothic** by Steven Carter (2015, Alba Publications, Uxbridge, England). 48 pages, 5¾×8¼”, perfectbound. ISBN 978-1910185-20-9. \$10 or £7 from [albabublishing.com](http://albabublishing.com)

Steven Carter (not to be confused with Steven D. Carter, translator of waka and other Japanese literature) has been so prolific with his haibun that it is sometimes hard to distinguish one book from another. But this book, with the title’s invocation of Grant Wood’s famous painting, is a clearly defined collection of family stories, dedicated to the parents of Carter’s wife. Memories and aging—and nursing homes—fill these loving and sometimes touching haibun. On a personal note, I find myself feeling distracted by the stair-stepped indentation of all poems and having each line start with a capital—neither choice seems to accomplish anything. Nevertheless, you’ll enjoy these haibun revelations.

**The Honest Truth** by Dan Gemeinhart (2015, Scholastic Press, New York). 232 pages, 5¾×8½”, hardback. ISBN 978-0-545-66573-5. \$16.99 from [amazon.com](http://amazon.com)

There’s haiku in them thar hills. This profoundly sad young adult novel tells the story of a twelve-year-old boy with terminal cancer who tries to fulfill his goal of climbing Mt. Rainier before he dies. Mark runs away from home with his dog and faces many challenges by himself in his quest to reach Seattle and then the mountain. He leaves behind his family and his best friend Jessie, with whom he writes haiku. The chapters alternate between them, and nearly always include a haiku. Mark wrestles with the dangers of his trip, and Jessie wrestles with whether to reveal Mark’s secret destination. The poems are not skilled as

haiku (merely counting syllables), but in the voices of the two children they serve as poems they are likely to write. As a sample, the first poem is *Alone, leaving home, / A new journey, a new road, / Off to mountains now*. The book is peppered with about 34 haiku that serve as a way to bond Mark and Jessie. Highly recommended story. Be prepared for the sad yet unexpected ending.

**Grandma's Chip Bowl** by David Jacobs (2015, Hub Editions, Spalding, UK). 108 pages, 4¾×7¾", perfectbound. ISBN 078-0-9576460-4-9. £6.50 from the author at 72 St Dunstan's Road, London M68RA England or email davidjacobs2011@gmail.com

This is yet another fine homespun production from Hub Editions in England. You'll find 105 haiku at one per page, plus a sequence of seven haiku at the end. As shown on the book's cover, the "chip bowl" here is for what Americans would call French fries. Likewise, many other terms in this book show the British setting of these poems: netball, Oxford oarsman, pound shop (dollar store), London marathon, title decider (championship sports match), Thames solitude, upper deck (of a double-decker bus), Welsh anthem, Centre Court (Wimbledon), tube (London subway), Whitehall, surgery (doctor's office), royal palace, towpath (by canals), dustbin, keeper and striker (soccer positions), holiday (vacation), South Bank and Barnes (parts of London), busker, Heathrow, and underground (subway). Readers will recognize many of these poems from leading haiku journals. Rich images and approachable moments abound—a pleasure to read. *graves in the grass / the mower's coat / left hanging*

**39 Haiku** by Robert Kania (2015, Wydawnictwo Kontekst, Poznań, Poland). Afterword by Agnieszka Żuławska-Umeda. 56 pages, 4¾×7¾", perfectbound. ISBN 978-83-6256-94-1. Price and ordering information not supplied.

This book, designed by Lidia Rozmus, presents 39 poems in Polish and English. In *lightning / on a hedgehog spikes / raindrops*, the syntax is puzzling (could "a" be dropped?), and the moment

is so amazing and delicate that perhaps it's too amazing — readers may wonder if it's believable and authentic, or purely imagined. Other poems feel more grounded, as in *brewing tea / red leaves are falling / outside the window* or *melting snow / another hope / to fall in love*, but a few translation hiccups distract, as in “flew away / [a] long time ago,” “homeless [man, woman, person] raises a toast,” and “in [a] white veil.”

**The Open Eye** by Lenard D. Moore (1985/2015, *Mountains & Rivers Press, Eugene OR*). 66 pages, 5½×8½”, perfectbound. 978-0-9896021-3-6. \$16 from [mountainsandriverspress.org](http://mountainsandriverspress.org)

This is a reprint of the original 1985 book, including its original foreword by Lorraine Ellis Harr. A new introduction by Jim Kacian suggests that “Part of the enjoyment of re-reading this book is knowing how far Lenard has come as a poet,” but no other motivation is given for reprinting the book. Jonathan Greene’s beautiful new layout and typography present the book’s 94 poems at their finest in four seasonal sections. Here’s the book’s closing poem: *Which way to go — / the eastward trail, snow / the westward trail, snow*. Lenard Moore has blazed an important path through the snows of haiku poetry, and this book celebrates some of his first steps.

**Antologia Haiku: Druga Międzynarodowa Konferencja Haiku / Haiku Anthology: Second International Haiku Conference**, edited by Robert Kania, Krzysztof Kokot, Lidia Rozmus, and Charles Trumbull (2015, *Museum Manggha, Kraków, Poland*). 60 pages, 4¾×8”, perfectbound. ISBN 978-83-62564-92-7. In Polish, English, and contributing poets’ languages. \$10 from Lidia Rozmus at [lidiarozmus@att.net](mailto:lidiarozmus@att.net)

Collections such as this may be of primary interest to those who attended the conference in Poland, but for those who pay attention to international haiku, it’s worthwhile perusing this book to see who attended from North America and elsewhere, and to see who many of the leading poets are in Poland, with samples

of their work. One message that events and anthologies like this present is that the lingua franca of worldwide haiku poetry is English—this book is in Polish and English, with the addition of other languages if the poet writes in another language. The book showcases 47 poems, one per attendee (selected from five submitted poems), by poets from Australia (1), Bulgaria (7), Croatia (4), Denmark (1), Germany (2), Hungary (1), Japan (2), Lithuania (2), Poland (15), Romania (1), Sweden (1), Switzerland (1), The Netherlands (3), Ukraine (1), United Kingdom (2), and the United States (6) (the totals here exceed 47 because several poets listed more than one country). How many North American haiku gatherings are as diverse as this? World haiku is alive and well. *Lovers' bench— / our initials / hardly visible* -Slawa Sibiga

**Drumming in the Free World** by Kim Redshaw (2015, no publisher listed, UK). 112 pages, 6×9", perfectbound. ISBN 978-1-5141-2119-1. \$10.95 from amazon.com

This book presents 35 meditations or instructions on the art of drumming on left-hand pages, with a corresponding poem on right-hand pages that consists of three stanzas in a 5-7-5 form followed by a concluding stanza in a 5-7-5-7-7 form. The words elide from one stanza to the next, making a 14-line kind of sonnet. All poems are syllabic in nature, and exhibit no understanding of haiku aesthetics. *And clear in the hub- / Bub of the world, the drummer / Plays the rhythm year* and so on.

**Dandelion Seeds** by Arvinder Kaur (2015, Aesthetics Publications, Chandigarh, India). 132 pages, 4¾×7", perfectbound. ISBN 978-93-83092-42-0. No price or ordering information

Readers will find many lovely poems in this book, interspersed with photos of dandelion seeds by Tejbir Singh. The book's 164 haiku appear at two per page, with eight tanka at one per page, all in English and Punjabi. Forewords by both Angelee Deodhar and Alan Summers, an introduction and afterword by the author, and afterwords by both Kala Ramesh and Paresh Tiwari all add up to



being too much and are each peppered with typos, sometimes subtle. Many terms from the author's native India are explained in a useful glossary, but for some reason it omits such terms as "dupatta," "bindis," "koel," and "pashmina." For better typography, I also wish the poems had used proper em dashes instead of single hyphens to indicate the cut, and that curly or apostrophes had been used instead of straight ones to elevate what otherwise looks like a professional produced volume. The poems, though, are routinely fine, as in *tree swing- / in and out of sunshine / my outstretched toes* and *scattered petals . . . / this sudden longing / for my aborted child*

**At Bat** by Cor van den Heuvel (2015, Peaks Press, Forest VA). Anita Virgil, illustrations. 44 pages, 8½×5¼", saddle-stapled. ISBN 0-9628567-4-6. \$15 from 202 Merrywood Drive, Forest, VA 24551 or email [avirgil2@outlook.com](mailto:avirgil2@outlook.com)

It's good to see Cor van den Heuvel still swinging for the fences. This book began when Anita Virgil found baseball illustrations she had done years before, and thought they would go well with Cor's baseball haiku. The book presents an image and poem together on each right-hand page, with blank left-hand pages. And although it contains only twelve poems and twelve pleasing images, it makes for a great game of baseball—into extra innings. Six of the poems are from Cor's Norton anthology, *Baseball Haiku*, and six poems are new, such as this one: *in the infield's / late-afternoon shadows / the coolness of my glove*. Brief but recommended.

**A Path of Desire: Tan Renga** by Peter Newton and Kathe L. Palka (2015, Red Moon Press, Winchester VA). 62 pages, 5¼×7¾", perfect-bound. ISBN 978-1-936848-46-1. \$12 from [redmoonpress.com](http://redmoonpress.com)

It used to be that tan-renga never appeared in our haiku journals. In 1997, however, *Frogpond* published a collection of twelve tan-renga I had written with attendees at the Asilomar haiku retreat in California. Tan-renga have been a regular component of vari-

ous haiku journals since then. And now we have this book, which may be the first tan-renga collection in English. Tan-renga is a primal form — in English, a three-line verse by one poet is capped with a two-liner by a second poet, linking and shifting to create a unified poem. Its structure lies at the heart of renga and renku, creates a kind of tanka, and partakes of the social aspects of haikai and earlier literature. As the authors say in their introduction, their partnership began as an experiment and opened into an exploration of the collaborative spirit. The book contains 75 tan-renga, some in nine titled sets (although it's hard to know where some sets end). Here's an example: *down the shore / another wave / of foreclosures // mastering / the surrender pose*. Recommended.

**You Can't Be Serious** by Ronald Wallace (2015, Parallel Press, Madison WI). 48 pages, 6×9", saddle-stapled. ISBN 978-1-934795-73-6. \$10 from [library.wisc.edu/parallelpres](http://library.wisc.edu/parallelpres)

This is a book of sonnets, not haiku, but what may well interest haiku poets is the fact that the last word of each line is quoted from translations of famous Japanese haiku. So if you read the last words of each poem's fourteen lines in order, vertically, you discover haiku such as this one by Issa: *don't sing, you rowdy insects / the world will get better / in its own time*. The translations look to be by Sam Hamill, Robert Hass, and Jane Reichhold. Quoted poets (Bashō, Buson, and Issa, plus two by Sōgi) are indicated after the title of each of this book's 36 finely crafted modern (and unrhyming) sonnets.

**Between Waves** by Alexis Rotella (2015, Red Moon Press, Winchester VA). 56 pages, 4¼×6½", perfectbound. ISBN 978-1-936848-37-9. \$12 from [redmoonpress.com](http://redmoonpress.com)

Alexis Rotella's haiku and senryu often have a psychological edge to them, as in *The secret told— / the house now / light and airy, Sunday afternoon / no mother / to call* or *A tiny wave / to the gardener / I fired*. She also welcomes playful lightness and humour, as in *Fallen tree / a bridge / for squirrels* and *Hospital gown /*

with tiny blue flowers— / Oscar de la Venta. Yet she can be serious or momentarily transcendent, as in *Over a destroyer / stars / keeping watch* and *Butterfly / finds me / in the woods*. She's lost the periods that she used to end her poems with, but has retained her usual starting capital. Alexis Rotella has had a long career in haiku, and this book is the latest evidence of her ongoing creativity.

**Climbing Mole Hill: An Anthology of Haiku and Haiga for the Republic of Mole Hill** edited by Lidia Rozmus (2015, Deep North Press, Santa Fe NM). Haiga by the editor. Introduction by Michele Root-Bernstein. 24 pages, 3½×11", black-and-white card slipcover, white card stock, accordion-folded. ISBN 978-1-929116-21-8. \$15 from Lidia Rozmus at [lidiarozmus@att.net](mailto:lidiarozmus@att.net).

This art book is a marvelous treat for the hand and eye. First you slide it out of its long slip cover, then unfold its accordion-like pages (like the book *Wonder* that Lidia Rozmus designed for David Burleigh in 2014). It stretches out to almost three feet wide, and you could put it on a table for display. Each “page” offers one to four haiku by each of 18 poets, together with a haiga featuring one of the poems on that page (it would be lovely to see each haiga at a larger size). With their poems, the poets visit the Republic of Mole Hill, which is both a real place and an imaginary kingdom (or rather, republic) near Chicago in Vernon Hills. A poem by the editor: *from my balcony / everything I need / I see*. All of us can visit this magic land through the poems in this remarkable collection.

**Chester Creek Ravine** by Bart Sutter (2015, Nodin Press, Minneapolis MN). 82 pages, 4½×7", perfectbound. ISBN 978-1-935666-75-2. \$16 from [nodinpress.com](http://nodinpress.com)

A beautifully designed collection of 150 poems about “revelatory moments alongside Chester Creek, a stream that drops dramatically through the city of Duluth [where the author lives] on its final run to Lake Superior,” according to the publisher’s website.

Most poems are not syllabic, but feel long for haiku, and often use distracting rhyme or slant rhyme. The book is rich with images, but its real strength is how it celebrates Bashō's walking practice combined with Thoreau's "sage advice to 'stay home,'" as the author walked a thousand miles on a 2.5-mile loop trail near his house, recording his experiences. Here's a random poem, among the shorter ones: *The leaves all molder. / This lichen-spattered boulder / Melts more slowly*

**Puerto Rico** by Anita Virgil (2015, Peaks Press, Forest VA). 24 pages, 5½×8½", saddle-stapled. ISBN 0-9628567-5-4. \$10 from 202 Merrywood Drive, Forest, VA 24551 or email [avirgil2@outlook.com](mailto:avirgil2@outlook.com)

This travel journal tells of the author's visit to Puerto Rico from New York City. Each page offers one to three short paragraphs and sometimes a haiku (only nine poems in total), with cover art and one interior painting by Theodore Lodigensky. The font size seems a little small when the pages are mostly blank, but the prose tells a gratifying story about a fairly predictable tourist exploration of a Caribbean island (the poems are less successful, as in *despite this heat / palm's rough brown base / mummy-wrapped / chills me*). While the story may be typical, with moments of pleasure and confusion in a foreign culture, the language shines with richness and colour, giving readers a real sense of being there. What's perhaps most significant about this book is that, although short, it's a single long narrative, not often attempted in English-language haibun.

**Haiku Chiaroscuro** by David Cobb (2015, Equinox Press, Braintree, England). 44 pages, 6¾×8¼", perfectbound, 978-0-9566833-2-8. £9.95 from the author at [davidcobb.co.uk/ordering.php](http://davidcobb.co.uk/ordering.php)

This book by one of England's leading and stalwart practitioners of haiku mixes longer poetry, flash fiction, haibun, and haiku in ways that perhaps more haiku poets might emulate to help integrate haiku into mainstream poetry. Some of the longer poems

here are put into service in place of the prose in haibun, and are thus followed by a haiku at right angles to the poem. One tanka and one haiga also add variety to this collection that explores, according to its subtitle, “lighter and darker sides of haiku poetry and prose.” *earthquake tremor / the municipal gardener / draws back his hoe*

*Reviewed by Melissa Allen:*

**Let’s Forget** by John Martone (2016, no place, Samuddo / Ocean). 48 pages, 4¼×6”, perfectbound. No ISBN. \$5 from [johnmartone@gmail.com](mailto:johnmartone@gmail.com)

**Pompeian Figures** by John Martone (2016, no place, Samuddo / Ocean). 80 pages, 4¼×6¾”, perfectbound. ISBN 978-1-365-08784-4. \$8 from [amazon.com](http://amazon.com)

**A Lost World’s Weather** by John Martone (2016, Samuddo / Ocean). 68 pages, 5⅞×8⅞”, perfectbound. ISBN 978-1-365-08777-6. \$5.72 from [amazon.com](http://amazon.com)

Martone refers to these three books as a “little trilogy,” presumably because all are set, at least in part, in Italy. It’s a long way from Martone’s customary Midwest haunts, but his usual preoccupations are present in these short poems: a close, almost meditative, observation of the minutiae of daily life; a feeling of oneness with the natural world; gentle humor; and a striking specificity of language. Many pieces are 5-7-5 haiku, unusual for Martone, but remarkably successful. From *A Lost World’s Weather*: *you speak a language / fig tree — lemon — seashore — but / not the one you think*

**So Long** by John Martone (2016, Ornithopter Press, Princeton NJ). 28 pages, 4½×7½”, card covers with block-printed wrappings, saddle-stitched. ISBN 978-1-942723-01-1. \$10 from [ornithopter-press.com](http://ornithopter-press.com)

*So Long*, like many of Martone's books, makes the reader sharply aware of the irrelevance, in a cosmic sense, of scale. Starting with a series of finely observed poems featuring a contemporary, human-scale "you" who's snowbound, fiddling with furnaces and canned goods, the book soon expands to encompass microscopic life, the genetic code, and prehistoric humans. Two very fine haibun, among numerous short poems, make the connection between past and present, small and large, explicit. We never leave the snowbound landscape, but by the end we find reflected in it the whole history of human life. *1.78% / neanderthal— / shivering*

*Reviewed by Bruce Ross:*

**Dewdrops on the Weeds** by Ludmila Balabanova (2016, *Small Stations Press, Bulgaria*). 64 pages, 5½×8¼", perfectbound. ISBN 978-954-384-047-2. \$5 from [smallstations.com](http://smallstations.com)

This bilingual collection of 39 haiku in Bulgarian with English translations by Balabanova and David Lanoue is notable for two things. One is what seems a kind of journal of a love affair and its ending or of love affairs, the majority of the collection. *desire till the high C of spring rain; sleepless night / my breath moves / his dreams*. The other is a poetic phrasing of the haiku (though I can't speak for the English translation as such) with some impressive and moving links and metaphoric expression. *night of love / stars fall in the field / and turn into poppies; on the plane sharing the same wings*. This handsomely constructed collection is augmented with illustrations by Irina Karakehayova, a number of one-page still lifes, urban scenes, and portraits, each page offering two versions of the same subject in a modern style.

---

## ERRATA

Bruce H. Feingold's poem, "Egotesticle," was a 2012 Haiku-Now! finalist in the Innovative Haiku Category, which should have precluded Cynthia Cechota's submission, "egotesticle," from being published in *Frogpond* 39:2.

For HSA contests, winning poems are always checked to ensure they haven't been previously published. Unfortunately, this is impractical for every poem submitted to *Frogpond*.

•••

If you would like to know more about the "Gamaka" renku form (*Frogpond* 39:2) devised by Shrikaanth Krishnamurthy, you can contact him at [drshrikaanth@gmail.com](mailto:drshrikaanth@gmail.com)

## HSA Officers

### President:

Fay Aoyagi  
930 Pine Street #105  
San Francisco CA 94108  
fay.hsa.president@gmail.com

### 1st Vice President:

Mike Montreuil  
1409 Bortolotti Crescent  
Ottawa ON K1B 5C1  
Canada  
mikemontreuil@sympatico.ca

### 2nd Vice President:

Beverly Acuff Momoi  
530 Showers Drive,  
Ste 7, PMB 290  
Mountain View CA 94040  
bamomoi@gmail.com

### Secretary:

Dianne Garcia  
2810 W Lynn Street  
Seattle WA 98199  
garciadianne@hotmail.com

### Treasurer:

Bill Deegan  
hsa.treasurer@yahoo.com

### Frogpond Editor:

Christopher Patchel  
1036 Guerin Road  
Libertyville IL 60048  
frogpondhsa@gmail.com

### HSA Newsletter Editor:

Ignatius Fay  
600 William Avenue, Unit 33  
Sudbury ON P3A 5M9  
Canada  
hsabulletin@gmail.com

### Electronic Media Officer:

Randy Brooks  
6 Madera Court  
Taylorville IL 62568  
brooksbks@gmail.com

## HSA Regional Coordinators

### Alaska:

Billie Wilson  
1170 Fritz Cove Road  
Juneau AK 99801  
akwilsons@gci.net

### California:

Deborah P Kolodji  
10529 Olive Street  
Temple City CA 91780  
dkolodji@aol.com

### Hawaii / Pacific:

Brett Brady  
13-3632 Nohea  
Pahoa HI 96778  
brettbrady@gmail.com

### Mid-Atlantic:

Robert Ertman  
213 Glen Avenue  
Annapolis MD 21401  
robertertman@msn.com

### Midwest:

Julie Warther  
1028 Winkler Drive  
Dover OH 44622  
wartherjulie@gmail.com

### Northeast / New England:

Wanda Cook  
PO Box 314  
Hadley MA 01035  
willowbranch32@yahoo.com

### Northeast Metro:

Rita Gray  
785 West End Avenue #12C  
New York NY 10025-5454  
ritagray58@gmail.com

### Oregon:

Shelley Baker-Gard  
1647 SE Sherrett St  
Portland OR 97202  
sbakergrd@msn.com

### Mountains:

Steve Tabb  
Boise ID  
satabb@hotmail.com

### South:

Margaret Dornaus  
1729 Cripple Branch Lane  
Ozark AR 72949  
singingmoonpoetry@gmail.com

### Southeast:

Robyn Hood Black  
Beaufort SC  
robyn@robynhoodblack.com

### Southwest:

James M. Applegate  
601 Fulkerson Dr.  
Roswell NM 88203  
japple@dfn.com

### Northwest:

Angela Terry  
18036 49th Place NE  
Lake Forest Park WA 98155  
amterry9@comcast.net



# author index

- Allen, Melissa** 125–126  
*Madison WI*
- Antolin, Susan** 32  
*Walnut Creek CA*
- Banwarth, Francine** 7, 28, 75  
*Dubuque IA*
- Beary, Roberta** 23  
*Bethesda MD*
- Beaver, Donna** 91–93  
*Bloomfield NJ*
- Bennett, Brad** 6  
*Arlington MA*
- Black, Robyn Hood** 77  
*Beaufort SC*
- Boyer, David** 26  
*Stamford CT*
- Brager, Mark** 12  
*Columbia MD*
- Bridges, Alan S.** 8  
*Littleton MA*
- Brooks, Randy** 99–102  
*Taylorville IL*
- Buckingham, Helen** 37  
*Somerset, England*
- Byrd, Peg** 32  
*Madison NJ*
- Byrnes, Sondra** 7  
*Santa Fe NM*
- Carter, R.P.** 20  
*Ancaster, ON*
- Chambers, Paul** 27  
*Newport, Wales*
- Chessing, James** 24  
*San Ramon CA*
- Cipri, Ava** 23  
*Pittsburgh PA*
- Clinton, Lesley** 7  
*Sugar Land TX*
- Coats, Glenn G.** 11, 40  
*Prospect VA*
- Constable, Susan** 10  
*Parksville, BC*
- Cotter, Amelia** 84  
*Chicago IL*
- Day, Cherie Hunter** 43  
*Menlo Park CA*
- Deodhar, Angelee** 32  
*Chandigarh India*
- Elliot, David** 34  
*Factoryville PA*
- Epstein, Robert** 9, 21  
*El Cerrito CA*
- Evans, Judson** 37  
*Holbrook MA*
- Everett, Claire** 30, 39, 43, 45  
*North Yorkshire, England*
- Feingold, Bruce** 23  
*Berkeley CA*
- French, Raymond** 46  
*Huntsville AL*
- French, Terri L.** 9, 36, 41, 42, 46  
*Huntsville AL*
- Ford, Lorin** 9, 17  
*Melbourne, Australia*
- Forsyth, Robert** 12  
*Annandale VA*
- Gardiner, Tim** 35  
*Manningtree, England*
- Gerard, David** 25  
*New Orleans LA*
- Glander, Scott** 37  
*Glenview IL*

- Gorman, LeRoy** 22, 24, 41, 44  
*Napanee, ON*
- Guenin, Anita Curran** 86  
*San Diego CA*
- Hall, Carolyn** 6, 8  
*San Francisco CA*
- Hanson, Simon** 47  
*Queensland, Australia*
- Harrison, Devin** 20  
*Vancouver Island, BC*
- Harvey, Michele L.** 29  
*Hamilton NY*
- Henderson, Cynthia Kowalski** 13  
*Santa Fe NM*
- Hinchee, Merle D.** 33  
*Houma LA*
- Hodge, Steve** 5  
*White Lake MI*
- Hotham, Gary** 37  
*Scaggsville MD*
- Humphrey, Jonathan** 13  
*Louisville KY*
- Johnson, Tami M.** 38  
*Birmingham AL*
- Kacian, Jim** 7, 37, 52–56  
*Winchester VA*
- Kadric, Elmedin** 31  
*Helsingborg, Sweden*
- Kelly, David J.** 19  
*Dublin, Ireland*
- Kelsey, Julie Bloss** 34  
*Germantown MD*
- Kenney, Bill** 10, 14  
*Whitestone NY*
- Koen, Deb** 10  
*Rochester NY*
- Kolodji, Deborah P** 30  
*Temple City CA*
- Kray, Lavana** 22  
*Iasi, Romania*
- Lilly, Rebecca** 29  
*Port Republic VA*
- Liu, Chen-ou** 15  
*Ajax, ON*
- Longenecker, Gregory** 80–87  
*Pasadena CA*
- Luckring, Eve** 29, 35  
*Los Angeles CA*
- Lucky, Bob** 9  
*Jubail, Saudi Arabia*
- Lynch, Doris** 39  
*Bloomington IN*
- Makino, Annette** 26, 76, 79  
*Arcata CA*
- Maris, Anna** 12  
*Hässleholm, Sweden*
- Martin, Jeannie** 7, 22  
*Arlington MA*
- Martone, John** 14, 36  
*Charleston IL*
- Mason, Scott** 49, 74–77, 87  
*Chappaqua NY*
- McClintock, Michael** 17, 25  
*Clovis CA*
- McDonald, Tonya** 50–51  
*Woodinville WA*
- McGregor, Marietta** 23  
*Canberra, Australia*
- McKeon, Joe** 18, 27  
*Strongsville OH*
- McMunn–Tetangco, Elizabeth** 11  
*Strongsville OH*
- Miller, Jayne** 33  
*Hazel Green WI*
- Miller, Paul (paul m.)** 32, 36,  
*Bristol RI* 78–80, 87
- Moeller-Gaa, Ben** 31  
*St. Louis MO*
- Moffett, Matthew** 30  
*Mt. Pleasant MI*

- Momoi, Beverly Acuff** 24  
*Mountain View CA*
- Moore, Lenard D.** 11  
*Raleigh NC*
- Moss, Ron C.** 13, 25, 47, 48  
*Tasmania, Australia*
- Newton, Peter** 8, 40, 78–80, 87  
*Winchendon MA*
- Oblak, Polona** 15  
*Ljubljana, Slovenia*
- Ortiz, Victor** 16  
*San Pedro CA*
- Osterhaus, Mark Alan** 18  
*Lake Mills, WI*
- Owen, Renée** 88–90  
*Sebastopol CA*
- Packer, Roland** 28, 76  
*Hamilton, ON*
- Painting, Tom** 8, 26, 41, 42, 78  
*Atlanta GA*
- Palka, Kathe L.** 25  
*Flemington NJ*
- paul m. (Miller, Paul)** 32, 36,  
*Bristol RI* 78–80, 87
- Pauly, Bill** 26  
*Asbury IA*
- Piko, Gregory** 16  
*Yass, Australia*
- Pretti, Sharon** 16  
*San Francisco CA*
- Renda, Samantha** 33  
*Cape Town, South Africa*
- Rickert, Bryan** 14  
*Belleville IL*
- Rielly, Edward J.** 28  
*Westbrook ME*
- Robinson, Chad Lee** 21  
*Pierre SD*
- Root-Bernstein, Michele** 8,  
*East Lansing MI* 102–106
- Ross, Bruce** 33, 42, 126  
*Hampden ME*
- Rotella, Alexis** 19, 20  
*Arnold MD*
- Rowland, Philip** 6, 10  
*Tokyo, Japan*
- Schopfer, Olivier** 77  
*Geneva, Switzerland*
- Schwerin, Dan** 20, 27  
*Greendale WI*
- Seguiban, Carl** 35  
*Burnaby, BC*
- Shaw, Adelaide B.** 34  
*Millbrook NY*
- Simpson, Sandra** 11, 18  
*Tauranga, New Zealand*
- Sng, Christina** 75  
*Singapore*
- Sola, Nicholas M.**  
*New Orleans LA*
- Stevens, Mary** 22  
*Hurley NY*
- Stevenson, John** 13, 24, 40, 44, 79,  
*Nassau NY* 94–95
- Stuart-Powles, Celia** 74  
*Tulsa OK*
- Stillman, Jeff** 19, 35  
*Norwich NY*
- Strange, Debbie** 22  
*Winnipeg, MB*
- Sullivan, Kyle** 15  
*Kaohsiung, Taiwan*
- Sutherland, Jennifer** 27  
*Glen Waverley, Australia*
- Swede, George** 28, 35  
*Toronto, ON*
- Swist, Wally** 15, 96–99  
*Amherst MA*
- Tarquino, Rick** 6, 19  
*Bridgeton NJ*

**Tennison, Michelle** 17

*Blackwood NJ*

**Terry, Angela** 30

*Lake Forest Park WA*

**Thampatty, Padma** 17

*Wexford PA*

**van den Heuvel, Cor** 74–77, 87

*New York NY*

**van Leeuwen, Els** 16

*Sydney, Australia*

**Wallihan, Diane** 14, 21

*Port Townsend WA*

**Wang, Aletheia** 18, 31

*Batam, Indonesia*

**Warther, Julie** 29, 77, 107–109

*Dover OH*

**Welch, Michael Dylan** 31, 50–51,

*Sammamish WA* 73, 113–125

**Whitman, Neal** 25

*Pacific Grove CA*

**Wilson, Billie** 21

*Juneau AK*

**Witmer, Robert** 12

*Tokyo, Japan*

**Yarrow, Ruth** 36

*Ithaca NY*

**Zimmerman, Joan** 80–87

*Santa Cruz CA*

