



蛙の池



FROGPOND



Vol. XVI: 1 SPRING—SUMMER 1993
HAIKU SOCIETY OF AMERICA

HAIKU SOCIETY OF AMERICA
333 East 47th Street
New York, NY 10017

President: Francine Porad, 6944 SE 33rd, Mercer Island, WA 98040-3324.

Vice-President: Dee Evetts, 102 Forsyth Street #18, New York, NY 10002.

Secretary: Doris Heitmeyer, 315 E. 88th St., Apt. 1 F, #42, New York, NY 10128.

Treasurer: Karen Sohne, 184 N. Pine St., N. Massapequa, NY 11758.

FROGPOND Editor: Sylvia Forges-Ryan, 87 Bayard Ave., North Haven, CT 06473.

Consulting Editor: Virginia Brady Young

Subscription/Membership: \$20 USA and Canada; \$28 overseas, by airmail only. Please remit in US dollars. Canadian and overseas members should use International Postal Money Orders in US funds. All subscription/memberships are annual, expire on December 31, and include 2 issues of *FROGPOND*. Single copies from 1992 on, \$10, earlier copies, \$5, USA and Canada; \$12, Overseas from 1992 on, earlier copies, \$6. (If xeroxed copies of out-of-print issues would NOT be acceptable, PLEASE SPECIFY when ordering.) Make checks payable to Haiku Society of America, Inc., and send to Secretary at home address.

All funds for subscription/memberships, renewals, or donations must be sent to Secretary at home address, checks or money orders made out to HAIKU SOCIETY OF AMERICA. In addition, all changes of address are to go to the Secretary. Send all editorial material, with SASE, to Editor at home address. Send all other correspondence to pertinent officers at home addresses. Where answer is required—and for return of manuscripts—SASE *must* be enclosed.

All prior copyrights are retained by contributors. Full rights revert to contributors upon publication in *FROGPOND*. HSA does not assume responsibility for views of contributors (including those of its own officers) whose work is printed in *FROGPOND*, research errors, infringements of copyrights, or failure to make proper acknowledgments.

Copyright © 1993 by Haiku Society of America, Inc.

ISSN 8755-156X

Typography/Design: Printworks, Limited, Madison, CT 06443-1678
Printed in the United States of America

Poem slip calligraphy adapted from the original "old pond" by Bashō.

Cover: copyright © 1993, Sandra Olenik, *Old hopes–new dreams*,
watercolor/pencil drawing

HAIKU AND SENRYU

Alger, Julie Hill 16	Hood, David 14
Anderson, Kay F. 8,18	Johnson, Randal 7,28
Bache-Snyder, Kaye 32	Jorgensen, Jean 17
Balus, Richard 32	Judge, Jerry 23,24,26,27,29
Bittle-DeLapa, Mary Lou 27	Kachian, Jim 12,31
Boss, Todd 28,29	Kawano, Akira 30
Bostok, Janice M. 17,19	Ketchek, Michael 33
Chessing, James 22	Kolashinski, Elsie O. 15
Colon, Carlos W. 8	Lang, Evelyn 11
Cobb, David 17	Libro, Antoinette 13
Compton, Ellen 13	Llitas, D. S. 14
Cook, Wanda, D. 26	Mahl, Evan S. 22
Dale, David 17	Makiko 10,33
Day, Cherie Hunter 33	Maxson, Gloria A. 7,10,11
De Mello, Augustin E. 29	McLaughlin, Dorothy 12,30
donnelly, p n w 32	Mele, Constance M. 9,25
Dunlap, Hank 33	Middleton, K. 8
Dunphy, John J. 22,23,24	Mills-Lewis, Ange 14
Duppenthaler, P. .. 8,12,13,22,27	Montgomery, Carol 18
Elliott, David 28	Neubauer, Patricia 19,33
Epstein, Robert 23	Nika 10
Eulberg, Sr Mary Thomas 13	Noyes, H. F. 19,29
Feingold, B. H. 9,20	Ogino, Yoko 20,24
Fennessy, Peter 9	Partridge, Brent 16
Fessler, Michael 8	Peacock, Margaret 14
Forges-Ryan, Sylvia ... 7,9,13,23	Peruzzi, Brett 23
Galasso, William Scott 30	Priebe, David 20
Giesecke, Lee 27	Pupello, Anthony J. 7
goswell, joan iverson 31	Purinton, Carol 22
Gubernick, Grace 12	Quine, Stuart 15
Haas, Rosamond 14	Ralph, George 12,16,21
Hardenbrook, Yvonne .. 8,16,21	Romano, Emily 25,32
Hartley, Howard 11,21,29,33	Ronan 17
Heitmeyer, Doris 10,12,14,16	Ross, Bruce 13
Henderson, Nancy 25,26	Rotella, Alexis 11,16,24,28
Hess, Harvey 7	Rungren, Lawrence 21,28
Higgins, F. .. 9,19,23,24,27,29,30	Russell, Timothy 15,30

HAIKU AND SENRYU *continued*

Sakamoto, Kohjin 9,15	Tasker, Brian 28
Schnepf, Sarah 30	Teal, K. G. 11,18,27,32
Shafii, Sharon Lee 10	Tico, Tom 15,19,25,33
Sherry, Helen J. 31	Tomczak, Diane 25,27
Simbeck, Rob 17	Totts, J. A. 11
Skane, George 14,30	Trout, Mitzi Hughes 19
Smith, Nancy Stewart 12	Vance, Lequita 31
Spicer, Bob 17	Virgilio, Tony 8
St Jacques, Elizabeth 7,32	Welch, Michael Dylan 9,18,
Stace, Jeanette 21,31 23,26,31
Story, Ebba 10,13,28	White, Mark Arvid 22
Sutter, David 15,16,20,31	Williams, Paul O. 7,15,20
Swist, Wally 10,11,20,25	Winke, Jeffrey 24
Tanemura, Kenneth 18,25,29	Woodruff, William 18
Tannen, Robert 20,21	Zack, Ian Greg 22

HAIBUN, RENKU, AND SEQUENCES

DUSK IN THE YARD—Grant Savage, Ruby Spriggs	34
TOKYO BLUES—Kenneth Tanemura	37
BOSNIA: RAPE CAMP—Geraldine C. Little	38
LINES ON THE GOYA EXHIBITION—Geraldine C. Little	39
ITALIA: QUATTROCENTO/VENTECENTO—David Sutter	41

ESSAYS AND ARTICLES

THE SPIRIT OF HAIKU—Kenneth Tanemura	45
SEASON WORDS AS A KEY TO HAIKU—Toshimi Horiuchi	47
THREE HOKKU BY E. E. CUMMINGS—Michael Dylan Welch	51
A WORLD OF GRIEF AND PAIN—Tom Tico	57

BOOK REVIEWS

RUMOURS OF SNOW	63
THE RICE PAPERS	65
MESSAGES FOR US FROM JAPAN	67

NEWS AND NOTES

Museum of Haiku Literature (Tokyo) Awards	5
Nicholas A. Virgilio Haiku Awards for High School Students	72
1992 HSA Renku Contest	74
1993 Contest News	75
Publication News	76
Books and Chapbooks	77
Donations	80

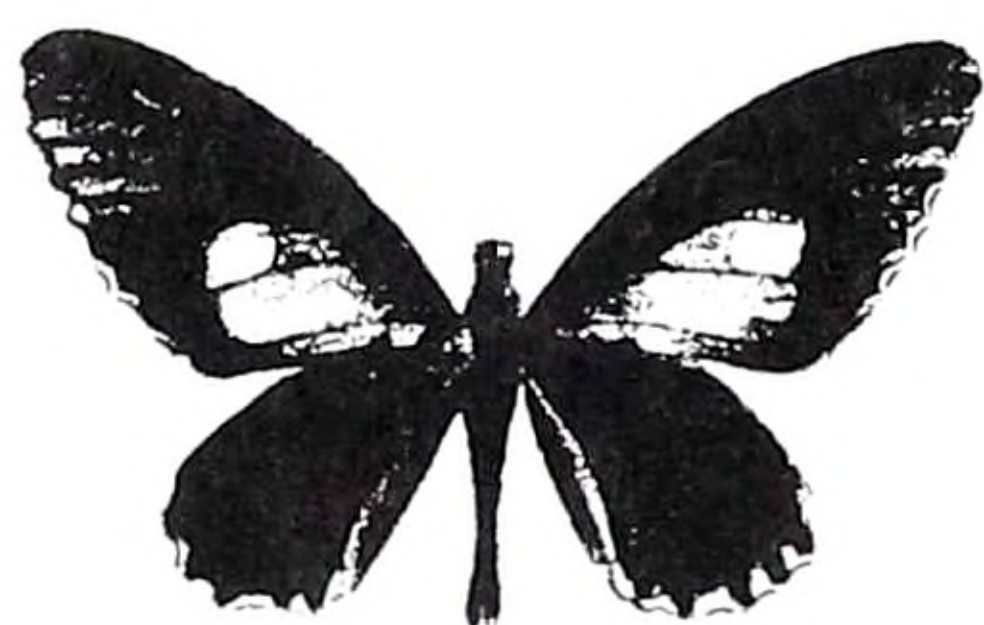
MUSEUM OF HAIKU LITERATURE (TOKYO) AWARDS

\$50 Haiku Awards from *FROGPOND* XV:2

—*Best of Issue*—

falling leaves
day by day
the house grows brighter
—*Peter Duppenthaler*

darkening path
the white morning glories
lead the way
—*Wilma M. Erwin*



first day of spring
a robin hops over
the last smear of snow
—*Sylvia Forges-Ryan*

first day of spring . . .
studying each other
the robin and i
—*Elizabeth St Jacques*

running out of wood
before running out of winter
April chill
—*Randal Johnson*

spring thaw—
not minding the baldness
in the mirror's reflection
—*Anthony J. Pupello*

Alaskan spring
a sound of thunder
as ice breaks up
—*Gloria A. Maxson*

the cold river—
paper scraps
and seagulls
—*P. O. Williams*

blown clean across
the river's greening bluffs
a white kite
—*Harvey Hess*

late for work
and yet I stop—
the azaleas!

—*Michael Fessler*

full moon
caught in a net
of budding branches

—*Peter Duppenthaler*

spring cleaning
I shoo away the spider
then dust away the web

—*K. Middleton*

Spring cleaning
Emptying the Bissell
Mother's gray hair
—*Tony Virgilio*

returning with spring
to where cherry blossoms bloom:

bulldozers

—*Kay F. Anderson*

early morning breeze
a rusty weathercock squeaks
the farmer awake

—*Carlos W. Colon*

spring plowing—
on the wind a sweet taste
of fresh earth

—*Yvonne Hardenbrook*

Falling plum blossoms
drift into shadows—
the newly dug grave
—*Constance M. Mele*

the petals scatter
over graves swept
and unswept
—*Kohjin Sakamoto*

again this spring
on the cemetery elm . . .
new leaves
—*Michael Dylan Welch*

woodland mist
the stone gateway
leading nowhere
—*Peter Fennessy*

spring wind—
on the drive for the abortion
leaves sway back and forth
—*Frank Higgins*

after the abortion
the rain all day
on the daylilies
—*Sylvia Forges-Ryan*

from darkness
a robin's song brimming
with his orange breast
—*B. H. Feingold*

scattered across the path
the fallen marsh hawk's
fluttering feathers
—*Wally Swist*

on the busy road
a whirlwind
of locust blossoms
—*Sharon Lee Shafii*

after midnight . . .
the scent of magnolia
crosses the street
—*Ebba Story*

in April moonlight
the lovers bike in silence
down a desert road
—*Gloria A. Maxson*

lingering mist—
on my tongue
her sweetness
—*Nika*

spring rain
within the mist a redder mist
budding cherries
—*Doris Heitmeyer*

spring fever
Venus winks through
young leaves
—*Makiko*

dawn-weaver—
a spider spins purple silk
in the lilacs
—*Evelyn Lang*

the matrons murmur—
drifting behind them
the scent of lilac
—*Howard Hartley*

in April sunshine—
on the back porch a carton
of newborn kittens
—*Gloria A. Maxson*

kitchen windowsill
shadows of apple blossom,
a cup of smooth stones
—*J. A. Totts*

After school
girls hang out
in the cherry tree.
—*Alexis Rotella*

the young girls
returning from their walk
all lilacs and giggles
—*K. G. Teal*

wavering beneath
the flicker of Venus
a trill of peepers
—*Wally Swist*

May morning's gray smog—
in a Camden door yard
lilacs blooming
—*Dorothy McLaughlin*

violets
wishing I hadn't
plucked them
—*Jim Kacian*

a sudden breeze
dandelion parachutes
fill the evening
—*Peter Duppenhaler*

April evening
raindrops racing down the pane—
our own quick breaths
—*Nancy Stewart Smith*

shining path—
tracking the morning stroll
of the snail
—*Grace Gubernick*

April deluge
the snail's tracks
vanish
—*George Ralph*

spring rain
soot trickles from the corners
of the gargoyle's mouth
—*Doris Heitmeyer*

rainy spring day:
but, oh, in full blossom
the apricot tree
—*Sr Mary Thomas Eulberg*

light spring rain . . .
the slow fall of drops
from the pine
—*Bruce Ross*

by candlelight
marimbas
a whisper of rain
—*Ellen Compton*

all day long
the rain
dripping into darkness
—*Peter Duppenhaler*

hush of morning rain
the gutter awash
with plum petals
—*Ebba Story*

April wind—
the birdbath overflows
with cherry blossoms
—*Antoinette Libro*

last day of Spring—
half in, half out of water
a small frog
—*Sylvia Forges-Ryan*

cool breeze . . .
a thousand stars fade
and then the whippoorwill
—*Margaret Peacock*

first dawn—
the evening primrose
closes
—*Rosamond Haas*

lavender and blue
two different colors using
the same morning sky
—*D. S. Lliteras*

waking to slow rain
and the smell of ailanthus
in bloom
—*Doris Heitmeyer*

Early morning,
joining the baby's cry—
the rooster.
—*George Skane*

high-rise sunrise
suddenly missing
the birds' song
—*David Hood*

rising from the trash cans
below my project window—
the scent of summer
—*Ange Mills-Lewis*

dusk
each daisy glows
with its own whiteness
—*Elsie O. Kolashinski*

The poem completed,
the Milky Way
returns to the heavens
—*Dave Sutter*

In Golden Gate Park
all alone on a trail
of dappled moonlight
—*Tom Tico*

so still
at the tree line
red fox
—*Timothy Russell*

hearing aid off,
left in a forest
of whispers
—*Kohjin Sakamoto*

in the failing light
the logging road winds deeper
into the forest
—*Stuart Quine*

the song sparrow calls . . .
I know now
I've been mistaken
—*P. O. Williams*

moonrise
"mira la luna, check it out"
calls the street kid
—*Doris Heitmeyer*

Hazy moon—
my friend forgets
to call.
—*Alexis Rotella*

second aftershock
the crescent moon steady
on the horizon
—*Yvonne Hardenbrook*

white face
seen through the window
moon watching
—*Julie Hill Alger*

spring evening
waiting for the moonrise
rabbits in a hutch
—*Brent Partridge*

full moon
the cold slanting rain
slicing it
—*George Ralph*

The last image
that filled his eyes:
the moon at dawn
—*Dave Sutter*

from the double bass
a low E flat—vibrato . . .
the fog lifts
—*David Dale*

sun warmed chair
shaping my senses
chimes in E flat
—*Jean Jorgensen*

her house still for rent
sparrows visiting
the empty bird bath
—*Ronan*

old stone cottage—
pushing the sticking door
with the title deeds
—*David Cobb*

my anguish deepened
by the woodpecker's
distant hammering
—*Janice M. Bostok*

porch light
the wind through the trees
turns it off and on
—*Bob Spicer*

sun on the porch . . .
the undertaker & his cat
yawning
—*Rob Simbeck*

writing haiku—
the cat pushes my pencil
with her nose
—*Kenneth Tanemura*

caught between the pages
of the autographed book
a mosquito
—*Michael Dylan Welch*

reviewing my zen journal
all the pages
empty
—*Kay F. Anderson*

writing
about the crickets
they fall silent
—*Kenneth Tanemura*

in a found snapshot
a young me smiling beside
whoever she was
—*William Woodruff*

during our argument,
my open book slowly
closing itself
—*K. G. Teal*

writing a check
for his son's viola lesson
. . . scratch, scratch
—*Carol Montgomery*

piney woods
deepening the hush
 nightfall
—*Mitzi Hughes Trout*

a lone bird
 . . . sleepless
 sings into the night
—*Kenneth Tanemura*

unable to sleep—
I start rehashing wrongs
from years ago
—*Frank Higgins*

up bright and early
arranging flowers
to look unarranged
—*H. F. Noyes*

arranging flowers
her lacquered nails adding red
to the white bouquet
—*Patricia Neubauer*

on the table
 still life
and the sleeping cat
—*Janice M. Bostok*

Housesitting . . .
 acquainting myself with the books
 and the cats
—*Tom Tico*

dark pond
from the depths
orange-glowing newts
—*B. H. Feingold*

inside
the dead jellyfish
the sun
—*Robert Tannen*

lazy afternoon—
a chickadee answers the calls
on my bird tape
—*Wally Swist*

the summer field—
two horse flies
discuss the heat
—*Paul O. Williams*

Spreadeagled
on a barn—
the American flag
—*Dave Sutter*

summer afternoon
the four-o'clocks in the shade
slowly unfurling
—*David Priebe*

peony—
from white layers of petals
a black bee reels out
—*Yoko Ogino*

a fisherman's lantern
lights the distant pier
summer moon
—*Lawrence Rungren*

on the river
the fisherman throws a net
over the moon
—*Howard Hartley*

minnows,
suddenly shadowed
—scatter
—*Howard Hartley*

green, brown
and gray . . .
seasons of the river stones
—*George Ralph*

boy fishing
such a fight
the seaweed puts up
—*Robert Tannen*

day's end
all the beached canoes
bottoms up
—*Yvonne Hardenbrook*

sun pouring down
on the nudist beach
hats essential
—*Jeanette Stace*

our final hour:
opening the door, the knob
comes off in my hand
—*James Chessing*

late at night
how clearly you can hear it
the sound of the clock
—*Peter Duppenthaler*

obituary:
immigrant's name spelled wrong
for the last time
—*Carol Purington*

at the funeral
his abused daughter
the only mourner
—*Mark Arvid White*

young marine
so ramrod straight
in his coffin
—*John J. Dunphy*

Hospital room
Beside grandpas' death bed
An overnight bag
—*Ian Greg Zack*

after the funeral
they talk about
who has his nose
—*Evan S. Mahl*

nightfall
alone in the pet store window
the caged parrot
—*Robert Epstein*

after closing time
the karaoke singer
finds his voice
—*Sylvia Forges-Ryan*

Late evening—
a bottle rolls up and down
the empty subway car
—*Brett Peruzzi*

the psychic
saying she knew he
would want his money back
—*Jerry A. Judge*

plastic surgery
debt counselor scissors up
all my credit cards
—*John J. Dunphy*

Venice street market—
tourists watch the beating hearts
of the filleted fish
—*Frank Higgins*

beside the pizza man
the bus boy
spins a washcloth
—*Michael Dylan Welch*

summertime
the battered child
still wearing long sleeves
—*Jerry A. Judge*

abused child
only her doll
still cries
—*John J. Dunphy*

too tired to move the child
to her other breast—
a mother in famine
—*Frank Higgins*

tenement windows—
faces of the poor
above red geraniums
—*Frank Higgins*

opening a trash can
a moment's bitterness
in the stray cat's eyes
—*Yoko Ogino*

night parking lot
sudden car horn
knives my back
—*Jeffrey Winke*

Buying pre-torn jeans
rich girls
from the Hill.
—*Alexis Rotella*

Early morning sun
catching the spiderwebs
before my stick does.

—*Constance M. Mele*

a single leaf falling
and with it
the morning dew

—*Kenneth Tanemura*

An old bottlecap:
now just a little pool
of freshly fallen rain

—*Tom Tico*

flooded rice field:
the watersnake leaves
a scalloped wake . . .

—*Emily Romano*

the young peacock
fighting his reflection
in a hubcap

—*Nancy Henderson*

homecoming queen
admires her reflection
in the trophy case

—*Diane Tomczak*

summer sunset—
the veteran ballplayer
striking out swinging

—*Wally Swist*

white haired teacher
in the summer school yard
swinging

—*Wanda D. Cook*

after recess
the crack dealer
skipping back to class

—*Jerry A. Judge*

from the bottom drawer
the professor peeking
at his Cliff Notes

—*Jerry A. Judge*

her dad's week with her:
small handprints left behind
on the front window

—*Nancy Henderson*

after divorce,
the plant she left
grows on me

—*Michael Dylan Welch*

my birthday cake—
jumping back
from the blaze

—*Jerry A. Judge*

swirling down the drain
a soap bubble
with my reflection

—*Michael Dylan Welch*

psychiatric ward—
rising above the Muzak
someone's long cry
—*Frank Higgins*

visitor's day
at the old folks home
parchment hands beckoning
—*Peter Duppenthaler*

from her deathbed
telling him
he has another mother
—*Jerry A. Judge*

ghost blue T.V. tube
on my father's sleeping face
the flickering light
—*Lee Giesecke*

I hold Mother
tighter
the smaller she gets
—*Diane Tomczak*

playing checkers with my dad:
the next day
his cancer wins.
—*K. G. Teal*

at the flower market
buying Mama's favorites
for the cemetery
—*Mary Lou Bittle-DeLapa*

morning commute—
nothing moving
but the rain
—*Lawrence Rungren*

stuck in traffic
amid confusing tempos
of windshield wipers
—*Randal Johnson*

after all those years:
the courage
to hug my father
—*Brian Tasker*

we hug goodbye . . .
the sweet scent of oranges
in warm shade
—*Ebba Story*

Ginkgo for memory—
she forgets
to take it.
—*Alexis Rotella*

the dryer turns
our rainy day
over and over
—*Todd Boss*

Honking late at night . . .
a flock of geese
flies away with my dream
—*David Elliott*

geese take up
the children's frenzy
into the sky
—*Todd Boss*

a blur across dawn
as their ruckus echoes
—green parrots
—*Howard Hartley*

waves of green rice—
the white horse keeping pace
with running clouds
—*H. F. Noyes*

come here little flea
and teach a very old man
to leap to a star
—*Augustin Eastwood De Mello*

on the hillside
housetlights intermingling
with the stars
—*Kenneth Tanemura*

hymns
filling the air
where the old church stood
—*Jerry A. Judge*

cliff dwellings—
a lone crow watches
from a crumbling wall
—*Frank Higgins*

alone on the porch
where my parents sat and smoked—
a summer night's stars

—*Dorothy McLaughlin*

bursting brightly,
the fireworks fall away—
the stars

—*Frank Higgins*

firefly's flash
my son grasps . . .
emptiness

—*Sarah Schnepf*

Dark night
fireflies winking
their messages

—*Akira Kawano*

Meteor shower
so many wishes
falling to earth

—*William Scott Galasso*

firefly
in the spider web
blinking

—*Timothy Russell*

Shooting stars.
Filling the stormy sky . . .
fireflies.

—*George Skane*

storm approaching:
gulls against the sky
taking a last fling
—*Helen J. Sherry*

salty wind gust—
sea gulls
exchange posts
—*Michael Dylan Welch*

Snatching each star
as it comes,
the storm
—*joan iverson goswell*

as sudden as thunder
a hush falls
on each of us
—*Lequita Vance*

the sky is falling!—
a swooping bluebird over
the periwinkle
—*Jim Kacian*

The hawk's shadow
is darkest where
other shadows crouch
—*Dave Sutter*

first
over the line
the runner's shadow
—*Jeanette Stace*

on the trellis one orange flower
spreads its wings
and flies away
—*p n w donnelly*

double maple key
floating on the wind
pale-winged butterfly
—*Elizabeth St Jacques*

through the jailhouse door,
butterflies slipping
in and out
—*K. G. Teal*

her yellow skirt
attracts them all:
butterflies, bees.
—*Emily Romano*

my imminent wedding;
along the stream a dragonfly
darting and ducking
—*K. G. Teal*

mountains blur:
on the camera lens
a butterfly
—*Kaye Bache-Snyder*

Dwindling summer—
a monarch hovers
for a moment
—*Richard Balus*

Lingering
in a valley of flowers
morning mist
—*Tom Tico*

a rose trembles
from the fanning
of hummingbirds
—*Makiko*

still shaking from the leap
of some vanished bird
—black branch
—*Howard Hartley*

balanced in the wind
first one foot, then the other
white-throated sparrow
—*Cherie Hunter Day*

the powerline jumps
a hundred starlings
fly as one
—*Hank Dunlap*

greedy
looking for one more warbler
in the twilight
—*Michael Ketchek*

summer's end—
a cat sits alone
on the garden bench
—*Patricia Neubauer*

DUSK IN THE YARD

—*Grant Savage and Ruby Spriggs*

dusk in the yard
clouds and fleabane
 a deeper purple g

darkening the screen door
 whining mosquitoes r

playing the recorder
from across the lake
 a killdeer responds g

shipping the oars
 held fast by waterlilies r

the moon
out of the water
 out of its reflection g

a cup at a time
 the toddler emptying the pool r

in the sleazy dive
awaiting his arrival
 the comfort of coffee r

the drunk awakes shouting
“I am Bacchus, the one true god” g

every Sunday
religiously dragging his burden
 around the golf course r

complimented on his stick handling
 he decides to take up hockey g

board meeting
same old game
 everyone passing the buck r

where last year they rutted
 deer avoid a clearcut g

past bare trees
 paddling, we cut a swath
 through red leaves r

geese land on the lake
 scattering the moon g

that first time
 his feather touch
 searching shyly r

in her arms
 each time more like flying g

from what exotic place
 damask roses out of season—
 silk scented sheets r

in a chinese restaurant
 ordering Coors light g

beginning to lose weight
 he eats half as much
 three times as often g

for her sins
 a whole new wardrobe r

days getting shorter—
 amongst fallen leaves
 swollen pumpkins g

bedraggled scarecrow
 sleeping on the job r

matted milkweed seeds
 to branch and trunk alike
 all day rain g

oregano, mint, sage,
 picked, dried and bottled r

our experienced palettes—
 finding that everything
 is spiced with love g

in all the colours passion filling negative spaces	r
she turns from me to catch a snowflake on her tongue	g
shivering . . . his hands cold beneath her blouse	r
cupping her breasts the moonlight between them just for him	g
sounds in the night— return of the loons	r
every dollar counts— toting up for income tax deadline	r
so many days to graduation— children becoming breadwinners	g
under the sink beside the detergent wheat sprouting	r
looking for asparagus finding groundhogs	g
daisies sparse— the wildflower meadow lush and green	r
catching the sun's last rays a dragonfly catching midges	g

TOKYO BLUES

floating in the moat
a white swan makes a path
through fallen cherry blossoms

with masks on
they admire
the cherry blossoms

a crow caws
from a tree
that has no flowers

in the subway bodies so close
only our faces
reveal the distance

Tokyo streets so crowded
I forget
the constellations above

couples arm-in-arm
speaking a language
I can't understand

—*Kenneth Tanemura*

BOSNIA: RAPE CAMP

twelve-year-old girl—
her breasts' only cover,
shadow of a bird

a soldier leers
at the young virgin's status—
ice-coated beech leaves

slim new moon
in the violated child's eyes,
their only light

tied, a father stares
at her daughter's agony—
just wind shrieking?

in horror's midst
the ongoing song
of a cricket

—*Geraldine C. Little*



LINES ON THE GOYA EXHIBITION:
Princeton Art Museum, April, 1993—*Geraldine C. Little*

“Death is the Patron Saint of Spain”,
The World of Goya, Clarkson N. Potter, Inc., N.Y.C.

Early On:

his children dead,
but one, before maturity—
one frantic fly

Inquisition: woman
jeered away on a donkey—
decaying iris

On the Series “Disasters of War”

timely as today
these tortured starved people—
outside, greening fields

monks pursued
by sabred soldiers—
a trapped bee buzzes

On the Tauromaquia Set

bull idol,
this death of a mayor—
is it blood I smell?

an elegant bull
absorbs small broken spear nicks—
by this pane, roses

On the “Black Paintings”

flying monsters:
from what world do they come?
a sudden chill wind

he deaf, and this study
of a stone-deaf old one—
robinsong drifts in

Later:

"Christ in the Garden
of Olives." black clouds—
here, rain rattles

Goya skull headless,
a gravekeeper found—
this frayed spider web



ITALIA: QUATTROCENTO/VENTECENTO

—*Dave Sutter*

Summer, 1991. *En vacances* in Italy: Milan, Liguria, Cinque Terre, Tuscany, Umbria, the lake district—the shoulder, hip and spine of this diminutive giant of a country. More than other regions in Europe, Italy to me is the quintessence of contrasts and extremes—in geography, culture, history and psychology. It hasn't changed since Dante—except for technology, it is the same divine comedy, a manic mix of “shit and shine”, the sacred and profane . . . Michelangelo and Mussolini the flip sides of the same coin. The Vatican, for example, houses the world's most penitential religion in a palace more opulent than Versailles, with beggars squatting at its door

In the piazza
a blind man trying to sell
broken statuettes
(Rome)

The vast stretches of time—Etruscan, Greek and Roman ruins; medieval, Renaissance and modern cities—set the mind on edge: it is too much to grasp at a glimpse, or in a lifetime. The density of history, the layers of time and events—the Medicis and the popes, Venice, Florence and Rome, each vying, in Shakespeare's phrase, “to bestride the world”, to bring heaven and hell under rule and make a profit at the same time—weigh on the mind and agitate the soul. The sense of “time past” and “time present” is insistent and pervasive, tangible as the weather

Two farmhouses:
twenty feet apart,
800 years apart
(Tuscany)

The hilltowns in central Italy span the centuries. In Monteriggioni, a perfectly preserved medieval village, its protective walls fully intact. TV antennas sprout on the slate roofs above turbocharged Fiats parked in the town square. Monteriggioni is a quiet place; the few faces one sees are mute, as if antiquity and the deep amber glow of the summer hills had stilled the mind as well as the tongue

Many footsteps echo
in the empty streets
of the ancient hilltowns
(Umbria)

Family life, social life, sex and almost everything else in Italy revolves around the dining table—the *ristorante*, the *trattoria*, even the noisy *pizzerias*. Food is the catalyst and currency of Italian culture and society. At a modest *ristorante* in Siena, the *antipasti* stretched the length of an entire wall

Everywhere,
even in the hills—
the clatter of dishes
(Tuscany)

The broad flat plain at Pisa accentuates the horizontal and the vertical, like a Chirico painting. Arriving at noon on a sunny day, the planar effect is heightened. Near the foot of the famous tower, I sit in the shade of a cypress, eating a pomegranate, while the sounds of schoolbuses and children, miraculously speaking Italian, swirl in the warm summer air. Milling and laughing, running and shouting, making the most of their day away from the classroom

schoolchildren
leaning to look
at the tower
(Pisa)

A few miles south of Florence, in a wooded valley, there is an American military cemetery. A neoclassic memorial sits on a slope a few hundred yards from the entrance. Stretching to the left and the right are the graves, marked by the typical regimented rows of small white headstones receding into the distance. A small visitor center adjoins the entrance. There is no other car in the parking lot. The architecture, landscaping and the sunny wooded setting are idyllic and serene, as if the men there had never gone to war. In the graves registry in the visitor center, I find the name of an uncle I never knew. There is not a word to be said, and no one to say it to

American cemetery:
myself, a stray dog,
the only visitors
(Florence)

At last Florence, quintessential city of the Renaissance At street level the noise of the traffic is deafening, a cacophonous roar of under-powered, overgeared vehicles, all designed to maneuver the complex maze of narrow streets and congested squares at maximum speed and decibel levels. Step off a curb without looking six ways at once, and back again, and you're dead!

The grime of centuries is embedded in the pores of the city, in the crevices and interstices of its stone walls and facades, its monumental architecture and heroic public art, all stained and sullied by time and the emissions of countless internal combustion engines

Rising still
above the city's squalor,
Brunelleschi's dome
(Florence)

At the Uffizi, the Palazzo Vecchio, the Accademia, the cathedral with its magnificent dome, the Medici palaces and gardens, one can achieve a degree of sanctuary, of peace and repose amid the perfection and timeless mastery of Quattrocento art. Donatello, Leonardo, Michelangelo, Raphael, Caravaggio, Bellini, Mantegna, Botticelli . . . the masterpieces march from wall to wall.

Botticelli's female faces—"La Primavera", "Venus"—immortalize the purity of innocence, yet there is also in these images, as in "Mona Lisa", a knowing glance, an inward smile, a secret sense of self and purpose impenetrable to men. I had seen that selfsame smile a week before on the lips of a topless Italian beauty on a beach on the Mediterranean

Botticelli venus
sunning herself
on the Riviera
(Liguria)

The culminating experience for an art lover in Florence is perhaps the statue of David at the Accademia. A week before a demented artist stubbed its toe with a hammer, I stood and watched the statue for half a day. It moved and spoke eloquently. In the perfection of the piece there is more than mere mastery of technique; the statue comes to life as a coda of grace in action, tension in repose; it is possibly the purist expression of the classical theme of man mastering brute nature, subduing the inchoate forces of the universe.

For centuries the statue has stood as it stands today, in a state of perfect poise, of exquisite balance and control, ready at an instant to kill or be killed. . . .

The statue of David:
so tense, so calm—
stone made flesh
(Florence)



THE SPIRIT OF HAIKU

—*Kenneth Tanemura*

The haiku poet is existentially free. He doesn't look for inspiration in things, he merely develops within himself the ability to perceive more fully what is going on around him. His work springs from an endeavour to become aware of his surroundings, and is not dependent on a muse. One can say that there are unconscious factors that can affect the content of a poet's expression, but it is also true that a haiku moment transcends thought, and, in this sense, is closer to instinct. In the process of writing, if the entirety of a haiku is not comprehended as a whole in its syllabic and objective entity, the experience is probably not a genuine haiku moment.

the first petals
to fall from the branch . . .
summer rain

The poet reaches a selfless state where the subject chooses the poet, rather than the other way around. A haiku should never be contrived; to focus on a particular subject meditatively betrays the source of the experience.

only the stone-smell
tells of it . . .
summer rain

The poet feels, sees, senses, spontaneously. Connections should come to the mind of the poet in a moment of lucidity. In the above poem, the connection lies between the stone-smell and the summer rain.

The haiku poet puts images together but does not reveal the picture; the images are themselves suggestive of a deeper truth. At such a heightened moment, the boundaries of ignorance are broken, and one begins to see things in their suchness, but the realization is not complete. The best haiku, as J.D. Salinger pointed out, bring the reader within an inch of his life.

discarded rose
in my palm
the imprint of thorns

The technique of writing haiku has something in common with Buddhism. Buddhism is the only religion where freedom of thought is allowed. As Walpola Rahula says, "according to the Buddha, man's emancipation depends on his own realization of truth, and not on the benevolent grace of a god or an extrnal power as reward for his obedient good behaviour."

to the cello sonata
the morning birds
add a lighter note

To put aside all dualistic thought, avoid dogmatism, and give the highest value to every moment is the essence of the spirit of haiku.

changing seasons—
the red & green leaves
intertwined

Haiku poets view the world as passing; its transient nature is grasped poetically. Compassion, tolerance, and a warmth for all sentient beings is shared. Rather than relying on faith, they "see" — through knowledge and wisdom. The Buddha said, "The eye was born, knowledge was born, wisdom was born, science was born, light was born." No view is treasured, for haiku poets treat experience as a vehicle to truth.

the first day of spring—
azaleas withering
in the sunlight

SEASON WORDS AS A KEY TO HAIKU

—Toshimi Horiuchi

In the “Kokinshu,” an anthology of *waka* (a poem in an unrhymed Japanese verse form of five lines containing 5, 7, 5, 7, and 7 syllables respectively, also called *tanka*), compiled and edited in the year 905, the *waka* were divided into four seasonal songs. Ever since then, Japanese poets have been selecting, classifying, refining, and renewing season words called *kigo* according to the seasonal phenomena and regular annual events occurring in Japan.

Thus, consciousness of *kigo* has been fostered throughout the long history of *waka*. In the *waka* contained in the “Kokinshû—Collection of Ancient and Modern Poems,” the idea of *kidai* or seasonal themes is clearly evident. *Kidai* were selected by the aesthetic senses of the poets in the Heian Period (794-1192). They were composed after reflecting upon the harmony existing between nature and humanity. The following *waka* is from the “Kokinshû:

Hana no iro wa
Utsurinikeri na
Itazura ni
Waga mi yoni furu
Nagame seshi ma ni

The cherry flowers
Whose color faded away,
While I passed the days
Thinking of the world in vain
In the long rainy weather.

—Ono no Komachi
Trans. by T. Horiuchi

Komachi was a famous poetess in the Heian Period. In this *waka*, Komachi, as a middle-aged woman, is the one with the withered flowers and the long rains. This oneness elicits the expression of her pensive, even sad, mood. The withered flowers in particular, which are the *kidai* of this poem, bring into relief the content of the *waka*. The ancient poets must have been aware of the excellent effectiveness of season words in *waka*.

Waka was an art used by whole groups of poets. The members of these groups needed a common ground on which to build a mutual

understanding of their literary pieces. They chose the idea of seasonal themes. In fact, they considered *kidai* an essential element to be kept among themselves. In this way, a kind of wisdom, or *kigo*, arose in the history of Japanese poetry which gave poems their *kidai*.

Even today, Japanese haiku poets gather monthly or bimonthly to walk meditatively around fields and hills in order to create haiku. These walks are called *ginkô*. At such haiku gatherings, or *kukai*, the poets enjoy reading and appreciating their new pieces with one another.

The classic *kigo* included in haiku originally focused on actual beings to demonstrate a sense of the seasonal. But Basho changed this conceptual grasp to a highly metaphysical one, thus altering the traditional *kigo* which conformed to ordinary people's feelings of everyday life.

This transition heralded the use of symbolism in haiku. Seasonal words were renewed to reflect again the ordinariness of people's daily lives.

The *kigo* of haiku works in many ways. They condense poetic expression. A haiku without *kigo* loses compactness and succumbs to prosaicism. Haiku follows this axiom: "The fewer the words, the broader the vista of meaning."

Season words provide haiku with tone; that is, intellectual and emotional color to embellish their contents.

Kigo offer a background of imagery which is more provocative in the reader's mind than a mere statement. By placing *kigo* in the very heart of a poem, haikuists have provided a method for activating the reader's imagination to the fullest.

Kigo tend to unite and synthesize the elements of words. These elements yield to kaleidoscope combinations which leap and intertwine among multilayered mutations in the reader's mind.

It must be remembered that when *kigo* do not work well they can actually destroy the haiku.

Poetry exists to express the truth of the mind or the truth of the heart, not facts as they are. Poetry, therefore, lies in another realm of profound and effective expression created by transforming facts. The season words contribute greatly to this poetical transformation.

Taking up an English haiku of mine, I will explain these functions of *kigo* more concretely.

a winter fly
embracing its shadow—
they warm each other

This haiku is set in the following background:

One winter day as I sat alone at my desk by the window in my study, a fly, also resting there, attracted my attention. It sat motionless, embracing its shadow cast on the desktop by the sun. Most of the flies had died by this time. But this one still clung so narrowly to life in the midst of the severe winter that I thought it might die at any moment. I perceived in this winter fly insights concerning the final condition of my life. These thoughts deepened, and the fly melted my heart with pity. Thus I gazed for a long while, pondering the little insect.

If you erase the word “winter” and substitute another, all elements of the words in this haiku will cease functioning as poetry. Scraps or leavings will remain but certainly not haiku.

It would seem possible to use “bee” or “butterfly” in place of a fly. But it is not a bee or a butterfly but a fly that I saw at the time.

The position of each word in this haiku cannot be changed. If you shift any word to another place, the haiku cannot be called a poem. In haiku, all elements are immovable and no substitutes are possible.

The *kigo*, “a winter fly,” condenses the prose of the background mentioned above into 10 words including the *kigo* itself, coloring this haiku with the poet’s emotional tone of a winter fly, painting a background of imagery, and finally enriching the haiku’s implication or significance to the utmost.

Thus this season word has induced all elements of the words to blend poetically and evocatively.

One can find words rich in symbolism or description outside of *kigo*. But the intense effects made by season words in haiku cannot be neglected.

Basho wrote several haiku without *kigo*. These, however, are considered mere jingles or doggerels, which proves that the season words exist as the very core of haiku.

Haiku reflects the Japanese traditional sense of beauty which claims priority over objectivity and science. For this reason, some *kigo* lack logicity.

For instance, the word “rainbow” used by itself implies a summer rainbow. We can also see rainbows in other seasons, though, so we then must use a word to indicate the season: a winter rainbow; a rainbow in the winter sky; and so on.

This use of the word is neither logical nor scientific. However, haikuists must understand the essence of illogicality. Emotional implications do exist in illogical or unscientific expressions. Since haiku comes from the heart of a thing, its main entry is through the gate of *kigo*.

Some *kigo* lack the element of universality. The idea of season, for instance, differs from people to people, country to country. This is because there are places in the world without definite seasonal changes; or the seasonal changes are quite different. This problem prompts us to consider seriously how *kigo* should be effected in English haiku.

English haiku cannot be a mere imitation of Japanese haiku. Such an imitation could not form a poem. Therefore, English haikuists should not be forced to follow Japanese *kigo*. They must establish a *kigo* of universal sorts that will be more intelligible in a world of differentiation. Seeking this element of greater inclusiveness, then, ought to be promoted and affirmed.

In conclusion, I offer this simile on the powerful function of *kigo* in both Japanese and English haiku: as substances secreted from a gland concentrate around a core to form a colored concretion within a shell and become known as a pearl, so haikuists focus their feelings and words of joy and grief around *kigo* to create poetry within a particular verse form known as HAIKU, the truly precious pearl.

THREE HOKKU BY E. E. CUMMINGS

—Michael Dylan Welch

Readers of twentieth century American poetry may have wondered about the impact of haiku on the imagistic poems of E. E. Cummings. In the work of other poets as diverse as Ezra Pound, Amy Lowell, and Adelaide Crapsey, the influence of haiku and related Japanese forms is directly traceable. Further influence on Imagism may be seen in the short poems of Carl Sandburg, William Carlos Williams, and others. One has only to consider the station of the metro, little cat feet, and the red wheelbarrow to know the sway of haiku in modern American Imagism. Indeed, so much does depend upon it.

But does the poetry of E. E. Cummings depend on haiku? A search of Katharine McBride's concordance to Cummings' poetry reveals no use of *haibun*, *haiku*, *hokku*, *renga*, *renku*, *senryu*, or *tanka*.¹ Yet, for all the evidence of haiku's influence found directly in the poetry of E. E. Cummings (a topic also worthy of discussion, but beyond present scope), no evidence has been readily available to prove that the Cambridge poet knew of haiku, or, more importantly, had written in the form himself.

Until now. The recent publication of the revised, corrected, and expanded edition of *E. E. Cummings: Complete Poems 1904-1962*, edited by George J. Firmage, includes three such poems under the heading "Hokku."² The corrections and revisions that augment the previous edition of the book (1972) make this new collection (1991) the most dependable source of Cummings' poetry as he intended it. Yet of paramount interest here is a group of 36 previously uncollected poems, said to have been published in sometimes obscure periodicals and other books and anthologies between 1910 and 1962. While no sources are listed that might indicate the year of composition or publication, the three hokku together are numbered 25 among the 36 uncollected poems in that period. They are worth considering for their significance to the history of haiku in English:

I care not greatly
Should the world remember me
In some tomorrow.

There is a journey,
And who is for the long road
Loves not to linger.

For him the night calls,
Out of the dawn and sunset
Who has made poems.

As can be seen, all three poems use the 5-7-5 syllable count, and are surprisingly weak on images. Much of Cummings' poetry is rich in image, yet the poet has often been thought of as a *verbal* poet since in many of his poems he attempts through nonstandard usage to make abstract parts of speech function concretely (consider, for example, various lines of "anyone lived in a pretty how town"³ and numerous other poems). In the verses above, the second and third speak only of a "long road" and "dawn and sunset," and the first hokku contains no image at all. One could argue that "the world" is an image of sorts, albeit a poor one, but in this poem he means in metonymic fashion the *people* of the world, not the earth itself. At any rate, since haiku has been described as the poetry of the noun—that is, the *thing*, visible, touchable, even turnable in one's hands—these three haiku seem poor by today's image-centered standards.

Yet we stand at a different vantage point, with greater experience in English-language haiku than Cummings had when he penned these poems. In English, the counting of syllables to fit the 5-7-5 format has been largely abandoned by today's best poets. In Cummings' defense, none of the three poems has awkward line breaks nor seems padded to fit the 17-syllable pattern. But the pattern he used was no doubt accepted for haiku at the time, since many early translators chose (incorrectly, I maintain) to equate the always short Japanese *onji* with the widely variable length of the English syllable. The counting of syllables is a relatively superficial aspect of haiku, however. Our vantage point also includes greater experience with matters of subject, juxtaposition, language, suchness, present tense, seasons, internal comparison, and many other aspects as they relate to the crafting of haiku. Note that none of Cummings' three poems contains a direct seasonal reference. A "long road" may suggest autumn, but this would be an arbitrary, personal inference. Since Cummings was playing with the Japanese form, did he not know of the tradition of including seasonal

references? And if he did know, why did he leave them out? We may never learn the answers to these questions, nor the context in which Cummings composed his three hokku. We are left simply with the text of the poems themselves, and they remain intellectual and somewhat abstract, not haiku-like at all.

To be specific, Cummings' first hokku immediately starts with the ego, "I . . .," and then pronounces a judgment, a personal ego-assertion: "I care not" His poem grows imprecise in referring to the entire "world," and even more abstract with the third line: "some tomorrow." In substance, the poet states that he is not concerned about being remembered in the future. But in a Zen way does Basho not say the same thing with his most famous poem?

Old pond . . .
a frog leaps in
water's sound.⁴

In Basho's poem, the ego is absent, as it usually is in successful haiku. The persona is present—someone apparently *hears* the water's sound—but that is all. While many yardsticks may be used to measure a haiku, consider some of James Hackett's "Suggestions for Writing Haiku in English"⁵ as they apply to the first of Cummings' hokku: Is the poem centered in the present moment? No ("tomorrow" is not now). Is it about nature? No. A *close* observation of nature? No. Interpenetration and identification with nature? No. A poem of solitude, quietness, and reflection? Perhaps (reflection and thoughtfulness, yes, but his is intellectually *told* rather than implied or *shown*). Is the verse about nature just as it is, without judgment? No. Are words chosen carefully? More or less. Are verbs written in present tense? Yes. Seasonal reference? No. Common language? Yes. Three lines of approximately 17 syllables? Yes. Avoidance of end rhyme? Yes. Does the poem express "lifeliness," rather than just beauty? Unclear. Is it intuitive rather than abstract or intellectual? Definitely not. Humorous? No (but this is not necessary). Carefully polished? Yes, it seems so, at least verbally (if not content-wise), given what Cummings may have known about haiku. Is the subject or object of the poem overcome by the language used to describe it? Yes, since the poem expresses a thought, rather than portraying an unjudged image. Does it honor the senses with awareness? No; the poem offers an intellectual awareness, but no

awareness, but no awareness through the senses. Clearly, the spirit of haiku is lacking. Many other questions could be asked of the poem, but, in short, the reader can only conclude that the first of these three poems is not a haiku.

Nor are the second and third. They may be more imagistic, but they also fail against most of the standard yardsticks applied to haiku. Again, to be specific, the second poem expresses a judgment (that the traveler journeying over a long road loves only to travel, and does not linger). A true haiku would simply depict the traveler not lingering over chrysanthemums, say, thereby *implying* that the true traveler loves only to travel. Also, the somewhat vague image of the long road is not juxtaposed with any other image, and offers no resonance through internal comparison with another object or setting. Similarly, the third hokku expresses an abstraction, that somehow night calls to the poet. How? What specifically happens to create this impression? That is where the haiku may be found. The general images of dawn and sunset are not enough and, in fact, they express *two* widely separated moments rather than one present moment, as is the norm of successful haiku. The third poem asserts less judgment than the first two hokku (a factor of the poem's focus on the night, rather than on the poet and how he feels about it), but it still fails to satisfy as a well-crafted English-language haiku.

From my experience, all three of Cummings' haiku are typical of what any beginner might write. Most neophytes are initially concerned with just the formal aspect of haiku. If they are taught that the haiku is a 5-7-5 nature poem, then that is what they will start writing, yet they are also likely to assert their own egos, opinions, and judgments of nature unless they are instructed otherwise. Without study, instruction, or practice, no beginner can be blamed for this all-too-common shortcoming of asserting judgment and intellectualization. In that sense, E. E. Cummings should also be forgiven. A greater case for the imagistic impact of haiku on the other poetry of E. E. Cummings is the subject of a larger article. But beyond these three examples, Cummings gives no evidence of exploring the haiku form, let alone mastering it, even to the limited extent in the main-stream poetics of Richard Wright, Jack Kerouac, Gary Snyder, or Etheridge Knight.

Perhaps these three hokku might be considered as a set, as a nine-line whole. Without knowing the poet's intent, this is only an

unlikely guess. Biographer Richard S. Kennedy refers to the “pattern of near-haiku stanzas” that Cummings wrote to a lover in 1923,⁶ but in the example cited of four three-line verses,⁷ only an approximate and ultimately superficial syllable count bares any resemblance to traditional haiku. I will not take space to quote them here, but the set of three-line verses clearly flows as a larger whole, even though they are haiku-like. So, are E. E. Cummings’ three hokku meant to be a single poem? I would suggest not. The only factor that suggests any unity to the nine lines is the self-reference to the poet in the first verse, and the direct identification of one “who has made poems” in the last verse. The poet may also be seen to be on a journey, but this theme is tenuous at best. Rather, it seems clear that they are independent. Indeed, because they are identified as “Hokku” at the top of the page, and due to the fact that the singular also functions as the plural in Japanese (one haiku; many haiku), and since all three together could not be a single hokku due to excess combined length, it seems obvious that each verse is offered as an independent experiment in the hokku form as Cummings understood it.

As such, it is gratifying to know that E. E. Cummings did in fact experiment with the haiku form. By today’s standards it seems that he failed. He may have succeeded to some degree by whatever standards existed in the era when he wrote his hokku, but his attempts seem overly Westernized and too intellectual. They may be enjoyed regardless of labels for their sense or meaning, but in the end, their primary (and minor) significance in the development of English-language haiku is historical, and not literary. The influence of haiku upon the majority of imagistic poets of the early twentieth century is as clear as a sharply rung school bell. At the very least, that bell now rings with concrete evidence for E. E. Cummings.

¹McBride, Katharine Winters, ed. *A Concordance to the Complete Poems of E. E. Cummings*. Ithaca, New York: Cornell U.P., 1989. Note that this concordance is based on the 1972 edition of *E. E. Cummings: Complete Poems 1913-1962* (compare with Firmage, below).

²Firmage, George J., ed. *E. E. Cummings: Complete Poems 1904-1962*, rev. ed. New York: Liveright, 1991, p. 875.

³*Ibid.*, p 515.

That is, not merely the “cry of its occasion”, but an attempt to say something to another human being, or to a specific group, usually well-known to the author.

There isn't room here to show the development of Ooka's theory, but two works cited at the mid-point of *The Colors of Poetry* will illustrate something of his method. Representing the mood of enjoyment, which he says dominates the early court poetry and its first anthology, *Kokin Waka Shu*, he offers a well-known tanka by Ki no Tsurayuki, “composed upon visiting a mountain temple.”

As I sojourned overnight
in the mountain village in Spring—
cherry blossoms cascading
even in my dreams

This poem of ca. 900 a.d. contrasts markedly with such poems as the following, by Princess Shikishi, from the *Shin Kokin Waka Shu*, ca. 1200:

My yard is rank with weeds
where no footsteps are heard
Trapped in the weeds
under the dew
a cricket cries

Ooka notes that “In Tsurayuki's time . . . [a]n excursion was a way of pursuing beauty and elegance.” The poet was clearly enjoying himself. But Shikishi offers a lament in which the lack of traffic indicates her aloneness, and the dew stands for her tears. The cricket becomes a symbol of her own sense of abandonment. In both poems, however, the aim of the poem itself was sharing with the members of one's group. Tsurayuki wrote to share his experience with those of his time who would recognize its beauty and elegance—other courtier-poets. Shikishi wrote this poem on an assigned theme at a poetry gathering. Still, with Ooka, we “cannot help sensing in [the poem] her personal view of life, if not her own experience.”

Unfortunately, the translations of the poems in *The Colors of Poetry* sometimes leave formal niceties and grammatical English aside. Tsurayuki's poem above, for example, provides a perfect-tense verb that hardly justifies the dangle of “cascading”. And both poems are regular tanka, with a meter than can usually be approximated in English, and is not in either example here. But the many

poems Ooka chooses to demonstrate his themes are moving, and well worth having, despite the weakness in some of these translations.

In the Epilogue to *The Colors of Poetry* Ooka speaks of his own experience writing collaborative sequences of free-verse poems with poets from other countries. Such composition “allows me and my fellow poets . . . to build close friendships almost immediately. I am sure that without this shared experience in linked free verse writing we would have remained mere acquaintances, and our relationships would have been superficial at best.” “This experience made me rethink the essence, the very spirit of linked verse as it underlies Japanese poetic history.”

Ooka goes on to note: “One of the best poets Japan ever produced, Basho never published a collection of his own poetry—in fact, he probably never even considered the possibility Throughout his career he continued to guide his fine group of disciples and to publish anthologies”

Ooka ends the book with an opportunity and a challenge to the rest of us:

I believe that the powerful magnetic field of Japanese classic poetry, where the “Solitary Mind” interacts with others at the “Banquet,” will open new possibilities to contemporary poetry as well. It creates a provocative and stimulating environment for modern poetry: creating poems for attentive, sensitive readers who are alternately the creators of the poems in their own right.

One who also hoped and worked for international understanding, Yagi Kametaro was a good friend of Harold G. Henderson (author of *An Introduction to Haiku*) before World War II, when they both worked on a plan to develop a Japanese equivalent to the *Oxford English Dictionary*. Yagi was a serious student of linguistics, as well as being fluent in German and English. The war destroyed the plan, and Yagi went on to become a professor of language and linguistics, and eventually president of what is now Matsuyama University.

Their friendship began anew as Henderson helped the fledgling haiku community in North America, and Yagi became a frequent correspondent with our haiku poets and magazine editors during the 1970s. His articles appeared in many North American haiku magazines, especially *Dragonfly* under Lorraine E. Harr’s editorship.

The level of technical maturity displayed by these young writers is impressive. Precise, vivid images, handled with economy and objectivity, present subjects ranging from dull lectures to drunken fathers, from babies to sunsets to AIDS to Christmas trees. One-, two- and four-line formats are experimented with, as are minimalist and visual techniques.

The seven winning haiku, chosen from dozens of fine poems, honor the standard of excellence set by the late Nick Virgilio. Our congratulations to writers and teachers!

We extend our thanks to Raffael de Gruttola, 1992 HSA President, for giving us this challenging opportunity, and to Minna Lerman, 1992 HSA Vice-President and Contest Coordinator, for her indispensable help.

HSA RENKU CONTEST 1992

Five renku were submitted in the 1992 Renku Contest sponsored by the Haiku Society of America. Each was written by two or more participants and consisted of 36 stanzas, alternating three- and two-line verses. In the judges' view no entry merited the First Prize.

Tied for Second Place were "Autumn Sky" by June Hymas, Patricia Machmiller, Pat Shelley, and Kiyoko Tokutomi, and "Meteor Watch" by Fred Lennox, David Ross, and Kathryn Van Spanckeren.

The judges commend the participants in these two winning renku. They also wish to thank everyone who entered the contest and hope the poets will continue to develop their renku skills and to find joy in writing renku.

Judges: Garry Gay, Elizabeth Searle Lamb, and Lequita Vance.

1993 SAN FRANCISCO INTERNATIONAL
HAIKU COMPETITION

1) Open to *both* HAIKU and SENRYU. Unlimited submissions. Entry fee \$1 per poem. Please make checks or money orders payable to Haiku Poets of Northern California. 2) *In-hand deadline: October 23, 1993.* Prizes of: 1st place: \$150, 2nd place: \$75, and 3rd place: \$25 will be awarded in *both* HAIKU and SENRYU categories. 3) All poems must be original, unpublished work of the entrant and not currently under consideration elsewhere. Judge: Hal Roth. Entries can not be returned. 4) Type or print each poem on two (2) separate 3x5 cards. Indicate category in upper *left* corner. On the *back of one card only* print name, address and phone number. 5) Send entries to Kay F. Anderson, 569 Marlin Court, Redwood City, CA 94065-1213. For a copy of winners' list, enclose a SASE. All rights revert to authors after publication.

MIRRORS FOURTH INTERNATIONAL
TANKA AWARD 1993
Sponsored by AHA Books

Thirty-one tanka will be awarded publication in the book, *Tanka Splendor 1993*. 1) Deadline: In-hand by November 30, 1993. 2) Each author may submit up to ten tanka. There is no entry fee. 3) Tanka should be in English, written in five lines containing 31 or less syllables, and without titles. 4) Please type each tanka on two separate 3x5 cards. On one card write your name and address in the upper left hand corner above the tanka and on the other card write only one tanka (for anonymous judging). 5) Send your tanka to: Tanka Contest, POB 1250, Gualala, CA 95445, USA. 6) Each of the thirty-one winners will receive a copy of the book *Tanka Splendor 1993*. It is possible for an author to have more than one tanka chosen for the book. Rights return to authors upon publication. Entries cannot be returned. 7) All valid entries will be judged by George Ralph, Professor at Hope College, Holland, Michigan, who has been a consistent winner in tanka contests here and in Japan. 8) For a list of winners, please enclose an SASE or SAE with IRC.

PUBLICATION NEWS

All Occasion Cards: with photographs and haiku by Grant Savage, 1260 Castlehill Crescent, Ottawa, Ont., K2C 2B3 Canada, Flower Series 4 cards \$5. ppd.

Brooks Books, publishers of the Midwest Haiku Anthology, wants to begin a series of library cloth bound editions of selected haiku by individuals who have made a significant contribution to American haiku. They are looking for patrons to help them with production costs of these titles. Inquiries about being a patron and suggestions for authors to invite for this series should be sent to Randy Brooks, Brooks Books, 4634 Hale Drive, Decatur, IL 62526.

FROGPOND cover (Fall/Winter '92). Due to our readers' interest, a limited reprint of the cover image (9 x 12) from the original watercolor/pencil drawing, by Sandra Olenik, is available for \$25 (add \$3 for mailing) from Printworks Ltd., 2096 Durham Rd., Madison, CT 06443-1678 (203) 421-4867.

The New York Conference on Asian Studies will be held at the State University of New York, College at New Paltz, on October 15 and 16, 1993. Alfred H. Marks will chair a panel called "The Haiku in Japanese and English." The panel will meet from 2:30 to 4:00 on October 15, and the following papers will be read: L. A. Davidson, "An Anthology of Haiku in English;" Alfred H. Marks, "The Grace of Haiku in Japanese;" and Hiroaki Sato, "From Hokku to Haiku." Those interested in knowing more about the conference should write: Marleen Kassel, Chair, New York Conference on Asian Studies, Department of History, SUNY College at New Paltz, New Paltz, NY 12561, (914) 257-3466.

The Wheel of Dharma, a national Buddhist newspaper, is now accepting submissions from haiku poets. All submissions should be sent to *The Wheel of Dharma*, c/o Kenneth Tanemura, poetry editor, 10 Wayne Court, Redwood City, CA 94063.

NOTE: In *FROGPOND* XV:2, p.73, Anita Virgil's senryu should appear in italics as follows:

*The cracked cup
gets packed
better than the rest.*

*the morning mail so good
cold eggs
cold toast*

BOOKS AND CHAPBOOKS RECEIVED

Listings of new books is for information and does not imply endorsement by FROGPOND nor the Haiku Society of America. Future issues will carry reviews of some of these titles.

Against Natural Impulse: Haiku Celebrating The Blues, Urban Life and Sex by Jeffrey Winke, published by BOOG Literature, 3062 Brower Ave., Oceanside, NY 11572, (516) 766-3390. Saddle-stitched 5-1/2" x 4-1/4" chapbook. Price \$2 U.S. ppd. (ISBN 1-882242-09-2).

curve of light by Elizabeth St Jacques, A mini-book of seven haiku-like meditative poems). ISBN 1-895666-10-4, limited edition of 50 copies, \$3 each. Order from Gail Whitter, **Trabarni Productions**, Box 64026, 555 Clarke Rd., Coquitlam, B.C., Canada, V3J 7V6.

Desert Storm: A Brief History, Leonard D. Moore. Los Hombres Press. P.O. Box 632729, San Diego, CA 92163-2729. 57 pages, \$7.95.

Drawings Among Haiku by Ion Codrescu. Editura Muntenia, 1992, 100 pages, paperback, 6 x 8 1/4". \$6.50 ppd from the author at Str. Soveja Nr. 25, B1. V2 sc B, Apt. 31, 8700 Constanta, Romania (use international money order).

ELEVEN RENGA, by Alexis Rotella and Florence Miller, soft-cover, flat-spined, 36 pages, 8 1/2 x 11, ISBN 0-917951-27-1, \$9 ppd, from: Jade Mountain Press, P.O. Box 125, Mountain Lakes, NJ 07046.

The Essence of Modern Haiku: 300 Poems by Seishi Yamaguchi, compiled and translated by Takashi Kodaira and Alfred H. Marks. Introduction by Sono Uchida. Mangajin, Inc. 362 pages, hardcover \$24.95, 1993. Poems presented in the original Japanese with transliteration, English translation, and poet's notes. Notes on season words, Japanese vocabulary and grammar, and cultural points provided by haiku and Japan experts.

102 Haiku by the Toranomom Haiku Group, Japan, trans, by Sakuzo Takada \$8 (IPMO) from Sakuzo Takada, 1-8-13 Koenji Kita, Sugina mi-ku, Tokyo 166, Japan.

JOY IS MY MIDDLE NAME, haiku. senryu. tanka by Francine Porad, 1993. From the author, P.O. Box 1551, Mercer Island, WA 98040. \$5 ppd.

Layers of Content, by Werner Reichold. Fifty-two longer poems, perfect bound trade paperback with full-color cover, 5.5" x 8", 128 pages, with Introduction by Kevin Bailey and Comments by Rod Willmot, Joe Nutt, Tom Clausen, Robert Spiess, Larry Junkins. ISBN: 0944676-15-4. \$9 ppd from AHA Books POB 767, Gualala, CA 95445.

More Light, Larger Vision, Geraldine Little, AHA Books, POB 767 Gualala, CA. 88 pages, perfect bound, \$9 ppd. 100 tanka after Jien, 10 poems on 10 set subjects, endorsed by Lucien Stryk. Illustrated with Japanese crests.

MY HAIKU JOURNEY, Jack Stamm. Printed in Japan. Hardcover with color dust jacket, 146 pp., 5" x 8", \$13.00 ppd. Available from AHA Books, POB 767, Gualala, CA 95445. In Japan one can obtain copies from Kawade Shobo Shinshiya, Sendagaya 2-32-2, Shibugaku, Tokyo 151, Japan for 16600 Y.

Parallels by vincent tripi, The Day Dream Press 1992, 28 pp, A5 perfect bound is available in a limited edition at a cost of £ 2.50 ppd (or currency equivalent) in the EC and \$5 ppd in the USA. Cheques payable to 'The Haiku Quarterly' at 39 Exmouth Street, Swindon SN1 3PU, England if resident in the EC. Checks payable to 'vincent tripi' at 478A Second Ave., San Francisco, CA 94118, USA if resident in North America. An article concerning 'The Parallel Poem' appears in The Haiku Quarterly issue 7/8 and a review will appear in issue 9 of the same journal.

rumours of snow . . . anne mckay . . . WIND CHIMES PRESS 92 15 (oneline) renga with anne mckay . . . 68 pp . . . \$5 from the author . . . studio B 1506 victoria drive, vancouver, british columbia V5L-2Y9.

Shining Moments, Tanka Poems in English, by Neal Henry Lawrence, O.S.B. 5.5" x 8.5", 144 pages, with a Foreword by Edward Seidensticker, an Introduction by Atuso Nakagawa, Preface by Marie Philomene, About this Poet by Toshimi Horiuchi and From the Author by Father Lawrence. The poems are annotated and indexed according to place of inspiration. *Shining Moments*, in beautiful white and gold hardcover with dust jacket, is now available from AHA Books, POB 767, Gualala, CA 95445, for \$12.00 ppd. ISBN: 0-944676-39-1.

Snow Falling On Snow, vincent tripi, A collection of poems about the Buddha. Cart Horse Press. Limited edition of 50 copies. \$5 ppd, send check payable to vincent tripi, 478A Second Avenue, San Francisco, CA 94118.

Tanka Splendor 1992, edited by Jane Hirshfield. AHA Books, 1993, 48 pps, paperback, 5 1/4 x 8 1/2". \$5 ppd from AHA Books, P.O. Box 767, Gualala California 95445.

Timepieces: Haiku Week-at-a-Glance 1993, edited by David Priebe. Cloverleaf Books, 1993, 116 pages, spiral-bound paperback, 6 x 8 1/2", \$12 ppd, from the editor at Haiku Headlines, 1347 West 71st Street, Los Angeles, California, 90044-2505. Contains 365 haiku and senryu by 87 poets, including contest prize winners chosen by James W. Hackett, arranged in a cycle for the year 1993.

WAY STATION, Lesley Einer. 58 pps. \$5 ppd. Haiku, sequences, senryu and tanka; extended care center theme. SAGE SHADOW PRESS, 2108 E. Greenway Rd., Phoenix, AZ 85022.

wild strawberries by Winona Baker. A Trabarni numbered haiku mini-book, art by Gail Whitter. Available for \$2.95 from Trabarni Productions, Box 64026, 555 Clarke Rd., Coquitlam, B.C. V3J 7V6.

The Wind's View: A Selection of Haiku, Gary Hotham. Juniper Press, 1310 Shorewood Drive, La Crosse, WI 54601. 1993, 20 pages, Letterpress, \$6 plus \$1 Postage & Handling.

NOTE: For future listings in "Books and Chapbooks Received," please follow the format shown above. Books sent *must* be accompanied by the appropriate typed description.

1993 DONATIONS TO THE HAIKU SOCIETY OF AMERICA

Sponsors

Dr. Sobun John Hayashi
Ryokufu Ishizaki
Museum of Haiku Literature
Dr. Tadao Okazaki
Francine Porad
Chris Spindel
David Sutter

Donors

Raymond Cicetti
Elaine Cleveland
Pamela Connor
William Dittmer
Garry Gay
Margaret Molarsky
James R. Nicholson
Marian M. Poe
Sharon Lee and Mohammed Shafii
Miriam Sinclair
Kenneth O. Waterman
Clifford Wood
Virginia Brady Young

Friends

Alene Bricken
Helen Dalton
Mary E. Durham
Constance Ettridge
Albert Heck
Donald L. Holroyd
Davina Kosh
Sister Mary Jane MacPherson
Sally L. Nichols
Carol Purington
Ronan
Carlye Runyon
Yutaka Santo
Helen J. Sherry
Robert J. Trayhern
Ray Walker
William Walz
Ikuyo Yoshimura



