

# frogpond

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MAY 1996



## HAIKU SOCIETY OF AMERICA

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one moment's fragrance . . .  
petals in the wind

*Marianna Monaco*

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## 1996 H.S.A. PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

The first month following the Winter solstice was considered sacred to Janus, an ancient Roman deity. *Benet's Reader's Encyclopedia* further explains, "Originally the god of light who opened the sky at daybreak and closed it at sunset, in time he came to preside over all beginnings and endings, all entrances and exits. He is often represented as having two faces, one in front and one behind, one to see into the future and one to see into the past." For me, this figure provides a model of balance, signified by a respect for and understanding of the past while moving into the future. The Haiku Society of America has evolved into the thriving organization it is today because of the dedication, labor, and foresight of its founders, past officers and the membership. The Janus face and my teaching experience inform me that our individual perceptions and points of view are at once different and valid—none of us omniscient as Janus. Thus, we must dedicate ourselves to dialogue and respectful disagreement as we carry out the HSA mission "to promote the appreciation and the writing of haiku." May the way in which we conduct ourselves as we interact inspire and inform others of the haiku spirit.

teaching haiku  
the poems  
on their faces

Many haiku moments to you,  
Barbara Ressler

### FROM THE EDITOR

A little Madness in the Spring  
Is wholesome even for the King,  
But God be with the Clown—  
Who ponders this tremendous scene—  
This whole Experiment of Green--  
As if it were his own!

*Emily Dickinson*

The March Hare, the April Fool, and the May Queen all got in this issue, but you'll have to figure out for yourselves what is Madness and what is not. They all sneaked in behind my back, against my better judgement, without my rational consent. That other spring trio, March winds, April showers, and May flowers are well represented, as are the birds and the bees, and the traditional springtime object of a young man's fancy.

Robert Malinowski begins a series of cover illustrations representative of the classical four elements; this time Earth . . . Earth, coming back to life, the medium for the bursting forth of life again as the ice melts.

Kenneth C. Leibman

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In memory of

Wilma M. Erwin

May 23, 1936 - November 27, 1995

darkening path  
the white morning glories  
lead the way

*Wilma M. Erwin*  
(Museum of Haiku Literature Award, 1993)

at last  
just one more bridge  
then a place to rest

*Wilma M. Erwin*  
(with Brad J. Wolthers, in "Nine Steps, 1994)

Her white lilacs  
blooming at the doorway—  
do they, too, miss her?

*tombo*

its tracks left  
on the frost-covered dock  
the gull takes flight

*Ce Rosenow*

**In Memory of Nancy Ford-Poulin**  
August 19, 1947 - January 28, 1996

the last fence post—in the fog  
a vesper sparrow alights a trumpet  
puffed with song of swansong

These eloquent haiku by Nancy's husband, Robert Henry Poulin,<sup>1</sup> seem to portend this winter's passing of his dearly beloved wife. To me, the first expresses his bountiful, exuberant, and never-fading hopes through the many long months of Nancy's chemotherapy. And the second just as surely seems to reflect his fears, which when you love someone greatly refuse to go away.

*H.F. Noyes*

after first chemo  
husband with scissors  
saving my ponytail  
  
*Nancy Ford-Poulin*<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup>*Modern Haiku* vol. XXVI, no. 3 (1995).

<sup>2</sup>*Modern Haiku* vol. XXVI, no. 1 (1995).

late winter rain  
among the spring blossoms  
one that won't open

*Marian Olson*

In memory of  
James R. Greenley

April 23, 1944 - December 21, 1995

Fog sweeps by from behind.  
A quickened step or two,  
then warmth moistens my face.

*Jim Greenley*

Jim Greenley wrote this haiku at a workshop, *The Eternal Now, the Infinite Here: Haiku* led by KCL at Friends General Conference at Boone, NC, in July 1988; it appeared in the anthology of that workshop. In succeeding years, a number of his haiku were published in *Modern Haiku* by his fellow Madisonian, Robert Spiess.

melting soundless  
into the gurgling of the stream . . .  
the hillside snow

*Kohjin Sakamoto*

m - l t w - t - r

somewhere in the blizzard  
the big yellow sign that says  
SWEET CORN AHEAD

*LeRoy Gorman*

mountain hemlock—  
snowmelt leaving  
a sharp blue scent

*H.F. Noyes*

snow melt  
the highway billboards  
still white

*Barry Goodmann*

scooping a handful  
of mountaintop snowmelt . . .  
her face a child's

*Randy M. Brooks*

Looking up from  
your letter—  
melting icicle

*Tim Scannell*

cranes fly bugling  
downriver in spring  
last of the hill snow

*Phyllis Walsh*

chill spring runoff  
fills the pool where we shed clothes  
last year

*Hayat Abuza*

freshly plowed field—  
the smell of wet earth  
floods my face

*Debra Kehrberg*

narcissus flowers—  
bedraggled in a puddle  
of melted snow

*Nancy Stewart Smith*



shoreline breeze—  
curls of green paint  
on the wooden swing

*Ce Rosenow*

diagonal sail  
between masts and shore—  
spring breeze

*Alexius J. Burgess*

pine trees  
combing soft sounds  
from the wind

*Robert L. Brimm*

evening wind—  
Big Dipper fills with a cloud  
empties

*Suzanne Williams*

Running  
with winds of spring . . .  
tall grass

*Robert F. Mainone*

the old tenants left  
with everything but their chimes  
and the wind

*Christopher Herold*

a sudden gust—  
yesterday's headline  
crosses the street

*Paul David Mena*

treed kite  
its tail  
gone limp

*Jim Kacian*

through pines  
little breezes keep shifting  
the stars

*Marianne Bluger*

a chill wind  
crosses the night pond  
. . . shiver of the moon

*Elizabeth St Jacques*

April showers  
umbrella blows its top:  
so do I . . .

cloudburst . . .  
drip-drying  
all the way home

*Edith Mize Lewis*

first day of spring . . .  
the colors of bright umbrellas  
reflect on the wet sidewalk

*Lois Gregory*

spring rain  
a pink slicker bobbing  
around its toddler

*Carol Conti-Entin*

the *puka-puka*  
of rain on a tarpaper roof—  
a child's muddy boots

*Kathleen Hellen*

spring storm  
cat moves her kittens  
one by one by one

*Robert Gibson*

I stand in the rain,  
seeing my life's reflections  
pass before my eyes.

*Junaid Khan*

wipers steady  
"no vacancy"  
again

*Gail Sher*

the storm passing—  
over the painter's scaffold  
another rainbow

*Jack Lent*

After spring showers  
children playing hopscotch leap  
rainbow to rainbow

*Nancy A. Jensen*

across the river  
rainbow and swallow  
arc

*Cecily Stanton*

shut tight  
against the spring rain  
windflowers

*Mary Fran Meer*

light rain  
the violets you left  
blooming again

*Marian Olson*

50th anniversary  
we argue about planting  
the Peace Rose

*Carol Dagenhardt*

cold March morning . . .  
dragging the trash to the curb  
. . . pausing for crocus

*C. Stuart-Powles*

clearing the garden:  
discovering the first rose  
and the first bee

ring around the roses  
the toddler stamping  
each yellow crocus

*Elizabeth Howard*

hummingbird  
canvassing  
the crocuses

*Ernest J. Berry*

office window  
cannot open . . . outside  
a crocus sways

*Jim Mullins*

Tears of homesickness  
a crocus bleeds onto snow  
in my inner land

*Clarissa Stein*

in this field  
beyond the lawn  
wild daisies

*Robert Gibson*

Not quite hidden  
by the junk in the yard—  
lilies-of-the-valley

Mountain trail:  
two wild irises  
five miles apart

*Dave Sutter*

Up late—  
morning glories  
didn't wait for me

*Nancy A. Jensen*

your voice  
on the phone  
morning glories

*Karen Klein*

spring—  
between the stepping stones  
spirea blossoms

*R.A. Stefanac*

honeysuckle shower  
only the birds and the paperboy

at the edge  
of a shadow  
white clover, whiter

*Susan Stanford*

by the scarlet  
peony blossom  
my mailbox flag

*Paul M.*

Searching for trillium . . .  
he finds the sunglasses  
missing since autumn

The smooth hollow  
of this bedrock mortar—  
elderberry flowers

*Donna Claire Gallagher*

Kneeling at the spring,  
I dip my braid to moisten  
the cherry blossoms

*Sarah Hickenbotham*

arriving home  
we re-count  
the camellia's buds

*Cyril Childs*

On the verge  
of opening  
magnolia buds

*William Scott Galasso*

filtered light  
the edge of a blossom  
lost and found

*Peggy Willis Lyles*

no way to change your mind i prune all the lilacs

*Pamela A. Babusci*

Empty old house  
the broken swing squeaks on the porch,  
but still the lilac blooms

*Joan C. Sauer*

the scent of  
bruised magnolia petals  
on my bare feet

*Addie Lacoë*

moving day  
the potted petunias  
still on the porch

*Lenard D. Moore*

along the sidewalk  
he walks as if not trampling  
pink petals

*Ronan*

one raindrop  
slides down the iris petal,  
overtakes the snail

*J.A. Totts*

stuck fast  
to spruce gum:  
white moth

after rain:  
the little domes  
made by earthworms

*Emily Romano*

green worm  
out of such hunger  
the monarch!

*Marian Olson*

In the garden  
two white butterflies  
helping flowers happen.

*Kristin Cawl*

butterflies are big  
with bright yellow and black wings  
flying through the breeze

*Paige Dunford (3rd grade)*

Cry of a gull—  
out of the fog,  
an empty gondola.

*Patrick Anthony Alo*

thinning mist  
more of the heron  
revealed

*Ce Rosenow*

without moon or stars  
the fog finds its way  
through the woods

*Ruthmarie Connell*

heavy fog—  
clouds of white dogwood  
whiter

*Dorothy McLaughlin*

out of the fog  
into the fog  
small birds

*Paul O. Williams*

shifting fog  
a crow fades  
his call remains

*Phil Howerton*

watching my breath . . .  
the damp smell of fog  
in forest silence

*S.B. Friedman*

fog rises . . .  
until grey unveils  
the redbud tree

*Marian M. Poe*

webs of fog  
connect the trees  
one by one

*Cheryl C. Manning*

ridgefir into clouds:  
a thousand beads of sky  
on lupine leaves

*David Landis Barnhill*

this gray-wrapped day  
people moving out from fog,  
fade back into it

*Ronan*

this foggy morning  
five cats bounding around her  
taking out the trash

*F. Matthew Blaine*

how naked  
are the bottoms  
of the kitten's paws

*Elsie O. Kolashinski*

The cat slaps around  
one of the crumpled letters  
to my latest love.

*gideon wright*

Cats in the window  
sit and gaze serenely out  
at all that is theirs.

*Lynette Forrey*

high window sill—  
teetering towards birdsong  
my arthritic cat

*Paul Watsky*

a morning mist hides the stick  
for which this dog is searching

*William Orem*

Half Moon Bay;  
old dogs howling  
in the fog . . .

*Lewis Sanders*

Spring thaw—  
a puppy's paw print  
in relief

*Elizabeth Warren*

each alone  
yet through hall doors  
our dogs play

*Paul M.*

dog yawn:  
the curl  
of his tongue

*S.B. Friedman*

patch of sunlight  
again, my old dog woofs  
in her sleep

*Ebba Story*

Early morning—  
incessant gossip  
from the parakeet cage

*Ginny Aldrich*

goldfish swim  
their bowl overlooking  
the ocean

*Linda Fuller-Smith*

Monday morning . . .  
listening for the rooster  
eaten yesterday

*Denver Stull*

a stump by the lake  
shifts a long root—  
becomes a doe

*Paul O. Williams*

tapering  
through my fingers into grass  
the lizard's cool

*Ruth Yarrow*

winter night—  
the moon moving easily  
through ice-coated trees

*Jack Lent*

Fish circling  
the therapist's aquarium  
again and again

*Donna Claire Gallagher*

chinese pigs  
destined to be  
sweet and sour pork

*ai li*

bear cubs in the camp—  
our heads swivel  
looking for her

*Jerry A. Judge*

the winter moon  
a glimmer of it  
in the buffalo's eye

*June Moreau*

Spring light  
recalls the live days  
of the ammonite

*Ikuyo Yoshimura*



new car smell  
a strand of spider silk  
in morning sun

*John Stevenson*

single strand of a web  
reflects first sunlight  
—we bend under it

*Don Beringer*

spider  
hanging from the soffit  
climbs into the cloud

*Winona Baker*

In the Chinese herb shop  
suspended above my formula  
slow circle of flies.

*Alexis K. Rotella*

spring sun—  
a wasp drifting by . . .  
drifting by . . .

*joan iversen goswell*

mayflies  
all at once  
—no more

*Peter Duppenthaler*

grass glistening  
in the morning sun  
a spider's web, too

*Rubin Battino*

beneath the eaves  
trapped in a spider's web  
still one dry leaf

*Elsie O. Kolashinski*

the little spider  
still riding on  
my windscreen wipers

*Jeanette Stace*

rotten wood  
bleeds  
termites

*Shira Finger*

over and over  
as I lie awake at dawn . . .  
birdsong song song song

*Lee Gurga*

sleeping in  
the early hammering  
of sapsuckers

*Makiko*

looking toward birdsong  
seeing  
only green

*Suzanne Williams*

A pair of doves  
sandbathing  
on Christmas morning

*Ikuyo Yoshimura*

construction site—  
sizing up the new high-rise,  
the pigeons

*Charles P. Trumbull*

In playground sand  
before the children arrive  
the tracks of birds

*Tom Tico*

Twisting the focus . . .  
my field glasses suddenly  
full of fat sparrows

*Nelle Fertig*

chain  
link  
fence  
one  
sparrow's  
head  
one  
sparrow's  
bottom

So clear  
here at the summit  
the song of an English sparrow

*David Elliott*

*Simon Ott*

strange bird  
in familiar woods  
the silence

*Jim Kacian*

churchbells end the Mass  
congregation of blackbirds  
departs the steeple

*Makiko*

beside the vast mall  
red-winged blackbirds are singing  
regardless of us

*Randal Johnson*

my husband, the bird lover—  
but only I can hear  
the junco's song

*Jeanne Harrington*

hill of larks—  
high over breeding places  
faint specks of song

*H.F. Noyes*

at the edge of the eye  
a graveyard—  
robins stitch between stones

*Kevin Goodan*

Before the storm . . .  
a mole stirs in the eye  
of the hawk

*Peter Kendall*

In the marsh,  
scattering his reflection,  
the snowy egret

*Joan C. Sauer*

Finally the heron  
squawks and lifts  
legs almost left behind

*David Elliott*

sinking into  
the black water of the deadwood bog—  
a loon's call

at dusk  
soaring loons  
bypass their shadows

*Wally Swist*

*Ryan G. Van Cleave*

spindrift taking the gull's cry  
(after G.R.)

*John O'Connor*

a single gull  
trapezing  
the offshore breeze

*Helen Robinson*

a cluster of gulls  
and far across the lake  
one gull alone

*Paul O. Williams*

scrabbling  
where the plover ran  
random thoughts

*Jim Kacian*

baby plover  
all legs  
not much else

*Cecily Stanton*

many of the godwits  
hopping on one leg—  
the spring wind

*Brent Partridge*

dark breakers roar  
out of the pink horizon  
a beat-up shrimp boat

*Nina A. Wicker*

only at the ebb  
brilliantly gleaming seaweed  
on a rock

*Bruce Ross*

a corrugated shed and waves  
in a quiet sea

*Tim Denoon*

beach sunset  
drowning voices  
swim to shore

*Thomas Ogg*

An empty beach . . .  
The moon lights a pathway  
To itself

*Edward Zuk*

we walk beside  
the whispering river  
telling old stories

*Doris H. Thurston*

sparkling stream . . .  
up and down the gorge's side  
car shadows

*Bruce Ross*

rushing stream  
river crab slips off my fingers  
—scent of pine

*Yasuko Yasui*

riding the waves  
back and forth:  
ducks going nowhere

*Edith Mize Lewis*

Duck in the water,  
a wake rippling behind her  
without an echo.

*Neil M. Levy*

through the moon gate  
of the garden, tame water  
tucked against stones

*James Magorian*

dusk crosses the lake  
children's voices jump  
with the fish

*Hayat Abuza*

last frond dropped  
the dying palm trunk bears  
a new osprey nest

*Clifford Wood*

night's  
silence  
the  
streetlight's  
electric  
hum

*Simon Ott*

Penetrating  
The rusted iron gate—  
An owl's screech

*Edward Zuk*

my son asks  
casually  
what a tree costs

*John Stevenson*

a few snowflakes fall  
yet behind the dark-blue pines  
still the sun

through the drizzle  
spruce growing  
bluer and bluer

*Sheila Hyland*

anniversary  
two acorns sprout two leaves  
in an old crosstie

*Nina A. Wicker*

home at last  
not a single leaf  
on the crooked tree

shadows of  
windblown trees on the rose rug  
we talk of travel

*Gail Sher*

*Ruth Holter*

rushing across the rocks the felled tree's shadow

*Susan Stanford*

at last  
the old oak has fallen—  
the sky it left

*Jeanne Emrich*

moonlit shore:  
only this leaning pine and  
the old fisher's silhouette

spring night  
this newborn moon  
swaddled in haze

*Elizabeth St Jacques*

*George Ralph*

night's garden  
sleepless petals  
tossing

*Judith Liniado*

billboard:  
the black hole  
in her Colgate smile

*Elizabeth St Jacques*

Awake all the night . . .  
I watch the green sun rise  
through my third glass of tea

*Chris Linn*

in the street a batch of red strawberries  
all smashed but one

*Rick Woods*

heat from the tug's stack  
in passing wavers the shaft  
of the Empire State

*Paul O. Williams*

Rain drops  
From the crack in the ceiling . . .  
getting out the pot

*Lisa Pretus*

late sunlight  
climbs the wall  
cigarette by cigarette

*Larry Kimmel*

waiting room  
the early evening sky  
threatens rain

*James Chessing*

Waiting . . . we listen  
through electronic shadows—  
how cold this house tonight!

*Peggy Olafson*

silhouetted tenements  
cut the rising moon  
into slices

*Joseph DeLuise*

full moon—  
after hospital curfew  
patients' shadows stirring

*Yoko Ogino*

telescope's tight field  
surprise jetliner leaves  
Saturn awash

*David Nelson Blair*

her perfume  
I wake up  
out of

someone's perfume  
in this bus-stop crowd  
is yours

*Tom Hoyt*

running my fingers  
down her spine—creases  
in this book well read

*Michael Shaw*

speaking of  
the first time we made love—  
she presses two fingers to my lips

*Wally Swist*

choosing a melon:  
a deep-voiced woman  
brushes my breast

*Gloria H. Procsal*

she used to be my lover  
but now I call her  
my tattoo

*Donna E. Dodson*

after the wedding  
two petals afloat  
in a tea cup

*Barry L. Dordick*

with my fingertips  
I raise the edges  
of her frown

*Carlos Colón*

his fingers  
my hair  
iris opening

*Karen Klein*

not understanding  
her smile  
I smile back

*Joseph DeLuise*

in the echo of my heart  
it says you love me

did you speak the words?

outdoor wedding—  
casual passage of  
pairing butterflies

*Emily Romano*

saffron stars falling in and out of love with you

*Pamela A. Babusci*



spring planting  
her refusal  
to compromise

*Anthony J. Pupello*

Shutting the door  
for the last time—  
she smells the violets

*Donatella Cardillo-Young*

the shack—  
stretching into the woods  
his belongings

*Tom Clausen*

Groceries on the counter  
still in their bags  
forgotten

*Jen Sorrells*

I stare at the phone  
that does not ring  
memorizing its curves

*Missy Skertich*

My memories  
of you  
remain faceless

*Chrissy Hardy*

Neighbors fighting.  
I listen till she cries then  
listen to nothing.

*Joe Ahern*

Only the starlight—  
my son cries, telephoning  
from his mother's house.

my wife left me  
does this heavy rain at dusk  
fall where she is

*Jerry Gill*

Midnight owl's call  
asks the same question as I  
spouse not home again

*Nancy A. Jensen*

loneliness the moon follows me home

*William Orem*

her youthful eyes  
watch my slow walk—  
she thinks she sees me

*Ronan*

behind wild-growing shrubs  
the house of a woman  
the neighbors call crazy

*Christina Smith Krause*

in my mother's  
empty rooms, the hollow echoes  
of sobbing

*Mary Lou Bittle-DeLapa*

in her wheelchair  
she remembers  
patent leather pumps

*Hayat Abuza*

outside ICU—  
the electric clock clicks off  
another minute

*Ellen Compton*

*ambulance shishu ko  
chikitsalaya le jate  
shishu si roti*

ambulance carrying  
an infant to hospital  
wails like the infant

(Hindi original and English translation by *Parikshith Singh*)

the TB patient  
sits on the steps and spits  
his supari

*Priscilla Peter*

(Supari is a flavored chewing mixture of betel nut, areca leaf, and lime)

woolly mammoth tooth—  
tongue feels the crack  
in my molar's filling

*Randy M. Brooks*

nursing home supper—  
the dining room's phonograph  
needle stuck

*Carol Conti-Entin*

nursing home  
beneath the old woman's pillow  
a gold tooth

*John J. Dunphy*

sitting shivah . . .  
the widow's friends bring her  
his favorite foods

*Carol Conti-Entin*

(Shivah: the days of Jewish mourning for the dead)

Between the farm fields  
plowed for spring planting  
country graveyard

*Joan C. Sauer*

spring cemetery . . .  
all the still gravestones waiting  
in the morning light

*Bruce Ross*

at the crematorium  
a dark butterfly  
alights on your casket

*Lyn Reeves*

The smell of spring earth  
turned over by a trowel—  
this hole for his ashes

*D. Claire Gallagher*

On Mother's Day  
cutting all of the lilies  
for her last bouquet

*Tom Tico*

aides chattering  
above intercom moans  
at my aunt's new home

*Kay F. Anderson*

hospice—  
the bay window full of  
flowering plants

*John Stevenson*

narcissus bulbs  
found in his jeans pocket  
now brighten his grave

*Mary Fran Meer*

early rain  
flooding the blue-eyed grass  
my little boy's tears

*Pat Shelley*

Darth Vader—  
little teethmarks  
on the lightsaber

*Lee Gurga*

afternoon tea  
the girl's teddy bear  
says thank you

*Sayli Wadgaonkar*

Picked last again  
the chubby kid  
waddles to his team

*Justin York*

old aunts' reunion  
their talk stays small  
while children hover

*Ronan*

first grader struts out  
mother behind  
the curtain

*Watha Lambert*

Little boys  
throw rocks in a pond  
for no reason

*Nader A. Shourbaji*

I remember  
when we chose  
pb&j over lobster

*Katy Fitzpatrick*

From my brother's face  
our mother's eyes  
staring at me.

*Idella L. Rowand*

five years old tonight—  
he jumps into a puddle  
and lands on the moon

*Jack Lent*

spr  
ing  
des  
pai  
rso  
meo  
neh  
asj  
ump  
edi  
nto  
his  
own  
pond

*LeRoy  
Gorman*

banana tree  
from the middle, a new leaf  
begins to unfurl

*Christopher Herold*

After the frog leaps,  
the ripples are still spreading  
in the old pond . . .

*Tom Tico*

old pond:  
after a long wait  
a frog's eyes appear

*Ken Hurm*

old pond—  
frog's eggs float  
in my reflection

*Winona Baker*

Imitating Bashō,  
wondering what kind of  
life is my own.

*Bernie Libster*

sitting quietly . . .  
but now I must mow all this grass  
that grows of itself

*Jerry Gill*

Finding a cloud  
on the top, we go  
cloud-wandering

*Ayrs Kirkofield*

pale moon rising  
and i start a haiku . . .  
just a moon rising

*William M. Ramsey*

his business card—  
the back perfect  
for a haiku

*Robert L. Brimm*

new book of haiku  
sinking in  
rain sound

*Francine Porad*

Into the basement  
to resurrect my books—  
the touch of webs

*Tom Tico*

on my bookshelf  
seeking “Think and Grow Rich” . . .  
finding “Walden”

*Charlotte Digregorio*

He gazes deep  
into the painting  
wanting in.

*Joseph Fisher*

Mondrian exhibit  
her breath touching  
the squares

*Christopher Suarez*

abandoned garden pool  
silence pouring out  
of the statue’s tilted jar

*Mary Lou Bittle-DeLapa*

blue note after blue note  
tumbles righteous  
from a pawnshop guitar

*Jeff Parker Knight*

piano keyboard black and white songs in my fingers

*Doris H. Thurston*

RNA on a gel—  
i once held the dove  
alive in my hands

*Jeff Witkin*

after the service  
the black robe airs beneath  
the green maple

*Yasuko Yasui*

monk’s frown:  
sagging folds  
of a worn habit

*Anthony J. Pupello*

s s

t t

a a

l l

a a

c c

t t

i i

t t

e

t t

i i

m m

g g

a a

l l

a a

t t

s s

*William Woodruff*

rainy night—  
lantern in the puddle  
keeps falling apart

*Alexey V. Andreyev*

keeping silent  
with the falling snow  
the telephone

*Pamela A. Babusci*

last snow  
a haze of buds  
bursting in the meadow

*Jeff Witkin*

f a u c e t s  
d r i p p i n g

↓            ↓  
↓            ↓  
↓            ↓  
↓            ↓

*Carlos Colón*  
(inspired by John Martone's  
"home / in the / downpour /  
dripping faucet"  
*Modern Haiku*, Fall 1995)

**Selections from**  
***Donde Se Ocultan las Sombras (Where Shadows Lie Hidden)***

by Berta G. Montalvo

Translated by Doris Heitmeyer

*¿Qué le dice  
una hormiga a otra,  
y a otra y a otra?*

What does one ant  
say to another,  
and another, and another?

*Gotas de lluvia  
sobre el mar.  
Los peces nadando.*

Raindrops  
on the sea.  
The fish, swimming.

*El pez no entiende  
por qué la ola  
va y viene, va y viene.*

The fish doesn't understand  
why the wave comes and goes,  
comes and goes.

*Después de las burbujas,  
silencio  
en el lago.*

After the bubbles,  
silence  
in the lake.

*En el litoral  
el sol se baña en llamas  
todas las tardes.*

On the coast,  
the sun bathes itself in flame  
every evening.

*Aburrido de tanta luz,  
el sol se hunde  
en el mar.*

Weary of so much light,  
the sun plunges  
into the sea.

*Miriádas de lucecitas  
sobre la espuma.  
La luna se baña*

A myriad tiny lights  
sparkle in the surf.  
The moon goes bathing.

*La luna lejana,  
la de otras tierras,  
me baña con su luz.*

The far-off moon,  
moon of other lands,  
bathes me in its light.

*Los perros ladran  
y ladran.  
La noche se alarga.*

The dogs bark  
and bark.  
The night grows longer.

*Noche sin luna.  
Cocuyos  
en el monte.*

Moonless night.  
Fire beetles light up  
the mountain.



*Los cocuyos se pierden  
en los palmares.  
Amanece otra vez.*

*La campana repica  
y vuelve a repicar.  
Silencio en el monte.*

*Las piedras milenarias  
todo lo oyen.  
Nunca hablan.*

*Gota tras gota,  
un río  
y luego el mar*

*El salmón y yo.  
Solos contra  
la corriente.*

*A la orilla del río  
y ningún puente  
para cruzarlo.*

*¡Cómo descansa serena,  
la piedra  
en el fondo del río!*

*En el tren  
frente a frente.  
Sólo el aire entre los dos.*

*El venado,  
silencioso.  
El cazador también.*

*Mi primer dolor:  
aquel pajarito  
que de niña vi morir.*

The fire beetles lost  
among the palm trees.  
Dawn comes again.

The bell sounds  
and sounds again.  
Silence on the mountain.

The millennial rocks—  
they've heard it all.  
They won't talk.

Drop after drop,  
a river  
and then the sea.

The salmon and I.  
Alone against  
the current.

On the bank of the river  
and nowhere  
a place to cross.

How serene it rests,  
the stone  
in the river's bed!

On the train  
face to face.  
Only the air between them.

The deer,  
silent.  
The hunter, too.

First grief—  
when as a child I saw  
a small bird die.

*Donde Se Ocultan las Sombras.* Berta G. Montalvo. Colección Neblina Haiku No. 2, Publicaciones Literarias Kanora, Asociación Colombiana de Haikú 1995 (Humberto Senegal, Apdo. Postal 023, Calarcá, Quindío, Colombia). In Spanish. 118 pp, 5¾×5¾ in. paper, perfectbound. \$10 ppd from Berta G. Montalvo, 3011 SW 11th St., Miami, FL 33135-4707.

Memorial Day  
on her lover's grave  
plastic flowers

*Ruthmarie Connell*

stressed yuppie  
fast-forwards  
his relaxation tape

*Mauree Pendergrast*

yoga class—  
trying as hard as I can  
not to fart

*Lee Gurga*

tea time—  
amid the floral scents  
a whiff of flatulence

*Charles P. Trumbull*

As he slips silently  
into the last seat  
. . . cushion flatulates

*Sue Stapleton Tkach*

funny  
his sudden toupee  
not to him

*ubuge*

after that party,  
teeth marks—but whose?—  
on my bottom

*William Woodruff*

his computer  
ignorance  
double-density

*Carlos Colón*

two old ladies  
in the doctor's waiting room  
exchanging cures

*Peter Duppenhaler*

campus reunion  
every year the students  
look younger

*Laura Kim*

reunion—  
classmates older  
spouses younger

*Jerry A. Judge*

his sixth birthday . . .  
selecting a gift to outdo  
his other grandma

*Louise Somers Winder*

## sexhist sighence

*an unrose-*

an unrose-breasted grosbeak on her newly-nested eggs  
eastern kingbird courts an eastern queenbird  
male vermilion flycatcher on the fly to catch vermilion flies  
the rubylessness of a throated hummingbird  
a non-catholic draped cardinal's pink orange red bill  
she-pheasant: i wringed his neck

*indigo*

indigo bunting male: bam bam thank you ma'am how was i  
non-indigo female: at least you have cute buns  
summer tanager (male of course) *rose-red* all year [oh]<sup>1</sup>  
scarlet tanager (ditto) never in winter  
ah a pair of eastern *rusty red breasts* oops eastern bluebirds  
rtp: *female duller than male*—mm: not as gaudy

*painted*

painted bunting male: see my picture in peterson's book  
he poses you drab shes behind us hes<sup>2</sup>  
*very plain greenish above paling to lemon-green below:*  
bright colors dearie don't make the bird  
look that american goldfinch can't hang on to his gold  
& guess who isn't a yellow-headed blackbird

*a bird vultures*

a bird vultures down to pick-et sigh'ntest name callers  
audubon shot stuffed painted by objective birds  
peterson *sexes alike* in blue jays (does he mean coloration)  
jay herself: but not my she bird brain<sup>3</sup>  
female birder to male birder oh that's just the female<sup>4</sup>  
birds and birdettes

*Marlene Mountain*

<sup>1</sup>Italicized words from "A Field Guide to the Birds East of the Rockies", Roger Tory Peterson; Houghton Mifflin, Boston, 1980.

<sup>2</sup>Besides, wing bars and other details are often hidden.

<sup>3</sup>Perhaps, as with female humans, she jay claims a more integrated brain.

<sup>4</sup>Heard on Roan Mountain. To state the obvious, 'sexhist sighence' in many fields has done considerable damage to the female spirit.

## helsinki

girl in white shorts  
rotating on rollerblades  
in mannerheim street

girl skates away  
as the valio billboard  
turns on its axis

face one of the billboard:  
a brunette rosebud  
dressed in pink silk

face two of the billboard:  
full breasts and red roses

face three of the billboard:  
rose hips

and yoghurt

somewhere in helsinki  
a girl in white shorts  
spins on her rollerblades

*Andrew Leggett*

## Keeping the Faith

after the sunlight,  
snow . . . within bells' voices  
ashes and prayers

his Easter garden . . .  
tulips along the stone path  
closing in the cold

in elm branches  
the wind chimes  
barely speak

hummingbird shadows  
framed by the kitchen window  
the first plum blossoms

near the garden gate  
the forgotten basket  
wild finch eggs hatching

*J.A. Totts*

**Museum of Haiku Literature**

\$50 for best haiku appearing in the previous issue

snow  
softening  
the night

*R.A. Stefanac*

**Hints of Spring**

Rengay by Elizabeth St Jacques and Ruby Spriggs

coarse brown hair  
in the wire fence—  
March buffalo

*Elizabeth*

seen only from a distance  
the first hint of green haze

*Ruby*

prairie dawn . . .  
at the highway's end,  
the swelling point of light

*Elizabeth*

ultrasound screen—  
dough soft bones float  
in her taut womb

*Ruby*

so bright so white  
young water lily

*Elizabeth*

the robin lifts  
into sky a splash  
of brilliance

*Ruby*

## Faint Rustle of Envelopes

Rengay by D. Claire Gallagher and Ebba Story

the postman's shoe print  
on a magnolia petal  
    news of her death *DCG*

faint rustle of envelopes  
through the slot in my door *ES*

today's delivery . . .  
vacation airline tickets  
atop the Visa bill *DCG*

bedridden  
    the exotic landscape  
    on a German stamp *ES*

here, on my cluttered desk  
the letter I never mailed *DCG*

my dashed-off thoughts—  
cool handle of the mail box  
under scattered stars *ES*

## Gravestones

A rengay by Jeffrey Michael Witkin and Michael Dylan Welch  
written March 31 - April 20, 1995 via email  
Potomac, Maryland and Foster City, California

snowdrops—  
touching the wind-worn name  
of her son *jmw*

wafted by the breeze . . .  
sprinkler spray *mdw*

a prayer in the rain  
and then another  
blossom from the plum *jmw*

a rusted bucket  
by the groundskeeper's shed  
. . . a passing cloud *mdw*

pollen fills a rift  
in the gravestone *jmw*

birdsong fades  
into the cherry's scent . . .  
she reaches for my hand *mdw*

## HSA RENKU CONTEST 1995

The judges have decided not to award any prizes in the 1995 Renku Contest. While we found things to enjoy in all of the entries, there was a general unevenness of quality that prevented any one of them from looking like a convincing *kasen renku*. We hope that this result will not discourage the entrants from trying again, or deter any other would-be contestants. To this end, it may be helpful to mention some of the strengths and weaknesses in last year's entries, and offer a few suggestions for future composition. Clearly, not all of these comments apply equally to all the poems.

A definite plus was the diversity of subject matter, and an overall liveliness of spirit. It was apparent that the authors enjoyed the process of writing *renku* together (and this may be of more fundamental importance than success in any competition). In addition, there were many fine individual verses, and some pleasing passages where the linking succeeded in carrying the poem smoothly and effectively forward.

On the down side, there were also many verses that were obscure or confusing—which immediately interrupted the onward flow of the poem. Several of the entries were weakened by fanciful or “poetic” language, and other devices. While these may not be faults in themselves, their overindulgence in *renku* often negates other, more positive qualities.

There was a tendency to be careless about repetition and regression. One entry featured a total of thirteen names of people and places, while another contained no less than four musical instruments, and a third made reference to colors in four successive stanzas. In another case, there was a farm scene maintained through three or four verses. This is an example of a “narrative run” (*renku* is by definition never a narrative poem). There were also numerous instances of regression or “throwback linking”—including the most extreme form of this, where a link is inadvertently made with the stanza-before-last (17 with 15, for example). The reason for avoiding such regression is very simple: the reader's attention is directed back, instead of forward.

Finally, all but one of the entries had weak *hokku*. This is unfortunate, for the *hokku* is the anchor of a good *renku*. It can be likened to the first stake driven into the ground at the commencement of laying out a house-site; it has a unique purpose and special significance. It is thus well worth some extra effort, and perhaps patience.



To summarize, a brief recipe for renku-writing might well include (after good linking, which is paramount): a strong hokku, plain language expressing clear images and ideas, a maximum of variety and minimum of repetition, and an absence of regression.

In the coming year the shorter forms, *nijūin* (twenty stanzas) and *jūnichō* (twelve stanzas), will be eligible for the first time. Details of these are available by sending for the articles mentioned in the HSA Information Sheet. It is hoped that this change in the rules will encourage a larger number of entries.

Above all, we wish contestants and noncontestants alike a rich renku life in 1996.

*Dee Evetts and John Ziemba*

よさぶそんのはるのはいく

## SPRING HAIKU BY YOSA BUSON

Translated by John Peters

*mizu ni chirite hana nakunarinu kishi no ume*

blossoms fall  
disappear in water  
a plum tree on the shore

*nashi no hana tsuki ni fumi-yomu onna ari*

pear blossoms  
a woman reading  
a letter in moonlight

*tsubaki ochite kino no ame o koboshi-keri*

a camellia falls  
spilling  
yesterday's rainwater

among weeds

anne mckay  
Tom Lynch

time soon for paper poppies in lapels the one minute silence  
*discarded beer can shines among weeds*  
by the pawnshop window tighter and tighter her ring  
*the sixth donut delicious as the first*  
that girl again in the same booth ballad of the sad café\*  
*on the fogged skylight moonlight*  
*in every room the baby cries and cries*  
nana's crèche a little shabby now  
*after estate sale count the money winter dusk*  
nobody waved goodbye  
*snowman's stone eyes stare the starry sky*  
rounding the corner a red scarf  
*deserted street newspaper arcs into dawn*  
with a scent of cinnamon my dream  
*on the nightstand nearly empty last night's rum and coke*  
dark blooms where his fingers touch  
*flash bulbs the bride blinks twice*  
restless he plans the spring garden  
returning soon the gypsies . . . the dance  
*alder catkins nibbled by waxwings*  
a memory of desire this tender green a tender danger  
*cool lettuce he eyes the cashier*  
littleone reaching topples a perfect pyramid  
*parking lot breeze spins petals*  
faintly on an evening air the sadsweet carousel  
*cotton candy pinkens her lips*  
part of but apart somehow the elegant equestrian  
*dust rises goldenlight*  
twilight the temple bell raking zen furrows  
*gate locked he frowns*

*she's still away   maples redden   by themselves*  
*a scent of lilac   lingering*  
*pallbearer slips   the first frost   glitters*  
*on a white branch   seven crows*  
*pluck mistletoe   in hilltop oak   clouds grow heavy*  
*hiding a tinsel moon*

*british columbia*  
*california*

\*carson mccullars

### **There Is a River Years From Here**

All day, thoughts about a river, years from here, a creek, really, that flows without a name through the green-dusk of an ageless woods, and how I sailed there a galleon, a halved walnut shell with its wedge of paper sail, beneath the spread of a great old maple tree, where the creek pooled below the chicken coops; and how the leaning woods peered over my shoulder in those days when salamanders were dragons; and how I searched for neither gold nor fame, but treasures among the water polished pebbles, despite humidity, mosquitoes, waterstriders, "dragons," and the great granddaddy of a crayfish, who hung out among the stones, that were really boulders, below the pool; and how the chickens just loved a crawfish tossed over the chicken mesh—but not the great granddaddy, for it would have been sin and shame for such an aged monster to end up chicken feed. All day, thoughts about a river, years from here, that flows without a name.

torrent in Spring  
a trickle now, in youth—  
my Conrad river

*Larry Kimmel*

## Bright April

The air sharp, sunbright. Along the path, close to the ground, moist and springy from melted snow, cranesbill flashes red-purple. New cat-tail shoots thrust spring-green through the mat of old growth rotting in the shallows. Frogs. Their high-pitched strumming.

Newly hatched, four yellow goslings huddle together, balk, then edge down the steep slope to the water. The adults—black, white, and brown verging into mauve—slide into the water, glide offshore, wait in silence. Finally one gosling follows, bounces like a cork, takes a moment to find his legs. The others hang back, hang back, finally scramble back up the slope to safety. Quiet, the waterborne wait.

Then one gosling, then another, then the last, their stubby wings at right angles to their soft sunglinted down, step into brown water, walk on it. Faster, faster. Run on it, find their buoyancy.

Setting off across the pond, the goose leads. The goslings follow in a straight yellow line behind her. The gander holds the rear. Now the goslings slow their flailing webbed feet, first to paddle, then to glide, copying the majestic stance of their kind, heads held high.

four balls of fluff  
landlocked  
choose to be geese

*Jean Dubois*

## Bashō's Duckpond

The second session of the haiku workshop was not going well. One of the parents had brought his obviously reluctant daughter—and her friend—that afternoon. The teenagers twittered and giggled, ignoring my attempts to orient them to the poetic guidelines of haiku.

We were seated on damp benches, facing a small muddy fishpond in a rose garden that was not yet in bloom. Our collective energy matched the gray sky and the clouds which threatened to drench us at any minute. Suddenly we received a “haiku moment”:

dropping on the fishpond  
a duck skids to a landing  
—gift from Bashō!

Each person wrote his/her version of what was observed in three lines . . . Bashō may be renowned for his frog but on that day, he pulled a duck from his kimono sleeve, just for me!

*Elizabeth Nichols*

## Hurricane

September was very busy around latitude 18 longitude 65. First Luis leveled the Leewards: Antigua, St. Martin, St. Barts, and miraculously turned north, sparing the Virgins at the last minute, though some houses lost roofs to its winds on St. Thomas. Only ten days later a low grade hurricane turned into a monster and scored a direct hit on St. Thomas. No electricity, no communication, no roof—what's new? This happened before with Hugo in '89 but this was worse . . . much worse. No one was prepared for this.

new hurricane on track—  
sliding doors  
still not

putting up windchimes  
taking them down—  
hurricane warning

midnight  
in the eye of the storm  
everyone blind

the wind had a name . . .  
bodies in the morgue  
unidentified

A Federal emergency 'round-the-clock airlift brought supplies to the devastated island.

food line  
gas line  
ice line  
even  
the Milky Way  
in a ragged  
line

bobbing in stranded seaweed  
and debris  
a lone sandpiper

roof off  
hungry sugar birds  
hover in the kitchen

bougainvillea blooms  
clinging still  
to the outdoor broom

sunset on the beach  
ghost crabs  
sink into footprints

For a couple of weeks after the hurricane the Milky Way was unusually bright and clear over the Virgins. The beauty of the black-out? The hurricane advantage? It made some people look up.

over the roofless room  
I catch the drift  
of the Milky Way

over debris-strewn roads  
the clear path  
of the Milky Way

*David Gershator*

There is  
no balm for  
the wicked

While I was on a recent trip to Los Angeles for rest and relaxation, a beady-eyed old lady carrying an old-fashioned shopping basket boarded at Victorville. She stopped at my seat, surveyed the interior desperately for an alternative, sighed and took the seat next to me.

As the bus started off, she turned to me and said: "Just look at you: matted hair, uncreased trousers and those shoes haven't been shined in a month."

And about  
my eyepatch she says  
nothing

I replied: "Ma'am, you've made some severe misjudgments. I'm wearing shorts and am barefoot and bald. I'm off to party in L.A."

She appeared stunned for a moment, shook it off and said: "*I have* made a grave error. I am supposed to be on my way to Kansas." In exasperation, she slapped the lid of her basket, from whence ensued a whine.

I asked: "City?"

She replied: "Leavenworth."

A strange twister  
of good fortune blew me  
from there to here

In toto  
dignified silence  
is best

*William Greenhill*

## RENGA-DADDY

A kasen renga between Bashō, Bonchō, Kyorai, and Shihō  
in the manner of Tristan Tzara, based on  
“The First Winter Rain” from *The Monkey’s Straw Raincoat*  
in commemoration of the 300th anniversary of Bashō’s death

Arranged by Jim Kacian

“The First Winter Rain” is one of Bashō’s best-known works of renga. I chose it for my experiment not for this reason, however, but because of the availability of Blyth’s excellent translation (in Vol. 1 of his 4-volume *Haiku*), which I have used in this rendering.

There is an integrity to the original piece—despite the disparate nature of the form, one may feel the touch of the master throughout, guiding lesser talents to sustain a level of excellence. I argued that if there was a coherence to this integrity, it would manifest itself on any scale: any piece of the poem ought to be of as high quality as any other. And if this is so, then any permutations to which I might subject the parts of the poem would maintain its quality and integrity.

The technique I employed belonged to Tristan Tzara, the Romanian dadaist of *fin-de-siècle* France. He would routinely alter the form of any classically accepted ‘masterpiece,’ a Shakespeare sonnet, for example, by cutting the work into its constituent words, and then draw the shuffled words out of a hat in random order, claiming for the new order an equal authenticity and integrity. I chose the line as the unit, dividing the  
(continued on p. 48)

threatening the badger  
this spring also  
the conch of noon is blown  
a gust of wind blows the leaves—  
“Well, then, we must part”  
the hamlet first seen—  
the fence of quince bushes,  
a rustic door  
the first frost of Mount Hira—  
packed in and sleeping with others  
the mossy stone basin  
of dawn—  
the sky is still red  
the kite has preened—  
used to wearing wadded cotton clothes

crossing the river  
pulling the carriage  
yet to journey

they are quiet  
the petals of the lotus flower

the frayed sleeping mat—  
the graft is taking,  
the famous pears

in the first winter rain  
of last year

its feathers  
again getting up  
fall down by ones and twos

she combs  
as if it is going to snow

ivy creeps over,  
the buds are bursting—  
I am better of myself

under the evening moon:  
“here is your sword”

strength to rise  
is the first success—  
they climb up to the temple on the peak

the wan moon  
outside the window

in the cloudless sky  
her disordered tresses  
sung their last song

Autumn in Lake Biwa  
though this morning I was angry



from clouds of the bellows  
they keep from others,  
and frantic

a bamboo bow  
is full of peace

flurriedly  
in the silence  
bony thinness

the north wind of the cold islands  
remains at his post

two days' food  
from this night's lodging—  
comfortable

in the wind of evening,  
seven miles and more

knitted socks—  
the *hototogisu* have all  
the cherry blossoms

his buckwheat stolen  
at one meal

from morning  
she will let through  
everything

him who gives her the pains of love—  
the wooden door

the breeches wet  
under the hazy moon of night—  
autumn passing pleasantly

in the old leaves of the loquat tree  
a house making saddles

eating—  
Rodō's man-servant  
stands beside

see her, brooding  
when it darkens

to light the lantern  
into the neighbor's  
cherry blossoms

not yet  
Indian-ink sketches

the soup  
of Suizenji laver  
is damp and grimy

he sings it in verse,  
dashing off

(continued from p. 45)

renga into 90 such units. I then chose the strips of paper containing these 90 lines out of, yes, a hat, quite at random, piecing the chosen strips into three- and two-line alternating 'stanzas.' I have altered punctuation for the sake of clarity, but any new meaning is the result of stochastic process.

Renga grows by association/dissociation. By linking one of the master's renga with the techniques and ethos of a quite different culture, I believe an interesting and quite different effect has been achieved. It is at once more modern and accessible. For it is with quite a 20th-century mentality that we read the new piece, in part because we now 'know' Bashō. And while there are a few 'antique' touches, the new work reads surprisingly contemporaneously.

Nevertheless, notice how Bashō, ever the classicist, has managed to bridge the centuries and this wildest of moods to include a moon reference in links 14 and 29, and, if you will permit seaweed to be so construed, a flower reference in link 35.

*Jim Kacian*

## SIR RABINDRANATH TAGORE: POET OF HAIKU SPIRIT

*Geraldine C. Little*

I spent time recently with an anthology of spiritual poetry and was rewarded in rereading work by Rabindranath Tagore that I'd read years before but had not thought of in a long time. Tagore used to be very well-known. He was born in Calcutta in 1861, the grandson of a prince. At age seventeen he was taken to England to finish his education, where he studied law. On returning to India he devoted himself to verse; his nature poems won him great fame. Gandhi hailed him as "The Great Teacher." Tagore was at once the living embodiment of the Indian culture of his era (he died in 1941), and its greatest spokesman in the West. He received the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1913 and was knighted in 1915. This great poet and philosopher, artist and educator, was a man whose spiritual personality and unremitting efforts in the arena of international understanding inspired the entire world. He was a mystical and religious poet whose work is permeated by a sense of the beauty of the universe. His devotion to nature, his sense of the Oneness of all things, links him to the world of haiku.

While browsing through the poetry section of the library a few weeks later, I came upon a volume of little poems by Tagore. I knew his moving cycle called *Gitanjali*, but this book, *Fireflies*, was new to me. It was published by Macmillan in 1928; the copyright page notes that the volume received its 27th printing in 1973 (there may have been more since; it has been reprinted in paperback in Macmillan's Collier Books). The title intrigued me. Dipping in, I was delighted to find that all the poems were of two, three, or sometimes four lines, haiku-like in form though differing in execution, as Tagore's poems use the conventions of Western poetry.

Because Tagore's spirit embodies the principles and cast of mind of haiku poets and the haiku world, I thought readers might enjoy looking at a few of his small poems. Hear his voice and spirit:

My fancies are fireflies,—  
Specks of living light  
twinkling in the dark.

The butterfly counts not months but moments,  
and has time enough.

In the mountain, stillness surges up  
to explore its own height;  
in the lake, movement stands still  
to contemplate its own depth.

I have thanked the trees that have made my life fruitful,  
but have failed to remember the grass  
that has ever kept it green.

My flower, seek not thy paradise  
in a fool's buttonhole.

The mountain remains unmoved  
at its seeming defeat by the mist.

The worm thinks it strange and foolish  
that man does not eat his books.

Dead leaves when they lose themselves in soil  
take part in the life of the forest.

Joy freed from the bond of earth's slumber  
rushes into numberless leaves,  
and dances in the air for a day.

After numerous family and financial troubles, Tagore did not, in the manner of the East, withdraw into contemplation, but resolved to carry out his project of a school for boys at Shanti-Niketan. For some years he divided his time between the building up of his school and lecturing, writing, and translating. He toured England and America, lecturing at Oxford and Harvard and elsewhere. In India he founded a World University, a remarkable experiment, worthy of an Eastern mystic and a Western educator.

Tagore deserves the interest of haiku poets for his poems, for the universality of his nature, and for his endless efforts to make the world a more peaceful place. He is most relevant for today's strife-strangled world.

## Thieves

the potato thieves  
exclaim in low voices  
at the falling star<sup>1</sup>

*Dee Evetts*

learning  
its  
name  
the  
jewel  
thief  
stretches  
forth  
his  
hand  
jewelweed!<sup>2</sup>

*Robert Spiess*

Our ethical and religious background forbids us to steal, forbids us to covet; the thief is condemned, and he who covets is despised. However, these two haiku which deal with thievery and with covetousness—for who would steal a weed—evoke neither condemnation nor contempt from the reader. In the first, our censure is converted into wonder, and in the second, our derision is canceled out by our delight in absurdity.

The first line of “the potato thieves” almost calls forth our pity, but this was not the poet’s design for before pity can establish itself we are caught up in the wonder of the falling star. Possibly, this is the first falling star the thieves have seen—they may be city people who seldom have the opportunity to see these celestial bodies, or country people who have never been in the fields so late at night. Perhaps they even see the falling star as a judgement from the heavens. But we forget they are thieves; their awe permits us to re-experience the thrill of seeing our first falling star.

I have never had, nor do I expect to have jewels that would tempt a thief. To me, jewels themselves are of little practical use though I have spent hours admiring their brilliance and the transparent depth of their colors. Even the words used to identify them seem to sparkle: amethyst and aquamarine, topaz and tourmaline, and the names of particular jewels seem to blaze with exotic romance—the “Koh-i-noor Diamond,” the “Star of Africa,” the “Black Prince’s Ruby,” the “Stuart Sapphire,” and the “Green Diamond of Dresden.”

Before I knew the jewelweed, I had heard its name and expected it to be a thing of glitter, a thing I would wish to gather. Remember-

ing this, I can laugh at the chagrin of the jewel thief reaching for it until he realizes that all the glitter is in the name.

Although I do not approve of theft or of the greed of he who covets, I feel an affection for these thieves. It may be because the thieves of the first haiku are humble and naive, and the thief of the second haiku has played the fool. But I think it goes beyond this. Both poets have written with total objectivity; they have passed no judgement, and in this way they have slyly slipped me into the rôles of the thieves. I too have been enchanted by the falling star, and I too have laughed at myself for being hoodwinked by a name.

*Patricia Neubauer*

<sup>1</sup>"A Small Ceremony." From Here Press, 1988. © Dee Evetts.

<sup>2</sup>"The Cottage of the Wild Plum." Modern Haiku Press, 1991. © Robert Spiess.

#### ERRATA, Winter 1995

Errors occurred in two sequences and in one haiku in the 1995 Winter issue. These works are printed correctly below. Furthermore, *Helen K. Davie* should have appeared as cojudge of the Nicholas A. Virgilio Memorial High School Haiku Competition.

##### After Surgery

after surgery  
she feeds me ice chips  
with a plastic spoon

visiting hours over  
she sneaks back  
with chocolate

her finger  
traces the line  
just above my incision

one week post-op  
sign of recovery  
first erection

wedding picture  
how thin I was  
two months after surgery

*John Sheirer*

##### Night Falls

night falls—  
skin folds  
around my bones

slouching toward the toilet  
night wind sears me  
to the bone

full moon—facing it  
knees braced  
beneath my robe

these fifty years  
having accomplished nothing  
I sail home

*Gail Sher*

camera light  
news anchor's smile  
off  
off

*Lee R. Seidenberg*

## BOOK REVIEWS

*GROWING THROUGH THE DARK*. Michael Dudley. King's Road Press, 148 King's Road, Pointe Claire, PQ H9R 4H4, Canada, 1995. 16 pp paper, saddle-stitched, \$2.00 ppd.

For many years now, Michael Dudley's haiku have been appearing in leading journals and are included in *Haiku Canadian Anthology*, *The Haiku Anthology*, and *The Haiku Handbook*, among others. This neatly printed collection is the seventh in the Hexagram Series edited by Marco Fraticelli.

To set the stage, these 21 haiku are preceded by the hexagram 'Birth Pangs', followed by this quote from *I Ching*: 'For a seed to become its potential it must split apart. A thunderstorm brings release from tension and all things breathe freely again.' In this case, the reference is to the emotional pain of a dying marriage and the aftermath. Should you expect a string of pity-poor-me poems then? Relax, this poet isn't the type. Neither is any blood drawn here.

Actually, these haiku grow quietly—stirring, sometimes even sensual. In this increasingly dark place, however, the delicate seed of love is threatened. Take, for example, the following poem that on first reading is warm and sensual but the second time around, sadness emerges—sometimes even horror—by the pulling apart of something once alive and precious. Now, as each piece is torn away, a repulsive odor fills the room—as if something has died:

her fingernails  
so long and red:  
piece by piece she shells the egg

Can 21 haiku truly capture such a traumatic event though? Absolutely. We travel slowly through each phase, sharing the apprehension and dizziness of the inevitable until left with loneliness and darkness. Nevertheless, even in darkness hope resides, new life stirs. Well crafted haiku, carefully chosen and thoughtfully arranged. A moving collection.

in the pantry  
potato eyes  
growing through the dark

*Reviewed by Elizabeth St Jacques*

*Unsold Flowers/Flori nevândute*. Ion Codrescu. Hub Editions, 11 The Ridgway, Flitwick, Bedfordshire MK45 1DH, England, 1995. 49 pp paper, perfectbound. \$5.00 US; £3.50 UK.

In 1992, Ion Codrescu's first collection, 'Drawings Among Haiku', consisting entirely of haiku, earned an Honorable Mention Merit Book Award from the Haiku Society of America. In this second collection, 59 haiku mingle with 22 tanka in Romanian and English to make an especially appealing bouquet.

Although the title prepares us for unhappy poems, this collection actually glows. True, some poems touch on sorrow, poverty, death, but the bulk of these poems blossom with joy and call up rich celebrations for the senses. In the following, the 'aliveness' of each moment materializes through unspoken colors, sounds, scents, textures, shapes and movements:

silence—  
the bird's flight turns  
a dry leaf

strong wind—  
in the mosquito net  
dill seeds

While this poet is an ardent observer and participant of nature, it is interesting to note that of these 81 poems, 69 contain a human element. As a result, we are given a clearer picture of Ion Codrescu, the person—a people-watcher who observes closely but is sensitive to the human condition. Equally telling is his delightful sense of humor—pure delicate humor that never offends.

counting chickens  
the child scratches his head:  
always a different number

even in a vase  
the thistles fail to attract  
mother's eyes

Tanka here are free from the romanticism found in traditional tanka. Instead, the author targets in on modern themes and sometimes includes subtle nuances of love, yet the longer lines and rhythms of the classical form are usually honored. Two favorites:

alone on the sand  
an old man arranges  
his beach mat carefully;  
sometimes his shadow  
touches the sea

towards evening  
a letter from Japan;  
news about the earthquake  
and a drawing  
of daffodils

These poems blend intrinsically. No interference here from seasonal announcements; instead, you move from poem to poem hardly noti-



cing the season has changed. In this, you have a sense of timelessness, as if touring with this author, being led quietly from one place to another, and you are enraptured by fresh discovery. Adding much is Ion Codrescu's artwork.

A special tip of the hat to Mihaela Codrescu for her fine English translations which must have been a difficult task, and to Hub Editions for this slim, attractive, handmade volume with its small price tag.

*Reviewed by Elizabeth St Jacques*

### A Collation of Anthologies

*A Small Umbrella.* Spring Street Haiku Group, 1995. 28 pp, 4×5½ in. \$3.00 ppd; Dee Evetts, 102 Forsyth St. #18, New York, NY 10002.

*hands full of stars.* Boston Haiku Society, 1995. Sarah Jensen, ed. Kaji Aso, ill. iv + 32 pp, 5½×8½ in. \$5.00 ppd; Raffael DeGruttola, 4 Marshall Rd., Natick, MA 01760.

*A Harvest of Haiku.* Haiku Poets of Upstate New York, 1995. 16pp, 5½×8½ in. \$5.00 ppd; Sue-Stapleton Tkach, 60 Auramar Dr., Rochester, NY 14609.

*SUDDEN SHOWER.* Northwest Region, Haiku Society of America, 1955. Randall Johnson, ed. Carol Edson, ill. 32 pp, 5½×8¼ in. \$7.00 ppd US & Canada, \$9.00 ppd overseas; Randal Johnson, 2325 Schirm Loop NW, Olympia, WA 98502.

*NORTHERN LIGHTS.* Haiku North America, 1955. Michael Dylan Welch, ed. 24 pp, 5½×8½ in. \$6.00 ppd; M.D. Welch, Press Here, POB 4014, Foster City, CA 94404.

Each year a number of organizations publish chapbooks of their members' poems. In most cases, each member is promised publication at least one verse. One might expect a mixed bag so far as quality goes; what is surprising is that the general level of quality is as high as it is. As might be expected, many of the booklets show a strong sense of locale. Thus, the urban poems of the Spring Street group:

fresh-laid cement  
the old lovers' initials  
in the dumpster

*Doris Heitmeyer*

the Halloween parade  
on the sidelines  
a pair of Hassidim

*Mykel Board*

straphanging  
top view  
of his careful hairdo

*Karen Sohne*

first fall day  
the ice cream truck's jingle  
a bit out of tune

*Evan Mahl*

In the Boston chapbook, more of an urban/suburban feel with reaching out to countryside, typically New England, and Cape Cod:

late evening—  
a bottle rolls up and down  
the empty subway car

*Brett Peruzzi*

Valentine's Day rush hour—  
commuters  
crowd the flower stall

*Sarah Jensen*

autumn woods—  
a stone wall  
becoming just stones

*Lawrence Rungren*

dune shadows  
meet, then cross  
incoming tides

*Jane Minch*

Although the group that mislabels itself with the acronym 'Haiku PUNY' is largely in the Rochester area, the poems in their booklet, while sometimes urban, have largely a feeling of bordering neighborhoods:

Bright yellow lawn  
searching for a recipe  
for dandelion wine

*Sue-Stapleton Tkach*

hurrying past  
the house where no one lives  
late autumn chill

*M.L. Bittle-DeLapa*

fever-hot day  
ginkgo leaves  
fanning each other

*Pamela A. Babusci*

Leaves gone  
one last stubborn apple  
clings to that old tree

*Ruth Kennedy*

In the Northwest Anthology, we find few urban poems. more of those with rural and seashore themes, starting with the late Wilma Erwin's title poem:

sudden shower  
young squirrel seeks shelter  
under a hubcap

*Wilma Erwin*

midday heat—  
smell of the sun on  
pine needles

*Jean Campbell Sinnonds*

receding tide—  
the uncovered tip  
of a limpet

*Ce Rosenow*

Driftwood  
how many waves,  
how many years

*William Scott Galasso*

Finally, the chapbook by attenders of Haiku North America in Toronto is eclectic in themes, reflecting the broad scan of experience of the poets from across the US and Canada:

still the hawk  
circles over this summer's  
housing development

*Penny Harter*

a dark path  
across the lawn  
ends in a snowman

*Winona Baker*

barefoot in wet grass  
the soft bursting  
of the slug

*Karen Sohne*

Candlelit night  
only one moth  
finds the source

*Elizabeth Warren*

so vast now  
the old cow pasture filled  
with deep spring grass

*Bruce Ross*

after the grand opening  
of the new city hall  
a deflated balloon

*Margaret Saunders*

*Group minireviews by Kenneth C. Leibman*

## BOOKS RECEIVED

Listing of new books is for information only and does not imply endorsement by frogpond or the Haiku Society of America. Reviews of some of these titles may appear in later issues of frogpond. Prices are US currency except where noted.

*A Dash Through Leaves.* Penny Griffin. Illust. Mona Wu. Foreword, Rebecca Rust. Persephone Press, 53 Pine Lake Dr., Whispering Pines, NC 28327-9388; 1995. 95 unnum. pp, 5¾ × 8½ in, paper, perfectbound. nppg.

*A Slip of Bamboo: A Collection of Haiku from Maui.* Victor C. Pellegrino. English with Japanese translations & annotations by Hiroshi Kanzaki. Maui Arthoughts Co., POB 967, Wailuku, Maui, HI 96793-0967; 1996. 136 pp, 3¼ × 4 in, perfectbound. \$7.95 + \$1.75 p&h; extra foreign postage will be billed.

*Bells Are Calling: Haiku and Senryu.* Jack de Vidas. Ed. & illust. Janice M. Bostok. paper wasp, 7 Bellebue Terr., St. Lucia, QLD 4067, Australia. 29 pp, 5¾×8¼ in, paper, saddlestapled. Enquire for price.

*Eating Blowfish.* Frank Higgins. Raindust Press (distrib. by Woods Colt Press, 3607 Pennsylvania, Kansas City, MO 64111), 1996. 52 pp, 5½×8½ in, paper, perfectbound. \$5.00.

*Eighteen kinds of loneliness.* Sam Savage, 1995. iii + 18 foldout pp, 6×4¼ in, handmade cover (*kozo*) and endpapers; handset, letterpress-printed, and string end-bound by the author. \$10, postpaid anywhere.

*Like a Crane at Night.* Gail Sher. Night Crane Press % Gail Sher, 700 Heinz Ave., Suite 310, Berkeley, CA 94710; 1996. iii + 42 one-sided pages, 8½×3¾ in. unbound, wrapped in *kozo* paper and tied. \$19.95 ppd; a portion of the proceeds will go to the Tancho Sanctuary Fund of the Wild Bird Society of Japan.

*ONE BREATH: 1995 Members' Anthology.* Jean Dubois, Michael McNierney, Elizabeth L. Nichols, eds. Haiku Society of America, 1996. viii + 45 pp, 5×8 in. paper, perfectbound. \$7.50 ppd (US & Canada); \$9.50 ppd elsewhere. Make check to and mail to Jean Dubois, POB 1430, Golden, CO 80402.

*Presents of Mind.* Jim Kacian. Katsura Press, 1996. 119 unnum. pp, 5×8 in. paper, perfectbound. \$14.95 from Red Moon Productions, Rte. 2, Box 3977, Berryville, VA 22611.

*the duck's wake.* Jeff Witkin, 1996. 31 unnum. pp, 5½×7½ in., paper, saddle-sewn, jacket. \$4.00 ppd from author, 1204 Fallsmead Way, Potomac, MD 20854, or book trade.

. . . *the path of the bird.* vincent tripi. Select. & arr. Phyllis Walsh. Illust. David Kopitzke. Hummingbird Press, 1966. 72 unnum. handset pp, 4½×6¾ in, paper, saddle-sewn, jacket. \$10.00 ppd; make check to/order from Phyllis Walsh, POB 96, Richland Center, WI 53581.

*The Seasons in Haikai.* William J. Higginson. Winner, *Northwest Literary Forum* 1995 Essay Contest. 56 pp, 5¼×8½ in. paper, saddle-stapled. \$7.00 ppd; \$10.00 ppd overseas. Make check to/order from Northwest Literary Forum, 3439 NE Sandy Blvd., #143, Portland, OR 97232.

## HAIKU SOCIETY OF AMERICA AWARDS AND CONTESTS, 1996

### HAROLD G. HENDERSON AWARDS FOR BEST UNPUBLISHED HAIKU

*These awards are made possible by Mrs. Harold G. Henderson in memory of Harold G. Henderson, who helped found the Haiku Society of America. \$100 toward these awards is donated annually by Mrs. Henderson.*

1. DEADLINE: Postmark date **July 31, 1996**.
2. Entry fee \$1.00 per haiku; checks/money orders (**US funds only**) to Haiku Society of America, % Raffael DeGruttola, Treasurer.
3. Limit: Ten unpublished haiku, not submitted for publication or to any other contest.
4. Submit each haiku on three separate 3×5" cards, two with the haiku only (for anonymous judging), the 3rd with the haiku and the author's name and address in the upper left-hand corner. Please designate as Haiku.
5. Contest is open to the public. Members of 1996 HSA Executive Committee may not enter; however, Regional Coordinators may enter.
6. Submit entries to **Alice Benedict**, HSA Contests Coordinator, 2579 15th Ave., San Francisco, CA 94127.
7. PRIZES: First, \$150; Second, \$100; Third, \$50.
8. Winning haiku will be published in *frogpond*. All rights revert to authors on publication. Please send SASE if you would like a list of the winning entries.
9. The name(s) of the judge(s) will be announced after the contest.
10. Sorry—entries cannot be returned.

### GERALD BRADY MEMORIAL AWARDS FOR BEST UNPUBLISHED SENRYU

*The Gerald Brady Memorial Awards are made possible by a starter fund of \$25 donated by Virginia Brady Young in memory of her brother Gerald Brady.*

Rules 1-6 and 8-10 are identical to those for the Harold G. Henderson Contest, except that for "haiku" read "senryu" throughout. On 3×5" cards, please designate as Senryu. PRIZES: First, \$100; Second, \$75; Third, \$50.

### THE NICHOLAS A. VIRGILIO MEMORIAL HAIKU COMPETITION FOR HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS

(There is no entry fee for this competition)

*Founded by the Sacred Heart Church in Camden, New Jersey, and sponsored by the Nick Virgilio Haiku Association in memory of Nicholas A. Virgilio, a charter member of the Haiku Society of America who died on January 3, 1989.*

**WHO?** Any student between the ages of 13 and 19 enrolled in high school (freshman, sophomore, junior, senior) as of September, 1996.

**WHAT?** A maximum of 3 haiku per student. Each haiku must be typed in triplicate on 3×5" index cards. The haiku must appear on the front of each card; the name, address, age, grade level, school, and address of your school must appear on the back of only one of the cards for each haiku. Please **DO NOT** use STAPLES for any purpose. All haiku must be previously unpublished,

ORIGINAL work not entered in any other contest or submitted for publication. Please keep a copy of your haiku; entries cannot be returned. Please do not send SASE's.

WHEN? The deadline for submissions is **November 30, 1996**. Entries postmarked later will not be considered.

WHERE? Submit entries to **Tony Virgilio**, Nick Virgilio Haiku Association, 1092 Niagara Rd., Camden, NJ 08104.

WHY? Six haiku will be selected and each awarded \$65. The list of winners and winning haiku will be published in *frogpond* in 1997. All rights will remain with authors on publication. The high school of each winner will receive a one-year subscription to *frogpond*. Information requests MUST be accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

THE ANNUAL MERIT BOOK AWARDS  
for excellence in published haiku, translations, and criticism

1. Deadline: Postmark date **May 31, 1996**.
2. Entry fee: NONE.
3. Eligibility: Book(s) must have been published in 1995. An author may submit more than one book.
4. Submit one copy of each book, noting it to be a Merit Award entry. Judges may consider books that have not been entered. Authors are urged to enter their books in order to be sure that they are considered. In order that no book of merit be overlooked, members should contact the President some time before the deadline about such books to ascertain whether they have been received.
5. Awards are open to the public. Books published by 1995 and 1996 HSA Officers will be considered.
6. Submit book(s) to **Randy Brooks**, 4634 Hale Dr., Decatur, IL 62526.
7. PRIZES: First, \$75; Second, \$50, Third, \$25.
8. The list of awards will be announced in *frogpond*.
9. Books will remain the property of HSA and will be added to the permanent HSA Library Collection.
10. The name(s) of the judge(s) will be announced after the contest.

HSA RENKU COMPETITION  
for linked verse of 36, 20, or 12 stanzas

1. Deadline: Postmark date **October 1, 1996**.
2. Entry fee: US\$15 per renku; **US funds only**: checks/money orders to Haiku Society of America, % Raffael DeGruttola, Treasurer.
3. Contest is open to the public. Entries must be in English. All 1996 HSA Officers, including members of the Executive Committee, may participate in renku submitted in this competition.
4. Length, authorship, limit of entries: For the purposes of this contest, a renku may consist of 36, 20, or 12 stanzas (*kasen*, *nijūin*, and *jūnichō* forms) written by two or more persons, each of whom contributes a substantial number of individually authored stanzas. Any particular author may appear in no more than three different renku entered. No entries will be accepted that include work by any of the judges. Entries must not have been previously published, nor contain any stanzas previously published, submitted for publication nor entered in any other contest.
5. One copy, will full authorship information stanza by stanza, must give the full name

and address of all authors and indicate which is the coordinator (to whom any correspondence will be addressed). This copy must be signed by all authors. Three additional copies, without authors' names but marked with numbers or letters to show the sequence of authorship, must accompany the identified manuscript. Failure to follow this format will make it impossible to judge an entry.

6. Submit entries to **Alice Benedict**, HSA Contests Coordinator, 2579 15th Ave., San Francisco, CA 94127.
7. Grand Prize: up to \$150 and publication in *frogpond*. Amount of the Grand Prize and additional prizes may vary, depending on the quality and number of entries. If no renku is deemed by the judges to merit the award of Grand Prize, renku awarded lesser prizes may or may not be published in *frogpond*. All rights revert to authors upon publication.
8. Please send SASE for list of winning entries.
9. The name(s) of the judge(s) will be announced with the winners.
10. Sorry—entries cannot be returned.

NOTE: Prospective contestants may wish to review the "Report of the Renku Contest Committee" published in *frogpond* XIII:2 (May, 1990) for background on the contest and renku in general. For information on the two shorter forms please refer to the article "Shorter Renku" published in *frogpond* XVII:2 (Winter 1994). Copies of both articles may be obtained by sending an SASE to the contest coordinator (see item 6, above).

## OTHER CONTESTS

### **West Virginia Poetry Society, 1996 Annual Contest: Haiku Award**

Deadline July 15, 1996. One unpublished entry (not under consideration elsewhere, never won a cash prize), defined as "untitled observation of nature in time and season, compression without poetics, 17 syllables (5,7,5)." Two copies on 8½×11" paper, both marked "Category 24, WVPS Haiku Award" in UL corner; one with name & address in UR corner. Also cover page with name & address, "Category 24, WVPS Haiku Award", and first line of haiku. Prizes \$15/10. Fee \$1; check to West Virginia Poetry Society Treas. Send to Mrs. Melba Dungey, Contest Chairman, 101 Jones Ave., Morgantown WV 26505, with SASE for winners' list. Winning haiku published in 1996 Anthology.

### ***Timepieces 1997 Haiku Week-At-A-Glance Calendar Contest***

Deadline, July 31, 1996. Unlimited entries of unpublished or published (except in previous *Timepieces*) (give acknowledgement, including date). Only 3-line, 5/7/5-syllable (or slight variation). Send each on duplicate 3×5" cards or slips, one with name, address, phone no., credits if any on the back; other with haiku only. Prizes \$100/75/50 + 5 High Commendation Book Awards selected by James W. Hackett, and 348 other selected haiku will be printed in the calendar. All selected contributors receive unlimited 50% book discounts. Fee, \$1/haiku, US funds. Winners' list will be published in *Haiku Headlines*; nonsubscribers send SASE or SAE + 1 IRC (Canada) or 2 IRC (elsewhere). Send to *Haiku Headlines*, 1347 W. 71st St., Los Angeles, CA 90044-2505.

### **Haiku Splash, Toronto**

Postmark deadline, August 4, 1996. Up to 7 "poems in the spirit of haiku." Include

author's name, address, and phone no. First prize \$100. Best visual haiku wins a watercolor painting. One prizewinner to be translated into Japanese. Selected poems to be painted on storefronts on Queen St. West. Top 40 poems published in Anthology; authors get 2 free copies. Fee \$1/poem. Send to Haiku Splash, 303-900 Queen St. W, Toronto, Ontario M6J 1G6, Canada. Judges: Judith Anderson-Stuart, Karen Sohne, Marshall Hryciuk.

#### **Woodnotes Haibun Contest**

In-hand deadline, August 10, 1996. Unlimited original, unpublished titled haibun (maximum 1500 words/haibun, including one or more haiku). Submit in triplicate on 8½×11" paper, one with name, address, and phone no., others unidentified. First prize \$100 + honorable mentions. All winning haibun will be published in an anthology. Entry fee \$6/haibun; anthology prepublication price \$6; checks and MO's payable to Michael D. Welch; mail to M.D. Welch, *Woodnotes* Haibun Contest, 249 Beach Park Blvd., Foster City, CA 94404.

#### **Florida State Poets Association, Berniece McConahay Memorial Award (Haiku)**

Postmark deadline, August 15, 1996. Unlimited entries of unpublished haiku, not under consideration elsewhere, not having won a prize over \$10. Two copies of each on 8½×11" paper, both marked "Category 8, Berniece McConahay Mem. Award" in UL corner. Poet's name & address in UR of only one. Also Category 25, The Sijo Award for sijo in either 3- or 6-line format. Prizes for both categories, \$25/15/10 + HM. Fee \$1/poem. Send to Flo A. Ruppert, POB 97, Roseland FL 32957. SASE for winner's list.

#### **Indiana State Federation of Poetry Clubs, 18th Annual Poets Rendezvous Contest**

Postmark deadline September 1, 1996. Fee is \$5 for any or all of 25 categories, including a "traditional haiku" category, so send SASE to Dottie Mack, ISFPC Contest Director, POB 643, Hometown, IN 46748, for contest rules.

### **MISCELLANEOUS ANNOUNCEMENTS**

#### **1995 HSA Members' Anthology.**

Haiku Society of America is soliciting submissions to the 1996 HSA Membership Anthology. This year's anthology will be edited by Randy Brooks and Lee Gurga. Please submit no more than five of your best hgaiku for consideration in the anthology. HSA members may submit haiku previously published in *frogpond*, but we will give top preference to unpublished haiku. Please include SASE with your submission. Submission deadline: August 1, 1996. Send to Randy Brooks, HSA Anthology, 4634 Hale Dr., Decatur, IL 62526.

#### **Rengay Directory.**

A rengay directory is being assembled in order to facilitate communication between writers interested in this form of linked verse. Writers interested in this directory are invited to send name and address (phone number and e-mail address optional) to John Thompson at 4607 Burlington Pl., Santa Rosa, CA 95405 (e-mail: JERZ88A@prodigy.com).



**THE HAIKU SOCIETY OF AMERICA**

ANNUAL FINANCIAL REPORT (January - December 1995)

**Income**

Balance	\$10,286.05	
Additional Income	200.00	
Membership Dues	11,168.09	
Interest Income	267.87	
<i>frogpond</i> Samples	640.00	
Contributions	1,266.00	
Contest Fees	1,096.00	
Chicago Intern. Conf.	628.01	
<i>Haiku Path</i> Sales	3,360.38	
Museum of Haiku Lit.	200.00	
Miscellaneous	<u>30.00</u>	
Total Income		\$29,142.40

**Expenses**

Contest Awards	1,225.00	
Museum of Haiku Lit.	200.00	
Contest Expenses	209.00	
Chicago Intern. Conf.	571.74	
Office Supplies	319.59	
Postage	158.04	
Telephone	438.25	
<i>Haiku Path</i> Postage	617.57	
<i>Haiku Path</i> Ret. Copy	18.77	
<i>Haiku Path</i> Printing	116.20	
Meeting Room Rentals	170.00	
Miscellaneous	293.16	
Newsletter:		
Printing & Copying	2,740.53	
Postage	1,209.95	
<i>frogpond</i> :		
Printing & Copying	6,476.20	
Postage	<u>1,648.45</u>	
Total Expenses		<u>16,412.45</u>

**Closing Balance**

\$12,729.95

*Submitted by Raffael de Gruttola, Treasurer*

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