

FROGPOND XXII: I



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HAIKU SOCIETY OF AMERICA
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The American Haiku Archive

In this, my first presidential message, I want to start by hoping that I will acquit my term with half the effectiveness and charm that Kristen Deming did. I think everything is going smoothly so far, but then it hasn't gone very far yet.

I'd like to say a few words about the American Haiku Archive at the California State Library. It is a growing archive, housed in the library basement, which is a restricted area with careful temperature and humidity control.

Jerry Kilbride, a long-time volunteer to the archive, has his papers there, catalogued and boxed, as does Jane Reichhold. Currently Jerry is putting Elizabeth Searle Lamb's papers into appropriate order.

Anyone wishing to send materials to the archive should address them as follows:

Gary F. Kurutz, Principal Librarian
Special Collections Branch
California State Library
900 N Street
P. O. Box 942837
Sacramento CA 94237-0001

Anyone wishing to use the collection can get to it by mail by writing the

American Haiku Archive
California History Room
California State Library
P. O. Box 942837
Sacramento CA 94237-0001

The telephone number is (916) 654-0176; fax (916) 654-8777; via internet cslcal@library.ca.gov.

The collection has gathered a number of duplicate copies which may be made available to any other haiku archive that is being established elsewhere. The archive promises to be a very useful research tool for HSA members and others interested in haiku. It's off to a good start and growing.

—Paul O. Williams

haiku

1) An unrhymed Japanese poem recording the essence of a moment keenly perceived, in which Nature is linked to human nature. It usually consists of seventeen *onji*.

2) A foreign adaptation of 1, usually written in three lines totalling fewer than seventeen syllables.

first spring day
taking the long way
to the gas station

Robert Epstein

spring thaw—
on the school playground
one red mitten

Joyce Sandeen Johnson

5

morning fog lifting the heavy child

Emily Romano

spring cleaning
a new ribbon
for the old letters

Yu Chang

rearranging
the mulch
new jonquil spikes

Makiko

in the dim
before dawn
white dogwood

Jeanne Lupton

dawn—the river drags
the mist
down the valley

Ray Major

dawn
the rain changing
to fresh green

Mariko Kamiishi

6

at the trail's bend
mist climbing
a long wooden staircase

Kay F. Anderson

low cloud on the hill—
a pheasant separated
from his call

Caroline Gourlay

wooing ducks—
the sky's dark reflection
broken

Celia Stuart-Powles

An egret stands and stares
Into the wind at this moment,
This moment, this moment.

Bea Dreier

out of the mist
morning sun
on bird's wing

Valorie Broadhurst Woerdehoff

At last—
the heron
and its shadow

Michael Cadnum

birdsong
opening the sliding door
in her red pajamas

Paul M.

spring squall—
grandma's empty chair
rocks on the porch

Donnie Nichols

dream-catcher
beaded
with rain

Cathy Wegman

Good Friday
the weeping cherry
in full bloom

Joann Klontz

spring day—
the neighbor's son
pops wheelies

Carol Dagenhardt

softening the pavement
scattered petals
of the pagoda tree

Michael Fessler

Cattle grazing
against a backdrop
of slow moving clouds

Norman St. Francis

closer to shade—
& smelling
onion grass!

John Martone

newborn calf
outstretched glistening
herdsman's arm

Maurice Tasnier

morning glory—
winding up the handle of
a rusty mower

Robert Gilliland

my husband's grave—
scattering grass seed
on the raw earth

Louise Somers Winder

recovery room
holding my daughter's hand
night of spring rain

Lenard Duane Moore

either side
of the old stone wall
bleeding heart

Tom Painting

Dawn moon
I pick my way through mole hills
and their shadows

Ken Jones

10

backwaters
clogged for miles—
the wild hyacinth

Kim Dorman

So quick,
the bee's sting on my arm—
summer heat

Rebecca Lilly

May heat
shadow of a buzzard
circling the asphalt

Lenard Duane Moore

into the earth
starflowers and her note
in his pocket

Dave Russo

|| ||

Meadow wandering . . .
Sky so blue we tumble
Into tall grass

Pud Houstoun

Your kiss—
An ant
searches my neck

Norman St. Francis

sudden burst of birds—
the tree empty
of its shadows

Carolyn Rohrig

The Cyber Pond

A. C. Missias

In my last column I excerpted some discussions from the Shiki Internet Haiku Salon mailing list. But hosting that list is not the only activity of the "Shiki-team", located in Matsuyama, Japan. One of the other big projects that they undertake, also aimed at spreading appreciation of and participation in the writing of haiku, is the Shiki Internet Haiku Contest.

This is a contest open to anyone with access to email, and offers the notable prize of a trip to Japan to meet the contest's hosts, and tour the town where Shiki was born and composed many of his famous haiku. This year (1998) marked the fourth running of the Shiki Internet Haiku Contest, with a large number of talented entrants, and its results were announced at the end of December. Thus this seemed an appropriate time to describe the contest in more detail, as well as to showcase some of the winners from this and previous years.

The Shiki contest has been held each fall since 1995. Entries must be unpublished, as well as previously unposted to any internet forum (a tough requirement for those of us who think with our keyboards). Each author may submit up to three poems; this accounts for the fact that while the contest has attracted around 100-120 participants, the number of haiku entered has averaged between 200-300. Winners have up to a year to claim their trip to Matsuyama.

Probably the most remarkable thing about the Shiki contest has been its method of judging: rather than a selection of winners by a panel of esteemed experts, it relies on the decisions of the entrants themselves. After the closing date for entries has passed, the eligible haiku are collected into an anonymous numbered list and sent (by email) to all of the entrants for voting. Each contestant then sends in their top choices (only one the first year, but up to 3 in subsequent years), which may not include their own poems. Results are tallied by the Shiki-team. If no poem gets more than 5% of the votes (a rule adopted after the first contest), then there is a second round of voting among the top finishers; otherwise the poem with the most votes wins. This method of adjudication is similar to that used in smaller kukai competitions, but as far as I know unique among major contests.

|| 3

In the first year of its running the Shiki Internet Haiku Contest had no guideline for submission topics, and a lot of advertising on its web site. The resulting entries ranged widely. Top finishers included:

first: surprising cool breeze
 disturbs the grass shadows
 on an open book
 A.C.Missias

Back from the airport,
I find your footprints, still wet:
The room sweats silence
 Alan Maley

hot summer night
a phone is ringing so long
in neighbor's house
 Alexey V. Andreyev

a sudden gust-
yesterday's headline
crosses the street
 Paul David Mena

trembling
as the grape next to it
is plucked
 Dhugal Lindsay

In the second year, entrants were told to include one of the following words: star, sky, or moon. This made the entries somewhat easier to judge among, but did nothing to lessen their variety or creativity. In this year, there was a second round of voting, although in the end the same

haiku finished top in both rounds. The most popular entries included:

first: half buried
 the old wreck
 cradles the moon
 Yu Chang

fishing under stars	stars
cormorants dive	turning into bird song
into galaxies	morning light
<i>Richmond D. Williams</i>	<i>Jane Reichhold</i>

autumn evening . . .
before all these stars
not one word
Jeanne Emrich

In the third year of the contest (we're up to 1997), the assigned topic words were pear, chestnut, or grape. No second round was required, although the finish was close. Top finalists were:

first: faint stars—
 the flapping of canvas
 on the grape truck
 Yu Chang

first frost—	afterward
the shell of a cicada	the pear at her lip—
still clings to the grape vine	slightly bruised
<i>Hillary Tann</i>	<i>willard</i>

a plucked grape—
some part of itself
still on the stem
Laura Young

And finally, in the fourth Shiki contest, held in 1998, contestants were asked to include the word "bird" or the name of some specific bird in their entries. The winner this time was again clear after one round, with nearly

twice the votes of the runners-up. The top finishers, in order (no ties this time):

first: noon
 the egret shifts from stillness
 to stillness

Timothy Russell

drawing the raven
into itself—
evening shadow
bill k.

Desert waterhole—
a yellow finch dips its beak
in the puma track.
Dennis H. Dutton

August sunrise
fanning out over the courtyard
a peacock's tail

Jean King

Full results of all of these contests are available on the Shiki web site, starting on the page:

<http://mikan.cc.matsuyama-u.ac.jp/~shiki/contest.html>

Congratulations to this year's winner, Tim Russell, and to all of those receiving votes—it was a wonderful selection of entries. I think that it's a testimony to the diversity of the haiku community that the winners of the Shiki contest have included a 28-year-old biology graduate student in Missouri, a Taiwanese engineering professor in upstate New York, and a 47-year-old retired steelworker in Ohio. I'm expect that winners from Europe and Australia are not long to follow. Each winner who is able to accept the trip to Japan is asked to write an account of their visit, along with any haiku that they write along the way; I'm sure we all look forward to reading about the adventures that Tim may have during his trip this year. Look for that, as well as for announcements about the next Shiki Internet Haiku Contest, on the Shiki web site over the coming months. For now, that's all from the Cyberpond!

on wings of seagulls
wheeling from the landfill
dawn

Judson Evans

first raindrop
on my windshield holds
the sunrise

Stuart Ungar

eight AM sharp
the square fountain turns on—
whiff of chlorine

Zinovy Vayman

16

shooing the mosquito
—the thinness
of my ill friend

D. Claire Gallagher

breakfast alone—
cormorants
have come to the rocks

Ellen Compton

through summer leaves
watching piecemeal
passers-by

Bernard Gadd

Agave Rock:
a spider spins in midair
beside the pictographs

Bruce Ross

17

historic district
the watering trough ablaze
with geraniums

Yvonne Hardenbrook

the neglected garden growing faster than ever

Molly Magner

summer night—
waiting
for the cold water

Devin Lindsey

rocked to sleep
watching
the toy sailboat

Gretchen Grutz

washed up
on the evening tide
sunset

Cyril Childs

Catching the glow
of this summer twilight—
the mallard's wake

Tom Tico

18

drifting . . .
the moon runs silver
from my hand

Frank K. Robinson

the sound
of sand
absorbing
what's left
of the wave

D. R. Spurgeon

summer dawn . . .
the dry tops of boulders
all down the river

Bruce Ross

half way across
why rush past
this warm dry rock

Kate MacQueen

19

mountain stream—
our fly rod rituals,
the rainbow's dance

Gary McGhee

summer solstice
skinny dipping in the river
jingle of bracelet

Margaret Chula

close lightning
the metallic taste
in my mouth

Charles Easter

summer heat
a plop in
the pail of fish guts
William M. Ramsey

blade of summer grass
its sweetness
cuts my tongue
Margaret Chula

World Cup summer—
ball idle, three boys argue
on the damp lawn
Paul Watsky

20

lazy afternoon—
the digital temperature sign
rises one degree
Michael Dylan Welch

between fireflies
the darkness
of a bat
eric l. houck jr.

dripping from the eaves
of the outhouse—
midnight rain

Kim Dorman

lightning bug
our terrace talk turns to
how long it's been

George Swede

21

heavy night air . . .
the stain above the headboard
in the cheap motel

Charles P. Trumbull

Coltrane's Ballads . . .
in the silence between songs
night rain

Robert Gilliland

sleepless night . . .
my neighbour's laundry
still out to dry
in the rainy dawn

Philip Rowland

The Conscious Eye

Dee Evetts

Having some time ago conceived the idea of writing in this column about the mistreatment of children, I was discouraged to find I had only two poems on file that seemed of sufficient strength or interest for discussion. Caught between the options of deferring this theme until a later date, or launching a search for extra material, I was saved at the last moment by finding in my mailbox several pages of submissions from a single author.

Of this, more later. To begin with the work I already had on hand, here is Carol Montgomery (I am indebted to Linda Jeannette Ward for recommending this):

22

foster child—
making up stories about
the charms on her bracelet ¹

We cannot tell from the poem how much the girl has suffered—only that it was serious enough for her to have been put in foster care. Clearly she feels deprived to an extent that prompts her to fantasize about the past, presumably idealizing it.

Equally poignant, though with a darker undertone, is the following by D. J. Curtis:

late for lunch
the gambler's child prays
for the big win ²

On the surface this is almost funny—and then suddenly it isn't. Gamblers do not necessarily ill-treat their children, but I imagine there is a significant correlation. And the poet makes me feel that this child fears something far worse than a scolding. This is achieved by the choice of words "prays for the big win"—an almost flippant phrasing, immediately undercut by the chilling possibility that this is real and desperate prayer.

Both of these poets convince me that they experienced or witnessed these events—or at least, heard of them with a strong sense of empathy and emotional involvement. The poems do not seem to be the product of merely sitting and thinking about the subject of abused children. In that sense, they are not fabricated. Of course I could be wrong about this. Why do I care—and how much does it matter?

For many years I held the view that a haiku or senryu poet was in some way guilty of cheating, or of short-changing the reader, if she or he wrote what have sometimes been referred to as "desk haiku". That is, poems drawing upon the writer's imagination or fantasy rather than from life. At first glance this looks like a clear enough distinction, yet I found that it kept falling apart on closer examination. What about the role of memory, of literature, the media? How about the combining of two separate moments, or allowing one event to suggest another—or even using imagination to modify or build upon an actual experience?

My view today is that what really matters isn't the source of material or inspiration, but the degree to which the poet comes from a place of genuine feeling,

not from tinkering around with ideas or ideals. This is related to the Japanese concept of *makoto*, often translated as sincerity but for our purposes more usefully expressed as the “truth of the poet’s heart”.

If my old beliefs needed a *coup de grace*, it was given by a recent conversation with Prof. Haruo Shirane of Columbia University. He told me that one of my favorite poems of all time, Buson’s

piercing cold—
my dead wife’s comb
in the bedroom underfoot³

is believed by scholars to be fictional. Yet this had been in my mind for years as a model for the way a wrenching experience can be powerfully expressed in such spare forms as haiku and senryu. I understand now that Buson’s ability to think himself so effectively into the situation of being recently widowed can be seen as an achievement that is on a level with any strictly autobiographical expression.

In the midst of these reflections, the aforementioned package of submissions landed on my desk. It came from John J. Dunphy, a poet who has surely published more senryu and haiku than anyone on the themes of child abuse, homelessness, war, and imprisonment. It struck me at once that I have managed to ignore or dismiss his work in this field. I suppose it was that I couldn’t imagine any one person having first-hand experience of such a wide range of suffering, and thus concluded this was little more than emotion-mongering. I have only in recent months learned that he is closely involved in providing recognition and support for the deprived and damaged people who appear so frequently in his poems.

Should this alter my perception or opinion of his work? I leave that question open. At least, I think I am

better able—having this information, and given my own broadening concept of truthfulness—to make a fair assessment. Here are four of Dunphy's poems:

even the tooth
her father knocked out
placed under her pillow⁴

abused child
only her doll
still cries⁵

at thirty-four
still afraid to be alone
with her father⁶

child rips apart
the doll her father gave her
not to tell⁷

Of these I favor the first two, for the way they focus on particular and innocent aspects of childhood—the tooth fairy, the doll with the built-in cry—which assume a specially charged significance in the context of abuse. The third poem is limited to a generalized comment on the subject's state of mind. The fourth presents a violent and powerful image, yet has more the ring of a social worker's case-notes than a poem, to my ear.

I am inclined to say that this poet needs to get more under the skin of his readers, instead of slapping them in the face. But maybe it takes a Dunphy or a Mountain to reach one audience, one kind of reader, and a Montgomery or Curtis to touch another. If this is the case, we can simply be grateful for such diverse approaches to an important subject.



(Submissions and recommendations for this column can be sent to: Dee Evetts, 102 Forsyth Street #18, New York, NY 10002. Please state whether previously published, giving details.)

1. Modern Haiku XXIX:2
4. Modern Haiku XXIV:3

2. unpublished
5. Frogpond XVI:1

3. Trans. by William J. Higginson

6. Frogpond XIV:1

7. Frogpond XIV:2

Storm warnings—
a flock of sparrows sweeps
from bush to bush

Marjorie Buettner

gusty breeze
a wiperful
of yellow leaves

Pamela Miller Ness

wind devil . . .
swirling and moaning
in a clapperless bell

Alec Kowalczyk

26

waiting for rain
sirens and tonight's chicken
saturate the air

Diane Tomczak

storm blowing through—
in the moistened rain gauge
a small leaf

Jo Lea Parker

after the earthquake
the light song of a bird

Elizabeth St Jacques

chalk outline
where the body was
last warm night

Jeff Winke

27

park chessboard—
rain caught
in the missing squares

A. C. Missias

end of summer:
on edge in this crack—
watermelon seed

Louise Somers Winder

the evening star
steadies
early twilight

Ronan

the meadow pond—
on the moon's image
goose shadows

Elizabeth Howard

Mallards
seeking sanctuary
fog-hidden lake

Richard Balus

Over fallow fields
in the slant of autumn light—
a pheasant's long glide

Robert Major

28

autumn hills
we stop to rest
the path on and on

Robert Gibson

small brown deer
hidden among the tree trunks
just as still

wanda d. cook

she leaves the crowd
to watch
departing geese

Melissa Scanlon

Mushroom gathering
suddenly alone
in the end

Marissa Kleinman

29

wishbone cloud:
the mile-long honking
of wild geese

Fred Gasser

even more silver,
the leaves of the last thistle
edged with early frost

Linda Porter

last clematis leaves
still holding on
to the broom

Maurice Tasnier

the final prayers—
last night's frost
drips from gravestones

Matt Morden

Evening still; by her grave
hearing the minister
close the hymnal

Rebecca Lilly

five black crows
in the widow's backyard—
wind chill

Darold D. Braida

30

overcast
a pallet of sod
dirt side up

Jeff Witkin

without her . . .
in the darkened hallway
a cricket

George Skane

After Halloween—
old man
with a hangover
Lewis Sanders

scarecrow's tattered flannel tangled

Thomas Williams

31

Lighter than the crow
the crow's shadow

Tom Tico

folding the flag
at the village square
gray morning
Yu Chang

visiting his grave
yesterday's rose
withered

Carrie Etter

The Practical Poet: Tracking Your Poetry Submissions

Michael Dylan Welch

The words “practical” and “poet” are words that most people seldom put together in the same sentence. Nevertheless, as soon as a poet begins to take his or her craft seriously, and wishes to send poems out for publication, he or she must become a practical poet. This means keeping track of finished poems, where and when they’re sent out for publication, and where and when they’re published. Here’s how I do it with haiku. I hope these ideas help you become a more practical poet.

For better or worse, my haiku begin in my head—I usually work them out before I write them on paper. Then I jot them down, along with the date and place of composition, in a pocket-sized spiral notebook I often carry with me. I have a loose rule for myself not to publish poems from any notebook until I finish the notebook, which usually takes at least a year. This enables me to pick poems with a fresh perspective after time has passed. Sometime after I finish a notebook, I spend a few hours re-reading all the poems, marking the ones I feel are worth publishing. As I go, I sometimes make minor corrections. (And now and then I scratch my head at some poems, wondering what I must have been thinking!) Then I gather a small stack of 4 by 6-inch index cards and take another pass at my notebook, choosing which ones I think might be worthy of publication. Then I write out each potentially publishable poem at the top of a card. I use pen to write the poem, so it stands out, and underneath, in pencil, I write when and where I wrote the poem.

At this point I have a stack of polished poems but nowhere to send them. So my next task is to think about the various outlets for haiku. Newcomers to haiku will want to review Charles Trumbull’s excellent list of haiku journals, included with the Summer 1998 (Vol. XIII, No. 3) issue of the *Haiku Society of America Newsletter*. To order a copy, send large self-addressed, stamped envelope (SASE) to Charles

Trumbull at 1102 Dempster Street, Evanston, IL 60202-1211. This list may seem overwhelming to the newcomer to haiku, but it's a comprehensive overview of today's English-language haiku publications. With this list as your guide, or with the help of *Poet's Market* (published annually by Writer's Digest Books), you'll have no trouble finding places to send your haiku. These resources also give subscription information and guidelines on poetry each journal prefers to receive. If you order a few sample copies, or subscribe to some of the more prominent journals, and read them carefully, you'll soon start sensing what poems to send where.

Over the years I've become familiar with practically all of the haiku journals. To keep myself from sending a poem to the same journal twice, I discovered years ago how important it is to keep good records. Once I decide where I want to send a particular poem, I write that journal's name in pencil on the card. I soon assign a number of poems to a particular journal (and do my best to be sensitive to the journal's submission requirements), and then I type them up, with my name and address on each sheet, and mail them, with a SASE, to the journal's editor. In some cases I use e-mail to submit poems, and my card file system works just as well for e-mail submissions. I then write each poem's date of submission next to the journal's name on each card.

The more poems you write, the more cards you'll produce. Keeping track of all the cards is a challenge, too. I use a set of card file boxes for different purposes. I have two boxes containing cards of unpublished poems (and blank cards). When I send out a batch of submissions, I move that group of cards to another card file box for poems that are "Under Consideration." A set of poems are kept together, usually with a tabbed index card marked with the journal's name (you can buy blank tabbed cards and write the names of favorite journals on them). These cards sit in this box till an editor replies—sometimes in a week, sometimes in a month, sometimes a year later.

When an editor replies (and we all enjoy the delight of having a poem accepted for publication), I pull out the set of cards sent to that journal and mark if a poem is returned or accepted, along with the date. If the poem is accepted, I record the issue number when the poem will appear (if I know). Then that card goes into another card file box for

“Accepted” poems that haven’t yet been published. And here they sit until publication—sometimes a month, sometimes more than a year.

Poems that are not accepted go into another card file box—for poems that have lost their virginity, so to speak. I usually send a selection of these poems out to another market, and then perhaps another—if I still believe in them. I also revise some of these poems at this time. If a poem keeps getting rejected, though, perhaps it needs to be retired (and I have a box for “Retired” poems too—ones that never got published, thank goodness.) However, a poem can be rejected and still be good. Be your own editor and keep sending out a poem if you are still confident in it. Most editors would prefer not to see the same poem again, so be sure to send it to a new place each time (and avoid sending the same poem to more than one place at a time—most editors dislike this practice, which is known as making “simultaneous submissions”). As you send poems out for publication, the best poems will tend to rise to the top and will be accepted. And the weaker poems will tend to be returned. This is a good thing, because it represents you better, and can teach you which poems are better haiku. The same process also works for haiku contests or other types of submissions. On my cards, I mark the contest name and the date I submitted the poem. When I receive the results, I mark on the cards if any of the poems won anything and where it might be published. If there’s prize money (or if I’m paid for an acceptance), I write down the amount received. Then these cards make it to my “Accepted” card file box too.

34 When a journal I’m published in arrives, I pull out the corresponding cards from my “Accepted” card file, and mark that the poems were published, including all the bibliographical details. For journals, I include volume number, issue number, month/season, year, and page number; for books, I include the book name, publisher, place of publication, the copyright year, and the page number where the poem appears. With this information stored on the card, I never have to scour through old journals for publication details, should I need this information (and the more you publish, the more likely you’ll need to know and supply this data when your poems are reprinted or anthologized later).

Another item I keep track of when a journal arrives is typos. I check immediately to see that the poem is published correctly. If not, I make a note on the card of how it was published. On the rare occasion that a poem isn't quite right, I might write to the editor. The editor may choose to print a correction, in which case I note those details on the card also. Typos will happen, though, and eventually one will happen to you. Many are not worth correcting in print, but it is at least worth making notes in your records if a poem is printed incorrectly.

Once a poem is published, the card listing that poem migrates to my "Published" card file boxes. Here the poems are arranged alphabetically so I can find them most easily. If a published poem is accepted for a book or anthology, it goes through the cycle again, waiting in the right boxes until republication, with new submission/acceptance information added to the card. Some of my favorite poems have been published a dozen times in various places (I've filled up the back of the card and started a second card with extended publication information for a few poems). On the other hand, a few favorite poems have been rejected seven or eight times and remain unpublished.

Other poets may have different systems for keeping track of poems, and they are all likely to work well. If my system were computerized, I could find specific poems much more easily in a database (that would be really helpful now and then), and I wouldn't have to continually retype them each time I sent them out. But I often don't want to turn on my computer just to make a simple note that a poem was accepted; I find the old-fashioned card system to be handier. Plus, if I'm trying to arrange poems in a sequence, I much prefer shuffling cards around than cutting and pasting on a computer. At some point, I'm sure I'll make a database of my haiku and their submission/publication history. But for now, I keep track on inexpensive index cards. You may have another perfectly workable system, and I'd be interested in hearing about it. However the task is done, it's a necessary one for the practical poet.

wet autumn morning
I linger in the shower
with tangerine soap

Lori LaLiberte-Carey

incessant rain;
humming to the drum
of his fingers

Gloria Procsal

Saturday downpour—
swiveling the stool
at the soda counter

H. F. Noyes

Above the inlet
a banking tower reflects
an empty sky

Edward Zuk

in the water . . .
a heron
more still than its reflection

Veronica Haughey

making way
for a pregnant woman
on the fallen leaves path

Sosuke Kanda

slowly slowly
November sunlight
ages the rocks

Stephen Addiss

37

In Rome every
where you go oratory
and the full moon

Ban'ya Natsuishi

gossiping with the neighbors
across the fence
the moon between us

Carolyn Rohrig

indian summer—
playing tag with the children
out on the yard

Matt Morden

Neon lights
a little intoxicated, looking up
at the winter moon

Sosuke Kanda

toyshop window
the glass eyes of a doll
reflecting snowflakes

Patricia Neubauer

Walking by
I am suddenly overcome
By empty house

Ed Baker

pale winter sun—
a red koi glimmers
in the water

Naomi Y. Brown

long winter sunset
the birds and I hurry home
in deepening cold

Doris Heitmeyer

hearth warmed
the firewood hatches
a beetle

Tom Painting

winter evening . . .
in grandmother's crazy quilt
my old yellow dress

Anne Homan

39

wooden butterflies
curl from the sharpener
cold night revisings

Michael Fessler

winter light—
dipping my brush
in Chinese ink

Jeanne Emrich

winter solstice—
the comforting hug
of new slippers

Fred Gasser

December morning—
all the silver bells
silent now

Lewis Sanders

winter chill
the garden hose ends
in a puddle of ice

John S. O'Connor

first snow
my neighbor
drags one foot

John Stevenson

finding a way
through deep snow
the mole

Elizabeth St Jacques

An ice-storm outside.
Holding my child in my arms,
I can fall asleep.

Horst Ludwig

words
between them
frosty morning
eric l. houck jr.

cold night
I watch my breath
fill with stars
Rob Krevitz

4 ||

Casting stones
Into the ocean—
Empty winter sky.
Stanford M. Forrester

cold sky
the staggered lights
of airplanes
Paul M.

the man next to me
smelling of disinfectant
end of the old year
Jerry Ball

the scarecrow
eases back into place—
the long night

Melissa Scanlon

winter dawn—
leaning into
the mare's warm flank

A. C. Missias

from the crate
a new persimmon—
winter sun

Dimitar Anakiev

in the silence
after snow
a wren's faint chirp

Rich Krivcher

potatoes
forgotten in the bin
eyes popping

Evelyn H. Hermann

crack
in bamboo vase—
perfect drops
Robert Henry Poulin

lengthening shadows—
snow fills each hole
left by a woodpecker
Jeanne Emrich

43

snow on ice
elongated tracks where
the running rabbits slip
Gene Doty

slipping on ice
to reach the mailbox
. . . flower catalog
Teresa Volz

wild prairie crocus
muddy boots
on the car floor
Melissa Dixon

senryū

1) A Japanese poem structurally similar to the Japanese haiku but primarily concerned with human nature; often humorous or satiric.

2) A foreign adaptation of 1.

the telephone rings . . .
beads of water
join on the shower rail

Michael Dylan Welch

answering machine
an old friend's voice so welcome
I play it again

Yvonne Hardenbrook

45

class reunion
the ex-football team captain's date
handsome in his tux

John J. Dunphy

years later
your scent
on a stranger

Molly Magner

after your visit
deciding
what to throw away

Caroline Gourlay

driving through
a small-town mainstreet
into darkness

Marianne Bluger

my daughter's eyes
when I refuse
the beggar

Carlos Colòn

the taste of match
in the first drag—
family revisited

Philip Rowland

46

the wrinkled shirt
and
her character

Paula Faber

great grandma
reminisces about
her grandmother

Kam Holifield

in the car
with the pro-life sticker
the tops of five heads

Jeff Witkin

her training bra
with nothing to train:
bra in training

Jeff Winke

47

3 a.m.
the airport conveyor turning
one battered green valise

Marianne Bluger

overnight
in an unfamiliar city
slug in a vending machine

M. Kettner

taxicab bluesman
missing all the potholes on
the dawn empty street

Deborah A. Bennett

dating again
my sister opens the fridge
then closes it

George Swede

watching
him
and the movie

Jessica Widmyer

kissing him—
the oranges
he ate for lunch

Sarah Walker

finding the cup
for a saucer
I gave away
Ellen Compton

at a loss
for words;
the refrigerator
shuts off

D. R. Spurgeon

Dining where
Cassiopeia hangs
over the Bud lite sign
joan payne kincaid

digging in front
of the love hotel
a pink bulldozer
Mykel Board

49

the ballet
of her arms
against the pillow
Stephen Addiss

Bride and groom
saying the same thing—
the flower girl yawns
Carl Mayfield

one by one
we rev our engines
leaving traffic school
Rich Krivcher

upside down
at the crash site
a toy truck

Ernest J. Berry

everyday
passing the same woman
near the graveyard

Holly Harrington

outside
the cemetery gates—
bin for used clothing

Cyril Childs

50

by the faded name
of the war veteran
a new flag

Joyce Austin Gilbert

it lingers—
politician's handshake
for picture taking

Zinovy Vayman

Yes, the cantor
sings christmas songs,
but in a minor key

Cleburne Quinn

starry night:
she squeezes in between
husband and ex

Dee Evetts

511

though grandma
sleeps
she hugs me close

Elizabeth R. Kraus

through the fabric store . . .
touching each print's
texture

Nancy Stewart Smith

after coming down
looking up
at the mountain

Meg Dennard

optometrist visit
the receptionist wears
a see-through blouse

Anthony J. Pupello

dermatologist's office
on the bare white walls
a diagram of acne

Robert Epstein

Dentist's waiting room—
young father reads bunny tales
to a squirmy son

Don L. Holroyd

After the operation
the first color she sees
is red

David Smason

the sick bed
her tears running down
his cheeks

Adelaide McLeod

a big check
my handwriting
looks childish

John Stevenson

at the bingo hall
the senior marking
time

Anthony J. Pupello

53

hard of hearing/moss on the window sill

M. Kettner

new bifocals
the carpenter swears
under his breath

Emily Romano

newsreader
waiting for his cue
mouth wide open

Jeanette Stace

linked

forms

morning sun—
all the patio tables
shining with new rain

church bells
church bells

Paul O. Williams
Michael Dylan Welch

Harvest Moon

past the horizon
and under the harvest moon. . .
Home

airmail from Tokyo
waits for my return

alone together
Coltraine softly playing
“my favorite things”

opening a black umbrella
she becomes
Mary Poppins

just the right prize
in the Crackerjack box

left for a goblin
mooncake
with lotus seed paste

*Marc Thompson
Fay Aoyagi*

Blue Shell

first day of school
he disappears into
his hooded sweatshirt

letting go a bass
too small to keep

57

rain drops
from scalloped canopy
to cassock

last one left—
the elevator
hums along

framed in glass now
his brother's flute

bits of blue shell
tucked within the nest's
wider embrace

*Joann Klontz
Laura Young*

Friday the 31st

moving day:
inside an empty box
the smell of rice cakes *rk*

down the musty hall
spaces where pictures hung *gg*

luring our cat
into the open van—
tuna sandwich *jt*

bare closet
a whiff of aged leather *rk*

autumn wind—
left on the kitchen counter
incense ashes *gg*

the landlord's beer breathed grunt
as I hand him the keys *jt*

rk — Rick Krivcher
gg — Garry Gay
jt — John Thompson

The Tale of the Shadow

first light—
a falling maple leaf
lands on its shadow

a startled carp—
cloud of mud
in my shadow

almost hidden
in the scarecrow's shadow—
a crow

returning an umbrella—
stepping into a puddle
hidden by my shadow

winding path—
from a crooked tree
a straight shadow

autumn dusk—
the lengthening shadow
of an injured crane

Hush

crescent moon
fingernail clippings
in a glass bowl

bite marks darken the flesh
of an Anjou pear

drawing customers
with those red lips, porcelain skin
store mannequin

left behind
in the confessional
scent of her perfume

60 hushed whispers at twilight
pierced by the whip-poor-will's call

cloudburst—
hailstones lodge in the folds
of a camellia

*Margaret Chula
Cherie Hunter Day*

remaining snow

remaining snow
...the red squirrel's tunnel
roofless

*crocus buds
where the elm branch rests*

gusty wind
the child and her kite
against the sky

*on a thin wire
the paper angel vibrates*

calculus class
—figuring when earth's shadow
will halo the moon

*the brilliance of Hale-Bopp
at sundown*

*radiation ripples
above the pond—
sound of the hummingbird*

not to frighten the fireflies
she whispers

*chiaroscuro.
wild turkeys
walk the golf course*

sketching the lighthouse
because it's there

*on the saltmarsh
broken sea shells
leave with the tide*

two sets of footprints
one sand castle

argument—
how to decorate
the nursery

returning home
Minnie Mouse in her arms

street dance
—loudspeaker rhythm rises
with the moon

for his birthday
lily of the valley and cognac

suddenly
with the smell of new mown hay
someone else somewhere else

in from the field
horses carry the yellow sky

at every station
remembrances of things past—
young boys play soccer

physics lab demo
on momentum

that nimbus cloud
passing over. . .
President's speech on race

this tattered copy
of "Little Black Sambo"

out of exile
the gray hairs of a nest
under the eaves

at last enough rain
to end the dry spell

only a few beans growing
...the theology
of weeds

*after the downpour
spider mends his universe*

all that racket
—only a big frog
in a small puddle

*nowhere for the
diving beetle to feed*

on the pantry shelf
an old glass pie plate—
in three pieces

*poison sumac rashes
after apple picking*

*solitary Sojourner
tracks dust. . .
its robotic arms*

just me and the night
and a million crickets

*by the campfires
near the church the gypsies
sing till dawn*

you already so far away
that wide-eyed moment

*wind rattles the leaves. . .
in the reflecting pool
the rainbow comes and goes*

to hold on to the notes
of the nameless bird

Carol Purington
Raffael de Gruttola

The Piave River

New paths, more benches, a children's playground. Tall liquid ambers. But the Piave is the same. From the bank its body is a giant snake soaking up the sun. Lazy, somnolent. I think of it as a god of changing moods. Of secrets. I try to understand its powerful grip.

a dragonfly
the lightness of its touch
on my knee

A cousin drowned in the Piave when I was a child. An uncle won a boating race. Photos of the two young men on my grandparents' mantelpiece. Their eyes wanting to convey something. The attraction and danger of water.

blackbirds
on a willow branch
sail past

Nice girls don't loiter on the banks after sunset, they used to warn me. The area was reclaimed by smugglers and prostitutes. I no longer worry about loss of reputation either before or after sunset.

The Piave is the same. Jade coloured, velvety.

daydreaming
in the river's depths
I chase clouds

On Sundays, mothers push prams along shady trails, girls hunt butterflies, picnickers spread bright cloths. A guide will take you for a cruise. I know the history of the place. Foot soldiers led attacks to defend women and children from invading armies. The Piave stained with blood. Folk songs recall bravery and sacrifices.

With the onset of autumn the river's smell is stronger. I find it in my grandparents' home. In their cellar, wood panelling, spiral staircase. In the backyard.

the well's water level
rising
a gull's cry

Down town work is in progress to stem the overflow. Soon some roads will be closed to traffic. The sky's turning charcoal grey. Taste of raindrops on my lips. I'm still here, unable to leave the river.

65

softness of fallen leaves
I walk barefooted
to the edge

—Carla Sari

Pantry Shelf

Pottery shops were a weakness of yours. When we came upon one your eyes would lock on it. You'd glance at me with the words, sometimes unspoken: "Do we have time? - Yes, let's have a look." Usually, not looking for anything in particular - just the delight of seeing, touching and holding useful things crafted with care. When you just had to buy, we went for coffee mugs - you can never have too many! And so we had a shelf of them in our pantry - most were 'yours' and a few were 'mine'.

six weeks after -
her coffee mugs
at the back of the shelf

—Cyril Childs

Horæ Canonicae

First dawn of the millenium's final year and over to my Cambodian friend Jason's *All Star Coffee Shop* at Hyde and California; a chapbook tucked under my arm. Pitch-dark when I enter . . . then Jason touches a switch and blue and yellow neon stars begin to burn in the window. And, while walking home . . .

new year's morning
finding a penny face-up
on the sidewalk

66 Omens . . . and rereading Bob Gray's *Wolf Walk* after toasting a couple of frozen waffles and spreading them with a fine red currant Austrian fruit preserve that brings back the taste of blackberries gathered on a walk above an abbey in Switzerland . . . a Jazz drummer from Marseilles who has had some sort of spiritual awakening and opts for foot-passage to Jerusalem . . . sad and confused Nam vet from L.A. who wanders around Europe trying to regain his sanity . . . displaced Nam Cistercian monk whose constant and innocent giggles surround us like incense. Sunday and none of us are expected to wash monastery windows or dig monastery carrots and moving back from a cliff-edge we enter a cool forest and pass into a clearing where sunlight and blackberries are abundant . . .

brambles tremble
as berries are picked—
bells toll the noon hour

Flipping a page I find myself in a place called *Cabo do May* . . . another flip and back behind-the-stick in a *Jazzhaus* joint, or, what-the-hell-was-the-name-of-the-place at the end of a long passageway off Rush Street

in Chicago . . . crowded bar where three drunken veterans gather to mark each-and-every passing year on our birthday-in-common . . . spotlight on a red-haired highly-talented bird with the *Lush Life* theme song and never making the big time . . . smell of stale beer and the recollection of sunny clearing near an abbey founded *Anno Domani* 1133 . . . and in thick cigarette smoke swirl sacred and profane moments of an ending millenium . . .

dice cups hitting
the bar's polished surface
midnight

67

—Jerry Kilbride

The Winter Hour

The clarity of the winter night as she bundles our newborn—a second feeding. She has just hobbled over to the darkened corner, her bare back softly brightening, the chill air there, and blue shadows snow across the now-opened sheets, a mirror for the window.

Turning from the crib—
one breast pointed
with mother's milk

—Norman St. Francis

Slowed Down

Theater tickets in tow, I wait in a friend's parlor while she is getting ready upstairs. While waiting, I'm bemused by her son's latest acquisition:

glass tabletop—
the boy's pet snail
spreads its mucilage

The snail's single foot moves slowly along, while a grandfather clock ticks away the minutes.

My friend finally makes an appearance, and we head for the street. It's a clear evening, with a pale moon overhead.

the door clicks shut.
a snail's silver trail
gleams in the moonlight

—*Emily Romano*

Fall Plant Sale

68 Mary and I had missed the festivities at the Herb Farm. Children's games, drawings, and garlic braiding were over when we arrived at the fall sale, where certain annuals were given away free. We carried a sprawling nasturtium around but left it behind when we realized it would not grow year-round as in California. Wilted-looking fellows in high-tech t-shirts and shorts had come for the ride. They were patient and carried what the women chose. I heard several of the ladies read aloud respectfully the names of plants our mothers understood: horehound, feverfew, meadowsweet. Many plants were displayed

under the blazing sun against black ground cloth. Just as the signs said, they looked “seventy percent off.” I withdrew to the sideline, found a bench in the shade, and guarded our selections.

Someone pointed,
“a statue under the maple.”
They stared. I posed.

—*Winifred Jaeger*

The Laundry Pile

69

morning sunshine
on the laundry pile
her faded towel

I remember my Mother sitting on the floor by a large pile of laundry, crying, I don't know when it was or why she was crying. But I remember the grief in her sobs.

Years after her death, I wish I could share my understanding with her, my appreciation. I think of her raising three children for more than 15 years as a single parent. And her Mother raising three children. And so many women before them. Giving birth, finding joy in their children, struggling to raise them, suffering losses in their lives. Each going through endless daily routines of cooking, cleaning. And their lives are forgotten. Until one of us has a child, a moment of joy, a moment of sadness, and remembers that it has been the same many times before.

bath time
my son's clothes
still warm

—*Lori Laliberte-Carey*

essays

The Dark Side of Kali

In Hindu mythology Kali is God in the aspect of the Divine Mother. She is the primal energy manifesting through the whole of creation. She sports not only through sweetness and light, but also through darkness and terror. Like yin and yang, she represents the totality of being in the relative world.

Haiku, for the most part, celebrates the positive aspects of her manifestation. But every now and then it represents her dark side. Like all haiku, these poems are affirmations; and in some strange way they're satisfying. Perhaps it's because they too are visions of the truth.

7 ||

1

The amusement park—
strangely shaped moons are setting
at the mirror house

Warren F. O'Rourke

We've all looked into those mirrors that make us incredibly fat or amazingly thin, and we laugh at the distortions. But here the poet sees a whole array of strangely shaped moons running throughout a panel of mirrors. And the view is unsettling and in a way, nightmarish. He thinks of all the damage we have done to the environment and of the consequences that are yet to come. He hopes that the lunacy of our actions can be remedied before it's too late.

2

party in full swing
on the wall
Munch's "The Scream"

Donald Beringer

The poet has heard the idea—perhaps in a psychology class—that beneath the gaiety of our social life there often resides a latent desperation and a thinly veiled hysteria. But he has always been skeptical of the idea,

thinking it a little too pat. But now as this wild party reaches its crescendo and he spies Munch's picture on the wall, he knows, beyond the shadow of a doubt, the undeniable truth of that idea.

3

Faces like wet leaves
glued to asylum windows
watch the brewing storm.

Cornelia P. Draves

When we read this poem we probably don't imagine that *our* faces might be glued to the asylum windows like wet leaves. But madness is a possibility for all of us, and so is the living death that ensues.

This haiku is a masterful painting and has a hallucinatory vividness that is truly startling. In its bleak and surreal power it seems a vision that could have originated in the mind of one of the inmates.

4

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

Christina Smith Krause

72 Not everyone blends easily with the society in which they live, and not everyone wants to be a part of it. Some people are just naturally reclusive, and maybe this woman is one of them. Moreover, after long years of living by herself, she might very well be eccentric. But that doesn't make her crazy, even if the neighbors see her in that light. The poem suggests the fear and intolerance that people often have toward others who are different from themselves.

5

her husband's illness—
hiding the key
to his gun cabinet

Marie Forsyth

Her husband has a terminal illness which is accompanied by spurts of severe pain. Her religious beliefs (and he shares them) tell her that suicide is a grievous sin. But nevertheless she's afraid that he might, in complete desperation, resort to that. So she hides the key to the gun cabinet.

6

painting more blue
into the delphinium
the widow

Elizabeth St Jacques

The grief that the widow feels is intertwined with loneliness. For more than half her life her husband has been with her, first as an ardent lover and later as a most caring companion. Whenever she was emotionally distressed she could turn to him—and he was always there for her. But now, she has to find other avenues of emotional expression. So in the quiet of her garden she paints the color of her grief.

73

7

mass grave:
a woman's hand caged
in her child's ribs

Viola Provenzano

In life, in death, and even beyond death, a mother clings to her child. Perhaps she had the desperate hope that if she could just hold on to her child she would somehow be able to protect him. The horrific nature of the Holocaust could not be more vividly shown than in this ghastly and yet touching picture of maternal love.

8

Dead bodies arrive;
the soldier on duty
continues eating . . .

Ty Hadman

In *Word of Honor*, his novel of the Vietnam war, Nelson DeMille says: "To say that war brutalized men was like saying

that famine made people hungry.” And it’s easy to see how his words apply to this haiku. But the callousness of the soldier on duty is certainly understandable. For he must harden his heart to the horror in order to survive.

9

toy soldiers:
how quietly they lie
in their box

Edward J. Rielly

I imagine a father who, many years ago, gave a box of soldiers to his small son. He was delighted to see how enthusiastically his son played with those little soldiers; and the longevity of his interest in them. Even after he had stopped playing with them, he kept the soldiers, and eventually they became a memento of his childhood . . . And then a war came, Vietnam, and his son went—and was killed.

And now, the father gazes at the toy soldiers, lying so quietly in their box. And he’s full of remorse that he ever gave that gift to his son.

10

faded from the light
I move my dead son’s photo
farther in the shade

Lequita Vance

74 We expect our children to outlive us and we certainly hope that they do. But when a child does die first it often causes the parent (or parents) unspeakable grief. This grief can last for many years but usually the parent *does* get over it. As P. D. James writes in *Innocent Blood*: “What was so terrible about grief was not grief itself, but that one got over it.”

—Tom Tico

1. *American Haiku* I:2, 1963.
3. *American Haiku* II: 2, 1964.
5. *frogpond* XIII:4, 1990.
7. *Modern Haiku* XIV:3, 1983.
9. *frogpond* XVI:2, 1993.

2. *frogpond* XIV:1, 1991.
4. *frogpond* XIX:1, 1996.
6. *frogpond* XIV:1, 1991.
8. *Dong Ha Haiku* (Smythe-Waithe Press, Kentfield CA 1982).
10. *frogpond* XIV:1, 1991.

Favorite Haiku

crossing the rope bridge
to greet
the wobbly foal

at the waterfall
moonlight flutters
down the stallion's mane

75

Matthew Louvière

For intuitive juxtaposition, with inner comparison, these haiku are extraordinary—overbrimming with poignant sensory immediacy. The work of a man who is one with the vibrations of living experience. The wobbly foal awaiting the rope bridge crossing really turns our world upside down. It clears our minds as thoroughly as a koan can do. And that “flutter” of moonlight somehow frees us to envision and to feel “beyond our depth.” A haiku moment that extends toward infinity.

—*H. F. Noyes*

books

&

review

In That Glimpse

Walsh, Phyllis *To Find a Rainbow* (Hummingbird Press 1997) 40 pages, saddle-stapled softbound, 4.5" x 6.0", no price. Available from the author at PO Box 96, Richland Center WI 53581.

To Find a Rainbow is a beautifully designed collection of haiku by Phyllis Walsh (illustrated by David Kopitzke). In the dedication written to the author's grandmother, Walsh speaks of the importance of keeping our dreams and goals alive, even if they seem unattainable. The title of this collection, therefore, is an appropriate and enlivening symbol which urges and inspires each of us to "find a rainbow."

In *Poetry and Experience*, Archibald Macleish's discussion of the "power of coupled images" in poetry enables us to see the world in a new and different light; this enlightened perspective "includes the near things as well as the far and includes them all at the same time and in the same scene." It is this perspective in Phyllis Walsh's haiku which moves the reader to a more intimate relationship with the surrounding world; it is this "perspective" in her haiku which, as Macleish succinctly states, "puts everything in place. The universal analogy is never seen but in perspective—in that glimpse."

To Find a Rainbow begins with a fine example of a coupled image which enables us to glimpse that intimate connection with nature: "waking breaths / fall into the rhythm / a dove's notes." Walsh has a talent for reaching into nature and pulling out and up those serendipitous moments which unexpectedly teach us how to live: "in darkest cellar / dormant tubers / remember" and "dew-weighted / poppy buds lighten / with sunrise" also, "awakened / before birdsong / wild plum blossoming."

Walsh's acute observations of nature transcend the mundane to touch the sublime; here is a fuller sampling of her haiku:

morning glory
tendrils reach to climb—
a bluejay feather

under dying elms
in the thick of cowled morels
jack-in-the-pulpit

aglow with frost
plumes of pampas grass point
toward the day moon

its voice. . .
a fledgling hummingbird finds
the hibiscus' depth

Just so, Phyllis Walsh's "voice" in these beautifully crafted haiku moments finds the reader's heartfelt-depth and inspires us to, in that glimpse, look again:

Icy April night
my ah-breath rising
toward the comet

—*Marjorie Buettner*

Beneath Cherry Blossoms

Absence of Cows, Spring Street Haiku Group, 1998, paper, 24 pp. \$3.00 ppd. from Dee Evetts, 102 Forsyth Street #18, New York, NY 10002.

Beneath Cherry Blossoms, edited and with a foreword by Kay F. Anderson, 1997, paper, 28 unnumbered pp. Two Autumns Press, 478 Guerrero Street, San Francisco, CA 94110, no price listed.

The assignment to review these two chapbooks is most welcome and pleasant. This is haiku publishing as it should be—small, yearly anthologies from active haiku circles whose members are clearly attuned to each other and enjoy their collaboration. These two collections, bracketing the country from New York to San Francisco, represent the best of both Coasts.

Absence of Cows comes from the Spring Street Haiku Group of New York City, the seventh annual anthology of members' haiku. No editor is indicated, so apparently this is a collective publishing venture. Poets included are Karen Sohne, Mykel Board, Cor van den Heuvel, Doris Heitmeyer, Carl Patrick, Kam Holifield, Anthony J. Pupello, Pamela Miller Ness, Dee Evetts, Miriam Byrne, and Bruce Detrick—all names that will be pleasantly familiar to Frogpond readers and together provide solid recommendation for the contents of the chapbook. As a small sample, the title poem is Karen's

scenic hillside
my daughter apologizes
for the absence of cows

Beneath Cherry Blossoms recaptures haiku of the four members of the Haiku Poets of Northern California that were read at the eighth annual Two Autumns reading on August 24, 1997, in San Francisco. This

chapbook is the latest installment in a much-respected series. Like those of their Manhattan counterparts, the names of these Bay area poets are familiar and inviting: Fay Aoyagi, Alice Benedict, David Rice, and Laurie Stoelting. The work takes its title from Issa's haiku, "strangers / beneath cherry blossoms / not such strangers," but blossoms recur throughout the book, including this moving example from Fay Aoyagi,

the ambassador
viewing cherry blossoms
one last time

Production values for both books are appropriate their contents. *Beneath Cherry Blossoms* is nicely designed and typeset by Pat Gallagher and published by the HPNC's Two Autumns Press. Printed on cherry-blossom pink paper in burgundy-colored ink, it features large type and 3 haiku per page, or 12 per poet. The book is ably edited by Kay F. Anderson, although I feel her Foreword is mostly unnecessary and curiously unhaiku-like for its length and attempts to interpret the poets and their haiku rather than letting them speak for themselves. The short biographical notes about the authors and statements by them included at the end of the book are helpful, however. *Absence of Cows* has neither a foreword nor authors' notes. Like the preceding volumes in the series, it is printed on lightly textured paper and saddle-stitched in a plain lilac-colored cover. With two exceptions, each poet is given two pages, enough space for three to five haiku.

Both volumes are highly recommended. They are a joy to read and serve as snapshots of what is happening in two of the most vital haiku centers in the country.

—Charles Trumbull

Light and Shadow

Gay, Garry (editor), 1998 Members' Anthology of the Haiku Society of America; 40 pages, 5.5" x 8.5", saddle-stapled. \$7 to Michael Dylan Welch from Press Here, PO Box 4014, Foster City CA 94404.

Editor Garry Gay has had the happy inspiration to dedicate this anthology to "the hard-working editors of *Frogpond*, past and present". The collection of 114 poems that he has assembled makes a fitting tribute indeed. Much though I would enjoy commenting on some of them, I have chosen to use the space to present a larger sampling than would otherwise be possible.

thinning moon
a divorced aunt
uncoils her bun
Fay Aoyagi

journey to the north
the last radio station
beginning to fade
Jerry Ball

impressive name
for a weed
i look again
Ernest J. Berry

spring house cleaning:
behind the davenport
the other Wiseman
Helen E. Dalton

ground fog—
up to my ankles
in moonlight
Jim Kacian

house hunting
a sudden breeze
hints at the pig farm
Joann Klontz

fortuneteller's
cold
finger
McMurtagh

her first haiku—
about making love. . .
silence in the classroom
Edward J. Rielly

spring break:
mother welcomes me home
with a list of chores
Charles Trumbull

nervous whispers. . .
warmth of the place
where the bear lay
Mark Arvid White

There are many more outstanding and delightful poems, generously spaced three or four to a page on cream linen stock, and attractively bound. This collection has a place on every member's bookshelf.

—Dee Evetts

*cur*rent*

Mountain, Marlene and Francine Porad *cur*rent* (Vandina Press, 6944 SE 33rd, Mercer Island WA 1998). 64 pps., 5.5" x 8.5", saddle-stapled paperback. Two paintings (Porad) and a collage (Mountain). \$10 + 1.25 postage from the publisher.

*cur*rent* is an interesting and influential work by two of our more well known female poets. Mountain and Porad have included the definitions and synonyms for 'current.' This adds a dimension of which, unless we picked up the dictionary ourselves, we might otherwise be ignorant. To quote a few meanings: 'presently elapsing'; 'used as a medium of exchange'; 'a flow marked by force or strength'; a 'flow of electric charge: the rate of such flow'. A few synonyms and related words: 'topical'; 'popular'; 'ruling'; 'fashionable'; 'modern'. This speaks better for the work than I can!

Porad has proven herself to be a teacher and mentor to both new and seasoned haiku writers, specifically during her eight-year editorship of *Brussels Sprout*, international haiku journal. She has a background in art and literature and has won a number of prizes. As a result she has been asked to judge many international haiku contests. Mountain has played a different role within the art and literary community. I was about to say she was a "quiet achiever"! But the *voice from the Mountain* has never been louder, stronger and more determined than when she is campaigning for human rights, particularly women's rights.

As stated in Jim Kacian's *An Alphaview*, which utilizes her autobiographical notes, Mountain has been interested in haiku since 1964. She has been one of the earliest and strongest voices for the development of haiku in English. Her desire to produce 'minimal' art and poetry has influenced her development. Whether you love or hate her work (because it does invite an instant love/hate relationship) doesn't matter. She is one of the very few poets who has developed the 'traditional' Japanese haiku (which most of us can only read in translation) into a unique English-language haiku poem. Most of the haiku poets writing in English today merely mirror the English-language translations of Japanese poems, in her opinion and mine.

For many years I have listened to poets quote from the definition of haiku: 'a moment keenly perceived.' One cannot say that the work in *cur*rent* isn't keenly perceived and deeply felt. Picking lines at random: 'wendy talks of buying a gun wearing it using it' "just a torse in the rapist's trunk' 'brother sister and I cling anniversary of mama's death'. These lines from "linked haiku" are not the pretty nature pictures which we might expect from some haiku poets. Nor are they *senryu*. They aren't funny! I believe we can have English-language haiku about human concerns which move us deeply. These lines fulfil most of the criteria for haiku: they are keenly perceived, written in the present tense, are moments in time when something is deeply felt. However we may regard and judge them, they have been declared haiku by their originators.

In his foreword Randy Brooks speaks of the 'exchange' which is foremost in *cur*rent*. He says: "Haiku has always, by its very nature, been an incomplete expression of being... Although haiku may appear to be one of the shortest genres of poetry, it can also be seen as the longest since it assumes an ongoing, never-ending process of linking, of adding currency to the existing haiku." I believe this type of linked haiku is more genuine and beneficial than the artificial art of *renku* which most haiku poets participate in today. Fair enough, *renku* is delightful and even entertaining for the participants, but as a literary form, it is not expected to be a record of true experiences or feelings. It may be argued that *renku* is a 'dead' form. It certainly doesn't live as these exchanges do.

The exchanges brought about by the one-line technique used by the authors (although not unique to them, as other poets have also used it successfully: Anne McKay and Alexis Rotella, and more recently Carla Sari and myself) produce a quickening, an excitement, and by the use of up-to-the-minute subjects, both political and non-political, we can relate to and enjoy the work without limitations.

I predict that one day *cur*rent* will be regarded an important milestone for the development of haiku in English, as important as Mountain's sequences were when published in *The Haiku Anthology* edited by Cor van den Heuvel, over a decade ago.

—Janice M. Bostok

Books Received

Ball, Jerry *Hidden Under the Rug* (self-published 1998). 5.5" x 8.5", 32 pages, saddle-stitch softcover. No price given. Available from the author at 1710 Interlachen #40C, Seal Beach CA 90740.

"Haiku, Senryu, and a Tanka or Two" and also a few gathas which try to make sense of the author's life in Southern California, no mean feat, and fun in the doing.

Gach, Gary *What Book!?* (Parallax Press, Berkeley CA 1998). 4.5" x 8", 250 pages, perfect softcover. ISBN 0-938077-92-9. \$15.

Subtitled "Buddha Poems from Beat to Hiphop," this wide-ranging anthology includes a few haiku, although that is not at all the focus of this enjoyable and interesting journey.

bostok, janice b. *A Splash of Sunlight* (self-published, Australia 1998). ISBN 0-9597523-2-3. 6" x 8", unpaginated, saddle-staple soft-cover. \$5 US from the author at Campbell's Road, Dungay NSW 2484 Australia.

Practically a complete history of Australasian haiku in English over the past 30 years, this modest volume chronicles Bostok's considerable contributions to the form. Highly recommended.

Martone, John *heart wood* (bull thistle press, Jamaica VT 1998). 3.5" x 4.75", unpaginated, hand-sewn binding. No price given. Available from the author at 1818 Philips Place, Charleston IL 61920.

Another in a series of beautifully produced chapbooks by the author, letter-press on exquisite papers with haiku in the poet's distinctive style.

Hotham, Gary *bare feet* (Longhouse, Green River VT 1998). 4.375" x 5.75", saddle-stitched. Unpaginated, no ISBN. \$7.50 + \$3 postage from the publisher at 1604 River Road, Guilford VT 05301.

The latest of the author's many similar chapbooks, written in his inimitable style and containing many recent prize-winners. The book's design sensitively mirrors its understated contents.

O'Donnol, Dion *daily walk: a haiku year* (Wagon & Star Publishers, Long Beach CA (?) 1998). 110 pps., 5.5" x 8.5", spiral-bound soft-cover. No price. Enquire from the author at 5130 Burnett Street, Long Beach CA 90815.
A year's worth of haiku in calendar format, with sufficient space to write one's own poem, or other notations as we might wish; from a long-time practitioner of the form.

Anakiev, Dimitar *enormous frog* (self-published 1998). 6.5" x 9.25", bamboo-spring binding. Haiga and design by Slavoljub Stankovic. No price given. Available from the author at Brunov drevored 19, 5220 Tolmin, Slovenia.
Haiku from a new voice emerging from Slovenia, and charming accompanying haiga from a graphic design artist with whom he has collaborated on other projects, notably the soon-to-be-released Knots, an Anthology of Southeast European Haiku.

Santo, Ikkoku (ed.) *Soul of the Seasons* (Japan 1998). 4.5" x 6.0", 92 pages, hardcover. ¥ 650. Available from the editor at 1-20 Nakakosaka 1-chome, Higashi Osaka-shi, Osaka 577-0804 Japan.

A most unusual anthology of Japanese and English haiku, in both languages, celebrating the seasons in haiku around the world, and commemorating the editor's long association with haiku in these two languages, as well as his 89th birthday.

Sheirer, John (ed.) *Bridge Traffic* (Tiny Poems Press, Enfield CT & Winfred Press, Colrain MA, 1998). 5.25" x 8.5", 96 pages, saddle-stapled softcover. \$10, from Winfred Press, 364 Wilson Hill Road, Colrain MA 01340.
Anthology of 27 poets of the Pioneer Valley in Massachusetts, from the well-known to the newcomer; a pleasing volume which allows each poet's voice to emerge.

Kimmel, Larry *alone tonight* (Winfred Press, Colrain MA 1998). 5.5" x 8.5", 72 pages, perfect softcover. \$10 from the publisher at 364 Wilson Hill Road, Colrain MA 01340.
"Haiku, tanka & other sudden lyrics" from an increasingly well-known voice in the haiku community, showing a range from erotica and intense lyricism to the highly objective.

HSIA

News

1998 HSA Renku Contest

Lackawanna

Martin Luther King Day
rain hits the window
faster than the drum beat

*heads bowed
in a moment of silence*

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the empress
without an heir
watching the kittens play

*bees and their keeper,
used to each other*

*much magnified,
the harvest moon
above the silo*

she curls her hair
for a square dance party

*office romance,
they smile at
their work*

10th message
from an estranged alien

*admitted
with Alzheimer's,
thinks he's in college*

a fortuneteller offers me
weak chamomile tea

carefully avoiding
light from a watchtower
the shadows move

*crows dispute
the topmost branch*

no answer from his mother
the eve of their
commitment ceremony

*pausing on the quay
for one last kiss*

ink drop on rice paper . . .
the shape of
yesterday's moon

*'I Don't Want to
Set the World on Fire'*

*sunset reddens
the steel mills
of Lackawanna*

a union leader
lost his voice

*the scent of
a sprig of lilac
fills the parlor*

not yet awakened
a carousel in the park

1998 Renku Contest Results

Let it be said that judging renku is a precarious undertaking. If the writing process is complicated, so is the process of making comparisons and judgments. We judges would like to express our appreciation for all the works submitted to this year's contest: each had merit, each reflected attempts to respect traditional form, and each had a unique appeal. This year we were happy to receive an increased number of submissions: eighteen. Eight of these were *kasen* (36 tone) renku, five *nijuin* (20 tone) and five *junicho* (12 tone).

Our judging process had several stages. First we both independently spent many, many hours pring over the poems to gain familiarity with them before beginning comparisons. We then jointly agreed upon the criteria we would use to bring some uniformity to the selection process. It was decided to compare the poems in four broad categories: compliance to form, use of language, linking and shifting, and creativity. Initially our scoring was also done independent of one another. These separate assessments established the starting point for comparative analysis and discussion. We then got together to review the results. It was very interesting to us that our final determination was sparked by reading the poems aloud. The elusive magic of sound, variety of voice, and sparks of happenstance combined to bring what we feel to be the most outstanding work to the surface. As we read the works aloud, the poets' skill, imagination, and especially their synergy, became much more apparent. Despite some of the technical flaws we found in every submission,

two renku clearly stood out from the others. Comparison of these two eventually resulted in our agreement on the awards.

In spite of its rather somber beginning, this year's Grand Prize winner, "Lackawanna," has great liveliness of voice, covers the widest range of thought and action, and concludes on a satisfying note of hopefulness and possibility. The poem's sparkling imaginative qualities more than make up for the few repetitions, and the sprightly interaction between the two writers whisked us over the weaker places in composition of stanzas. Both of us were very happy to honor this poem with the Grand Prize.

We were also happy to give an Honorable Mention to "Coast to Coast Renga." The variety of voices (ten poets: Joan Stamm, Bruce Ross, Rick Kuntz, Jeff Witkin, Tom Clausen, Dee Evetts, David Bloch, Zeke Vayman, Jim Kacian, and Nancy Kline) gives it a range, vigor, and momentum that carried us along for the entire thirty-six stanzas without flagging. It is an imaginative and exuberant poem, an excellent example of the kind of synergy that can happen in the process of writing a renku. Though this fanciful poem was unsurpassed in sheer entertainment value, lack of compliance to the traditional form was its Achilles heel, particularly in the areas of image repetition and prescribed sequencing of stanzas with and without seasonal references. We hope this group of poets will continue to write together, capitalizing on the chemistry they have developed, and finding positive ways to introduce the "critic" into their process.

Christopher Herold & Patricia J. Machmiller, Judges

HSA 1997 Merit Book Award Winners Availability Information

Winning selections in the Haiku Society of America's 1997 Merit Book Awards Competition (announced last issue) can be obtained as follows:

Evetts, Dee *endgrain* (Red Moon Press 1997) 64 pages, 5.5" x 8.5" perfect softbound. ISBN 0-9657818-1-X. \$13.00 ppd. from the publisher at P.O. Box 2461, Winchester VA 22604-1661 USA.

Gurga, Lee *In and Out of Fog* (Press Here 1997) 60 pages, 5" x 5" saddle-stitched softbound with dustjacket. ISBN 1-878798-17-0. \$13 ppd. in U.S. \$14.50 elsewhere, from the publisher at P.O. Box 4014, Foster City, CA 94404; payable in U.S. funds to "Michael D. Welch."

Barton, Jeb *Short Distance, Long Journey* (self-published 1997) 64 pages, 5.25" x 7" spring-hinge softbound in presentation case. No ISBN. \$25 ppd. from the author at 17671 Snow Creek Road, Bend OR 98701.

Shiffert, Edith *The Light Comes Slowly* (Katsura Press 1997) 120 pages, 5.25" x 8.5" perfect softbound. ISBN 0-9638551-6-6. \$16.95 ppd. from the publisher at P.O. Box 275, Portland OR 97034.

tripi, vincent *between god and the pine* (self-published 1997) 88 pages, 5.5" x 9" saddle-stitched with dustjacket. Illustrations by Marlina Rinzen. No ISBN. \$15 ppd. from the author at 6445 S. Maple Ave. Apt. 2054, Tempe AZ 85283.

Kato, Koko & David Burleigh, editors *A Hidden Pond* (Kadokawa Shoten 1997) xxx + 254 pages, 5.25" x 7.5" hardbound with dustjacket. No ISBN. No price. From the editors at 1-36-7 Ishidachu Mizuhoku Nagoya Japan.

Ishihara, Yatsuka *Red Fuji: Selected Haiku of Yatsuka Ishihara* (translated by Tadashi Kondo, William J. Higginson and Kristen Deming, From Here Press 1997) 86 pages, 5.5" x 8.5" perfect softbound. ISBN 0-89120-101-7. \$13 ppd. from the publisher at P.O. Box 2740, Santa Fe NM 87504.

Kacian, Jim, editor-in-chief, Jan Bostok, Tom Clausen, Ellen Compton, Dee Evetts, Yvonne Hardenbrook, John Hudak, H. F. Noyes, Francine Porad, Ebba Story and Jeff Witkin, editors *The Red Moon Anthology 1996* (Red Moon Press 1997) 160 pages, 5.5" x 8.25" perfect softbound. ISBN 0-9657818-0-1. \$16.95 ppd. from the publisher at P.O. Box 2461, Winchester VA 22604.

Conti-Entin, Carol, Helen K. Davies, Cherie Hunter Day, D. Claire Gallagher, Marianna Monaco, Ce Rosenow, Ebba Story, and Joan Zimmerman *Beyond Within, A Collection of Rengay* (Sundog Press 1997) 56 pages, 5.5" x 8" perfect softbound. ISBN 0-9659589-0-6. \$10.95 ppd. from the publisher at 17210 Hillcrest Ridge Drive, Chesterfield MO 63005.

Shelley, Pat *Turning My Chair* (Press Here 1997) 64 pages, 7" x 10" perfect softbound. ISBN 1-878798-16-2. \$16 in U.S., \$17.75 elsewhere from the publisher at P.O. Box 4014, Foster City, CA 94404; payable in U.S. funds to "Michael D. Welch."

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Errata

from Frogpond XXI:3

singing lessons
my neighbors
suggest golf
Edith Mize Lewis

postman arrives. . .
in my palm
I weigh the reply
Charlotte DiGregorio

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THE HAIKU SOCIETY OF AMERICA

Annual Financial Report — 1998

Income

Balance	17,324.05	
Membership Dues	20,097.00	
Contest Fees	1,308.00	
Frogpond Samples	298.00	
Haiku Path	169.00	
Einbond Donations	445.00	
San Damiano Retreat	3,390.01	
Museum of Haiku Literature	200.00	
Interest Income	496.79	
Contributions	1,396.61	
HSA Anthology	150.66	
Total Income		45,275.72

Expenses

HSA General Account		
Postage/Telephone	2,833.45	
Copying/Printing	193.17	
Supplies	619.47	
Awards	1,525.00	
Website	140.00	
Tree Planting	250.00	
Honoraria	300.00	
Contest Expenses	175.93	
Japan Society	102.00	
San Damiano Retreat	3,421.93	
Travel	250.00	
Miscellaneous	99.95	
Newsletter Account		
Printing	4,232.64	
Postage	1,313.79	
Frogpond Account		
Printing	10,515.46	
Postage	2,119.65	
Miscellaneous	67.92	
Total Expenses		28,161.34

Balance (6/30/98) 17,114.38

Respectfully submitted
Raffael De Gruttola, Treasurer

Museum of Haiku Literature Award
\$50 for the best haiku or senryu
appearing in the previous issue of FROGPOND
as voted by the HSA Executive Committee

snowflakes glued
to the kindergarten window—
no two alike

Harriet Axelrad





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