

frogpond

frogpond

Frogpond

The Journal of the Haiku
Society of America



Volume XXX Number 1
Winter 2007

ABOUT FROGPOND

Subscription / HSA Membership: \$33 USA, \$30 for seniors and students in North America, \$35 Canada and Mexico, \$45 everywhere else in US dollars by check on a US bank or International Postal Money Order. All subscriptions / memberships are annual, expire on December 31, and include 3 issues of Frogpond. All correspondence regarding new and renewed memberships should be directed to the HSA Secretary (page 96, list of officers). Make checks payable to Haiku Society of America, Inc.

Single copies of back issues: US \$7 USA & Canada, US \$9 overseas. Make checks payable to Haiku Society of America, Inc. Send single copy and back issue orders to the Frogpond Editor (page 96 listing).

Changes of Address and requests for information should be directed to the HSA Secretary.

Editorial material / submissions should be sent (with SASE) to the Frogpond Editor. Book reviews and books for review should be sent to the Book Review Editor. Send all other correspondence to the pertinent officers at their home addresses. Mail sent to the permanent corporate address at the top of page 96 will be subject to delay in forwarding. When a reply is required, a SASE must be enclosed.

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

ISSN 8755-156X

Copyright © 2007 by Haiku Society of America, Inc.

HSA Logo (title page): Stephen Addiss

ABOUT VOLUME THIRTY

THIS MARKS THE THIRTIETH YEAR of publication for the Haiku Society of America's journal, *Frogpond*. Sprinkled throughout this issue is a small sample of poems that appeared in *Frogpond* during the first decade of publication: 1978-1987. The editors during that period were; Lilli Tanzer (1978-1980), Geoffrey O'Brien (1981), Bruce Kennedy (1982-1983), Alexis Rotella (1983-1984), and Elizabeth Searle Lamb (1984-1987).

Such a small sample certainly does not and cannot amount to a "Best of *Frogpond*." That is a project for sometime in the future. At present, these few poems are only meant to remind us that *Frogpond* and the Haiku Society of America have a history.

Here's what to look for:

Frogpond - First Decade

still in the taste
of afternoon tea,
my grandmother's brogue

Jerry Kilbride

Volume X:1 1987

You will find other entries of this type on pages 43, 51, 57, 61, 67, 88, and 91. On page 63, you will find brief reflections on *Frogpond* by Ruth Yarrow and Brent Partridge. Subsequent issues of volume thirty will focus on the second and third decades of publication and will contain both previously published poems and additional reflections. Please consider sharing your reflections by sending them to my attention.

Thank you,
John Stevenson, Editor

*Museum
of Haiku
Literature
Award*

\$100 for the best unpublished work
appearing in the previous issue of
Frogpond as selected by vote of the
H.S.A. Executive Committee

From XXIX:3

distant singing—
the winter stars
almost touch

Ian Daw

haiku

Frogpond XXX:1

first snow . . .

I record

my dream

Robert Mainone

sundown

someone in the bookstore

turns up the lights

Robert Epstein

falling snow

taking the shape of

whatever's below

George Swede

new year's eve

he sops up gravy

with a heel of bread

Carolyn Hall

winter stars

my boy says he sees better

standing on the ground

Marcus Larsson

cold wind
plunges through
the crowd

Yumi Hirate

the spare key
frozen under a stone
January moon

Neil Moylan

snowdrifts . . .
scarves and mittens
piled by the door

Kevin James

winter evening
spreading out my dreams
on a world map

Sosuke Kanda

power outage
the camp stove perking coffee
on the snowy porch

Elizabeth Howard

Frogpond XXX:1

South Philly in spring—
the hoagie shop's signed picture
of Stallone

Barry George

the calf's fur
licked into curls—
woodstove smoke

Lorin Ford

time to go . . .
ice on the puddle
gives in

Natalie Rudychev

a bluebird
with its head turned back—
pale evening sky

Peggy Willis Lyles

sitting on the porch
blowing smoke
into rain

Michael Ketchek

Haiku Society of America

midwatch
dark port and starboard
without and within

Joseph Robello

morning boat
my dreams
in lobster cages

Victor Ortiz

spring morning
sounds
of the milking pail

Marilyn Appl Walker

beneath a heavy sky
in shoes still damp
from yesterday's storm

Tom Tico

curve ball
breaks behind the batter
spring training

Michael Fessler

powder blue song of a robin . . .

Tyler Pruett

old reservoir
sunshine warms
the dressed stone

Hilary Tann

dandelion seed blower
what deep breaths
you take

Patrick Sweeney

cherry blossoms
the weightlifter attempts
a personal best

Chad Lee Robinson

the gardener
admires the blue sky
through pruned branches

Miyako Nakai

to have a small life again to watch snakes mate

Marlene Mountain

skipping stones
a cloud slides off
the pond

William Cullen Jr.

back up flying
a honey bee
blown off course

Susan Marie La Vallee

grass soup
and mudberry pie
dining with my granddaughter

Carolyn M. Hinderliter

clatter of palm fronds
a lemon-slice
moon

Marje A. Dyck

saturday morning—
a time between
the lawnmowers

Marie Summers

leading me
to the walking onions . . .
sunny hairs on her neck

C. Avery

water's edge
she pulls me
into summer

Yu Chang

water striders
I roll my pants
a little higher

Carolyn Hall

long day . . .
salt on the rim
of the holy water font

Karen Cesar

Dissection of the Haiku Tradition: Moon

by Fay Aoyagi

If somebody asks me to choose between the sun and the moon as the place to live, I will choose the moon. In my mind, there are highways with ten lanes on the sun, and the moon has alleys and narrow streets I can explore on foot. For me, the sun is the destination. The moon is a gateway and a peep hole to the world unknown.

As you may know, Japanese *saijiki* categorize the word 'moon' by itself as an autumn *kigo*. You will find many ways to say 'moon' in Japanese *saijiki*. For example, the full moon can be called 'gyokukon' (round soul) or 'sasaraetoko' (small but lovely man – a nickname for the moon).

In Japan, there is a long tradition of admiring a full moon on the fifteenth day of lunar August. Special dishes of taros and sweet dumplings are prepared. Pampas grass is arranged in a vase.

kono tsuki o imachi nemachi to yubi o ori

should this moon be waited for
by sitting or lying down . . . ?
I calculate with my fingers

Sujoyu Takano ⁽¹⁾

Sujoyu Takano (1893-1976) is referring to a belief of ancient times. People imagined that, just before moonrise, three gods would come down to the earth to show a way to the Land of Paradise. Seventeenth-day moon which rises around 7:00 pm is called 'tachimachizuki' (the moon you wait for by standing). I can see my ancestor waiting for the moonrise near his gate after an evening stroll. On eighteenth day, the moon rises about 30 minutes later than the previous day. Without electricity, streets must have been dark by then. People waited in their living rooms or on their verandahs for the moon to rise. A *kigo* for the eighteenth day moon is 'imachizuki' (the moon you wait for by sitting). Next day the moon does not rise before 8 pm. In

their bedrolls, people waited for the nineteenth day moon called 'nemachizuki' (the moon you wait for by lying down).

During the Edo Period (1603~1867), a day was divided into twelve segments and each segment had the name of an animal. Those animals were the same twelve zodiac signs you see in a Chinese calendar. I have to admit that I do not know a kigo like 'inakazuki' in English. A character for 'i' (pronounced as 'i' in 'inside') means 'boar' and 'naka' means 'between.' In the modern world, Hour of Boar is between 9 pm and 11 pm. I translated 'inakazuki,' (the moon rises between 9 pm and 11 pm.) as 'twentieth-night moon' in the haiku below

basu roubu no tora hoeteiru inakazuki

a tiger on his bath robe
howling—
twentieth-night moon

Fay Aoyagi ⁽²⁾

'Inakazuki' is a rather technical term which only exists in the haiku world or in a historical novel. This kigo is fascinating, but today I may need to explain what 'inakazuki' is to a Japanese friend who does not write haiku. A saijiki is a treasure vault of kigo and sample haiku. I heavily rely on saijiki when I write haiku both in Japanese and English.

negaerishi ko wa gekkô ni chikazukinu

turning in sleep
my child is getting closer
to the moonlight

Yasuko Tsushima ⁽³⁾

This is one of my favorite haiku written by Yasuko Tsushima. I may completely misinterpret the meaning, but let me tell you why I am intrigued with this haiku.

A sleeping face is peaceful and beautiful in the moonlight coming through a window. Watching him/her, a poet experi-

ences the happiness which only a mother can enjoy. At the same time, an invisible hand draws the child closer to the world we human beings do not belong to. Something wicked and strong pulls away the cord between mother and child.

My interpretation may be influenced by a legend of Kaguyahime, a story of the Moon Princess. A beautiful baby was found and raised by an elderly couple. Eventually, though, she returned to the moon on the fifteenth night (full moon) of lunar August when she declined to choose a husband.

kangekkô onore no hone mo sukitôru

winter moonlight
my bones, too,
are transparent

Yukiko Itoyama ⁽⁴⁾

Sunlight helps me understand the shape of an object. A moonbeam shows me the inside of it. I like moon-related kigo because I can lead a reader into a labyrinth. I may lose him/her in the maze. But I hope I am showing a way to the deep inner world.

American Indians and colonial Americans had a lot of evocative names for a moon. Lizard Cut Moon (January), Fish Moon (March), Buck Moon (July) and Leaf Fall Moon (October) are among many. Those names are more to describe a month than the moon itself, but they can be interesting kigo.

gesshoku matsu kawa e jyusshi o hirakiite

I wait for a lunar eclipse
with all my ten fingers spread out
to the river

Toru Sudo ⁽⁴⁾

Technically speaking, 'gesshoku' (lunar eclipse) is not a kigo. I found this haiku in the section of 'zô' ('miscellaneous' or 'non-season') in one of my saijiki.

Frogpond XXX:1

In the above haiku, moonlight still shines between the poet's fingers and may shimmer on the river surface. But soon the earth will move between the sun and the moon. Most of the time, we are under the influence of the sun or the moon. Can we be the absolute master of our life for the duration of the lunar eclipse?

itoshimeba ki mo katarikuru haru no tsuki

if I show my tenderness of love
a tree, too, will start talking—
spring moon

Heinosuke Gosho ⁽⁵⁾

Though I respect a long tradition of moon-admiring in the autumn, I am attracted to the moon in the spring. Spring is a budding season. The night air is filled with fragrance of flowers. Animals mate. The moon floats in the mist.

One of my Japanese friends told me that she did not understand how Americans write haiku in English. According to her, Japanese culture, including haiku, is very subtle. She said Japanese is more ambiguous than English; it is a more suitable language to express feelings. Writing in Japanese, a poet can avoid too much explicitness. I am not sure I totally agree with her. I think English haiku can be very suggestive, as well.

summer moon—
shadows with tiny horns
at the monkey bars

Fay Aoyagi ⁽⁶⁾

My friend may say, “Well . . . I can see that it is possible to compose a weird haiku in English. But is this a haiku or a 3-line poem?”

If I write a three-line poem, the above haiku may go like:

*When I was looking for my lost childhood in the summer moonlight,
I saw shadows with tiny horns at the monkey bars.
I might be one of those with horns, here in my adopted land.*

Haiku is a poetry form which requires reading between the lines. I strongly believe that we can achieve subtlety in English.

Next theme will be 'wind.'

- (1) *Haiku Saijiki* edited by Fusei Tomiyasu, Kenkichi Yamamoto et al, Heibonsha, Tokyo, 1971
- (2) *Ten'I* (Ten'I haiku group members' magazine), February 2003 Issue
- (3) *Tsushima Yasuko Shu (Collection of work by Yasuko Tsushima)*, Yu Shorin, Tokyo, 2003
- (4) *Gendai Saijiki (Modern Saijiki)*, edited by Tota Kaneko, Momoko Kuroda, Ban'ya Natsuishi, Seisei Shuppan, Tokyo, 1997
- (5) *Dai Saijiki (Comprehensive Saijiki)* edited by Shuoshi Mizuhara et al, Kodansha, Tokyo, 1982
- (6) *In Borrowed Shoes* by Fay Aoyagi, Blue Willow Press, 2006

All Japanese translation by Fay Aoyagi.



night bugs shine—
and look how many stars
come swimming here

H. F. Noyes

abandoned boat first scent of the sea

Scott Metz

beyond the breakers
I trust my breath
to swell and trough

Mark Hollingsworth

a warm wind
clothes on the line
stroke me

Jorma Loci

the day melts her down into a pool of stars

Scott Metz

through a hole
in the sky
rattlesnake prayers

Jason Sanford Brown

slavic village—
the thump of hailstones
on thatched roofing
an'ya

a mystery
behind the stone wall
but for the one rose

Robert Hecht

the bulge in your calf
reaching to pick
wild blueberries

Jack Barry

the toddler nestles
into my lap
meteor showers

Eve Luckring

Frogpond XXX:1

new school year—
two decades of pennies
in the bubblegum jar

Lenard D. Moore

cloudy water
in the bud vase—
children grown and gone

Alice Frampton

From the A-bombed tree
seeds start to fall
this year also

Yasuhiko Shigemoto

thrum of rain
night sheep
shift in the field

John Barlow

the full moon:
I love a night
that simple

Michael McClintock

September
its breezes still remind me
of new notebooks

Deb Baker

leaves turned gold—
he still knows all the words
to that old love song

Billie Wilson

autumn colors
we paddle closer
to the mountain

Yu Chang

river boulders
exposed
autumn chill

Scott Mason

a light in the boathouse
the long room
for the skulls

Barry George

Frogpond XXX:1

autumn leaves
the trail could run
so many ways

Shelly Chang

Mom's voice on the phone—
time of the year
for a surprise frost

Gary Hotham

autumn rain
the reading lamp
comes back on

Michael Fessler

light wind
a maple armada
leaves the shore

Hilary Tann

hundreds of geese
landing in the dark
autumn deepens

Burnell Lippy

Haiku Society of America

hair cut short—
a few leaves
in the teeth of her rake
Philip Miller

homecoming . . .
I chat with an old classmate
until the last quarter
Lenard D. Moore

leaves on the wind
from time to time I recall
the swirl of her skirt
Greg Piko

end of the day—
just the cold wind
to remember
Adelaide B. Shaw

autumn's rough seas—
lobstermen move their traps
to deeper water
Patricia Neubauer

Frogpond XXX:1

first snow . . .
back under
the covers

Christopher Patchel

winter solstice
the night
to share

Natalia Rudychev

home for Christmas
the golden afterimage
of a camera flash

Alice Frampton

snowy evening
no lights in the house
where there are problems

Marcus Larsson

false spring
the steam rising
from woolen gloves

Stephen Peters

senryu

though late
I stop for it—
the sunset before it dies

Doreen King

trial separation—
I pull harder
on one oar

Jeffrey Stillman

carving the peace sign on thin ice . . .

Dietmar Tauchner

park ranger
questions the backpackers—
glint of the pistol

CarrieAnn Thunell

heat shimmer—
the hitchhiker in the mirror
closer than he appears

Gary Steinberg

art studio
a visitor admires
the window frost

John J. Dunphy

Saturday's paper
pictures of smoke
in Friday's air

Robert P. Moyer

into his camera
another sunset

Helen Buckingham

birdsong
I begin the paragraph
for the third time

Deborah P. Kolodji

Mothra vs. Godzilla
my cell phone's signal fades

Jason Sanford Brown

playground loner:
in her palm
a snowflake ignites

Patrick Sweeney

after anger
angry
for it

Robert Henry Poulin

first-quarter grades —
my son's cello
out of tune

Cherie Hunter Day

his sorted socks
stuffed in the drawer
like angry fists

Audrey G. Olberg

a wallet
near the crash scene
already empty

William M. Ramsey

Whaling Museum
the tiny black eyes
of the krill

Bruce Ross

clearing my plate . . . the sweet taste of solitude

Joan Morse Vistain

tart gooseberries—
the way he eats my cake
off a paper towel

Janelle Barrera

free apples . . .
picking through
my recipes

Connie Donleycott

Another great win
the coach tells us everything
we did wrong

Jesse McGowan

Frogpond XXX:1

old friends talk
each holding
car keys

Tom Clausen

airport security
mother passes through
without looking back

Robert Epstein

her face in sunlight
each wrinkle
necessary

Sean Perkins

memorial service
for a moment I wonder
what to wear

Harriot West

Thoreau gravesite
a stone for his mother
and sister too

Bruce Ross

Haiku Society of America

her stocking
hanging from the bed
limp now

William M. Ramsey

lifting weights
the delicate
line of his jaw

Susan A. Wiley

honeymoon over my suntan peels

Collin Barber

overgrown path
thorns nail
my skirt to my skin

Martina Taeker

polka dots
farther apart
at the hips

Johnette Downing

Frogpond XXX:1

ripples on the lake
plinking
his ukelele

Robbie Gamble

he is the first . . .
bobwhites explode
from tall grass

Ferris Gilli

herbal massage—
I inhale the warm breath
she exhales

Kala Ramesh

cheap motel the time of our lives

Tom Painting

two fishermen
one of them
wants to talk

Deb Koen

echoing
from the Mayan temple walls
ice cream vendor's tune

Ruth Yarrow

“fine custom homes”
coming to the pasture
that held the sheep

Joann Klontz

from the air
Ohio as I remember it
endless clouds

Kirsty Karkow

the infant's sigh
withdrawing
from the nipple

C. Avery

daylight ended hours ago—
one more page
to the investigation

Gary Hotham

Frogpond XXX:1

through dreamlike clouds
the suburbs
from a plane

Paul Pfleuger Jr.

in my new office
closer to the sky
and alien life forms

George Swede

my reflection
paying so much attention
to me

Dorothy McLaughlin

in our doorway
a man reads to me
a bible passage

Tom Clausen

rape victim
they keep forcing me
to say "survivor"

Hortensia Anderson

attachment is
the root of all suffering . . .
his clinging pants

Marc Thompson

the dog —
i wish i could be that happy
just being let in

Ronald Baatz

end of the parade —
the marching band falls apart
into boys

Daniel Liebert

tax return
a little sunshine
after rain

Amitava Dasgupta

kicking a pebble
down the sidewalk —
homework overdue

Sari Grandstaff

Frogpond XXX:1

premature summer
loose chain on
the fire hydrant

Carlos Colón

ticket line
snaking again
toward the window

Robert Brimm

aerial photograph . . .
my house
with its skylight

Christopher Patchel

the falcon's plunge—
a cliff pine
grips the mountain

Peter Yovu

her dragonfly sketch
from when she was seven—
my niece marries

Cherie Hunter Day



Rengay

Page 39

Haibun

Pages 40 - 51

NEARER THE MIRAGE

sun through dusty windows—
so many trinkets
with lost meaning

childhood . . .
my brother's version

autumn rain
she leaves the weeds
on her father's grave

the lilies
all nodding in unison
last night's dream

desert heat—
we move nearer the mirage

mayflies—
from the depths of the stream
a trail of bubbles

Billie Wilson
Carolyn Hall

SMUDGE OF SAFFRON

AT MY VERY FIRST SITTING PERIOD in the Zen tradition, the teacher's bell rang in the other room. I nervously entered and bowed as instructed. Candle light dappled the dark corners of the small room, where I felt a presence that was immediate and fully awake. Roshi asked me a question about myself. I thought briefly and answered. Words spilled out of me like a trail of cow fodder, stinking up the room. I wasn't finished but he softly brought me to a halt. "Lower your voice. Be still."

not just about me
suddenly the blue
in his eyes

I continued to practice, for years, to be still.

A cool autumn afternoon in Tasmania. I have just stepped through the doorway of our local town hall to hear a very profound teacher. The Dali Lama is in Hobart for the first time and there has been much excitement in the local media and spiritual communities. His wonderful smiling presence affects us all. His words meld in a smudge of broken English and saffron robes.

The talk finishes. A short meditation begins. A baby's crying fills our senses. We are still.

His Holiness makes his way to the door. From my late entry position, I step out of the way as his entourage passes. Suddenly, in a flurry of deep bows and shaking hands, he gestures to me.

our hands meet—
the softness
of a lamb tongue

Ron Moss

CUSP

A NEW SEMESTER IS ABOUT TO START which means my schedule is going to be full again. I'm taking a business communications class, studying for two technical certifications, and my boss wants me to take an extra programming course. Frankly, I'd rather be reading and writing, but that outlet and passion doesn't pay the bills. I'm on the cusp of what I want to do and what I have to do.

I won't hop a train like Kerouac did in *On the Road*, but I do admire anyone who has the freedom and means to do what they want. And I'm not in the habit of shunning my responsibilities—I have my family to think of and they are a source of comfort and strength. I'll depend on them to get me through this workload that I'd rather dump by the roadside . . . or railroad tracks.

Mexican restaurant—
another beer with
a Book of Haikus

Curtis Dunlap

TURNING IT OVER

IT SAYS made in China—i think about overcrowding and put it back on the shelf.

living like Han Shan
on a mountain-top—
the thin air

Alice Frampton
Jim Kacian

LIFE SUPPORT

WE MEET IN THE PRIVACY of a tastefully decorated conference room, Mrs. Edgars in her wheelchair with tubes from her nose tethering her to a respiratory machine (also on wheels), whose constant white noise obliterates the soprano rendering the first few bars of “Amazing Grace” round the nursing station on the hall. Still mentally alert, Mrs. Edgars understands why I am here: At the behest of Social Services I’m to evaluate her to help establish her need to remain in full-time care. After an hour of my formal assessment, she tearfully explains how she misses her things, how they have it wrong — she’s not better off here, she could handle herself at home, she replaced her storm windows with screens before the social worker stepped in.

But she knows there is to be no return to the home where she planned, planted, and collected keepsakes while the seasons fluttered by. We sit in silence for a moment while she grips my hand with one of hers, dabs her nose with the other. She asks if I’ll visit her room and, when I agree, wheels her chair around, forgetting the tubing that connects her to the breathing apparatus. I find a nurse, who instructs me to push Mrs. Edgars’ chair while she manages the machine. What a trio we must make heading down the hall, me pushing the wheelchair with one hand, pulling my wheeled briefcase behind me, and the nurse wheeling the respiratory machine beside us.

The space Mrs. Edgars is allotted in the two-bed room is crammed with single bed, bedside table and dresser, with a white cotton curtain separating this arrangement from her roommate’s, who sleeps a few steps away. As eager as a teen showing off her first prom dress, Mrs. Edgars pulls open a drawer and removes a plastic tray filled with tiny colored beads and thin wires. Crevices within the tray contain tissues folded over delicate beaded earrings she has made: a Santa’s head, an Indian princess and an angel. As she displays them on the dresser she tells me each piece takes her a week to construct.

Afraid to leave Mrs. Edgars without assistance to maneuver her chair and machine, I call the nurse once again before I go.

I edge my way out of the room and wheel my things back through the lobby, exiting the door into sunshine where I stand for long moments in the landscaped parking lot, reluctant to enter the confines of my compact car.

red hostas
so lush they fill
every space in the border

Linda Jeannette Ward

SNOWY OWL

I CLIMB TO THE TOP DECK of the garage to the observation point where local birders gather to watch the snowy owl. A major event here: snowies rarely come this far south. For weeks he's been living at the airport, hunting along the runways, perching and preening in full view on light poles and the tails of jets. I haven't spotted him myself yet, but many others have reported sightings at all times of day, most frequently at dawn and dusk. I wait shivering by the railing, scanning the whole area with high-powered binoculars, but I don't see him anywhere. I guess I won't get my lifer this February evening.

skimming there
over the winter grass—
a white plastic bag

Ruth Holzer

Frogpond - First Decade

pig and i spring rain

Marlene Mountain

Volume II:3,4 1979

NEW PLACES

THE DESERT HORIZON sits so far away that my only connections to this world are the ghost strands of barbed wire bordering each side of the highway. It takes over an hour to pass the town lights that first appear at the farthest edge of sight. It's two hundred thirty miles to the airport.

endless stars
a white plastic bag clings
to a fence post

After decades of single life, I married. My wife sold her house and moved in with me. She decided we needed a winter place and flew to New Mexico. I compromised on two weeks in January. She stays.

Roswell
the streetlights
are alien faces

The airport shuttle driver tells me how he enjoys living in such low humidity. I show him my cracked hands. He shrugs. Seven hours, two planes, and two time zones later, I arrive in New Hampshire. I brush off my jeep. It turns over on the first try.

fifteen degrees
through the falling snow
mountains

James Fowler

TWINS

SAME CLOTHES, same initials, same birthday cards, same laugh, same thoughts . . .

after her death—
repairing my table
with parts from hers

Connie Donleycott

ORDINARY GRACES

MID-AUGUST AND THERE HAS BEEN an unusual early touch of fall the last few mornings—frost was even predicted in the north country for one night. A small vee of geese, flying over too early for migration, is cause to stop and reflect . . . perhaps it was a practice flight for summer fledglings & not a sign of early snows . . .

full August moon—
the cat stays out all night
hunting for field mice

But cooler mornings invigorate & invite one outside to garden work—especially after a lengthy heat wave. The gardens are just beginning to slow down and I deadhead flowers & save seeds for next year and divide iris & day lilies and think about ordering more bulbs & in my garden day book I start a list of early fall chores to be done . . .

in summer fields—
Queen Anne's Lace & goldenrod
under a full August moon

The weather also brings out the nest building instinct—I clean cupboards & restock the pantry & think perhaps I will buy new dish towels to spruce up the kitchen. It is good that firewood was delivered in the spring to dry and now it is already time to have the chimneys & furnace cleaned. Soon it will be apple time again . . .

just because—
I bow
to the full August moon

Evelyn Lang

MATING SEASON

I HAVE A GOOD LOOKING HUSBAND who is a nice person and, at the moment, financially secure. I have a condition that will ultimately shorten my life or certainly my functioning life. It never occurred to me that other women would begin to look at him . . . or at least not so soon.

mating season
dragonflies
in midair . . .

Laurie Stoelting

HYBRID

I'VE CIRCLED THIS LAKE perhaps a hundred times, and each time there is something to delight me. Willow catkins. Ripe berries. A crawdad backing off the path. The occasional green-backed heron. A treeful of egrets. A broad assortment of geese and ducks. And among them, today, something that looks like a crazy hybrid: a brown shaggy head stuck atop a plump, gray-feathered body. Fortunately I have my camera. I snap a few shots, and at home compare them to my *Peterson's Guide*. Aha! "A common merganser," I email to my walking partner. "Hardly common," she replies. "He seems to be the only one!"

shimmer of minnows
at the lakeshore
this wish to fly

Carolyn Hall

MAINER

I KNEW HE WOULD LEAVE after we loaded the last of it. The wicker furniture, stored in our attic for three years. The ship's chandelier. His tools—the belt sander, nail gun, wrecking bar . . . a hundred different ways to measure, pound, and cut that we used to build his apartment, the one he is leaving. We finish filling the moving van at noon. “Twelve o'clock.” He checks his watch. “You know what that means.” I do. It means he won't be staying one last night. If he leaves now, he can make it to Albuquerque by evening. We start to shake hands. It evolves into a hug, the longest few seconds we've touched since I've known the man. He won't get a chance to say goodbye to the grandkids, but he's excited. This is a new chapter. His own place, in Maine, his boyhood home. That night he calls from Santa Rosa. It's raining. The rain will follow him all the way to the Eastern seaboard.

my job is to
steady the canoe
he steps ashore

Jim Collette

WAR MACHINE

THE PENDULUM swings back to the side of war. Has it every really left? Do anthropologists have an example of a thriving culture that never resorted to state sanctioned killing?

deer season
the ricochet of gunfire
from a TV set

Collin Barber

A CHANCE OF POP-UP THUNDERSTORMS

THIS EVENING ONLY A FEW NEIGHBORS are sitting on the benches behind Gracie Mansion, enjoying the East River view. It's a view that people may be paying good money for later this century. To the north, the long, graceful span of the Triboro Bridge frames a vista of Hellcat, where the river, actually a tidal strait, opens into Long Island Sound. Directly across from us in Astoria, miniature people are walking their dogs and driving their cars, just as we do on our side. There is something intimate about our small domesticated seagoing river.

Sunset cool—
a gull lands on the river
and shuts its wings.

Directly overhead, a few fuzzy gray clouds hang so low you could touch them. Over the more distant parts of Queens they merge into a dark dense cloud bank. Above them white clouds build up layer on layer, the top tier spotlighted here and there like sculpture. Ruddy light moves slowly from peak to peak, reflecting the progress of an unseen sunset two and a half miles away on the other side of Manhattan.

A slender wand of lightning appears out of a clear sky to the north. Toward the east, over Queens, a small thunderstorm is moving away from us. In a few seconds, thunder. Another streak of lightning. We sit here confident that the little thunderstorm will behave and not touch us. We can see sweet blue intervals between the clouds directly above. The alabaster tops of the thunderheads above the storm, solid and stationary as mountains, turn new shades of rose. Their reflection makes a path across the river to the shore at our feet.

A veil of rain
beneath a distant cloud
the smell of wet earth.

Frogpond XXX:1

The storm proceeds eastward over Long Island. The Triboro's lights go on, two electric-blue strands with the elegant lines of a gull swooping low over the river. Red lights bloom atop the bridge towers. Sunset fades from the river, leaving it a sheet of pale, indefinable iridescence. A barge goes past, pushed by a small tug. Waves from its wake crash into the rocky shore below the railing. It is getting too dark to read.

All lit up
a firefly sails across
the running path.

Doris Heitmeyer

3RD SUNDAY SINGIN'

IT'S THE 3RD SUNDAY IN JUNE. Gospel groups from all over come here to perform. As soon as the regular church service is over, Mom hurries us home to the parsonage. My folks don't rightly approve of the goings on at the Singin'. Things get pretty raucous and that ain't right in the Lord's house. Still, Dad's the preacher and he has to have some presence. But the rest of us stay strictly away. After supper my brother and I sneak back toward the church to hear what's going on. I've never heard "Peace in the Valley" so loud, almost shrill. I hardly think somebody could hear it sung like that and think peace.

washing dishes
grandma softly hums
old rugged cross

Zane Parks

JOHNNY CASH, THE MOSQUITO, AND ME

For Jim Kacian and Richard Gilbert

THE SCENE: a small hotel room in the Slovenian province where I've been invited to appear at a local film festival. After driving 300 kilometers along mountain roads I'm tired and ready to sleep. I crack open the window for some fresh air and check to see what CDs I have with me. I always have listened to music before sleeping. The first thing I find is Johnny Cash—cool, I like his old-fashioned style. It's the beginning of August, outside a gentle rain has begun to fall. I smoke my last cigarette of the day and put the CD in the player.

The bed is comfortable, and I'm just about to fall asleep when I hear something not Johnny Cash next to my ear: a mosquito. What should I do? Ignore it?

sleeplessness full of mosquito

Johnny's not interested in my problem: he's singing on and on. It's a series of his greatest hits.

“everybody is trying to be my baby now”: mosquito

Okay, everything is good for something—now I'll try writing some haiku. I watch the mosquito on the wall close to my head—it's backlit by the screen. I try meditating on the mosquito first but without success. Is it possible to write a serious haiku on the mosquito?

such a funny creature: mosquito

No more kidding around! Let's kill the enemy! I jump from the bed and try to catch it but I'm no good at it.

“i am a drifter” said mosquito, “a lonesome drifter”

Frogpond XXX:1

i need "a devil's right hand" to kill the mosquito

I'm nearly content with this last haiku. It's quite similar to the haiku of some contemporary Japanese poets. It plays against a cultural stereotype, and if I drop the quotation marks, it looks to be a powerful poem. Bombastic! The devil himself and I in cooperation are killing the mosquito! What a story! How did this come to be? Nobody will know it was stolen from Johnny. Well, I will contribute these haiku to Johnny Cash's chapter in *The American Saijiki*. It could be a great success. I went back to bed.

johnny, mosquito, and i sleepless

But upon further reflection I am not satisfied in my heart. The haiku aren't bad, in fact they are charming and even simpatico but not so deep as one would expect of such a serious art as haiku. No real depth. I am quite depressed, the mosquito's alive, and Johnny is still singing. The morning was nearly upon us when I gave up. No more fighting the mosquito: instead, harmony with my nature buddy. Go ahead, mosquito, suck my blood! I am a haiku poet! I watch with love as the mosquito sucks blood from my hand. It becomes so still.

after feeding, a nap: the mosquito

Dimitar Anakiev

Frogpond - First Decade

the baby's pee
pulls roadside dust
into rolling beads

Ruth Yarrow

Volume V:1 1979

Essays

Pages 53 - 57 *Richard Wright's Travel to Spain*

Jianqing Zheng

Pages 58 - 61 *The Inspiration of a Moment: Calder's
Mobiles and Haiku*

David Grayson

Page 62 *The Spice of Life*

Tom Tico

Page 63 *Looking Back at Frogpond*

Yarrow, Partridge

Pages 64 - 67 *Re:Readings*

RICHARD WRIGHT'S TRAVEL TO SPAIN

Jianqing Zheng

WHILE LIVING AS AN EXPATRIATE in Paris in the 1950s, Richard Wright made three trips to Spain; from August 15 to September 10, 1954; from November 8 to December 17, 1954; and from February 20 to early April 1955. These trips provided valuable resources not only for *Pagan Spain* but also for his haiku writing. *Pagan Spain*, says Wright in an interview by Barry Learned, is a descriptive account of three automobile trips he made in Spain, the Spanish people he met, the fiestas, flamencos, bullfights, the feeling of the country, the warmth of the people, and the incredible poverty (Kinnamon and Fabre 185).

It seems that Wright made his initial trip to Spain as if to pay his indebtedness to Gertrude Stein, another American expatriate in Paris. In the second paragraph of *Pagan Spain* Wright remembers that in his chat with Stein a few days before her death in 1946, she encouraged him to go to see Spain: "You'll see the past there. You'll see what the Western world is made of. Spain is primitive, but lovely. And the people! There are no people such as the Spanish anywhere. I've spent days in Spain that I'll never forget. See those bullfights, see the wonderful landscape. . . ." (*Pagan Spain* 4). So Wright made his Spanish trip. He was alone in his car near the border, and this vision of loneliness was intensified when he posed himself in the vast silence of the bleak landscape:

I was under the blue skies of the Midi, just a few hours from the Spanish frontier. To my right stretched the flat, green fields of southern France; to my left lay a sweep of sand beyond which the Mediterranean heaved and sparkled. I was alone. I had no commitments. Seated in my car, I held the steering wheel in my hands. I wanted to go to Spain . . .
(*Pagan Spain* 3)

This statement indicates that Wright was a careful traveler at the crossroads. It presents him immediately in "a cosmic moment of destiny" (Lowe 120). Swinging his car southward, Wright

was on his way to Spain with an uneasy question in his mind: “How did one live after the death of the hope for freedom?” (Pagan Spain 4). The first Spanish village Wright saw was “in a pall of heat and dust. Scrawny black goats nibbled at starved grass; stunted, barefoot boys minded dreamy sheep The irregular paving stones made my car do a nervous dance. The walls of the whitewashed houses held lurid bullfight posters. This village was conspicuous for the prevalence of dogs in it” (Pagan Spain 9). Wright presents here a picture of poverty and suffering in human life. The prevalence of dogs reinforces his vision of the desolation of the Spanish village. However, in contrast, Wright presents a different picture of the Spanish village in haiku 396:

A Spanish village:
Flowers and gurgling water,—
How silent it is!

This haiku shows that although Spain was under Franco’s dictatorship and its people lived in poverty, Wright could still catch its beauty through the images of flowers and gurgling water that suggest peace and tranquility in this Spanish village. When we compare the descriptions of the two villages, we can feel that the beauty of silence through flowers and water toning down the suffering and poverty in the Spanish country life.

One thing that is prominent in *Pagan Spain* is the description of a bullfight. While visiting Barcelona, Wright went to see one. Seated on the bare slab of concrete and jammed between two other people, he waited for the bull to thunder out the gate:

a wild, black, horned beast, his eyes ablaze, his nostrils quivering, his mouth open and flinging foam, his throat emitting a bellow. He halted for a second, amazed, it seemed, at the spectacle confronting him, then he settled squarely and fearlessly on his four hoofs, ready to lower his head and charge at the least sign of movement, his sharp horns carrying the threat of death, his furious tenacity swollen with a will that would brook no turning aside until all movement about him had been struck down, stilled,

Frogpond XXX:1

and he alone was left lord and master of the bloody field.

(Pagan Spain 111)

The sight of this black bull made Wright feel that it was “a complement of a subjective part of almost everybody in the stadium” and “a creature of our common fantasy” (*Pagan Spain* 112). He was interested “not only in the emotional but the psychological, cultural, and even spiritual dimensions of the spectacle . . .” (Kinnamon 162). In fact, Wright wanted to see into the inner being of human nature through the bullfight. The killing of the bull is like a religious ritual because “death must serve as a secular baptism of emotion to wash the heart clean of its illegal dirt” (*Pagan Spain* 114). Wright sees in the killing, which is “beautiful and awful and horrible and glorious,” a fusion of man and bull into “one plastic, slow-moving, terrible, delicate waltz of death” (*Pagan Spain* 126). Finally the bull was cruelly slaughtered to satisfy the emotional and psychological needs of human beings to kill: “He slid slowly forward, resting on his stomach in the sand, his legs stretching straight out. He rolled over on his back, his four legs already stiffening in death, shot up into the air” (*Pagan Spain* 129). The scene of the slaughtering of the bull is evoked in haiku 68:

A chill Spanish dawn:
Vapor from the blood of a
Freshly slaughtered bull.

Wright realizes in *Pagan Spain* that “in Spain, all things were Spanish” (*Pagan Spain* 114), not only the bullfight, but the dawn as well. Here, in haiku 68, death becomes equivalent to birth and mystically symbolizes the cycle in nature. As a writer traveling in Spain and watching the bullfights, Wright can easily juxtapose the red dawn to the blood of a freshly killed bull.

Wright was a lone traveler. One morning when the sky was still black he got up at five o'clock and drove toward Madrid. On a mountain along the way he paused in awe as:

a brutal sun burst forth from behind jagged, fantastically

sculptured rocks and painted the wildest and most savage landscape Naked promontories of rubble jugged up into a pale, flat, blue sky that refused to bend at the horizon. An uneasy loneliness settled upon me, for I drove hour after hour and failed to see a single other car. The highway was an empty path stretching through an empty world, belonging only to me, the desolate peak, the sun-filled sky, and the whirling birds. (Pagan Spain 136)

The sight of the Spanish landscape, though it was magnificent and aesthetically enjoyable, aroused a feeling of loneliness in Wright. He “could not conceive of its sustaining human life” (*Pagan Spain* 136). The above passage is reminiscent of haiku 787:

This autumn evening
Is full of an empty sky
And one empty road.

This haiku is wonderful in that it conveys the traveler’s loneliness but depersonalizes his emotion. The poet delineates an outline for the reader to complete: a fullness of emptiness or loneliness expands and takes the world. Wright’s expression of loneliness in this haiku is based on *sabi*, a Japanese haiku term that suggests “a sense of beauty and spiritual depth in loneliness and tranquility, especially in natural images, generating a subtle sentiment that emerges quietly in the overtones of the poem” (Shirane 297). In Japanese haiku tradition, autumn evening implies the sense of loneliness. In Wright’s haiku the juxtaposition of the autumn evening and the empty sky and road intensifies and deepens this sense.

Faith Berry has noted in his introduction to *Pagan Spain* that “the 1950s marked a profound change in the literary and intellectual life of Richard Wright. . . . During his fourteen-year residence abroad, he produced, beside several new novels, a sequence of important nonfiction books that established him internationally. In those publications, a new and liberated Richard Wright emerged: one whose identity was not that of a second-class American citizen but a citizen of the world” (ix).

But I think this change should also include some four thousand haiku Wright wrote, of which 817 were collected in *Haiku: This Other World*. These haiku indicate that Wright had set his writing in a new direction: digging out his long latent sensibility to nature rather than keeping his focus on the dark aspects of the human world and racial intolerance that he had dealt with for almost all of his life.

Works Cited:

Berry, Faith. Introduction. *Pagan Spain*. Richard Wright. Jackson: UP of Mississippi, 1995.

Kinnamon, Keneth, and Michel Fabre. *Conversations with Richard Wright*. Jackson: UP of Mississippi, 1993.

Kinnamon, Keneth. "Wright, Hemingway, and the Bullfight." *Richard Wright's Travel Writings*. Ed. Virginia Whatley Smith. Jackson: UP of Mississippi, 2001. 157-64.

Lowe, John. "Richard Wright as Traveler / Ethnographer." *Richard Wright's Travel Writings*. Ed. Virginia Whatley Smith. Jackson: UP of Mississippi, 2001. 119-47.

Shirane, Haruo. *Traces of Dreams*. Stanford: Stanford UP, 1998.

Wright, Richard. *Pagan Spain*. Jackson: UP of Mississippi, 1995.
—. *Haiku: This Other World*. New York: Arcade, 1998.

Frogpond - First Decade

country road
a circus poster tiger
in the spring rain

Cor van den Heuvel

Volume VI: 1 1983

THE INSPIRATION OF A MOMENT: CALDER'S MOBILES AND HAIKU

David Grayson

THE SIMILARITIES BETWEEN haiku and modern art have long been recognized.¹ One intriguing case is that of Alexander Calder and his famous mobiles. At first glance, Calder's mobiles seem a world apart from haiku. Upon closer inspection, however, it becomes apparent that they share important qualities.

Calder's mobiles are among the most recognized icons of twentieth-century modern art. They have been influential not only in the arts but in other fields such as interior design and toy making. Ranging in scope from small table pieces to outdoor monuments, Calder's mobiles are kinetic sculptures that are designed to be affected by the elements—to be stirred and moved by the wind, ground vibrations, and even temperature changes.

Commonalities with haiku start with the sheer brevity of Calder's approach. In haiku, of course, brevity takes the form of the small number of words used in the poem. Similarly, in Calder's work, a key element of concision is the small number of constituents that make up the sculpture. There are many pieces that exemplify this principle; a notable example is his largest mobile, "La Spirale." Housed on the grounds of the UNESCO building in Paris, "La Spirale" is thirty feet high. It is constructed of painted steel, and is composed of a stable base that supports six wind-driven, cantilevered mobile triangular plates.² The plates spin and spiral in the wind. Despite its monumental stature, the entire piece is composed of just a handful of objects—the six plates and their supporting parts.

The small number of constituents compels the viewer to hone in on what Calder believes to be important—in this case, how spirals work. By being judicious with the number of building blocks, Calder is able to distill the essence of a thing—not only concrete objects like plants and animals but also abstract processes like spirals.³

The brevity of Calder's approach is also manifested through the simplicity of the shapes that he used to build mobiles. He

often used basic shapes like circles and triangles (which offer the benefit of fluid movement through space), and typically resorted to using just a few colors—chiefly red, yellow and blue.⁴ As does haiku, Calder's work eschewed overly complex building blocks. Calder also kept his construction techniques relatively simple: he typically used a few tools that he could carry easily when traveling.⁵

Besides brevity, Calder's work with mobiles also shares with haiku a foundation in nature. This may not be noticeable at first glance since Calder's works are so obviously built of manufactured materials like aluminum and steel. Nature is a key element in Calder's mobiles. Animals are subjects of many pieces—so much so that together they are categorized as “animobiles.”⁶ The insect world, plants, and natural processes are common subjects as well, with pieces inspired by leaves, spiders, and even snow flurries.

Even more fundamentally, Calder's mobiles are intended to interact with, and be affected by, the natural world. Jean-Paul Sartre, who coined the term “mobiles,” explains: “What they may do at a given moment will be determined by the time of day, the sun, the temperature or the wind. The object is thus always half way between the servility of a statue and the independence of natural events; each of its evolutions is the inspiration of a moment.”⁷ Like haiku, Calder's mobiles respond to the environment—and also change from moment to moment. As Sartre notes, “Valéry said of the sea that it is a perpetual recommencement. A ‘mobile’ is in this way like the sea, and is equally enchanting: forever re-beginning, forever new.”⁸

Finally, like much modern art, Calder's mobiles demand that the viewer participate in interpreting—indeed, constructing—the meaning of the artwork. A typical example would be “Polygones Noirs.”⁹ This mobile is in the classic look of Calder's hanging mobiles, resembling a toy mobile used for infants. It hangs by a wire from the ceiling and is composed of several polygonal shapes that move and spin. What does “Polygones Noirs” mean? Does it mean anything? In order to arrive at an answer, the viewer must either contribute to that meaning or learn more about the context of the work and its

creator.

One difference between Calder's philosophy and the haiku way is that Calder's approach to nature is more intellectual and theoretical—that is, more removed—than haiku. Describing his approach, Calder noted, "The basis of everything for me is the universe."¹⁰ Explaining the origin of this, he related, "The first inspiration I ever had was the cosmos, the planetary system. My mother used to say to me, 'But you don't know anything about the stars.' I'd say, 'No, I don't, but you can have an idea what they're like without knowing all about them and shaking hands with them.'"¹¹ This approach is fundamentally different from the direct, experiential approach of haiku.

.....

Like other modern artists, important parts of Calder's oeuvre share a similar approach with haiku. In Calder's case, commonalities include brevity and simplicity; inspiration from nature; and an interactive relationship between the artwork and the viewer. These similarities afford haiku writers and readers a doorway into Calder's art and the study of it—or, simply the enjoyment of it.

Notes

1 The connection has been noted in various places. For an example, see "From Bashô to Barthes," by Lee Gurga, appearing in *Hermitage: A Haiku Journal*, Volume 1, Numbers 1-2 (Summer-Winter 2004): 65-77. Also, see my article "'Glossy Black Painting': Notes on Modern Art and Haiku," which appeared in *Mariposa* 13 (Autumn-Winter 2005).

2 Howard Greenfeld. *The Essential Alexander Calder*. New York: The Wonderland Press, 2003: 92-93.

3 For examples of animals and plants, see "Hen," "Elephant Head," "Yellow Whale" and "Sword Plant." Each of these is viewable at The Calder Foundation website at <http://www.calder.org/> (as of July 2, 2006).

4 Jean Lipman. *Calder's Universe*. New York: The Whitney Museum of American Art, 1976: 264.

Frogpond XXX:1

5 Ibid, 265.

6 Ibid, 262.

7 Jean-Paul Sartre, "The Mobiles of Calder." Preface to an exhibition in Paris, 1946. Essay appears on The Calder Foundation website at <http://www.calder.org/> (as of July 2, 2006).

8 Ibid.

9 Jean Lipman. *Calder's Universe*. New York: The Whitney Museum of American Art, 1976: 296-7. I also discussed this point in the aforementioned essay in Mariposa 13. See footnote 1.

10 Howard Greenfeld. *The Essential Alexander Calder*. New York: The Wonderland Press, 2003: 19.

11 Jean Lipman. *Calder's Universe*. New York: The Whitney Museum of American Art, 1976: 17.

Frogpond - First Decade

at Walt Whitman's Tomb
celebrating his birthday:
lilacs past their bloom

Nick Virgilio

Volume VIII: 2 1985

The Spice of Life

IF IT'S TRUE (and I believe it is) that variety of expression is a healthy sign in any art, then what has happened in English-language haiku doesn't seem to indicate robust health. Because now, one type of haiku construction has become so prevalent that it's virtually dominating the field. I would say, to the point of monotony.

Pick up any of the current journals and you will see it again and again. The first line of the haiku consists of two words, a noun preceded by an adjective, and oftentimes the adjective is seasonal: "spring rain," "summer heat," "distant thunder," "quiet evening." This two-word first line constitutes the first part of the haiku, and the second and third lines flow together, constituting the second part. The two parts work in juxtaposition, creating the dynamic and suggestive play of the poem. Is it a good construction? Most definitely. Probably every haiku poet uses it from time to time—I know I do:

Summer heat:

little streams trickling

from my armpits

(Frogpond, XXIV:3)

But the prevalence of this construction in the haiku magazines is a perfect example of getting too much of a good thing. And, although I would hate to see this construction disappear, I think it would benefit English-language haiku to see considerably less of it. To put it more positively, I think it would be a boon, and certainly refreshing, to see varied approaches to the form.

Tom Tico

Looking Back on Frogpond

THE VERY FIRST ISSUES of *Frogpond* were my teachers. A few years before, as a state college environmental studies instructor, I took the suggestion that each faculty member teach a general studies course in an area they loved as well as courses in the areas of their expertise as an invitation to teach nature as seen through literature from around the world. Knowing only what we gleaned from Harold Henderson and others, for one class period my students and I tried our hand at writing haiku—and I was hooked. A few years later I was excited to find Cor van den Heuvel's 1974 edition of *The Haiku Anthology*, with an address for H.S.A., and contacted them in time to receive the February 1978 issue, Volume 1, Number 1 of *Frogpond*. In the early days, all submissions were printed in a section called "Croaks" and the subsequent issue published those that were chosen as haiku by a panel of poets. In the margins I wrote comments about the croaks and eagerly awaited the next issue to see if the poets agreed. I quickly learned that while the poets differed with each other, they tended to agree on the strongest croaks, and this helped me gain an inkling of what made a haiku work. The warm invitation from Lilli Tanzer, the first editor, saying in capital letters "MEMBERSHIP IS OPEN TO ANYONE IN THE WORLD" and some encouraging comments from the selections panel lured me into the *Frogpond* where I've been swimming ever since.

Ruth Yarrow

THOUGH ELIZABETH SEARLE LAMB and I never met, we did send each other a pretty fair number of postcards and letters over many years. My feeling is that she was the most mystical (and interested in shamanism) of all the editors of *Frogpond* during the twenty years that I've been involved with the haiku world.

Brent Partridge

Re:Readings

Carmen Sterba on marlene mountain (“in my head the pitter patter of iris roots”) “Not only does marlene live close to nature, she even hears it rumbling long before spring. What caught me is how full of life she presents her wild iris roots by revealing the motions in their urge to grow and push themselves outside of their earthy nest. It appealed to my maternal instincts, too.”

Carmen Sterba on Kirsty Karkow (“hospice meeting / the first chairs taken / look out on new snow”) “This haiku is both refreshing and full of pathos at the same time. It reveals the desire of those who are terminal to rest their eyes on and savor what is fresh, pure, and untouched. And like our lives, the snow is impermanent in its present form.”

Tom Clausen on Jim Kacian (“camping alone one star then many”) “The perspective one gets camping alone may be as close to an ultimate communion with the universe as a being can get. In this striking one liner we are given the gift of the night offering first one star, ‘then many.’ How the night reveals its immense story and provides a real stretch of the imagination, there is plenty enough to make one pause in gratitude to be here now, humbly, alone, face to face with the universe!”

Tom Clausen on Bruce Ross (“Holocaust Museum / a small pair of shoes / hardly worn”) “The haunting images of the Holocaust can never be forgotten and yet to see a single small pair of shoes is an indelible image in which the intimacy of loss is renewed and reflected upon. Children outgrow shoes so quickly that there can be small shoes that would ‘hardly’ get worn because of a child’s growth. We know from the museum setting that this pair of shoes tells a much different story and to the heart speaks for those who were forever lost.”

Tom Clausen on Emily Romano (“surge of surf. . . / an iron mooring ring / lodged in stone”) “The surf creates endless wear and tear and yet well beyond the time of its function this ring, once used for mooring boats, remains lodged in stone, unmoved and a source of something almost as eternal as the forces at play. Having seen such rings in stone or deteriorating concrete I connect to a sense of the cosmic merry-go-round we

Frogpond XXX:1

are all riding and how in a dream such a sight might give us something to reach for!”

Tom Clausen on Carolyn Hall (“too late / for the autumn colors / home town visit”) “The difference a few weeks can make in how we see and appreciate a place is remarkable and in this case a cause for wishing the timing had worked out to be at the height of spectacular colors. To see things without the colors certainly mutes the desired embrace of a home town sensation that now may be diminished in some bleaker aspect.”

CarrieAnn Thunell on Emily Romano (“surge of surf.../ an iron mooring ring/ lodged in stone”) “This haiku begins with a great force of nature: the surging surf, that brings to mind a winter wave crashing with intensity. This image smashes into the second line’s mooring ring. Every time I read this poem, which contains no overt mention of sound, I hear the roar of the wave, followed by a clang as it hits the ring. The clang resounds in my mind’s ear much like a gong or temple bell. Mooring rings are normally lodged in wooden docks, but this one has been sunk into stone, perhaps in anticipation of the pounding it will receive from the surf. This makes me think the moorage dock must be located on a windy coast. There is a deep resonance between the powerful surf, the iron ring, and the stone, as all three are unyielding. The poem calls to something deep within the reader with resounding forcefulness. Like the elements in this poem, Emily Romano is a force to be reckoned with.”

CarrieAnn Thunell on Richmond D. Williams (“October breeze / a yellow leaf / falls into sunlight”) “This haiku opens with a crisp autumn breeze that picks up a yellow leaf, rendering it airborne. As the leaf falls, it drops directly into sunlight, which causes it to glow. We experience the leaf’s liberation from the shade of the trees as it plunges into the light. This haiku illustrates the perpetual transitions of life: changing state, changing form, life, death, and impermanence. The moment the leaf is illuminated by the sun lingers in the mind like an epiphany.”

Brent Partridge on Christopher Herold (“sheepdog / the herded pigeons / take flight”) “Flightlike and wonderful the ways that the implied extensions of possible parallels and of

reversible possibilities of parallels demonstrate humor. What a ‘less is more!’”

Merrill Ann Gonzales on Teruko Omota (“a library book / with underlined passages / I agree”) “I love a used book sale. When the library puts out their boxes of used and donated books it’s an occasion to be marked on my calendar. There is something about opening an old book that connects to the ages past and the many hands that handled it before me. Old text books seem to hold more information than many text books do today. And coming across an old college text I often find underlined passages that tell me what each student studied and hoped to remember. Often their names are listed in the front of the book.

But when I came across this haiku it also brought back the many books my husband read while he was convalescing from congestive heart failure over a ten year span. When he came to a passage he liked he’d call me to share the bit of wisdom he’d discovered. He also enjoyed leaving notes for me all over the house, about some passage he’d found and delighted in. When I’d find them we’d both enjoy again the truth with shared glee. I’m still finding the notes tucked away in unsuspected places. Each time, there is a feeling of shared knowledge and agreement about the ills of this old world and how to cure them, an agreement about the oddness of people . . . a perspective, a laugh about human foibles. Holding these notes, I feel connected with the hands that held them last.”

Patricia Neubauer on Burnell Lippy (“autumn deepens / one leaf carries another / across the pond”) “Autumn deepens. Deciduous trees enter into their period of dormancy, no longer needing the leaves that helped them flourish during the seasons of light and warmth.

And like the leaves, old people enter into the autumn of their lives. For some this transition from this season of life to the season that heralds winter is as gradual and graceful as that of the dogwood tree beyond my window. Its leaves turned deep crimson weeks ago though few have fallen. Others are like the sycamore tree that begins to drop its parched leaves in August.

Frogpond XXX:1

A retirement village resembles the surface of an autumn pond with its mosaic of floating leaves. At different rates and in various ways each individual faces a lessening vitality and progressive deterioration. All will eventually sink into the oblivion at the pond's bottom. Meanwhile, one learns to adapt to the failings of one's compeers: to slow one's pace when walking with the cardiac disabled, to help with the small things difficult for arthritic hands, to wait patiently until the forgotten word is found, to speak louder and more clearly to the deaf, and to read the menu for failing eyesight. All very little and unobtrusive acts of courtesy and support. Perhaps Lippy's second leaf that fell was torn or full of holes and would have sunk immediately had it not fallen upon the floating leaf."

Patricia Neubauer on C. R. Manley ("after my cough— / the cat's eyes / slowly closing") "Felis domesticus consents to live with us as long as we provide full domestic and entertainment services. In return, he will purr us to sleep, keep our feet warm in winter, and graciously forgive our smallest misdemeanors. Manley's cat was not really asleep—merely daydreaming with his eyes closed. As soon as he sees that the noise of the cough is not a threat to his comfort, just a mere accident; he closed his eyes, and returns to the daydream."

Frogpond - First Decade

A doe's leap
darkens the oyster shell road:
twilight

Peggy Willis Lyles

Volume I:4 1978

BOOK REVIEWS

By Tom Clausen

Pages 69 - 70 *called home*

Miller, Paul (paul m.)

By Carolyn Hall

Pages 70 - 74 *Taboo Haiku: An International Selection*

Krawiec, Richard (ed.)

By Jim Kacian

Pages 74 - 75 *Listen to the Landscape*

Foster, Linda Nemec

Miller, Paul (paul m.) *called home* (Red Moon Press, P.O. Box 2461, Winchester, VA 22604-1661, 2006) ISBN I-893959-59-7, unpaginated, perfect softbound, \$12.00 from the publisher

called home, the second collection from award-winning poet, paul m., features 114 haiku that the author selected from a time in which he was moving between coasts. Attractively presented in two sections — California and New England—representing the places he moved from and to, the poems let us participate in special moments and key details from this time of migration. In an insightful introduction, paul tells us: “the concept of home is nearly indefinable” though he beautifully offers: “Perhaps our truest home is the emotional state that connects us to vital details.”

migrating whales	among the graves
all our footprints	of strangers
wash away	forsythia

called home showcases consistently noteworthy haiku that are sequenced to create a sense of the poet ‘finding his way’ through significant changes in his life. Featuring a warm landscape cover painting of the Campbell Country Hill Farm, this book is very much a personal map revealing places the poet has been and haiku that suggest what it is to move along, leaving feelings behind.

the car packed
one last pebble
cast into the sea

Whether you sample randomly from *called home* or read it sequentially, there is distinct pleasure in the individual haiku and a growing sense of the breadth and depth of this poet’s passage. The collection is presented with one haiku on the left hand page juxtaposed with a pair on the right. These groupings invite wonder and stimulate the intuition to find and feel connections, sometimes subtle and sometimes dramatic.

Haiku Society of America

unpacking a new home—
do whales strand themselves
in this bay?

meeting the neighbors	winter sky
the shapes of things	sketching the trees
hidden by snow	with a thin lead

The adage “home is where the heart is” gives us an apt context to the poet’s recognition that, no matter where he is, there is a home to find in haiku. In essence every haiku is a calling to be at home. The expansive communion offered in *called home* is a winning celebration of one poet very much at home in his haiku heart. The reader immersed in this collection will be well rewarded by the keen awareness of a poet working successfully in an ever changing environment.

old stone wall
a single spider strand
closes the gap

To be “called home” makes us think of our childhood homes, the places of our earliest awakenings. Writing and reading haiku, we are called to these homes, these original places where we continue to begin.

as if
it had split the boulder
pine seedling

Review by Tom Clausen

Krawiec, Richard (ed.) *Taboo Haiku: An International Selection* (Avisson Press, P.O. Box 38816, Greensboro NC 27438). ISBN 1-888105-72-0, 104 pp., perfect softbound. Illustrations by Pamela A. Babusci. \$15 ppd. from the publisher.

Frogpond XXX:1

Noting the titillating title of *Taboo Haiku*, and an impressive advisory board composed of Raffael de Gruttola, Lee Gurga, Jim Kacian, Lenard D. Moore, and Dave Russo, I came to this book of 130 haiku and senryu (plus two haibun and one long poem with three-line stanzas) with much curiosity and high expectations.

My first question, of course, was what makes a haiku taboo. Editor Richard Krawiec, in his introduction to the book, says he chose works that “. . . without being prurient, graphically detail a wide variety of sexual behaviors” as well as “the disturbing choices people make” (i.e., base desires and actions others would rightfully condemn)—subjects that for the most part focus on the human condition. Despite the catchy title of *Taboo Haiku*, more than two-thirds of the poems in this book are clearly senryu. Even of those that make reference to nature or employ traditional kigo, a goodly number are jokes or focus primarily on human behavior and thus should be classified as senryu as well.

catkin of pussy willows
the pleasure
in stroking

Keith T. Coleman

Krawiec claims that poets for the most part avoid sending sexual and disturbing poems out for publication. And the editors with whom he spoke said they “simply hadn’t seen many poems which explored themes and topics that might be considered taboo.” It is not surprising, however, that the following fine senryu was included in the 2004 HSA Anthology.

crime scene
a ghetto child outlines
her doll in chalk

Wanda D. Cook

And we know for certain that not all poets shy away from

submitting poems on sex or other “difficult” subjects. (Note: The following examples are not included in *Taboo Haiku*.) Ebba Story’s poignant “this suicide— / that it was my brother / and not me // the cast iron skillet / becomes a mirror”¹ took first place in the 2002 San Francisco International Tanka contest. Alexis Rotella’s “Leading him in . . . / my bracelet / jangling.”² and Anita Virgil’s “holding you / in me still . . . / sparrow songs”³ both found a place in Cor van den Heuvel’s *The Haiku Anthology*.⁴ *Frogpond* dared to publish Evelyn Hermann’s “diarrhea / the toilet paper / on a roll”⁵ as well as my own “high tide line / two dogs sniff / the same bitch.”⁶ So we know that sex, suicide and crass jokes are not verboten in the mainstream literature.

Thus we must ask if there is a need for a volume such as *Taboo Haiku*. Krawiec believes there is, based at least in part on the submission of hundreds of haiku and senryu for possible inclusion in this book. Clearly sexual, violent, and otherwise disturbing haiku and senryu are being written, and their authors are eager to see them in print and to share them with a broad audience.

the cold speculum—
unspeakable red lumps
in the kidney dish

Julie Thorndyke

The important question is, are these haiku, or even senryu? If one were to substitute “tamer” words for the more rakish vocabulary of these taboo poems, would editors select them for inclusion in their more mainstream publications? Is there anything you can do to

slipping off her panties
sliding back
my foreskin

Mike Taylor

to turn it into something more than a very short list? If one were to point to a major flaw in this volume, this is it. There are far

Frogpond XXX:1

too many poems that fall into the category of poorly crafted haiku and senryu.

There are, to be sure, some fine poems in this collection. Some of what I consider to be the best of them I recognize because they have been previously published in mainstream books and journals. There are heartbreaking stories of childhood sexual and psychological abuse, racial discrimination, abortion, disease and death.

multiple sclerosis
each year, the child's diapers
a little tighter

Michael Meyerhofer

There is revelation of addiction, prostitution, homosexuality, infidelity, and voyeurism. There is war and its sequellae. And of course there is sex—too often with the ring of adolescent bathroom talk. (Only two, both by the same author, are likely to offend almost all sensibilities.) A few are likely to elicit a smile—of amusement, or of recognition. Some acquire “taboo” status only by association with or physical proximity to more blatantly sexual poems. But use of the “F” word does not make a poem taboo; and surely any three lines on a taboo subject does not make a poem haiku or senryu.

I am no prude (far from it). Still I am neither entertained, edified, nor emotionally touched by gratuitous violence, fart jokes, or unfunny crude sexual or scatological references.

peering into the bowl:
so little excrement
for so much effort

Dublin Dolores

But it is for you to decide whether you are among those for whom Krawiec says this book was written, “an audience beyond people who already study and admire this particular poetic form [i.e., haiku, senryu, and haibun]; . . . everyone who enjoys poetry for what it has to say about the human condition.”⁷

Haiku Society of America

Opening her vulva
To a lone seagull's cry
Sheela-na-Gig

Gabriel Rosenstock

Review by Carolyn Hall

1 *Mariposa* 8 (2003)

2 From *Erotic Haiku*, Black Moss Press, Canada, © 1983 by Rod Willmot and Alexis Rotella

3 From *one potato two potato etc.*, Peaks Press, © 1991 by Anita Virgil

4 Cor van den Heuvel, ed., *The Haiku Anthology : Haiku and Senryu in English*, W.W. Norton & Company, New York, 1999

5 *Frogpond* XXII:2 (1999)

6 *Frogpond* XXVII:1 (2004)

7 From the introduction to *Taboo Haiku* (p.13)

Foster, Linda Nemeec *Listen to the Landscape* Images by Dianne Carroll Burdick (28 handcolored photos), introductions by Jill Enfield and Diane Wakoski. (Wm. B. Eerdmans Publishing Company, 2140 Oak Industrial Drive NE, Grand Rapids MI 49505, 2006) ISBN 0-8028-2898-1. 64 pp., 9" x 7" perfect softbound. \$16 from the publisher.

I want to like this book. It's attractive, serious, and widely distributed. The introduction to the haiku, by well-known mainstream poet Diane Wakoski, is sensitive to the possibilities of haiku and their use to realize larger intentions. The photographic images are interesting in their own right, and often moving. But the way in which these images are treated is the tip-off that something isn't quite going to come off here: these are "natural" images, yet the "natural" colors are not seen to be quite enough: they must be hand-colored to reveal their full values. I have no problem with this particular kind of art, and find some of it quite affective. But linking it with haiku sets off bells in my mind.

And so it should: the twenty-eight haiku in this book, each written to accompany a corresponding image, are the hand-

painted equivalent of haiku. I don't mean to be naive here: haiku poets are always engaged in a kind of hand-painting when they select the elements and emphases of their poems. There is nothing "natural" and everything aesthetic about this. But we as readers know when a poem has been "colorized" and it is rare when such a poem makes any lasting impression on the genre.

So it will be with this volume. There are a couple poems that will be seen to be sufficiently themselves that they need no image to make them whole, and don't require a filter to get rid of the extra pigment. "She wants to run, twirl / Follow the path all the way / To her past: those trees" is an example of these poems at their best. But the majority of these are quite something else: philosophical promptings and the like. A typical example: "Dark brown earth, our home / Cobalt blue sea, our journey / Gauze clouds, our longing." As an adumbration to a seascape comprised of those elements and titled "Three Worlds," fine, but as a haiku, no.

All these poems are titled, and the titles refer to the images/ photographs they face. They are subservient to the images, a way to articulate what is already visually available, and as such, really, of no value if they don't offer their own art. Which they do, but this art is not the art of haiku, except nominally (they are all 5-7-5, for instance). It is the art of commentary, and these poems and this book can be appreciated on this level. But as a book of haiku, and one that is attractive, serious and widely distributed—as I say, as a book with so much promise—it proves, ultimately and unfortunately, a disappointment.

Review by Jim Kacian

HSA NEWS

Pages 77 - 81 Henderson Awards

Pages 82 - 84 Brady Awards

Pages 85 - 88 Merit Book Awards

Pages 89 - 90 Kanterman Award

2006 Harold G. Henderson Haiku Contest

Judges: an'ya and Michael Rehling

The honor of being chosen to judge a haiku contest with the history of the Henderson is only muted by the honor of reading the 694 haiku that comprised the entries for this year's award. It is often said by judges that there were many deserving haiku, and that is true again this year, but it is also true that even given the sheer number of entries, the final judgments of the first, second, and third place winners were the result of our consensus. However, the honorable mentions represent selections from each judge's final "short list."

Reading this volume of haiku is an experience that shapes your own intentions as a judge. There is a wonderful sense of surprise and contentment that comes from reading any good haiku, but reading hundreds of them creates a cumulative experience that sticks with you long after the judgment of "winners" has been made. So many images presented in this large grouping of haiku were of generally similar events, an inevitable occurrence, but each was offered in its own context and in its own framework of meaning. Such is the power of language.

To those of you whose work is not represented on these pages, we offer this advice: "keep on writing haiku." Our experience as judges confirms to both of us that words in general, but your words in particular, can have a real impact. Thank you all for the pleasure you've given us both, and to those of you whose work is listed here, we offer our sincere congratulations and special thanks for sharing with us your wonderful images in the form of haiku.

1st Place

Ellen Compton

season of lights
the postman
leans to the wind

Frogpond XXX:1

3rd Place

C. R. Manley

turning tide—
placing intact clams
back in the water

Tides turn, and in their pull to a new direction they alter the fate of clams. High tide brings the food important to their survival. Low tide finds them buried in the sand, but exposed to probing in their hiding places by birds and humans, who can dig them out of their hiding spots on a newly exposed beach. There is a repetition of this cycle of “risks” and “rewards” that is an integral part of the life of a clam.

Is the poet here performing or observing an act of charity toward these clams? Placing the “intact clams” back into the water allows them not only to feed, but to stay out of the grasp of any predator. Without this intervention from either tides or man, the “risk” portion of their life cycle is lengthened. The word “intact” gives us the clue that these are surely not empty shells, but living clams being placed “back in the water.” Thus, this poem takes a natural occurrence of the tides, or the intervention of humans, that is especially welcomed by nature. This act preserves these particular clams until, through the movement of the moon, the risk/reward proposition repeats itself with the next change in the tides. A simple moment presented in a way that opens us to more complex thought.

Honorable Mentions (alphabetical order by last name)

Alice Frampton

mallard pair
he rocks
on her wake

With one simple observation, this poem allows a reader to fill in many meanings. This is a haiku about relationships. The male and the female, the ducks and the water, the effect of a single action on everything else in the universe are compared in this short haiku. The mallard male is seen both as passive to the wave, and aggressively pursuing the female. The female, is

Haiku Society of America

she pulling away or leading him on? There is so much in this haiku to think about after just eight syllables.

Lois J. Funk

filtering in
with the night air
a skunk's warning

What a typical experience, and yet this haiku moment is made unique by the author's last line. Not just "a skunk's smell" — rather "a skunk's warning." This is a good example of how one person's haiku will stand above a hundred other haiku that are written on the same subject. Note also, the unusual format, with the action verb in line one, the setting in line two, and the subject in line three. A skillfully written haiku.

Merrill Ann Gonzales

stone in my pocket—
the brook cuts deeper
into the mountain

This poem connects the everyday action of picking a stone from a brook to the greater consequences for the mountain. The removal of this stone, that fits so easily in our pocket, changes the dynamics of the brook and thereby the entire mountain. It is an image repeated every day, and as such, without preaching or remonstrating the poet ties our smallest actions to the larger world.

Joan M. Murphy

a bee chose
the rose I meant to pluck . . .
empty vase

A fine example of how to include "self" in a haiku in a "selfless" way — nature taking over the spotlight so to speak as a bee lands on the flower. Like looking in a mirror, one sees many things, some in the foreground and some in the background. In this haiku, the author is present but only in the distance, whereas the bee is the first thing we see in this haiku mirror. Then finally

Frogpond XXX:1

in line three, we see an “empty vase” (but understand why) and the image of that rose . . . is left on the bush.

Sandra Nickel

soba noodles . . .
the new year
slips in

Just as the deliciousness of “time” slips from us if we do not pay close attention, soba noodles made with buckwheat, often slip from our chopsticks several times before we get to taste them. Has paying attention to the noodles caused the poet to miss the exact moment of the New Year?

Bruce Ross

hazy dusk . . .
no one bothered to plow
the graveyard road

The sense of soulful loneliness in this haiku is down-reaching. The first line had me thrown at first, trying to relate the kigo “hazy” to the road plow. Getting through that and passing off as a “spring snow,” the whole feeling of the haiku came through. Perhaps no one bothered to plow because it was the last snow which would soon be melting, or perhaps as my original reaction, just because no one cared.

2006 Gerald Brady Senryu Contest

Judges: Claire Gallagher and Carolyn Hall

It was an honor to be entrusted by H.S.A. Second Vice-President Marlene Egger with the responsibility of judging the 2006 Gerald Brady Memorial Awards for the best unpublished senryu. We read, reread, and pondered the 406 submissions. Throughout the process we kept in mind that the genre encompasses the full range of human relationships and interactions.

You will likely notice that just one of the selected poems employs a reference to nature (and that, in an ironic vein). Since we believe a natural setting can provide the backdrop for illuminating human nature in senryu, it was not intentional that none of the others employed a reference to nature. In the end, we selected those poems that displayed the most originality in illuminating the human condition.

1st Place *Roberta Beary* first date —
the little pile
of anchovies

This very original senryu requires just seven words to describe a complex interpersonal relationship. It is a first date, and there is so much to learn about one another. One member of the two-some, through a desire to please, or perhaps not to offend, has chosen not to insist upon “no anchovies.” Still, at the end of the meal, evidence of this personal quirk is there for all to see. One hopes this is not a relationship-breaker. Anchovies are an acquired taste . . . as are some people.

2nd Place *Daniel Liebert* mistaking telephone
for doofbell—
I let loneliness in

Without resorting to either humor or wordplay, this senryu reveals much about human nature. In these days when every

2nd Honorable Mention

C. R. Manley

dentist's obituary —
common interests
we could never talk about

Who among us has not had to suppress the frustrating impulse to talk with a mouth full of cotton balls, saliva extractor, mirrors and drills . . . especially when, maddeningly, the dentist goes on about this and that? Here the poet has turned that comical experience into poignancy. Only after the opportunity for human interaction and intimacy is permanently gone does the patient discover their common interests and, too late, wants more than ever to engage the dentist in conversation.

3rd Honorable Mention

Garry Gay

As if it were spring
the green mold
on the cheese

This charming poem is Issa-like in its approach to nature. (Though Issa might have talked to that cheese!) The surprise in lines two and three is delightful, and we found the glass-half-full attitude of the poet to be most appealing.

4th Honorable Mention

Roland Packer

psychic fair
she brushes some dirt
from the cards

Sometimes human nature expresses itself best in humor. We found this both fresh and amusing, even after many readings.

2006 MERIT BOOK AWARDS
(for books published in 2005)

Yu Chang and A. C. Missias, judges

I. Solo Haiku Collections

First Place: *Turn to the Earth*, by Peter Yovu (Saki Press)

This collection stood out from the other entries, not for its production values, which are simple, but for the near-uniform high quality of the work it contains. There is nature here, and human situations, and especially that critical interface of the two that provides the energy for much of the best of the haiku genre.

this too
changed overnight—
rain into snow

These gleanings of a decade's work display good sensibilities and awareness of the world around us, and manage to convey a philosophical outlook without our ever becoming excessively aware of an intrusive author presence. A challenging feat, worthy of recognition.

Second Place (tie): *Crumb Moves the Ant*, by Geri Barton (Saki Press)

Another simple Saki Press production, this book contains many sharp observations and good poems on a variety of subjects and from a variety of perspectives. An enjoyable visit.

Second Place (tie): *Wild Again: Selected Haiku of Nina Wicker*, by Nina Wicker, edited by Lenard D. Moore, Dave Russo, and Jim Kacian (Red Moon Press)

A glossy perfect-bound book, this collection reprints some poems from the author's previous collections, as well as some newer poems. Generally strong haiku, with a number of real standouts.

Honorable Mention: *Pilgrimage*, by Michael Dudley (Red Moon Press)

This collection includes both haiku and a few essays, and spans a broader range of poetry types than just the well-traveled core of the haiku tradition. There are concrete poems, haiku sequences, and games played with the power of visual text or auditory rhyme. Somehow the result is an engaging flurry that is more than the sum of its parts. Worth a visit.

II. Multi author Books

Best Anthology (tie): *If I Met Basho*, by Patrick Gallagher, Pamela Miller Ness, Laurie W. Stoelting, and Karma Tenzing Wangchuk; edited by w. f. owen (Two Autumns Press)

This collection features four established haiku poets who were featured at an annual reading for the Haiku Poets of Northern California. Each poet is given a short profile and then a selection of 12 haiku—enough for the reader to get a sense of the distinctive voice of each author, and perhaps few enough to whet your appetite for other books by each. Very strong poems, displaying a variety of approaches and featuring humor, poignancy, yearning, and close observation. An enjoyable read.

Best Anthology (tie): *A New Resonance 4: Emerging Voices in English-Language Haiku*, edited by Jim Kacian and Dee Evetts (Red Moon Press)

This series attempts to introduce “emerging” haiku poets—those focused on work in this genre, but who have not yet published a major solo collection. Thus they can comprise a mix of familiar names with virtually unpublished poets, each with enough representative poems to give the reader a meaningful sense of the writer’s perspective and voice. This collection, as with its predecessors, offers a wealth of strong haiku and a promising set of poets worth watching.

Honorable Mention, Anthology: *The Unswept Path: Contemporary American Haiku*, edited by John Brandi and Dennis Maloney (White Pine Press)

This book is quite different from many of the books given awards this year, because it is clearly attempting to accomplish something specific, as is hinted at in the preface by William J. Higginson: Rather than strictly attempting to show a selection of outstanding haiku, as might be agreed by a consensus of specialists, it catalogs the wide range of voices and approaches that can be found identifying their work with the genre. As a result, it is unlikely that every reader will find agreeable every poem or even every authorial viewpoint represented here (and presented in alphabetical order with little additional guidance), nor will a newcomer get a clear sense of what unifies these poems under a single name. But unmistakably many outstanding poems appear here, and perhaps it is time to come face to face with the margins of our tradition, if for no other reason that to be prodded to reexamine our assumptions and self-imposed limits. A worthy addition to the literature.

around the bell
blue sky
ringing

—*John Brandi*

You too slippery
For me. Can't hold you long or
Hard. Not enough nites.

—*Sonia Sanchez*

Best Serial Book: *Tug of the Current: Red Moon Anthology of English-Language Haiku, 2004*, edited by Jim Kacian et al (Red Moon Press)

A system by which each poem must get the votes of at least half of a discriminating panel of judges once again yields an excellent crop of haiku and related works (gleaned from most serials and books published in English). This series continues to stand as a touchstone of the best of contemporary haiku, and is always an enjoyable and illuminating read.

Best Haiga Collection: *Reeds: Contemporary Haiga 2005*, edited by Jeanne Emrich (Lone Egret Press)

The publication of haiga (the combination of haiku with visual art) is demanding, and Reeds does an excellent job of rising to the challenge, yielding a volume that gives the art high-quality reproduction that shows each piece as the artist intended,

whether it's a traditional ink-brush drawing or modern computerized collage. A range of approaches appear here, both in the medium of the art and in the linkage to the poem, where some are closer to illustrations, while others create an unexpected spark between words and images, yielding additional meaning. There is also something intimate about seeing the original handwriting of some authors or artists as they worked the text into the piece themselves; this effect is even more striking when balanced against calligraphed kanji (also translated below the piece) and variously typeset pieces. A couple of essays and an interview, as well as short contributor biographies, round out the collection. Overall, this publication (the third in an annual journal series) serves as a wonderful introduction to the haiga genre, as well as offering a range of wonderful explorations for those who already appreciate this art form and its unique attributes.

Frogpond - First Decade

still
childless:
milkweed

Alexis Rotella

Volume V:1 1982

**2006 MILDRED KANTERMAN
MEMORIAL AWARD
(For Best First Book of Haiku)**

Eligibility for the Mildred Kanterman Memorial Award is defined as “any printed and bound work of more than 24 pages consisting of haiku, or primarily haiku, by a single author, presented in English.” For the purposes of this award, “first” means that the author shall not previously have published a work of this description. This year’s award is for books published in 2005. Seven books were considered.

The 2006 Mildred Kanterman Memorial Award for Best First Book of Haiku is given to Peter Yovu of Middlesex, Vermont, for his chapbook *Turn to the Earth* (Normal, Illinois: Saki Press, 2005; ISBN 1-893823-16-4; \$5.00 plus 60¢ for postage in the United States, 98¢ to Canada or Mexico, or \$2.55 elsewhere, from Saki Press, 1021 West Gregory, Normal, IL 61761). The author will receive a prize of \$500 and a certificate from the Haiku Society of America.

In the preface to *Turn to the Earth*, Peter Yovu writes that the haiku poet must “be lovingly vigilant over small things and subtle connections; over what is fleeting, easily trodden on, ignored, or missed completely.” And he does just that in this collection of 48 haiku, modestly sized at 5_ by 4_ inches, side-stapled in an apple-green cardstock cover with its drawing of a sunflower turning toward earth. Yovu is a contemporary haiku poet who has studied the masters closely and who truly follows Basho’s dictum to “learn of the pine from the pine.” Approaching nature with eyes, mind, and heart, he captures the tiny moments of immediate observation and transforms them into timeless and universal experience. These are egoless poems with very few references to the self, yet they are haiku that resonate deeply for us all. Yovu empathizes with nature without personification or sentimentality; rather, nature subtly becomes an objective correlative for the reader’s experience. While Yovu’s title haiku,

Haiku Society of America

heavy with seed
sunflowers
turn to earth

is certainly a literal observation, his imagery and diction bring to mind an overburdened human being turning to the earth for comfort, a pregnant woman filled with unborn possibility, or a person at the end of life still filled with unsown seeds. A mere seven words that connote such breadth and depth of experience is indeed a masterful haiku. Similarly, another spare haiku,

sundown-
pumpkins
on their own

contains the entire existential angst of human life: When the sun goes down at the end of the day or at the end of life, each one of us is indeed alone. Yet, at the same time, we're in this life together. Yovu carefully and critically uses the plural: the pumpkins, not one pumpkin, are "on their own." With modesty, generosity of spirit, and great attention to craft, Yovu has shared moments of his personal journey that ripple into our own.

motel mirror-
I too am
just passing through

The Haiku Society of America heartily congratulates Peter Yovu, who first discovered haiku in the late 60s through the works of R. H. Blyth. In addition, we acknowledge with deep gratitude the generosity of HSA charter member and cofounder Leroy Kanterman for endowing this award in memory of his wife, Mildred Kanterman, also a charter member.

*Pamela Miller Ness
Kanterman Award Judge*

ERRATA

open scissors beside a vase of water

Eve Luckring

sunrise
gilds a cloud . . .
the whole prairie

Ruth Yarrow

used books—
leaving the shop
an hour older

Christopher Patchel

Frogpond - First Decade

My dead brother's room
morning sunbeams touching:
his things

George Swede

Volume VIII:2 1985

HSA PATRONS

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

SPONSORS (GIFTS OF MORE THAN \$100)

Donna M. Bauerly, Roberta Beary, Sydney Bougy, Jonathan Burr, Jerome J. Cushman, Susan Delphine Delaney M.D., Michael Dwyer, Maria Flores-Schweinsberg, Helen Franklin, Abigail Friedman, M.J. Gerbauckas, Robert M. Gilliland, Kay Grimnes, Keizo Harazaki, George Q. Johnson Jr, Jim Kacian, Sunny Kamiya, Scott Mason, Pamela Miller Ness, Charles D. Nethaway Jr, Victor J. Ortiz, James A. Paulson, Michael Joseph Rehling, John Stevenson, Johnye Strickland, Valerie Toth, Mark D. Uehling, Cor van den Heuvel, Billie Wilson, Karen Worth

DONORS (GIFTS OF MORE THAN \$50)

Francis K. Achiu, Carol A. Anderson, Kay F. Anderson, Eric Leventhal Arthen, David L. Bachelor, Janelle Barrera, Edith Bartholomeusz, Robert Bauer, Susan D. Borden, Wayne Burns, Yu Chang, K.H. Clifton, Charles Close, Gretchen Y. Coats, Ellen Compton, John W. Crossin OSFS, William Cullen Jr., George Daily, L. A. Davidson, Kristen Deming, Virginia P. Dickson, Ann Eastabrooks, Eric H. Edwards, Rosemary Eller, Sally Estes, Efren Estevez, Rees A. Evans, Eileen Fappiano, Dr. Ross Figgins, Ann D. Foley, Tom Foye, William A. Fraenkel, Ph.D., Ruth Franke, Tami Fraser, Anne French, Suzanne B. Friedman, D. Claire Gallagher, Brenda J. Gannam, John K. Gillespie, Merrill Ann Gonzales, Steven Gould, Andrea Grillo, Carolyn Hall, Yvonne Hardenbrook, Ginny Hoyle, Sachiyo Ito, Duro Jaiye, Laverna Johnson, Judy Kamilhor, Howard Lee Kilby, Joseph Kirschner, Karen W. Klein, Bill & Joann Klontz, Hiroshi Kobori, Angelika Kolompar, Henry Kreuter, Eliot & Eileen B.Landau,

Frogpond XXX:1

Marcus Larsson, Marie La Vallee, Michael W. Lopez, Peggy Willis Lyles, Kate McQueen, Carol MacRury, Andrea C. Missias, Timothy I. Mize, Neil Moylan, Margaret Olwell, Steven J. Owens, Sean Perkins, Rabbi Bruce J. Pfeffer, Marian M. Poe, Francine Porad, Lisa M. Porter, Barth H. Ragatz, Carol Raisfeld, Ed Rayher, Michele Root-Bernstein, Bruce Ross, Helen Russell, Marilyn J. Sandall, Robert J. Saunders, Tei Matsushita Scott, Lynne Steel, Jeff Stillman, Carmen Sterba, Susumu Takiguchi, Dietmar Tauchner, Michael Taylor, Carolyn M. Thomas, Diane Tomczak, Charles P. Trumbull, Joan Morse Vistain, Richard Williams, Clifford Wood, Rich Youmans

FRIENDS (GIFTS OF MORE THAN \$33)

C. H. Ammons, Winona Louise Baker, Becky Barnhart, Gretchen G. Batz, E. Bodien, Doris A. Bolt, Kristin M. Boryca, Michele Bowers, Janet Brof, Eve Bromberg, Tom Clausen, Elsa M. Colligan, Joseph B. Connolly, Joyce Walker Currier, Helen K. Davie, Dr. Zirka Derlycia, Marilyn Riso Di Perna, Connie Donleycott, Cathy Drinkwater Better, Lynn Edge, Charles Edwards, William Scott Galasso, Robbie Gamble, Lee Giesecke, Gail Goto, June Gray, David Grayson, Sandra O. Hancock, Evelyn H. Hermann, Christopher D. Herold, Merle D. Hinchee, Mark Hollingsworth, Donald Holroyd, Gary Hotham, Elinor A. Huggett, Ken Hurm, Connie Hutchison, June Hopper Hymas, Richard J. Kessler, Jeffrey L. Ketts, Mary Louise Knight, Ariel M. Lambert, Evelyn P. Lang, Daniel K. Lincoln, C. R. Manley, Laureen McHugh, Fonda Bell Miller, Claris Moore, Alyce M. Nielson, Catherine Nowaski, Tom Painting, Kathe Palka, Gilford W. Poe, Anna Poplawska, Patricia A. Rogers, Ce Rosenow, Gabriel Rosenstock, Timothy Russell, Robert Seretny, Helen L. Shaffer, Norma V. Sheard, Ernest Sherman, Nancy Steward Smith, Brenda Soyer, Laurie Stoelting, Celia Stuart-Powles, Edwin S. Styron III, Jaxon and Arlene Teck, James Tipton, Jennifer Townsend, Marilyn Appl Walker, Karma Tenzing Wangchuk, Frank C. Wickers, Jeffrey Winke, Helena V. Winter, Jeff Witkin, John Akasawa Wong, Virginia W. Wrenn, Ruth Yarrow

INDEX OF CONTRIBUTORS

- An'ya...20, 77-81
Anakiev, Dimitar...50-51
Anderson, Hortensia...35
Aoyagi, Fay...14-18
Avery, C...13, 34
Baatz, Ronald...36
Baker, Deb...22
Barber, Collin...32, 47
Barlow, John...21
Barrera, Janelle...30
Barry, Jack...20
Beary, Roberta...82
Brimm, Robert...37
Brown, Jason Sanford...20, 28
Buckingham, Helen...28
Carrier, Kenneth Elba...83
Cesar, Karen...13
Chang, Shelly...23
Chang, Yu...13, 22, 85-88
Clausen, Tom...31, 35, 64-65, 69-70
Collette, Jim...47
Colón, Carlos...37
Compton, Ellen...77
Cullen Jr, William...12
Dasgupta, Amitava...36
Daw, Ian...5
Day, Cherie Hunter...29, 37
Donleycott, Connie...30, 44
Downing, Johnette...32
Dunlap, Curtis...41
Dunphy, John J...28
Dyck, Marje A...12
Epstein, Robert...7, 31
Fessler, Michael...10, 23
Ford, Lorin...9
Fowler, James...44
Frampton, Alice...21, 25, 41, 79
Funk, Lois J...80
Gallagher, Claire...82-84
Gamble, Robbie...33
Gay, Garry...84
George, Barry...9, 22
Gilli, Ferris...33
Gonzales, Merrill Ann...66, 80
Gosho, Heinosuke...17
Grandstaff, Sari...36
Grayson, David...58-61
Hall, Carolyn...7, 13, 39, 46, 65, 70-74, 82-84
Hecht, Robert...20
Heitmeyer, Doris...48-49
Hinderliter, Carolyn M...12
Hirate, Yumi...8
Hollingsworth, Mark...19
Holzer, Ruth...43
Hotham, Gary...23, 34
Howard, Elizabeth...8
Itoyama, Yukiko...16
James, Kevin...8
Kacian, Jim...41, 64, 74-75
Kanda, Sosuke...8
Karkow, Kirsty...34, 64
Ketchek, Michael...9
Kilbride, Jerry...3
King, Doreen...27
Klontz, Joann...34
Koen, Deb...33
Kolodji, Deborah P...28
La Vallee, Susan Marie...12
Lang, Evelyn...45
Larsson, Marcus...7, 25
Liebert, Daniel...36, 82
Lippy, Burnell...23, 66
Loci, Jorma...19
Luckring, Eve...20, 91
Lyles, Peggy Willis...9, 67
Mainone, Robert...7
Manley, C. R...67, 79, 84
Mason, Scott...22
McClintock, Michael...21, 78
McGowan, Jesse...30
McLaughlin, Dorothy...35
Metz, Scott...19
Miller, Philip...24
Missias, A. C...85-88
Moore, Lenard D...21, 24
Moss, Ron...40

Frogpond XXX:1

- Mountain, Marlene...12, 43, 64
Moyer, Robert P...28
Moylan, Neil...8
Murphy, Joan M...80
Nakai, Miyako...11
Ness, Pamela Miller...89-90
Neubauer, Patricia...24, 66-67
Nickel, Sandra...81
Noyes, H. F...19
Olberg, Audrey G...29
Omoto, Teruko...66
Ortiz, Victor...10
Packer, Roland...84
Painting, Tom...33
Parks, Zane...49
Partridge, Brent...63
Patchel, Christopher...25, 37, 91
Perkins, Sean...31
Peters, Stephen...25
Pfleuger Jr, Paul...35
Piko, Greg...24
Poulin, Robert Henry...29
Pruett, Tyler...11
Ramesh, Kala...33
Ramsey, William M...29, 32
Rehling, Michael...77-81
Robello, Joseph...10
Robinson, Chad Lee...11
Romano, Emily...65
Ross, Bruce...30, 31, 64, 81
Rudychev, Natalie...9, 25
Shaw, Adelaide B...24
Shigemoto, Yasuhiko...21
Steinberg, Gary...27
Sterba, Carmen...64
Stevenson, John...3
Stillman, Jeffrey...27
Stoelting, Laurie W...46
Sudo, Toru...16
Summers, Marie...13
Swede, George...7, 35, 91
Sweeney, Patrick...11, 29
Taeker, Martina...32
Takano, Sujuu...14
Tann, Hilary...11, 23
Tauchner, Dietmar...27
Thompson, Marc...36
Thunell, CarrieAnn...27, 65
Tico, Tom...10, 62
Tsushima, Yasuko...15
van den Heuvel, Cor...57
Virgilio, Nick...61
Vistain, Joan Morse...30
Walker, Marilyn Appl...10
Ward, Linda Jeannette...42-43
West, Harriot...31
Wiley, Susan A...32
Williams, Richmond D...65
Wilson, Billie...22, 39
Yarrow, Ruth...34, 51, 63, 91
Yovu, Peter...37
Zheng, Jianqing...53-57

HAIKU SOCIETY OF AMERICA
33 East 47th Street, New York, NY 10017
<<http://www.hsa-haiku.org/>>

Established 1968

Co-Founders: Harold G. Henderson and Leroy Kanterman

Officers

President: Pamela Miller Ness, 33 Riverside Drive, 4-G, New York, NY 10023-8025
First Vice President: Stanford M. Forrester, PO Box 189, Windsor, CT 06095-0189
Second Vice President: Marlene Egger, 7527 S Brighton Way, Salt Lake City, UT 84121
Secretary: Lane Parker, 578 3rd Avenue., San Francisco, CA 94118
Treasurer: Paul Miller, 31 Seal Island Road, Bristol, RI 02809
Newsletter Editor: Johnye Strickland, 6813 Incas Dr, North Little Rock, AR 72116-5113
Electronic Media Officer: Randy Brooks, 3720 N Woodridge Dr., Decatur, IL 62526-1117

Frogpond Editor: John Stevenson, P.O. Box 122, Nassau, NY 12123-0122

Frogpond Book Review Editor: Jim Kacian, P.O. Box 2461, Winchester, VA 22604

Regional Coordinators

Northeast/ New England: Lawrence Rungren, 1 Tanglewood Way N, Andover MA 01810-1616
Northeast Metro: Miriam Borne, 232 E 2nd St Apt 4D, New York, NY 10009-8042
Mid Atlantic: Ellen Compton, 5425 Connecticut Av NW, Apt 217, Washington, DC 20015
South: Howard Lee Kilby, P.O. Box 1260, Hot Springs AR 71902-1260
Southeast: Currently Vacant
Midwest: Joe Kirschner, 2157 Ridge Ave. Apt 2D, Evanston IL 60201-6200
Plains & Mountains: Chad Lee Robinson, 323 South Ree Street, Apt 5, Pierre, SD 57501
Southwest: Cliff Roberts, 5008 Flagstone Drive, Fort Worth, TX 76114-1706
California: Fay Aoyagi, 930 Pine St, #105, San Francisco, CA 94108
Oregon: Ce Rosenow, 815 E 28th Avenue, Eugene, OR 97405-4127
Washington: Terran Campbell, 1114 n 77th St, Apt A, Seattle, WA 98103-4606
Hawaii/Pacific: Darold D. Braid, 1617 Keeaumoku St, #1206, Honolulu, HI 96822-4322
Alaska: Billie Wilson, 1170 Fritz Cove Road, Juneau, AK 99801-8501



HAIKU SOCIETY OF AMERICA
33 East 47th Street, New York, NY 10017
<<http://www.hsa-haiku.org/>>

Established 1968

Co-Founders: Harold G. Henderson and Leroy Kanterman

Officers

President: Pamela Miller Ness, 33 Riverside Drive, 4-G, New York, NY 10023-8025
First Vice President: Stanford M. Forrester, PO Box 189, Windsor, CT 06095-0189
Second Vice President: Marlene Egger, 7527 S Brighton Way, Salt Lake City, UT 84121
Secretary: Lane Parker, 578 3rd Avenue., San Francisco, CA 94118
Treasurer: Paul Miller, 31 Seal Island Road, Bristol, RI 02809
Newsletter Editor: Johnye Strickland, 6813 Incas Dr, North Little Rock, AR 72116-5113
Electronic Media Officer: Randy Brooks, 3720 N Woodridge Dr., Decatur, IL 62526-1117

Frogpond Editor: John Stevenson, P.O. Box 122, Nassau, NY 12123-0122

Frogpond Book Review Editor: Jim Kacian, P.O. Box 2461, Winchester, VA 22604

Regional Coordinators

Northeast/ New England: Lawrence Rungren, 1 Tanglewood Way N, Andover MA 01810-1616
Northeast Metro: Miriam Borne, 232 E 2nd St Apt 4D, New York, NY 10009-8042
Mid Atlantic: Ellen Compton, 5425 Connecticut Av NW, Apt 217, Washington, DC 20015
South: Howard Lee Kilby, P.O. Box 1260, Hot Springs AR 71902-1260
Southeast: Currently Vacant
Midwest: Joe Kirschner, 2157 Ridge Ave. Apt 2D, Evanston IL 60201-6200
Plains & Mountains: Chad Lee Robinson, 323 South Ree Street, Apt 5, Pierre, SD 57501
Southwest: Cliff Roberts, 5008 Flagstone Drive, Fort Worth, TX 76114-1706
California: Fay Aoyagi, 930 Pine St, #105, San Francisco, CA 94108
Oregon: Ce Rosenow, 815 E 28th Avenue, Eugene, OR 97405-4127
Washington: Terran Campbell, 1114 n 77th St, Apt A, Seattle, WA 98103-4606
Hawaii/Pacific: Darold D. Braid, 1617 Keeaumoku St, #1206, Honolulu, HI 96822-4322
Alaska: Billie Wilson, 1170 Fritz Cove Road, Juneau, AK 99801-8501



