



The Journal of the Haiku Society of America



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Frogpond

The Journal of the Haiku
Society of America



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ABOUT H.S.A. AND FROGPOND

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1. Submissions from both members and non-members of HSA are welcome
2. Submissions must be original, unpublished work that is not being considered elsewhere
3. Submissions by e-mail are preferred
 - (a) they must be in the body of the e-mail (no attachments)
 - (b) they must have the following subject line: Frogpond Submission
4. Submissions by post will receive a reply only if included are either:
 - (a) a self-addressed stamped envelope (with a Canadian stamp), or
 - (b) a self-addressed envelope with one International Reply Coupon (IRC) for up to 30 grams; two IRCs for over 30 and up to 50 grams

Guidelines for Submissions to Each Issue:

1. No more than ten (10) haiku and/or senryu
2. No more than three (3) haibun
3. No more than three (3) rengay or other short sequences
4. No more than one (1) renku or other long sequences
5. No more than one (1) essay
6. No more than one (1) book review

Submission Deadlines:

1. April 15 (Spring/Summer Issue)
2. August 1 (Fall Issue)
3. November 15 (Winter Issue)

Submission Addresses:

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Note to Publishers:

Books for review should NOT be sent between December 15th and March 15th.

EDITOR'S MESSAGE

Gratitude for the opportunity to serve the Haiku Society of America as *Frogpond* editor is at the very top of the list of things I wish to express at this time. It has been an incomparable learning experience.

Mention should be made of a number of people who have helped me to make the most of my time as editor. In particular, I thank Jim Kacian for teaching me the business of producing a high quality journal during my two year tenure as his associate editor, for his service as book review editor over the past three years, for his example as a thoughtful and good humored advocate of haiku as a living art, and for his encouragement at all times.

I wish to thank all those who have preceded me as editors of this journal. I appreciate them more deeply, having seen at first-hand the challenges and demands of the job. I also wish to thank those editors of other haiku publications, who have been my guiding lights, whose examples I have attempted, however haltingly, to emulate. Many of these editors are still living and very much in the prime of their activities as editors. Rather than leave any such individuals out, I will mention three who have been particularly important to me that have passed away and are sadly missed by many of us: Robert Spiess, Elizabeth Searle Lamb, and Francine Porad.

Thank you, Fay Aoyagi, for your series on "Dissection of the Haiku Tradition." I have been basking in your reflected glory for three years now.

And finally, thank you to everyone whose work has appeared in *Frogpond* during my years as editor, and all who have offered their work. It has been an honor, a very great privilege, to work with you.

Frogpond XXXI:1

Now, let us look to the future. The Haiku Society of America is fortunate to have George Swede as the next *Frogpond* editor. Most readers will already be familiar with his poetry and with his always on target and frequently challenging commentary on the art and craft of haiku and senryu. We will also enjoy the services of his wife, Anita Krumins, serving as assistant editor.

By the time that you receive this issue, many of you will have begun to submit your poems, essays, and other work to George. For any who are wondering about the new submissions policies, please turn back a page to “General Submissions Policy.” This should answer your questions.

I’m delighted to be able to say that the Re:Readings column will continue. Please send your offerings for this column to the new editor. As to other features of the new *Frogpond*, I will look forward, with other readers, to the spring/summer issue!

*With best wishes, always,
John Stevenson*

*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 XXX:3

the glare off snow
has the run of the house
February's extra day

Burnell Lippy

haiku

Frogpond XXXI:1

warming in my palm
the last drops of lotion
winter morning

Teruko Omoto

shrouded day
no shadows
in the woods

Dan Daly

as though the stars drill holes through darkness December

Jim Kacian

the New Year . . .
I hold the hand
of my wife

Michael McClintock

waking to a radio
that played all night
snow outside

paul m.

Haiku Society of America

winter solstice
the only star disappears
and reappears

Bruce Ross

strange voices
I open the door
to the stars

Dietmar Tauchner

A-bombed tree
the keloid shines
in the winter sun

Yasuhiko Shigemoto

receding ranges
of mountains —
the bus is waiting

Helen Russell

cold morning shadows —
the first old month
on the calendar

Gary Hotham

Frogpond XXXI:1

morning feed
deep inside the bale
pressed sage

Dee Evetts

Freezing wind
the dancing clothes
stiffen into people

Ken Jones

the cloud's shadow
still with me
in the elevator

Scott Metz

morning
mist on the mesa
cold

Adrian Yazzie

stained glass
the chapel fills
with an infant's cry

Scott Mason

Haiku Society of America

laced up
my boot releases
yesterday's mud

Scott Mason

careful not to step
on daffodil sprouts . . .
moon-viewing

paul m.

the undertakers
loading the lillies—
river in spate

Matthew Paul

stone Buddha
almost too heavy to lift
the ants scatter

D. T. Arcieri

weeds sprout
between sidewalk slabs
children at recess

Mike Spikes

Frogpond XXXI:1

Lack of a line
between ocean and sky —
scattered ashes

Mark F. Harris

under my skin a pasture with one tree

Scott Metz

amongst the stones
no more
loneliness

David Rosen

sunset painting mean streets gold

James Patrick Haynes

desert night
curve of the dead juniper
studded with stars

Ruth Yarrow

Haiku Society of America

a little space yet
between the peas in the pod—
start of summer

Shelly Chang

low tide
the gauntlet
of clam squirts

Connie Donleycott

fireworks smoke the crowd disperses

Chris White

wearing his life jacket
a little boy
runs through the sprinkler

Marsh Muirhead

after rain
the squeal
of a circular saw

Jeremy Pendrey

Frogpond XXXI:1

a blue tongue
and a red mustache—
we trade snow cones

David Giacalone

in warm wind
laundry
snapping-the-sun

Cynthia Porter

with a shake
of her beach towel
yellow butterflies

Victor Ortiz

toenail clippers
ice cold beer
Sunday afternoon

Greg Schwartz

thunder moon
odor of the rodeo
kicking up

Marilyn Appl Walker

Dissection of the Haiku Tradition: Inner Landscape

Fay Aoyagi

I LIVE IN A STUDIO APARTMENT. I eat, write and read at the same desk. But I believe that my body has many doors, stairs, and windows. Through writing haiku, I explore the house called myself. Sometimes I find me as a rabbit behind the closed door. Other times, I see my reflection as a hawk in the mirror.

boku ga shujinkou no douwa o kataru fuyu soubi

I tell a fairy tale
whose main character is me—
a winter rose

Kei Hayashi⁽¹⁾

A friend of mine who is a painter told me haiku and painting share an important element: show not tell. A poet or a painter provides a vehicle. A map can be embedded in the work. A reader or a viewer chooses the destination. Where they arrive can be different from what the artist expects or intends. Someone may become homesick when he/she sees a painting of a swimming pool. It reminds him/her of the parents' house in Southern California. I may feel isolated seeing the same painting. No one had a private pool where I grew up.

maimai ya yasumeba kiyuru jibunshi mo

water strider—
if I stop, my history, too
will disappear

Hiroe Kawamoto⁽²⁾

When I write haiku, I refer to Japanese saijiki. A saijiki is like a cook book. It contains tips on how to use the ingredients in front of you. Unfortunately, a haiku poet cannot repeat the same

Frogpond XXXI:1

recipe again and again. It is difficult to prepare a unique dish using iceberg lettuce. But a tomato can be used for salad, soup or pasta sauce. A saijiki is like a skilled yoga instructor. With guidance I bend deeper. I find new strength. At the same time, there is a risk of losing balance if I push myself too much. I am afraid of turning myself upside down. I cannot split my legs like a ballet dancer.

lines left by the tide
someone somewhere
wishes me ill

paul m. ⁽³⁾

Every six months or so, I experience a writer's block. If I were a nature person, I would go to the mountains, paddle in the river, or look at flowers I nurture. I do not camp. I do not own a kayak. My apartment does not have a garden. When I have a cold, I choose rice porridge instead of chicken soup. Cinderella's shoe only fits her. I may be able to impress potential in-laws with a designer dress and perfect makeup. But their chihuahua will sense my dislike of miniature dogs.

hana no ame kawa ga jikan o misete iru

cherry blossom rain—
a river is showing
the time

Bin Akio ⁽⁴⁾

On the autumn solstice, I went to Treasure Island to see the dragon boat race. One of the heats was for breast cancer survivors. There was a ceremony to commemorate the deceased and to honor the fighters. Volunteers gave the audience pink carnations. We threw them on the water. The one I threw ended up near the shore. It slowly circled and joined the other flowers.

tori kaeru kiteki no natte iru hou e

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migrating birds return
in the direction
the train whistles

Reiko Akezumi ⁽⁵⁾

This summer I met my cousin and uncle in Tokyo. My cousin's daughter wants to study photography in England. They want to know the pros and cons for a young woman living overseas by herself. My cousin never lived alone. He went to a university in Tokyo. He stayed with his parents until he married. His experience is not unique for a person who grew up in Tokyo. My uncle will support his granddaughter financially. She does not have to work while attending school. Her brother spent a year in New Zealand. Why not give her such an opportunity, as well? The Equal Employment Act in Japan has been in effect since 1986.

“Do you remember I went to my Grandparents' house every summer by myself?” I asked them.

“Sure. Your mother sent your sister to summer school. But, you did not want to spend the summer in Tokyo.” my uncle said.

My maternal grandparents lived in a town near the ocean. From Tokyo, it was about two hours away by train. I will never forget the taste of a tangerine I bought on board. It was the first time I bought something by myself.

uchikake o kite fuyu no ga wa tobemasen

in the wedding kimono
a winter moth
cannot fly

Takajo Mitsuhashi ⁽¹⁾

When one of my friends was forty-five years old she adopted a child. She said she learned and is still learning many things from being a mother.

She believes the relationship with her mother is more amicable since she herself became a mother. It is hard to believe

Frogpond XXXI:1

she will celebrate her sixtieth birthday soon. But I chose not to be a mother.

Why do I want to write haiku? Why do I want to show my happiness, my pain and my inner soul? Why do I choose the haiku format? Without knowing answers, I will continue my haiku journey. My train may not be the modern bullet train. It will not zip through the landscape. My boat may not have an engine. I have to paddle constantly. But I know I am moving forward.

This is the last installment. I appreciate the support from *Frogpond* readers. I bow deeply to John Stevenson who gave me the opportunity to write this series.

in how many languages
can I say 'thank you'?
wild mustard

Fay Aoyagi ⁽⁶⁾

(1) *Gendai no Haiku* (Modern Haiku Anthology) edited by Sho-bin Hirai, Kadokawa Shoten, 1982

(2) *Gendai Saijiki* (Modern Saijiki), edited by Tota Kaneko, Momoko Kuroda, Ban'ya Natsuishi, Seisei Shuppan, Tokyo, 1997

(3) *flotsam/jetsam* by paul m. 2007, privately published

(4) *Haiku Shiki* (Haiku Four Seasons) June 2007 Issue, edited by Seiji Hayashi, Tokyo Shiki Shuppan, June 2007

(5) *Seisa* (Star Raft), by Reiko Akezumi, Furansudo, Tokyo, 2006

(6) *In Borrowed Shoes*, by Fay Aoyagi, Blue Willow Press, San Francisco, 2006

All Japanese translation by Fay Aoyagi.

Haiku Society of America

first summer day
a child's bucket brims
with seashells

George Swede

warm evening—
we drive slowly
past our daughter's grave

Lenard D. Moore

the sunset clouds of August sixth

Allan Burns

heat lightning and the dry burn of whiskey

Jim Kacian

halfway across the bridge
the quiet part
or the river

Hilary Tann

Frogpond XXXI:1

this milkweed pod covers an acre

John Martone

wheat stubble
quails kick up
the evening's dust

John Barlow

dusk
seagulls breaking clams
on the tombstones

William Cullen Jr

wisteria
going deeper in the yard at dusk
with my wine glass

Burnell Lippy

a neglected garden
the fragrant night spreads
across the road

Efren Estevez

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end of summer
a dish of cat food
on the town hall porch

Joann Klontz

autumn rain
the papered windows
of a dime store

Chad Lee Robinson

the wind changes—
my plan to sit still
changes

Gary Hotham

acorn caps—
somebody's wallet
on a park bench

Carolyn Hall

the harvest moon . . .
high-rise balconies
with no one on them

Anne LB Davidson

Frogpond XXXI:1

millions of rivets
an unfinished bridge beneath
a river of stars

Peter Yovu

heaven's river from where to where

Kala Ramesh

the wild geese . . .
women in the orange grove,
clouds in the treetops

Michael McClintock

Indian Summer
barbecue coals
in the dusk

William Cullen Jr.

autumn light
escaping with a
cello note

Dru Philippou

Haiku Society of America

Paris moon:
enough light
to read by.

Alexis Rotella

her voice on the phone
I can almost hear the leaves
changing color

Cherie Hunter Day

autumn day
the changing colors
of the sea

Victor Ortiz

she sweeps
the leaves from her path
red nails

Quendryth Young

autumn mist
the frayed sleeve
of a tweed jacket

Bob Lucky

Frogpond XXXI:1

autumn leaves
the stream disappears
into rocks

Marlene Egger

empty house —
a whisper of mother's voice
in the autumn wind

Curtis Dunlap

steady rain
the pumpkin's
dark smile

Bob Lucky

holiday reunion
the turkey meat
falls off the bone

Alice Frampton

breath curls
in the evening chill —
one more cast

Patrick M. Pilarski

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the brittleness
of melon stems
hunter's moon

C. Avery

winter solstice
my shadow so long
I'll never catch up

V. N. Rhoades

winter gathering—
green carpet
round mother's grave

Jo McInerney

i learn brooklyn
getting lost alone,
the snow sticks

Michael Morical

military crackdown—
a cloud of starlings
shrouds the sun

Carolyn Hall

Frogpond XXXI:1

winter night—
the accordion player
pulls up her sleeve
Dejah Léger

the tree stump
so soft
I touch it only once
Dave Boyer

overcast little sunflowers from uneaten seeds dot the earth

Marlene Mountain

cool dusk
loud hum of a streetlight
in the parking lot
Lenard D. Moore

heat shimmers wingspan of the white heron

Renee Owen

senryu

Frogpond XXXI:1

a very happy life
a very sad life
this life

John Martone

packed subway
the squeezed teddy bear
starts talking

Michael Fessler

mixed in
with the instructions
her perfume

Tom Clausen

sea spray —
the time it takes
to think twice

Alice Frampton

old friend
instead of her life or mine
we speak of the Silver Surfer

Carlos Colón

Haiku Society of America

lined up by height
the smallest kindergartner
leads the way

Dorothy McLaughlin

Yes, easy to find—
as you enter the village
turn right at the pig.

James Tipton

almost asleep
my possessions
sneaking off

Peter Yovu

baggage claim:
she speaks a little German
he, a little Dutch

Raquel D. Bailey

pub garden:
me, him
and the water-wheel

Helen Buckingham

Frogpond XXXI:1

silence
the right spot on the radio

PMF Johnson

saving a spider
from the vacuum hose—
my hero stance

Andrea Grillo

the longest day
kids playing Quidditch
on earth-bound brooms

Peggy Willis Lyles

bedtime story
the princess' crown
becomes heavy

Aurora Antonovic

Mother's Bible
the binding peels
in my palm

Pamela Miller Ness

wanting to be twenty-one
all my years
but one

R. P. Carter

in the mirror
a man more serious
than I

Greg Schwartz

rainy night
a childhood favorite
on the motel TV

Collin Barber

board meeting—
a mixture of perfumes
and colognes

R. P. Carter

her faded garden—
trading gossip
for a cup of tea

Lynne Steel

Frogpond XXXI:1

no need to rush since i can't

Marlene Mountain

the first of spring
bright flowers
on the tissue box

Becky DeVito

hunting season
the hound chases a rabbit
to the property line

Karen Cesar

clear-cut forest wind musses a lumberjack's hair

Robert Epstein

southern drawl
smoldering underbrush
reignites

Peggy Willis Lyles

Haiku Society of America

before dawn
the paperboy
spreads the word

Chris White

warming up
over a cup of tea
my mother-in-law

Tom Painting

the threaded needle strikes a brass button

Ron Moss

drinking sake until I'm ready for the blowfish

Curtis Dunlap

doctor's office—
I feel like a million
counterfeit bucks

hortensia anderson

Frogpond XXXI:1

closer, closer—
a sparrow risks all
for a crumb

Peggy Garrison

holy cow
no one is safe
death has taken the Scooter

Michael Ketchek

start of autumn . . .
I dream I'm a latecomer
and only half dressed

Christopher Patchel

a modest celebration . . .
two servings
per container

C. Avery

on the windowsill
a radio, a blue vase—
my horizon

Robert Huotari

Haiku Society of America

we laugh together
until I realize
she's weeping

Hamish Ironside

peeling potatoes
mother hums
"Someone To Watch Over Me"
John Grey

sunlit sea
the white sailboat
I can't afford

Kirsty Karkow

cold moon lover all business

Jeff Stillman

separation
she turns on
all the lights

Pamela Miller Ness

Frogpond XXXI:1

family emergency —
speed of this jet
into darkfall

D. Claire Gallagher

another twig snaps
before I get there . . .
my father's grave

Tyrone McDonald

mom's Polish dinner
everything
wrapped in cabbage leaves

Dana Duclo

funeral mass
my sister's hat
blocks the view

Roberta Beary

bending to
my own shadow
pulling weeds

Jack Barry

Haiku Society of America

she's naked in the hallway
I put on
my glasses

David Lanoue

tavern's square tank
fish swimming
in circles

George Swede

she wasn't happy but she had a good dental plan

Toni Calvello

school field trip
the thrust and parry
of butterfly nets

Elizabeth Howard

bassist in jail
drummer is in rehab
practice will be short

Roland A. Sam

Frogpond XXXI:1

the astronaut and
the cow sitting together
in Barbie's car

Michael Ketchek

her reason
for disliking the beach
too much sand

Dee Evetts

watching a rerun
my granddaughter
in my daughter's arms

Yu Chang

open trophy case
brother's scent
pervades the air

Harumi Miyake



Tan Renga

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Haibun

Pages 42 - 44, 46, 48 - 49, 64

Rengay

Page 45, 47

TAN RENGA

sitting still in the rain
the guru's drunk daughter

*one star
over the airport
another Beatle has died*

Petar Tchouhov
David G. Lanoue

record heat
two calves butt heads
in full sun

*sneaking inside
to make love*

Mark Hollingsworth
Amy Whitcomb

VISITING MOM

THIS TIME, let in through a locked door, I will have to enter a six-digit number to leave. The combination is posted on the wall several feet from the lock to ensure that the residents can't get out on their own.

There's a walker or wheelchair beside every room. A photo of a flower and her pen name, Francesca, is on the door. Her new room is smaller, but she still has a rocker and the wall of family photos. One of her two parakeets is still alive, still nips my finger when I reach into its cage to free it. What's different is that she says very little and I'm the one who fills the air with chitchat.

Leaving, I read the six digits, walk to the door, key in the first four, when anxiety hits . . .

fall drizzle
the rust spots on my car
seem bigger

Ray Rasmussen

LAMENT FOR A CANINE

"THE COYOTE just snatched Tinker up and trotted off with her." The newspaper shows a woman, tears flowing down her cheeks, clutching Belle, her other long-haired Brussels Griffon. "We have to eliminate these killers," she's quoted as saying. "Who knows whether the neighbors' children will be next." Her newly built home is perched on the edge of the Whitemud Wildlife Sanctuary, a small nature reserve.

evening chill
an ambulance and coyote
joined in chorus

Ray Rasmussen

AFTERNOON BREAK

IT'S THREE O'CLOCK and the office is beginning to smell like the local Cineplex. One by one, unfolded packets of microwave popcorn achieve two minute plumpness. Some employees pop buttered popcorn and others use Weight Watcher's popcorn, but everyone is taking an unofficial "smoke break" without lighting a cigarette.

Occasionally, someone will be called back to work mid-pop, and a burnt smell begins to permeate the cubicle spaces. Fortunately, this is a rare occurrence.

hot apple cider—
the boss's secretary
wears a mini-skirt

Deborah P Kolodji

"GOOD DAUGHTER"

IS ANYONE ever prepared to become a parent to their own parent?

changing Mom's bed
my perfect
hospital corners

Connie Donleycott

PLAYDATE

ALL THE MOTHERS in this spacious living room have one thing in common the superiority of one's own child to everyone else's each mother here knows that her child is just a bit smarter, more talented, artistic, verbal and coordinated than the rest who must be content with being above average

dinner bell—
rosebuds float
in a crystal bowl

that every child is above average is without doubt for not one of these mothers would allow her child to play with an average child and that such a child might exist among these is a possibility best left to the teachers in the years ahead who are paid to shoulder the blame

trash day
blighted rosebuds
top the heap

Roberta Beary

EN POINTE

OUR DAUGHTER loves to dance. Any unheard music seems to do. And any partner. The table's shimmed leg attends her lifted heel. She gains a peek beyond the windowsill.

ballet slippers
pigeon-toed
beside the bed

Charles Hansmann

COWS CAN'T JUMP

pink onesies
she vows to raise a girl
who's not afraid of spiders (hw)

this little piggy
goes to Toys R Us (lr)

summer vacation
the kids and the pussy cat
set off for dad's (hw)

her little lamb
bounces around the drum
late-night laundry (lr)

long drive home
the children sing quack-quack (hw)

how soon before they say
cows can't jump over moons?
goodnight kisses (lr)

Harriot West (USA)
Lynne Rees (UK)

SMOKE

IT'S PITCH-BLACK OUT HERE as we stand on the porch at the back of my house. The flare of light from his cigarette burns away a bit of the darkness, and I am compelled to ask him, "Why do you smoke so much? Aren't you worried that you're killing yourself?" Laughing, he tells me that he smokes because he doesn't want anyone else to take credit for his death.

hellfire sermon—
catching the breeze
from a paper fan

Collin Barber

RETIRED

I LOOK FORWARD to the weekends even though I'm retired and free to do as I desire. No time constraints, no pressure, no longer requiring a structured life. Yet, I rise at 8:30 on the weekdays, exercise, check e-mail while eating breakfast, write at least an hour before tackling some household chore. There is an inner need for form, to have some restraints to give meaning to freedom. A need for compensation for a week well spent.

Saturday sleep in—
children playing soccer
across the street

Adelaide B. Shaw

“BREAKING POINT: A RENGAY”

“Every toy has the right to break.”

Antonio Porchia, *Voices*

(Alfred A. Knopf, 1988, p. 31)

dropped doll
her porcelain smile
all over the floor

*a winter skylight
glass eyes stare at stars*

trimming the tree
with hand-blown ornaments
she tells war stories

*burned-out light bulb
he fumbles among boxes
in an attic*

cracked mug of chocolate
the melting marshmallows

*taillight shards
by a brick mailbox post
the moonlit ice*

Terry Ann Carter
Richard Straw

SEAT 16

Through
The Looking Glass
a high speed train
racing backwards

I DIDN'T NOTICE IT AT FIRST, what with the anxious bustle of passengers stowing their bags, and flapping about with those long card tickets, crammed with information. No problem matching mine to its seat: "voiture 15 place 15". No one is struggling to claim seats 16 to 19. Which is because, to my amazement, they are not there. But where have they gone? Here is our huge Train de Grande Vitesse creeping out of Lille Europe, a streamlined beauty bound for the Riviera at 200 mph—and carrying four metaphysical seats. The occupants of seats 20 to 23, which are where 16 to 19 should be, seem quite unperturbed. They go on reading. Quite a spread: *Figaro*, *Le Canard Enchaîné* and *Le Monde Diplomatique*. As we speed across the plains of Picardy an uneasy sun shifts on the elegant white and beige upholstery of empty seat 20—or is it really seat 16?

Nonchalantly I explore my own coach and the adjacent ones. Mine alone has four more seat numbers than any other, yet carries the same number of seats. Ah, the ticket collector! He just shrugs: *L'actualité, monsieur, souvent c'est bizarre*. At this, *Le Monde Diplomatique* is lowered just enough to reveal a goatee beard and an ironic gaze: *Soyez stoïque, mon brave!* he grins.

I begin to suspect some Gallic conspiracy. Yet at some time senior officials of the august Société Nationale des Chemins de Fer must have felt obliged to create this *très grande perturbation* in the whole booking and statistical system by making four seats vanish and adding four more to this one coach of this one train. What dreadful scandal or tragedy had overwhelmed seats 16 to 19 of coach 15 and, presumably, their occupants?

Frogpond XXXI:1

Faster than thought
here and gone
an ancient church and steeple

I ease my way along to the bar. And the possibility of a sympathetic listener. *D'un certain âge*, she is chic, witty and game for a bit of *drôlerie* about Gallic logic. In my reckless French I joke about the roundabouts and bypass of the little town of Descartes, in Poitou, where you always end up where you started. Then stop mid-sentence. Her ticket! Between two black gloved fingers: "voiture 15 place 16".

The long shriek . . . of the electric horn

Ken Jones

INVISIBLE T

IT WAS my **f**ather's suggestion. Instead of painting or **drawing on** a t-shirt for the **camp** contest, just **don't** wear one. Say it's **invisible**. Say it's **magic**.

I could have said no. But I didn't. It really did make perfect sense to me. It still does.

Odd looks. The same repeated **questions**. . . . Disqualification. I took out **my** camp t-shirt from my bag, put it on, and then just floated **back** behind the crowd until it was all over.

Scott Metz

Essays

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Michael Dylan Welch

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DO SOMETHING DIFFERENT

Experiments escort us last—
His pungent company
Will not allow an Axiom
An Opportunity

Emily Dickenson

BUDDHISTS DESCRIBE A SIMPLE PRACTICE: when you find yourself falling into some habitual pattern, acknowledge it, and then step out by doing something different. The idea, of course, is that anything we do by habit we do half-awake at best, and the goal is to wake up. Psychologists and neuroscientists talk about this in a different way. Not long ago it was generally believed that the brain's neuronal "pathways" are fully developed and immutable at an early age. Studies have demonstrated that this is not true. The brain has more (maybe much more) "neuroplasticity" than once believed. It is good news, not least for the haiku community.

Many writers have decried a sense of "sameness" in much of what appears in the journals today. William Higginson, in his review of Paul Muldoon, referred to "the increasingly fixed and limited notion of haiku that currently pervades much of the English-language haiku community." Tom Tico, in a short essay called "The Spice of Life" noticed how many haiku are written beginning with an adjective followed by a noun. In his essay "When Haiku Was Poetry," Jim Kacian speaks of the "homogeneity" of much of what is produced. Richard Gilbert writes: ". . . many published haiku are formulaic, lack authorial creativity, and possess little sense of language creativity." Michael Dylan Welch, reviewing *The Unswept Path*, has made similar observations, though elsewhere he has said he believes that much of the "ennui" many readers feel results from inflated expectations, from bringing a diminished sense of wonder to haiku. His call for a renewal of wonder is encouraging, but I think the problem goes deeper. As a writer matures in his or her art, there is a natural tendency, a need, to seek out the work of others who are maturing also, whose work will present

a challenge, perhaps open up fresh possibilities. Very little of what one sees lately is, in this sense, challenging.

Richard Gilbert again: “One of the dynamic properties of haiku is the ability to rapidly, shockingly irrupt habitual thought.”

Readers are no doubt familiar with Shiki’s description of the foundation for writing haiku. He called it “sketches from life.” Beyond its usual definition, I understand this as referring to haiku that express a moment of connection to the world to which we are surprisingly alive in language whose aliveness surprises both writer and reader. It is a challenge to be alive, to be alert, to be awake. I think this is why many of us have chosen to be poets, haiku poets in particular. We want the challenge. We love the feeling of being alert and awake and of having written something that snaps into place like a hummingbird.

So what’s the problem? It may be, in part, that there is a natural counter-tendency to fall asleep. The tendency may equal or even surpass the tendency to seek challenge, to try something new, to exercise, by experimentation, poetic muscles that have been allowed to atrophy or that have never been used. I think many in the haiku community now have fallen prey to this counter-tendency. It results not in “sketches from life” (let alone the more intuitive “selective realism” or “makoto” — truthfulness) but in what I call “sketches from haiku,” when haiku become less expressions of our aliveness and perceptivity and more expressions of what we believe a haiku is supposed to be, when formula and habit take over. And habits in writing, I believe, are habits in perception.

It’s been said many times: an artist needs challenge in order to grow. It is the very nature of life and of art. This means not only seeking out challenge from other writers and artists, but also challenging ourselves, questioning what we do. I believe, for this reason, in the importance of experimentation. There was a time, long or not so long ago, when writing haiku was new and different to us, was something we did not know if we could do, but we tried, we practiced, we experimented . . .

To experiment is to do or try something different. Etymologically it is very close to “experience”. I am convinced that

experimentation need not be merely imposing arbitrary innovation onto the old for the sake of novelty or excitement, but that it may be a means to uncovering truths we have left unexposed. Surely that is the experience for many of us at the beginning . . . But how easy it can be for “beginner’s mind” and beginner’s heart to succumb to formula.

There are, I believe, a number of factors—habits in writing and perception—that contribute to the sense of sameness and (excuse the rhyme) tameness in haiku; that keep it covered with the dust of habit and familiarity. I’d like to explore some areas of concern, areas where experimentation, doing something different, may help to enliven not only our writing, but the way we experience the world. These are not so much my personal challenges to you as challenges which are inherent, as I see it, in the art of haiku.

Sound

In his introduction to poetry *Western Wind*, John Frederick Nims says: “We can think of words as having not only a mind (their meanings) but also a body—the structure of sound in which their meaning lives. Most poets, who are not Platonic in their love for language, care as much for the body of their words as for the mind. They like to feel words in the mouth” Perhaps it is a harsh assessment of the haiku community, but it seems to me that many within it must be Platonic in their love for language. Owing perhaps to its brevity, to the idea that it is “one breath” long, a number of writers seem to believe that a haiku is something insubstantial, more of the spirit than of the body, a vehicle to convey them to their place of worship as quickly and unobtrusively as possible. I would say that one factor that contributes to the sameness and tameness of haiku is that they are sent out never having been “felt in the mouth.” It may be that Alan Watts’ formulation of haiku as a “wordless poem” has been taken too literally, leading to a fear of language itself as somehow intrusive, or leading to a puritanical or Zen notion that plainness is of the essence.

And yet many have spoken about how rich in sound Japa-

nese haiku are. Considering the extent to which our writing remains modeled on the Japanese, it is curious that so little attention is paid to sound, to the body of the poem. For the poet the challenge is clear: sensitivity of perception needs to be matched by sensitivity to language. I'm talking about something more than lubricating the mechanics of a poem with a squirt of alliteration here, dressing it up with a drop of assonance there. I think the challenge, by way of study and practice, is to internalize and assimilate the properties of sound in language to the extent that they are readily available to the poem that requires them. Developing this kind of sensitivity will lead us to words and sounds we might not have used otherwise, words that will embody meaning and not merely convey it. Without it, our range is limited.

By study I mean reading, out loud preferably, poets such as Pound: "As cool as the pale wet leaves of lily-of-the-valley/ She lay beside me in the dawn." And Stevens: "Deer walk upon our mountains, and the quail/ Whistle about us their spontaneous cries." And Yeats: "I hear lake water lapping with low sounds/ by the shore . . ." Or Keats: "The hare limped trembling through the frozen grass." There are poets writing haiku who are wonderful with sound, and we can read them with profit. But reading outside the genre may give us the advantage of greater objectivity and allow us to hear the play of sounds more directly.

Study of prosody is a lifetime's task, and experimentation will mean different things to different people. I suspect that most writers stay within a certain, (comfortable?) range of sound, and do so unconsciously. This relates to Jung's concept of the shadow, about which I'll have more to say later. Experimentation might include writing a haiku keyed to long A, another to long E, and so on. (Writing nonsense haiku helps: no question that this is practice). One could establish a tone only to break it, as Yeats does with this line: "That dolphin-torn, that gong-tormented sea," or play with lines that are rich in different consonantal clusters. The possibilities are endless, and only an honest appraisal of one's own work, tasting it, whispering it, saying it out loud, will demonstrate where one's in-

evitable limitations and habits lie. But the key to experimentation here and elsewhere is play. Play is also wiggle-room, giving oneself the space for movement and therefore change. When children wiggle, they wiggle with everything they've got.

Syntax

Many have said that writing that moves too far beyond principles explored in classic Japanese haiku risks not being haiku. As Jim Kacian puts it: "too much freedom, and quickly it will veer beyond what can be recognized as haiku." Lee Gurga says that whatever form haiku takes it must follow "principled developments based on an understanding of the classical haiku and modeled on the aesthetic function of the prototype."

I believe that English-language haiku will always be considered a child of (and an imitation of) the Japanese unless we locate very clearly what the central impulse of haiku is. Is "the aesthetic function in the prototype" a Japanese thing? If so, in my opinion, we're lost, and haiku is merely a hobby to have a little fun with. But I don't believe it is a Japanese thing, and I feel it needs to be explored and spoken about in a way that respectfully, gratefully, bows to the elders while moving in the direction of greater autonomy.

Perhaps the central impulse of haiku has something to do with what the image is, and with how nothing can exist in isolation. (A world of only green could not be perceived as green—it needs a different color, each in an embrace giving birth to the other). At the risk of sounding esoteric, I would say that prior even to that, it is something like the play of perception in the fields of consciousness, which comes close, perhaps, to Blake: "Eternity is in love with the productions of time." It's not necessary, of course, for haiku poets to go around with that job description, but it may be helpful in discussing what we do around a core not too tightly identified as Japanese.

I doubt if anyone reading this will disagree that haiku is not only a "Japanese thing." But so many of the haiku one sees in the journals indicate otherwise. It surprises me how many poems are imitations of the Japanese. The Japanese language does

not use articles, we know, but English does. Omitting the article in English almost always strikes me as false. P. O. Williams referred to this as “Tontoism,” referring to the truncated language the Lone Ranger’s sidekick used. Similarly, the preference for avoiding the word “I” strikes me very often as forced, merely signaling the writer has obeyed some injunction against making an intrusive appearance in a haiku, but requiring all too often a distortion of syntax which the reader is required to untangle. I’m not saying about any of this that it shouldn’t or can’t be done—I’m saying that so much of it looks like habit, what fits the notion of what haiku is supposed to be.

So what can be done? Perhaps, in the spirit of doing something different, you can make friends with the words “the” and “a” etc., and use them wherever they would naturally occur. This may require adding a syllable or two to your poem. It may require you to have an eight syllable second line. (The actual length of a line, especially in English, is less determined by the number of syllables than by density of consonants and by the length of vowels). If this is hard to do you’ll know you’re in the neighborhood of habit and need to move. Similarly, you can experiment with avoiding verb structures (primarily the present participle) that are designed to keep the word “I” out of the poem. As I said, sometimes leaving it out is more intrusive than including it. But what’s important in experimenting with this is finding out for oneself what it’s like to do something different. How does it feel? What does it lead to?

Juxtaposition

In his essay “The Spice of Life,” Tom Tico notices the “prevalence” of haiku which begin with an adjective preceded by a noun, as in “clear morning” or “Indian summer.” A quick scan of recent magazines will show that he is not overstating the case, and that his call for more “variety” is well justified. Much of what I’m saying is an elaboration of his remarks, and in his honor I want to offer a simple challenge: abstain, for a month or two (or until it begins to hurt and withdrawal symptoms set in) from using the adjective/noun first line construc-

tion. Do something different.

Imagination

Paul Miller, in his essay entitled “In Defense of Craft,” writes about the bias against imagination in the writing of haiku. He says, essentially, that a poem’s origin is irrelevant — “In haiku, the reader determines the authenticity of the poem, and they do so not by validating the poet’s actual experience, but by how emotionally accessible and realistic the poem is to them.” I like his statement that “The poem must stand on its own.”

We have a tendency to see “reality” and “imagination” as two separate things. Haiku, as “reality” based poems, are regarded as expressions of direct perception grounded in the present moment via the senses. Our view of reality may be limited however, especially if one considers that “reality,” the perception of a pine, for example, is itself an act of imagination, which, to over-simplify, can be said to be the ability to transform sense-data into meaning.

This makes it all sound very mental, and may reinforce for some people the notion that imagination is a thing of the head, divorced not only from the suchness of things, but from the heart, that it approaches the isolation of fantasy.

Many have cited the “objective correlative” as a way of making the methods of haiku understandable to western sensibilities. Eliot describes it as: “a set of objects, a situation, a chain of events which shall be the formula of that particular emotion; such that when the external facts, which must terminate in sensory experience, are given, the emotion is evoked.” The language here is dry but the definition is useful insofar as it points to the role of imagination in uncovering images that will evoke emotion. And yet it feels rather clinical and separate from the heart.

The Sufi point of view may be helpful. Kabir Helminski writes: “We live in a universe that is not only material and quantitative, but qualitative as well . . . the heart is the organ of perception for this qualitative universe. Furthermore, every quality that the human being recognizes in the world of outer

appearances derives first of all from the inner knowing of its own heart, which contains a complete sampling of the universe of qualities. {W}hile the mirror of the world can reveal to us what the heart itself contains, the qualities themselves are latent within the heart.”

Japanese poetry has taught us something very similar: that it is possible to access and experience subtle feelings through the experience of nature, inner states through outer reality, that by writing about these things in terms of nature they are generously available to the reader. The world is the place in which the heart is revealed. I hope then it is not too great a leap to say that in the service of poetic (and spiritual) revelation images arise from “qualities latent in the heart,” brought to awareness by contact with the world. Imagination otherwise is just as we feared: sterile, conceptual, and isolating.

Maybe this brings me closer to what I was searching for earlier and calling “the central impulse of haiku.” I won’t abandon the notion of “perception at play in the fields of consciousness” but I’ll add this as another color in the same hummingbird: the central impulse of haiku is the unveiling of the heart. It is the mutual unfolding of heart and world, each revealing the other, ultimately not separate.

The challenge in this is to distinguish experiences of the heart (or heart-mind complex) from those divorced from it. Haiku famously invite the participation of the reader who will feel drawn into a landscape of the heart skillfully imagined. There is a lot of freedom in this, for both writer and reader. But if our view of reality and imagination is limited, determined, the sense of freedom soon wears thin. Limits, and I’m not referring to limits of form but to psychological and perceptual limits, always end up needing to be defended, and that, I believe, inevitably leads to habit and to Higginson’s “fixed and limited notions” about what haiku may be.

Perhaps all that is called for here is more openness and honesty about the role of imagination in our haiku, and giving ourselves permission to be “authentic” in ways that go beyond received notions of what that means. For some people maybe it means experimenting with writing purely from the “imagi-

nation” and finding out what is “real” in it. The worst that can happen is that what you write will strike you as false, though the false, as you may have discovered, is often a cover-up for what’s true and a way station toward it. Haiku is not a report of something, but may be a discovery if what you are drawn to writing about (the broken reed, the wind in the pines, the factory smoke) reveals what’s in your heart. And that may lead to a more open and direct perception of the world . . .

Shadow

In *A Little Book on the Human Shadow*, Robert Bly says: “American haiku poets don’t grasp the idea that the shadow has to have risen up and invaded the haiku poem, otherwise it is not a haiku. The least important thing about it is its seventeen syllables or the nature scene.”

To determine for oneself if this statement presents (beyond having been issued by a famous poet) an important challenge, it may be helpful first to get some idea of what the shadow is. Typically, the shadow is considered to be comprised of those aspects of ourselves that we reject or are unconscious of. Often it seems to connect to instinctual energies involving the body: sexuality and self-preservation, but it can also refer to things such as intimacy, compassion, or tenderness, qualities which, to one extent or another, we guard against.

The Jungian take on the shadow is that whatever is unconscious (repressed or cut off from awareness) leaves us divided and that it is only by bringing these elements into consciousness that we can move toward wholeness. You might say that to be fully alive one must allow all parts of oneself to join the party. Otherwise, a lot of energy and attention goes into the security system, to keeping the guards fed. What keeps out grief also keeps out joy.

Habit is a security system. It’s primary purpose is to keep us comfortable. Haiku, if you accept what Richard Gilbert said about it, can do something different. It can fire the guards, allowing something surprising, new, startling, irruptive, or even unpleasant to “invade” the poem, tossing furniture around,

maybe breaking a few windows. Shadow, you might say, is what is not under our conscious control. When we allow something to have its own life without determining, judging, or defining what that life may be, we are open to the mystery of that life, and of our own.

What's needed is not as simple as bringing the shadow as subject matter into haiku and writing about sexuality, violence, or strong emotions. I think what is important is to ask oneself where one's orientation lies—is it primarily in the direction of the familiar, (which essentially requires casting the net of the known upon the world and pulling it into your comfort zone) and finding images to support it? Or is it primarily in the direction of experience, which can be said to be allowing what is unknown (or latent in the heart) to reveal itself, and finding images that embody and, juxtaposed, release the energy otherwise withheld?

I say primarily because few of us are likely to have one orientation exclusively, nor should we. I believe though that if haiku is to emerge as healthy, vital and challenging, the balance has to fall toward experience. The other is the direction of formula and repetition, which, as I said earlier, is a significant reason so many of us are dissatisfied with what we read, and with what we write.

I would say that the presence of shadow in a haiku makes itself known primarily through the “body” of the poem, through the interplay of sounds, through rhythm and syntax. Earlier I said that most writers probably, in some unconscious way, keep to a certain range of sound. Experimenting with expanding one's sonic palette can, I believe, bring more life into a poem. Image plays a role, of course, but if it is not sufficiently embodied it will remain in the head and veer toward abstraction. (I am speaking here of tendencies and likelihoods, not fixed principles). The substance of the world, its thingness, is apprehended through the body. I don't believe the conscious, reasoning mind can “go to the pine to learn from the pine,” or not alone anyway. The gut is in direct contact and kinship with it, the heart recognizes its quality or suchness, and the mind, in contact with both, finds sufficient expression.

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Another way to develop the shadow in haiku is to explore underused senses. For most of us, this means touch, taste and smell, senses which require us to get close to something. Rilke wrote about the progression of love through the senses from seeing to hearing to touching to smelling to tasting. The Sufis regard the heart as an organ of taste.

Conclusion

Keats had this advice for Shelley: “Load every rift with ore.” He noticed how often poems had lapses where the author resorted to filler or cliché or simply fell asleep. Keats was speaking about longer poems than haiku, of course, but if one looks at the state of haiku in general, and at the sameness of much of what appears in the journals, the “rifts” of formula and habit are plain to see. They have replaced something precious, something that, before we knew how to write haiku, we sensed, and longed for.

Peter Yovu

the frayed end
of a tetherball rope
. . . winter moon

Karen Cesar

(correcting a misprint from XXX:3)

Linked Verse Courtesies: Seven Proposed Rules of Conduct

Michael Dylan Welch

MANY HAIKU POETS WRITE linked or collaborative poetry, such as renku, rengay, and tan-renga. But not all are aware of the responsibilities inherent in participating in these pursuits. What are the ethics of how poets should treat their contributions to linked verse or other collaborative writing? Inappropriate uses of your own contributions, or the verses of others, even if by accident, could invalidate a collaboration or its individual pieces for a contest or for publication, or it could violate the trust of one's collaborators, especially if the content of the work might be in any way personal. Because each poet has the right to control where his or her work goes, that right becomes a team process as soon as one enters into the writing of collaborative or linked verse. In Japan, the notions of "ownership" of collaborative writing such as linked verse also differ from Western perspectives. We in the West are not writing in Japan, of course, but it is still entirely "Western" to respect the group effort in our poetic collaborations. To help poets who may not have thought through these issues, especially if they are new to collaborative writing, the following are seven proposed courtesies or rules of conduct for the consideration of anyone who writes renku, rengay, or tan-renga with a collaborator.

1. Above all, because renku, rengay, and tan-renga writing is a collaborative process, I will remember that ownership of the whole collaborative piece and its parts is also collaborative, and I will respect the cooperative investment in the entire collaboration and each of its parts through the full process of reaching a final resolution, such as being published, placing in a contest, or being abandoned (whether complete or not).

2. If I write a verse in collaboration with someone else, I will

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take that verse out of circulation for any other purpose (as an individual haiku, in a haibun, or for any other use). I will also remember that many collaborators will not want their partners to use pre-existing verses, but if my partners do not mind this and I offer such a verse, I will use unpublished verses only, and will notify my collaborators that I'm offering a pre-existing verse.

3. Once I've written a renku, rengay, or tan-renga, I will not share the entire piece or verses written by others with anyone (whether as a submission for publication, for critique, or just to share it for personal interest) without the permission of the other poet(s) involved. (To do so without permission might jeopardize its possible placement or eligibility in a contest, or violate the confidence I have with my fellow poet(s) regarding the possibly private content of that renku, rengay, or tan-renga should they happen to not want to share their verses with specific people or publications for whatever reason.)

4. I will not submit a renku, rengay, or tan-renga for publication or to a contest without the approval of the other writer(s) involved, and will send it only to places that we mutually agree upon, and in the prioritized order of contests, journals, or other publications also agreed upon.

5. If anything might happen, even accidentally, to challenge the preceding three courtesies, I will immediately notify my other collaborator(s) so that we can mutually decide what to do with our group creation. We will continue to work collaboratively, cooperatively, and with mutual respect and understanding, even if one of us might have made a mistake, however large or small. We will proceed supportively with the understanding that mistakes sometimes happen.

6. After a renku, rengay, or tan-renga is published and/or if it places in a contest, should I wish to use the entire creation or the individual contributions of others in a book or for some other purpose, I will notify the relevant collaborator(s) before-

hand and secure permission. After initial publication or other agreed-upon subsequent uses, I will feel free to reuse my own contributions independently if I so choose (an additional courtesy, however, would be to acknowledge the original context with any republication of my individual contributions).

7. If my partner(s) choose(s) not to publish a renku, rengay, or tan-renga, I will respectfully defer to that wish, and I will ask their permission to use my verses independently before doing so, should I wish to do so.

Thanks to Garry Gay, Paul MacNeil, Gene Murtha, John Carley, and William J. Higginson for reading earlier drafts of this piece and suggesting revisions. I am grateful for their input, but do not wish to assume or imply that they endorse these views.

AFTER THE CONFERENCE

WHEN THE BUS with most haijin left Vadstena, it left a big cloud of dust behind. Then Keiko told us that the characters for haijin and dust in Japanese are the same!

departing haijin—
nothing but
a cloud of dust

Max Verhart

Re:Readings

John J. Dunphy on Doris Heitmeyer (Haibun: “Union Maid”) “I really enjoyed Doris Heitmeyer’s ‘Union Maid’ haibun. Too many haiku poets have ignored the labor movement and the struggle of working-class people.”

Emily Romano on D. Claire Gallagher (“dog days— / the scrape of wrought iron / on concrete”) “The setting could be on a patio at home, or sitting at an outdoor table at a café. The pushing back of the chair causes the wrought iron legs to scrape on the concrete, the sound emphasizing the tenor of the day. There is something about a scraping sound that jars the nerve endings, adding to the dog day doldrums.”

Emily Romano on Mathew Spano (“thawed garden / Buddha and Francis / lean on each other”) “This haiku has so many layers, one could write a book about it. It is spring and the thawed earth reveals what the upheaval of frost has done to garden statuary. It has caused them to lean toward each other. In a more profound way, two religious symbols have come a bit closer! The idea of thawing suggests a warming of these two religions, one toward the other. An excellent haiku!”

Billie Wilson on Ferris Gilli (“Tobacco Road” haibun) “The Haibun of the Year Award must go to Ferris Gilli for her ‘Tobacco Road.’ I am especially drawn to haibun with prose that reads like pure poetry, and this one is a gem. The phrase, ‘slick as a soaped pig’ is a treasure on its own that perfectly fits the colorful vernacular. A beautiful sense of time and place is skillfully woven through every word, calling to mind all of the very best literature of that time and place. And yet it is uniquely Ferris Gilli, with an authenticity only the best writers ever achieve. This one begs to be read aloud: the words are rich and wonderful on the tongue. The accompanying haiku are prize-winners that any editor would have snapped up if offered separately. This work deserves every recognition possible, and my life is immeasurably enriched because of it.”

Victor Ortiz on Ed Baker (“a moment / ago / a ripe banana”) “Baker speaks of a moment that has passed but of an experi-

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ence that lingers. The repetition of the letter ‘a’ at the beginning of each line is repeated three times in the word ‘banana’ itself and so reinforces the memory of a banana that can still be tasted. At the same time, the repetition slowly builds towards an experience that happens to be as ripe as a banana. I think I’ll go eat one.”

Victor Ortiz on Jörgen Johansson (“detour . . . / the sun / on my back”) “Johansson reminds me that sometimes an unexpected event may cause me to change my plans but that’s okay because if I remain open to the new experience I may very well feel more deeply. It’s amazing how this poet has so succinctly expressed in haiku such a life lesson.”

Alice Frampton on Edward J. Rielly (“home run drive— / my turn to crawl under / the barbed wire fence”) “I ruined so many clothes and shoes on the sandlot diamond of my youth, standing in ankle-deep mud out in left field or scouring the bushes for a well-hit ball. As a girl in those days I was only tolerated by the boys because of my love of the game and my ‘somewhat’ skills. One bat, one ball, no pads (except my new Roger Maris glove), and a place just large enough to pace out the bases that we made with anything we could find, even in forbidden territory. It is said, in some prisoner-of-war camps, team games preserved sanity and fostered camaraderie, perhaps restoring memories of youth. In my youth baseball sported fair play. Where there’s a will, there’s a way . . . and we found it wherever we could. Thanks for the memories!”

Peter Yovu on Scott Metz (“tiny bird / it carries the world’s yellow / to the next curb”) “A poem that surprises at every turn. It resists the effort to see it as concrete; it equally resists the effort to see it as abstract. Perhaps what can be said about it is that it shows that notions such as concrete and abstract are not mutually exclusive. It has the world in its heart as well as in its mind. It carries us to a curb we could stub our foot against, but also to the curb and limits of perception, where maybe something very small and unexpected, with a sulfur butterfly flaring in its beak, or fragile, like happiness, will strike us, and burn away the known, and take us beyond.”

Burnell Lippy on Lorin Ford (“lunar eclipse / a moth taps

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circles / on the ceiling”) “The tap of a moth’s wing tenuous enough to penetrate the intersection of moods and forces of a lunar eclipse.”

Burnell Lippy on Philip Miller (“my answer / with a shrug— / more rain”) “What better gesture than a shrug for acknowledging more rain’s lure of absolving anonymity.”

Bob Lucky on Lenard D. Moore (“autumn fog / the squeaking brakes / of a school bus”) and *Susan Marie La Vallee* (“screeching to a halt / in time / the cow moves”) “[These two] brought me to a full stop, so to speak. Both deal in some way, I feel, with avoiding a catastrophe. In Moore’s haiku this is implied through atmospherics; there’s a premonition lurking in the fog worthy of Hitchcock. One can only listen and hope the bus stops in time. La Vallee’s senryu hinges on the humor of its pivot. The driver has stopped in the nick of time to avoid a collision, and the cow, with a bit of bovine ingratitude and a batting of eyelashes, takes its sweet time clearing off.”

James Patrick Haynes on Jim Kacian (“camping alone one star then many”) “Jim’s one-liners always seem to strike a deep cord in me and this one most deeply of all. Bedtime comes early after a day of paddling. The early night sky has few stars, but as the night deepens, many more pop out. There is a sense of waiting for more to show up, but, like counting sheep, the end of the show never happens. Next, almost immediately, comes the gritty dawn. This poem doesn’t just speak to one night, but to every camp night and every camper.”

H. F. Noyes on Polly W. Swafford (“field of clover / a horse moves / through honey bees”) “Haiku can make the comparatively invisible appear with remarkable clarity. Surely one of the most striking haiku of the year, with its amazing vitality and the charm of the moderation of its wording. In the reader’s inner ear, the clop of the horse’s hooves sounds with the buzzing, ending many a worker bee’s life.”

NOTE: George Swede has indicated that he wishes to continue this column. Please send your offers of readings to him for potential use in the spring/summer issue.

*BOOK
REVIEWS*

Pages 69 - 79 By Jim Kacian

van den Heuvel, Cor & Nanei Tamura (Editors and Translators) *Baseball Haiku* (W. W. Norton, New York, 2007). ISBN 978-0-393-06219-9. xxxiv + 214 pp., 5" x 7" hardbound. \$19.95US in bookstores.

Sports has a proud history in the literary arts, and none prouder than baseball. From Red Smith to John Updike, W. P. Kinsella to Jim Bouton, writers on baseball have found the balance of stillness and explosion, time and timelessness, emotion and savvy to be irresistible. Even non-enthusiasts admit the power and pathos of *Bang the Drum Slowly*, and every American child at some point feels the pain of Mighty Casey's failure and memorizes the mantra of Tinkers to Evers to Chance.

Haiku poets are as steeped in this left field of literary culture as anyone else, and many have tried their hands. Even so, it is surprising that so rich a tradition has announced itself, as though it were a topic to be found in a *saijiki*, in this latest anthology to have found its way in and out of the hands of Norton. It would be far too self-serving to presume that Norton is a supporter of haiku, so we must presume they feel that such a book has a market, and more, that it is among mainstream readers. These haiku must be very available indeed if they are to attract those with no special training in reading such work. This in itself makes this a decidedly different volume of haiku, and it is a worthy model for volumes to come if we are to tap into that mainstream that would encourage Norton and others to find popular culture value in our work.

There are several attractive elements, other than the poems themselves, which reinforce this feeling of availability. For one, the poets are presented in chronological order by date of birth. In general this scheme does not recommend itself, but here, with baseball as the backdrop, it suggests the handing on of a grand tradition from generation to generation. The elder statesman, Bud Goodrich, was born in 1919, and the last entrant, Chad Lee Robinson, in 1980. We are one large family united in a single pastime and pursuit, the arrangement says, and the consistency of the poems reinforces this. Baseball may have its scandals and steroid problems, but the game remains sweet

and satisfying for all that, through all these difficult days.

Another enlarging device is the inclusion of the baseball haiku of fifteen Japanese poets, most of them acknowledged masters, in excellent simple translations. This shared passion makes the world seem the more connected, and the link between baseball and haiku irresistible. The different take on baseball apparent in these poems, largely because they were written for the most part before the rise of the professional game in all its marketing splendor, is like another facet of a gem which has been hidden to our view. The quality of the poems is very high, suggesting that poets on both sides of the ocean have taken this topic as seriously as any in their oeuvre.

The production is in keeping with the quality of the volume, a sturdy and attractive hardback with four-color dustjacket featuring a stylized image, circa 1950, of a pitcher bending in to get the sign before a manually operated scoreboard. It evokes another era, but also a timelessness, befitting the contents.

Baseball Haiku joins the ranks of those excellent volumes of sports writing which mark not only our interest in a particular subject, but through its specific lens permits us to glimpse a larger sense of our humanness. Red Barber would have been proud.

Hotham, Gary *Missed Appointment* (A Modest Proposal Chapbook, 282 Main Street, Pittsburgh PA 15201, 2007) No ISBN. 4" x 5.5", 22 pages, saddlestapled softbound. \$3 from the publisher.

If I were restricted to a single word (an odious conception, to be sure) to describe the affect of Gary Hotham's haiku, that word would be "ineluctable." The pressure which Hotham is able to concoct from his felt absences is remarkable, surely one of the very best technical accomplishments in the history of English-language haiku. This short collection of previously published works is full of ineluctability. You shouldn't absent yourself from it.

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Terebess, Gábor *Haiku in the luggage* (artORIENT Press, Budapest, 2006) ISBN 963-9147-68-0. Translated from the Hungarian by Jon Tarnoc. 208 pp., 4.75" x 6.75" hardbound. No price. Enquire with the publisher at terebess@terebess.hu.

The very best online information site for haiku has been, for some years, <www.terebess.hu>. But it has remained somewhat mysterious: who or what is terebess? A bit of research indicates that it is somehow connected with a manufacturer and distributor of ceramics. Why this curious cross-reference, then? With this book the mystery is solved. Gábor Terebess is owner of Terebess, the company and the website, and, as it turns out, a longtime practitioner of the haiku genre. He has in common with the gendai poets of Japan an interest in writing travel haiku, and a large proportion of his work in this book reflect his journey. Otherwise he is much more classical in taste and output, with a predilection for Zen phrasing and content. This is an attractive volume, well-translated and conversational in nature. You will enjoy the conversation, even if you might not think haiku has been reborn.

martone, john *jewelweed* (dogwood & honeysuckle, 1031 Tenth Street, Charleston IL 61920-2823, USA, 2007) No ISBN. 48 pp., 4.25" x 5.5", stapled softbound. No price. Enquire with the publisher.

The universe, and particularly the natural world, continues to parallel John Martone's existence, and he continues to record this concatenation of effects in his singular style. This short volume includes several haiga. I am loathe to comment on the quality of Martone's artwork since the reproduction quality of the book is simply copier, with a resulting fuzziness that may or may not be present in the original. The poems, however, are sharply limned, and give us a glimpse of the corners of Martone's existence, a glimpse we will be happy to have taken.

Krstic, Rade *Sepeti Nesmrtnosti/Immortality's Whispers* (Drustvo Apokalipsa, Ljubljana, 2007). ISBN 978-961-6644-01-3. 58 pp., 3.5" x 6" perfect softbound.

Berner, Martin *Cvet Srobot/Clematis Blossom/Clematisblüte* (Drustvo Apokalipsa, Ljubljana, 2007). ISBN 978-961-6644-02-0. 78 pp., 3.5" x 6" perfect softbound.

Osti, Jospi *Med Koprivo in Krizem/Between Kopriva and Kriz* (Drustvo Apokalipsa, Ljubljana, 2007). ISBN 978-961-6644-03-7. 88 pp., 3.5" x 6" perfect softbound.

Cobb, David *Veter se Obrne/A Shift in the Wind* (Drustvo Apokalipsa, Ljubljana, 2007). ISBN 978-961-6644-04-4. 116 pp., 3.5" x 6" perfect softbound.

This is the sixth collection in a series which is designed to bring an awareness of Balkan haiku to English readers and of English-language haiku to Balkan readers. This line-up is typical: two Balkan poets, a Western European and an English-language poet (in this case a Brit, though in the past usually an American). There is nothing else quite like it, and Apokalipsa is to be commended for conceiving and maintaining the project. In general the treatment is pleasing: small volumes comfortable to the hand, in translations far above the norm, slipcased as a group to present a uniform and attractive face on the bookshelf. The poets selected are generally excellent, and the intersection of sensibilities encountered is informative to all. Highly recommended.

Wang, Lily *Baby Haiku* (iUniverse, 2021 Pine Lake Road Suite 100, Lincoln NE 68512, 2007). ISBN 978-0-595-37687-2. 60 pp., 80 pp., 6" x 9" perfect softbound. \$9.95 from the publisher.

The subtitle of this volume is "3-Line Poems for New Parents" and to its effectiveness to this end I am not qualified to speak. As to the poems: oy.

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Beary, Roberta *The Unworn Necklace* (Snapshots Press, PO Box 132, Waterloo, Liverpool L22 *WZ UK, 2007). ISBN 978-1-903543-22-1. 80 pp., 5" x 7.75" perfect softbound. \$14 from the publisher.

Morden, Matt *Stumbles in Clover* (Snapshot Press, PO Box 132, Waterloo, Liverpool L22 8WZ, UK, 2007). ISBN 978-1-903543-23-8. 80 pp., 5.1" x 7.8" perfect softbound. \$20 from the publisher at <www.snapshotpress.co.uk>.

Two more beautiful volumes from Snapshot Press. The attractiveness of each is matched by the very high quality of the work contained, very useful and representative samplings of the finest work of two of our best poets today. Special credit should be given John Barlow, owner of Snapshot Press, who doubles in his role here as editor of each volume. Any poet would aspire to be so well presented to the world. These poets prove worthy page after page, and the symbiosis is a model for every haiku book any of us might wish to produce. Highly recommended.

Kudryavitsky, Anatoly *Morning at Mount Ring* (Doghouse, PO Box 312, Tralee GPO, Tralee County Kerry, Ireland, d, 2007) ISBN 978-0-9552003-5-9. 64 pp., 5" x 7.5", perfect softbound. 12 Euros ppd. from the publisher.

English language haiku is a liberating fact. Kudryavitsky comments in his preface that while he was familiar with Japanese haiku in Russian, he dared not attempt them in that difficult and convoluted language. Once he found himself in Ireland, however, and discovered the various online sites, he felt free to try his hand, in English, and the results have included the Irish Haiku Society and this volume. Like the poems of so many who have come to haiku through translated versions of classical Japanese poems by Blyth, these have a somewhat zennish quality to them, but they are quite contemporary in content and outlook. As can be said of virtually every first book

of haiku, the poet would have been well served to have spent a bit more time in apprenticeship to the genre, but this is a more assured hand than most for the same amount of time (Kudryavitsky has published long poetry in several volumes prior to turning his hand to haiku). The result is a volume full of promise, and the announcement of a talent who will reward our carefully watching.

Antonini, Jean *Mon Poème Favori/My Favorite Poem* (Aléas Editeur, <www.aleas.fr>, 2007) ISBN 978-2-84301-198-6. 136 pp., 9.75" x 7" perfect softbound. 15 Euros from the publisher.

This quite different sensibility has difficulty coming through in English, despite the excellent translations by Richard Bateman. This is not the fault, I believe, of the author, who is wholeheartedly available in each of these texts, and whose volatile and interfusing perspective might seem disingenuous to some. This is perhaps exactly the point: Antonini is an enthusiast and unafraid of exposing that enthusiasm. The result can seem naive, or perhaps self-conscious, though the originals (in French) do not strike me so. This work must be taken up with care and an open mind, and with an expectation that something out of the usual will be encountered. Given this, I find this volume to be refreshing and important, a useful take on one of the directions available to a poet who seeks both contact with the traditional aspects of haiku and a freedom of voice and expression. Recommended.

Moore, Michael *Haiku Landscapes* (Mustard Seed Press, 2007). ISBN 978-0-9610702-1-2. 112 pp., 5.5" x 8.5" saddlestapled softbound. \$12.95 from the author at 553 Renee Lane, DeSoto TX 75115.

Philosophical reflections in syllabically-engineered format. The subtitle is "Traditional Western Haiku 5-7-5," to which I can only say, not entirely.

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Machmiller, Patricia J. (ed.) *Basho Whispering* (Two Autumns Press, 822 Pajara Street, Salinas CA 93901, 2007). No ISBN. 28 pp., 5.5" x 8.5" saddlestapled softbound. No price. Enquire with the publisher.

One of the most durable haiku traditions in English, the Two Autumns Reading Series, has produced another small anthology of excellent work. This is the eighteenth in that venerable lineup, and nearly all have been estimable. The poets included here are Jerry Ball, Mark Hollingsworth, Laurabell and Alison Woolpert. Recommended.

Pilarski, Patrick M. *Five Weeks* (Lulu.com, 2007). ISBN 978-1-4303-2050-0. 48 pp., 6" x 9" saddlestapled softbound. \$12 from the author at <www.pilarski.ca/books/>.

Long poems and a couple haibun as well as haiku comprise this volume. The poems on the whole seem adjective-ridden, which makes for a sensuous or soggy experience, depending on your predilections. The author states in his brief bio “. . . more often than not he can be found writing convoluted dissertations on the inner machinations of the cosmos” and some of this pursuit of formal understanding infects the timbre of the poems. It will be interesting to see what time and experience does to this sensibility.

Attard, Francis **dust rearranges itself** (Stone Curlew Publishing, Marsa, Malta, 2007). No ISBN. 96 pp., 5.75" x 8.25" perfect softbound. No price. Enquire with the publisher.

An attractive volume of work from a poet from an interestingly mixed culture, and this mix is apparent from the range of content of these poems. The poet has found increasing success in western publications, and this accessible volume will grant a larger insight into his particular voice.

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O'Connor, John *Parts of the moon* (PostPressed, 324/50 Macquarie Street, Teneriffe QLD 4005, Australia, 2007). ISBN 9781921214226. 40 pp., 5.75" x 8.25" perfect softbound. No price. Enquire with the publisher.

John O'Connor took me to see Dennis Glover's grave on a far-flung sun-drenched peninsula on New Zealand's southern island in 2001, among other interesting places. During that time we were able to share poetry, especially haiku, and I was taken with his no-nonsense (read: anti-zen) yet playful approach and his sure poetic feel for language and incident. In the years since however he seemed to be less and less present through haiku. So it is with gladness that I received this new volume, announcing his decision to reconnect with haiku in the future. This is a selection of his best work from the past 20 years, and if you are unfamiliar with his work this is an excellent place to start. It includes a short essay on the use of symbols in haiku, a direction (in our texting world) that will be increasingly exploited in the near future. Recommended.

Moore, Lenard D. (ed.) *Beneath the Willow Tree* (Rosenberry Books, 101 Nicks Bend West, Pittsboro NC 27312, 2007). No ISBN. 48 pp., 8.75" x 5.75" stab softbound, \$12.95; hardbound, \$16.95. Illustrations by Diane Katz. From the publisher at <www.rosenberrybooks.com>.

A volume that monitors the current state of haiku in the North Carolina Haiku Society, which is robust. The artwork is interesting in its own right. The health of such local and grassroots organizations is undoubtedly in the best interest of English-language haiku, and their efforts are to be commended, and, hopefully, supported.

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Takamiya, Chie *15 Haiku* (self-published, 2007) No ISBN. Translated by Ban'ya Natsuishi & Jim Kacian. 12 pp., 5" x 7.5" saddlestapled softbound. No price. Enquire with the author.

This brief chapbook, a handout at the 4th World Haiku Association Conference in September in Tokyo, is a short primer on gendai haiku sensibility. At once accessible and outré, the poems challenge the reader and create a larger mindspace without sacrificing that frisson which we have come to regard as essential to success in this genre. It will be hard to obtain, but worth it if you're able. Recommended.

Kimura, Toshio *Phantasm of Flowers* (Stylograph, 2002) No ISBN. 48 pp., 5.75" x 8.25" perfect softbound. No price. Enquire with the publisher.

Another interesting volume that will provide some of the same sorts of insights into current Japanese practice as the previous work. This one has the advantage (or disadvantage) of the author's own translations, which makes for a certain found elegance and curiosity that would be eliminated by professional translation. There is something to be gained by this purity, for which the reader will be grateful or else annoyed. Also hard to find, but worth the effort.

Dale, Magdalena & Vasile Moldovan *Mireasma de Tei/Fragrance of Lime* (Editura Fat-Frumos, Bucharest 2007) ISBN 973-552-85. 104 pp., 5.5" x 8" perfect softbound. No price. Enquire with the publisher.

I include this volume, without assessing the value or quality of its contents, for its novelty: it's a full-length book of renku (though styled "renga" in the subtitle). Such a volume has no

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chance of publication in the United States, or perhaps anywhere else in the world. Who would read such a thing? Who would buy it? And certainly this is a self-published work. Nevertheless, it ought to supply a certain impetus to those ardent practitioners here, knowing that if it is possible to produce such a book in Romania, where the average wage is around \$50/month, it certainly could be done here, with our greater wealth and resources. Renku's avatar is awaited . . .

Findlay, Madeleine **Shaped Water: A Haiku Year** (Single Island Press, 379 State Street, Portsmouth NH 03801, 2007). ISBN 978-1-4243-3366-0. 60 pp., 4.25" x 5.5" perfect softbound, letterpress, stitched in signatures with gloss dustjacket, \$14.95 from the publisher, also at www.haikumuse.com.

If we as haiku poets believe anything at all it is that our small packages are indeed big things. We mouth truisms about giving a poem sufficient space to breathe (as though the "breathing" wasn't taking place in that oxygen-free zone we call mind) so the full drawn-out resonance of each poem will not bump up against the competing resonances in previous or subsequent poems. We know better, and we can be mildly ironic about our particular fetishism. All that being said, we still like it when our work is treated well, couched attractively, respected. Haiku may, as Blyth suggests, aim at significance, but given a chance to commingle with beauty, we'll take some of that as well. Which brings us to this handsome little book: this is what we'd like for our next volume. Easy to hand, tactile, well-considered and well-judged, this is a beautiful production in every regard. Haiku will live and die with its poetic products, but such a volume suggests that good companionship with the book arts certainly heightens the experience. As to the poems: the author is primarily of the "nature observer" school, with a slight tendency at times to draw conclusions or hypothesize. Overall, however, the poems are consonant with the book; beautiful,

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easy to hand, and attractive. We look forward to more such volumes from this press.

Also Received:

Rotella, Alexis & Karen J. McClintock *Poetry & Art Postcards* (2 Lips Gallery, PO Box 3, Arnold MD 21012, 2007). No ISBN. 14 postcards in decorative packet. \$6.95. From the publisher.

Enachescu, Adina *Miresme si greieri/Fragrances and crickets/Parfums et criscris* (Editura Perpessicius, Bd. 1 Decembrie 1918 Nr. 72, Bl. VN5 Sc. A Et. 3, Ap. 14, Sector 3, OP 72, 032469, Bucharest, Romania, 2007). ISBN 978-973-8477-68-1. 116 pp., 5.375" x 7.825" perfect softbound. No price. Enquire with the publisher.

Ward, Linda Jeannette *Scent of Jasmine and Brine* (inkling press, PO Box 52014, Edmonton ALB T6G 2T5, Canada, 2007) ISBN 978-0-9737674-3-8. 116 pp., 5.25" x 8", perfect softbound. No price. Enquire with the publisher.

Schoenberg, Eyvinn H. *Board Talk II* (self-published, 2007) No ISBN. 8.5" x 5.5", 20 pages, saddlestapled softbound. \$9.75 ppd. from the author at 151 Shelley Circle, Ventura CA 93003 USA.

Kei, M. *Heron Sea* (self-published, 2007) No ISBN. 92 pp., 6" x 9", perfect softbound. \$11.95 from the author at PO Box 1118, Elkton MD 21922-1118 USA.

de Gruttola, Raffael & Carlos Colón *Wall Street Park* (piXeLaRt Press, Upton MA, 2007) No ISBN. 16 pp., 8.5" x 11" saddlestapled softbound. \$7 ppd. from the authors.

Fukutomi, Tateo *Haiku Verses and Prose Pieces* (Koumyakusya Ltd. 263 Tashiro-Cho, Miyazaki, 880-8551 Japan, 2007) No ISBN. Translated by David Dutcher. 72 pp., 5.75" x 8.25" perfect softbound. \$10 from the publisher.

HSA NEWS

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The 2007 Mildred Kanterman Memorial Merit Book Awards

How to pick the ripest apples from a bin of ripe apples? This was the task we faced as we reviewed the 31 books entered in the 2007 Mildred Kanterman Memorial Merit Book Awards.

After careful review and consideration, we independently compiled lists of the ten best presentations. Our lists were remarkably similar. At this point the judging became considerably more difficult, as the degree of separation in terms of artistry and craft diminished.

We then discussed the merits of each book based on originality, creativity and a continuum of consistency. Another question we factored into our decision making process was, which of these books best presented haiku and the haikai arts to the general public.

Congratulations are due all of the authors who participated in this year's contest. The 31 entries form a composite mirror that reflects a small portion of the vast amount of talent contained within the international haiku community.

We are pleased to present the following awards and special category honorable mentions:

FIRST PLACE: *Reeds: Contemporary Haiga*. Jeanne Emrich: Editor. Lone Egret Press. 6566 France Avenue South. Suite 1210. Edina, Minnesota USA 55435. \$16.00

In her introduction to *Reeds*, Jeanne Emrich writes, "and it is the hope of this editor that the haiga within these pages will be a source of inspiration to present and future poet-painters."

Beautifully arranged, this collection of haiga from 35 contributing poets and painters delivers inspiration, surprise and delight from cover to cover. As one traverses the pages of *Reeds*, they are greeted with one eye-popping moment after another. Graphics are presented in a variety of media including, sumi-e, watercolor, pencil, pen and ink, collage and computer imag-

ery.

In addition to the individual and collaborative works, *Reeds* features an outstanding essay on Yomeiride by Stephen Addiss, and an interview with Ion Codrescu in which Mr. Codrescu provides valuable insights on both the present and future of haiga.

In the interview Mr. Codrescu asks, “Why don’t TV channels include a haiga moment in their broadcasts? A TV haiga? Why not? Thirty seconds of painting, calligraphy and haiku would be very good for people.”

We heartily agree, but until that actually happens, we’ll have to be content with outstanding productions like *Reeds*.

SECOND PLACE: *Water Lines*. Carolyn Hall. Snapshot Press: John Barlow, Editor, P.O. Box 132, Waterloo, Liverpool England L22 8WZ US \$14.00 UK 7.99 (pounds) Canada \$17.00

the long night
a kaleidoscope of moth parts
in the overhead lamp

This poem by Carolyn Hall which illuminates page 38 is typical of the excellence that shines throughout *Water Lines*, the author’s first collection.

Experiencing Carolyn’s poetry is akin to sailing on a clear day with a perfect tail wind. From first poem to last, one is taken on a smooth journey marked by ordinary scenery that becomes extraordinary by virtue of the poet’s keen and guiding eye.

The poet addresses aging and the passage of time with humor . . .

cumulonimbus—
just guessing at
the true color
of my hair

and an enlightening sense of seriousness . . .

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so suddenly winter
baby teeth at the bottom
of the button jar

When one considers how difficult it is to write a “good” haiku it’s staggering to note that all of the poems in *Water Lines* were written between 2000 and 2005. We may never know the true color of Carolyn Hall’s hair, but we’re certain that it’s luminous.

THIRD PLACE: *called home*. paul m. Red Moon Press P.O. Box 2461 Winchester, Virginia 22604-1661 USA \$12.00

fog on the bridge
this small truck
for all our belongings

This poem, the first in *called home*, immediately evoked images from John Steinbeck’s masterpiece *The Grapes of Wrath* and serves as a bellwether for this fine collection by paul m.

The poet then takes us on a cross country journey from the saw-tooth peaks of a California mountain range to the woods of New England. Along the way, paul m. provides us with directional signs and maps that indicate connections to place, and the perils and uncertainties of relocation.

as if
it had spilt the boulder
pine seedling

meeting the neighbors
the shapes of things
hidden by snow

Paul m.’s poems are simple and expertly crafted. One can literally slip into the author’s emotional longings and expectations as they travel down the highway of *called home* . . .

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California behind us
my feet dangle off the edge
of the motel bed

FOURTH PLACE: *paperweight for nothing*. vincent tripi.
Tribe Press 42 Franklin Street. Grenfield, Massachusetts 01301
USA \$20.00

In *paperweight for nothing*, vincent tripi challenges both the reader and the boundaries of English language haiku. Tripi's poems cover a broad spectrum of style, from the traditional . . .

monarch
with no one else riding
autumn solitude

to the experimental . . .

snail horns even
the moment, haiku

to the whimsical . . .

Why not
just cry out to Venus
We're all homesick!

Ultimately, this is a book that addresses questions of spirit and the renewal of spirit from the standpoint of mankind's inseparability from nature. vincent tripi's sensitivity and avoidance of cliché in embracing these issues elevates many of the poems above "genre." This finely hewn, thought provoking collection can well serve as a signpost for both beginning and established haiku poets.

Special Category Honorable Mention For Haibun: *Business in Eden*. David Cobb. Equinox Press. Sinodun Shalford Braintree Essex CM7 5 HN Great Britain. 7.95 (pounds)

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David Cobb's *Business in Eden* begins with a long haibun titled, "A Spring Journey To The Saxon Shore" and ends with another long haibun titled, "A Day In Twilight." In between, Mr. Cobb takes us on shorter journeys to a school Christmas show, a cemetery, and a "priest hole." Methods of travel include bicycles, taxis and a Danish freighter.

Each and every trip is well worth the rigors of travel. The author's prose is clear and clean. His haiku and senryu are well placed and serve to sharpen his expertly rendered tales.

Special Category Honorable Mention for Anthology: *fish in love, The Haiku Society of America Members Anthology 2006*. Roberta Beary and Ellen Compton, Editors. Available from and published by The Haiku Society of America.

If *fish in love* is indicative of the current wealth of talent within The Haiku Society of America, then one can reasonably conclude that the state of this union is prosperous indeed.

Roberta Beary and Ellen Compton did an excellent job of editing. Those HSA members who contributed to this celebration of haiku and senryu should feel equally proud. *fish in love* is an anthology to return to time and again.

Special Category Honorable Mention for Best International Collaboration: *Presents of Mind*. Haiku by Jim Kacian. Translation into Japanese by The Kon Nichi Haiku Circle, Kumamoto University. Richard Gilbert, Ph.D., Masahiro Hori, Ph. D., Yasuo Higuchi, M.A., Takeyoshi Kanemitsu., Haikishi: Shinjuku Rollingstone., Yuko Ito, Graduate Student. Red Moon Press. P.O. Box 2461 Winchester, Virginia 22604-1661 USA \$20.00 US, 22.00 yen Japan

From the first moment one opens *Presents of Mind*, they may feel as though they have been transported into Japanese culture.

The translation of Jim Kacian's haiku are from English into Japanese. This book is formatted as books are formatted in

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Japan, and thus the English speaking reader is provided with an approximate sense of “reading Japanese.”

Jim Kacian’s poems are solid throughout. They are presented in English, Kanji and Romanji. *Presents of Mind* is a unique and fascinating presentation.

Ed Markowski & Yvonne Cabalona, Judges

2007 Harold G. Henderson Haiku Contest

Judges: George Swede and Carmen Sterba

This year’s contest received 881 entries, almost two hundred more than last year. While most were at the beginner’s level, enough were of high quality to make the judging experience a challenge. After some back and forth, we were nevertheless able to agree on five haiku that we thought were the best.

We suggest that the beginners, before entering next year’s contest, read *Frogpond* (and other excellent haiku periodicals, some of which are online) as well as the several outstanding haiku anthologies (that can be purchased most easily from online bookstores). To the seasoned poets who did not win we offer encouragement to submit again next year.

1st Place *Claire Gallagher* family reunion—
some of the beached kelp
in knots

This haiku will cause ripples of association in every reader, no matter how little they know about Japanese short form poetry. Gallagher has managed to capture in only 14 syllables the inevitable tensions that arise among those attending a reunion. We all feel especially vulnerable at such times, much as beached kelp, with some of us worse off than others, our stomachs in knots. The word choice, the well-placed dash, the line breaks all contribute seamlessly to the total effect.

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Ron Moss

Charcoal Alley—
children flick marbles
into the light

Moss begins with a local name, yet such is the association of charcoal with an urban area that the reader does not have to know about the troubled Los Angeles area of Watts. The images of the second and third lines evoke, with just the right economy, not only the children's wish for a better future, but other ideas and emotions that will vary with each reader.

Concluding Comments

To our minds, the five winners have successfully mastered the basic elements of haiku creation. Readers who wish to submit such well-crafted poems to next year's contest might heed the advice of Masaoka Shiki:

*In the first stage a poet should go outside and observe life or nature; in the second, he should select material and themes in a way that will reveal his individuality. (Paraphrased by Makoto Ueda in *Modern Japanese Poets and the Nature of Literature*, Stanford University Press, 1983, p. 23)*

2007 Gerald Brady Memorial Contest

Judges: Ce Rosenow and Francine Banwarth

We would like to acknowledge all of the poets who submitted work to the 2007 Haiku Society of America Gerald Brady Memorial Award. The 453 entries to this year's senryu contest conveyed many different types of humor ranging from aggressive humor to a slightly cynical humor to an all-out belly laugh. They also treated a variety of human experiences, although romantic relationships by far outnumbered all other subjects. We ultimately chose poems that did one of two things: they

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This senryu presents a moment of insight into the woman's character. The scene has good detail: the table is set in the soft glow of candlelight, and in the interplay of light and shadow cast by the flame, the woman cannot tell if the rose is real. It is human nature to validate our moments by ensuring that our surroundings are real. But the humor/irony here is that a candlelight dinner should reflect the intimacy between the people sharing the meal. If the rose is real, will the experience be more legitimate or pleasing to her? If the rose is fake, does it symbolize an insincerity in her or in the relationship? Is the rose real?? We don't know the answer to that question, but she does. We can see only a side of her character that should be a sign to the person with whom she is dining.

Honorable Mentions (unranked):

Collin Barber

stale cookie
I give away
its fortune

Ernest J. Berry

wrong date
the thickening skin
on her latte

Anne Maud Godles

a new boyfriend
the same lingerie
enticing again

Marylouise Knight

feeling the shape
of the wrapped gift
I put on a polite face

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