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Send submissions to frogpondhsa@gmail.com (preferred) or 1036 Guerin Road, Libertyville IL 60048. See our submission guidelines at hsa-haiku.org/frogpond/submissions.html

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from the editor

Time flies. I'm still wistful over the end of a fleeting summer even as I take in autumn's last hurrah of colors. And in this final push to get another late-running issue to press, these last-minute jottings may be the extent of my reflection on one year+ in the *Frogpond* editor's chair.

Speaking of time. In this issue Charles Trumbull caps off our celebration of *Frogpond's* fortieth year with a great deal of reflection on the "lively and colorful history of the journal."

Speaking of that history. The *Re:Readings* column ran from 2002 to 2015 but then died out. Editors Jim Kacian and John Stevenson opened the first installment with this introduction:

There is an art of reading haiku which is the parallel to writing them. This column is intended as your opportunity to share your readings. We welcome your brief comments on what you may have appreciated about poems appearing in the current issue for possible use in the next. –Frogpond XXVI:1

Now that we've resumed *Re:Readings* (page 114) we once again welcome your thoughts on favorite poems. (Great thanks to those who contributed this time around, expanding our appreciation of a good many poems.) We look forward to sharing your comments in the next issue.

Speaking of the next issue. Don't forget to resubscribe!

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Joyce Clement, Coeditor



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MUSEUM OF
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*\$100 for the best previously unpublished work
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of the HSA Executive Committee.*



change in pitch
as the nail enters wood—
an ache beyond reach

Cherie Hunter Day

haiku/senryu

dawn chill—
the rooster
lights a fire

Michelle Heidenrich Barnes

the muezzin's voice
breaks on the high note
Ramadan moon

David Grayson

louder now
that days grow shorter
field of crickets

Marian Olson

goldenrod
the bell cow brings autumn
back to the barn

Robert Gilliland

code blue—
the colors that hold
the hillside in place

Francine Banwarth

my pasture fence
...the gaps
morning glories fill

Michael McClintock

amaryllis
the sound of his voice
repeating my name

Sharon Pretti

Birdsong through fog—
blotting paper pressed
on the forget-me-nots

Rebecca Lilly

blank journals
the one
with flowers

Mary Frederick Ahearn

jotted on a seed packet first draft

Jeff Ingram

dwarfed
by the trees I planted—
summer night

Ruth Holzer

the old apple
fallen in the field
cider on my breath

Peter Newton

some subtle flavor
rising to the surface
tea alone

George Gerolimatos

every month
the same face on the moon
sixtieth birthday

Duro Jaiye

sunset another pill to swallow

Alan S. Bridges

the trick is
not to think about it
tequila shots

Elizabeth McMunn-Tetangco

sea glass—
bit by bit
becoming blind

Dan Curtis

starlight
every pore
prickles

Lorin Ford

bickering finches
a path forks
through the thorn trees

Samantha Renda

Thanksgiving
in a house full of people
I play with the dog

Ali Fasano

canned laughter
from the boob tube
empty waiting room

James Chessing

pages turning in silence the hospice

Alan Summers

cicada shells
what to do
with the urn

Bryan Rickert

speaking of loss
she begins to fold
my laundry

Elizabeth Nordeen

taking the veil...
outside the convent
a flock of juncos

Susan Constable

nunderwear

Bill Pauly

she slips into silk moonlight

C.W. Carlson

subway preacher
an extra *E*
in *JUDGMENT*

Amy Losak

my farmer's market
can beat up
your farmer's market

John Stevenson

Memorial Day
a car dealer boasts
the largest flag

Michael Henry Lee

I too
was once a refugee ...
DNA report

Devin Harrison

double helix
the mating swirl
of cabbage moths

Mark Dailey

so us
you say...
white blossom rain

Elmedin Kadric

jigsaw puzzle
our fingers linger
on the same blue sky

Cherese Cobb

heap clouds
she shapes
a smile

Dietmar Tauchner

microclimate change
my popsicle
calves

Scott Mason

church picnic flies on the seedless watermelon

Bob Lucky

Earth Day future tense

Jayne Miller

reflected moon—
an old man kayaks
the flooded street

Lenard D. Moore

desert rain—
at first the rocks unsure
of the tune

Sandra Simpson

turning sideways saguaro shade

Annette Makino

day softening with dusk the nozzle on mist

Jeff Stillman

scent of night flowers
we open
to the moonlight

Jacqueline Pearce

guesses
on a spring morning
the colors of eternity

Gary Hotham

double rainbow
promises promises

Jennifer Thiermann

half-painted
her hope to finish it
last autumn

Marietta McGregor

why it fell on her
the long shadow
in our photo

Dan Schwerin

old wallet
the cookie fortune wrapping
my draft card

Bill Cooper

a garden snail
questions the air—
Wagner through the window

Lysa Collins

kings long dead
dust on the fringe
of the tapestry

Michelle Schaefer

TV night
a plot simpler
than my own

Jim Kacian

live streaming
my first time
in a unisex restroom

Neal Whitman

marble hallway our rubber soles

Elmedin Kadric

deep exhale the Grand Canyon

Alan S. Bridges

in a sky
too blue for clouds
seagulls

Thomas R. Keith

autumn clarity
a lake
lost in the woods

Dan Schwerin

blowing about the glade...
cottonwood fluff bunches up
on the trailside

Wally Swist

winter daymoon
geese crowd a crescent
of open water

Brad Bennett

thinning clouds...
pear blossoms
veil the woodpile

Nathalie Buckland

fallen leaves
 the sound of my footsteps
 forever young

Rick Tarquinio

village fair...
 a kid with a pinwheel
 runs in circles

Kanchan Chatterjee

late summer
 in the rear view mirror
 a fairy cycle

Dietmar Tauchner

*What do you want to be
 when you grow up?
 these bifocals*

Ronald K. Craig

eye chart
at ten feet
blackbirds

R. P. Carter

safari fog everything's an elephant

Samantha Renda

drifting over leaf patterns the smell of woodsmoke

John Barlow

old wheelwright's furnace
all summer long, slender stems
of dandelions

Sheila K. Barksdale

copper wire
around the bonsai
autumn sun

Brad Bennett

our house
framed in the circle...
tire swing

Nicholas Klacsanzky

twilight a cherry from my neighbor's tree

Bob Lucky

peonies
over the fence
scent of paint

Debbie Olson

the place
where everything flowers
their last move south

Peter Newton

alarm clock retired too

Dorothy McLaughlin

going out of business
empty shelves
for sale

Phoebe O'Connor-Hall

Xmas
our exchange
of gift cards

Michael Henry Lee

There used to be
love letters to burn—
delete

Sarah Paris

fire escape
a silhouette
solos

Joshua Gage

movie night
I suspend my
animated life

R.P. Carter

silence in the car
shadows of raindrops
down my face

Pat Tompkins

breaking down
the problem
in pieces

David J. Kelly

unable
to explain
wisteria

Mimi Ahern

understanding
beyond language
lichen on stone

George Swede

moonrise
i give up trying
to tie it down

Jennifer Thiermann

we're different poets
i drink gin but not
from the bottle

DW Skrivseth

small talk my teetotalism

Francis Attard

earworm
the sound of the universe
contracting

George Swede

the tractor's rumble
during the night haying...
June bugs thumping the screen

Wally Swist

thunderstorm...
woken from somewhere else
and still there

Bruce Ross

i can write about nature with my eyes closed

Jim Kacian

password not typed woodpecker at the pine tree

Francis Attard

old pond
half the stars
vibrate

Jeff Hoagland

spring night—
feeling the heart beat
through my veins

Marjorie Buettner

a wind too weak
to scatter blossoms
failed IVF

Urszula Funnell

spring equinox
my crocuses blooming
in the neighbor's yard

Julie Warther

snow flurries
still time
to mend fences

Gary Simpson

splayed ferns
a stone wall vanishes
in the clearing

Tom Sacramona

solitary pine—
the ceaseless hiss of salt spray
rising from the rocks

Robert Gilliland

ADHD
if a butterfly can
make it to Mexico

Sarah E. Metzler

thinning carrots
fresh space between
my thoughts

Ann K. Schwader

warm scones
cows on the hilltop
grazing with clouds

Ron Moss

last hay bale stacked thunderheads

Jeff Stillman

rusted wheelbarrow
tips its load of rainwater —
out like a lion

Michael Dylan Welch

empty window
the last of her fur
in the lint trap

Robyn Hood Black

brushing new oils
into my landscape sky—
to improve heaven

William M. Ramsey

mood ring the economy of colors

Cherie Hunter Day

record heat
the olm's gills flutter pink
in a cave pool

Polona Oblak

heat ripples...
far out a fisherman
clubs a tuna

Paul Chambers

rampike...
medicine restarts
my heart

Bruce H. Feingold

confined to bed
the itch I can't reach
no one can find

Michael McClintock

cicadas
sciatica

Hannah Mahoney

foghorns
the night spent
in separate rooms

Sharon Pretti

too big
this bed with you
without you

Marian Olson

dusk
the soft light
of waiting

Sondra J. Byrnes

waking from the anesthetic tail first

Julie Warther

telling it again
the joke you told
in the hospital

John Stevenson

a sapling in the wind
my father remembers
his stepmother's voice

Kala Ramesh

barefoot—
the pull of the sun's path
over dark water

Lorin Ford

we dig our heels in flowering mule's ear

James Chessing

first date—
the comfort
of old shoes

Bryan Rickert

remarried
the taste of pinot noir
left open overnight

Chen-ou Liu

disorderly conduct the wildflower wind

Francine Banwarth

light snow a thin excuse

Marita Gargiulo

headlines...
last week's paper
to light a fire

David J. Kelly

distant hills
that place
without a story

Glenn G. Coats

inchworm
the way I fell
in love

Michelle Schaefer

willow
thy will
be done

John Stevenson

linked forms

duluoz

may day the only sin being original

a bloated constellation
above the clustered stones—
the duluoz tomb

i don't want to know how i want to act

the lineament
of lightning once
it's gone

a white pain streaking off through the blue eternity

hardening ghosts
into ancestors
morning sun

all the time in the world until now

Jim Kacian

From Here to There

mountain retreat—
he tells me
of his broken heart

the carpenter steps over
the missing rung

Rhine cruise—
the cellist continues
on his remaining strings

all the way from Ireland
the cracked dishes

buds
on the fallen crabapple branch
blocking the sidewalk

the broken spines
of all her travel books

Terry Ann Carter

Philomene Kocher

Michael Dylan Welch

&

you & i the separating conjunction

holding myself
to her as the sky
to the sea

the more you try the more you try spring breakup

one thought over
laps another un
til both are gone

eludes me clouds in the offing

Jim Kacian

sorrow not sinking into language



Cherie Hunter Day

With the stroke

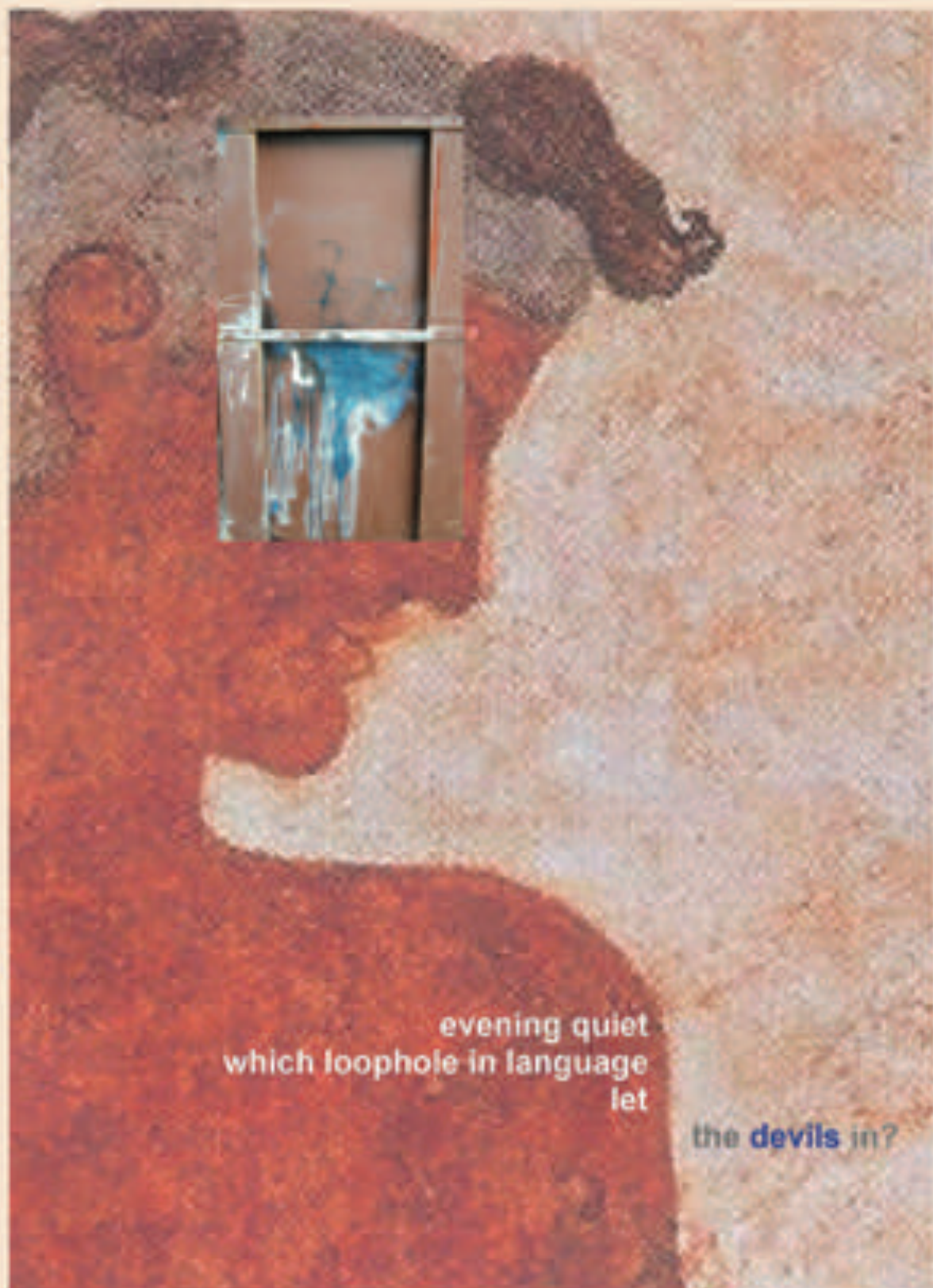
of a butterknife



the lie



Gary LeBel




evening quiet
which loophole in language
let

the **devils** in?



Gary LeBel



end
of
summer
this
could
be
our
last

hummingbird

jean leblanc 9-4-16

stage; providing tra

TO

that would tear to

toward experiences only

likely to stop. All

sleeping
late
breath
beside
breath
both
dream

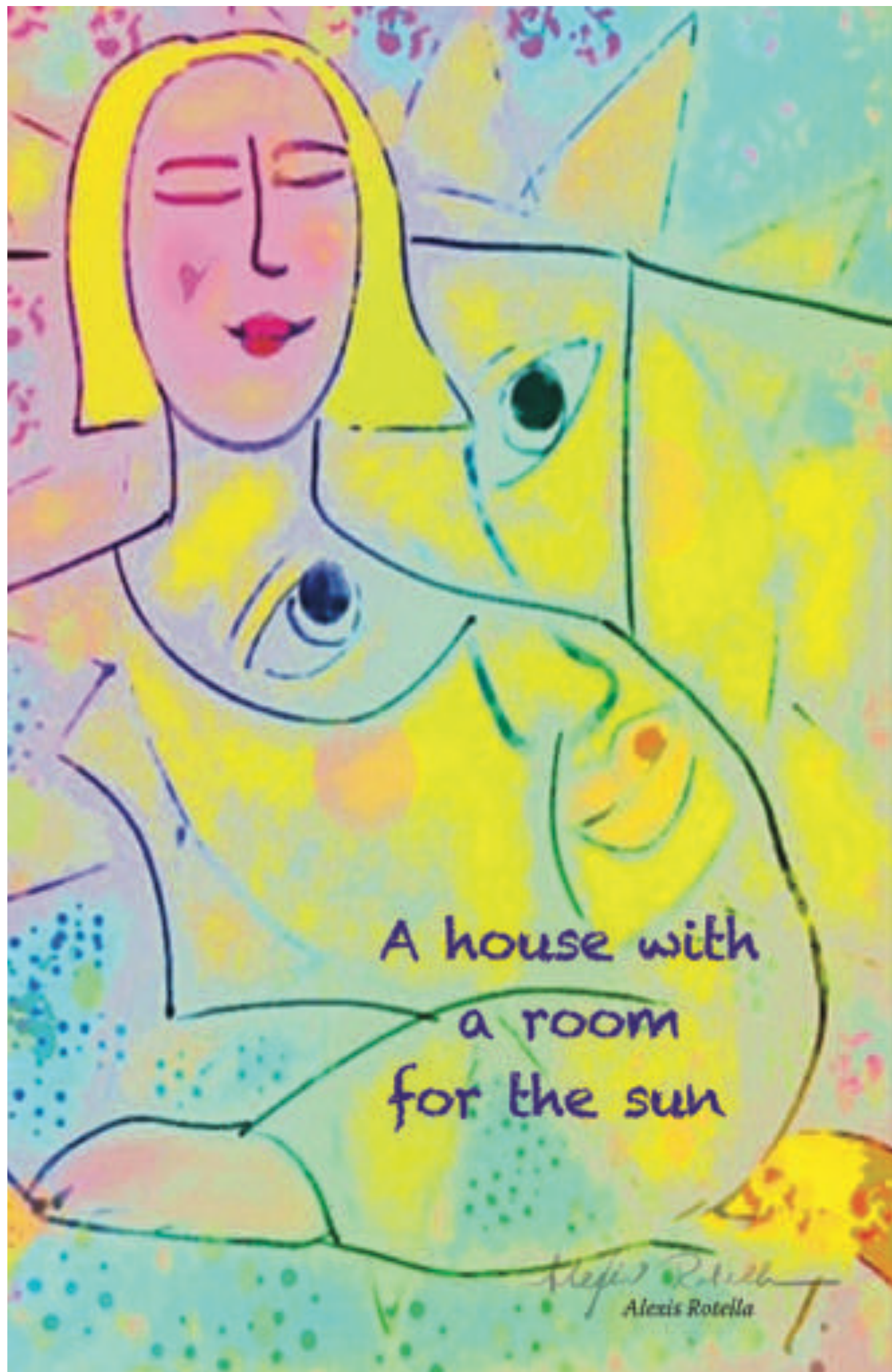
TO

believe we will find

TO

TO

Jean Leblanc
12-10-36




A house with
a room
for the sun

Alexis Rotella
Alexis Rotella

total eclipse...
warm curves
in the darkness



Ron C. Mass



Dream
journal-

a feather
marking
the page
where I was
a queen

Alexis Rotella
Alexis Rotella

The Art of Getting Lost While Running

Set off laughing. Enjoy the canopy of trees through the woods. Take a path that looks reliable. Promising even. Blame the map for the hedge in your way. Keep turning left. Run in circles. Question dog walkers. Discover a field of wheat, a churchyard, a stream. Clouds of midges. When you finally know where you are, change direction. Run towards the unknown.

the black cries
of rooks rising
into the light

Lynne Rees

Travellers

Suddenly all my ancestors are behind me. Be still, they say. Watch and listen. You are the result of the love of thousands. ~Linda Hogan

I look up from my book to find my son has discovered his reflection. It's impossible to tell if he realises this is himself he is cooing at, or if he is communing with some similarly rosy-cheeked and dimpled stranger. Perhaps in his happy, baby mind they are one and the same. With another mirror in hand, I slide onto my belly to offer him a glimpse of infinity, aware that for his tender months, he will not likely grasp the trickery of travelling light. Nuzzling into his peach-fuzz shoulder, I hear his laughter in memories to come.

a caravan
of gypsy caravans
meadow poppy moon

Claire Everett

Second Chance

Dumb as a rock. Can't you do anything right? If I've told you once I've told you a thousand times. My life would be different without you damned kids. What makes you think you're so special? No one will ever want you. You must be someone else's child. If you don't keep up, I'll leave you here. Wait till your father gets home. Good thing he'll marry you. Now you're his problem. Why must you always have your head in the clouds? You'll never amount to anything ...

fresh paint
the world as I wish it
beneath my brush

Michele L. Harvey

A Portrait of the Artist as a Blur

Let's call it backyard zazen, seated in a chair, eyes locked on the feeder. Someone added a thousand chambers to my heart and tuned them all to the same vowel. It was the turning of my head that stirred the kaleidoscope of ruby throats, blurred their bodies, light as ash. The pulp of me trembled. My odd shape nearly lifted with them.

thick summer grass
with any luck
I'll turn into that

Jonathan Humphrey

Lucid Dream

A bear at the bottom of the driveway catches the scent of me and, after threatening, charges up the hill incredibly fast, the fat of him rippling, the stink overcoming me.

I wake up.

Returning to sleep, I put him back at the bottom, let him charge again but this time make a gesture that stops him. A hand. Then just a finger. I make him shrink to the size of a cat, a mouse, an ant. Then I lean over him and make a sound that neither of us has ever heard; never to be forgotten.

I make him big again and say, "You are my bear in my dream. Let's walk together through my woods. Don't be afraid. I won't let anything harm you."

Later, when I have to go, he asks, "What will happen to me now?"

"I won't forget you." I reply, "Rest here until I come back."

talking in her sleep
something about
a butterfly

John Stevenson

Phobophobia

“What was that? Didn’t you hear?” She invariably asks me when I’m collapsed on the couch, in bed on the threshold of a dream or, better still, sound asleep. Admittedly, I hear most of what she does, perhaps more. Six months after the passing of a favorite feline companion, I was sure I heard him moving about the house. I squinted into the darkness for a glimpse of what I could hear but could not see.

midnight
the shadows only
a shadow casts

I understand her apprehension, but she wants to know the cause of every curious sound, the origin of every obscure rattle or scratch. For me to track these down would require a miraculous resolve. She may as well ask me to identify the sound the earth makes shifting on its axis or to isolate the noise of snow melting on the walk.

cellophane wrap
deafening in a room
full of silence

To me, if a sound is not that of breaking glass or a shoulder to the door, the shouts of men, the prattle of a lock being jimmed or a window pried, it is of no real concern. But, then again...

white noise
subtracting the speed of light
from sound

Michael Henry Lee

Scent

There's little room for high drama in classical Chinese poetry. It's not that they didn't experience suffering. For centuries they endured every hardship and pain, witnessed every stage of decomposition. But they took the time to wring out cliches, platitudes, and easy tropes, leaving behind only the subtlest of gestures. Why beat a brass gong when a falling blossom will do?

summer clothesline
the leeward scent
of lavender

Mark Dailey

The Price of Beauty

1950. My mother is showing off her new dress: Peter Pan collar, long sleeves, a full skirt emphasizing her tiny waist. She is young. She is pretty. She is radiant in red. "What do you think?" she purrs, pirouetting in front of my father, a buyer for army surplus stores. He leans forward as if to hug her. Instead he reaches for the hem of the dress, rubbing the fabric between his thumb and index finger. "\$12.95?" he ventures, proud and confident that he isn't off by much.

root-gnarled path
the audio book
skips a beat

Carolyn Hall

Tokens

It fits perfectly in the palm of my hand. The marble-sized planet she needed from blue and green felt. Something she does as a pastime while watching the news, waiting for dinner to finish in the oven. It calms her nerves when she can shape the coastline of Africa just so.

I give her a plastic polar bear figurine she might stick on her dashboard. Someone waiting at a red light in the hot sun might keep the arctic giants in mind and remember what has gone missing from the world.

We hadn't seen each other in many years. There was nothing either of us needed. Having reached a stage of life when we were getting rid of things, we had few wants.

I gave her hope. She gave me the world. Smaller hand-held versions to keep up with the times.

library book
the person before me
the person after

Peter Newton

Customs

At the border crossing he declares, "This is America, of course I own a gun!"

armed and dangerous
and still at large
a hornet

Johnny Baranski

The Green Ray

It was the look on his face that seared the memory in me. There was intrigue, wonder, delight and an almost boyish, unanchored hope. The details of the book he'd read on the topic, or the film he'd seen, retreated into the background for me. As he spoke of it, I saw a barely revealed mystery in my father, as though through a hole in a curtain. How moved he was by this idea: an optical phenomenon of the sunset—rarely seen—a quality of colour said to be unlike any other, imbued by Jules Verne with the mystical quality of giving the viewer the ability to see into the thoughts and feelings of others

advent
the brevity
of cactus flowers

Els van Leeuwen

Right Out

So I'm seven years old, and a bunch of old people take me to the family cemetery.

"I'm gonna be put right here," my great aunt says, standing on my grandfather's grave, and pointing to the next plot over.

Freaked me right out. I mean, no way am I ever stepping on dead people.

family reunion
the colors of sunset
on a fresh peach

Jennifer Hambrick

Open Sesame

Göteborg, my mother's birthplace. Sipping coffee in a sidewalk café and watching the city's youth, a mix of cultures with everyone easily conversing in my mother's mother tongue. All I know is *please, thank you*, and *Rida Rida Ranka*, a nursery rhyme that tells me dogs say *voof*.

standing outside...
not knowing the words
that open the door

Diane Wallihan

Devils Tower

Since it's already late in the day, we decide to just walk the perimeter and take photos of this hard statement against the truthful sky. One of us, playing with the camera's zoom, spots two climbers midway down the rock face already darkened and cool with shadow. When we tell the park ranger back at the station, she says they probably won't make it down before nightfall. Miles later in the truck stop diner's parking lot, Devils Tower is reduced to a small black notch cut out of the sky's orange afterglow.

two lane highway
the sparsely lit stretch
through prairie dog town

Cherie Hunter Day

A Mighty Fortress

My mother's mother was our church organist; every Sunday she sat up at the front of the church, slightly above the rest of us, as if she were the demonstration model for the sermon; and maybe sometimes she was.

She directed the choir, too. Actually, she directed everyone.

She wanted the rest of us to be as sinless as she was. But I deliberately destroyed the dolls she gave me and ran around with my hair uncombed and refused for ten years to wear dresses anywhere but church. I would have refused to wear them there too but my grandmother's sinlessness defeated my best intentions.

Naturally, these were not my only sins, or even my worst, but they were the ones she took the most to heart.

She once observed sharply to my mother that I was—different—from her other granddaughters. I don't think she actually disliked me, but I've sometimes thought that she probably would have if it hadn't been a sin.

after the sermon
a cross-section
of the butterfly

Melissa Allen

Lily

The moment I learned that the neighbor's dog had drowned in the river, the world again was water. I looked through a small window at rain. That evening, after vodka and vodka, my body displaced half of the bath. I dreamt I could fold a pond into a horse-like shape, blowing over its ears, rippling its watery mane.

another drink—
more of the river
drips from the deer

Jonathan Humphrey

Forsaken

Friday. The wall of the hurricane skirts Florida's eastern coast. Savannah's River Street is under water as the eye traces the Georgia coastline.

My parents are hunkered down near the Carolina border. It is raining hard, too hard for them to drive away. Shelves are empty in the grocery stores and half the population has moved to higher ground. Horses and cows are left behind. "Your mother and I waited too long," my father says. "Couldn't make up our minds."

darkening soil
the clap of boots
at day's end

Saturday. Matthew makes landfall in South Carolina. The fishing pier at Myrtle Beach is gone and kayaks glide down streets. My mother lies in the dark, no electricity. "I hear gusts coming and they sound like passing trains," she says. A neighbor knocks to

announce that a tree broke through his roof—right into the bedroom. He tells my parents that he's all right and that it was just an act of God. Voices sound tiny over the phone.

river mud
words darken
in the rain

Sunday. My mother and father shut off their phones. I watch rivers on the news. People who escaped the coast are now trapped by inland floods. Causeways are under water and no one can enter or leave the islands. Trees that have stood a century of storms now lie on the ground. Did my parents seek shelter at the high school? All that water in the Cape Fear and Lockwood Folly Rivers, the Wackemaw, the Neuse in Kinston, all of them will rise for days before they settle down and water slowly drains; finding its way back to the sea.

knees that bend soft earth evening mass

Glenn G. Coats

Oracle

The storm formed out over the lake. Chain lightning married water to sky. Prevailing winds you said. I caught your drift. Had we lived in another hemisphere, the danger would have already passed.

divorce court
your one-act play
on words

Tom Painting

The Stuff of Legend

Local lore has it a five-foot pike skeleton was once found with a duckling skeleton lodged in its throat. The end or the beginning of another great fish story?

rain drumming all day search for a rhythm

Jeff Stillman

Wherewithal

College was not foremost on my mind in 1968. Vietnam was. In retrospect, it's obvious who college deferments were intended to help: those sons and grandsons privileged enough to have wars fought for them, rather than by them. Deferments were granted to four-year "accredited universities," not technical, vocational, or art institutes. Any notion of attending one of these schools, without having drawn a lottery number high enough to avoid conscription, was folly. Whether providence or destiny, my dear departed grandmother made it financially possible for me to attend an approved bastion of higher education. Attend I did, obtaining a B.A. in sociology with a minor in English literature, comprehensive studies in female anatomy, extensive experimentation with hallucinogenic substances and in-depth practice of the techniques required to execute a virtually impossible three-rail bank shot. Needless to say, my proficiency in the "social sciences" provided a nearly endless array of career opportunities.

auto sales . . .
living from one lie
to the next

Michael Henry Lee

No one really knows

what happened to him, we haven't heard from him since we graduated, someone once thought she saw him across a street in New York City, someone once got an anonymous phone call and the breathing on the other end sounded like his, someone saw a painting once in a gallery in his unmistakable style but signed with a different name, someone once read a poem he could have written but it turned out he didn't, someone wrote a letter to his mother but it came back undeliverable, all of us have Googled him repeatedly but apparently he doesn't exist online, meaning he probably doesn't exist at all, which none of us want to think about, so we don't, we just email each other and ask, Have you heard from him? Have you seen him? What's he doing? We shake our heads invisibly at each other thinking about his boasting, his cleverness, the way he was more different from everyone else than anyone else was, how he held the hand of every one of us at some point pretending to love her, the same way we were pretending to love him.

invented language
the ice
begins to crack

Melissa Allen

Mr. Fix-It

My dad was a hammer mechanic. Strike something with enough force and it's bound to give.

rehab
checking in
on myself

Tom Painting

A Closer Look

The assistant manager glances at the evidence in the plastic snap-tight container and concludes, *it's a water beetle. They're just looking for water.* I know better but say nothing. She continues, *the exterminator comes on Wednesdays. You don't want your container back, do you?* I turn to leave. *No, that's ok. It's yours. Thanks.* The guy from Dewy Pest Control leaves one sticky trap in the corner of the kitchen and announces, *they're too large to spray for.* And then, as if from the script, *they like dark places and are looking for water.* Our apartment is next to the dumpsters. Every night there is activity. Some nights raccoons amble over the carport roof and enter from above. There are other nights when men come in pairs with camping headlamps on their baseball caps. The younger, skinny guy jumps into the dumpster while the older, heavier guy keeps watch. They rummage for CRV recyclables and other valuables. Sometimes the smell of weed makes it all the way to the second floor window. In the morning the trash bags have been ripped open and garbage is strewn around. There's a fresh pile of scat on the shake roof. And nearly a half a dozen roaches are squished on the sidewalk, rinsed by the sprinklers at 2:30 a.m. and then again at 5:00 a.m.

early morning
my handwriting
almost legible

Cherie Hunter Day

The Surface of Things

On its 50th anniversary, the Museum received a gift towards establishing a Collection of Lost Words. The three curators entrusted with this project, feeling an overwhelming sense of responsibility and apprehension, set about their work immediately. At their first meeting, the youngest of the three suggested they might place an ad in the national press, or even tweet about it asking for submissions. The oldest suggested they go on a retreat together with hand-picked etymologists, philosophers, and linguists, in other words experts, to brainstorm. The woman on the team suggested they search online catalogues for words no longer in use. Words written on tablets and papyri, words from extinct languages. For weeks they discussed the relationship between words and the worlds they described; words and the worlds they gave rise to. Forbidden words, or overused words that lost their meaning. As a result of intense deliberations, a special linguistic search engine was built capable of scouring for lost words. It didn't take long for results to start coming in. The first word to be returned: "love."

cracked earth
last year's seedling
yet to sprout

Stella Pierides

contests

2017 HAROLD G. HENDERSON HAIKU AWARDS

Judged by Robert Gilliland and Cherie Hunter Day

The Harold G. Henderson Contest drew 990 entries this year. At first the sheer number of haiku seemed daunting, but we winnowed our selections down to much shorter lists on the first round. We rated our final list of fifteen and settled easily on the following poems. We thank all the poets for their participation and offer our hearty congratulations to the winners and honorable mentions. Selecting the winning haiku was a joyful process — much like a summer holiday.

FIRST PLACE

light
for their world
fireflies

Gary Hotham

COMMENTS: There were fifteen haiku submitted to the contest this year that mentioned fireflies. There is something about fireflies that sparks the imagination of haiku poets. Seeing the first firefly of the summer is haiku-worthy. Firefly hunting in Japan is a favorite pastime for both young and old. The intermittent light of fireflies is also equated with the brevity of life. Consider this death haiku by Chine-jo (1660–1688), a follower of Bashō:

easily blazing
and easily extinguished —
the firefly

While the firefly's activity is noteworthy as an object lesson, this year's winner reminds us that nature isn't a stand-in for anything else. The fireflies' light is for them, not for us. There is such delight at being included as witnesses to their display.

SECOND PLACE

gathering dusk
all the colored pencils
back in their cup

Michele Root-Bernstein

COMMENTS: With minimal brushstrokes (if we may mix artistic media) the poet beckons readers to imagine what the artist created with the colored pencils. The absence of an overt seasonal reference lets readers conjure scenes from any season: the first wildflowers in spring, an abundant summer meadow beneath blue sky and white clouds, the brilliance of autumn foliage, or the brightness of holiday lights and decorations. The artist/poet has the utmost love and respect for the tools of the trade as, like a good shepherd, the flock is gathered safe and sound for the night. There we too await whatever artistic engagement tomorrow brings.

THIRD PLACE

the dogs
shake it loose
— summer sea

Alison Woolpert

COMMENTS: The short, sharp sounds of the first four words give us the energetic movement of the gleeful canines as they attempt

to dry themselves, no doubt right before they plunge back into the water. The repeated “s” sounds and flowing vowel sounds of the last three words summon the sound of the sea as wave after wave washes ashore. All the senses are engaged: we can feel the cool shower of water droplets from the dogs and the warmth of the sand beneath our feet, hear the jingle of collar tags, and breathe the summer smells of salt, sun, and wet dogs.

H O N O R A B L E M E N T I O N S

(Unranked)

watermelon flesh deep in summer

Tigz DePalma

COMMENTS: This wonderful haiku offers us raw, sensuous engagement in the height of the season. The line can be broken after “watermelon” to associate “flesh” with the melon, or after “flesh,” in which case it refers to the person eating the melon. Sweet, ripe, watermelon is best enjoyed without utensils, using only our hands and mouth. With juice dripping everywhere, watermelon eating becomes a full-contact sport. The absence of all articles in the haiku allows immersion directly into this pleasure and creates, like perfectly ripened fruit, a concentrated experience of summer.

trial separation
another inch of snow
on the gin bottles

Lew Watts

COMMENTS: There is some ambiguity as to what the trial separation is a separation from—a relationship with another person or the bond with alcohol? The jolt of “gin” in the third line is both

lighthearted and tragically serious. The reader gets to decide the storyline. Is the separation permanent? Or will the cooling-off period result in a more moderate lifestyle and a healthy relationship? Ultimately there's hope that the trial will soon be over.

summer holiday
walking the dogs
where they want to go

Corine Timmer

COMMENTS: Summer is the season of relaxation. A holiday in summer is dialed back even further. Here the poet lets the dogs take the lead on an adventure. It's the essence of a vacation from the self. Lighthearted humor works perfectly in this haiku.

2016 GERALD BRADY SENRYU AWARDS

Judged by Chuck Brickley and Julie Warther

What an honor and challenge to be asked to select the winning entries from among the 669 submissions to the 2017 Gerald Brady Memorial Senryu Contest! Although we had never met, after a few email exchanges we felt confident our individual shortlists would be nearly identical. Thank goodness, they were not! This is where the true work began, compelling us to take a closer look at the entries through the other's eyes. We agreed we were looking for fresh, yet universal images. We seemed drawn to simplicity of presentation, yet remained open to possibilities outside the norm. Specifically, we agreed an award-winning senryu is one with which we could experience an immediate connection and which continued to reveal layers of emotional resonance on repeated readings. We are pleased to present the synergistic results of that collaboration in the six senryu below,

each exhibiting a quick burst of flavor and a lingering aftertaste. We hope you will savor them as we have.

FIRST PLACE

tangled shadows lying about what's making them

Sam Bateman

Comments: Poetry as Rorschach test.

Deft use of the one-line form employed by our first-place award winner invites the reader to explore multiple interpretations. The apparently simple sentence structure offers one interpretation; identification of the overlapped, colloquial phrase “lying about,” another. Intrigue is injected into both with the pun on “lying.” Add the personification of “tangled shadows” and indeed, we have a mystery.

Shadows of bodies tangled in an affair, whispering words of “love.” The shadows of a giant oak precariously clinging to the cliff, enticing an old kid to attempt one last climb.

A parable for our times? Lost in the shadows of a tangled web, we blame everyone else, when deep down we know. We are lying to ourselves. It is a tangled web we have woven.

SECOND PLACE

flea market
we once had
it all

Joe McKeon

COMMENTS: Something funny about a flea market, and something sad. Like a really good clown, this is a really good senryu. The inclusive “we” suggests that not only the poet and everyone else there, but the poem’s readers—and, by extension, all of

humanity—is, in one way or another, mucking about in the marketplace. The “all” we once had, the completeness and fulfillment of every material craving, now carries a dissatisfaction, a realization that it is not the “all,” or even close. Peggy Lee, *Is That All There Is?* Chad Lee Robinson, *migrating geese / the things we thought we needed / darken the garage*. Once *Sitting On Top Of The World*, you’re now haggling with some guy in overalls over the price of a waffle iron with a frayed cord. A waffle iron that looks suspiciously like the one you sold at this very same flea market a couple of years ago. Only now it’s twice the price. The laugh’s on you. On us.

THIRD PLACE

family cookout
 enough of everyone
 to go around

Michele Root-Bernstein

COMMENTS: Family gatherings are a time to catch up on the latest news and share our own. But with a limited amount of time and so many people, the stories require polish and pizzazz to stand out from the rest. What starts as a genuine desire to be heard can lead to a competition of one-upmanship. It doesn’t take much of this kind of behavior before all within earshot have had their fill. Enough, indeed!

HONORABLE MENTIONS

(Unranked)

back pain
 again I pick up
 unsaid words

Kyle D. Craig

COMMENTS: Often those who have never experienced back pain are unsympathetic toward those who do. Here, the poet notes such disbelief—not in the words of others but rather in their tones of voice, their looks. Suffering sharpens one’s sensitivity to the subtleties of our interactions. The poet can’t bend over to pick up the laundry, but can pick up on the slightest of smirks hiding in a smile. Too, the strain of carrying imagined hurts and grudges can be the source of very real physical pain. The senryu, a wink at oneself.

sunrise
no one in line
for tickets

Joe McKeon

COMMENTS: People all over the world stop cars, crowd beaches, and otherwise pause to watch the sun set. How many to watch it rise? Maybe this is what is wrong with our world today. The more I think about it, the more certain I am it is.

a fish
in the heron’s bill
town gossip

Roland Packer

COMMENTS: The story of how gossip becomes gospel. Like a heron poised in the shallows we are each always keeping an eye out for the latest bits of news, especially ones that make us feel superior to others. When we do catch a glimpse—no matter how fleeting, tenuous, or true—we snatch it up. Ooh, so-and-so did such-and-such with you-know-who. Once we have this tidbit firmly in our grasp, we swallow it. All in one gulp. Whole.

And every time the tale’s told, the fish gets bigger.

2016 HSA HAIBUN CONTEST AWARDS

Judged by Margaret Dornaus and Renée Owen

This year's entries included 127 haibun with a wide range of styles and lengths, varying from two short sentences with a closing haiku to a 2½-page essay replete with haiku and footnotes. As we set about selecting the winners, we tried to narrow our focus to haibun that contained a majority of the following eight qualities: *universality of meaning* (content that changes or enhances the reader's world view); *compelling, well-written prose* (often present tense); *poetic writing style* (image-laden prose that shows rather than tells, and includes poetic techniques such as alliteration, metaphors/similes, and sensory details); *effective haiku that link and shift* (adding some new element or meaning to the prose); *compelling titles* (that add to the overall tone or meaning); *a sense of mystery* (that alludes to multiple layers of meaning); *a satisfactory ending*; and *a unity of parts* (to seamlessly create a greater whole).

As jurors, we enjoyed reading and rereading our own and each other's favorites, and the collaborative process of discussing them, which both enriched our understanding of the nuances that energize the best haibun, and deepened our appreciation of this marvelous form.

Many thanks to all who submitted their work!

FIRST PLACE

Despite Rising Seas

children play in a field. I feel safe, for a moment, behind my sun-dappled window, listening to their laughter. Despite nuclear proliferation, my daughter is asleep on the sofa, clenching a book of natural wonders. Her breath ebbs and flows. Which unsullied forest will open in her dreams today?

far-flung smog
 the foal gallops
 toward the mare

Chris Bays

COMMENTS: From its opening title, “Despite Rising Seas” challenges readers to consider our place in a world that is at once dangerous and awe-inspiring. The dreamlike, almost fairytale, quality of this haibun contrasts a child’s innocent and idyllic views with a parent’s recognition of darker concerns. In the brief space of five compacted sentences, the writer deftly presents the age-old struggle of Man vs. Nature in a fresh and innovative way that refrains from being judgmental—leaving us, instead, to reflect on the shared responsibilities of our actions as *the foal gallops / toward the mare*.

S E C O N D P L A C E

Untitled

Plover Island is a fragile barrier beach that hovers in the Atlantic, north of Boston. A community of wind-and-sea-salt-blasted wooden houses hides in its sand and shrub brush. From October through April the water turns steel gray, and seals can be seen playing in the channel and sometimes on the beach. The summer people are gone. Those who choose to winter in a place like this do so willfully. They have been captured by the way the sea grass waves in the wind and then nestles under snow. They are infatuated with the damp brine and seaweed smell of mornings. They stand at dusk behind thick glass deck doors, and watch the low, dark storm clouds scud down from the north. They seek silence and solitude.

the surf, the moon
 and summer renters
 drunk and loud

The day after a heavy January storm buries the island it is totally silent. You cannot hear the wind. You cannot hear the surf. The house feels compressed by the immense weight of snow it bears. It is smaller, tighter. The flames of the wood stove push back the walls, keep us alive. We whisper. Outside, the noon landscape is whiteness, punctuated by a few small pines. I read Kawabata's *Snow Country* again. Beyond the bleached and frozen beach, the winter ocean waits, dead black.

gray-rimmed and bare,
 this pale midwinter beach
 lets gull bones bleach

Michael Cantor

COMMENTS: This entry paints a tightly focused landscape depicting our relationship with nature through its close examination of the “fragile barrier beach” known as Plover Island. Using a series of lyrical images, the narrator explores the destination from the wabi-sabi vantage point of winter. This haibun artfully portrays a place where winter residents speak in reverent whispers and have breathing room to reread Kawabata's *Snow Country*, while *gull bones bleach*. A haunting evocation of time and place, which cries out for a title.

T H I R D P L A C E

Heart-Mending

desert
 yet, the red
 of cholla blossoms

My Toyota Corolla sits idle in tall grass. My neighbour, a retired electrical engineer, says, “Bet I can fix it.” Raising the hood, he begins disengaging the engine. Nuts, bolts, and hoses are stored

in labelled zip-lock bags. He points to various parts of the car: “The cooling system is designed like our circulation, oil filter like kidneys, the air conditioning like lungs.” He lays the engine on the tarp’s blue expanse. “This is the heart of your car.” He tells me about his late wife and continues: “Pistons are like the chambers of the heart.” He wipes away excess oil and scrapes off residue left by the blown head gasket. I hand him a new one and the process reverses.

test drive
moon at the edge
of visibility

Dru Philippou

COMMENTS: Sandwiched between two effective haiku, the prose section of this haibun uses dialogue to show (rather than tell) the backstory of its characters—neighbors who find themselves relying on one another in unexpected ways. A poignant and understated examination of how two people are brought together through a seemingly random act of kindness.

H O N O R A B L E M E N T I O N S

(Unranked)

Misdirection

Koi break the surface of the still pond. Their lips rounded into “O’s” like tourists seeing the Grand Canyon for the first time. Oh, oh, oh, they inhale. Once, when careless, I slipped from the arms of a lover into the deep and awoke gasping for air.

controlled burn
a renegade spark
jumps the firebreak

Tom Painting

COMMENTS: The title underscores the leaps this minimalist haibun takes as it explores a dreamscape where a school of koi morphs into the dreamer. The *renegade spark* in the ending haiku reinforces the prose passage's twists and turns, and sense of heightened reality.

Sweden, 1901

They have nine children, seven living. In a blue-striped apron, she rearranges lumps of coarse rye dough rising beside the wood stove. He does odd jobs, different ones, here and there. She does the same work, daily. After supper, cheese on rye, close to the fire, she knits stockings while he mends shoes. They sing and they pray. Mornings, as usual, she stirs the flame to life. Hungry, it licks a spatter of butter on the blue-striped apron, and she is gone in a pillar of light.

Heirloom grain...we share the last slice of great-grandmother's rye.

Lesley Anne Swanson

COMMENTS: This haibun, with its haiku-like prose and evocative details, transports us in time and place before building to its astonishing and heartbreaking fiery ending. The haiku effectively links back to great-grandmother's rising dough before shifting to the present moment, with an invitation to break bread together and revere our ancestors. However, the one-line haiku as presented would have been better served, in this instance, with a more traditionally written, three-line form.

THE SOUND OF WATER: *FROGPOND* AT 40

Charles Trumbull

If there is to be a real “American Haiku” we must—by trial and error—work out our own standards. ~Harold G. Henderson¹

In his famous letter to James Bull and Don Eulert, editors of the pioneering haiku journal *American Haiku*, Harold G. Henderson considered the possibility of writing haiku in English. Although derived from the Japanese, English-language haiku, he believed, would be of no lesser quality. Henderson went on to cofound the Haiku Society of America. It is the HSA and its members, more than any other group, that has concerned itself with establishing standards for American—indeed, English-language—haiku.

Frogpond editors have always been in the vanguard in realizing Henderson’s call. They have brought different points of view and (pre)conceptions as they sought to define what *Frogpond* should be and do, for example:

- ◆ Unlike independent publications such as *American Haiku* and *Modern Haiku*, *Frogpond* is a membership journal. What constitutes good service to the members? Is *Frogpond* obliged to publish the work of all dues-paying members? If not, should membership be a consideration for acceptance at all? Perhaps good service means bringing to the members the best work from all sources, foreign and domestic? Should the journal be analyzing classical Japanese- and/or English-language haiku in depth? Or maybe finding and printing the newest experiments?
- ◆ Is the HSA membership *Frogpond*’s only audience? Should it try to find a place for itself on bookshelves and coffee tables

alongside mainstream poetry journals? Should issues of *Frogpond* be available in school libraries, colleges, and other institutions? Should it be sold in bookstores? Is it desirable for *Frogpond* articles—haiku even—to be indexed among scholarly publications? The goal of making *Frogpond* the very best haiku journal possible implies applying stringent standards for the selection of haiku, emphasizing *quality* over *quantity*.

- ◆ Where should the editor come down on the eternal question of form in haiku? How closely will *Frogpond* hew to 5–7–5–syllable structure? Will the editor promote one-line haiku? Concrete or compressed haiku? How like Japanese haiku should American haiku be? What should be the balance and focus of the journal in terms of forms and genres? Haiku will likely always be of primary importance, but should the editor also dabble in other *haikai* such as senryu, haibun, haiga, renku and sequences, and even latter-day inventions such as renga, yotsumono, or cherita?

As we will presently see, the various *Frogpond* editors each found their own responses to these key questions, producing a lively and colorful history of the journal.

Publication has been a major activity of the HSA from the early days in 1968–69. The Society's needs are both informational and literary. A variety of formal and informal media—minutes, newsletters in print and, later, electronic formats—have been developed to report on HSA activities and bring news of contests, new books, and HSA goings-on as well as to propagate Society members' best work.

The first meetings of the HSA were held in the library of the Asia Society in New York City and were later moved to the Japan Society. Minutes of the meetings were kept by the Recording Secretary and were often detailed records of the spirited discussions of the members.

The minutes were called the Minutes & Proceedings from 1975 until early in 1978, when they were essentially replaced by the Society's magazine, *Frogpond*. Since then they have been either nonexistent or little more than short summaries. Papers

presented at meetings are occasionally printed in the magazine.²

Under the true hand of Secretary Doris Heitmeyer, the HSA Minutes became a formal publication and started to include news of haiku developments nationwide. Minutes & Proceedings morphed into a quarterly mimeographed newsletter in 1985. When Heitmeyer retired after issue XI:1 (February 1996), her official positions were split: Dee Evetts took over as HSA Secretary (for membership and records) and Charles Trumbull assumed the new position of Newsletter Editor (publishing the Minutes and haiku news). Two years later an HSA website made its debut alongside the print *HSA Newsletter* and *Frogpond*, providing an inexpensive and convenient source of information for the members—at least those 50–60% who were computer savvy.

Meanwhile in 1967, two years before the establishment of the Haiku Society of America, Leroy Kanterman had begun publishing the biannual *Haiku West*. Through the intercession of another haiku pioneer, Nick Virgilio, Kanterman met Harold Henderson, recently retired from teaching at Columbia University. The two men began meeting weekly to discuss haiku and editorial matters, which led to their founding the “Haiku Society.” Kanterman was its first president.

With such a pedigree, it was quite natural that *Haiku West* should become the organ of the HSA. It was officially so designated in April 1969, and it remained the official Society journal until it ceased publication in January 1975. *Haiku West* published two issues a year, mimeographed and saddle-stapled in 5½×8½” format. Rather conservative in matters of haiku form and subject matter (but no more so than other publications of the 1960s) *Haiku West* published many of the leading haiku writers of the time. Notable items among its contents were the first publication of 19 haiku written by Henderson himself (under his *haigo*, Tairō), more than 100 haiku in the groundbreaking sequences by O Mabson Southard, and more than 80 haiku about the scarecrow, a special interest of Kanterman’s. When the journal closed down the HSA was left without a literary voice.³

The very first issues of Frogpond were my teachers.

~Ruth Yarrow⁴

By 1978 the idea of starting a new HSA magazine like *Haiku West* that would serve as a place for members to publish and discuss their work began to take shape. The driving force was Lilli Tanzer, who was chosen to be the editor of *HSA Frogpond* (a name that was chosen in a contest among HSA members) when it began publication that year. Tanzer also held the post of HSA Recording Secretary. Mildred Fineberg was named editorial assistant, and in the first issues Yasko Karaki assisted as Consulting Editor and Stephen Wolfe as Correspondent in Japan. “The editors originally intended to publish all haiku submitted by HSA subscriber/members, but this policy was almost at once found to be infeasible, and the magazine welcomed haiku, senryu, linked verse, essays, and reviews by members and nonmembers alike.”⁵

Early issues contained information, such as records of HSA meetings, updates of the membership, and the Secretary’s and Treasurer’s reports that had earlier been given to members in the *Minutes*. In later years these areas were covered in the *HSA Newsletter* and *Ripples*, the online newsletter, but member information appeared off and on in *Frogpond* as well. Useful lists of haiku journals and new books and information about contests have also been recurring features in *Frogpond*.

By dint of its status as a membership journal, *Frogpond* has always had the largest readership of any print haiku journal in the English-speaking world. HSA membership—and therefore *Frogpond* circulation—topped 500 in the mid 1980s, reached 800 in 2004, and has remained more or less at that level since. In financial terms, the journal is the most significant expenditure of the Haiku Society of America, typically accounting for about half the annual budget.

The *Frogpond* editor is an elected officer of the HSA and sits on its Executive Committee. She/he has full operational authority for the journal, subject only to the general guidance of the other officers, and like them labors as an unpaid volunteer.

Candidates for *Frogpond* editor (as well as the newsletter and web editors) place their names on the ballot for officers each year, but this is an empty fiction. Almost always, a single candidate has been recruited through an arduous search by a Society nominating committee. The prerequisites for the *Frogpond* editorship—available time and energy, editorial experience, people skills, knowledge of haiku, and computer savvy for starters—are so demanding that stalking, wheedling, and arm-twisting are the usual techniques for securing a new editor. When elected, some editors have sought to lighten their workload by signing on assistant or associate editors, art or book review editors, and the like. These positions are informal and, although their names appear on the *Frogpond* masthead, these assistants have no formal status among the HSA officers. Joint editorship seems now to have become the norm.

Evolution of *Frogpond* over its 40-year history has produced a fairly stable table of contents, embracing front matter, editors' and presidents' statements, memorials and obituaries of prominent haikuists, a large section of new haiku and senryu (sometimes in separate sections, sometimes not), a selection of linked forms such as haibun and renku, essays, and book reviews. *Frogpond* has always published the winning entries in the competitions of the Society. These include the Harold G. Henderson Awards for best unpublished haiku and the Gerald M. Brady Awards for best unpublished senryu (both established in 1976), Bernard Lionel Einbond Renku Award (from 1990), the Nicholas A. Virgilio Memorial Haiku Competition for High School Students (promoted and judged by the HSA, from 1990) and the HSA Haibun Contest (begun in 2011). Results of the annual or biannual HSA Merit Book Awards for outstanding achievement in the field of haiku publication, later renamed in honor of Mildred and Leroy Kanterman, have been reported in *Frogpond* since 1974.

In 1981 the Museum of Haiku Literature in Tokyo made available a grant of \$100 a year to the HSA to support a best-of-issue award in *Frogpond* as well as the British Haiku Society's organ, *Blithe Spirit*. The amounts were raised to \$200 a year in 1994 and to \$300 in 2000. The HSA Executive Committee selects

the winners, which have been featured at the front of each issue beginning with *Frogpond* IV:1 (1981).

Small sounds... ~Lilli Tanzer

In the inaugural issue of *HSA Frogpond*, Lilli Tanzer defined the sections of the magazine she would be editing in these terms:

- HAIKU NEWS is—haiku news.
- CROAKS—? are noises HSA members are making in the process of living, writing, and communicating. Each of us is responsible for his/her own “sounds,” but *Frogpond* will try to honor your wishes at all times....[That is to say, all submissions, including articles and essays.]
- WATERSOUNDS—Small sounds some of us have made in CROAKS—? that our selections panel deems significant enough to be repeated in WATERSOUNDS—as HAIKU.
- haiku TRANSLATIONS/DERIVATIONS may or may not be a new idea. It is, to me. It stems from my ignorance of the Japanese language....

Early gatherings of the Society devoted a great deal of effort to working out a dictionary definition of haiku and using that definition to identify what short verses might properly be called haiku, senryu, or something else.⁶ *HSA Frogpond* took up this inquiry into the nature of haiku: “In the beginning the magazine was concentrated on helping the new haiku writers to acquaint themselves with the form and build their skills.”⁷ The HSA definitions of “haiku” and related forms that emerged from the HSA meetings, as well as discussions in print such as “CROAKS/WATERSOUNDS,” realized Henderson’s call “to work out our own standards” and quickly became the default definitions of English-language haiku.

Thus, the CROAKS—? section in *HSA Frogpond* I:1 included 28 verses submitted by members. They looked like this:

Joan Couzens Sauer
C, S

The unseen wind,
blows through the snow
leaves a path

The code letter C on the left indicated that readers' comments were invited, while S was a notation to send this haiku to the WATER-SOUNDS selection panel. The panel's judgment would be recorded in that section in the following issue. In this case, for example, Sauer's haiku was examined by the panel of 14 top poets. It was one of the 22 submissions that were "checked as haiku," but it received the certification of only one judge. So, we might assume, Sauer's work was a haiku, but not an outstanding one.

Also included in the inaugural CROAKS—? section were essays, including Fr. Raymond Roseliep's "A Time to Rime" and the first part of Cor van den Heuvel's influential "Haiku Becoming," which contained this passage:

There was a time in this country when certain critics insisted haiku must be written in three lines of 5–7–5 syllables. Such archconservatism as to form seems ridiculous today. Now we are being told that haiku must always present two explicit images—in the manner of Basho's "crow/autumn evening" haiku, and goes on to suggest that the two-image formulation could be replaced by "a resonance between the reader (man) and a single image (nature)."

In the first *Frogpond* issue, HAIKU TRANSLATIONS/DERIVATIONS featured comparative translations with annotations of haiku by Taneda Santōka and Yamamoto Gorō by Stephen Wolfe, Hiroaki Sato, and Alfred Marks. The issue concluded with suggestions for reading and a list of current periodicals.

For issue I:2, five leading journal editors—Eric Amann, Rhoda deLong Jewell, Randy Brooks, Jan Streif, and Nobuo Hirasawa—were invited to write short responses to the question "What Is a Haiku?" The resulting short essays included the second part of van den Heuvel's "Haiku Becoming" and a new piece by Raymond Roseliep, "Cry, Windmill." The translations were of two haiku by the contemporary poet Nakamura Kusatao.

Number I:3 added essays by James Kirkup and Lorraine Ellis Harr to the "What Is a Haiku?" feature and in the translations highlighted haiku by Chiyo-jo. This issue allotted space

to reporting the visit to the HSA in September 1978 of two top Japanese haiku poets, Yamamoto Kenkishi and Mori Sumio, and reproduced a translation of their comments in full. Also in this issue, William Higginson's contribution to the "What is Haiku?" discussion was included.

Volume II began the year with the same editorial resources and format, but at midyear it was decided to reduce the number of issues annually. Accordingly 1979 saw only three issues. Highlights were a two-part article, "The Structural Dynamics of Haiku," by Canadian Rod Willmot, Prof. Earl Miner's address to the HSA Annual Meeting titled "Haikai Then and Now," a selection of "Haiku from Yugoslavia," and comparative translations of haiku by Murakami Kijō. A new section, Teacher Croaks, was added in order to feature children's haiku and discuss problems of teaching haiku in schools.

In its third year *HSA Frogpond* appeared with two issues following the same layout as before. Especially notable items published in the year were reports from haiku events in Germany and Yugoslavia and a short article by Marlene M. Wills (Marlene Mountain), "Single-image Haiku."

shining self-confidence... ~Jane Reichhold

With the arrival of a new editor, Geoffrey O'Brien, in 1981 came a professional remake of the journal, starting with dropping the "HSA" from its title and the lowercasing of "*frogpond*" on the cover and title page. Cream-colored card covers with clean black and white line art or prints, different for each issue, graced *frogpond* through volume X. The insides were now offset printed with crisp new fonts. The CROAKS/WATERSOUNDS features were consigned to history, replaced by sections that basically corresponded with the divisions that are still in place today. There were sections for essays and reviews as well as HSA and contest news. A few leading poets were each awarded a full page for a handful of new haiku, and recent work by HSA members was presented, one to a customer, in an HSA Sampler

section. O'Brien devoted more than half of his first issue to articles about and samples of linked poetry in English. California haiku poet and critic Jane Reichhold summed up the status of *Frogpond* in 1981: "Gone were the articles of indecision to be replaced with haiku, haiku sequences, interviews and book reviews; all written with shining self-confidence."⁸ O'Brien was able to produce only four issues of *Frogpond* before he was overwhelmed by other commitments. He went on to a sparkling career as a writer and cultural historian and has been editor of the Library of America since 1998.

*Frogpond [will] continue to develop as a forum for critical
(and even controversial) discussions of various aspects of haiku.
~Bruce Kennedy⁹*

Brooklyn-based Bruce Kennedy took over as editor of *Frogpond* beginning with the first issue of 1982 (V:1). In that issue he announced that no change in editorial policy was planned. Indeed the format remained the same even as Kennedy broadened the landscape of haiku studies by publishing in his second issue Higginson's essay, "Afro-American Haiku" and a piece by Barbara Ungar on Jack Kerouac, as well as statements about haiku by Etheridge Knight and Robert Creeley. The latter, for example, wrote:

I think the idea of haiku is really what's had influence, not a strict adaptation of the form itself (which would be simply a didactic and wooden count of syllables, trying to force a "form" from one language into the resistant fact or another). The latter interests me not at all whereas Allen Ginsberg's recent country western adaptation of Basho's poem (from whence came, I take it, the title of your magazine) is a pleasure indeed.

Elizabeth Lamb wrote: "In the one year that Kennedy was editor, the number of submitted haiku published was diminished for the inclusion of many challenging and lively articles."¹⁰

Alexis Rotella... began to tire of the meagerness of available themes. Increasingly she turned to expressing her moments with herself and her relationships within the haiku. ~Jane Reichhold¹¹

After six issues the burdens of editorship caught up with Kennedy, and the processing of submissions began to slow significantly. Alexis Rotella, who was already serving as HSA President, was asked to edit the journal temporarily. Rotella made no major changes in editorial policy or format, although in her second issue (VI:4) she added an interesting new feature:

I personally feel that the HSA Sampler was the weakest section of the journal and in many cases felt it was a token gesture to keep our members happy. In my opinion, it did nothing to promote the art of writing good haiku. It was decided that we would begin a Haiku Workshop in place of the Sampler. Each quarter a different haiku poet(s) will give her/his opinions on anonymous submissions.

Ruth Yarrow was drafted for the job of workshop leader for the first installment of the Haiku Workshop. William Higginson and Penny Harter, then Geraldine C. Little, did the job in later issues before the feature lapsed with issue VII:2. Another highlight of Rotella's years as editor was issue VII:1, which was dedicated to Raymond Roseliep who had died in December 1983.

After relinquishing the editorship of *Frogpond*, Rotella went on to found the haiku journal *Brussels Sprout* and the senryu magazine *Prune Juice*.

Elizabeth emphasized the classical background of haiku. She was, however, always willing to accept an experimental piece when she believed in the talent and integrity of the submitting poet. ~Virginia Brady Young¹²

With the second 1984 issue, Elizabeth Searle Lamb, a charter member of the Haiku Society of America and former

president, climbed into the catbird seat and began the longest tenure as editor in the journal's history (27 issues, 1984–1990, plus 4 more when she returned as editor in 1994) and what many still view as the golden age of *Frogpond*. Although she had lived in Greenwich Village for a decade or more and was quite active in the New York City group of haiku poets who founded the HSA, Lamb had already moved to Santa Fe, NM, when she took on the editorship, thus becoming the first *Frogpond* editor from outside the Northeast Metro area.

Jane Reichhold lauded the new editor:

In this capacity she...influenced the writing of new enthusiasts with her clear-cut ideas of the standards of haiku as proposed by the Haiku Society of America while being a most kind and diplomatic woman. Untold numbers of her carefully worded letters are treasured as sources of inspiration and encouragement as beginners struggle with the learning of haiku. By accepting and publishing more haiku than ever before, the readership of *Frogpond* [had] now risen to over 500—an all-time high.¹³

Lamb retained Editor O'Brien's handsome format and his basic organization of contents. *Frogpond* now had sections titled Haiku, Sequences & Renga, Book Reviews, and And More, the last of which included editorials, awards, reviews, and "bits & pieces." During Lamb's editorship few essays appeared in the journal apart from book reviews, but many of these were substantial review-essays. She published an interesting clash of views on the nature and direction of North American haiku between Canadian Rod Willmot (based on essays in Marshall Hryciuk's anthology *Milkweed: A Gathering of Haiku*; in XI:2) and Anita Virgil (based on Alan Pizzarelli's paper read at a Haiku Canada meeting, "Modern Senryu"; in XI:3). This exchange was perhaps the closest that *Frogpond* ever came to direct involvement in the theoretical and political storms that blew across the haiku world in the 1980s. HSA President Adele Kenny had some misgivings about the debate, however, and she

wrote an editorial (XIII: 3) on the effect such discord was having on the Society:

Through my correspondence and talks with individuals, a number of concerns have come to light, among them are strong feelings of discontent and lack of unity among our members. I'm deeply troubled by complaints and criticisms and reports of "nit-picking" and "back-biting." I'm also concerned about a growing competitiveness among haiku poets.

Kenny went on to urge members to replace criticism with more involvement in the workings of the HSA and to position themselves as peacemakers in the fray.

Other highlights of the Lamb years as editor are too numerous to list, but a small selection might include issue VII:4, which was dedicated to pioneering haikuist and artist Foster Jewell (1893–1984) and the Haiku Workshop column that featured comment by a top poet on haiku submitted anonymously (from the May 1985 issue onward).

Issue IX: 2 (May 1986) was the first issue of *Frogpond* to be perfectbound (that is, to have a spine rather than staples, considered a step up in the periodical-publishing world). As Lamb said in her editorial, this was an issue with an international flavor, as it included a set of haiku by Japanese Prime Minister Yasuhiro Nakasone and a review of a book by Rafael M. Salas, Under-Secretary of the United Nations.

In *Frogpond* XII:4 (after he had launched a trial balloon in XII:2), Bill Higginson announced a new column that he called Seasoned Haiku in which he categorized and commented on haiku submitted by readers according to specified seasons and themes. This groundbreaking, structured analysis of Western haiku eventually led to Higginson's 1996 books *The Haiku Seasons: Poetry of the Natural World* and *Haiku World: An International Poetry Almanac*.

My best advice is to read all the haiku you can lay your hands on, both classical and contemporary, and try to form a group with other haiku writers. And remember, use all your senses to point the way to what is true for you in the miracle of any given moment. ~Sylvia Forges-Ryan¹⁴

In her “Word from the Editor” in *Frogpond* XIII:4 (November 1990) Elizabeth Lamb announced her retirement. With little fanfare, Sylvia Forges-Ryan of North Haven, Conn., took over as editor with the first 1991 issue. She asked her good friend and haiku mentor HSA past-President Virginia Brady Young to be Consulting Editor, and the two women met every few weeks to review the submissions and talk about larger haiku matters. Four issues of 44 or 48 pages were published in 1991. One notable change was glossy four-color covers that featured artist Sandra Olenik’s striking watercolor drawings with calligraphy adapted from Bashō’s original rendering of his “old pond” haiku. Forges-Ryan’s first year’s issues were again saddle-stapled, but the two issues each in 1992 and 1993, with double the page count, were perfectbound.

Forges-Ryan brought back essays as a regular feature and published two to four substantial pieces by Sr. Mary Thomas Eulberg, Sanford Goldstein, Penny Harter, William Higginson, Patricia Neubauer, Toshimi Horiuchi, Dave Sutter, Kenneth Tanemura, Tom Tico, Lequita Vance, Anita Virgil, Michael Dylan Welch, Paul O. Williams, and Ruth Yarrow. Some years later Forges-Ryan wrote, “I also tried to use poems pertinent to the time of year, holding poems for future issues according to their seasonal subjects.”¹⁵

Elizabeth Searle Lamb, First Lady of Haiku.

~Raymond Roseliep¹⁶

In 1993 Forges-Ryan decided not to continue her editorship, and a mini-crisis of leadership was averted when Elizabeth Lamb agreed to return temporarily. She prepared the four 1994

issues of volume XVII. For a cover illustration for all four issues she used a black-ink print of a desertscape by her Santa Fe friend Karen Hargreaves-Fitzsimmons on glossy card stock.

Lamb returned to the content organization she had used previously. She did, however, publish a few essays and workshops. The Spring issue was dedicated to John Wills, who had died in September 1993. The Summer issue featured “Senryū vs. Haiku,” a talk that former HSA President Hiroaki Sato had delivered at the December 1993 HSA Quarterly Meeting. In the Autumn issue, Michael Dylan Welch offered “Introducing Rengay” and included samples of the form by himself together with Christopher Herold and rengay inventor Garry Gay. Linked verse was again highlighted in the Winter 1994 issue, led by William J. Higginson and Tadashi Kondo’s essay “Shorter Renku” and including a renku by Kenneth Tanemura and Jerry Kilbride, sequences by Kim Dorman and Marian Olson, and a double tanka string by Sanford Goldstein and Pat Shelley.

I would rather make mistakes than a dead frogpond.

~Ken Leibman

In the HSA elections of 1994, Kenneth C. Leibman was chosen *Frogpond* editor, having been nominated by Lamb and Higginson “on the basis of his obvious broad interest in haiku and in the Haiku Society of America, and his editorial skills.” Leibman, a retired professor of biochemical pharmacology, was a former HSA Southeast Regional Coordinator and founder of the then-regional haiku journal, *South by Southeast*.

Leibman conceived of *Frogpond* as essentially a members’ journal, as was *SxSE*. Perhaps more than any editor before or since, he gave precedence to submissions by members, and he expanded the number of haiku published in each issue manyfold. Elizabeth Lamb in her four issues preceding Leibman’s editorship, had published 137 to 167 haiku.¹⁷ Leibman’s first issue included 227, and the count grew quickly, peaking at almost 500 in issue 19:2 (September 1996). Some HSA members “felt that

publishing more than two issues a year of *Frogpond* was not consistent with maintaining high quality,” but Leibman “did not see why quality should suffer, since approximately the same number of poems would be selected in either case.”¹⁸

In the May *HSA Newsletter*, Leibman noted with regret the decision to begin publishing three rather than four issues a year but with a greater number of pages in each issue. He presented some statistics indicative of the editor’s workload and direction the journal was headed: of a total of 948 submissions in 1995 he received 7,732 haiku, 245 tanka, 76 sequences, 26 linked poems, and 76 other items. Year-on-previous-year, in 1995 Leibman published *inter alia* 1.14 times more pages, 2.14 times more original haiku, 2.64 times more sequences, 3.67 times more haibun, and 32.0 times more tanka. The HSA discussed the possibility of adding an art editor and maybe an assistant editor to the journal’s staff and approved using a mailing service to distribute the journal.

The look of the journal was changed in accordance with the new editor’s wishes. First, he lowercased the name—*frogpond*—and simplified the cover graphics, using a different monochrome drawing or print by Robert T. Malinowski on tinted matte card stock for each issue. When the page count reached 80 in issue XIX: 2, *Frogpond* again went to perfect binding.

Leibman took an “all-of-the-above” view of content: he continued to include large numbers of sequences and linked forms, haibun, and even tanka, and yet found room for specialists’ articles and book reviews. He delighted in finding connections between submissions and put them together by themes. His first issue, for example, highlighted “youth,” with a selection of haiku by high school students as well as the results of the 1994 Nicholas A. Virgilio Haiku Contest. The Summer 1995 issue spotlighted “summer” and paired a series of war haiku by John Dunphy with a review of Marijan Čekolj’s collection *Haiku iz rata / War Haiku*. The Autumn issue had features on linked verse, including some newly invented forms. *Frogpond* XIX:2 carried a report on the 1995 Haiku Chicago conference, which for the first time brought together luminaries from of Japan’s Haiku International Associa-

tion and the HSA, as well as a report by John Shirer about haiku on the Internet. Leibman also was the first to feature in-depth examinations of individual haiku in such occasional columns as the “Favorite Haiku” of H. F. Noyes and the “Readings” of Tom Tico.

*Many things are being done in the name
of haiku around the world. ~Jim Kacian¹⁹*

At the Winter 1997 HSA Quarterly Meeting, Leibman announced his resignation as editor and a search began for a successor. Jim Kacian again followed in Leibman’s footsteps as editor from *South by Southeast* to *frogpond*. Kacian was well known in the haiku community, having published his haiku since 1990 and founded Red Moon Press in 1993. Kacian’s vision for the journal was quite different from Leibman’s as he sought to make *Frogpond* (restoring the capital “F”!) a top-shelf poetry—not merely haiku—journal.

Kacian hit the ground running. His first step was an extra, fourth issue in volume XX, subtitled *A Supplementary Journal of Theory and Analysis*. This volume comprised thirteen papers by Japanese and North American specialists delivered at the 2nd Haiku International Association—Haiku Society of America Joint Haiku Conference in Tokyo in April 1997. Such a volume of proceedings of a major haiku meeting had never before been attempted, at least in America.

Kacian totally made over the format of the journal, and in the first number of volume XXI introduced an elegant, all-white, heavy card cover with an embossed “FP” logo and a brightly colored flyleaf. The new interior featured jumbo-sized fonts with full-page white-on-black section dividers. The departments in each issue—Haiku, Senryu, Linked Forms, Essays, Books & Reviews, and HSA News—were kept as they had been. The number of haiku in *Frogpond* under Kacian’s stewardship dropped by about 50% from the Leibman years, and initially only one or two of the more scholarly articles per issue were included. Added, however, were three columns: The Cyber Pond by A. C. Missias

(which gave an overview of developments in haiku on the Internet and ran for eight issues beginning with issue XXII:2); The Conscious Eye by Dee Evetts (eleven installments beginning in XXII: 2, on sociopolitical topics in English-language haiku); Michael Dylan Welch's The Practical Poet (four essays with advice on writing and editing one's own haiku); as well as Richard Gilbert's series of think-pieces, Haiku in the Wild (in the three 2004 issues). A "Haiku Workshop" item signed by Jim Kacian and John Stevenson, in which five haiku from the previous issue were critiqued, was published in issue XXV:3. This led to a new feature beginning in XXVI:1, Re:Readings, a sort of letters-to-the-editor column where readers could comment on individual haiku from previous issues.

Budgetary constraints forced the cancelation of Kacian's hoped-for *Frogpond* supplement in 1998, but a second supplement appeared the following year as a fourth issue in 1999. This issue contained nine essays by leading international haiku specialists.

Another of Kacian's inspirations took form at the beginning of 2001 in the International Haiku Issue. In his editorial introduction, Kacian wrote,

Many things are being done in the name of haiku around the world. Not all of these things are in strict alignment with our old ideas of what haiku ought to be. We have already successfully resisted the *pro forma* notions of a strict syllable count and *kigo* in English-language haiku. But there are other issues about which it is possible to be just as dogmatic, and which are worthy of our attention and consideration. If haiku is poetry, then why do mainstream poets not consider us poets? It is too self-serving simply to dismiss them as not knowing better—some of these poets have made serious study of haiku, and have arrived at a place different than our "mainstream." What of metaphor? Aren't all haiku, and all poems, metaphors on the meta-level of reality? Why do we dismiss them categorically? What do keywords offer me that *kigo* don't, and why should I study, not to say, adopt them?²⁰

The usual haiku section in the front of the issue was replaced with a potpourri of haiku by poets from 25 or more countries or cultures.

The Minutes of the April 2001 HSA Quarterly Meeting recorded: "Jim announced that he has begun to plan for a special 25th anniversary volume of *Frogpond*, which will contain the best work from the past 25 years of the journal. He views this volume as a replacement for *The Haiku Path*, which is no longer producing viable sales." The project was not realized, however, except that the planned companion work, an all-haiku index to the first 25 years of *Frogpond* prepared by Charles Trumbull, was completed and made available to society members and later posted online.²¹

In the same vein, Kacian was eager to expand distribution of the journal beyond the HSA membership to include schools, colleges, public libraries, and overseas institutions. A proposal for an electronic edition of *Frogpond* was discussed at the autumn 1999 HSA National Meeting, but was tabled, though that same meeting decided to recruit an Electronic Communications Officer to oversee the HSA website and the dissemination of society news and information by e-mail.

During his tenure Kacian again brought up the need for an assistant editor, and the HSA Executive Committee approved the addition of John Stevenson in that position at the Second 2002 HSA Quarterly Meeting. Stevenson's name was added to the *Frogpond* masthead beginning with issue XXVI:1.

Another topic of discussion at HSA Executive Committee meetings in these days was Kacian's proposal to change the policy of awarding a contributor's copy of the magazine to those whose work appeared in *Frogpond* and instead pay one dollar for each haiku accepted (as had long been done by *Modern Haiku*).

My hope is that this issue of Frogpond will strike readers as recognizably the same publication it has been, but with enough differences to suggest new possibilities. I expect this process to continue, gradually, with future issues. ~John Stevenson²²

After seven years of vigorous and exemplary service, Jim Kacian moved on, and his hand-picked and trained successor, John Stevenson, slid into the saddle... or perhaps the harness! A theater major in college and professional actor for some years thereafter, Stevenson worked a day job as administrator for the New York State Office of Mental Health in Ithaca. He had discovered haiku in 1992 and joined several haiku societies, including the HSA. He was HSA Northeast Metro Regional Coordinator in 1996–97, the members' anthology editor (1997), and Society president in 2000. He also brought to *Frogpond* his experience as book review editor for *South by Southeast* (1997).

Stevenson introduced a more sober look to *Frogpond*, favoring a matte, pebble-grained cover with the new HSA logo, a *sumi-e*-style drawing of a heron. He also harmonized the look of the contents by standardizing typeface appearance, size, and leading. A novel feature was Fay Aoyagi's Dissection of the Haiku Tradition, in which over the course of nine issues she examined mostly contemporary Japanese haiku in terms of their *kigo* and topics. Stevenson continued Kacian's dedication of space to "favorite haiku" and "readings" essays.

Stevenson asked Kacian to write all the book reviews for his first issue and to serve as Book Review Editor thenceforth. Stevenson hoped to enlist a graphics editor and perhaps a production editor, but that did not come to pass.²³

The 30th anniversary of the Haiku Society of America occurred on John Stevenson's watch, and he commemorated the occasion by reprinting selected haiku from earlier issues, one decade in each of the three 2007 issues, as well as reminiscences by Ruth Yarrow, Brent Partridge, Dan Schwerin, Billie Wilson, and Sylvia Forges-Ryan. After leaving *Frogpond*, Stevenson took over the editorship of the respected hybrid print/electronic haiku journal *The Heron's Nest*.

We hope that you [enjoy] the new cover design and the changes in the layout of the pages in between. Such mutations are as inevitable as new menus when different chefs take over a kitchen.

~George Swede & Anita Krumins²⁴

Editor Stevenson already announced his retirement several months before the end of his term, and again the Society began looking for a successor. The spinning bottle stopped at George Swede. Swede's credentials were most impressive: he was a pioneering haiku poet from Toronto with some 2,500 haiku and 40 books in print and a cofounder, in 1977, of Haiku Canada. He was a tenured professor of psychology and department chair at Ryerson University. His wife, Anita Krumins, also a tenured professor at Ryerson, served as Assistant Editor. In his inaugural *Frogpond* editorial Swede referred to "the editors," the first time the editorship was acknowledged as a joint undertaking. In fact Swede and Krumins collaborated closely on all aspects of their work.

A few eyebrows were raised at the nomination—for the first time—of a non-U.S. citizen as an officer of the Haiku Society of America, but the sailing was smooth with the minor exception of figuring out how to edit the magazine in Canada but print and distribute it primarily south of the border.

Frogpond issue 31:2 was Swede's first. His innovations included a new cover style, a matte beige field featuring permutations of "frog pond" in concrete-poetry style, color-coded to suggest the seasons of the year, and a new colored title page also designed by the editors with the logo "fr g" encased in an egg-like circle. Another innovation was the use of in-line photographs (in 33:3) and color photos (in the report on Santa Fe's "Haiku Road-signs Project" in 35:1).

The submission period was reduced from four months to two for each issue. Separate sections for haiku and senryu were combined into Haiku and Senryu in issue 31:3, returning the journal to its pre-1990 situation. Henceforth, poets whose work was published in the journal were located by state or country of residence (and later the city was added as well). The editors

explained, “We feel that this extra information will help readers relate even more to the work of the contributors.”²⁵ In an address to the Haiku Poets of Northern California in September 2009, Swede revealed what he and Krumins found most important in the selection process: “George outlined some of the basic characteristics of good haiku, such as immediacy, the creation of a sense of awe or wonder in the reader, juxtaposition which is not obvious, the present tense, and brevity.”²⁶

Earlier workshop-type features were discontinued, but, the editors wrote,

In terms of content, we have introduced a new column, “Revelations: Unedited.” For each issue, we will invite a different poet to reveal trade secrets or pet peeves or whatever else he or she wants to say. By “Unedited,” we mean exactly that—there will be no run-through in the test-kitchen. The poet will have total freedom, but of course, with that will also come total responsibility.

Over the next four years the poets honored—deliberately boy-girl-boy-girl—were Lenard Moore, Roberta Beary, Paul Miller, Marian Olson, Richard Gilbert, Ce Rosenow, Garry Gay, A. C. Missias, Randy Brooks, Ferris Gilli, and Penny Harter. Memorial pages for Bill Higginson, who died in October 2008, were prominently featured in issue 32:1. Book Reviews, normally by outside reviewers, were augmented by a subsection, Briefly Reviewed, normally by Swede, for somewhat longer treatment than had appeared previously in Jim Kacian’s Also Received addendum to the Book Reviews.

The growth in number of haibun published in *Frogpond* was notable, as was the count of haiku, which reached a 15-year high of 378 (including haiku in essays and reviews) in issue 34:1. That same issue serendipitously published several essays on the general theme of “where do haiku come from.” Jessica Tremblay’s delightful Old Pond Comics were given a berth in the journal beginning with issue 34:3.

Other notable accomplishments in the Swede/Krumins years

had to do with the professionalization of *Frogpond*. A requirement was introduced in issue 32:3 for contributors of articles to follow one of three standard academic style guides—Modern Language Association, University of Chicago, or American Psychological Association. In addition to an expanded index, a listing of *Frogpond* articles was secured in the Modern Language Association’s annual *International Bibliography* and the *Humanities International Compete* index. Also, HSA President Ce Rosenow was instrumental in arranging subscription exchanges for *Frogpond* with a number of important literary publications, including *African American Review*, *American Poetry Review*, *The Kenyon Review*, *Poetry*, and *Pembroke Magazine*. “We are also sending *Frogpond* to the following places to increase its visibility within the poetry community: Hugo House, The Loft, Poetry Center, Poetry Daily, and Poets House,” Rosenow wrote.²⁷

Looking back on their years as editors, Krumins pointed out “altogether we published submissions from 47 of the United States, 6 provinces of Canada, and 44 other countries.”²⁸

You must do the thing you think you cannot do.

~Eleanor Roosevelt

With this quote began the next four years of *Frogpond*’s history. Francine Banwarth and Michele Root-Bernstein may have started with such a modest assessment of their capabilities, but these women’s tenure, spanning issues 35:2–38:3, continued the high level of professionalism and stewardship editors had brought to the HSA journal. Their titles—Editor and Associate Editor—belied the intensively collaborative procedures that these two women worked out and brought *Frogpond* close to a truly peer-reviewed journal, i.e., one in which each submission was carefully judged by more than one editor. Banwarth came to the project as a professional editor and proofreader who had been involved with local haiku groups in the Dubuque, Iowa, area and had served as HSA second vice president and on the board of *Modern Haiku*. Root-Bernstein brought academic skills:

she was a Ph.D. historian, independent researcher in creativity studies, and adjunct professor at Michigan State University.

A new régime was apparent from the elegant covers designed by Christopher Patchel, a professional graphic artist from the Chicago area. Subtle and bold at the same time, Patchel's artwork featured large colorful compositions of isolated objects, mostly natural, suggesting a sense of immediacy (like haiku) and the season of each issue. Patchel's early cover objects—such as autumn leaves, an origami snowflake, and a frozen-fruit confection on a popsicle stick, or an herb, nut, and spice potpourri—centered over a two-tone background with the division, like a water level, across the title “frogpond.”

The interior of *Frogpond* changed little, however, and the traditional sections remained much the same. The editors seemed intent on bypassing innovation in favor of consolidating the quality of the contents and enhancing the page count, which on their watch occasionally swelled past 180. “We more than doubled the number of poems in the Haiku/Senryu section as we strived to be inclusive, to encourage excellence, and to explore haiku poetics.”²⁹

On the initiative of HSA President David Lanoue, International Exchange, a few pages of haiku from sister haiku organizations abroad, was begun with a selection from the Romanian Haiku Society in issue 36:6. Work from organizations in Serbia, the U.K. and Germany, Bulgaria, Colombia, and Canada was published in succeeding issues.

As a flagship journal for haiku in English, I believe Frogpond can be a teaching tool. Most agree that in order to write and appreciate haiku, one must read good haiku, In order to read good haiku, one needs exposure and access to good haiku.

~Aubrie Cox³⁰

After considering a number of candidates, the HSA nominating committee in 2015 selected Aubrie Cox, a recent student of Randy Brooks's at Millikin University to take over from Banwarth and Root-Bernstein. Despite her youth, Cox had racked

up impressive editorial credentials as haiga editor for the online haiku journal *One Hundred Gourds* and service on the editorial committee for The Haiku Foundation's scholarly journal *Juxtapositions*. In an unusual turn of events, there was an actual contested election for an HSA officer when well-known haikuist, anthologist, and critic Bruce Ross added his name to the race for the editorship. Cox won, however, 176 to 68. As Associate Editor she named her fiancé, Jim Warner, a published poet, blogger, and managing editor of the poetry journal *Quiddity*, and they began work on issue 39:1 (Winter 2016). In her maiden editorial, Cox affirmed her belief—harking back to the intentions of the journals' founders—that *Frogpond* can be a teaching tool and expressed her dedication to attracting a new, broader readership. In the Summer 2016 issue of *Frogpond*, however, HSA members read Cox's editorial statement: “[D]ue to health issues I have decided to step down upon the printing of this issue. This was unexpected and a difficult decision to make; however, not only do I need to take care of myself, I need to be mindful of the integrity of the journal. I promise to find other ways to continue to promote the haikai arts in English.”³¹

Editing an edition of Frogpond. There is nothing like it for deepening appreciation: for all the labor of love by all the previous editors... for the chance, and the privilege, to carry the baton for this stretch of the course... for the adage that no creative project is ever finished, only abandoned when you run out of time. ~Christopher Patchel³²

Christopher Patchel agreed to finish the 2016 term as interim *Frogpond* Editor and stood for the post in the elections for HSA 2017 officers. The election was again contested by Bruce Ross, but Patchel won the members' confidence by a margin of 126 to 85. Connecticut poet Joyce Clement was taken on as Coeditor (the first time this title had been used).

Clement and Patchel kept the sleek, modern look of the journal, including the latter's striking covers and redesign of the

interior with clean and classy typography. The number of haiku in each issue dropped from the ±450 average under Banwarth and Root-Bernstein. In successive issues Patchel began to introduce some small changes in presentation style and, apropos his day job as graphic artist, added a full-color section of haiga in issue 40:1.

And thus, vital and more beautiful than ever, *Frogpond* proudly completes its fortieth year and boldly continues on its mission to educate and entertain the membership of the Haiku Society of America and set new standards for English-language haiku.

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NOTES:

1. Henderson's letter was published in *American Haiku*, no. 1 (1963).
2. The establishment of the Society is detailed in Haiku Society of America Twentieth Anniversary Book Committee, eds., *A Haiku Path: The Haiku Society of America 1968–1998* (New York: Haiku Society of America, 1994), 23–28.
3. Ibid.
4. Ruth Yarrow, "Looking Back on Frogpond," *Frogpond* XXX:1 (2007), 63.
5. Charles Trumbull, "The American Haiku Movement—Part I: Haiku in English." *Modern Haiku* 36:3 (autumn 2005), 33–73.
6. These discussions are skillfully summarized in Chapters 4 and 5 of *The Haiku Path*.
7. Jane Reichhold, "Chapter 3: Haiku Magazines in USA," in *Those Women in Haiku*, <http://www.ahapoetry.com/twchp3.htm>; accessed May 4, 2017.
8. Ibid.
9. "Editor's Note," *Frogpond* V:1, 3.
10. Elizabeth Searle Lamb, "A History of Western Haiku (III) Period of Expansion." *Cicada* 3:3 (1979), 3–10.
11. Reichhold.
12. Virginia Brady Young, "Thanks, Elizabeth," *Frogpond* XIV: 1, 3.
13. Reichhold.
14. Sylvia Forges-Ryan, "Letter from the Editor," *Frogpond* XIV:2 (1991), 3.
15. "From Sylvia Forges-Ryan," *Frogpond* XXX:2 (2007), 71.

16. "In 1980 Roseliep dedicated *Listen to Light* to 'Elizabeth Searle Lamb, First Lady of Haiku.'" Donna Bauerly, *Raymond Roseliep: Man of Art Who Loves the Rose* (Winchester, Va.: The Haiku Foundation Publications, 2015), 241.
17. The counts include haiku that are cited in essays and book reviews as well as the haiku sections.
18. Quotes are from Minutes of the Third (Annual) 1994 Haiku Society of America Meeting, Sept. 17, 1994.
19. Jim Kacian, "International Haiku Issue," *Frogpond* XXIV:1, 5.
20. Ibid.
21. The *Frogpond* index can be downloaded from the HSA website at <http://www.hsa-haiku.org/frogpond/frogpondindex.html>.
22. "Editor's Letter," *Frogpond* XXVIII:1, 3.
23. Ibid.
24. "From the Editors," *Frogpond* 31:2 (2008), 96.
25. "From the Editors," *Frogpond* 34:2 (2011), 132.
26. *HSA Newsletter*, September 2009.
27. Ce Rosenow, "Frogpond Subscriptions Traded with Leading Literary Journals," *Ripples* [the renamed HSA Newsletter] 25:3 (December 2010), 8.
28. Personal communication, July 7, 2017.
29. Banwarth and Root-Bernstein's editorial philosophy and process is revisited in *The Haiku Life*, published by Modern Haiku Press in 2017.
30. "From the Editor," *Frogpond* 39:1 (2016), 102.
31. "From the Editor," *Frogpond* 39:2 (2016), 3.
32. "From the Editor," *Frogpond* 39:3 (2016), 3.



HOLLYHOCKS

(FROM A FIELD GUIDE TO NORTH AMERICAN HAIKU)

Charles Trumbull

Hollyhocks (Latin: *Alcea rosea*) are native to Europe and Asia. These tall plants sport multiple blossoms, typically in white, pink, yellow, or purple, arrayed along a single erect stem. They have been popular garden plants for centuries.

The hollyhock (葵, *aoi*, or more commonly called 花葵, *aoihana*, “hollyhock blossom”) is featured in the *gomon* (family crest) of the Tokugawa clan, which ruled in Japan in the 17th century. The *aoi no gomon* is also associated with the Kamo Temples in Kyōto, and Aoi Matsuri, or Hollyhock Festival, on May 15 (hence an early-summer *kigo*) is one of the most important festivals of Kyōto:



地に落し葵踏み行く祭哉
chi ni ochishi aoi fumi yuku matsuri kana

THE HOLLYHOCK FESTIVAL

Hollyhocks fall to the ground
 trampled underfoot
 at the festival.

Shiki, 1900; trans. Robert Aitkin, The River of Heaven, 2011

“Hollyhock” itself is a mid-summer *kigo* for Japanese haiku, but it is seldom used, and then not as a historical allusion. Bashō used this *kigo* only once, in the following haiku.

日の道や葵傾く五月雨
hi no michi ya aoi katamuku satsuki ame

the sun's path—
 hollyhocks turn with it
 in summer rains

Bashō, 1690; trans. David Landis Barnhill, Bashō's Haiku, 2004

The haiku seems to say that even in the absence of the sun, the constant hollyhock continues to track its path. No haiku by Chiyo-ni, Buson, or Issa about hollyhocks have been found, but Shiki composed more than 60 on the topic. Only a few have been translated.

のびきつて夏至に逢ふたる葵かな
nobikitte geshi ni ōtaru aoi kana

a hollyhock
 shot up to meet
 the summer solstice

Shiki, 1896; trans. Tanaka Kimiyo, Shiki Internet Kukai, 2001

Shiki's associates Natsume Sōseki and Takahama Kyoshi contributed hollyhock haiku:

Opening alone,
 Fragrant in the sun:
 A hollyhock.

Sōseki; trans. Shigematsu Sōiku, Zen Haiku, 1994

Over a fence
 hollyhock flowers
 begin to show

Kyoshi; trans. Harold J. Isaacson, Peonies Kana, 1972

The early history of hollyhocks in America, as well as some cultural observations, was the subject of a newspaper article some years ago:

John Winthrop, governor of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, introduced hollyhocks into this country in 1631 with seeds purchased in London. It is believed that besides making a statement in the yard outside his house, he planted them to scatter the plants' leaves across the floor of his home to repel insects, a common practice in his day... Apparently, it also was common practice to plant hollyhocks next to outhouses so a genteel lady could ask for directions to the hollyhocks rather than the privy. (Jan Wiese-Fales, "Hollyhock Blooms Evoke Childhood Memories," *Columbia [Md.] Daily Tribune* online, May 24, 2015)

In his *Haiku World* (217), William J. Higginson acknowledges "hollyhock" as a mid-summer season word, but only in passing, mentioning it deep in his discussion of related plants such as hibiscus, rose of Sharon, China rose, and St. Johnswort. Because of their prolixity, hollyhocks spread easily to uncultivated areas. They are sometimes called "alley orchids."

Many poets find the erect stature of the hollyhock plant characteristic and notable:

This morning
over the garden wall...
a hollyhock.

John Wills, Young Leaves, 1970

Pink Hollyhock
Last bloom on a twelve foot stalk
nods to autumn sun

Ruth Holter, Haiku Zasshi Zō, June 1987

by the hollyhocks
suddenly
I straighten up

Elizabeth Searle Lamb, Across the Windharp, 1999

war jitters
brush-stroked hollyhocks
stand at attention

Francine Porad, The Heron's Nest 5:5, 2003

But their height makes the stalks vulnerable to the wind and
sometimes in need of support:

a light wind bends the hollyhocks
birds, sun —
everything I might have dreamed

Jeffrey Winke, Wind Chimes 16, 1985

waning summer —
hollyhock shadows
lean against the shed

Evelyn Lang, Modern Haiku 24:1, 1993

Haikuists find hollyhocks worthy of personal greetings and see
them as symbolic of arrival or parting:

Dawn —
returning the hills
and the hollyhocks.

Margaret G. Robinson, Haiku Magazine 5:2, 1971

summer morning:
I nod back
to the hollyhocks

Adele Kenny, Castles and Dragons, 1990

hollyhock
 pink along the picket fence
 this gate between us

Jean Dubois, Black Bough 8, 1996

end
 of
 summer
 the hollyhocks she gave me
 still
 without
 blossoms

Lee Gurga, Modern Haiku 41:1, 2010

in the sunset
 the long goodbye—
 yellow hollyhocks

Angela Leuck, Flower Heart, 2006

stillbirth . . .
 a hollyhock bends
 away from the wind

George Ralph, Woodnotes 2, 1995

The very joy of seeing the colorful spikes of hollyhock is sufficient
 for some poets:

Hollyhock, with the heat, —
 its crimsoned heads,
 so much alive!

Lee J. Richmond, Roads to Spring, 1980

adjoining backyards;
 above red hollyhocks,
 a crow's blackness

Emily Romano, Wind Chimes 2, 1981

four-way stop
 the hollyhocks'
 deeper red

Ellen Compton, Bottle Rockets 10, 2004

Along the stone wall
 August hollyhocks blooming
 to their very tips!

Pauline S Walker, Modern Haiku 4:3, 1973

when i had
 nothing to say
 hollyhocks

Sondra J. Byrnes, Failed Haiku [blog] 1:6, 2016

In haiku, bees are the most common visitors to the showy flowers:

Hollyhock ladies
 seem proper and prim and yet...
 bees are drawn to them.

Emily Romano, Modern Haiku 1:2, 1970

sun tea darkens—
 bees in the hollyhocks
 all afternoon

Billie Wilson, Acorn 16, 2006

heart of the hollyhock
 humblebee
 turns 'round & 'round

Emily Romano, Modern Haiku 19:2, 1988

Hummingbirds, too, come around to check out my hollyhocks, but I haven't found any hummingbird & hollyhock haiku. Too many syllables, maybe, or too much alliteration.

Generations of young girls have fashioned dolls from hollyhock blossoms. Upside down, the flower becomes a colorful skirt, and a bud can be fastened to the stem end for a body. A second blossom can be made into a sunbonnet.

as children
 they made dolls for us
 hollyhocks

Jane Reichhold, A Dictionary of Haiku (2nd ed.), 2013

The grandchild runs in
to show that the hollyhock
flowers ballerinas!

James W. Hackett, Haiku Poetry, Vol. 2, 1968

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A Field Guide to North American Haiku is a long-term project along the lines of a haiku encyclopedia-cum-sajiki, a selection of the best English-language haiku arranged by topic and attempting to illustrate what it is about a given topic that attracts poets to write. When complete, the Field Guide project will comprise multiple thick volumes keyed to the several topics in traditional Japanese sajiki (haiku almanac) and Western counterparts, notably William J. Higginson's Haiku World: An International Poetry Almanac (1996). These topics are: Season, Sky & Elements, Landscape, Plants, Animals, Human Affairs, and Observances. The current compilation presents "Plants: flower: hollyhock." The haiku are selected from my Haiku Database and are offered as prime examples of haiku in English that illuminate our points. The Haiku Database currently contains more than 360,000 haiku. I sometimes indicate the count of haiku in the Database on the given topic in this form: N = 150; J = 90, meaning in this case there are 150 "hollyhock" haiku in the Database, of which 90 are originally in Japanese. These numbers have no absolute significance but are useful in gauging the significance of a subject in haiku—i.e., a very rough frequency index.

Publishing these miniature topical haiku anthologies is an experiment to test the feasibility of the larger Field Guide project. Critique and suggestions, supportive or critical, are warmly invited; please comment by e-mail to trumbullc@comcast.net.

in memoriam

WHEN A BIRD RESTS: EDITH SHIFFERT 1916–2017

Margaret Chula

Edith Shiffert and I met in 1980 at a memorial service for Kenneth Rexroth held at the American Center in Kyōto. Over the next twelve years, we would spend many hours visiting temples.

out under red leaves
Shinnyo-do's black bronze Buddha
Has it compassion? *The Light Comes Slowly*, 1997

Edith also brought me to Matsuo Bashō's hut at Konpuku-ji, the Temple of Golden Bliss. Seated on the veranda of Bashō-an, where both Bashō and Yosa Buson had held haiku gatherings hundreds of years earlier, we composed our own haiku in English. Buson is buried there in a camphor grove.

An old pond catches
red leaves from the graveside tree.
Silence of water. *Clear Water*, 1983

From the beginning, Edith told me that she was not my teacher though, from our first meeting, she showed me how to immerse myself in a foreign culture and still remain an individual.

In the anthology *The Unswept Path Contemporary American Haiku*, she writes:

Haiku poets, as all poets, should feel free to use the haiku in whatever way seems appropriate to their creativity. There never were any rules, just fashions and preferences. To be

somewhere and write about it, that is what haiku is. You may write one hundred in a night or one in a lifetime. The history of haiku and its poets is endlessly fascinating but is no substitute for the creative response to the moment.

Distaining labels, Edith referred to her poems as short poems rather than haiku. And yet, her early poems are arranged in three lines with a traditional 5–7–5 syllable count, as in this example from her series “Meditations.”

I found the mirror,
 deep water under a lake
 reflecting hemlocks.

New and Selected Poems, 1979

When I asked her why she wrote in the traditional Japanese form, she said the rhythm came naturally to her from listening to Episcopalian hymns in childhood.

Edith also published several collections of lyrical poetry. “Write long poems now when your mind is still sharp,” she told me. “You can write haiku when you’re old.” Her poetry readings were always well attended. During a reading at the Kyōto YWCA in the late 1980s, she looked through her poems and said, “Oh, this is an angry poem.” “Read it!” everyone begged. And she did. It was about two Japanese boys torturing a turtle. At the end of the reading, the organizer asked attendees for a hundred-yen contribution for use of the room. Edith opened her purse and counted out her change. It is this generosity and compassion that she brought to her poetry whether it was free verse, haiku, or tanka.

Edith Marcombe Shiffert lived her life with the spirit of a bird, free to fly from place to place at will. She began her wanderings as a child walking hand in hand with her father, John Marcombe, along the towpath of the Erie Barge Canal. Long before they became states, she explored Hawaii’s volcanoes and traversed glaciers in Alaska. She then settled in Japan, where her interest in Buddhism led to inner explorations.

When Shiffert was three, her parents emigrated from Toronto, Canada, to Fairport, NY. In this quiet town, her mother

tried to raise her as a “normal” girl, reading *Mother Goose* and *A Child’s Garden of Verses* aloud to her and giving her books such as *The Bobbsey Twins* to read on her own. But at age nine, she was secretly reading Shakespeare from her father’s bookshelves. During the early years of the Depression, the Marcombe family moved to Detroit, where her mother ran a neighborhood store. Amidst the swirl of European and East European accents, Shiffert felt stimulated by the diversity of cultures, as she would later when living in Hawaii and then in Japan. During this bleak time when her friends were hungry, she was always ready to entertain with a story or nonsense rhymes. In high school, she read Greek philosophers and wrote poems about imagined landscapes. But it was not until the Marcombe family moved to Redondo Beach, CA, that she came into her own as a poet. At age twenty-one, she was invited to read her poems on the local radio station.

Her job as amanuensis to Dr. Hans Nordevin von Koerber, head of the Department of Asian Studies at the University of Southern California, introduced her to Asian religions and literature. Encouraged by Dr. von Koerber, she spent many hours in his Taoist study reading translations of Chinese and Japanese poetry.

When she was twenty-three, she took a boat to Hawaii where she married Steven Shiffert, a geologist, whom she had met at a writers group in California. For seven years they lived simply among the islanders—surveying volcanoes, walking through rain forests and guava fields, and growing sweet potatoes.

moonflowers still bloom
on the roofless mansion walls
burned two weeks ago.

For a Return To Kona, 1964

Shortly after the attack of Pearl Harbor, the couple returned to the mainland and settled in a wilderness area at the base of Mt. Si in Washington. Their neighbors were Snoqualmie Indians and ubiquitous bears. Lugging rocks, cutting and hand-shaving logs, they spent a year building a two-story log cabin. The weekend their house was completed, a gale blew the roof off and laid it up against the mountain.

A mountain hermit,
 his roof blown off by a storm
 and snow on the floor.

New and Selected Poems, 1979

In 1948, Edith and Steven traveled to the Alaskan Yukon, where they worked for two years. Interested in geology, they set out on camping expeditions to explore glaciers in the Mount Saint Elias range, sleeping on snow at twelve thousand feet.

After separating from her husband in 1956, Shiffert enrolled in the University of Washington's Asian Studies Program, where she took a workshop with Theodore Roethke. She organized poetry programs and became friends with Marianne Moore, W. H. Auden, Stanley Kunitz, Louise Bogan, and Leonie Adams. During this period she was also coeditor of *Poetry Northwest* founded in 1959. Professor Richard McKinnon, her Japanese teacher, was on the Fulbright committee, welcoming Japanese who came to study in the United States after the war. Through him she met Professors Fukuda and Ota, who arranged for her to teach at Doshisha High School. And so, after years of reading and studying about Japan, Shiffert arrived in Kyōto in September, 1963. Her first residence was at Myōshin-ji, a Zen temple, where she lived with a priest's family.

New to Kyōto, sounds
 of temple bells at evening
 are satisfying.

Kyōto Dwelling, 1987

Many have called Shiffert a Buddhist poet, but she adamantly states: "I have no religion. It's a religious feeling that holds me—watching the birds or the sunshine on leaves."

Some say Buddhism
 is a way of discipline.
 Cat watching the sky.

The Light Comes Slowly, 1997

After publishing several books, Shiffert was offered a teaching position at Doshisha University and then at Kyōto Seika College

where she met Yuki Sawa. In 1978, they co-translated *Haiku Master Buson*—the first appearance of Buson’s haiku in a full-length English-language collection (approximately 375 haiku).

In the Introduction, Shiffert writes: “These translations are a loose approximation of the originals rather than something done by positive, decisive rules.” And, indeed, there is much variation in syllable count, punctuation, and line breaks.

Rape seed flowers!
A whale passes without stopping
and the sea has darkened. *Haiku Master Buson, 1978*

At age sixty-five, Shiffert married Minoru Sawano, a retired schoolteacher. They enjoyed writing haiku together and traveling around Asia and to the U.S. She spent twenty-four years with the “happy old man” and their lives were full and thoughtful.

Old man on the floor
kneels pressed against the heater
studying haiku. *The Light Comes Slowly, 1997*

Kenneth Rexroth said of Shiffert’s poetry: “It possesses an all-pervasive sweetness of temper, a graciousness which comes from reverence for life and gratitude for being, her being and all being. Beyond her best poems is the echo of the Bodhisattva Vow, and at the same time the realization that all the combinations called reality are fleeting by nature.”

Edith Shiffert passed away on March 1, 2017, in Kyōto, her beloved home for fifty-four years. She was 101 years old.

Two herons soar by.
Then fifty gulls float on air.
I feel my wings, too. *The Light Comes Slowly, 1997*

re:readings

From *Frogpond* 40:2

novelty pepper shaker president

David Boyer

In just four words the poet raises social/political awareness without knocking the reader over the head with a message. Not a word could be added or edited to make this more timely or relevant. ~*Francine Banwarth*

horizon aflame

a flawed life's

long shadow

George Swede

I am reminded of the song "These Days" by Jackson Browne and the line, "Please don't confront me with my failures, I've not forgotten them." I feel that same sentiment here. ~*Glenn G. Coats*

babbling brook

she learns yellow

from a daffodil

Claire Everett

"Babbling brook" is an image of springtime when the water is high from rain and the pastures have turned a deep green. I picture my granddaughter jumping in and out of the cool water, searching for stones, and following minnows. She wants to know everything, every color and every sound, and speaks in her own language not unlike the sound of a babbling brook. Claire has written a lovely poem. ~*Glenn G. Coats*

black ice—
 a memory
 that isn't mine *Seren Fargo*

Seren's image of "black ice" is perfect. That road surface no one can trust, not with four-wheel drive or studded tires. It is easy to lose control. The same is true of memories and dreams; they shift and startle, and spin out of control. ~*Glenn G. Coats*

another day
 Pema Chödrön
 or Aladdin Sane? *David Gale*

I've long been a fan of David Bowie, and I discovered Pema Chödrön's writings while I was training for chaplaincy. The first line tells us a specific time doesn't matter; it universalizes what follows, which is a question of "how am I going to speak to my soul today?" Both Mr. Bowie and the Buddhist nun, in their different ways, speak to my soul-life. They address what it means to be alive in this world. ~*Randall Herman*

autumn moon
 only the words
 grown old *Jeffrey Ferrara*

What struck me about this haiku is how meta it is, that is, self-referential. A poem about the words in the very same poem. In this case the oft-used opening line "autumn moon." It's a challenge to be original in haiku with such a line. Here, the poet succeeds in conveying the importance of the autumn moon by reminding us that it exists outside of language. It never gets old. Only we do along with our words. The "autumn moon" is above and beyond whatever we haiku poets might have to say about it.

~*Peter Newton*

fake news family reunion

R.P. Carter

I think it was James Baldwin who said that all poetry is subversive because it tells the truth. Here, I'm interested in the extreme brevity of this senryu combined with its timely political punch. The two phrases "fake news" and "family reunion" almost seem to cancel each other out. There's an audible break in the poem. A divide. In these challenging political times, Americans are urged to pick a side, often to the detriment of a family. ~*Peter Newton*

holiday cleaning—
the bathroom buddha
looks younger

Brent Partridge

Simple, natural, homey. And very real. I am sure Buddha would laugh at this one! ~*Jeannie Martin*

passers-by
speaking in numbers
winter sea

Phillip Kennedy

This wonderfully contrasts and merges the concepts of finite and infinite. The sea is generally offered as a symbol of endlessness, but as a winter sea also suggests endings. As a reader, I am invited in and allowed to choose whatever numbers from as many passers-by as I want. The numbers could be age, the months or weeks of a prognosis, future sea-level speculations, theoretical mathematics, physics, video game scores, racing odds, demographics, extinction rate, heart rate, steps, calories, salaries, galaxies. They could be anything. The specifics are not the point; the numbers are sea-like, just a myriad of ever changing ways to frame and quantify the deeper mystery. And yet I can't help but wonder, if next to a winter sea, what numbers would come to your mind first? ~*Joyce Clement*

family reunion—
 even leafless
 the old sycamore *Billie Wilson*

The seasons, years and decades, and age all may grow a special beauty and love. These qualities are all present in Billie Wilson's wonderful poem. ~*Ellen Grace Olinger*

winter night—
 still paying the price
 for that stolen dime *Billie Wilson*

This haiku speaks to me off an age-old transgression committed in the impulsivity of youth. The first line aptly gives me a seasonal benchmark. I know that there is a distance between the act and the poet's present reckoning. I wonder about the event as it unfolded in the poet's life. Seasons pass and incremental awareness settles in or at least it should. We take stock of our crimes and sins of omission. It is too late to rectify the hurts we have caused others. The pilfering of a dime may cost us dollars in psychological currency. I contrast the shiny dime with the growing cold and dark. ~*Tom Painting*

trembling in the gusts
 this weed's tiny flower
 I've not seen before *William Ramsey*

Haiku is not short story but "trembling in the gusts" teases at the limits of haiku and narrative. This poem juxtaposes a tension with a disruption to great effect. When we enter the poem, we discover a nameless weed clinging not just to any flower but its "tiny" flower. How many thousands of the nameless cling to their small ones unseen to us except as unremarkable weeds? The second line contains multitudes: we are called to look at "this" weed's tiny one and acknowledge its trembling—poignant given

our newsfeeds of floods and violence. It could be said what arises in the reader is a tiny flower of awakening to the trembling of the small and nameless. This haiku of ours is a poetry of insight, “I’ve not seen before.” I’m grateful this seasoned poet didn’t stop with something minimal, but elected to give us length and balance. The frosting is that we are left with insight but also no easy or cheap resolution. What a fine poem. Thanks to the poet and this journal for bringing it to us. ~*Dan Schwerin*

the daisy’s odds
and evens out *Michele Root-Bernstein*

An inventive amalgam of multiple allusions and readings. This haiku is also equal parts head and heart, and has an enjoyable look and sound. ~*Christopher Patchel*

Spring drizzle
on the temple’s ashcan
my joy is genuine *Rebecca Lilly*

Haiku take us to realms that are more than rational! The silence and white space of the empty page is irrupted by the word and promise and greenness of “Spring.” This slight drizzle arrives on the heels of, and maybe bringing us the awareness of winter. What a grace that spring comes even to the ashcan in the temple, here beside the rest of us ashcans—and vessel of endings. Who of us doesn’t come alive, indeed become more than we were, when warm rain falls on our faces in spring? Delight rises in the poet and poem and reader as the last line arrives not only with “my joy” but the fullness of “my joy is genuine.” I’ve been trying to shoehorn joy into a poem for decades and authenticity is difficult! I am humbled by the poem, confess to being slightly jealous, and grateful the poet was able to render it so truly: “my joy is genuine.” Well done. ~*Dan Schwerin*

permanent loss of hearing with the heart

Francine Banwarth

There are disabilities that are not obvious to the casual observer. This particular malady might affect an individual and only be noticed by someone quite close to him or her. Or it might be epidemic in a certain society. I like the way that the ambiguity of the single line format works against the finality of “permanent.”

~John Stevenson

winter light—

books

reached only by ladder

Jeffrey Ferrara

For me, this invokes the way that the low, late rays of a winter sunset can, for a moment, draw attention to some very small area in a familiar setting and imbue it with significance that it seems to have at no other time. While I experience this most often in my own house, I can also imagine the same sensation in a library or perhaps a bookstore—an independent one.

~John Stevenson

game over

voices litter

the dark

Gary Hotham

While this might be imagined as sequel to almost any sporting event, I imagine it first as local—perhaps the grounds after a high school football game. In the same way that a sporting crowd leaves physical debris behind, there is an aural aftermath as the crowd dissipates. Another memory this poem stirs for me is from when I worked security at Rich Stadium. After Buffalo Bills games it was often dark by the time the last fans were safely out of the stadium. *~John Stevenson*

one day at a time lottery ticket

S.M. Kozubek

This compact senryu can be read in several ways. The one that stands out for me is the conflation of a twelve-step recovery slogan with the mechanism of an addiction. It is so often the case that one seems to master one addiction while merely replacing it with another. ~*John Stevenson*

From *Frogpond* 40:1

old age

fluent in blossoms

and wind

Lori Zajkowski

How beautifully the poet expresses the language of aging, a discourse on wisdom and grace. While outer beauty fades with the passing years, inner beauty will always be the sap that nourishes the tree of life. ~*Francine Banwarth*

eggs in a shirt

to be here

so lightly

Dan Schwerin

Tender are the eggs, the holder of the eggs, and the consumer of eggs.... Serving as its own example, this quiet poem itself so lightly touches on our own universal fragilities, where we are all at once the holders, the holding, and the held. ~*Joyce Clement*

Thanksgiving

the recipe I know

by heart

Julie Warther

The warmth and simplicity of gratitude, and what we can know by heart, beautifully written by Julie Warther. ~*Ellen Grace Olinger*

the creek my imagination runs to its source

Susan Constable

During nights of insomnia, I imagine my way back to creeks (Coon Hollow, Cook's, Saucon), try to remember fields and fences, rocks, every step back to where trout hide in shadows. Perhaps the creek in Susan's poem represents childhood memories as well. ~*Glenn G. Coats*

late June ...

I decide

it's a weed

Julie Warther

One thought-filled moment. It strikes an emotional chord with any reader who spends her or his time in a garden or greenhouse. A real pleasure to read and make this connection. ~*Jeff Ingram*

teaching a lesson

to little stone throwers

Poohsticks

Robert Forsythe

I share this writer's anger at seeing kids who can only relate to nature by throwing stones at ducks (as I've seen more than once). But the lesson being taught here turns out to be nurturing and fun, rather than harsh. I learned something fun as well. The word "Poohsticks." ~*Christopher Patchel*

the kiosk girl

gone with the kiosk

first autumn leaves

David Jacobs

In the few seconds it takes to read this we first share the author's moments of quiet delight, a small joy tucked deep within the heart, half secret and half not worth mentioning to others. Perhaps

the author said good morning every day to the young woman; perhaps they only exchanged quick morning smiles amidst the city's throng of commuters. And just as suddenly, we are stabbed with her sudden and irretrievable loss. Only then, standing there numb, do we notice the first falling leaves of autumn and the chilly wind that presumably chased the kiosk away.

On its surface, "the kiosk girl" speaks to the sweetness of small experiences in the everyday life of the mind. But deep down it struck me with the same force as Buson's "a snail lived here / for awhile / and now the shell is empty." Buson's and Jacobs's haiku left my eyes unexpectedly moist for days, in a way that feels both profoundly human and inexplicably personal. ~*Mark Dailey*

From *Frogpond* 39:3

tonight I find you
 in italic
 starlight *Bill Pauly*

The best haiku tell us nothing. Instead, they express what the mind sees, what the heart feels, in such a way that the reader sees and feels it, too. They move from the personal to the universal, where they become timeless and forever memorable.

~*Francine Banwarth*

violin lesson the squeak of my old window *Bob Lucky*

Bob's poem brought back a memory of a saxophone honking like a goose, and the family dog howling in another room.

~*Glenn G. Coats*

reviewed

for Want by Cherie Hunter Day (2017, Ornithopter Press, Princeton NJ). 32 pages, 4⁵/₈×7¹/₈”, block printed cover wrappings, saddle-stapled. ISBN 978-1-942723-04-2. \$11 from ornithopterpress.com.

Reviewed by Melissa Allen

The title of Cherie Hunter Day’s chapbook *for Want* appears to be drawn from one of the haiku in the book (“raw umber the hill’s shorthand for want”), but before I noticed this, I took it to refer to the traditional verse that begins “For want of a nail, the shoe was lost...” and goes on to trace the loss of a kingdom to the loss of that nail. The reference seemed appropriate—the poems in this chapbook are full of small things, common things, things that are generally overlooked, but that through Day’s eyes expand to take on outsize human importance:

thistledown
a fugitive
at flight’s end

seeds loose in the pod—
his decision
to stop treatment

There’s a lot of wanting in this book, in fact—at times, an almost painful, wild cry of longing for something missing, something that can never be:

one myth left in the chamber

if only birdsong at the bone margin

The sense of grief and loss here is heavy, but not oppressive. Day skillfully connects the human condition to the condition of all the other life forms on the planet, giving a sense of cosmic meaning to our suffering and reminding us we don't suffer alone. There's a sly humor to many of the pieces, too, that prevents the tone from escalating from drama to melodrama:

a velvet-ant
masquerades as an ant
its stinger
essential for something
so invitingly red

A velvet-ant, Wikipedia informs me, is not actually an ant but a wasp, with a vicious sting. This specificity is characteristic of Day's work—she is a trained biologist—and recalls this book's epigraph, from Roethke: "May my silences become more accurate." Because Day is both accurate and strategically silent—her well-chosen words leave readers plenty of scope for making their own associations and drawing their own conclusions—her work has an understated authority that makes us trust both her observation and her judgment:

the flawless spiral
of a calla lily—
entrance and exit

All in all, Day balances thought and feeling as if on a knife edge, alternately stirring up our emotions and anatomizing them. It's a combination that makes the book impossible to put down and difficult not to reread repeatedly.

Write Like Issa: A Haiku How-to by David G. Lanoue (2017, *Haiku Guy, New Orleans LA*) 122 pages, 5¼×8", perfectbound. ISBN 978-0-9912840-7-8. \$9.99 from createspace.com/6847811.

Reviewed by Randy Brooks

If you are a prominent scholar and translator of Issa, and if you have learned the art of writing haiku through your studies of Issa, it makes so much sense to write a book titled *Write Like Issa: A Haiku How-to*. In the introduction David Lanoue explains that this book also is based on ten workshops on "Write like Issa" he has led at various conferences and gatherings of haiku poets. On the question of why Issa instead of Basho or other masters, he writes:

Issa's poetry isn't, as a rule, focused on doom and gloom. More typically, his haiku celebrate life on a living planet with appreciation, empathy, and good humor. Maybe this is why I and many of my fellow poets turn to Issa rather than to Basho for our deepest inspirations. So human, so compassionate, so insightful; Issa has a lot to teach poets today, two centuries after. To write like Issa means writing tenderly about one's fellow creatures, human and otherwise. It means writing with an attitude of childlike perceptiveness, keeping one's mind and heart wide open to the universe and its infinite surprises. It means writing with a willingness to laugh at life's intrinsic absurdities. It means writing with bold subjectivity, defying all teachers and pundits who harp about the need for "objectivity" in haiku. And, writing like Issa means writing with a kind of free-flowing imagination that discovers shockingly fresh juxtapositions and revelations. (8–9)

The book includes six lessons based on these reasons for writing like Issa, with many examples of haiku by Issa and contemporary English-language haiku. For example, in his lesson on bold subjectivity he discusses this haiku by Issa:

hole in the wall—
my harvest moon
comes in

which is followed by this haiku by Stanford M. Forrester:

autumn colors—
the scarecrow's shirt
nicer than mine

I especially enjoyed Lanoue's lesson 5 on the importance of imagination in writing haiku. He compares Issa's approach to the call from Robert Bly for poetry to provide surprise leaps from image to image. At the end of that lesson he claims:

To write like Issa one needs to rely not only on one's intimate sensory encounters with the universe, but also, sometimes, to combine those juxtapositions that lead to deeper insights. (85)

Lanoue concludes with an explanation of why he wrote this book. "Who, today, will guard over the fragile blossom of haiku? Who will protect it against the threats of societal indifference to all forms of poetry, of selfish materialism, and of a widespread blindness to nature and to our absolute inclusion in it? Who will defend haiku against the heresy, rampant on the Worldwide Web, that this type of poetry consists of any random string of words tossed together in a 5-7-5 syllable pattern? And who will save it from perhaps well-meaning but sadly misguided editors who publish books of 'haiku' filled with obtuse, abstract, and vapid language games? Instead of inviting readers into the intimacy of real experiences and the joy of real discoveries, such editors and the poets whom they champion threaten to rob haiku of its very essence" pages 102–03. This is a wonderful book on the literary art of writing "like Issa" and yes, in some ways, David Lanoue's unapologetic manifesto of the potential joys of haiku as a celebratory art if we write like Issa.

BRIEFLY REVIEWED

By Randy Brooks

The Black Between Stars by Elliot Nicely (2017, Crisis Chronicles Press, Parma OH) 16 pages, 2¼×7", perfectbound. ISBN 978-1-940996-40-0. \$4.99 plus \$3 shipping from Crisis Chronicles Press, 3431 George Avenue, Parma, OH 44134.

On the Crisis Chronicles Press website, Elliot Nicely notes that "We set out to develop a new work that is both startling and stark, a book which invokes a sense of disquiet and discomfort." The book is published backwards to English conventions with the cover and title page coming last, and the reading pages progressing from right to left in a reverse chronology sequence. The title haiku is *waiting / for her lab results / the black between stars*. I like the way this haiku shifts from a contemplative outdoors, to the inner consideration of a medical scan. The chapbook progresses through two reversed pages with white ink haiku on black pages for two death scenes: *first prayer / of the wake / only the wine breathes* and *blackberry winter / in the cemetery / a fresh grave*. Small chapbooks have always been an excellent way to present a short sequence or unified series. Nicely's *The Black Between Stars* excels as an example of this haiku publishing tradition.

B-flat Blues by Bill Cooper (2017, Red Moon Press, Winchester VA) 100 pages, 4¼×6½", perfectbound. ISBN 978-1-936848-92-9. \$15 from redmoonpress.com.

With this latest collection, we see that Bill Cooper has a polished voice and that his haiku focus on a wide range of experiences and perceptions. He clearly understands people and their motives and enjoys sharing insights about people through haiku, such as *preschool / she lays out her project / on snails*. He excels in haiku that mix or layer various sensory perceptions, as in *fading decals / the scent of bus fumes / on a trumpet case* and *walk-off double / the pitcher tastes the string / of his glove*. Several of the haiku connect music to natural occurrences, as in *rain loosening / each sunflower petal / new oboe reed*. As a long-ago

trumpet player, I fondly consider the smells in this one-line haiku of a trumpet player: *cold midnight oiling the third trumpet valve*. Sometimes Cooper contrasts the social and natural worlds: *election poll / a honeybee slides / down the stamen*. Sometimes he surprises us with political social issues: *straw hats in a row / Amish men discuss / opioids* and *first snow / a hint of smile through / her blue burqa*. This is an excellent collection of haiku.

Buying Time by Elmedin Kadric (2017, Red Moon Press, Winchester VA) 80 pages, 4¼×6½", perfectbound. ISBN 978-1-936848-94-2. \$15 from redmoonpress.com.

On opening *Buying Time*, many of the poems fell flat and were too prosaic for my taste. Several appeared to be little more than expressive assertions, such as *because she said so persimmons*. However, as I read more of the collection, I also found excellent haiku with subtle shifts and hints of expansive scenes. For example, *the way / you wear / this trickling stream* is a single-image haiku that presents a vibrant image of someone bathing or splashing in sunlit water. In this haiku I enjoyed the sounds: *the soft click of marbles an eye for an eye*, where the competitors are trying to get even, capturing each other's cat-eye marbles. Sometimes Kadric's haiku are too predictable and rely on clever expression or witty linguistic tricks rather than delivering insight, but I did like the surprise ending of *rock paper scissors war*. My favorite was the title poem written with a more traditional haiku cut: *roadside diner / the soldier buys himself / some time*. Give this collection time and imagination. You will find excellent haiku hidden among the linguistic weeds.

Earth in Sunrise: A Course for English-Language Study by Richard Gilbert and David Ostman (2017, Red Moon Press, Winchester VA) 134 pages, 7×10", perfectbound. ISBN 978-1-936848-86-7. \$20 from redmoonpress.com.

This is an interesting textbook on teaching English as a second language to high school or college students. The chapters are organized as topics for reading and analysis such as the environment, work, nature, love, war, etc. Each chapter starts

with a reading of Japanese or English haiku related to the topic, discussed by the authors. Key words are bolded in these discussions to highlight vocabulary words defined in the glossary at the end of each chapter. Homework assignments usually prompt students to write something on the topic and also to fill in the blanks of a paragraph by choosing appropriate words from a “Cloze Word List.” For example, in the chapter on animals, an idea for composition is to “Become an animal; write as that animal.” Several chapters encourage students to try to write haiku related to the topic of that chapter such as “Write a haiku about a familiar animal—now try another, considering a very unfamiliar animal.” The textbook includes a wide range of haiku in English or translated into English from around the world. For example, chapter one includes Raymond Roseliep’s *with his going / the birds go / nameless* which is discussed as an example of a haiku about the pain of separation. Some of the haiku are more abstract, such as Johannes S.H. Bjerg’s *a word that takes time defoliation*. Other examples, such as Peter Yovu’s *monday bleeding down to money*, might be very challenging to readers new to English. However, the authors provide readings of these poems that help English-language learners understand them. In an indirect way, these discussions of haiku provide a model for students on the art of reading haiku.

Eucalyptus Wind by Karina M. Young (2017, Red Moon Press, Winchester VA) 74 pages, 4¼×6½”, perfectbound. ISBN 978-1-936848-99-7. \$15 from redmoonpress.com.

Karina Young is a poet in touch with her environment around Salinas, CA, and writes haiku about the local flora and fauna. When people enter into her haiku, they are usually interacting with the surrounding elements, such as in *shorter days / a spider outruns / the hose water*. I especially liked her late autumn haiku, *dark clouds / over the field / unwanted pumpkins*. I can picture the dark clouds of coming winter and scattered pumpkins left behind in the field. This creates a foreboding feeling as in Basho’s famous “crow on a bare branch” haiku. Another haiku that plays with the borders of nature and civilization is:

no trespassing / a crow slides / into home base. One more favorite because it is simply splendid: *the whole inlet / glinting with sunlight / belugas.*

Even the Mountains: Five Years in a Japanese Village by Sean O'Connor (2017, Alba Publishing, Uxbridge, UK) 92 pages, 5¾×8¼", perfectbound. ISBN 978-1-910185-60-5. \$12 from AlbaPublishing.com.

Sean O'Connor is a writer and musician from Ireland who became interested in Japanese culture through his studies and practice of judo, aikido and Zen. He has graduate degrees in psychiatric nursing and international peace studies. This book is an account of five years living in Yuzuri, Okayama, Japan starting after his marriage to Junko Oda. Each section begins with a personal narrative on one aspect of O'Connor's experience, followed by related haiku. For example, "To Your Bones" is about living in a traditional farmhouse where they relied on a paraffin stove instead of central heating. He states "It is customary to have a very hot bath every evening...to warm up, rather than merely washing yourself. You warm up to the extent that you could walk naked in snow afterwards" (11). A related haiku is: *steaming / after a bath / snow in the back yard.* This collection is a wonderful encounter with everyday life in a small village of Japan. The haiku are quiet, contemplative, simple, and immediate. The prose is sincere and direct and conveys a voice of wonder and gratitude. Like haibun, this combination of narrative and poetry creates an extended context for better appreciation of both. The last section, "Farewell," talks about their departure and concludes with *Fuji / inside its mouth / the shadow of our plane.* Ah, this collection reminds me that haiku are a means of sharing the gift of our humanity with each other, across cultures and beyond artificial political boundaries.

Four Seasons by Satoru Kanematsu (2017, Gakuhōsha, Nagoya, Japan) 74 pages, 5¾×8¼", perfectbound. ISBN 978-4-9907320-1-4. \$8 from Gakuhōsha, 4-5-10 Sannō, Nakagawa-ku, Nagoya 454-00011, Japan.

Satoru Kanematsu started writing haiku in Japanese and English after he retired as an English teacher in 1997. He is a member of Kō Poetry Association and Haiku International Association. Many of the haiku in this collection were previously published in the *Asahi Haikuist Network* edited by David McMurray. The collection is organized into four seasons according to *kigo* in the old lunar calendar. The author notes that “Though I started to write haiku following the traditional 17-syllable count like the haiku on the first page of each season, I prefer now a more pithy form because I feel the sound of 3–5–3 syllables is close to Japanese haiku.” Here is an example of a 17-syllable haiku: *Far thunder rumbling— / the curry cooked by my wife / just spicy enough*. I like the softness of the distant thunder and how “spicy enough” can refer to both the curry and his wife. Not too hot, not too loud, not too spicy, just right! From the autumn section, here is a 3–5–3 haiku: *Wooden scent / of a sharpened pencil: / new coolness*. Kanematsu expresses everyday Japanese life throughout his haiku, but he also enjoys multicultural perspectives as in this winter haiku: *Rereading / Anne Frank’s diary— / winter roses*. I imagine Louis Armstrong singing this one: *Spring leisure: / from the gramophone / “c’est si bon.”* If you haven’t read his haiku before, you are in for a real treat with this collection. You might just end up agreeing with David McMurray, who writes in his introduction, “Kanematsu Satoru sensei is my all-time favorite haikuist.”

Ghost Moon by Mark Gilfillan (2017, Alba Publishing, Uxbridge, UK) 104 pages, 5¾×8¼”, perfectbound. ISBN 978-1-910185-68-1. \$18 from AlbaPublishing.com.

Ghost Moon is Mark Gilfillan’s first collection, gathering 98 of his best haiku and senryu. Several have previously been published in *Blithe Spirit*, *Prune Juice*, *The Heron’s Nest*, and *Frogpond*. Gilfillan knows the hills, valleys, and rivers of North Derbyshire in the Peak District where he grew up. It is evident in the haiku that he values and appreciates his time in the countryside. While often located outdoors, his haiku come alive with humans and their ghost-like traces, as in the first haiku: *barely legible /*

a vintage love / carved in oak. His senryu also have that mix of scene and humanity as evident in *along the towpath / herbs for sale / honesty box... chained.* I enjoy the playful personification in the following: *from the reservoir / the old steeple emerges / praying for rain.* I like the hint of a small community that has gone under with the building of the much-needed reservoir, evident now only by the steeple which once stood as the tallest structure in the village and a place of many prayers. This is an outstanding collection that celebrates being alive: *after the excitement / of snow / one left mitten.*

A Golden Leaf by D. W. Skrivseth (2017, Red Moon Press, Winchester VA) 66 pages, 4¼×6½", perfectbound. ISBN 978-1-936848-88-1. \$15 from redmoonpress.com.

D. W. Skrivseth's collection opens with the title haiku *rainy afternoon... / one of many puddles / holds a golden leaf.* I place myself in this quiet scene and imagine that I am avoiding stepping in the puddles. The rain has let up and sunlight illuminates one golden leaf in this puddle right at my feet. Skrivseth's haiku excel at such moments of quiet noticing. And to borrow a phrase from Peggy Lyles, his haiku connect the outer weather with his own inner weather. For example, *mocking my / dislike of yellow... / dandelions.* Some of the haiku in this collection fail to move beyond the outer weather, but his best connect the natural and our ordinary human fears as in this haiku: *balancing / household budget... / the empty wasp nest.* I especially like the spiritual humility in *dusty clothes... / ringing the temple / bell.* Skrivseth ends with a glimpse of mortality: *my reflection / in the gravestone... / not yet not yet.*

A Gust From the Alley: A Collection of Haiku (2017, Spring Street Haiku Group, New York NY) 84 pages, 4¼×6¾", perfectbound. ISBN 978-1-329-85059-0. \$7.17 from lulu.com.

Low Growling From the Petunias (2017, Spring Street Haiku Group, New York NY) 20 pages, 4¼×5½", saddle-stapled. ISBN none. \$5 from Seidboard World Ent., POB 137, New York NY 10012.

The Spring Street Haiku Group published two collections of their members' work this year, *A Gust From the Alley* and *Low Growling From the Petunias*, a special chapbook anthology in celebration of their 25th year of gathering to share their own haiku with each other. In the introduction to *Low Growling*, Mykel Board explains "The Spring Street Group works differently from many haiku groups. First, we are not nice. People bring their haiku to Spring Street to be criticized, rejected, laughed at, reworked, discussed, argued, fist-fought, and dueled to the death. For a short time, we had a rule that anyone who presented a haiku that was liked by all would have to pay a 25¢ fine for giving us an ego-booster rather than a haiku that needed work. What you see in this chapbook are haiku that have gone through that grinding process." In the second collection, Efren Estevez provides a more extensive description of the workings of the group with examples of how haiku such as Jay Friedenberg's original *over the hill / through the trees / sounds of distant music and screams* gets edited into a final version, *walking to the fair / distant music / and screams*. The success of these collections suggests that the Spring Street Haiku Group is an effective model for other groups. Here are a few more excellent haiku from these two recent collections. One of the titles comes from Kei Andersen: *Hunter's moon—/ low growling / in the petunias*. Bill Kenney has a twist on the urban legend: *hitchhiker / in the rearview mirror.../ big sky*, but my favorite from *Low Growling* is *trees begin to bloom / out on the street a boy rides / his father's shoulders* by Miriam Borne. A couple of favorites from *A Gust From the Alley* include *Coney Island Parade / a mermaid holds a / mermaid baby* by Bruce Kennedy and *ruined mansion—/ a lizard sunbathes / on the toppled nymph* by Efren Estevez.

Haibun Hotels by Marshall Hryciuk (2017, Imago Press, Toronto, Canada) 144 pages, 5½×7", perfectbound. ISBN 978-1-907100-05-5. \$20 Canadian + \$5 US postage from Imago Press, 30 Laws St., Toronto ON M6P 2Y7 Canada.

Haibun Hotels is a travel journal with interspersed haiku, written by Marshall Hryciuk from his six years in Canada as

publishers national sales representative. He writes about the mundane experiences of traveling and revels in his encounters with others. And throughout, the spark within the ordinary is the haiku that emerge out of these ordinary scenes. The haiku are not necessarily eye-popping or extraordinary, but they do come with an authenticity expressing Hryciuk's urban sardonic irony. I enjoyed reading his playful, sometimes naughty, haiku: *crow flying / with a coupon in its beak / lets it go* and *fresh hyacinths / by the window / a line of underwear*.

Haiku Anthology: Insights and Observations ed. by Robyn Corum, Douglas Paul, and Michael Mann (2017, Douglas Paul Creations, LLC. and FanStory Haiku Club) 68 pages, 6×9", perfectbound. ISBN 978-0-6928498-8-0. \$14.98 from Amazon.com.

The FanStory Haiku Club is a social media website group that encourages writers to learn more about haiku by sharing their work with each other. This club grew out of an online FanStory class on writing haiku taught by MariVal Bayles. *Haiku Anthology* is a collection of their selections of the best haiku from 26 contributing members of the club. The collection focuses on nature haiku written in response to weekly challenges on topics such as fire, water, earth, air, birds, fish, weeds, etc. Here are sample haiku on "water": *a calm eddy / amidst raging rapids—/ welcome reprieve* by Douglas Paul and *first morning dew / graces Mount Madonna—wet ankles* by MariVal Bayles. It is always good to find a new group of writers studying the twin arts of reading and writing haiku.

Haiku Detective by Michael Ketchek (2017, Free Food Press, Rochester NY) 152 pages, 5½×8½", perfectbound. ISBN none. \$18 postpaid from FreeFoodPress.com.

Over the last decade we have seen a growth in haiku fiction, including the novels by David Lanoue and fictional haibun. As the title suggests, this is I believe the first *Haiku Detective* novel written from the point of view of a detective whose "vices are an occasional nibble off the bourbon bottle and haiku." Ketchek enjoys playing with this perspective, with the narrator, Francis

Swift, hiding his haiku habit when the *femme fatal* enters the office looking for help. Throughout the novel his haiku appear as the inner, secret thoughts or observations of the detective. At the crime scene he writes: *a shaft of sunlight / sinking into / the bloodstained carpet*. Sometimes he starts a chapter with a haiku that sets the mood or focus of the next scene: *limp on a hanger / old disco party dress / two sizes smaller*. Ketchek further integrates haiku into the novel as the detective discovers that the murder victim had book shelves filled with haiku books and a blood-stained page of five haiku under his chair. Turns out the victim is “Paul Woodnose, editor of *Modern Frog*, the dirty bastard who kept rejecting all my haiku.” The web of haiku-involved people grows as our haiku detective continues to write and collect haiku from others. I won’t spoil the mystery of the novel, but simply recommend that if you like detective fiction and haiku, you will enjoy this book.

How to Write a Haiku by David Lindley (2017, Verborum Editions, Northamptonshire, UK) 68 pages, 5×8”. Gray card covers, perfectbound. ISBN 978-1-907100-05-5. \$10 from verborumedititions.com.

This small book is less about “how to write a haiku” and more about a beginner’s reflections about discovering the art of haiku. David Lindley is a writer and translator, and as a relative newcomer to haiku, this is a short introduction to what he has discovered about the literary art of haiku. Based on cited sources and recommended “further reading” it does not appear that he is aware of contemporary haiku journals, haiku societies, or recent books of haiku in English or Japanese. In addition to general observations from his reading, Lindley does provide some advice on writing haiku such as calling for writing about “concrete things” and the use of juxtaposition of images. He prefers writing with five-seven-five syllable count in his translations and original haiku. Unfortunately, his own haiku lack the simplicity, conciseness, and subtle intuition valued in the best haiku. Here is an example of his “regular” 5–7–5 haiku: *Spring. Lost in the woods. / White wild garlic and bluebells. / A lone pink flower.*

He notes that “irregular” haiku are often written, such as this one he composed: *The crows are around somewhere / but not in their nests / wrecked by wind and rain*. The examples of his own work suggest that he may not be the best guide for beginners seeking to learn how to write a haiku.

JuxtaThree: The Journal of Haiku Research and Scholarship
ed. by Peter McDonald and the editorial board (2017, The Haiku Foundation, Winchester VA) 190 pages, 6×9”, perfectbound. ISBN 978-1-936848-93-5. \$35 from The Haiku Foundation.

JuxtaThree is the perfectbound print version of *Juxtapositions 3.1*. The editorial board seeks to promote and publish scholarship on haiku from all academic perspectives. This issue features an essay by Ce Rosenow on haiku and the aesthetics and philosophical ethics of caring and compassion. She introduces readers to the philosophical discussion of care ethics, then explores “how haiku might contribute to developing the human capacity to care.” Applying James Thompson’s work on the aesthetics of care, Rosenow discusses how haiku are “small creative encounters that can be experienced momentarily yet returned to repeatedly” and often convey an aesthetic of caring. She points out that the aesthetics of caring is not simply a matter of conveying one’s own experiences, but rather being able to imaginatively share and care about others’ experiences as well. For this brief review, I cannot summarize each essay, but I do want to note an interesting collaboration between neuro-/cognitive scientists and haiku poets titled “Haiku and the Brain.” In this study Stella Pierides, Hermann J. Müller, Jim Kacian, Franziska Günther, and Thomas Geyer have studied eye-movements and brain processes of people reading haiku. Most significantly, these scholars have attempted to understand the process of how a reader receives a haiku and re-reads it repeatedly until there is a “realization of the haiku’s ‘meaning gestalt’ in the reader’s mind.” This is very interesting research that has already led to several additional studies now available on The Haiku Foundation web site. This issue also includes essays on (1) “Emotional Depth in the Haiku of Ban’ya Natsuishi” by Anna Cates; (2) “Riddle Haiku” by Stephen Addiss;

(3) “Mixed Language Haiku” by David McMurray, and (4) “The Sound of Water” and ecocritical essay by Ian Marshall. Between the articles are a series of colorful haiga by Billy Collins, Stephen Addiss, Pamela A. Babusci, Guy Beining, Terry L. French, Annette Makino, Ron C. Moss, Ellen Peckham, and Lidia Rozmus.

La ou l'eau sale se mêle à l'eau douce / Where Saltwater Mixes With Freshwater by Kent Neal (2017, Red Moon Press, Winchester VA) 88 pages, 4¼×6½”, perfectbound. ISBN 978-1-936848-90-4. \$12 from redmoonpress.com.

Kent Neal grew up in Oregon but has lived in Lyon, France since 2003. He is a member of the French Haiku Association, and this collection is published as a dual-language edition in French and English. The book opens with this haiku: *through the bars / of the truck cage, in the cool wind, / a pig snout*. A quick comparison of the haiku in French and English suggests that Neal attempts to follow the order of images and a close proximity of words in both versions. The French haiku are often written in 5–7–5 syllables resulting in slightly more linguistic content than many contemporary English-language haiku. For example, compare these versions of the same haiku: *sous un parapluie / femme, briquet, flame, cigarette / nuage de fume* and in English, *under the umbrella / woman, lighter, flame, cigarette / cloud of smoke*. Although some of Neal’s haiku provide a typical haiku cut, many seem to string along images, phrases or lists: *the sky, the sidewalks, / the street, the river—today / everything is gray* which is nevertheless an effective haiku. I love this refreshing one: *a handful of blueberries / to put in the pancakes—bare / feet on wet grass*.

My Fifty Favorite Haiku by L. A. Davidson, ed. by Laura Tanna (2017, DLT Associates, Inc., Miami FL) 44 pages, 5½×8¼”, saddle-stapled. ISBN 978-0-9674991-1-6. Available from DLT Associates, 3245 Village Green Dr., Miami FL 33175.

Published on the 100th anniversary of her birth, this is a collection of fifty favorite haiku by L. A. Davidson. The editor, Laura Tanna, explains that when Davidson sent copies of her published haiku to Charles Trumbull to be added to his database, she

indicated fifty favorites. In addition to these fifty haiku, the editor has included a short biography of her mother. There is also an overview of the “L. A. Davidson papers 1965-2007,” which is a special collection available at the Columbia University Butler Library. A few of my favorites by Davidson: *The Mississippi / a mile wide at Winona / and still rising* and *that time again / heaped on cornflakes / blueberries*. The biography and book end with her famous minimalist haiku, *beyond / stars beyond / star*.

New Resonance 10: Emerging Voices in English-Language Haiku ed. by Jim Kacian and Dee Evetts (2017, Red Moon Press, Winchester VA) 176 pages, 5¼×8¼”, perfectbound. ISBN 978-1-947271-00-5. \$17 from redmoonpress.com.

The ten featured writers in *New Resonance 10* include S. M. Abeles, Mary Frederick Ahearn, Johan Bergstad, Meik Blötenberger, Mark E. Brager, Sondra Byrnes, Bill Deegan, Chase Gagnon, Elmedin Kadric, Marcus Liljedahl, Joe McKeon, Stella Pierides, Rob Scott, David Serjeant, Els van Leeuwen, and Dick Whyte. I always enjoy this anthology series, which presents about fifteen haiku by each poet, just enough to catch their voice and approaches to haiku in English. The authors are from around the world including the USA, England, Australia, India, and Sweden. While most of the haiku have been previously published in journals, several are new to this anthology. A couple of excellent haiku include: *the last of the rain / your apology / lingers* by Mary Frederick Ahearn and *sunset... / debating Rothko's / use of red* by Mark E. Brager. Bill Deegan wrote my personal favorite, *Father's Day— / blueberry pie softens / the conversation*. The youngest author is Chase Gagnon from Detroit who writes: *no regrets— / fresh graffiti / on the dilapidated boxcar*.

On the Edge: A Collection of Short Poems Inspired by the Landscape of the Peak District by Tim Gardiner (2017, Brambleby Books, Ltd, UK) 64 pages, 5×7¾”, perfectbound. ISBN 978-1-908241535. \$9 from Amazon.com.

Tim Gardiner has a PhD in entomology and works as an ecologist for the Environment Agency in Essex, England. It is not

surprising that his expertise informs the haiku and senryu gathered for this collection from the environment of the Peak District near Derbyshire. Gardiner explains “The collection takes the reader around the Peak District National Park, on a literary ‘haikuing’ tour.” He organizes the haiku into four sections: edges and sedges; moors and tors; vales and dales; and towns and crowns. Each location is described with photographs and notes about the historical or cultural significance, concluding with a few haiku or senryu. For example, at Baslow Edge, Gardiner writes that there are two landmarks: “the Eagle Stone (also known as the Witches’ Stone) and Wellington’s Monument. It is said that men had to climb the Eagle Stone to prove their worth before they would be eligible to marry!” (17). The subsequent poem is a one-liner: *a man stands atop the Witches’ Stone soon shackled*. The prose and photographs enhance the reading of the haiku, but the haiku go beyond the mere physical elements described. Another favorite comes from the Garland Day celebration in Castleton: *maypole dance / the circle broken / by a sudden shower*. This collection gathers haiku situated in the cultural significance of a specific locale. I enjoyed Gardner’s playful voice of creativity and wonder.

Paper Ships by Joyce Walker Currier (2017, Red Moon Press, Winchester VA) 124 pages, 6×9”, perfectbound. ISBN 978-1-936848-96-6. \$15 from redmoonpress.com.

Joyce Walker Currier has been writing haiku since the early 1970s, and *Paper Ships* gathers 360 of her best work previously published in journals and anthologies. The title haiku illustrates her enthusiasm for adventure and discovery: *fog over the reefs / I can no longer see / the paper ships*. In the author’s note, she writes “In her journey through traditional and modern haiku, she experienced a heightened awareness of the rhythms of life and nature.” I have always loved this haiku by her, originally published as a High/Coo Press poem card: *boarded up house; / even the shadows decay / on the parking lot*. The collection includes several haiku sequences such as “Iraqi Freedom,” “After the Parting,” “Wedding,” “Rhode Island,” and “In Memory of My Father,” which includes *October moon: / in my grandson’s pocket / my*

father's goose call and somewhere out in his lake / that muskie / he never caught. This is a rich lifetime of awareness captured through haiku.

River-willow: One-line Senryu by Steven Carter (2017, Alba Publishing, Uxbridge, UK) 50 pages, 5¾×8¼", perfectbound. ISBN 978-1-910185-67-4. \$10 from AlbaPublishing.com.

Steven Carter is a prolific writer of haiku. The back cover cites publication of over 50 books and several literary awards. This collection starts with a Wikipedia definition of Japanese senryu (17 *morae* or syllables, about human foibles, often cynical or darkly humorous, no *kireji*, no *kigo*). The collection includes 84 one-line poems that do not attempt to follow any elements of this definition of Japanese senryu. There are no acknowledgements, so I presume that this is the first publication of the poems included. The collection could benefit from an editor. Many are clever short phrases like, *One size fits all*, or assertive statements such as, *Judge lest ye be not judged*. (All poems in this review are cited in their entirety.) The collection lacks a poetic playfulness or turn of insight about "human foibles" which I enjoy in the best senryu. For example, I don't find *The rain applauds the rain* interesting or "darkly humorous," and there's not enough content to encourage my imagination to build more from this statement. While these one-liners do not employ Japanese cutting words, most do have a clear indication of cutting through the use of white space between phrases. Some poems contrast the two phrases with italics: *Old guy at the bar* *A cigarette is a friend*. Overall, I would say that this collection, an experiment in one-line poems that are not haiku and not necessarily senryu, is not as successful as Carter's other collections.

Sisyphus: Haiku Work of Anna Vakar ed. by Vicki McCullough (2017, Catkin Press, Carleton Place ON, Canada) 92 pages, 5½×8¼", perfectbound. ISBN 978-1-928163-17-6. Available from the editor at sisyphus@telus.net.

Vicki McCullough has edited a wonderful collection of 133 selected haiku from Anna Vakar's decades of writing haiku. In

addition to the featured haiku, McCullough has written a short biography of Vakar and an introduction about her work as a haiku writer and editor, including her poetics calling for discipline and traditional rules for writing haiku in English. The title poem is *all day, Sisyphus, / this boulder on the shore / throws back the water*. I enjoy this quiet haiku, *rusting / on the peaceful mountain road / a muffler*, which hints at a loud car that previously disrupted the tranquility now present. Vakar likes to showcase contrasts such as *a nest of ants / opened by a hoe—/ the quick and some dead*. I can feel the empathy of the gardener and the frantic scurrying of the ants, carrying the larva and dead away. Often her haiku reveal a compassion for living things as in *Easter morning—/ she picks a glistening worm / from the black road*. And one more favorite that takes an inner, psychological turn: *still on the edge—/ the balancing rock I walk to / in the fall*. This collection is an excellent tribute for one of our early English-language haiku pioneers.

Tokaido by Terry Ann Carter (2017, Red Moon Press, Winchester VA) 82 pages, 6×9", perfectbound. ISBN 978-1-936848-82-9. \$15 from redmoonpress.com.

Tokaido is a remarkable book of haibun, written and strategically organized as an artist's journal on a quest or pilgrimage to see and feel what matters most in our lives... desire, loss, creativity, love, joy, pain, fear, hope, and especially, art. The book is titled Tokaido based on a famous collection of Japanese woodblocks by Ichiryusai Hiroshima. He created a series of 53 prints of landmarks along the way of the Tokaido road. These prints are popular because they not only capture the beauty of these views along the ocean but also the ambitions, work, and life of the people traveling or living in 19th century Japan. The sixteenth print, "Yui," is shown on the cover of Carter's book. As preparation to review this book, I revisited my copy of Hiroshige's prints and enjoyed seeing the range of scenes, the variety of people and their behaviors, and I especially appreciated the multiplicity of details included in each print. In these prints life is never just one thing happening, but many things happening simultaneously.

Carter has organized and titled each of the haibun in this collection based on the stations in Hiroshige's book. In the same spirit as Hiroshige her haibun capture a multiplicity of things and feelings happening at once. Within a single haibun she may begin with references to woodblock printing but shift to beeping medical technology. Her bittersweet journey is both a creative response to art and a more immediate, intuitive response to the life around her. She dialogues with Hiroshige as a fellow artist but doesn't stay stuck in the culture of old Japan. Her haibun provide connections that can leap and combine time and space, art, and technology, and end with a haiku that snaps us back to a moment of "for now" in this instant. I sense an underlying sense of loss and desire that there is never a perfectly completed piece of art and likewise never a completely fulfilled life. We have to make do with what we can accomplish and how much love we can nourish into fruitful blessings. However, artists like Hiroshige and Carter still seek to capture both as fully as possible. Take your time with this collection. It will invite you to pause along your life's journey.

Reviewed by Edward J. Rielly

100 Haiku for 100 Years: A Celebration of Raymond Roseliep
ed. by Randy & Shirley Brooks (2017, Brooks Books, Taylorville IL)
32 pages, 4¼×8½", hand-sewn. ISBN 978-1-929820-14-6. \$12
from brooksbookshaiku.com.

100 Haiku for 100 Years serves three purposes, all of them important. It offers 100 of Raymond Roseliep's best haiku as judged by the editors. Second, as the subtitle indicates, the collection is intended as a celebration of the poet. The collection was released on August 11, 2017, at Loras College in Dubuque, Iowa, where Roseliep taught for many years. The publication coincided with a gathering at Loras to commemorate the 100th anniversary of Roseliep's birth. Third, the selection previews the forthcoming *Collected Haiku of Raymond Roseliep*, also from

Brooks Books. Roseliep, a Catholic priest as well as a beloved educator and a pioneer of English-language haiku, started writing haiku in the early 1960s, gradually leaving behind longer poems in favor of haiku. By the time of his death in 1983, he had created a body of work that thoroughly deserves not only this selection but also the collected edition and the excellent biography of Roseliep by Donna Bauerly, *Raymond Roseliep: Man of Art Who Loves the Rose*, published in 2015 (reviewed in *Frogpond* 39:2). Many of Raymond Roseliep's haiku are among the finest written in English, and even the small sample in this collection of 100 haiku demonstrates his mastery of the genre. A few of his haiku: *the Mass priest / holds up bread / the still point; ghost of my mother / on the clothesline waving: / flour sack dishtowel; campfire extinguished / the woman washing dishes / in a pan of stars; on my bed / her gloves / hold each other.*

Reviewed by Terri L. French

Calculus of Daylilies by Carolyn Hall (2017, Red Moon Press, Winchester VA). 99 pages, 4¼×6½", perfectbound. ISBN 978-1-936848-97-3. \$15 from redmoonpress.com.

The fourth collection from renowned poet, Carolyn Hall, this book of seventy-one poems, thoughtfully arranged into six segments, is one to read and reread. Many of the three and one-line poems are difficult to classify as haiku or senryu, as they seem to be a mixture of both, juxtaposing such sensual and seasonal imagery as lilac dusk, overripe melons, frosted moons, yellow jacket shadows, and finches with the many facets and foibles of our human relationships.

Hall explores universal yet personal topics with a mixture of subtly and candor few can accomplish. Infidelity, abuse, illness, death—her poems paint more than pretty pictures, they make you think and question your own life and choices: *frost moon couching my words in pine needles.*

The fickle human condition—expectations, vulnerabilities, half-truths, and lies, the pain and disappointments that are not

easily shaken—are addressed without taking sides or proselytizing: *two sides to every story / wildfire ash / clings to my soles*.

This is a book for our times, tackling with a frugality of words such huge issues as war, gun control, and women's rights: *cockleburrs / the court reaffirms / open carry*. And yet Hall also uses her tongue-in-cheek wit to add a bit of levity and lightness which keeps the collection from becoming too serious: *what is / your 'safe word' / pink petunias*. The poet seems to be telling us that in these turbulent times, try not to take ourselves too seriously, ride it out, take the good with the bad and learn to forgive. *keep this / toss that / spring*.

Reviewed by Bruce Ross

Petale în vânt / Petals on the Wind by Cezar Ciobîcă (2017, Editura Pim, Romania) 100 pages, 4¼×5¾", perfectbound. ISBN 978-606-13-3689-0. \$5 (suggested) contact author at felixlara4@yahoo.fr.

Cezar lives in a medium-size town surrounded by farmland in northeast Romania. He has been noted as one of the top 100 most creative European haiku poets. This bilingual collection (Romanian/English) is arranged seasonally, with a short selection of non-seasonal haiku at its conclusion. Romanian haiku is generally in a traditional haiku format with deep personal feeling connected to nature. The title leads to an understructure of the collection and is derived from a haiku on its back cover: *silver wedding / in the sour cherry orchard / petals on the wind*. The metaphor of nature changing things physically through floral petals (spring) and snowflakes (winter) dominates as symbols connected to personal feeling: *petals on the wind—/ even the scarecrow / changes its clothes* (10) and *first snow—/ for the stone angels / new feathering* (83). The poems are filled with the atmosphere of the countryside and the Eastern Orthodox seasonal practices. Some of the English translations could be more sharply worded. Yet this is a second collection of Cezar's haiku which reveals a fine sensibility, sometimes with humor. —fp

author index

- Ahearn, Mary Frederick** 8
Pottstown PA
- Ahearn, Mimi** 26
San Jose CA
- Allen, Melissa** 57, 61, 123–24
Madison WI
- Attard, Francis** 27, 28
Marsa, Malta
- Banwarth, Francine** 7, 36, 114,
Dubuque IA 119, 120, 122
- Baranski, Johnny** 54
Vancouver WA
- Barksdale, Sheila K.** 22
Gotherington, England
- Barlow, John** 22
Ormskirk, England
- Barnes, Michelle Heidenrich** 6
Gainesville FL
- Bateman, Sam** 68
Everett WA
- Bays, Chris** 71–72
Beavercreek OH
- Bennett, Brad** 20, 23
Arlington MA
- Black, Robyn Hood** 31
Beaufort SC
- Boyer, David** 114
Stamford CT
- Brickley, Chuck** 67–70
Daly City CA
- Bridges, Alan S.** 9, 19
Littleton MA
- Brooks, Randy** 125–42
Taylorville IL
- Buckland, Nathalie** 20
Nimbin, Australia
- Buettner, Marjorie** 29
Chisago City MN
- Byrnes, Sondra J.** 34
Santa Fe NM
- Cantor, Michael** 72–73
Newbury MA
- Carlson, C.W.** 12
Olathe KS
- Carter, R.P.** 22, 25, 116
Ancaster ON
- Carter, Terry Ann** 39
Victoria BC
- Chambers, Paul** 32
Wales
- Chatterjee, Kanchan** 21
Jamshedpur, India
- Chessing, James** 11, 35
San Ramon CA
- Chula, Margaret** 109–13
Portland OR
- Clement, Joyce** 116, 120
Bristol CT
- Coats, Glenn G.** 37, 58–59, 114,
Prospect VA 115, 121, 122
- Cobb, Cherese** 14
Maryville TN
- Collins, Lysa** 18
White Rock BC
- Constable, Susan** 12, 121
Parksville BC
- Cooper, Bill** 18
Midlothian VA
- Craig, Kyle D.** 69
Indianapolis IN
- Craig, Ronald K.** 21
Batavia OH

- Curtis, Dan** 10
Victoria BC
- Dailey, Mark** 14, 53, 121–22
Poultney VT
- Day, Cherie Hunter** 5, 32, 41, 56,
Menlo Park CA 62, 64–67
- DePalma, Tigz** 66
Balearic Islands, Spain
- Dornaus, Margaret** 71–75
Ozark AR
- Everett, Claire** 49, 114
Northallerton, England
- Fasano, Ali** 10
Liverpool NY
- Fargo, Seren** 115
Bellingham WA
- Feingold, Bruce H.** 33
Walnut Grove CA
- Ferrara, Jeffrey** 115, 119
Worcester MA
- Ford, Lorin** 10, 35
Melbourne, Australia
- Forsythe, Robert** 121
Annandale VA
- French, Terri L.** 143–44
Huntsville AL
- Funnell, Urszula** 29
Brighton, England
- Gage, Joshua** 25
Broadview Heights OH
- Gargiulo, Marita** 36
Hamden CT
- Gale, David** 115
Gloucester, England
- Gerolimatos, George** 9
Barrington IL
- Gilliland, Robert** 6, 30, 64–67
Austin TX
- Grayson, David** 6
Alameda CA
- Hambrick, Jennifer** 55
Columbus OH
- Hall, Carolyn** 53
San Francisco CA
- Harrison, Devin** 13
Vancouver Island BC
- Harvey, Michele L.** 50
Hamilton NY
- Herman, Randall** 115
Concord NE
- Hoagland, Jeff** 28
Hopewell NJ
- Holzer, Ruth** 8
Herndon VA
- Hotham, Gary** 17, 64, 119
Scaggsville MD
- Humphrey, Jonathan** 50, 58
Louisville KY
- Ingram, Jeff** 8, 121
Fort Washington PA
- Jacobs, David** 121
London, England
- Jaiye, Duro** 9
Hirakata, Japan
- Kacian, Jim** 18, 28, 38, 40
Winchester MA
- Kadric, Elmedin** 14, 19
Helsingborg, Sweden
- Keith, Thomas R.** 19
Chicago IL
- Kelly, David J.** 26, 36
Dublin, Ireland
- Kennedy, Phillip** 116
Monterey CA
- Klacsanzky, Nicholas** 23
Powder Springs GA
- Kocher, Philomene** 39
Kingston ON
- Kozubek, S.M.** 120
Sarasota FL

- LeBel, Gary** 42, 43
Atlanta GA
- LeBlanc, Jean** 44, 45
Newton NJ
- Lee, Michael Henry** 13, 24, 52, 60
St. Augustine FL
- Lilly, Rebecca** 7, 118
Port Republic VA
- Liu, Chen-ou** 36
Ajax ON
- Losak, Amy** 12
Teaneck NJ
- Lucky, Bob** 15, 23, 122
Jubail, Saudi Arabia
- Mahoney, Hannah** 33
Cambridge MA
- Makino, Annette** 16
Arcata CA
- Martin, Jeannie** 116
Arlington MA
- Mason, Scott** 15
Chappaqua NY
- McMunn-Tetango, Elizabeth** 9
Merced CA
- McClintock, Michael** 7, 33
Clovis CA
- McGregor, Marietta** 17
Canberra, Australia
- McKeon, Joe** 68, 70
Strongsville OH
- McLaughlin, Dorothy** 24
Somerset NJ
- Metzler, Sarah E.** 30
Marion Center PA
- Miller, Jayne** 15
Hazel Green WI
- Moore, Lenard D.** 15
Raleigh NC
- Moss, Ron C.** 30, 47
Tasmania, Australia
- Newton, Peter** 8, 24, 54, 115, 116
Winchendon MA
- Nordeen, Elizabeth** 11
Portland OR
- Oblak, Polona** 32
Ljubljana, Slovenia
- O'Connor-Hall, Phoebe** 24
Bethany CT
- Olinger, Ellen Grace** 117, 120
Oostburg WI
- Olson, Debbie** 23
Syracuse NY
- Olson, Marian** 6, 34
Santa Fe NM
- Owen, Renée** 71–75
Sebastopol CA
- Packer, Roland** 70
Hamilton ON
- Painting, Tom** 59, 61, 74
Atlanta GA
- Paris, Sarah** 25
San Francisco CA
- Partridge, Brent** 116
Orinda CA
- Patchel, Christopher** 3, 118, 121
Libertyville IL
- Pauly, Bill** 12, 122
Asbury IA
- Pearce, Jacqueline** 16
Vancouver BC
- Pierides, Stella** 63
London, England
- Philippou, Dru** 73–74
Taos NM
- Pretti, Sharon** 7, 33
San Francisco CA
- Ramesh, Kala** 35
Pune, India
- Ramsey, William M.** 32, 117
Myrtle Beach SC

- Rees, Lynne** 49
Kent, England
- Renda, Samantha** 10, 22
Cape Town, South Africa
- Rickert, Bryan** 11, 35
Belleville IL
- Rielly, Edward J.** 142–43
Westbrook ME
- Root-Bernstein, Michele** 65, 69,
East Lansing MI 118
- Ross, Bruce** 28, 144
Hampden ME
- Rotella, Alexis** 46, 48
Arnold MD
- Sacramona, Tom** 30
Plainville MA
- Schaefer, Michelle** 18, 37
Bothell WA
- Schwerin, Dan** 17, 20, 117–18, 120
Greendale WI
- Schwader, Ann K.** 30
Westminster CO
- Simpson, Gary** 29
Fairview Heights IL
- Simpson, Sandra** 16
Tauranga, New Zealand
- Skrivseth, DW** 27
St. Anthony MN
- Stevenson, John** 13, 34, 37, 51,
Nassau NY 119, 120
- Stillman, Jeff** 13, 31, 60
Norwich NY
- Summers, Alan** 11
Chippenham, England
- Swanson, Lesley Anne** 75
Coopersburg PA
- Swede, George** 26, 27, 114
Toronto, ON
- Swist, Wally** 20, 27
Amherst MA
- Tarquinio, Rick** 21
Bridgeton NJ
- Tauchner, Dietmar** 14, 21
Puchberg, Austria
- Thiermann, Jennifer** 17, 26
Glenview IL
- Timmer, Corine** 67
Algarve, Portugal
- Tompkins, Pat** 25
San Mateo CA
- Trumbull, Charles** 76–101,
Santa Fe NM 102–08
- van Leeuwen, Els** 55
Sydney, Australia
- Wallihan, Diane** 56
Port Townsend WA
- Warther, Julie** 29, 34, 67–70,
Dover OH 120, 121
- Watts, Lew** 66
Santa Fe NM
- Welch, Michael Dylan** 31, 39
Sammamish WA
- Whitman, Neal** 19
Pacific Grove CA
- Wilson, Billie** 117
Juneau AK
- Woolpert, Alison** 65
Santa Cruz CA
- Zajkowski, Lori** 120
New York NY

