

# frogpond



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GARY HOITAM  
GERSTHOFEN, GERMANY  
6 JAN 87

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## WORD FROM THE EDITOR

---

ESL

the rounded basket  
filling with haiku  
& begonia blossoms

About a year ago the famous classic photographer Andre Kertesz, now in his nineties, visited Santa Fe for the opening of a retrospective exhibit of his work. In a story about him, a local reporter wrote of Kertesz, considered one of the fathers of photojournalism and candid photography, that his photographs “combine a haunting simplicity, a subtle geometry and a powerful poetry.” Kertesz himself once said, “I always photographed what the moment told me.” Perhaps there is a kernel of wisdom there for haiku poets. He did not say that he photographed what the moment ‘showed’ him, but rather what the moment ‘told’ him, which I take to be quite a different and deeper thing. Just so, the memorable haiku is not written from a superficial surface view of a moment’s experience, but from a more centered awareness, from what the moment *tells* the poet.

An important new book is now available: Cor van den Heuvel’s revised and expanded *Haiku Anthology* (Simon & Schuster). This handsome paperback brings together a bountiful and varied collection of haiku and senryu plus an informative introduction and appendix. Cause indeed for celebration in the haiku world and for congratulations to Cor—with the hope that not too many years will pass before a third edition appears including the work of even more of the younger generation of fine haiku poets now writing.

Another book I wish to mention is the beautiful small chapbook, *Against the Night* by James Minor (Juniper Press). This is one example of the many and varied haiku chapbooks now appearing. This one, listed in the May *Frogpond*, is special by virtue of its dedication “in memory of Raymond Roseliep.” Elsewhere in this current issue are other haiku for Raymond Roseliep/Sobi-Shi, whose influence continues to be felt in the haiku world three years after his death. As my own tribute, I quote one of my favorite haiku from *Against the Night*:

autumn moon  
the harvesting stillness  
of Sobi-Shi

*James Minor*

As this year draws to a close and *Frogpond* completes its ninth year, my wish for all of you is that you will experience an ever deepening sense of the wonder of the now moment and what it tells you.

May haiku bring you joy!



MUSEUM OF HAIKU LITERATURE (TOKYO) AWARD

\$25 for best previously unpublished haiku  
from *Frogpond IX:3*

The worm  
far out on this paved lot  
more rain

*John-Bruce Shoemaker*

November gusts  
dead spider clings  
to its web

As we argue  
a beetle shell rocks  
on the window ledge

Autumn evening  
she paints her nails  
I star gaze

She won't speak to me . . .  
neither will Basho, Buson  
or even Issa

*George Swede*

Silence  
after hard words:  
ice settles in my glass

*Rich Youmans*

fire in the caves  
of his eyes  
her cold, wet hands

*Marian Olson*

first snow . . .  
the cherry blossoms falling  
last May

*Claire Cooperstein*

Before Tutankhamon  
before even Exodus  
these redwood giants

All Souls two weeks gone  
still he sits there shrunken smile  
the jack o' lantern

*Ruth G. Iodice*

rain gust  
the old cicada shell  
disappears

deepening  
the stillness  
a leaf falling

autumn waning  
a melon left  
on a fencepost

into my sleep  
the moon calling  
with your voice

*Stephen Hobson*

Autumn evening . . .  
drifting in the pond:  
feathers

*Joe Nutt*



blue-grey lichen patch  
crusting the shredding bark  
on the old cedar

bright woodland fungi  
grow like seashells  
on the trees  
rich earth  
fragrance

luminous maple  
bright gold leaves  
tossing in wind  
by the old  
mill house

(for F. R. G.  
Bridgewater, CT)

*E. Barrie Kavasch*

centered  
in a shaft of sunlight  
his chanted *aum*

drifting  
into my daydream  
Andean flute

rooster at sunset  
above a wisp of cloud  
a wisp of moon

*Margarita Mondrus Engle*

pine-filtered moon . . .  
a nightjar scoops a spider  
from its web

sipping white lightning  
from a jug . . .  
campers and a moonshiner

click  
of poker chips at dawn . . .  
a nuthatch trills

November dawn . . .  
the swamp lilies' fragrance  
floats toward winter

*Charles B. Dickson*

early autumn hunt:  
blowflies on the shoulder  
of a fallen moose

*Gloria H. Procsal*

in autumn woods—  
a wild turkey  
outrunning the hounds

*Marjorie Burney Willis*

a gust  
of bluejays through the pines  
last evening's rain

*Tom Smith*

1986 HAROLD G. HENDERSON CONTEST WINNERS

FIRST PRIZE  
(\$100)

light  
up under the gull's wing:  
sunrise

*Ruth M. Yarrow*

SECOND PRIZE  
(\$50)

second husband  
painting the fence  
the same green

*Carol Montgomery*

THIRD PRIZE  
(\$25)

such coolness  
the snail stretches  
its neck

*Clark Strand*

We were very pleased with the quality of the 275 poems submitted to the Henderson Contest this year, and have selected, in addition to the three prize winning haiku, six haiku for honorable mention (given below in no particular order) and a senryu which we both thought was outstanding, though not a haiku.

Geraldine C. Little  
William J. Higginson  
Judges

#### HONORABLE MENTION

the one legged bird  
that deep bend before  
taking off

*David E. LeCount*

bird song  
lost  
in bird song

*Peggy Willis Lyles*

walking in on her  
dead eyes reflecting  
snowfall

*Bill Pauly*

in the sea  
the fireworks  
rising

*Rebecca Rust*

bird feeder untouched . . .  
  
alone again

*Ruby Spriggs*

circling each thigh  
cool  
of the night river

*Ruth M. Yarrow*

## SENRYU\*

small child  
afraid to throw away  
his Church Bulletin

*Carol Montgomery*

\*Traditionally, haiku and senryu share the same form. However, while haiku focus on our perceptions of the natural world, including but not emphasizing humans, senryu focus on human foibles. Senryu usually poke a bit of fun at people, and may have the biting tinge of sarcasm. We both feel that Montgomery's "second husband" is seen as a natural being, doing the natural thing, and find that poem to be a haiku, though one rich with humor. The "small child" seems more focused on the human emotion and the humor, making it a senryu in our judgment, but one with a good deal of depth. We do not feel that a senryu is eligible for a prize in a haiku contest, but hope this will help clarify the differences between the two genres.

EJH & GCL



nobody there  
to meet me  
pouring rain

we talk of our past  
my wife picks wax from the candlestick  
burns it in the flame

*nick avis*

bodhidharma  
taken down and replaced  
with O'Keeffe's iris

*George Jaramillo-Leone*

Glinting by the curb:  
a strand of tinsel foil  
is all that remains . . .

*Renge*

From the church  
organ practice scares  
the roosting birds

Old gravestones tilt;  
moonlight shadowed  
by a passing owl

The fly crossing  
Titian's masterpiece  
stops to wash its foot

*Elizabeth Hillman*

finding my father  
in a Franz Hals painting—  
how his eyes twinkle

*Francine Porad*

in the dusk  
another jogger  
on the wet sidewalk

*Lenard D. Moore*

the wind  
rubbing the lake  
the wrong way

starting a journey  
the back-looking face  
washed with rain

the barking of seals  
comes to the mainland  
as a mist

*Jane Reichhold*

A fox stands  
in the barn's shadow  
hunters moon

*Doreen Breheney Robles*

his grin  
over the roar of the motorbike—  
distant river

evening swallows  
a real estate agent  
pounds a sign into the lawn

shielding my eyes  
from the blind woman's  
lit-up house

*Rod Willmot*

autumn stillness  
cicada's paper shell  
lying in the path

another child's grave  
among the headstones  
grasslands cemetery

*Yuri*

summer wind through the corn:  
the flow of the milky way  
this August night

still aloft  
near the barn roof  
the old hay fork

calf's tongue  
stroking my hand  
before the fire

*Edward J. Rielly*

The silence  
of the carpenter's hammer  
cold autumn wind

*Season*

Grave-visit shadows  
from the lantern's candle  
moonless autumn night

*Charles B. Rodning*



NEITHER KERNEL NOR SHELL  
A Solo Renga  
by  
Lenore Mayhew

Autumn's high stars  
ease away the thick heat  
of summer

Sliding faster—  
the rising water

Along the bank the willows  
pull up  
the roses grow vivid

In the university library  
concentration reaches the ceiling

Every wet flake  
of snow  
finds a place to stick

All sorts of cakes  
the same icing

Small princess—  
under the blue satin gown  
jeans and a sweater

The nun in the coffee shop  
real, or “carnavale”?

Walking all the way  
the sunburnt Chiyo-ni  
called a “devil”

Underneath her bulk  
“a willow still”

New moon,  
the best rooms in the house  
for the new wife

“You don’t need a weatherman  
to know which way the wind blows”

Under the ramshackle  
porch, the dog and the cat—  
ink clouds

Green light  
under the eaves

In the southwest corner  
grandma reads to the children, from the kitchen  
cooking sounds

Green, yellow, and red  
peppers for the country pasta

The cook’s wife  
stops her work to set straight  
the daughter’s braids

The customer at the counter  
Longhi’s Casanova

Behind the bar  
Jesus pours out grappa  
for the neighbors' wives

At the end of the alley  
Judaica: a bowl of light

The bitter air  
of winter still distancing the sun,  
all cats inside

At Auntie's Tea Room  
the chocolate cake's gone

Tea and sunlight,  
past the glass door schoolboys:  
ambience on foot

The workman hammers, coughs,  
spits, hammers, coughs

Last wire taut—  
through the peek-hole in the circus tent  
empty dressing room

Raspberry glass necklace  
a bouquet of flowers

One hat, miscellaneous sleeves—  
all dressed up to watch the house-building  
mountain monkeys

Spring sun  
and a cloud of bees

Under the juniper  
in the side garden, the white rocks  
are tender and wet

Skimming breast to breast  
duck and shadow duck

Ghost of the Orient Express:  
jet trail  
starboard at seven miles up

Above the weather and below the void  
galley clatter and hot coffee

The long movie  
unwinds in a cave—  
at the bottom silence

The violins begin again,  
her dress rustles

Along the boulevard  
the light blue flowers, dark blue  
in slanted light

In the creviced elm  
the hard sap pushes up



## HAIKU FOR A NIGHT OF INSOMNIA

in the kitchen  
I step on a cool gecko—  
its body still shaking

flying into my room,  
a bat crashes against the lamp:  
scattered cracks of light

a cock crows  
and I look out the window:  
the same empty street

*José Carlos Barbosa*

A dead butterfly  
floating in the gutter pond—  
double rainbow arcs

*Diane Webster*

old well—  
gurgles cough up  
rust

cicadas  
swaying  
the light

*Frederick Gasser*

schoolyard sycamores:  
cicadas are warming up  
the children's morning

*Nick Virgilio*

## RHODE ISLAND SEQUENCE

Rhode Island mist:  
a lone figure on the "widows walk"  
appears again

strong sea winds  
catch and release  
another shadow

long after sunset  
still counting  
the rosary

on the door  
a grapevine wreath  
drips with rain



*Joyce Currier*

Caught in the mirror  
an old face glances  
away from itself

*Tom Coon*

repointing the quoins  
in the sunlight  
red maple leaves fall

autumn storm  
my dead aunt's  
alarm ringing

*Carol Montgomery*

for him  
the measuring cup  
Christ

*Sister Mary Thomas Eulberg*

after Sobi-Shi  
seeing only the Rabbit  
no longer the Man

*Kenneth C. Leibman*

Autumn dusk:  
black pine and bell  
tower silent

Two monks  
talking . . . leaves falling  
the only sound

*Tom Wheeler*

for Thomas Merton

listening to the rain  
the bald-headed monk  
burns his supper

*Kent A. Anderson*

A brown rabbit  
sitting  
in his no-mind.

*Lenore Mayhew*

financial district,  
yellow leaves do not fall  
from the billboard

bandshell  
the bag-lady snores  
through monday rain

*Jerry Kilbride*

seventh day of rain . . .  
trying to remember  
the names of things

hunchback  
darkness the crow  
carries

*Bill Pauly*

the day after Thanksgiving  
sales in all the stores . . .  
rain since dawn

autumn rain and leaves . . .  
outside the bank  
a drunk panhandling

*M. Kettner*

punk waitress  
flowers painted down her leg  
—montreal autumn

*Charles D. Nethaway, Jr.*



THE PEOPLE'S FACES  
Mexico City Earthquake And Its Aftermath  
September 19-27, 1985

*by Ty Hadman*

The air is still  
yet the windchimes  
tremble . . .

Earthquake!  
The entire city  
wide awake!

A highrise collapses;  
the sound of high-pitched screams  
from floor to floor

A hotel leveled:  
the no-vacancy sign  
lies crumpled on the rubble

Sirens and whistles blare,  
horns honk, alarms ring  
the crowd wails

Explosions, fire and smoke,  
helicopters, soldiers in the streets—  
flashbacks of Vietnam . . .

Zona Rosa:  
the white outfits of paramedics  
spattered with blood

A common beggar:  
how badly his donation  
of rare blood was needed!

Signs of the disaster  
everywhere I go, but especially  
in the people's faces

Flaming torches:  
rescue workers digging  
deeper and deeper . . .

Cathedral full of people praying—  
each face with a different  
horrified expression!

Airport waiting room:  
nervous tourists with tickets  
watch the clock tick

Thousands of volunteers  
searching for hundreds of victims  
still buried alive . . .

Another survivor  
rescued from the rubble—  
he looks like Lazarus!

The death toll mounting;  
vultures and journalists  
they have come to prey

Day after day  
layer upon layer  
of stacked caskets  
(Hospital Juarez)

Rats on the rampage  
rampant in all the tall piles  
of rubbish and rubble

Uncovered manhole:  
people dipping plastic pails  
into sewer water

Blazing bonfire—  
a hot pot of black beans  
for the homeless

Moonlit tents:  
like one big family, the homeless  
humming hymns

Without food and water for a week  
the buried baby  
“She’s alive! She’s still alive!”

Sunday morning:  
the sound of cathedral bells  
and hammers ringing

Slowly but surely  
their lovely faces beginning  
to smile again . . .



LIVES OF THE OLDER CHINESE POETS

An old, revered stone,  
whisper of brush's tongue  
across a white silence.

Green tea at twilight,  
heron-studded sky;  
a plain conversation.

On late autumn evenings  
when the sly breeze ignores obstacles,  
gathering to drink plum wine.

*Leonard Cochran*

Here we have no names  
You cup the moon in your hands  
Trees shadow the snow

*John Roberts*

autumn darkness  
the empty pages scatter  
in the sudden gust

*Anthony J. Pupello*

Autumn wind  
the Bosai kakemono  
raps against the wall

*Matthew Louvière*

Early morning walk  
on a country road: fog whispers  
in the corn fields

Walking through  
autumn rain: wet leaves  
don't rustle

At home after  
a friend's wedding: I fill  
one wine glass

*John Mark Sheirer*

another whiskey  
even the trophy trout  
swims

*Jeffrey Winke*  
(from *Thirds*)

Perugian alleyways  
lost in the dark—  
fresh baked bread!

the overhang—  
sun creeping higher  
highlights its claw

*Humphrey Noyes*

unhinged on the post  
half a gate batters  
the wind

*Lequita Vance*

Endless traffic  
in the valley of the shadow  
commuters from Los Alamos.

(Los Alamos, a nuclear  
research center in  
northern New Mexico.)

*Peter Fortunato*

TANKA  
(For José)

The Bedford Springs Hotel:  
its white paint  
peeling;  
we walk in search of a brook  
that has long disappeared.

*Alexis Rotella*

cloudy day half a load of clothes in the wash  
a second friend with aids first falling leaves  
autumn dusk the crooked road home

*Marlene Mountain*

Threatening sky  
origami peace cranes tail  
a rocket-shaped kite

Summer cabin  
with only the roof to go—  
first snow

*Johnny Baranski*

Just turned fourteen  
my son give me a pair  
of hand-me-down shoes

*Ross Kremer*

finicky child . . .  
the towhee's  
"eat you wheat"

ravelling a sleeve  
she stretches crinkled yarn . . .  
footsteps on dry leaves

witnessing his will . . .  
the frost-hatched  
pane

*Peggy Willis Lyles*

Up the aisle:  
Bobby and his grandpa  
with the same gait

*R. Dirk*

at the track,  
finishing his laps  
the old man lights up

*Denver Stull*

In the early evening  
My grandson stepping on my shadow  
And I on his

*Herman M. Ward*

LONG LAKE RENGA  
conclusion

*Alvaro Cardona-Hine*

*Barbara Hughes*

*John Minczeski*

5.

- jm            on the shore the stones  
                 have waited for centuries  
                 to enlighten us
- ach            we know the way they do it  
                 in tight and shimmering crowds
- bh             one hundred feet deep  
                 in the middle of the lake  
                 and no different there
- jm             a blackbird feather/ a fish  
                 a single drop of water
- ach            so I say to you  
                 go looking for the owl's cry  
                 with your eyes open
- bh             and listen to the dog bark  
                 without judgment in your heart
- jm             the afternoon breeze  
                 tree limbs brush the water's skin  
                 mushrooms! silences!
- ach            you know where the woman pees  
                 the fish so happy grow wings



bh            the afternoon sun  
                  is angling down now toward home  
                  the lake leans with it

jm            the look on the old Finn's face  
                  one sprig of mint/ one of fennel

ach           at home/ on my desk  
                  the poetry languishes  
                  the place gathers dust

bh            this sky we have here today  
                  passed over our house last night

jm            the crickets are still  
                  trying to get at the heart of  
                  the impossible

ach           easy does it! says the fish  
                  incapable of drowning

bh            standing on the dock  
                  no sky above or below  
                  we jump in like frogs



Note: Preceding sections of "Long Lake Renga" appeared in *Frogpond IX*: 1, 2, 3. An error crept into Part 4; IX: 3 4th link from the end should read:

the end of August  
 everything that is green  
 green a while longer



as she places the cup  
on its saucer,  
water-lily

eight-months pregnant  
she swings  
the balloons

*Marlene L'Abbé*

hospital rounds:  
the old priests tweaks  
my toe

nursing home:  
the newcomer steals a plum  
from her neighbor's tray

*Rosamond Haas*

her fire-scarred hands:  
she still takes great care  
to keep the nails polished

*Gregory Suarez*

grandpa insists he  
still hears the crickets—  
cricket season gone

*Kevin Driscoll*

Visiting my mother-in-law . . .  
the statue stiffness  
in her pose

*Zhanna P. Rader*

No haiku for weeks  
then these hawks carving the air  
above white cliffs

*David Elliott*

straining to see  
the blue heron's return . . .  
a splash-the turtle's gone

*Anthony Manousos*

Cordillera Blanca camping:  
across the stream from us  
an avalanche roars down

Above the sunglow  
white mountain goat  
alone

Below the crags  
juniper  
tasting the wind

*Martin Kornfeld*

on the way up  
the mountain side  
the sun goes down

*Frederick Gasser*

at the foot of the mountain  
hearing the gravel crunch  
beneath our feet

*Wally Swist*

goldenandgoneleaves  
spinning and spending  
on a last lark of summer

a wayward beachball  
drifting shoreward lost and shining  
. . . like a fallen sun

first frost  
the persimmons are yellow now  
and sweet

and tomorrow will be winter  
we will enter into morning  
darkly

*anne mckay*

In this brief dream  
a tiny bird is singing  
his notes as thin as string

Autumn path  
the soft-shoe shuffle  
through fallen leaves

*Frank Trotman*

Sound of the bridge  
in this cold spell  
is different.

*Carrow De Vries*

## MAMMOTH CAVERN SEQUENCE

Mammoth Cavern    a small boy yawns  
the tour guide intones    slow drip of water  
the cavern's description lost in echoes  
exchanging smiles among stalactites  
across ancient walls    our shadows dancing

*Philip Miller*

the small boy  
unwrapping sweets in his pocket  
the swooping pigeons

the pale face  
at a high-rise window  
sparrows on the street

leaving  
with the sun  
starling cloud

*Colin Shaddick*

that moment at dusk  
    the jay's color  
overflows

now joy  
now despair  
the autumn moon

*Clark Strand*

I pass that leaf  
then go back . . .  
gold in my hand

through window frames  
of the unfinished building  
December sunset

*Sister Mary Thomas Eulberg*

Unwrapping  
Xmas ornaments—  
Last January's newspaper

Sealing the letter  
The glue  
Tastes of communion wafer

*Marco Fraticelli*

icicle  
drop by drop  
a lick of sun

*James Minor*

Icy rain;  
the little boy's toy whistle,  
his shrill laughter . . .

*Barbara McCoy*

Lighted store window:  
a night mouse discovers  
the gumdrop tree

*Jane Lambert*

winter solstice,  
my breath sparkles  
in the low sun

christmas night  
the silence behind  
the wind

*Jerry Kilbride*

One of her high black heels  
pointing upward—  
mistletoe!

*Ty Hadman*

Christmas Eve:  
on a dead branch  
a white dove settles

*Alexis Rotella*

December twilight  
I flip through the blank pages  
of next year's diary

*Norma S. Hass*



new year's eve  
candlelight moving  
on every face

*Dong Jiping*

## BOOK REVIEWS

... **sometimes in a certain light**, anne mckay. Minibook VIII, Wind Chimes Press, P.O. Box 601, Glen Burnie, MD 21061, 1985.

... **still dancing**, anne mckay. Minibook XIII, Wind Chimes Press, 1986. Both books \$1.50 each, postpaid.

Reviewed by Carol Wainright

It's difficult to write about poetry that one either loves or hates. Cliches riddle both paths. I beg the reader's forbearance if I err with the cliches of enthusiasm in describing the work of the Canadian poet, anne mckay.

anne possesses that rare blend of qualities that allows her poetry to convey the loneliness, tenderness and simplicity so highly prized in Japanese haiku. At the same time, however, the images and content are pure North American, more so perhaps in her most recent book. I like the combination very much.

Both books possess integrity and were written with great care. Each word, each phrase is the right one. The placement of the words and spaces within each haiku is done lovingly and with attention to the nuances of the individual poem. There is continuity within each book. The spirit and mood of one haiku anticipates, flows into, the next. At times, when I read these books, it is like the effect of sunlight spilling ahead of me on a forest floor.

Here and there anne begins a haiku in mid-sentence using 'and' or 'but'. I find this pleasing. We are accustomed to haiku that don't end, but drift off into a realm of feeling and ambiguity. Why not begin so? It's as if the poet had been lost in a world of sensations, oblivious of the reader, and then gently turned to the reader again. The kaleidoscope of color and sound moves slightly.

The poet is respectful of rules, yet slips around them when the requirements of a haiku demand that she do so. Most of the haiku use from fifteen to seventeen syllables, but if more are needed they are used. Never, however, are the words unnecessary. Some haiku use articles, some don't. Again, this is determined by the needs of the poem and not by a preconceived notion. Ordinarily poets avoid the use of similes in haiku, but anne uses even this technique when appropriate. This haiku, for example, is a delight precisely because of the simile:

halfhiding  
the darting play of children  
shy as trout

It reminds me of Issa's creative flexibility and use of simile. For example:

The soft willow  
Yielding as a woman,  
Invites me to pass  
Through the hedge. (tr. Yuasa)



anne loves to combine words to form new words filled with color and taste like dreamspeaker, yellowochre russet, gallgreen and frostflowers. The twentieth century Swedish poet, Harry Martinson, who wrote so simply of nature, did this with his haystackedcloud summers and blue thundercloudberries.

... *sometimes in a certain light* is a collection of twenty-nine haiku dedicated to Douglas. They are poems of things past, of things vulnerable in the present, of things seen...in a certain light. They are poems of fragile loneliness where sadness carries to the edge of joy. The concluding haiku is exceptional, but here are three examples from the early pages of the book:

and the pears we waited for ...  
ripening too late  
by a too thin sun

the landings look so small  
so vulnerable  
when the tide is down

only four golden pippens  
this year  
in the old priory orchard

... *still dancing* bears a double dedication—to the Salish weavers of Soowahlie Indian Reservation and to Hal Roth “a weaver of words.” This is appropriate. Hal Roth, the editor of Wind Chimes Press, continues to produce a fine series of chapbooks and to provide an outlet for the many and varied expressions of North American haiku. The Salish Indians are an ancient people of British Columbia and the American Northwest whose weaving had achieved the perfection of art long before Europeans arrived.

anne’s book is a collection of twenty-four haiku which reach through the weaving to touch the people, especially the women whose fingers still know the old ways. A book I found in the library mentioned an Old Woman whose spirit still lives among these weavers and who gives to her daughters “. . . a special empathy, a special consideration, and she is always there in those times when a woman feels alone; always in those times when the room is full of daemons and the night is crowded with phantoms. She lives everywhere, capable of transmutation of form, trans-



These pieces open the "spring" section of the book, which has three other sections of "summer," "autumn," and "winter," and they are obviously well done. But then I begin to wonder: Are they real? About the first, did a rooster in fact keep at cock-a doddle-doo long enough for Mr. Moore, presumably idly watching spring plowing, to be puzzled by the bird's persistence? Aren't we more prone to notice, mostly in insomniac discomfiture, the repeated call of a rooster in the hours before dawn, when plowing is unlikely to be underway in the field? As for the second, isn't the picture too pat to be true?

Here are two other pieces from "spring:"

the old monk  
singing  
in honeysuckle fragrance

through the window  
a moonlit candle flickers  
in a young girl's hand

Again, the images are appropriately haiku-esque, and they are described well (except perhaps the word "young" in the second piece, which some might find redundant). But, are they real?

Or, take these two pieces from the "summer" section:

Summer sunset—  
old oak's shadow lengthening  
on the sunken grave

the crippled dog's  
old bone  
beside the snake

The first may describe an actual scene, but its image strikes me as too conventional to be convincing. The second recalls Richard Eberhart's magnificent poem, "The Groundhog." But whereas the speaker in that poem visits, four times in four years, the spot where he saw a groundhog lying dead, here the observer doesn't seem to have done the actual observing. Somehow the words "crippled" and "old" and the combination of a dead dog and a snake suggest that the picture was merely imagined.

Imagining, of course, is an integral part of writing. The question is whether or not it's convincingly reproduced. From time to time, Mr. Moore's imagining does make me pause and marvel, as in:

Long after sundown  
the sound of ripe plums  
plumping the ground

Here, "Long after sundown" may be too considered, but the phrase is acceptable probably because in this piece the initial idea itself appears to be a considered one.

On the whole, though, *the open eye* gives the impression of someone who read a couple of haiku books and decided to try his hand. That's the way many of us get going, and Mr. Moore's collection isn't a bad start. But so far he has written textbook haiku. At the risk of sounding avuncular, I'd like to express the hope that he will move a step forward and try to be true to himself the next time around.

## BITS & PIECES

### HAIKU PUBLICATIONS

*Oak Grove Haiku*. Congratulations to John Sheirer on the first issue of this new magazine! Note these changes 1) 2 issues per year, instead of 3; those who have subscribed at the \$4 rate will receive issues 1, 2, and 3. 2) new address: 123-B W. Washington, Athens, OH 45701.

*Oak Grove Haiku* also publishes mini-chapbooks. See book listing for the first, by John Sheirer, already out; coming this fall are  *Holding Dusk*  by Bob Boldman and  *Antiphony of Bells*  by Alexis Rotella. \$2 each postpaid, advance orders welcome.

*Cicada Supplement (Amelia)* will appear as a separate chapbook as of January 1. Single copies \$3.50; subscriptions to *Cicada* \$12 (foreign \$4.50, \$15 air-mail). Frederick A. Raborg, Jr., Editor, 329 "E" St., Bakersfield, CA 93304.

### BOOK NEWS

For his book *Haiku in English* (to be written in Japanese and published in Japan), Mr. Hiroaki Sato (326 West 22 St., New York, NY 10011) will welcome any personal recollection of the use of haiku as an educational tool in classrooms before the 60's; he is especially interested in learning if the haiku form was used in classrooms before World War II.

For information on ordering *The Haiku Anthology* (van den Heuvel) and *The Haiku Handbook* (Higginson), send a self-addressed stamped envelope to: The Bookfactory, P.O. Box 72, Mt. Lakes, NJ 07046.

### COVER ART

Thank to Barbara Gurwitz for the feather drawing.

### CORRECTIONS

My apologies for errors which appeared in the last issue. The middle line of Edward J. Rielly's haiku on p. 9 should have read "the flow of the milky way"; on page 26 the second line of Johnny Baranski's third haiku should have read "origami peace cranes tail". Both of these haiku are reprinted elsewhere in this issue. So also is the second haiku from Humphrey Noyes' sequence "The Mani" page 37 which contained an error in the third line which should have read "highlights its claw". Note how well this haiku stands alone. In "The Long Lake Renga" page 30, the third line of the second link from the bottom should read "green a while longer." See Note following conclusion of the renga in this issue for a reprint of the entire link.

### SOS FOR ADDRESS

Robert A. Goodnow: Contributor's copy sent to address on his submission has been returned. Will anyone with a current address please let me have it. Thanks. ESL

## HAIKU CONTESTS

The Poetry Society of Japan is sponsoring its first International Tanka Contest and third International Haiku Contest (in English), open to the general public as well as to members. For rules send SAE with one IRC to: The Poetry Society of Japan, 5-11 Nagike-cho, Showa-ku, Nagoya 466, Japan. Deadline: December 31, 1986.

The North Carolina Haiku Society announces its 1987 Haiku Contest. For a copy of the rules, send SASE to North Carolina Haiku Society, 326 Golf Course Drive, Raleigh, NC 27610. Deadline December 31, 1986, in hand.

The Hawaii Education Association announces its Tenth Annual Haiku Writing Contest with November 15, 1986 deadline. For a copy of the rules, write Hawaii Education Association, 1649 Kalakua Ave., Honolulu, HI 96826. SASE.

Poets' Study Club of Terre Haute, Indiana, has announced its 1987 international poetry contest. One of the three categories is Traditional Haiku. For a copy of rules, SASE to Martha Oprisko, Contest Chairman, 1609 South 5th Street, Apt. 2, Terre Haute, IN 47802. Deadline is February 1, 1987.

Rockland County Haiku Society announces its first annual Loke Hilikimani Haiku Contest. Deadline is February 28, 1987. Send SASE to Leatrice Lifshitz, Rockland County Haiku Society, 3 Hollow Tree Court, Pomono, NY 10907, for a copy of rules.

## BOOKS AND CHAPBOOKS RECEIVED

Listing of new books is for information only and does not imply endorsement by the magazine nor the Haiku Society of America. Future issues will carry reviews of some of these titles.

- Petals on the Stream: haiku from four seasons in Japan* by Suezan Aikins. Hand-printed into brocade-bound 40-fold accordion books made in Kyoto. 1985, \$12. US. From author, Prospect, Nova Scotia, Canada B0J 2V0.
- ripe red apples* by Kent A. Anderson. 1985, unpagged, \$2.50 ppd. From author, 1615 22nd Ave. N.E., Minneapolis, MN 55418.
- Fish Pond Moon* by Johnny Baranski. Sunburst Press, P.O. Box 14205, Portland, OR 97214. 1986, unpagged miniature, \$3. Sunburst Matchbooks #2
- 1987 Poet's Market* by Judson Jerome. Writer's Digest Books. 372 pps., 1986, \$16.95 hardcover.
- In Frozen Fields: twenty-one haiku* by Mark Allan Johnson. Haiku Zasshi Zo Publ. Co., P.O. Box 17056, Seattle, WA 98117. 1985, unpagged, \$3.
- This Year's Oak: 40 Haiku* by Robert N. Johnson. Cy Johnson & Son, P.O. Box 288, Susanville, CA 96130. 1986, 8 pps., \$2. ppd.
- A Few from the Yuba* by Jim Normington. Red Chrysanthemum. 1986, unpagged, \$2. From author, 2533 Castro Way, Sacramento, CA 95818.
- Connections: Haiku, Senryu, and Sketches* and *Pen and Inklings: Haiku, Senryu, and Sketches* (Vol. 2) by Francine Porad. Vandina Press, P.O. Box 1551, Mercer Island, WA 98040. 1986, unpagged, \$5. each, ppd.
- Tule: Haiku* by Frederick A. Raborg, Jr., AMELIA, 329 "E" St., Bakersfield, CA 93304. 1986, unpagged, paper w/jacket \$5.95, numbered and signed \$15.
- Graying Hair Gathers Snow: Winter Haiku* by John Sheirer. Oak Grove Haiku Press, 123-B W. Washington, Athens, OH 45701. 1986, \$2. ppd. Oak Grove Press Mini-book #1.
- Sun Shadow, Moon Shadow: haiku, graphics and calligraphy* by Ruby Spriggs. Heron's Cove Press, RR 2, Oxford Mills, Ont., Canada K0G 1S0. 1986, 44 pps., \$5 ppd.
- 80 Haiku* by Sakuzo Takada. 1986, 112 pps., \$8. US, hardcover with jacket. From author, 1-8-13, Koenji-kita, Suginami-ku, Tokyo, Japan 166.
- 70 Sevens: Pathways of the Dragonfly* by Tombo. Middlewood Press, P.O. Box 11236, Salt Lake City, UT 84147. 1986, 80 pps., \$5. plus 40¢ shipping.
- The Haiku Anthology: Haiku and and Senryu in English* edited by Cor van den Heuvel. Simon & Schuster Inc., a Fireside Book. 1986, 368 pps., \$8.95.

## HSA NEWS & BUSINESS

### HSA MERIT BOOK AWARDS 1987

Cash prizes for the HSA Merit Book Awards will be:

First Prize:	\$100.00
Second Prize:	\$75.00
Third Prize:	\$50.00

Books published in 1985 and 1986 are eligible for consideration. Send entries to Penny Harter, Box 219, Fanwood, NJ 07023. Judge(s) will be announced later. Books should be sent as soon as possible and should be postmarked not later than December 31, 1986.

### DUES REMINDER

Annual dues for membership in the Haiku Society of America are payable on January 1, 1987. Please renew as soon as possible. This will enable the officers to plan the year's activities and will also ensure receipt of the first 1987 issue of *Frogpond* without delay. Dues should be sent to the Membership Secretary Doris Heitmeyer, 315 East 88th St., Apt. 1F, #42, New York, NY 10128.

A word of clarification—half-year memberships are available to members joining the Haiku Society after the 1st of July. Donations, tax-deductible, are welcomed at any time of the year and are greatly appreciated.

### HSA ANNUAL FINANCIAL REPORT

October, 1985—September, 1986

I. Beginning Balance 10/1/85		\$1524.23
II. Income		
Membership Dues	4755.00	
Single Issues Frogpond	633.00	
Henderson Contest Entries	255.00	
Contributions	568.39	
Other	100.00	
Sub-total Income	6311.39	<u>6311.39</u>
III. Payments		
Frogpond Publishing	3588.32	
Postage	1238.00	
Awards	200.00	
Stationery	175.00	
Xeroxing	200.00	
Bank Fees	19.70	
Other	122.50	
Sub-total Payments	5543.52	<u>5543.52</u>
IV. Balance 9/30/86		2292.10

R. Kremer  
Treasurer, HSA

