

frogpond



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HAIKU SOCIETY OF AMERICA
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WORD FROM THE PRESIDENT

I leave the office of HSA president, after two very special years, with mixed feelings. On one hand, my personal experience has been so positive that I'd like to stay on; on the other hand, I believe that someone else should have an opportunity to bring new ideas and a fresh approach to our membership. I believe that change can be positive.

We've accomplished a great deal during the past two years: our by-laws have been revised, our membership has grown to nearly 500 (many former members have rejoined and new members come to us weekly), the Merit Book Awards have become an annual event, we've strengthened communication with haiku groups in Japan, attendance at meetings is better than ever, our 20th anniversary volume fund-raiser was a huge success, and by the time this reaches you, our anniversary weekend will have been celebrated. Regional groups are sharing the spirit of haiku in several areas of the country, and this is very significant to me as the focus of my activity has been to encourage a greater sense of community among HSA members in all geographic areas.

I've also tried to convey, through considerable correspondence, that each member, however well-known and however unknown, is as important to the HSA as any other. There is no room for ego and "self-service," no room for "topdogs" and "underdogs," for feuds and vendettas. However, there is room for every voice to be heard, room for growth, change, and discovery, for healthy dialogue. I urge you all to look forward to our next twenty years with understanding, compassion, generosity of spirit, and a communal striving for excellence in our craft. Most of all, I urge you to remain active. Be a "mover" and a "shaker."

The HSA has been good to me; I hope that, in some small way, I've given something back. My thanks go to all of you who have worked so hard for the good of the HSA, thanks, too, for your many letters and telephone calls, for your support and caring; special thanks go to the members of the executive board with whom I served and to all members of our various committees. I wish the in-coming officers Godspeed, and for each of you I wish health, peace, and happiness—the blessings of the Universe—and a life enriched by haiku.

Adele Kenny, President
The Haiku Society of America, Inc.
1987, 1988

MUSEUM OF HAIKU LITERATURE (TOKYO) AWARDS

\$25 Awards for previously unpublished material
from *Frogpond XI:3*

Haiku

a swallowtail
settles
on the prize-winning quilt

Alexis Rotella

Sequence

"Walking Home on a Summer Afternoon"

Frederick Gasser

deep inside the faded wood a scarlet maple

downtown graveyard
the taxi driver's meter
clicks

nick avis

the swallows
suddenly gone
taking summer with them

autumn dragonflies
whispering my thoughts
here and there

the cold
like acid
etching my bones

Peter Duppenthaler

head down to the wind
rattle of long brown seedpods
on locust boughs

night wind from the hills
the blind coon hound lifts its head
and sniffs

Charles B. Dickson

Red—
On the first leaf
Cutting trail

Hawks cool
The first
Reds of autumn

Most polished stone—
On
One desk

(for Jerry Kilbride)

vincent tripi

reflected
in each go stone—
autumn sky

George Klacsanzky

leaves turning,
old woman walking her dog

M. Kettner

alone in the cemetery crow sound
sundown the wino follows his shadow

autumn wind
the cat's tail
curls up on his back

Philip Miller

daybreak
bugling elk
no end to the sound

snow geese
Sarah discovers
the letter V

James Minor

the guide posing
beneath eight black bears
not taken for meat

wind
guides night
to the foxes' lair

Bill Pauly

monarch lights yarrow
lifts
lights again

beside the brook's rush
New England aster
coated with frost

lingering
in the oak
autumn twilight

Wally Swist

First frost!
A stiff-legged cricket
Inches into the scarecrow's starry sleeve

Karen Kay Tsakos

Motionless blue
Above the cornfield
Fine autumn weather

The plane undisturbed
So far above
This autumn wind

Eleanor Wolff

going out of my way
to crunch them as I walk;
first leaves of autumn

the end of my lane—
I open the sagging gate
to autumn sunset

Lee Gurga

a little drunk
with the moon
among the pumpkins

marianne bluger

harvest moon rising
due east down the street—
the traffic goes on

Michael McNierney

fall festival—
through the crowd a woman
with a wooden flute

Peggy Willis Lyles

brooms at the Crafts Fair
no one tests them
but grandfather . . .

fresh apple peelings
in Pap's cigar box
—her last gift

Carol Montgomery

Blossoms now a dream
even the corn withered
but apples! Apples . . .

Herta Rosenblatt

smell of wood
and rotting apples
in the heat

Lenard D. Moore

The autumn wind
leaves scraping across the road;
above—honking geese

R. Dirk

The silence after geese
fade from sight
part of me following

David Elliott

PUDDLES
Cor van den Heuvel

I: The Side of the Road

s/its
to
It is getting toward evening after a drizzly day of hiking and I feel somehow comforted by the lonely look of a puddle of clear water by the side of the road. It is a loneliness that complements and intensifies my own, and I feel a sad happiness in recognizing my mood in the landscape around me. The pool also seems to carry a wordless message of oneness in its shallow depths—for under the overcast sky its crystal emptiness fills with a muted light, a light that comes from something alone and eternal. It, the puddle, is temporary—like me—and will soon be gone. I stop on the deserted highway as dusk comes down and look long into ~~its~~^{the} clear waters ~~and~~^{to} find a purity and peace that will sustain me for many miles to come.

a floating maple leaf turns slowly around

II: The Window-Washer's Pail

On a side street in Manhattan, a window-washer is getting ready to clean the windows of a small storefront. It is a bright spring morning, with a cool blue sky and a few white clouds scudding here and there. A new-looking galvanized-metal pail stands glittering on the sidewalk. Inside, the metal glows under clear water. Sunlight is just leaning into the pail, throwing a shadow from a floating sponge down into the water and onto the sides of the pail. The irregularities of the natural sponge are like those of a small wooded island, so there are also shadows on the sponge. A breeze gently sails it across the waters of the pail.

daytime moon—
sand left in the gutter
by the spring rains

III. Passing

A clear puddle on the sidewalk covers a small iron valve-cover with the raised letters WATER across it. Seeing the word through and in that which it means or stands for seems to hold a special meaning for me. As I gaze into the pool, and as passersby, I suppose, pass by, glimmerings of the power of words and the power of natural phenomena intermingle in my mind. The word becoming the thing, the thing in the word—here is the word in the thing—the magic of poetry and nature seem somehow combining to tell me something about reality and the human mind. Suddenly I realize

that the water is disappearing! Not that I can see it doing so, but invisible molecules are continually taking off from this small pool, like seeds from a thistle, into the atmosphere. In several hours there will be nothing but a dusty sidewalk and an uncovered word. The pool will be gone, perhaps floating in a cloud far out over the ocean or above a mountain away off in the Catskills.

dawn
the motel sign IN THE PINES
goes out

IV. A Tidepool

A grey autumn day. A chill ^{wind} blows along the deserted beach in Wells, Maine. It is low tide, and a huge boulder leans about four feet high out of the damp sand. In the curved depression around its base, carved in the sand by the swirling tide, the ocean has left a cold tidepool that the wind ripples all afternoon. The clear grey water under the grey overcast sky seems shaken with all the loneliness of existence. The most distant corners of the universe are somehow here in this small, moving, yet unmoving, pool that will—when the tide returns—again be one with the ocean.

at low tide
water in a clam shell
the autumn wind

V. On the Mountain

The fringes of the timberline—grasses and small spruces and firs—cling to the rocky cliffs at the top of Mount Kinsman in New Hampshire's White Mountains. There is a spring in a hollow just below the summit ledge, in among some of the taller of the dwarfed trees. I look through the water—as if through a heightened nothingness—and see a few rocks and a little drift of sand loom from the bottom with such clarity they seem to belong to another dimension. The pool is a nothing that contains everything: the stars and moon appear there at night, the sky and clouds wander through it during the day—and each morning the sun sends a light down through the trees and into its transparent depths. And now, I, too, plumb these few inches of nothing, and find them somehow infinite and glorious, and I look off into the distance to see mountain peaks after mountain peaks going in long ranks all about me—yet not even the most distant, somewhere in far New York, takes my mind and eye so far as this little pool under the spruce trees.

a butterfly flutters out over the falls

**HSA MERIT BOOK AWARDS
for books published during 1987**



First Prize:
\$100.00

MIGRATING GEESE

by Adele Kenny
(Muse-Pie Press)

Second Prize:
\$50.00

SMALL TOWN/BIG CITY

by Donald McLeod
(All Night Press)

Third Prize:
\$25.00

FAMILY PORTRAIT

by Edward J. Rielly
(adVance Press)

First Honorable Mention:

REED SHADOWS

by John Wills
(Burnt Lake Press
and Black Moss Press)

Second Honorable Mention:

HAIKU POND

by Vincent Tripi
(Vide Press)

Judges: Charles D. Nethaway, Jr.
Geraldine Clinton Little
Jerry Kilbride

THE 1988 HENDERSON HAIKU AWARDS
Sponsored by the Haiku Society of America



First Prize
\$100.00

a single strand
of spider silk
stops her

Dan Burke

Second Prize
\$50.00

endlessly becoming,
clouds

Lesley Einer

Third Prize
\$25.00

mime
lifting
fog

Jerry Kilbride



Senryu Selections Made by the Judges to be Cited in
No Particular Order As Poems of Special Note in the Genre
(in lieu of honorable mentions)

taking time . . .
listening
to the grocery clerk

Carolyn Talmadge

in the Yukon
sleeping with one eye shut
the summer night

Elizabeth St. Jacques

in soap bubbles
again and again
his face is broken

Bill Pauly

Judges: Alan Pizzarelli
Anita Virgil Garner

mist and a chill
the river hardly moving
this fall day

in the large shadow
a white horse
with no shadow

balancing just so
a seagull and a blackbird
holding in the wind

Anna Vakar

A wet leaf
Sticks to the road
Autumn rain

H. Batt

the wind
wears out everything
but the sky

after the rain
the sky is the first
to dry

empty cross
without a scarecrow
autumn nightfall

James O'Neil

to and fro
quickly
the quail

night courtyard
three quarters of a ring
of giant puffball mushrooms

walking out the door
lightning flashes
through a rainbow

Brent Partridge

potted plants
lean toward the rain:
i let the cat in

Dale Loucareas

down from the stone bridge,
alone in the cold darkness:
the star in the creek

Nick Virgilio

above the stalled freight train
a flock of birds
flying south

winter fog:
all day long
a line of seagulls on the ice

Mary Lu Fennell

DAWN AT JAKE'S BAR AND GRILL
Elliot Richman

Asleep on sawdust floor
I dream of redwood forests

A silverfish
licks my face

Rats in ceiling:
the distant sound of an AK-47

Lautrec's crippled feet
squash my brain

A miniature Zen garden:
dark pebbles in sawdust

One-eyed blind man:
the plate glass window
in first light

Appearing out of darkness:
crows on telephone wires

A fly washes its hands
on a dusty plastic leaf

Leaping sawdust:
fleas from Jake's mutt

My fingers caress
someone else's vomit

In sawdust
a tattered photograph
of a soldier from Nam

Rain:
thousands of prison guards'
billy clubs tapping lineup

Smoother than ocean boulders—
wood floor between bar stools

Under the bar,
yellow mold growing

Wobbling away
from a puddle of beer
a jagged row of ants

So quiet in dawn.
Only a radio preacher
from apartment above

With a monstrous crunch
a roach devours
a sliver of potato chip

Blood in my mouth.
Another fight?
Or merely the disease of Keats?

Ribs form
a cell around my heart

A tarantula becomes a woman's glove

A roach's bodybag—
empty Marlboro pack

Ah, cricket,
I bet you wish
you were in Issa's hut

SUNSET STRIP SERIES

Even over
the Marlboro Man
dawn lightens the sky

Sweeping the sidewalk
he glances back
at his salon

Workmen chip off
the old false-brick panels
another new front

Reading the news
the bus driver waits
for the next load

"Star Maps, 3 blocks"
instead, looking up
the night sky

Harriet Kofalk



Arms piled with dresses
the shop-girl watches
rain seep through the wall

Ira Stone

In a dim lit subway
the pregnant woman sighing:
a ghettablaster

Barry Goodmann

filing for divorce;
top layer of the wedding cake
left in the freezer

Dorothy McLaughlin

the poplars chatter
our words come close to winter
hail on the lawn chairs

Gerald Vizenor

mailed to his wife
from his live-in love
funeral bills

Doreen Breheney Robles

A month til winter . . .
 skeleton leaf quivering
 in the morning rain

Autumn night . . .
 a strip of no-win lotto tickets
 cartwheeling down the street

Mary Fields

empty martin house
sways autumn wind
seagulls cry

Nina A. Wicker

Campaign poster on a pole:
VOTE FOR
the name torn away

Rebecca M. Osborn

School swings—
the Thanksgiving wind
riding them

Margaret Flanagan Eicher

bright dust motes
drift among spiderwebs;
the rocker stilled

deserted boardwalk
scoured by a gray
sandpaper wind

Robert S. Pendell

first storm!
city dwellers
ducking out of it.

waiting
for the cool breeze:
the breeze!

Jim Normington

Thanksgiving eve—
recurving the apple peel
the widow hums

Frederick Gasser

Venus
observed
this light year

Frank Pitt

ROTATION

horizon intervening
sudden particles of dusk
illusion midges

earth wheels one more degree
into dusk

the Daystar
earth curving away
gives up to dusk

Philip Anthony Waterhouse

Deepening dusk . . .
the pine-tree tops
melt into the sky

Reading haiku . . .
the cricket and the moon—
outside the window

Zhanna P. Rader

autumn nights
a thousand years
like this

Clark Strand

THE WALL
(The Vietnam Veterans Memorial,
Washington, DC)

a rose stem
taped over a name
petals lying on the ground

four middle age men
dressed in worn fatigues
huddle together and cry

fingering his name
a young woman tries
to recall her father

straining to read a name
he lifts himself a few inches
from his wheel chair

John J. Dunphy

vietnam memorial
my son traces a name—
shadows in his eyes

Gloria H. Procsal

Vietnam Memorial:
an old pair of baby shoes
left by his name

Arlington:
all these white markers
blinding in the sun

T. R. Merrick

VIETNAM MEMORIAL 10/24/87

Moving crowd—
the black granite
so still

Piercing the hushed
crowd's whispers
a baby's cry

"No
his name's not here
he's an MIA"

Touching a name
for no reason . . .
the cold

Beneath panel 10A
still waving in the breeze
a faded flag

"Panel 56B
line 37
we'll find Joe there"

Looking up—
Chinese kites race across
the Washington monument

No name to look for
and yet I look . . .
and look

"Who was he, Mom?"
"Only
the son of a friend"

Ross Kremer

sketch for guernica:
still unheeded,
the woman's upturned scream

Jerry Kilbride

harvest at Arles—
the Dutchman's brushwork raging
through the cornfield

lightning flash at sea—
near shore on a sunken shard
Etruscan eyes gleam

H. F. Noyes

VA Hospital—
the old soldier surrenders
his last cigarette

early frost:
eight young interns surround
the World War II hero

lights out:
IV tubes fall to the
veteran's side

Anthony J. Pupello

not a bird in flight
and in the lone pulse of night
one cricket . . . wondering . . .

Ariane Knowles

a rainy day renga
a kasen renga
by tundra wind

sipping espresso
checkered table cloths
autumn rain

on the grey ribbon of road
red tail lights move through the dawn

persimmons hanging
on the bare crooked branches
the last robin

the sound of an airplane
passing through numberless stars

first crescent moon
caresses the tree tops
deer cross the road

brushing his thinning hair
he sings a popular tune

morning tv news
calmly reports disasters
briefcase and breakfast

where's my umbrella? he shouts
(his dog thinks he wants to play)

at the doughnut shop
eating morning leftovers
the bag lady

pigeons pecking popcorn
under the movie marquee

a bum seeks shelter
in the abandoned shack
summer lightning

drenched dog cautiously enters
shaking herself dry

large moving van
passes on the country road
drifting clouds

moon at bright mid-afternoon
june turquoise blue silken sky

circling the old pond
giggling ferns sway in the spring breeze
chipmunks quickly drink

venetian blinds' warm shadows
gliding across the table

kept under glass
miniature garden blossoms
never feel the wind

the feral parrot takes flight
a dog barks for no reason

slamming the door
teen-age son proves his point
uneaten dinner

glimpsed through quivering poplars
a gamboling troop of bears

an old friend
across the train station
absorbed by the crowd

holding the warm rough tea cup
steam cedar memories

daydreaming
after the vacation
office boredom

alone on the autumn beach
the river and i pass by

warm september wind
a chorus of amber leaves
welcoming winter

without knowing it she sings
calling the kids for dinner

cloistered courtyard
bell signals the silent monks
vespers

spring sunset lingers
sparrow settling on her nest

balloon full march moon
silhouetted flight
migration

night light glow
thief slipping into shadows

water spilling
into aria sunrise
trees spreading their leaves

flute tones and windchimes
and then the ringing silence

first pale green sprouts
pushing aside bright snow
warm spring wind

fresh baked bread from the oven
friends sharing a feast

a shaft of starshine
clearing the summer storm
blossoms fall

crystal air
star song



house in an old orchard
from every window
the hawk's cry

old orchard
a spider climbs onto
the setting sun

an evening
of prayer
the sleeping hawk

Margarita Mondrus Engle

December beach:
along the shore
empty shell empty shell

early winter—
a bird pecks through
the first snow

Carol A. Etter

squirrel on drops
dropping the of
shells tea rain
 house
 roof

stray cat
tracing the koi's path
with her tail

Raymond J. Stovich

touching: grass stem & shadow
leaf nor feather this still moment
we just call 'em flowers the farmer replies
late show my dog rouses to bark at a werewolf

Frank K. Robinson

opening the third eye: mushroom cloud

Nick Virgilio

semi's tailwind—
swallows shifting place
on the phone line

Rich Youmans

old weatherbeaten
motel sign—
full of sparrows

hush before the storm—
only this cricket
chirping

attic cleaning—
my favorite paperback
yellowing

K. G. Teal

thunder cracking silence
listen
crickets chirping

Michael A. Wright

first snow
the clothesline hung
with icicles

ice storm
every channel
a grey haze

Gene Doty

REVENANT

suddenly—
twenty years later
you taste the same

through two marriages
framed behind Beethoven
your picture

talking with him
I taste you
in the tea you serve

on your porch
only the breeze
moves between us

in the dark car
the scent of you
and the rainy fields

juice from the apple
runs into my beard
as I wait for you

in the mirror
the only picture
of us together

your perfume—
looking up startled
at a stranger

in the cold fireplace
my last letter
burning

Michael McNierney

TSUMAGO

an ancient inn
its samurai gate
permanently closed

dusk:
above the river's roar
a temple bell floats

coming down from the graveyard
we tread carefully
on worn cobblestones

Mary Lu Fennell



To Basho:
Three times
I've "not seen Fuji
in the rain."
I came so far!

Dorothy L. Stout

The silence
before the dancer
moves

Kendra Usack

So silent
as I pass through them . . .
moon shadows.

Katie Sloss

Endless traffic jam:
the radio forecasts the snow
that is already falling.

David Tucker

Haiku gathering . . .
after a bowl of lentils
Basho and Buson

Tom Tico

hazy autumn night
rising in my miso soup
a carrot slice

Randy Johnson

shrimp tempura cat cleaning her face

tofu & beansprouts
rain & hunger
ending

little dipper a dog cries behind me

Steve Dalachinsky

laundromat
at midnight—the sound of
one dryer

Joanne Morcom

NOT CRYING ON LAKE ERIE

G. A. Huth

There I kept a small garden I didn't know how to keep, & it overgrew with stingingnettle & milkweed. & I kept a cigarbox, gift from my grandfather.

quirky minnows
outlining
the lakeshore

After a hurricane, we found a raft of pineboard & pHisohex bottles crashed onto our beach & kept it as ours.

the wet shadow
of
mulberry

The barn: my sisters crayoned "Kathleen" in red & "Nini" in green on the door of & thought the mice in its loft were rats that my father came after with a revolver & slats of light across his face.

cigarbox with
caterpillars & bugs—
holding closed

Along the fence, under maple & barn shadow in May, I found a rotten egg washed of any color for ever the first time, near my cigarbox that I filled with leaves & grass.

under maple
strip of cold sun
in my hands

That house: my grandfather lived in with us before he left for Detroit & a hospital, a place to die. That cigarbox: the earwigs & beetles hid inside, & caterpillars festooned the corners of with silk.

I open my
box, butterflies
fly away

The wind blew them as autumned leaves away. & I left my cigar-box in the shade of a stand of maples, in the shade of the song of cedar waxwings (& waxbeans; earwigs & earrings), & I took along only a few metal cigar-holders (with screwtops) on our two-car trip to our new place to live.

trying to talk
thru walkie-
talkie static



on the roof
of the tenement
sunflowers

sunset fades,
the half-moon
brighter

L. A. Davidson

autumn sunlight
through piano music's
slow echoes

Stephen Hobson

every loner in the library
nods hello!

Phillis Gershator

Grandmother's photo
sunbeam lights the sparkle
in her eyes

Old man
his son and his son's son all stare
at the sunset

George Swede

in the sky lit room
a cloud covers the sun

rain
ticking on the leaves
the long night

Karen Sohne

autumn river
grey rain-misted
red-backed salmon

W. S. Apted

in the absence of cicadas,
the morning glories
shrivel and die

Daniel Liebert

cold autumn sunrise—
at the long pier's end
an insect-filled web

a few red leaves—
strokes of the rower
quicken near the dock

black horse
noses frosted grass stems—
year's end

Richard Straw

autumn
no trace of cicadas
sinking in

dead tree sticking up—
of course
the crow comes!

Charles D. Nethaway, Jr.

Orion's belt
tangled in the tips
of bare birch branches

Sharon Hammer Baker

Christmas morning
a skein of geese
such gifts

David K. Antieau

converted warehouse
promised-land hymns in spanish
soft tambourine

origami
made by my brother;
a poor Christmas

Charles Nakamura

Beneath the cradle
in the nativity straw
a mouse is born.

Dora E. Anderson

tonight a small bird
flew into our Christmas tree
and fell asleep

John Turner

Closing my eyelids
just before going to sleep
I hear the blizzard.

On my neighbor's lawn
an ash tree . . . the Christmas lights
flash on and flash off.

C. M. Buckaway

BOOK REVIEWS

REED SHADOWS by John Wills. Burnt Lake Press/Black Moss Press. 1987. 112 pps., \$11.95 (postpaid, from Burnt Lake Press, 535 Duvernay, Sherbrooke, Quebec, Canada J1L 1Y8).

Reviewed by Penny Harter

waterfowl
without a name
reed shadows

Sitting out in the summer yard watching the cloud shadows come and go is a good place to be reading John Wills's *Reed Shadows*. The rustle of the leaves overhead, the buzz of a fly. Wills's haiku are most often clear records of moments in which one becomes less himself and more "other", fusing with whatever he is perceiving. Wills perceives the extraordinary in the ordinary, the timeless in the ephemeral, offering us a way out of ourselves and into a much larger and seamless relationship with the natural world around us.

The sections of the book present a landscape: The Fields, The Streams, The Farms, The Rivers, The Forests, The Lakes and Seas, and The Mountains. They move back and forth from land to water, lending a natural rhythm to the journey Wills invites us to take.

Reading through the sections, we begin to feel a unity in their diversity, thematic connections. Throughout these haiku, Wills explores both time and timelessness. For example,

boulders
just beneath the boat
it's dawn

river shanty
sliding by the faces
in the doorway

the sun lights up a distant ridge another

the hills
release the summer clouds
one by one by one

all give us a sense of timelessness. To read these poems is to feel that the boulders, faces, sun, and hill have always been there, are there still.

Wills makes us connect with the animal world, sometimes with humor, sometimes with absolute identification.

walking along
with the cows to drink
at the river

the song sparrow
pauses a moment
to search for lice

a bluejay squawks
then loses himself
in leaves

Like the bluejay, Wills in the very making of these poems loses himself again and again, and invites us to the same.

Sometimes, Wills forces us to identify with the animal world in a way that is not pretty. They die, and so do we.

flooded fields
a bloated cow bobbing
against the fence

Or he tries to take us into fusion, but does not always succeed because too much intellect intrudes:

mule
dragging dawn
across the ridge

It is difficult to believe that the mule is “dragging” dawn. Perhaps Wills could have found a way to juxtapose the mule and dawn without having him drag it. Simply, the mule precedes dawn across the ridge; “mule/ then dawn/ across the ridge” might be a better place to start wrestling with this image.

Among the poems that connect us with animals, Wills has worked successfully on an earlier poem, presenting a revised and improved version here.

he bends his head
to nose the streaming clouds . . .
white horse in the shadow

(from *Weathervane*, p. 15)

has become

spring thaw
white horse in the pasture
nosing clouds

In the revised poem, the clouds being nosed can be both clouds and water, and the language is clearer. The spring thaw implies running water (i.e. the “streaming” clouds), and we now see the horse centered between earth and sky.

In the best of Wills’s haiku sparks jump wonderful gaps:

a mayfly
struggles down the stream
one wing flapping dry

i wake at dawn
the wood thrush
in my wrist

den of the bear
beyond the great rocks
storm clouds

Little of value from Wills's earlier work has been omitted from this book. However, there are some poems in *Reed Shadows* that do not have the power of the others.

deserted house
the windows gone
sleet falling

leaves
ascend the mountain
in the sunlight

the waters move
the stars go by
the frogs trill

These evoke a "So what?" Also, simple revision might redeem a slightly flawed poem, such as finding another word for "heart" in

suddenly
my paddle bends touches
the river's heart

or for "loafs" in

below
a white cloud loafs
in the ravine

Both of the preceding have too much personification to be truly effective. But these are small considerations.

For any reader, Wills's book is a rare find.

a single light
moving along
the mountain

ON BASHO'S TRAIL TO THE NORTH by Robert S. Reed. Mado Sha Publishers, 4-7-2 Hyakunin-cho, Shinjuku-ku, Tokyo 160, Japan. 1988, 184 pps., \$30.50. In Japanese and English, with illustrations by the author. Should be available through U.S. bookstores, especially those concentrating on oriental material such as Kinokuniya Bookstore, 1581 Webster St., San Francisco, CA 94115.

Reviewed by Jerry Kilbride

Many of us have wondered what it would be like, in this century, to follow Basho's narrow roads. Would rice fields and bamboo forests still abound, or would we find ourselves wandering through clouds of pollution in a huge industrial complex? Robert S. Reed gives us the answers in his book, *On Basho's Trail to the North*.

Reed, a Chicagoan living in Japan for 7 years, set off on his journey May 16th, 1985, 296 years to the day after Basho wrote of tears in the eyes of fish. As a painter his purpose is to escape the busy life in Tokyo and walk and sketch for 5 months in the company of the Master. Sora, through his diary, is also a companion.

We share the author's trepidation—worries about continuously breathing in the exhaust of automobiles and then seeking out memorial stones tucked away in corners of parking lots—as friends drive him out to the Sumida River on the morning of his departure. Finding the banana hermitage memorial does not bode well: it is a small shrine squeezed in among closely packed buildings built under the river's retaining wall. Dropping 100 yen into the collection box and praying for Basho's blessing he is then driven to the Senju Bridge. There he begins his journey after locating the first of many Basho Kushi, the memorial stones celebrating sites visited and commemorating poems written. The 100 yen pays off as it does not take long, two days, before the old highroad to Nikko separates from busy Route 4 and our hiker hears skylarks as he passes quiet fields of kuwa trees. Then much of the Japan of Basho's day begins to unfold . . .

Parts of the gardens and temple at Uganji remain in their original state, steeped in "a profound and exquisite silence." The willow tree still grows near Ashino, surrounded by Kushi commemorating the poems of Saigyō, Basho and Buson. The village of Imajo, on the main road through the Uguisu Barrier, lingers in the 17th century due to the complete absence of modern houses. Some 300-year-old hardships also remain, such as bad weather (one hears the echoes of horses pissing in present day rain) and the frustrations at finding inns completely occupied. And, the author has the frightening experience of becoming almost hopelessly lost on Mt. Chokai. In those places where Basho stayed for several days Reed returns to Tokyo to work. One might imagine these interruptions would disturb the emotional continuity of the journey, but he seems to have the ability to pick up readily where he left off. One exception is when Reed, after a week in Tokyo and inflexible as to his timetable, starts off the day "feeling sluggish and reluctant" in the knowledge that he must cover 50 kilometers before reaching Fukushima. But soon he is all eyes again as there are matsubabotan flowers in every garden and beautiful stands of red pine cover the gently rolling hills.

Discrepancies are discovered between Basho's account and Sora's. Basho spent 5 years writing *Oku no Hosomichi* and Reed thinks "that some of the changes were intentional ones for literary or poetic reasons, while others were simple lapses of memory." He says that many feel that Basho's encounter with two courtesans at Ichiburi is a fabrication, "the theme of love is brought in deliberately to the development of a Renku at certain points." Reed, while sleeping on a beach at Niigata, discovers that the Milky Way runs along the coast rather than out over Sado Island.

The most beautifully written sections of the book concern the visit to the temple at Yamadera and the sojourn at the very end of the journey in the

small fishing village of Iro no Hama. Reed, like Basho, arrives in Yamadera (Risshakuji) in the evening. "Following Basho's instructions I climbed the long stone stairway, passing the last visitors of the day on their way down. I was alone by the time I reached the highest of the pavilions, perched on top of a cliff with a magnificent view of the town far below and the surrounding mountains. As I sat, the heat of midday, the noise and exhaust of the highway, all floated away like the dreams of another world." Here, Reed gives us an on-the-spot interpretation and translation of a haiku by the Master, as he does throughout the book:

silence . . .
seeping into the very rock
the cicada's voice

The author, in his epilogue, speaks of the Basho he has come to know, but I feel that he has understood the essence of the man long before he began this journey. Reed gets to the heart of the book when he tells of his strongest impressions: the faces and the hospitality of the Japanese. When he does so the mind travels back to the time he was walking along a river bank near Toyama and was approached by four men in company uniforms. They asked if he was Basho and offered him a cola. It seems that someone in Matsushima, which he has just passed through, contacted a radio station requesting that people along his route offer hospitality. Then there was the young priest appearing out of nowhere on Mt. Chokai who led him safely off the mountain and found him an inexpensive hotel in Fuukura. These are but two instances of the many kindnesses extended which say much of the Japanese, much of Robert Reed! The epilogue also includes his fears that many of the natural sites he has visited will soon be lost to over-industrialization: at Oyashirazu he found the beach where he had swum the year before completely gone, and pilings for an expressway in its place.

On Basho's Trail to the North, written in both English and Japanese by Reed, is a book to be read with interest and pleasure. It is generously illustrated with drawings by the author. The landscapes are quietly realized and mesh nicely with the text. Reed is less comfortable in working with the human figure. The most unfortunate things to occur in this volume are visual: the author's clumsy sketch of himself on page 172 and his overly-pious photograph on the flap of the dust jacket. These are minor flaws and only momentarily disturbing.

I've placed this book next to my copy of *The Narrow Roads to the North*—books comfortable in each other's company. Now, if I could only find an English translation of Sora's *Travel Diary*!

BITS & PIECES

PUBLICATION NEWS

old man sweeping, a broadside of three haiku by Wally Swist, Mad River Press, State Road, Richmond, MA 01254, limited letterpress edition of 125 numbered/signed copies, published June, 1988, very few copies available, \$2.50 postpaid. No unsolicited manuscripts accepted.

Wind Chimes Haiku Sheets I and II: *At Low Tide*, Evelyn Tooley Hunt, and *Prisms*, Peggy Willis Lyles. Printed on quality paper folded to size of contemporary greeting card. 75¢ each, 50¢ each when more than one (mix or match) ordered for single shipment. Scheduled and perhaps already available: *The Sound of the Stream*, Karen Sohne; *Blackout*, Rich Youmans; *I Throw Stones at the Mountain*, George Swede. Wind Chimes, POB 601, Glen Burnie, MD 21061. [Late word: yes.]

Four new poemcards using Bill Wilson's images/poems, from High/Coo Press, Route One, Battle Ground, IN 47920. \$2 per dozen; a variety dozen of previously published poemcards also \$2. Send SASE for current High/Coo Press catalog.

THANKS to Barbara Gurwitz for this issue's cover art.

CONTEST NEWS

Winners of the first annual Raymond Roseliep Memorial Haiku Competition held in connection with Roseliep/HSA anniversary celebration in Dubuque, Iowa, August 12, 13, 1988, are: 1st prize, Adele Kenny; 2nd, Robert Mainone; 3rd, Daniel Ross; a judge's choice Eminent Mention Award for a haiku about Raymond Roseliep, Geraldine C. Little; and Honorable Mentions (in no particular order) to Suezan Aikins, Jim Bailey, David Elliott, Adele Kenny, Anne McKay, Jane Reichhold, Sydell Rosenberg, Daniel Ross, Rebecca Rust, Dorothy Cameron Smith, and Robert Trayhern. Judge, Elizabeth Lamb.

1989 International Haiku Contest sponsored by North Carolina Haiku Society has been announced, with in hand deadline December 31, 1988. For rules, SASE to N.C. Haiku Society, 326 Golf Course Drive, Raleigh, NC 27610.

1989 Loke Hilikimani Haiku Contest, sponsored by Rockland County Haiku Society, has March 31, 1989 deadline. Send SASE for rules to Leatrice Lifshitz, 3 Hollow Tree Court, Pomona, NY 10970.

1989 Poetry Society of Virginia Contests again include the J. Franklin Dew Award for series of three or four haiku on a single theme. Deadline postmark no later than midnight January 15, 1989. For rules of this and other categories, SASE to Joseph P. Campbell, Contest Chairman, Poetry Society of Virginia, PO Box 773, Lynchburg, VA 24505.

BOOKS AND CHAPBOOKS RECEIVED

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

Praise Ye The Lord: Haiku by Lesley Einer. Sage Shadow Press, 2108 E. Greenway Rd., Phoenix, AZ 85022. 1988, 15 pps., \$3.50 ppd. (70 haiku celebrating life, written to Psalm 148, not 'religious' poems).

Mouse Pours Out by Lee Gurga. High/Coo Press, Route 1, Battle Ground, IN 47920. 1988, 20 pps., \$2. paper/\$7 cloth. Mini-chapbook #24.

October Sun: A Year of Haiku by Joseph Gustafson. Leicester Hill Books, 1134A Grafton St., Worcester, MA 01604. 1988, 64 pps., \$4.95 plus \$1 p/h.

Baseball Poems by Alan Pizzarelli. 9 haiku and senryu. 1988, \$3 ppd. From author, 109 Beaumont Place, Newark, NJ 07104.

Sayings for the Invisible: haiku and haiku sequences (1977-87) by Rod Willmot. Black Moss Press, Windsor, Ont., Canada. 1988, 80 pps., \$9.95. Available from the author at 535 Duvernay, Sherbrooke, QC, Canada J1L 1Y8.

A String Around Autumn: Selected Poems 1952-1980 by Ooka Makoto; English versions by the author and Thomas Fitzsimmons from translations by Takato Lento and Onuma Tadayoshi; Preface by Donald Keene. University of Hawaii Press, 2840 Kolowalu St., Honolulu, HI 96822. 1988, 90 pps., \$14.50 cloth; \$9.50 paper. Asian Poetry in Translation: Japan #3. Distributed for Katydid Books. (This is not a book of haiku, but of longer poems, and is listed here because of the interest of many *Frogpond* readers in modern Japanese literature.)



HOLIDAY GREETINGS

The 20th anniversary year of the Haiku Society of America is ending. I applaud all who planned, worked for, participated in the festivities: the November weekend in New York City and on the Jersey shore; the August celebration in Dubuque which 'remembered Raymond Roseliep' as well as HSA; the October haiku day in Elsau, IL; and others I may not have heard of or that may still come before year's end.

Frogpond, for its part, completes Volume XI, and I extend thanks to all for support, comments, contributions.

May the coming holidays be filled with the sensitive awareness of the moment which is haiku's hallmark.

Elizabeth Lamb
Editor

