

frogpond



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DEDICATED
TO THE MEMORY OF
NICHOLAS A. VIRGILIO
1928-1989

lily:
out of the water . . .
out of itself

Nick Virgilio
Selected Haiku, 2nd ed. 1988
(American Haiku #2 1963)

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MUSEUM OF HAIKU LITERATURE (TOKYO) AWARDS

\$25 Awards for previously unpublished material

from *Frogpond* XII:1

Haiku

longest night—
his forehead burning
into my hand

Ruth Yarrow

Sequence

“Records of a Well-Polished Satchel:
#6 Angles of Loneliness”

Sanford Goldstein

4 a.m.
only two peepers
still at it

David Elliott

spring frogs . . .
and your song too
just a note of sadness

spring frogs . . .
watching Venus and the moon
hide and seek among clouds

Jerry McGinley

following me
deeper into my quilt
the wren's song

spring twilight . . .
the hanging fern
turns

for a while in evening rain
the soft sound
of arpeggios

Anita Virgil

My own reflection
in a warm puddle of rain.
The evening quiet.

Günther Klinge
(adapted from the German
by Ann Atwood)

buying their first house . . .
a young couple
consult a psychic

Shaunt Basmajian

landlord gave up
after sawing it down three times:
catalpa flowers

Selma Stefanile

sweet peas
on both sides of the trellis
blue butterflies

Charles B. Dickson

Unpainted and unfurnished
the bareness of my room—
saved by sunlight

Ken Harrell

the children grown
i pick myself
some dandelions

my hiss
saves the snake;
my husband's anger

Dale Loucareas

my sister
mad at the cat again
for being a cat

Geri Barton

POEMS FROM THE CHERRY BLOSSOM FESTIVAL
Newark, NJ, April 1984

for Alan Pizzarelli, Cor van den Heuvel,
Penny Harter and Ohkubo Kenso, who were there

*kore wa kore wa to
bakari hana no
yoshinoyama*
—Teishitsu

that . . . that . . .
that's all, the blossoms'
Mount Yoshino

*kaerimite
hana hito hira no
inochi kana*
—Jakume

coming back to see
one petal of the blossom
of this life

cloud peaks
rising over the
cherry bloom
—William J. Higginson

*kumo no mine
sakura no hana no
ue ni tatsu*
(translations also by WJH)



Only gone a day or two.
How could the blossoms
come and go without me?

Peter Duppenthaler

geese flying north
my nephew's voice
is changing

bright stars
the four year old
wants popcorn

Jerry Kilbride

late ice storm . . .
the lilac bush clicks

goldfinch seeds the air
tearing thistle to line a nest

Sam F. Johnson

fog rolls in . . .
the red crown crane
turns her eggs

Sharon Lee Shafii

foot bridge:
rain in a freight car
my shadow waves

meeting the mailman
halfway in the rain:
handful of junk mail

Frederick Gasser

empty mailbox
I look for the lizard
living beneath

Orion's belt:
letting my belly
hang loose

ocean sigh blue evening rising moon

John Turner

crumbling dirt banking
the springhouse—flash
of black salamander

grandma's two dimes . . .
the feathered moth flies
from the opened jar

Jim Henley

MOTORCYCLE MOMENTS

For one full mile
the big blue heron
flying at my side

Elizabeth St. Jacques

Abundant as sparrows—
that's what my wife says
of the blue herons here

David K. Antieau

they're in the kiva
no cloud near—
double rainbow circled sun

(Spring Corn Dance, New Mexico)
Brent Partridge

Low tide
waveworn spearhead in the sand
a beer can

Margaret G. Molarsky

the cove at dawn
a skimmer's wake
defines the stillness

Robert Keay

shallows:
the great blue heron
hunched

Peggy Willis Lyles

late spring snowstorm
somewhere yesterday's heron
ice fishing

running down the road
your greeting falls between us
shattering petals

Pat Anthony

now and then
the sun flashing through
the tall pines

T. R. Merrick

night swamp,
one by one the crocodiles
slip into the moon

moon in the dogwood,
wondering what bird that is
singing at midnight

Rebecca Rust

practicing yoga
in the stillness before dawn . . .
the first bird's song

Sharon Lee Shafii

The coolness
daddy longlegs
curled up

Clear morning
lily's
sixfold white

Green leaves
at their peak
a blind man

Clark Strand

early spring:
 wet birds singing
 to the rain

Virginia Brady Young

dying
all spring he's sighting
the first orioles in years

Phyllis Walsh

Spring shower—
 from the apartment above
 Stravinsky's *Firebird*

Frank Trotman

FLASHES OF SUNSET . . . ALL THE WAY HOME

Flashes of sunset
between the cars
the eastbound freight

old railroad tracks
bobbing sunflowers surround
the turquoise outhouse

violet aster
still bright
behind me

in blue-black ocean night
the ferry's churning white wake
fades in the distance

Gita Bodner

after her phonecall
following wet footprints
back to the bath

hikers at dusk
spilling with shadows
out the canyon mouth

high country
feeling the forest
hidden in the dark

sleeping in his bed
—a dream
of her grandson's return

Richard Bodner

Honolulu airport
breathing wet warm air
sniffs of unknown flowers

road to Ooty:
wrestling on the edge
of the State Fisheries tank
—two soaked monkeys

sunrise didj at Ulsoor Lake
dobi-wallahs slap
their morning loads on stone

mountain hotspring
snowflakes sink in
the rising steam

Gus Bodner

waking my daughter
frost-flowers on the window
from her breath

driving to meet our son
—nighthawks fly
before the storm cloud

past the plane's great wing
a strip of thin grass shimmers
in the jet wind

wet pavement
the smell of sage
all the way home

Virginia Bodner



didj/didjeridoo: an aboriginal instrument
dobi-wallahs: washer-persons

a cuckoo's call
losing itself
in morning mist

Lenard D. Moore

without a breeze
the silence of the windchime
by the stream

between the bird's call
and the bird's answer
the path I climb

Leatrice Lifshitz

sitting
above granite domes—
the pull in my legs

in the still pond
fir trees
upside down

(Yosemite National Park)
Kathleen Burgy

ghost town
a wild cherry blossoms
in the whore house rubble

W. S. Apted

Rusting car
sinking deeper
into the ironweeds

Mildred Williams Boggs

Where I live and write
12 syllabled geese
Don't fly

Louis H. Blumengarten

Friday / plum tree in the rain

M. Kettner

ten frowning students
unlearning 5-7-5
remove adjectives

Madelyn Eastlund

typesetter's mouth
stained red
too many cherry blossoms

David Stafford

It also rained
pink magnolia blossoms
upon the lawn

Bernard S. Aaronson

With an armful
of huge white peonies
the guest arrives

Walking at night
after weeks in the city
so many stars

David Elliott

across the tightrope goes the star of the flea circus in a pink tutu

reaching for
the wind-up toy
it rides off the table

alan pizzarelli

carnival car
at the highest point we fall
into the sunset

shanty town—
the rain changing drummers
on its tin roofs

Frederick Gasser

in spring rain
the paper Santa's
pink

LeRoy Gorman

on the B circuit—
circus clown scowling
through his smile

Donald McLeod

A clown's face drawn
on a pink balloon, drifts higher
grinning at the stars

K. P. Hately

A CLAY BUDDHA

Jerry Kilbride
Stephen Gould
Elizabeth Lamb
Joyce Currier
Ann Atwood
Nick Avis

small box from japan
the smile of a clay buddha
through the packing straw jerry

the meal now for two,
at an open window, dusk steve

finishing the wine
they linger in the dim room
sound of waves breaking elizabeth

inscribed in the cloister stone
"As the waters cover the sea" . . . joyce

garden pebbles
breaking up the moonlight.
the gate left ajar ann

by morning the mist has lifted
footprints lead into the street nick

an old woman
her burro laden with pots
the Sunday market

elizabeth

a day also of old gods
in the dormant volcano

jerry

sunset and smoke trees—
the way they deepen
each other's silence*

joyce

desert shadows darken
in the distance a fire glows

nick

the shapes of old shards
under the ashen glimmer
of departed stars

ann

Ashurbanial, whose eye
held the door sealed with clay

steve

inside she waits
for her lover—but only rain
taps on the window

nick

echoes of a far-off bugle
the moon at last rides free

elizabeth

empty flatcar—
the night train rocks her cradle
under a wheeling sky

steve

moving across kansas
dorothy and the funnel-cloud

jerry

bright field of daisies,
but still in the breeze the straw
of a scarecrow

joyce

the pumpkin ripe enough now
to turn a sunflower's head

ann

a bluejay comes
and then a second—
seeds in the wind

elizabeth

the leaf on my open palm
rusts with sunset

joyce

dying light . . .
a pause after Debussy's
'la cathedrale engloutie'

jerry

noticing the needle's stuck
then the sound of waves

nick

sea sounds inborn
in the cries of wheeling gulls
a splintering whiteness

ann

WE INTERRUPT THIS PROGRAM:
SHUTTLE EXPLODES AFTER LIFT-OFF

jerry

to an icy street,
Immaculate Conception's
soundless carillon

steve

Tibetan prayerflags rustle
in the tissue paper air

ann

candlelight service:
the Doxology
louder than the rain

joyce

a shuffling of many feet
trampling the wildflowers

elizabeth

footprints to her door
don't leave
the winter moon

nick

on each hearth a separate fire
overhead the great few stars

steve

the midwife's headlights
turning homeward
scan the snow

jerry

in drifts of white dogwood
light spreads through the forest

ann

and on the forest floor
the leaves of last fall
stir in the breeze

nick

swiftness of the goldfinch
fluttering sunlight

joyce

lilies—
astonishing the stone
St. Joseph's staff

steve

a few petals a few clouds
going the way the wind goes

elizabeth



*after Foster Jewell

Easter lily
holds
the morning

Barbara Ressler

high noon:
crimson pond lilies open
shore to shore

Wally Swist

Not a pine shivers:
 over blue mist of snowmelt
 a hawk circles the peak.

The mill wheel's broken:
 a swan weaves through yellow sedge:
 here, no laughter lifts.

Yellow-red fire tongues
 talk for us, between the flights
 of migrating cranes.

Storm fades, geese wing up,
 honking, from reed-hidden lake.
 I envy the moon.

Tom Galusha

Floating over the flaking
masonry walls . . .
butterfly shadows

David Gershator

Only the wild terns cry—
arctic tundra . . . almost green . . .
the spear-shaped landscape.

Alone in the dusk . . .
many things bring remembrance . . .
summer butterfly.

C. M. Buckaway

an orchard
of huge propellers—
the barren hills

(windfarm near Tehachapi, CA)

a flock of starlings
suddenly change direction
polishing the sky

Ronan

heavy spring rain:
mallards swim
in the grass

from the fence
a wren's song
overflows the wren

Addie Adam

flood stage—
moon on the windows
under water

migrant workers
digging potatoes . . .
the hollow hearts

Bill Pauly

moving:
rough seas in the goldfish bowl
wedged between boxes

Ruth Holter

brazilian priest—
praying about radiation
for the first time

Charles D. Nethaway, Jr.

Polluted landscape—
childless plover by the path
feigns a broken wing.

Humpback whale mural
by a construction site—
endangered species.

Alfred H. Marks

meadow beside
cooling towers—
stillborn calf

not noticing
a ladybug on the clasp
of her brocade bag

Maria Jacketti

wind through barbwire,
silence of missile silos

midnight:
flyer announcing
yesterday's concert

M. Kettner

IN MEMORY
FOUR PAGES OF HAIKU FOR NICK



death of a poet of death poems

Marlene Mountain

This January day—
the old Master
recalls the poet

Leroy Kanterman

In the newspaper
your passing with the first snow
the sudden darkness

Ira F. Stone

a new shadow
follows old shadows
into the family graves

Ruby Spriggs

over the grave
a dark cloud passes
honking wild geese

Tony Virgilio

Whitman's tomb,
a deeper silence
of untrod snow

Jerry Kilbride

Marking the passage
his *Litany for the Dead*
somewhere a bell tolls

Sue Stapleton Tkach

his mother's grave:
the poet's shadow
slips in

Minna Lerman

in the chapel
the butterfly, lost
in the stained glass

Raffael DeGruttola

placing the lily:
his parents,
a few feet away

Charles D. Nethaway, Jr.

At Whitman's grave
The day of your burial
Footprints in the snow.

Kathleen O'Toole

The cathedral bell
is silent now, collecting
evening snowflakes.

Marian Olson

January chill
a haiku poet dies
the covered typewriter

Eloise Barksdale

letter to Nick
lying cold on my desk . . .
mailing it anyhow

Donald McLeod

Now his voice is still
and the red-winged blackbird
is silent

Dora E. Anderson

shadow of the iris
on itself

Brent Partridge

his "third eye" haiku
folded into my jeans
. . . . bleeding blue

Gloria H. Procsal

a month later
two winos sleeping
beneath his obituary

Pat Anthony

lily
out of the
water's widening circles

Carl Patrick

gone from the woods
the bird I knew
by song alone

Paul O. Williams

together
launching the beached boat
long-gone brother

H. F. Noyes

the far lights of home—
linden leaves scattered
after the storm

Anthony J. Pupello

first spring dusk—
a gray moth flutters by
and up

Penny Harter

at the memorial
words fall on living ears—
his last recording

L. A. Davidson

first crocus
your sadness, gone—
ours now

William J. Higginson



NICHOLAS VIRGILIO AND THE END OF INNOCENCE

Cor van den Heuvel

Nicholas Virgilio is one of America's most loved haiku poets. Ever since his first haiku were published in 1963 in the early issues of the first English-language haiku magazine, *American Haiku*, his work has appealed to both the ordinary reader and the sophisticated critic and poet.

John Wills, author of *Reed Shadows*, has said that he was first inspired to write haiku back in the '60s by a Virgilio haiku. He has remained a steadfast admirer of his work to this day. Rod Willmot, Michael McClintock and many other important poets in the English-language-haiku world have enthusiastically praised Virgilio's haiku—a number, like Wills, testifying to their influence.

Especially in his home area of Camden, New Jersey-Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, Nick and his poetry have appealed to people from all walks of life and all ethnic backgrounds. Many who live in Camden are as proud of the fact that Nick Virgilio lived there as they are that Walt Whitman once did. When Nick's funeral was held in Camden on January 5th of this year, Sacred Heart Church, a large cathedral-like edifice, was full to overflowing with those who loved Nick and his haiku. Father Michael Doyle, pastor of the church, said of him, "He was a pure flame in a battered city, a spark in a dark place."

Nick Virgilio died, at the age of 60, when he seemed just on the verge of getting national recognition not only for his own work but for all of English-language haiku. The beautifully designed and executed second edition of his *Selected Haiku* had recently been published and he was getting ready to tape an interview about it for the CBS Network show "Nightwatch." The book is a milestone in English-language haiku—a record of a life dedicated to an awareness of the richness of existence, from crickets to the autumn moon; and to a sensitivity for the fullness of human life, its sorrow and its happiness, its tenderness and its bitterness, from birth to death.

Like the universe he charted in his haiku, Nick had many paradoxes. On the one hand he was a very simple man who devoted his life to a very simple art form. Haiku are about the ordinary, everyday things of life. (Though they must be seen with a keen eye to discover their essence.) And Nick was content with the simple things in life—he did not thirst after the kinds of riches depicted in TV commercials. He was a bachelor—the result, he said, of a tragic love affair when he was a young man—who was content to sit in the basement of his parents' house in Camden, surrounded by the washing machine and the ironing board, typing away on an old Remington upright typewriter under a bare light bulb. Writing out the haiku he'd found on his "travels" around the city he was born and grew up in. Writing and rewriting—for haiku are simple but they are not simple to write. The seasons changed and the years rolled by.

And yet he was not content—he wanted people to know about haiku. One part of him was an indefatigable proselytizer—a promoter of haiku. He got himself and others on television. He gave readings, lectures and workshops in churches and at schools and universities. He helped establish The Walt Whitman Center for the Arts and Humanities in Camden and was its poet-in-residence for five years. He asked—and sometimes pestered, though always in a good-humored way—newspaper reporters and magazine editors to publish his haiku and to write articles about them. And he got wide notice—getting written up in the newspapers and appearing time and again on TV and radio in and around Philadelphia. He was even on National Public Radio’s “Morning Edition” several times. In the world of the haiku magazines—which extended all over the United States and Canada, and to a number of foreign countries—he was a major poet. The Emperor of Japan admired his haiku, and even several American poets outside of the haiku movement, including Pulitzer prize-winner Richard Wilbur, praised his work.

Yet with all his brashness, and with all his renown, he retained an innocence—towards the world and himself. When he experienced a new awareness and made it into a haiku he would bring it to you excitedly saying “Listen to this one!” Father Doyle has likened it to a child’s bringing you a shell he’s found at the beach—but, he points out, Nick was also a mature poet who knew his poetry would not always meet with praise—and that sometimes, on second thought—or look—it did not deserve it.

But the innocence I’m trying to describe is more than just a childlike wonder at the beauty of existence. It was an innocence that characterized not only Nick Virgilio but the haiku movement itself during its early days—particularly its most successful poets. It included an openness and vulnerability that allowed them to see directly to the heart of an experience and to recreate it in their haiku. And to do so without any obscuring overlay of pretentiousness or sentimentality. Nick Virgilio, J. W. Hackett, and O. Southard were the first important haiku poets in English and they all had this innocence. They differed in the way they went with it—Hackett took the way of Zen, Bashō’s way, approaching nature and the everyday through his own aloneness, till his self became the Self in its oneness with existence. Southard leaped into nature so directly one hardly ever noticed there was a self to transcend—except in his erotic sequences. But Virgilio was like Issa—he could go directly to nature in his haiku but he also had to bring his family and community with him. He intermingled his human relationships with nature and his relationship with nature with his love for human beings. He was always trying to get closer and closer to the truth about life and death. He wanted to be sure he got it as close to the bone as possible.

The innocence I am trying to explain in this essay—and trying to understand myself—is important for contributing to the creation of hundreds of excellent and dozens of great haiku; and thus for contributing to a great period in English language literature. And so I feel a great sadness at Nick’s death, not just because he was a lovable human being, or a great poet—and

he was both—but because I feel his death marks a great turning point in the history of haiku: the end of this innocence I have been trying describe. Though Hackett and Southard are still alive, they have not published any haiku for years—and as far as the haiku world knows are not writing any. Other major figures of haiku's early years—Foster Jewell and Raymond Roseliep—passed away some time ago. And the world has changed.

Nature, as Marlene Mountain among others has pointed out in numerous poems and essays, has become menacing to man through man's own foolishness and greed. Acid rain, radiation, the dwindling ozone layer and other instances of man's polluting and mistreatment of nature are turning back on the human race—and making the world something we little dreamed of when haiku were first written in English in the late '50s and early '60s. Nick Virgilio was well aware of the danger of mistreating nature—he saw it around him in Camden. And he wrote of it—not only the polluting of the environment, but also the polluting of human beings, with drugs and homelessness and despair. But when he first began to write haiku there was still an innocence about the world which he was able to carry with him into the later period—so that he could still see the true beauty that lies in nature and man in spite of whatever we had done to dirty it.

There are other poets who have this innocence who began writing a few or some years after Virgilio started writing and perhaps they will be able to continue to see nature in its unsullied beauty. Even Marlene Mountain wrote out of this innocence when she first started writing haiku in the '70s. But the bitterness she demonstrates in her work now as regards the pollution of the environment is perhaps an attitude that will become more prevalent. When a haiku poet says haiku is what is happening now—how can he escape it.

After celebrating the 20th anniversary of The Haiku Society of America (1988) and mourning the death of Nick Virgilio, when one tries to look forward it seems like a dark future lies ahead for the world of nature. And if that is so—what of haiku?

One can only hope that the spirit that has brought haiku from its beginnings in Japan hundreds of years ago down to our own age to be reborn again in the haiku of Nick Virgilio, will continue to persevere. And perhaps even play a part in helping right the great wrongs man has been perpetrating against the world of nature.



homeless:
no keys

in the park:
sleeping fitfully
all night long

knowing dawn's near—
the Big Dipper rises
in the eastern sky . . .

on the street,
looking for a friend
to borrow from

Tom Tico

half lotus position
woman panhandler
taking a drag

shattered fluorescent light
tinkling down subway stairs
wind chimes

Barry Goodmann

home late . . .
she hangs her shadow
on the coat rack

Sheldon Young

the street person
I thought was a lady
today sprouts a beard

Gloria H. Procsal

HOMELESS . . .

after the soup
the same hurt
in his eyes

nowhere—
same as
yesterday

in his hand
a stranger's dime
growing colder

Christopher G. Suarez

Old priest goes down
solemnly on one knee
to roll the dice

Johnny Baranski

house shadow
leaving behind
the frost outline

leaning out
trying to see
the voices below

Dee Evetts

Karoki ko wa
tsuki ni azukem
kataguruma

Ishi Kanta

Not heavy, my child
entrusted to the moon's care
astride my shoulders.

*(translated by
Bernard Lionel Einbond)*

dawn—
five shades of mist
to the far mountain

near the sky
caught in the pines
wind sounds

he chisels
into the woodcut
soft clouds

Helen J. Sherry

my tracks . . . their tracks . . .
suddenly face to face
with returning geese

kicked out of place

the stone rolls after me . . .

Leatrice Lifshitz

white feather
circling in a green whirlpool,
offshore shoals

Suezan Aikins

HUMBLE HAIKU

Bernard Lionel Einbond

My favorite *Peanuts* cartoon is the one in which Charlie Brown asks Linus what he wants to be when he grows up and Linus answers that he wants to be a world-famous humble little country doctor. I have been thinking about the contradictions between humility and renown since having been selected Grand Prize winner of Japan Air Lines 1987-88 haiku contest. There is something inherently humble about a haiku and something incongruous about gaining celebrity for writing one. Not only does the brevity of the form make haiku seem unimposing and unintimidating to both reader and writer, but in content haiku traditionally expresses an attitude of humble awe toward nature and humanity.

If winning JAL's haiku contest has not made me quite world famous, my winning haiku has already gained wider circulation than any but a handful of poems ever attain. It has been reprinted, either in news articles or in announcements placed by Japan Air Lines, in *The New Yorker*, *Newsweek* (Japanese edition), most major Japanese newspapers in Japan, and in virtually every English-language newspaper in Japan and Japanese-language newspaper in the United States. Also, I have been told that my poem has been on display in the Haiku Corner of the Japanese Pavilion at Brisbane, Australia's Expo '88.

I cannot profess that the exposure is unwelcome. I am not much different from Linus wanting to be a humble little country doctor but a world-famous one. I entered JAL's contest hoping to win, and I composed the haiku for the purpose of entering:

frog pond . . .
a leaf falls in
without a sound

What is more, by its reference to the most world-famous haiku of all, Basho's "Old pond/a frog leaps in/ the sound of water," it ambitiously proclaims itself a modern counterpart. But by reversing Basho's image and restoring Basho's pond to its original silent state, the haiku attempts to convey the attitude of natural awe that makes any traditional haiku, no matter how world famous, just a humble little haiku.



grandpa used to
 knock like that—
 hail storm

Barry Goodmann

Suddenly in petit mal
friend stares unknowing
lightning flash

Old woman dead
in room three thirties love song
on the radio

George Swede

white cat
in the funeral home window
 yawning

Bob Gates

crescent moon
on my breast
after surgery

after learning of his affair
old woman's face
 in my mirror

Minna Lerman

On my origami
 shrimp's antenna—
that fly again!

Zhanna P. Rader

EL AMERICANO
en Baja California

Even the rain
a different sound
on the Baja roof

Bargains, bargains—
hurrying through the market;
her smiling Indian face

Below a smiling sun god
El Infante Jesus sleeps—
pottery shop

Dusty streets—
a rope of bright dresses
drying in the sun

Here the *carne asada*
costs 18,400 pesos—
begging for nickels

Mariachi band—
the gnarled fingers
of the old guitarist

Parched earth—
a skinny dog guarding
the unpainted shack

Below the cliff
the crashing surf—
watching lights blink on

Marsh Cassidy

banded yellows
dark and softly bright

this talisman
this tiger's eye
dreaming in my hand

... remembering rituals
dark and softly bright

for j michael yates

bright
among the wild horses
one blue bridle rein

for rod willmot

a clarity
astonishing
the night
rising
slow
and
sweet
suddenly
her voice
... singing

for penny harter

anne mckay
le monastère
may 22/88

THE ADIRONDACKS

Avalanche Lake—
after every sound
an echo

An afternoon shadow
splits
the stream

Gathering firewood
the fragrance
of pine pitch

Mistaken
for moonlight:
the fresh-fallen snow

Brett Peruzzi



a scrubland pond
 overgrown with spring reeds—
nestling cranes

snow cranes
 riverward
jostling . . . echoes

sunlight turning
 mill stone shadows—
falling water

Charles B. Rodning

A child sits
in the courtyard
talking to parrots
(Yucatan)

In Mother's old button box
still the smell
of tea

His fishing fly—
my most exotic
earring!

Alexis Rotella

sunrise . . . shadow-leaves dancing
across pages of the Gigue

halted by a traffic light . . .
clouds float across the puddle

M. M. Nichols

I watch my neighbor
walk her old dog—
walk a new sunset

Sydell Rosenberg

March evening walk
house after house
the cold blue flicker

Jeffrey Winke

a patch of sunlight
on the rhododendron
where the butterfly was

leaves blown
their shadows
with them

George Ralph

across
 the vacant lot
 plover's cry

empty room—
 dust motes mingle
in the silence

Joel Richards

Tiny fisherman
Checking his nets this morning
Spider in the sink

Kenneth R. Roberts

Distress call—
finally the last quail
catches up

Midnight walk—
buttercups
filled with moon

Davina Kosh

BOOK REVIEWS

HAIKU POND by Vincent Tripi. Illustrations by Linda C. Kneeland. Vide Press, 478-A Second Ave., San Francisco, CA 94118. 1987, 77 pps., hardcover \$10. ppd. (All profits from the sale of this book will be rendered to The Thoreau Society, Inc., Concord, MA).

Reviewed by Catalina Cariaga

Everyone needs a place to nurture a solitude. That place gives perspective to one's life and enables each of us in our worldly struggle toward meaningful work, fulfillment, enlightenment, power, success, compassion, relationship and many times mere survival. Vincent Tripi leads us to the shore of *Haiku Pond* by relating to us what, in his solitude, the pond has told him; he shows us that, "It is only the pond that can speak."

Haiku Pond is a montage of haiku, short poems, journalized musings on nature, water-color artwork, and quotations from Thoreau. This kind of mixed form is familiar to those of us acquainted with the classic "haibun" (diarist prose and haiku) of Basho's *The Narrow Road Through The Provinces* and of Issa's *The Year of My Life*.

Tripi was inspired by the naturalist Thoreau and energized by the study of meditation. In the introduction he explains what to him was a 'cosmic link' with Thoreau. Tripi wrote this book in his 44th year (the same age as Thoreau at the time of his death) and celebrated the month and year he was born—which coincided with the month and year of the founding of The Thoreau Society.

In his journal writings and poems he develops certain symbols of importance: "the pond" represents infinity and life, "to sit" or "sitting" refers to meditation, and "his" alludes to Thoreau. Such personal affection and intensity can sometimes produce failingly self-indulgent poetry. This is not the case with Tripi's *Haiku Pond*. The simplicity of his haiku marks a humble voice that is pure and deeply affecting. Two haiku taken from the poem "Only the Swallows Have Worked" are good examples:

Swallows through blossoms,	Sunset—
Mud	The spider's web
In their beaks	Torn.

The first calls to mind all the gradations of the color brown—the feathers of the swallows, the mud, and the beaks are set against whichever favorite color of blossom we may choose. The second observes an 'end of the day' scene; perhaps the torn spider's web reminds us of both the beauty and the fragility of life itself.

The realism of Tripi's haiku cuts through the stuffy and ornamental prose passages quoted from Thoreau:

"The great God is very calm withal. How superfluous
is any excitement in his creatures" —Thoreau
"Journal"

Doe
Feeding fearful
Dries the dew.

And this realism is flavored with magic:

A dozen or so, turtles—
One
Has turned to stone.

I really believe this actually happened. And yet, it reminds me of the famous haiku by Moritake (1473-1549):

A fallen blossom
is coming back to the branch.
Look, a butterfly!

tr. D. C. Buchanan

Both haiku are cases for 'taken' or 'mistaken' identity.

Nobuyuki Yuasa, a translator of Issa's *The Year Of My Life*, compared Basho's and Issa's motivation for traveling as they wrote their respective haibun. Basho became a traveler in order to leave the 'self' behind and to dissolve the bonds of human attachment; Issa traveled to strengthen and affirm the personal ties that bound him in human love to others. Tripi is no haiku hermit. In the spirit of Issa, the solitude of *Haiku Pond* speaks of relationship and community:

Parent	Children's boat	In our parting
And child	Bounces	The snows on my boot
On the bottom.	The moon.	Melt-astray.

And he has a sense of humor that a haiku beginner and even a 'tenderfoot' can appreciate:

By tea brewed
Lips
To a pond.

With haiku of such simplicity, realism and warmth, I question Tripi's use of upper case letters at the beginning of each line. It is stylistically unnecessary and seems to visually distract the reader from the flow of imagery in the words. But this is a small matter. It is obvious that every element of the book was selected with great care. The water-color artwork rendered throughout the book by Linda Clarke Kneeland is precious and pleasing to the eye. Even the blue paper chosen for the first and last pages of the book reminds us that for the time being, we are inside a place of solitude—the pond.



TEN YEARS' COLLECTED HAIKU Volume 1 by William J. Higginson and **THE MONKEY'S FACE** by Penny Harter. \$3.00 each. From Here Press, Box 219, Fanwood NJ 07023 (Xtras #17 & #18).

Reviewed by Miriam Sagan

When haiku poets Penny Harter and Bill Higginson went to Japan as guests of the Museum of Haiku Literature and Japan Air Lines they printed up collections of their work as *omiyage* gifts for their friends. These collections have now been re-issued as chapbooks by From Here Press.

Higginson's *Ten Year's Collected Haiku* (Volume 1) opens with an essay on his history and development as a haiku poet. His observations are intriguing, particularly his interest in breaking English haiku out of the rigid—and sometimes arbitrary—5-7-5 syllabic form. The haiku themselves are strong and evocative, deeply grounded in the world of the senses:

Soap fades
on the spring breeze
to chocolate.

Higginson usually focuses on the intertwining of human and natural worlds; close observation gives his haiku their characteristic punch:

Two exits too far
without any anger—
this sunshine!

and

Pause after
a day of job hunting:
cutting toe nails.

The only problem with the chapbook is that it lacks a certain unity. As the first volume of presumably a collected works it is more archival than thematic, and needs the rest of the series to complete it.

Penny Harter's *The Monkey's Face* is therefore more satisfying as an individual book. Her haiku, both traditional and experimental, hone in on finely observed scenes. Here too is the human world:

she bites into
the lipstick on
her bread

and

fingering the bones
around the soft spot—
the newborn's head

as well as the intersection of nature and civilizations:

pueblo dog
sniffing the footprints
of tourists

Harter's haiku sequences also work well, particularly the closing section "Home Village":

dinner gong—
the child in the garden
digs deeper

Harter and Higginson are both much more than haiku technicians. Although they have complete mastery of the form they are unafraid of trusting both their own observations and feelings. This gives their haiku a dynamic approach—humanistic and individual but never self-indulgent. These poets share a sensibility that results in true haiku.



1989 POET'S MARKET: Where & How to Publish Your Poetry, edited by Judson Jerome. Writer's Digest Books, Cincinnati, 1988, 480 pages, \$17.95 hardcover.

THE TEACHERS & WRITERS HANDBOOK OF POETIC FORMS, edited by Ron Padgett. Teachers & Writers Collaborative, 5 Union Square West, New York, NY 10003. 1987, 224 pages, \$12 paper. Also available, a set of 10 Audio Programs (5 cassettes) hosted by Ron Padgett with brief Listener's Guide, \$47.50.

Reviewed by Elizabeth Searle Lamb

Again, a fine edition of *Poet's Market*. Both as editor of a magazine listed in its pages and as a poet I personally find this book invaluable. Besides, it's an interesting book for browsing!

Open front or back (some of us do begin at the back . . .) and one finds a 2-page, large print list of 11 "Tips for Beginning Poets." Would that every beginner would read and take to heart these tips, which start with "Read widely and discover where your kind of work fits in the general poetry scene," continues with such advice as "Study sample copies . . ." and "Send only perfect copy" and ends with this often unheeded bit: "Subdue thy vanity!" Non-beginners could do worse than take a quick refresher course.

In the body of the book are the 1,700 individual listings and evaluations of poetry publishers, but before one gets into those there is valuable advice from Judson Jerome on how to make the best use of the book, increasing

the odds for getting one's poetry published and the mechanics of the business. Scattered throughout are 15 "Close-Up" essays on selected editors and a couple which deal with contests and awards. A glossary and detailed indexes round out this compendium of material, well organized, and carefully brought up-to-date.

Haiku poets will find the usual haiku magazines listed and may come on some unusual markets, perhaps increasing their professional skills along the way.

Especially for those poets who are teachers, I highly recommend the *Handbook of Poetic Forms*. Organized alphabetically, the 74 entries by 19 writers cover the poetic field from "Abstract Poem" to "Villanelle" and "Word Play." "Haiku," "Renga," "Senryu," and "Tanka" are given clear and precise explanations. William J. Higginson and Penny Harter are listed among the writers thanked by Ron Padgett for help in preparing this valuable *Handbook*. Although I have not heard the Audio Programs I am sure they cover the same material. The teacher, the workshop leader, and the poet all stand to benefit from these projects of the Teachers & Writers Collaborative.



BITS & PIECES

WIND CHIMES will cease publication with issue #28. Hal Roth, editor and publisher, has asked that contributors please take note and send no more material. The magazine under Hal's skillful editing and caring approach to haiku poets has occupied an important place in the haiku world since issue #1 appeared in 1981, and will be greatly missed. To Hal Roth our gratitude and best wishes.

NEWS FROM BOSTON. The Boston Haiku Society, formed recently by John Ziemba under the auspices of the Kaji Aso Studio, welcomes new members. Meetings are held monthly at the Studio (40 St. Stephen St., Boston, MA 02115) to share haiku and discuss concerns of haiku writers. Write or call (617) 247-1719 and ask for John Ziemba.

Beginning with the March 1989 issue, *Dasoku*, a journal of the arts published by the Kaji Aso Studio, will include a regular haiku page, edited by John Ziemba. Please send no more than 5 haiku or senryu, typed, on a single page and one SASE to *Dasoku*, John Ziemba, Ed., Kaji Aso Studio, 40 St. Stephen St., Boston, MA 02115. A subscription is \$6 a year (at least 4 issues).

MANY THANKS to the young Chinese artist Chongbin Zheng for his abstract drawing of a frog for the cover of this issue. Born in Shanghai in 1961, he studied at the Zhejiang Academy of Fine Arts where he taught following graduation. He received increasing recognition and in 1987 his art was exhibited in Japan and West Germany, and his one-man show in the Shanghai Art Museum was an outstanding success. It was televised by the China national TV station CCTV and the Shanghai station, with many reviews and articles appearing in print. This was rare recognition for a young artist in China. Chongbin Zheng is now living in San Francisco, California.

APOLOGIES to Tom Tico: his second haiku on page 18 of the last issue should have begun with a capital letter—In a vacant lot, / a broken television / faces an empty couch; and to Jane Reichhold: the second hexagram in her article on page 28 was incorrect. It should have appeared as #50



CONTEST NEWS

The Haiku Poets of Northern California have announced the First International Women's Haiku/Senryu Competition. Deadline: October 31, 1989. For rules SASE to Haiku Poets of Northern California, 478 A Second Ave., San Francisco, CA, 94118. Judges: Anita Virgil Garner and Adele Kenny.

CONTEST WINNERS

The North Carolina Haiku Society 1989 International Haiku Contest winners are: 1st, Minna Lerman; 2nd, John King; 3rd, Ken Hurm; Honorable Mentions, 1st, Vincent Tripi and, June Moreau; Special Recognition to Minna Lerman, Kenneth C. Leibman, Michele Anne Jacquays, and Robert Spiess. Judge, Steve Dalachinsky.

"1988 Haiku in English Contest Winners" of the *Mainichi Daily News* (Tokyo) were announced and published in the February 28, 1989 edition of the paper. "Free Style" winners: 1st, Jerry Kilbride, 2nd, Dee Evetts; Honorary Mentions, David Elliott, Louise Somers Winder, Charles B. Dickson, Zhu Hao, Ryosuke Suzuki, Stephen Hobson, Gusta van Gulick, Garry Gay, Margaret Chula, and Inga Uhlemann. "Traditional Style" winners: 1st, Elizabeth Searle Lamb; 2nd, H. F. Noyes; Honorary Mentions, James Kirkup, Michael Fessler, David Burleigh, Bernard R. Hewitt, P. H. Faust, Mary Poole, Anne Ranasinghe, Toshimi Horiuchi, Thomas Heffernan, and J. van Tooren.

Hawaii Educational Association 12th Annual Haiku Contest winners: 'Hawaii Theme': 1st, Helen E. Dalton; 2nd, Anna Holley; 3rd, Christopher Herold; Honorable Mentions, Darold D. Braid, Lesley Einer, Anna Holley (2), Helen E. Dalton (2), Kathy White, Jennifer Brutschy (2), and Garry Gay. 'Humorous': 1st, Zhanna Rader; 2nd, Leslie Einer; 3rd, Charles B. Dickson; Honorable Mentions, Helen E. Dalton, Marietje B. Fuller, Joe Nutt, Christopher Herold, Vincent Tripi, Jean Campbell Simmonds, Jeanie Estella Dragoo, Mark Freiburger, Anna Holley, and Nina A. Wicker. 'Season Word': 1st, Charles B. Dickson; 2nd, Frederick Gasser; 3rd, Daniel Marcus; Honorable Mentions, Zhanna P. Rader, Nina Wicker, Winnie Fitzpatrick, Jaye Giammarino, Pauline Carl Prince, Rebecca Rust, Blanche Nonnemann, Anna Holley, Ken Hurm, and Leslie Einer.

The Poetry Society of Virginia announces 1989 winners of the J. Franklin Dew Awards: 1st, L. A. Davidson; 2nd, Patricia Neubauer; 3rd, Peggy Heinrich; Honorable Mentions to Anita Virgil and David Partie.

BOOKS AND CHAPBOOKS RECEIVED

Listing of new books is 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.

Silver Pen by Charles Nethaway. Haiku Publishing House, Box 3619, Reston, VA 22090. 1988, 3½x4", unpagged (28), \$2.50

Handshake by Werner Reichhold. (Haiku, Drawings, Installations, Collage) AHA Books, POB 767, Gualala, CA 95445. 1989, 104 pps., \$10. ppd.

Fireflies: Selected Haiku 1975-85 by Lee Richmond. Black Swan Books Ltd., PO Box 327, Redding Ridge, CT 06876. New Poets Series 3. 1989, 50 pps., \$7.50.

Drizzle of Stars. Two Linked Poems: Alexis Rotella and Scott Montgomery; Alexis Rotella and Bob Boldman. Illustrations, Marlene L'Abbé. Jade Mountain Press. 1988, unpagged (24), \$5. Available from Alexis Rotella, PO Box 72, Mountain Lakes, NJ 07046.

Antiphony of Bells: A Haiku Journey Through Italy by Alexis Rotella. English/Italian. Jade Mountain Press. 1989, 14 pps., \$5.00. Available from author, PO Box 72, Mountain Lakes, NJ 07046.

The Lace Curtain: A Collection of Tanka. by Alexis Rotella. Jade Mountain Press. 1989, 16 pps., \$5.00. Available from author, PO Box 72, Mountain Lakes, NJ 07046.

echoes all strung out by Elizabeth St. Jacques. Illustrations by author. Maplebud Press. 1989, 48 pps., \$5 ppd. Available from author, 406 Elizabeth St., Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., Canada P6B 3H4.

Chimney Smoke by Wally Swist. Juniper Press, 1310 Shorewood Drive, La Crosse, WI 54601. 1988, 5¼ x 3", unpagged (13 haiku), \$4. Haiku/Small Poem Series #21.

Salad Anniversary by Machi Tawara. Trans. from Japanese by Jack Stamm. Tokyo: Kawada Shobo Shinsha. 1988, 186 pps., 980 yen hardcover. Collection of tanka.

Winter and Wild Roses by Nina A. Wicker. Persephone Press, 22-B Pine Lake Drive, Whispering Pines, Carthage, NC 28327-9388. 1989, unpagged (7 haiku), \$6. plus postage.

GERALD BRADY MEMORIAL AWARD FOR SENRYU FOR 1989

The Haiku Society of America will offer prizes for senryu. This Gerald Brady Memorial Award is made possible by Virginia Brady Young in honor of her late brother.

1. Deadline for submission: July 1, 1989.
2. Entry fee: \$1.00 per senryu.
3. Limit: Five unpublished senryu.
4. Submit each senryu on two separate 3 × 5 cards, one with the senryu only (for anonymous judging), the other with the senryu and the author's name and address in the upper left-hand corner.
5. Contest is open to the public.
6. Submit works to Charles Nethaway, 2370 Albot Road, Reston, VA 22091.
7. There will be first prize of \$100, a second prize of \$50; and a third prize of \$25.
8. The list of winners and winning senryu will be published in *Frogpond*. Send SASE if you would like a list of the winning entries.
9. All rights remain with the authors except that winning senryu will be published in *Frogpond*.
10. The names of the judge(s) will be announced after the contest.
11. Sorry—entries cannot be returned.

HAROLD G. HENDERSON MEMORIAL AWARD FOR 1989

The Haiku Society of America will offer prizes for haiku. This Harold G. Henderson Award is made possible by Mrs. Harold Henderson in honor of Harold Henderson, one of the founders of the Haiku Society and one of the most influential authors and scholars regarding haiku.

1. Deadline for submission: August 1, 1989.
2. Entry fee: \$1.00 per haiku.
3. Limit: Five unpublished haiku.
4. Submit each haiku on two separate 3 × 5 cards, one with the haiku only (for anonymous judging), the other with the haiku and the author's name and address in the upper left-hand corner.
5. Contest is open to the public.
6. Submit works to Charles Nethaway, 2370 Albot Road, Reston, VA 22091.
7. There will be a first prize of \$100, donated by Mrs. Harold G. Henderson; a second prize of \$50 and a third prize of \$25, donated by Mrs. Frances Levenson.
8. The list of winners and winning haiku will be published in *Frogpond*. Send SASE if you would like a list of the winning entries.
9. All rights remain with the authors except that winning haiku will be published in *Frogpond*.
10. The names of the judge(s) will be announced after the contest.
11. Sorry—entries cannot be returned.

