

frogpond



Volume XII

Number 4

Published by the Haiku Society of America

November 1989

HAIKU SOCIETY OF AMERICA
333 East 47th St., New York, NY 10017

OFFICERS

President: Charles D. Nethaway, Jr., 2370 Albot Road, Reston, VA 22091.

Vice-President: Jerry Kilbride, 969 Bush St., Apt. 301, San Francisco, CA 94109.

Secretary: Doris Heitmeyer, 315 East 88th St., Apt. 1F, #42, New York, NY 10128.

Treasurer: L.A. Davidson, 2 Washington Square Village, 8-O, New York, NY 10012.

Frogpond Editor: Elizabeth Searle Lamb, 970 Acequia Madre, Santa Fe, NM 87501.

SUBSCRIPTION/MEMBERSHIP

\$16. USA and Canada; \$24. overseas, by airmail only. Please remit in US dollars. Canadian and overseas members should use International Postal Money Orders in US funds. All subscription/memberships are annual, expire on December 31, and include 4 issues of *Frogpond*. Half-year subscription/memberships available after July 1 for \$8. and include 2 *Frogponds*. Single copies are \$5.00. (If xeroxed copies of out-of-print issues would NOT be acceptable, PLEASE SPECIFY when ordering.) Make checks payable to Haiku Society of America, Inc., and send to secretary at home address.

PLEASE NOTE

1. All funds for subscription/memberships, renewals, or donations must be sent to secretary at home address, checks or money orders made out to Haiku Society of America. In addition, all changes of address are to go to the secretary.
2. Send all editorial material to editor at home address, with SASE.
3. Send all other correspondence to pertinent officers at home addresses.
4. Where answer is required—and for return of manuscripts—SASE *must* be enclosed.

FROGPOND EDITORIAL POLICY

All prior copyrights are retained by contributors. Full rights revert to contributors upon publication of *Frogpond*. HSA does not assume responsibility for views of contributors (including those of its own officers) whose work is printed in *Frogpond*, research errors, infringements of copyrights, or failure to make proper acknowledgments.

Cover art copyright © 1989 by Barbara Ann Gurwitz.

Copyright © 1989 by Haiku Society of America, Inc.

Typography—Casa Sin Nombre

FROGPOND
 Quarterly Haiku Journal
 Vol. XII No. 4 November 1989

CONTENTS

HAIKU & SENRYU

Aaronson, Bernard S.	5, 11, 34	Keay, Robert	6
Aikins, Suezan	5	Kenny, Adele	5
Anderson, Kent A.	8	Kilbride, Jerry	15, 37
Antieau, David K.	21	Klecza, Marilyn	32
Apted, W. S.	21	Klinge, Gunther	21
Arrow, Holly	37	Kolashinski, Elsie O.	8, 14
Ash, Doris	33	Kosh, Davina	32
Balus, Richard	23	Leopold, Renee Luria	10
Bencivenga, Janet R.	20	Little, Geraldine C.	7
Better, Cathy Drinkwater	5	Llitas, D. S.	14, 24
bluger, marianne	29	Lurie, David	32
Boyd, Jim	23	Lyles, Peggy Willis	34, 36
Chessing, James	15	Lyon, E. R.	8
Clark, Nancy L.	32	Maschinot, Michael	34
Cochran, Leonard	24	McLachlan, Estelle	36
Daldorph, Brian	7	McLaughlin, Dorothy	35
de Gruttola, Raffael	30	McLeod, Donald	34
Dickson, Charles B.	6	Middleton, K.	33
Dillon, Mike	19	Minor, James	11
Duppenthaler, Cathy	21	Moore, Bob	12
Duppenthaler, Peter	23	Morrison, R. H.	3
Dyba, Paul R.	7	Mountain, Marlene	36
Elliott, David	14, 37	Nethaway, Charles D., Jr.	24
Eulberg, Sr. Mary T.	19	Neubauer, Patricia	7, 35
Engle, Margarita Mondrus	30	Nonnemann, Blanche	8, 33
Figgins, Ross	14	Noyes, H. F.	19, 24
Franko, Jean L.	33	Partridge, Brent	21
Gay, Garry	29	Pope, Edgar W.	11
Ginn W. C.	23	Porad, Francine	34
Gray, Patrick Worth	10	Richman, Elliot	22
Harrington, Jeanne	10, 36	Rielly, Edward J.	23
Haynes, Stanley	33	Roody, Bill	30
Heitmeyer, Doris	28	Rotella, Alexis	11, 36
Hess, LaVaughn	20	Rungren, Lawrence	6, 36
Hester, Constance	35	Rys, Steve	15
Hirayama, Makoto	12	Sagan, Miriam	37

Schaum, D.C.	23	Totts, J. A.	5
Shafii, Sharon Lee	35	tripi, vincent	8, 15
Sheirer, John	36	Trout, Mitzi Hughes	8
Silvers, Vicki	35	Turner, John	30
Simbeck, Rob	20	Vance, Lequita	37
Spriggs, Ruby	15	Virgilio, Nick	10, 14
Stull, Denver	6	Unthank, Melodee	30
Swist, Wally	7	Walsh, Phyllis	21
Thompson, Richard	10, 35	Williams, Paul O.	11
Tico, Tom	7, 20	Wright, Michael A.	32

SEQUENCES & RENGA

VFW Post (John J. Dunphy)	22
Three Tanka (Randy Johnson)	29
Time of Miles (Paul Newman)	31
Anniversary Party (Charles Nethaway, Penny Harter, Jaxon Teck)	25
Beachfront Suicide: Reflections at Dusk (Marian Olson)	9

AND MORE

Word from the Editor	3
Museum of Haiku Literature Awards	4
HSA Henderson Haiku Awards	16
HSA Brady Senryu Awards	17
HSA Merit Book Awards	18
The Moment's Gift (H. F. Noyes)	19
Seasoning Your Haiku (William J. Higginson)	38
Book Reviews (Charles B. Dickson, L. A. Davison, Miriam Sagan)	40
Bits & Pieces	45
HSA Financial Report	48

WORD FROM THE EDITOR

ESL

With this issue *Frogpond* completes twelve years of continuous publication. As editor, I am most grateful to all of you who have submitted material, and appreciate your patience; I thank all readers of the magazine and welcome comments and suggestions for improvement. May *Frogpond* continue to grow in its thirteenth year.

Syndicated columnist Paul Greenberg wrote recently, in comment on the death of Robert Penn Warren, that "A work of art can be like a piece of land deeded in perpetuity; it stays the same yet changes with every season, every eye, every generation." So it is with Basho's *Oku no hosomichi* (*The Narrow Road to the Deep North*) whose 300th anniversary has been celebrated throughout this year. May it not also be true for the finest of contemporary haiku, haibun, and renga?

May the haiku way be open and joy attend you throughout this season of the many holidays.



Not burning off
not plowing just yet—
the ground-lark's nest

Taking us with them
they depart over the lake:
the wild geese

Cemetery at night:
among the headstones
the living wind

R. H. Morrison

MUSEUM OF HAIKU LITERATURE (TOKYO) AWARDS

\$25 Awards for previously unpublished material

from *Frogpond* XII:3

Haiku

on Lookout Rock
one step
to the red hawk

Andrew J. Grossman

Sequence

"Six Ways of Seeing Summer Rain"

Gregory McNamee

The autumn bush
in sudden flower—
goldfinches

Bernard S. Aaronson

curled leaf
suspended by a spider's thread,
sunlight in the doorway . . .

at the fair,
streamers of the tambourine
tangled . . . moon rising

J. A. Totts

country road
apples
drying in the sun

the moon tonight!
leaving a poet
no choice

Cathy Drinkwater Better

turning the corner
before me
my voice in the wind

Adele Kenny

the north wind
rubbing itself
in the marsh

Suezan Aikins

cold dawn
the maple loses
its last leaf

autumn comes
rust deepens
on the unused tracks

Lawrence Rungren

the shrill wings
of a startled dove
startling me

Robert Keay

hunting season—
only one dove
at the feeder

autumn breeze—
the milkweed seed
looks for new ground

Denver Stull

cajun cabin . . .
the aroma of hot gumbo
floats on the bayou

blustery twilight—
resin scent from the sawmill
through curtain flutter

Charles B. Dickson

heavy frost whitens the trees
a strand of barbed wire
glistens

that one bird
a hinge in its voice
creaks in the wind

Wally Swist

smoke from the hobo camp
drifting southward . . .
chill autumn wind

Patricia Neubauer

sleet:
the color of their eyes,
these homeless

Geraldine C. Little

Under the bridge
only a mist
to blanket the homeless

Paul R. Dyba

fly rattles
around the lampshade:
October dusk

Brian Daldorph

Dusk . . .
at the end of this long street—
vanishing cypresses

Tom Tico

bent as the willow
the old man carves
a whistle from it

finally—the willow leaves
ochre brush strokes
on the frozen grass

*in memoriam
for J. R.
E. R. Lyon*

willow trailing its leaves through water

Mitzi Hughes Trout

the long branches
of the old weeping willow
held in the snowdrift

Blanche Nonnemann

barren woods—
when the wind pauses
birdsong

Kent A. Anderson

willow leaves
falling one by one
blanket small grave

Elsie O. Kolashinski

looking back . . .
the bird I saw
is heard in mist

vincent tripi

BEACHFRONT SUICIDE: REFLECTIONS AT DUSK

Gunshot!
The tide of gulls breaks
like a scattering wave

Gathering silence
in my mind is
the hardest thing to do

Against the wind's chill
I button my sweater
feet dug in sand

The sun slips low
a carnelian red paving
the water with dark light

How many wanderers
have followed the sun
down?

(The girl with the soul
of a gull
never came back)

Questions
purl like schools of fish
in dangerous waters

Questions
without breath without answers
a broken shell

Marian Olson

Fall morning's first light:
her old hand slowly
twirling the leaf

Richard Thompson

crossing the street . . .
old lady with a cane
maple leaf in the wind

Renee Luria Leopold

another number
has fallen from the mailbox:
my dead neighbor's name

Nick Virgilio

My neighbor—
He borrowed too much, I know,
Still, the moving van . . .

Setting sun.
Shadows of mountain and grouse
Close my gate.

Patrick Worth Gray

dusk and firewood laden
old man and donkey
fade into the mountain

November moon
mountain ash still heavy
with berries

Jeanne Harrington

All night long
the neighbor's rooster
welcoming the dawn

Something in the light
marks this an autumn beach—
shells and footprints

Bernard S. Aaronson

In my journal today
I place
an unknown weed

Alexis Rotella

half-sunken
rowboat:
ice thickens

on the last pillar
of the old pier
a cormorant opens its wings

mountains
I knew in childhood—
autumn rain

Edgar W. Pope

a night walk—
the hazy moon
expands the pine trees

Paul O. Williams

eucalyptus
treetop moving
autumn blue

a tip
of the sun
up

beating
futon bright
autumn skies

Makota Hirayama

farmers burning fields
i bicycle through the smoke—
shiitake groves

watching the traffic
she sings an old enka song—
sports park leaves turning

an old wooden bowl
fingers sticky with mochi—
the harbor bell sounds

ivy-covered walls
the midnight train approaches—
autumn cicada

Bob Moore

ASILOMAR SAND

Asilomar sand
thought and fits of dreams
in my bed

with studded belt
Athena's role an actress
in motorcycle helmet

heads down
the sea rises up over the sun

uncaught the fire
White Bear in the tale roams
the room

sparks in the distance appear
disappear in headlights

in the rearview mirror
'round each curve
another curve

reflection in glasses
his face comes back in pairs

scarf colors
grow dark with sweat
from Russia

heart beat unnoticed
in the video monitor

quiet
"Fifty Males Sitting Together"
fills the hall

outside a pup marks tires
vapor lights light unlit lights

Lequita Vance

forest fire,
morning paper full
of ashes

Elsie O. Kolashinski

the cold morning rain
through the gnawing of chain saws:
the cawing of crows

between the fire bells
and the buckets of water:
the frog in the well

Nick Virgilio

at the Fire-Station
concealing a book of haiku:
the brass bell!

D. S. Lliteras

Three days later
rubble still smoking—stone steps
leading up to nothing

David Elliott

cats turned wild;
all that's left, a barn,
and it leaks

snow-covered lake—
summer whispers,
dry marsh grass

Ross Figgins

TALK OF FOG
ON THE CORNER OF
BUSH AND LEAVENWORTH,
SAN FRANCISCO

Foggy morning . . .
A student passes
with an empty canvas

Jerry Kilbride

With the morning fog
A paintbrush
On the ground

vincent tripi



an all-shadow day
occasionally into it
sparrow chirps

Ruby Spriggs

fogged in airport . . .
tonight the waiting faces search
their own reflections

deplaning:
the faces of those
not met

James Chessing

in the fog
a blue heron
above IBM

Steve Rys

1989 HAROLD G. HENDERSON MEMORIAL HAIKU AWARDS
Haiku Society of America

First Place
\$100.00

so many ways
within the waterfall
for water to fall

John Thompson

Second Place
\$50.00

after the rain
on my vegetable patch
a new crop of stones

Dee Evetts

Third Place
\$25.00

frozen in mud
by the vacant shanty:
lottery ticket

Joe Nutt

Honorable Mentions
(listed alphabetically)
\$10.00 each

the potter's hands
gently shape the vase
out of himself

Frederick Gasser

Water melon rind
sitting in its own juice
the summer sun

Garry Gay

figure drawing class—
in the model's deepest shadows
a stark white string

Lee Gurga

Ebb tide . . .
a little sea
in the shell

Robert Mainone

watching rain
pouring down . . . pouring down
just watching

Joan Bulger Murphy

abandoned store—
large sign reading
WE NEVER CLOSE

Denver Stull



Chief Judge: Leroy Kanterman
Judge: George Swede
Judge: Tom Tico

1989 GERALD BRADY SENRYU AWARDS
Haiku Society of America

First Place
\$100.00

eating alone
my alphabet soup
speaks to me

Brenda S. Duster

Second Place
\$50.00

lunch
with her lover's wife
leftovers

Joe Nutt

Third Place
\$25.00

Hole in the ozone
my bald spot . . .
sunburned

Garry Gay

First Honorable Mention
\$10.00

after kindling
his passion . . .
she lights his cigarette

Sheldon Young

Second Honorable Mention
\$10.00

Nurses' Station—
above the heart monitors
a soap opera

David Elliott

Third Honorable Mention
\$10.00

how desirable
in the thrift shop window
my old Mag-John set

Dee Evetts



Chief Judge: Frederick Gasser
Judge: Don McLeod
Judge: Hiroaki Sato

1989 MERIT BOOK AWARDS
FOR BOOKS PUBLISHED IN 1988

Haiku Society of America

- First Place
\$100
Selected Haiku
Nicholas A. Virgilio (posthumous award)
Burnt Lake Press/Black Moss Press
- Second Place
\$75.00
Sayings for the Invisible
Rod Willmot
Black Moss Press
- Third Place
\$50.00
Tigers in a Tea Cup
Jane Reichhold
AHA Books/Arena Press
- Special Recognition Award "for a profound, insightful book *about* haiku:
New and Selected Speculations on Haiku
Robert Spiess
Modern Haiku
- Honorable Mentions
(listed alphabetically by author)
\$10.00 each
- Dee Evetts
A Small Ceremony, From Here Press
- Joseph Gustafson
October Sun, A Year of Haiku, Leicester Hill Books
- Jane Lambert
Small Journeys, published by Jane Lambert
- Geraldine C. Little
Beyond the Boxwood Comb: Six Women's Voices from Japan, Sparrow Press
- anne mckay
street songs, Wind Chimes Press
- Wally Swist
(dual entry):
Chimney Smoke, Juniper Press; and
Unmarked Stones, Burnt Lake Press



Judges: Makoto Ueda
Charles Dickson

THE MOMENT'S GIFT
H. F. Noyes

How much of our lives is spent on distractions and preoccupations that cut us off from real living experience. In the words of Wallace Stevens, "In my room, the world is beyond my understanding; / But when I walk, I see that it consists of three or four hills and a cloud." Buson wrote the haiku "Leaving my gate, I too am someone on the road this autumn evening." What I think both meant is that leaving behind one's ego self and its shell, the home, we can just "be" and be one with the hour, the season. We can "inter-be" with the life around us.

It has been said that the readiness of the heart is love, the readiness of the mind, wisdom. When we're in our heart-mind open and ready, haiku moments come to us as "grace," as an unsought gift of the life flow. Whether these moments of "suchness" are a window into intuitions of importance or profundity matters not at all. They are the nourishing stuff of life if they but momentarily restore the seamless wholeness of unitary experience. They awaken the self out of the deadening sleep of "thingish" existence in dichotomous "I-it" relating.

The haiku moments that are our natural heritage are within easy reach in ordinary living. Are we there to receive? Are we listening, giving our whole attention—looking as one mirror reflecting another with no shadow between? Or are we merely seeking verification of our own preconceived reality? Are we willing to wait in stilled thought for that shimmering of interpenetration and the inimitable voice of a true haiku "happening"?



morning sun—
the cat stretching into
its just-wakened shadow

H. F. Noyes

fog enriches
the fire escape
web after web after . . .

Sister Mary Thomas Eulberg

raining
even inside
our gate

Mike Dillon

After the gunshot
that killed the crippled horse—
the crows caw and caw

fog
and foghorns
silence the city

Tom Tico

rain sweeps the dry field
a scarecrow flutters and falls
beneath the corn rows

across the sky
the wild geese
swing

LaVaughn Hess

Windy hayride
looking back—a pumpkin
wears my hat.

Janet R. Bencivenga

All Souls' Day . . .
a shattered pumpkin
grins

through 10x50s
impact craters
on the harvest moon

Rob Simbeck

autumn haze
the stone buddha's
warm smile

Brent Partridge

A smiling Buddha—
The one who is marked by death
is touching his face

Gunther Klinge
adapted from the German
by Ann Atwood

withered leaves
autumn's
wind bells

Cathy Duppenthaler

frosted pampas grass
tinkles in wind
twittering sparrows

Phyllis Walsh

Meeting for business
through a window
black squirrel's curled tail

Wipers slap cold rain away;
wishing I were already home

David K. Antieau

rain pouring down
the window even distorts
the meow of the cat

W. S. Apted

VFW POST

table of old men
singing a drunken chorus of
Don't Sit Under the Apple Tree

closing his eyes
he remembers a woman in England
forty-five years ago

after his third shot
Korea vet begins his weekly tirade
about today's soft kids

for the eighty-third time
a car salesman tells how
he was wounded at Inchon

raising a beer
bartender toasts his kid brother
killed on Iwo Jima

at the end of the bar
a 'Nam veteran sits alone
drinking quietly

John J. Dunphy



THE WALL

a found haiku*

Black haiku—
a bare skeleton
I bring my own thoughts

Elliot Richman

**Jean Crawford Strickler in
Shrapnel in the Heart.*

Indian summer—
The crickets
Hold a great council

Birds chirp
into November's chill—
dog sniffs the air

Richard Balus

slow moving water
leaves dropping into bullseyes
all along the James

Jim Boyd

today downtown
old soldiers march again
without arms

D. C. Schaum

attic heat—
cricket chirping behind
an old crank telephone

Edward J. Rielly

what can they think of
to talk away the night
autumn crickets

Peter Duppenenthaler

So dark
the crickets
are closer

W. C. Ginn

Carefree wind.
Underfoot, a beach combed
by nervous waves.

Leonard Cochran

resort hotel
hermit crab's
empty shell

staring at the rocks
my boy
finds a haiku

u.f.o.'s
don't belong in haiku—
man swirls his hand

Charles D. Nethaway, Jr.

on the beach
verifying that last
haiku sighting

the bitterness
 making wind
 colder

D. S. Lliteras

bag lady choosing
her winter coat—
by the smell

H. F. Noyes

ANNIVERSARY PARTY

A renga in honor of the twentieth anniversary of the Haiku Society of America, composed at the Kenilworth Hotel, Spring Lake, New Jersey, on November 5, 1988, from 12 noon to midnight.

Charles Nethaway

Penny Harter

Jaxon Teck

anniversary party
the youngest
almost that old cn

antique doll in the carriage—
one eye stuck open ph

dawn at the sea
my window
won't rise jt

knocking upon the door
autumn wind cn

moonlight—
loose shingles
curl on the roof ph

protected by glowing tiles
the space shuttle returns jt

the lovers
behind me, reflected
in your face

ph

I twist my ring
that's not there

cn

Halloween:
we're out of treats
the door bell rings

jt

among the groceries
a crossed off list

ph

bottle of wine
42nd Street
covered with snow

cn

warm glass of cheer
finger tips still blue

jt

"Blue Moon" on the radio—
she presses her cheek
to his shoulder

ph

bridesmaid eyes the bouquet—
a nun hurries by

cn

distant bell
calling the faithful—
late again

jt

jack-in-the-pulpit unfurling—
spring rain

ph

a year later—
dandelion
on the bum's grave

cn

the picnic basket's shadow
creeps along with the ants

jt

increasing the heat
the balloonist
takes it up ph

Ocean City—fat man pulls
on a Chinese kite cn

the garden shrivels—
the hardy mint survives
a light frost jt

dressing for dinner, she stops—
the first gray hairs ph

door bell—
ex-husband
gives her a hug cn

a stolen kiss
in the nursing home jt

each day more ice
closes the pond—
and still, the mallards ph

deep snow
children play on the hill cn

bright skiers
flash by the lodge—
eyes closed to remember jt

grandmother's quilt—
the random fraying ph

hunters' moon
an old man
waits at the door cn

two deer eating my backyard,
the neighbor's dog barks and barks jt

dust on the antlers
over the mantel—
the logs shift

ph

others in bed
I poke the last flame

cn

back in their seats
after the fire drill,
classroom sounds

jt

headlights sweep the bedroom wall—
his even breathing

ph

silence—
artist studies
the lone rose

cn

the coin turns in the air—
play ball

jt



November
no sound from the mourning dove
except its wings

The moon just risen
a flock of birds flies home
to Roosevelt Island

Doris Heitmeyer

THREE TANKA

Almost an old man
But still having yet to climb
Mount Rainier,
Every clear day across the sound
It magnifies the far shore.

Yesterday seven,
Today three, and in a month
Who will remember
The last leaves of the maple
Under amassing snow?

Late harvest over,
Thinking winter, I look twice
Against the dark firs.
But no, just last flies circling,
Not awaited flakes of snow

Randy Johnson



into rainy night
red tail-lights
disappearing

through the slot
a pizza flier
a cold gust

marianne bluger

After the rain
only the sound of dripping . . .
in the kitchen pan

Garry Gay

cat's eyes
 afloat
 out in the mist

smoke through those
pale tipped gums
 smell of rain

Melodee Unthank

hobo burp
frightening
sparrows

walking by woods, slowing
where a broken birch
blocks the path

Raffael de Gruttola

autumn night
 nose to the window
 a ghost-white cat

Margarita Mondrus Engle

late-night mouse
undisturbed by the sound
of letter writing

Bill Roody

are there many
snails on the path
this moonless night?

John Turner

TIME OF MILES

the long riding
a short rest stop . . .

wildflowers
trashbags, bright too
along the highway

half loops powerline
stranding the sun

its light might slip
the moon
rising

moonladen
cloudfired
dusking skyquiet
the wind
sounding

novel
better than poem
for this sunset

in the dark
the field's scent
is green*

insects
pelleting the headlights
reminding
of nights much colder

already up!
a sleepy sun

Paul Newman

*first published in
Brussels Sprout VI: 3

Soft landing
the vulture settles its wings—
that hard yellow beak

Davina Kosh

playing chicken
along the interstate
darting sparrows

twilight
upon a street lamp
a lone gull

Michael A. Wright

In Bryce Canyon,
a falling leaf,
an eagle

A raven's song,
the cupped palms of my hands
holding the darkness

Nancy L. Clark

caterpillar inching
along the bike trail
wheel's breath

Marilyn Kleczka

the drunk's shadow
lurches across
the parking lot

David Lurie

bread from the oven
Sarah savors the taste
of grandmother's word

James Minor

Her red stockings
redder at the ankles
where they sag

K. Middleton

Elegant wedding:
altar boy in monk's cassock
soiled sneakers

Jean L. Franko

baseball scores
on the snack bar
at the opera

Doris Ash

this white page
filled with inkspots;
clouds on autumn sky

Stanley Haynes

children giggling . . .
the Halloween pumpkin face
carved upside down

Blanche Nonnemann

the wave's roll
fracturing the sun
into a hundred stars

crab
washed ashore
each feeler intact

Francine Porad

The light
on my father's face
as he bends to fill his bowl

Michael Maschinot

grandpa's old porch—
paper milk stopper sunk deep
in the empty bottle

Donald McLeod

orchard shade . . .
swish of a cane pole threshing
papershell pecans

nightfall
and the marsh
unsettling

Peggy Willis Lyles

Dark wind blowing—
a witch's hat of clouds
crosses the moon

Bernard S. Aaronson

Greeting the morning
with a warm winter smile:
Advent fullmoon

Christmas Eve:
Light comes to the darkened church,
candle by candle

Richard Thompson

in the store
the chocolate covered cherries
mother liked at Christmas

Sharon Lee Shafii

water colors
raindrops brushed
with Christmas—

Vicki Silvers

A spiky haired punk
Dressed in black
Carrying a red poinsettia.

Constance Hester

early for Mass—
alone with this stillness
for a little while

still full of light
after sunset:
this quiet church

Dorothy McLaughlin

wind sock the fading year
rains finally come we three share our womanlives

Marlene Mountain

at the rummage sale
grabbing the same blouse
our eyes meet

Estelle McLachlan

New receptionist:
her lace collar
askew

Alexis Rotella

the eye-doctor's glasses held by masking tape

John Sheirer

fast-breaking news:
weight of the lead apron
in the dentist's chair

Peggy Willis Lyles

Christmas morning
finding a lump
on her breast

Jeanne Harrington

Christmas Eve—
a wreath covers the poster
of a missing child

Lawrence Rungren

I gather branches
forgetting
to thank them

Holly Arrow

Blue silk lining
Torn from the black coat—
Evening sky

Blue star
Above the neighbor's creche
Solstice night

Miriam Sagan

CHILDREN'S WARD

Christmas tree lights switched on
... even the blind child applauds

Patricia Neubauer

snowflakes
touch her face,
her child moves

Jerry Kilbride

Sitting zazen
by the light
of the Christmas tree

David Elliott

last day of the year
rain fills Christmas wrap
lightning stops the clock

Lequita Vance

SEASONING YOUR HAIKU

William J. Higginson

The next issue of *Frogpond* will inaugurate a short section called "Seasoned Haiku". In it I will comment on haiku submitted by readers, and propose seasonal topics for the following issue.

To most Japanese a haiku without a season word just isn't a haiku. There are some exceptions. Shiki, the great inventor of modern Japanese haiku, wrote 200 or so with no season—fewer than 1% of his 25,500 haiku. Seasonal consciousness is pretty basic to haiku.

The seasons in haiku involve three ideas: seasonal periods, experiential categories, and the relationship between seasonal topics (*kidai*) and season words (*kigo*).

In classical Japanese literature the year begins with spring, which starts on the first day of the first month of the lunar calendar—about our fifth of February. When *renga*, with its heavy dependence on the seasons, came to dominate Japanese poetry, the four seasons were each divided into three periods. While some seasonal topics relate to an entire season, most are specific to the early, middle, or late season. Today many Japanese haiku poets observe a somewhat modified version of that old calendar, with spring, for example, divided into early spring (February), mid-spring (March), and late spring (April).

Also during the heyday of *renga*, more and more objects and events joined the lists of seasonal topics. For convenience scholar-poets organized the lists by categories of experience. While some have proposed different categories, the following are most common in today's seasonal guides, or *saijiki*: the season (time and temperature), astronomy (sky & weather), geography (landscape and seascape), livelihood (people at work and play), observances (holidays and festivals), animals (from mammals to insects), and plants (from trees to fungus).

Seasonal topics, or *kidai*, are the various objects and events which have seasonal meaning according to the tradition. A haiku refers to one or another of these *kidai* by means of a specific word or phrase, the season word, or *kigo*. The *kigo* is the word or phrase that embodies the *kidai*, creating the seasonal feeling of a particular poem.

In practical terms, the *kidai* and *kigo* may be the same word or phrase. But usually a particular *kidai* will have two or more *kigo* associated with it. For example, in February or March (authorities differ) we have a *kidai* from the geography category, *zansetsu*, which may be realized in any of three *kigo*: *zansetsu* ("remaining snow"), *nokoru yuki* ("left-over snow"), and *yuki nokoru* ("snow left over"). These alternatives allow poets to vary the tone of a haiku. "Remaining snow" sounds refined, while the other two are more colloquial. "Remaining snow" and "left-over snow" emphasize the present physical aspect, while "snow left over" suggests more the passage of time. The following contemporary Japanese haiku illustrate:

<i>kareshiba ni</i>	on the withered lawn
<i>mottomo hiroku</i>	completely spread out
<i>yuki nokoru</i>	snow left over

Takahama Toshio

<i>nokoru yuki</i>	left-over snow
<i>gekkō naru yo o</i>	nights passed in moon-yellow
<i>use ni keru</i>	are disappeared

Mizuhara Shūōshi

<i>zansetsu ya</i>	remaining snow . . .
<i>kataku tozaseru</i>	the firmly locked up
<i>kayaku koya</i>	gunpowder shed

Katō Chiyoko

For the February (spring) issue of *Frogpond*, I propose the following *kidai*, in addition to "remaining snow". They are all recognized in Japanese seasonal guides, and provide one *kidai* in each of the seven traditional categories.

- Valentine's Day (early spring/February, observances)
- cat's love (early spring/February, animals)
- spring equinox (mid-spring/March, the season)
- sea shell gathering (mid-spring/March, livelihood)
- spring moon (late spring/April, astronomy)
- apricot blossoms (late spring/April, plants)

Of course, we may make up our own *kidai* by carefully observing things that first occur or appear at certain times of year and incorporating them into our haiku. If a number of poets agree on a *kidai*, and find *kigo* to express it in their haiku, a new *kidai* may be added to the seasonal guide, or *saijiki*.

In the February issue "Seasoned Haiku" will include poems from readers on the above *kidai*, or other *kidai* which readers propose for February, March, or April. Since these months will not have come round by the deadline, this is an opportunity to look at haiku written last year or before but not yet published, and consider their seasonal topics. Or perhaps this would be a time to write on something remembered or imagined.

To have your previously unpublished poem considered for "Seasoned Haiku" send up to ten (may be on one sheet of paper with a copy) and an s.a.s.e. to William J. Higginson, Seasoned Haiku, Box 219, Fanwood, NJ 07023 USA. Please type the *kidai*, whether one of those offered above or your own suggestion, next to each poem. The in-hand deadline for the February issue is the 15th of December 1989.

BOOK REVIEWS

KERNELS: HAIKU & SENRYU, 1968-1989, by Joe Nutt. Illustrated by the author. Nutt Studio, P.O. Box 135, Staunton, VA 24401. 1989. 100 pps, paper, \$11 ppd.

Reviewed by Charles B. Dickson

Kernels: haiku & senryu, 1968-1989, is a remarkable achievement. To begin with, its very scope is extraordinary—485 poems written over more than twenty years and illustrated with 21 full-page hauntingly graphic pen-and-ink drawings by the poet himself. Most of the haiku and senryu have appeared in more than sixty journals in the United States, Canada, Japan and England.

And most of the poems, according to the author, have been revised since publication. This act of continuous revision is, in the opinion of this reviewer, a mark of the true artist. It explains so much about the impact of this volume. Only long and dedicated labor can produce poetry that flows with such simplicity, felicity and apparent effortlessness, but with such power.

But *Kernels* is not just a book of poetic power; it is a book of pictorial power. A talented pen-and-ink artist, Joe's deft and detailed pictures are a superb complement to the incisive haiku moments captured in his words.

The book is divided into three major sections: "Farm Kernels", "Cabin and Camp Kernels", and "Travel Kernels".

In the first two sections in particular, writing in the spirit of haiku and using the haiku form, Joe has preserved a rural world that is rapidly vanishing from the American scene. So much of it is irretrievably lost already. I refer to the world of the small family farm, the world of dirt farmers with callused hands on plow handles, the world of covered bridges and tenant farmers' houses and small white clapboard churches at country crossroads.

Brought up in small towns and on small farms in Ohio, Virginia and Florida, Joe Nutt knows this world firsthand, and I for one am grateful for the meticulous care he has taken to preserve this disappearing culture for posterity, both in his words and with his pen. I can vouch that he writes and draws with authenticity and crystalline clarity, for I know this world, too.

the creaking harness
and the widening belt
of turned earth

solitude
in the trapped possum's eyes—
ice closing the pond

Christmas eve—
haybarn roofed with moonlight,
long lowing of the cow

cold cowbarn—
her full udders
warm me

In the "Travel Kernels" section, Joe bows in the direction of a subsection, "City and Town", with a few pages of poems, but most of Part III is devoted

to Florida and includes some splendid drawings of lighthouses and the Everglades.

sun-washed breakwater—	setting sun
seagulls drop clamshells	tangled
on the rocks	in sea oats

Joe Nutt writes with deceptively straightforward words and phrases (another mark of the skilled and gifted artist), but he achieves a complex imagery and is clearly as much in harmony with nature as were the Japanese masters and the dirt farmers in the book.

hobo
his home on his back
winks at the turtle.

WINTER AND WILD ROSES by Nina A. Wicker. Persephone Press, 22-B Pine Lake Dr., Whispering Pines, Carthage, NC 28327-9388. 1989, 16 pps., paper. \$6.65 ppd.

Reviewed by Charles B. Dickson

This book is poignant proof that the whole can be far greater than the sum of its parts. The seven haiku presented here appeared separately in seven different publications, but the author has assembled them into a touching and harmonious sequence in memory of her mother.

With unobtrusive artistry, Wicker has imbued these poems with gentle and subtle irony and humor even during such sorrowful moments as riding in the funeral procession or visiting the graveyard at nightfall.

rain on the hearse—	cemetery sign:
“never ride when you can walk”	NO ADMITTANCE AFTER DARK
—my mother	already a firefly

Writing with a sensitive economy of words, she ends the little book with a truth known to all (after death, life continues), but she does it with phrases that transmute the commonplace into poetry.

back at the home place
her tamed wild roses
wild again

This is, as I understand it, probably the most important function of a haiku poet: to penetrate to the heart of everyday and usually unnoticed experiences and transform such events until their relevancies become apparent. This Wicker does superbly.

The book design and printing are outstanding. One haiku appears on one side of each page and stands out crisply in an abundance of white space.



HAIKU, THE SPRING WITHIN by Robert F. Mainone (Wonderland Press, 7431 Pine Lake Road, Delton, MI 49046, 1989, \$10.00 plus \$1.00 postage and handling).

Reviewed by L. A. Davidson

In this period of haiku-in-English when intellectualization is rampant, when senryu and haiku are often intermingled, when one well-known author plainly states she writes whatever she wishes and calls it haiku, it is refreshing to pick up a new book of Robert F. Mainone's haiku based on observations of nature in which the observer's nature is revealed.

Without creative gymnastics, he takes the reader with him from the restful:

Forest path . . .
a little blue butterfly
leading the way

to the practical:

Garden temple . . .
on his knees
pulling weeds

or with a sense of humor:

Spring planting . . .
Crow goes out
to inspect his field

If the crow seems anthropomorphic, it is well to be reminded that the field is his also and of great interest when fresh seeds are scattered.

Mainone's quiet humor surfaces frequently without ever being abrasive:

Departing duck—
leaving behind
her quacking

Speaking of moonlight . . .
this old apple tree
would know

He makes much of movement and sensory perception, as:

Red sun . . .
red cranes rising
from the misty moor

Over the stones
through the stones
the gull's shadow*

One hundred poems
where the water tumbles
over the rocks

Spring night . . .
the skunk must be
just outside

It is not surprising that a man immersed in nature all his life should write so feelingly of it, with awe and respect:

Light and shadow . . .
three deer at the moment
of their creation

but he touches human nature by itself sometimes, as in:

Out of its slipper
her bare foot talking
under the table**

The book is beautifully produced, four by six inches, with plenty of white space on forty-six pages, one or three haiku to a page, interspersed with six line drawings on rice paper, a technique used in seven of his ten books. The list of these gift-quality books, available from the author, is included, as is a brief autobiography.

Always a disappointment to this reviewer, his books are not paginated, but having to search for a favorite half-remembered haiku is a small price to pay for the enjoyment of reliving unsullied nature with an author who can write:

Renewing itself . . .
the forest around
the memorial stone



*In *Na Púa oli puké ehā*, Anthology of Hawaii Education Association 8th Annual Haiku Award Winners, 2nd place 1984.

**Haiku Society of America Harold G. Henderson Award Contest, 1st Honorable Mention, 1985.

A SMALL CEREMONY by Dee Evetts. From Here Press 1988. 30pp. \$3.00

Reviewed by Miriam Sagan

Recently at Santa Fe's Burnt Horses Bookstore I had the pleasure of hearing Dee Evetts read his haiku. It was a gala event: Peggy Harter and Bill Higginson read and a group of New Mexico poets (Elizabeth Lamb, Richard Bodner, Virginia Bodner, Miriam Sagan, Gary Vaughn) read their renga to welcome the others. But Evett's work was new to me, and made a particular impression. His haiku fell lucidly on ear and eye; they seemed tremendously concentrated, and it was no surprise that he produced work slowly over several years. So I was delighted to read his collection *A Small Ceremony*, which proved no disappointment.

The haiku here come out of a deeply felt moment: an instant of connection and insight. Often the human and natural worlds intersect, with fine result:

day begins damply vegetable talk with a stranger across the canal	down the tow-path that once led nowhere I go visiting friends
losing our patience with nameless grasses stuck them in a pot	

The collection also contains longer poems, written in the conventional free-verse mold. Though they lack the effortless seeming grace of the haiku the language is crisp and the subject matter appealing: a trip to the Indian Ocean, leaving a lover in the morning, a childhood memory of nightingales. But the haiku give the most direct perceptions of the world:

gulping milk
over the rim of the mug
a child's view of snow

Dee Evetts himself works as a carpenter in Oxfordshire, travels, and lives part of each year in a community in the Slocan Valley of British Columbia. He appears to be leading a life connected to the meditative properties of haiku itself, and finding the haiku around him:

trying to read a book
the restlessness
of mulberry leaves



BITS & PIECES

PUBLICATION NEWS

Lynx, edited by Terri Lee Grell, P.O. Box 169, Toutle, WA 98649, continues where *APA-Renga*, edited by Tundra Wind, left off. Autumn issue has just appeared. A quarterly, with subscription \$15 per yr., issue price \$4, a sample \$2. Best wishes to Tundra Wind and the same to Terri Lee Grell.

Tandava, edited by Tom Blessing, 22453 Melrose Ct., East Detroit, MI 48021-2403, is a small magazine publishing mainly poetry. Will now include haiku in a supplement; open to submissions of haiku, senryu, haibun and other oriental forms and prose pieces. Payment in copies. Cost of *Tandava* (with haiku sheet or separate supplement) \$1.25.

Woodnotes, newsletter of the Haiku Poets of Northern California (478 A Second Ave., San Francisco, CA 94118), is now available by subscription at \$6. Haiku/senryu submissions from HPNC members only, who must live in the geographic area.

THANKS to Barbara Ann Gurwitz for art work for the cover of this issue of *Frogpond*.

CORRECTION: Gunther Klinge's haiku in *Frogpond* XII:3 should have carried the notation that they were 'adapted from the German by Ann Atwood.' Apologies from the editor.

CONTEST NEWS

1990 International Haiku Contest sponsored by North Carolina Haiku Society announces in hand deadline of December 31, 1989. For rules, SASE to North Carolina Haiku Society, 326 Golf Course Drive, Raleigh, NC 27610.

1990 Poetry Society of Virginia Contests again include J. Franklin Dew Award for a series of three or four haiku on a single theme. Deadline January 15, 1990. Send SASE for rules to Joseph P. Campbell, Contest Chair, Poetry Society of Virginia, P.O. Box 773, Lynchburg, VA 24505.

An International Haiku Contest in conjunction with the 1990 National Cultural Festival of Japan will be held in Matsuyama City, Ehime Prefecture (birthplace of haiku poet Masaoka Shiki). Haiku may be submitted between October 1, 1989 and March 31, 1990; ceremonies relating to the haiku contest will be held on October 23, 1990 during the 10-day festival. No entry fee. For information and rules one may write to Ehime Prefectural Executive Office of the 5th National Cultural Festival, Ehime Prefectural Office, 4-4-2 Ichiban-cho, Matsuyama City, Ehime Prefecture, 790 Japan. Enclose SAE/2 IRCs. For US and Canadian poets the editor of *Frogpond* will furnish a xerox of rules/information on receipt of request plus self-addressed stamped envelope; please do not include with submissions to the magazine. (Entries will be accepted in English, German, French, Italian, Chinese; entries in Japanese in a separate division.)

WINNERS of The World Haiku Contest celebrating 300th Anniversary of "Oku no Hosomichi," Yamagata, Japan, have been announced as follows. If no country is named, the winner is from the USA.

Grand Prize Winners: Winona Louise Baker, Canada; Luigi Manzi, Italia.

Special Prize Winners: Alexis Rotella; Dee Evetts, England; Zeljko Funda, Yugoslavia; N. J. Bodker, Denmark; Elizabeth Searle Lamb; Georg Jappe, West Germany; Sabine Sommerkamp, West Germany; Bruno Hulin, France; Fatmi Mohamed Elfathemy, Maroc; Giacomo Vit, Italia.

Prize Winners: Caroline Zegerman, Holland; Leroy Kanterman; Jocelyne Marie Villeneuve, Canada; Nina Apple Wicker; Leatrice Lifshitz; Bob Kroll; Mileta Acimovic, Yugoslavia; Marinko Spanovic, Yugoslavia; Sol Markoff; Patricia Neubauer; Penny Harter; Helen Jean Sherry; John Edward Thompson; Anita Virgil; Hans Reddingius, Holland; Cor Lange-dijk, Holland; Keith Southward, Canada; Lydia Brull, West Germany; Lia Frank, Lenina, CCCP; Ingrid Grunsky, West Germany; Delila Thomas-Roos, West Germany; Martine Francoise Bonvin, Suisse; Wouter de Ruyter, Holland; Marie Jocelyne Villeneuve, Canada; Boussejra Wafar, Maroc; Elyassemni Miloud, Morocco; Chantal Blondeau, Suisse; Pierre Courtaud, France; Rosa Maria Sciuto, Italia; Carlo Saviani, Italia; Teresa Bresciani Perez, Italia; Angelo Di Mario, Italia.

Honorable Mentions: Sam Yada Cannarozzi, France; Carol Scott Wainright; David Edgar LeCount; Gaby Bleijenbergh, Holland; W. C. Ginn; Sachiko Tanemura; Lee Gurga; Dragan Studen, Yugoslavia; Bosko Vitas, Yugoslavia; Claudia Nabors; Connie Barber, Australia; Kenneth C. Leibman; Margaret Saunders, Canada; Joe Nutt; Christopher David Herold; George Swede, Canada; Lieve Mignon, Belgium; Marcel Smets, Belgium; Lee J. Richmond; Hugh Randall Pidgeon, England; Marianne Sasha Bluger, Canada; L. A. Davidson; Vincent Shankar Tripi; Thea Zijdenbos, Holland; Paul E. Truesdell, Jr., Japan; Darko Plazanin, Yugoslavia; Beverly A. McDougald, Canada; Toshimi Horiuchi, Japan; Ray Ormandy, Japan; Marianne S. Middleton; Roberta Stewart; Zeljko Kidric, Yugoslavia; Patsy Hoenes; Margaret Buerschaper, West Germany; Rudiger Jung, West Germany; Heinrich Koechlin, Austria; Conrad Miesen, West Germany; Johan de Mylius, Denmark; Friedrich Rohde, West Germany; Sepp Skraban, Austria; Mario Fitterer, West Germany; Kristina Kern, West Germany; Werner Reichhold; Benallal Khdar Naziha, Maroc; Javier Sologuren, Peru; Marguerite Sieben, Belgium; Anna Rebel, PaysOBas; Patric Blanche, France; Paul Berkenman, Belgium; Stefan Galatanu, Austria; Maria Rosa Borello Acri, Italia; Nicola Ciola, Italia; Fabrizio Virgili, Italia; Maria Fuecks, Canada; Galilea Loperfido, Italia; Rosanna Monti Bertacchi, Italia; Rossano Rossi, Italia.

Junior Prize Winners: Shondra Brod; Christie Harba; LaJean Griffin.

RADIO JAPAN seeks haiku to use in "a HAIKU corner in our 'Hello from Tokyo' show", writes Mr. T. Sakurai, Producer, 'Hello from Tokyo,' Radio Japan, NHK, Jinnan, Shibuya-ku, Tokyo 150-01. Send a few top quality haiku, and I suggest envelope self-addressed with 2 IRC's. Sorry I don't have more information. ESL

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.

On the Narrow Road: Journey into a Lost Japan, Lesley Downer. Summit Books. 1989, 280 pp., \$19.95 hardcover.

Saying Enough: haiku, Yvonne Moore Hardenbrook. Amelia, 329 "E" St., Bakersfield, CA 93304. 1989, 16 pp., \$4.50 ppd USA, \$6. ppd. Foreign.

Star-mapped, Geraldine C. Little. Silver Apple Press, P.O. Box 292, Hainesport, NJ 08036. 1989, 72 pp., \$6.

Haiku, The Spring Within, Robert F. Mainone. Wonderful Press, 7431 Pine Lake Road, Delton, MI 49046. 1989, 46 pp., \$10 plus \$1 p/h.

The Land of Seven Realms (Haiku Writers of Gualala Arts), Jane Reichhold, Editor. AHA Books. 1989, 70 pp., \$10.50 ppd. from AHA Books, P.O. Box 767, Gualala, CA 95445.

Tidal Wave (haiku, installations, drawings, collage, photographs, and photomontage), Werner Reichhold. AHA Books, P.O. Box 767, Gualala, CA 95445. 1989, 170 pp., \$14 ppd.

50 Haiku of Dialysis by Noboru Ueki, translated into English by Sakuzo Takada. Nihon Kayo Geijutsu Kyokai, Tokyo. 1989, 68 pp., Y500. Available from Sakuzo Takada, 1-8-13, Koenji-Kita, Suginami-ku, Tokyo, Japan 166.

1990 Poet's Market, Judson Jerome Editor. Writer's Digest Books. 1989, 515 pp., \$18.95 hardcover.

HSA ANNUAL FINANCIAL REPORT

10/1/88 - 9/30/89

PART 1

I. Balance 10/1/88		\$3,646.76
II. Income		
Membership Dues	\$9,584.00	
Single Issues Frogpond	460.00	
Contest fees (Henderson & Brady)	984.57	
Contributions	915.40	
Interest (Jan. - Aug.)	276.93	
Bank adjustment	21.00	
Sub total income	<u>12,151.90</u>	
III. Payments		
Frogpond Publishing	\$5,639.91	
Postage	1,904.60	
Photocopying	1,794.46	
Awards	550.00	
Stationery	645.38	
Advance (Secretary)	659.28	
Telephone	47.75	
Bank charges/collections	24.57	
Other	166.52	
Sub total payments	<u>11,332.47</u>	
IV. Balance 9/30/89		\$4,466.19

PART 2 Book Fund

Balance 10/1/88	\$3,229.82
Balance 9/30/89	\$4,146.52

This fund is kept in a separate interest-bearing account for the exclusive use of the forthcoming 20th Anniversary Book.

(Signed) L. A. Davidson, Treasurer
9/30/89

Gary Hoffman
Lanar, MD
29 NOV 89
