

frogpond



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nightsequence of seven

into the moon's light
skytrain
leaving the nightcity

my face softer
younger
in the nightwindow

off at metrotown station
a nightmoth
brushes my shoulder

from his cornerstore
lin chan's
midnight wave

under the fourth streetlight
searching my key
... the wrong key

a scent of blue flower
still
in the hot nightstudio

opening my door
... to a small sleep
a cooler blue

anne mckay

During the first six months of this term as president, I've received over 300 letters and many telephone calls from members. Through my correspondence and talks with individuals, a number of concerns have come to light, among them are strong feelings of discontent and lack of unity among our members. I'm deeply troubled by complaints and criticisms and reports of "nit-picking" and "back-biting." I'm also concerned about a growing competitiveness among haiku poets.

I'm not naive enough to believe that a society the size of ours will function like a great, big, happy family; and even in the best of families there exists a degree of healthy disagreement and criticism. Criticism, if it comes from the heart, can help us to learn and to grow. Accordingly, there is room in the HSA for critical review and for disagreement of a constructive nature. In our personal and communal commitments to excellence, it is necessary, at times, to speak out against mediocrity (and just plain, bad haiku). But our criticisms *can* be tempered with love, or at least kindness.

I'm disturbed to hear, over and over again, that a number of our members feel we are working against, instead of with, each other. And I'm saddened to know that there are members across the country who feel peripheral in terms of true membership in our group.

The HSA is big, and, yes, important in today's literary world. But any organization is only as big and important as the sum of its parts. To me, that means every member is as valuable as every other. Why, then, the letters and calls? I don't have an answer, but I do have a few suggestions.

What we need to strive for, side-by-side with excellence of craft, is a oneness of spirit which will touch all members of the HSA. Instead of criticizing and complaining, how about writing a letter of praise to a haiku poet whose work you admire, or to a poet who has recently won an award? Or, if you feel you must write a critical letter, write it, and then write two positive ones! How about getting to know some other haiku poets more personally by writing a renga with them? Lasting friendships may be formed, and anyone can get a renga going simply by reaching out. How about writing a review of a book you love? Although there *is* a place for constructive, critical reviews, the positive echoes of a *great* review can go a long way. Why not write to the editor of any haiku journal when you find something special in a particular issue (you know, the kind of thing you think about doing but never get around to)? As far as contests are concerned, if you're not happy with the judges' decisions, why not volunteer to be a judge yourself—we need all the help we can get! How about offering to help with mailings, and how about attending meetings of whatever haiku groups there might be in your area? If there are no groups, why not start one? A number of members have expressed a concern that some editors tend to publish poets, not poems; that is, anyone with a "big" name gets published regardless of the quality of the work. I'm not sure that this is true, but if *you* believe it is, how about combating the problem by only submitting your very best work, consistently and frequently? And if there's a fray in progress, why not act as a peacemaker (someone far greater than I once called the peacemakers blessed)?

By putting our egos aside, we *can* work together to mitigate some of the discontent and isolation which some members are feeling. Anything potentially divisive *has* to be thrown out with the trash. If you're thinking to yourself, "Boy, is *she* ever an idealist!", I admit to being guilty. But ideals *can* become the best of realities, and I truly believe that oneness of spirit is a legitimate goal for the HSA. We need such goals, and we need an agenda which has as its underlying force the courage to make the ideals happen.

As our numbers grow, let's make a sincere and serious effort to pull together, to be more mutually supportive, to respect and care for each other's sensitivities, to be more generous—to help, not hurt—and to open our hearts to each other as we share the discoveries we make on our own haiku paths. *This*, I believe, is what the HSA is all about!

Adele Kenny
June, 1990



early snowfall
the last roses
tighten their grip

Herb Barrett

Drooping sail
a feather skims the surface
of the lake

Ghetto graffiti
the hollow voice
of the owl

Matthew Louvière

MUSEUM OF HAIKU LITERATURE (TOKYO) AWARDS

\$25 Awards for previously unpublished material

from *Frogpond* XIII:2

Haiku

soothing rain:
the mown meadow releases
pungence of mint

Wally Swist

Renga

"collecting early colors"

anne mckay
elizabeth st. jacques

calm morning
the quaking aspen
knows a private storm

thunder—
a bird starts up
into it

Jim Kacian

the water-witch
she stops in a quiet spot
to watch the birds

well-digging
between strokes
the sound of the river

steady rain
the well-digging rig still
over the dry hole

Richard Bodner

Ozark summer night
a falling star scatters
the frogs

frogs
their song circles
the brightest moon

Lynda Eymann

Dawn lake
a single mallard
web of silence

Holly Arrow

walking
stirs the meadow grass
insect sounds

Ellen Compton

ivory spiders
among the golden lemons—
in flower again

Steve McComas

August dawnlight
traveling down the road
first

furrow
after furrow
the plover's flight

August night deepens
the voice of the whippoorwill
is smaller

George Ralph

listening . . .
thin cabin walls
let in the night

Helen J. Sherry

tahoe,
walking in on myself
after a week away

mother lode country,
each morning my eyes search
the same mountain

Jerry Kilbride

In my hand
not in my hand—the preference
of the stone

Matt Dennison

free style rock climber
clings to a crack
in his shadow

Donald McLeod

the wind through the hedge
somebody whistling maybe—
difficult to say

summer grass drying—
in the scented evening
a fox lifts his head

Colin Shaddick

dodging
spears of moonlight
the silver fox

Elizabeth St. Jacques

THINK SMALL!

larry stark

Back in the early sixties I began to take haiku seriously, and seventeen syllables was what everyone, even Kenneth Yasuda, recommended. When my friend John Hitchcock, a born linguist, told me that—Japanese syllables being what they are—seven *English* syllables, or nine, would be a more accurate equivalent, I laughed in his very straight face. Imagine saying anything, let alone anything interesting, in so short a space!

But over the years my haiku began to shrink, and those ornate seventeen-syllable haiku—like their author—began looking older and fatter with every passing year. Some time in the late seventies, I managed to wad up all of spring into one haiku:

Amid
The brown reeds
Green spears!

and at that point, I began to see just what John had in mind!

About then I reread Eric W. Amann's mind-expanding tiny treatise *THE WORDLESS POEM, A Study of Zen in Haiku*, which suggested that Basho's world-famous poem *Furu-ike-ya* would best be translated (quoting now from memory) as:

Old pond.
A frog jumps in:
Plup!*

And I set to work sandpapering an antique haiku of my own that originally went:

Fish-leap!
And only the spreading circles
Convince me that I saw it.

After a while mulling it over, it became:

Fish-leap!
Then only
Circles

But I wasn't through. One evening, sitting cross-legged beside the Charles River, I saw a fish rise after a bug, and what I wrote down was:

Calm stream.
A fish leaps out!
Splush.

And a lot of things I had read years ago slid into place. The Japanese, I had read, quote famous passages from classic poems, so that all the force of the old poem is added to the new. Well, in this poem—which to western eyes might seem mere plagiarism—I felt I done the same thing!

Two Saturdays ago, as I huddled in thin sunlight trying to read an Iris Murdoch novel while munching a meager lunch, I heard behind me the chitinous skritch of leaves skittering before the cold, damp-spring breeze,

and what I wrote down was:

Ragged claws . . .?
Dry leaves
In wind

And, by George, I'd got it! I stole T.S. Eliot's "I should have been a pair of ragged claws, scuttling on the floor of ageless seas," and wedded all its power to one sudden haiku-moment. More important, I realized how the haiku masters worked, and why. Seven syllables is such a tiny stage on which to strut that you need all the help you can get!

But the possibilities of quotation came only after I began to think small. I'll take a nine these days, or an eight, but seven syllables is really my goal. Seventeen syllables these days feels like a huge backyard pool big enough to wallow in! And no frogs jump into them, do they?

*Editor's Note: Eric Amann's actual translation:

Old pond:
frog jump-in
water-sound

quoted here with his permission. ESL



cooling his heels
on the screen door
a butterfly

Colleen Walters

false floor of ferns
every shaft of sunlight
awhirl with insects

Andy Roberts

THE BRADLEY MINE
—for Leon

abandoned mine—
the plunk of water dripping
on beer cans

the old man's stone
skipping twice across the pool

into the cave's hush
our old shadows
lengthen

Leatrice Lifshitz



Last man out: the cave's darkness follows me.

Heavy rain tonight: the bat's day-fast continues.

Robert Nagler

rain drenched sapling
at a touch
begins to rain

rather than let it go
last light scooped up
from the pond

Melodee Unthank

bears' rubbing tree
tufts of hair snagged
in rough locust bark

flickering oil lamp
the old mountain man skins catfish
in a dishpan

Charles B. Dickson

in the wolf's track
the pink tip
of my goat's ear

Lynda Eymann

down from the mountain
buying half a year's supplies
not one word

Mary Lou Bittle-DeLapa

speechless boy—
the old man removing
his glass eye

asked to play
the old fiddler
grins

Mark Arvid White

Rheumy-eyed drifter
takes another nip
the moon's unsteady gait

Jean Jorgensen

on yesterday's newspaper
pumpkin seeds
dry in the sun

Patricia Heim

ragweed in bloom
along the country road . . .
the old dog sneezes

cry of the hawk . . .
chicken feathers
in the meadow

Denver Stull

On an old adobe
chiles mingle
with wistaria.

Turquoise
 flowing down
 an old woman's breast.

Click of marbles
in the dry arroyo—
barefoot children.

From the full moon,
a rabbit looks over
the mesa.

(for R.R.)

Alexis Rotella

CLUSTER OF APRICOTS

Written at Santa Fe, NM (and in the air),
6-7 August 1989

Dee Evetts
Elizabeth Searle Lamb
Penny Harter
William J. Higginson

half leaf, half sun:
cluster of apricots
on the adobe wall

DE

a yellow jacket flies off
with a bit of curried egg

ESL

plucking long hairs
from the hairbrush
letting them go

PH

the river eddy darkens
under the red leaves

WJH

spreading the map
on the hood of the car
he squints in moonlight

WJH

the last of the rhubarb
folds in upon itself

DE

invisible, the cactus
spines welt the pale flesh
of his chest PH

melon rinds in the sun
curl up at the edges ESL

he fishes
in the irrigation ditch,
grasshopper for bait ESL

roses on the kitchen counter
with a note tucked in WJH

overcoat gathered
to avoid the vase outside
her parents' room DE

at midnight, the cat
bats at the ornament PH

at the base of
the neighbor's snowman
yellow stains PH

jazz musician slaps the strings
hazy moon low in the west ESL

dammit kid
I told you to shut up—
robins chirping WJH

barrow squeaks across the yard:
that time of year again DE

first exchange—
her secret recipe
for his rare tulip DE

the old wedding ring
hidden in the flour bin ESL

hanging out the wash—
his fingers clumsy
with her bra PH

typing all day
someone else's words WJH

the meadow's edge—
under deep shade
mushrooms WJH

this morning, following
deer prints in the creek mud PH

by the school bell
the chestnuts' sheen
already dulled DE

the littlest ghosts shiver
as they cross the old bridge ESL

narrow gauge tracks
two engines pull the cars
up the steep incline ESL

traffic lights blinking
over the flooded street WJH

father's portion
put back in the oven—
lengthening days DE

out the bathroom window
the yard all clumps of onion grass PH

darning the hole
in the old sock—
unmatched yarn PH

from behind the dark pine
the clear moon rises ESL

autumn mist . . .
on the far horizon—clouds
or mountains? WJH

dusting off last year's
lecture notes with a sigh DE

in the twilight
the tent subsides
into a green heap DE

gently, I move the inchworm
suspended from the sycamore PH

yellow violets
in a corner of the garden—
picking a few ESL

fresh water flows
in the mountain spring WJH



From every side
the skies grow black—
the gathering crows

Overhead
a page of birds
turns in the clouded sky

Bernard S. Aaronson

rain on Diamond Head
pools
in the lava flow

still treescape
a truck backfires
87 birds change trees

diving the red cliffs
of Oahu
wild cardinals

Tony Quagliano

beneath the diver,
darkening the coral reef:
the shadows of sharks

Nick Virgilio

standing on the pier . . .
a young boy also
gazing at the ships

George Ralph

dusk dimming—
a bat drinks from the pool
without a pause of wing

David E. LeCount

i rise with the moon
for the waves at Mahukona
but a moonbow!

George Grant

A JAPANESE BALLAD
Tadao Okazaki

Haiku is widely known as syllabic poetry. But, as Judson Jerome (1980) states, syllabic poetry in English has been considered "at best a mental exercise, having little to do with how lines are heard." Sadanori Bekku (1981) has represented an opinion which is popular in Japan: "The reason why I consider haiku in English a nonsense is that 5-7-5 syllables in Japanese and English are fundamentally different." In Japan haiku in English has been labelled "haiku" between quotation marks and written in Japanese katakana or even Roman alphabets (The Asahi 1989), which indicates that this particular subject is only pronounced in that fashion—not necessarily with its original meaning.

In Japanese 5- and 7-syllable lines, Doi (1943) had identified 2-syllable metre structures nearly half a century ago; Bekku (1981) has concluded that haiku is a tetrameter poem. I have proposed that Japanese haiku is a trimeter-tetrameter-trimeter triplet. Moreover, I have also proposed that Japanese haiku has iambic metres. (Okazaki 1978, 1986)

The iamb is the basic foot not only in English but also in Japanese poetry. Most English words of 2 syllables are accented on the second syllable. English, in addition, has many 1-syllable words which, when preceded by a 1-syllable article or preposition, naturally falls into an iambic rhythm. It is well known that 1- and 2-syllable words amount to approximately 70% of the words used in *Kojiki*, the Japanese history classic. I have shown (Okazaki and Batt 1988, 1989) that 2-part feet, which occupy the majority of the metres of Japanese haiku, are always iambic. In fact, whenever a Japanese tries to mimic the accent pattern of Westerners' spoken Japanese, he places the stress on, and prolongs, the first syllable of each unit. Thus the 2-syllable foot always becomes a trochee which is equisotic to the Japanese ear. Interestingly, when a Japanese pronounces a Japanese noun in English sentences, he has been most likely to accent it in a trochaic fashion: "NUH-ngu SUH-ki," not "nu-NGU-suki" (Nagasaki) as he would normally pronounce.

The basic metre of haiku is undoubtedly iambic. The line length is alternating 3- and 4-stress measure, which, found in many of the oldest English folk ballads and songs, is known as ballad metre. As long as its form is concerned, one might call haiku a Japanese ballad.

Seki o shitemo hitoli

Hosai Ozaki

(I cough but still I'm alone

—tr. by author)

Pronounced in 6 beats:

1 se-ki 2 o 3 shi-te 4 mo 5 hi-to 6 li
ta-tum tum ta-tum tum ta-tum tum

This verse appears in Japanese school textbooks as a legitimate haiku, along with other *jiyuh-litsu* (free-rhythm) or free verse haiku. Without a fixed syllabic or rhythmic pattern, *jiyuh-litsu* haiku fails to fit into the 5-7-5 syllable form, Blyth's 2-3-2 beat pattern, or the 3-4-3 beat ballad structure. The only common denominators among *jiyuh-litsu* and any other successful Japanese haiku are that all are i) are brief, and ii) never fail to "sound right." These have been the very characteristics that the majority of the

writers of haiku in English have continuously and successfully strived for.

If Japanese jiyuh-litsu free verse haiku are legitimate haiku, then what else are haiku in English?

I wish to conclude as follows. Haiku in any language are classified into:

- 1) Traditional (iambic trimeter-tetrameter-trimeter triplet ballad);
- 2) Free verse (jiyuh-litsu); and
- 3) Variations of the traditional type.

* * *

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one tree
one bird, one song
the dusk

dream tatters
in the middle of night
the phone rings once

Tom Clausen

I make my way
Through the sparrow-coloured
Sunlight

In the bamboo grove
A single branch
Vibrates

Richard von Sturmer

Thunder in the distance
A white carp jumping up
In the shrine's pond

In the rain
Today's persimmons on the tree
Much redder

Akira Kawano

Butterfly shadows . . .
not finding
the butterfly

W.C. Ginn

no toys . . . the old woman
brings out the mahjong tiles
for the visiting child

Patricia Neubauer

People rushing by:
an old man
buying a cricket

Kristen Deming

SAFARI NOTES

three dust devils
swirling up the escarpment,
green trees at the top

in its knickers
the Secretary Bird
stepping stiffly

elephants at noon,
ears slowly back and forth;
grass rippling in breeze

the whole trip
through green jungle and red soil,
the driver's B.O.

L.A. Davidson



bare bones of the eland . . .
on one sun-whitened rib
a small bird

Lesley Einer

from within
the caterpillar tractor
a swallowtail emerges

lizard skin
without the lizard . . .
summer slipping away

Jennifer Brutschy

a train
ribbons along the river
into first light

Edna Kovacs

yellow butterfly's
wings fold shut
just as the sun strikes

David Bonta

early morning chill
a moth hanging out
in a patch of sunlight

(thanking vt)
Marlina Rinzen

sailing
from piñon to juniper
the scrub jay

wind on the mesa—
roadrunner's feathers puffed
to the rising sun

on the mesa
quail bobble through the swaying
grasses—wind

Sheila Wood

blue evening
enters the desert mountains
each soft shadow

Robert N. Johnson

Drone of a cropduster
dry white rain
dry white rain

Holly Arrow

She waters
a few wilting flowers
in the hot prairie wind

Bull thistle
its dusty bloom
glows purple in the sun

Marje A. Dyck

storm warning—
a dark gathering of flies
on the screen door

Mitzi Hughes Trout

Cyclone cutting
a wild swath through the wheatfield—
abandoned combine

Johnny Baranski

the rusty truck body—
half a reflector
throws back the sun

Paul O. Williams

Sunset . . .
The scarecrow stretches
Across the field

Leroy Kanterman

Beaks open
a row of fledgling swallows
on a high wire

Jane K. Lambert

At the nude beach
one man wearing
only his pipe.

Dave Sutter

Her mailbox
leans into the honeysuckle
rusted and empty

Wet hay field
the sweet smell
of twilight

The day long gone;
still the heat
from my sunburn

Garry Gay

summer hockey arena
along the bluelines
monkshood blossom

Beverly McDougald

pitching pennies
these long afternoons
each one the same

Cathy Drinkwater Better

ABANDONED FARMHOUSE

abandoned farmhouse:
bird nest in the mail box
also deserted

abandoned farmhouse:
wallpaper peeling back
to my childhood

abandoned farmhouse:
something scratching
inside the furnace

abandoned farmhouse:
the quiet bedroom
where I feared the dark

abandoned farmhouse:
a yellowed grocery list
taped to the counter top

abandoned farmhouse:
a moth flies out
of the water faucet

abandoned farmhouse:
my daughter snaps pictures
of our visit

Edward J. Rielly

SEASONED HAIKU: AUTUMN

Selected by William J. Higginson

Here are some of the best responses to the request for haiku on autumn season words in the May issue of *Frogpond*, with a few comments. The section ends with some season words of winter, proposed for the November issue.

The haiku appear in the order of the traditional season-word categories. Listed to the right of each poem are its category; season word, with the nearest equivalent Japanese season word in italics if there is one; and whether the poem belongs to early, mid-, late, or all season, with the month(s) to which these loosely correspond—in the traditional Japanese system. Since authors' locations and climates vary so, I also list the state or province each wrote from.

An asterisk (*) indicates an author-proposed season word, rather than one offered in the previous column.

| | |
|------------------------|--------------------------------|
| early autumn chill | the season |
| on the foreclosed farm | autumn chill (<i>shūryō</i>) |
| apples redden . . . | early autumn (Aug) |
| <i>Sally Ann Sims</i> | Pennsylvania |

Note that "apples" (*ringo*) is also an early autumn season word, in the plant category. In a sense, then, "early autumn" is redundant here, and the poem could start simply, "the chill."

| | |
|---------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| The postman brings | the season |
| Only bills | autumn morning* (<i>aki no asa</i>) |
| This autumn morning | all autumn (Aug-Oct) |
| <i>Patrick Worth Gray</i> | Nebraska |

Pat marked this for "morning chill" (*asasamu*), no doubt because of the chilling effect of the bills. But with the phrase "autumn morning" there is no need to look for an implied season word.

| | |
|-----------------------------|---|
| almost-full moon | astronomy |
| the waves higher and higher | almost-full moon (<i>komochizuki</i>) |
| up the beach | mid-autumn (Sep) |
| <i>Ursula Sandlee</i> | New Jersey |

| | |
|-----------------------------|---------------------------------|
| lost to a field | geography |
| of Queen Anne's lace | flower field (<i>hana-no</i>) |
| the woman in white | all autumn (Aug-Oct) |
| <i>Elizabeth St Jacques</i> | Ontario |

Queen Anne's lace is a perfect example of the sort of flowers found in a "flower field". Note that because this is a field of flowers, the category is geography, rather than plants.

| | |
|---------------------------|---------------------|
| Again the coyote | geography |
| hurries over the street | dry hills* |
| the hills dryer than ever | early Autumn? (Aug) |
| <i>Bette Simons</i> | California |

There is a Japanese season word which can be translated "dry hills"

(*kareyama*), but it belongs to winter, and simply suggests the colors and bare trees of the winter mountains. This poem seems to indicate the drought of perhaps late summer or early autumn.

first day of school
the scarecrow gets a new
old hat

Lequita Vance

livelihood
scarecrow (*kakashi*)
all autumn (Aug-Oct)
California

For Americans "first day of school" will sound an autumn note, but in Japan school starts in April. Thus the real season word here is "scarecrow".

shadowplay—
grandpa's nose perfect
for the scarecrow

Mitzi Hughes Trout

the same
Georgia

"Shadowplay" might also qualify as an autumn season word, in the livelihood category, since we play the game when days lengthen.

deep in the forest
gathering medicinal roots
for my grandmother

Ty Hadman

livelihood
gathering roots*
all autumn (Aug-Oct)
Mexico City

apple jelly poured . . .
I slip a geranium leaf
into each jar

Patricia Neubauer

livelihood
apple jelly*
all autumn (Aug-Oct)
New Jersey

Pat writes: "my mother always placed a geranium leaf atop each jar before the jelly solidified . . . when later the paraffin seal was removed, the leaf was the first thing revealed. It contributed a subtle bouquet and extra tang to the bland jelly. My mother learned this trick from her mother and so on (The leaf, by the way, was not eaten.) Don't think I've heard of anyone else doing this to apple jelly." Note that by itself "apple" (*ringo*) would put the poem in autumn, under plants, but since persimmon jelly (*kaki yōkan*) and others are autumn season words it seems appropriate to include apple jelly in the livelihood category with them.

All Saints' Eve
among the old gravestones
flickering candles

Elizabeth Searle Lamb

observances
All Saints' Day* (*Bansei-setsu*)
mid-autumn (Oct)
New Mexico (Trinidad)

Elizabeth tells of this custom of Trinidad; the flickering moves through the cemetery as people carry lighted candles, then place them by headstone after headstone. All Saints' Day is recognized as an observance in the *Nihon Dai-Saijiki*; All Saints' Eve, or Hallowe'en, seems not to be.

deer
in the underbrush—someone
points them out

Terry Johnson

animals
deer (*shika*)
all autumn (Aug-Oct)
California

jackhammers
stop
 the sound
of crickets
 John O'Connor

morning glory
 tendrils stilling
 wind chimes
 Phyllis Walsh

pungent tarweed
 sticky on my work pants—
 again the phone rings
 Paul O. Williams

animals
crickets* (*kōrogi*)
all autumn (Aug-Oct)
Christchurch, NZ

plants
morning glories (*asagao*)
early autumn (August)
Wisconsin

plants
tarweed*
early autumn (Aug)
California

Paul writes: "Tarweed is a northern California pasture weed that stays green when all the grasses have long been brown. It smells like creosote and coats pants and shoes. On a hillside it will mark where the last water flowed months before."

For next issue, here are some traditional season words of winter, given as main entry, *romanized Japanese*; category; time period (approximate month(s)); followed by additional season words on the same phenomenon.

My reference is the *Nihon Dai Saijiki* (Japan Great Almanac, Kōdansha, 1981-3).

Winter night, *fuyu no yo*; the season; all winter (Nov-Jan); also: midnight in winter (*yowa no fuyu*), winter evening (*fuyu no yūbe*), winter dusk (*fuyu no kure*), freezing dusk (*kanbo*), freezing night (*kanya*).

First snow, *hatsuyuki*; astronomy; mid-winter (December).

Icicles, *tsurara*; geography; late winter (January).

Ice skating, *sukēto*; livelihood; late winter (January); also: skating rink (*sukēto-jō*), skater(s) (*sukētā*).

Year-end market, *toshi no ichi*; observances; mid-winter (December); also: year-end sale(s) (*saimatsu ō-uridashi*), Christmas sale(s) (*Kurisumasu ō-uridashi*), December market (*shiwasu no ichi*).

Hawk, *taka*; animals; all winter (Nov-Jan); also: numerous species of hawk.

Fallen leaves, *ochiba*; plants; all winter (Nov-Jan); also: leaf basket(s) (and a pun for "stray leaves", i.e., notes; *ochiba kago*), leaf-raking (*ochiba kaki*), leaf-fire or leaf-burning (*ochiba taki*), time of falling leaves (*ochibadoki*), etc.

As the next installment will be the last in this series, I ask that only those who have not previously had verses in this section send submissions. Haiku already accepted for later publication will be included next issue.

To have your previously unpublished haiku considered for the final "Seasoned Haiku" send up to ten *in duplicate* (may be on one sheet plus copy), full name and address on each manuscript, please, and an s.a.s.e. to William J. Higginson, Seasoned Haiku, Box 219, Fanwood, NJ 07023 USA. Please type the season word, whether one of those offered above or your own suggestion, next to each poem. The in-hand deadline for the November issue is 15 September 1990.

Battery Park—
a mime juggles kitchen knives
to Beethoven's Fifth

Doris Heitmeyer

street musician—
the emptiness of his
open guitar case

Donald McLeod

steel-drummer
tuning out the noise
on subway platform

Sydell Rosenberg

fireworks!
below, the river carries
the colors away

Mary Wittry-Mason

big dipper exploding
into red chrysanthemum;
fourth of july

B. Stephen Freedberg

firefly weaves
among fading
fire cinders

Thorna

NIGHT BLOSSOMING SEQUENCE

I'd forgotten
Night-blooming blossoms
Till this evening

Three blooms hanging
From one single
Green leaf

When did it happen
Pink, light yellow, green
Dark rose tendrils

Fragrance comes in
Fills the living room
Loudly

I call the neighbors
Petals like glass
From Tiffany's

Miriam Sagan



Long after nightfall
the mockingbird tries
a new song

Margarita Mondrus Engle

house for rent
a concrete stepping stone
with child's handprint

Ronan

he mows the lawn in circles
Basho's pond

Winona Baker

apartment to let
still hanging on the walls
the ghosts of paintings

Beverly McDougald

midday heat
my cat on its back
y a w n s at the sky

short summer night
a mini-skirted hooker
winks as she passes

nick avis

applying makeup
she faces the moon
for light

Joe Nutt

newly moved in
washing the doorposts
by moonlight

Dee Evetts

On the clown's dresser
a red nose
and a picture of Edith

Chinese tumblers
rising and falling in the tent
evening breeze

Arizona Zipper

clay vase
selling at a bargain price
searching for the flaw

Terry Johnson

poking in her purse
she stalls for the words
'pay me tomorrow'

Joe Romanello

the macaw
dressed a la vogue
looks sideways at me

a red balloon
escapes from a baby's hand
the sun falls fast

Wei-wei

so shiny the quarter moon's
round rump
stuck on a star

Herb Barrett

Thin line of daylight
on the bedroom-window ledge—
I watch you sleeping

Empty cut-glass vase
in the window's full sunlight
making a rainbow

Kurt Fickert

the green blur
beside dogbane
hummingbird

Wally Swist

morning—the tree
showers the wood cutter
with its last rain

for a few moments
the dead apple tree bears . . .
goldfinches

Paul O. Williams

night of no moon
the echo
of his voice

Dorothy Howard

wanting to touch his hair the scent of gardenias

Carrie Etter

rain . . . water lilies ride the waves

Patricia Heim

beginners' class—
the portrait model's eyes
adrift

still life:
the smell of turpentine
and pears

Peggy Willis Lyles

art entry on its way
I Ching advises:
fear not

Francine Porad

Young woman with cello
The line trembles . . . vanishes
I am not where I know

Robert H. Zukowski

in the hospital
moonlight fills the empty
hypodermic

uncut grass
in moonlight—path
of the wind

full moon:
without a sound, a sand dune
moves

Virginia Brady Young

early train
every carriage filled
with surfboards

John Turner

fence after fence
unable to hold
the buttercups

down the road
the giant buttercups
my mother spoke of

Jocelyne Villeneuve

the mosquito's
hair of sound
hot smell of pine

June Moreau

Late summer's low sun
lights the red-orange of poppies
insistent crickets

Bernice Coca

Summer storm—
the spider's web
still there.

The moon—
the fishing boats
moored to the sky.

Dave Sutter

The butterfly!
It has lured a little boy
Away from his trike

Liz Fenn

schoolground
giant slide . . .
backing down the steps

jungle gym
hanging by his knees
a new view

Colleen Walters

kids in the street
playing baseball with a gourd
s e e d s s c a t t e r i n g

Sheila Wood

on the dry flatland
yellow schoolbus crumbling adobe
abandoned

Jean Dubois

the drone of a treefrog
the blur of heat
headfirst into the quarry

Daniel Lehtinen

indian summer
 missing
the smell of rain

Michael Dylan Welch

inside the tipi
the headsmen speak in cheyenne
outside rock music

where the lodgepoles meet
at the top of the tipi
sunlight through the smoke

Jack Ervin

rocky riverbank
grasshopper bait
keeps one jump ahead

Elsie O. Kolashinski

On the stretch of sand
Along the river bank—
The smell of dead fish!

Michael Spring

afternoon sun
only the neighborhood hawk
has someplace to go

Margarita Mondrus Engle

Crossing the silent pond
muskrat trails a V . . .
prairie dusk

Cricket in the prairie grass . . .
rising silently
a great golden moon

Marje A. Dyck

first frost—
flies sizzle
at the screen door

Bill Shields

Last night, clouds
from the chemical plant.
I count my cows.

Christopher Schendel

above the landfill
a funnel cloud
of crows

Norma S. Hass

On every tree
cawing crows—
sunset

Bernard S. Aaronson

flocks of blackbirds flee:
clumps of faded sunflowers
shade the toxic dump

shadowing hookers
and drug dealers after dark:
the cross in the park

Nick Virgilio

Cutting
through the summer night
a child screams

Daniel Moshier

meandering stream
returns to the train
crossing the bridge

cicada
seeing one, I listen
for its voice

Andrew J. Grossman

between cicada shells
a line of ivy

slight fever
in my shadow
a flower's shadow

Stephen Hobson

Drone of distant plane,
hum of bees
in the rosemary

Veronica J. Pelfini

summer afternoon—
the rumble under storm clouds
of a moth-shaped plane

Peggy Willis Lyles

twilight
the invisible bat
twitters

David Ross

BOOK REVIEWS

on my mind: an interview with anita virgil by vincent tripi, edited by michael dylan welch, Press Here, PO Box 4014, Foster City, CA 94404, 28 pp., 1989, \$5.65 in N.A., \$7.50 elsewhere, made payable to Michael D. Welch.

Reviewed by Elizabeth St. Jacques

If you have ever wished to sit down and chat with Anita Virgil about her opinions of and commitment to haiku, *on my mind* is a must. Through the adroit questioning of fellow haikuist Vincent Tripi, we are treated to Anita Virgil's candor and deepest convictions.

Here, we learn how she became interested in haiku, how in those early days she (like so many of us) found that how-to instructions that appeared in publications 'muddied the subject', how she became involved in a network of other haikuists (i.e. Higginson, Amann, Henderson) who worked toward understanding the form, developing 'some sort of valid direction for contemporary haiku.'

Concerning the mechanics of haiku and senryu, Anita Virgil has distinct ideas. Haiku has depth that 'comes from what is true, truer, truest,' she says. But 'it is not a raw truth. It points to but doesn't grab your hand and drag you to the center of it. Senryu do the latter.' What about specifics/clarity in haiku? It's a matter of '...when specificity obscures, it is better to speak more simply,' she states.

If she wants to know what makes a certain poem work to assist someone else in understanding it or to learn from it herself, she'll analyze an haiku. 'Analysis is necessary to understanding, to locating patterns.' But she encourages poets to analyze for themselves, as an exercise of homework. However, 'Not every poem needs analysis in order to make it bloom fully. . .'

Other issues such as universal appeal, the application of imagination, punctuation and capital letters in haiku, dealing with rejection, discussing philosophies and her thoughts on the haiku community, can all be found in *on my mind*.

Although you may not agree with all her views, you are forced to think, to make some decisions about your own work (which may have been the main purpose of this interview).

The four-page response to the senryu controversy is worth the price of this book alone. Just as valuable is the clearer picture of Anita Virgil as poet and person, a woman with strong views, meticulous in her craft and who is ever open to explore new haiku paths.

Although an errata sheet is enclosed with the book, a few errors remain, these being minor misdemeanors in a book that is next to flawless in content, having tremendous educational benefit. If there is a complaint about *on my mind*, it is its brevity. But then a joyous moment leaves me the same way.

Press Here can be proud of their premiere publication. If they print other interviews with notable haikuists, they may find themselves very busy filling orders. *on my mind*: highly recommended.



Star-Mapped: Selected haiku, Collected haiku sequences, One solo renga, One tanka sequence, by Geraldine Clinton Little. 72 pp. 1989, \$6.00, plus \$1.50 p+h, from the publisher, Silver Apples Press, P.O. Box 292, Hainesport, NJ 08036.

Reviewed by William J. Higginson

Beginning, if my research is correct, with a "haikai" worthy of Jose Juan Tablada in an issue of *Haiku Highlights* in 1969, Gerrie Little has become one of the more important members of both the haiku community and the larger community of poets. She walks a delicate balance between formalist concerns and a deep need to experiment, to explore—in geography, in time, in culture, and in making poems. Over the years this balance, between formalism and experiment/exploration, has shifted slightly in one direction or another, but has always been evident.

Here is a list of her books that come readily to hand (a few others are scattered here or there through the house): *Stilled Wind*, haiku and senryu (1977); *Separation: Seasons in Space*, a haibun on the turnings of the seasons observed from a house on a Vermont hillside, plus a sequence in free verse and a moving elegy for the haiku poet Murakami Kijo—written in three-line stanzas that are definitely not haiku (1979); *Contrasts in Keening: Ireland*, fifty sonnets in two sequences on ancient and modern violence (1982); *Hakugai: Poem from a Concentration Camp* a novella-length sequence of poems in various modes portraying one fictitious family's experiences in the US internment camps for Japanese-Americans during World War II (1983); *Endless Waves*, haiku and haiku sequences (1984); *Ergo Ego: Burlington County Artists Self-Portraits with poetry by Geraldine C. Little*, free-verse poems, some incorporating elements of concrete poetry, commission to accompany a traveling exhibit of visual art and included in this catalogue of the exhibit (1987); and *Beyond the Boxwood Comb: Six Women's Voices From Japan*, haiku sequences in the personae of poets ranging from the tenth century Lady Ise to twentieth century Yosano Akiko (1988).

In the last several months two major collections of her work have been published. Of *A Well-Tuned Harp*, from Saturday Press, a prestigious publisher of women's poetry, Dennis Sampson wrote in *The Hudson Review*: "Unaffected, with a mythologist's mind, Little has a big heart and writes what we rarely find: the poetry of a grown woman." Let's just say a grown-up person, something rare among poets in either gender.

The other new book, *Star-Mapped*, brings together much of Little's work in the haiku and related modes. Little's formal instincts carry her to singing verse, and her songs tell stories, even in haiku. Some of the most moving tell their stories through the hands:

| | |
|--------------------------|--------------------|
| in the polished doorknob | after picking mint |
| we daily touch | I offer you |
| passage of geese | my fragrant hands |

These are individual haiku, but Little's sequences have been a more important contribution to our work. In these she skirts edges with experiments that sometimes do not make it, but do often enough to reward the effort. Space does not permit quoting many sections from the sequences, but

these haiku from two will give a sense of her willingness to push at the borders:

the lonely beach—
can it really be made
with brass dust?

the lake sways
in its skin of shadows
just before sundown

The first, from a sequence called “Utamaro Prints,” blends awe at the ability of the artist to use a physical metaphor for the sand of a beach (I suspect it is actually gold dust) with the power of the word “dust” pointing to our origin and end. That is loneliness, and perhaps the poem need not have named it. The second, from the sequence “Eyes Open, I Listen to Spring in the Four Directions” (the title is a haiku by Taigi in Hiroaki Sato’s translation), shows the power of verbal metaphor and what it can do for haiku in the hands of a master. If you have stood at the edge of a calm lake as the sun reached for the horizon, and seen how the lake “swayed”—it is the only word—then you also recognize that “skin of shadows”, how the transparency of day is covered as if a silk scarf were drawn over the lake’s interior darkness.

While some of Little’s haiku sequences simply explore the variety of their subjects, some do tell stories. The five-poem “Affair”, which I first published in *Haiku Magazine* in 1976, is still one of the crispest examinations of its theme I have read, not bettered by others’ more recent work.

The short “Affair” faces the beginning of a 16-poem narrative sequence called “Celebrations and Elegies for a Friend Dead of AIDS”. The friend is a painter, and beyond the diagnosis comes that day when:

so dark, you say
one bright day, the room full
of narcissus

Here that image of the narcissus gives to the pivot of the narrative a poignance deeper than possible in the bald statement: The painter could no longer see.

Some of the poems in these sequences do not strike me as haiku. But they connect with me, and when they connect with haiku too the genre is deeply enriched, as above.

The remaining haiku sequences in the book celebrates poets (Foster Jewell, Raymond Roseliep, Marianne Moore), holidays, music, and landscapes, and tell stories. *Star-Mapped* includes a tanka sequence horrifyingly lush, “For the Simple Creatures of Hiroshima.” One example:

Stunned out of daysleep
fireflies blink to fire,
not understanding
flame is the color of this
lasting night they will not star.

The collection ends with a solo renga that well-demonstrates Little’s abil-

ity to link images in rich and startling ways, as here:

considering
one bronze chrysanthemum
in a crystal vase

shattering a window
the thief makes off with day-old bread

I have grown very impatient with the heaps of utterly unjustified praise that have lately found their way into reviews in haiku magazines. So I will not say that *Little* is the gods' gift to poetry, or to haiku. But if you want to see what a fine poet can do with haiku, and with pushing at the edges of haiku—and has been doing regularly for a couple of decades—take a look at *Star-Mapped*. The work is still formal and experimental, and it is mature. It is also playful, whether laughing or crying.



BITS & PIECES

CONTEST NEWS

The Yuki Teikei Haiku Society announces the following winners in its 1989 Haiku Contest. 1st Prize, Patricia Machmiller; 2nd Prize, Elizabeth Searle Lamb; 3rd prize, Manzen (Tom Arima); and the following honorable mentions in alphabetical order: Helen E. Dalton, Ethel Dunlop, Garry Gay (2), Jean Jorgensen, Patricia Machmiller, Manzen (Tom Arima), and Ian Wolfe. Final selections were made by Prof. Kazuo Sato of Waseda University and the Haiku Museum of Tokyo.

The Fourth Annual Loke Hilikimani Haiku Contest winners have been announced as follows: 1st place, Marlina Rinzen; 2nd place, David Elliott; and 3rd place, Wally Swist. The contest was judged by Robert Spiess.

Haiku Poets of Northern California announces its second San Francisco Haiku Competition. Deadline Oct. 31, 1990. Unlimited submissions. \$1.00 per poem. On two 3x5 cards. The first with poem only. The second with poem and name/address etc. on reverse side. \$150 First Haiku, \$150 First Senryu. Judge Ross Figgins. Send to HPNC, 478 A Second Ave., San Francisco, CA 94118. SASE for copy of results.

Announcement has just been made of the 'Mirrors International Tanka Award 1990' sponsored by AHA Books. Deadline: Postmark December 31, 1990. \$200 Grand Prize; 30 winning tanka will be judged to be in the book *Tanka Splendor 1990*. Sanford Goldstein, judge. Send SASE for Rules to Tanka Contest, POB 1250, Gualala, CA 95445.

Winners of the Third Annual Haiku/Senryu Contest sponsored by the Kaji Aso Studio/Boston Haiku Society have just been announced. Haiku: 1st prize, Chad Greenwald; 2nd prize, Michael Dylan Welch; 3rd prize, Jerry Kilbride; Haiku Runners Up, Carol Dagenhardt, Penny Harter, Evelyn Hermann, Vanessa Herold, Kristine Kimmel, Margaret Molarsky, Bill Pauly, Alexis Rotella, Keiko Sakamoto, John Scarlett, Dave Sutter, Carolyn Talmadge. Senryu: 1st prize, Dee Evetts; Senryu Runners Up are Barry Goodman, Kenneth C. Leibman, Alexis Rotella.

PUBLICATION NEWS

Dee Evetts is currently gathering material for "Long Distance," an anthology of telephone-related haiku and senryu. Contributions as well as recommendations of work by others are invited (both published and unpublished work will be considered). Please send with appropriate SASE/IRC to: Dee Evetts, Box 117, Silverton, B.C., CANADA V0G 2B0. Deadline: 31 December 1990.

Hummingbird, a new "Magazine of the Short Poem," will use original, unpublished short poems, comments on the short poem up to 50 words, and black and white art work, according to editor Phyllis Walsh. Publication scheduled twice a year (September and March). Submit up to 3 poems at a time, typed, one to a page approximately 6x8". \$6.00 a year, check or money order payable to Phyllis Walsh. P.O. Box 96, Richland Center, WI 53581.

anonymous us #15 includes a special supplement of "Pocket Poems." This is an occasional publication of the best available writing by students at South Cottage School in Kingston, Ont. Some free copies may be available. Write to LeRoy Gorman, South Cottage School, Postal Bag 7777,

Kingston, Ont., CANADA K7L 5H1.

Two mini-chapbooks, *I discover a marigold* and *his eyes colder now* contain haiku/senryu by students in a creative writing class and their teacher, Barbara Ressler. While they last, copies are available by mail for \$1.50 ppd from Business Office, Wahlert High School, 2005 Kane St., Dubuque, IA 52001. (\$1 if purchased in person.)

Carolyn Thomas's *Bamboo Shoots: A Children's Haiku Quarterly* now accepts children's contributions. Carolyn Thomas/Pomegranate Press, 225 Countryhaven Rd., Encinitas, CA 92024. \$5 a year; single copy \$1.25. SASE for more information.

CORRECTIONS

A first word error in Beverly McDougald's haiku on p. 24 May issue, which should have read "lightning at dusk/swaying on the powerline/the robin's silence".

In Cor van den Heuvel's double review, anne mckay's poem on p. 31 should have appeared in 5 lines (not 6), correctly reading "shopkeepers/of early morning/unwind the night awning/ /a dazzle/of white apron." In the Pizzarelli review, p. 32, 8 lines from bottom: correct phrase is "a flap of burlap."

Apologies of the editor.

THANKS to Barbara Ann Gurwitz for cover art for this issue.

FROGPOND SUBMISSIONS: A new Frogpond editor will be elected in the fall. Since the November issue is already full, please hold submissions until they can go to the new editor. Thanks. 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.

Chateaux d'été and *le soleil curieux du printemps*, Andre Duhaime. Editions Asticou. 1990, unpagged, \$6.00 (U.S.) each. Available from Andre Duhaime, 15, rue Taschereau, Hull, Que., Canada J8Y 2V6. Two books for children, 8½ x 8½ in. square, 16 pps., a full page, full color illustration by Francine Couture faces each page of one or two haiku. French.

As Far As The Light Goes, Gary Hotham. Juniper Press, La Cross, WI. 1990, 10 pps., \$3.00. ISBN 1-55780-111-8. Chickadee Series 1, number 1.

Without Haste, Francine Porad. Amelia, 329 "E" St., Bakersfield, CA 93304. 16 pps, \$4.50 ppd USA, \$6.00 ppd Foreign. ISBN: 0-936545-16-X.

A Gift of Tanka, Jane Reichhold. AHA Books, POB 767, Gualala, CA 95445. 1990, 125 pps, \$7. ppd. ISBN: 0-944676-56-1.

HAIKU Made in Japan, Shigeru Ekuni, trans. by Jack Stamm. Furansu-do, Tokyo. 1990, 64 pps, \$5 (Y750). Available from Shigeru Ekuni, 2-20-9 Somechi, Chofu, Tokyo 182, Japan. English and Japanese.

Shadows, George Swede. The Berkeley Horse 24. 1990. 2 haiku. \$1. Available, George Swede, Box 279, Station P, Toronto, Ont. Canada M5S 2S8.

on my mind, an interview. anita virgil and vincent tripi. Press Here, P.O. Box 4014, Foster City, CA 94404. 1989, 28 pps, \$5.00. ISBN 1-878798-00-6.

HSA RENKU CONTEST

1. Deadline: entries must be postmarked by November 1, 1990.
2. The contest is open to the public; entries must be in English.
3. Entry fee: \$15.00 US, must accompany manuscripts.
4. Length and authorship: must be 36 stanzas, written by two or more persons, each of whom contributes a substantial number of individually-authored stanzas. Any particular author may appear in no more than three different renku entered. No entries will be accepted that include work by any of the judges. All entries must not have been previously published, nor contain any elements previously published.
5. Format of entry: One copy, with full authorship information stanza-by-stanza, must give the full name and address of all authors and indicate which is the coordinator (to whom any correspondence will be addressed). *This copy must be signed by all authors*, to avoid entry without the knowledge of one of the authors. (See rule 4.) Three additional copies, *without authors' names but marked with numbers or letters to show the sequence of authorship*, must accompany the identified manuscript. Failure to follow this format will make it impossible to judge an entry.
6. Grand prize: Up to \$150, and publication in *Frogpond*. (All rights revert to authors upon publication.) Amount of grand prize and additional prizes may vary, depending on the quality and number of entries. Include an s.a.s.e. with entry for list of winner(s).
7. No entries will be returned.
8. Judges will be announced with the winner(s).
9. Send entries to HSA Renku Contest, c/o Adele Kenny, 207 Coriell Ave., Fanwood, NJ 07023 USA.

NOTE: Prospective contestants may wish to review the "Report of the Renku Contest Committee" published in *Frogpond* XIII:2 (May, 1990) for background on the contest and renku in general.

THE NICHOLAS VIRGILIO HAIKU COMPETITION FOR STUDENTS

Funded by the Sacred Heart Church in Camden, New Jersey and sponsored by the Haiku Society of America, Inc. in memory of Nicholas Virgilio, a charter member of the Haiku Society, who passed away on January 3, 1989.

- WHO? 1. Any student between the ages of 13 and 19 who is enrolled in high school (freshman, sophomore, junior, senior) as of September 1990 is eligible to enter.
- WHAT? 2. Each haiku entered must be typed in triplicate on 3 x 5 index cards. The haiku must appear on the front of each card; the name, address, age, grade level, and school must appear on the back of each card. A maximum of three (3) haiku per student will be allowed.
- WHEN? 3. The deadline for submissions is October 31, 1990, entries post-marked later will not be considered.
- WHERE? 4. All entries must be sent directly to Adele Kenny, 207 Coriell Ave., Fanwood, NJ 07023.
- WHY? 5. Prizes will be awarded as follows:
- 1st Prize—\$200.00
 - 2nd Prize—\$100.00
 - 3rd Prize—\$ 75.00
- 5 Honorable Mention Awards of \$25.00 each will be given.
(The high school of each student winner will receive a 1-year subscription to FROGPOND)
6. All haiku entered must be previously unpublished, ORIGINAL work.
7. The list of winners and the winning haiku will be published in Frogpond, the quarterly journal of the Haiku Society of America, sometime in 1991.
8. All rights will remain with the authors except that winning haiku will be published in FROGPOND.
9. Entrants are encouraged to keep copies of their haiku. Sorry, no entries will be returned. Please do not include an s.a.s.e.
10. The judges for this competition are:
- Harriet Bley
 - Minna Lerman
 - Roger Sorrentino
 - Vincent Tripi

