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蛙の池 FROG POND

XIV:3

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A Quarterly Haiku Journal

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Haiku

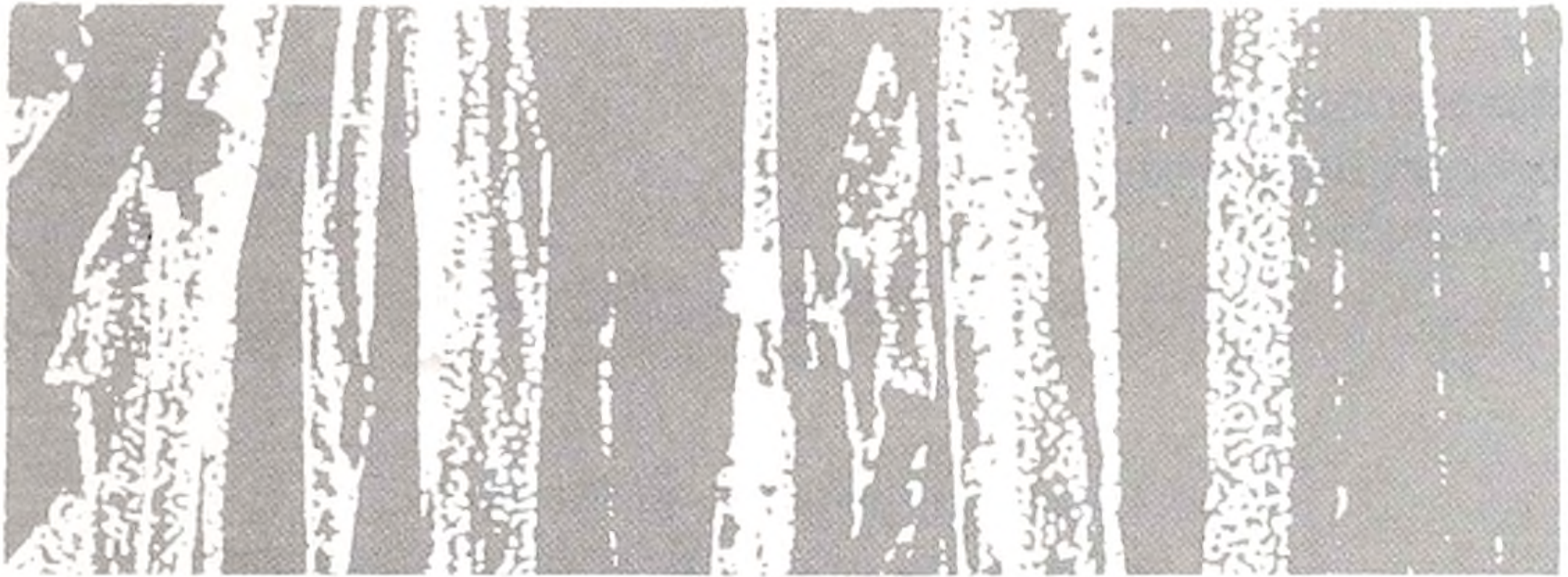
Up in the sky
hardly heard, hardly seen:
migrating birds

—*Ion Codrescu*

Sequence

"Earth Day: Variations with Theme"

—*Geraldine C. Little*



In Memoriam

Leon Zolbrod

April 15, 1991

Frances Levenson

June 6, 1991

autumn breeze
a twinkle in the
pumpkin's eye

—*David Earley*

"You can have it all—"
the skywriter's message
gone with the wind

—*Doris Heitmeyer*

First chill—
bed of impatiens
at their peak

—*Richard Balus*

Haycocks
imitating Fuji—
What an insolence!

—*Ion Codrescu*

the mountain pasture
bearing the gray horse
into darkness

—*Paul O. Williams*

moon shadows
a soldier in camouflage
taking cover

—*Lenard D. Moore*

through picture window
the old couple watching
fall flight of birds

—*L.A. Davidson*

Dressing for work
my arm in the sleeve she held
on her deathbed

—*Daniel Mills*

attic dust
finding my mother's
footsteps

—*John O'Connor*

full moon rising
in October mist—
a lone wolf's call

—*Frederick Gasser*

night wind
keeps flapping the laundry
left on the line

—*Yoko Ogino*

within shadows
a darker shadow
moves

—*Elsie O. Kolashinski*

A falling leaf tells me:
you aren't alone
in the stonegarden

—*Ion Codrescu*

after the cat's death
the ray of sunlight
at my feet

—*Lynda Eymann*

seated by a tree
a butterfly finds its name
in my field guide
—*Frederick Gasser*

the crow
in the dead cat's eye
flies away
—*William Cullen Jr.*

after the thunder
the voice of the monk
slowly rises
—*Lenard D. Moore*

carving a song
into silence
the whippoorwill
—*Elizabeth St Jacques*

sudden thunderstorm;
the barking dogs
finally shut up
—*Ty Hadman*

comfortable
at last in my sleeping bag
sunrise
—*A. Araghetti*

third day of rain
the loon tucks new weeds around
her floating nest
—*Clifford Wood*

Changing Autumn
into reds whites and blues:
Cafe guitarist
—*Richard Thompson*

A temple garden
a yellow butterfly
drives sorrow away
—*Gunther Klinge*

(adapted from the German by Ann Atwood)

dusk—one by one
barn cats disappear into
the ripening wheat
—*Patricia Neubauer*

Fluttering hen
—the rooster's comb
flops in the wind
—*Matthew Louviere*

Lifting away
from that last fragrance—
weaving butterfly
—*Daniel Mills*

Straightening up
The hotel room
Before I check out
—*Stanley M. Sutton, Jr.*

night freeway:
across the backseat
shadows drift
—*A.L. Young*

spraying for spiders
he has driven away
the hummingbirds
—*Clifford Wood*

polluted lake—
straining to hear just one frog,
one aftersound . . .
—*Geraldine C. Little*

checking the breeze
a frog's nose
just sticks out
—*Brent Partridge*

The pungent odor
of dead geranium leaves
First frost of autumn
—*Ronald Edwards*

darkening twilight . . .
the patients
comb their brushes
—*Carol Montgomery*

In the interval
between night and day—
the cawing of crows
—*Tom Tico*

Dry flowers—
a butterfly makes
its farewells
—*Ion Codrescu*

stalled traffic . . .
solitary hawk
circling

—*Marianne Monaco*

On the redwood stump,
across its numerous rings—
the snail's silvery trail

—*Tom Tico*

gnarled roots
of this old oak tree
grannie's knuckles

—*Elizabeth St Jacques*

wedding ring worn thin
she kneads dough
in autumn sunlight

—*John O'Connor*

bayou wedding
the old cajun stoking
the crawfish pot

—*Gloria H. Procsal*

violin player
the shape of the sound
in her arms

—*Raffael de Gruttola*

Colouring itself across the pond
—*vincent tripi*

the autumn wind.

her father
even his coffin
closed

—*John J. Dunphy*

In the graveyard:
my father's stone
my sister's silence

—*David Hood*

where the sea meets sky
two ship silhouettes
pass thru each other

—*William Cullen Jr.*

family album
she scissors her father
from each photo

—*John J. Dunphy*

beneath the cloud
of autumn morning glories
my broken fence

—*Patricia Neubauer*

the forest behind
I walk slowly
toward the sky

—*Paul O. Williams*

Gone so long
My doorway guarded
By spiders

—*Stanley M. Sutton, Jr.*

on shore alone
as the ebbing tide
takes the moon with it
—*L.A. Davidson*

A tattered moth
travelling just the boat's length
in the moonlight.
—*vincent tripi*

another seagull
dipping a wing to glide out
the ferry's downdraft
—*L.A. Davidson*

Facing all ways
the flock of gulls
drifts the way of the tide
—*Doris Heitmeyer*

mist-veiled temple—
young monks turn
to the unseen
—*H.F. Noyes*

Another cloud
in the mist—
the moon at dawn
—*Dave Sutter*

scarlet canes
of wild blackberries
edging the winterwood
—*Patricia Neubauer*

Sunday traffic
Amish horse and buggy
never breaking stride

—*Michael Ketchek*

entering the bookstore
looking for the middle way
in my wheelchair

—*Mary Lou Bittle-DeLapa*

street photographer—
ancient blocks of Inca stone
cold at his back

(Cuzco, Peru)

—*Elizabeth Searle Lamb*

right through his son's
kindergarten picture
the bullet hole

—*Lequita Vance*

just for kicks
bracing his shoulder
against the 12-gauge

—*Elizabeth St Jacques*

with a cigarette
he burns his hometown
off the road map

—*John J. Dunphy*

night sailing
phosphorous sparks fly
off the wake

—*Jim Boyd*

in the drought
on a dry creek stone
the slug's wet path

—*William Cullen Jr.*

new apartment—
all night the cat pacing
from room to room

—*Patricia Neubauer*

this cold night
the abandoned car
covered with leaves

—*Kenneth Tanemura*

dusk
the damp mare plows
her last shadow

—*Lynda Eymann*

autumn's first frost
layers of ice
still the rainbarrel

—*Michael Dylan Welch*

Through melting snow
we slip and slide—
a crow's low-class comment
—*Virginia Egermeier*

Moonlit night
—the scarecrow's hat
bright with rime

—*Matthew Louviere*

End of autumn—
a solitary robin
pecks at yellow grass
—*Don L. Holroyd*

November nightfall—
our neighbors' old black cat
limps into darkness
—*Don L. Holroyd*

on each windowpane
of his cabin
a haiku scratched in frost
—*John J. Dunphy*

Late late autumn
the last pumpkin
caves into itself
—*Garry Gay*



For Charles Dickson

Struck by the storm
the great tree is down
with all its leaves

—*Doris Heitmeyer*

his last breath gone,
silence and sun humming
this lonely morning

—*Lenard D. Moore*

chanting
the late poet's poems . . .
vesper bells

—*Marlina Rinzen*

warm winds—
white light hovers the bayou
cajun music strumming

—*Nina A. Wicker*

the breeze-turned page—
candlelight flickers haiku
and is gone

—*Mark Arvid White*

folded petals
the darkness dispelled—
evening primrose

—*H.F. Noyes*

First spring day
melting and melting and melting
tracks of the mountain man.

—*vincent tripi*

15. beyond our silence
a train whistle
into the distance ak
16. through a pale blue haze
the plummeting hawk
17. sharp memories
return an old fear
the glare of sun on glass hr
18. honeymoon over
his clothes in the moonlight
19. on the rock
net cast again
deep brine waters re
20. sparkling:
my scaly fish hands
21. shore flowers
without
petals md
22. an aged odalisque
breathes fire
23. surfeited
with tortellini:
rain outside hs
24. faint perfume wafts
from his hung-up damp coat
25. out all night,
the cat curls up
in the closet's darkness gl
26. my son is whispering
with a snail-shell
27. plasticine worms:
their colors gone
into sunset's burn rw

28. at twilight
 the reapers' last returning
29. her scarlet skirt
 flaring
 to the fiddler's tune am
30. film flaps to a stop
 in the projector
31. afterimage
 of jane darwell's eyes
 on california jk
32. a fly lands on the mirror
 ... goes off again
33. in the ochre vase
 seven lilies opened yesterday
 three today cw
34. the tabernacle.
 doors thrown wide
35. Jesus Christ among guards
 the garden caught
 in shadows of the moon sg
36. on the unmarked grave
 a mockingbird
37. checking locks
 as the rain
 begins ak
38. wet earth, the smell of it
 again she turns in her sleep
39. a purple dawn
 last of the butter beans
 fill their pods hr
40. wintered reeds rattle
 words that pierce
41. egret in flight
 onion skin pages
 turn over in the wind re
42. he wails the blues, trumpet player
 alone on the darkened stage
43. "it's nothing but an act"

- she shouts
the dogwood turning red ls
44. in a drunken torpor
 dream of stubborn love hs
45. she wakes
to apple scent and reeling
maple leaves gl
46. jobless, letting the dog
 run off in the moonless night rw
47. beyond
 those greener pastures
 . . . that never were am
48. and yet woodstock
 still resonates jk
49. scatterflies on the window—
the silence of bloodroot
beneath the leaves cw
50. vigil lights
 dissolving old feuds sg
51. my own name
last
in the family Bible ak
52. another year ends
 snow dusted on the foothills hr
53. wind
where the pines
and blackness meet re
54. all night he listens
 for the wild geese ls
55. occasional shots
of Jack Daniels:
Chattanooga
56. no longer idyllic;
 few places are hs
57. votive lights
shivering—all those earthquake
Armenian dead
58. seeding the compost pile
 with earthworms again gl

75. the mime's hat
a little hole
large enough for crickets
76. salmon's tail
river dancing vt
77. silvery fog
moves in across the shore
up the cliff
78. wistful thoughts of
youthful warmth hs
79. the fire leaps—
my grandson's first Christmas Eve
laughter
80. lights out all the stockings
stuffed with starlight gl
81. so late, and on the pond
someone skating—
a gleam, a scrape
82. a splash of sparks
a whirring stone rw
83. centered
by north light
the potter's wheel
84. small dreams
curve within her hands am
85. spectrums of color
volley back into themselves
paperweight
86. a shriek from somewhere
at the masked ball jk
87. walking home at dawn
a witch
with a shoe in each hand
88. on the pilings
barnacles wait for the tide cw
89. groan
and thunder of the stream at flood
remote as childhood

ENVIRONMENTAL HAIKU

— Ruth Yarrow

Ruth Yarrow has been an environmental educator for a dozen years and currently is an educator/naturalist at Cayuga Nature Center, Ithaca, NY.

Last September Adele Kenny, in proposing that I speak to the HSA on environmental haiku, asked, "Do you think haiku poets can serve the planet while we create art?" To answer Adele's question, I searched through over a decade of haiku publications for examples of environmental haiku. I found that almost all haiku touching on environmental issues were published in the last three years. While nature has been essential in haiku for centuries, I think the environment, including a sense of global environmental crises, is a new focus.

To answer "yes" to Adele's question I think we have to meet three challenges: 1) face our emotions about the natural environment, 2) deepen our understanding of the natural environment, and 3) include the political in our environmental haiku.

1) *Facing our emotions about the natural environment*

In recent essays, several haiku poets have discussed the loss of pristine nature and the degradation of our environment in somber, even despairing tones. Marlene Mountain concluded that "the majority of haiku written today [are] "if only haiku because nature has run out of nature. Pure nature."¹ She expresses this starkly:

less and less nature is nature²

Cor van den Heuvel echoes this as he discusses Marlene's work:

The bitterness she demonstrates in her work now as regards the pollution of the environment is perhaps an attitude that will become more prevalent. When a haiku poet says haiku is what is happening now—how can he escape it.³

I share this gloom. We face overwhelming problems—ozone layer depletion, pollution including toxic and radioactive wastes, global warming, deforestation, desertification, soil depletion, overpopulation, and the related human problems of vast inequities of resources and power, starvation, epidemics and war.

When we are faced with problems of such magnitude, I think we deal with them in a couple of ways. One is to shut our eyes to the horror, and revel in the nature we do have left. I believe the power of haiku in helping us

focus on natural beauty is one reason the form attracts so many adherents in this time of environmental crisis. Eugenie Waldteufel says: "At the same time that we confront the harsh realities of our time, we can escape with haiku into the richness of our lives, small, simple, but real and embracing."⁴ But if we only cling to the unsullied nature we want to see, our haiku can become naively romantic.

Another way is to face the situation and its attendant emotions and to write from that experience. Then our work will powerfully reflect today's experience. The following capture anger and fear about what is happening to the natural environment:

leave my trees alone (on a brush painting of a bird)—*Marlene Mountain*⁵

anchored supertanker
its reflection
trembles —*George Swede*⁶

2) *Deepening our understanding of the natural environment*

As haiku poets we often use our five senses in fresh ways to capture our experience of the natural world. But I think we need to be careful that we don't become complacent about our awareness of the natural environment. A second look at how an insect moves, a question to a knowledgeable friend about a bird song, or a glance in a field guide to wild flowers can help us write or read haiku more perceptively.

For example, a recent discussion in *Woodnotes* shows that our knowledge of the natural environment can affect our understanding of haiku. The discussion focuses on Anita Virgil's haiku:

following me
deeper into my quilt
the wren's song

The haiku evoked different responses from different readers based on what they knew or didn't know about wren songs. Margaret Molarsky from California noted that "the bird's cascade of sweet notes has an ethereal quality." This is certainly true of the clear downward cadence of a Canyon Wren's song, or the exquisite high, tinkling, trilling song of the Winter Wren, perhaps the species with which she is most familiar on the West Coast. My fellow Ithacan, Tom Clausen, also commented on this poem and honestly admitted, "I might be better able to respond if I knew for sure the quality of a wren's song If a wren song in particular moves one deeper into one's quilt vs. some other bird song, doing so is an aspect

of this haiku that escapes me” When I read this haiku, I figured that outside her East Coast home Anita is most likely to hear the loud bubbling, gurgling song of the House Wren or maybe the rollicking whistle of the Carolina Wren. I read this haiku as retreating from all that boisterous vocal energy, but at the same time feeling comforted by it. So each of us, using what we knew or didn’t know about wren songs, experienced the poem differently.

I think a wide variety of interpretations, as in the above example, can be positive. I certainly don’t think every haiku poet has to become an instant ornithologist or precisely name each living thing in his or her poetry. But I do think we need to grow in our awareness of what we know and what we don’t know about the natural environment. Charles Nethaway counts on our familiarity with the age of the bristlecone pine (the oldest known living thing at 4,600 years) to grasp the awe in his haiku:

bristlecone pine
eight rings
for my son —Charles D. Nethaway, Jr.⁷

3) *Including the political in our environmental haiku*

Major American poets have struggled with the question of poetry and politics. Carolyn Forché reminds us:

There is no such thing as nonpolitical poetry. The time, however, to determine what those politics will be is not the moment of taking pen to paper, but during the whole of one’s lifeIn the many thousand daily choices we make, we create ourselves and the voice with which we speak and work.⁸

Denise Levertov says there are many more politically active poets than there used to be, which enriches the poetry that people write. She notes that:

Many writers of political poetry persist in supposing the emotive power of their subject alone is sufficient to make their poems poetic. This accounts for a lot of semidoggerel[But direct involvement can impart] a concreteness to their passion and an authenticity to their metaphors.⁹

In the last decade, several haiku poets have discussed politics and haiku. But so far few haiku poets include political issues in their haiku. Rod Willmot links this with “the purism of the North American attitude toward haiku”:

Our purism makes us unwilling to believe that haiku could possibly have anything to do with the 'world'; yet little by little this very purism is bringing the world and our haiku closer and closer together. Purism makes us insist that our haiku be authentic, genuine, intense, concrete, reeking of experience.¹⁰

Other poets also note this American reluctance to mix politics and art. As Robert Bly asks:

Why then have so few American poems penetrated to any reality in our political life? I think one reason is that political concerns and inward concerns have always been regarded in our tradition as opposites, even incompatibles . . . It's also clear I think that some sort of husk has grown around that psyche . . . the poet's main job is to penetrate that husk around the American psyche, and since that psyche is inside him too, the writing of political poetry is like the writing of personal poetry, a sudden drive by the poet inward.¹¹

Awareness of our inner emotions, however fleeting, is the challenge of haiku. It is difficult enough to capture those emotions and create a reverberating haiku. If we have an aversion to politics, perhaps from our Puritan heritage, believing that politics are messy, dirty, and not appropriate for poetry, it is not surprising that we write very few political haiku. ?!

It is not easy to break through this aversion to greater awareness of our own political emotions. We will feel tensions between old comfortable thoughts and new jolting realizations. But this is the stuff of haiku. As Robert Bly puts it:

A true political poem is a quarrel with ourselves.¹²

Christopher Conn reveals a major internal quarrel in his senryu:

not one empty space
in the parking lot . . .
Earth Day—1990¹³

One of my quarrels with myself is how I deal with solid waste. When I wrote this haiku years ago I was not yet agonizing about the landfill:

emptying the trash
the past week
tumbles backwards¹⁴

I find this recent haiku by Tom Clausen powerful:

some of the sunrise
compressed with the trash
bitter cold morning¹⁵

It reverberates with my fear and anger about the landfill's oppressive weight. Tom said when he wrote this haiku he was thinking how trash, such as paper from trees, has been formed with the sun's energy. I believe any reading of it illustrates a general environmental awareness that had not yet developed when I wrote the haiku about trash in 1982.

Can we also write haiku that include heavy phrases such as "destruction of the ozone layer" and "global warming"? As I was recently sitting at a stoplight, watching the white exhaust of the car ahead of me rising and dissipating into the air, a haiku began to form. But as soon as the term "global warming" came to mind, it seemed impossibly heavy and strident. I rejected it. The light changed to green and the haiku apparently disappeared with the exhaust. (I say apparently disappeared because I know those exhaust gases are still in the ecosystem and that haiku is still simmering inside me.)

The heavy rhetorical quality of phrases such as "global warming" is intimidating. It seems easier to write a bumper sticker containing such phrases than a poem. Robert Bly notes the danger of using terms that sound rhetorical:

The rhetoric is as harmful in that sort of [political] poem as in the personal poem. The true political poem does not order us either to take any specific acts: like the personal poem, it moves to deepen awareness.¹⁶

Rod Willmot echoes this:

In talking about haiku and change, I am not calling for haiku that obviously try to change people. To the extent that political haiku will do this, that is a danger and a weakness If I suggest that our haiku is becoming an agent of change, I mean it in only the humblest of ways, like a bead of dew bending a leaf.¹⁷

But is it possible, within the constraints of our short haiku form, to use a heavy political term even in "the humblest of ways" without crushing the poem? I think Garry Gay has done it in the following senryu:

Hole in the ozone
my bald spot
sunburned¹⁸

We know the hole in the ozone is not like a theater spotlight focussing ultraviolet on Garry's head. But by hinting at this he personally connects with the horror in a way that makes us smile in recognition. I think it is significant that this poem is labelled a senryu. Anita Virgil says that senryu:

drag you to the center of [raw truth]They are wonderful because they shoot from the hip. In today's world, with all the ugliness and painful material that at last is out in the open, the poet feels impelled to write this way—if he is to be true to the world in which he lives . . .

The new direction for haiku poets of this era is very naturally going to be senryu, at least part of the time.¹⁹

Adele Kenny shoots from the hip:

hairdo perfectly sprayed
she asks
about fluorocarbons —*Adele Kenny*²⁰

Even more challenging than to write senryu may be to write haiku that aren't crushed by heavy environmental terms. Anita Virgil says the haiku "points to [the truth] but doesn't grab your hand and drag you to the center of it."²¹ Haiku have to be more subtle, with strong emotion grounded in everyday experience to bear the weight of heavy political terms.

I think some haiku work because they hint at a more reverent environmental ethic:

I gather branches
forgetting
to thank them —*Holly Arrow*²²

recycling:
before he grinds the stump
he counts the rings —*Peggy Willis Lyles*²³

deeper into the forest
slapping blackflies
more gently —*Ruth Yarrow*²⁴

Muir woods:
closing the car door
(quietly) —*Lee Gurga*²⁵

Some compare environmental destruction and the remaining natural world:

dimming the moon
 gray drifts
 of smoke —*Adele Kenny*²⁶

on both sides of the river
brushfires smoke—
the low chirp of birds —*Raffael deGruttola*²⁷

Others work because they contrast a healthy natural environment with human inroads on it.

wild iris blooming
beside the polluted pond
a stillborn fawn —*Charles B. Dickson*²⁸

A styrofoam cup
bumping against
the pink lotus. —*Alexis Rotella*²⁹

hundred year old trees
from the woodpile to the stove
in a plastic sled —*Jack Ervin*³⁰

Some hint at a quiet triumph of the natural world.

parked bulldozer—
a cattle egret rests
on the blade —*Ron Asato*³¹

after evening rain:
n-power plant misty—
firefly —*Sheldon Young*³²

Some reverberate with a tantalizing combination of horror and hope—as does the environmental crisis itself.

suburban winter—
peering through leafless woods
highway lights —*Charles H. Easter*³³

at Seabrook
a gleam of sun
shimmering on the water —*Raffael deGruttola*³⁴

Venus rising
in the beached whale's
eye —Adele Kenny³⁵

If we face our depressing emotions about the destruction of the natural environment, if we deepen our understanding of the natural environment, and if we include the political in our poetry, I think we can answer Adele's question, "Yes, haiku poets can serve the planet while we create art." I think we are already doing it.

¹*Modern Haiku*, Winter-Spring 1989.

²*Intimate Posters*, 1990.

³*Frogpond*, May 1989.

⁴*Two Autumns*, back cover, 1990.

⁵*ibid.*, 1990.

⁶*Modern Haiku*, Autumn 1990.

⁷*Modern Haiku*, Summer 1988.

⁸Richard Jones, ed., *Poetry and Politics; An Anthology of Essays*, 1985.

⁹Jones, *ibid.*

¹⁰*Modern Haiku*, Winter-Spring 1988.

¹¹Jones, *ibid.*

¹²Jones, *ibid.*

¹³*Modern Haiku*, Autumn 1990.

¹⁴*Inkstone* I(1), 1982.

¹⁵*Modern Haiku*, Summer 1990.

¹⁶Jones, *ibid.*

¹⁷Willmot, *ibid.*

¹⁸*Frogpond*, November 1989.

¹⁹Michael Dylan Welch, ed., *On My Mind: Anita Virgil, Vincent Tripi—an Interview*.

²⁰*Haiku Quarterly*, Spring 1990.

²¹Welch, *ibid.*

²²*Frogpond*, November 1989.

²³*Woodnotes*, Spring 1990.

²⁴*Frogpond*, August 1985.

²⁵*Modern Haiku*, Summer 1988.

²⁶*Modern Haiku*, Summer 1990.

²⁷*Recycle/Reciclo*, 1989.

²⁸*Modern Haiku*, Autumn 1990.

²⁹*The Persimmon Tree*, Winter 1990.

³⁰*Brussels Sprout*, September 1989.

³¹*Haiku Canada Members' Anthology*, 1990.

³²*Modern Haiku*, Autumn 1987.

³³*Frogpond*, February 1990.

³⁴deGruttola, *ibid.*

³⁵*Modern Haiku*, Summer 1990.

DONG HA HAIKU
A Reading of Ty Hadman by Tom Tico

Tom Tico has been writing haiku for over twenty-five years, and for a decade has been practicing the written art of haiku reading. Currently he is engaged as a co-editor of The San Francisco Haiku Anthology, soon to be published by Smythe-Waithe Press.

In 1982 Ty Hadman published a small book of haiku dealing with his experiences in the Vietnam War. *Dong Ha Haiku*. It's an exceptionally powerful work consisting of forty-two poems which vividly convey the trauma of combat. In its overall effect, the book demonstrates that a series of haiku on a particular theme can be as emotionally moving as a novel.*

The introduction that follows is taken from Ty Hadman's book:

Corporal Ty W. Hadman, Serial #2410223, was stationed outside the village of Dong Ha (one of the poorest villages in South Viet Nam) in the province of Quang Tri, six miles from the DMZ near the Cua Viet river from February 29, 1968 to April 3, 1969 with M Company (a/k/a "Murderous Mike" Company), Third Battalion, Third Marine Regiment, Third Marine Division, Fleet Marine Force, Western Pacific.

1

Dusk's darkness deepens;
along the lines the whispering
of tonight's password

The password travels up and down the lines so that in the dark of night friend can be distinguished from foe. Even during the day the enemy is elusive and rarely seen, but at night they have a much greater opportunity to sneak up on you. The day is frightening enough, but the night harbors unseen terrors.

2

Sweeping the road
for antipersonnel mines—
the day grows hotter

It is suspected that the enemy has planted mines in the road that the troops have to travel. And Hadman is given the task of detecting them—if there are indeed any to be detected. The day is hot to begin with, but the minute he begins this assignment it gets considerably hotter! He's aware that one false step, one lapse of concentration, and he can be blown to smithereens.

*As I read these haiku about a young man in battle—Ty was twenty at the time—I often thought of *The Red Badge of Courage* and *All Quiet on the Western Front*.

3

Rainsoaked and cold—
without moving an inch
I let the warm urine flow

The enemy is nearby and the slightest movement can bring a bullet. To experience this kind of danger is uncomfortable enough, but along with it Hadman has to bear the rain and the cold . . . and after a while the developing need to urinate. He holds it as long as he can, but eventually he gives in. And as he does he feels a natural relief and even a little comfort from the warmth of the urine.

4

Sitting in a hole
wondering what the hell
am I doing here?

Probably this is a question that most soldiers in combat have asked themselves. For men do not necessarily know what they are getting themselves into—until it's too late. The prospect of war (which is sometimes tinged with glamor and romance) cannot be as ghastly as the actual experience. But in this particular war the question seems especially relevant, since so many people felt it was a war that should never have been fought.

5

The first letter
from his girl friend arrives—
she says she's pregnant

"Why hasn't she written?" is the question the soldier constantly asks himself. Before he left she promised to write frequently. Now, after almost a month, her first letter arrives bearing this startling news. He feels a certain pride and happiness, not unmixed with worry, anxiety, and a burden of responsibility. He thinks about the possibility of marriage and raising a family. But even if they choose to do that, first he must survive.

6

Men
killing
men

With weapons poised to fire, the soldiers await the oncoming attack. . . They're dug in, behind as much cover as possible, intent in the quiet that precedes the storm. Suddenly from the edge of the jungle the enemy

emerges in a rush of attack; and simultaneously the silence erupts into a terrible din of rifles, machine guns, and grenades . . . On both sides soldiers are dying, wounded, or maimed—men killing men.

7

Dead bodies arrive;
the soldier on duty
continues eating . . .

One of the most unfortunate aspects of war is the callousness that the participants have to adopt in order to survive. As a kind of defense mechanism, they must harden their hearts to the horror. The soldier on duty has seen so much death and carnage that now he simply takes it as a matter of course.

8

Waiting in ambush;
our hands touch as he hands me
an extra grenade

Well-hidden in a thicket, beside a trail where the Vietcong might pass, Hadman and a fellow soldier wait in ambush. They wait silently with a grim patience . . . and after some time Hadman realizes he could use an extra grenade. He motions to his friend and his friend passes him one. As he does their hands touch, signifying perhaps their brotherhood, a brotherhood of death and destruction.

9

No enemy seen;
but I get a good look
at myself

As they lie in wait for the enemy, Hadman has ample time to reflect on his actions. He realizes that once again he is engaged in the cold-blooded pursuit of killing his fellow man. He asks himself, how can this be? How did he ever let himself get involved in this madness? Somehow, some way, he vows to get out of it.

10

Enroute to Japan;
for the first time in a year
I'm without my rifle

The poet has a ten day furlough and is looking forward to the pleasure

and peace that Japan has to offer. And it's not long after this junket that he'll complete his tour of duty and be sent home. But now, it's a strange feeling to be without his rifle: from force of habit he feels a bit of anxiety but at the same time a great sense of relief.

Dong Ha Haiku was published by Smythe-Waithe Press, Kentfield, CA: 1982.



BOOK REVIEWS

Four Seasons: Haiku Anthology Classified by Season Words in English and Japanese, ed. Kôko Katô. (Nagoya: Kô Poetry Association, 1991), 216, 428 pp, Y5000, 50 IRCs.

This small but thick book is an important accomplishment in the history of the haiku in English. It is, I believe, the first ambitious effort to combine English and Japanese haiku in a *saijiki*, the standard almanac of Japanese haiku. It is opportune for the HSA not only in the light of the distinguished work with seasonal references that is being done by Bill Higginson in the pages of *Frogpond*, but also because so much of the poetry seems to be cited from the pages of *Frogpond*.

The poems are presented in two different sections, one for the English and the other for the Japanese. More pages, 426 in all, are devoted to the Japanese poems, while 216 hold the poems in English. Most of the pages of English poems contain seven or eight poems, but the compressed format of the Japanese poem permits pages of three times as many. Many of the Japanese poems, however, are printed in the English section in translated form. The poems in the Japanese section have the additional benefit of a detailed table of contents and an alphabetical indexing by season reference.

The main sections have the same titles they would in a Japanese *saijiki*. Under the name of each season we have headings for: Season, Celestial Phenomena, Terrestrial Phenomena, Events, Life, Animals, and Plants. The Japanese part of the anthology alone, however, has a section for New Year's, and the English part, appropriately, has its own large listing under "No seasonal word."

The magazine *Kô* and the Kô Poetry Association have been in existence for five years, and many members of the HSA have published in the magazine. Kôko Katô, President and Chief Editor of the Association, for whom the magazine is named, identifies the members of the Association, presumably all in Japan, who have helped put together the volume and whose poems may be found in both the English and the Japanese language sections. They are: Hiroko Yokoi, Yoshiko Sugiyama, Chieko Kimura, Mieko Katô, Satoe Hibino, Ryokufû Ishizaki, Yuzuru Miura, Hideo Iwata, Junichiro Suwa, Mami Orihara, Fumie Urai, Sakiko Fujishima, and David Burleigh.

At an exchange price of about \$36 (Personal checks not accepted.) the price of the book may be too high for most poets. Yet it is a volume worth their perusal, for the way in which it organizes an English *saijiki*, for its truly international contents, and for the sight of their own poems in classified order.

—Review by Alfred H. Marks

A Poppy Blooms, Haiku by Garry Gay, Renge/David Priebe, Dave Sutter, vincent tripi. Edited by Patricia Donegan. 1991. 20 pp., \$5.00 postpaid from Two Autumns Press, 478A Second Avenue, San Francisco, CA 94118.

A Poppy Blooms is the second chapbook to be published in conjunction with the biannual readings of the Haiku Poets of Northern California. Following the same format and design as the first, *Two Autumns*, it is a tasteful complement and continuation of the series. A selection of twelve haiku by each of the four poets is bound in paper the color of coral sand. The felt finish of the binding feels good to the touch. With only three to the 5 1/2 by 8 1/2 size page, each haiku floats in an appropriately vacant field. The visual presentation of the haiku in *A Poppy Blooms* reflects and supports the poetic content.

Burned out street lamp
crossing over
into moonlight
—Garry Gay

The alteration in the quality of light, from the expected, but failed, artificial light to a natural, softer light, gives the sense of moving through space as well as time. Yet that moment of awareness when the change occurs is what touches us.

Flock of whooping cranes
follows the great river south
this fall, only three
—Renge/David Priebe

In spite of the image of sweeping movement, vast space, and the suggestion of ancient, cyclical time, the last line, "this fall, only three," shrinks the expanse and jars one into an immediate emotional response devoid of the pulsating rhythms of nature. The moment is framed and isolated. The meaning, not the image, stops time.

Tree rings—
the wrinkles
in my face
—Dave Sutter

From the private detail of wrinkles, time and change become palpable. Yet, there is also a surprising sense of the unrestricted flow of nature. In our passage through individual experience we are awakened to a larger-than-personal time.

All night wind . . .
in the fossil
a bird's wing.
—*vincent tripi*

The juxtaposition of such radically dissimilar yet logically related images moves one completely out of the realm of implied time and movement and into abstraction. This poem evokes an experience of timelessness that exists, not in the objective world, but in the consciousness of the perceiver.

Various responses to time and movement became a theme that enhanced my appreciation of the collection as a whole. Other fine haiku wait to be read. Evident on each page is the love of Nature and the dedication to the art of writing. May the *Two Autumns* series continue to bloom.

—*Review by Ebba Story*



At the Riverside: A Hundred Haiku in English, by Ikuyo Yoshimura. Kô Poetry Association, 1990. Pp. 120. ¥1,500.

Ikuyo Yoshimura, an assistant professor of English at Ogaki Women's Junior College, in Gifu, Japan, is an ardent promoter of the writing of haiku in English, with two editions of a "how-to" book behind her. Appropriately for such a person, her own English-language haiku seem to do well in Japan: a number of the pieces included in her first collection, *At the Riverside*, have seen print in, among others, the English-haiku section of the Japanese edition of *Newsweek*.

To some, though, the chief interest of this book may lie less in the haiku presented as such than in the way haiku ideas come through them as they are formed. This is perhaps partly because of Yoshimura's concern for kigo, season words, and other traditional notions that are often thought to prove "transplanting" barriers. It may be also because she has provided all of her English haiku with straightforward, more or less literal Japanese translations, which, in rough-hewn fashion, seem to reinforce the impres-

sion given of formative processes, rather than finished products. Take:

the drops of
hydrangea rolling
by Chopin's piano tune

Yoshimura's translation may be retranslated: "rain- or dew-drops from hydrangea / roll about / next to Chopin's music." In Japan hydrangeas bloom during the rainy season, which occurs in the summer. Most likely the poet was looking at innumerable raindrops on the leaves and flowers of hydrangea, when she suddenly heard Chopin's piano music; thereupon, in her mind, a certain pleasant image formed linking the unstable, sparkling droplets of water and the music's liquid flow. If that is what happened, the English version doesn't quite bring it out.

Or, take:

white shoes coming
making a gentle sound
a motherly nurse smiles at me

Hospital nurses make their rounds in their white shoes (even in the United States, let alone in the far more regimented society of Japan). It so happens that "white shoes," so typically of Japan's haiku tradition, is a *kigo* for summer; this is because an image of summer has to be one of being cool, refreshing. In this haiku the *kigo* is perhaps used to stress the clean image of a nurse and her smile.

The poet, perhaps hospitalized for some illness and feeling downcast, first sees a pair of white shoes, then hears the soft sound they make. She looks up, sees her nurse and her smile, which reminds her of her mother. The elements that make a haiku are there, but they are merely listed.

Another example that may give a similar impression is the following:

first wear glasses for the aged
with the feel of sentiments—
late autumn

Some may quarrel with "glasses for the aged," which is translated, by Yoshimura herself, as rôgankyô. Even though in the United States, too, one of the signs of becoming old is often the need to wear glasses for hypermetropia, some will say farsightedness is not necessarily limited to the old. In this sense, the Japanese word is handy. Nonetheless, Yoshimura's choice of the English phrase, "glasses for the aged," followed by the unwieldy locution, "the feel of sentiments," gives the impression that she got the idea, but not the poem.

There are of course pieces that make it as haiku. Among my favorites are:

green leaves
caressed by rain
nodding

in the mailbox
two persimmons
welcome me back

a monkey yawns
looking at the sky—
indian summer

Finally, in the way of someone writing something and someone else commenting on it, usually irresponsibly, I would cite the following:

cormorants on boats
going upstream—
actors on a stage

Yoshimura, a native of Kyoto, has lived, for more than twenty years, on the Nagara River, which flows through the central part of Gifu, Kyoto's neighboring prefecture to the east. The Nagara is famous for cormorant-fishing, a tourist attraction since time immemorial, and the mention of the 100-mile long river reminds any haiku writer of Bashô's piece: *Omoshirôte yagate kanashiki ubune kana* ("Interesting indeed and in time sad are the cormorant boats"). Yoshimura suggests that while they are being ferried to the fishing spot, the cormorants, with their long necks outstretched perhaps, look like actors lined up in the limelight. If Bashô, by echoing a solemn Nô recitation, creates a haikai twist, Yoshimura, by echoing Bashô, gives a further twist to the theatricality of it all.

I only wonder if "on stage" might not be better than "on a stage" or, for that matter, "on display" even better. The Kabuki actors line themselves up on the stage at the beginning of each season. In the United States, the actors line themselves up only at curtain call.

At the Riverside may be purchased from the poet, whose address is Onawaba 4-1-3, Gifu City, 500, Japan.

—Review by Hiroaki Sato

CONTEST NEWS

MIRRORS INTERNATIONAL TANKA AWARDS 1991, sponsored by AHA Books, 1.) Deadline: In-hand by November 30, 1991; 2.) Each author may submit up to 10 tanka. There is no entry fee; 3.) Tanka should be in English, in 5 lines containing 31 or less syllables, & without titles; 4.) Please type each tanka on two separate 3 x 5 cards. On one card write your name and address in upper left-hand corner above the tanka, and on the other card write only one tanka (for anonymous judging); 5.) Send your tanka to: Tanka Contest, POB 1250, Gualala, CA 95445, USA; 6.) Each of the 31 winners will receive a copy of the book *Tanka Splendor 1991*. It is possible for an author to have more than one tanka chosen for the book. Rights return to authors upon publication. Entries cannot be returned; 7.) All valid entries will be judged solely by George Swede of Toronto, Canada; 8.) For list of winners, please enclose SASE or SAE with 1 IRC.

INTERNATIONAL HAIKU COMPETITION 1991, given by The Welsh Academy at Cardiff, Closing date, November 1, 1991. Entries in *English or Japanese*: not previously published or broadcast. Any number, fee of £2 each, accompanied by proper entry form. Judges: English language haiku, Nigel Jenkins and David Kerrigan. Japanese, James Kirkup. Please obtain entry form and complete rules from International Haiku Competition, P. O. Box 438, Cardiff, CF1 6UA Wales, United Kingdom (enclose SAE and IRC).

REMINDER: Contest deadline for the HSA RENKU CONTEST is November 1, 1991. Send entries to HSA Renku Contest, c/o Garry Gay, 1275 Fourth St., #365, Santa Rosa, CA 95404.

1991 MERIT BOOK AWARDS FOR BOOKS PUBLISHED IN 1990 Sponsored by the Haiku Society of America

First Place:

WARMING A SNOWFLAKE by Virginia Brady Young
(Publisher: Sleeping Giant Press)

Second Place:

HER DAUGHTER'S EYES by Hal Roth
(Publisher: Wind Chimes Press)

Third Place:

FROM THE UPPER ROOM by anne mckay
(Publisher: Wind Chimes Press)

CAROUSEL by Alexis Rotella
(Publisher: Juniper Press)

Honorable Mention:

CASTLES & DRAGONS by Adele Kenny
(Publisher: Yorkshire House with Muse-Pie Press)

Special Mentions for Originality:

THE HAIJIN'S TWEED COAT by Michael Dylan Welch
(Publisher: Press Here)

SILENCE by Jane Reichhold
(Publisher: AHA Books)

Posthumous Award for Haiku Excellence to Charles Dickson for
OUT OF CASSIOPEIA and his other haiku chapbooks

Special Category Awards:

Anthology:

THE RISE AND FALL OF SPARROWS edited by Alexis Rotella
(Publisher: Los Hombres)

Renga:

ROUND RENGA ROUND edited by Jane Reichhold
(Publisher: AHA Books)

Miniature:

OUTLINES (paper and boxed hardcover editions) by Carol Montgomery
(Publisher: Swamp Press)

Critical Writing on Haiku:

SYNESTHESIA IN HAIKU AND OTHER ESSAYS by Toshimi Horiuchi
(Publisher: The University of the Philippines Printery)

(Judges: Elizabeth St Jacques, Elizabeth Searle Lamb)

1991 HAROLD G. HENDERSON AWARDS
Sponsored by the Haiku Society of America

FIRST PRIZE—\$100

snowmelt . . .
she enters
the earth on her knees
—*Bill Pauly*

SECOND PRIZE—\$75

an old woolen sweater
taken yarn by yarn
from the snowbank
—*Michael Dylan Welch*

THIRD PRIZE—\$50

a white horse
drinks from the acequia
blossoming locust
—*Elizabeth Searle Lamb*

SPECIAL AWARDS—\$10 EACH

sunlight shines red
through my father's thumb
on the steering wheel
—*Alyson Pou*

two women crying
one giving birth
the other being born
—*John Thompson*

Approaching the family plot . . .
my furled umbrella
turns into a cane.
—*vincent tripi*

HONORABLE MENTION

Chernobyl victim—
fingers pressing the plastic
to his wife's caress
—*Marc Arvid White*

cloud shadow
long enough to close
the poppies
—*Christopher Herold*

The thick clang
of a cowbell
the sun deepens
—*June Moreau*

Roses
in the smaller room
more fragrant
—*Sydney Bougy*

Ninety winters
Spellbound
Again
—*Vicki Silvers*

(Virginia Brady Young, Judge, Co-Judges: Joe Nutt, Matthew Louviere)



BOOKS AND CHAPBOOKS RECEIVED

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

The Cottage of the Wild Plum, Robert Spiess, with paintings by John R. Reynolds. Modern Haiku Press, 1991. P.O. Box 1752, Madison, WI 53701. 69 pages. No price given.

Glass Bell, selected haiku by Leroy Gorman, ed. Marco Fraticelli, cover hexagram from I Ching. King's Road Press, 148 King's Road, Pointe Claire, Quebec, Canada H9R 4H4, \$2.

The Gristmill's Trough, Wally Swist. Hummingbird Press, P.O. Box 96, Richland Center, WI 53581. 1991, 12 pps., \$4ppd. ISBN 0-9629902-0-5.

Mapplethorpe: Impressions, by Raffael de Gruttola, board sheet w/10 haiku. Cover design by Jorge Drostén, \$1. w/legal size SASE. Order from R. de Gruttola, 4 Marshall Rd., Natick, MA 01760.

The Sea Rises in the West, Charles B., Christopher B., and Mary Elizabeth Rodning. Haiku, senryu and photographs. Carlton Press, Inc., 11 W 32nd St., New York, NY 10001. \$6.95.

An Unknown Weed, selected haiku by Alexis Rotella, ed. Marco Fraticelli, cover hexagram from I Ching. King's Road Press, 148 King's Road, Pointe Claire, Quebec, Canada H9R 4H4. \$2.

Where Ashes Float, longer poems & some haiku/senryu by Raffael de Gruttola. A reprint of a 1980 edition published by Cordillera Press. \$3. c/o the author, 4 Marshall Rd., Natick, MA 01760.

Where Pelican's Fly, Nina A. Wicker. 4318 Minter School Road, Sanford, NC 27330; Honeybrook Press, softcover, \$7.50.

PLEASE NOTE: For future listings in "Books and Chapbooks Received," the Editor requests that authors and/or publishers send a typed description of the work, following the format used above.

GARY HOTHAM

SCAGGSVILLE, MARYLAND

14 FEBRUARY 1992

